

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE

Dedicated to SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Must Not Immortality Reach into the Past as well as into the Future.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Whatever has a beginning must have an end; therefore when it is asserted that the spirit of man is immortal, it follows that it must have always pre-existed an endless future necessitating, logically, an endless past. This is the startling objection met by those who maintain immortal life after the death of the body, and he d to be unanswerable. It is sealed by the hypothesis of pre-existence and re-incarnation, which maintain that the spirit is an indestructible entity, constantly rehabilitating itself in forms of flesh; but this hypothesis is only a supposititious life in the childhood of the race to meet a doubt and objection. In an age of accurate thought it seems an anachronism. If we accept the doctrine of evolution—and, as the immediate explanation of the phenomena of living beings, it is the only, and a complete explanation—then we must also receive as true the corollary that instinct and intelligence are evolved out of the transformations of living beings, and that individualized spirit, if there be such an entity, must be the last link in the vast organic series from which it has sprung into being. In other words, with an indeterminate future it has had a determinable past.

With the physical form given to offspring, it is also given spiritual entity which shall live past the decay of that body, and be an independent being, and center of force.

Is this visionary? Lately an eminent physician claimed that under proper conditions physical life might be greatly prolonged, and man be able to live in the body forever. All that is essential is the preservation of the equilibrium between the forces of renovation and decay. If they could be maintained in perfect balance, life would be prolonged to the limit of the maintenance of that equilibrium, and an immortal oak or lion would be as possible as an immortal man; but with the gross forms of matter this cannot be preserved. The forces of growth and renovation are in excess until the full tide of maturity is reached, and then decay claims mastery. There is not enough material furnished to replace the waste of the body, and it wears out and falls off at death. It is then that a new entity becomes recognizable. The material has become spiritual. Only within the refined spiritual realm can we expect to find the perfection we seek. It is a new province, subject to new conditions and new laws. There is seemingly an impassable gulf between matter and spirit, yet we shall find it possible to throw an arch across. Nature loves such blank spaces; she loves the black bars in the spectrum as well as the light. Between the tadpole and the frog there is a chasm which, unless the change had been observed, would be deemed impassable. Between the caterpillar and the butterfly; the worm eating rough herbage, and the gaudy winged creature floating like a wind-blown leaf from flower to flower, the contrast is even greater.

How shall we pass the abyss between matter and spirit? More correctly, how shall we look beyond the dead physical body to the individualized spirit, and account to the satisfaction of science for the maintenance of immortal individuality from the wreck of organization brought to its most perfected term? While the animal has a similar organization, in its way, and compared to its environment as perfect, why is it that the claim is made that the individuality of the animal is lost at death while that of

man is preserved? These are all vital questions and rest on the logical affirmation that whatever has a beginning must have an end. If man has a spirit, the object affirms that animals must have also. There is no sharp break in the series and hence no stopping point from the highest to the lowest, and consequently the primitive ameba, and protoplasmic cell must have immortal spirit. This by *reductio ad absurdum* destroys the affirmation of the immortality of the highest as well as the lowest.

We may regard the physical body as the scaffolding, and when it fails, the incomplete arch of intelligence built thereon falls with it; but this arch becomes more and more perfect until in man it is perfected, and when the physical platform by which it has been constructed falls at death, the arch remains. This is an illustration of the idea, and not produced as evidence. For this evidence we must consider the more abstruse doctrines of force and its relations to matter. If we go back to the beginning to the primal chaos we find visible matter and invisible force. We may take one step further and find force only, regarding matter as the form of its manifestation. This, however, is not an essential admission in this discussion.

This force is the first revelation of an intelligent, ever active, persistent energy, which pulsates through the universe. What lies back of it; from whence it springs, we may not know. It is unknown, though perhaps, not unknowable.

When force emerges into view in its connection with the primal elements, unconditioned, its tendency is to move in direct lines. This is illustrated in crystallization which may be called the first manifestation of life—the dynamic force of life. This force which is seen in the formation and revolution of worlds, is vortical in the vegetable kingdom, it becomes spiral, and more and more circular as it ascends through the animal kingdom to its higher forms and in man becomes completely so. This statement will be better understood by the accompanying diagram.

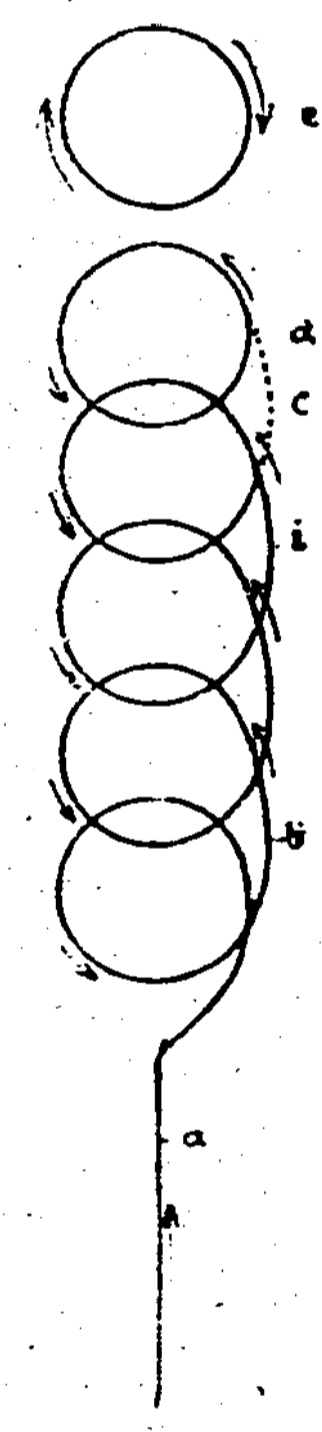


DIAGRAM OF FORCE.

The straight line *a*, represents primary force as manifested in the world cloud, or nebulous vapor of the "beginning." It was the force that directed every atom to the common center of the cosmic mass. If its history be traced, it will be found that the motion of the atoms starting on a straight line for the center is deflected by the resistance of the crowding atoms, and approaches the center by a parabolic curve. In other words the cosmic cloud would form a vortex like a whirlpool, and the rotary motion developed would, before the accumulation of any great mass at the center, prevent any further aggregation; and the rotating belts would after condensation into worlds, continue to revolve in spiral circles, which because of the masses not being homogeneous would correct their variations by spiral orbits which often reaching a minimum distance from the center, retrace themselves by the worlds traversing a spiral orbit that becomes constantly larger, until a maximum of distance had been gained. This explanation of planetary motions has really no connection with the present discussion, except as it illustrates the parallel between the circle gained by individualized masses, and the circle gained by individualized spirit.

The line of force directly acting, is the dynamic energy of matter. It passes into the world of life in an ascending spiral, that at each ascension, instead of completing itself, rises to a higher degree. The spirals at *b* represent the life of plants; and those at *a* animal life, now termed vital energy or vital force. There is incompleteness, and the force ever ascends to a higher form. At *d* the spiral becomes a circle. The evolving or individualizing energy returns within its orbit, and instead of extending to higher forms, seeks the perfection of the human being. If, now, the infowing forces represented by the dotted line *c*, be cut off, the individualization of the product of that force is complete. It stands alone. The orbit of the forces of its rotation is fixed and indestructible. As in the planetary orbit, caused by an oscillation between extremes, there will be variations, but a constant return to the point of departure. The cosmic energy or force having ascended through this path, becomes individualized as at *d*, and death severing the bond at *c*, the spirit as the center of force becomes as at *e*, entirely

detached from the stream of living beings. The force that apparently had a beginning, at least such to our consciousness, has by the cumulative processes of life embodied all that is valuable and is enabled to exist alone, returning forever within itself, maintaining a perfect equilibrium between the sentient intellectual and moral natures it has acquired. It is the focus of these. There is no end to the individualized force in this direction; in other words, spirit is immortal. It follows that vegetable and animal types along the spiral represent incompleteness to such an extent as to forbid existence as a detached form from the impelling current. This can only be attained by development carried to a certain degree, below which the force must disappear with the organization which manifests it.

### MEXICO'S GREAT SHRINE.

Mr. T. B. Connelly Describes the Strange Painting of Guadalupe.

*A Picture of the Virgin which Catholics Believe to Be Miraculous and Which Painters Have Pronounced Impossible of Execution by Known Human Methods—Four Distinct Kinds of Art Harmonized.*

A. the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

In sending you enclosed clipping from the *New York World* of yesterday upon the subject of a claimed superhuman painting, said to have been produced in Mexico for the benefit of a Roman Catholic church building, I am induced, by my own experience in the line of such mysterious productions, to express the opinion that no church of any denomination and no Spiritualist should dismiss with a bare sneer the record furnished by the *World* in support of this alleged "miracle," as being unworthy of credit. That such a painting should have been produced in the manner and upon the material stated is not to be lightly rejected in these latter days, when evidence of ultrahuman powers producing works of art is no longer of rare occurrence.

In this connection I recall to memory that in 1866-7 a planchette, under my hand, produced a drawing of a very savage monster in human form, supplied with wings and armed with a club. He was tearing up a tree by the roots—the top having been twisted off previously; and his club, his attitude and savage glare showed it was to be used in some malicious manner. Now, though this drawing was artistically done under my own hand, I furnished neither the mind to design nor the skill to execute it. Some outside intelligence supplied both. I had not skill enough to copy it. I looked with curiosity and wonder as it was being drawn, to learn what it was that should be produced on the great piece of coarse wrapping paper which was used.

The record of such so-called mysterious productions is to be found in the history of every age. The Romish church has had its share in the past and no doubt has in the present also. BRONSON MURRAY. New York, Dec. 17th, 1888.

### THE WORLD'S ACCOUNT.

One of the greatest festivals of the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico was celebrated last Wednesday. It was the anniversary of the apparition of the Virgin at Guadalupe on Dec. 12, 1531, to a poor Indian named Juan Diego. She commanded that a church be erected in her honor, and as a sign, directed the Indian to gather flowers on the barren hill where she appeared. On the *tilma*, or blanket, in which he carried the flowers, was found a picture of the Virgin, and it has since been an object of adoration. More than \$2,000,000 had been collected for the coronation of this miraculous painting; but the ceremony was postponed, it is said, owing to instructions from the Vatican.

Below is an account of the strange painting, written by Mr. Thomas B. Connelly. In explanation of the statement contained in Mr. Connelly's communication, to the effect that special permission was granted by the Archbishop of Mexico to make an examination, a few words are necessary.

At a dinner party given at the French Embassy in the City of Mexico the conversation turned upon the subject of the sacred picture. Mr. Connelly, who had seen it often before, expressed a desire to be afforded a special opportunity to inspect and examine it under more favorable conditions than are ordinarily granted. Count de Viel-Castel, the French Minister, and his extremely amiable lady volunteered to obtain the desired permission. Many difficulties had to be overcome, and some irritating delays occurred before this permission was obtained. But finally Archbishop Labastida gave his official authorization, and the little party that had been formed at the French Minister's residence, including the Countess Viel-Castel and her maid, proceeded to Guadalupe. The painting at that time was temporarily resting over the altar of the little Capuchin chapel next door to the Cathedral. In consequence of the repairs and redecoration then progressing

at the latter. Mr. Connelly, with one companion, had to climb the altar, leaving the rest of the party on the church floor. The examination was made with much care, and subsequently repeated by Mr. Connelly on two more occasions.

### THE MIRACLE OF TEPEYAC.

About a league northward of the City of Mexico the hill of Tepeyac rises from the elevated plain like a huge pyramid. Around this barren rocky hill has grown up in the course of centuries the little pueblo called Guadalupe, which the Spaniards claim means "the River of Light" in the Arabic language, while Mexican writers assert it is derivable from two Aztec words, signifying "the Conqueror of Demons." It appears to be admitted that the word Tepeyac is pure Aztec, meaning the "Mother of God." Before the conquest Tepeyac was the site of a temple to the goddess "Tonantzin," the protectress of agriculture, worthy of special remembrance only as the one deity in the Indian mythology to whom no human sacrifices were offered. Today Tepeyac is the site of a magnificent Catholic temple dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and containing a famous painting, which all good Mexicans, in common with many other good people, believe to be miraculous.

It has endured for over three centuries and a half, always commanding the reverence and admiration of the devout, and now it is proposed, with the sanction of the Holy See, to enrich it with a crown of gold as a token of approval of the general Mexican faith that the painting is a supernatural work sent by the Virgin Mother of God, to show her special interest in and protection of the native race of Anahuac. Towards this coronation ceremony an incredibly large sum of money has been contributed by the faithful, and whenever it is permitted to take place by the powers that be nothing will be spared to lend grandeur and picturesqueness to the event.

It is to this painting that I wish to direct the attention of the American people in a special manner through your columns, recounting, as briefly as is consistent with the subject, a recent inspection and examination I was permitted to make through the courtesy of Archbishop Labastida, of the Archdiocese of Mexico.

To enable your readers to understand the subject, let me briefly explain the origin of the picture as described by all the authorities. On the 13th of December, 1531, the Blessed Virgin is said to have appeared to a poor Indian named Juan Diego while passing the hill of Tepeyac on his way to mass. She told him she had selected him on account of his piety to be her messenger to Zumarraga, the then Archbishop of Mexico. She wished him to tell the Archbishop to build on Tepeyac a temple in her honor as the special protectress of the Mexican race. The Archbishop, fearing the Indian was under a delusion, bade him ask the Virgin for some sign by which he would know the message was really from herself. The Indian obeyed, and the Virgin commanded Diego to gather flowers on the barren hills and bring them to her. Flowers had never grown there before, but now the Indian found them in abundance, and filling his *tilma*, or blanket, he carried them to the Virgin.

