

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

VOL. XLIV.

CHICAGO, MAY 5, 1888.

No. 11

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.—The Life of the Future.
- SECOND PAGE.—Such Things as Ghosts. A Psychological Experience. "L. H. F." and his open Letter. J. G. Jackson's Reply to Payton Spence. Fungible Apparition.
- THIRD PAGE.—Spiritualism in the Clubs. Book Reviews. Early May Magazines Received. April Magazines Received late. New Books Received. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- FOURTH PAGE.—The Permanent and Transient in Protestantism. This Doctor Business. Dr. Coues in Chicago. Another Boston Fraud Exposed. Talmage on the Rampage. The Never-Dying Soul.
- FIFTH PAGE.—General Items. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- SIXTH PAGE.—A Wish. Certain of punishment. Prof. H. D. G.'s Work Appreciated. Madame Blavatsky. The Countess Was it not her Deafness Blavatsky? State Writing. Warned in a dream. Salvation. Reputed by the Dead. Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.
- SEVENTH PAGE.—Pertinent Questions. Darwinism and the Christian Faith. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- EIGHTH PAGE.—Early Instances of Spiritualism. Dr. Coues in Society. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

### THE LIFE OF THE FUTURE.

Discourse Delivered by Lyman C. Howe at Kansas City, Mo., on a Series of Sermons by Rev. Cameron Mann.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

"Whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap." We are told that this text "is an exact setting forth of the sinner's doom." It is made the foundation of all reasoning upon the "The life of the future." In the sermons under review the Rev. Cameron Mann unqualifiedly asserts that, "All that we are bound as members of the church to believe, all that we swear belief in at our baptism, is that there shall be a judgment for sin and that a man shall reap as he has sown." To all philosophical Spiritualists this is sound doctrine. On this point we are substantially agreed. For maintaining this rational view of divine justice we have been denounced as infidels, and our teaching as dangerous to the Christian faith and the sinner's hope; for if all are to reap what they sow, what becomes of the atonement? Paul represents Christ, "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past through the forbearance of God" (Roman 3:25). In 1 John 2:2, "He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only but also for the sins of the whole world," and in Ephesians 2:8, "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works lest any man should boast."

Is there not an uncompromising conflict between these doctrines of the atonement and the rational justice of our text? Does brother Mann really intend to reject the atonement? Whether he intends to or not he manifestly does it when he accepts without reserve the plain declaration that all must reap what they sow and receive the full penalty for every sin. But what is sin? A transgression of the law? Can we sin against the Infinite and incur a special penalty for a personal offense against Him? Can we in our puny might disturb or change the Infinite Mind? Can we take aught from Him or add aught to His infinitude? Impossible. No special penalty in vindication of Divine honor is ever possible. Rewards and penalties are finite human interpretations of the eternal order of cause and consequence and can have no meaning of personal application with the Infinite. God cannot be injured by our perverseness nor vindicated and compensated by our pain. If it were possible for our finite moods and mutations to affect the Almighty in the smallest degree what perpetual conflict and vacillation would mar the Infinite character!

Sin in the theological interpretation is pure action. Nature is not vindictive. Eternal principles operate with unvarying certainty and universal harmony. Our individuality counts for something as a factor in cosmical evolution; and the friction of forces in its delicate machinery produces pleasure or pain according to the relation they sustain to our consciousness. But the idea that God directly wills it, and that our eternal destiny rests upon the personal volition of Him whom we have unwittingly offended, is childish, if not blasphemous. That we reap as we sow is natural and just. Individual responsibility, with no intervening vicar between sin and discipline to rob the soul of its rightful discipline is heretical doctrine, but is morally healthful. Brother Mann complains of the way infidels caricature the Christian religion, by parading doctrines of hell which the church has never taught; and assures us that so far as his

church is concerned "She never sanctioned any such teachings about hell as Mr. Ingersoll, for instance, assaults, and as to the vast majority of Christians not in our church they do not hear any such teaching from their clergy. In fact, about the only place where it can be listened to is in an infidel lecture room." But the picture drawn by this clergyman, in this very sermon approximates the vivid paintings of the infidel orator. "What is the company which awaits a lost soul? Other souls lost as he is lost, selfish, hateful, foul, false, suspicious as himself." Then souls are "lost!" And the vital question is now assumed to be whether they are lost forever, with no hope or possibility of redemption? "And to one who considers fairly and thoroughly what is involved in such an existence, a gloomy band of captives with their guilt hanging on them, for chains in a land where no honest man, no chaste woman, no innocent child ever walks, where the turbid air is never parted by an angel's wing nor pierced by a contrite prayer, to one who considers this no Bible phrase or symbol will seem overdrawn." When we look at this picture as presented by such high Christian authority, and then study the "Bible phrase and symbol," who can reasonably say that the infidel caricature is overdrawn? We need not go to the Bible for evidence on this point, for the sermon in question is enough. Read it: "Does not the Bible speak of a land of mingled flame and darkness, of a place of wailing and despair, of men gnashing their teeth in torment, of a quenchless fire and a worm that never dies? Certainly; but all this is involved as dependent upon the great law stated in the text." "These figures and symbols, express facts which are inevitable if there be a future life for evil men; nauseous shame and poisonous desire and dull longing and bitter despondency, fear and self-hate and vain, remorseful stings, such things come from sin in this world.... We do perceive in all moral evil at least the germs of woe."

It is a significant sign of the times that the operation of moral law in this world is accepted as an index of the future. But in all the criminal haunts and dens of debauchery in this world, is there any continuous state of things which fairly answers to this "symbol" of "mingled flame and darkness, of a place of wailing and despair, of men gnashing their teeth in torment, of a quenchless fire and a worm that never dies?" If this be a fair presentation of gospel teaching, how is it possible for infidelity to overdraw or misrepresent it, unless it be by softening the shades of horror? If such a figure represents a reality, and if the doom of those who enter this "land of mingled flame and darkness," this "place of wailing and despair.... where the turbid air is never parted by an angel's wing," is to remain there forever, how can infidelity overstate the accepted doctrine of the church? What more terrible hell, or unnatural and unjust, can be represented by words? If infidelity misrepresents the church doctrine of future retribution, the teachings of its clergy are in one way on another mainly responsible for the error.

Forty years ago the pulpits were scarce which did not echo the horrors of hell. If they did not equal the terrible portraits of Col. Ingersoll, it was because they had not the ability and the poetic imagination to paint the picture in his glowing style. But we are told that the infidel's "statement of the Christian doctrine of future retribution cannot be found on a single page of the Bible or the book of common prayer." "From which the inference is that with the doctrine as taught by the church infidelity dare not grapple, knowing that however terrible it is not ferocious, however mournful it is not ridiculous?" It is not our purpose to advocate or defend infidelity. With its crude iconoclastic methods we have no sympathy. Its rough and often illogical attacks upon churches, clergymen and religion indiscriminately are neither just nor instructive—except as a phenomenon in human nature—and the blank materialism and dead negations that usually lead such attacks and follow in their wake, do not inspire the finer feelings or educate our better nature. But in as far as infidelity trims off excrescences, exposes error, paralyzes the power of superstition, and inspires confidence in nature, reason and natural morality, and helps to emancipate religious slaves, all who love liberty and light must sympathize with its aims and defend it.

Infidelity is a natural reaction from the slavery of superstition; and as extremes balance each other the character of the latter determines the nature of the former, and between these extremes we may look for the golden mean of truth and rational religion. Observed through the religious lenses of a church that boasts that "However individuals may have discarded opinions the church has made no change in her faith," the pictures of hell may not appear "ferocious" or "ridiculous," but as seen from the plane of reason based upon nature and moral sense it is both. How is it possible for any finite being in the blinding maze of this mortal life, drifting helplessly with the overpowering current of circumstances, subject to all the enervating bias and inherited weaknesses drawn from ancestral ages, battling with a thousand hidden foes in the secret citadel of a vitiated constitution, that like Paul feels the ever present enemy, "a constant warring in" his "members," so that when he "would do good, evil is present with" him; how is it possible, I say, for a finite being thus hedged in, to so offend Divine Justice as to demand

as the only equitable sequence innumerable ages of torture in "a land of mingled flame and darkness; a place of wailing and despair, of men gnashing their teeth in torment, of a quenchless fire and a worm that never dies?" Does such a harvest of woe correspond to the principle of justice indexed by the text. Preposterous!

If the text, "Whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap," is and ever has been the "Exact setting forth of the sinner's doom," as accepted by the church, and is the foundation for all theories and speculations about the future, what must have been the moral characteristics of the theologians who deduced therefrom such horrible pictures of woe as even the church of to-day presents? Some of the assumptions, which come with all the assurance of axiomatic truths from the learned argument of this Christian divine, are to a progressive thinker indices of his mental limitations and total disregard of well established facts. He seems to assume that Divine Revelation, by which he evidently means the Christian scriptures, is the highest authority upon all questions of the future life, and then the natural world and the moral sense of man are added as auxiliaries; and then he asserts unqualifiedly that "There are three and but three authorities which can teach us aught concerning the future life. They are Holy Scriptures, the natural world and the moral sense of man. In each of these God has written his revelation more or less clearly. All sorts of aids in the elucidation of these authorities of course come in, and chief of such aids rank the historic church. Her creeds and liturgies based upon divine revelation and adapted to human needs, tested by the revelations of society, and glorified in the lives of saints, are the most venerable interpreters of the Bible, the most reliable exponents of any moral convictions, and surely not the least important testimonies of what men have seen in the universe about themselves. These three, scripture, nature, conscience, are the ultimate arbiters."

"When they agree we have the most absolute certainty; when they are silent we are at utter loss; when they seem to disagree we can only stand in patience before the secret things of God, confessing with the Greek poet that 'it is impossible to know those divine things which God chooses to conceal.'"

Now, in this somewhat lengthy quotation from the first sermon of the series, I let the Rev. Cameron speak for himself, so that no misconstruction can occur. The preposterous assumption that "The Holy Scriptures, the natural world and the moral sense of man, are the only authorities which can teach us aught concerning the future life," is an unmistakable revelation of either a degree of ignorance amounting to stupidity, or a dogmatic denial of facts and experiences common to hundreds of thousands of intelligent, reliable witnesses now living, who testify of what they have seen and heard in our very midst, making a bulwark of evidence a thousand times stronger than all that supports these "Holy Scriptures" upon which the Reverend gentleman and his church so implicitly rely. Is it possible that he is ignorant of the facts which for the past forty years have been multiplying all around us, which have engaged thoughtful attention and studious investigation of thousands of the best minds of this age, and which have compelled acceptance and endorsement from the highest courts of knowledge, and have steadily driven all the learned opposition and skeptical criticism into the retreats of silence, if not of open acceptance, in the irresistible march of their quiet power. These facts and demonstrations, these quiet conclusions with our ascended friends, these unanswerable proofs and direct revelations from the land of souls, the thousands of voices that have responded to our prayers for knowledge, the echoes that answer our tender appeal when the cold white wand of death turns to marble the forms we cherish, the sweet and ever varying renderings of the future life as they came to us through the kaleidoscope of experience, clairvoyant observations, vocal interchange and secret companionship with the denizens of that land of light, have given the world an understanding of the future life, have revealed much concerning its laws and conditions and its relations to the present life, and done more to settle many of the vexed questions arising from the indefinite, ambiguous, or mystical expressions of "Holy Scriptures," and to raise moral standard by which to estimate God's dealings with man and direct religious education, than all the theological literature of the last eight hundred years. Yet we are blandly told, by an authority whose creeds and standards of faith have not moved forward a single step in the march of fourteen centuries, that "Holy Scripture, the natural world, and the moral sense of man," are the only "Authorities" that can teach us aught concerning the future life!

What wonder that such "blind leaders of the blind," who shut their eyes to the light of day, ignore the instructive experiences and direct revelations which open the future life to our questionings and put us in direct correspondence with its mysteries and realities; and who turn from the rosy morning radiant with promise and heavy with divine purpose and living truth, to grope among the shadows and court the cabala in the dim twilight of buried ages, should drift upon the shoals and quicksands of mythological superstition and wretch reason from her throne to sustain a theory alike shocking to every rational sense of Divine Justice and

the instincts of natural affection? The wonder is that one so bounded and barred against the revelations of to-day, so impervious to the inspirations of progressive thought, so unconscious of the vital pulses of the spiritual life throbbing in the arteries of this living age, so deaf to the call of the angels and so blind to the visions of love and wisdom dashing from the open windows of Heaven, should be so broad and liberal in many branches of his thought as these sermons indicate.

"But the world moves," and all within and upon it must move with it. The irresistible current of rational thinking and heavenly inspiration carry the living, growing, active and spontaneous lives, not only in their upward might, but the dreaming mystics, the lethargic drones, intellectual fossils, religious slaves, antediluvian drift and moribund corpses all fall into the psychic wave and stir in their graves when touched by the immortal wand and the breathing flame whose whispered prophecies light the valleys of time and warm into immortal eloquence the frozen lips of death. But we are told that: "Not on the flat 'lands of daily experience, but on the peaks of Divine revelation rests the light of immortality." By "Divine revelation" he evidently means the Christian Bible. He would have us look back down the long dark valley of the ages for the evidence translated through the mists of superstition, the gloom of ignorance and barbarism, out of the experiences of men's lives who were favored with the gifts of mediumship and communion with the denizens of the Spirit-world, as we do to-day, and take their testimony as authority from "The peaks of Divine Revelation," and utterly ignore the same class of facts and experiences occurring to-day in our very midst, supported by a thousand times more reliable evidence than can possibly be adduced in support of any kindred phenomena said to have happened eighteen hundred years ago. The bewildering influences of creed-worship and mythical idolatry is sharply illustrated in this Christian travesty upon common sense. How clearly it shows the paralyzing effect of ancient authority upon the reasoning soul. Here is a man of more than average ability, with superior opportunities, capable, as these sermons show, of logical, and in some respects truly liberal reasoning, so blinded by the authority of his creed, so prejudiced by the instincts of his religion and the fascinations of antiquity, that he can see no evidence of a future life, no light reflected upon the destiny of man, in the direct and frequent intercourse with the inhabitants of that world from which his religion depends! He takes a text from the inspired utterances of Paul, or what is assumed to have been inspired eighteen hundred years ago, and to its authority all his reasoning must bend, all his sermons conform, and quotes from the recorded experiences and post mortem life of the Nazarine as if there could be no question of the exact truthfulness of the record, or the infallible nature of the inspirations and revelations of all those ancient mediums, whose reported experiences, visions, and direct communion with spiritual beings were identical with those now occurring all over the world and witnessed by millions and may be tested and scientifically demonstrated in presence of every clergyman who will seek the evidence; and yet in the face of all these facts which have convinced thousands of the reality of the future life after all the Christian testimony and pulpit arguments had failed, we are coolly told that "Holy scriptures, the natural world and the moral sense of man" are the "only authorities which can teach us aught concerning the future life!" It would be quite as rational and consistent with facts to say that the biography of Christopher Columbus, the natural world about us, and the moral sense of man are the only authorities that can teach us aught about the conditions, society and political history of Europe. The submarine cable, the great line of steamers constantly passing and repassing from continent to continent; the thousands of travelers who report their experiences among the inhabitants over the sea, the correspondence between thousands through the transatlantic mail, the cable-grams published in the daily press, and all the active commerce between the continents to-day, should be ignored and repudiated as having no "authority which can teach us aught concerning" life in Europe!

Those who would know anything of divine life should turn to the "Peaks of divine revelation" and read the life of Columbus, and study anatomy and the natural world, and fall back upon the instincts of "moral sense" and deny that any messages come through the cable, or over the sea to-day, or that there is any means of knowing anything about the life of Europe since the days of Columbus. I hold that this is a legitimate parallel to the position assumed by Rev. Cameron Mann as to our sources of knowledge "concerning the future life." But this is not a fair specimen of his average reasoning. It is evident that upon this question of the life of the future and the unyielding authority of his creed when brought face to face with living facts he is put to a disadvantage. He either cannot will, or dare not murmur from the unseen shore, or see the truths and accept the revelations they bring, and reason upon them as he does upon other matters. Yet how eloquently he pictures the need of the human heart in these impressive words: "The orator when he paints his brightest

picture of human possibilities sketches a peaceful household and cries, 'let us take our happiness here; let the husband love his wife and the mother her child, and the friend his friend; let our toil be to supply the needs and delights of these dear ones; let our recreation be the enjoyment of their companionship; let our worship be that of the family circle before the altar of home! But to that family circle far long comes the stern apparition and leads some one away; it may be he whose gallant manhood appeared that shrine of sweet affection; it may be the priestess who kindled its pure flame; it may be the lost golden-haired child that threw its little handful of incense on the altar. Where is the gladness of that circle now? Where is the serenity of that worship? What is left for the lov- which poured out its precious oil upon those now lying in the dust? Have all these affections grown so gigantic only to be smitten into nothingness by some petty accident, by a falling pebble or a little puff of noxious vapor? Is this knitting of heart to heart a mere delusion? Infidelity would make it so."

This appeal to the heart is natural and beautiful. It puts the cold negations of materialism in vivid contrast with the warm light and immortal promise which glow in the horizon of faith touched and tinted with the spiritual faith and kindled into a radiant rosy sky from the altar of mediumistic life. But how does it help that theology and the creed that has stood still, like the sun at the command of Joshua, for eighteen hundred years, and has no new light to offer a groping, doubting world? What better consolation does it offer to the stricken heart? A promise of immortality? But that promise rests on a foundation that needs reconstructing, for it does not satisfy the crushed and bleeding heart to quote the promises of dead centuries, which have no illustration or corroboration in the experience of to-day. They are far-fetched and covered with the haze of superstition, and came down the centuries in company with the mystery and magic of oriental priestcraft; at the mercy of a spiritual monopoly, which excites just suspicions and honest doubts; and if they cannot be corroborated by similar facts and kindred experiences under like conditions the proof is far from complete. But suppose the evidence were perfect as to the immortality of the soul, the conditions attending, such a life are quite as important to know as the fact itself; for if an eternal future is to be filled with agony it offers no solace to the sobbing soul which kneels at the grave of buried love and pours out the sweet wine of the heart on the altar of despair. If a portion of the human race are to be lost and spend countless centuries in suffering which defies our imagination to conceive, it were infinitely more comforting to know that when "The stern apparition leads some one away," that they are led into the valley of rest to "sleep the sleep that knows no waking"; that "as the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away so he that goeth down to the grave shall not come up again," than that they live under the conditions offered by this theology. Hence to satisfy the instincts of our highest affections the infidel negation presents by far the most attractive and reasonable hope.

There is nothing that can meet the demands of the heart and compensate for all the trials and bereavements of life, and fill the solemn vacancy made by death equal to the blessed experiences and divine revelations that flow from modern Spiritualism. Direct communion and silent companionship with that "Last golden-haired child that threw its little handful of incense on the altar" and joined the "stern apparition" will do more for that broken family circle than all the sermons ever preached from Christian pulpits. It meets the demand of nature. It satisfies the sorrowing soul as nothing else can. It perpetuates the family circle by extending its sphere beyond the grave. It fills the atmosphere of life with incense from celestial altars, and the home made desolate by death with tender cadences that soothe and heal. It brings light into the "outer darkness" and fills the solemn air and brooding silence of the death-stricken home with the golden bloom of heaven, dripping like twilight dew on the bosom of night from the tropical gardens of celestial love where the breathings of immortal flowers whisper, with voices rose scented and spice-perfumed, messages of immortality.

