

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE

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ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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

## CONTENTS.

- FIRST PAGE.—From Here to Heaven by Telegraph.—A Scientific Investigation of Occult Telegraphy, and Kindred Topics.
- SECOND PAGE.—Mr. J. J. Morse on Charity. "The Lord's Lay." Soul against Dust.
- THIRD PAGE.—Leap Year—1888. The Cradle of Liberty. How She Ruled and Ruined the Town. Book Reviews. The Old Silver Spoon. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- FOURTH PAGE.—The "Familliers"—A great co-operative Factory in France. Extremes of Poverty and Wealth. Answers to a few of many Questions. General Items.
- FIFTH PAGE.—The American Society for Ethical Research. The Young People's Progressive Society. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- SIXTH PAGE.—Hope or Memo? A Student of Christian Science. Scientific Spiritualism. A Saturday Sermon. Notes from Santa Monica, Cal. The Cause at Lansing. Burns and his Highland Mary. To Those in Grief. H. F. Underwood's Lectures. The Starving Man. Soritis Shake a House. The Experimental Study of Psychology. Salvation by Hanging. Italy's National Church. Forgiveness. Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.
- SEVENTH PAGE.—The Angel's Mistake. The Mysterious Letter. Decade of J. B. Siskin. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- EIGHTH PAGE.—Psychological Intensity. The Pope and the President. A Letter from Spita. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## FROM HERE TO HEAVEN By Telegraph.

A Scientific Investigation of Occult Telegraphy, and Kindred Topics.

PAPER NO. 8.

Identity of Mind versus Identity of Body—Diverse Views of Scientists and Others—Testimony Weighed by the Judgment, not the Will—Tests of Identity—Statement from Mr. J. H. Wade and others.

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The subject of identity may be viewed in different lights. What constitutes identity is one thing, but what constitutes proof of identity is quite another. Identity as defined by Webster, means "sameness." As applied to objects in general, our sight is usually the best test; but in cases where we can not rely upon our sight, its use is likely to do more harm than good.

Suppose you meet a friend whom you have not seen for ten years. In identifying him what is it that you seek to identify, the mind or the body? Manifestly not the body, for he now possesses a different body from the one he possessed ten years ago. The process of growth and decay, especially in youth, has so altered his body, that perhaps not one particle of the same matter remains. It is the same mind's body, but not the same body. His present body may be so different in appearance that the testimony of your sight would lead your judgment directly adverse to the truth. But people in this world are daily identifying their friends under just such conditions as these, where the body is a hindrance, because its testimony, as far as it goes at all, is directly opposed to the truth. We should therefore be able to identify such an one more certainly, at least more easily, if we could not see him. If it is not the body which we seek to identify, and if the body is all that we can see, of what use is sight in identifying one whose appearance may have been altogether changed? We cannot see his mind; and as for hearing, why his voice and manner may have been so changed as to cause our hearing to add to the adverse testimony of the sight. But under all these adverse conditions, people are daily testing perfectly their friends' identity. How do they do it? Obviously not by their senses; neither can it be by intuition. It is therefore by deduction; an appeal to the understanding; an act of pure reason.

We ask ourselves, then, what are the reasons that should prove our friends' identity? We have seen that they cannot be objective; they must be subjective. His intelligence addresses our intelligence, and we must be able to recognize there something characteristic of his mind. His senses play no part in this, and therefore we have the same opportunities exactly for testing the identity of a disembodied spirit, as we had for testing the identity of the same spirit when in the flesh,—provided the conditions are such that the disembodied spirit can or may communicate as freely. Whatever proves the identity of a spirit in the flesh, will prove the identity of the same spirit out of the flesh. Now that we have demonstrated that we are in telegraphic communication

with disembodied intelligences, it is manifest that we have the same means of testing their identity that we should have if they were embodied; and in some instances it is an advantage that the spirit has no body to mislead us in our search for truth. If he happened to have a body that was much different from that which we had known him to possess formerly, we might be on that account led to reject the testimony of our reason and receive the less reliable testimony of our senses;—not that the senses are usually unreliable, but that under conditions of long absence and consequent great change, they may be unreliable. In some oriental countries this principle has been embodied in their jurisprudence, and the judge is required to sit with his back to the prisoner, or to be blindfolded, or to be separated from him by a screen, so that he may judge exactly according to the testimony, and not be in the least influenced by the honest or dishonest appearance of the prisoner.

I have dwelt on this view of the question because thousands of good, sincere people who, through some phase of mediumship, are in daily communication with their spirit friends, and have received hundreds of tests that would establish the identity of one in the flesh, even though his appearance and voice had been altogether changed, still suffer themselves to entertain honest doubts, simply because they cannot see the alleged friend. They have attached too much importance to the saying, "Seeing is believing," and they have thus come to regard seeing as an essential element of proof. This is fallacious, as I have just shown; and if these same people who are sincerely asking themselves, "Why should I believe it is Father or Mother?" would, with the same strictness inquire, "Why should I not believe it is Father or Mother?" they would often find that the entire absence of testimony to the negative, would go a long way toward assisting and even compelling them to give the affirmative testimony its due weight.

Here comes a disembodied intelligence claiming to have been an earthly parent. He gives wise counsel, the highest moral instruction, the deepest and tenderest sympathy, the brightest words of hope, the truest sentiments of harmony and right living, and in every conceivable way encourages the pilgrim in his progress through a life which is only a school, a discipline, a preparatory stage. Now what motive can there possibly be for said alleged father to persist in these fatherly attentions; to continue for many years producing harmony where inharmony prevailed, restoring and establishing health, and giving forth the very essence of truth in all things except the one single item, identity? Why should any one else come and assume, if he could, all that is characteristic of John and James, do for us all that John or James could do, cheer us up with the thought that our loved ones are near us and to bless, live constantly around us the life of a ministering angel, and being truthful and just in all things else, lie when he says he is our John or our James? Why, the very nature of a lie involves an intent to profit the liar, or else to injure the one to whom the lie is told. But here the conditions are exactly reversed. The one who receives these heavenly ministrations, advice and encouragements to right living is daily benefited by being made to feel that the cares of this life are so light compared with the eternal weight of glory that will be his portion when on the other side of the river of time, he shall thus spend his life laboring, soothing and ministering, all unselfishly, in the interest of others. Ah, ye pseudo-scientists! call it "Odal;" call it "Force which assumes intelligence;" call it what ye will, except what it claims to be, and ye do involve yourselves in the gross absurdity; that a liar is the noblest and most unselfish being ever created!

Another class, composed mainly of honest orthodox people, forgetting that the whole structure of sectarianism rests on the genuineness of spirit communication, insist on pulling the walls of their churches down upon their own heads, by ascribing these communications to satanic origin. Now a stream can rise no higher than its source, and so, quoting from your own authority, let me suggest that you "Try the spirits and see whether they be of God." "By their fruits ye shall know them," and a brief comparison of the principles of morality as taught in modern spirit communication, with such as were taught by the Nazarene himself, will identify the source of the inspirations which are still reaching us from the spheres beyond; and that, too, by the same channels through which they have come for more than four thousand years; to our certain knowledge. Laying aside for the present the question whether the kingdom is divided against itself, and any such being as Satan exists, and holds undisputed sway over one portion, compare (or rather contrast) Christ preaching to the spirits in prison,—thus implying that disembodied spirits, suffering punishment were present and could hear his voice, and be benefited thereby,—with the doctrine of eternal damnation, and tell me which savors most of satanic origin. Look well to your own authority for the identity of your creeds formulated (by men) hundreds of years after Christ's death, as compared with the "sameness" of those taught two thousand years before. Then when you deny me authority for angel ministrations in modern times, take care that in the next breath you do not yourself become inspired to sing, in faith, believing, "The angels are hovering round." On this single item the difference between us is not so great, after

all. Simply you sing it, in faith, believing,—I say it, in fact, knowing.

Now a word on identity as applied to an exceedingly intellectual class of skeptics, but whose perceptive faculties are abnormally developed, and their reflective faculties correspondingly undeveloped. Such persons are on the keenest look out for tests, sharply criticizing every manifestation (which is all perfectly right and even necessary, to prevent being imposed upon by some of the many frauds in vogue), but have their minds fully made up in advance that they will not admit their belief, no matter what the evidence may be. The undevelopment of their reflective faculties enables them to listen to the highest exhortations on morality, without caring a straw for its import, only so far as it affords some little test in this direction or that. They crave tests; are phenomenally phenomenon hunters; and if any able control should arrange with them to give them a thousand tests, when the thousandth test was given they would be just ready and anxious for the first one of the next thousand. In short, as investigators of Spiritualism, they are doing just two things; one is, collecting testimony, and the other is, disregarding the evidence therein contained.

This condition of mind is caused by improper relations between the will and the judgment. In well balanced organizations, the judgment is ever on the alert to prevent the will from giving an impulsive turn to the character; but while the will thus waits on the judgment for orders, it does not hang back and refuse to execute such orders when issued. No amount of evidence can do anything with the will. The judgment passes upon evidence, and it is not for any man's will to say whether he will or will not be convinced. (Fancy a man trying to will himself to believe that three times one is one!) He may refuse to execute according to his convictions, or even to admit that he is convinced; but, if so, his life is a constant struggle between will and judgment. His judgment tells him what is right; his conscience bids him do it; but his will perversely or stubbornly determines to pursue a different course. Note—A man who is stubborn with others is likely to be stubborn with himself. This man's name is legion.

I had intended treating the subject of identity in still other lights, but some of the points which I desired to make are mentioned by Dr. Wells in a communication from him which I have reserved for Paper No. 10. I shall therefore drop the discussion of the subject in general, except to insist as a parting word that since occult telegraphy has scientifically demonstrated that a disembodied spirit can communicate with an embodied spirit, in other words, that spirit return is possible, the same evidence will identify a disembodied spirit that would identify the same spirit while in the body, providing the body had changed in appearance. As to just what is proof and what is not, different cases differ. A single word that was peculiarly characteristic of the man, may carry with it more evidence than a volume of that which is common to people in general. Things which, from the nature of the case, he and he only could know, but are such as can be subsequently verified, are best. True, if spirits can read our thoughts and also each other's thoughts, it may be argued that some other spirit can come and to a limited extent personate our friend; but the only hypothesis upon which such a thing would be done has been proven absurd. I do not mean that this may not be sometimes done by lying spirits, but I do mean that if ever done, it is the exception which proves the rule, and not the rule itself; and also, that if our lives are the honest, truthful and beautiful lives that we ought to make them, we shall not be bothered very much by the presence of such liars. They will do the same that we would under like circumstances, seek a more congenial atmosphere.

I shall now introduce Mr. Rowley's statement as to the manner in which he identified his unseen visitor, John Rife. I should hesitate to offer as testimony, anything given by Mr. Rowley or Dr. Whitney, on the ground that, no matter how truthful, they are in a scientific sense incompetent, because they are interested parties; but such hesitation is offset by the fact that every such statement that I shall offer is confirmed by others who are disinterested parties and in every respect competent witnesses. Add to this the fact that the names of several of said witnesses have been published and more will be and that with their own statements over their own signatures, and it is readily seen that Rowley's and Whitney's statements thus confirmed are admissible and worthy of confidence even in a scientific point of view. Every one should be heard in his own behalf, even if by so doing, we only give him an opportunity to criminate himself. But first a word as to the method by which this mysterious means of communication was opened up. Mr. Rowley's account of it is corroborated by two witnesses and is in substance this:

In the spring of 1885, while sitting at home with his wife and a neighbor, he heard peculiar rappings on his cuffs, on his collar, and on other hard surfaces near his person. Upon listening closely he perceived that these raps corresponded to the Morse alphabet, the same as is now in use in all telegraph offices, and which he had learned several years before, merely as a pastime. It was immediately apparent that some unseen intelligence was communicating to him by this method. Mr. Rowley was thoroughly amazed, but at once inquired, "Who are you?"

Answer.—John Rife.

Question.—Where did you work?

A.—Forest, Ohio.

Q.—What was your office call?

A.—"F. H."

Q.—Where did you board at Forest?

A.—At Howe's.

Q.—What was your train dispatchers call?

A.—S. P. H.

Q.—What was the call for Tiffin?

A.—F. N.

Here followed many similar questions, all of which were correctly answered. Then Mr. Rowley said (in substance), "You have told me correctly these things which I did know, now tell me something I don't know." This request was followed with a variety of information and among other things Mr. Rowley says: "He gave the names of his father and mother and where they lived, which I never knew, and which I verified afterward. He afterward spoke frequently of various parties in Forest where he worked just before he passed away. He spoke particularly about a Mr. Chandler, who used to tease him a great deal and asked me if I remembered once when he (Rife) saw Chandler (who was a brother operator) coming, when he (Rife) made this remark—'There comes Chandler, and I would just as soon see the devil coming.' I did remember it when reminded of it, but had forgotten it long, long ago. Another point is this, he was always very quiet in his manner, and never joked at all, and since he has been using the occult telegraph, being nearly three years, he personally has never been known to joke or indulge in any levity."

Among many others, Mr. Rowley called the attention of Mr. J. H. Wade, formerly President of the Western Union Telegraph Co., and Mr. E. P. Wright, the present Superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph offices of this city. These gentlemen came together to Mr. Rowley's house, and at their suggestion two common school-slates were procured at a neighboring store. Upon these Mr. Rowley placed his hands and immediately telegraphic rappings began. After fully satisfying themselves that these raps were entirely independent of Mr. Rowley, they being practical telegraph operators, proceeded to question this mysterious intelligence, and their questions were promptly answered by telegraphic rappings upon the slates. Finally the question was asked by Mr. Wade, "Cannot a regular key and sounder be utilized by you?" The answer came quickly, "Yes; we have provided for that," and thereupon full directions were ticked off by rappings upon the slate, how to construct an instrument for their use. These directions purported to come from Mr. Wade's son Raudall, who in this life was an expert operator. These two gentlemen then caused an instrument to be constructed as directed, and as explained in Paper No. 1. They took it to Mr. Rowley's house, and after one or two slight alterations suggested by the unseen intelligences it was operated by them to the entire satisfaction of all. It will thus be seen that Mr. Rowley had nothing to do with the construction of the instrument, that he never saw it until it was brought to him to be operated, and that although some of the directions were given or modified at the suggestion of Mr. Wade, yet the instrument as a whole is not the invention of any being in the flesh. Hundreds of telegraph operators have since called upon Mr. Rowley and read for themselves the messages received.

I requested Mr. Rowley to state further tests of identity, which he did in writing. The following in which he puts himself in the third person, are his own statements verbatim:

"A certain telegraph operator from Buffalo, a perfect stranger to Mr. R. came to Cleveland and called upon Mr. R. at his office. He had no sooner sat down to the instrument than the message was ticked off—'Well, Will, I am here by appointment.—Geo. S.' Now it turned out that the gentleman had attended a séance with some independent slate writer just before he came to Cleveland, and received a message upon his own slate through independent slate writing from this same Geo. S.—telling him to come to Cleveland and see Mr. R. and he would come and telegraph to him, he being an operator. Here we have a wonderful test of spirit power worthy of attention."

"Mr. Rowley's father has frequently come and talked to him in words so characteristic of him that he (Mr. R.) says he could not possibly doubt but it is his father who talked to him."

"A Mr. H., a prominent citizen of Cleveland who resides on Euclid Ave., has frequently talked with his wife and on one occasion when his daughter was with him, who is a skeptic, she, the daughter, asked her if she could not give her a personal test. She immediately received this message: 'L—, do you remember the peculiar quilt I worked on so long and left unfinished?' She was surprised and acknowledged that it was the very best test that she could possibly have had as she knew Mr. R. could not have known of it."

"On another occasion Capt. Wm. Wilson was present when several pass words were given in Masonry, also several points known only to Masons. Mr. R. is not nor never has been a Mason. The name given was Mr. H. R., well known when here among Masons but Mr. R. had never known even his name or heard of him."

"Mr. B. and wife were at my house one evening, both being nearly entire strangers to my wife and myself. Among other tests that were given of spirit presence was this message addressed to Mrs. B: 'Aunt Mary, do you

remember me? I am Inez.' Mrs. B—'s name was Mary, though this fact was unknown to us, and she had but a short time before heard of the death of her niece whose name was Inez, but had forgotten to mention it even to her husband."

"At another time Mr. and Mrs. S. of Arlington were present when a sister of Mrs. S. came and told them about certain railroad bonds that she owned when she died, and told that they were Wabash bonds, and gave the name of the Attorney who transacted her business for her. Also gave several other tests of such a private nature that I do not feel at liberty to use them here. At another time the name of an infant son of Mrs. S., who had passed over in infancy, was given, the name being spelled backwards, and it was some time before any of the party could make out what it was."—W. S. ROWLEY.

The following letter and answer will explain itself:

CITY, January 19, 1888.

MY DEAR MR. WADE:—In dealing with the metaphysical side of this question the subject of identity necessarily comes up for treatment. While I shall treat in a general way of the elements of identity as a matter of mental science, I shall have to depend upon those whose friends have communicated through this instrument for the particulars necessary to illustrate those principles. To assist me in this matter, will you be so kind as to answer the following question:

What reasons have you for believing that you have ever received a message from any of your departed friends, especially through this telegraphic means, but, if you please, through other means also?

Sincerely yours,

H. D. G.

CITY, January 20, 1888.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR:—In answer to your letter of yesterday, I can only say, I have conversed through Mr. Rowley's instrument with some invisible intelligence or intelligences, one of which claimed to be my deceased son, and I thought I recognized his writing. If it was not his, it was a good imitation. It is proper here to explain that the writing of the operators differ as much as their voices or manuscript, and is as easily recognized by each other.

I have at different times received quite a number of intelligent messages written on the inside of two slates held together, in the presence of several different mediums—that I know, were not written by human hands, but purported to be written by deceased friends, and bore strong evidence of identity,—some in telegraphic characters purporting to be, and had the appearance of being, written by my son who when living was an expert operator.

I have received quite a number of intelligent answers to sealed letters, which letters were not opened. The answers bore the signatures of deceased friends and contained more or less, and sometimes very strong proof of identity.

By closely observing and carefully weighing the testimony, I have established some facts, and reached some conclusions, and realize that there is yet a large field unexplored.

I know I have received intelligent telegraph messages through Mr. Rowley's instrument, that were not written by Rowley or any other visible power, the key being boxed up and out of sight where human hands could neither touch nor influence it,—arranged so by myself to further test this power and intelligence, whatever it may be.

The writing between slates I could hear as it was made, and know it was not done by visible hands.

I can't say I know what did do it. It always claims to be spirits of deceased friends, and bears considerable proof of such claim; and if it is anything else, it is constantly proving itself a universal liar.

Very respectfully,

J. H. WADE.

I desire to state just here that while Mr. Wade immediately appreciated the importance of the subject and cordially responded to my request, yet being quite aged and at the same time overwhelmed with business, he naturally shrinks from the labor of answering the immense correspondence that usually follows any public mention of his name in this connection. Mr. Wade has kindly shown and explained to me some of the communications which he has received. They must be seen and understood to be appreciated. One of the best proofs of their genuineness is that they mean so much more to him than they could mean to any one else.

Dr. Wells has up to this date (Feb. 2, 1888.) withheld his identity, and while giving us some satisfaction in a general way, he has declined to go into particulars for reasons which I shall now give in his own words. Many persons have insisted on his revealing himself, and I have in hand several of his answers to different ones. Two of them I give as specimens,—one in answer to Col. Bundy's letter to me and which I read to Dr. Wells; and the other in answer to my request for his identity to be published in this number. Following is an excerpt from Col. Bundy's letter dated, Chicago, Jan. 17, 1888: "I am glad of information that Wells is giving his story. He ought at last to uncover his identity."