"Go," said the Virgin, returning the *tilma* and the flowers to the Indian, "go to the Archbishop and tell him these are my signals."

When at length Diego opened his *tilma* in the presence of the Archbishop the flowers tumbled on the floor, diffusing a delicious perfume, while, on the *tilma* itself, was stamped, as to day, the figure of the Virgin. No longer doubting, the Archbishop immediately caused to be erected on the spot designated a little chapel, or *eremita*, as it is called in Mexico, as the temporary depository of the Sacred painting, and there or thereabouts it remained until a grander edifice could be built.

### THINGS HARD TO EXPLAIN.

Over the high altar of the magnificently decorated Cathedral of Guadalupe may be seen this extraordinary picture enclosed in a crystal case framed with solid gold. On account of its conspicuous position it attracts the attention at once on entering the church. Millions of people have viewed it and in late years many Americans have hastily glanced up at the painting while wandering through the church. But very few have given more than a passing look, leaving the church with a quiet sneer at the blind credulity of the natives. "Yes, it is a good picture, but there is nothing extraordinary about it," I have heard many foreign visitors exclaim. With all due deference to them I propose, to prove that there is much that is very extraordinary indeed about it, and though personally I am not prepared to accept the theory of a supernatural origin, I feel compelled to acknowledge that there are some things about it that cannot be explained humanly—some things that have puzzled many a great painter and transformed many a sceptic into an ardent believer. Let me specify a few of these things:

First—The painting has been executed on a cloth the most unsuitable for such work—coarse native fabric called "ayate," manufactured from the maquey plant. According to artists no worse species of cloth could have been selected as a canvas.

Second—The closest and most expert examination shows no evidence of any preparation whatever such as artists know to be necessary to dispose of a cloth or canvas to receive colors.

Third—This painting combines four dif-

ferent kinds of painting, each kind requiring a distinct preparation or disposition of the canvas, and yet all four harmoniously blended, though inconsistent with each other according to the rules of art.

Fourth—Its preservation, clearness of outline and freshness of color are simply marvelous, after three centuries and a half of exposure in an atmosphere which has been fatal to all other paintings in less than one century.

Let it be noted here that I do not touch the theological reasons that have been advanced to prove the divine origin of the picture. I confine myself to a rational examination such as may appeal to unbeliever and offer as well as to the most devout, and I propose to offer facts that may be received and put to the test by the most scientific. Having done this I will leave the inferences to be drawn by the public.

From the body of the church the painting does not strike the beholder as possessing any unusual qualities. It looks pretty in the midst of its costly surroundings, with the magnificent altar as a sort of setting. The nearer one approaches the better it seems, and when one is close up to it the exquisite delicacy of the work is startling: So that whatever we may think of its origin the quality is such that any artist might be proud of its authorship. And here let me ask is it not strange that no artist has ever yet claimed it?

### AN AZTEC TYPE.

A modern writer says: "This picture belongs to no known school, nor does it recall any other image of the Virgin." This I can affirm from my own observation, for there is no face better known through the great masters than that of the "Blessed Virgin." Cuevas remarks that the Guadalupean image is outside of all the traditions and yet the first glance leaves no doubt that it is intended to depict the Blessed Virgin. "It is the Virgin Mexicanized," says Cuevas, "transformed into Aztec, sublimating the beauty of the Aztec race to the highest degree of which it is capable."

"The Virgin" is represented as a girl of about sixteen years—the face of inexplicable sweetness and piety. The back of the head is covered by a cloak, which falls gracefully over the shoulders, covering partially the breast at either side. Under the cloak is her tunic, extending from the neck to the feet. The head and body are inclined to the right, the face directed towards the ground. The hands are joined as in prayer or supplication. The feet rest on a cherub's head, and the entire body is encircled by a resplendor of rays of gold. To describe the colors is impossible. Somehow they are indescribable. The cloak is a sort of green and blue at the same time, the tunic or dress is pinkish and velvet with rare flowers of gold here and there. The exquisite finish of the tunic is such that a great painter of the past century declared no human artist could have performed it. The touches are finer than hair. Seen close, the hands and face are a delicate shade of tawny, like that of Indians, while in the distance they assume a pearly tint. The hair as left uncovered by the cloak, is black and arranged somewhat in the simple style of noble Indian ladies. Strange to say, the face is at the same time Jewish and Aztec, as has often been remarked, and the whole painting suggests something of the ancient Greek and Oriental figures, something of the figures of the middle ages, and of the last centuries, as well as of the Egyptian and the Aztec. "What human painter," exclaims Cuevas, "could have united in his work all the art schools of the world in all ages, with a supreme originality of conception and execution?"

First, as to the cloth or canvas. It is both coarse and thin, woven, and some idea of its curious fineness to receive colors or serve as a background for anything like a painting may be formed when it is stated that one may go behind it, and look through the fibres. As a matter of fact, standing on the reverse side of the picture the church may be seen in much the same way as looking through the shutters of a window. This brings me naturally to my

Second assertion, namely, that the cloth or canvas shows no evidence of having been prepared to receive colors in any way, certainly in no way known to artists. If the surface had been prepared or primed the view through the fibres of the cloth would be obstructed, whereas I have shown that the fact is otherwise. A painter cannot work without colors or brush. Neither can I paint without a superficies properly prepared to receive the colors. A different preparation or disposition of the surface of the canvas is necessary in each case or kind of painting. Many an expert examination has been made without detecting a trace of preparation or priming, a fact which has filled the artistic world with wonder. Standing alone perhaps it would not be sufficient basis for declaring that the painting is of supernatural origin, but taken with the other extraordinary features, to which I shall next allude, it certainly staggers the mind and disposes one to view with less tendency to ridicule the startling claim that there exists really a work of art which owes its conception and execution to no human mind or hands.

### FOUR KINDS OF PAINTING.

Third—The four species of painting which it is asserted are combined and successfully blended in the painting are oil, distemper, water color and another form of distemper

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
RECALLED.

A Sketch From Life.

CALLIE L. BONNEY.

The day was heavy, as when a pall hangs over the landscape, and the stillness seemed ominous of approaching storm, perchance a rain of tears. Malcolm Stuart felt the shadow, and involuntarily shuddered as he hurried on through the gathering storm until he reached an apartment house near the centre of the city. At the door he met some one coming out. It was the French physician, whose skill was undisputed; and in the ominous, "May I speak with you a moment?" which greeted him, he read a fatal verdict blighting all his dearest hopes and aspirations.

Without waiting a reply the Doctor turned, followed by his companion, re-entered the building, traversed with still firm step the apartment adjoining a sick chamber, and entered a small room to the right. Then confronting the man who had accompanied him with that pity which an executioner might show to a victim kneeling at the block, he spoke hurriedly, as though he would strike at once the blow that must be struck not to prolong needlessly the agony of suspense. "I might as well tell you first as last," he said with due professional solemnity, "that there is absolutely no hope."

The man before him shrank, as if from a deadly weapon, and a low moan escaped him. "Great God! Doctor, it cannot be! You mistake her constitution, seemingly so frail, you..." But the physician interrupted him: "There is no case on record where a person has lived whose lungs are in the condition that hers are. Do not deceive yourself. I tell you plainly that there is no hope of recovery, absolutely none whatever. God knows it hurts me to tell you this, but it would be a mistaken kindness to let the death agony come upon you unawares."

"It shall not come! I cannot give her up now! You must save her." But grief choked further utterance, and the kind-hearted physician feeling that he could not longer contemplate the agony he could not stay, wrung the man's hand in a grasp of honest sympathy, and murmuring, "Send, if you need me, and I will return to-night," he left the apartment.

One convulsive working of the features, a low moan, half anguish, half despair, and Malcolm Stuart crossed the intervening space, and softly opening the door of the sick chamber, and with glance of inquiry at the kind friend presiding there, a white-robed nurse, he crossed the room, and knelt beside the white draped couch, where, pale as the lilies which she held in her hand, lay Spirite, his betrothed wife, her deep breathing, fraught with anguish, seeming to mark hurriedly, painfully, her remaining moments on earth.

There was a terrible struggle in which it seems impossible to regain the fleeting breath, a cruel repetition of the past week's constant tortures. One piteous glance of pleading from the eyes for a moment uplifted to his face, and then as he raised her tenderly in his arms, hoping to recall the breath which seemed struggling in vain, there is a gradual lessening of the cruel tension, and a sweet peace steals over the wracked body, while a smile, as of one looking beyond the gates played about the lips seemingly kissed by an angel.

"Darling!" he cries loudly, as though fearful her spirit has already passed beyond recall.—"Darling, come back to me! I cannot give you up!" Verily he has called her back to him, though the form is cold as death, for the violet eyes again look into his as the heavily fringed lids open slowly, as though loth to return to earth and its suffering; but in the eyes themselves there is the happy light of love victorious as she gazes first into the eyes dark to her, and then down at her own white hand where gleams the wedding ring to be recalled.

Away from pain of earth her tired feet Pursued a heavenward path of beauteous feet. 'O'er which had silver haze like bridal veil. While more than orange perfume fills the air! Onward she pressed, before her raptur'd gaze The heavenly city, whose pearl domes arise O'er alabaster walls, with opal gleams In jewelled beauty 'gainst celestial skies. Until she reaches mount where angel waits Her coming from the dreary place called earth. Her radiant face with love and joy aglow At bringing earth-tired soul to heavenly birth. Tampled! Ah, no more pain, or care, or tears. What blessed promise, breathing peace until—" 'The heaven!' she cries, "and yet how can I stay While waits on earth a tiny ring of gold?"

Back to earth! "What did you see there, darling," Malcolm Stuart asks a week later, bending anxiously over the couch where lies his Spirite, who after her glimpse of heaven has come back to him. "What did I see? Oh! Malcolm, it was worth all the suffering that preceded it to be convinced of the reality of heaven. The idea that so many people hold, of a vague, shadowy place, where the spirits of the saved float about in space, intangible, impersonal shadows, was always unreasonable and unsatisfying to me; and I now know that it is as untrue as unsatisfying." "You saw, then, a real place, and forms that you recognized?" "Oh! I did, beyond any doubt." "And yet people, many of them, would say it was but a dream, or the fancies of your imagination."

there saw that of which you had no cognizance through the physical senses. Remember, too, dear, that you had another indisputable proof of entering the world beyond; how else could you have described perfectly, even to little peculiarities of manner, my mother who died years before you were born? You had never seen a portrait of her, nor had any verbal description, and yet you described her perfectly, and gave me messages from her that could not have come from you, or from any one but her. How can people so blindly ignore what must be true, especially when to their eternal happiness to have it so? Proof? Why, one instance like the above would be unimpeachable evidence to me, and I am not one to accept new theories lightly; but tell me, dear, how did it seem to you as you drifted away from earth? Did you suffer pain or anguish?"

"Only in the thought of leaving you behind me, and in your grieving you know how fraught with distress was my breathing, but I suddenly seemed to stand at the commencement of a beautiful ascending path, bordered and strewn with the most rare and fragrant flowers, and I noticed specially a great many white lilies, which seemed also to be in my hands as I walked up the path, oh! so lightly, and as I progressed my breathing became easier, until I experienced little, if any, difficulty. The scene was beautiful, and as I went upward I saw what seemed to be the termination of the path, my guardian angel waiting as if to welcome me. The view beyond her, I would that I could describe it in all its glorious beauty, but our words are inadequate. I beheld the great Temple of the New Jerusalem portrayed in Revelations, and which Frang in one of his recent Easter cards has attempted to picture, but with all its merits I turn the card to the wall, so poor it seems in memory of the glorious reality. That wondrous Temple, seeming as near as I can describe it in our earthly terms, to be of gleaming pure white marble, dazzling to the eyes of earth from brilliant diamonds and opaline rays which flashed from the shining structure like myriad jewels in the sunlight. So absorbed was I in contemplation of this magnificent temple that when I lowered my eyes to earth, I saw rather than the upward termination of the path leading heavenward, and stood so near to the angel waiting there to welcome me that I could reach the hand she extended to me. Then it was, realizing that one step more would take me forever from the earth and away from you, I paused, and looked down at the golden band on my finger. She seemed to read my unspoken thoughts, and said gently, 'We do not like to have you suffer any more, as you must so long as you remain on earth. Do you wish to see a sign, still looking at the ring? But this is it, not best that I should return?' One glance of love in which was blended pity for the soul returned to earthly pain with angelic blessing, while she said softly as though in acquiescence, 'for a little time, then,' and gradually, almost imperceptibly, the distance between us lengthened, and I awoke to earth, as she, waving me an affectionate adieu, returned to her home in Heaven."

"Yes, back to earth, yet deem not golden gates are closed. They're ever open, as His angels come and go In loving ministrations. Open, too, that we In glimpses heavenward our future home may know."

Next to the earth, the sun and the moon, come the stars in the line of precedence of all things that attract our attention. The stars are many, they shine with varied brilliancy; they move in different lines or circles, and are supposed by our fancies to stand for various offices, emblems and destinies.

On this thanksgiving day our thoughts go forward to the approaching Christmas time when we will again see more vividly "the Star of Bethlehem." The star of Bethlehem, the star that guided the wise men of the East to the place where the infant Saviour lay—call it the star of wisdom, the star of salvation, the star of divinity giving a light that leads to eternal life and irradiating the courts of heaven and the homes of the angels (or whatever name you will), is to the Christian world a sacred and worshipful thing in their religion and stands alone. The star is fixed on the brow of the Saviour and glory shines around. The church stands in awe and worship, and proclaims that there is no way to the future life and to happiness but to those who see this light and follow its rays.