But what are the consolations offered to the family circle broken by death, by theology as interpreted by Rev. Cameron Mann? In the first place all is relegated to the uncertain authority of "Holy Scriptures," interpreted by nature and moral sense, with no direct light upon the dark theme. It is conceded that these scriptures do not clearly reveal the future life, or the final destiny of wicked men. If they did the early church fathers could have had no ground for differences, and the question could never have been raised among bible believers. But if the question is of great importance to the human race, which is conceded in this attempt to determine it, was Jesus Christ ignorant upon this subject? Or was it indifference that left it ambiguous? If he knew the ultimate destiny of the wicked, why did he not state it so clearly that no question could ever arise concerning it? Certainly if he knew that by a law of their own nature persistent sin past a specified line would fix the doom of every sinner, and eternal pain was to be the sure reward, from which even God could not redeem him, it is an impeachment of his divine character or even a good

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS.

M. G. McCLELLAND.

[New York Independent.]

We sat in the office of a small weekly newspaper, my friend-George Gresham and I. George is editor and proprietor of the local sheet, and I am a lawyer with more profession than practice. My office is just across the passage from my friend's and is a gloomy, dismal room, whereas his is sunshiny and looks out on the street; so a good deal of my unoccupied time is passed in the shabby old arm-chair between the editorial desk and the window. Sometimes I help with the work, if it presses; sometimes—as, now—I smoke and dream and watch him receive and answer telegrams and jot down items for his paper. The smoke from my pipe floats above my friend's knobby head. He is writing obituaries. I know it by the set of his coat and the expression of his back. Pensive regrets slip down his coat sleeve and run glibly off the end of his pen; encomiums collect in regiments in the front rank of his brain, and are marshaled to the lips by the absent tugging of the left hand at the soft blond mustache; sympathy and lamentation are gazed down by the grave blue eyes on to the paper which lies before him like a tomb-stone awaiting the inscription. He is a kind-hearted man, is Gresham, and what he writes is not all empty platitudes. He's sorry for the people, even when he does not know them—perhaps from a realization of the strangeness, the utter incomprehensibility of the change called death; the ceasing to be, and the mystery of the beyond. My friend's pen caught in the fiber of the paper, and made a malignant splutter and blot in the middle of the "In Memoriam." He whispered two words softly in his red mustache, and reached over for the blotter. "George," I question; "do the dead ever rise?" "I suppose so," he answers, sopping away at the ink industriously. "Something certainly becomes of vital force—spirit—soul—whatever you choose to call it. When the body returns to original elements and is re-distributed; changes the relation of its parts—something becomes of the soul—it's resurrected—the process of development goes on. All the factions agree on that, I think, no matter how much they skirmish along the line." "Hold on! I don't mean that. I want to know whether you consider it possible for spirits of the dead to return here—to manifest themselves to us." "Ghosts?—popularly so-called?" "Yes, that's it. Do you believe that men have ever seen ghosts?" Gresham threw back his head and laughed. He is not an imaginative man. "I believe that men have believed that they have seen ghosts," he said; "but whether they really have or not is an open question. Men have laid claim to illumination, divination, spiritual intercourse and the like, ever since imagination became sufficiently developed to formulate and incantate theories. They may be true, they may not be true. Who shall say? What a man holds to be a truth is a truth to him until he outgrows it. Relatively, anything may be true." "Relatively, then, a man may believe that he has seen a ghost?" I query. "Relatively to what?" "To the strength of his imagination and the weakness of his digestive apparatus I should say," George answers lightly. "The thing looks abnormal to me—out of order and contrary to law. If intercourse with the beyond had been always open it would seem that we have failed to utilize our opportunities for increase of knowledge. We believe a great many things, but what do we know? What have the spirits and ghosts taught us? Nothing. The a priori evidence, to my mind, is against the ghost and spirit theories, from the fact that they have taught us nothing. The sum of human knowledge of the beyond has never increased one jot or tittle by the advent or departure of any ghost that ever was seen—or supposed to be seen." "The bonds of materialism prevent perfect intercourse, perhaps," I suggest. "Our senses are too gross to perceive that which they would teach were we fit to receive it. The fault may be ours." Gresham regards me fixedly, with his pen poised over the inkstand. "Knowing that," he retorts vigorously, "it argues great hopefulness in the ghosts to tackle us. If a thing cannot be received it's idle that it should be offered. Infinite wisdom, it seems to me, would suggest better adjustment. Mind, I'm not disputing spiritual manifestations or authentic ghosts; I simply say that no ghost or spirit has ever honored me with his or her acquaintance, and I can't admit that I have found life unsatisfying and incomplete in consequence." Then he bent over his work again. There is silence in the room. Up and down the stairway and through the corridors of the big building footsteps pass and re-pass. The sounds of the streets reach us from time to time—a spoken word, a call, the music of a soft Southern laugh. My cigar burns unevenly, in a way I do not like. My mind strays backward to the days of my boyhood, and memory, from her store closet, drags out, shakes free of the dust of years, and presents to me a thing that happened long ago. At fourteen I was an idle, careless school-boy, tough of conscience and digestion, strong in muscle and brawn, and free of abnormal development of nerve tissue. A healthy, vigorous animal, in short, unimaginative, unemotional, in any morbid way; a creature who ate, drank, slept and played with hearty abandon, and shirked undue knowledge, and had little hankering for mental development. A difficult subject for spiritual manifestations! Very possibly. Yet in those days I was once fully convinced that I had seen a ghost, I think so still. At least I have never been able satisfactorily to account for that which I did see. It happened this way. At the school where some six years of my boyhood were spent, lived a gentleman named Winington. He was professor of English, and his wife, for a couple of years was matron, and looked after our manners and morals (having boys of her own), as well as our bodies and clothing. She was a gentle, sweet-mannered woman, a lady in the highest sense, and the rough lads under her charge repaid her care with loyal devotion. It was a great blow to us all when ill-health and increasing family cares made it necessary for her to give up her position in the school. They moved to a village half a mile from us, and Mr. Winington walked to his classes daily. We liked him and respected him, which is as much as a man can expect from the lads he instructs, and far more than many a man can command. But our feeling for his wife amounted to a sentiment. The autumn after their removal to the village was unusually sickly; much fever and of a bad sort. Poor people had a hard time of it, and the Winingtons were very poor—far poorer than any one imagined, for they kept their

necessities and struggles to themselves as became gentlefolks. In the very beginning of the epidemic three of the six children sickened, and later Mrs. Winington was stricken down—a very bad case. One evening just about dusk, I met Mr. Winington on his way to school to tell us that his youngest child, a little girl, had died that day at noon, and that the doctor had advised that the little body should be taken to the church for the time that must intervene before burial—the house was so small and the mother still desperately ill. She did not know of her child's death, her husband said, and his voice quivered and broke. I was not an observant lad, but the look on his haggard face appealed to me, made me vaguely shy and sorry and uncomfortable. I wanted to say something to him, but the words would not come. It was a relief when he told me that he had come to see if some of the boys would not be willing to sit up in the church that night and watch beside the little body. He could hire some one, but he shrank from having his baby cared for, he and his wife and the other children could not be left without him. This was something practical, something that came quite within my range as an expression of sympathy; so I promised with great readiness that I would attend to it all, and bade him set his mind at rest. The idea that there might be difficulty in getting companions for my vigil never presented itself, and I was proportionately surprised when three or four boys, to whom I applied, declined in the most unequivocal terms to have anything to do with the matter. Their excuses were various and comprehensive, but to me, eminently unsatisfactory. I thought them cowardly, and told them so, and after some high words, decided to risk no more refusals, but just to watch by myself. The church stood back from a rough, red clay road, cut out here and there with ruts and washed out places. Around it was the churchyard, where "The rude forefathers of the hamlet slept." A narrow brick walk led from the gate to the doorway, terminating in a flat stone step; there was no porch. About three hundred yards away, down the clay road, stood the small frame house in which the Winingtons lived. I pushed open the church door and entered. The interior of the building was obscure, lighted only by a smoky, untrimmed lamp placed on the reading desk. The corners and the space under the gallery looked dark and eerie. In the body of the church two windows had been opened, for the night was close. The place was deserted, save for the still white occupant of the little coffin inside the chancel rail. The pitifulness of it did not strike me then; boys are callous animals, and at the same time acutely intolerant of pain. I avoided looking at the little one, and turned my head as I passed the tier for the lamp which I wished to take up into the pulpit with me. The sight of death was unfamiliar, was appalling to me. The coffin was covered with a sheet, or white drapery of some sort, and the lid rested against the altar-rail. There was a perfume of flowers which distilled itself around. Some loving hand had placed roses on the little silent breast. The pulpit was one of those old-fashioned, big box affairs, wherein the minister is isolated, and lifted high above his congregation. It was roomy and commodious, and in it I decided to spend the night. I trimmed and cleaned the lamp with my knife and pocket-handkerchief, and brought up piles of cushions from the pews to elevate the seat so that I might rest my elbows on the reading-desk. I had provided myself with a book, and I made my preparations with great placidity, whistling under my breath and in no wise inconvenienced by my unfamiliar surroundings. Before opening my book I glanced around me. Below lay the length of the spectral building, shadowy, suggestive, given over to gloom and silence. The circle of light scarcely penetrated beyond the chancel, but within it lay the coffin with its drapery of white, and its faint perfume of roses. Not a breath stirred, and the night was dark; through the open windows I could see pale stars growing into brightness. To a post they would have seemed the lamps of angel watchers shedding radiance on the pathway of a soul; to a school-boy they were—nothing but stars. After one glance to see that all was well I opened my book and lost consciousness of my surroundings in the interest of the story. An hour passed, perhaps more, when I was startled by a sharp, scrawling sound down in the body of the church, followed by a light thud, as though something heavy, but elastic, had been thrown through the open window. The thought flashed through me that some of the boys, knowing of my solitude, were trying to frighten me, and my temper rose. Leaning over the edge of the pulpit, I peered down intently, but at first could discover nothing. Then I made out two phosphorescent spots close to the wall, under one of the benches, and while I wondered what it could be, the scratching, scrambling noise was repeated, and there was another soft thud. Then hideous stories of cats and rats, and evil beasts of all sorts, and of their attacking the dead, rushed back on my mind and turned me sick with disgust. By the time I got down the pulpit steps there were two more thuds, and I knew that four night prowlers lurked under the benches, with Heaven only knew how many outside. The horror of it did not come to me until long afterward, at the time my interest in my book was so absorbing, that after that one shudder of disgust my most pronounced emotion was annoyance at the interruption. When I had driven out the cats I fastened both windows and locked the door before returning to my book. One hour—two—passed quietly; the interest of the story deepened, and led by the author's magic I followed eagerly through realms of romance and wild adventure. Suddenly, without the faintest provocation, my eyes wandered from the page and fastened on the door away at the end of the building. It did not surprise me that I could see it distinctly, although the light from the lamp was dim and unable to penetrate that distance; the breathless air seemed waiting—and then stirred with some vague presence. I waited also, not frightened or nervous, only curious and deeply interested. The door had locked appeared to open, and the empty space was filled by a familiar figure. It was Mrs. Winington, and my first emotion was surprise and pleasure that she should be better, my second, a shy, uncomfortable sort of sympathy. I shrank back into the shadow, and watched her as she glided up the aisle, noting how pallid and wan her face looked as she advanced into the brighter circle of the lamp light. She wore a woolen shawl over her white night-dress, and her bare feet were thrust in slippers—or I thought so at the time because they made no noise. Her black hair hung in a heavy coil down her

back and her eyes had a far-off, unseeing look. I wondered why they had let her come there alone, at that hour of the night, and whether I should not run and tell some one, or, at least, let her know of my proximity. Then a strange reluctance came over me and I kept quite still, determined to do neither. Softly she advanced, entered the chancel, and knelt beside the little coffin; her hands, frail and shadowy lifted the white drapery and she bent her head. There was no outburst of grief such as I expected, no sobbing, no demonstration of woe. The silence seemed to me unnatural, for at that age I knew naught of the dumbness of anguish; but influenced by some emotion beyond my own comprehension, I turned away my head, feeling that the mother would prefer to be unwatched. When at last I glanced around again, I was fain to rub my eyes and pinch myself, to wonder whether or no I had been dreaming. Everything was precisely as it had been before I had seen the visitor enter; the door was closed; I could tell that by all absence of light; the shadows had settled densely in the body of the church, the coffin with its white covering looked undisturbed, and the mourner had vanished. No thought of ghosts or apparitions entered my prosaic mind, and after puzzling over the occurrence for a moment, I dismissed it and returned to my book. I had dozed perhaps an instant, and so been unconscious when Mrs. Winington went away, for that it had been Mrs. Winington in the flesh I was convinced. The thought that harm might come to her from the exposure alone troubled me, and but for reluctance to leave my charge I should have run over to their house to satisfy myself of her safety. The rest of the night was uneventful, and when morning dawned one of the neighbors came in to relieve my watch. Before going home I sped across the road to inquire about Mrs. Winington. The window of her chamber opened on the gallery and the curtain was drawn aside. I peeped in, not wishing to disturb any one. By the light of the night lamp I could see the form of Mrs. Winington motionless on her bed, with her face to the wall, and her black hair trailing over the pillow. The covering was pushed aside, and I could see the soft folds of a woolen shawl around her shoulders. Mr. Winington came out to me, and I inquired anxiously how his wife had passed the night. She had been desperately ill, he said, so ill that he and the doctor had watched her every breath the night through. Once, at the turn of the night, they had thought her dying, her pulse apparently had ceased to beat, and she had grown cold and almost rigid. They had wrapped warm garments around her and worked over her an hour before animation had been restored. She was sleeping now, and the doctor had given him hope. "Had they never left her?" I questioned. "Not for a single moment." "Certainly not," he answered, and looked surprised. In my amazement I came near blurting out my story; but the exhaustion of his face and voice held me back, and giving him a bewildered stare I shut my lips together and went away. Afterward, some reason, fear of ridicule perhaps, prevented me from alluding to the subject, and gradually the occurrence was snowed under by subsequent events. Since I had reached manhood, however, recollection of it has once or twice returned, and I have indulged in much unprofitable speculation. As I said before, I have never been able to explain the matter to my satisfaction. Norwood, Va.

A PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCE.

There is recorded in a letter supposed to be written by Arthur Hamilton to his biographer, one remarkable psychical experience which I can only touch on briefly. In the course of his long wandering he had hired a smack, and was cruising about near Lantzitz, when an island was sighted which his boatmen told him had an uncanny reputation. It was untenanted save by "a figure which sat on the seaward cape and wept; and by two boys, dressed in antique dress whom to see was certain disaster and to speak with certain death." His curiosity was stirred, and he determined to explore this island. His men would do no more than row him to the shore, and he deferred his exploration till next day. The coast was marshy and malarious, and he spent the night on deck watching the will-o-the-wisp as it flitted over swamp—not the wisest thing for a weakly man to do in a "fool pestiferential place." Next day he set out to feel what was to be seen and made for a clump of trees that crowned a mound that was evidently the highest part of the island. He found it surrounded by a wall of huge stones, and the mound itself seemed built of great hewn stones built carefully together. A rude flight of steps to the top, and there he found, on a smooth plateau, what was evidently a Druidical altar. He was greatly impressed with the discovery, and whether malarious light had unbinged his nerves, or whether it is true that round such places hang a spiritual atmosphere of which the pestilential vapors he had breathed were the material analogue, he began to muse. His musings show on the author's part much insight. "There are certain atmospheres which, as it were, infect one; the very air has caught some contagion of evil which cannot be got rid of. I have felt it on actual battle fields, as well as at other places that I have held to be the scenes of unrecorded, immemorial slaughters. The very stillness was appalling, an oppressive heaviness, as if the place were still brooding over the ancient horror it had seen. The sickening contagion of the sin of the place grew upon me every moment. I felt helpless, bewildered, sickened." Then occurred something to him inexplicable. He was about to get away from this invisible horror when he "was—not exactly called, for there was no sound—but most unmistakably ordered to look round. The sensation produced mentally and emotionally was precisely like the receiving an imperative order that one has neither power nor inclination to resist. I turned and saw, standing together, close by the platform, two boys about twelve years of age (I should have said) in a loose antique dress of a bluish white color, reaching down to the knees, and girt about the waist, with leather buskins fastened by straps reaching up the leg; their heads were bare, and their hair, which was a dark brown, was loose and flowing. Accompanying this sight was an indescribable sense of an overwhelming intense vastness—space—immensity—rushing over one with a terrible power; and at the same time the feeling of numbers, as if I was in the presence of a multitude of people." What was it? The reminiscence of the sailor's stories intensified by the fever which developed itself next day? This would be the orthodox scientific explanation. "But," says the writer, "I cannot help feeling as if, catching, in my weakened state, the hideous

leprosy of the place, I had received into my mind, then less able than usual to resist, the stamp and impress of some other mind forced to linger near that spot, and unable to avoid brooding over some haunting, remorseful thought or image of a deed, ever dimly recalling the hours he stood in grim silence watching the tears and prayers of the two soft-faced, smooth-limbed Roman boys, kidnapped from some sunny Italian villa, and carried to that gloomy place; held them pitilessly on the altar among the other fork-bearded Druids, with their white robes and glaring eyes—and smote the cruel blow, in spite of the trembling touch of the young fingers and the piteous entreaties, as they looked tearfully from side to side in the damp, sunless Goggotha, among the glens of that sunless isle." I have no difficulty in my own choice. Arthur Hamilton's eyes were opened, and he saw what to most men is denied. To many a medium will recur occasions on which he has been strangely influenced by localities and their associations, and he will understand this recital.—Light, London.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"L. H. F." and His Open Letter.