In answer to this, Dr. Wells says in an interview dated

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

MR. J. J. MORSE ON CHARITY.

With Comments Thereon by William Emmette Coleman.

The attention of every reader of the JOURNAL is invited to the following answer to a question upon Charity given by Mr. J. J. Morse, while enraptured at Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Cal., not long since:

Question.—Will the controls please tell us what constitutes true charity, and how individually attained?

Answer.—We are afraid that you have put us the most difficult question you could offer. Our conception of charity is very peculiar, and we run grave risks in offending some who appreciate charity in one way; but which appreciation, we regret to say, is entirely different from the way in which we appreciate it. We have the poorest kind of an opinion concerning charity. If we were to put it in the plainest possible terms, we should say that we do not believe in charity at all. Well, you say, "that is very cold hearted, very unspiritual; and I regret very much that I should ever hear such a statement made in a spiritual gathering, and inspired by a spirit."

"Do us the kindness to be patient for a moment, and we will try to convert you to our opinion. If you look upon charity in its financial aspect, you must admit of course that the opposite of charity implies the corresponding need for charity; and that means poverty. Now your philosophers and politicians understand that poverty is the outcome of the great evils that afflict human society commercially, socially, and educationally; and therefore poverty is the outward and visible manifestation of interior and invisible corruptions and wrongs. Charity to alleviate poverty, financially considered, only perpetuates the disease, as it renders possible the continuance of the source. There is nothing in charity to remove the cause of suffering. Therefore we say, no charity; justice first. But wait a moment, and look at charity in its moral aspects. Somebody has fallen. If the lids were lifted from every life, how many people would be found to have stumbled while going through the mortal career! Why not be charitable, then, to the weaknesses, to the evils, to the wrong-doing? It is said to be kind and loving, and that it shows a good heart. But is it kind and loving to hug the clothes of a small-pox patient to your breast? Is it kind and loving to keep under your roof any sort of infirmity and injury? Certainly not! Is it kind to ignore the weaknesses of your fellows? Is it kind to cover up their wrong-doing, and to forget that there are moral lepers and weak-minded people morally? 'O yes! it is kind and it is charitable.' Nothing of the sort! Every wrong-doer that you cover with the whitewash of charity becomes a whitened sepulchre; and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, those whose evils you condone of you will use the mantle you have given as a screen to commit further wrong.

"If in the financial aspect of charity we plead justice, so we plead again on the moral side for justice. Not only for justice, but for something else as well. Every man has a right to the benefits accruing from whatever he does, whether it be good or bad. If you are honest and virtuous and truthful, then you have an inalienable right to all the happiness that such a life can bring you. But if you are untruthful, immoral, lacking virtue, and are, generally speaking, bad, then, by the same law—the law of justice—you must expect to reap the bitter consequences of the evil doing which is inalienably yours, and not another's.

"We will now consider the quality of mercy rather than of justice. Justice says, 'If you are mean enough to sin, be mean enough to take the consequences.' But if you are sorry for the evil you have done; if you are willing to turn your back upon the past, and your face to the future; if you are willing to make amends for all the wrong that you have done, by hereafter pursuing a virtuous, honest, and truthful life; if, out of the depths of your sincerity and the deep earnestness of your desire, you are willing to renounce error and strive to learn to do well—then let mercy season justice, and let the hand of help, which by and by shall become the hand of fellowship, go out to those who are willing to cease to do evil and strive to do right. But justice first; mercy afterwards. Help to make the pathway smoother and pleasanter as you go on; then let love enfold the struggling and striving in its sweet embrace.

"Charity that condones the offence, refuses to recognize the responsibility; and says of the individual, 'Oh! we are all poor, weak mortals, you know, and we must all be charitable together; I have been a sinner, and will if I say anything about this man's sin he will report about mine. Let us have charity, let us cover it up, and let us put up our arms about one another's necks and swear everlasting brotherhood.'

"If charity financially considered is the recognition of poverty without an effort to eradicate the causes of poverty, so charity in its moral aspect is the recognition of the existence of immoralities without any attempt to root them out and render them impossible hereafter. Justice first between man and man; and if there is strict and exact justice one toward the other, charity will never be needed. Justice is the foundation; mercy seasons justice, and assists you whenever you strive to overcome the wrong; and surely eternity is long enough to right every wrong into which you are plunged. Stand squarely and erect upon the central point of justice; then mercy and justice will shed their benign rays upon the journey of human life; and when the individual is willing, anxious, and desirous to come out of the darkness into the light, take him by the hand, help him all you can; and so long as he desires and proves himself worthy, never forsake him until you have planted him firm and true upon the highway of progress.

"You will find the three divine principles of the greatest help to you; they are Justice, Mercy, and Love; and they inspire your hearts, rule your conduct, and enable you to live so wisely and happily here on earth, that you will never have to ask for charity, financially or morally, from any other human being."

REMARKS BY MR. COLEMAN.

A somewhat novel idea is presented above concerning this much abused term, and Mr. Morse's response will be found to contain substantial chunks of good, sound common-sense. Probably among no other class of people has the word charity been so abused and perverted as among a certain school of Spiritualists during the last few years. It has been made a convenient cloak to cover and condone some of the vilest enormities of human kind; and under its protecting folds men and women have been taken to the warm embrace and fostering patronage of well-disposed people whose feelings and sympathies have outrun their judgment. The

sentimental cant often indulged in, in the name of charity, by which unrepentant criminals and the devotees of unrestrained viciousness and whoredom, is nauseating in the extreme to practical, well-balanced minds; sensible humanitarians who are anxious to redeem those who are addicted to evil from the degrading effects of their course of life.

The reformation of the erring and the vicious cannot be effected by the whitewashing of their evil practices and the condoning or denial of their offences against virtue and right. Such unwise, unjust action is almost sure to encourage the wrong-doer to continue in his evil ways. Instead of covering up the misdeeds with the pall of so-called charity, the principles of justice should be prominently exemplified. By justice is not meant the retaliatory, vindictive spirit so often met with which passes current with many for true justice. By no means. Pseudo-justice, the eye for an eye, tooth for tooth, principle, prevalent in barbarism, is as much to be shunned as the spurious, sickly sentimentality that is called charity by many. As Mr. Morse has clearly shown, mercy and love should accompany justice, and soften the otherwise hardness and harshness of its action. Justice to ourselves and to our fellow-men demands that no encouragement be given to the evil-doers in the shape of so-called charity. It is the duty of each one to do what he or she can to prevent the commission of wrong-doing and to restrain the viciously inclined, and he or she who, in the exercise of what is called charity, engages in conduct having a tendency to strengthen the criminal or the vicious in their violations of the laws of right, is guilty of a flagrant infringement of the fundamental principles of sound ethical action, and is, in a measure, responsible morally for the consequences of every evil act that his false charity has aided in accomplishing. Above all things, we should at all times be just. The familiar Latin maxim, *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*. "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall," embraces one of the most important truths contained in gnomic wisdom. If universal justice and universal love prevail, the genuine charity that the world needs, using the word in its highest and best significance, will be fully realized; and the pernicious forms of charity constantly prated about by certain Spiritualists can be wisely cast aside to die the death. The only charity worthy of human recognition is born of love and justice; and all others, such as the bastard justice of this principle not sired by justice, but the product of illegitimacy, illicit, reckless love,—the special phase of charity which has been ding-donged in our ears almost weekly for years by certain assumed extra-charitable Spiritualists, editors and others, berating us as most wicked offenders because we speak the truth and call a lie a lie and fraud fraud, and urging us to close our eyes to the villainy surrounding us, and, unsuspecting of anything evil, swallow down, as essentially good and pure, all the meanness and devilry which we come in contact with,—such forms of charity as these, radically wrong in basis, disastrously pernicious in effect, and meriting sternest reprobation from every truly philanthropic mind anxious to see the world freed from its present curses of ingrained immorality and strongly entrenched vice, should be firmly combated on all occasions.

Let justice, mercy, and love then reign supreme; and having these we have true charity. It is love, not charity, that the apostle Paul enjoins so highly in the thirteenth chapter of the 1st Corinthians. The word "charity" is an erroneous translation. The Greek word is *agape*, the common word for "love" in that language. In the revised version of the New Testament, it is translated correctly, "love," and not "charity." Paul in this sublime chapter, instead of extolling charity, as the common, erroneous translations indicate, posited love as the grand principle, in comparison with which charity was as nothing. Said he, "If I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor, and if I should deliver my body to be burned [the extremist exercise of charity], and have not love, it profiteth me nothing." Love, not charity, is the desideratum.

It is a noteworthy fact that those *soi-disant* goody-goody people (people of this class are often the worst enemies of truth, justice, and common sense, particularly in Spiritualism), who prate eternally and nauseatingly about the necessity for charity, are usually themselves radically deficient in charity of any kind. For "pure cussedness," meanness, spitefulness, vindictiveness, slanderousness, and calumny propagation, commend me to those who incessantly talk and write about charity. Instead of being so much superior morally to us, poor uncharitable devils, as their hypocritical cant would have the world suppose, they can generally be counted on as being of that character which requires, in their own cases, a very large amount of charity to cover up, whitewash, and condone their own moral deformity. Feeling how sadly they need, in their own proper persons, the exercise of charity, they while incessantly about the duty of being charitable to the weak points in our brothers and sisters, as was the great teacher, the Nazarene reformer.

As regards Jesus of Nazareth, I doubt if any moral reformer in the pages of history indulged in severer or more scathing invective against the evil-doers of his time; and he was especially severe in denunciation of the canting hypocrites of that day,—those pretending to be so much better than their neighbors, just as the pretended extra-charitable people of to-day try to make the world believe that they are on such a higher plane than that occupied by the rest of us. One of these present-day Pharisees has said that he pitied me, and a certain editorial friend of mine, on account of our uncharitableness,—that is because we tell the truth about scoundrels and knaves. Probably my editorial friend is pitted because he has not adopted the policy of refusing to commend any genuine medium editorially unless the notice be paid for, while at the same time his editorial columns will weekly contain lengthy, highly-colored eulogiums of fraudulent mediums, some written by the editor and some by the friends themselves or their friends, but all inserted in the editorial columns for a monetary consideration; that is, my editorial friend refuses to sell his editorial columns to any pretended medium who chooses to buy them, while genuine mediums are excluded from notice therein because they do not feel warranted in paying for a just and honorable notice of their gifts. This mercenary policy may be deemed charitable to the mediumistic tricksters by some of our pretended over-charitable brethren and sisters; but it is a flagrant infringement of the basic principles of exact justice.

Jesus, it is well known, characterized the knaves of his day as "serpents," "generations of vipers," "fools," "hypocrites," "blind guides," "whited sepulchres," etc., and said they were worthy the damnation of hell. Where then was the "charity" in Jesus of

which modern hypocrites prate? He also forcibly drove out of the Temple those whom he regarded as defiling it. That is precisely what the present-day reformers desire to do, we wish to purify the temple of Spiritualism of money-making at the expense of honesty and fair dealing; and in our efforts to effect this desirable end, we are continually harassed and impeded by the "charitable," "whited sepulchres" of to-day, who denounce our efforts to bring about moral reform, and advise us to follow the example of the charitable Nazarene; despite the fact that we are, in reality, endeavoring to do the same thing now that he attempted in the first century.

"Wo unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites: you outwardly indeed appear to men as just; but inwardly you are full of hypocrisy and iniquity." And now abideth love, mercy, and justice, these three; but the greatest of these is justice. San Francisco, Cal.

"THE LORD'S LAY."

BY PROF. ALEX. WILDER.

Every ancient tribe and people had sacred scriptures. The fountain of inspiration was never dry. In the families were hearths and altars where the sacred coals were not permitted to die; every city and commune had its eternal fire burning in the arcanum of its sanctuary; and to let it go out was an offense approximating sacrilege. So, every morning the patriarch of every household chanted a *mantra*, or *gatha*, or prayer to the divine guest upon his altar-hearth, fed it with peeled wood and spices, and made libations to it. These chants and lays were the beginnings of Holy Scriptures. As tribes became nations, their worship was broadened to the religion of a people; and when they were annihilated by conquest and enslavement, their gods were destroyed, their faith perished out of memory.

The Bhagavad-Gita is to India what Goethe's Faust is to Germany. It embraces the essentials of Hindu faith, as the modern epic relates to all that Germans think, imagine and dream about. Each has been repeatedly translated, and doubtless each will be translated over and over again. Why not? Both are full of wonderful and profound thought, and will need new readings, and then new translators to give the newly perceived ideas a full expression.

The Hindu epics, the Maha Bharata and Ramayana, are both prodigions on account of their length, as well as because of the numerous slokas, legends, and other interpolations which have been added in later times. The Bhagavad-Gita was one of these engravings. It is almost entire by itself. We need take little interest in it as part of the great plot—the prehistoric war between Pandus and Kurus—but may study it as a purely didactic production. We thus obtain a better attitude for its examination. Its philosophy is the Sankhya or rational; first taught by Kapila, afterward revised by Gautama and modified by Patanjali, and finally developed into the Karma-Yoga doctrine. It differs from the ganna or Hindu gnosis, in the fact that it inculcates activity rather than a purely contemplative life. The Karma-Yoga requires no actual retirement from the world, but on the contrary the full performance of that earthly calling to which we may chance to be born. To live in the world, but to be not of the world, is the aim of the life of renunciation. Plotinos, the New Platonist, was essentially a Yogi.

Mr. Charles Wilkins made the first translation of the Bhagavad-Gita, more than a hundred years ago (1785) and his version is approved by the Theosophical Society. I am more familiar with that of J. Cockburn Thomson, a copy of which was presented me by Gen. Ethan A. Hitchcock, in 1860; yet I consider the Wilkins version the best.

"The Lord's Lay" is the translation just made by Mohini Mohun Chatterji; and possesses the advantages of being the work of a Hindu scholar of superior ability, who has endeavored to make the meaning plain to every student by a familiar rendering of words, and the interspersing of comments of his own whenever he saw the occasion for them. In his preface he aptly remarks that the interpretations of the Bhagavad-Gita can be divided into three classes, as followed by the teacher whose authority is accepted. The earliest of these, Sankaracharya, holds that the spirit of God is the only reality—"pure consciousness, bliss, and brightness." The existence of many egos or spirits is only apparent—falsehood, a lie; the spirit in the individual being really identical with the spirit of God.

Ramanujacharya taught that the spirit of God is the only reality, and shares community of nature with its two powers, and unconsciousness are its two powers, and with him, constitute the three eternal verities. To know these three verities to be what they are said to be, is to attain liberation.

Madhvacharya held that the relation between God and man is the relation between master and servant. The complete realizing of this relation is salvation. The faithful disciple of any of the three, while following the path pointed out to him will yet believe that though the roads are different, the goal to which they lead is the same.

The Bhagavad-Gita was pronounced by the first of these teachers, "the collected essence of all the Vedas." "The word of God as given to the people of India in the earliest time, and preserved in all the scriptures of the Brahmans, is to be found in the colloquy between the blessed Krishna and Arjuna." Krishna is recorded as having departed this life, B. C. 3,001.

Mr. Mohini defines the intrinsic difference between Brahmanism and Christianity to consist in the belief of the Brahmans that the Vedas are coeval with the human race, and, therefore, cannot require faith in an incarnate savior; while the Christian dispensation cannot be separated from the Savior Jesus. They both agree in declaring the knowledge of God to be a eternal life.

The introduction of God is of great value and interest. Its sentiment is catholic and the tenor simple. "Every man who feels the need of God is religious. This need, however, can be felt in two ways: one may want God for the sake of the benefits He can confer; or he may want God purely for himself, simply because God is Himself. We want Him because not to want him is impossible. Those who feel the need of God in the first way are god-like men; those who hunger and thirst after him in the other way, are divine."

This is the pure doctrine of medieval mysticism, as uttered by Tauler, Molinos and Madame Guyon.

One of these classes lives in the veiled light of God; the other has attained to God Himself.

"The Bhagavad-Gita. By Mohini M. Chatterji, M. A. Boston: Ticknor & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. For sale at this office. Price, \$2.

The right thing to do, we are told, is to work on, but to work for a different motive—not for gain of any benefit, but to fulfill the law of being. "Those who are below this are not yet fit for religious life. They must look to morality as the highest ideal of existence, and follow its dictates, until the birth-throes of a new life are felt within them; until they know that sublime discontent which distinguishes man from animals."

"The source of evil is within us. Egotism deludes us with the feeling of possession where there is nothing to possess. This is the giant weed whose roots lie deep in the human heart.

"The Bhagavad-Gita is the epic which sings the death of this hydra-headed monster."

The poem has a very simple plot. Dhritarashtra, the blind king of India, being unfit to reign, his brother, Pandu, succeeds to the throne. His hundred sons, the Kurus or Kauravas, deprive the sons of Pandu of their succession for thirteen years, and then further refuse to restore the kingdom except under the ordeal of battle. Both sides array their forces, two millions of men. The sage Vyasa asks the blind king if he desires restoration to sight in order to witness the slaughter about to take place. He declines the boon, but entreats that superhuman perception may be bestowed upon Sanjaya, his charioteer, who could tell him everything as it occurred. Accordingly Sanjaya recapitulates the dialogues of Krishna and Arjuna—eighteen books, containing the essence of the Yogi philosophy.

It is hardly necessary to make many quotations. The armies are drawn up in battle array, the conchs are blown, making a terrible uproar, filling heaven and earth with sound. Arjuna looks out for a foe man fit to encounter him, and presently becomes disheartened. He addresses Krishna, declaring his grief at the consequences of destroying so many men, and so promoting impety. He thinks to become a religious mendicant. Krishna denounces this as a sennuhood. "Those wise in things," spiritual mourn not the living or dead." He who knows (the illusion of life) as the slayer, and also he who knows it as the slain, they both know not rightly; it kills not nor is killed." "The indwelling spirit that is in every body is indestructible, because it is eternal." "Thy right is the only to act; let thy right be never to the result; nor may thou be the cause of the result of action, nor may there be in the attempt to inaction." "For in the man contemplating objects is born appreciation thereof; from appreciation arises desire; from desire springs forth anger; from anger comes delusion, loss of memory; from loss of memory, loss of discrimination, and from loss of discrimination the man is destroyed."

"No spirit whose heart is not at rest there is no spiritual knowledge; for him whose heart is not at rest there is no joyous aspiration toward spiritual illumination; and not for the unspiriting is peace, and for one without peace where is happiness?"

Arjuna prays to know, then, why he is engaged in acts of cruelty? "Because," he replies the Holy One, "there are two paths of devotion (Yogas); devotion or wisdom of the spiritualist; and devotion or action of the men of action." "Better is one's proper duty even though not fully performed, than the duty of another fully accomplished."

The Arjuna asks which of the two is better—renunciation of actions, or their right performance. "Both are productive of the supreme good (*nirvana*); but better is the right performance of action than renunciation." "The spirit creates not for the world atonement nor acts, nor even the bond between action and the results; but nature works on."

"There is no meditation for the man who eats too much, or too little, nor for him whose habit is to sleep too much or too little."

Having after this way set forth the precepts for the individual, Krishna proceeds to treat of the Universal Spirit—"Earth, water, fire, air, and akasa, mana, buddhi, and ahankara—thus is my nature, eight-fold divided." In other words, he is subjective; and into these is matter or objectivity divided. "I am of the whole universe, the origin and the end."

By the element of earth, Mr. Mohini explains that form of divine power by which the earth is produced; as also of water, fire, air, and akasa or ether. *Manas* is the preternatural mind; the imagination; *buddhi*, the intelligence, or *abankara*, the Divine Selfhood. "I am not manifest to the world, being wrapped up in the creative power; therefore this deluded world does not recognize me."