I wonder how much of this is myth and how much is truth! That star is shrouded now in the dark distant past. I cannot clearly see nor gather any certain import from it. I wonder if there are not living stars of this hour that give us a better light and serve us as better guides along the vale of life and up the hills of immortality, and bring us nearer to the circles of the angels. To me there are such; and by your leave their light may shine as well for others as for me, through your valuable paper, whose office it is to enlighten the world. For want of space and time I will give but a portion of one of my experiences along this line.

My daughter Belle passed on at three years of age from Peru, Ill. On coming to Chicago but a few years after this, I visited a rapping medium, who was clairvoyant and clairaudient as well, thoroughly honest, and till then an entire stranger to me. While conversing with older spirits by the usual rap, I heard the tiniest of little raps. To my question, "Who is it?" "Your daughter, little Belle," was spelled out (so we called her). She proved well her identity, and a description by the clairvoyant bore like evidence, with the corroboration of other spirits. From that time on, wherever I went, she was the foremost, and I came to call her My Star. "My Star," because she seemed to be leading me on and shedding on my pathway a cheerful light. She introduced other spirits to me, and my happiness was broadened and my hopes more bright, my faith more sure; and so continued for years and indeed till now. Sometimes her presentation of herself would commence with the spirit light as a star, and develop out into a face.

These and like things occurred with different mediums unknown and remote from each other. Once on the Pacific Coast, the lady medium being a stranger and unnamed, she said among many other things, "Papa, don't you know you call me your Star?" Soon after this, on the Atlantic Coast at a materializing séance she came to me in full form while I was sitting far back in a crowded room, all strangers, and led me forward. As we were going, I said, "Belle, is it you?" From what followed I need not have asked, but she answered, "Yes, papa, I am your Belle, but not your little Belle that you laid away in the earth." And so the conversation continued. "Oh! papa, I am with you

often. I am so glad to make you happy while you remain; and oh! the beautiful home we have prepared for you!" and the like.

Such as these, Mr. Editor, are but a few of what I might give, and I think always with a companion from the spirit realms along the earth line of life, and what a consolation, as compared with the reports of the best things that come down the shadowy ages of the past. My interest in the Star of Bethlehem fades out in the better light of this Star that went out from my earthly home, and shows and manifests continually from the firmament of the higher sphere.

Nevertheless I have other stars as well and other angels. Thanks, then, for the angels of this mortal life, and thanks, too, if when they ascend they become our stars to guide, to cheer and to bless.  
Chicago, Ill.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
LEAVES FROM MY LIFE

or  
How I Became a Spiritualist.

I was born in Summit, Wisconsin. My parents were poor. My mother passed to spirit life when I was two years of age. There were six children of us, and in a short time our home was broken up and we were scattered. I went to live with a man and his wife whom I will designate as Mr. and Mrs. B. They never had any children of their own, and their parental love nature, if they ever had any, was dried up; but being good, staunch members of the Methodist Church, they firmly believed in the wisdom of Solomon, and determined I should not spoil for lack of the rod.

I am not fond of living over unpleasant memories, so I will simply say that I knew nothing of love or confidence toward them. My life was one of perpetual fear. I was naturally very affectionate, confiding, and full of mirth; but under the discipline of these people I never could act naturally, and my soul there came a lonely, desolate feeling—a hunger for something, I knew not what!

I liked to be alone, and would wander into the field where I would sit for hours gazing into the sky, or watching the changing form of the clouds which I fancied were the property of angels. At other times I would follow the black birds from one place to another listening to their twitter and song. I thought they were holding meetings, and I was much interested in their worship; but when it came time to go home, back to my heart would come the emptiness, and sometimes the tears would well up in my eyes, and my pent-up feelings would have vent, though I could not explain why I cried. Then I would be severely reprimanded for being a naughty, ungrateful girl. Did they not give me plenty to eat and wear and a good bed? "God was certainly very angry with me for being so wicked, and if I should die the devil would burn me in his lake of brimstone." I had a picture of this devil on my brain. Indeed, it was so deeply impressed there that time has not yet erased it. I can still see him plainly. He was black; of course devils are always black, and his form was much like a goat. He had a bill like an eagle, long hooked claws, and ears like greyhound. He always sat upon his hind legs, and was about the size of a yearling calf. He materialized in the dark, dematerialized in the light, and was always in dark corners, under beds, and down cellar. I was always sent to bed in the dark. How I wished I had a mother to tuck me up and kiss me good night. But after listening to witch and ghost stories until my nerves were all in tremor and my hair seeming to stand on end, I would be sent to bed in the darkness, and I would wearily sleep down stairs. I distinctly recall the terrible nervous fear that would fairly make my teeth chatter when standing by my bed.

I undressed slowly, knowing that the devil was crouching under it, with his claws just ready to grab me as soon as I was undressed. I thought also that if he mistrusted I knew he was there and was afraid, then he was sure to catch me; so I would move very slowly and sometimes sing or whistle to fool him. Then when he was off his guard I would spring into bed, draw the quilt over my head, and then I was safe.

When I was about seven years of age modern Spiritualism made its appearance in our town, and though my guardians were good Methodists, still they attended circles and became very much interested. I was not allowed to go, but would hear them talk of the things they saw and heard. I remember one evening they attended a circle, and the next morning Mrs. B. said to me, "Mary, your mother came and rapped on the table last night, and she said she had been living in the seventh sphere, and would watch over you." Where the seventh sphere was located, was a mystery to me. From that time I was not so much afraid of the devil as I had been; but now I was afraid I would see a white woman with a long white dress, and as white is easily discerned in the dark, I kept always on the lookout for any white object that might make its appearance. I did not think it would grab me, but it would appear before me with dreadful hollow eyes, and if it should touch me, it would feel cold and awful.

I reached ten years of age without having seen the white woman or being caught by the devil, at least bodily. At that age I concluded that I was abused and could stand it no longer, so trying my few worldly possessions in a bundle, I deliberately walked away in search of a new home. If I were writing a story I could relate some very amusing and touching incidents connected with this search; but as space will not permit, I will only find a home, a better one than I left. At this home, when I was about sixteen, I had my first introduction to spirit phenomena. I had gone to bed one night, and thinking on various things, when suddenly, without any thought, I called three times, "Mother, mother, mother!" Immediately I felt a cool soft hand laid on my forehead. The touch was gentle and brought a pleasant feeling with it; still it frightened me, and as in childhood I again covered up my head with the bed clothes.

I soon fell asleep and dreamed of talking with my mother. She told me some things about her last sickness which I had never heard, but which I related to an aunt who was with her, and she told me they were true. This experience made a deep impression upon my mind. I told the lady I lived with about it in the morning. She thought it very strange, but could give no solution of the matter. I never remember of having dreamed of our mother before that time.

I now pass over four years of my life. I am married and living in Illinois, out on a prairie farm, away from every friend I love. I was very sick and for eight days and nights I had not slept. The Doctor administered opiates, but they had no effect; sleep I could not. I prayed for sleep, but no use, it would not come. A passage from the bible, "He giveth his beloved sleep," kept vibrating through my brain, and I thought God did not love me, or I would sleep. About four o'clock P. M., I glanced at the foot of my bed and saw what I then called Jesus. I cannot describe his vision, or tell half its glory. The form was that of a man of medium height, clothed in a robe of soft fescy material of a drab color. He had a fine head, but his hair was short instead of hanging in curls as Jesus is pictured. But his eyes, they were a soft gray, and his soul shone right through them. I could read as plainly as on a printed page, "Purity, Wisdom, Truth, Sympathy and Love." I knew at a glance that this being was the embodiment of these principles. His face was of almost transparent fairness. His mouth was wreathed with smiles, and yet through the smiles gleamed a sadness.

I gave one cry to him, not in words, but from my soul, "Don't leave me." From his soul came the answer, "I will watch over you and you shall sleep." Then I saw the form melt into air, but I knew he was there.

I was alone at the time, but when the nurse came into the room, I said to her, I have seen Jesus, and he said he would watch over me and I should sleep. She smiled, thinking I was delicious. Almost immediately I sank to sleep and slept all night, only when aroused to take my medicine.

My fever grew worse, however, and for three weeks I was a great sufferer. During all that time there was one thing that I wanted which I could not have, and that was music. I was passionately fond of music, and a short time before my sickness, had been visited by three brothers, musicians; one of them a violinist. I longed so much to hear them play again; it seemed if I could only hear some fine music I would get well right away. It was, indeed, a perfect mania with me, as my thoughts dwelt upon it all the time. I said but little about it, however, for I knew I could not have the kind of music my soul hungered for, as we were surrounded by a class of people whose highest ideal of music was "Old Zip Coon," or the "Arkansas Traveler," sawed upon by an old rasping fiddle.

One morning the Doctor told my husband he could do no more for me, and if I had friends who desired to see me alive, he had better telegraph to them immediately. Just at sunset that day I heard distant strains of music; it sounded like a brass band at a distance. I could just catch an occasional strain, but it came nearer and nearer, until all around me there swelled and vibrated the grandest music I ever heard. I was no longer in bed, but seemed to be in some vast amphitheater where thousands upon thousands of people were gathered. I can describe no particular person; it looked like one great sea of faces. Neither can I describe any instruments that were played upon. I don't remember to have seen any, and yet there was both vocal and instrumental music. I have heard in my life some fine music, but never anything that could compare favorably with what I heard that night, as hour after hour I listened, and my soul drank it in until I seemed a part of the music itself. Never could I have myself bestow more perfect rapture upon a soul than mine experienced at that time. The memory of it still has power to thrill me through and through and for one half hour of that grand harmony, I would willingly die, or rather pass out of my body. After a while I noticed the crowd receding, and the music grew fainter. Presently I was conscious of being again in bed, my husband and a lady by me. The sun was just rising, and away far in the distance I caught the last faint strain of music. I whispered, "Oh! was it not grand?" My husband said, "What was grand?" I said, "the music." He replied we have heard no music. I could not understand how it could be that I could hear that which he could not. I did not then know that there is a spiritual hearing, of which the physical knows nothing.

My husband said I had not so much as moved a muscle all night and yet they could scarcely tell that I breathed; but from that day I rallied fast. I would swallow no more medicine, as firmly believed, as I do still, that my life was saved by that music.  
M. L. S.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Who or What was the Intelligence?

MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

Tests belong to the elementary stage of Spiritualism; they are not Spiritualism itself, but only a proof of it. Those people who never get beyond a desire to hear tests and run after test mediums, cannot truthfully call themselves Spiritualists. Spiritualism means more by far than that. It means not only a proof of spirit return, but truth from the Spirit-world, and a philosophy of living and thinking.

But as you ask me for a test, I will record the most perfect one which during my acquaintance with Spiritualism has come to my knowledge. A perfect test should be absolutely free from all possibility of mistake. Such a test came to my knowledge in the year 1882, when I was merely an investigator of Spiritualism. I was living in Vineland, New Jersey, at the time, and a little circle of six, including myself, met semi-weekly, two of us being not believers but investigators. The circle was held in an upper chamber occupied by a widow, one of our number, whose husband had died during the previous year. We sat in a partially darkened room, the lamp being placed in the hall, and the door nearly closed. In one corner was a large, dark closet.

lady's husband, who had died from a lingering illness, had previous to his death settled all his business, and put everything, as he supposed, in proper shape for his wife and family. The identical paper had been drawn and filed by him, and he had undoubtedly died in the full belief that it was properly prepared. His wife, into whose possession it had come, had only a general knowledge of its contents, and had never examined it. It was, I believe, an insurance paper. The next day it was taken to an insurance agent to examine, without telling him of the circumstances under which it was brought. Looking it over, he detected an error which invalidated the whole document. This error he corrected and returned the paper.

To review this occurrence—here was a test which met every requirement. First, the absolute ignorance of the medium as to the contents of the trunk, the nature of the legal documents it contained, or even of their existence. Second, the ignorance of every living person of the error in the paper selected. Third, the manifest intelligence beyond that of the medium, or any person in the flesh, which detected and made known the error. Can Dr. Richmond and Mrs. Fox Kane explain away this test by means of ventriloquial toejoints?  
Barton, Fla.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
The True Christmas and its Book.

PROF. ALEX. WILDER.

If the average reader of current literature should be asked to name the book that is making the deepest impression, the reply doubtless would be, "Robert Elsmere." Not being a fashionable reader, I am not of the elect who have become conversant with its contents. Nevertheless, I have glanced over the criticisms from Gladstone to Mr. Wilder, and to a degree mastered the average opinion. It is no trifling achievement to do as much as this. I must add that as the book seems to be worth preaching about, it is a not unsuitable topic for a Christmas reader. The way that the story has been received is a significant indication of the drift of sentiment. Some hundred thousand copies have been sold and worn out in the reading. Mrs. Ward has uttered words that a great multitude anxiously and eagerly desired to hear. Whether they are hungering or thirsting after righteousness, we have no authority to judge; but we may consider it reasonably certain that they are desirous to become intelligent in relation to truth, of which righteousness is the manifest form; and intelligence is not an endowment furnished by schools, teachers, or even scientific learning; but transcends them all.

Mr. Ward's book may lack many of the qualities of a popular novel, may even be somewhat heavy, and therefore justly to be criticized. I would not mind that much, so long as it contains what is worth the reading. It is not necessary to cut literature out after the prevailing fashion, as a tailor would a coat, nor to let it be so tight as to cramp our lungs or our feet. The fact that the book has been so widely read shows that it voices a general conviction, and that it is a trumpet-cry for a better gospel, if it does not contain that very gospel in its pages. The prayer for bread may not be answered with a stone.