J. J. MORSE.

In the JOURNAL of April 14th, there appears "An Open Letter of Inquiry Addressed to Messrs. Coleman and Morse, and to Theosophists,"—said letter being signed "L. H. F.," and containing five distinct queries in regard to Spiritualism and Theosophy. The editor assures us the queries are presented in good faith, and commendably advises brevity and calmness in reply. The questions propounded are as follows: "1. What do you know practically of Spiritualism? 2. What do you know practically of Theosophy? 3. What do you know of good in either? 4. What do you know of evil in either? 5. What do you know of good or evil common to both?" How to satisfactorily reply to my catechist, in the narrow compass of a brief newspaper article, is somewhat of a puzzle! The reply *seriatim* will be best. Let me take the first query: "What do you know practically of Spiritualism?" I know that communication with the Spirit-world is a fact. This knowledge has come to me by (a) personal experience as a medium; (b) by facts obtained through the mediumship of others. I know that the "Spirit-world" is the condition in which exist the intelligences I knew as human beings on earth, because of the identity and personality they have demonstrated to my senses and my understanding. I know sounds, signals, movements of bodies, levitation of persons, voices and apparitions, the objective results produced by aforesaid intelligences living in the Spirit-world, have been by them produced, for I have witnessed them under conditions precluding any other explanation. I know that clairvoyance, healing, oratory, poetry, music, song, trance, peroration, prophecy, have been, and are continually, presented in those known as mediums, alike from observation and from a considerable share of personal experience, and that the above matters have resulted from the direction, excitation and control of the intelligences previously referred to. I know that the net practical results, to me, from my own knowledge of phenomenal Spiritualism, are that through the sensuous and subjective phenomena I have learned that immortality is true; that communion between this world and the next is a fact; that I and others possess psychic functions relating us to the spirit side of life, and by the aid of above noted functions, and the finer laws of nature, spirits can and do produce various objective phenomena to prove their existence and demonstrate their presence. Second query: "What do you know practically of Theosophy?" Of practical "Theosophy," I, in common with most outsiders, know but little. What I understand concerning it is something like the following: Practically it is an assertion that the phenomena claimed by Spiritualists are not produced by the spirits of departed humans, but are the results produced by semi-animate and semi-conscious "shells," or when that is not the case, they are produced by the projection of our own "astral" powers. That there is no such thing as communion with departed spirits, as Spiritualists understand the term, for the soul is unconscious of any past life, while in the next one; that, even after departing this life, the soul has not necessarily done with this world, but is again reembodyed in flesh here on earth. Practically "Theosophy" is, to me, the antithesis of "Spiritualism," since one, the first, asserts that the phenomena claimed as the work of departed spirits by the second, is either produced by "shells" from the astral world, or by the exercise of astral powers unfolded in human adepts,—unless when as is asserted by another branch of "Occultists" they are produced by a series of sub-human spirits and alleged "elementaries." I know of no practical "Theosophy," i.e., phenomena, that in any sense differs in character from the facts of phenomenal Spiritualism. Third query: "What do you know of good in either?" The good in Spiritualism may be briefly stated, though all too inadequately, as including: A practical answer in the affirmative to the questioning unbeliever of the day concerning a future life; the suggestion it conveys of a rational and a progressive life hereafter; the duty it inculcates of living righteously and truly here if we desire to advance on earth, or be happy beyond it; the vindication it affords to religious records, so far as the facts narrated therein of spiritual power, presence and intervention are concerned; the proofs it presents of other world existence, life and order; the enlargement of our views and knowledge concerning man's life, nature and powers it produces, are certainly matters that may be truly credited to its account. Concerning "Theosophy" it may be conceded that a revival of interest in Hindoo religions literature, thereby adding to the common stock of our intellectual treasures, is no small thing; that the enforcement of the ever pleasing hope of a universal brotherhood, is another element of good; while the cultivation of our spiritual powers and a recognition that, at its best, this life is not to be our all, may be reasonably assented to as further good; also the attempt (leaving its failure or success aside) to evolve a comprehensive and cohesive philosophic system of life, that "Theosophy" is making, may be accepted as something to be commended. The fourth query, "What do you know of evil in either?" involves so much of deepest import, lest by saying but little one be accused of injustice by Spiritualists and "Theosophists" alike. Each has its pretenders and vampires. Each, no doubt, suffers much at the tongues and pens of the foolish, fanatical and overzealous medium worship. Spiritolatry and fraudulent phe-

nomena are undoubtedly grave evils to Spiritualism. The fantastic ideas of man's nature after death, the doctrine of recurrent earth lives, and the general mysticism and assumption of authority and superiority on the part of the leaders of "Theosophy," are, undoubtedly, grave evils in that connection; while the fact, for such it is, that, outside of re-touched Hindoo theology, "Theosophy" teaches no fact, or presents no phenomena that are, in any way, different to such matters as pertaining to modern Spiritualism, is the greatest evil, since it leads one to think that the new "cult," starting out in 1875, has liberally aided itself by the facts and teachings of Spiritualism, which date from 1818. The fifth query needs no attention as it is virtually replied to in what has gone before. I trust, that with fairness, without heat, and apart from personalities, I have endeavored to reply to "L. H. F.," who is unknown to me—in the judicial spirit the editor of the JOURNAL advised. But, surely, "L. H. F." could have obtained answers to all his queries by a perusal of the literature and periodicals of the two phases of thought he appeals to. I trust he will, however, accept this response to his open letter in the spirit of fraternal frankness with which it is presented, and feel that the writer has endeavored to do justice to him, and the interests he has discussed herein. San Francisco, Cal.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

J. G. Jackson's Reply to Payton Spence.

Not so fast, Bro. Payton Spence! I do not for a moment admit either the truth or pertinence of your remarks in JOURNAL of April 21st. You say: "All sensations are states of consciousness." That is where the fog was let in to obscure your argument. Consciousness of facts and phenomena is generally a product of sensation. You put the cart before the horse. Just allow us one question; then make a frank fair answer, and your metaphysics will be "dead as a door nail." You speak of the "red color at the upper end of a stick" being only a "sensation in the mind." Suppose while turning away to salute a friend, some smart, mischievous boy changes the stick blue end up; what will you see on turning back again? Why, the turned up blue end of course. You can make no other answer. Did the boy go into your brain, or wherever you keep that queer thing called consciousness and turn it down-end up for you? You know he did not. He turned the stick—the substantive—and your consciousness is subject to the sensation. "Sensation is not a state of consciousness." You may roll out your metaphysical jargon from now "till the crack of doom" (if there come such a time) darkening counsel by words without knowledge; but don't give a humble physicist like myself the credit of being foolish enough to be misled by it. Prof. G. may answer for himself. It was necessary that we, during our existence upon earth, should be endowed with organs of sight that are able to give us consciousness of the presence of the organized forms, amongst which and by which we live. We need a consciousness of their distances, sizes and relative positions, also, of their beautiful coloring. The eye is most admirably organized to yield us all this in a manner that seems the most simple, the most beautiful and the most effective possible. The law of light to travel in straight lines, crossing in a hole or in a lens, necessitates inverted images. The law of perception at right angles to sensitive surface is the simplest method whereby upright vision could be assured, and is in accord with nature's methods in other respects. If a steel ball be fired obliquely at and reflected from a steel armored-plate, it will knock the wearer of the armor, not in the direction the ball was shot, but at right angles to the surface at the point it struck. By other illustrations of the same order it may be fairly shown, that when Brewster discovered that the perception of the retina was perpendicular to its surface, he did but make one more step in the path of nature's leadings, one small advance towards that inner temple where mind and matter unite in their grand and everlasting union. Sir David Brewster was a man deeply skilled, as was Sir Isaac Newton, in experimental deductive science; in love with its simplicity and consistency; no vain empirical theorist building upon false and slippery metaphysical logic chopping. I will guarantee that Brother Spence never read and understood his assured deductions. Allow me to beg he may be led to do so before he again sneers at him or wastes time in searching for an explanation based on the absurd theory of the unreality of material substantive existences—that bane of common sense. J. G. J. P. S. If the readers of the JOURNAL prefer false and sensational science or that which is metaphysical and worse, to experimental and demonstrated knowledge, let them have it—I am tired of fighting nonsense.

Tangible Apparition.

The following is translated from the *Reformador* of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil: Mr. Maniel Francis Logoa, a resident of Ubatuba and captain of the sloop *Espadarte* relates the following incident as happening in his own house: On his arrival at Ubatuba from one of his voyages, he found his family in great affliction, the peace of the household was disturbed, and the usual tranquillity wanting. Inquiring into the reason of this condition of affairs, he learned that his sister-in-law, a widow, was the victim of frequent apparitions of her deceased husband, and being unwilling to continue living in her own house, she had moved to that of Mr. Logoa, but the same phenomenon pursued her, and hence the unrest and agitation he found in his family. Giving no credit to what was reported to him, but interested in the domestic peace, Mr. Logoa told them that no one who leaves this world ever returns, and furthermore, that he was ready to receive a visit from his deceased relative if he should so desire. With such like observations he entertained his family until a late hour and then retired to his room. After getting into bed he continued smoking a cigar he had lighted and left burning, and while thus lying he was approached by some one who placed his cold hand upon his (Logoa's) person. Surprised and somewhat frightened, he was compelled to acknowledge the presence of his brother-in-law who told him not to be alarmed, and that he should tell his wife that she must order a mass to be said to Our Lady, the mother of men, and that she must complete the prayers she promised to say to the same madonna, without which his soul could have no rest. He said he had already appeared to his wife and others of the family, but that as she had already retired for the night, he did not wish her to be disturbed.



## Religio-Philosophical Journal

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 92 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO

By JOHN C. BUNDY.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.

One Copy, 1 year, \$2.50.  
" " 6 months, \$1.25.

SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS. SPECIES COPY FREE.

REMITTANCES should be made by United States Postal Money Order, Express Company Money Order, Registered Letter or Draft on either New York or Chicago.

DO NOT IN ANY CASE SEND CHECKS ON LOCAL BANKS.

All letters and communications should be addressed, and all remittances made payable to JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago, Ill.

Advertising Rates, 20 cents per Agate line. Reading Notice, 40 cents per line.

Lord &amp; Thomas, Advertising Agents, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago. All communications relative to advertising should be addressed to them.

Entered in the postoffice in Chicago, Ill., as second-class matter.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

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

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

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

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

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 5, 1888.

## The Permanent and the Transient in Protestantism.

Protestantism as a theological belief is not much better than Romanism, but Protestantism as a revolt against priestcraft, as a protest against authority, as an assertion of the right of private judgment, in short as a rational movement, must be regarded as the most important factor in modern progress. Its effects have been wide-spread and far-reaching, and these must extend and multiply through the coming ages.

Free thought and democratic government are the logical conclusion and the legitimate outcome of Protestantism. In so far as they existed before the Reformation and in pre-Christian periods they were the result of the same great principles which were announced and emphasized by Luther and his co-workers. Such private judgment and right of self-government as had been exercised in Pagan Greece and Rome, were forbidden by the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and they could never have been regained without a powerful and successful protest against this established authority.

The conquests of Protestantism in Europe, as Macaulay states, did not extend beyond the territory embracing the countries which were converted during the period of the Reformation, and portions of this territory, notably the French districts ceded to the Protestants, were subsequently lost, and the population added to the adherents of the church of Rome. The people of Latin Europe and the Levant, were too ignorant and too deeply imbued with superstition which had formed their mental habits, to be susceptible to so great and radical a change as the Reformation implied. Their superstition although bearing the Christian name dated back beyond the Catholic church, beyond the time of the Nazarene. It was largely the corrupt paganism of ancient Rome, modified and incorporated into the creed and ceremonial of the ecclesiastical system, which millions were then and even now are stupid enough to believe was founded by the Judean reformer.

Peoples who had been servile idolaters for thousands of years could not respond to the great intellectual and moral movement. The people of Northern and Western Europe, Northern Germany, England, Wales, Scotland, North Ireland, Holland and the Scandinavian countries and the best part of the people of Switzerland and France, became Protestants, or as the French Protestants called themselves, Huguenots. Into the majority of the people of these countries the old corrupt pagan civilization of Rome had not entered, and their minds were less warped and their disposition less servile than those of the Latin and Levantine populations. They were more intelligent and self-reliant, more accustomed to think, to use their reasoning faculties and they had a more sturdy morality.

The countries that remained Catholic were in comparison mentally and morally dwarfed, and whatever progress they have made has been in proportion to the diffusion of liberal ideas among them and the decay of faith, as in Italy. Some of the Catholic countries are in such a state of mental and moral debasement, and everything, in the absence of intellectual activity, has become so fixed, hardened and unmodifiable that nothing but revolution perhaps can break up the established order and make advancement possible. A few years ago a writer in the *Contemporary Review* said: "The weight of an unsolved question lies on those European States which three centuries ago shut them-

selves up against spiritual emancipation. They have to break off in their turn with theocracy to disengage themselves from the trammels of a dead tradition. The nineteenth century will complete the work of the sixteenth, and the nations which are found unable to accomplish that revolution will fall in the rear of civilization."

It is from the Protestant countries of Europe that our best class of immigrants have come and will come in the future; but hordes have come hither from the Catholic countries, ignorant, brutal and steeped in superstition. This class of immigration only make possible here the ecclesiastical hierarchy, which was imported from abroad and now flourishes and has great influence in our cities and manufacturing towns. It is a survival kept up by continual immigration from the countries where it has for centuries had undisputed control. Its subjects are brought over here faster than they can be modernized, and indeed it cannot be disputed that their numbers have been so great that they have vastly increased the percentage of illiteracy, lowered the average character of the laboring classes and added to the difficulties of political and social reform.

This country was new soil. It had no traditions of civil or ecclesiastical despotism, nor had it been crushed like Italy under the load of inveterate and hoary institutions, out of gear with the spirit of the modern world. No part of its vast area became annexed even to the civilized domain until the last years of the fifteenth century. Fortunately its early settlement was under the influence of the principles and the spirit of Protestantism, which have also dominated the government and the social life of the people. But for these circumstances the condition and outlook here to-day would probably be but little if any better, than in those Catholic countries from which come annually hordes of ignorant and priest-ridden immigrants.

It behoves Americans then to sustain Protestant principles and the Protestant spirit, which alone can save this Republic from that despotism which under the influence of Romanism, steals like a mist over a nation. The absurdities of Protestantism as a sect or a number of sects are obvious enough, but the absurdities do not lessen the value of the principle asserted by, and implied in the attitude of these sects. Protestantism as an attempt to be rational while teaching absurd superstitions, to repudiate the infallibility of the pope while holding to the infallibility of a book, to disown the authority of the church while demanding submission to the authority of written creeds, to reject miracles of the early church while insisting upon the importance of believing in miracles older and quite as improbable as, of course, an inconsistency and an anachronism as little worthy of support as that crystallization of dogmas and ceremonies against which Protestantism originally revolted. And all the Protestant sects that teach the right of private judgment and the right of protest against religious authority, and at the same time make salvation depend upon acceptance of what they offer, and damnation the inevitable consequence of disbelief or doubt, contain within themselves the elements of decay, and are but so many transitional forms in the continuous development from Rome to reason.

What liberal minds of every class have to do is to stand by the Protestant principle, the right of private judgment in regard to religious belief with all that is thereby implied. The assertion of this right will, sooner or later, destroy the authority of all hierarchies, and make men as fearless to question doctrine and speculations of a theological character, as they are to question those in any other province of thought.

## This Doctor Business.

The sickening spectacle of wrangling over the diagnosis and treatment of some person in a prominent position by eminent physicians and surgeons in attendance while the patient is either made to suffer unnecessary torture at their hands or left to die under their malpractice, is becoming a matter not only of serious import, but of altogether too frequent occurrence.

There is evidently a sorry lack of intelligence and common sense manifested in the management of these cases, which like Gen. Garfield's or that of the Crown Prince of Germany excite general interest throughout the world, or a morbid jealousy with regard to professional reputation which blinds those concerned to the interests of the patient.

Most people to-day believe, and have good reason for so doing, that had President Garfield been treated by some country doctor possessing good common sense, who would not have made a nucleus for a pus sac by probing in a different direction from that taken by the ball, as those in attendance did, and through which blood poisoning followed and caused his death, that he would have recovered from the effects of the pistol shot wound.

In the case of the Crown Prince, now Emperor of Germany, the disagreement and jealousy existing between the great English specialist, Sir Morell McKenzie and Prof. Bergmann and other German physicians brought the patient very near to death. After the operation of tracheotomy the illy-constructed German tube inserted well-nigh brought him to his end by causing constant bleeding from the wound, thereby rendering imminent either suffocation or blood-poisoning. Sir Morell removed this and inserted one more appropriate which gave relief; Dr. Bergmann removed this

and again inserted the tube first used with renewed bleeding and prostration as a result; and then asserted the hemorrhage was from the lungs. At this point Dr. Kussmaul, from Strasburg, was summoned who derided the theory of lung disease and declared that Dr. Bergmann had been wrong throughout and that Dr. McKenzie's advice ought to have been adopted from the first. Sir Morell, convinced that his view was correct, refused to attend a consultation, deeming it "a melancholy farce." Meanwhile the royal patient and the royal exchequer are made to suffer.

The lives of patients are of little importance when individual professional reputation, and a patient of high social standing with a fat purse are the considerations. No other doctor must interfere to save the patient. He must die as they determine rather than allow himself to be cured by a competitor. And it is a lamentable fact that a majority of people rather than offend the family physician or the doctor in charge, and from fear of what Mrs. Grundy may have to say about it, will suffer themselves and their families to be sacrificed to the selfishness of this pretentious empiricism rather than assert their individuality and rights by selecting such medical adviser as their own judgment and reason dictate. While the dictum of the doctor of medicine or of divinity is taken without question and people surrender the right to think and act for themselves, such spectacles as have been exhibited in the cases of President Garfield and the Crown Prince of Germany will continue to be presented.

That the medical profession is full of bunglers whose mistakes and mal-practices are of hourly occurrence is notorious. Yet some of these men, under the pretence of protecting the dear public ask for statutory enactments to strengthen their grip upon the public and private purse and to throttle liberty of choice as to whom the sick shall employ. The medical profession contains within its ranks a large body of intelligent, conscientious, skillful members; but it is not from them that the cry for legislation comes. The demand for monopoly is voiced by practitioners who have a precarious standing in the profession and who cannot compete with the skill of their brothers within the guild or with the undiplomatized healer. All honor to the conscientious and competent medical practitioner who is willing to pit himself against the world with no undue advantage, depending solely on his own skill and judgment; who would rather see a cure performed or a life prolonged by another than to bury the patient or torture him with doubtful and hazardous experiments.

In this connection a statement made in a lecture last week in Baltimore by Dr. De Wolf of this city is in point. He was advocating the limitation by law of the number and character of medical colleges. He quoted statistics of Illinois, showing the number of physicians in this State in 1880 to have been 5,979; total number of new men to Feb. 10, 1886, 2,063; making a total of 8,042; total number in practice, 6,065; died, 344; left the State, 1,061; abandoned practice, 572; that is to say, over 7 per cent. failed as physicians and sought other modes of obtaining a livelihood. "There are from 1,500 to 2,000 too many physicians in Illinois," he said, "who are not necessary and who are not making a good living." What is true of Illinois holds good in every section of the country, and these half-fed, human leeches are moving upon legislatures to help them, much to the disgust of successful practitioners.

## Dr. Cones in Chicago.

Interest in psychical research received fresh impetus last week from the presence of Dr. Elliott Cones of Washington, who came to Chicago by invitation of the Western Society for Psychical Research to deliver a lecture upon matters germane to its purposes. The respect now accorded to psychic research and researchers was well illustrated by the opening of the Methodist Church for Dr. Cones' lecture and the large attendance of people noted in theology, science, medicine, law, politics, philanthropy and finance. The address was very long, taking two hours for its delivery, but it was listened to intently throughout and pronounced an able effort. Among those present were Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., Rev. L. P. Mercer (Swedenborgian), Mr. W. M. Salter (lecturer for the Ethical Society), Judge C. B. Walte, Mrs. C. V. Waite, Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, Mr. Charles Henrotin, Judge Holbrook, Judge Barnum, Dr. C. G. Davis, Mr. B. F. Underwood, Prof. Rodney Welch, Dr. Hunt, Mrs. C. K. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Flower, Mrs. Frank Brown, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Lamberson, Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, and many others equally well known. Dr. A. Reeves Jackson, President of the W. S. P. R. presided, and introduced the lecturer to the eagerly expectant audience at a quarter past eight o'clock. The daily papers contained very good synopses of the address, but as no abstract would do justice to the lecturer or his theme, an effort will be made to publish it complete in next week's JOURNAL. On the following (Friday) evening Mr. and Mrs. Bundy gave a reception in honor of Dr. Cones, which was attended by leading representatives from various churches and cults. Seventy-five were present and an enjoyable evening was spent, if one can judge from the spontaneous and unanimous expression of the guests. In another column is reproduced in abridged form a report of the affair from the Chicago Daily Herald.