"From the unmanifested all the manifested issue."

There is a system of computation of time given, which doubtless requires to be "spiritually discerned." A human year is a day and night of the gods; the day of Brahma is 1000 Yugas; the night also 1000 Yugas; 360 days and nights a year of Brahma, and 100 years the term of his life. "At the end of a Kalpa (day of Brahma) all things return into my nature, and then again I project them forth at the beginning of the Kalpa."

Arjuna is permitted to view the semblance of duty, and Krishna says: "As seen by thee I may not thus be seen by the study of the Vedas, nor by austere practices, nor by the making of gifts, nor by acts of worship. By self-identifying devotion, indeed, as thus I may be known, and seen in truth, and entered into."

The latter chapters of the Bhagavad-Gita are devoted to an explanation of identity. It is too much of a task to endeavor to make the doctrine intelligible, except by a long exposition. Chap. XVIII. is devoted to "Liberation." In the end Arjuna, having rallied from his despondency, declares his delusion ended; that he has attained the right recollection, and will now obey.

Mr. Mohini accepts the hypothesis that the doctrine of the Vedas and Gospels are virtually the same. He exhibits the resemblances, citing the one to illustrate the other. In no case, however, does he attempt to show, or even hint, that the Christian story was an adoption of the Hindu. For more reasons than one this is right.

I admire the elegance of this translation. It is not so simple or easy to understand as that of Mr. Wilkins; but it is rich with erudition, and will win deserved admiration from scholars; yet, I do not think that the perfect translation has been made. The adept of the Yoga and Hennis duly commissioned for the work, is yet to come.

However old a conjugal union, it still garners some sweetness. Winter has some cloudless days, and under the snow some flowers still bloom.—Madame de Staël.

A very large mass of poverty in the world is the sheer and clear results of profuseness, want of forethought, idleness, and, most of all, drunkenness.

Where there is hope there can be no endeavor.—Samuel Johnson.

Truth is the property of no individual, but is the treasure of all men.—Emerson.

An error gracefully acknowledged is a victory won.—Gascogne.

Soul Against Dust.

On a late Sunday, at Central Music Hall, Professor David Swing preached on "The New War of Faith," the conflict between materialism and the positive rule of mind. After opening by a sketch of past conflicts, he said:

"It has been only thirty or forty years since the disputes of the church and reason began to abandon other themes and to concentrate around the forms of animals and man. This concentration of thought has been going rapidly forward. The Quaker has left behind him his William Penn, the Presbyterian his Calvin, the Methodist his Wesley, the Baptist his essential immersion, and the Romanist

HIS KEY OF ST. PETER

to fly to the rescue of the spirit of God in man from the grasp of that science which makes all one—the man, the insect, and the clod. It is the most fundamental inquiry the world ever made. The warfare is the most impressive because the most real. The field is around us, the time is the present.

The agnostic scientist says 'all things come from little microscopic forms of life, the suns and planets from nebulae; that the mental principles in man come from his experience; that the sense of honesty came from the long harmfulness of theft and fraud; that religion was made out of a pondering over the unknown, and that love was made from man's long experience that it was better than hate.' Thus while man's physical form was being gradually lifted up from lower forms his mental and moral qualities were being elaborated for him in the field of daily experience. When the agnostic scientist comes to where he can no longer find a material antecedent, he simply pauses and says: 'I know nothing more.'

"The other army, admitting or denying the theory of evolution, does not rest in the physical phenomena, but places before those many or few antecedents a supreme soul. Thus has the new war come—that of Soul Against Dust. It cannot be fought out today or to-morrow; but it can be looked upon and estimated; and the hearts coming up now into the life of manhood, and waking, marching up out of childhood, can take sides and be for or against the spirit or the material."

Of the late discussion between Rev. Dr. Field and Robert Ingersoll we are told that:

"In the recent debate conducted, in a review, over this general inquiry, the Christian and the agnostic stood up in the best manhood either could call into exercise. Neither soldier advanced like a Goliath, neither left the field in barbaric vanity. They came and went as men who felt that this life asks for reflection, not for fagots. In their antagonism and in their kindness alike those two men were the types of the age, and tell us in what spirit the new generation must handle the weapons of the new battle field."

"Two reforms are springing up in our day, one in the estimate the church makes of the honest unbeliever—the other in the better estimate the infidels form of the average Christian or Christian minister. The days when a Christian would not shake hands with Thomas Paine and when a minister must not be permitted even to enter Girard College have disappeared under the horizon, too feeble to follow the sun. In the new mornings men meet as friends, brought together not by the vanity which once moved around in such pageantry, but by the humility which grows greater with the growth of civilization. Under the influence of these greater inquiries smaller ones have lost significance, and Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopal flags have been pulled down to make room for the greater flag of the Heavenly Father. If great questions make great minds the church will soon be able to point to greater men than she enjoyed when she hung over some ceremony or creed more than over the being and beauty of God.

"This conflict arose with the decay of old authority, and so it came that, it was once sufficient for an old book to say that God made the world; man of dust; woman from man. When reason dared to raise an inquiry it was asked in silence by miracles. The failure of authority and miracles to perform their old service for faith brought in this era of reasoning, and has given us the two armies—the host which reasons from the starting point of matter, and those who reason from the starting point of God. All are alike reasoners. The Christian need be no longer a person of credulity, nor of only sentiment; to sentiment he adds as many data in fact as can be found in the processes of the agnostic. If the Christian does not know what mind is, the agnostic parallels the situation by his ignorance of what matter may be. The matter which can turn into a bird or a fish or a human being is as unfathomable as the mind that can turn into a god."

Other points of the argument space will not allow, but its close was as follows:

"Such is the war into which the great nations are rapidly drifting; not just as what the prophets from Ezekiel to John foresaw, but not without enough tumult, loss, and pain.

"It was made necessary by the childishness of many religious tenets cherished by the past; made necessary by the bad pictures of Deity once painted; made necessary by the progress of the reasoning powers which made vacant the throne of authority; made necessary by the advent of scientific studies, which brought to light many natural causes whose offices had once been filled by miracles. Thus slowly declared, the intellectual conflict has come, and now every cradle and every grave is touched by its shadow or its light. Compared with those stragglers which colored the ground red all the way from the times of Herod to those of 'Bloody Mary,' compared with the violence around Luther and Calvin this war seems like peace, but in its silence and bloodlessness there is much of the calamity of the heart."

"Professor Huxley said recently that 'he estimated as highly as Christians do the purely spiritual elements of the Christian faith.' Thus many of those who have laid the foundations of a popular atheism, of a dust-world all inspiration and through, confess that there is no inspiration in their theory, and that a religious Spiritualism makes a better basis of human life. Why should such a man estimate highly 'these spiritual elements' if they war against nature's obvious facts? If those men have found a godless world and an automatic man, a man who lives as the tree lives, and their world seems cold, why not confess its icy nature and abide by it? Why come up to the presence of a God that they may feel the warmth of the Father's home? If this theory is real why these complaints?"

IT IS TO BE HOPED,

it is to be confidently expected, that the new generations will read and read and ponder,

and will join the army that marches along in the name of a Supreme Mind. If this r...

"Man never says: 'I believe that two and two make four.' He knows it. You do not say 'I believe in the existence of the Atlantic.' You would be pleasantly laughed at. You know it. But you say, 'I believe in the promises of my friend. I believe in the being of God and the divine origin of man because such a form of language admits the possibility of a doubt. When the agnostic says: I believe in a self-made world, his word believe shows the actuality of a doubt, for ask him to say 'I know the world was self-made,' and he declines the new language because it robs him of his doubt.

"The coming soldiers of God must not fear therefore the word 'doubt'—the soldier of Dust have to carry the same term with them to the end of their career. If all minds must carry a possible doubt those hearts will have a great advantage which shall carry that imperfect kind of knowledge which is attended by the virtues of love, benevolence, conscientiousness, worship of God, imitation of Jesus Christ and hope of immortal life. If the heart must carry some shadow, let it not be the shadow of midnight but a shadow with great interminglings of morning, a shadow in which the soul, like the nightingale, can sing a joyous song."

The absorbing nature, the depth, the full coming of this conflict—all so well stated by Dr. Swing—have been clearly seen by thinking persons for years. As its name implies the spiritual philosophy is on the side of soul and not dust as the shaping and, uplifting influences; of the soul of things as "the power that makes for righteousness," and no statements of these views in all the world's literature are fuller of power and beauty than those of its great seers and teachers.

We wait patiently for the time, sure to come, when those who, like Dr. Swing, now ignore this fact, will be obliged to ask the help of Spiritualism in this "new war of faith."

Woman's Conference. INDIA R. CHASE, LEADER. 2139 WYER PLACE, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

LEAP YEAR—1888.

Eighteen Hundred Eighty-Eight Ushered in with royal state; Snowy ermine 'cross her breast And a moonstone in her crest; With a sceptre in her hand To enforce her least command; Will she be a gracious queen? Will she put on robes of green When young spring comes from the south? Will the breath of her ripe mouth Smell of strawberries in June? Will her ample lap be strewn With all blossoms that the field, Wood, or grassy meadow yield? Will she in the harvest moons See the lollers dance to tunes Sweet and old, yet ever new? Like the love-tale I overheard Warbled by a winter-bird? Will our sovereign give us, too, Love the golden Summer-through? And when Autumn comes again Laden with her fruit and grain Laying bounties at her feet Will she make our lives complete? She's a leap-year queen, you see! Will you, laddie, marry me? —Anon.

The Cradle of Liberty.

Our sister in New York who has told us about some of the work of women in that great city, may smile at the doings of her country consins in this "big town," as something rather behind the times and out of the "latest style;" but this place, if slow, is also sure, and its women are, in almost every way, helping to swell the growing army of women-workers for humanity in general and the enfranchisement of their sex in particular.

And why should they not? Here it was that the Independence Bell rang out its challenge to old despotisms; and being the "cradle of liberty," why shall not its women preside at its rocking, until

"The hand that rocks the cradle Is the hand that rocks the world?"

Our women are doing many things which will speak for themselves in the coming time, and an account of which may be given to this "Column" ere long; but just now, while the year is new, it seems fitting to go back to "first principles," and take a retrospective view of the road that "bridge across an hundred years"—that has led us to our present standpoint, and to make some milestones tower to monuments for those whose bright, farsailing souls have made this present possible to us—women of America.

Standing in the old hall, made famous a little more than one hundred years ago, the woman of thoughtful mind must note how everywhere the dominant war spirit of man has distributed the relics of those "times that tried men's souls."

The emblems of this spirit of force are always first and foremost—Washington the warrior above "the first in peace," La Fayette booted and spurred before Penn and his Treaty; generals', admirals', colonels', captains', lieutenants', corporals' faces and uniforms, loom over and above the corner where, low down, their names, hidden by an old chairback and a ship's model, the real geniuses of the Revolution, look with searching and reproachful gaze upon the curious passers-by, few of whom stoop to read the names behind the chair and beneath the grand head, strong features; and wonderful eyes of the man who first wrote The Free and Independent States of America, or that belonging to the pale intellectual face of "the man in the red cloak," whose oratory raised the souls of our forefathers to sublimer heights of heroism and self-sacrifice.

Will not the women of Philadelphia—of our country at large—strive to change the sentiment that thus exalts the brutal instincts over the moral, the physical over the mental, Christian barbarism over the Christ of the people? May we not some day hope to see the portraits of Thomas Paine and Patrick Henry raised to as conspicuous a position as the "Sword captured from a Hessian," or the "snuff-box of an officer in the Continental Army"?

How She Ruled and Ruined the Town.

"Female mayors are no good," said the ex-City Marshal of Argonia, Kan. "Why, Mrs. Salter has just killed Argonia. I used to have a hotel there and was the city marshal, but I couldn't stand it, so I just scooted, and I expect I'm to blame for her election, too. "You know she wasn't nominated in any

of the conventions. About nine o'clock on election day all us boys were feeling gay and agreed to meet at a hall and nominate a candidate to knock out Wilson. Jack Ducker—he is the toughest man in the place and the undertaker—got up in the meeting and nominated Mrs. Susanna Medora Salter for Mayor, and the nomination was made unanimous. We rushed into the streets and commenced to work for our candidate. At noon her husband came to us and begged us to quit the racket, sayin' it was an insult to his wife. We wouldn't do it, and the voters commenced to come our way in clusters. We got full of whisky and enthusiasm, and at four o'clock every one was votin' for our candidate. Well, you know as how she was elected. We had a jollification, and when she took her seat like a man all our fun was busted.

"I sent up to Kansas City for some crab-apple cider, just to please the boys. She heard of it and asked me to stop it. You can't fight a woman and she mayor. Then I started a little poker room, more for sociability than anything else. Chips were only ten cents. She heard of it and came to me and I had to stop. Then the druggist, before she was elected, used to keep blue grass bitters, lemon rye and extract of malt, and a few other things like that. He don't do it now. The Mayor heard of it. Then the two billiard rooms were running. They're closed up now. The Mayor don't think it is fashionable to push the ivory. That's the way it is with everything. I just couldn't stand the town and so I came up here."

"She's the only woman Mayor on earth, is she not?" "That's just what she is. You ought to see the letters she gets, foreign letters and the like, askin' for her autograph, and askin' her if it is true that she is Mayor, and all questions like that. When I was marshal I used to act under her, and many's the letter she has shown me from abroad." —Journal, Indianapolis, Ind.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

WHAT I SAW AT CASSADAGA LAKE: A Review of the Seybert Commissioner's Report. By A. B. Richmond. Boston: Colby & Rich, 1888. Pp. 244. 12 mo. muslin. Price, \$1.25. For sale wholesale and retail by RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing House, Chicago.

A. B. Richmond is one of the most able lawyers in the State of Pennsylvania, and especially has he achieved fame in criminal cases. He has thus been trained by long practice to distinguish the essential points of evidence, and to weigh the motives which actuate men in their relations with each other. His style is that of a lawyer pleading his cause, eminently interesting, lucid, convincing, but diffuse, personal, and aggressive. He was induced to visit the Spiritual Camp-meeting at Cassadaga by curiosity, expecting to find a set of deluded fanatics. He was "surprised at the class of visitors"—"judges of our courts, doctors, lawyers, and learned men in every condition in life." His skepticism was baffled by the manifestations he received, and he inadvertently, or rather fortunately, published an account of what he saw. The reporters so misstated his position that he was induced to go over the whole ground at length, making his narrative a virtual reply to the Seybert Commission. This course seems to have been taken through the influence of a communication received from Seybert through independent state writing, as follows:

"Dear Sir: Do all you can to combat the error into which my Commissioners have fallen. They were unworthy and unfaithful." The report of the Commission is written in a style unworthy of the subject discussed, and disgraceful to the authors. Mr. Richmond seizes on this most available point and destroys by ridicule the position ridicule has attained, quoting in full the acting chairman's account of his efforts to become a medium. Well does Mr. Richmond ask: "Are you not ashamed of the foregoing pages copied verbatim from your report?" and continues: "When we take into consideration the munificence of the gift of Henry Seybert, and the high character of the institution to which it was given, can any one for a moment suppose that the donor intended that a portion of his money should be expended in employing a troop of comedians to enact a comic opera before the public, or exhibit a harlequin or pantaloon for the amusement of scoffers and the thoughtless?" According to his own words the acting chairman, Horace Howard Furness, sat for six months with "Caffray's magnetized paper" on his head, holding the slates in his hand, expecting to become a medium and yet he received no communication! Caffray, the acknowledged fraud, the last of all to be consulted, was sought out, and his advice followed as though infallible!

It would be a libel on Mr. Furness to believe this story he tells on himself, for he is not a fool. He concludes it with a receipt from Punch for "Gooseberry Fool," which he applies to Spiritualists in their vain search: "Carefully skin your gooseberries, extract the seeds, and wash the pulp in three waters for six hours each. Having done this with the gooseberries, the Fool is perfect." This might be written: "Take a college professor, put a sheet of Caffray's magnetized paper on his head, and a slate in his hand, sit him in the dark, and after six months your fool will be perfect."

Mr. Richmond takes the bible and searches its pages for evidence of Spiritualism. His task is easy, for on every page he finds brilliant gems, and gathering all together he buries the mass at the Commission. The biblical evidence sought to awaken the interest of all Christian folk from their standpoint is incontrovertible. The Report is unusually full on what is termed "the Slade-Zöllner Investigation." This portion is the work of Prof. Geo. S. Fullerton, who by interviewing Zöllner's friends came to the conclusion that he was entirely untrustworthy.

In reply, the "Open Letter" of C. C. Massey is introduced, which completely covers the ground already demolished every statement of Prof. Fullerton, showing him to be unreliable, to use the author's words, to cover the reckless perversion of facts, and their adroit misinterpretation.

The personal reminiscences of the introduction of Spiritualism before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, is intensely interesting. It was in 1854, and Mr. Richmond had at that meeting become a member. An announcement of a spiritual meeting was laid on the president's table, which he read because unaware of its contents, and apologized for so doing. The learned members smiled, as though they had been invited to a Punch and Judy show.

At length Robert Hare arose and in a dignified manner requested permission to say a few words, as a committee had just retired and there was nothing before the house. Of course his request was granted. The dignified and noble-looking old man paused a moment as he looked over the assembly,—many of whom had received their scientific education from his books, then said: "Mr. President, as a body of learned and scientific men, would it not be more becoming for us to investigate a subject before we condemn and deride it?" He then briefly gave his experiments and the marvelous results he had received.

At the reception given at the residence of Jeff. Davis that evening to the Association, the scientists "shook their sage heads, and I heard them frequently remark, 'the old doctor is becoming crazy on that subject.' Poor old man, how I pitied him, and yet, the next day, when I heard him most eloquently and learnedly discuss one of the abstract scientific questions before the Association, and observed with what profound attention he was listened to, and saw how clearly he demonstrated his views on the matter under discussion, I thought I had never before seen such brilliant and intellectual symptoms of mental aberration, and after all the dreaded disease of insanity was not so terrible a calamity as I had supposed."

In these memories of early days of the cause the author is delightful. He brings the London Dialectic Society into court, and extracts more evidence out of their reports than an ordinary reader could deem possible, and commends its methods to the Seybert

Commission. We can scarcely agree with the author here, for the Dialectic Society has been exceedingly narrow in its methods and inclined to show how not to do it, more than toward practical results. It has devoted itself to unessential details, and overlooked vital issues.

After rapidly glancing at the facts furnished by rappings, slate writing, etc., the author reaches his conclusion. He says: "Let the alleged facts of Spiritualism once be fully established, and the dark cloud of infidelity now overshadowing the earth would be dissipated as the mist of the morning vanishes before the light of the sun. It would open heaven to the sight of the skeptic, and teach him the paths that lead to its infinite happiness."

Mr. Richmond writes with the earnestness of a partisan, and every sentence is a telling blow in favor of the side he so zealously advocates. The result is led to believe that he is thoroughly grounded in his faith by absolute knowledge, and on reaching the final page is chagrined by the following paragraph:

"In conclusion, let me not be misunderstood. I am not a Spiritualist. I have not yet seen that which convinces me beyond a doubt that the claims of Spiritualism are true. I know that there is around us an unseen intelligent force that purports to be a visitation from spirit life. Science has not explained it. Science has not accounted for the main purpose of the book, but contrary to expectations reacts against, rather than favorably. The Seybert Report is scarcely worth the cost of a reply, and has received far more attention than it deserves. The storm it has called forth may serve to lash the Commission into place, and make the next report, if one is ever made, at least adhere to the line of common decency. Henry Seybert is to achieve fame although not in the way he designed. The monumental chair he sought to engrave with his name, will remain unknown, but the 'gooseberry fool' committee his legacy called into being, and the Report of its secretary after keeping 'Caffray's magnetized paper' on his head for six months because the ardent bungler told him he would in that manner become 'a wonderful medium,' will as a curiosity in science remain an indestructible monument."