If I have guessed the meaning aright, the story of "Robert Elsmere" is a protest and renunciation of a materialistic doctrine, whether propounded by religious men or agnostics. No human soul ever contentedly accepted the notion of coming into existence like a cat and dropping out like a worn-out dray horse or a stall-fed ox. There is no right, no truth, no justice, that begins with a cradle and ends at a grave. Only in eternity can a principle so eternal and unswerving, find a place; and as every act is imperishable in its results, no individual except he who performed it, can have the reward or suffer the penalty which the results entail.

If the religious, or rather the spiritual want of earnest hearts is not met by the evangel of life eternal—not merely endless but filled with the eternal quality—they will turn hither and thither, away from dogmatic teaching, away from empty rite, away from sacrosanct religious music; to some humbler, less pretentious leading. If I am right, Elsmere, the hero of this story, left a pupil and a good name, to find a well of living water in his own heart which was opened there by honest, earnest, persistent effort to do right in the pure spirit of charity. If Mrs. Ward has told us this, no matter though inartistically as Mr. Gladstone has suggested, she has like a true prophetess delivered to us the oracle of God. There is a Robert Elsmere here, and there all over the world, and I trust that their number will increase.

Why does Christendom, and why did the antecedent world-faiths, accept this period of the year for his holier commemorations? The external type is that of the days beginning to lengthen—the advent of a new term of seasons. Astrology contributed its data, and legend eked out the matter by its peculiar contributions. All these, however, are insufficient for the thinking mind. It may be easy always to discriminate between the *numen* and the *women*, or between the holy day and the holiday. But Christmas is a type suggesting vividly its antitype. It denotes the discarding of an old year with its laborious experiences and the beginning of a new one with the hope of some better result. Is not this, too, the story of Robert Elsmere? Has he not given of the old career, accepting its boons and experiences as aids and cautions, but entering upon a new scene with somewhat of uncertainty, yet resolute to do and become what is best?

This is the true letter of Christmas, certainly. It points to the future with hope, not so much of better circumstances as of a bettered personal fitness to meet them. The young child is the next year. To those who forget the things behind and reach for better things before, it will prove a savior indeed. For the hour in which man is truest is the supreme point in life. Merry—happy—be the Christmas, come it in December or July, when human beings put the shadowy and unstable back into the past, and reach forward emulous of the better life—the true self, the genuine,—the good and the true.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
"And Still the Years Roll On."

MRS. MILTON RATHBUN.

"Ring out the old Ring in the new!" Good-bye, Old Year! Welcome approaching maid,—to thee, all hail! In thy hands we see the promise of glad tidings for all people, the promise of peace, prosperity and consequent happiness, for those who await thy coming. When a few days have been counted into the past, we will crown thee our welcome guest through youth; yea, even unto old age, when the bells of '89 shall chant thy requiem and send forth peals of welcome to the new-comer, whom we shall christen, '1890."

We offer greeting and congratulation to the JOURNAL, because of its steady, onward march towards the goal of its ambition. May its aim be lofty and its standard above criticism.

Woman's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

Matter relating to this department should be sent to Mrs. Underwood, 86 South Page St., Chicago.

THE CHICAGO WOMAN'S CLUB AND COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

How necessary it is that women should be granted the right of suffrage has been very clearly exemplified by the results of the action of the Chicago Woman's Club in petitioning the Board of Education to enforce the compulsory school law...

The Republican's editorial was copied in full in the Boston Transcript of Dec. 12th.

Among the interesting women of the day is Miss Marie A. Brown who is enthusiastic in prosecuting the claims of Loif Erikson as the discoverer of North America...

Miss Brown's home is in Boston, which she declares is "a Catholic city under Catholic rule," but thinks of making Chicago her headquarters...

GYNECICAL NOTES.

At the twentieth annual meeting of the American Woman Suffrage Association, lately held in Cincinnati, the question of union with the National Woman Suffrage Association was fully discussed at a morning business session...

ously, that a committee of eleven members should be chosen by the American Woman Suffrage Association to confer with the National Woman Suffrage Association...

It is hoped that the National W. S. A. will take action on the matter at its next annual convention in Washington and the union be consummated.

The Municipal election held on the 11th of December, 1888, in Boston is an event long to be remembered in that city, for on that occasion between 17,000 and 18,000 women in the face of a pelting northeast rainstorm turned out with the male voters to vote on the school question...

Mrs. Annie Besant and Mrs. Ashton Dilke have just been elected to the London School Board. Mrs. Besant is so popular among the English laboring classes for her earnest work in their behalf...

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.] Interesting Incidents.

R. A. REYD.

I can fill the request for incidents of spirit presence by drawing upon friends to whom I am related by marriage, who severally have had experiences which, if not in this age of the world regarded as remarkable, are at least worthy of being chronicled as testimony in favor of spirit return...

Mrs. P. is a widow and since the death of her husband, something over a year ago, she had been living alone. Not long after her husband's departure she was conscious of his presence on two different occasions. She says: "I was alone, depressed, and weighed down with sorrow..."

belting and carried up in a flash over the pulleys and whirled around and around being crushed and mangled at every revolution. A brother-in-law, Mr. N., employed in the factory as an engineer, entered the room just as Mr. E. was carried up...

Such instances of spontaneous vision are comforting to a few of the great hungry world outside the ranks of Spiritualism, but to very many they carry no weight as giving evidence of another life...

Were the above cases isolated ones I confess that I should give them but a passing thought, but as thousands upon thousands have had similar experiences they are for me little links that go to make up the great chain of certain evidence that if a man die he shall live again.

A Hypnotic Exhibition.

Professor Milo de Meyer, a Belgian, gave a private séance of hypnotism at St. James' hall on Nov. 19. Speaking of the modus operandi the London Globe says:

"His method varied at different stages; but at first, when he was trying his men, he made the subjects lean forward to him at an angle of forty-five degrees; he held their hands by the wrist and asked them to look steadily in his face, thinking of nothing; then, with a sudden jerk, his eyes seemed to dilate, and he stared into their eyes with all the intensity of which he was capable..."

A number of the sights were exceedingly unpleasant to look at. For instance, half a dozen men were ensnared, and held in a trance with their mouths distended to the farthest possible limit...

The best part of the entertainment was undoubtedly the series of tableaux vivants produced by suggestion and otherwise. For instance, one man got a magnetic toothache which made him writhe and hold his jaw; while another performed a feat in a dentist to pull the tooth out...

It is of unmistakable advantage to possess our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words and actions at some laudable end.—Addison.

Magazines for December, Received Late.

The Home-Maker. (New York.) The different departments are well represented for December by such writers as Marion Harland, Olive Thorne Miller, Christine Terhune Herrick, Hester M. Pools, and many others.

The English Illustrated Magazine. (New York.) The Christmas number of this popular monthly is a most interesting one. Several full page illustrations add to its beauty...

The Unitarian Review. (Boston.) J. H. Allen contributes for December Early Christian Doctrine, and John W. Chadwick, Francis W. Newman's Miscellanies, Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Herbert Spencer; Our Human Conception of Deity, Editor's Note Book; Literary Criticism, etc.

The Kindergarten. (Chicago.) The December Kindergarten contains an article by Frances E. Lloyd on religious teaching which contains applicable thoughts for every day life.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery. (Boston.) The illustrations and short stories make this an attractive number for the young.

La Revue Spirituelle, Paris. Le Lotus, Paris. El Bien Social, Mexico. Sphinx, Germany. La Illustration, Espirita. Annali Dello Spiritalismo, Italy. Le Messager, Liege. The Phenological Magazine, London.

Mental Science Magazine, Chicago. The Freshinkers' Magazine, Buffalo, N. Y. Buchanan's Journal of Man, Boston. The Phenological Journal, New York. St. Louis Magazine, St. Louis, Mo.

New Books Received.

Light through the Crannies, Parables and Teachings from the other side. London: Longmans, Green & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 35 cents. The Curse of Marriage. By Walter Hubbard. New York: The American News Co. Price, 50 cents. The Virtues and their Reasons. A System of Ethics for Society and Schools. By Austin Bierbover. Chicago: George Sherwood & Co.

First Step in Reading. By Martha A. Pease. Chicago: S. R. Winchell & Co. Price, 10 cents. Christmas at the Kerkchiefs. A Musical Dialogue for Christmas Trees Festivals. By Mrs. A. G. Lee. Littleton, Vt.: E. P. Carpenter Co. Price, 25 cents. Hermetic Teachings. Arranged by W. P. Shelton. M. D. Chicago: Hermetic Pub. Co.

So read the headlines of many a newspaper column, and we pursue with palpitating interest the details of the catastrophe, are deeply impressed by the sacrifice of human lives involved. Yet though we are sure that men are falling victims every year to that terrible disease, consumption (scrofula of the lungs), and they and their friends are satisfied to believe the malady incurable...

"I was troubled with an eruption on my face, which was attended with constant annoyance when I wished to appear in company. After using ten bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the humor entirely disappeared."—Mary M. Wood, 40 Adams st., Lowell, Mass.

Buckingham Dye for the Whiskers is in one preparation, and never fails to color the beard a beautiful brown or black of a natural shade.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are used with advantage to alleviate Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness and Bronchial Affections. 25 cents a box.

Consumption can be Cured. Not by any secret remedy, but by proper, healthful exercise and the judicious use of Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites, containing the best and strongest strength-giving virtues of these two valuable specifics in their fullest form. Prescribed universally by Physicians. Take no other.

CATARH CURED. A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething" softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors."

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cure it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. 21; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

INGERSOLL'S INTERVIEWS

TALMAGE.

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL. This is the well-known Author's latest work—being six interviews with him on six sermons by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., to which is added a "Talmagean Catalogue." Price, cloth bound, \$2.50. Postage 15 cents extra; paper, \$1.00, postage 5 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

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COUGH KILLER. Our customers call for Dr. Seth Arnold's COUGH KILLER, and we don't find it profitable to keep any other. J. N. Richardson & Son, Richfield, Minn. Druggists, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00.

MONEY FOR YOU. In buying or selling our Watches, either all cash or in Clubs, at \$1.00 a week. Reliable Agents, yet delicate, and suitable as a memento of Christ's natal day. Then get the following, each one of which will surpass any thing that can be purchased elsewhere for the money.

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DANIEL AMBROSE, 45 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Christmas Cards.

Now is the time to order as Christmas, with its happy joys, will soon be here. Friends must not be forgotten, and distant relatives should receive some token of good cheer.

Union College of Law. The Law Department of Northwestern University. JUDGE HENRY BOOTH, LL. D., Dean and Prof. Law of Real Estate. HON. HAYDEN E. BURR, (late Justice of Illinois State).

TALLAPPOSA, GA.,

which I will sell at one-half regular prices for a limited time. At the figures I have placed upon them they can not fail to be attractive to anyone who desires to buy for location or

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 29, 1888.

**Two Debaters.**

The thoughtful world has for a long time been judging systems of belief by their advocates. Character and conduct are as necessary as logic and facts to enlist the sympathy of intelligent and respectable men and women in any new issue, and even old issues are more and more being held responsible for their representatives. In the days of Luther, Catholicism had to bear the odium of the sale of indulgences. The Church of England has never outgrown the bad name of its founder, Henry VIII. Methodism has been justly condemned for many a year on account of the loose conduct of many of its preachers and more of its followers, especially in camp meeting conduct. The late "isms" must, not less, but more, than the old expect to be subjected to the same criticism. Universalists, Unitarians and Campbellites have stood the test of character and conduct very well, although the Unitarians have had to keep painfully quiet sometimes, as for instance in the case of a minister who left Kansas City not long ago very suddenly on account of the discovery that he had been guilty of gross immorality.

The Campbellites have been more damaged by brainless blatherers than by any other class. They seem to have developed a chronic itch in their ministers for debating. Many of their preachers load up with Bible quotations and face the world with a self-consciousness that they are commissioned by God and Alexander Campbell to convert humanity to their creed in a few weeks, and all that is necessary is for them to keep firing their biblical cartridges at society. But as the cartridges are generally blank there is very little execution done. Once in a while appears among them a fellow who gets mad because, with all his shouting, no game comes down. Such a preacher is Rev. Clark Braden. Years ago he seems to have taken Jesus into partnership and to have started out bent upon upsetting all established religious systems and making a new era in Christian history with Braden at its head and Jesus still in second place. He, too, had the debating itch. It induced the usual chronic flux of words and poverty of ideas. He could talk a two-twenty gait by the hour; but there was no soul, no emotion in him and the machine oratory made no converts. Unable to see that the failure was in himself, he soured on the world and felt that he was not appreciated. He became reckless; did things that created prejudice against him; got a bad name in many places; and finally, starved out of the pulpit, as is alleged, gave himself up to the controversial itch, body and soul. For years he lived by following B. F. Underwood over the Western States and coaxing Christians into backing him to debate the Freethinker.

Mr. Underwood has had compassion on him to such an extent as to loan him money to get out of town after crushing him in debate. But his natural tendency to meanness developed rapidly and because Mr. Underwood refused to make debating a financial speculation with him as partner, he set to work to defame the man who had helped him. After exhorting the fellow Mr. Underwood dropped him and for ten years had not seen him until last month. Braden slid down into Texas and used up the fodder there, but found himself at last in demand in Oregon. A community of Freethinkers in and about Silverton, Oregon, formed a society, built a hall and were showing such strength that the Campbellites began to oppose them. The heretics carried too many guns, and the church sent off for a man who could fight.