## Another Boston Fraud Exposed.

Among the pupils of Geo. T. Albro, teacher of spiritualistic prestidigitation, is Mrs. Amanda M. Cowan. Having developed into an expert swindler under the care of Albro, this woman, in partnership with her husband, an ex-plumber, started a swindling materialization show. Among her dupes was a very amiable and respectable gentleman by the name of E. A. Brackett, whose penchant for real flesh-and-blood ghosts is known to everybody in Boston and vicinity. With the endorsement of Mr. Brackett and others the Cowans got amply endorsed through the columns of our esteemed Boston contemporary, whose pages have floated nearly every arrant humbug that has cursed Spiritualism. In the light of last week's disclosures the following resolutions adopted at a meeting called to offer Mrs. Cowan a testimonial, must be gall and wormwood to Mr. Brackett and the twenty-seven others who signed them, as well as to the venerable and much befooled gentleman who assists his "band" in conducting the *Banner of Light*; leastwise they would be these parties in a healthy, rational state. Here is the oleomargarine:

Whereas, having been privileged with exceptionally fine opportunities, through the mediumship of Mrs. Amanda M. Cowan, of becoming assured beyond all question that those who have experienced the event termed "death" can, under suitable conditions, render themselves visible to their friends on earth and converse with them; and recognizing an earnest desire on the part of Mrs. Cowan and her spirit guides to furnish all available means to investigators for obtaining evidence of the truth of the phenomenon known as full-form materialization; therefore, be it

Resolved, that we tender to Mrs. Cowan our sincere thanks for the opportunities she has afforded us and continue to afford us for interviews with our angel friends, and freely and fully commend her services to the attention and patronage of all who long

— for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still,  
thereby to receive palpable proof that death does not end all.

Resolved, that for their endeavors to eliminate from the séance room every appearance that might by any possibility suggest that what is therein seen and experienced is not what it is represented to be and to establish conditions that cannot fail to be satisfactory to every honest seeker for the truth; Mrs. Cowan and her guides are entitled to, and should receive, as they now do from us, the esteem and gratitude of all who would promote the development of elevated and refined mediumship, and aid in the dissemination of that knowledge which modern Spiritualism is designed to impart.

Resolved, that to Charles D. Cowan, the husband of Mrs. Cowan, and manager of these séances, our thanks are also due, and are hereby tendered, for his hearty co-operation with Mrs. Cowan and her guides, for his orderly conduct of the séances, his considerate regard for the wishes of all who attend them, and his kindly disposition to assist every one to a comprehension of their high import.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the editor of the *Banner of Light*, with a request that they be placed before the readers of that able exponent of the truths of modern Spiritualism thereby benefiting the cause by making known through its widely extended circulation one who, as a medium for the materialization of spirit forms, has proven herself to be eminently worthy of the confidence of the public.

E. A. BRACKETT, and 27 others.

On the evening of the 25th ult., about twenty-five people assembled in the Cowan apartments to witness the show, some being dupes, some unsuspecting investigators and a few who had already detected the fraud and came prepared to expose it. It were useless waste of space to give the sickening details of the exposure and the ferocious defense made by Cowan and his strikers. Suffice it to say, the exposure of the cold-blooded swindle and the use of confederates to personate spirits was complete.

We were aware that this raid was contemplated, and so far as we know of the participants they are honorable, orderly, people who shrink from the use of violence and stratagem and would undertake these measures only as a last resort, as did the Chicago Spiritualists who so effectually exposed the diabolism of the Bangs Sisters. The Boston Herald of the 26th prefaces its account of the Cowan exposure by a brief history of the materializing swindlers in that city and closes that part of the account with a description of some of the garments worn and the names of the tricksters from whom they were taken, as follows:

Viewed by daylight these garments proved to be the veriest trash, tawdry, and ofttimes filthy almost to vileness. A nondescript garment which was designed as the shirt bosom of "Billy the boot-black," and which the writer saw yesterday, was unfit to be handled except with long, white sundry other garments would disgrace a gutter-snipe or rag-picker. It is disgusting to contemplate with what ardor and enthusiasm these filthy rags have been fondled and caressed as the spiritual raiment of the dear departed. Any one who doubts the accuracy of these statements is at liberty to call at the Herald office, where they will be afforded an opportunity to inspect for themselves nearly 40 of these disgusting which have been captured at these swindling séances. Among the despicable characters who have masqueraded in these habiliments in this city during the past year may be mentioned Mrs. Ross, who held forth on West Concord street; Mrs. Fay, whose parlors on West Newton street were frequently thronged by susceptible victims; Mrs. Fairchild, who did business on East Chester Park for a long time; Mrs. Bliss of East Boston, Mrs. Holmes of Malden, and the Berry Sisters on Rutland street. All of these people have been raided, and have contributed from their wardrobes to this collection.

After the exposure of Mrs. E. A. Wells in New York we received a friendly letter from Dr. Dean Clarke, in which he spoke approvingly of our motives, but deprecated what he deemed haste on our part in acting on insufficient grounds. On March 19th we replied to the Doctor as follows:

Dear Doctor:—Sometime, either in this world or the next, you will know that your assertion of "haste" on my part in editorial treatment of mediums is only the assumption of ignorance. I cordially invite any person who feels I have unjustly dealt with him or her to give me an opportunity to prove my assertions in our State or United States Courts. Because you are ignorant of the painstaking methods of my office in securing, long in advance of public exposure, evidences of the true character of these people and their claims you naturally think me hasty.

Fraternally yours,  
JOHN C. BUNDY.

If necessary we can prove in the courts of

New York City that Mrs. Wells is a vile swindler, and has been for years using trick cabinets and confederates. We knew exactly what we were about when we acted, as Bro. Clarke thought, in "haste." To show that our good friend acted toward us in kindness and good faith, and with the best light he had at the time, the following postal card from him is published:

BOSTON, April 27, 1888.

MR. BUNDY: Inasmuch as I have told you that I thought you ought to be thoroughly assured of the truth of all reports of fraud before publishing, I feel it my duty to inform you that I saw last evening two truthful ladies who were present at the recent Cowan exposure and they confirm fully the Herald report. They saw four confederates, saw Mrs. Cowan with the captured white garment on and saw it stripped off from her. There can be no doubt of a thorough exposure in this case.

Yours for honesty, truth and justice,  
DEAN CLARKE.

## Talmage on the Rampage.

The irrepressible Talmage has had another attack of theological delirium tremens. After revelling for several days in the rubbish and scum which the tidal wave of Spiritualism very naturally draws from the evangelical wavelets and throws upon its crest, Talmage broke loose last Sunday in a long tirade against the wave itself. Time and space forbid extended mention in this issue and we only call attention to the following as a bit of pulpit gymnastics worthy of a Talmage:

I further indict Spiritualism for the fact that it is the cause of much insanity. There is not an asylum between Bangor and San Francisco which has not the torn and bleeding victims of this delusion. Go into any asylum and ask not where it is, and the presiding doctor, after you have asked him: "What is the matter with that man?" will say: "Spiritualism has demented him;" or "What is the matter with that woman?" he will say: "Spiritualism has demented her." It has taken down some of the brightest intellects. It swept off into mental midnight judges, senators, governors, ministers of the gospel, and one time came near capturing one of the presidents of the United States.

Now, if Talmage were a common sort of a preacher we might think he believed what he said when he thundered forth the above from the capacious outlet of his cavernous depths, but as it is we know better. While he deliberately and knowingly falsifies, he probably don't do it out of malice but only to gratify his abnormal appetite for the sensational. His utterances are to be taken as Pickwickian and he is to be laughed at rather than taken seriously. A stalwart, imaginative liar like Talmage is really amusing.

## The Never-Dying Soul.

Under the above heading the Chicago Daily Herald of Sunday last contained an editorial indicative of the dent which psychical researchers are making upon public opinion:

If a man die, shall he live again? The Christian says in his heart that the soul shall live. The Jew says the soul shall live. The natural man denies God for a while and thereafter cries out his belief. The century has been one wherein disbelief and anti-religion have prospered. Men have been free to follow the perversities of selfish nature. There are signs that the tide is turning. The pushing and proselyting forms of disbelief are taking up with religion that require unusual powers of belief. The Spiritualists are no longer alone. Men of profound intellect are accepting more than the Christian asks his fellow to believe. The signs of the times are toward a more reverent epoch. Thinking men will welcome it, for the confident infidelity of ignorant and inexperienced men has become both distasteful and disheartening. The cynicism of unhappy hearts has affected the entire social phenomena.

The Theosophists have met and separated. Their words are deliberate, and it is to be hoped their knowledge is as great as is the promise of their prospectus and index of that knowledge. They declare the believers in religion have hold of something definite, but say that the believers learn through faith what the theosophists know through reason and a sharpening of human faculties.

Other strong-minded investigators announce that there are truths in Spiritualism, but that they are simply phenomena, like other works of nature—without logic or lesson. It is thus alleged that, though the mind may be amazed, it can never be enlightened. Charlatans and swindlers are also so thick in these walks of thought that it may be said the mysterious cults have more byproducts than the conservative churches, to which the bulk of mankind wisely clings for spiritual consolation.

Such is the theological status of to-day. The gain is on the religious side. Men hope for eternal life. The person who is sure he will not have it lives in greater solitude as each year goes by. The vast mass of humanity support the ill of life through a reliance on an unseen protecting hand. "Along the margins of celestial streams alone these simple grow that cure the heartache."

The writer of the above was evidently considerably obfuscated when he wrote the third paragraph, but the JOURNAL will let him down easy as he evidently means well, and with his "strong-minded investigators," will learn in time that no phenomena are "without logic or lesson," but that one must be properly equipped in order to learn their secret and discover their logic.

Italy has banished from all her educational institutions the Jesuit and the priest because they are constantly intriguing against the government, and for the restoration of the pope's temporal power, especially since the papal jubilee and since the ultramontane party has become bolder. The priests and Jesuits work secretly to establish a foreign power in the State and in the school, and the government does right in banishing them from the schoolrooms. It deprives of office also government officials who use their influence in favor of the reinstatement of papal rule. In the present condition of Italy this is necessary; for the Jesuits and priests there scruple at nothing to accomplish their purpose. They have been taken as spies of the enemy, and have been found allies of the brigands. In France the Jesuits nearly defeated the struggle to establish popular government. Gambletta's minister of public instruction said: "The Jesuits, wherever they have found an opportunity have provoked a civil war. They recognize no civil or political obligations to the state which are not subordinate to their order, of which they must be the final judges. They corrupted the youth for three hundred years, they countenanced debauchery, theft, incest, robbery and murder and teach as

morals a set of doctrines which strike at the very foundation of human society. They have been hunted like rattlesnakes out of every Christian country in Europe, even out of Rome itself, and in other places have been put under the ban of the Church."

In the removal to the Spirit-world of Dr. Clemence S. Lozier from New York City last week, the JOURNAL lost one of its most appreciative subscribers and the country a great and noble woman. She was the friend and co-worker of William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Lucretia Mott and others of historic fame, and at the time of her decease was Dean of the New York Medical College. The funeral took place last Sunday from the Central Methodist Church. Rev. John P. Newman led in the funeral service assisted by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Cross, Rev. R. Heber Newton, Rev. Dr. Burchard and Rev. Dr. Harrower. The church was crowded by the hundreds of the college, the faculty, and hundreds of friends who have known and loved her for years, among whom were many well known Spiritualists. Dr. Lozier had been a sufferer from heart disease for nearly two years, but some weeks ago wrote us that she was better, and seemed to feel hopeful of prolonging her stay on earth a considerable time. We shall endeavor to furnish our readers a biographical sketch of this noble worker whose life and example furnish healthy stimulus to other toilers for humanity.

The buying of votes in Rhode Island has become so common that the party papers, when the iniquity is exposed, simply say that other fellows are just as bad. Some of the shameful vote-buying practiced at the late State election has been made known with sufficient definiteness to warrant either libel suits against the Providence Journal, by the persons accused, or prosecution of the latter by the attorney-general. But the disclosures arouse no general indignation, and there is no disposition apparently on the part of the authorities to bring the offenders to trial. The facts, as the Springfield Republican says: "Expose a dry rot that touches the dearest rights of the people." The success of repulsive institutions depends upon the intelligence of the people and the purity of the ballot-box. The purchase of votes in any State is a matter of grave concern to the people of the country generally, and it must arouse indignation and bring swift punishment to the offenders wherever there is a healthy public sentiment.

Mr. Wm. Emmette Coleman, at the solicitation of the vice-president for America, has recently become a member of the Egypt Exploration Society of England and America. This society was founded in 1883, for the purpose of recovering the monumental and other records of ancient Egypt, from the destroying agencies now so busily at work in that land; and it has already been eminently successful among its more important discoveries being the sites and ruins of Pithom, the treasure city of Exodus i, x; Goshen, the chief town in "the Land of Goshen;" Tahpanhes, where was found the only Egyptian building specifically named in the Old Testament; Onias, a city described by Josephus; Zoan, the great Northern capital of the Pharaohs; Am, the city in "the fields of Zoan;" Naukratis, the Greek emporium before the rise of Alexandria; and Bubastis, where was discovered the great temple mentioned by Herodotus.

GENERAL ITEMS

Mrs. Mary Miller, of Des Moines, has been appointed State Librarian of Iowa. She is a soldier's widow and was the candidate of the Grand Army.

Dr. Joseph Beals writes: "Lake Pleasant is to be a 'Flag Station' after the 30th of this month. Prospects look good; shall have a directors' meeting about May 12th. Mrs. Maud Lord Drake has had her cottage enlarged and greatly improved."

There was a large attendance at the State oratorical contest at Mason City, Iowa. Miss Sue Schermerhorn, of Mason City, was the successful contestant, with Miss Ida Simonson as a close second. The following were also chosen to attend the convention to be held at Cedar Rapids: Addison Harris, Carrie Swartz, Ida Simonson, Lem Kratz, Sue Schermerhorn, and Dell Quackenbush.

It comes to this office on good authority that a man named Mikeswell, who prefixes "Prof." and "Dr." to his name and who is now in Kansas City, is circulating a story to the effect that he presented the editor of the JOURNAL for libel. His story is an unmitigated falsehood and in keeping with the unreliable character of its author. He threatened to prosecute and was told that the sooner he did it the better it would suit the editor, and that was the end of the matter.

The negroes of the South seem to be working out their own future regardless of the predictions of theorists. The colored people of Georgia are making a record for thrift and industry which is very creditable to them. Their property in 1879 was valued at \$5,182,398, but in 1887 its valuation was \$8,939,479, a gain of 72% per cent. during the nine years. The increase of the property of white men during this period has been from \$229,777,150 to \$332,565,442, a gain of only forty-four and three-fifths per cent. approximately. These facts and figures give no encouragement to those who declare that the negroes are incapable of progress or that they must always be a dependent class.

The JOURNAL people are indebted to Mrs. E. L. Watson for a cordial invitation to attend a basket picnic at her home, "Sunny Brae," Cal., in honor of Mr. J. J. Morse, the well known lecturer, on the 10th inst. It is also stated that carriages will meet the morning trains from San Francisco, at Santa Clara, that day, to carry the visitors out to the foothills at whose base nestles the beautiful home of Mrs. Watson. Now, the trouble with the JOURNAL people is that at this time of year the walking is not good, and they see no way of getting there in time to meet those carriages. Nevertheless they wish a happy time to all who attend.

A Maine newspaper says that Mrs. Esther Potter of Long Ridge, who has just died after a long illness from consumption, was the mother of four children, the youngest a babe. She could not bear to think of leaving the little one, and constantly prayed that it might go with her when she died. A few days ago, when it was plain that she was about to die, she called her family around her and bade them good-bye, and then, clinging to the baby, prayed that it might die too. It had been perfectly well, apparently, but, after a kiss from its dying mother, closed its eyes, and in five minutes was dead. -Banner of Light.

Miss Mary E. Dow, who was the first woman to vote for school committee in Dover, N. H., has become president of the horse railroad of that city. She owned a small interest in the road, and discovered that a Boston syndicate was trying to buy up the stock at a third of its value. Mrs. Dow thereupon purchased a controlling majority of the stock, and was made president. The road is now managed in the interests of Dover. Mrs. Dow, who is a woman of large wealth acquired by her own exertions, was formerly a teacher. One of her first measures since becoming president of the road was to reduce the fare from six cents to five.

To one of England's greatest mathematicians, George Parker Bidder, was submitted the proof sheets of Ignatius Donnelly's new theory; his opinion was to decide whether there is a cipher narrative in the text of the Shakespeare's plays. Mr. Bidder read the book carefully, and reported that the wonderful coincidence shown by Mr. Donnelly could not possibly be due to chance, and that he believed Mr. Donnelly was right, and that there is a cipher in the plays, and probably interwoven by Bacon. Mr. Bidder's decision has created a great sensation in England.

We can now furnish "The Perfect Way; or, Finding of Christ," for \$2, postage 15 cents, extra. (Former price \$4.) This is the American reprint of the new revised and enlarged edition. A remarkable work. The Perfect Way is an occult library in itself; those desirous of coming into the esoteric knowledge and significance of life, will be well repaid by its perusal.

Excellent Books for Sale at this Office.

Outside the Gates, by Miss Shellhammer, is just what readers want. It is well written and gives a most interesting account of the unseen world. Price, \$1.35 postpaid. Unanswerable Logic, the lectures given through Thos. Gales Forster. This work is having a large sale. The author had many friends and they all want a copy. Price \$1.00, postpaid. Richmond's Reply to the Sýbert Commission has had a large sale. It is an account of what this talented author saw at Carlsbad Lake. It is just what you want. Price \$1.35, postpaid. Warren Sumner Barlow's works are always read with a relish, whether the first time or the last. The Poems has run through many editions. Price \$1.10 postpaid. Immortality, a poem of much sweetness and truth, price 60 cents, and his poems, Orthodox Hash, and If Then and When, each 10 cents. All Spiritualists should have a copy if not now in possession of one.

Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation, consisting of the life and works of Dr. Justus Kerner, adopted from the German, including an interesting account of the Seeress of Prevorst. Also a biographical sketch of William Howitt and his work for Spiritualism. Both these writers were ardent lovers of nature and both were poets, with a directness of intuitive perception which penetrated the truth in many directions. Price, \$2.65 postpaid.

Living Witnesses!