Mr. Richmond has written a most complete and exhaustive review, leaving not a single shred of the evidence or the conclusions produced in the Report.

HUDSON TUTTLE. GIRARD'S WILL AND GIRARD COLLEGE THEOLOGY. By Richard B. Westbrook, D. D., LL. D. Author of "Marriage and Divorce," "The Bible Whence and What?" "Man, What and Whither?" etc. Published by the Author 1707 Oxford St., Philadelphia, 1888. Pp. 183. Price, \$1.00. For sale by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House Chicago.

Dr. Westbrook has done valuable and timely work in issuing this little volume, the object of which is to show that the religious instruction in Girard College is in palpable violation of the will of the founder. It is well known that Stephen Girard, a freethinking Frenchman, who named his ships, "Voltaire," "Helvetius," "Rousseau," "Montesquieu," etc., founded the college which bears his name, and established a financial trust to sustain it, on the condition expressly stated in his will, that the institution should be devoted to the instruction of orphan children, free from all kinds of religious sectarianism. He wanted the teachers to "instill into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that on their entrance into active life they may from inclination and habit evince benevolence toward their fellow creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety and industry, adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer." But Girard's will enjoins and requires that "no ecclesiastical missionary or minister of any sect whatsoever, shall hold any position or be admitted even within the premises of the college. He did not, he said, mean by this restriction to cast any reflection upon any sect or person, but simply desired to keep the "tender mind of the orphans, who are to derive advantage from this bequest, free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversies are so apt to produce."

Relatives of Girard tried to break this will, which was made in 1839, on the ground that it was, by its principles and exclusions hostile to Christianity, and therefore void as being against the common law and public policy of Pennsylvania. On appeal the Supreme Court of the United States sustained the legality of the will under the laws of Pennsylvania; but to do this gave the instrument an interpretation which implied the right to have the bible read in the college without comment, and to have the students taught the fundamental truths of Christianity in which all Christians concur.

Instead of keeping religious instruction within the limits of this decision, the college authorities have maintained sectarian education of the most pronounced character. They have built a chapel, and although ordained clergymen are not permitted to occupy the pulpit, much of the preaching is by missionaries from the orthodox communions, who have been educated for the orthodox ministry, and are to all intents and purposes clergymen except that they have not gone through the process of ordination. Their preaching in the chapel is like that heard from orthodox pulpits in general. The "Manual" in use is saturated throughout with orthodox sectarianism. "God in three persons. Blessed Trinity." "Great Jehovah, three in one." "At hell's dark door we lay," and "Now I feel the blood applied," are lines taken from some of the hymns contained in this manual.

Indeed the very sectarian doctrines against the teaching of which Girard endeavored to guard in his will, are now taught in the sermons, prayers, doxologies responses, etc. A more flagrant or stupendous violation of a sacred trust never was known.

The value of the Girard property is now about \$20,000,000, although put down in the report for 1886 at much less.

What a shame that the magnificent bequest should have been used for a plainly declared purpose and applied to one to which Girard was unalterably opposed.

Dr. Westbrook has brought together in a compact and convenient form the facts in regard to Girard College, together with the founder's will and the opinion of the United States Supreme Court, such a work has long been needed, and the JOURNAL welcomes it as a strong protest against a breach of trust for which some day the trustees of Girard College will be held to account. The violation of a trust, even in the interest of theological doctrines, believed by their adherents to be divine by revealed truth, cannot be justified on moral grounds and will not be persisted in when the people of Pennsylvania come to regard simple justice more than they do sectarian beliefs.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED. FIFTY DOSES OF MENTAL HEALING. By L. L. Merriman. Chicago: Purdy Pub. Co. Price 25 cents. POPE'S EASY ON MAN. With responding Essay: Man seen in the Deepening Dawn. By Caleb S. Weeks. New York: Fowler and Wells Co. Price, 25 cents. GLEANINGS FROM THE PAGES OF HISTORY. By the aid and in the Light of Progress. Price, \$1.00. SEVEN HUNDRED ALBUM VERSES. Compiled by J. S. Ogilvie. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co. Price, 15 cents. REMINISCENCES OF A PREACHER. By William McDonnell. Boston: P. Maudslow. PRACTICAL OCCULTISM. By J. J. Morse. San Francisco, Cal.: Carrier Dove Publishing House.

The Old Silver Spoon. How fresh in my mind are the days of my sickness, When I tossed me in pain, all fevered and weak; The burning, the nausea, the sinking and weakness, And even the old spoon that my medicine bore, The old silver spoon, the family spoon, The sick-chamber spoon that my medicine bore.

How loth were my fever-burched lips to receive it, How nauseous the stuff that it bore, my tongue, And the pain in my inward, oh, naught could relieve it.

Though tears of disgust from my eyeballs it wrung, The old silver spoon, the medicine spoon, How awful the stuff that it left on my tongue. Such is the effect of nauseous, gripping medicines which make the sick-room a memory of horror. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, on the contrary, are small, sugar-coated, easy to take, purely vegetable and perfectly effective. 25 cents a box.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches." For Bronchial, asthmatic and Pulmonary Complaints, "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" have remarkable curative properties. 25 cents a box.

Dyspepsia. Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following: "I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass. N. B. Be sure to get only Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar. FLORIDA. FORTY-ACRE FARMS For \$600. Deeds furnished from the State direct to buyer, 40 acres or more for \$1.50 per acre, which covers all costs. Send 6 cents for plan, pamphlet and Fra. map. H. W. WILKES, Florida Land Commissioner, Louisville, Kentucky.

Pillow Sham Holder. PRICE \$1. DELIVERED FREE. AGENTS are making money rapidly with this article. They are wanted in every house. The agent calls and asks permission to put up a set to show how they work. Nine times out of ten a sale is made rather than have them taken down, as they work to perfection. Retail price is \$1.00. Agents' outfit, with full particulars, sent to any reliable person wishing to canvass, on receipt of \$1.00 postage paid. Write for Dollars rates. ORNAMENTAL, PERFECT, SALABLE, CHEAP. This little treasure will fold the shams against the head-board at night, and spread them neatly over the pillows in the morning, during a life-time, without getting out of order. Is highly ornamental, and saves its cost many times in washing and ironing, as the shams may remain on the frame four or five months without creasing. Full directions for putting up and operating sent with each set. Address PRAIRIE CITY NOVELTY COMPANY, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago.

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THE CLERGY, Their Sermons; THE STUDENT, His Lessons; THE BUSINESS MAN, Items of Business.

The author of this work was put to the severest public test a few days ago, by reporters of all the leading Chicago daily papers. The commendatory notices which appeared the following day showed how well he stood the test.

The author, an old man, claims to have a memory more to be trusted by training under this system than even while he was young.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

We cordially commend it to all persons of falling memory as the best book obtainable on that subject.—Inter-Ocean.

Most ingenious; enables any one, who familiarizes himself with the system, to create an immense mass of digested information, ready for production on demand, &c. experiment we have tested the author's mnemonic resources, and been moved by them to wonder.—Advance.

The author's method aids us in getting control at will of the organs unconsciously employed in acts of what may be called spontaneous recollection. It is ingenious and simple.—Chicago Times.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

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By JOHN G. BUNDY.

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FOR FIFTY CENTS this paper will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada TWELVE WEEKS, ON TRIAL.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, February 18, 1888.

The "Famillistere"—A Great Co-operative Factory in France.

Guise, where M. Godin founded the famous "Famillistere," was once the seat of those selfish and oppressive tyrants of a past age, "the dukes of Guise." The French prophet of labor reform was born there about seventy years ago, and he was apprenticed to a stove-maker. He conceived the idea that stoves and cooking ranges, their made of sheet iron, would be better if made of cast-iron; and carrying out this idea successfully, he soon became a rich man and the employer of several hundred workmen in the business. He had been from boyhood a student and admirer of Fourier, and now his plan was to make one great family of all his work-people, with a common interest in the general welfare. He accordingly erected a large building, divided into suites of rooms for his workmen and their families, which he called "Palais Social," but which is now commonly known as the "Famillistere." To this building additions have been made from time to time, and now it has a frontage of 600 feet. There are various wings and additional buildings, all constructed of brick and practically fire-proof, four stories high, with abundance of water, playgrounds for children, and every device for the comfort, convenience and health of the occupants. The apartments are separate. The cost of the buildings has been about \$200 for each family, and the average rent is about \$1 per month for each room. There are free schools, of a higher grade than the public schools of France, free libraries and reading rooms, a theatre, a cafe, co-operative stores, etc.

The manufactories cover nearly four acres of ground. Five miles of tramway connect the various portions of the works, and 1,300 hands are kept in constant employment. The work consists chiefly in the manufacture of stoves, ranges, grates, furnaces, coal scuttles, and other domestic utensils of cast-iron. M. Godin thought a man ought to work only three or four hours at a time; so he had his men work from six to nine in the morning, then allowed an hour's intermission; resuming work at ten they continued till half past one, and then rested till three, when they began work again, finishing the day's work at six.

The men's average pay is about \$5 per week, which is considerably more than is received by hands in other French factories. But the wages do not represent all the workmen's income. From the first, M. Godin established the principle of profit-sharing, and gave each workman a share of the profits proportionate to his share in the work of producing those profits. Says a Paris correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, to whom the JOURNAL is indebted for many of the facts here given: "The capital of the establishment is \$900,000. The annual dividend of profit to the workmen averages about 8 per cent on this, or \$72,000. This pays about \$100 a year to each of the workmen who live in the 'Palais Social,' for of the 1,300 hands employed some 500 are mere outsiders, who live in the village of Guise and come to the shops merely for their wages, like workmen in any ordinary factory." There are pension and insurance funds for the aged and crippled, and a pharmacy fund for those in need of medicine, but no hospital, since the founder held that the sick should be attended to in their own homes.

There is no church on the premises and no religious instruction in the schools. The children are not baptized and funerals are conducted without any Christian rites. "The

result of this upon the morals of the community," says the Tribune correspondent, "does not appear to be bad." M. Godin, like Stephen Girard, believed in no system of dogmatic theology, his religion being of that practical, humanitarian kind which interests itself in the industrial and social conditions of men.

Parisians generally know but little of M. Godin or his work, but many full accounts of the "Famillistere" have appeared in American publications and thousands from this country have visited the spot where once ruled the despotic dukes, and where M. Godin established a system in which industrial equity was and continues to be the leading feature.

The Tribune correspondent makes a comparison of the work of M. Godin with that of Mme. Boucicaut, with the evident intention of disparaging the former. "She" [Mme. B.] says this writer "was the dispenser of almost countless charities in every direction; he [M. Godin] kept all his wealth within the close corporation of the 'Palais Social'.... She will rank among the greatest philanthropists of the age; he will be remembered as a narrow and selfish, but very successful promoter of a single narrow and selfish, but successful phase of socialism."

From this comparison and judgment the JOURNAL dissents, for it is unfair and unjust. If the value of the efforts of these two persons is to be judged by the results, respectively, a careful consideration of the whole subject may show that the scheme and the labors of the French stove maker have already resulted in the most good. Moreover, the profit sharing experiment of M. Godin has been adopted in several countries and may yet revolutionize modern industrialism, and be the inauguration of a system or method of incalculable importance and worth in solving the great question of capital and labor. M. Godin's work was experimental, and required concentrated thought and systematic efforts. He was imbued with certain social ideas and believed that if they could be understood and carried out, they would raise working men from a servile condition to independent competency and advance the best social and moral interests of every nation. "It was possible for M. Godin to accomplish anything in giving the world an illustration and example of these ideas only by making his work local. Had he taken a portion of his wealth, and scattered it in general charity would he have accomplished more of an enduring character or have been a greater benefactor? "Honor to whom honor is due."

Extremes of Poverty and Wealth.

The Two Worlds, Manchester, Eng., Emma Hardinge-Brittan, editor, inquires "whether the time has not come when a second jubilee might not be held with advantage, and that for the wealth-producing rather than the wealth-enjoying classes." The year 1887 is memorable as recording the fact that the wealthiest sovereign who has ruled (?) England, has been on the throne fifty years, during which period wealth has accumulated steadily, and nine princes and princesses have been born to the sovereign, dutifully wed by the people and magnificently dowered from their earnings. The Queen's jubilee was a golden one; money poured into the treasuries of the many exhibitions and ceremonial fetes, and enormous sums were expended in illuminations and presents to royalty, testifying to the great amount of wealth in British coffers.

But The Two Worlds declares that there is "another side to the picture." It is that side presented in the pamphlet written three or four years ago entitled "Outcast London," the social conditions described in which remain unchanged. This shocking revelation of the state of things in the poor districts of London, although it excited much comment in every civilized country, seems not to have touched very deeply the hearts of the royal and aristocratic classes of England. They are ready to make such displays as are adapted to impress other nations with the extent of British wealth and to dole out charity to the poor, but oppose stubbornly every measure proposed in the interest of the wage-workers of the country, every measure designed to raise the pay of employes and lessen the profits of rich corporations.

Our English contemporary states that at Birmingham several thousand women work at chain-making, "and the utmost that the hardest laborers amongst them can earn is from fourpence to fivepence a day, whilst their children, in filthy rags, which it would be a mockery to call clothes, herd together half starved and utterly neglected, in hovels that the sporting gentlemen would consider a wretched shelter even for hounds." A match-box company, which makes large profits, paying its share-holders 20 per cent. dividend, pays women who do the work, wages by which they can make but three shillings a week, working eight hours a day.

For the multitude of the ill-paid, and half-fed, and hungry and shelterless creatures such as are depicted in "Outcast London," the jubilee proposed is rather a procession of the "miserables" which, it is justly said, "would present a picture that would turn the very soul of every beholder sick with shame and sympathy."

What our contemporary really desires is that the intelligence and philanthropy of the nation and the world be directed to the solution of the problem which these frightful inequalities of condition present. The same difficulties are rising here. The evil is beyond the reach of charity or alms. It can be removed only by making it possible for the industrious, temperate and frugal to earn

sufficient to obtain the necessaries and comforts of life. There is work enough to do and food and clothing enough for all. Yet the extremes of poverty and wealth are seen on every hand.

A system under which an individual or corporation can amass wealth rapidly while the employes are scarcely above want, is wrong, and the wage workers have a right to be dissatisfied with it till it is so changed as to admit of a more equitable distribution of the products of labor. What is needed is the adoption of some plan that will give more of the profits of industry to the many and less to the few; and to this the united efforts of associations of workmen should be directed, with a view to securing by legislation what justice and the best interests of society demand. Thousands of employes see the injustice resulting from our industrial methods and would gladly co-operate with those who work for wages in securing changes in the line indicated, provided some definite and practicable plan could be carried out, and on a scale which would guarantee its success. The difficulty of experiments here and there involving lessened profits to those whose money is invested in the business, is too obvious to require a statement; for they must still compete with those companies in the same industries which are enjoying the advantages of large profits at the expense of the employes. In some places in England, France and in this country, profit-sharing has proved successful and an extension of this method might solve by voluntary combination and co-operation, a problem of which our partisan legislators are in dense ignorance, and to which most of them, absorbed with party schemes and ambitions, seem to be indifferent.

Answers to a Few of Many Questions.

The Inter Ocean has a department which it calls "Our Curiosity Shop," in which is much matter not only curious but valuable. It is filled with answers to questions of correspondents on various subjects, and some able person must be fully occupied in giving those answers.

Could we find the right person, and the purse to pay for such services, the time of some gifted and experienced man or woman might be filled in replying to many questions which pour into our editorial rooms. Some are answered, but patient readers must know that all cannot be.

For instance, on a postal card from the interior of this State come these queries: "Do Spiritualists regard the Bible as divinely inspired, and the Lord Jesus as God manifest in the flesh? Or are they divided on these questions? What is their position on the truthfulness and reliability of communications? Do the good and the bad have alike the power to communicate?"

A later letter from California suggests that we fail in due respect for the Seybert Commission's report. In response to these two, whole pages could well be written, but a brief reply must suffice. On Bible authority Spiritualists do not agree. The majority do not believe that book infallible or of miraculous origin, nor that "the Lord Jesus is God manifest in the flesh," after the orthodox and miraculous idea. In a noble and natural way every human being is a manifestation of divinity.

"For in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew," said the inspired Russian Derzhaven. Good and bad are on earth—and in the higher life, for going there does not at once change us, but gives a better chance for us to reach higher. The wise, self-poised and good are safe from evil powers here or from the life beyond. From immortal beings clad in flesh here below, or from the same beings clothed in celestial bodies, our safety, if they seek to harm us, is in freedom of thought, rational judgment, strength of will and a spiritual attitude so high and pure that evil cannot touch or soil. Valuable but not infallible is the verdict as to spirit messages. These are the views of the body of Spiritualists outside the churches; of that "multitude which no man can number" in the churches, when they express the desire, their views will be given.

As to the Seybert Commission, our correspondent says it has "deliberately investigated" this matter. When? Where? Certainly the Commissioners' Report gives no evidence of deliberate investigation. On the contrary no report claiming the dignity of the name was ever farther from giving the true status of the subject investigated. Our correspondent is respectfully referred to Mr. A. B. Richmond's book replying to the Seybert Commission, for further light. Mr. Richmond is not a Spiritualist, but he is a lawyer and a judge of the evidence essential to establish a case, and he enters judgment against the Commissioners.

The stove manufacturers of the United States, the papers say, have been in secret session in Cincinnati discussing methods of restricting the manufacture of stoves, of which, it was declared, there was an "over-production" to the extent of fifty per cent. The plan proposed to limit the output, is to form a "trust" or combination of the stove manufacturers of the country, each foundry to be appraised at the value of its plant, its output, and the advantages accruing by convenience to coal and raw material. The production of stoves, prices, etc., are then to be regulated by a commissioner under the direction of a board of managers, and the principles of a railroad pool carried out in the division of earnings. It will, under this proposed arrangement, be in the power of the managers throughout the country to order

any foundry to shut down. To the foundry it will make no great difference, as it will receive its usual percentage whether in operation or idle; but how will this combination affect the price of stoves? Are combinations of manufacturers for the purpose of restricting production in order to keep up prices of articles in their line, in the interests of the people?

The whole system of trust and pools, the JOURNAL believes is wrong. Producers have become ambitious to sell their products beyond the range of their legitimate markets. The result is "cuts" in prices of goods, rates of transportation, etc., and all the evils which trusts and pools are formed to provide against, with those to which these combinations give rise. Honest business methods require only fair profits on the cost, and if producers were satisfied with these, "trusts," "pools" and "rings" for the regulation of production and prices would never be brought into existence. Railroad companies, not satisfied with the amount of patronage which their route gives them, and with fair profits on legitimate business, are eager to enrich themselves by drawing travel from other lines, and so cut rates; and other companies follow, until an agreement is reached by which all the roads "pool their issues" and combine to keep up the prices of freight and transportation against justice and the public interest, thereby furnishing reasons for the enactment of laws and the appointment of State agencies to control railroad traffic. But many of the combinations lack even the excuse here given for their dishonest methods. Finding that the production of a given article is so great as to reduce the price legitimately, they adopt measures for limiting the product in order to increase the price, at the same time fixing the price on the basis of the lowest possible wages to the laborers and the largest profits to the members of the ring. Then if the workmen unite in a demand for better pay the manufacturers' aim to make the public think that the union of workmen is an arbitrary attempt to dictate terms to their employers, and is a willful obstruction of business against public interests. Intelligent and fair-minded people generally, are beginning to see through these fraudulent practices on the part of monopolies, and it is not strange that there is a desire for effective legislation to remedy and prevent the evil.

