

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

VOL. XLV.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 1, 1888.

No. 15

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 communication, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena, are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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ELSMERE AND ORTHODOXY.

A Discourse by H. W. Thomas, D. D., Pastor of the People's Church, Delivered in McVicker's Theater, Sunday, November 4th.

Give attendance upon reading.—I. Tim., 4: 13. Speculative philosophy and theology deal largely with abstract principles and truths. The drama and the novel concretize truths and principles in personalities and represent them in life and action. These forms of literature naturally appeal more readily to the popular mind and heart; and hence it is possible to employ them so effectively in the presentation and advocacy of any great cause. The abstract principles of liberty and slavery had been discussed by statesmen and moralists from the foundation of the government and with little effect upon the masses north or south; but when Mrs. Stowe concretized these principles in the form of a story, and when this was put upon the stage the millions were moved to tears and aroused to indignation at the thought or sight of this monstrous iniquity as portrayed in the scenes of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Before the invention of printing the stages were used by the church to present the stories of the Bible; but with the coming of books the strictly religious drama has largely disappeared. The novel in literature, is in some form as old and as universal as literature itself; and the appearance of this form of teaching in religion is by no means new. Even our Savior employed fiction, or imaginary instances and characters to embody and illustrate his doctrines; for we need not suppose that he had in mind any one family in the story of the prodigal son; nor that the events as narrated concerning a "certain man that went down from Jerusalem to Jericho" and of the priest and the Levite, actually occurred. And thus the novel has a legitimate place in religion, and may be used as a great power in reaching the public mind and heart; and especially so in this wonderful age of books and reading; and it has been employed very effectively in the last half century in advocating a broader and purer and more rational theology. Such was the nature of the religious novel called "Yeast," by Charles Kingsley; then came "The Neuse of Faith," by Froule, and the writings of George MacDonald; and in this country the moral and religious stories of Mrs. Stowe, and Eggleston and others; and by a strange coincidence within the last few months have appeared "Robert Elsmere" by Mrs. Humphrey Ward of England; and "Ward, The Preacher," by a lady of Boston; and "Love and Theology," by Mrs. Woolley of our own city; and all in the same line of thought and tendency, though with a different placing of characters.

Very few books of this or any time, perhaps, have met with so rapid a sale as Robert Elsmere; and the demand has been mainly from the more thoughtful classes; for there is nothing in the work that appeals to the vulgar, and very little that is even exciting or in any way sensational. The thought value of the book must be placed as far above the average; the expressional value is almost faultless; and the impulsive or emotional value is certainly pure, humane and stimulating in quality; but judged from the orthodox standpoint, the work is one of the most subtle and dangerous attacks ever made upon the Christian religion. Indeed, so great has been the alarm from this quarter, that the defenders of this form of faith have rushed to the front to warn their flocks, and if possible to ward off the deadly blow dealt by this one fair hand. A hundred thousand clergymen trying to defend their boasted orthodoxy of 1400 years against the words of one woman!

We can hardly suppose that all present have yet found time to read this much-discussed book, and hence for their sakes, and for the sake of clearness in my remarks I will give the briefest outline of its contents. The work is wide in its scope, and brings in, in one way and another, many types of character, phases of modern life, and especially of English society, such as poverty and wealth, the condition of the working classes, their indifference and infidelity in reference to the religious teachings of the day; and hence the need of clearer statements of religious doctrines, and of more practical work.

The story is woven around the life of Elsmere, who whilst a student at Oxford is drawn by his emotional nature and the imposing ceremonies of the church to enter its ministry. His wife is of strong Puritan type; they enter upon their work, are devoted and successful; but with reflection, wider reading and under the influence of a skeptical thinker, he comes to doubt and to deny the historic evidences of the miraculous in the Christian religion. All this involves much struggle, and is a deep sorrow to his wife; but he resigns his parish and goes into London and takes up a work among the unorganized masses, goes into the debating clubs where Christianity is ridiculed and wins the scoffers over to reverence and faith in that which to him is a more rational faith; and then, worn out by work and suffering he dies, and his wife, having been partially won over to his broader thought, after attending her own service in the morning goes and sits in silence in the meeting he had established.

Aside from its high literary merit, almost the whole interest of this story of 700 pages centres in the religious thought and stages of its leading characters. Take these out, and the work would possess no public interest. And now several questions arise, and the first is: Why are the millions of Christian readers in England and America so interested in this story of a clergyman giving up his old views? We can hardly account for this upon any other theory than that somehow the people are in a state of mind to expect and to welcome and encourage some new form of belief; and this suggests again that they are uneasy and not fully satisfied with the faith that is commonly taught; and such is the simple fact in our day; and it is not that the people want to doubt, but that they cannot believe in many of the old doctrines. Their rational and moral consciousness makes it impossible. They do not want to sink down into unbelief; and hence they are so hungry for a religion that will satisfy both the reason and the heart.

A second question is: Why are the orthodox clergy of two great countries so uneasy? Why do they so dread the effects of this latest religious novel? Why are a hundred thousand preachers so disturbed by the words of this one woman? England and America have been under orthodox teaching for centuries; these teachings have the sanction of age and the support of wealth and learning and social position. If all these preachers were at all certain that they are right; that their positions can stand the test of critical research and unprejudiced reason, why should they be so anxious? Are they afraid to trust the common sense of mankind? Are they afraid that the real foundations of Christianity will be undermined?

Does not all this alarm suggest that many of the clergy have themselves felt the difficulties and the uncertainties of some of their positions, and are afraid to have the people think upon such matters? My good friend Dr. Gussanulus has confessed that the doctrines of Elsmere are preached at a time when men are most ready and best prepared to receive them, and that they "take hold of men with an almost fatal grasp." But why is this so? Why is it so difficult to hold the world to the orthodox faith? Why is it that the children rocked in the cradle of orthodoxy, and sent to its schools, and many of those even who have been educated for its ministry, find themselves growing out of these old beliefs? If in the change they lose their faith in God and righteousness, and their love and reverence for the good, the explanation might be found in the resounding moral darkness. But such is not the case. Elsmere's faith in God and religion is if anything stronger after the change than before; and he is no less earnest in his love for man, and his efforts to do good; and such is the general experience of those who come into large views. The very fact that it is so hard to hold the world to any form of faith suggests the suspicion that there is something wrong in that faith.

To thoughtful and unprejudiced minds who really believe in the Christian religion, it is a pitiful sight to see that religion so exposed to attack, and so weak in its positions and defenses as to be disturbed by this simple story of a woman; and it is pitiful to see the entire orthodox church, Protestant and Catholic, in Europe and America, unable to answer Col. Ingersoll. There must be something inherently weak in Christianity itself, or there is something wrong in that conception of it called orthodox that constantly needs bolstering up, and then is never secure.

The weakness, my friends, is not in Christianity; but in the methods employed for its advocacy and defense, and in the weak, unreasoning, and often wicked doctrines, taught in the name of Christianity, and put forth as themselves being Christianity, and it is just here that the New Theology is taking its place in the world and in the New Reformation of the

19th century, and is trying to free the Christian religion from the accretions of error that are exposing it to so many sources of attack, and making it appear so weak and indefensible.

Mrs. Ward in her novel has not gone deeply into the questions of theology; and it is not in this form of literature that they are to be settled; but upon the higher planes of debate. Nor is there anything new in what she makes her imaginary characters say. But the fact that a woman has written such a work is very suggestive, and it is this that makes the orthodox preacher so uneasy; for it is matter of common knowledge that many of the open-minded men of these churches have long since ceased to believe in much that they hear from their pulpits; but they are held to the church by social ties and pecuniary interests. They have helped build these places of worship; their wives and children attend them; and they think the moral influence is generally good; and hence they remain and support them. But what if the women begin to think and to question the very doctrines that the men have ceased to believe in any thorough and realizing sense? That is what orthodox fears; and that is the danger that threatens it in this age when women are coming into the foreground of thought and action.

Mrs. Ward in her book has really touched but two phases of modern doubt; that of the miraculous in its bearing upon the authenticity, and hence the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, and the divinity of Christ; and upon neither of these does her preacher express precisely my own views; for from my own stand point, I do believe in the incarnation and in the divinity of Christ, but not in the gross Trinitarian religion and statement of that doctrine. I believe in the immanency of the divine in nature; that God is in nature, and not outside of it, and that at the centre, or germinally, man is divine, and that the fullness of this divine nature was revealed in the Christ; differing not in kind, but in degree, from the divine in man. Hence, placing the divine in nature, and not outside, we arrive at a different view of the miracle; for from this standpoint there is the higher and the lower in nature, and each thing is natural upon its own plane, and hence the great evidence of the divine in the eternal order of nature; and not in any supposed violation of that order. Hence, whilst I do not feel called upon to deny the miracles of the New Testament, I would say that if the events occurred, they were in accordance with a higher law; but I would not rest the Christian religion upon these miraculous stories; nor even upon the literal bodily resurrection of Christ. The evidence seems quite strong that he did appear in the body that was crucified; and the disciples and Paul believed as much; but is it the best evidence to us? Is it material to our faith in Christ to believe that his body was raised from the tomb? I think not. Historic evidence addressed to the senses and to us now unverifiable, is not as strong as that addressed to reason and the present experience of mankind. The essential fact is, that the Christ now lives; and this essential Christ never died; death had no power over him; and the life of Christ in the souls of men is not denied by any. It was natural once to insist upon the resurrection of Christ's body; and of all human bodies; but who believes now that the bodies that die will be raised?

Moral truths are not dependent upon miraculous attestations; they appeal to reason and moral consciousness, in man; and on that foundation they are forever secure. Dr. Barrows says, referring to miraculous works of Christ, that "miracles are the jewels which naturally adorn the brow of this celestial king." Yes, you cannot put too many jewels in that crown to suit my reason or my heart; but let them be the jewels of the spirit, and the moral order and glory of the universe; the jewels of the divine love in suffering, and of the present modal and conquering power of that love and life in the world; and let us not bar mankind from this life by any such conditions as that they must believe in the resurrection of the body of Jesus so long ago. The real miracles of early Christianity were in the presence and power of the Holy Spirit; and that miracle—if such we call it—may be a blessed fact in the experience of praying souls to-day.

It is not necessary to believe everything in order to believe something; and, in what the orthodox call this loss of faith by Elsmere, he still had undoubted faith in God; but that faith was saved—by giving up what he could not believe; for he says to the orthodox, "If I could see life and God for one hour as you see them, I should cease to be a Christian the next." He still believed in the great human Christ, in whom the beauty of God was revealed; and he went into the worst places of London, and redeemed the name of Jesus from low abuse. He had faith in God and right, and the future.

The orthodox preachers seem to think Elsmere gave up all faith; or rather they say, "he had nothing to give up." Well, he gave up "his living," his parish, and that is more than a great many who claim to be orthodox preachers are willing to do. They hold on to their pulpits and salaries. Elsmere was consoled to do the same thing, but his simple answer was, "I prefer to be honest." He did not give up his sense of manhood; but to keep it, he had to give up all the early associations of life—his church relations and friendships, and to be looked upon and branded as a heretic. Oh! this world will never know what the narrowness, bigotry, and severity—not of Christianity proper, but

of orthodoxy, has inflicted upon suffering hearts and lives. The hearts that the Christ loved, orthodoxy has persecuted and cast out, and imprisoned and burned at the stake.

The orthodox preachers of this troubled and doubting age owe it to themselves and to the future to lighten some of the burdens that the darker ages put upon Christian faith; the cold, external Latin accretions, such as the doctrine of original sin, and a penal atonement and everlasting punishment, that formed no part of the Christian faith as it was taught by the early Greek Fathers of the Church, and by the Apostles and Christ. Will they do it? or will they compel the reason of this age to stay outside of the church? The Young Men's Christian Association tells us that 75 per cent. of the young men of this country are never seen in the churches; that not over ten per cent. are church members, and less than five per cent. communicants.

Poor Elsmere said, "Christianity seems so small to me, with all God's great works without." Yes, "small," as usually interpreted, for the orthodox limit it to their narrow views; and limit salvation to those who accept their views; and Secretary Smith of the American Board says, that "not one in 400 in China ever heard the name of Christ," and that there is but one missionary to every 818,000 souls." But thank heaven, the love of God is greater and His truth larger than the measure of these narrow minds; and O friends, who love the truth; who love the liberty of the truth; who love man and God; who love the Spirit of Christ, and really believe in his religion of humanity, of justice, of mercy, of life and hope, be true and strong and help build up a great church that will ever preserve the name of Christ, and that there is but one missionary to every 818,000 souls." 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AFRAID OF THE DARK.

My name is Edward Houghton; I am twenty-eight years old, am unmarried, enjoy the best of health and spirits, hold a Government Inspectorship with a good salary, entailing plenty of traveling, and have only one care in the world—I am afraid of the dark.

Indeed, it is something more than fear—it is a terror which has haunted me from my childhood to the present day.

Only three people in the world besides myself have my secret; my mother, Sir George Gillingham, of Gillingham Towers, with whom I lived for five years as private tutor to his sons, and who got me my appointment, and Mr. Pallatti.

When I left the Towers a twelvemonth ago, my nervous dread of the nights I should have to pass in strange bedrooms of strange inns, when traveling on inspection duty, became so acute and overwhelming that I determined to consult a leading physician about myself.

Sir Alfred Smith listened to my story attentively, asked me a multitude of questions about my health and habits, and especially whether anything ever occurred in very early childhood to give me a shock, although I might have been too young at the time to remember it now. My catchism over, he said:

"Mr. Houghton, I must tell you frankly that I can do nothing for you. The symptoms you have described are distressing, but I cannot tell you as a physician how they originate, or suggest any way of alleviating them. I have a friend, however, who is a profound believer in animal magnetism, and although I am very skeptical about many of his theories, he is one of the cleverest and most agreeable men I know. It can do no harm for you to see him, and I am quite certain he will perfectly sympathize with you, if he can do nothing else. His name is Pallatti, and I have written down his address for you. Call upon him at three o'clock to-morrow, and I will write to tell him that he may expect you."

I found Mr. Pallatti the next afternoon lounging over a book in a large luxuriously furnished room crowded with pictures, curios and "pretty things"—a handsome young gentleman, perfectly dressed, with a pair of eyes which, if they could not see through a millstone, look-d as if they could pierce a human being through and through.

After a little indifferent conversation, I began to tell him my tale, but I was so nervous that I bungled woefully and interspersed my narrative with idiotic giggles.

"Wait a bit, Mr. Houghton, there's no hurry," said Mr. Pallatti, bringing me a glass of wine from a side table; "you are my patient, you know, and must drink this before beginning a long story."

I expect he must have put something into my draught, for in a few minutes I found myself talking as calmly and impassively as if I were speaking of some other person.

I told him how, if I left my bed in the dark and took two steps away from it, I was utterly lost; how my outstretched hands would touch a window where I expected to find a door, and all the furniture seemed to play push in the corner as I moved until at last I would sink on the ground utterly unnerved and trembling to wait through long hours for daylight.

I told him (and as I went on Mr. Pallatti's face grew eagerly attentive) how, when I was a boy of sixteen, my mother had described to me the circumstances of my eldest brother's death by drowning when I was an infant; how the same night my light went out and I saw through a luminous haze a room with ladies and a gentleman in it, a servant coming in at the door followed by a boatman carrying a boy in his arms with a dead face and the water dripping from his long hair; how, when I told my mother what I had seen, she said that I had described to the minutest detail—the pattern of the wallpaper, the flowers on the chimney-piece—the identical scene as it occurred on that terrible morning at Brighton.

"Any other experience like that?" asked Mr. Pallatti. "I can't tell you how deeply you have interested me, Mr. Houghton."