Ask any one who has used Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets as to their merits. They will tell you that pimples, blotches and eruptions disappear; that constipation—that breeder of disorders—is relieved; that the appetite is restored; that the whole system is renovated and regulated beyond any conception by these little wonder-workers. Being purely vegetable, they are perfectly harmless; being composed of concentrated, active ingredients, they are powerful. Purgate and purify the system and disease will be unknown. Of all druggists.

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

Consumption Surely Cured.

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

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

By observing the teachings of physiology and experience, Mellin's Food for Infants and Invalids has been successfully prepared; and thousands of mothers, as well as the scientifically advanced members of the medical profession, have now entirely abandoned the old-fashioned farinaceous foods, and availing themselves of Mellin's Food, are giving health and robust constitutions to their children and their patients.

A new volume (the seventh in the series) of Griggs's "German Philosophical Classics for English Readers and Students," under the editorial supervision of Prof. George S. Morris, Ph.D., will shortly be issued from the press of S. C. Griggs & Co. It will be a critical exposition of "Leibniz's New Essays concerning the Human Understanding," by Prof. John Dewey, Ph.D., of the University of Michigan.

One of Professor Atwater's most important papers will appear in the May Century. It is on "Food and Beverages," including gelatine as food, meat extract, tea, coffee, cocoa, chocolate, and the answer of science to the question: "Is alcohol food?"

"The Aryan Race; its Origin and its Achievements" is the title of a new book by Charles Morris, soon to be published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago. It will be a general review of all the races, and will discuss the natural steps of evolution by which the Aryans trace the father of all the leading nations of modern times, emerged from savagery and attained its present intellectual supremacy. The widespread interest in the ancient Aryans that now prevails, and the fact that this is the first attempt to present their complete history in a single volume, will make the appearance of this book exceedingly opportune at this time.

The Gospel of Memory.

In these latter days and among her latest discoveries is one by that eminent memory specialist, Prof. A. Lohette, 237 Fifth Ave., New York. The Professor makes his memories good, and good ones better by a method peculiarly his own, and the result accomplished remains as a fixed fact as long as the individual lives. Taught perfectly by mail. Look into this, it will pay you.

CHICAGO.

The Young Peoples' Progressive Society, meets in Martini's Hall, corner Indiana Avenue and 22nd Street, Sunday evenings at 7:45. The best speakers are on the program.

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

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

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

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

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

The Peoples' Spiritual Meeting has removed to Columbia Hall 878, 6th Ave., (formerly at Spencer Hall W. 14th St.) services every Sunday at 12:45 P. M., and 7:45 P. M. Thank W. Jones, Conductor.

Grand Opera House, 23rd Street and 8th Avenue—See every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.—and every Monday at 2:45 P. M. Admission free to all worshippers.

The Metropolitan Church for Humanity, Mrs. T. B. Stryker, Speaker, holds its services Sunday afternoons, at 3 o'clock, in Madison Avenue Baptist Church, Madison Avenue, Cor. 59th St. (Entrance, 42 E. 59th St.)

Spiritual Meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y.

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

Brooklyn Spiritual Union—Sunday meetings at Fraternity Rooms, corner Bedford Avenue, and South 2d Street. Members' service at 10:30 A. M., Alpha Lyceum at 2:30 P. M. Conference at 8 P. M.

Johnston Building, Flatbush Ave., corner Nevins St. Conference every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in the Court of Appeals Hall. E. J. HULLING Secretary.

St. Louis, Mo

Organized August 22nd, 1886. The First Society of Spiritualists meets every Sunday in the First St. Hall, southeast corner of Franklin and Ninth Streets, at the hour of 2:30 P. M. Friends invited to attend and broadcast. Collect. H. W. FAY, Pres., 620 S. Broadway.

ISAAC S. LEE, Cor. Sec., 1422 N. 12th St.

What Scott's Emulsion Has Done!

Over 25 Pounds Gained in Ten Weeks. Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE. SAN FRANCISCO, July 10th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

\$10 VALUE FREE!

Our new stamping outfit is free to every reader of this publication. It contains a great variety of all sizes that are wanted. This outfit is made up of a set of 100 stamped outfits has been offered heretofore, on which nothing like this has ever been done. It was brought to bear, with each outfit a box of BROWN'S STAMPER, and a set of 100 stamps, giving full directions for stamping, and how to make the powder and stamping paint, containing instructions for Lamp, Kensington and Continental, tells colors to use in painting—red, blue, yellow, pink and other colors; also contains hints and instructions on other matters of numerous kinds. It is bought singly, or a few patterns as a trial, for the equal of the above would cost \$10. Although it is free, get this the best stamping outfit ever offered. Large quantities at a very low price. It is generally acknowledged to be the best general agricultural, housekeeping and family journal in America. It is of great interest, as well as useful. Its contributors embrace the widest range of brilliant talent. For more information, send for a copy of the "Great Monthly," Sunshin, for youth also, for those of all ages whose hearts are not withered! It is published every month, and is the best monthly in America. The best writers for youth, in the world, are its regular contributors. It is now being read by millions of people. The paper is splendidly illustrated by the best artists. We will take \$1.00 per year, and subscribers will find the paper well worth a moderate portion of the cost.

FREE! Furthermore, every trial year subscriber, for either of the papers, will receive by mail our new and improved 100 pattern stamping outfit. Trial year subscribers will receive our outfit, either of the papers, as follows: 1. 100 pattern stamping outfit, 25 cents; 2. 100 pattern stamping outfit, 25 cents; 3. 100 pattern stamping outfit, 25 cents; 4. 100 pattern stamping outfit, 25 cents; 5. 100 pattern stamping outfit, 25 cents; 6. 100 pattern stamping outfit, 25 cents; 7. 100 pattern stamping outfit, 25 cents; 8. 100 pattern stamping outfit, 25 cents; 9. 100 pattern stamping outfit, 25 cents; 10. 100 pattern stamping outfit, 25 cents.

FREE! This is the Royal Queen of Stamping Outfits. It is the greatest and best ever made to date. It contains a great variety of all sizes that are wanted. It is bought singly, or a few patterns as a trial, for the equal of the above would cost \$10. Although it is free, get this the best stamping outfit ever offered. Large quantities at a very low price. It is generally acknowledged to be the best general agricultural, housekeeping and family journal in America. It is of great interest, as well as useful. Its contributors embrace the widest range of brilliant talent. For more information, send for a copy of the "Great Monthly," Sunshin, for youth also, for those of all ages whose hearts are not withered! It is published every month, and is the best monthly in America. The best writers for youth, in the world, are its regular contributors. It is now being read by millions of people. The paper is splendidly illustrated by the best artists. We will take \$1.00 per year, and subscribers will find the paper well worth a moderate portion of the cost.

RECENT BOOKS

Institutes of Christian History. An Introduction to Historic Reading and Study. By the Rt. Rev. A. CLEVELAND COXE, D. D., Bishop of Western New York. Large 12mo, \$1.50.

"The Institutes are an outline of Christian History. At the time of their delivery they gained attention for the free and unconventional treatment of the subjects involved. Coming from a source so well known, and containing so well equipped in church history, and containing as they do well planned and picturesque methods of treatment, these Institutes supply a genuine demand on the part of the clergy in their public teaching of church history."—New York Churchman.

The Biddy Club. And how its members, wise and otherwise, some toughened and some tenderfooted in the rugged way of house-keeping, grappled with the troublesome Servant Question, to the great advantage of themselves, their servants, and, as they hope, of many others. By GRIFFITH A. NICHOLAS. 12mo, \$1.25.

"It is a book with a mission."—Minneapolis Tribune.

"A bright, sprightly, sensible book, bound to be read because it is decidedly readable, and to set folks thinking to good purpose wherever read."—Union Signal, Chicago.

A Girdle Round the Earth. Home Letters from Foreign Lands. By Hon. D. N. RICHARDSON. 8vo, price, \$2.00.

The book is particularly good in its graphic, genial style, and its vast resources of accurate information."—Boston Traveller.

"In this epoch of 'globe trotters,' many of them become book-writers. It is pleasant to meet with one of the few who know how to write and convey information while keeping the reader's interest awake. Mr. Richardson is one of these. I might add because there are not many of the kind."—Bulletin, Philadelphia.

Letters to Elder Daughters. Married and Unmarried. By Helen Ekin Frankett, author of "Letters to a Daughter." 16mo, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

"I find it in the same qualities which charmed me in your earlier volume, the same perfect healthfulness of tone, a like freedom from all cant and an atmosphere which braces and inspires the life. I do not often read books of this kind. I might add because there are not many of the kind."—President James M. Taylor, Yassar College, in a letter to the author.

Notes for Boys. (And their Fathers.) On Morals, Mind and Manners. By AN OLD BOY. 12mo, \$1.00.

"It may be safely put upon the household shelves beside Tom Brown at Rugby."—Boston Congregationalist.

"It is hard to make general advice practical, but this little essay, with anecdote and illustration, is not the least poor or visionary, and is entertaining as well as suggestive."—New York Critic.

Science Sketches. By DAVID STARR JORDAN, M. D., Ph. D., Professor of Zoology, and President of the University of Indiana. Large 12mo, \$1.50.

"Science sketches remind one of Huxley's 'Lay Sermons,' and to say this is surely to give them high praise."—New York Epoch.

"There is not a dry or unreadable page in the book. He who has read it will have made up his mind to read all the rest."—The American, Philadelphia.

Higher. Hints Toward Settling the Labor Troubles. By AUGUSTUS JACOBSON. 12mo, \$1.00.

"It demands comment out of all proportion to its size, for it is both original and powerful."—Science, New York.

"It will be found a thoughtful and intelligent contribution to the rapidly increasing literature of the important question of labor dealing with 'The Manual Training School' which sets forth many ideas of practical utility."—Boston Gazette.

For sale by all booksellers, or will be sent, postpaid, to any address in the United States, Canada, or any country included in the Universal Postal Union, on receipt of price by the publishers.

A. C. McCLURG & CO. CHICAGO

GREATEST BARGAINS TO LADIES. Greatest Bargains in Tea, Coffee, Baking Powder and FRUIT. For particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., 31 & 33 Vesey St., New York, N. Y.

Send your name and address on a postal card FOR OUR NEW GUIDE No. 10, 100 pp., elegantly illustrated, Free to All. It gives plain and practical directions for growing Roses, Hardy Plants, Bulbs, Flowers from Seeds, &c. It describes over 1,500 distinct varieties of Roses, Hardy Plants, Chrysanthemums, Carnations, Begonias, Tube-Roses, Gladiolus, Tuberosus, Lilies, Fuschias, Gladiolus, New Moon Flower, Our Finest Tested Flower Seeds Our Wonderful Ornamental Vegetables. Over 500 varieties of Roses alone—the NEWEST, RAREST and BEST. All the Latest Novelties and Standard Sorts in different sizes, quantities and prices to suit all purposes and localities. Choice selected collections of Roses, Flower Seeds, Bulbs, Vines, &c., \$1, \$2, \$3, \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50, or any amount desired. We are admitted to be the LARGEST ROSE GROWERS in the U. S.; have been established 30 years, and use 60-Large Greenhouses for Roses Alone, and offer the Largest Stock, Best Quality and Lowest Prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders sent safely by mail or express to all points.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Rose Growers, WEST GROVE, PA.

NEW BOOKS

His Broken Sword. A Novel, by WINNIE LOUISE TAYLOR, Large 12mo, \$1.25.

"Miss Taylor has conceived an excellent plot, and writes with a freshness and vigor which betokens a well ordered mind. .... It is one of the best of this year's novels."—Pioneer, St. Paul.

"No finer novel to modern history has been made than this to be found in this noble volume. The theme was a grand one, but it might have been belittled by an incompetent, in accurate or careless writer. Mr. Smith has proved himself a worthy narrator of a grand story. His book will be read with delight and advantage by every one of intelligence."—Bulletin, Philadelphia.

"Not only an interesting record of a remarkable life, but an historical work of no mean importance, which should find a place upon the shelves of every library."—Court Journal, London.

William I. and the German Empire. A Biographical and Historical Sketch. By G. BARNETT SMITH, author of "Poets and Novelists," "The Biography of Mr. Gladstone," etc. 8vo, \$3.00.

"This little volume will be a revelation to many readers of the manner in which these rivers have become historic. It is well worth a voyage along with the accomplished author to acquire so much of the history of the country in this pleasing form."—The Undercurrent.

Historic Waterways. Six hundred miles of canoeing down the Rock, Fox and Wisconsin Rivers. By REUBIN GOLD THWAITES, Secretary State Historical Society, Wisconsin. With two Maps of the Routes. 12mo, \$1.25.

"This little volume will be a revelation to many readers of the manner in which these rivers have become historic. It is well worth a voyage along with the accomplished author to acquire so much of the history of the country in this pleasing form."—The Undercurrent.

Witnesses to Christ. A Critical and Christian Apologetics. By WILLIAM CLARK, M. A., Professor of Philosophy, Trinity College, Toronto. Large 12mo, \$1.50.

"Perhaps one who wishes to study the whole subject can find no book of equal dimensions in which the brief and grounds of belief of the modern Christian are so cogently and so readily set forth, without pedantry and with a plain purpose not to raise unnecessary religious antagonism."—The Times, Chicago.

For sale by all booksellers, or will be sent post paid, to any address in the United States, Canada, or any country included in the Universal Postal Union, on receipt of price by the publishers.

A. C. McClurg & CO. Chicago

WANTED, Dist. Managers by well known Publishing Firm. From \$300.00 to \$500.00 cash required (controlled by himself). Salary from \$1200.00 to \$2000.00 and expenses. References and bond required. Address LOOMIS, 384 Wabash Av., Chicago.

THE PSYCHOGRAPH, OR DIAL PLANCHETTE.

This instrument has now been thoroughly tested by numerous investigations, and has proven more satisfactory than the planchette, both in regard to the certainty and correctness of the communications, and as a means of developing a gift. Many who were not aware of their mediumship ability, after a few sittings were able to receive astonishing communications from their departed friends.

Dr. Eugene Crowell, whose writings have made his name familiar to those interested in psychical matters, wrote to the inventor of the Psychograph as follows: "I had communicated with the Psychograph from many other friends, even from the old settlers whose grave stones are moss-grown in the old yard. They have been highly satisfactory, and proved to me that Spiritualism is indeed true, and in the communications I have given my dear daughter and their mother."

For sale by all booksellers, or will be sent, postpaid, to any address in the United States, Canada, or any country included in the Universal Postal Union, on receipt of price by the publishers.

A. C. McCLURG & CO. CHICAGO

Send your name and address on a postal card FOR OUR NEW GUIDE No. 10, 100 pp., elegantly illustrated, Free to All. It gives plain and practical directions for growing Roses, Hardy Plants, Bulbs, Flowers from Seeds, &c. It describes over 1,500 distinct varieties of Roses, Hardy Plants, Chrysanthemums, Carnations, Begonias, Tube-Roses, Gladiolus, Tuberosus, Lilies, Fuschias, Gladiolus, New Moon Flower, Our Finest Tested Flower Seeds Our Wonderful Ornamental Vegetables. Over 500 varieties of Roses alone—the NEWEST, RAREST and BEST. All the Latest Novelties and Standard Sorts in different sizes, quantities and prices to suit all purposes and localities. Choice selected collections of Roses, Flower Seeds, Bulbs, Vines, &c., \$1, \$2, \$3, \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50, or any amount desired. We are admitted to be the LARGEST ROSE GROWERS in the U. S.; have been established 30 years, and use 60-Large Greenhouses for Roses Alone, and offer the Largest Stock, Best Quality and Lowest Prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders sent safely by mail or express to all points.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Rose Growers, WEST GROVE, PA.

Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

A Wish.

I ask not that my bed of death... I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

I ask not that my death be free; For I beseege the latest breath...

Prof. H. D. G.'s Work Appreciated.

Prof. G. is receiving a large number of letters commending his record of investigations of spirit telegraphy, as also is the editor of the JOURNAL.

My DEAR PROFESSOR:—You and Dr. Wells are doing a grand work for the world. God bless you both. I have just finished reading paper No. 11 in the JOURNAL.

After we have read them here, I have sent them each week to Lewiston, Me., where a company of six or eight good Spiritualists have congregated to read them, and they are so delighted with them that they write me to know when the book is to be issued.

To me they are of course of permanent interest. Being already satisfied beyond the possibility of a doubt that the phenomenon of spirit telegraphy is just what it claims to be and what you claim for it, I have only to seek to find out your series of experiments how the spirits manipulate the key, and what the force is that they make use of.

A word in regard to my own doings: I have made little or no progress since I last wrote you. As I said to you before, we are terribly plagued to get "sitters," and a few weeks ago the lady sister upon whom I most depend was called to Massachusetts by the death of her sister, and she has not yet returned.

My spirit operator, with whom I am in constant communication through independent spirit writing, said we had better suspend until she returned. We have done so, and only occasionally, but are to resume again in a few weeks. I am assured that success awaits us, and I have no doubt of it.

I was a frequent visitor at her house; often saw her at meals. I have a distinct recollection that she not only did not use wine at that time, but that she refused all alcoholic drinks, and explained that she had never been able to use any.

My DEAR PROFESSOR:—You and Dr. Wells are doing a grand work for the world. God bless you both. I have just finished reading paper No. 11 in the JOURNAL.

The Countess Wachtmeister Defends Blavatsky.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I have just read in the 10th March issue of your JOURNAL the kind and noble defense of Madame Blavatsky by Mrs. Helen Densmore, and think it only right to add my testimony to hers.

I am devoted my life to the theosophical cause and to Madame Blavatsky, because firstly, I believe with all my heart and soul in the esoteric truths taught by her; and secondly, because I find that a universal brotherhood on the basis given is the only salvation for a mankind which is fast rivaling the senseless beasts in selfishness and indifference.

We all owe so much to Mme. Blavatsky for having founded the Theosophical Society and for having been the instrument through which we have received so much knowledge and spiritual truth, that I think we theosophists ought to rise in a body to defend her against her enemies and their vile accusations.

Yours faithfully, COUNTESS CONSTANCKE WACHTMEISTER, Nottingham, Eng., April 9th.

State Writing.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

On the 5th of last March, at 9 o'clock in the morning, I had a sitting at the Dorchester Hotel in this city, with W. A. Mansfield, a state writing medium of Boston, who was a total stranger to me. I took with me a pair of slates purchased the Saturday night previous at a bookstore on Westminster street.

On the 5th of last March, at 9 o'clock in the morning, I had a sitting at the Dorchester Hotel in this city, with W. A. Mansfield, a state writing medium of Boston, who was a total stranger to me. I took with me a pair of slates purchased the Saturday night previous at a bookstore on Westminster street.

Warned in a Dream.

We are authorized by our friend Capt. Behlcor da Fonseca to narrate the following true account which occurred in Maranhao in March, last year. During that month a youth belonging to one of the first families of Maranhao had determined to set sail for Recife where he expected to begin the study of jurisprudence.

Very well, then, let us seek for an explanation of such things without recurring to the words, coincidence or chance. It is our conviction that there is no explanation more rational than that of the ability of those who once dwell in this world to impress upon those still remain with their thoughts of counsel and warning.