In a recent lecture in this city Mr. W. M. Salter said in substance that transitional religions are necessary to the enlargement of religious ideas, but lose their usefulness when they become fixed where they should be progressive. He would have the churches work out the logical result of the process they have begun. In regard to prayer, he said, the transitional begins when the idea is abandoned that man can change the operations of physical laws by entreating divine intervention. But one gives up prayer as a means of moving Heaven and continues it as a beneficial exercise to him who prays. "This," said the lecturer, "is merely a subtle sort of spiritual self-deception." "Others give up prayer as petition and keep it as aspiration. Aspiration is good, but it is not prayer." In regard to the Ethical Movement he regarded it transitional in the sense that it was feeble and tentative, and he believed it would give way to a vaster and more powerful movement in the same direction. "But I firmly believe," he concluded, "its essence is the grandeur of noble action, the supreme value of righteous living, and when the false and misty standards of morality are dissipated I believe that this dawning light of sincerity and righteousness will expand into certain day."

Mr. Salter's idea evidently is that the Ethical element common to all philosophical and religious systems is permanent, and that it will assume more and more prominence in the thought and conduct of mankind with the advancement of the race. This may safely be claimed. Everywhere theological dogmas and speculative theories are being subordinated to practical moral requirements, and the orthodox and heterodox sects alike join with more or less alacrity the Ethical Culture Society, the Spiritualists, the Agnostics, indeed every class of thinkers, in emphasizing the importance of high moral character. But appreciation of the value of moral worth, will never destroy love of truth nor make men indifferent to the conflict between the various philosophical systems. Ethical culture will assume more and more importance in the churches and outside of them, while all the great questions now occupying earnest minds will continue to be discussed, and every generation will have broader and better views than the preceding one. All movements are transitional; all thought is transitional, since it is imperfect, and is the condition and precursor of higher thought. The Spiritualist holds that the conceptions of immortal life, and of communion between the living and the "dead" are permanent elements of thought, and indeed they are among the most universal beliefs—but particular conceptions in regard to them, at any given time, are imperfect and transitional. Whatever truth there is in Spiritualism will be infused in all sects and systems, modifying and moulding thought and character. The same is true of the Ethical movement, and of all other special and distinctive movements inaugurated to advance truth and benefit humanity.

It appears from cable dispatches that the sensation of Paris is the premature burial of M. Proszinsky. He apparently died. While the funeral services were going on in the Church of St. Martin de Pau the nuns, who

were praying for the repose of the soul of the deceased, and the other persons who were kneeling close to the catafalque, heard moans coming from the interior of the coffin. Soon afterwards they heard several distinct knocks. The noises continued for a few moments and then all was still. M. Proszinsky, the father of the deceased, had the coffin carried into the sacristy, where it was opened and a medical examination of the remains took place. Two doctors declared that the young man was really dead, and the nuns who attended the deceased in his last moments also averred that life was completely extinct when the body was put into the shroud. They had heard the moans and the knocks, but they could only attribute them to some unknown and mysterious cause. The burial has been postponed for several days.

Dispatches from the Pacific coast, set forth that in San Francisco, February 10th, the Chinese New Year was celebrated with more than ordinary enthusiasm by the large Mongolian colony. All Chinatown was ablaze with lanterns. The leading restaurants were resplendent in gilt banners and new paint, and the temples and joss-houses resounded with salvos of firecrackers burned in honor of the wooden and ivory gods. None of the Mongolian aristocracy appeared in the gorgeous blue and orange silk caps which are seen everywhere in Chinatown during the New Year festivities. All were in the ordinary black cotton blouses on the day, the rule being that the display of fine garments is reserved until the new moon shall have appeared. The great event of this year's celebration was the introduction to office of the mighty ivory joss of the Shin Si Gear Society. The society lost many members last summer by the murderous assaults of a rival faction and concluded that their old joss was unpropitious. They accordingly obtained a brand new ivory god from Peking, who came through free of duty last week and was formally installed the deity of the Shin Si Gear band of idolatrous highbinders. The new god was first carried in state through Chinatown. As it was raining hard the great joss had to be protected, and six coolies in blue silken tunics with orange sashes held over his head an ample canopy of yellow and crimson silk. After parading Chinatown, the new god, preceded by torchbearers, was taken to the favorite theater of his votaries, where a special performance for his benefit had been arranged. The priests of the joss arranged themselves in line, while a trumpeter played a choice Mongolian strain of triumph, to which the idolbearers marched into the theater. The great joss having been placed in the box of state, the manager of the theatre came forward, and, bowing to the carpet, welcomed the ivory deity to his humble show. He then personally set fire to and exploded three large boxes of firecrackers on the stage as a royal salute to the new god, after which the orchestra played a Mongolian grand march and the play began. The high priest, at the conclusion, proclaimed that the new god was well pleased with the performance and his general reception at Chinatown, and would consent to take up his abode in the joss-house. He was accordingly escorted in state to his future abode. The next day he attended a matinee performance at the theatre, and Sunday night he was tendered a grand banquet by the high officers of the society over which he is to exercise his tutelary powers.

A report comes from Louisville, Ky., detailing the awful experiences of a man named Hancock. He lives now in that city. He spent eight days of his life nailed up in a coffin in a burial vault. The horrible experience unsettled the man's reason, and he seldom leaves the room in which he sleeps and eats. Sixteen years ago Hancock was a man of some means, living then in Kansas City. He was taken ill one day, and gradually grew worse until apparently he died. An undertaker was called in and the usual ghastly preparations for an interment were gone through with? Two days after his death the funeral took place, and the man was followed to the burial ground by his sorrowing friends. The body, instead of being put in a grave at once, was placed in a receiving vault. Eight days afterward the sexton took his men and started to remove the coffin to the grave that had been prepared, when he was horrified to feel something move and hear a slight groan from the supposed dead man. The lid was removed, and it was found that the man was breathing slightly. Physicians were summoned, and a galvanic battery applied. After some time the man was resuscitated, and he was then removed to his home. He has never recovered from the effects of his awful experience, mentally, but is still a fairly strong and healthy man of his age.

GENERAL ITEMS.

The Y. P. S. S. give a Masque Ball, Friday night, at their hall, 159 22nd St.

Mrs. B. F. Hamilton and Mr. Barnes will appear before the Y. P. S. S., at their hall next Sunday evening, 159 22nd Street, at 7:45. All are invited.

The Morris Herald, published by E. B. Fletcher, Morris, Ill., issued a most interesting Holiday Supplement. An historical sketch of Grundy county, the causes leading to its organization, with the names of those who were the most active in its formation, will be found good and instructive reading.

D. Edson Smith, a staunch Spiritualist, is now connected with the Rural Californian, and is doing effective work thereon. His articles have attracted a good deal of attention, and will be instrumental in doing a vast amount of good.

Joseph Harris Seed Co., Rochester, N. Y., have issued their illustrated flower and vegetable seed catalogue for 1888.

Mrs. Mary H. Plunkitt, has been chosen President of the International Christian Science Headquarters in New York City.

Buchanan's Journal of Man advertised in another column, is well worthy of wide circulation and generous support.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Hinckley, 62 South Elizabeth street, have good success in healing the sick by baths and magnetic treatment.

"Masloth" is the professional name of an astrologer who causes many people rated as wise and otherwise, to open their eyes with wonderment at his success in seeing before them their past history.

Mary Shelton Woodhead, one of the accomplished daughters of Mr. J. E. Woodhead, known to our readers as the Secretary of the Western Society for Psychical Research, is making a sensation as a vocalist.

"From Here to Heaven by Telegraph." A part of the title to my papers has been quoted as above, and mentioned as "ephemeral, but not wholly appropriate."

When "truth is stranger than fiction," it is not surprising that the truth itself is mistaken for something figurative instead of literal, or that it should be thought in a measure "sensational."

Again: Means of intercommunication were in existence in both cities before they were connected by telegraph.

The connections on the other side have long been perfect. The most progressed of those who through countless ages have been advancing "through the spheres," may and do hand down to those desiring it, that peace which passeth all understanding.

After reading the above, we wrote Prof. G. to the effect that he had misapprehended the reason why we considered the title "not wholly appropriate."

"Now without the embellishments of figure, I desire to say in plain language, that I am fully aware of the fact that the word 'heaven' has rather a theological than a scientific meaning."

We have no desire to split hairs over a matter of such trifling importance; so long as we understand, as they do, what Prof. G. means, it is hardly worth while to start a controversy.

The American Society for Psychical Research.

Letter from the Secretary Correcting some Statements made by Mr. Hudson Tuttle.

Your issue of the 10th January (page 2) contains a communication from Mr. Hudson Tuttle, concerning which I beg to make a few remarks.

I desire now to remove some misapprehensions under which Mr. Tuttle is laboring, and which he may have conveyed to some of the readers of the JOURNAL.

1. Mr. Tuttle apparently assumes that the Committee has formed a theory on the subject of the circular and has issued a circular "for the purpose of eliciting answers which shall support such theories."

2. Mr. Tuttle holds that the relative frequency of the co-incidental experiences referred to in the circular is not of the least consequence. This, indeed, is a marvelous position to take up.

3. Mr. Tuttle asserts: "The Committee overlook an important fact, which vitiate the conclusions they may draw from the answers: that when dreams are fulfilled they are remembered, and when not, forgotten."

I trust that these remarks will be enough to show that Mr. Tuttle has not brought any more than a very hasty consideration to the objects of the circular which provoked his letter.

Richard Hodgson, Secretary, 5, Boylston Place, Boston, Mass.

Feb. 6, 1888.

The Young People's Progressive Society.

A fair sized audience greeted Mrs. B. F. Hamilton and Mrs. Barnes at the Avenue Hall Sunday evening.

She then proceeded with the séance, which lasted 40 minutes. Some fifteen tests were given, all but three or four being fully recognized.

William Preston Johnston, son of the Gen. Johnston who died at Shiloh, is President of Tulare (Cal.) University and a Shakespearean expert.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

An other fellow worker, Dr. McAllister, has passed on to the bright shore of Spirit-Life, from which we will still receive his kindly greeting, his pleasant smile, and cheering words.

A curious paper, entitled "The Alchemical Conscience," will appear in the March "Popular Science Monthly."

Consumption Surely Cured.

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured.

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

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething.

CHICAGO.

The Young People's Progressive Society, meets every Sunday at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd Street at 2:45 P. M.

The Chicago Association of Universal Medical, Progressive Spiritualists and Mediums' Society meets in Spirit's Liberty Hall No. 617 West Madison Street, every Sunday, at 2:30 P. M.

The Spiritual Union meets in the Princess Opera House, 509 W. Madison Street, every Sunday at 7:45 P. M.

The Young People's Spiritual Society meets every Sunday evening at 7:45 P. M., in Apollo Hall, 2730 State Street.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

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

The People's Spiritual Meeting is held at Columbia Hall, 875, 6th Ave., formerly at Spencer Hall W. 14th St., every Sunday at 2:45 P. M.

Grand Opera House, 23rd Street and 8th Avenue. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.

The Metropolitan Church for Humanity, Mrs. T. B. Stricker, Metrop. Ch. for Humanity, Mrs. T. B. Stricker, 3rd St. E. corner of 5th St. and Madison Ave., Cor. 5th St. E. (Extra cor. 42 E. 50th St.)

Spiritual Meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Conservatory Hall corner Bedford Ave., and 1st Fulton Street. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.

Brooklyn Spiritual Union. Sunday meetings at Fraternity Hall, corner Bedford Avenue and 2d St. 2d Street, between 10th and 11th Avenues at 2:30 P. M.

Everett Hall, 398 Fulton Street. Conference every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Court of Appeals Room, Town Hall.

St. Louis, Mo.

Organized August 22nd, 1886. The First Association of Spiritualists meets every Sunday in First St. 2d Street, between 2nd and 3rd Streets, at the hour of 2:30 P. M.

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OUR BEST WORDS. SEMI-MONTHLY, (Vol. IX begins Jan. 1, 1888). "MOTTO: In essentials, Unity; in non-essentials, Liberty in all things."

JUST PUBLISHED. A REVIEW OF THE Seybert Commissioners' Report. WHAT I SAW AT CASSAPAGA LAKE.

A MEMBER OF THE PENNSYLVANIA BAR; AUTHOR OF "LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN OLD LAWYER."

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Voices from the People.

HOPE OR MEMORY, Which Produces the Most Piousness?

JENNIE B. HAGAN.

One night when the moon's golden glory Had kissed all the land with its smile...

When suddenly out from my dreaming Arose the strange figures of Fate...

Then speaking to me said: "Oh! Mortal, As you stand at this mystical hour..."

I stood for a moment reflecting, On all the bright beautiful past...

Then they spoke thus: "We give but one treasure, Whatever you ask make us know..."

I answered then: "Give me the chamber Where Memory's pictures are hung..."

"For Memory holds the departed, The sweet and the bountiful years, The loved and the lost tender hearts..."

"That my happiest, holiest hours, Fair Memory holds close and fast, Like the perfume of beautiful flowers..."

"Then give me," I said, "Memory's blessing, Forever with me to remain, Like the fingers of Love still caressing..."

Then the gleam of bright faces departed, But ere they were out of my sight, Like one just awakening, I started...

"Ye spirits of the boon, will ye give it, My gift of the boon ye will give it, O pray can you not so arrange it..."

The Fates passed a moment, then smiling, Replied: "Thou art mortal art wise, For Hope is the stairway leading..."

"The sad heart of man to the skies, The keystone to all other blessings, Whatever those blessings may prove..."

"Have Hope and no shadow so sombre But you can look over its crest, A though in dark sorrow you wander..."

"And 'er when the mystical changes From this to the world we've not known, Come to us, go not to strange homes..."

"This improvisation was delivered by Miss Hagley at the close of a lecture at Haverhill, Mass., in reply to the question which heads it.—ED. JOURNAL.

A Student of Christian Science.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

As there is so much talk of Christian Science I thought I would write and tell you that I have taken a course of lectures, and am a full-fledged Scientist...

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Jersey City Heights. L. H. MACE.

Scientific Spiritualism.

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I have read your issue in the JOURNAL of January 25th, and I believe you have expressed the exact truth regarding Spiritualism, and I think your views will be approved by every intellectual Spiritualist...

"If Spiritualists would associate together at certain times each week and devote those who are capable of teaching the laws of mediumship and explaining the difference between spirit and physical matter..."

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St. Louis, Mo. J. W. CURTIS.

A Saturday Sermon.

Business is a little slack these cold, wintry days, and it is a fitting time to think of and talk about matters and things out of the common run of current topics...

And this latter fact suggests that there are many more people in this big city who never go to church than who do—people who are not all heathen and many of whom are not necessarily greater sinners than those who make great outward religious pretensions...

Fair lady that I come to you A stranger bard for ye I ken, For ye've known naught of me, Scotia's glen...

I am the lad—and why I'm here, I hear the gush of water, she said Shylock was wif' his highland Mary wed...

We are free to acknowledge that some of our great churches, numbering in their membership people of wealth and high social standing, are characterized by the genuine spirit of Christian charity, hospitality and magnanimity...

"I answered then: "Give me the chamber Where Memory's pictures are hung, And take, oh! ye Fates, the remainder Of what there was yet to have come;"

"For Memory holds the departed, The sweet and the bountiful years, The loved and the lost tender hearts, The smiles and the smiles and the tears;"

"That my happiest, holiest hours, Fair Memory holds close and fast, Like the perfume of beautiful flowers, Whose freshness and brightness are past."

"Then give me," I said, "Memory's blessing, Forever with me to remain, Like the fingers of Love still caressing, Though each touch bring remembrance of pain;"

Then the gleam of bright faces departed, But ere they were out of my sight, Like one just awakening, I started And called them with eagerest might:

"Ye spirits of the boon, will ye give it, My gift of the boon ye will give it, O pray can you not so arrange it, That I may have no sorrow I live?"

The Fates passed a moment, then smiling, Replied: "Thou art mortal art wise, For Hope is the stairway leading, The sad heart of man to the skies..."

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"And 'er when the mystical changes From this to the world we've not known, Come to us, go not to strange homes, For Hope whispers softly of home."

Notes From Santa Monica, Cal.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I can look out of my window here upon green grass and flowers in full bloom. The Eucalyptus trees are heavy with their glossy green leaves, and no sign of winter, save where the banana trees were their withered frost-bitten leaves...

"I am not sure that mankind generally would be much the loser, to wake up some morning in the condition of the people of the planet Mars, as described in the professor's vision, without memory of the past, enjoying the present, and looking with fond anticipations to the future..."

"I wish I could send as glowing reports of spiritual doings from here, as I read in the JOURNAL from many other places. There are many Spiritualists all through here, but it is hard to get them together."

"I do not believe that Mrs. Eddy believes all this herself. Being intelligent enough to write so remarkable a book, she must be intelligent enough to have advanced enough to know that Spiritualism is true..."

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St. Louis, Mo. J. W. CURTIS.

Burns and His Highland Mary.

The circumstances of the production of the following lines are these: Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, of Montpelier, Vermont, is sometimes influenced to write both poetry and prose, purporting to emanate from departed spirits. She had one day been reading some of these productions to a lady visitor, who asked her if Robert Burns (the lady's favorite poet) had ever communicated to her. She replied that she had never been conscious of his presence, nor was she familiar with his writings...

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The Starving Man.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the JOURNAL in years past and is now again republished at the solicitation of a number of readers. Mrs. Hyzer now resides at Ravenna, Ohio.—ED. JOURNAL.

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Spirits Shake a House.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Twenty-five years ago I resided in Westbrook, near Portland, Me. At that time much interest was manifested in Spiritualism, and perhaps to no other time was there more interest, or more to be seen, than at our house. At this time there was a young niece of my wife at our house. She, with a daughter of a respected neighbor, were accustomed to sitting at the table for meals and writing, which they soon obtained. While they were sitting one evening at the neighbor's house, with other members of the family, they were startled by the shaking of the house. Being frightened, they sent for my wife and myself. As soon as we were seated the shaking commenced, rattling windows, doors, chairs and dishes, causing the floor and table to vibrate, which could be seen, felt and heard. Asking questions we were able to converse, getting three shakes for, yes, and one for no, the same as with raps. The daughter's hand was controlled to write, claiming it was an exhibition of the same law, and power as was recorded in the Bible, Acts 4:31.

We had a neighbor, Dr. Stone, who was our family physician, but not favorably inclined towards Spiritualism, and his wife being an orthodox, was less so. About this time they lost their only son about ten years old. Directly after they had surprising manifestations in their home, purporting to be from their spirit son; the doctor's wife was supposed to be the medium, she claimed to see the child. They had a desire to witness the house-shaking, and by the permission of the intelligence, we went for them. The doctor and wife arrived in about fifteen minutes. As soon as seated at the table, the daughter's hand was controlled to write, by one claiming to be their son. The message was very satisfactory. Then the shaking was repeated. The doctor, to test the intelligence, asked of the spirit if his father was present. The answer was, "Yes." He then asked for his mother. The answer was, "No." She had not passed to spirit life. Answers were given by shaking the house. Dr. Stone became an active Spiritualist. He and all of his family have passed to a better land. Springfield, Mass. J. H. COOK.

The Experimental Study of Psychology.