Braden came to them and at once opened fire. He got down to business and promptly advertised that he had come to bury infidelity not only there, but on the whole coast. He tried to push ex-Rev. S. P. Putnam into debate with him, but failed. Then he issued a characteristic rooster circular in which he crowed that he had driven the infidel lecturers from the field, including B. F. Underwood. The freethinkers sent for Mr. Underwood; a debate was arranged and came off in Silverton in November. Braden was conspicuous only for his intellectual and moral nastiness of thought and speech. Mr. Underwood, as is shown in reports of the debate, maintained a dignified composure through it all, but in the end opened his guns on the fellow and blew him out of the water. Braden threatened violence, but was only laughed at and the debate closed in a complete victory for the Freethinkers, which was celebrated by a ball.

The query is, what can Christianity expect to gain by allowing such a "holy bully" as this man Braden to strut as its champion? In every instance where he meets such a debater as B. F. Underwood he will suffer defeat and in his defeat Christianity must share. Neither intellectually nor morally can he stand on the same level with Mr. Underwood. We are not in sympathy with the latter's agnosticism, but it is far above the religion of Clark Braden as "Robert Elsmere" is above the adventures of Claude Duval. If Christians want to defend their system against the encroachments of modern skepticism, in debate, let them select a man who is known to be a scholar, which Braden is not, and whose character is above reproach, which Braden's is not, and against such a representation we would be pleased to see B. F. Underwood pitted, and from such a contest much might be learned. But the oftener Christianity permits Braden to act as its "champion" the sooner it will fall to pieces. Mr. Underwood must have a stomach like an ostrich to endure association with such an opponent, even though he does not recognize him and refuses to have any intercourse with him save through an agent. In fact we know that it is only from a sense of duty to put an end to the bragart's cry that no freethinker dares to meet him that Mr. Underwood has gone to the Pacific to meet him in debate. Braden is a person that no gentleman can have anything to do with without feeling that it is a degradation. An unscrupulous liar, and a malignant villifier, he is to an honorable man what a sneaking cayote would be in comparison with a Minerva.

**Government Persecution of an Army Officer.**

Those of our readers who remember the short report given in the JOURNAL some months ago, of the case of Capt. R. W. Shufeldt, of the Medical Staff, U. S. A., will be surprised to hear that the Captain continues to be illegally held "in arrest" at Ft. Wingate. Tried last May by a court martial for protesting against being kept out on a frontier post, when his transfer to some place where he could continue his scientific researches, had been asked for by leading scientists of this country and Europe, he has been under arrest ever since,—the War Department at Washington having pigeonholed the case, refuses to notify him of the findings of the court martial.

The sympathies of the people of the country have been greatly aroused at the report of the treatment of military prisoners in Siberia, as given by George Kennan in *The Century*. That the Czar of a military despotism should so treat conspirators ought not to surprise one so very much after all, since the preservation of his system of government depends upon it. But in the name of all that is right and just, by what authority can a military despotism at Washington exile a brave and loyal officer, the son of a Commodore in our Navy, of whose record the country has no need to be ashamed, and who has been in the service since he was fourteen years of age?

Sending him to Ft. Wingate was, under the circumstances, an exile; and was intended as such. The Captain remained there some two or three years quietly and patiently, but when the indications seemed to show that it was to be a life sentence, he requested a transfer, and repeated the request several times, all of which were ignored, and not even replied to. Then when an outraged manhood impelled him to send a protest to *The Nation*, the War Department cried out "insurrection and insubordination," and cited him to defend himself before a court martial "for criticising his superiors in the public press," which citation and trial may have been technically right and proper. But the Department has no right to hold Dr. Shufeldt in arrest and suspense for more than seven months after the trial without letting him know the verdict.

The history of the case indicates an evident intention to humiliate and disgrace one whose record shows him to be superior everywhere to these official martinetes, whose actions prove them very jealous of military etiquette, but wholly indifferent to common justice and decency.

We do not suppose any word of ours will be of the slightest weight with these military autocrats, who are so superior to the principles of justice that are supposed to govern this country, but we shall continue to say a word in season and out of season until some attempt is made to deal honorably with Dr. Shufeldt, and we give the Department fair warning that it cannot with impunity thus disregard rights accorded to the lowest and vilest criminal by the laws of the country.

**The Fay and Her Aged Accessories.**

It were easier for the leopard to change its spots, or for a camel to explore the recesses of a needle's eye, than for *The Banner of Light* to desist from defending tricksters and assisting them (for pay) in their audacious and persistent efforts to impose upon the fool minority of community. A Dutch adventurer of salacious record, who goes by the name of Mrs. H. B. Fay, has been repeatedly exposed in her tricks as a materializing medium; yet the "oldest Spiritualist paper on earth," rushes to her defense in its editorial columns whenever opportunity offers, and readily accepts her money for space in its advertising columns. Knowing of the reputable notoriety of this woman, aside from her dishonesty in plying her trade in commercial Spiritualism, the editor of *The Banner* does not hesitate to mislead the public by garbling facts, to the end that his readers may think her an honest, virtuous and persecuted medium. In the issue of his misnamed *Banner of Light* for October 20th the editor published a statement concerning the outcome of the Fay's suit for libel against *The Evening Record*, headed "Mrs. H. B. Fay Vindicated," which was purposely intended to defame the public. In the JOURNAL of Nov. 10th we published a statement from the *Record* and a letter from Mr. John Curtis giving the real facts in the case. As the *Banner* continues to publish whenever asked the displayed advertisement of this woman, the JOURNAL feels called upon in the interest of public morals, of Spiritualism, and honest mediums to publish this week a letter from a thoroughly trustworthy and responsible citizen of Boston which lets the public into some further knowledge of the career of this disreputable protégé and feeder of our Boston contemporary. We are prepared to back up the statements of our correspondent as well as these editorial comments.

*The New Ideal* is the name of a paper which its friends hope will fit into the place made vacant by the death of *The Index*. Rev. James H. West, quite well known in Chicago and vicinity as a Unitarian with radical tendencies, is editor. It is published in Boston, 620 Atlantic avenue; and very wisely starts off as a monthly of sixteen pages. Price \$1 per year. The *Open Court* having aborted as a medium of thought possessing interest for Americans, there should be a good field for *The New Ideal*, and the JOURNAL welcomes it cordially as a helper in the great work. Let Mr. West declare the mission of his paper in his own language:

The object of *The New Ideal* is the discovery and propagation of constructive liberal thought, and the application of modern ethical ideals to the increasing problems of human need. This work it will deem religion. It will feel, moreover, that there is no religion higher or more necessary; for this, on its thought side, will be the establishing of ethics and religion on a scientific basis,—a consummation which a rapidly increasing number of the world's earnest workers are more and more, every year now, demanding and endeavoring; and on its practical side it will be the augmenting of the sum of human good.

All the best writers for *The Index* are promised as contributors to the new venture.

"A story in a recent number of *Blackwood*," says the *London Athenaeum*, "called 'Aut Diaboli aut Nihil,—the Story of a Hallucination,' is exciting a considerable amount of speculation and curiosity, especially in Paris, where doubts are apparently expressed whether the tale is altogether founded on fiction. It is some years ago since Parisian society was excited over a report that a popular preacher of decidedly freethinking proclivities, who had preached an eloquent sermon on the personality of Satan, in which he did not believe, had the ideal which he had held to his congregation corrected in an interview with the Prince of Darkness himself. The *Blackwood* story professes to tell how this meeting was brought about, and the Parisian gossip is now busy seeking to identify the actors in this remarkable drama. The name of the Abbé Hurd, the eloquent preacher of the Madeleine, and of the famous Abbé Bauer are both put forward as likely to have suggested the original of Abbé Girod; opinions seem to be divided as to whether the Duc de Frontignan is to be identified with the Duc de Cadarousse or the Duc de Massa, while the names of Prince Paul Demidoff and Ivan Puskievitch are suggested as having supplied the character of Pomerantseff, who acts as usher to his Infernal Highness. Meanwhile, Parisian society is extremely anxious to know who X. L. is—a curiosity, which, under the circumstances is hardly likely to be gratified."

Carter Harrison states that he saw during his trip around the world, the mummies of mighty monarchs who ruled nearly 4,000 years ago, and monuments of others who have been dead 5,000 years. One queen who died over 3,000 years ago was covered with the garlands of flowers, some of which were enough preserved to show their petals and to enable one to know what they are. In one box was a queen and her little babe. They have not been unrolled from the linen in which they were wrapped over 3,000 years ago. The distinguished traveler says: "I almost hoped that it was a sense of propriety which had saved the mother and child from the desecration of such exposure to the gaze of the curious. I wondered if she had lived to look upon her little one. If her maternal heart had heard that sweetest of all sounds to a woman's ear—her babe's first little cry. Had it been laid upon her breast? Had she felt its little hands upon her cheek or dimpling her soft bosom? Had she uttered that

softest and gentlest of all expressions—those two little words which convey a world of yearning and of love when a mother first says it to her newly born—"My baby!" The linen enfolding her was clean and almost white. Her baby lay upon her feet. For 3,000 years mother and child have thus rested. Are the woman and child yet mother and babe in the far off spirit land?"

B. H. B. C. Such are the cabalistic characters designating a social club at Berlin Heights, Ohio. Only that our temperate and dignified friends Hudson Tuttle, and Deacon Mack of the *Sandusky Reporter*, are members, we should conclude the letters must mean "Berlin Heights Bacchanalian Club," judging from the contents of the elegant menu card of their last banquet. Judge G. W. Close was toast master; and when he called upon Rev. W. D. Johnson to respond to the toast to "The Press," it is said the banqueters put on their regulation Sunday morning-in-an-orthodox-church expression, anticipating from the reverend gentleman a discourse on the wickedness of Sunday newspapers, and the folly of advocating free trade. Instead of which he declared the press the purest and greatest moral agent extant, and complimented journalists as the most obliging and altruistic class, with whom in his wide experience on two continents he had ever come in contact. He had, he said, received more assistance in accomplishing the hopes of his life from the Press than from all other agencies. This happy surprise greatly relieved the banqueters.

One of the newspaper men present called at the JOURNAL office last week and gave a glowing account of the brilliant affair, the first one he had ever attended. He says that when Hudson Tuttle, who responded to the toast, "Our Guests," had concluded his eloquent speech there was not a dry eye in the room, and that the numerous guests declared individually and collectively that they would, when their work in this wicked world was over, return to B. H. to await the final transition, and didn't much care how long the waiting might be. Sir Knight O. C. Fillingham's response to the sentiment, "The Ladies—conspicuous by their absence," as reported in full in the *Berlin Heights Hustler*, was a perfect gem of eloquence and wit. That so much could be said in so few words is a marvel, and if the State of Ohio does not at once adopt a constitutional amendment granting to women their right to the ballot—and to attend all banquets—it will be surpassing strange.

The blushes of shame called to the cheeks of the guests by the gallant knight's expressions of tender regret at the absence of the ladies were changed to flushes of delight when Prof. Hiram Abiff Myers got well under way with his response to the sentiment, "Our Social Relations." With all the eloquence and pathos supplied by a florid imagination and a half century of training and experience, Prof. M. depicted the value of our social relations, and convincingly demonstrated that but for such relations this beautiful continent populated by the bravest and brightest men and women, standing before all the world as the exemplar of virtuous prosperity and democratic principles, would to-day be a howling wilderness, and the spot where now stands the lovely village of B. H. would still be the favorite resort of the rattlesnake and the raccoon. Evidently the B. H. B. C. is an institution of merit; and another year the JOURNAL will be the privilege of sending a well tried prohibitionist as its representative at the annual banquet.

On Wednesday evening of last week Mr. and Mrs. Bundy gave an informal reception to Mr. J. C. Wright. Owing to the close approach of the holiday season and the pressure of engagements in consequence, the company was limited to about eighty friends. Among the mediums present were Mrs. Slosson, Mrs. Dole, Mrs. Eddy, Mrs. Julia Bishop and Mrs. Harriet Davis. At the special request of many present Mr. Wright gave a short address and answered many questions. His ability and urbanity impressed all most favorably; should he again have an engagement in Chicago, under different auspices, his audience would require a large hall and be composed of a class quite capable of appreciating the highly intellectual character of his lectures. Mr. Wright had closed his Chicago contract on the Sunday previous to the reception, and left on Friday for Maquoketa, Iowa, to speak the remaining Sundays of the month. The JOURNAL takes pleasure in commending him as a studious, painstaking and growing man; one who has an ambition which it were well if possessed by more of those who essay the Spiritualist rostrum. The day of voluble nothingness, spread-eagle laudations of "the cause," slipshod rhyming, and hypodroming generally, as the capital stock of a lecture, has largely passed away, never to return. The lecturer of the future will be him who is well equipped with all the accessories afforded by the best current thought, the discoveries and advances in science, literature and philosophy, and who lends dignity and honor to the rostrum. Thus prepared he will be the better able to receive inspiration from those higher realms of wisdom whence we seek light and guidance, and to impart it in its purity and strength to his hearers.

"Signs of the Times." This admirable Chicago lecture on psychical matters by Prof. Elliott Cones is already rapidly disappearing from our shelves and wareroom. The continued and wide-spread demand for it in pamphlet form, during the past six months seemed to warrant a first edition of 5,000 copies, and at the present rate of distribu-

tion this edition will not last thirty days. Price, single copy, 15 cents; \$10.00 per hundred, \$6.00 for fifty, \$3.25 for twenty-five copies. Address the office of this JOURNAL.