Salvation.

GEORGE A. SHUFFLETT.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Christian theology limits the human being to the salvation of his life in another and a very indefinite world. He is to be a worm of the dust and to live in a hovel on earth in order that he may possess a mansion in heaven.

mouth and a coat on his back; clothe his wife, feed and educate his children; make a man of him, and the angel will come in due season. It is these thoughts which were so into that country where angels live.

REUNITED BY THE DEAD.

E. W. WALLIS.

Yes, that is my dear sister and her child; it is a strange story but a true one. Did you never hear about it? Well, listen. I left home when quite a lad, and you may be sure felt it keenly. We had been very happy. My sister Polly was always kind and loving, and the parting between us was painful in the extreme.

DEAR MOTHER:—When you read this I shall be gone. You said last night you would have Tom calling to see me, and wondering what I could see in him to admire, and other unkind words which I very much hated.

This letter was a severe blow to me as you may suppose. Polly was just the girl to sacrifice herself for a worthless fellow, as I believed him to be, and firm of will, she was strong enough to do whatever she set her mind upon.

I am your sister Mary Ramsey, am glad to find you still alive and shall be still more pleased to see you if you can come to me.

I did not wait a minute longer than was necessary, and at last stood face to face with the sister who for a quarter of a century had been lost to me, sadly altered, it is true, but my sister still. I knew her in a moment.

"I am your sister Mary Ramsey, am glad to find you still alive and shall be still more pleased to see you if you can come to me."

"So I thought, but Rose, my daughter, had been to some meetings here held by the Spiritualists and seemed quite taken with them. I threatened to lock her in the house if she went again—all to no purpose, so she would, and did her utmost to persuade me to go too.

Gen. Boulanger is now just 50 years old. He is noted for his grace and gallantry, and more than any other Frenchman is the idol and the especial hero of the ladies.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The latest figures show that there are 16,447,990 Sunday school scholars in the world.

Six men named Wolf have petitioned the New York Legislature this session for a change of name. The Department of Education in Vienna has prohibited the use in the schools of books printed in small type as destructive to the eyesight.

Donn Platt is to be editor of a free-trade magazine, the first number of which will be issued next month. It is advertised to hit right and left without regard to politics—and Donn is a hard hitter.

Maj. T. M. Newsom, one of the oldest newspaper men of St. Paul, has gone on the lecture platform, deviating from the usual course in such cases by delivering his first address to the inmates of the State prison.

An overseer in one of the mills at Biddeford, Me., who is exposed to a strong electrical current, generated by the rapid motion of the belts near by, has had his iron-gray hair changed to a beautiful bay color.

Rosecoe Conkling was a great lover of poetry, and could repeat many verses from memory, not fragments of lines or stanzas, but whole pages by page. His favorite poems were "Laila Rookh" and "The Lady of the Lake."

James B. Fry, Postmaster at Terre Haute, Ind., claims to have discovered perpetual motion. He asks Congressional assistance to perfect his machine, and says if his device proves successful he will give half the proceeds to the poor and the other half to ministers of the Gospel.

There has recently been discovered in Southern Kentucky a very fine grade of onyx. Heretofore onyx has been found only in Mexico. The mineral is extensively used for decorative purposes, and the discovery of it in the United States will tend to cheapen it and extend its use.

M. Bapst, a Paris jeweler, in a recent lecture alleged that the sacredly guarded scepter of Charlemagne is nothing more than a musician's baton, and that underneath the red velvet surrounding the handle are engraved the words: "This baton is my property,—singer in Notre Dame, 1280."

The French teacher in a young ladies' seminary was asking the members of her class to give her their full names, when she came to a modest looking little girl who slowly responded: Mary-Josephine-Augusta-Tomkinson. The mademoiselle looked at her in astonishment for a few seconds, then said: "Ees all zat you?"

The flat plates of iron shaped like the letter S that are frequently seen on the walls of old brick buildings are said to be an ancient symbol of the sun. Their origin may be traced back to Asia, where they were used in prehistoric times, and the same sign was once employed on the official seals of Sicily and the Isle of Man.

It is proposed to preserve fish alive by placing them in vessels partly filled with water and hermetically sealed. It is said that fish so confined have been found to live after three weeks, without either air or water having been changed, while fish in an open jar died in forty-eight hours. If the air in the vessel is compressed the life of the fish is still further prolonged.

A gypsy musician in Hungary going from one village to another, through the snow, was followed by a large wolf. A happy thought struck the musician and he began to blow his instrument with all the energy of despair. It had immediate effect; his unwelcome attendant squatted down and howled like a dog at music. The gypsy reached the next town unscathed.

Silver shrapnel in France have been flooding Paris with counterfeit of old French plate, and it has just been discovered that the bogus goods are ordinary modern plate when made in Germany, and are being imported as such, hence the old Paris market put on them and are fixed up to look like the real old goods. Five men in this business have been fined from \$200 to \$600 each.

Col. Nicholas Smith, the Kentucky professional beauty who married one of Horace Grover's daughters, is an extremely modest man. Recently while in New York a lady sarcastically said to him: "O, Col. Smith, how rich you look like George Washington?" And the elegant Colonel gravely responded: "Madam, Washington was a good and great man; and deserves the compliment."

Fred Austin, who until recently was postmaster at Oak Mountain, Ill., has determined to settle in Arkansas, and in order to get there as cheaply as possible he is building a flatboat to convey himself and his household goods to the desired point. His craft will be launched in the Spoon River, a tributary of the Illinois, which is in turn empty into the Mississippi, and he expects to have plain sailing all the way.

The first woman to occupy the position of canceller on a sugar plantation—a place of some trust and responsibility—was a young girl from the North. Fortune took her to the coast country, and after being imported as such, she was offered an immediate acceptance, and, giving perfect satisfaction to her employers, proved there is still another line of work open to those of her sex looking for employment.

Farmer Echols, of Cobb County, Ga., missed two four-month-old pigs last December. The other day his children ran into the house badly scared and said there was a wild animal in a hollow log not far from the house. Mr. Echols went to the log and in it he found his two pigs. They had become fastened in the log, and for two months had been without food or water. One was dead, but the other was alive, though too weak to stand. It is now doing finely.

There is in Wilmington a man named American Independence McIntock. He is a machinist, about thirty-five years of age, and while he admires the patriotism that inspired his parents to this country, he never tires of the motto, "E Pluribus Unum," which he calls him "Inde," and the directory sets him down as Independence. Another patriotic father who once lived in Delaware had three sons named New Castle, Kent and Sussex, after the three counties. Sussex is a lawyer.

Washington is excited over the report that Mrs. E. E. Briggs, a newspaper correspondent who writes under the name of "Olivia," has donated about seventy thousand square feet of land known as "Maple Square," situated between South Carolina avenue and Sixth, Seventh and D streets, as a site for a Woman's University, to be patterned after Girard College, Philadelphia. The property is worth about \$200,000. The proposed institution is to be wholly under the control of women. The instructions given will be in the form of lectures, so as to give the women a chance to talk.

Gus Anderson of Visalia, Cal., while hunting in the mountains saw something crawling through the bushes. He thought it was a California falcon, and fired at it. The movement still continuing, he fired again whereupon a man arose, threw up his arms, and cried: "Don't shoot! I'll surrender." "Are you hurt?" asked the startled hunter. "No, but you've killed my friend," was the answer, and the man pointed to a dead body lying on the ground with a bullet through its head. Anderson left the man in charge of the body, and went to Visalia and gave himself up. It turned out that the dead man and his companion were convicts who had escaped from jail the week before.

Embalmed geese, turkeys with painted legs, and diseased chickens instead of healthy, uninfected poultry are sold extensively in the Paris market, and are portended to be the cause of cholera. A man from the bite of an insect which was batten on some turkeys. The practice of embalming long-demanded birds is comparatively of modern origin, but the painting of turkey's legs is old. Pere Chappelle made a fortune out of it. He found that fresh-killed turkeys had black, shiny legs, but later they would turn to a dusky brown color. He invented a peculiar varnish, and his services were questioned in every market. The effect of his varnish was so conclusive that it desired experienced cooks and housekeepers, who often bought tainted fowl in preference to newly killed.

Maj. Gilbert of Palmyra, N.Y., who is well known as the composer of the first Mormon Bible, celebrated his 80th birthday the other day by doing a good day's work at the case in the office of the Palmyra Courier. He is hale and hearty, and delights in the fact that he can still set as good a proof as most any younger man. He saved the first sheet of the Book of Mormon printed from each form, and preserved the book until a short time ago, when he sold it for \$500.



Continued from First Page

human character to suppose he would fail to tell the world in the most emphatic and unequivocal language all he knew about it, and in words that would burn their way to every heart and stir into saving conviction every human soul.

It is preposterous to suppose that an infinite God, as such, can be affected in the smallest degree by any act or acts of men. Such a conception of the divine character is infinitely belittling, if not positively blasphemous. The most we can do is to modify the relations of finite causes in ourselves and our environments. We cannot break a divine law. But we can neglect opportunities and abuse ourselves and those with whom we deal, and voluntarily yield to impulses which trespass upon moral instincts and bring discord and disease into the temple of life, rob the spiritual nature of its legitimate aliment and starve the soul for a season and thus impede its natural evolution of character to our cost.

It is also preposterous to suppose that an infinite God, as such, can be affected in the smallest degree by any act or acts of men. Such a conception of the divine character is infinitely belittling, if not positively blasphemous. The most we can do is to modify the relations of finite causes in ourselves and our environments. We cannot break a divine law. But we can neglect opportunities and abuse ourselves and those with whom we deal, and voluntarily yield to impulses which trespass upon moral instincts and bring discord and disease into the temple of life, rob the spiritual nature of its legitimate aliment and starve the soul for a season and thus impede its natural evolution of character to our cost.

It is impossible to know those divine things which God chooses to conceal. But what evidence have we that "God chooses to conceal" anything from his children? Do you answer that much concerning the future life is so concealed that all the questionings of saints and sages and all the learning of the past have utterly failed to reveal them, and that even the "holy scriptures" have given but dim outlines and doubtful symbols which leave us to grope among the shadows of nature, and stumble among the contradictions that meet us everywhere, while the light of "moral sense" offers but a flickering flame which is lost in the impenetrable gloom of death, mystery and despair? Well, but who is responsible for this? Has God purposely concealed the future and left us to grope and tremble before the awful mystery? If so why have the angels been permitted to lift the veil at all? Why was the Nazarene endowed with such spiritual gifts as to open some rare secrets to his disciples? And why was Paul illumined and inspired to reveal spiritual laws in their operations among men? But is the spiritual life of man here or hereafter really any more concealed from those who seek to know, than are the hidden forces and secret laws of nature all about us? Certainly not. "Nothing is hidden that shall not be revealed." Nature is constantly opening to us her book of life, and she has no secrets for those who are able to read it. Our ignorance and incapacity are the only obscuring veil that hides from our ecstatic gaze the infinite arcana. Whatever our genius can grasp God never conceals. If we are ignorant of spiritual things, let us not charge it to God; but as we desire to know, let it be an incentive to cultivate ourselves and wrench from the brooding darkness the "mysteries of Godliness" and with the magnet of a cultivated will and spiritual concentration draw from the gloom that covers our spiritual sight the glory and gladness of truth. Religious monopolists have wielded a baneful influence against the human race by guarding the gates of knowledge against the highest aspirations of the soul with the grim sentinel of reverential fear. Superstition, the dark child of ignorance, has hung a black pall over the face of time, and in her dismal shadow the brightest hopes, sweetest sentiments, purest lives and highest truths have faded and withered like tender blossoms in a winter's cloud.

Knowledge is our birthright, and no truth is too sacred for us to know, no secret too deep for the possession of the human soul.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Early Instances of Spiritualism.

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, LL. D.

In 1594 appeared what is probably the earliest metaphysical work in English. It is a translation by one Richard Carew of a work, originally written in Spanish by John Huarte, called the Examination of Men's Wits.

The result of the learned Spaniard's examination is that the difference in men's wits is due solely to the difference of heat and of moisture in the body with an occasional dash, in very puzzling cases, of direct agency from the Devil himself.

Thus on p. 41 we are told that "it falls out necessary that we make one thing, which is, that if a man fall into any disease, by which his brain upon a sodaine changeth his temperature (as are madness, melancholy, and frenzie) it happens, that at one instant hee leeseeth [loseth] hie weise, all his knowledge, and utters a thousand follies; and if he were a foole, he accrues more wit and abillitie than he had before."

Our author then proceeds to give the following illustrations, which struck me when I read them as perhaps the earliest mention in a metaphysical work of facts which, it is claimed, are now explained by Spiritualism: "I can speake of a rude countrie fellow, who becoming frantike, made a very eloquent discourse in my presence, recommending his well dooing to the bystanders, and that they should take care of his wife and children (if it pleased God to call him away in that sickness) with so many flowers of Rhetorike, and such apt choice of words, as if Cicero had spoken in the presence of the Senate; whereas the beholders marvelling, asked me whence so great wisdom and eloquence might grow in a man who in his health time could scantily speake? and I remember I made answer, that the art of Oratorie was a science which springs from a certain point or degree of heat, and that this countrie fellow, before sound, had by means of this infirmitie attained thereunto.

"I can also speake of another frantike person, who for the space of more than eight dates, never uttered word which I found not to carrie his just quantitie, and mostly he made complements of verses very well composed, whereas the by-standers wondering to here a man speake in verse, who in his health had never so much skill, I sayd, 'It sildome fell out, that he who was a poet in his health time, should be so also in his sickness. For the temperature of the braine, by which when a man is whole, he becometh a Poet, in sickness altereth and brings fourth contrary operations.' I remember that the wife of this frantike fellow, and a sister of his, named Margaret, reproved him, because he spoke ill of the saints, whereas the patient growng impatient sayd to his wife these words: 'I renounce God for the love of you; and S. Marie for the love of Margaret; and S. Peter for the love of John of Olmedo; and so he ran thorow a beadrill of many saints, whose names had consensance with the other by-standers there present.

"But this is nothing, and a matter of small importance in respect of the notable speeches uttered by a Page of one of the great ones of this realme, whilst he was mad, who in his health was reputed a youth of slender capacitie, but falling into this infirmitie, he delivered such rare conceits, resemblances, and answers, to such as asked him, and devised so excellent manners of governing a Kingdome (of which he imagined himselfe to be soveraigne) that for great wonder people flockt to see him and heare him, and his very maister scarcely ever departed from his bed's head, praying God that he might never be cured. Which afterwards plainly appeared, for being recovered, his Phisition (who had healed him) came to take leave of his lord, with a mind to receive some good reward, if of nothing else, yet at least in good words; but he encountered this greeting: 'I promise you maister doctor, that I was never more agreeed to any ill successe, than to see this my page recovered, for it was not behooffull that he should change so wise folly, for an understanding so simple as is this, which in his health he injoieth. Methinks that of one, who to fore was wise and well advised, you have made him a foole againe, which is the greatest miserie that may light upon any man.'

"The poore Phisition seeing how little thankfully his cure was accepted, went to take leave of the page, who amongst many other words that passed between them, told him this: 'Maister doctor, I kisse your hands for so great a benefit bestowed on me, in restoring mine understanding, but I assure you on my faith, that in some sort, it displeaseth me to have bene cured. For whilst I rested in my folly, I led my life in the deepest discourses of the world, and imagined myselfe so great a lord, as there raigned no king on the earth, who was not my vassall, and were this a jeast or a lie, what imported that, whilst I conceived thereof so great a contentment, as if it had bene true? I rest now in far worse case, finding myselfe in troth to be but a poore page, and tomorrow I must begin againe to serve one, who whilst I was in mine infirmitie, I would have disadvised for my footman.' [Be it noted that when using the words 'frantike' or 'mad,' Huarte does not mean what we should now call 'crazy' or 'lunatic,' of such the speech is incoherent and pointless, but he refers to peculiar cases where the thoughts flow not only logically, but where an unusual degree of intelligence is manifested. In the next extract (p. 44) is given an instance of what would now be called 'clairvoyance,' the earliest, I think, since the days of Cassandra, the oracles, Hippocrates and Holy Writ.]

"It skills not much, whether the Philosophers admit all this, and believe that it may be soor not; but what if I should prove by verie true stories, that ignorant men strooken with this infirmitie, have spoken Latine, which they never learned in their health; and that a frantike woman told all persons who came to visit her, their vertues and vices, and sometimes reported matters with that assurance, which they use to give who speake by conjectures and tokens; and for this cause, none almost durst come up to visit her, fearing to heare of those true tales which she would deliver? and (which is more to be marvelled at) when a barber came to le: her blood, Friend, (quoth shee,) have regard what you doe, for you have but few daies to live, and your wife shall marrie such a man; and this, though spoken by chance, fell out so true, as itooke effect before halfe a yeare came to an end.

persons, whom I have mentioned, and caused them to utter those strange matters, and yet even to confesse this, they are very loath; for the divell fore-knoweth not what is to come, because hee hath no propheticall spirit." [The sentence which now follows contains what is perhaps the most remarkable instance of clairvoyance on record. It is impossible to read it without noting the literalness with which the venerable Spaniard has anticipated, by nigh three hundred years, the recent Spiritualist strictures on the Seybert Commissioners, and I greet the Hidalgo's sentiment with the warm affection of an old and familiar friend.] "They hold it a very sufficient argument to avouch, This is false, because I cannot conceive how it may be so; as if difficult and quaint matters were subject to blunt wits, and came within the reach of their capacities."

(Chicago Herald.) DR. COUES IN SOCIETY.

A Reception to the Theosophist.

Colonel and Mrs. John C. Bundy Present the Distinguished Scientist to a Brilliant Company of Ladies and Gentlemen—Interesting Dialogue.

"You shall telephone without a wire." Those who listened saw a man in the prime of life. The speaker stood under a gracefully carved arch which half spanned the intersection of two parlors. His auditors filled the apartments, clustered in the modern hallway, and were grouped on the entresol half way up a short staircase. The time was Friday evening and the place the residence of Colonel John C. Bundy. "You shall telephone without a wire," repeated Professor Elliott Coues, and General Stiles, to whom the distinguished scientist addressed the remark, nodded.

In presenting the guest of the evening Colonel Bundy had used these words: "It is fair to infer that this assemblage of representative people came here this evening with two purposes in view—first, to greet an accomplished gentleman in a social way; second, to hear from the lips of a scientist who has made an honorable mark in various fields of science his views on psychical matters, to which it is well known he has given much experimental study and reflection. Although fatigued after a week's round of incessant duties, social and professional, and not in his best form for the task, I feel sure Dr. Coues will kindly consent to express himself on any questions which the friends present may desire to put. There is universal interest in all that pertains to the spiritual side of life. Some present to-night know that the grave brings no hiatus, that life continues after death has stilled the mortal frame which the spirit had temporarily used, and that the discarnate spirit can at times and under certain conditions manifest to friends; and, no doubt, all present would like to be possessed of this knowledge. There are also many complex and difficult problems in psychics, questions germane to the main proposition which need elucidation, and of which we as yet know but little. All these matters are legitimate topics for consideration this evening. I know not what trend the conversation may take, but I am sure the friends will maintain a candid attitude and carry forward the discussion in a kindly and not hypercritical spirit. I do not feel sure that any of us will indorse all that Dr. Coues may say, and some of us will quite likely not be able to agree with him as to the rationale of certain phenomena, the existence of which none will probably deny."

