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 sena in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to eay, and "cut it short." All such communications will Se properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organexation of new Societies or the condition of old ones: movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incisents 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 scaled 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 supposition made 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 befuture it has had a determinable past.

independent being, and center of force.

sician claimed that under proper conditions | crowding atoms, and approaches the center physical life might be greatly prolonged, by a parabolic curve. In other words the and man be able to live in the body forever. | cosmic cloud would form a vortex like a All that is essential is the preservation of whirlpool, and the rotatory motion developthe equilibrium between the forces of reno- ed would, before the accumulation of any vation and decay. If they could be main- great mass at the center, prevent any further tained in perfect balance, life would be pro- aggregation; and the rotating belts would longed to the limit of the maintenance of lafter condensation into worlds continue to that equilibrium, and an immortal oak or revolve in spiral circles, which because of the lion would be as possible as an immortal man; masses not being homogenous would correct but with the gross forms of matter this can- their variations by spiral orbits which often not be preserved. The forces of growth and reaching a minimum distance from the cenrenovation are in excess until the full tide | ter, retrace themselves by the worlds traversof maturity is reached, and then decay claims | ing a spiral orbit that becomes constantly mastery. There is not enough material fur- | larger, until a maximum of distance had been nished to replace the waste of the body, and | gained. This explanation of planetary moit wears out and falls off at death. It is | tions has really no connection with the then that a new entity becomes recogniza- present discussion, except as it illustrates ble. The material has become spiritual. the parallel between the circle gained by in-Only within the refined spiritual realm can dividualized masses, and the circle gained we expect to find the perfection we seek. It by individualized spirit. is a new province, subject to new conditions passable gulf between matter and spirit, yet | world of life in an ascending spiral, that at | Archbishop of Mexico to make an examinawe shall find it possible to throw an arch across. Nature loves such blank spaces; 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 floatlng like a wind-blown leaf from flower to flower, the contrast is even greater.

How shall we pass the abyss between mat-

man is preserved? These are all vital ques- detached from the stream of living beings. at the latter. Mr. Connery, with one com- ferent kinds of painting, each kind requirtions and rest on the logical affirmation The force that apparently had a beginning, panion, had to climb the altar, leaving the ling a distinct preparation or disposition of that whatever has a beginning must have at least such to our consciousness, has by the rest of the party on the church floor. The the canvas, and yet all four harmoniously an end. If man has a spirit, the objector af- cumulative processes of life embodied all that examination was made with much care, and blended, though inconsistent with each othfirms that animals must have also. There is is valuable and is enabled to exist alone; reno sharp break in the series and hence no stop- | turning forever within itself, maintaining | more occasions. ping point from the highest to the lowest, a perfect equilibrium between the sentient and consequently the primitive amæba, and intellectual and moral natures it has acprotoplasmic cell must have immortal spirit. | quired. It is the focus of these. There is no This by raductio ad absurdum destroys the end to the individualized force in this direcaffirmation of the immortality of the highest | tion; in other words, spirit is immortal. as well as the lowest.

scaffolding, and when it fails, the incom- to such an extent as to forbid existence after plete arch of intelligence built thereon falls | detachment from the impelling current with it; but this arch becomes more and This can only be attained by development more perfect until in man it is perfected, and carried to a certain degree, below which the when the physical platform by which it has force must disappear with the organization been constructed falls at death, the arch re- which manifests it. mains. 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 revealment of an in telligent, 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, uncondi-This is illustrated in crystallization which may be called the first manifestation of life the dynamic force of life. This force which as seen in the formation and revolution of worlds, is vorticle; 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 completly so. This statment will be better understood by the accompanying dia-

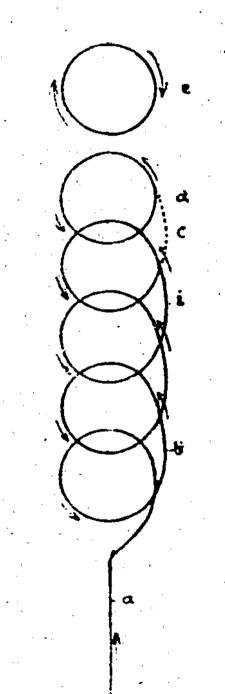


DIAGRAM OF FORCE.