"Only one other," I replied, "and that occurred at Gillingham Towers, where I lived for five years as private tutor to Sir George Gillingham's sons, and which has been the scene of a curious story of a tragedy that occurred in his family more than a century ago, and had pointed out to me the portraits hanging in the great drawing-room of the three principal actors. Some papers of the utmost importance were abstracted in the confusion at the time, and Sir George said that his inability to produce them if ever called upon to do so might be most disastrous. The danger, of course, did not exist until the year 1874, when the sword still hung over the house of Gillingham, though the hair by which it was originally suspended might have thickened to a cord.

"That night a great storm of wind and rain broke over the Towers; my window was burst open, my light extinguished, and the matches I always kept to my hand were wet and useless. For the second time in my life the luminous haze rolled out before me; and through it there appeared a very small room with one narrow window, the lower sash of which was thrown up—a lumber room apparently, with one bare table in the center, a few broken chairs piled up in the corners, some dirty looking prints in black frames on the walls, and a great glass case full of stuffed birds, some tumbling and some tumbled from their perches, and all in the last stage of dilapidation and decay. When all this was clearly developed, the shadowy forms of a man and a woman appeared dimly, and I could see that their outlines agreed with those of two of the family portraits Sir George had pointed out to me. But happening at that moment to turn my head, I saw a thin stream of light shining through a chink in the door. I reached it at a bound, and catching up a lamp some one had left burning on the stairs, returned to my room to find everything as usual. I told Sir George, and we thoroughly explored the deserted wing of the Towers, but could find no room in the least resembling the one of my vision."

As I concluded a page boy brought in coffee, and when I had drunk mine, the curious feeling of constraint under which I had been speaking passed off, and I said quite cheerfully, "There, Mr. Pallatti, I have made a clean breast of it, and now, what do you prescribe?"

"A doz," said Mr. Pallatti.

"What to eat?" I laughed.

"No to sleep with. There is no cure but death for the wonderful gift of second sight, and it is a gift, if too much used, full of danger to brain and nerves. But prevention is better than cure, so buy a little dog and let him lie at the foot of your bed, and you will not be troubled by visions again even if your light does go out."

We parted with mutual promises to meet soon, but I was ordered away on duty, and it was six months before I saw him again.

I had just returned to London and was intending to look him up, when I received a

letter from Sir George Gillingham begging me to go at once to the Towers on a matter of the deepest importance. I lost not a minute in obeying the summons, and full of anxiety and a misgiving that something was very wrong, I arrived at the Towers as the dressing gong for dinner was sounding.

Sir George met me as I drove under the great portico. He looked so worn and harassed that I could not help whispering, "Good Heavens, Sir George, what is it? Has that question of the title-deeds cropped up again after all?"

"Yes, it has with a vengeance," said Sir George, "but go dress now and meet us in the dining-room. There are no ladies—only Pallatti, who says he has met you before."

I entered the dining room with the soup and shook hands cordially with Pallatti. He and I were in ordinary evening dress, but Sir George was arrayed for some great state function. He wore black knee breeches and silk stockings and great diamond buckles in his shoes, the broad ribbon of the Bath crossed his white waistcoat, and he wore half a dozen orders as well. He had brought his chat down with him, and we sat down to a dinner fit for the gods. The wine he gave us was scarcely ever brought out except when some Royal Prince accepted the hospitality of the Towers for a night, and was almost priceless. I knew it and Mr. Pallatti soon found it out, and our eyes twinkled. Sir George saw it and was glad. He drank to each of us in the old-fashioned way and said, "I am making a little feast to-night, my young friends, for reasons of my own. It is the old story; let us eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow is another day. We'll do the same, let us hope," he said, turning it off with a laugh.

Mr. Pallatti was certainly well wadded a good dinner. Without seeming to monopolize the conversation, he always had something original to say upon every topic that was started, and his fun and wit were so keen and spontaneous that our solemn little dinner party became quite a rollicking affair. Amongst the subjects we discussed was the last new trick of the last new conjurer, which was puzzling all London and giving learned judges and doctors and parsons sleepless nights in the endeavor to find it out.

"Why, don't you know how that is done?" said Mr. Pallatti, and he proceeded to solve the riddle in a dozen words.

"Most extraordinary!" exclaimed Sir George. "Do you mean to say you found it out yourself?"

"Yes," returned Pallatti, "the very first time I went. There never has been and never will be a trick of any kind that I am unable to unravel. I suppose it is a kind of gift, but I have never made any use of it except sometimes to have a little fun among the Spiritualists." And he gave me a peculiar look out of his black eyes.

"Exposing all their rascally fortune-telling and rapping and table turning and bean-knawing," I supposed, "I observed, by the way, 'Quite so,'" replied Pallatti dryly.

"And now, gentlemen," said Sir George as the last bottle of claret was emptied, and we were ashamed even to look as if we should like some more, "if you please we will take our coffee in the drawing-room as there are no ladies there," and he rose from the table and walked towards the door. As we followed Pallatti I whispered in my ear, "Mr. Houghton, I should like to be a modern Clarence and be drowned in a hundred dozen of that claret."

To my surprise Sir George led the way to the great state drawing-room, and as we entered a perfect blaze of splendor was before us. The huge saloon, with its frescoed ceilings and profuse gilding, was lighted up by hundreds of wax candles in great chandeliers, in sconces, brackets, and lustres; the walls were entirely covered by long-length portraits of old Gillinghams; over each portrait a powerful lamp and reflector threw so strong a light that every gallant knight and gentle dame seemed to have come to life and be gazing at the black-coated intruders into their gay assembly. Two enormous fires were burning, one at each end of the room, and before one of these Sir George stood and motioned me to be seated. He looked so grand and stately and the brilliance of the scene was so overpowering, that Pallatti and I listened for his words with a kind of awe.

"Gentlemen, I am not going to detain you for any length of time by telling you over again the history which you have both heard already from my lips. But on this particular night I wish to recapitulate some of the main facts.

"In the year 1745 my great grandfather, Sir Hugo Gillingham, after being many years a widower, married a beautiful girl and brought her to the Towers. There are his portrait and hers," pointing to them; "go up to them and inspect them closely—learn them by heart. Who knows what may come of your doing so?" he said almost fiercely.

"The girl was faithless to him—faithless from the very day she was wed, and her lover was her own husband's vagabond, worthless cousin, the son of a man who had squandered his bright and willing hand with the great estates of Gillingham to his younger brother and his heirs for ever. There is the man's portrait in that corner; study his face and figure as closely, both of you. The year 1745 brought rain and misery on many a noble house, and Sir Hugo did his best to involve himself in the same fate. Gentleman, it is a fact that that poor scarecrow, the Pretender, once sat in that travesty of a throne, whilst well-to-do ladies crowded round to kiss his false hand, and Sir George pointed to a chair, surmounted by a kind of canopy of gold and crimson.

"One night," continued Sir George, "Sir Hugo returned home earlier than he was expected, and, walking hastily upstairs, the first thing he heard was the voice of his wife in conversation with a stranger in one of the rooms. He tried the door; it was locked, and by the time he had burst it open a man was leaping out of the open window. Sir Hugo dashed after him, and after half a dozen passes, drove his sword through the body of Conrad Gillingham. Returning through the window he found his wife senseless on the floor, and putting a constraint upon himself to refrain from spurning her with his foot, he passed on to his bed-chamber, where the first thing that met his eyes was a great iron chest with the lid open, whilst a very short examination showed that his precious title-deeds had been abstracted. He found his way back to where Conrad lay with staring eyes in the moonlight, and searched the body for the deeds without success. Returning through the window, his wife sat up and looked at him and his blood-stained hands, but her face was the face of a maniac, and she never recovered her reason, dying many years afterward within the walls of mad houses.

"He saw the whole devilish plot now. Conrad Gillingham, using his wife as his tool, had intended to abstract the deeds, and with these in his possession, to attain him of high treason and claim the estate.

"There was a state trial, which any one can

read to this day, and he was acquitted, with a universal expression of pity for his misfortune, and of loathing for the subject of his vengeance.

"To piece together these facts has cost me months of labor, in reading through old diaries and letters in the munition room, for I have never felt sure whether some day or other for some of my descendants might not be challenged to produce the title-deeds of Gillingham. The blow has fallen upon me at last. It seems that some descendants of that old collateral branch, all long since dead and gone, as I hoped and believed, have turned up. At any rate there are agents busily at work, making all manner of inquiries, searching registers and so on, and my lawyers have told me point-blank that I may be called upon to produce these deeds, and that if they are not forthcoming my tenure of Gillingham Towers may be in serious jeopardy. Unless you, my young friends, with your keen wits and ready invention can help me, my resources are at an end."

He turned and rang the bell, and then leant his head upon his hand, his elbow on the mantelpiece. A servant entered and looking up he said quite naturally, "Put out all these lights and close the room again, Mallam—I only wanted to show Mr. Pallatti how it looks on a state occasion—and take the cigars and things into the billiard-room. We will finish the evening there."

Of the most incredible events which followed I confess that I am unable to offer any explanation. I can only venture for their having actually occurred. Whether, as Mr. Pallatti honestly believes, the soul can in certain rare instances leave the body and wander up and down the Spirit-world like a dog in a fair prying into the secrets of the dead, or whether those events were merely the result (to quote the Doctor in "Martin Chuzzlewit") of a "most extraordinarily happy and favorable conjunction of circumstances," will for ever remain a mystery to me.

When I got into bed that night my brain was in a whirl, and I should have been glad to exchange places with my cat. The unusual quantity of wine I had drunk, the dazzling splendor of the state drawing-room, the awful midnight tragedy of a century ago, and the life-like portraits of the principal actors seem to forbid the very idea of sleep. But when I thought myself most wide awake I began to doze off, and was soon as fast as a church. How long I had lasted I could not tell, when I woke with a start, and for the first time in my life found myself alone in the dark. I stretched out my hand for the matches, but they were gone, and at the time the luminous glare appeared upon the wall. Then the room, with its one tall opened window, the broken furniture, the case of stuffed birds, and the two figures of my former vision developed rapidly. I could see the last plainly enough now—a man in a long horseman's coat and brown boots with great silver spurs, and a woman in a long white wrap, with her hair flowing over her shoulders nearly to the ground, and they stood together by the table reading from a large sheet of paper which they held between them, by the light of a single candle in a tall silver candlestick. Occasionally they turned their faces towards me with an anxious expression, as if they were listening for something, and I immediately recognized two of the portraits in the state drawing-room. Suddenly they started violently, the man rushed to the window and leaped out, the woman thrust the papers into her dress, and a second man with a drawn sword flashing in his hands dashed into the room and through the window in pursuit of the fugitive. Then the woman drew out the papers and tried to tear them, but they must have been parchment and she failed; she put them over the flame of the candle, but the corner only began to shrivel, and they would not burn. At last she turned to one of the dirty prints which opened at her touch, thrust the document into a cavity in the wall, and reclosing the aperture, fell headlong to the ground. I could not have borne much more, when there was a glare of light in my eyes, a hand shook me roughly by the shoulder, and a voice (Pallatti's) exclaimed, "Good Heavens! Houghton, what is the matter? You must have had the nightmare, and lost a quietus-exorcism." He took a tumbler from his pocket, and pouring the contents into a teaspoon put it to my lips. Whatever the potion was, it was so strong that it nearly took my breath away, but its effect was instantaneous, and I asked him quite calmly, "How on earth did you come here?"

"Why, I felt so nervous and wakeful after Sir George's entertainment that I couldn't sleep, and I got worse and worse, though I would say if I was wiser the same thing. You certainly seem to have been no better off than I, and I think we had better stick together and keep ourselves awake by talking till daylight doth appear."

"Most willingly," I said, "and I will begin by telling you my vision like a modern Pharaoh, and perhaps you may be able to expound it, O Joseph. There may be nothing in it or everything, who knows, but I had breakfast, Sir George and Pallatti and I were prosecuting a vigorous search in the haunted wing, but after an hour of hunting and poking into every hole and corner, we came reluctantly to the conclusion that there was nothing corresponding in the remotest degree with the room of my vision. The case of stuffed birds and the dingy prints were especially conspicuous by their absence.

"We were walking away, silent and disappointed, Sir George and I leading the way, and had nearly reached the door which shut off the wing from the rest of the house, when a shout from Pallatti, who had been following at a little distance, caused us to stop.

"Eureka! eureka!" he almost screamed; "I ought to have seen it at a glance! Come back both of you; we shall know all about it in five minutes!"

The usually calm and impressive Mr. Pallatti was in such a violent state of excitement that we almost feared for his reason, but we obeyed him and returned upon our steps.

Without hesitation he went straight into a room called the Best Bedchamber, in one corner of which there still stood the great iron chest from which the fatal title-deeds had been abstracted, and taking a foot-rule from his pocket carefully measured the wall on one side of the door to nine feet.

Then he came out into the corridor, which was paneled throughout with dark oak from floor to ceiling, and measuring off nine feet from the side of the door on the outside, marked the place with a deep score of his knife. Transferring his attention to the next room (known as the Blue Bedchamber), he scored off seven feet. His discovery was patent enough now. Again applying his rule to the space between the two scores, it was at once seen that there were eleven feet of wall unaccounted for!

"There is a carpenter at work close by," painted Pallatti; "we saw him as we came up. Run, my dear Houghton, and bring him here with his tools, and soon returned

with the astonished carpenter, who had been shedding gimlets, Bradawls, nails and screws, and such small articles plentifully by the wayside out of his basket in his haste. Pallatti had already sponged the wainscot; the rusty nails gave way at the first wrench, the planks were removed, the carpenter was dismissed, and then, with an almost indescribable feeling of awe, we stood within the very room I knew so well. The stuffed birds, the crazy furniture, the dingy prints—all were there, and on the little table in the center stood a tall and tarnished silver candlestick, the candle long since devoured by the great-grandfathers of the mice who scampered into their holes as we entered.

For two or three minutes not a word was said, and then I sprang at one of the prints and tried to tear it from the wall, but Pallatti stayed my hand.

"There is not a secret spring in the world could baffle me for two minutes," he said quietly.

With one touch of his fingers the picture flew open, and putting in his hand he pulled out a mass of crumpled parchment.

A short inspection proved to Sir George that they were the long lost deeds, and we all saw for ourselves that one corner was shrivelled and stained with grease and smoke.

The next morning I found Sir George waiting breakfast for me alone.

"Waked is Pallatti, Sir George?" I asked. "Gone," replied Sir George, bursting out laughing. "He said he was afraid of your punching his head if he stayed."

"What on earth should I do that for?" I wondered. "Because he played you a trick—went into your room after you were asleep, blew out your light, stole your matches, and hid himself in a cupboard in the hope that you would be able to give us the benefit of one of your experiences as you call them. But he told me to assure you on his honor that not one hint of what happened that night shall ever pass his lips."

"And I quite believe him," I said warmly. "Pallatti is a glorious fellow, and although it wasn't very pleasant for me at the time, the game, in this case, was well worth the absence of the candle."—EDWARD A. IRVING in *Belgravia*.

A Premonition that Was Verified.

The Two Worlds alluding to one of many murders lately occurring in London says: When the sister of the unfortunate murdered woman was being examined, she was her means of recognizing a body too much mutilated and disfigured to present opportunities for recognition, the following almost unparalleled piece of testimony was received without doubt or question. In answer to the coroner, the witness said:

"On the Sunday morning, when I read the account in the newspapers, I thought it might be my sister who had been murdered. I had a premonition that that was so. I came down to Whitechapel and was directed to the mortuary; but when I saw the body I did not recognize it as that of my sister.