The Young People's Progressive Society—A. L. Cöverdale, President,—held its monthly literary exercises and public reception on Monday evening of last week in the spacious parlors of the Church of the Messiah (Unitarian) on Michigan Boulevard. About one hundred members and guests were in attendance, and a most delightful evening was spent. Organized for pleasure as well as for intellectual and spiritual culture, this society is evidently a great success, if one may judge from the spirit pervading this public exhibition and reception. After the regular programme of the evening, the modest representative of the JOURNAL was called upon for a short speech, which he made, feeling all the time that after the brilliant renditions of the various numbers assigned to the members, his extemporaneous remarks were hardly up to the mark. He was followed by Mr. J. C. Wright, the lecturer, who wound up the intellectual part of the entertainment with one of his brief and instructive speeches at which he is such an adept. Refreshments and dancing closed an evening's entertainment which should give fresh zest to the endeavors of this promising society of young people.

A most remarkable series of coincidences was revealed at the celebration of the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. James Holdsworth, of Detroit, Michigan. It was also the seventy-second anniversary of Mr. Holdsworth's birth, the fiftieth anniversary of his taking the pledge not to use alcohol and tobacco, and the fifty-first anniversary of his marriage with his first wife. Mr. Holdsworth gave this account of the romantic circumstances which brought about his first marriage. Disappointed in not meeting a certain young lady, he began drinking. Toward evening he saw two attractive young ladies at a distance, and threw up a penny to decide which one he should ask, then and there, to be his wife. The face of the cent, face up, decided him on "the little one." He boldly went forward to claim his prize. The young ladies naturally resented his sudden attentions. He persisted, however, and succeeded in seeing them home. The "little one," in time became his wife and the mother of all his children. To complete this unusual chapter, the girl won through the toss of a penny bore exactly the same name as the one whom he had failed to meet, although they were in no way related or even acquainted.

*Life in Florida* speaks as follows of the orange grove of G. P. Colby, the medium and speaker: "A wonderful cluster of oranges is to be seen on one of the trees in Mr. G. P. Colby's grove, on Colby lake. Hanging to three small boughs, each no bigger than a lead-pencil, which branch from a single limb, are over 200 oranges, all closely hugging each other like eggs in a basket. There were over 300 on the limb before any were picked or had dropped off. It seems almost incredible that so many oranges could grow in a bunch and it is still more remarkable that the small limbs will hold the great weight put upon them. The cluster resembles a peck of oranges, as they would appear in a measure. The seed of the tree on which this wonderful growth is to be seen, was planted by Mr. Colby himself, in 1876. And by the way, Mr. Colby's grove is one of the finest and best cared for in this section of the State."

The Centennial of Washington's Inauguration will be held in New York April 30th, 1889. President Harrison will be present. During the month of April there will be an exhibition of historical portraits in the Metropolitan Opera House, and also a Memorial Exhibition of Washington relics. The portraits will be limited to portraits of Washington and his Cabinet, and to members of the first Congress under the Constitution; and it is expected that the chair that stood in Federal Hall, which Washington occupied as first President, the Bible used at the Inauguration, and other authenticated relics will be exhibited. Among the portraits promised, is one of George Washington, painted by Gilbert Stuart, at Mount Vernon, in 1797, and given by Washington to Alexander Hamilton. This portrait has never been photographed or engraved, and is a beautiful picture. It is now owned by Hamilton's grandson, Alexander Hamilton of New York.

The Erie, Pa., *Dispatch* speaks as follows of Walter Howell, who is lecturing there: "Mr. Howell spoke on Job's interrogation, 'If a man die, shall he live again?' or, in the equivalent question of common doubt, 'Does Death End All?' Mr. Howell made a learned analysis of the developments of scientific research by the chemist, the anatomist, the microscopist and the physiologist—pointing out the fact that there is little comfort for the materialists in the very domain whence they claim to evolve the evidences on which their belief is based. The report of the chemist, the magical revelations of the microscopist and the scalpel of the anatomist deal not with man as he is distinguished from the matter that enters into the structure of all animate and inanimate creation—but has to do entirely with his coarse physical manifestation. The domain of matter only reveals matter, and the realm of the spiritual in man—in which alone spiritual revelations are possible—is sealed to the invasion of the searcher in the material domain. So upon the spiritually minded men in all time it has devolved to furnish what reasons may be for the belief in man's continuity."

GENERAL ITEMS.

A congress of colored Catholics is to be held in Washington, D. C., in January.

Pope Leo has issued an edict forbidding cremation among Roman Catholics.

The pope characterizes the British and Foreign and American Bible societies as "moral pests."

At a western church fair a device for getting up a testimonial to the pastor bore the following legend: "Drop a dollar in the slot and see the pastor smile."

The colored women of New York City have organized "a Woman's Charity and Industrial Club" for the help of their colored sisters, and have leased a four story house as a home for friendless colored girls.

Lyman C. Howe closed his engagement at the Boston Spiritual Temple, Sunday, Dec. 23, and is now ready to make engagements, wherever called, East, West, or South. Address, Fredonia, New York.

It is said that a woman living near Fort Worth, Tex., recently gave birth to a male child who had on its back the letters S T, formed of a growth of jet-black hair. The letters were about two inches long and perfectly made.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer is lecturing in Detroit. She has made a change from Fraternity Hall to one quite near, and the change, we hope, will be of advantage to both the speaker and audience. Sunday, Dec. 16th, she was greeted with a good audience. A society has been formed and an announcement made that no admission fee will be charged.

A reception will be given in Cleveland to Mrs. Foy, who is engaged in that city for this month, and Miss Clair Tuttle, the rising young artist. A brilliant entertainment will be given, the latter appearing in her role of character-artist, and the former in her well known and always deeply interesting display of sensitiveness to superior intelligences. The event will take place on the evening of December 28th, at Memorial Hall.

Lewis G. James in the *New Ideal* says: "The tenacity of modern liberal thought in matters pertaining to religion is strongly in favor of placing the emphasis in religious teaching upon the affairs of the present life. With the almost total collapse of the belief in hell, or eternal punishment, among intelligent people even of the Christian faith, the doctrine of the future life has ceased to be an appreciable influence in modifying human conduct."

The Rev. Heber Newton of New York explains that in his sermon of two weeks ago he did not intend to propound a new religion. On the contrary, he meant to make the point that "while legitimate dissatisfaction existed with the theology of Christianity, as popularly and traditionally understood, and while, therefore, a new development is increasingly becoming necessary, any attempt to excogitate a brand new religion is out of the question.—*Chicago Tribune*."

The town of Eaton, Ohio, is aroused over the outline of a man's face which appears on the window glass of a house in which one Christian, who was murdered two years ago, lived. Christian's wife and daughter occupy the house, and they both say that they have seen the face since last March, and have avoided making it known to the public, from the fact that they did not want to be bothered with people coming to see it. It is stated that others have seen the face, and that it resembles very closely that of the murdered man.

Rev. DeWitt Talmage states his position as follows: "Evolution and the origin of the human race do not trouble me. I am not so anxious to know what was my origin as to know what will be my destiny. I do not care so much where I came from as where I am going to. I am not so interested in who was my ancestor ten million years ago as I am to know where I will be ten million years from now. I am not so much interested in the preface to my cradle, as I am interested in the appendix to my grave. I do not care so much about protoplasm as I do about eternalism. The 'was' is overwhelmed with the 'to be.'"

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Mistake of the Twelve.

E. M. WHEELLOCK.

When the suffering outcast of Gallilee said to his handful of followers, "The bread that I give is my flesh, that I give for the life of the world," he meant to teach them, could they but have known, that in him was manifested for man the Two-in-oneness of the higher Evolution, made flesh of our flesh and soul of our soul; nourishing us in our nature from the elements of his arch nature, and re-creating us from our mortal separateness into his immortal, two-fold life.

Beginning with the cleansing of the spirit of man, it was to ultimate itself in the cleansing of the body. Beginning with redemption from moral death, it was to fulfill its career in redemption from physical death. Beginning in centres, by slaying the sin principle, it was to move forth victoriously to surfaces by expelling the disease principle.

As truth teaches best by example, in the body of the despaired Teacher spiritual health stood apparent in health of organism. The holiness of the spirit came forth irradiant, sweet, and attractive in such holy health of nature that the emanations from its presence were formed in atmospheres of love, healing and immortality. The law of the flesh was obedient to the law of the spirit; the senses were made channels for the divine sensations, and in the radiant presence of his Personality men declare, in their vivid eastern phrase, that "God was manifested in the flesh."

Here was a youth like an Aryan god, in beauty of person, in romance of sentiment and poetry of diction; near to the hills at his feet, near to the sun above his head; in

whom the spring seemed to breathe its sweets and the summer to pour forth its virtues; one wholly unlike their traditional idea of prophet or sovereign; a vast enigma to the mind. As he moved more and more out of the shadow of their messiah, the daylight in his eyes dazzled them; the triumph, the transport, the exultation, the affluence of his march upon the land drew them as willing captives in his train. He made glimpses for them into the realms of their own possibilities.

But his Gospel of fleshly restoration met with innumerable obstacles in the Twelve, making clear thought, in its ultimate degree, impossible. One listener was full of hereditary Psora, another of scrofula; they were so paralyzed mentally by their inherent malady, that they could only think upon the surfaces of themselves, superstitiously and hopelessly, by impression, obsession, or mechanical routine. They could not enter into the general truth of the new teachings; by order, sequence and relation, and they soon began to fall away from the divine socialism which the Nazarene had begun to institute, slipping little by little, till they ceased to live and serve in unity. They were not spiritualists and familists with divided interests. They let go of each other's hands, and the social band was broken.

Failing to keep the sacrament of fraternity, they became gradually involved in the adverse processes of the counter-movement, till the arch-natural quality in his life, works and words was so far expressed, that the Twelve made discipleship consist merely in believing that Jesus was the Christ, in observing a simple ritual of washings, anointings and a supper, and in leading a correct natural life according to the modified law of Moses; this was all. They were forms that absorbed his arch natural essence, and suffered it to waste from them, while their bodies filled up again from the magnetic force of the animal man. The Twelve did not transgress willfully or wittingly, but the assensive evolution that the Jew had accepted brought failed to embody in them, except partially by the occult and subjective way. They sinned, suffered and died; while he wrought for a kingdom where there should be neither sin, suffering nor death. He was in them to a small degree, by his spirit; but they lost the use of his psychic Presence.

He commanded them, after his disappearance from the visible, to associate, and to keep in unity, and remain together in private as an isolated body; till, becoming unified in that solidarity, the force of the inflowing "kingdom of heaven" should declare itself as a resistless power for the evolution of the race in righteousness. This they did not do. His cult was a cult of socialism. The chief among them shrank from the hard toil and immense effort of socialism, so the believers relaxed and became involved again in the corporeal life of the world. The ecclesiastical mania broke forth at once, and the Twelve betook themselves to praying, preaching and sacraments, and when at a famous pentecost, they boasted that "three thousand souls were added to the church in one day," the infant ecclesia was swamped under the load of raw, crude converts. Christendom has been fruitlessly traveling in that rut of ecclesiasticism ever since, and the religion of the Prophet of Gallilee—which was pure secularism—remains the unknown and uncomprehended mystery of the world.

Spokane Falls, W. T.

Persons and Events in Boston.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: My advent at the "Hub" was made pleasant from the first. Mrs. M. A. Pope, with whom I stopped during an engagement at Music Hall fifteen years ago, invited me to take my first meal with her; and it was like coming home. The hospitable spirit and friendly interest of such a friend is a tonic and a rest to a lone pilgrim, and "something sweet to think of" in the cloudy days of life.

Mrs. Pope and her family were devoted friends of Mrs. J. H. Conant, and her memory is still sacred to them. The tender devotion to her memory, which Mrs. Pope at all times manifests, is a token of character worthy the imitation of all. It is not a friendship that smiles when fortune favors, and frowns and forsakes when evil shadows fall around the object of her devotion; but a steady, reverent, faithful affection that "knows no variableness or shadow of turning." She loves to dwell upon the sunny side of the life she did so much to bless, and relates many experiences with the unseen ones during the time her home was the chosen rendezvous and rest for the angels and the weary ones of earth.

On one occasion, as she relates it, while her daughter Mattie was an infant, Col. Pope and another gentleman were on the lower floor, with the sleeping child, while Mrs. Pope and the medium were two floors above. Suddenly Mrs. Conant was controlled and related a scene that had just transpired on the first floor asking them not to be frightened for no harm was done to the baby, and assigning a motive for coming to carry her. Upon this Mrs. Pope hastened anxiously to the floor below to know what had befallen the sleeping child. Mr. Pope and his nephew, who were the only persons in the room with the infant, testified that some invisible power had lifted her from the couch on which she was asleep, and carried her nearly half way across the room and dropped her on the floor. But she was dropped so gently as not to harm or disturb her. Mrs. Pope, the oldest daughter, is a superior musician, and her services at the First Spiritual Temple, where I speak, are highly appreciated as an important part of the Lyceum exercises and the Wednesday evening conferences.

Mr. Ayer, to whose magnanimity and devotion the "First Spiritual Temple" owes its origin is a superior man in many ways. He is truly liberal. His life breathes out a perpetual sweetness that is tangible to all who have moral nerves to feel and enjoy. No unkind word escapes his lips toward any one, no matter what others may say or do against him. He evidently lives his religion and therefore it blesses him, and others through him.