All science is partly descriptive and partly theoretical. Care must, however, be taken, lest too much theory be built up without sufficient foundation of fact, or there is danger of erecting pseudo-sciences, such as astrology and alchemy. The theories of the conservation of energy and of the evolution of species are more interesting to us than the static and hopelessly antiquated, but facts should be gathered before theories are made. The way of truth is a long way, and short cuts are apt to waste the sciences, and its present business seems to be the investigation of the facts of consciousness by means of observation and experiment. Everywhere in science observation is worth more than observation; it is said that the evidence in pathology is so contradictory that almost anything can be proved by clinical cases. Psychology, owing to its very nature, must always depend largely on observation, for facts, and the difficulties lying in the way of introspection and the correct interpretation of the actions of others. The application of experimental methods to the study of mind is, however, an important step in advance, and will seem to be a conclusive answer to those who, with Kant, hold that psychology can never become an exact science. I propose explaining here how we can measure the time it takes to make a choice, by example, we may show that the first fruits of experimental psychology are not altogether insignificant or uninteresting. Just as the astronomer measures the distance to the stars and the chemist finds atomic weights, so the psychologist determines the time taken up by our mental processes. It seems to me the physical facts are not less important than the physical; for it must be borne in mind that the faster we think, the more we live in the same number of years.—Cottell, in 'The Time it takes to Think,' by J. McK. Pratt, in 'Popular Science Monthly' for February.

Salvation by Hanging.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The accompanying clip relating to the hanging of Nowlin for the more than brutal murder of young Codonan I clip from the Lowell (Mass.) Journal News. I hope you will print it in the JOURNAL. Lowell, Mass. M. H. Fletcher.

"He died a saved man if any one ever did," these words are not uttered of a noted sinner, or Philanthropist, or public teacher. Their subject is not even a man of an ordinarily decent life, or the hapless victim of sudden misfortune, or one who in a moment of weakness was led into crime. They constitute the ecstatic testimony of Nowlin's spiritual adviser to his religious condition of death.

"No one would desire to limit the divine mercy or shorten the almighty arm. But it is singular that so little attention should be aroused regarding the eternal fate of the condemned, who so much interest is taken in the spiritual experience of the murderer himself. One would suppose that society was bent on peopling the abodes of bliss with the refuse of our jails, as a kind of compensation for the untoward arrangement which provides warm quarters for those who, unprepared to meet a violent fate, are hurried into the presence of their Maker."

"It is surely a morbid and unwholesome sentiment which thus associates the gallows with spiritual redemption, and opens the gates of heaven with obsequious alacrity to notorious criminals. Might not the dying hours of repentant murderers be as profitably occupied with thoughts of reparation to the living and pity for the dead as with raptures and devotions in which self is the absorbing idea? A devoted distrust of his own future would be fully as agreeable to that limited section of the public which takes an interest in the dying murderer, as a form of exultation which takes no account of moral issues, and represents death by hanging as an expeditious and easy mode of securing an entrance into heaven.—Lowell, Mass., Morning Times.

Italy's National Church.

"While every journal in the world is giving a good word to the pope," says The Pall Mall Gazette, "the virtues of the king of Italy, especially in regard to the national church of his kingdom, ought not to pass unrecorded. A new law of ecclesiastical endowment, passed in the last session of the Italian parliament, has come into force contemporaneously with the pope's jubilee. In the new year of 1888 the hearts of the wretchedly poor parish priests throughout Italy have been made to rejoice, and their gratitude is less due to Leo XIII. than to the pious and magnanimous son of Victor Emmanuel and the Signor Crispien, the disciple of Mazzini. The stipend of every parish priest has been raised by the new law to a minimum yearly income of 600 lire. This would seem, in our northern climate and to our married priests, a paltry benefit. But to many a celibate Italian peasant-priest, with his small wants, it will seem a wealth compared with the income which he had prior to the liberation and unification of the fatherland."

Forgiveness.

An old Christian black woman was going along the streets of New York with a basket of apples that she had set for sale. A rough shaven man against her and up the basket and stood back expecting to hear her scold frightfully; but she stooped down and picked up the apples and said, "God forgive you, my son, as I do." The sailor saw the meanness of what he had done, and felt in his pocket for the pope's jubilee. He said to himself, "I should take it all, and thought, 'God forgive me, called her mother, and said, 'God forgive me, mother; I will never do anything so mean again.' Ah! there is a power in a forgiving spirit to overcome all hardness. There is no way of conquering men like that of bestowing upon them your pardon, whether they will accept it or not.—Ez.

B. F. Underwood's Lectures.

The three lectures given in Peru by the celebrated thinker, B. F. Underwood, were attended by intelligent and appreciative audiences. The lecturer has many warm friends and admirers in the Twin Cities, and his visit here at this time was in compliance with their urgent solicitation. In neither of the three lectures did Mr. Underwood make any reference to the differences between himself and Mr. Hegeler, which compelled Mr. Underwood's resignation from the editorship of 'The Open Court.' The lectures were greatly enjoyed by all who heard them; his easy, graceful delivery and the evidences of deep study and profound thought embodied in every sentence commanded the closest attention and interest.—The Daily News Herald, Peru and La Salle, Ill.

Stewart Terry, of Southold, Long Island, now a very old man, speaking of the recent cold snap, remarks that there has not been so much ice in Long Island since 1780. In the latter year the sound was completely frozen over and a relative of his after being married in Connecticut was driven across on the ice and landed at Orient Point.

Good men, you know, pay all the taxes of bad men. Virtuous men pay the State bills of dissipated men. Patriotic men pay all the war bills of unpatriotic men. Citizens that stay at home pay the expenses of politicians that go racketing about the country and do nothing but mischief.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

A single trader in Orlando, Fla. purchases 2,000 alligator skins every week.

A Jersey City butcher quarreled with another man and struck him with a sausage, breaking three of his ribs.

A Chinese secret society has been discovered in British Columbia, it is said, the object of which is to kill all persons who interfere with its members.

A house in New Jersey, which had been kept insured for eighty-nine years, burned up the other day between the lapse of one policy and the taking out of another.

Grinnell, Iowa, enjoys the distinction of never having had a saloon and of not having furnished an inmate of the poorhouse or penitentiary for twenty-eight years.

Mrs. Margaret Arnold, of New Holland, Ohio, who will be 111 years of age on the 4th of next July, is an inveterate smoker, having used the pipe since her girlhood.

An English philanthropist says there are no fewer than thirty thousand pauper children in England, of whom not more than five per cent. are able to read and write.

A large copper mine, situated in King George's time, an evidently worn by some British soldier in the revolutionary war, was recently plowed up in a field near Monroe, N. C.

George Swank of Beaver Falls, Pa., ran at full speed against a clothesline that caught him just under the nose, tearing out his upper teeth and splitting the face from ear to ear.

Mobile ships as many as a thousand times a day, it is said, into the "dry-docks" in Alabama and Mississippi. Thus do prohibition and the manufacture of jugs prosper simultaneously in the South.

Momora, a son of King Dowanna of the Upper Peron county and of Queen Sandymanda of Jarbaca, in Africa, is about to enter an Indiana medical college. He is black as the ace of spades, and 20 years old.

A gentleman living near Winterville, Ga., broke the knob off one of his doors, and for the want of something better, put a coffin handle in its place. There is not a negro in the county who will open the door.

In the Southern States boots are almost universally worn by the better classes while in the north one rarely sees a man who does not wear shoes. Representatives in Congress from the two sections illustrate this singular fact and speculations as to the reason are rife.

A tea meeting in New Brunswick had some unusual features. In one corner of the church an young lady was preparing within a twinkling of an eye in another corner were two young men making a patchwork quilt.

And now Albany, N. Y., comes forward with a musical prodigy. It is a little girl named Katie Kautz, and her performances on the piano are said to be remarkable. She can toss off Chopin's "Nocturne" in G major with the smoothness and force of a mature artist.

Rev. Thomas Hollis, of Buchanan, Ga., has in his possession a bill of Continental money made in 1777. It is printed on brown paper, something like pasteboard. On both ends at the back is printed, "Death to counterfeits." Mr. Aldridge has two bills in his possession of like character, and G. M. Roberts has a coin made in 1720.

An American who saw the Mikado of Japan at Tokio recently says: "He sat in lonely state, a dark-skinned, black-haired, thick-lipped man, dressed in the uniform of a European General, and with nothing grand in his make-up or appearance. The absolute monarch of 35,000,000 people in a tight-fitting, gold-laced blue coat and a French shako for a cap."

Johnny Eck, a boy of Rib Lake, Wis., had his fingers frosted, and undertook to thaw them by dipping them in a barrel of oil, which, unknown to him, had just been rolled in from outdoors and opened. The temperature of the oil was far below freezing, and Johnny was soon surprised at finding his fingers frozen solid.

The largest Chinese mining camp in the northwest is at Warren, Idaho. Hundreds of Chinese have been at work there for several years, and each year from fifty to seventy-five go back to China with from \$2,000 to \$5,000, a fortune for them. Most Chinese miners work over old mines, and are expert at cleaning up every particle of gold, but at Warren they are on new ground, and their careful system results in large yields.

D. P. Coon, the oldest grocerman in Norwich, Conn., became slightly demented and disappeared. A search was made, but no trace of the man was found till one of the family tried to draw some water. The bucket refused to come up, and it was found that Mr. Coon was standing in the water up to his neck. The mercury was in the zero region, but with the exception of a few frost-bitten fingers Mr. Coon was none the worse for his cold bath.

In the song of a canary four notes are recognized by dealers, and they can tell by listening to it for a very few minutes whether the bird is German or American. They are the water note, which is a rippling, gurgling, attractive bit of warbling like the whistling of a rill; a lute note, clear and ringing; and the rolling note, which is a continuous melody, rising and falling only to rise again. It is in the last named note that the American birds fail. They cannot hold it.

A few nights ago, on a very cold night, a ten-year-old son of Silas Torrence, of Punxsutawney, arose from his bed while asleep, and without stopping to put on his clothes, unlocked the front door and went out into the cold world. He went to the house of a neighbor about two hundred yards distant, rapped on the window and asked admittance, saying there were robbers in his father's house. He was sent home, and there called up his parents and told the same story about robbers. His mother shook him briskly and he awoke.

A big gray gander, which made friends with J. K. White, who runs a ferryboat on Chucky River, near Jonesboro, Tenn., about a year ago, has become remarkably attached to him. It goes to church with him, and remains on the outside till company is over, then returns with him, and also accompanies him to the postoffice, a distance of a mile and a half. It seldom goes to the water alone, but when Mr. White is ferrying it swims by the side of the boat. It doesn't keep the company of any living thing save Mr. White, to whom it seems entirely devoted.

It is claimed that W. A. Martin, of Wilmington, N. C., has discovered a new oil and a process for obtaining it. The oil is a hydro-carbon and vegetable in its nature. It can be obtained from any source not mineral or animal. It can even be made from waste paper, woods, etc. It is a pure, colorless, and has a very faint and hardly perceptible odor, not at all disagreeable. It is perfectly neutral, will not ferment or become rancid, and remains perfectly stable in cold weather. As an illuminant it gives a strong, brilliant light, and is non-explosive. It is also an excellent lubricant.

A man in Lewiston, Me., tells the following story of how he was cured of the rheumatism: "I could just hobble along on two crutches and didn't expect ever to be any better. One night I couldn't sleep and I thought I'd just take a short walk out of doors. It was a cold night, no snow, and I hobbled along to a bridge over a brook near our house. I was leaning on the rail looking at the moon when the fence broke down and ker-chunk I went right through the ice, all started. I made a jump you'd better believe, and under for the house on the dog-trot. I didn't stop for crutches. I tell you, and I guess they're in the brook now. Well, sir, I ain't had a touch of rheumatism from that day to this."

Treat men exactly as if they were insane. They are insane, out of health, morally, reason, which is food to sound minds, is not tolerated, still less assimilated, unless administered with the greatest caution; perhaps, not at all. Avoid collision with them, so far as you honorably can; keep your temper, if you can,—for one angry man is as good as another; restrain them from violence, promptly, completely, and with the least possible injury, just as in the case of maniacs, and when you have got rid of them, or got them tied hand and foot so that they can do no mischief, sit down and contemplate them charitably, remembering that nine-tenths of their perversity comes from outside influences of age, and drunken ancestors, abuse in childhood, bad company, from which you have happily been preserved, and for some of which you, as a member of society, may be fractionally responsible.—O. W. Holmes.

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St. Louis, Mo. J. W. CURTIS.

A Saturday Sermon.

Business is a little slack these cold, wintry days, and it is a fitting time to think of and talk about matters and things out of the common run of current topics...

And this latter fact suggests that there are many more people in this big city who never go to church than who do—people who are not all heathen and many of whom are not necessarily greater sinners than those who make great outward religious pretensions...

Fair lady that I come to you A stranger bard for ye I ken. For ye've known naught of me, Scotia's glen...

I am the lad—and why I'm here. I hear the gullies and the sea said Shylock was wif' his highland Mary wed...

We are free to acknowledge that some of our great churches, numbering in their membership people of wealth and high social standing, are characterized by the genuine spirit of Christian charity, hospitality and magnanimity...

Whatever you ask make us know, And from fortune's most bountiful measure, Our pleasure shall be to bestow.

I answered then: "Give me the chamber Where Memory's pictures are hung, And take, oh! ye Fates, the remainder Of what there was yet to have come."

"For Memory holds the departed, The sweet and the bountiful years, The loved and the lost tender-hearted, The smiles and the smiles and the tears;

"That my happiest, holiest hours, Fair Memory holds close and fast, Like the perfume of beautiful flowers, Whose freshness and brightness are past."

"Then give me," I said, "Memory's blessing, Forever with me to remain still careless, Like the fingers of Love still careless, Though each touch bring remembrance of pain."

Then the gleam of bright faces departed, But ere they were out of my sight, Like one just awakening, I started And called them with eagerest might:

"Ye spirits of the boon, will ye change it, My gift of the boon ye will give? O pray, can you not so arrange it That I may have no sorrow I live?"

The Fates passed a moment, then smiling, Replied: "Thou art mortal art wise, For Hope is the stairway leading to the sad heart of man to all the skies."

"Have Hope and no shadow so sombre But you can look over its crest, A though in dark sorrow you wander Hope's echo will sound in your breast."

"And 'er when the mystical changes From this to the world we've not known, Come to us, go not to strange 'rs, For Hope whispers softly of 'rs."

"This improvisation was delivered by Miss Hagley at the close of a lecture at Haverhill, Mass., in reply to the question which heads it.—ED. JOURNAL.

Notes From Santa Monica, Cal.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I can look out of my window here upon green grass and flowers in full bloom. The Eucalyptus trees are heavy with their glossy green leaves, and no sign of winter, save where the banana trees were their withered frost-bitten leaves...

I am not sure that mankind generally would be much the loser, to wake up some morning in the condition of the people of the planet Mars, as described in the professor's vision, without memory of the past, enjoying the present, and looking with fond anticipations to the future...

I wish I could send as glowing reports of spiritual things from here, as I read in the JOURNAL from many other places. There are many Spiritualists all through here, but it is hard to get them together.

My splendid semi-tropical climate affords such unequalled opportunities for work all the year round, keeps every man, and woman, too, busy six days out of every week, giving us scarcely time to think of our spiritual needs.

Withal, there is considerable of an undercurrent of quiet inquiry and investigation pervading the community, and every now and then it comes to the surface.

To our family and to many others of our beautiful "city by the sea," the facts of Spiritualism are indeed glorious realities. Whenever we choose to observe the proper conditions, we may enjoy sweet communion with the loved ones gone before, and catch bright glimpses of the golden shore.

The weather here now, January 25th, 1888, is all that could be desired at this season of the year, by the people of the north. The flowers are coming out nicely again, and in fact, we are just now in all these respects, where you of the north will be in the middle of next May.

The Cause at Lansing.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The interest in Spiritualism has been quiet here for some time. Now it is reviving, owing to the labors of Mrs. Lunt Parker and her daughter Lily. They came among us strangers. Mrs. Lunt's lectures have been so successful that many new ones to seek something more satisfactory than their old-time doctrines. Through her efforts there has been a new society formed here, The People's Spiritualist Progressive Union. President, Henry E. Porter; Vice-president, Samuel P. Back; Secretary, Mrs. C. W. Ayres; Treasurer, Dr. A. W. Edson. Meetings will be held every Sunday at 125 Washington avenue.

The meeting at the new spiritual hall opened in the morning. After singing by the choir, there was an invocation which was followed by a very fine lecture. The hall was filled with a large and appreciative audience.

Lansing, Mich. DR. A. W. EDSON.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is a paper which we have so often commended to you as one that is at least worth a look, unless, that is yearly growing better. Independent thinkers will find in it much to interest as well as instruct.—Fox Lake Representative, Fox Lake, Wis., Jan. 21th, 1888.

Burns and His Highland Mary.

The circumstances of the production of the following lines are these: Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, of Montpelier, Vermont, is sometimes influenced to write both poetry and prose, purporting to emanate from departed spirits. She had one day been reading some of these productions to a lady visitor, who asked her if Robert Burns (the lady's favorite poet) had ever communicated to her. She replied that she had never been conscious of his presence, nor was she familiar with his writings. The lady remarked that she hoped she would sometime make known his presence, and answer a question she had in her mind, which question she did not express. A few days subsequently, Mrs. Hyzer felt impelled by spirit influence to pen the following, which on being shown to the lady, was found to be an appropriate reply to the query she had in her mind.

Fair lady that I come to you A stranger bard for ye I ken. For ye've known naught of me, Scotia's glen...

I am the lad—and why I'm here. I hear the gullies and the sea said Shylock was wif' his highland Mary wed...

We are free to acknowledge that some of our great churches, numbering in their membership people of wealth and high social standing, are characterized by the genuine spirit of Christian charity, hospitality and magnanimity...

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The Starving Man.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the JOURNAL of January 25th, there appeared a discussion on the right of a starving man to take the bread of his neighbor. Allow me to state my views on this matter—a poor man who has been actually compelled to steal food when in a starving condition. I think a man has a perfect right to steal food when starving, if he cannot get it by buying, begging or working for it, providing he does not have to use force to obtain it, for by using force he may be compelled to commit murder.

I will now state the facts of my case as they happened early in the spring of 1878. I and three companions started from Salt Lake City on foot for the gold and silver mines of Montana. The distance is as much as 400 miles. We carried cooking utensils, and in all of our food we could conveniently, which I bought more when we came to a habitation, which I assure you, were few and far between. After crossing the line of Montana and Idaho, we ran out of food and money, and then traveled for over two days without having anything to eat. We all felt hungry and thirsty to eat the grass, of which there was plenty. The third day in the afternoon we reached a ranch, and made up our minds to get something to eat then if possible. We begged for some, and offered a blanket worth six dollars for any only some bread for us, which was refused. As I said to the woman, for food was not to be had. She said she would not give us any more money, and we could starve for all she cared. We then and there took as much as we wanted to eat. We were not justified in taking enough to keep us from starving?

The next ranch was now 50 miles distant, and a person already played out, after three days' travel without food, and not obtaining food at the ranch stated, should he go on to the next one, knowing that it was not to be so? If he went on, and died on the way, would he not have committed suicide, knowing that he could get food by stealing it where he was?

We were not right in taking the food, even if we had to use force, considering the circumstances we were in? I think we did right, and I have never regretted the act.

Chicago, Ill. NICK BECKER.

To Those in Grief.

If you are starving you will find that eighteen out of twenty will really sympathize with you; the other two are brutes.

If you fall down, as large a portion of the human family will help to pick you up, and you will feel glad that you are not hurt.

If you lose your way, almost anyone is glad to tell you to go to the left and turn the corner and then turn to the right and you'll find it.

But it must be only once. If you are always starving, you will find that you are always losing your way, and the sympathizers will grow tired of you, and in the end you will become a public nuisance. It is just so when your heart is hurt and your soul bruised, when you have hunger for comfort and tenderness, when you have seemed to have lost your way amidst dark troubles, and in your desperate sorrow long to tell everybody you meet how you suffer. Under such circumstances a fair proportion of your acquaintances will feel with you, and will help you if you can. They will comfort you, drop a tear with you, and listen to all your moaning for once.