"How was that? Why did you not recognize it in the first instance?—I do not know, except that I saw it in the gaslight, between nine and ten at night. But I recognized her next day.

"Did you have some special presentiment that this was your sister?—Yes. 'It is the same,' it was—I was in bed, and about twenty minutes past one on Sunday morning I felt a pressure on my breast and heard three distinct kisses. It was that which made me suspect that the woman who had been murdered was my sister.

"The Coroner (to the jury): The only reason why I allow this evidence is that the witness has been doubtful about her identification.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Comment on these few and touching passages is—to the experienced Spiritualist—unnecessary.

There remains but one more lesson to be drawn from the silence which seems to hold the action of the Spirit-world in abeyance, in the present awful age of crime. The absence of any restraining moral law enacted in "miserable London" have transpired only amongst the poor, but they have dragged into a prominence that can not escape the attention of the mightiest in the land, the want, woe, and wretchedness that prevails in slums and alleys where thousands herd together who are literally compelled to sin or starve. Every one of the late victims of the murderer's knife represent a whole pitiful array of women who try to get their meed of bread, clothes, and shelter, by "selling flowers," "smallwares, going out to work, or doing whatever they can, and, falling other means—oh, horror, shame, and disgrace to a Christian and civilized land!—their next and only resort is to sell themselves to any wretches—even to robbers and murderers—who will buy them! The whole story revealed of the dens in which the poor vegetate, the miseries that drive them to sin, and the total absence of any restraining moral law, renders help, or even the means to lead decent lives, is at once a mocking comment on the splendid array of well-fed, highly-paid, pampered Christian Bishops, that have lately met by their hundreds in Manchester, to preach up the glories and triumphs of Christianity, and to say to thieves, robbers and murderers, "Though your sins were as red as scarlet, they shall be washed as white as wool in the blood of the Lamb."

It is also an answer, if one more be needed, as to why the angels in heaven, who love, pity, and care for the suffering ones on earth, may permit some short, brief passages of martyrdom to be enacted, in order that the day of reform may ring out in clarion tones around the world, and an outraged public sentiment may awaken the spirit of humanity, to declare to the glorious civilization of this boasted age and nation—"Mene mene, tekel, upharsin"—"Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting." If such a result as this can be obtained by dragging into the light and enforcing upon public attention the miseries of the abject poor, the conditions in which they subsist, rather than live; and above all, if it can illustrate, as never before, the infamous doctrine that a human fiend, such as the author of the Whitechapel murders must be, can, if caught and sent to death, go straight to heaven by virtue of the cabalistic words, "I believe in Jesus, the savior of sinners," whilst his victims, for lack of this magical utterance, will go to everlasting perdition—if, we say, such tremendous and startling events as are now convulsing the civilized world will waken up an all too apathetic age to the urgent necessity of solving such problems as the above, and instituting systems of thorough social, political, and religious reforms, then will the blood of the poor martyrs of "miserable London" not have been shed in vain, and the darkest hours of human wrong may herald in the brightest day of human redemption.

The Nun of Kenmare.

The astonishing fact of the abdication of her ecclesiastical position by the world-renowned Nun of Kenmare, and her withdrawal from the Order of Peace, which she founded, has a singular interest for every one interested in the Catholic Church, for or against. After thirty years of service as a Sister, and many years as Mother General of the Order of Peace, the Nun of Kenmare has been compelled to retire from her successful enterprises, owing to the intense opposition to her work manifested by certain high ecclesiastics.

These matters are set forth in the following copy of her letter now in the hands of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

To His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

HOLY FATHER.—It is with great grief and regret that I address this letter to your Holiness. I am obliged to resign into your hand the office to which you were pleased to appoint me, and to leave to others the work of the Order of Peace which your Holiness has authorized me to establish.

I have not taken this step without long and careful consideration, for I see every day more and more the necessity of such work as this for Working Girls. They have been indeed the great support of the Roman Catholic Church, and they deserve all that can be done for their comfort and encouragement.

But I have found such opposition to this work, which I so dearly love, from certain bishops whose influence is so powerful that other bishops do not like to support what they disapprove, even though it has the sanction of your Holiness, that I am obliged to retire from it. My health, always delicate, has completely given way under the pressure and pain of this discouragement. I have in vain pointed out to the ecclesiastics that the fact of your Holiness having permitted me to establish a New Order, should have satisfied them that I was, as the document sent from Propaganda to the Right Rev. Bishop Bagshawe said, "worthy of confidence and trust." This document says, "I may assure your lordship that due notice, acknowledgment, and consideration has been taken of whatever has been written or sent to Propaganda, and nothing was found to prevent the Cardinal Prefect from recommending her (Sister M. Francis Clare) to the Holy Father, not only to dispense her from belonging to the Poor Clares, but to give her that dispensation to establish and direct a new congregation under your lordship. That very fact is an evident testimony of the judgment passed in Propaganda that she is worthy of your lordship's confidence and trust, and that of any one who may put herself under her guidance."

Notwithstanding the above, reports are circulated both by ecclesiastics and in public press under the control of ecclesiastics, making false charges against me ever since I came to this country, which are most defamatory to me as a religious; and what is far more discrediting, these charges against me reflect on the wisdom and prudence of your Holiness in appointing me to such an office, and on the judgment of the Sacred College of Propaganda, as they are circulating, both in public and in private, the very charges against me which Propaganda has declared, after a careful judicial inquiry, to be false.

I am now publishing in a volume an account of my life. The facts and documents which I shall print will show how groundless are the charges which have been made against me by these influential ecclesiastics, and will show that I was not unworthy of the honorable position to which your Holiness appointed me. If in this publication certain bishops shall be seen to have thrown obstacles in the way of the work which your Holiness committed to me, by speaking of me as if I were an unworthy Sister, your Holiness will be pleased to remember that before publishing these documents I gave them many opportunities of clearing me, and public or private of their false charges, and even in such a manner that it might not appear that they were the authors of them. It will be seen, indeed, that I have treated them with every consideration and patience.

I have now, Holy Father, to express to you my highest respect and my deepest gratitude. The memory of your kindness will remain with me to my dying hour.

With regard to the Sisters who have been associated with me in this work, I am certain that no ecclesiastic can say anything but good of them. Holy Father, take these good Sisters, whom I have so long loved and cherished and trained for this work, to your heart. Be assured that I will altogether keep from them, and shall not give a pretext to any ecclesiastic for any opposition to them on my account. They certainly cannot be held responsible for my supposed faults, and I will be as one who does not exist, as far as they are concerned. God alone knows what this sacrifice will cost me, but I make it willingly, as I see that it is the only way to secure permanence and prosperity to this work.

As during the thirty years which I have served the church as a Sister I have always acted in strict obedience to canonical rule and observance, I have sent in my resignation to the Right Rev. Bishop Bagshawe and the Right Rev. Bishop Wiggles. The former, in his reply to me, expresses his deep regret that my state of health obliges him to accept my resignation, and his sense of the great value of the work done by the Sisters of Peace in his diocese.

I beg to subscribe myself, with the highest respect your Holiness's most grateful

SISTER M. FRANCIS CLARE CUSACK, Late Mother General of the Sisters of Peace.

SAMPLEBURIAN HORRORS.

Examinations Prove that Many Persons are Put in Ground Alive.

As set forth by the Chicago Herald, "Sample Burial Horrors" are numerous. One of the grave-diggers who excavated a cemetery in Minneapolis the other day told a reporter of that city that in nineteen coffins the remains were found turned on their sides, and in one case lying face downward; the latter was that of a full-grown woman, with long jet black, beautiful tresses scattered over the shoulders, and tangled about the neck, indicating that she after being consigned to her last resting place, the latent spark of life quickened, and, conscious of the awful hopelessness of her situation, and with the strength of desperation she began the frightful struggle, vainly turning and twisting within the narrow walls of her prison, until exhaustion finally overcame her and brought relief.

When the ancient cemetery east of Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, was dug up and the remains taken away to allow of the extension of Raymond street, the writer saw numerous indications of premature interments.

The most hideous and blood-curdling of these was that of a body found in the old Presbyterian public receiving vault. It had been placed there about four years previously, and the lid or top had been strained so that some of the screws were torn half out...

It is a well-authenticated fact that the mother of the poet Scott, while lying in a trance and declared by the physicians to be dead, was laid away in the family tomb in the great vaults under the parish church. At night the ghoulish sexton stealthily entered the tomb, opened the casket, and proceeded to rob the elegant and wealthy lady of the jewels which were on her person, according to the then prevalent custom...

The mother of General Israel Putnam, of revolutionary renown, was placed in her coffin and the funeral services commenced, when she revived, and six years afterward gave birth to the child Israel. Long years ago three medical students, who paid an extra sum of money to a professional "resurrectionist" for the purpose of procuring an extraordinarily desirable subject, entered the college dissecting room one night to view their purchase, which had just been received...

One of the two fingered about the body apparently as one held under the spell of a strange, undefined fascination. The girl had been ill and was supposed to have died of some heart disease, and had lain in her family vault about twenty hours. The young student, filled with admiration, gently lifted the magnificently molded arm. It was not chillingly cold, although cool. The muscles were not hard and fixed severely as in rigor mortis. He raised the eyelids and saw none of the glassy and ghastly peculiarities...

CONSIDERING THE LILIES.

Science as Related to Religion.

Rev. Myron Adams' Sermon--The Question of God's Existence Brought Directly to Man's Mind by Evolution. The fourth discourse in the series of sermons on evolution now being given by Rev. Myron Adams was delivered at Plymouth church last evening. The topic selected by the reverend gentleman was "The Functions of Science as Related to Religion," and he chose as a text the familiar passage from the sermon on the mount: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow." Matthew vi, 28. A synopsis of the sermon follows:

"To consider is the office of science. Such consideration must lead, according to Jesus Christ, to certain results, namely, the beneficence and goodness of God. Two hundred and eighty years ago Kepler published his work upon the movements of the planets. From these he deduced the other laws of Kepler. In his last work he said that the book might well wait a century for a reader since God had waited 6,000 years for an observer. Kepler was the legislator of the heavens. He built together the facts about the law of relation between facts must be discovered before there can be order. Men see things, but do not see their relation. The facts are all helter-skelter in their minds. Then arises some one to discover the law of relation. Darwin spent a laborious life in discovering the law of relation in biology. Then Spencer formulated by generalization the law of evolution. It is philosophy builded upon observation. Why should not this philosophy be adopted by all thinking religious men? It will not destroy true religion. The law of evolution has been accepted for centuries as a mode, not as a law. If you take an egg it has a certain shape, color, weight. The observer breaks open the shell and finds an albuminous mass inside--a mass of cells. A process of differentiation begins in the egg after a while. It separates into three layers. They are to form three functions or organs--the nerve system, the nutrition system and the blood system. The nerve system has to do with the exchange of impressions between the outside and inside. The nutrition system has to do with the exchange of matter between the outside and inside. The blood system has to do with the exchange of matter between the parts of the inside. The unit cells of the egg become muscle and nerves, flesh and blood. The law of evolution results from an observation of such facts as these.

"The child is told that God made him. This is true. But he is not taught, as he becomes a man, how this is so. The child sees a moth. He is told that God made the moth. He takes a paper and a pair of shears and tries to make one himself. That is the way he thinks God makes moths. The next spring he sees a moth come out of a cocoon. He tells his mother she was wrong in saying God made the moth. She tells him God made the cocoon. After a while he sees a worm make the cocoon. He tells his mother, not God, makes the cocoon. He tells his mother what he has seen and says the worm, not God, makes the cocoon. She tells him God made the worm. Then the boy gets sharp sighted and goes out and finds a bunch of eggs like eggs. After while the worms are hatched from the egg. The boy goes to his mother again and then the mother says God made the egg. Finally, he finds out that the moth lays the egg and says the whole thing goes in a circle, egg, worm, cocoon, moth and so on. But his mother says he does not make things as he does, that he will some time learn to study and admire the process of God.

"The boy grows up. He treats the whole thing as coming from God, or coming from nothing. There is no reason why he should not believe it comes from God and pretty much every reason why he should not believe it comes from nothing. Suppose the mother should tell the little boy to let the cocoons alone and should tell him they are anars of the devil. She will put her boy on the way to permanent unbelief. Put the church in the place of the mother and the children of the church in the place of that boy and what is the conclusion?

"Science can tell me in what way I was made. It cannot tell me who made me. That is a philosophy of no science. Men seem to believe that God is a resident and an absentee; that God sub-lets his functions to cohesion, adhesion, vital force, and other natural forces. God is conceived as a chief marshal of other gods called natural laws. That is a polytheism that has held its ground for centuries. The new science will not admit of this theory. The new philosophy utterly discards this polytheism. It sees God in all natural laws operating in all nature in a more intimate way than has been latterly taught, or nature operates itself and needs no God. Does it take long for any one to decide which is true unless he be grievously afflicted with materialism? The highest function of science is to show man his direct connection with God. If you are forced to admit the presence of God in the greater creations, are you not compelled also to admit his existence in man, or in the words of Christ: 'If God so clothe the grass of the field, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?'"--Rochester, N. Y. Paper.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

PRINCIPLES OF THE ECONOMIC PHILOSOPHY OF Society, Government, and Industry by Van Ruren Denlow, LL. D. New York: Cassell & Company, Limited, pp. 322. Price, \$3.00. Dr. Denlow has endeavored in this large volume to answer the many questions of interest to students in political economy. He trusts, he says, that his "work may prove acceptable to the students of political economy in this and other lands, in the degree in which it fairly reflects the views of the wisdom of nations, the views of practical men of affairs--for these get nearest to the truth of things." Dr. Denlow aims to be constructive rather than destructive, although criticism forms a large part of the work.

Of the English writers on political economy our author has not a very high opinion. "Political Economy," he says, can never make rapid progress in England until missionaries of finance and industry go to that country, to inculcate or in some way develop there, the faculty of apprehending the distinction between stupidity and profundity." The illustration of this "point" is found in "Malthus' law of population," as stated by himself and Ricardo. "The law is," says Dr. Denlow, "that as the laborer's income expands, his power and tendency to procreate expands at the same rate, so as to hold the laborer, ordinarily and naturally, down to the same standard as if his wages had not been raised." "Hence, if A. T. Stewart married on an income of, say \$1,000, or say \$500 each for himself and wife, the so-called law of Malthus would have required when his income reached \$8,000 a year, that Mrs. Stewart should have borne him 12,000 children. In fact she did not bear him one."

This is a strangely unjudicial and one-sided reference to Malthus' law of population. It cannot be denied that in regions the most scantily provided with means of subsistence the tendency of population is to decline rather than to increase. This is especially true of man in a savage condition. When civilized men come to occupy such countries, the means of subsistence are multiplied, and increase of population is made possible. The law of reproduction in mankind tends, no doubt, to increase of population in a geometrical ratio, and this, thus maintained, but in savage life there is lack of the means of subsistence, while war, disease and famine, positive checks, work the most freely and with the most destructive effects.

These facts are indisputable, and yet it is true that in the most enlightened countries the increase of population is greatest among the poor classes and least among the wealthy or well to do classes. The rate of increase is reduced about in the ratio of the improvement of the social condition, and this is owing largely to prudential moral checks upon the importance of which Malthus insisted. Malthus' claim that food can be made to increase only in an arithmetical ratio may fairly be questioned, and much in his reasoning exception may be taken; but Dr. Denlow's attempt to show that Malthus and Ricardo failed to see "that there is no physiological distinction between the effect of an increase of income on a laborer, a profit-maker and a landowner, as to his tendencies to procreate his species," as they are all laborers of some sort, and that Malthus' law of population is false because the barren wife of a millionaire is not the mother of 12,000 children, is simply ridiculous.