I find Dr. Buchanan vigorous and alive to the great work which has engaged the best years of his life, and he ought to be sood for twenty years yet in which to extend and perfect his scientific and philanthropic designs. His forthcoming work, "Sarcogenomy" will probably greet the world before another autumn, and will doubtless be the climax of his labors, and judging from his previous works we may reasonably expect a thorough and highly valuable compendium of knowledge which all students of whatever school will need, and no scientific library will be complete without it. Mrs. Buchanan is a valuable helpmate whose psychometric abilities are of signal service. Mrs. Whitlock is doing acceptable work as well speaker, and she is a psychometrist as well, and esteemed by those who know her as an estimable woman. LYMAN C. HOWE.

Hypnotism and Magnetism.

M. Victorien Sardon has written to the editor of the *Gaulois* a very curious letter on hypnotism, magnetism and Spiritualism, of which the following is a summary:—

PARIS, November 30, 1888. My dear Ram Band,—For over forty years I have watched with curiosity the phenomena which under the names of magnetism, somnambulism, ecstasy, second sight, etc., were in my youth the butts for the ridicule of men of science. Whenever I ventured to inform them of some experiment wherein my skepticism was conquered by irresistible evidence, what a reception was accorded to my proposition, and what mirth was provoked!

NOTHING CHANGED BUT THE NAME. But nowadays all the facts that were hitherto denied are now accepted by the very same persons who used to regard them as tricks and jugglery. Not a day passes but some young *savants* reveals to me things that I was familiar with before he was born. I find that nothing has been changed but the name; there is no longer *magnetism*, but there are *hypnotism* and *suggestion*. In adopting these new terms, *savants* let it be understood that "magnetism" was simply a trick long since exploded. Science has liberated us from our errors, and has endowed us with a scientific truth called *hypnotism*—and which after all is exactly the same thing.

"THE MAGIC MIRROR." I spoke one day to a very skillful surgeon—this was a long time ago about the insensibility produced in certain temperaments by requiring the subjects to look intently at a small mirror or brilliant object so as to produce strabism. This revelation was received as usual with loud bursts of laughter and all sorts of chaff at my "magic mirror."

Years passed by. The same man came to breakfast with me one day. He was very late. He excused himself by saying: "I have had to extract a tooth from a very nervous and timid young girl. I tried with her a new and very curious experiment. By the aid of a little metallic mirror I put her to sleep so soundly that I was able to draw out the tooth without her knowledge."

I interrupted my surgical friend by saying: "Pardon! but it was I who was the first to point this fact out to you, and you simply laughed at me!"

NEW LABELS. All the official science the world over treats our old fashioned and despised truths in this way. After having scoffed at these old truths in silence has taken possession of them, but has taken good care to put new labels on them.

However, never mind what the names may be, the facts are now recognized. And since our *savants* have discovered at the Salpêtrière what all Paris might have seen under Louis XV. at the Saint Medard cemetery, there is still hope that they will some day descend to busy themselves with that Spiritualism, that they think they have long ago killed with their disdain. They have only but to silence the name, it so as to win the credit of discovering it.

But this will take a long time. Spiritualism has other enemies beside ill favor.

CHARLATANS AND DEMI-CHARLATANS. In the first place parlor experiments are against it—a detestable means of investigation, only good to confirm the incredulity of skeptics. Then Spiritualism has to struggle with charlatans who practise Spiritualism à la Robert Houdin, and by demi-charlatans, who, although endowed with mediatizing faculties, do not know how to use them and try to supplement their short comings by fictitious methods. Then there is the indifference of a generation devoted to pleasure and material interests and the weakness of those who lack the courage of their opinions.

THERE IS NOTHING SUPERNATURAL. I don't admit the supernatural. There is no supernatural. A fact must always be the effect of a law of nature. Hence it is natural; and to deny a priori without examination, without pretext, that a creative law does not exist, to declare that it does not exist because it is not known; that it does not exist because it is not known; to contest the reality of a fact because it does not happen to be comprised among facts that are already demonstrated and established—is the error of an ill-balanced mind that believes that it understands all of nature's laws. If any servant has this pretension he is a poor man indeed!

What I am waiting for is the serious examination of facts. Then I promise some surprises.—*N. Y. Herald, European Edition.*

Suitable Books for the Holidays. NOW IS THE TIME TO ORDER. Can we find a Christmas present more to be enjoyed than a book, especially one with golden words as well as gilt covers? Our list embraces the best works by the most popular authors. If science is sought for, what better fact, do not know how to use them and try to supplement their short comings by fictitious methods. Then there is the indifference of a generation devoted to pleasure and material interests and the weakness of those who lack the courage of their opinions.

in poems, Loizot Doten's admirable volumes, Poems of Progress and Poems of Inner Life; Poems of life Beyond, compiled by G. B. Stebbins; Barlow's Voices, and Immortality, lately published, are excellent.

The Missing Link, a full account of the Fox Girl's Mediumship, written by Leah Fox Underhill. This is especially timely and suggestive at present, when the world at large is startled by the unreliable statements of Maggie and Kate Fox.

The Records of a Ministering Angel, by Mary Clark. Wolfe's Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism needs no commendation. A new edition of Psychometry, by Dr. J. Rodes Buchanan, also Moral Education, by the same author. Mrs. M. M. King's inspirational works, Principles of Nature, and Real Life in the Spirit World. The Arcana of Nature, 2 vols., and Physical Man, by Hudson Tuttle; also Stories for our Children, by Hudson and Emma Tuttle. Dr. R. B. Westbrook The Bible—Whence and What? and Man—Whence and Whither? The complete works of A. J. Davis. Dr. Babbitt The Principles of Light and Color, and Religion. Epes Sargent The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism, which should be in the library of all investigators and thinkers, also Proof Positive. Beyond the Gates by Miss Phelps is a combination of the literary and spiritual. This popular author has for her latest work The Gates, a continuation of her delicate style.

Outside the Gates and other tales and

sketches by a band of spirit intelligences, through the mediumship of Mary Theresa Shulbamer. This work is destined to sell well as it meets the demand of a large class of inquiring minds.

The Way, The Truth and the Life, a hand book of Christian Theosophy; Healing, and Psychic Culture, a new education, based upon the ideal and method of the Christ, by J. H. Dewey, M. D.

The Perfect Way, or the finding of Christ, by Anna B. Kingsford, M. D. and Edward Mailer.

Preliminary Report of the Commission appointed by the University of Pennsylvania to investigate Spiritualism in accordance with the request of the late Henry Seybert, a work that has attracted much attention. A Reply to the Seybert Commission, being an account of what Hon. A. B. Richmond said at Cadrag Lake.

D. D. Home; His Life and Mission, by Mrs. Douglas Home. Spiritualism as demonstrated by D. D. Home gives a serenity of mind that death cannot destroy. His work is one of the most valuable additions to spiritual literature that has been seen for some years.

Unanswerable Logic, a series of Spiritual Discourses, given through the mediumship of Thomas Gale Foster. The Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation, being the life and works of Dr. Justus Kerner, and William Howitt. The Mystery of the Ages continued in the Secret Doctrine of All Religions, by Countess Cathense, also A Visit to Holyrood, being an account of the Countess' visit to this famous abbey.

Robert Elsmere, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, has furnished the subject for discourses by all the eminent ministers and has created a lasting impression upon the public mind. Solar Biology; A scientific Method of Delineating Character; Diagnosing Disease; Determining mental, physical and business qualifications, from date of birth. By Hiram E. Bates.

Spirit Works in the Home Circle is an Autobiographic Narrative of psychic phenomena in family daily life, extending over a period of twenty years, by Morell Theobald, F. C. A.

Rev. E. P. Powell has issued a valuable work entitled Our Heredity from God. Space forbids further mention, but any and all books in the market can be ordered through this office.

Partial price list of books for sale, post-paid: Poems of Progress, plain, \$1.50, gilt, \$2.10; Poems Inner Life, plain, \$1.50, gilt, \$2.10; Poems of the Life Beyond, plain, \$1.50 The Voices, plain, \$1.10; Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism, \$2.25; Psychometry \$2.10; Moral Education, \$1.50; The Principles of Nature, 3 vols., \$1.50 per vol.; Real Life in the Home Circle, \$3 cents; The Bible—Whence and What? \$1.50; The Complete works of A. J. Davis, \$30.00; The Principles of Light and Color, \$4.00; Religion, Babbitt, \$1.50; The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism, \$1.50; Proof Positive, cloth, \$1.00; Arcana of Nature, 2 vols., each, \$1.35; A Kiss for a Blow, a book for children, 70 cents; Vital Magnetic Cure, \$1.35; Animal Magnetism, Delonze, \$2.15; Diogenis, \$2.15; Future Life, \$1.50; Home, a volume of Poems, \$1.50; Heroines of Free Thought, \$1.75; Incidents in My Life, 50 cents; Leaves from My Life, 50 cents; Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation, \$2.55; Mediums, by Kardec, \$1.50; Nature's Divine Revelations, \$3.75; Our Homes and Our Engagements, hereafter, \$1.50; Transcendental Physics, \$1.10; Records of a Ministering Angel, \$1.10; Mind Reading and Beyond, \$1.35; The Missing Link, \$2.00; Primitive Mind Cure, \$1.50; Divine Law of Cure, \$1.50; Immortality, Barlow, 60 cents; Physical Man, \$1.50; Stories for our Children, 25 cents; Our Planet, \$1.50; The Soul of Things, 3 vols. \$1.50 each; Radical Discourses, \$1.35; Outside the Gates, \$1.25; The Way, The Truth and the Life, \$2.00; The Perfect Way, \$2.00; Preliminary Report of the Seybert Commission, \$1.00; A Reply to the Seybert Commission, \$1.25; D. D. Home, His Life and Mission, \$2.00; Unanswerable Logic, \$1.35; The Mystery of the Ages, \$2.70; A Visit to Holyrood, \$1.50; Robert Elsmere, cloth, \$1.35, paper, 50 cents; Solar Biology, \$5.20; Spirit Workers in the Home Circle, \$1.50; Our Heredity from God, \$1.75; Spirit Book, Kardec, \$1.50; Book of Mediums, Kardec, \$1.50; Beyond the Gates, \$1.35; Between the Gates, \$1.35.

A perfect specific—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

No paper in this country ever was sold at the price at which the *Chicago Weekly Times* is now offered, viz., 50 cents a year (postage paid). The offer is only open every January list. Subscribe now. It is so cheap all year round.

SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS run over the Michigan Central, "the Niagara Falls Route," between Chicago and Buffalo. These trains are made up of the finest Wagner palace sleeping cars, but are made thoroughly complete by having vestibuled dining, smoking, first-class and baggage cars, and although constituting the famous "limited" of the Michigan Central, carry all classes of passengers, without extra charge.

These trains carry through vestibuled sleeping-cars between Chicago and New York, via New York Central and Hudson River railroad, and between Chicago and Montreal, via Central and Boston & Albany railroads. The east-bound "limited" also carries through sleeper, Chicago to Toronto (via Canadian Pacific), where connection is made with parlor-car for Montreal. Accommodations secured at the Michigan Central ticket offices, No. 67 Clark street, corner Randolph, and depot, foot of Lake street, Chicago.

Tarold is gaining a great reputation for curing piles of all forms of skin disease. Price 50c of druggists or by mail of the Tarold Company, 75 Randolph St., Chicago.

Chicago Magnetic Shield Company. GRAND ISLAND, NEB., Oct. 17th, 1888. Chicago Magnetic Shield Company, No. 6 Central Music Hall, Chicago. GENTLEMEN: Inclosed, find money order for in-voles sent to me. As I have never written to you in regard to the benefits derived by me from wearing the "insole," I will say that I have always had to wear shoes in the winter until two years ago when I sent for your insoles the first time, and my feet are more comfortable now than they were with overshoes, and they also give me strength in my limbs. Respectfully yours, SAMUEL A. CONRAD.

3 MEN of good character wanted in your vicinity. A special inducement now. Don't delay. Send for our list. REV. G. B. STEBBINS, Chicago.

LADIES' POCKET KNIFE FREE!! This cut represents our elegant Ladies' Pearl and Silver or GILMAN Silver and Steel production, and is AMERICAN MADE. For only \$1.25. (Sole agents) send for the FREE. This is the Knifemaker's gift to you.



PROSPECTUS.

The Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. Capital \$50,000.

Adequate capital is essential to the highest success of any undertaking. Its better that this capital be contributed by a considerable number rather than by one or a very few individuals, provided all are animated by a common purpose.

In these days of rapid improvements in machinery, means of communication, growth of liberalism, scientific research and steadily increasing demand for accuracy, excellence and completeness in all that entertains, accommodates, instructs or profits the public, necessity obliges that a newspaper like the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, which aims to keep abreast of the times, should be thoroughly equipped; and backed by capital sufficient to command every resource of success and to give every desirable avenue that promises to prove a feeder.

In the exposition of the Phenomena and Philosophy of Spiritualism, of Spiritual Ethics, of Religion postulated by science, an independent, honest and justly fair press is indispensable; for all odds the most powerful far reaching and influential agency. Without a newspaper, the most eloquent and logical lecturer or writer would have but a comparatively limited field; with its aid he can reach into thousands of homes and of world-wide influence. What is true of the lecturer and writer has equal force with all the various agencies for the betterment of the world.

The Spiritualist Movement has reached a stage where it imperatively requires an abler press, a higher standard of culture in its leadership, a more orderly, effective and business-like propaganda. A system of method of investigating phenomena and recording results is gradually being evolved and must be further developed. A well-organized and endowed society for the instruction, care and development of sensitive and mediums is being formed, and the development of psychic science. The keener the apprehension and understanding of the comprehension of causes, the better able are we to deal with perplexing sociological, economic, political, and ethical questions now vexing the world, and in no other direction is there such promise of progress as in the study of cause as in the psychical field.