The strait line a, represents primary force | used. ing. In other words, with an indeterminable, as manifested in the world cloud. or nebu-. lous vapor of the "beginning." It was the With the physical form given to offspring. | force that directed every atom to the common is also given spiritual entity which shall center of the cosmic mass. If its history be live past the de ay of that body, and be an traced, it will be found that the motion of the atom starting on a straight line for the present also. Is this visionary? Lately an eminent phy- | center is deflected by the resistance of the

each ascension, instead of completing itself, | tion, a few words are necessary. rises to a higher degree. The spirals at b she loves the black bars in the spectrum as represent the life of plants; and those at i animal life, now termed vital energy or vital | turned upon the subject of the sacred picture. the spiral becomes a circle. The evoluting | funity to inspect and examine it under more or individualizing energy returns within its | favorable conditions than are ordinarily sented by the dotted line c, be cut off, the in- | Many difficulties had to be overcome, and | ter and spirit? More correctly, how shall dividualization of the product of that force some irritating delays occurred before this we look beyond the dead physical body to is complete. It stands alone. The orbit of permission was obtained. But finally Arch- coarse native fabric called "ayate," manuthe individualized spirlt, and account to the forces of its rotation is fixed and inde- bishop Labastida gave his official authoriza- factured from the maguey plant. According the satisfaction of science for the mainte- structible. As in the planetary orbit, caused | tion, and the little party that had been form- | to artists no worse species of cloth could nance of immortal individuality from the by an oscillation between extremes, there ed at the French Minister's residence, in- have been selected as a canvas. wreck of organization brought to its most | will be variations, but a constant return to | cluding the Countess Viel Castel and her perfected term? While the animal has a the point of departure. The cosmic energy maid, proceeded to Gaudalupe. The paint- amination shows no evidence of any preparsimilar organization, in its way, and com- or force having ascended through this path- ing at that time was temporarily resting ation whatever such as artists know to be pared to its environment as perfect. why is it | way becomes individualized as at d, and death | over the altar of the little Capuchin chapel | necessary to dispose a cloth or canvas to re- | blended in the painting are oil, distemper, that the claim is made that the individuality severing the bond at c, the spirit as the cen- next door to the Cathedral, in consequence of ceive colors. of the animal is lost at death while that of | terstance of force becomes as at e, entirely | the repairs and redecoration then progressing |

follows that vegetable and animal types We may regard the physical body as the along the spiral represent incompleteness

MEXICO'S GREAT SHRINE.

Mr. T. B. Connery Describes the Strange Painting of Gaudalupe.

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. It the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

In sending you enclosed clipping from the tioned, its tendency is to move in direct lines. | to have been produced in Mexico for the benefit of a Roman Catholic church building, I am induced, by my own experience in the of Anahuac. Towards this coronation cereline of such mysterious productions, to express the opinion that no church soer of any denomination and no Spiritualist should dismiss with a bare sneer the record furnished by the World in support of this alleged "mir acle," as being unworthy of credit. That such a painting should have been produced in the manner and upon the material stated | counting, as briefly as is consistent with the is not to be lightly rejected in these latter days, when evidence of ultrahuman powers producing works of art is no longer of rare of Mexico.

occurrence. In this connection I recall to memory that in 1866-7 a planchette, under my hand, prohuman 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 aristically 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

productions is to be found in the history of | the Archbishop and tell him these are my every age. The Romish church has had its signal." share in the past and no doubt has in the 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 Gaudalupe on Dec. 12, 1531, to a poor Indian named Juan Diego. She commanded that a church be erected in built. 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 | decorated Cathedral of Guadalupe may be which he carried the flowers was found a seen this extraordinary picture inclosed in a picture of the Virgin, and it has since been | crystal case framed with solid gold. On acan object of adoration. More than \$2,000 tions from the Vatican.

At a dinner party given at the French Embassy in the City of Mexico the conversation force ever ascends to a higher form. At d | pressed a desire to be afforded a special opporing. If, now, the inflowing forces repre- volunteered to obtain the desired permission. somethings:

subsequently repeated by Mr. Connery on two er according to the rules of art.

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 | century. 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 any unusual qualities. It looks pretty in the 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 and a half, always commanding the reverence and admiration of the devout, and now it is proposed, with the sanction of the Holy See, New York World of yesterday upon the sub- | to enrich it with a crown of gold as a token ject of a claimed superhuman painting, said 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 mony 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 grandour and picturesqueness to the

> It is to this painting that I wish to direct the attention of the American people in a special manner through your columns, resubject, a recent inspection and examination I was permitted to make through the courtesy of Archbishop Labastida, of the Archdiocese

To enable your readers to understand the subject, let me briefly explain the origin of the picture as described by all the authori ties. On the 12th of December, 1531, the duced a drawing of a very savage monster in | 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 has 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 patroness 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 The record of such so called mysterious | tilma and the flowers to the Indian, "go to

> 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 serve as a background for anything like a

Over the high altar of the magnificently count of its conspicuous position it attracts

THINGS HARD TO EXPLAIN.