Prof. Bonamy Price's statement of the Malthusian law that human beings, like all other animals, have a power of multiplying faster than their food, is met in the following fashion: "Since as human beings are the food of all other animals, and all other animals are, or may be the food of human beings, and as the power of multiplying faster than their food pertains both to human beings and to all other animals, it follows that Prof. Price has affirmed both that human beings have a power of multiplying greater than that of other animals, and that other animals have a power of multiplying greater than that of human beings." This may be smart, but it is not a very convincing refutation of "the Malthusian law."

John Stuart Mill's "obvious truism" that customs, duties, are protective only so far as they produce no revenue, only so far as they exclude imported goods, and that they yield revenue only on the quantity of goods which they admit, our authority regards as mere "chop logic." Mill's proposition has the appearance of self-evidence, but Dr. Denlow brings forward tariff statistics to disprove it. To Adam Smith's statement that taxes should be direct and certain, so that each man should know exactly the extent of his burden,--Dr. Denlow replies, "Cut him?" The assumption is that the man who feels that he can resist their unjust imposition. But is it a civic virtue so much higher to resist taxation, than to pay taxes, that special pains should be taken to make it painful. ... Of what great value is it to any man to have burdens made so extremely evident?"

The book contains many statements not necessary to the author's argument, some of them incomplete or exaggerated like the following: "The development of man mentally, morally and socially is therefore the product of diversification of industry." (page 318). A true statement would seem to be that the diversification of industry is the product of man's development, each industry having its origin in man's wants and productive power, and all being made to serve in this development. What

Dr. Denlow says as to the importance of industrial diversity is well said. A considerable portion of the volume is devoted to a defense of the protective tariff, a subject with which Dr. Denlow is thoroughly familiar, and with he discusses with ingenuity and acuteness, but with, we must add, too much of the bad temper which he ascribes to distinguished writers whom he opposes. Thus he says: "Protective theories have the qualified endorsement of Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill, even while they call the pertinence of both, and provoke the ill temper of Mill, Jevons Cairnes, Bonamy Price, Fawcett, Thorold Rogers, all lose their good manners on no other issue but this, and singularly enough, their lack of patience in investigation, candor in analysis, and even honesty of statement, seems proportionate to the fervor of their anger.... The besetting sin of the free-trade school of writers is that they advance the partialities of children with the pomposity of kings, and the unscrupulousness of rogues, and then say this is demonstration, when no intelligent mind sees in it the quality of conclusiveness, and often it lacks all semblance of knowledge, or candor, or economic expertise in thinking."

This would be bad enough in a partisan daily paper during the bitterness of a political campaign like the past one, but in a work on political economy it is without the slightest excuse. The work is marred by so many similar passages that one is led to believe that some of the chapters were written under mental strain or in a state of nervous excitement. With all its defects the work has real merit. It contains many facts and figures, numerous citations and references, and much ingenious and interesting thought on subjects of current interest. The style is clear, and the treatment of the subjects is the result of years of thought and study, and the production of a man who has the courage to differ from the highest "authorities" and the independence of a free thinker, untroubled by the question whether they are in accord with the different schools of political economy or not.

TOWN AND COUNTRY SCHOOL BUILDINGS. A Collection of Plans and Designs for Schools of Various Sizes, Graded and Ungraded, with Descriptions of Construction and Sanitary Arrangements, Light, Heat, and Ventilation. By E. C. Gardner, architect, author of "The House and the City," "Homes and How to Make Them," "Common Sense in Church Building," etc. New York and Chicago: E. L. Kellogg & Co. 410. Cloth, 141 pages \$2.50.

In looking over these pretty designs, one wonders why every school house, especially in the country, has not been made beautiful ere this. It never seems to occur to the board of trustees that there is anything necessary except four walls, a roof, and a floor, consequently there is great room for improvement, and in this day of age of the world when the aesthetic taste is cultivated to such an extent, our children demand that the places in which they spend so much of their time shall possess the most perfect systems of heating, lighting and ventilation known. The author shows how to make even a handsome log school house. He gives very minute details which will be found easy for even the commonest mechanic to work from.

THE LOVER AND OTHER PAPERS. By Richard Steele. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, 50 cents, 380 pages.

This collection of essays by Richard Steele will be read with interest. They are a selection from "The Englishman," "Town Talk" and other noted English papers of that day, and when we think that Steele has been dead 160 years, we must realize that we get an idea of that age, which we can get in no other way. It is a selection from the best of his work. It contains many admirable suggestions of the highest practical value, and delicate satire, with fine irony unequalled but in the pages of his friend and associate.

MISS PARLOA'S COOK BOOK. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. The preparing and cooking of food is not only a science, but it is also an art. The culinary department are introduced.

TICKNOR'S PAPER SERIES. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Ticknor & Co. are issuing some of the best and choicest reading in this paper series. John Bowdoin's Testimony and Love and Theology are two of the latest out, and no doubt will meet with large sales.

THE SUNSHINE SERIES. New York: Cassell & Co. Price, 50 cents. This popular series is constantly bringing out works by well-known writers in this cheap form, and meeting with success.

New Books Received.

Society and the State. Two sermons by Rev. H. N. Brown. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. The Peckster Professorship. An Episode in the History of Peckham Research. By J. P. Quimby. Boston: W. A. Jones, 50 cents. "Literary Studies."

The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane. By Frank Barrett. Sunshine Series. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price 50 cents. The Astonishing History of Troy Town. By Q. Rainbow Series. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 50 cents.

The following new books received from Roberts Bros., Boston: A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Pen. By the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission," etc. Price \$1.00. Casimir Maramba. By Arthur Helps. Price, 75 cents. With Sadi in the Garden, or the Book of Love. By Sir Edwin Arnold. Price, \$1.00.

The following new works from Lee & Shepard, Boston: A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Bidding his Time. By J. T. Frowbridge. Price, \$1.00. Travellers and Outlaws. Episodes in American History. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Price, \$1.50. Chapters from Jane Austen. Edited by Oscar Fay Austen. Price, 75 cents. Readings from the Waverley Novels. Edited by A. F. Blaisdell. Price, 75 cents.

November Magazines Not Mentioned Before. Wide Awake. (Boston.) The stories, poems, and sketches in this magazine are of the highest quality. For some children of Modern Painters and the children of the White House are most interesting reading. The departments are full of useful information. Current Literature. (New York.) Number six volume one of this successful monthly is at hand, and has a varied table of contents. The several departments are good; that of The Unusual, Ghostly and Queer will interest many of our readers.

The American Magazine. (New York.) An unusual array of articles are found in this monthly for November. Also: The Unitarian Review, Boston. The Christian Metaphysician, Chicago. The Independent Pulpit, Waco, Texas. Notes and Queries, Manchester, N. H. Horticultural Art Journal, Rochester, N. Y. Woman's World, Chicago. The Children's Friend, and Kindergarten, New York. Quarterly Journal of the Jenness Miller's System of Patterns, New York. Sphinx, Leipzig. Le Messager, Liege. The Phenological Magazine, London. La Revue Spiritie, Paris.

Use the surest remedy for catarrh--Dr. Sage's. Not a Medicine. Mellin's Food is not a medicine, but a *type food*. It owes its remarkable remedial powers to its ready digestibility and great nourishing properties. Nervous invalids and dyspeptics improve greatly by its use; it does not stimulate, but invigorates after nature's own method.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 1, 1888.

Revelations—Those of the Past and of To-Day.

In his "Life of Carlyle," Mr. Fronde says of the stern old sage of Craigenputtock: "Experienced fact was to him revelation, and the only true revelation. In revelation technically so-called,—revelation confirmed by historical miracles,—he was unable to believe; he felt himself forbidden to believe by the light that was in him. In other ages men had seen miracles where there were none and had related them in perfect good faith, in their eagerness to realize the divine presence in the world. They did not know enough of nature to be on their guard against alleged suspensions of its unvarying order. To Carlyle the universe itself was a miracle, and all its phenomena were equally in themselves incomprehensible."

Carlyle did not believe in feeding on the dry husks of the past, in clinging to the myths and mythologies of a dead civilization. He preferred the fresh succulent spiritual food, the facts and phenomena of the universe, in which he saw evidence of divine power as manifest as it was in olden times. To him all nature was sacred and not simply a particular period of history, or a particular place on this planet. In the sunrise, and in the change from day light to the star-sown gloom of night; in the germination of a seed, the growth of a plant, and the evolution of an animal organism, in the revolution of worlds and their majestic march through space, and above all, in the marvellous phenomena of human thought, Carlyle saw miracles, compared with which the alleged miracles of theology seemed paltry and contemptible.

Is not this the rational and true position? With cosmic movements all around us, in which is immanent the Supreme Power, why should men view these with indifference and insensibility and pay perpetual deference to an undeveloped superstitious past. In all practical matters people are taking advantage of enlarged knowledge and the new light. In the study of science and in the province of "profane" history, so-called, miracle plays no part, for, it is assumed that law everywhere prevails and that whatever occurs, however strange, must be in accordance with law. It is an absolute rule of historical criticism to exclude from all ancient as well as modern narratives—except those called sacred, every account involving special divine interposition. In Christian nations the exceptions to this rule are only the particular sacred books of the Hebrews and Christians, those that have survived, and have not been rejected as apocryphal. The alleged miracles in these writings are still believed by millions. In the orthodox churches are yet heard the old out-worn thread-bare theological names and formulas, the teachers of which feel obliged to feed their hearers on spiritual husks in which there is no nourishment, because the churches are bound by iron usage and creeds formulated centuries ago. The truth and light of to-day are ignored. Men and women who in active life are reasonable enough, inside of the churches, in the crepuscular shadow of the sanctuaries, revert to the mental and moral stature of two or three thousand years ago, and recite the words which voiced the spiritual wants and feelings of semi-barbarous nomads and shepherd of the far distant past. They have moral natures and the moral sense far more fully developed than was the moral sense of the ancient Hebrews, and there is accessible to them stores of knowledge unknown in the past; and yet these men and women who cling to an irrational theology, turn from

the revelation of to-day, to those of the past, as though there had been no progress in science, no advance in knowledge.

The past should not be undervalued. It made the thought and culture of the present possible. In the old myths and miracles there are expressions or aspects of truth suited to the ancient mind, and which served to give it inspiration and strength. It is only when minds under the influence of a more advanced civilization, turn to these old beliefs and accept them as full and final truths that they have a stunting and dwarfing tendency. Fortunately the great thinkers of Christendom, those whose thought percolates slowly down through all the intellectual and social strata, are applying to the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures the same methods of investigation and the same canons of criticism which have been applied with such splendid results to Egyptian, Indian, Greek and Roman history; and these methods and canons are by no means confined to a small class of thinkers; they are used by thousands, and in every community among the most intelligent are men and women who can never again be satisfied with the faith in which they were reared, but from which by thought and study they have freed themselves and have either found or are seeking a broader and nobler faith. Here begins a grand work in which a rational, scientifically proven Spiritualism can fill a splendid part in the evolution of man. Here and now is a field ripe for the harvest and demanding an army of well-trained teachers, filled with the highest inspiration and guided by the knowledge of to-day and the experience of all the past. Then let us to our task, Spiritualists! each according to his ability. See to it that material resources are forth-coming to reinforce the spiritual. Arouse, one and all, to the importance of the opportunity and give such power and momentum to the movement, such virility, such conviction-compelling force as shall carry all before it!

Mary Eddy Huntton.

To thousands who have attended Spiritualist camp-meetings, the gaunt wiry form of Mary Eddy Huntton is familiar. At Lake Pleasant she never seems quite at ease but moves about like a half-tamed fox, with a frightened look as if out of her familiar haunts and not quite sure of her bearings or of the people around her. At Queen City Park Camp the poor thing is transformed into another creature. Once more on her native soil, Vermont, she loses her timid ways and scared look; becomes smiling, quite at ease, and even jolly. Her hard, bird-like claw spontaneously grasps many a hand that it shrank from further south; and she holds her head as high as any of the medimistic fraternity. One cannot help feeling a kindly pity for this wild, unkempt, Green Mountain gypsy, and must look somewhat leniently upon the poor thing's crude cleverness at her trade. When we reached Queen City Park early in September last, we found her there in the full tide of enjoyment, and rlying her vocation. Never having attended one of her seances, and with the testimony of witnesses as to the genuineness of demonstrations in her presence years ago fresh in mind, we mentioned our wish to witness her exhibit to a mutual acquaintance, who reported it to the medium. A cordial invitation was at once given by Mrs. Huntton, who declared she was not afraid of us, no, indeed! only dishonest mediums need fear us and she wasn't one of that sort. Accordingly at nearly nine o'clock of a cold, raw evening, we made one of a dozen or so who climbed a pair of steep stairs to the dismal attic of a camp cottage. The darkness was made more pronounced by a sickly, smoke-smitting kerosene lamp and that irrepresible African nuisance known to campers as George Washington Stout, who with lugubrious expression and bent form held down a rough chair and pumped distressing sounds out of a wheezy accordion, under the seeming supposition that it was music such as brings angels down to earth. After considerable delay, caused by Mrs. Huntton in seating the sitters by "improvision," she selected two persons to sit with her behind a curtain which concealed their forms up to their necks. The individual whom she was "impressed" to place to her right, and who was to hold her hands securely, of course, was a man over seventy years of age, who senses it was quite apparent had lost what little acuteness they may have had in earlier years.

This, the first act in the show, went off quite successfully; some feats were performed which seemed beyond the power of the medium, though whether they were or not, was, in the nature of things, impossible for anybody in front to demonstrate. This introductory performance was followed by the materializing seance, Mrs. Huntton having first essayed a stock speech in her own unique vernacular, the drift of which was that she was a poor but honest instrument in the hands of the blessed spirit, and just doted on having skeptics present.

The exhibit of "spirit" forms proceeded. Attracted seemingly by the odor from "Africa's coral strands," generated to the left front of the cabinet by the perspiring labors of Mr. G. W. Stout in his efforts to draw agonizing sounds out of the accordion, the ghostly figures flitted momentarily into view and then disappeared behind the curtain. Their disappearance seemed to be a signal for redoubled efforts on the part of the colored mortal to drown the noise which cabinet spirits generally make in arranging their outfit prior to their appearance. It is unnecessary to go into a detailed account of the uncanny farce. The "dematerializations

in view of the audience" were too transparently fraudulent to deceive any one not blinded by their expectations and faith. As Mrs. Huntton, personating the spirit, slowly dropped on her knees, bent forward to the floor and drew herself behind the curtain, every movement of her body was seen by its effect on the curtain, behind which she was retreating in this grotesque manner. Where all was only bungling, carelessly concealed deception, it were useless to particularize. This part of the seance was without question wholly fraudulent; and was so regarded by most of those who witnessed it. Immediately the show was ended, a hyperesthetic woman who either swallowed all she saw or simulated faith most perfectly, and who seemed to be a sort of director of ceremonies, pounced upon the poor editor and in a high falsetto key demanded his verdict. Pity for the principal actor and painful disgust to think that supposed-to-be rational people can satisfy their spiritual hunger on such rubbish, compelled him to return an evasive answer; and this account of the affair would never have been written if Mrs. Huntton and her cronies had either remained silent or told the truth. They did neither; and from all parts of the country comes to us the story of our endorsement of the seance as a genuine exhibition of materialization, coupled with the inquiry if it is true. Hence this account which answers these inquiries. We are not passing judgment on what this woman may have been in the past however; every seance must stand on its own merits, as we have said a thousand times.

The Hebrew Bible and Spiritualism.