But if you keep on that way you soon turn away. They weary of a grief that lasts, of a woe that is unending. They expect you to get over your trouble again, to have your broken heart mended, so that the crack cannot be seen. You can never, never really be yourself if your heart is actually broken, and people live for years who have had that happen to them; but unless you wish to be shunned by those who have loved you best, you must endeavor to have gotten over your grief. You must force smiles and pretend to be interested in things, and say nothing of the haunting thought forever in your heart. You must take your skeleton and shut it in your closet, and only open the door on dark nights, when no one can possibly call.—Ledger.

B. F. Underwood's Lectures.

The three lectures given in Peru by the celebrated thinker, B. F. Underwood, were attended by intelligent and appreciative audiences. The lecturer has many warm friends and admirers in the Twin Cities, and his visit here at this time was in compliance with their urgent solicitation. In neither of the three lectures did Mr. Underwood make any reference to the differences between himself and Mr. Hegeler, which compelled Mr. Underwood's resignation from the editorship of The Open Court. The lectures were greatly enjoyed by all who heard them; his easy, graceful delivery and the evidences of deep study and profound thought embodied in every sentence commanded the closest attention and interest.—The Daily News Herald, Peru and La Salle, Ill.

Stewart Terry, of Southold, Long Island, now a very old man, speaking of the recent cold snap, remarks that there has not been so much ice in Long Island since 1780. In the latter year the sound was completely frozen over and a relative of his after being married in Connecticut was driven across on the ice and landed at Orient Point.

Good men, you know, pay all the taxes of bad men. Virtuous men pay the State bills of dissipated men. Patriotic men pay all the war bills of unpatriotic men. Citizens that stay at home pay the expenses of politicians that go racketing about the country and do nothing but mischief.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Spirits Shake a House.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Twenty-five years ago I resided in Westbrook, near Portland, Me. At that time much interest was manifested in Spiritualism, and perhaps to no other time was there more interest, or more to be seen, than at our house. At this time there was a young niece of my wife at our house. She, with a daughter of a respected neighbor, were accustomed to sitting at the table for meals and writing, which they soon obtained. While they were sitting one evening at the neighbor's house, with other members of the family, they were started by the shaking of the house. Being frightened, they sent for my wife and myself. As soon as we were seated the shaking commenced, rattling windows, doors, chairs and dishes, causing the floor and table to vibrate, which could be seen, felt and heard. Asking questions we were able to converse, getting three shakes for, yes, and one for no, the same as with raps. The daughter's hand was controlled to write, claiming it was an exhibition of the same law, and power as was recorded in the Bible, Acts 4:31.

We had a neighbor, Dr. Stone, who was our family physician, but not favorably inclined towards Spiritualism, and his wife being an orthodox, was less so. About this time they lost their only son about ten years old. Directly after they had surprising manifestations in their home, purporting to be from their spirit son; the doctor's wife was supposed to be the medium, she claimed to see the child. They had a desire to witness the house-shaking, and by the permission of the intelligence, we went for them. The doctor and wife arrived in about fifteen minutes. As soon as seated at the table, the daughter's hand was controlled to write, by one claiming to be their son. The message was very satisfactory. Then the shaking was repeated. The doctor, to test the intelligence, asked of the spirit if his father was present. The answer was, "Yes." He then asked for his mother. The answer was, "No." She had not passed to spirit life. Answers were given by shaking the house. Dr. Stone became an active Spiritualist. He and all of his family have passed to a better land.

Springfield, Mass. J. H. COOK.

The Experimental Study of Psychology.

All science is partly descriptive and partly theoretical. Care must, however, be taken, lest too much theory be built up without sufficient foundation of fact, or there is danger of erecting pseudo-sciences, such as astrology and alchemy. The theories of the conservation of energy and of the evolution of species are more interesting to us than the static and hopelessly antiquated, but facts should be gathered before theories are made. The way of truth is a long way, and short cuts are apt to waste the sciences, and its present business seems to be the investigation of the facts of consciousness by means of observation and experiment. Everywhere in science observation is worth more than observation; it is said that the evidence in pathology is so contradictory that almost anything can be proved by clinical cases. Psychology, owing to its very nature, must always depend largely on observation, and facts, and all theories lying in the way of introspection and the correct interpretation of the actions of others. The application of experimental methods to the study of mind is, however, an important step in advance, and will seem to be a conclusive answer to those who, with Kant, hold that psychology can never become an exact science. I propose explaining here how we can measure the time it takes to make a choice, for example, and show that the first fruits of experimental psychology are not altogether insignificant or uninteresting. Just as the astronomer measures the distance to the stars and the chemist finds atomic weights, so the psychologist determines the time taken up by our mental processes. It seems to me the physical facts are not less important than the physical; for it must be borne in mind that the faster we think, the more we live in the same number of years.—Cottell, in The Popular Science Monthly for February.

Salvation by Hanging.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The accompanying clip relating to the hanging of Nowlin for the more than brutal murder of young Codonan I clip from the Lowell (Mass.) Journal News. I hope you will print it in the JOURNAL.

Lowell, Mass. M. H. FLETCHER.

Salvation by Hanging.

"He died a saved man if any one ever did," these words are not uttered of a noted sinner, or philanthropist, or public teacher. Their subject is not even a man of an ordinarily decent life, or the hapless victim of sudden misfortune, or one who in a moment of weakness was led into crime. They constitute the ecstatic testimony of Nowlin's spiritual adviser to his religious condition at death.

No one would desire to limit the divine mercy or shorten the almighty arm. But it is singular that so little attention should be aroused regarding the eternal fate of the condemned victim, who so much interest is taken in the spiritual experience of the murderer himself. One would suppose that society was bent on peopling the abodes of bliss with the refuse of our jails, as a kind of compensation for the untoward arrangement which provides warm quarters for those who, unprepared to meet a violent fate, are hurried into the presence of their Maker.

It is surely a morbid and unwholesome sentiment which thus associates the gallows with spiritual redemption, and opens the gates of heaven with obsequious alacrity to notorious criminals. Might not the dying hours of repentant murderers be as profitably occupied with thoughts of reparation to the living and pity for the dead as with raptures and devotions in which self is the absorbing idea? A modest distrust of his own future would be fully as agreeable to that limited section of the public which takes an interest in the dying murderer, as a form of exultation which takes no account of moral issues, and represents death by hanging as an expeditious and easy mode of securing an entrance into heaven.—Lowell, Mass., Morning Times.

Italy's National Church.

"While every journal in the world is giving a good word to the pope," says The Pall Mall Gazette, "the virtues of the king of Italy, especially in regard to the national church of his kingdom, ought not to pass unrecorded. A new law of ecclesiastical endowment, passed in the last session of the Italian parliament, has come into force contemporaneously with the pope's jubilee. In the new year of 1888 the hearts of the wretchedly poor parish priests throughout Italy have been made to rejoice, and their gratitude is less due to Leo XIII. than to the pious and magnanimous son of Victor Emmanuel and the Signor Crispi, the disciple of Mazzini. The stipend of every parish priest has been raised by the new law to a minimum yearly income of 600 lire. This would seem, in our northern climate and to our married priests, a paltry benefit. But to many a celibate Italian peasant-priest, with his small wants, it will seem a wealth compared with the income which he had prior to the liberation and unification of the fatherland."

Forgiveness.

An old Christian black woman was going along the streets of New York with a basket of apples that she had set for sale. A rough sailor ran against her and upset the basket. A rough staid back expecting to hear her scold frightfully; but she stooped down and picked up the apples and said, "God forgive you, my son, as I do." The sailor saw the meanness of what he had done, and felt in his pocket for the pope's jubilee. He said to himself, "I should take it all, and thought, 'Forgive me, mother, I will never do anything so mean again.' Ah! there is a power in a forgiving spirit to overcome all hardness. There is no way of conquering men like that of bestowing upon them your pardon, whether they will accept it or not.—Ez.

Captain Smith Cook, of Shelby County, Kentucky, is said to be the tallest native American. His height is 7 feet 8 inches. There are only three men in the world whose height is known to exceed his. One is an Englishman, another an Arabian and the third a Chinaman. Captain Cook is twenty-nine years of age, and spent growing when he was twenty-two. He wears a No. 13 1/2 shoe. He is now a candidate for Doorkeeper of the Kentucky House of Representatives.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

A single trader in Orlando, Fla., purchases 2,000 alligator skins every week.

A Jersey City butcher quarreled with another man and struck him with a sausage, breaking three of his ribs.

A Chinese secret society has been discovered in British Columbia, it is said, the object of which is to kill all persons who interfere with its members.

A house in New Jersey, which had been kept insured for eighty-nine years, burned up the other day between the lapse of one policy and the taking out of another.

Grinnell, Iowa, enjoys the distinction of never having had a saloon and of not having furnished an inmate of the poorhouse or penitentiary for twenty-eight years.

Mrs. Margaret Arnold, of New Holland, Ohio, who will be 111 years of age on the 4th of next July, is an inveterate smoker, having used the pipe since her girlhood.

An English philanthropist says there are no fewer than thirty thousand pauper children in England, of whom not more than five per cent. are able to read and write.

A large copper medal, minted in King George's time and evidently worn by some British soldier in the revolutionary war, was recently plowed up in a field near Monroe, N. C.

George Swank of Beaver Falls, Pa., ran at full speed against a clothesline that caught him just under the nose, tearing out his upper teeth and splitting the face from ear to ear.

More than a thousand Jews are said to have been sent into the "dry" counties in Alabama and Mississippi. Thus do prohibition and the manufacture of Jews prosper simultaneously in the South.

Momora, a son of King Dowanna of the Upper Peron county and of Queen Sandymanda of Jarbaca, in Africa, is about to enter an Indiana medical college. He is black as the ace of spades, and 20 years old.

A gentleman living near Winterville, Ga., broke the knob off one of his doors, and for the want of something better, put a coffin handle in its place. There is not a negro in the county who will open the door.

In the Southern States boots are almost universally worn by the better classes while in the north one rarely sees a man who does not wear shoes. Representatives in Congress from the two sections illustrate this singular fact and speculations as to the reason are rife.

A tea meeting in New Brunswick had some unusual features. In one corner of the church an young lady was preparing within into stove fuel. In another corner were two young men making a patchwork quilt.

And now Albany, N. Y., comes forward with a musical prodigy. It is a little girl named Katie Kautz, and her performances on the piano are said to be remarkable. She can toss off Chopin's "Nocturne" in G major with the smoothness and force of a mature artist.

Rev. Thomas Hollis, of Buchanan, Ga., has in his possession a bill of Continental money made in 1777. It is printed on brown paper, something like pasteboard. On both ends at the back is printed, "Death to counterfeits." Mr. Aldridge has two bills in his possession of like character, and G. M. Roberts has a coin made in 1720.

An American who saw the Mikado of Japan at Tokio recently says: "He sat in lonely state, a dark-skinned, black-haired, thick-lipped man, dressed in the uniform of a European General, and with nothing grand in his make-up or appearance. The absolute monarch of 35,000,000 people in a tight-fitting, gold-laced blue coat and a French shako for a cap.

Johnny Eck, a boy of Rib Lake, Wis., had his fingers frosted, and undertook to thaw them by dipping them in a barrel of oil, which, unknown to him, had just been rolled in from outdoors and opened. The temperature of the oil was far below freezing, and Johnny was soon surprised at finding his fingers frozen solid.

The largest Chinese mining camp in the northwest is at Warren, Idaho. Hundreds of Chinese have been at work there for several years, and each year from fifty to seventy-five go back to China with from \$2,000 to \$5,000, a fortune for them. Most Chinese miners work over old mines, and are expert at cleaning up every particle of gold, but at Warren they are on new ground, and their careful system results in large yields.

D. P. Coon, the oldest grocerman in Norwich, Conn., became slightly demented and disappeared. A search was made, but no trace of the man was found till one of the family tried to draw some water. The bucket refused to come up, and it was found that Mr. Coon was standing in the water up to his neck. The mercury was in the zero region, but with the exception of a few frost-bitten fingers Mr. Coon was none the worse for his cold bath.

In the song of a canary four notes are recognized by dealers, and they can tell by listening to it for a very few minutes whether the bird is German or American. They are the water note, which is a rippling, gurgling, attractive bit of warbling like the whistling of a rill; a lute note, clear and ringing; and the rolling note, which is a continuous melody, rising and falling only to rise again. It is in the last named note that the American birds fail. They cannot hold it.

A few nights ago, on a very cold night, a ten-year-old son of Silas Torrence, of Punxsutawney, arose from his bed while asleep, and without stopping to put on his clothes, unlocked the front door and went out into the cold world. He went to the house of a neighbor about two hundred yards distant, rapped on the window and asked admittance, saying there were robbers in his father's house. He was sent home, and there called up his parents and told the same story about robbers. His mother shook him briskly and he awoke.

A big gray gander, which made friends with J. K. White, who runs a ferryboat on Chucky River, near Jonesboro, Tenn., about a year ago, has become remarkably attached to him. It goes to church with him, and remains on the outside till company is over, then returns with him, and also accompanies him to the postoffice, a distance of a mile and a half. It seldom goes to the water alone, but when Mr. White is ferrying it swims by the side of the boat. It doesn't keep the company of any living thing save Mr. White, to whom it seems entirely devoted.

It is claimed that W. A. Martin, of Wilmington, N. C., has discovered a new oil and a process for obtaining it. The oil is a hydro-carbon and vegetable in its nature. It can be obtained from any source not mineral or animal. It can even be made from waste paper, woods, etc. It is a pure, grease, colorless, and has a very faint and hardly perceptible odor, not at all disagreeable. It is perfectly neutral, will not ferment or become rancid, and remains perfectly stable in cold weather. As an illuminant it gives a strong, brilliant light, and is non-explosive. It is also an excellent lubricant.

A man in Lewiston, Me., tells the following story of how he was cured of the rheumatism: "I could just hobble along on two crutches and didn't expect ever to be any better. One night I couldn't sleep and I thought I'd just take a short walk out of doors. It was a cold night, no snow, and I hobbled along to a bridge over a brook near our house. I was leaning on the rail looking at the moon when the fence broke down and ker-chunk I went right through the ice, all started. I made a jump you'd better believe, and under for the house on the dog-trot. I didn't stop for crutches. I tell you, and I guess they're in the brook now. Well, sir, I hadn't had a touch of rheumatism from that day to this."

Treat men exactly as if they were insane. They are insane, out of health, morally, reason, which is food to sound minds, is not tolerated, still less assimilated, unless administered with the greatest caution; perhaps, not at all. Avoid collision with them, so far as you honorably can; keep your temper, if you can,—for one angry man is as good as another; restrain them from violence, promptly, completely, and with the least possible injury, just as in the case of maniacs, and when you have got rid of them, or got them tied hand and foot so that they can do no mischief, sit down and contemplate them charitably, remembering that nine-tenths of their perversity comes from outside influences of age, and drunken ancestors, abuse in childhood, bad company, from which you have happily been preserved, and for some of which you, as a member of society, may be fractionally responsible.—O. W. Holmes.



The Angel's Mistake. A ministering angel from heaven. Unacquainted with earth's ups and downs. Moved into a church for an office. And was pleased with its cushions and gowns.

A Lite Saved by an Alleged Missive from the Spirit World. A party of travelers on an Atlantic steamship were telling ghost stories.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which I used (moderately and in small doses) at the first recurrence of a cold or any chest difficulty, and from which I invariably found relief.

A Priceless Blessing in any house. I speak earnestly because I feel earnestly. I have known many cases of apparently confirmed bronchitis and cough, with loss of voice.

Opium Morphine Habit Cured in 10 Days. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, O. \$1,000 REWARD! We offer \$1000.00 Reward for a cough or throat trouble that stages of disease excepted, which can not be relieved by a proper use of Dr. X. Stone's Bronchial Water.

ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE? Use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC without delay. It is a medicinal compound that cures when all else fails. Has cured the worst cases of Cough, Weak Lungs, Asthma, Indigestion, Nervous Exhaustion, Debility, Rheumatism, Female Weakness, and all pains and disorders of the Stomach and Bowels.

Decase of J. B. Silkman. To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: J. B. Silkman, the lawyer and Spiritualist, well known as a subject of family persecution, for his manly defense of his principles, passed to spirit life Saturday morning, February 4th, from the House of the Good Samaritan, 38th St. and Seventh Avenue, N. Y., of pneumonia and heart troubles, aged 68.

SEDGWICK STEEL WIRE FENCE. The best Farm, Garden, Poultry Yard, Lawn, School Lot, Park and Cemetery Fences are Gates, Perfect Automatic Gate, Cheapest and Neatest Iron Fences, Iron and wire Summer Houses, Lawn Furniture, and other wire work.

Don't Marry Him! He is such a flake, inconstant fellow, you will never be happy with him. said Esther's friends when they learned of her engagement to a young man who bore the reputation of being a sad flake.

Blighted Prospects are largely the result of improvidence and lack of enterprise. Those who look out for the good chances get on; such people are best learning that they can live at home and make \$1 and upwards per hour at work for us.

Hon. C. Edwards Lester, Late U. S. Consul to Italy, author of "The Glory and Shame of England," "America's Advancement," etc., etc., etc., writes as follows:

New York, August 1, 1886. DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Gentlemen:—A sense of gratitude and the desire to render a service to the public impel me to make the following statements:

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Opium Morphine Habit Cured in 10 Days. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, O. \$1,000 REWARD! We offer \$1000.00 Reward for a cough or throat trouble that stages of disease excepted, which can not be relieved by a proper use of Dr. X. Stone's Bronchial Water.

ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE? Use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC without delay. It is a medicinal compound that cures when all else fails. Has cured the worst cases of Cough, Weak Lungs, Asthma, Indigestion, Nervous Exhaustion, Debility, Rheumatism, Female Weakness, and all pains and disorders of the Stomach and Bowels.

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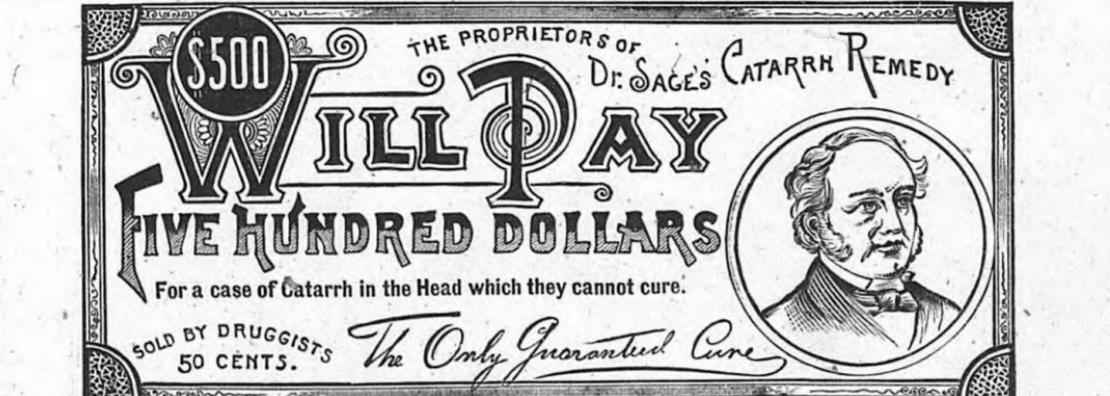
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From Here to Heaven by Telegraph.

(Continued from First Page.)
89 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Jan. 20, '88.
Who is to judge as to whether I ought, Mr. Bundy or I? Tell Brother Bundy that I am more anxious than he can be, but would not violate a pledge I have made for the world, and Jupiter thrown in. My word is my bank account now, and I will not get the balance on the wrong side. I will not forfeit my bond, for I will be expected to account for every cent, and the Shylocks will demand the pound of flesh, if I do let it go to protest.