000 had been collected for the coronation of the attention at once on entering the church. this miraculous painting; but the ceremony | Millions of people have viewed it and in late | was postponed, it is said, owing to instruc- | years many Americans have hastily glanced up at the painting while wandering through | tainly in no way known to artists. If the Below is an account of the strange paint- | the church. But very few have given more | surface had been prepared or primed the ing, written by Mr. Thomas B. Connery. In | than a passing look, leaving the church with | view through the fibres of the cloth would be explanation of the statement contained in a quiet sneer at the blind credulity of the obstructed, whereas I have shown that the The line of force directly acting, is the dy- Mr. Connery's communication, to the effect | natives. "Yes, it is a good picture, but there | fact is otherwise. A painter cannot work and new laws. There is seemingly an im- namic energy of matter. It passes into the that special permission was granted by the is nothing extraordinary about it," I have without colors or brush. Neither can be heard many foreign visitors exclaim. With paint without a superficies properly prepared all due deference to them I propose, to prove to receive the colors. A different preparathat there is much that is very extraordinary | tion or disposition of the surface of the canindeed about it, and though personally I am | vas is necessary in each class or kind of not prepared to accept the theory of a super- painting. Many an expert examination has force. There is incompleteness, and the Mr. Connery, who had seen it often before, ex- natural origin, I feel compelled to acknowl- been made without detecting a trace of preedge that there are some things about it that | paration or priming, a fact which has filled cannot be explained humanly—some things | the artistic world with wonder. Standing that have puzzled many a great painter | alone perhaps it would not be sufficient basis orbit, and instead of extending to higher granted. Count de Viel-Castel, the French and transformed many a sceptic into an ar- for declaring that the painting is of superforms, seeks the perfection of the human be- Minister, and his extremely amiable lady dent believer. Let me specify a few of these natural origin, but taken with the other ex-

First—The painting has been executed on a cloth the most unsuitable for such work—

Second—The closest and most expert ex-

Third—This painting combines four dif-

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

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 scoffer 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 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 Guadalupan 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 inexpressible 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 tunica, 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 tunica or dress is pinkish and velvet with rare flowers of gold here and there. The manta or cloak is decorated with stars. The exquisite finish of the tunica 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 brown, like that of Indians, while in the distance they assume a pearlish 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 thinly woven, and some idea of its curious unfitness to receive colors or 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, certraordinary 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 t is asserted are combined and successfully water color and another form of distemper

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. RECALLED.

A Sketch From Life.

CALIE L. BONNEY.

centre of the city. At the door he met some | their eternal happiness to have it so? Proof? | and shows and manifests continually from | with his left hand. one coming out. It was the French phys- Why, one instance like the above would be the firmament of the higher sphere.

followed by his companion, re-entered the | hind me, and in your grieving you know how building, traversed with still firm step the | fraught with distress was my breathing, but apartment adjoining a sick chamber, and I suddenly seemed to stand at the commenceentered a small room to the right. Then | ment of a beautiful ascending path, bordered confronting the man who had accompanied | and strewn with the most rare and fragrant him with that pity which an executioner | flowers, and I noticed specially a great many might show to a victim kneeling at the white lilies, which seemed also to be in my block, he spoke hurriedly, as though he would | hands as I walked up the path, oh! so lightstrike at once the blow that must be struck | ly, and as I progressed my breathing became not to prolong needlessly the agony of sus- easier, until I experienced little, if any, dif-

said with due professional solemnity, "that | termination of the path, my guardian angel

there is absolutely no hope." deadly weapon, and a low moan escaped him. | all its glorious beauty, but our words are in- | and their parental love nature, if they ever "Great God! Doctor, it cannot be! You mis- adequate. I beheld the great Temple of the had any, was dried up; but being good, staunch sake her constitution, seemingly so frail, New Jerusalem portrayed in Revelations, members of the Methodist Church, they firmvou-"

is no case on record where a person has lived its merits I turn the card to the wall, so rod. whose lungs are in the condition that hers | poor it seems in memory of the glorious reare. Do not deceive yourself. I tell you ality. That wondrous Temple, seeming as memories, so I will simply say that I knew plainly that there is no hope of recovery, ab- near as I can describe it in our earthly terms, nothing of love or confidence toward them. solutely none whatever. God knows it hurts | to be of gleaming pure white marble, dazme to tell you this, but it would be a mis- | zling to the eyes of earth from brilliant diataken kindness to let the death agony come | monds and opaline rays which flashed from upon you unawares."

now! You must save her." the kind-hearted physician feeling that he | ed the upward termination of the path leadcould not longer contemplate the agony he | ing heavenward, and stood so near to the ancould not stay, wrung the man's hand in a | gel waiting there to welcome me that I could grasp of honest sympathy, and murmuring, reach the hand she extended to me. Then it "Send, if you need me, and I will return to was, realizing that one step more would take

night," he left the apartment. low moan, half anguish, half despair, and | band on my finger. She seemed to read my Malcolm Stuart crossed the intervening unspoken thoughts, and said gently, 'We do space, and softly opening the door of the sick | not like to have you suffer any more, as you chamber, and with glance of inquiry at the | must so long as you remain on earth.' kind friend presiding there, a self-appointed

breath, a cruel repetition of the past week's | home in Heaven." 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 dear to her, and then down at her owh white hand where gleams the wedding ring to be. Recalled—