We learn from the San Diego (Cal.) Daily Bee, that Keener chapel of that city was crowded on the evening of Oct. 26th, by an intelligent and expectant congregation, at the regular Jewish services, to hear Rabbi Freuder's address on "The Hebrew Bible and Spiritualism." Among those present were many Spiritualists. He chose as his text:

Deuteronomy XVIII, 10-13: "There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or daughter to pass through the fire, or that uses divination or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord, and because of these abominations the Lord, thy God, does drive them out from before thee."

The Rabbi stated that "No enlightened man can view the spread of Spiritualism without surprise; no truly religious man without regret. You and I, and all those who believe in a harmony of faith, with reason, and strive after an enlightened religion, cannot help being astonished and aggrieved to see the spiritualistic doctrine and practice gaining ardent admirers and blind followers among all classes of a people whose just pride is to be in the van guard of culture and civilization. Honest and careful investigation has established the fact beyond the shadow of a doubt that all those spiritual manifestations are such that they are nothing but impostors and frauds."

This "learned" Rabbi, however, found an opponent—N. F. Ravlin—in San Diego, who was superior to him in all respects, and who illustrated the extreme absurdity and foolishness of his assertions. The Rabbi declared: "The Climax of Spiritualistic absurdity is reached in materialization. What an immense amount of stupidity this belief requires." In answer to that charge Mr. Ravlin asks:

"How about the angels (spirits) that came to Abraham and Lot in materialized form as men, and ate and drank with them? How about the angel (spirit) that wrestled with Jacob during the live-long night, and finally smote and dislocated his thigh? How about the fingers of a man's hand that wrote Beshazzar's doom upon his palace wall? If those were not materialized fingers, what were they?" He concludes his able address as follows:

We commune with our angel friends just as really and truly as did Jesus when the angels came and ministered unto him; or as Mary saw and talked with them at the sepulcher, and as when the disciples saw the angels and talked and communed with Jesus after his resurrection. The wonderful demonstration on the day of Pentecost, the trance and inspirational "speaking with tongues;" the rushing mighty wind, the cloven tongues of flame, and the attendant results are all plain and perfectly understood by intelligent Spiritualists. In much the same way we now demonstrate the life immortal. We furnish proof positive of the continuity of human life, or of the conscious existence of man after death. We furnish a scientific basis of facts, stubborn facts concerning our future destiny, that cannot be overthrown, or long evaded. We proceed orderly and scripturally. Our teachings are the quintessence of spiritual truth. Our philosophy comprehends man's regeneration, or spiritual unfoldment. It teaches exact and impartial justice. It inculcates charity as the best, sweetest gift of the spirit. In our philosophy, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. He that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; and he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." As every one does his own sowing, so every one must do his own reaping. In other words, must meet the consequences of his own acts. But we do not kill a man because he picks up sticks on the Sabbath; nor do we kill our unruly, wayward sons, nor stone to death our drunkards and gluttons. We seek to reform them from their evil ways, instead of killing them as you would the wild beasts of the field. Our circumcision is of the heart, and in the spirit, and not in the flesh. We live not under the laws of a carnal commandment, but in the power of an endless life.

Preaching Hell to Their Congregations.

Inspired by that dangerous materialization of Mrs. Ward's brain, "Robert Elsmere," the city editor of the Chicago Tribune detailed a force of twenty reporters to attend as many city churches a week ago last Sunday. Only leading societies were selected, and the reporters were armed with instructions to recount the audience, men, women, and children, and submit to the ministers after the sermon these questions: Do men go to church? If not, what is the explanation of their non-attendance? Do ministers believe in Hell? Is orthodoxy dying out?

Last Sunday's Tribune displayed in a full page the result of this expedition in search of data.

Of the sixteen evangelical churches reported on, the attendance at morning service was as follows:

Baptist (3 churches): Men 537; women 758; children 233.

Methodist (3 churches): Men 361; women 466; children 59.

Congregationalist (4 churches): Men 833; women 949; children 375.

Presbyterian (three churches): Men 692; women 961; children 175.

Episcopal (3 churches): Men 343; women 406; children 90.

Aggregate attendance in sixteen churches, men 2766; women 3980; children 927; making a total attendance in sixteen of the leading churches of 7,238, or an average attendance of 452 1/2.

The ministers did not seem to relish the questions put to them; Dr. Lorimer of whom one sees more of in the newspapers than any other and whose congregation on that morning numbered only 329, was especially irritated, and protested against the Tribune's attempt, positively declining to answer the questions. All the others believed in Hell, but not one of "fire and brimstone." All of them with the exception of the Episcopalians, declared that orthodoxy was not dying out, and some affirmed it to be more vigorous than ever.

All sorts of excuses were given for the non-attendance of men.

In reply to the question, "Do you believe in a Hell?" Rev. P. S. Henson (Baptist) said: "I do, yes, sir, I do sure. What is it like or how is it I don't know; I don't want to know. I have some conception about it. Yes, I imagine it is some solitary place, dark, dismal, forbidding, where the wicked are cast in all together; the sorcerers, whom-mongers, idolaters, etc. They will live in the utter fitness for which they so craved while on earth. No; that cannot be enjoyment even though the very thing they loved here below. Every man must hold that this is not the last of humanity; in the future there must be a place for the righteous and the wicked. Our world is but a speck in the firmament. When the end comes we shall all be gathered to one central place. The righteous will enjoy Heaven, the wicked the Hell I have told you about."

Rev. Robert McIntyre (Methodist) said: "Most certainly I believe in a Hell. Not in a Hell of fire and brimstone. No one believes that now. These were merely figures of speech. But I believe in everlasting banishment from the presence of God for those who are persistently and willfully rebellious against God. And that's a far worse Hell than fire and brimstone."

To the question on Hell, Rev. E. P. Goodwin (Congregationalist) replied: "Certainly, if the Scriptures teach anything they teach that there is a Hell, a place for evil spirits. I believe in Hell just as it is taught in the Bible."

Rev. Arthur Little (Congregationalist) is reported as saying: "I believe in a hell. I believe that the Scripture teaches us that there is a place or condition of endless punishment for the incorrigibly wicked."

Rev. T. E. Green (Episcopalian) said: "I believe in a Hell; I can't help it. The Bible teaches it, the church teaches it, that ends it. Orthodoxy is on the decline. Sadly so in the Protestant world."

Rev. Dr. J. L. Withrow (Presbyterian): "I believe in the Hell of the Bible; and I preach Hell as the result of persistence in impenitence and refusal to accept Christ and God. By Hell I mean just that which Jesus Christ seems to teach—the soul being cast off from God. Not a Hell of material fire, but the results of an immoral life following the guilty into the next world, in which there is no Bible promise of pardon, but 'the wrath of God abideth on them.'"

It should in justice be said that the morning was somewhat stormy, which probably lessened the attendance, but it is a highly significant fact that on the same morning Dr. H. W. Thomas spoke to a full house in McVicker's Theatre, his audience fully equaling the aggregate attendance of any three of the orthodox churches. His theology, what little he has, is heterodox, but he makes up for it in religion, a religion of love and hope and noble endeavor. Space forbids further discussion of this topic now, and we will only add that in view of these figures and views of everlasting punishment, it is no wonder, such books as "Robert Elsmere" and such preachers as Thomas are in demand, and that people decline to attend orthodox services, even when for strictly business and social reasons they retain nominal fellowship with orthodoxy.

Dr. Thomas, in his sermon on "Robert Elsmere," asks some pertinent questions which his orthodox contemporaries cannot satisfactorily answer. His discourse is a model for its brevity and suggestiveness, stimulating the hearer to think for himself, condensing whole paragraphs into a single sentence; thus leaving one to fill in the space with one's own thought, rather than by exhaustive treatment leaving nothing for the hearer to add and thus encouraging intellectual inertia and mental dyspepsia. Dr. Thomas's example in this particular may be followed by many speakers and writers with great profit to themselves and to the public.

Taking a hint from the JOURNAL'S valuable column of coincidences, the Chicago Herald essays a similar work, and devotes a page in its issue of last Sunday to the same interesting topic. The Herald quotes freely without credit, from the JOURNAL, and also introduces a number of remarkable cases never before in print, some of which will be reproduced in these columns.

PUBLISHER'S COLUMN.

Every well-wisher will be glad to have the JOURNAL begin the new year with several thousand new readers. Every such well-wisher will be twice as happy if he or she puts passive good-will into action and sends the product to the publisher in the form of one or more new yearly subscribers. Try it, and if it don't afford genuine pleasure to the sender the publisher will make amends in any way that you may suggest.

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To any subscriber whose subscription is now paid in advance and who will before the last day of this month send in one new name as a yearly subscriber, with the regular subscription price, \$2.50, we will send as a holiday gift a copy of that curious and interesting book, "The Spirit-World: its Inhabitants Nature, and Philosophy," by Dr. Eugene Crowell, a cloth-bound book of about 200 pages, originally published at \$1.25. This book has been the subject of wide and varied comment.

To every subscriber in arrears who will pay up, renew for one year and send in one new yearly subscriber, the above offer is open.

These propositions hold good all this month, but will not be repeated in these columns, so don't forget. Act promptly if you desire to secure this book. In writing don't fail to mention that you are entitled to the book.

HOLIDAY NUMBER.

The publisher will issue an extra edition of probably not less than 40,000 copies for a holiday number. It will be filled with short accounts of well attested phenomena, and brief articles from well known thinkers. Readers who would like to contribute a brief narrative of experience are cordially invited to do so immediately. Keep it within 500 words; no introductory remarks are necessary; begin at once with the story you have to tell; if you wish to make explanations or to add corroborative testimony for the editor's benefit, do it on a separate sheet. All matter for that paper must be in the office within a week.

This will be an excellent number for you to send to friends. We will supply it at the rate of \$5.00 per 100 copies, or 5 cents per copy for any number. If preferred we will upon receipt of a list of names and addresses plainly written, accompanied with a remittance at the rate of 5 cents a copy, mail direct to the addresses from the office of publication without extra charge. We hope to issue the holiday number under date of December 15th, if not that week it will be the next. Now let us see how generally and generously you will co-operate in placing the paper in the hands of those who need to see such a paper as you know the JOURNAL to be!

Those in arrears should at once square their accounts with the JOURNAL and renew. Such an act of simple justice will give additional zest to your holiday enjoyment, to say nothing of the pleasure and relief it will afford the publisher.

GENERAL ITEMS.

More than 50,000 copies of "Robert Elsmere" have been sold already in this city alone.

Mrs. R. C. Simpson, the excellent test medium, arrived in the city last week from her home, Hope, Dakota. She is on a visit to her son.

Miss M. T. Shelhamer, so long the medium for the Banner circle, is reported by a Boston correspondent to have been married, last week, to Mr. C. P. Longley.

Are we to understand that to know is less a warranty for religious feeling and hope than to believe, or rather try to believe? One would think so to hear some people talk.

J. Gifford writes that under the administration of Mrs. Carrie C. Van Duzee the First Spiritual Society of Watertown N. Y., is growing very rapidly. Mrs. Van Duzee's address until further notice will be at that place.

In answer to an inquiry as to whether promiscuous questions are answered by the spirits through the telegraphic medium Rowley, of Cleveland, Ohio, we would state that his whole time is now devoted to medical practice.

The Ladies' Social Circle of the Peoples' Church, of which Dr. H. W. Thomas is pastor, will serve lunches at the hall over C. H. Slack's store, Northeast corner Wabash Ave., and Madison St., December 4th to 11th. Lunch served from 11 A. M., to 3 P. M. Take elevator at Wabash Ave. entrance.

Lyman C. Howe speaks at the Spiritual Temple, Boston, Mass., the first four Sundays of December. He will answer calls for week evening lectures at accessible points until Dec. 25th, in New England or elsewhere. He is open for engagements for Sundays, East or West, any time after Christmas. Address Boston, Mass.

The JOURNAL commends to the sober and candid attention of those inclined to credulity and to the sectarian spirit, the judiciously fair remarks on Materialization and A. R. Wallace, by Hudson Tuttle, on another page. Prof. Wallace is an expert in analyzing the testimony of rocks, trees, plants and animals, and making generalizations therefrom, but when it comes to dealing with human testimony as evidence in support of occult phenomena his training is seriously at fault and he is incompetent for the task.

Mrs. O. C. Converse of Waterbury, Conn., is an old lady of 78 who had a hand in the education of two Presidents of the United States—Benjamin Harrison, President-elect, and James A. Garfield.

Munificent Philanthropy.

Within the next decade or two the United States bids fair to have the most magnificently endowed institutions of training in the world.

"I. V. Williamson, the aged philanthropist, who has decided to devote \$12,000,000 of his enormous fortune for the establishment of a great industrial school for boys, has completed his arrangements, and to-day took the first step in the direction of establishing the school by selecting a board of seven trustees, all of whom are well known business men.

"As to the amount of money with which the institution shall be endowed, it is stated that even Mr. Williamson does not know that himself yet. But it is understood that the fund will eventually be many millions of dollars."

Lawrence Oliphant.

We had somehow been led to think that Mr. Lawrence Oliphant was rapidly convalescing, and had at no time been so seriously ill as the public supposed.

"With regard to my husband's malady, the doctors pronounced it beyond the reach of medicine the last of August. Since that time he has taken no drugs. Such help as he has had, therefore, has been magnetic and spiritual. The former (animal magnetism) has been of use, but our dependence lies rather in spiritual than in physical aid.

J. Gregg Wright in Chicago.

Next Sunday afternoon in Kimball Hall, 245 State Street, corner of Jackson, Mr. Wright will begin a series of lectures lasting through the month. The JOURNAL has often commended this speaker as one of the ablest on the Spiritualist rostrum.

We do not claim we have in Spiritualism a science as yet, but we do affirm a synthesis of facts presenting the basis for a science, the culmination of which may be a religion or not according to the insight and disposition of the recipient mind.

Dr. A. W. Lozier of New York is about issuing a work which is in memoriam of Dr. Clemence S. Lozier, who passed to spirit life in April, as previously announced. The book is to be ready for the Grand Bazaar of the Alumni Association of the Medical College and Hospital for Women, commencing December 3rd, and continuing one week at Masonic Temple, 23rd Street, corner of 6th Avenue, New York.

Some years ago a book by Mrs. Leonowens, "The English Governess at the Siamese Court," had wide reading in this country, and the lectures of the accomplished and large-souled authoress were heard with deep interest by thoughtful people.

stamps, coined money stamped with his own profile instead of the elephant and umbrella of old coinage, opened telegraphs and encouraged schools, and is breaking the barriers which have kept the slow life of his old kingdom from the quickening tides of our larger thought.

"Light, our very able London contemporary, is to be congratulated in that it has taken a step forward by securing new and commodious quarters. It now has suitable accommodations at No. 2 Duke Street, Adelphi, London, W. C., which it occupies in connection with the Spiritualist Alliance.

"The Oxford way of politely telling these 'sponges' that the Alliance is quite tired of their unprofitable company where favors are all on one side, and that they must either do the many thing and help to share the expenses, or stay away. We, on this side of the water, put things a bit plainer, though quite likely no more forcibly or effectively. All the editorial and counting-room work of Light is done without remuneration, and by men who depend upon their labors in other fields for income.

It would surprise our subscribers, were they to know how widely the JOURNAL is utilized by preachers, lecturers and newspapers. The other day fourteen cases were pointed out by a friend, none of them over two months old, where the exact language of sentences and even whole paragraphs from the JOURNAL's editorials had been appropriated by preachers and lecturers without accrediting their source; and of newspapers with editorials in which the 'assimilation' of the JOURNAL's utterances was plainly apparent.