In several interviews I have offered what seemed to me good reasons why we should expect his identity, but have usually been met in about the same way as the following:
89 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O., Dec. 27, 1887.
G.—Doctor, it seems to me that no better time could be selected for you to give your identity, than when we treat of that subject in connection with these reports. It would cap the climax splendidly.

Dr. W.—I wish to say a few words in explanation. I have many orthodox relatives who stand high in their respective churches, and they would lift up their hands in holy horror, if I should fully identify myself now. The time will come when they will be proud to own me as their disembodied relative, and before long, too. You notice I do not always use elegant grammar and rhetoric, but it answers for a doctor but would not pass muster for a rhetorician. I will think the matter over, and if it seems advisable, will accede to your request. But it seems to me that it does not matter whether I am Jones, Smith, or Wells, so I demonstrate that I am an intelligent being.

G.—But how shall we answer people who might claim that you are not a disembodied human spirit, but some other intelligence?

Dr. W.—They strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

G.—Very true, Doctor, but we must not let them have the camel to swallow.

Dr. W.—Prove it on Wads, Wright and others.

G.—I shall do that. Still it seems to me that if I were in your place, I should pay no attention to such friends as would disown me if I should return to them.

Dr. W.—Yes, but suppose they are walking in the dark and mean well.

G.—Then give them this light to get themselves out of it.

Dr. W.—But suppose the light is too strong for their eyes. You know if you hold a half-dollar close enough to your eyes you can shut out acres. So they, in holding a creed close to their eyes, shut out the glorious green fields of immortality.

G.—What better, then, than to give them just such messages as these?

Dr. W.—The shock might be so great that in the rebound their creed would be closer than ever. Now a little light streams in around the edges. If they should hug their creed still closer, I should lose the work of years that I have put in in trying to unloosen the chains that bound them down.

More from Dr. Wells on the subject of identity in general will appear in connection with his "Experiences in Spirit Life," to be given in Paper No. 10. Meanwhile No. 9 will contain a scientific explanation of the spiritual body alluded to by St. Paul, together with some inquiries into the subjects of individuality, and Instinct and Reason. H. D. G.

PSYCHOLOGICAL INSANITY.

Kansas City Revivals and Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Kansas City has survived the Sam Jones cyclone, with its coincident storm of foot-pads, and the elements are settling into a peaceful calm; pickpockets have had a good time in the shadow of moral blindness which always accompanies psychological obsession and religious extravagance. From two to six thousand are said to have flocked to the standard of these evangelists daily and nightly for several consecutive weeks, and hundreds have found "Salvation by grace." It is to be hoped that the moral maxims often dealt out with stirring effects will live and grow while the coarse slang, abominable theology, and abusive epithets which taint and color all the rest fade into forgetfulness. While these enthusiasts stir up the drones and shake the stale compounds of religious life into a new deal and compel people to think—as much by their grotesque caricatures, as by any sterling truth expressed—the ultimate value of their work may not show a large harvest of spiritual improvements. The most striking expressions sink deepest into the memory and hold the strongest psychological influence. The predisposition of the popular mind which renders slang and tragic moral pugilism attractive in the pulpit, and endows savage sentiments with "Saving grace," is more readily impressed by the low wit and savage denunciations than by the higher sentiments which season the sermon for superior minds.

It will be strange if the mental habits which lead in these religious spasms do not follow as social plagues long after the better part is lost and forgotten. Whether the "conversions" they claim really make the subjects better is a question to be settled by after facts. One sad result of the psychological craze is reported in the daily Journal of the 31st ult. Miss Arthusa Weller, the victim of this malady, is said to be a beautiful and accomplished young lady who has many admiring friends. After attending several of the "Sam Jones meetings" she said to Mrs. Prindle—her adopted mother—"I must go again to-morrow morning. . . I promised Sam Jones that I would be back again in the morning and I must go." She went; and on returning said, "Sam Jones was expecting me; for when I entered the church door he had his hand waving towards me, sort of beckoning me up; I could just feel the electricity almost." In justice to Mr. Jones I would observe that he may not have even seen her when she fancied he beckoned her up. But the effect was the same on her susceptible nature. From this time she began to manifest strange symptoms, and soon became so violent that it was found necessary to tie her. Her language and actions clearly show that her condition is directly induced by the excitement and religious psychology of the "Sam Jones meetings." Whether there was any hereditary predisposition to insanity we are not informed; but the account in the Journal indicates no previous symptoms in her life-history. Her conversation, hitherto free from slang and coarseness, now represents the characteristics of Sam Jones's style. The physicians call it a case of "Hysterical mania" and she has probably gone to an asylum before this writing. This sorrowful case of course is no evidence against religion, nor necessarily any proof that Sam Jones and his revivals are of the Devil and altogether dangerous and demoralizing; but had this case occurred as an unmistakable effect of a Spiritualists' meeting, no matter what

the predisposing influences of heredity and disease might have been, how many sermons would have been preached upon it, and how many congregations warned of the awful dangers of meddling with Spiritualism? It would have been sounded through the land as proof positive that Spiritualism is of the devil, and all its votaries in imminent peril from insanity as a prelude to eternal ruin. Dr. Talmage would have embellished his religious museum with startling pictures of insanity run mad; and the pious air would have blazed with caricatures of the awful ruin impending to all who dare to trespass upon the forbidden ground or question the "secret things of God." Here I have seen no mention of the sad girl's fate except in the Kansas City Journal—the leading Republican paper of the Southwest. It is probable that judicious treatment by magnetic and psychological agents would demagnetize and restore her balance and her lost reason. There is doubtless some danger to sensitives of certain pathological susceptibility in too frequent attendance at large promiscuous circles, or "Developing circles," but the peril is multiplied by a thousand, at least, in such "revival" conglomerations, loaded with dynamite of "Divine wrath" and the fires of hell blazing before the imagination.

The libel suit against the Times for publishing Sam Small's attack on Dixey was dismissed, the testimony being produced that the charges were substantially true; but from the report in the Times and the facts proven it looks as if Rev. Small had drawn it unwarrantably strong, and with an animus not complimentary to his religion.

Since the revivalists departed, the effort to sustain the excitement in a subdued form and let it down easily has not been marked with very flattering results. Spiritualism keeps healthfully moving forward and upward, notwithstanding the many obstacles, chief among which is the selfishness and cowardice of many who know its truth and have shared its blessings in secret. A few weak souls who can only see one side at a time, and that blindly, have drifted into the fallacies and superstitions of "Christian Science," and fancy they have found the "absolute truth," all locked up in a creed which shuts the door in the face of heaven and spurns the visits of the angels. Dependent upon Spiritualism for all the saving truths which make their claims attractive, they mix up myth and mystery, magic and moonshine, intuition and insanity, fable and fact, Genesis, Jesus and jargon, and repudiate the helpful influence of magnetism, the counsel and kindly aid of the invisibles, and even the remedial use of water, air, diet, or exercise; claiming Christ as the world's Savior, when there was never any thing to be saved from; curing disease, when there is no disease to cure!

What then is it? Oh! It is an "error of mortal mind." But if "There is nothing but God, and God cannot err," whence comes the "mortal mind" and its fancied disease? They cure some cases unquestionably. They injure others. Others die of neglect, depending on metaphysical methods which fail, when proper treatment in season would in all probability have saved life! The tendency is to magnify successes and ignore failures. "By this means many are deceived. They urge all to "be good," believe in the good, and shun the bad even in thought. That is beautiful; but it was spiritual teaching long before C. S. was heard of. In their speciality they have a right to follow their line and ignore the rest; but when they teach those who fall under their influence that the great truths of Spiritualism sustained by facts and experience are hindrances to spiritual life and growth, or that it is necessary in order to succeed in helping the sick and redeeming the world that they ignore the angels and become bigots, we have a right to summon them to the bar of reason and common sense—and sift their claims. Not all who adopt Christian Science are thus weak and narrow, but that is the trend of their work as far as I have seen it. Our spiritual meetings are usually well attended and new accessions coming in.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

The Pope and the President.

GEORGE A. SHUFELDT.

The account of the presentation of certain gifts to the Pope from the President of the United States, has just been received in this country by cable. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia was selected as the representative of the President. Delivering to his Holiness a bound copy of the Constitution of the United States and an album of some kind, he made the speech of which this is an abstract: "Holy Father, we feel most honored and happy in being selected to present to your Holiness this gift expressive of the veneration and felicitation of his Excellency, the President of the United States of America, upon the occasion of the auspicious jubilee of your Holiness's entrance into the sacred priesthood. It is a tribute paid, your Holiness, by the ruler of sixty millions of freemen. . . He is a ruler respected by the people and one who has declared his solemn conviction that Christianity furnishes the true, permanent basis of real civilization."

Now, what do all these high sounding words mean? What is it that requires the President of the United States to recognize the auspicious jubilee of a man whom Dr. McGlynn calls "an old bag of bones," and whose power and place rest alone upon a superstition which is utterly ignored by the common intelligence of the day? The fact is that it is nothing more or less than one of those cheap devices which belong to the political machinery of this country; Cleveland is a candidate for re-election to office; the Pope has ten millions of subjects(?) in this country, many of whom are voters. Cleveland wants these votes, and hence toadies to the Pope—that is all there is about it.

The archbishop says: "Mr. Cleveland, the ruler of sixty millions of people," and leaves it to be inferred that this gift comes from those people through the President as their representative. Mr. Cleveland is not the ruler of sixty millions of people or any other number of millions. He is not a ruler at all. He is an executive officer, placed in his position by the people to enforce and execute the laws which they make. The President is simply the servant of the people and not their ruler. The assertion of Archbishop Ryan is an impertinence, and if it was dictated or suggested by the President, it is an unwarranted assumption of a title which does not belong to the office. As for the assertion or inference that the people of this country care anything about the accession of the Pope to the priesthood, and desire to congratulate his Holiness thereupon, it is simply and vulgarly bosh.

If there is any congratulation at all in the case, it should be awarded to the fact that by the wisdom and foresight of those who founded this government of ours, our people were forever emancipated from the baleful

influence of that most despotic, cruel and ignorant of all the powers of earth (and hell) the Church of Rome.

What does Mr. Cleveland care about the accession of this man or that to the priesthood or the papacy? What interest have the American people in this stuff? Are we never to be done with these shallow political tricksters? Again, the farce assumed another aspect. The Archbishop told the Pope "that in the American Republic the Catholic Church was free to act and carry out its sacred and beneficial mission for the human race." Holy Father Ryan, what an implication of lies! The Church of Rome never had any beneficial mission for the human race. During the thousand years when her imperial power was unobstructed and unimpeded by that latter day nonsense which we call the rights of man, when political freedom was unknown to the world, this impetuous and despotic Queen sat down upon poor, weak man, and with the faggot and the iron boot crushed his life and his independence out of him, and that was her mission, to keep man in ignorance and subjection, not to educate or instruct him. In lines of fire and letters of blood the record of this monstrous iniquity is written upon the pages of human history. The race will not be likely to forget it; and yet this impertinent priest has the assurance to tell us that this Church has a sacred and beneficial mission to carry out in this country. God forbid!

The Church of Rome can only live and flourish when men are ignorant and degraded, and it is her mission to keep them in such ignorance and degradation. Fortunately we in this country have been able to keep out of the clutches of her Popes and priests. We have kept our common schools, those bulwarks of the future, out of the hands and the power of those rapacious ghouls, and as our children grow up free from the evil eye of the Church of Rome, we shall be enabled to preserve our country and its institutions from the insidious wiles of this common enemy of man.

A LETTER FROM SPIES.

Henry Jestrarn Received a "Slate" Communication from the Deceased Anarchist.

"A few lines from August Spies, please." Henry Jestrarn, a photographer at No. 393 Blue Island avenue, wrote these words on a slip of paper where no one could see it, folded up the paper, and held it in his hand. He sat down in broad daylight with the Bangs Sisters, mediums, at No. 22 1/2 Walnut street, where Spiritualists often go. He took one of those double writing slates used for this kind of experiments, wiped the inner surface carefully with a sponge, placed a little piece of slate-pencil between them, closed the slates and tied them, then suspended them in full view of all present from the gas jet over the centre of the table around which the party was sitting, and took his seat. The circle was formed, the persons present, the Bangs Sisters and Mr. and Mrs. Jestrarn, joining the hands for that purpose, and all eyes were directed to the slate. Mr. Jestrarn kept the piece of paper on which the above words were written in his hand, folded up, and no one saw it or knew what his question was.

Pretty soon the suspended slates commenced to swing a little, and immediately a scratching noise was heard as of some one writing on them. The circle remained dumb and watched the slates with nervous interest. About fifteen minutes after the circle had been closed the writing ceased, the circle was broken, and Mr. Jestrarn took down the slates, opened them, and

was astounded at finding written on one side the following communication:

"My kind friend. Veritas odium parit, for this I paid the penalty. Killed as a man to the world, yet risen as a greater man in the spiritual world, having still the cause of truth at heart unfettered and free, with a great power of discernment of good and evil, and a greater love for friends, more forgiveness for my enemies, still more sympathy for the weak and downtrodden, I am laboring in the cause of truth.

"Dear friend, I never expected to communicate thus to you, I believed death ended all. Now that I know life is eternal, how much more do I feel to labor for the souls held in bondage of ignorance and want which can only be set free by giving them greater opportunity for improvement. Leading them out from under the task-master and into the broad sunlight of freedom is still my wish in the immortal sphere. I fear not death here. I glory for life in the spiritual world. I believed that there was no God when I witnessed the wrong and oppression while in earth life, but am learning a new lesson, and my heart is softening toward humanity. In time I may be able to forgive my enemies. We viewed things differently, but both were right and both were wrong. Yours in the right, A. SPIES."

Mr. Jestrarn made known this experience, which is not the only one, to his friends. He used to belong to the radical Vorwaerts Turnverein, and has the reputation of being a thorough disciple of the school of state socialism. His announcement of the matter has created the wildest consternation and uproar among the socialists. Most of these are free thinkers in religious matters. There are some who are very religious people, and some are Spiritualists, but most of them are fanatical.

AGNOSTICS OR ATHEISTS,

and the name of God, church, religion and immortality are received with sneers by them. When Mr. Jestrarn told his friends of his conversion to Spiritualism and his experience with the Bangs Sisters there was a howl of indignation from the socialists, and particularly the anarchists. August Spies was one of the most fanatical atheists. Voltaire and Rousseau were his favorite philosophers, and when he edited the Arbeiter Zeitung the word "God" was never allowed to be printed in the paper without an interrogation point after it in brackets. He also was a prominent member of the Secular Union. His ill-feeling toward men like George A. Schilling was largely caused by the fact that Schilling is a Spiritualist.

The idea of using the name of August Spies, their "martyr," in connection with Spiritualism was the most reckless sacrilege in their eyes, and Mr. Jestrarn soon discovered it. His views were published in the Arbeiter Zeitung over his own signature and his German friends made life a burden to him. They were translated and published in the Bohemian papers. All those who are not Germans in the vicinity of the corner of Blue Island avenue and Henry street, where Mr. Jestrarn's studio is located, are Bohemians, so that Mr. Jestrarn was left without any friends except those in the Spirit-world. The Arbeiter Zeitung has been abused by its readers for publishing such nonsense, as they call it, and the editors publicly recom-

mended the Bangs sisters to the police for investigation, calling them humbugs and laying themselves open to suit for libel.

Mr. Jestrarn, at his home last evening, spoke with the greatest freedom about his EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM.

He had been a great friend of August Spies, the executed anarchist, he said, although opposed to his views on the labor question. He is now a good friend of the Spies family and the brothers and sister of the dead man. He certainly had no idea of trifling with his memory, but was thoroughly in earnest, and is a believer in Spiritualism. He related some experiences and experiments by which he became convinced, but which had no reference to the communication from August Spies. The first time he got what he considered a communication from Spies was about a month ago. He was at the Bangs Sisters'. One of the mediums said: "There is a man behind you that wants to speak to you. He complains it hurts here," and she drew her head back and put her hand across her throat. Then she launched forth into a long address and Mr. Jestrarn said it was exactly after Spies' style only that he had changed his views on the matter of God and immortality, and regretted that he had not believed in a hereafter before his execution so that he could have investigated and spread the light. He urged Mr. Jestrarn to go on and spread the tidings among his friends.

Another time Mrs. Jestrarn was at the house of another medium, Mrs. De Wolf, No. 559 West Madison street. Mrs. Jestrarn related her experience: "Mrs. De Wolf said to me there was a man coming toward me who said his name was August, and she added, 'he has something after it—an S,'—and then she described with her hand Spies' signature and the peculiar stroke with which he finished it, and she went on and said: 'He is asking if you are afraid of him any longer, and he smiles.'" "Mrs. Jestrarn was so afraid of him because he was an anarchist," added Mr. Jestrarn.

He then told the story of the communication copied above. He said that he made a photograph of it and took it to Mr. Bielefeld, of the Arbeiter Zeitung, and Charley Hepp, of the Central Labor Union, who knew Spies well, and they admitted that it looked very much

LIKE SPIES' HANDWRITING. He produced another photograph and gave it to the reporter.

The handwriting bears a decided resemblance to that of August Spies, only it is more refined, clear, and rounded, with less angles in it than Spies was in the habit of making. It is written lengthwise across the slate, and occupies the entire page. There was no room for the signature at the bottom. So it was put in the right-hand corner at the top. The left-hand corner, which if it was a letter, would be occupied by a monogram or a drawing of a bunch of forget-me-nots. It should be remarked, however, that Spies did not draw well. The signature was remarkably like that of Spies, the last curve being drawn back beneath the name just as Spies was in the habit of doing.

Mr. Jestrarn was very indignant at the Arbeiter Zeitung for calling the Bangs Sisters humbugs and calling on the police to prosecute them. He said he had offered to pay \$200 to anyone who would be able to detect any fraud in them.

The matter has created a stir among the Germans of the West Side, particularly the readers of the Arbeiter Zeitung. John Gloy, of the Vorwaerts Turnverein, an old friend of Mr. Jestrarn, says he has gone crazy. Mr. Jestrarn, however, says he will go on and discuss the matter publicly, and insists that the communication obtained about two weeks ago was genuine spirit writing and August Spies the author.—Chicago Times, February 10th.

A Brooklyn, N. Y., landlady threatens to raise the price of board to all her boarders who take Hood's Sarsaparilla, it gives them such an appetite! Try this peculiar medicine.

Catalogue of Vaughan's Seed Store.

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Rare Numbers of the Theosophist at Half-Price at the Journal Office.

We still have a few copies of the Theosophist prior to 1888, which are selling at 25 cents a number; they are as follows: Nov. 1879; March to June, inclusive, and August, September, November and December, 1884; April, 1885; April, May, August and September, 1886. Also supplements at 15 cents each as follows: March, April, May, June, August, September, October, November and December, 1884. These numbers are about out of print and we offer this opportunity to those wishing to complete their files, or in need of special numbers. The regular price of the Theosophist is 50 cents a number; that of the supplement 25 cents; these are offered at 25 and 15, respectively.

The era of attempts at compromise between Scripture and geology will be described by Andrew D. White, in one of his "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," in "The Popular Science Monthly" for March. The way in which this question has been handled by Voltaire, Cuvier, by Dr. Smith, as editor of the "Dictionary of the Bible," by Gosse and Gladstone, is especially interesting.

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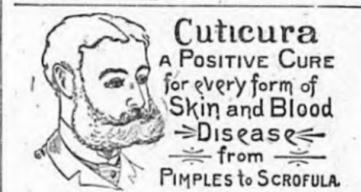
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