Among those present were the following: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McVicker, General and Mrs. I. N. Stiles, Dr. A. Reeves Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henrotin, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Woodhead, Mr. and Mrs. Franc B. Wilkie, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Scott, Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, Dr. Lella G. Badell, Mrs. J. M. Flower, Miss Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Sexton, Professor Rodney Welch, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Saiter, Mrs. E. C. Hopkins, Mrs. U. N. Gestefeld, the Misses Woodhead, Miss Bigelow, Mrs. C. K. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Underwood, Dr. and Mrs. Woolley, Mr. and Mrs. D. Harry Hammer, Mrs. and Miss Mason, Captain and Mrs. Callendar, Mr. and Mrs. Zimmerman, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Godde of Salt Lake City, Mrs. Mary Dye, Mr. Frank Howe, Miss Haumer, Miss Huling, Mrs. Wallace of Saratoga, Mr. Edward Parker and Miss Parker of Little Rock, Ark., and Mrs. A. V. H. Wakeman.

The central figure of an intellectual assembly of ladies and gentlemen—Professor Coues—was upon his feet, as he good naturedly expressed it, "to be shot at." Not inapt was the metaphor either. The erudite man who is the head of the Theosophical order in America had signified his willingness to answer fair-minded questioning with candor and truth—from the standpoint of a Theosophist. In selecting a company to meet their guest, Colonel and Mrs. Bundy had invited men and women of ideas. There were those present whose convictions are so foreign to the conclusions reached by Professor Coues that the outcome of an argumentative duel was awaited with interest. The Washington scientist, in response to a query from Mr. Underwood, argued that it is perfectly reasonable for matter to exist in a shape in which it is not cognizable to the senses.

General Stiles said it was generally agreed that there could be a manifestation of force independent of any physical action. "But beyond this point," added the lawyer, "I can not get. Has the whence been determined?" Dr. Coues intimated that while he made no claim to omniscience he thought it possible to produce certain effects with embodied spirits, which it was popular among Spiritualists to attribute to disembodied ones. The whole question was one of clairvoyance, the vital issue of which is whether it is possible for one person to affect the intelligence of another at a distance without the intervention of a material conveyor of thought. On this point Professor Coues assumed a broad and emphatic affirmative ground. He insisted that men could telegraph without any wire. The theory of thought transference was one which involved the concentration of thought to a single point, thus projecting it to the farthest limit.

Colonel Bundy asked whether it was not possible for disembodied spirits to accomplish in this particular as much as Dr. Coues claimed for embodied ones. Dr. Coues—There is nothing to hinder it. General Stiles—Yes, but some of us want to know whether there are any disembodied spirits. Dr. Coues asserted his belief in an astral fluid which made communication possible between parties widely separated by distance. Professor Welch said that certainly nothing was to be gained by closing eyes and ears to those who had patiently investigated great problems. There was a time when chemical affinity was not believed. To-day no one knows how long it will be before some discovery will prove that the theory of atoms, of ether, and of chemical affinity is a mere theory of the imagination and without foundation in truth. "If," continued Professor Welch, "some great recognized discovery were to-day attributed to astral fluid we should accept it."

Dr. Jackson.—Professor, you have interested us in yourself. The article in The Herald the other morning, when you were interviewed, represented you as declaring it possible for a man to project thought to an intelligent individuality hundreds of miles. It was stated that your astral body had been seen in Washington. We should be glad to hear something about that. Let me say also that what you tell us we shall have no right to doubt unless we can prove a negative. Dr. Coues.—The first time this phenomenon occurred was on Sept. 15th, 1884. I had been sitting in Madison Square, New York, on a settee conversing with a lady. I remember that we sat under a strong electric light. We talked for about an hour earnestly on the astral body and kindred subjects. I escorted her to her residence and returned to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where I was stopping. Partly undressing and lighting a cigarette, I stretched myself for a quiet hour of reflection. In that position I fell asleep, and remained unconscious for about two hours. Some days later I received a letter from the lady whom I had left that evening declaring that at the time I was lying asleep she had seen me in my proper and natural form. She described me dressed precisely as I was when I laid down to rest. She was brave and honest enough to publish a letter in the New York Tribune stating the facts. Since that time my astral body has been seen six or eight times by persons at a distance. The incident when my body was seen in Washington was correctly reported in the The Herald interview. I was here in Chicago at the residence of my sister, Mrs. Flower, attending a reception. The lady to whom I appeared did not at the time know whether I was in Washington or Chicago.

Being questioned by a lady, Dr. Coues said about the only characteristic of a psychic he knew of was his ability to sense things that other people cannot see. "A natural psychic is one who, while still in the natural body, enjoys acute astral senses. All admit that clairvoyance is a fact. When a clairvoyant is receiving impressions her physical eyes are closed, that is she does not see with them; and her physical ears are useless. She is insensible to odor or touch." Replying to General Stiles' intimation that St. Paul's so-called "heavenly vision" had been ascribed to a sunstroke, Dr. Coues said he had no criticism to pass on the Bible. As to what a "sensitive" might be able to see or hear the scientist said Theosophists hold that all the natural senses are duplicated in the astral body. A medium must be a sensitive, but every sensitive is not a medium. Mr. Underwood thought if all the statements regarding astral appearances could be reduced to evidence it would be worthless. Dr. Coues.—You are right. All legal evidence nowadays hinges on the evidence of the physical senses. Psychic evidence does not. These facts which I know to be such, are not true on a physical plane. After making some suggestions to those who might be disposed to investigate psychic phenomena Dr. Coues ceased to be a target for questioners, and the reception passed to its agreeable social features.

covery will prove that the theory of atoms, of ether, and of chemical affinity is a mere theory of the imagination and without foundation in truth. "If," continued Professor Welch, "some great recognized discovery were to-day attributed to astral fluid we should accept it."

Dr. Jackson.—Professor, you have interested us in yourself. The article in The Herald the other morning, when you were interviewed, represented you as declaring it possible for a man to project thought to an intelligent individuality hundreds of miles. It was stated that your astral body had been seen in Washington. We should be glad to hear something about that. Let me say also that what you tell us we shall have no right to doubt unless we can prove a negative.

Dr. Coues.—The first time this phenomenon occurred was on Sept. 15th, 1884. I had been sitting in Madison Square, New York, on a settee conversing with a lady. I remember that we sat under a strong electric light. We talked for about an hour earnestly on the astral body and kindred subjects. I escorted her to her residence and returned to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where I was stopping. Partly undressing and lighting a cigarette, I stretched myself for a quiet hour of reflection. In that position I fell asleep, and remained unconscious for about two hours. Some days later I received a letter from the lady whom I had left that evening declaring that at the time I was lying asleep she had seen me in my proper and natural form. She described me dressed precisely as I was when I laid down to rest. She was brave and honest enough to publish a letter in the New York Tribune stating the facts. Since that time my astral body has been seen six or eight times by persons at a distance. The incident when my body was seen in Washington was correctly reported in the The Herald interview. I was here in Chicago at the residence of my sister, Mrs. Flower, attending a reception. The lady to whom I appeared did not at the time know whether I was in Washington or Chicago.

Being questioned by a lady, Dr. Coues said about the only characteristic of a psychic he knew of was his ability to sense things that other people cannot see. "A natural psychic is one who, while still in the natural body, enjoys acute astral senses. All admit that clairvoyance is a fact. When a clairvoyant is receiving impressions her physical eyes are closed, that is she does not see with them; and her physical ears are useless. She is insensible to odor or touch."

Replying to General Stiles' intimation that St. Paul's so-called "heavenly vision" had been ascribed to a sunstroke, Dr. Coues said he had no criticism to pass on the Bible. As to what a "sensitive" might be able to see or hear the scientist said Theosophists hold that all the natural senses are duplicated in the astral body. A medium must be a sensitive, but every sensitive is not a medium. Mr. Underwood thought if all the statements regarding astral appearances could be reduced to evidence it would be worthless. Dr. Coues.—You are right. All legal evidence nowadays hinges on the evidence of the physical senses. Psychic evidence does not. These facts which I know to be such, are not true on a physical plane. After making some suggestions to those who might be disposed to investigate psychic phenomena Dr. Coues ceased to be a target for questioners, and the reception passed to its agreeable social features.

Need of a Spring Medicine.

With a large majority of people some kind of a spring medicine is absolutely necessary, because when the season begins to change and the warmer days come on, the body feels the effect of the relaxation and cannot keep even the appearance of health which the bracing air of winter aided it to maintain? The impurities in the blood are so powerful that slumbering disease is wakened to action, and suddenly appears in some part of the body. Scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples, or some other blood disease manifests itself, or the blood becoming thin and impoverished, fails to supply the organs with needed strength, and a dangerous state of debility comes on; "that tired feeling" is experienced in its indescribable prostrating power. In this condition thousands of people naturally turn to Hood's Sarsaparilla. By its use the blood is purified, enriched and vitalized. All impurities are expelled, and the vital fluid carries life and health to every organ. By the peculiar restoring and toning qualities of the medicine the tired feeling is overcome and the whole body given strength and vigor. The appetite is restored and sharpened, the digestive organs are toned, and the kidneys and liver invigorated.

Those who have never tried Hood's Sarsaparilla should do so this spring. It is a thoroughly honest and reliable preparation, purely vegetable, and contains no injurious ingredient whatever.

Lizzie Doten's poems of Progress and Inner Life have had a tremendous sale and are still standard poems. They are suggestive of much sentiment and spirituality. Price each \$1.50 postpaid; gilt, \$2.10. For sale at this office.

NERVES! NERVES!!

What terrible visions this little word brings before the eyes of the nervous. Headache, Neuralgia, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, All stare them in the face. Yet all these nervous troubles can be cured by using

Paine's Celery Compound For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged. THIS GREAT NERVE TONIC Also contains the best remedies for diseased conditions of the Kidneys, Liver, and Blood, which always accompany nerve troubles. It is a Nerve Tonic, an Alterative, a Laxative, and a Diuretic. That is why it CURES WHEN OTHERS FAIL. Buy a Bottle. Send for full particulars. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, BURLINGTON, VT.

THE SIN OF ILL HEALTH A LECTURE Read before the Fellowship of the New Life, New York City, N. Y. By Janet E. Knuts Rees. Price, 10 cents. For sale by the Author, Lakewood, N. J.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. "The most certain and safe Instantly relieves Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, and all Rheumatic Pains and Swellings"

FULL WEIGHT PURE DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER MOST PERFECT MADE

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest Purest, and most Healthful. Dr. Price's cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia Lime, or Alum. Sold only in Cans. PRICE BAKING POWDER CO. NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY. Wholly unlike artificial systems. Care of mind wandering. Any book learned in one reading.

Classes of 1087 at Baltimore, 1005 at Detroit, 1500 at Philadelphia, 1113 at Washington, 1216 at Boston, large classes of Columbia law students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauque, &c. &c. Endorsed by RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, Hous., W. W. ASTOR, JEDAH P. BENJAMIN, Judge GIBSON, Dr. BROWN, E. H. COOK, Principal N. Y. State Normal College, &c. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus Free Forfeit to FROE, LEBRETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Don't Read This If you have a sufficiency of this world's goods, but if you have not, write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full particulars about work which you can do, and live at home wherever you are located, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 per day, and upwards. All succeed; both sexes; all ages. All is new. Capital not required. Hallett & Co., will start you. Don't delay; investigate at once, and grand success will attend you.

OFFERED FOR SALE AND FOR RENT FERTILE PRAIRIE LANDS - IN - Renville, Kandiyohi, Chippewa and Bigstone Co Minnesota. \$6 to \$12 Per Acre. Good Educational and Church Facilities. FREE FARE TO PURCHASERS OF 160 ACRES. Prins & Koch, 51 North 4th Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Timber Lands in Isanti, Pine and Carlton Counties Around the beautiful STURGEON AND MOOSE LAKE. Write for maps and illustrated pamphlets. Correspondence solicited.

JUST PUBLISHED. The Great Amherst Mystery

BY Walter Hubbell. 12mo, Paper, 25 cents. "Well, if you really want to see 'horrors of horror's' head accumulate, just read this little volume... Ordinary Spiritualism is not enough, but here we have Spiritualism with the delirium tremens. It is an immensely interesting story... Buy and read it, only be careful to read it in the daylight for it is one of the books that make your flesh creep." -New York Herald.

HASCHISCH A NOVEL BY Thorold King. 12mo, Paper, 50c. Cloth, \$1.00. "The Story is admirably planned and well told, with great naturalness of manner; close attention to details, circumstantial and effective descriptions, and a by-play of love and romance which relieves the dark colors of so tragic a theme. We give 'Haschisch' praise." -Literary World.

Tales Before Supper. From THEOPHILE GAUTIER and PROSPER MERIMEE. Told in English by MYNDART VERKIST. And delayed with a proem by EDGAR SALTUS. Cloth, \$1.00. Paper, 50 cts. "The Tales Before Supper belong to an order of sad and entertaining stories which can never be too plentiful for the delectation of readers who like ingenious plots, fine workmanship, and fiction that does not tax one's thinking power." -Mr. Geo. Parsons Lutzrop. "Both tales are admirable, and the introduction, wherein Mr. Saltus tells about Gautier, is scarcely less marvelous than the stories that follow." -Rochester Union. For sale by all booksellers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price by the publishers. BRENTANO'S, 5 Union Sq., New York. 101 State St., Chicago. 17 Ave. de l'Opera, Paris.



Continued from First Page

human character to suppose he would fall to tell the world in the most emphatic and unequivocal language all he knew about it, and in words that would burn their way to every heart and stir into saving conviction every human soul. It seems impossible that he could have known such an awful fact and left a chance for doubt in any reasoning mind while he had such abundant opportunity to settle the question for all time. But the text which is accepted as the basis of all the reasoning on this subject, certainly does not imply any vindictive judgment, nor any penalty for sin beyond the simple order of nature, the operation of cause and effect; herein, it seems to me, lies the true principle of all rewards and punishments, and here should be drawn the clear sharp line of distinction between sin in the theological sense, as a direct offense against God as a being, and the natural relation of cause and consequence in the orderly system of all things.

It is preposterous to suppose that an infinite God, as such, can be affected in the smallest degree by any act or acts of men. Such a conception of the divine character is infinitely belittling, if not positively blasphemous. The most we can do is to modify the relations of finite causes in ourselves and our environments. We cannot break a divine law. But we can neglect opportunities and abuse ourselves and those with whom we deal, and voluntarily yield to impulses which trespass upon moral instincts and bring discord and disease into the temple of life, rob the spiritual nature of its legitimate aliment and starve the soul for a season and thus impede its natural evolution of character to our cost. We may sin against ourselves and those around us, and human judgments may fall upon us as penalties bearing the seal of retribution and retribution, but since we cannot harm God, nor take aught from him, it is absurd to talk of his demanding retribution of us. Mr. Cameron Mann attempts to reason from nature, and to settle these questions which the "holy scriptures" have left obscure, by reference to the fixed methods and universal operation of natural law; but where does he find in nature any evidence of special retributive punishments? What can ages of misery give back to nature or God from the stores of our life which we have taken from them? If we injure a man we may make restitution to him, perhaps at a heavy sacrifice of personal comfort, but always with greatest gain to ourselves. But is even man profited by simply knowing that those who have wronged him are suffering?

The man that could exult in the misery, even of an enemy, except as he might see in it a remedy for the evil, could not be benefited by it. On the contrary, the effect upon such a mind would be positively harmful, and the very fact that he demanded satisfaction to feed his vengeance with the incense of human agony, would show conclusively that he needed something of this disciplinary pain to purify his own nature. And if this is true of man what less can it be of God? There is nothing restored to God of nature by ages of human woe. Any suffering that is not disciplinary is either the expression of purposeless fate or pure revenge. To ascribe the tortures of the wicked to blind and aimless causes, is to deny the office of God in nature. To attribute vengeance to God as the motive for inflicting his children is to make him a fiend. Retributive punishment, technically defined, is a synonym for revenge. Cause and sequence in the order of nature result in happiness or misery according to the relation of things; and as we seek one and shun the other, they become incentives, as we learn the influence of actions, to cultivate those habits of mind and body which we have discovered result in happiness, and to avoid whatever brings misery. If we suppose an infinite God to have ordained the system of nature, it is reasonable to infer that this provision of pleasure and pain were instituted for salutary purposes, and not as a means to satisfy divine wrath. That they do so act, and so far as we can see, without any special intervention from age to age, and with no evidence of punitive animus, is proof that rewards and punishments, here or hereafter, except in human governments, do not exist in the sense they are taught in theology. The question then is to be settled by nature and human experience, assisted by the testimony of history, including the bible, and by the direct communion (the certitude and extent of which are constantly growing more complete and all-embracing) with those who reside amid the splendors and opportunities of that "world of sweetness and light" from whence all revelations of the occult and unseen have come in all ages and all religions.

But we are admonished again that "it is impossible to know those divine things which God chooses to conceal." But what evidence have we that "God chooses to conceal" anything from his children? Do you answer that much concerning the future life is so concealed that all the questionings of saints and sages and all the learning of the past have utterly failed to reveal them, and that even the "holy scriptures" have given but dim outlines and doubtful symbols which leave us to grope among the shadows of nature, and stumble among the contradictions that meet us everywhere, while the light of "moral sense" offers but a flickering flame which is lost in the impenetrable gloom of death, mystery and despair? Well, but who is responsible for this? Has God purposely concealed the future and left us to grope and tremble before the awful mystery? If so why have the angels been permitted to lift the veil at all? Why was the Nazarene endowed with such spiritual gifts as to open some rare secrets to his disciples? And why was Paul illumined and inspired to reveal spiritual laws in their operations among men? But is the spiritual life of man here or hereafter really any more concealed from those who seek to know, than are the hidden forces and secret laws of nature all about us? Certainly not. "Nothing is hidden that shall not be revealed." Nature is constantly opening to us her book of life, and she has no secrets for those who are able to read it. Our ignorance and incapacity are the only obscuring veil that hides from our ecstatic gaze the infinite aevae. Whatever our genius can grasp God never conceals. If we are ignorant of spiritual things, let us not charge it to God; but as we desire to know, let it be an incentive to cultivate ourselves and wrench from the brooding darkness the "mysteries of Godliness" and with the magnet of a cultivated will and spiritual concentration draw from the gloom that covers our spiritual sight the glory and glances of truth. Religious monopolists have wielded a baneful influence against the human race by guarding the gates of knowledge against the highest aspirations of the soul with the grim sentinel of reverential fear. Superstition, the dark child of ignorance, has hung a black pall over the face of time, and in her dismal shadow the brightest hopes, sweetest sentiments, purest lives and highest truths have faded and withered like tender blossoms in a winter's cloud.

Knowledge is our birthright, and no truth is too sacred for us to know, no secret too deep for the possession of the human soul.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
**Early Instances of Spiritualism.**

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, LL. D.