Next Tuesday, the 4th, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Alles are to celebrate their crystal wedding at their beautiful home in that lovely locality known far and wide as Riverside, California. Like others who have graduated from the JOURNAL office and set up for themselves, Mr. Alles has made a brilliant and rapid success, and is entitled, jointly with his faithful helpmeet and adviser, to the heartiest congratulations of his hosts of friends, and to all the crystal that the home will hold.

Next week the Chicagoese are to be treated to the first course of a series of "University Lectures." Beginning at 12:15 noon, on Monday, in Hooley's Theater, and at the same hour for five consecutive days, the brilliant and scholarly lecturer, Prof. Thomas Davidson will discourse for forty minutes each day upon the following subjects: Aristotle, Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventura, Dante and Savonarola, taking one for each lecture, in their order as given. Tickets for the series five dollars. Prof. Davidson's style is clear direct, simple and fascinating.

The Judson female seminary, near Marion, Ala., has been burned.—Diphtheria is prevailing to an alarming extent in the vicinity of Danville, Ill.—George O. Sauer, a Kansas City commission merchant, has failed for \$70,000.—Four colored men were killed recently in a dynamite explosion near Tazewell, Tenn.—Frank Dodge, a barber at Morton, Tenn., killed himself because of love troubles.—Pleurisy pneumonia is devastating the cattle herd in the vicinity of Middletown, N. Y.—The recent cold weather wrought great damage to the apple crop near Belvidere, N. Y.—The Old Guard, eighty-five strong, paraded Saturday at New York in honor of evacuation day.—Dr. W. B. Sprinkle, charged with assaulting Miss Leana Kelly at Hillsboro, Ill., has been acquitted.—Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, was upset in a runaway accident in New York Saturday, but was not seriously injured.—George H. Hampton, city marshal of Lemars, Iowa, was shot and killed by John Gaynor, whom the officer was striving to arrest.—Walter J. Booth, of West Grove, Pa., a popular young business man, has disappeared, leaving \$14,000 in unsecured debts and some forged notes.—Mrs. Mary Waters, a colored woman, was burned to death and her daughter was severely injured

In a fire which destroyed their dwelling at Columbus, O., Saturday.—The body of John Pflom, who murdered Kate O'Melich near St. Cloud, Minn., recently, has been found in the woods with the throat cut from ear to ear. He is supposed to have committed suicide.—Mrs. Sophia Vanderbilt Moore, eldest grand-daughter of Commodore Vanderbilt, was seriously burned at her home in New York Saturday. Her skirts caught fire from a match and she saved her life by jumping into a bath tub.

A Secret of good health is found in the regular movements of the bowels and perfect action of the Liver. These organs were intended by nature to remove from the system all impurities. If you are constipated, you are a "standing invitation" to a whole family of diseases and irregularities which will surely be "accepted," and you will have guests unwelcome and determined. All these unhappy conditions may be averted by the timely use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pills. For the effectual regulation of the bowels and Liver, establishing a healthy action of the entire wonderful organism with which we are created.

SOLID VESTIBULE TRAINS Now run through daily, over the GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE, between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo. Similar FAST VESTIBULE Express Trains, between Chicago and Council Bluffs (Omaha) and between Chicago and Kansas City and St. Joseph. These trains are equipped with new and elegant Day Coaches, Reclining Chair Cars, Dining Cars (east of the Missouri River) and Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, heated throughout by steam and having all the modern improvements of the West. For the family of St. Joseph, splendid Dining Hotels are located at convenient stations. The completion of the Colorado extension of the ROCK ISLAND system affords the most direct, desirable and ONLY line from Chicago through Kansas and Nebraska to Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo, giving choice of routes to and from Salt Lake City, Portland, Los Angeles, San Francisco and the Pacific Coast.

Tickets via this popular Route are on sale at all railroad ticket offices in the United States and Canada, where time tables, folders, etc. can be procured, or address E. A. HOLBROOK, G. T. & P. A., Chicago.

Consumption Surely Cured. To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I should be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who will send me their name and address by Express and P. O. Address, Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE GOLDEN GATE SPECIAL. The Union and Central Pacific roads, and Pullman Company, put on December 5, a weekly train of Pullman Vestibule Cars to run between Council Bluffs and San Francisco. Steam heat, electric light, separate bath rooms for ladies and gentlemen, bar, bar, observation and smoking rooms, and a female attendant for ladies and children make it "The finest train in the world."

Dr. D. P. Kayner can be addressed until further notice in care of this office for medical consultations, or lectures in the vicinity of Chicago.

Pozzoni's Complexion Powder produces a soft and beautiful skin; it combines every element of beauty and purity.

The December Century will contain three complete serials: "The Voyage," by Jules Verne; "The Hawk and the Dove," by H. S. Edwards; and "The Irish Aigle," which is the first one of the Irish-American stories by George H. Jessop. There will also be a travel sketch by E. Hopkins Smith, "A White Umbrella in Mexico," with ten illustrations by the author.

No paper in this country ever was sold at the low price at which the Chicago Weekly Times is now offered, viz., 50 cents a year (postage paid). The offer is only open till January 1st. Subscribe now. It is so cheap everybody can buy it.

Our Heredity from God, by E. P. Powell, shows the latest bearings of science on such questions as God and Immortality. Mr. Powell believes that science is at last affording us a demonstration of our existence beyond the grave. The book is a careful epitome of the whole argument for evolution. Among other distinguished endorsements, John Burroughs writes: "I wish it were in the hands of every intelligent reader in America." "The Voyage," the noted London preacher says: "I am simply fascinated with the work; its splendid logic and beautiful arrangement." Price, \$1.75. For sale here.

Passed to Spirit-Life. David Sloss of Dearborn, passed away from San Diego, California, after a short illness of heart disease, early in the month. The funeral was at his home, on Sunday, November 18th, and the burial at Woodlawn cemetery, Los Angeles. Mr. Sloss was an old and well known resident, 64 years of age, of singular honor in business, greatly beloved and respected for his high character and noble life, and his fine attainments. Quiet and unpretending, he had the courage of his convictions and was a Spiritualist—a man of rare worth and excellent life. The spacious house was full of people on a stormy day, and it was my privilege to pay my tribute to his worth.

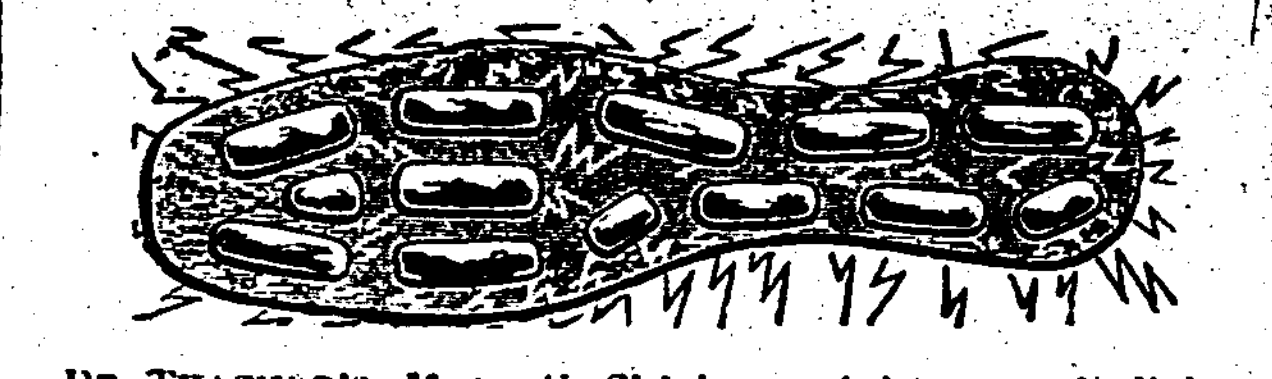
ROBERT ELSMERE —BY— Mrs. Humphrey Ward This novel has had an immense sale, more copies being sold than any other novel of the Nineteenth Century. It has furnished food for the di courses of the most eminent ministers of the denomination; has given society something to discuss outside of the general run of topics, and the reading public in general much to entertain them. Price, cloth \$1.25; paper 50 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

VERSEERS WANTED Everywhere. We wish to take up advertisements and show cards of all kind. Advertisements are backed up everywhere in trees, fences and turpines, in conspicuous places, in towns and country in all parts of the United States. We have ready employment, ready pay and good wages. Advanced: no talking required. Local work for all or part of the time. ADDRESS WITH STAMP, J. C. EMORY & CO., Sixth and Vine Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio. \$2.00 ATTENTION PAID TO POSTAL CARDS.

I sell more bottles of Dr. Seth Arnold's COUGH KILLER than of any other cough medicine kept in stock, although I keep fifteen varieties. F. M. Robertson, Coyville, Kan. Druggists, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00.

OPIMUM HABIT Painlessly cured in 10 to 20 Days. Sanitarium of Home Health, No. 1000 N. 1st St., THE HERMAN HERBERT CO., La Fayette, Ind.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Is a cure for every pain, Toothache, Headache, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises. Try it to-night for your cold; with a sharp dose of Radway's Pills, you will sleep well and be better in the morning. See directions.



DR. THACHER'S Magnetic Shields contain more vitalizing life-giving power than can be distilled from any laboratory. Magnetic Shields contain this potent energizing stimulus which is natural and full of health-giving action. These Shields are reservoirs of vital force; give off a constant stream of magnetic life waves which soothe and soothe the blood and nerves in soft and gentle as sunshine. These Shields fill the corpuscles of the blood with magnetism, and keep it constantly up to the health line. The natural life-giving power pervades all nature, and when applied to the body revitalizes every atom in the human system. With water in warm sunshine are to the vegetable world, these Shields are to the human organism. Life, health, and physical growth follow the wearing of their Shields. Dead molecules are carried out of the system and new ones are brought into life and action. Disease will yield to the influence of the Shields just as surely as the grand natural law is called into action. All pure blood is highly magnetic. Disease is the magnetic polarity of the blood and when we supply magnetism we offer rich food for the blood and nerves. All who are sick should read Dr. Thacher's new book on the subject of health. To live healthily is to enjoy the life our Creator gave us. Book sent free to all.

Dr. C. I. THACHER, No. 6 Central Music Hall, Chicago, Ill.

DR. OWEN'S BELT FREE from any objection will positively cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Headache, Debility, Male and Female, Stomach, and all other ailments. Both man and woman can be cured by same belt. Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Headache, Debility, Male and Female, Stomach, and all other ailments. Current can be regulated like electricity and applied to any part of the body or to the family. A Large Illustrated Pamphlet sent FREE. DR. OWEN BELT CO., 191 State St., Chicago.

Keystone Mortgage Co. ABERDEEN, DAKOTA. CAPITAL \$250,000.

Our farm Mortgages bearing 7 per cent. interest payable semi-annually in kind, secured by James River Valley Farms worth three to six times their amount, and interest protected guaranteed by us, are a choice investment for investors. We can offer some choice Real Estate Investments in Aberdeen, the leading city of Dakota. References, Wm. H. Woolverton, President N. Y. Transfer Co., New York; First National Bank, Birmingham, Ala.; Oxford National Bank, Oxford, Pa.; Hon. John Scott, Gen'l. Solicitor Pennsylvania R. R., Philadelphia, Pa.; E. Thacher, Mortgage Broker, West Chester, Pa. Address us for circulars and full information.

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Prizes.—HONOR prize for best thesis or brief, \$50. Faculty prize for best proficiency in the senior class, \$25. Faculty prize for best proficiency in the junior class, \$15. Faculty prize for the best oration delivered at commencement, \$50. The fall term begins Sept. 19th, 1888. For Circular or information, address, HENRY BOOTE, Chicago, Ill.

MIND, THOUGHT AND CEREBRATION. BY ALEXANDER WILDER. Pamphlet form, price 10 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

If you subscribe for The Chicago Weekly Times before January 1st, 1889, it will be sent to your address (postage prepaid) ONE YEAR FOR 50 CENTS.

(Regular Price, \$1.00.) A large, handsome, well printed, interesting, readable, able News and Story Paper, postage prepaid, for 50 cents a year, less than one cent a copy.

Subscribe first for your local paper, then in order to keep posted on what is going on in the great world of which CHICAGO is the great center, take the CHICAGO WEEKLY TIMES. Send your subscription to the CHICAGO WEEKLY TIMES, Chicago, Ill.

\$12,000 IN CASH GIVEN TO Subscribers! THE GREATEST OFFER EVER MADE BY ANY PUBLISHER.

Instead of spending \$2,000 this year in giving away sample copies to readers throughout the U. S., we have decided upon the following novel contest for the purpose of advertising and getting our publication talked about from one end of the country to the other.

The following 4895 Prizes will be GIVEN to the 4895 persons making the best guesses of the number of beans the jar contains:

Table with 2 columns: Prize description and Amount. Includes prizes for guessing the correct number, nearest correct number, and percentages of persons making the next best guess.

SEND YOUR GUESS card and it will be recorded on our books at once. No charge is made for the card, but in order to introduce our old and well established paper to new homes, we require that each one answering this card shall come a subscriber to our publication for at least six months, and send us 30 cents in postage stamps, postal note or silver, or 50 cents or one year's subscription, which entitles the subscriber to two guesses.

THE AMERICAN FIRESIDE AND FARM Is one of the largest, handsomest, and best publications issued from New Jersey. It contains sixteen large pages, 64 long columns, completely filled with news and choicest reading for every member of every American home. The subscription price has been reduced to only 50 cents a year. We have been so long before the public that it ought to be a sufficient guarantee that we will do as we agree. If we are unknown to you, any bank, commission or agency, or the Post Office, will tell you who we are. Money may be sent by Postal Note, Registered Letter, or P. O. Order. Address: THE AMERICAN FIRESIDE AND FARM, Weldon Building, 76 Montgomery St., Jersey City, N. J. CUT THIS OUT AND SECURE A CLUB. IT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

SIEGEL-COOPER & CO. STATE & ADAMS STS. "ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST."

BOOK DEPARTMENT.

We offer a Magnificent Selection of Standard 12mo., handsomely bound (The Arlington Edition) at 25c a Copy.

The list includes all the works of Dickens, Elliot Shakespeare, Tennyson, Dante, etc. "Robert Elsmere," "The Quick or the Dead," and all the other new and popular novels always in stock.

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MAKING ROOM —FOR— HOLIDAY GOODS. We are closing out at greatly reduced prices our stock of Carpets, Upholstery Goods, Cloaks and Suits, and Millinery, in order to make room for Holiday Goods.

SIEGEL, COOPER & CO. A. H. ABBOTT & CO. ARTISTS' MATERIALS, 50 Madison St., Chicago. 3 MEN of good character wanted in your vicinity. Special instructions now. Don't delay. Call early from start. BROWN BROS., Surveyors, Chicago, Ill.

Nellie Dale.

So you never heard of Nellie Dale? 'Bgoosh that's mighty strange— She used to teach the district school down here at Devil's Range; She just can't walk around at all—not even with a crutch— She ain't got any feet you see. What! born that way? Not much!

You'd like to hear her story, hey? Well, this is how it goes: 'Twas along some time in March, I think, when everything was froze, When our blizzard came along an' drifted the snow about, An' caught poor Nellie an' all the kids just afore the school let out.

Well, the school house wasn't blizzard-proof, ef it was put up to stay, An' the nearest place was a farm house, a half a mile away. But Nellie was grit—yer bet she was—an' she didn't set down an' cry, For she knew they had to reach that house, or she an' the kids 'ud die.

So she bundled 'em all up good an' warm, in the quickest kind o' style, An' made 'em all take hold o' hands, an' line up single file; Then she started down the prairie road, an' she had 'em all in tow, Bracin' 'em up with words o' cheer, an' steerin' 'em through the snow.