A first-class publishing house can be made the promoter of all the agencies necessary to carry forward such a work. With its newspaper, branches in various branches for psychic experiment, missionary bureau, etc., may be established and with prompt accomplishment it is possible to give a new impetus to the study as now prevalent, and as have hitherto marked the history of Modern Spiritualism.

To lay the foundation of what it is hoped will in time grow into a gigantic concern, a license has been secured from the Secretary of State of Illinois to organize the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE in Chicago, with a CAPITAL STOCK OF FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN ONE THOUSAND SHARES OF FIFTY DOLLARS EACH. The Commissioners have opened books for subscription. Fifteen Thousand Three Hundred Dollars have been subscribed. Two of the subscribers are men prominent in Chicago business circles, and another is a wealthy farmer and stock raiser who desires to give a bequest of a large sum to benefit the world, and who may make this publishing house his trustee to the best evidence of being a desirable repository of his trust.

In this connection it may be well to call special attention to the desirability of having a stable, well managed and confidence-inspiring corporation to be entrusted for those who desire in the interest of Spiritualism, to make donations their life-time or leave bequests. One of the important purposes of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House is: To receive, hold, use and convey to all property, real estate, personal or mixed, and all bonds, promissory notes, agreements, obligations, and choses in action generally that may be bequeathed upon by bequest, gift, or trust, and use the same in accordance with the will of the trust when imposed, or discretionary when the bequest or gift is unconditional.

The Commissioners have decided to publicly announce the enterprise and to solicit stock subscriptions from the journals, newspapers, etc., in the amount of an eligible number will be found ready to subscribe for twenty shares, or one thousand dollars each; and that a goodly number will subscribe for not less than ten shares each, while those who are willing to subscribe for a single share, fifty dollars, will reach into the hundreds.

In the State of Illinois there is no liability on subscription to stock of a corporation, the amount of whose capital stock is fixed, (as is the case in the present instance), until the whole amount of stock is subscribed. See Temple vs. Leominster, 12 Ill. 311. Therefore no one need fear being caught in a scheme which is only partial, and the subscribers to stock will not be called upon to pay for it until the whole amount is subscribed. No one in any event assumes by subscribing any personal responsibility for the results of the stock. It would seem as though the entire responsibility should be placed upon the subscribers, and not upon the stockholders.

Those desiring to subscribe will please promptly write to the Chairman of the Commissioners, John C. Bundy, Chicago, notifying him of the amount they wish to subscribe. There are, no doubt, friends so interested in the Journal, and all that promises to advance the interest of Spiritualism, that we should be glad to assist in making stock subscriptions among their acquaintances; and they are invited to correspond with Mr. Bundy upon the matter.

TAROLD A new method of compounding TAR. SURE CURE for PILES, SALT RHEUM and all Skin Diseases. Send 3c stamp for Free Sample. Price by Express, 25c. Wholesale and Retail, 75 Randolph St., Chicago, Price, 50c.

CHICAGO MAGNETIC SHIELD CO., 6 Central Music Hall, Chicago.

HOW TO MAGNETIZE, OR MAGNETISM AND CLAIRVOYANCE. A practical treatise on the choice, management, and capacity of subjects with instructions on the method of procedure. By JAMES VICTOR WILSON. This is a work of more than ordinary merit. It contains more valuable matter on the subject of Magnetism or Mesmerism and the psychic laws regarding these subjects, than any book published in any language. Every one investigating the psychic phenomena should read this little book. 104 pp. 16mo. Price 25 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

Voices from the People.

THE SUNLESS DAY.

The half-globed golden moon Swings up from the silent sea, And maketh the night a noon...

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Notes and Incident.

THE SPIRIT REALMS.

The location of the land of souls, seems to be a matter which is very uncertain and vague in the minds of men...

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal's Hell, as Demonstrated by Spirit-Returners.

HELL, AS DEMONSTRATED BY SPIRIT-RETURNS.

After thirty-six years' active experience among Spiritualists and in the world at large, I have observed that a belief in the fact of spirit-return, makes many better...

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Let us Have Facts.

Let us Have Facts.

An esteemed correspondent, W. A. T., writes as follows: "Can any substance be permanently materialized by a spirit?..."

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The school fund of Texas is so large that at the end of the school year, July 1, there was a surplus of \$500,000 on hand.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Journal—An Incident—Tobacco—The Inspirational Speaker.

As the present year is near its close, justice and the pleasing remembrance of enjoying the many good things you have wished for...

JERBAWN LARREW.

In the early days of Spiritualism there dwelt at Westville in Northern Ind., an estimable woman whose name was Mrs. E. Talmadge...

Another equally striking case is that of a man who died within the present year.

It was a sad day for Spiritualism when the almighty creative force of God manifested himself in a most extraordinary manner...

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A Political Prophecy.

In the spring or summer of 1852, the late James L. Randall resided near Syracuse, New York...

"A ROW OF ANGELS."

A little boy ten years old, a cousin of the writer, was passing away; his parents, watching by his side, thought he had gone, but he came back...

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Comfort of Spiritualism.

I left my home one sunny morning in the spring to visit a friend on the "east side."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Cultivating the Good—Encouraging Words.

As the year rolls round bringing us again near the holiday season, we are reminded that we are not here for the sake of ourselves...

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Argentine Republic.

It is estimated there are now in Europe, Asia, the United States, and Canada about fifty institutions for the education of feeble-minded children...

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Rest for the Soul.

Where can the soul find rest,—the disconsolate be cheered and the tear-drop wiped from the brow of sorrow? Go as the evening breeze finds rest...

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. An Excellent Test.

Recalling the many instances that have occurred in my own experience, which seem to me to demonstrate beyond question the fact that we are actually in communication with our loved ones...

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Spirit Voice and Truant Boy.

One afternoon in October I was lying on my couch, but asleep when I seemed to hear a voice saying: "Your Willie has not been in school for the past two weeks; if you will get up and look in his playhouse, in the floor you will find a trap door, and beneath it are his books."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A Traveller in South Africa.

A traveller in South Africa reports seeing a caterpillar crawling at a rapid pace, followed by hundreds of ants, being quicker in their movements...

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Modesty is a kind of shame or bashfulness.

Modesty is a kind of shame or bashfulness proceeding from the sense a man has of his own defects compared with the perfections of him whom he comes before.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. King's Station, N. Y.

Mr. J. A. Heinsohn was suddenly removed from earthly life on the 8th of December. He had often expressed the wish that such might be his lot, and his wish was granted.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A Traveller in South Africa.

As the year rolls round bringing us again near the holiday season, we are reminded that we are not here for the sake of ourselves...

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Modesty is a kind of shame or bashfulness.

Sam Jones recently said in a talk at Glen's Falls that the reason he did not settle down to a congregation of 2,000 or more and a salary of \$5,000 in some city was that he could travel and preach to hundreds of thousands and earn \$25,000 a year.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Modesty is a kind of shame or bashfulness.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR!

JULIA GREY BURNETT. Good-by, Old Year! As friends we part, As friends we've traveled far together...

How I Feel about It.

CHAS. D. LAKEY. Somebody pities me because I believe in the return of the dead. I am content. I have the best of that somebody.

Indeed, I pity somebody. He has had bad luck. During the life of a generation he has been actively engaged in the endeavor to destroy a great truth.

These mortgages are secured by the finest farms in the James River Valley, Dakota. We also allow six per cent per annum on all money left with us...

"Yes, it pays," said a big, fat physician, with a namby-pamby look, "the medicine that the medical world has a practice worth \$40,000 a year."

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.

Book on Mediums: or Guide for Mediums and Invocators: containing the special instructions of the spirits on the theory of all kinds of manifestations...

Wanted—Active equal partner with \$8,000 cash for estate and manufacturing business in Chicago...

Wanted—All merchandise costing \$10,000.00 for \$8,000.00 cash. Splendid opening for good business man who could devote services.

Wanted—Manager by large manufacturing and wholesale book firm. Must give good references and be able to handle a business of \$100,000 to \$1,000,000 per annum...

Beauty

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Mexico's Great Shrine.

which the Mexicans call Ibrada al templo. My limited knowledge of art does not enable me to describe it or give the English equivalent. For the same reason, any opinion I might advance would have no weight. Therefore I must offer the opinions of men of recognized standing and fame as painters.

Everything Cabrera noticed about the work was a marvel; so it was also with Ibarra and Vallejo. "Such is the combination of perfections in it," says Cabrera in another place, "that it is impossible to suppose it a human work.

Another strange feature appears to be the fact that the most minute expert investigation has failed to detect of what substances these colors are composed. All that is ascertained is that they do not belong to any known coloring substances.

By this Cuevas means that with the natural colors of the roses gathered by the Indian, Juan Diego, the Virgin painted her own image on his tilma. I now come to my fourth proposition, namely, the extraordinary preservation of the painting.

About a century ago a somewhat noted Mexican, Don Jose Bartolache, who pooh-poohed the alleged supernatural origin of the

picture, was allowed to have it copied by skillful artists and under conditions as nearly approaching as possible to the original. That is to say, it was to be made as like the original as the best artists could make it.

Another curious proof may be stated. At one time certain people who had the custody of the painting conceived the idea of improving it by adding a circle of angels and the resplendor of rays in order to represent the homage of the celestial beings to the Queen of Heaven.

My own private views are not easily communicable. I am not sure myself what they are, except that I find it difficult to assent to any theory of supernatural work.

THE DISREPUTABLE FAY.

Brief History of a Dutch Adventuress Who is Endorsed and Defended by the "Oldest Spiritualist Paper on Earth." A Woman who is a Disgrace to her Sex.

Mrs. Fay came from Holland, in the mock capacity of stewardess in a vessel commanded by Captain Flinn, the said vessel carrying no passengers, and therefore the position of stewardess being a sinecure, except as subsequently transpired, to minister to the Captain's whims during the voyage.

In the above is the spurious evidence of poor Mrs. Flinn, in its essentialness. We next hear of Mrs. Fay as practicing her swindling wiles at a house at the south end of Boston, and gathering in her hell-born net an old widower, Heman B. Fay by name.

and turned out by the landlady, whose credulity could not stand so severe a test. Not so, however, poor Heman, for we next hear of him playing the part of Cupid to "fair Psyche, kneeling at the ethereal throne, warming the fond bosom of unconquered love."

Her husband, silver tongued Heman, is at his post at the evening séances to collect the hard-earned dollars of their pitiable victims. Whether he is more knave than fool each reader shall decide for himself.

COINCIDENCES.

The series of coincidences being recorded in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will 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, 468 West Randolph St., Chicago, who has consented to review and arrange them for the JOURNAL.

During a recent conversation on coincidences, a gentleman from Vermont who was spending a few weeks in Chicago remarked that he knew of one that occurred in their village some years ago.

One morning a sister of the man's wife startled the family by remarking, "B. is coming home." When asked, "How do you know? Have you heard from him?" she replied, "No, but I saw him last night on the cars," and then described the clothes he wore.

J. E. WOODHEAD, Sir:—Your letter of Oct. 27th, received. I will reply as concisely as I can. The circumstance occurred some ten or twelve years ago,—the exact date I have forgotten, but the vision I distinctly remember.

Hartford (Conn.) Correspondence New Haven Register: Relative to the death of Patrick Donnelly, a joiner, who was killed at Pratt & Whitney's shop Tuesday morning by being struck in the abdomen with a piece of planing hurled from a circular saw.

D. B. Fonda, M. D., of Jefferson, Ill., who reported case No. 13, sends the following. He sent a copy of the JOURNAL containing the report of that case to his niece in Northfield, Minn. In a letter dated Nov. 21st, 1888, she says:

"Let me tell you of one thing that happened when we lived in Lone Rock. We had for our nearest neighbor an old couple by the name of Worden; they were very poor. The old woman used to go off washing, and I would go over and ask Uncle Jim, as I used to call him, to come over and eat a warm dinner with us."

ed to get before the river froze over. He told his wife he would be back by two o'clock, and asked to have dinner by that time. I was in our yard when he started, and he said he would bring me some bitter-sweet berries. At two o'clock he did not come, but as he had often stayed away longer, his wife did not get uneasy, but I could not keep him out of my mind, and at four o'clock could not stand it any longer,—it seemed as if something told me he was in danger. I went over and told his wife how I felt. We wrapped ourselves up warmly, and went along the shore half a mile looking and hallooing, until it became so dark we could not see him when we went home.

James Freeman Clarke in one of his sermons reports the following: "There was once a German nobleman who led a foolish and dissipated life; drinking, gambling and neglecting his vassals, his family and his affairs.

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The moments followed each other until nearly an hour and a half had passed. Mr. Donnelly had nearly completed his task when he heard the kitchen-door open.

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swung to and closed itself, leaving Mr. Donnelly standing awe-stricken at the other end of the room. In a moment he regained his usual presence of mind and hurried to his bedroom, where his wife, who was still awake, asked him what was the trouble.

"I have seen my mother?" he said in an affrighted manner. "She tried to persuade him that he was mistaken, but he rigidly adhered to his assertion."

"I thought I heard the kitchen-door open," he said, "and thinking that it was the dog I went out to shut it. It was then I saw my mother. She was very pale and made a motion toward me with her uplifted hand."

If you have catarh, you are in danger, as the disease is liable to become chronic and affect your general health, or develop into consumption.

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