In 1594 appeared what is probably the earliest metaphysical work in English. It is a translation by one Richard Carew of a work, originally written in Spanish by John Huarte, called the Examination of Men's Wits.

The result of the learned Spaniard's examination is that the difference in men's wits is due solely to the difference of heat and of moisture in the body with an occasional dash, in very puzzling cases, of direct agency from the Devil himself.

Thus on p. 41 we are told that "it falls out necessarily that we make one thing, which is, that if a man fall into any disease, by which his brain upon a sudden changeth his temperature (as are madness, melancholy, and frenzie) it happens, that at one instant he leaseth [oseth] if hee were wise, all his knowledge, and utters a thousand follies; and if he were a foole, he accrues more wit and abilitie than he had before."

Our author then proceeds to give the following illustrations, which struck me when I read them as perhaps the earliest mention in a metaphysical work of facts which, it is claimed, are now explained by Spiritualism: "I can speake of a rude countrie fellow, who becoming frantike, made a very eloquent discourse in my presence, recommending his well dooing to the bystanders, and that they should take care of his wife and children (if it pleased God to call him away in that sickness) with so many flowers of Rhetorike, and such apt choice of words, as if Cicero had spoken in the presence of the Senate; whereat the beholders marvelling, asked me whence so great wisdom and eloquence might grow in a man who in his health time could scantie speake? and I remember I made answer, that the art of Oratorie was a science which springs from a certain point or degree of heat, and that this country fellow, before sound, had by means of this infirmittie attained thereunto."

"I can also speake of another frantike person, who for the space of more than eight daies, never uttered word which I found not to carrie his just quantitie, and mostly he made complements of verses very well composed, whereat the by-standers wondering to here a man speake in verse, who in his health had never so much skill, I said, 'It sildome fell out, that he who was a poet in his health time, should be so also in his sickness. For the temperature of the braine, by which when a man is whole, he becometh a Poet, in sickness altereth and brings fourth contrary operations.' I remember that the wife of this frantike fellow, and a sister of his, named Margaret, reproved him, because he spake ill of the saints, whereat the patient growing impatient said to his wife these words: 'I renounce God for the love of you; and S. Marie for the love of Margaret; and S. Peter for the love of John of Olmedo; and so he ran thorow a beadrill of many saints, whose names had con-sentance with the other by-standers there present."

"But this is nothing, and a matter of small importance in respect of the notable speeches uttered by a Page of one of the great ones of this realme, whilst he was mad, who in his health was reputed a youth of slender capacity, but falling into this infirmittie, he delivered such rare conceits, resemblances, and answers, to such as asked him, and devised so excellent manners of governing a kingdom (of which he imagined himself to be soveraigne) that for great wonder people flocked to see him and hear him, and his very maister scarcely ever-departed from his bed's head, praying God that he might never be cured. "Which afterwards plainly appeared, for being recovered, his Phisition (who had healed him) came to take leave of his lord, with a mind to receive some good reward, if of nothing else, yet at least in good words; but he encountered this greeting: 'I promise you maister doctor, that I was never more agreeed at any ill success, than to see this my page recovered, for it was not behoofull that he should change so wise folly, for an understanding so simple as is this, which in his health he injoieth. Methinks that of one, who to fore was wise and well advised, you have made him a foole againe, which is the greatest miserie that may light upon any man."

"The poore Phisition seeing how little thankfully his cure was accepted, went to take leave of the page, who amongst many other words that passed between them, told him this: 'Maister doctor, I kisse your hands for so great a benefit bestowed on me, in restoring mine understanding, but I assure you on my faith, that in some sort, it displeaseth me to have bene cured. For whilst I rested in my folly, I led my life in the deepest discourses of the world, and imagined myself so great a lord, as there reigned no king on the earth, who was not my vassall, and were this a jeast or a lie, what imported that, whilst I conceived thereof so great a contentment, as if it had bene true? I rest now in far worse case, finding myself in troth to be but a poore page, and tomorrow I must begin againe to serve one, who whilst I was in mine infirmittie, I would have disdaind for my footman.' (Be it noted that when using the words 'frantike' or 'mad,' Huarte does not mean what we should now call 'crazy' or 'lunatic,' of such the speech is incoherent and pointless, but he refers to peculiar cases where the thoughts flow not only logically, but where an unusual degree of intelligence is manifested. In the next extract (p. 44) is given an instance of what would now be called 'clairvoyance,' the earliest, I think, since the days of Cassandra, the oracles, Hippocrates and Holy Writ.)

"It skills not much, whether the Philosophers admit all this, and believe that it may be soor not; but what if I should proove by verie true stories, that ignorant men strooken with this infirmittie, have spoken Latine, which they never learned in their health; and that a frantike woman told all persons who came to visit her, their vertues and vices, and sometimes reported matters with that assurance, which they use to give who speake by conjectures and tokens; and for this cause, none almost durst come in to visit her, fearing to heare of those true tales which she would deliver? and (which is more to be marvelled at) when a barber came to le: her blood, Friend, (quoth shee) have regard what you doe, for you have but few daies to live, and your wife shall marrie such a man; and this, though spoken by chance, fell out so true, as it took effect before halfe a yeare came to an end."

"Methinks I heare them who die natural Philosophy, to say that this is a foule leasung, [i. e. lie] and that (put case it were true) the diavell as hee is wise and craftie by God's sufferance, entered into this woman's bodie, and into the rest of those frantike

persons, whom I have mentioned, and caused them to utter those strange matters, and yet even to confesse this, they are very loath; for the devil fore-kneweth not what is to come, because hee hath no propheticall spirit.' [The sentence which now follows contains what is perhaps the most remarkable instance of clairvoyance on record. It is impossible to read it without noting the literariness with which the venerable Spaniard has anticipated, by nigh three hundred years, the recent Spiritualist scriptions on the Seybert Commissioners, and I greet the Hidalgo's sentiment with the warm affection of an old and familiar friend.] "They hold it a very sufficient argument to avouch, This is false, because I cannot conceive how it may be so; as if difficult and quaint matters were subject to blunt wits, and came within the reach of their capacities."

(Chicago Herald.)

**DR. CONES IN SOCIETY.**

**A Reception to the Theosophist.**

Colonel and Mrs. John C. Bundy Present the Distinguished Scientist to a Brilliant Company of Ladies and Gentlemen—Interesting Dialogue.

"You shall telephone without a wire." Those who listened saw a man in the prime of life. The speaker stood under a gracefully carved arch which half spanned the intersection of two parlors. His auditors filled the apartments, clustered in the modern hallway, and were grouped on the entresol half way up a short staircase. The time was Friday evening and the place the residence of Colonel John C. Bundy. "You shall telephone without a wire," repeated Professor Elliott Cones, and General Stiles, to whom the distinguished scientist addressed the remark, nodded.

In presenting the guest of the evening Colonel Bundy had used these words:

"It is fair to infer that this assemblage of representative people came here this evening with two purposes in view—first, to greet an accomplished gentleman in a social way; second, to hear from the lips of a scientist who has made an honorable mark in various fields of science his views on psychical matters, to which it is well known he has given much experimental study and reflection. Although fatigued after a week's round of incessant duties, social and professional, and not in his best form for the task, I feel sure Dr. Cones will kindly consent to express himself on any questions which the friends present may desire to put. There is universal interest in all that pertains to the spiritual side of life. Some present to-night know that the grave brings no hiatus, that life continues after death has stilled the mortal frame which the spirit had temporarily used, and that the discarnate spirit can at times and under certain conditions manifest to friends; and, no doubt, all present would like to be possessed of this knowledge. There are also many complex and difficult problems in psychics, questions germane to the main proposition which need elucidation, and of which we as yet know but little. All these matters are legitimate topics for consideration this evening. I know not what trend the conversation may take, but I am sure the friends will maintain a candid attitude and carry forward the discussion in a kindly and not hypercritical spirit. I do not feel sure that any of us will indorse all that Dr. Cones may say, and some of us will quite likely not be able to agree with him as to the rationale of certain phenomena, the existence of which none will probably deny."

Among those present were the following: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McVicker, General and Mrs. I. N. Stiles, Dr. A. Reeves Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Herotin, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Woodhead, Mr. and Mrs. Franc B. Wilkie, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Scott, Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, Dr. Leila G. Badell, Mrs. J. M. Flower, Miss Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Sexton, Professor Rodney Welch, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Salter, Mrs. E. C. Hopkins, Mrs. U. N. Gestefeld, the Misses Woodhead, Miss Bigelow, Mrs. C. K. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Underwood, Dr. and Mrs. Woolley, Mr. and Mrs. D. Harry Hammer, Mrs. and Miss Mason, Captain and Mrs. Callender, Mr. and Mrs. Zimmerman, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Godde of Salt Lake City, Mrs. Mary Dye, Mr. Frank Howe, Miss Hammer, Miss Huling, Mr. Wallace of Saratoga, Mr. Edward Parker and Miss Parker of Little Rock, Ark., and Mrs. A. V. H. Wakeman.

The central figure of an intellectual assembly of ladies and gentlemen—Professor Cones—was upon his feet, as he good naturedly expressed it, "to be shot at." Not inapt was the metaphor either. The erudite man who is the head of the "Theosophical order in America had signified his willingness to answer fair-minded questioning with candor and truth—from the standpoint of a Theosophist. In selecting a company to meet their guest, Colonel and Mrs. Bundy had invited men and women of ideas. There were those present whose convictions are so foreign to the conclusions reached by Professor Cones that the outcome of an argumentative duel was awaited with interest. The Washington scientist, in response to a query from Mr. Underwood, argued that it is perfectly reasonable for matter to exist in a shape in which it is not cognizable to the senses.

General Stiles said it was generally agreed that there could be a manifestation of force independent of any physical action. "But beyond this point," added the lawyer, "I cannot get. Has the whence been determined?" Dr. Cones intimated that while he made no claim to omniscience he thought it possible to produce certain effects with embodied spirits, which it was popular among Spiritualists to attribute to disembodied ones. The whole question was one of clairvoyance, the vital issue of which is whether it is possible for one person to affect the intelligence of another at a distance without the intervention of a material conveyor of thought. On this point Professor Cones assumed a broad and emphatic affirmative ground. He insisted that men could telegraph without any wire. The theory of thought transference was one which involved the concentration of thought to a single point, thus projecting it to the farthest limit.

Colonel Bundy asked whether it was not possible for disembodied spirits to accomplish in this particular as much as Dr. Cones claimed for embodied ones.

Dr. Cones—There is nothing to hinder it. General Stiles—Yes, but some of us want to know whether there are any disembodied spirits.

Dr. Cones asserted his belief in an astral field which made communication possible between parties widely separated by distance.

Professor Welch said that certainly nothing was to be gained by closing eyes and ears to those who had patiently investigated great problems. There was a time when chemical affinity was not believed. To-day no one knows how long it will be before some dis-

covery will prove that the theory of atoms, of ether, and of chemical affinity is a mere thing of the imagination and without foundation in truth. "If," continued Professor Welch, "some great recognized discovery were to-day attributed to astral fluid we should accept it."

Dr. Jackson.—Professor, you have interested us in yourself. The article in *The Herald* the other morning, when you were interviewed, represented you as declaring it possible for a man to project thought to an intelligent individuality hundreds of miles. It was stated that your astral body had been seen in Washington. We should be glad to hear something about that. Let me say also that what you tell us we shall have no right to doubt unless we can prove a negative.

Dr. Cones.—The first time this phenomenon occurred was on Sept. 15th, 1884. I had been sitting in Madison Square, New York, on a settee conversing with a lady. I remember that we sat under a strong electric light. We talked for about an hour earnestly on the astral body and kindred subjects. I escorted her to her residence and returned to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where I was stopping. Partly undressing and lighting a cigarette, I stretched myself for a quiet hour of reflection. In that position I fell asleep, and remained unconscious for about two hours. Some days later I received a letter from the lady whom I had left that evening declaring that at the time I was lying asleep she had seen me in my proper and natural form. She described me dressed precisely as I was when I laid down to rest. She was brave and honest enough to publish a letter in the *New York Tribune* stating the facts. Since that time my astral body has been seen six or eight times by persons at a distance. The incident when my body was seen in Washington was correctly reported in the *The Herald* interview. I was here in Chicago at the residence of my sister, Mrs. Flower, attending a reception. The lady to whom I appeared did not at the time know whether I was in Washington or Chicago.

Being questioned by a lady, Dr. Cones said about the only characteristic of a psychic he knew of was his ability to sense things that other people cannot see. "A natural psychic is one who, while still in the natural body, enjoys acute astral senses. All admit that clairvoyance is a fact. When a clairvoyant is receiving impressions her physical eyes are closed, that is she does not see with them; and her physical ears are useless. She is insensible to odor or touch."

Replying to General Stiles' intimation that St. Paul's so-called "heavenly vision" had been ascribed to a sunstroke, Dr. Cones said he had no criticism to pass on the Bible. As to what a "sensitive" might be able to see or hear the scientist said Theosophists hold that all the natural senses are duplicated in the astral body. A medium must be a sensitive, but every sensitive is not a medium.

Mr. Underwood thought if all the statements regarding astral appearances could be reduced to evidence it would be worthless.

Dr. Cones.—You are right. All legal evidence nowadays hinges on the evidence of the physical senses. Psychic evidence does not. These facts which I know to be such, are not true on a physical plane.

**Need of a Spring Medicine.**

With a large majority of people some kind of a spring medicine is absolutely necessary, because when the season begins to change and the warmer days come on, the body feels the effect of the relaxation and cannot keep up even the appearance of health which the bracing air of winter aided it to maintain. The impurities in the blood are so powerful that slumbering disease is awakened to action, and suddenly appears in some part of the body. Scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples, or some other blood disease manifests itself, or the blood becoming thin and impoverished, fails to supply the organs with needed strength, and a dangerous state of debility comes on; "that tired feeling" is experienced in its indescribable prostrating power.

In this condition thousands of people naturally turn to Hood's Sarsaparilla. By its use the blood is purified, enriched and vitalized. All impurities are expelled, and the vital fluid carries life and health to every organ. By the peculiar restoring and toning qualities of the medicine the tired feeling is overcome and the whole body given strength and vigor. The appetite is restored and sharpened, the digestive organs are toned, and the kidneys and liver invigorated.

Those who have never tried Hood's Sarsaparilla should do so this spring. It is a thoroughly honest and reliable preparation, purely vegetable, and contains no injurious ingredient whatever.

Lizzie Doten's poems of Progress and Inner Life have had a tremendous sale and are still standard poems. They are suggestive of much sentiment and spirituality. Price each \$1.50 postpaid; gilt, \$2.10. For sale at this office.

**NERVES! NERVES!!**  
What terrible visions this little word brings before the eyes of the nervous.  
Headache, Neuralgia,  
Indigestion, Sleeplessness,  
Nervous Prostration.  
All stare them in the face. Yet all these nervous troubles can be cured by using

**Paine's Celery Compound**  
For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged.  
**THIS GREAT NERVE TONIC**  
Also contains the best remedies for diseased conditions of the Kidneys, Liver, and Blood, which always accompany nerve troubles.  
It is a Nerve Tonic, an Alterative, a Laxative, and a Diuretic. That is why it CURES WHEN OTHERS FAIL.  
\$1.00 a Bottle. Send for full particulars. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, BURLINGTON, VT.

**THE SIN OF ILL HEALTH**  
A LECTURE  
Head before the Fellowship of the New Life, New York City, N. Y. By Janet E. Krutz Rees.  
Price, 10 cents. For sale by the Author, Lakewood, N. J.

**RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.**  
The most certain PAIN REMEDY.  
Instantly relieves Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, and all Rheumatic Pains and Swellings.

**FULL WEIGHT PURE**  
**DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER**  
MOST PERFECT MADE

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest, and most Healthful. Dr. Price's cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia Lime, or Alum. Sold only in Cans. PRICE BAKING POWDER CO. NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

**BLESSED BE DRUDGERY**—A Sermon 2c mailed. Religious and other standard books. Catalogue free. Call or write, CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers, 175 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.

**MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.**  
Wholly unlike artificial systems. Cure of mind wandering. Any book learned in one reading.  
Classes of 1887 at Baltimore, 1905 at Detroit, 1500 at Philadelphia, 1113 at Washington, 1216 at Boston, large classes of Columbia law students, at Yale, Wesleyan, Oberlin University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauque, &c. &c. Endorsed by RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, Hon. W. W. ASTOR, JERAM P. BENJAMIN, Judge GIBSON, Dr. BROWN, E. H. COOK, Principal N. Y. State Normal College, &c. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus post paid from PROF. LOISELIE, 237 Fifth Avenue, New York.

**Don't Read This**  
If you have a sufficiency of this world's goods, but if you have not, write to Hallitt & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full particulars about work which you can do, and live at home wherever you are located, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 per day, and upwards. All succeed; both sexes; all ages. All is new. Capital not required. Hallitt & Co. will start you. Don't delay; investigate at once, and grand success will attend you.

**OFFERED FOR SALE AND FOR RENT FERTILE PRAIRIE LANDS**  
—IN—  
Renville, Kandiyohi, Chippewa and Bigstone Co Minnesota.  
\$6 to \$12 Per Acre.  
Good Educational and Church Facilities.  
**WESTERN LANDS PRINS & KOCH, ST. LOUIS, MO.** FREE FARE! TO PURCHASERS OF 160 ACRES.  
Timber Lands in Isanti, Pine and Carlton Counties  
Around the beautiful STURGFON AND MOOSE LAKE.  
Write for maps and illustrated pamphlets. Correspondence solicited.

**JUST PUBLISHED.**  
**The Great Amherst Mystery**  
BY Walter Hubbell.  
12mo, Paper, 25 cents.  
"Well, if you really want to see horrors on horror's head accumulate," just read this little volume... Ordinary Spiritualism is had enough, but here we have Spiritualism with the delirium tremens. It is an immensely interesting story... Buy and read it, only be careful to read it in the daylight. For it is one of the books that make your flesh creep."  
—New York Herald.

**HASCHISCH**  
A NOVEL BY Thorold King.  
12mo, Paper, 50c. Cloth, \$1.00.  
"The Story is admirably planned and well told, with great naturalness of manner, close attention to details, circumstantial and effective descriptions, and a by-play of love and romance which relieves the dark & lora of so tragic a theme. We give Haschisch" praise."  
—Literary World.

**Tales Before Supper.**  
FROM THEOPHILE GAUTIER and PROSPER MERIMEE. Told in English by MYNDAUT VERELST. And delayed with a preem by EDGAR SALTUS. Cloth, \$1.00. Paper, 50 cts.  
"The Tales Before Supper belong to an order of odd and entertaining stories which can never be too plentiful for the delectation of readers who like ingenious plots, fine workmanship, and fiction that does not tax one's thinking power."  
—Mr. Geo. Parron Loring.  
"Both tales are admirable, and the introduction, wherein Mr. Saltus tells of out Gautier, is scarcely less marvelous than the stories that follow."  
—Rochester Union.  
For sale by all booksellers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price by the publishers.  
**BRENTANO'S,**  
5 Union Sq., New York. 101 State St., Chicago. 17 Ave. de l'Opera, Paris.