But it wasn't the easiest sort o' work; the kids 'ud stick in a drift, An' Nellie 'ave to hustle back an' kinder give 'em a lift; An' the wind was awful bitin' cold, an' at times it seemed almost As tho' poor Nellie an' all the rest 'ud have to give up the ghost.

But she was just the grittiest girl I ever run across, An' she plowed along till she reached the house, an' nary a kid was lost. Not a single one was even nipped, tho' how they escaped God knows, But Nellie, poor girl, she caught it hard; both of her legs was froze.

Well, it run along a couple of days afore a doctor come, An' he saw in a minute there wasn't much hope, an' things looked mighty grim; But he took the only chance there was, and that was 'er very bright— He amputated both her feet—an' Nellie come out all right.

We done the best we could for her, an' we done it quick, you bet— We got her a pair of wooden feet, but she hasn't tried 'em yet. But if ever for such an act of grit a just reward is given, Yer bet yer life there's a better pair awaitin' her in heaven.

Harry A. Chester, Elkhart, Ind.

A Revival in Philadelphia.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: At this time when Spiritualists everywhere are agitated and disgusted by the exposure—not of Spiritualistic phenomena, but of some weak and lesser instruments—the advent of Mrs. Ada Foye, the wonderful medium of being in many places, is a veritable Godsend to the East in general, and the societies of this city in particular.

On the first Sunday of November, the large hall of the First Society was filled by a large, earnest and enthusiastic audience; and the second Sunday hundreds had to be denied admittance for lack of standing room. The tests were marked and convincing of spirit identity and return, as well as correct in every detail. If this gifted medium were capable of being in many places at once, she might be able to satisfy the demands of investigators, and even as it is she is able to do much in that direction. It would seem that the Fox fiasco is really defeating its own end by stimulating the curiosity of the other side, and that who come to Mrs. Foye, listen and are convinced.

Honey-moon.

"Say, Perkins, old boy, why don't we see you at the club any more? Has your mother-in-law got down on you?" "No, Brown; the fact of the matter is, my home is so happy now that there is no inducement for me to leave it. You look incredulous, but it's a positive fact. You see my wife and I have moved to functional derangements common to her sex, that her spirits and her temper were greatly affected. It was not her fault, of course, but it made home unpleasant all the same. But now, since the arrival of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, she has been so well and so happy that we are having our honey-moon all over again."

Coughs and Colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL BROCHES, a simple and effective remedy. They contain nothing injurious, and may be used at all times with perfect safety.

Peo ple with thin heads of hair should use Hall's Vegetable Siccific Hair Restorer to make the hair grow out thick, healthy, and strong.

Works Treating Upon the Spiritual Philosophy and the Spirit World. Book on Mediums; or Guide for Mediums and Invocators; containing the special instructions of the spirits on the theory of all kinds of manifestations; the development of mediumship, and the means of communicating with the invisible world. By Allen Kardec. Also, "The Spirit's Book," by the same author, containing the principles of spiritist doctrine on the immortality of the soul and the future life. Price, \$1.60, each, postpaid.

Spirit Workers in the Home Circle. By Morell Theobald, F. C. A. An autobiographic narrative of psychic phenomena in family daily life extending over a period of twenty years, and told in a most delightful and interesting manner. Price, reduced from \$2.40 to \$1.50, postpaid.

The Spirit World, its inhabitants, nature and philosophy. By Eugene Crowell. Price, \$1.00, postpaid. Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism, by the same author. Vol. I, the volumes of this work are independent of each other and since Vol. I is entirely out of print. Vol. II is selling at \$1.20, postpaid.

The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism. By Epes Sargent. As the title indicates this work is a scientific exposition of a stupendous subject and should be read by all Spiritualists and investigators. Price, \$1.60, postpaid.

A new series of Mental Evolution, or the Process of Intellectual Development, by the Spirit Prof. M. Faraday, late Chemist and Electrician in the Royal Institute, London. Price, 15 cents; for sale here.

Barlow's Poems.

The Voices by Warren Sumner Barlow is a book of poems that has had a wonderful sale and the demand is now greater than ever before. The price has been reduced to \$1.00 and is cheap at that. A new edition also of Orthodox Hash has been issued, and with this popular author's best known poem. If Then and When is being called for by all readers that have not got a copy. These pamphlets are 10 cents each and well worth the time spent in purchasing. Immortality Inherent in Nature is a poem of which the high scope and purpose may be judged by the title. Its author was moved by high spiritual conviction in writing. His picture given in this elegant little volume, by a costly steel-plate portrait, preserves the fine personal appearance of Mr. Barlow. Price, 60 cents. For sale at this office.

The Psychograph or Dial Planchette is an instrument that has been well tested by numerous investigators. A. P. Miller, Journalist and poet, in an editorial notice of the instrument in his paper, the Worthington, Minn., Advances says: The Psychograph is an improvement upon the planchette, having a dial and letters with a few words to give the communications. We do not hesitate to recommend it to all who care to test the question as to whether spirits can return and communicate. We are prepared to fill any all orders. Price \$1, postpaid.

Rich and Poor,

Prince and Peasant, the Millionaire and Day Laborer, by their common use of this remedy, attest the world-wide reputation of Ayer's Pills. Leading physicians recommend these Pills for Stomach and Liver Troubles, Constipation, Biliousness, and Sick Headache; also, for Rheumatism, Jaundice, and Neuralgia. They are sugar-coated; contain no calomel; are prompt, but mild, in operation; and, therefore, the very best medicine for Family Use, as well as for Travelers and Tourists.

"I have derived great relief from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with

Rheumatism

that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am now without a box of the pills."—Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

"Ayer's Pills have been in use in my family upwards of twenty years and have completely verified all that is claimed for them. In my childhood, from which I suffered many years, they afford greater relief than any other medicine I ever tried."—T. F. Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for a number of years, and have never found anything equal to them for giving me an appetite and imparting energy and strength to the system. I always keep them on hand, and have recommended them to my family."—R. D. Jackson, Wilmington, Del.

"Two boxes of Ayer's Pills cured me of severe

Headache,

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"Ayer's Pills are in general demand among our customers. Our sales exceed those of all other pills combined. We have never known them fail to give entire satisfaction."—Wright & Hannelly, San Diego, Texas.

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PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

FREE Sample Dr. X. STONE'S HEMIPAL WAFERS. Wanted, STONE'S MEDICINE CO., Quincy, Illinois.

IMPROVED EXCELSIOR INCUBATOR

Simple, Perfect and Self-Regulating. Hundreds of successful operations. Guaranteed to hatch larger percentage of fertile eggs than any other incubator. Price \$15.00. Sent by mail. For full particulars, apply to the inventor, Dr. J. C. Stone, Quincy, Ill.

CURE FOR THE DEAF

Dr. F. J. Fox's Improved Cures for Deafness. Perfectly Restores the Hearing, whether by EARY FEVER, colds, fevers or injuries to the natural drum, malleus, or ossicles. Always in medicine. Merit. Price \$1.00. Sent by mail. For full particulars, apply to the inventor, Dr. F. J. Fox, Broadway, cor. 14th St., New York, for illustrated book of proofs, FREE.

POULTRY FOR PROFIT.

Tells how she cleared \$249 on 100 Light Brahma in one year; about a mechanic who who cleared \$200 annually on a village lot; refers to her 60 acre poultry farm on which she

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Continued from First Page

"The very finger of the Almighty seems to have written the proofs of this truth on human history. No one can gainsay it. It is decisive, for it is this: *There has never been a scientific theory framed from the use of scriptural texts, wholly or partially, which has been made to stand.* Such attempts have only subjected their authors to derision, and Christianity to suspicion. From Cosmas finding his plan of the universe in the Jewish tabernacle, to Increase Mather sending mastodon's bones to England as the remains of giants mentioned in scripture; from Belzoni declaring that the ocean cannot be the centre of the universe, because such an idea 'vitiated the whole scriptural plan of salvation,' to a recent writer declaring that an evolution theory cannot be true, because St. Paul says that 'all flesh is not the same flesh,' the result has always been the same."

These then are some of the beacons of experience which we conceive indicate the danger shoals on either hand of the track of our present civilization. Doubtless there are many others of them, but only the chief ones have been pointed out, as chosen from the principal activities which engage the minds of men and which are the prevailing factors to our progress, as science and religion, and such other activities as law and medicine.

COINCIDENCES.

[The series of coincidences now being recorded in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL doubtless recall many others equally curious to the recollection of our readers. The subject covers an important phase of psychic research; and believing that a compilation of some of the more exceptional ones will be of interest and value, we desire those of our readers who know of any, to send a short, clear statement of the same to J. E. Woodhead, 488 West Randolph St., Chicago, who has consented to revise and arrange them for the JOURNAL. He wishes date of occurrence, name, address and names of witnesses or corroborative testimony to be sent, not for publication but as evidence in case the report of any incident may be doubted. He will use his own judgment in selecting those he considers pertinent, and also as to order and time of publication. They will be numbered consecutively, and those desiring any further information in regard to any one or more of them may address Mr. Woodhead—not forgetting in each and every case to enclose a stamp for reply—which will aid so far as possible to obtain the same.—EDITOR JOURNAL.]

—27—

Conversing recently with a gentleman in regard to the action of one mind on others, and the ability of one person to control the action of others, I stated that I believed that if one person possessing a strong will and some mesmeric power, would play cards continuously with three others, he would in time be able to so control their thoughts and actions, as to cause them to manipulate their cards and play just as he should "will" them to play. Of course he must not let them, or any one else know his purpose, or it would cause them to assert their wills and thus counteract the effect of his purpose.

I was not aware that this had ever been done, and spoke of it merely as a possible experiment. Within ten days I received a letter from a gentleman saying that he had been experimenting with an euchepe church. Some artists who were decorating a church in the town he lived in, not finding the boarding house an inviting resort had come to his room; while they were playing it occurred to him to try and see if he could cause any of them to play as he willed; he reports:

I believe that in playing euchepe the other night, I made one man make hearts the trump when he had but two in his hand, by sitting there and willing him to do it; later I made another do the same thing. As I found I could do it, I refrained as it led to their ruin, for that game, each time, and that didn't seem honest. Try it some time, I wonder I never thought of it before.

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A few years ago, in locating a new railroad, between Chicago and Elgin, it was found necessary to purchase a piece of property that had been for some time the homestead of an old citizen of Elgin, to which he was much attached, and after selling to the railroad company he arranged to continue to occupy the upper part of the dwelling, after the lower part had been remodeled and used as a depot. Shortly afterward his daughter residing in Chicago, dreamed that her father was alone in the building, saw two men enter, and attack him. She was not aware that he was sleeping alone in the building, but afterward learned that at this time he was. The dream impressed her so forcibly that she wrote her father the first thing the next morning, telling him of her dream, and saying that if he was alone to be sure and use extra precaution against burglars. He received the letter that afternoon, and recalling the request on retiring to his room that night, after he had turned the key in the lock, he slipped a piece of wire into it. After getting into bed, it occurred to him that this would not be much security, as the wire might be easily pushed out of the key from the outside, so he arose and hung his boot on the wire, then laid down and went to sleep. Some time afterward he was awakened into semi-consciousness by a low scratching noise; but after listening a moment, concluded it was a rat, and again went to sleep only to be soon awakened by one of the railroad men calling to him, from outside the building, asking him to get up, the man saying that he had seen two men prowling about; had not seen them when he was called, and believed they were in the building. On rising and opening his door he saw two men disappear down the stairway, out into the darkness. On examination he found that they had tried to open the door, and then had commenced to saw the door around the lock.

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In the Life of Count Zinzendorf, by Spangenberg, it is related that the Count believed that he enjoyed intimate and heart-felt intercourse with his Savior, and that whenever he was placed in any dangerous or critical situation, his Savior generally let him know how it would terminate. Ridicule or deny the Count's theory as much as we may, yet the record of his life shows that the Count had plenty of evidence during his life to establish the truth of it, so far as he was concerned. Others might call it superstition, but to him the evidence was clear, conclusive and convincing.

Captain Garrison, of the "James," with whom the Count sailed from New York to England in January, 1843, reports:

On the 14th of February, when we were near the Solity Islands, the wind blew tempestuously from the South; we were in great danger of foundering upon the rocks. The crew were in great terror, and I myself was afraid. The Count, perceiving this, asked me if the danger was really so great; at the same time comforted me, and told me we should all come safely to land. He himself was so cheerful and happy during the danger, that I could not help wondering at it. When he saw that I was still anxious, he told me that the storm would be over in two hours. I was scarcely able to listen to this; I took it for granted, that this was something no one could know beforehand. Hence I made myself ready for death, by prayer as I was wont to do in similar circumstances.

When the two hours elapsed, he told me to go up on deck and look at the appearance of the weather. Scarcely had I been there two minutes, when the storm subsided, the wind changed to the south-west, and we were soon out of all danger. I then remembered what he had said to me, and was much affected by it. I went down into the cabin, and informed him that the storm was over, and we were out of danger. He then requested us to return thanks with him to God, who had delivered us, which we accordingly did. Being very desirous of knowing how the Count could determine the precise time when the storm would subside, I questioned him about it. He replied that the Savior had let him know that the storm would be over in two hours. It was something new and strange to me, but I believed what he told me for I had seen and heard so much of him on this voyage, it was clear to me that he was a faithful servant of Jesus Christ.

On another occasion the Count arrived at Amsterdam with David Nitschman, one of the Moravian brethren. They retired at midnight, both occupying the same room. "About three o'clock in the morning Nitschman suddenly awoke, as if some one had shaken him violently. He sprang out of bed, and found the candle near the Count's bed had burnt out, and the table on which it stood, together with his pocket-handkerchief, and bed-clothes on fire, he was much terrified, but retained his presence of mind, and extinguished the fire so quickly and carefully, that the Count was not disturbed, but continued to sleep quietly; and, on awaking, knew nothing of what had happened."

Ten years before this, traveling through Germany and Switzerland, he visited Count Von Geradorf, at Leichman. The two friends continued conversing until near midnight, when on arranging to retire, he felt impelled to continue his journey; feeling assured that it was his Savior's will, he ordered his carriage, took leave of his friend, and set off without suffering anything to detain him. Scarcely had he left the place, when the ceiling of the room, in which he was to have slept, suddenly gave way, and fell down on the place where the bed stood.

The Count's exhibition of indignation in the following instance is not, therefore, much to be wondered at. While residing at Dresden in 1723, he was invited by a gentleman to dine with him. He went, though ignorant what kind of company he was to meet. While seated at the table, discoursing on various subjects, one of the company went so far as to blaspheme the name of Christ and his doctrine. This was a dagger to the heart of the Count, who, apprehensive that more such expressions would follow, arose from the table, horrified, and withdrew, saying he was no use in such company. He went home, so inwardly grieved, that he prayed, that if there was no hope of the repentance of the man, that the Lord would make an example of him to deter others from acting in a similar manner. Before the year expired, the man while using similar language, at the same table, was struck with paralysis, so as to be unable ever to utter another word.

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J. Beaumont of Leek, Staffordshire, England, says that the following was often related by those who knew the parties concerned, and was fully believed in as a fact.

One night, at a public house in Leek, a few men were drinking at a late hour; when one of the party said, he would engage to ride his horse to Blackmere and back again in a certain time, for a sum of money which he named; and that he would bring with him sufficient proof of his having been there. Blackmere is a large pool of water, at the top of Monidge hill, which some think is without bottom, and is about three miles from Leek. His proposal was agreed to, and mounting his horse he set off with all speed. When he came near the place, he heard a woman cry out, apparently in very great distress. It directly struck him that some one was trying to drown the woman. He immediately shouted as though addressing some companions: "Here he is here he is! I have him." On which he saw some one leave the woman, and run for his life, and soon found his conjecture true, for a man was indeed trying to drown the woman in the pool. Giving her his top-coat, he told her to get up behind him, and hold fast, for he was riding on a wager and must be back at Leek in such a time. He reached the inn within the time, delivered the woman to the landlady, giving orders for her to be dressed immediately, and turned to his companions, related the circumstance, and presented the woman as a proof that he had been at Blackmere.

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In the article on dreams, in Panny Cyclopaedia—published in 1838—is given a number of interesting coincidences. From them we select the following, which has often been quoted, and do not think the facts have been disproven.

A WELL AUTHENTICATED AND REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

On the night of the 11th of May, 1812, Mr. Williams of Scortior house near Redruth (England) awoke his wife and told her that she had dreamed that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons and saw a man shoot with a pistol Mr. Percival, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. His wife said it was only a dream and recommended him to go to sleep again. He did so, but shortly after again awoke and said he had a second time dreamed the same dream. The next day he went

to Falmouth when he related his dream to all his friends that he met. Two days after a gentleman arrived there from London and reported that he was in the House of Commons on the night of the 11th of May and saw a man called Bellingham shoot the Chancellor in the lobby of the House.

About six weeks after this dream, Mr. Williams had occasion to go to London on business and was taken by a friend to the House of Commons. Immediately on entering the lobby, Mr. Williams at once exclaimed that place is as distinctly in my mind as any room in my house (he had never visited London before in his life). He then pointed out correctly where Bellingham stood when he fired, and where Mr. Percival fell when shot.

Sunday Newspapers.

Chicago ministers of the various orthodox sects have in the Sunday newspaper a perennial subject for anathema. The utility of their fight does not lessen their activity, but heightens their animosity. About every month the subject is brought into the ministers' meetings, but so far no paper has lost a single subscriber from among church members and is likely to. The daily Chicago Mail has this to say of the last Presbyterian attack in which Dr. Herrick Johnson of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary led off:

Publishers of Sunday newspapers do not have any pleas to make. They print Sunday newspapers simply because people will buy and read them, and because this is a country of free thought and free religion. Neither Dr. Herrick Johnson nor any other man is recognized as having a right to say whether or not newspapers shall be read on Sunday. The opinion of one who believes that it is not wrong to read newspapers on the Sabbath is quite as valuable as that of one holding the contrary view, and neither party has the right to force, or attempt to force, the adoption of his own practices upon the other. The zeal of narrow men too often leads them into presumption.

It would be a poor newspaper in which could not be found much more adapted to the development of a broad Christian spirit than the proceedings of yesterday's meeting, when the Sunday journals were attacked. The lowly Nazarene had no such ways as have some of his alleged followers. In fact, he rather frowned upon the holier-than-thou group.

The Chicago Tribune of last week, Friday contained an able letter from a working man in reply to Herrick Johnson and his brother preachers. Speaking of Johnson this laborer says:

He is a survival from the age of intolerance and persecution. He was meant for a punisher of heretics and witches. He would have made an ideal Torquemada of a Protestantquisition. We do not allow of such religious exercises nowadays, and so he makes up for it by presenting from the pulpit the harshest and sternest features of his bitter creed. The lake of fire, the worm that gnaws forever, the unending ages of eternal suffering are the themes of his sermons. I do not like to hear such things; and I know other workingmen do not. So I can understand why the reverend doctor has few hearers Sunday—which he calls the "Sabbath" but which is not.....

Let me suggest to my clerical friends that some searching of hearts might lead them to the conclusion that they, and not the Sunday papers, are to blame for empty pews Sunday. No church was ever large enough to hold those who thronged to hear the Rev. Henry Fay Beecher, on the Sunday paper rivalry. Prof. Swain fills the Central Music Hall to overflowing. Dr. Thomas has all the hearers his big auditorium will hold.....

Men who labor for a living are not fond, as a general thing, of going to orthodox churches. Large numbers of them are agnostics here as they are across the ocean. When they are told that they are probably practicing a religion which they do not believe why they should waste what time they have on earth in going to hear the Rev. Herrick Johnson talk about brimstone and sulphur and predestined damnation. They think that clergymen do not like the workingmen. They think the poor man has no show in the fashionable church. The two classes are not sympathetic as a rule.....

I must know of a man who from going to church by the Sunday papers. If there was any preacher who had anything to tell him that he thought worth hearing he went and heard it. Workingmen have sense enough, however, to be able to tell streams of fresh and running waters from mudpuddles, and hence keep away from the dry and unprofitable shepherds who give the same old crusts year in and year out. I know, however, of the Sunday papers keeping multitudes of men from the saloons Sunday. In that missionary field they beat the preachers ten to one. I have known hundreds, perhaps thousands, of my fellow workmen who, if they had not the varied and entertaining reading of these much abused Sunday papers, would have spent their Sundays, or "Sabbaths," as some wrongly call them, on the streets or in the drinking places. What Dr. Johnson calls the "Puritan Sabbath" they will not submit to. They will neither stay at home with closed blinds, reading Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted" or other devotional books; nor will they go to a Herrick Johnson church where the wrath rather than the love of God is taught. They want recreation, amusement—innocent amusement, if possible, but amusement as well as recreation. The paper gives them a harmless, useful, and instructive one, and keeps them from vice and liquor, while some ministers, if they had their way, would drive them crazy with their dogmatic gabogues.

Why do not the preachers understand that what they call the "Puritan Sabbath" has gone forever and can never be restored in iron men's hands? It has gone with the grim and iron men who made it. We must have Cromwell, and Mather, and Knox once more if we are to have their Sunday "Sabbath." Their descendants cannot recreate it.

A Spiritualist's Last Hours.

The following was a personal letter to the editor and not intended for publication, but we desire to share it with our readers and trust the writer will forgive his liberty:

COL. J. C. BUNDY—Dear Friend—My dear husband passed to spirit life on the evening of Nov. 6th, after five weeks of painful illness. He bore it with unsurpassed meekness and bravery. He directed and advised us with regard to everything about his business, giving us all at last his parting blessing. A few days before he passed away he said:

"I wish you to write to Col. Bundy for me,

and give him my love, and say I sympathize, heart and soul with him, in his noble endeavor to elevate humanity by giving to the world a pure Spiritualism, and I trust he may be amply rewarded, both here and hereafter."

This was his last message. A few evenings before he passed on a Roman Catholic priest, who as a friend had visited him, used every effort to induce him to join the Catholic Church, but failed. The next night, as several friends were sitting around the bed, without solicitation he roused up and said:

"I shall not change my religion now in the hour of my death, as I have lived so well I die. I believe in one God. I believe in Jesus Christ as a great spiritual leader and teacher, but not in blood atonement as the church teaches. I believe in the progression of the soul after death. I am not afraid to die, for I have lived an honest life and done the best I could under the conditions and surroundings. I hope to pass to a better and a higher life, leaving all the infirmities of the flesh behind me."

We have lived in this same house for over twenty years, and we miss him going out and coming in, and mourn him greatly, but not as those who know not the truth of our beautiful soul-sustaining hope. We had much to comfort us in our great sorrow, for our dear friends stood by us day and night during those long and weary, and for ten days after, while he and his wife gave us spiritual strength such as few know of in our hour of trial. At the funeral the attending minister spoke beautifully and appropriately of the Spirit-world and of our retaining our individuality over there, of being ourselves as much there as here.

New Orleans, La. SERENA MILNER.

Upon the walls of the handsome building of the Chicago Art Institute there is now hung a remarkable collection of paintings representative of Dutch art in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and comprising one hundred and sixty-three pieces. At first view the collection is disappointing, and only a close study will induce a more favorable impression. The exhibit is the private collection of Mr. L. R. Ehrlich; loaned to the institute through the exertions of its president, Mr. C. L. Hutchinson. These paintings are of more especial interest to artists and connoisseurs than to the general public; but are well worth careful study, and should be viewed in daylight, if possible, as they show to better advantage than by gaslight. This is a good time to remind our Chicago readers that they can hardly spend money to a greater profit than by securing the privileges of the Institute. The annual membership fee is \$10 which insures the member and his or her family and non-resident friends, free access at all times to all exhibitions. On Saturdays and Sundays the rooms of the Institute are thrown open for the free admission of the public. Saturdays from 9 to 5, Sundays from 1 to 5.

All Souls' Monthly is the name of a magazine published monthly from October to June as the organ of R. Heber Newton's Church. Each number contains one of Dr. Newton's able discourses, which may be read with profit by all. The November number contains a sermon on "Robert Elsmere" and treats of the "truth of the book." The December number will continue the subject and treat of "the errors of the book." Single copies of the magazine, 5 cents. Annual subscription 50 cents. Address S. M. Crandall, 716 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Although Dr. Newton is rector of an Episcopal Church, he stands for the most complete intellectual freedom, and declares this may and should prevail within the Episcopalian lines.

The crude materialist and the bigoted Christian unite in asserting a priori, the impossibility of spirit phenomena. It matters not to these blatant opponents that they are acting in concert across an impassable gulf, as they vainly strive to join hands against the spiritual hypothesis. With Spiritualism vanquished, the materialist could enjoy his "one world at a time" and the Christian would rest content in the joyous reflection that most of his fellow-men will be in everlasting torment.

The most successful and universally popular place of resort last week was the Fat Stock Show, which filled the big exhibition building, and was not true to name but included a fine display of blooded horses, cattle and sheep, and was enlivened by spirited contests for prizes for the best saddle and carriage horses, as well as for the most expert horsewomen. By some freak, it was the fashion, too, to visit it, and the crush was simply terrific from first to last.

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The December installment of the Lincoln History in The Century is entitled "First Plans for Emancipation." It will contain much heretofore unpublished material regarding Mr. Lincoln's ideas upon this subject—among the rest the earliest draft of his famous proclamation, which, in the President's own hand-writing, is now in the possession of the authors of the Life.

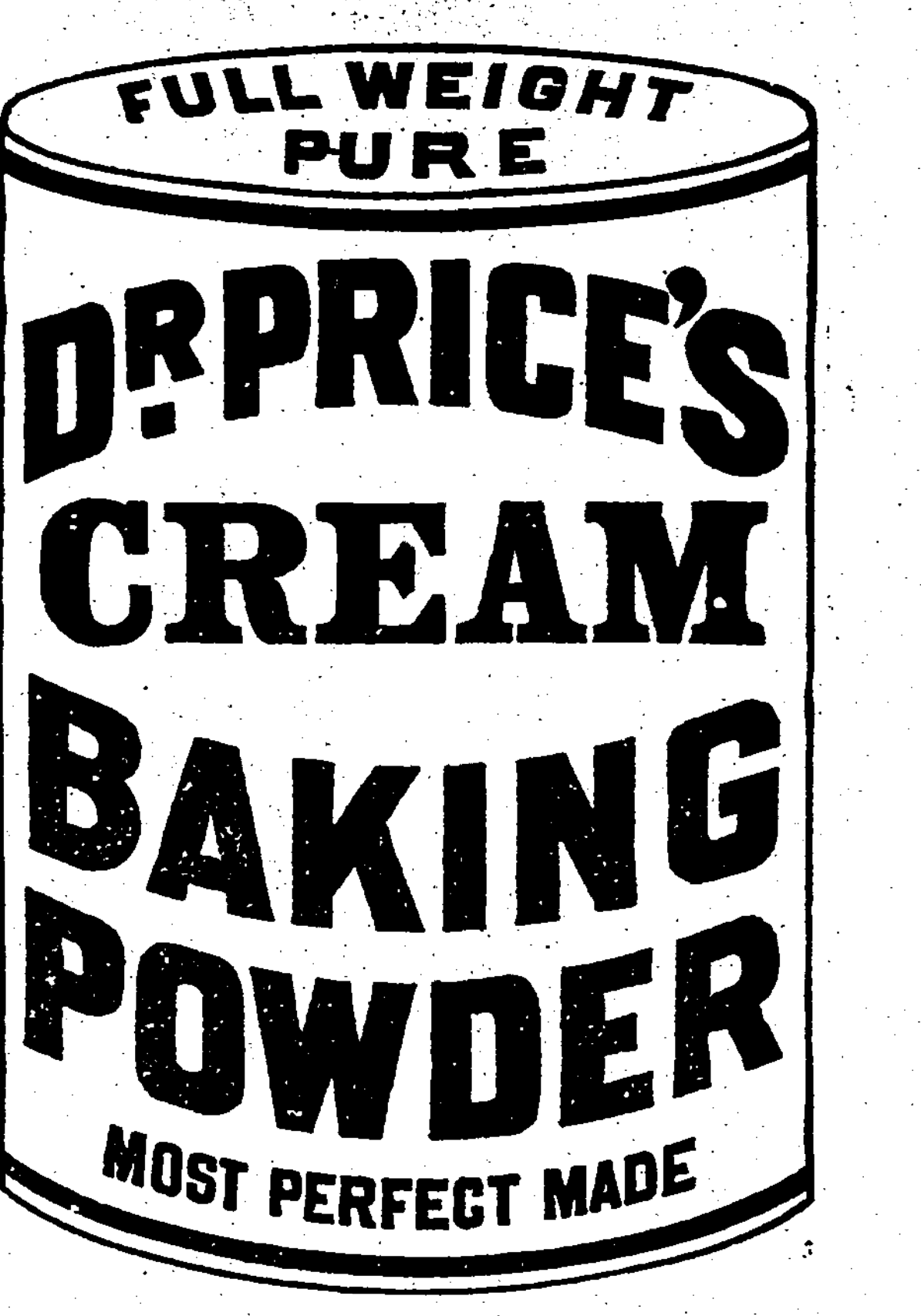
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(REV. JAMES MIDDLETON MACDONALD, [M. A.] To Prof. A. LOISELLE, 287 Fifth Ave., N. Y. This System is taught personally or by correspondence. Call or address as above for prospectus.



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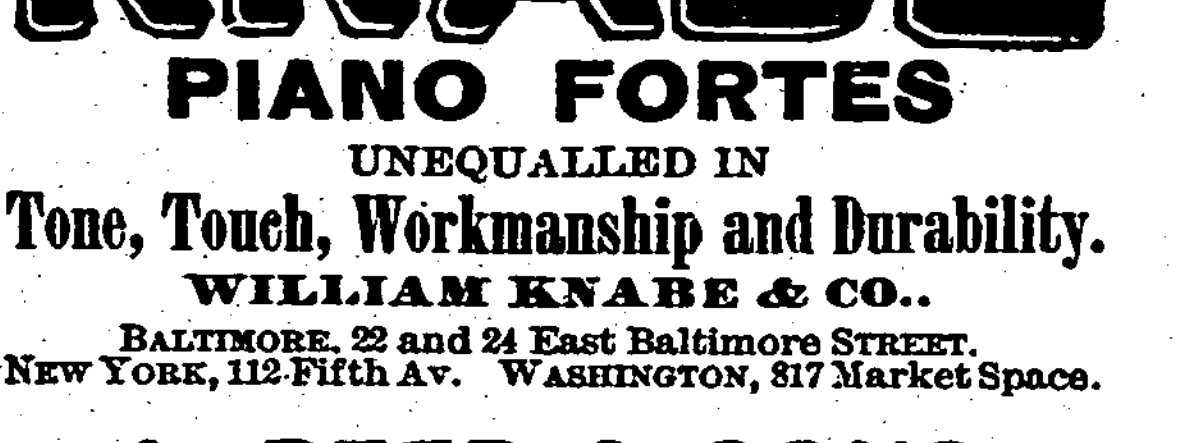
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