Away from pain of earth her tired feet Pursued a heavenward path of beauty rare, O'er which hung silver haze like bridal veil While more than orange perfume fills the air! Onward she pressed; before her 'raptured 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. Tempted! Ah, no more pain, or care, or tears: What blessed promise, breathing peace untold! "Tis 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 | now in the dark distant past. I cannot over the couch where lies his Spirite, who | clearly see nor gather any certain import after her glimpse of heaven has come back | from it. I wonder if there are not living to him.

worth all the suffering that preceded it to be | vale of life and up the hills of immortality, convinced of the reality of heaven. The idea | and bring us nearer to the circles of the anthat so many people hold, of a vague, shad- | gels. To me there are such; and by your owy place, where the spirits of the saved float about in space, intangible, impersonal | ers as for me, through your valuable paper. shadows, was always unreasonable and unsatisfying to me; and I now know that it is | want of space and time I will give but a poras 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 imagination."

"But such people are ignorant of the spiritual. They speak from the plane of Thomas, the doubting disciple, disbelieving | rap, I heard the tiniest of little raps. To my what does not come to them personally. 'Tis a very narrow way of looking at things."

"True, dear, but--" "Oh, I know what you would tell me. But I received this very day proof of what I saw in spirit last week. See!" and she opened a letter which announced the death on an outward bound steamer of Dr. A., a well known physician. "There, I knew nothing whatever of his illness and death at the time I speak of, but when in spirit over there, a beautiful woman, who seemed one of my derly gentleman here whom you know-one recently come. I turned naturally as I should do now were some one to make the star, and develop out into a face. same announcement to me, to see to whom count for that?"

You were really in the Spirit-world and tion continued. "Oh! papa, I am with you Landing, news came that his regiment was pressive tones to attend to it at once. The "1890."

able proof of entering the world beyond; how like. pain or anguish?"

Without waiting a reply the Doctor turned, | "Only in the thought of leaving you beficulty. The scene was beautiful, and as I were six children of us, and in a short time "I might as well tell you first as last," he | went upward I saw what seemed to be the | waiting as if to welcome me. The view be- wife whom I will designate as Mr. and Mrs. B. The man before him shrank, as if from a | yond her, I would that I could describe it in | They never had any children of their own, and which Prang in one of his prize Easter ly believed in the wisdom of Soloman, and de-But the physician interrupted him: "There | cards has attempted to picture, but with all | termined I should not spoil for lack of the the shining structure like myriad jewels in "It shall not come! I cannot give her up | the sunlight. So absorbed was I in contemplation of this magnificent Temple that But grief choked further utterance, and | when I lowered my eyes, I had almost reachme forever from the earth and away from One convulsive working of the features, a | you, I paused, and looked down at the golden

"Yes, I said with a sigh, still looking at nurse, he crossed the room, and knelt beside | the ring; 'but this — is it not best that I the white draped couch where, pale as the should return? One glance of love in which lilies which she held in her hand, lay Spirite, | was blended pity for the soul returned to his betrothed wife, her deep breathing, earthly pain with angelic blessing, while she fraught with anguish, seeming to mark hur- said softly as though in acquiescence, for a to eat and wear and a good bed? "God was riedly, painfully, her remaining moments on | little time, then,' and gradually, almost imperceptibly, the distance between us length-There was a terrible struggle in which | ened, and I awoke to earth, as she, waving | it seems impossible to regain the fleeting | me an affectionate adieu, returned to her

constant tortures. One piteous glance of "Yes, back to earth, yet deem not Golden Gates are They're ever open, as His angels come and go In loving ministration. Open, too, that we In glimpses heavenward our future home may

> know." For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A STAR.

> > HON. E. S. HOLBROOK.

Next to the earth, the sun and the moon, come the stars in the line of precedency 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 des-

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 Savior laycall 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 Savior 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 it

I wonder how much of this is myth and how much is truth! That star is shrouded stars of this hour that can give us a better "What did I see? Oh! Malcolm, it was | light and serve us as better guides along the leave their light may shine as well for othwhose office it is to enlighten the world. For tion of one of my experiences along this

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 rapit was but a dream, or the fancies of your | ping 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 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 there, 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; guardian angels, said to me: 'There is an el- and so continued for years and indeed till now. Sometimes her presentation of herself would commence with the spirit light as a

These and like things occurred with differshe referred, and beheld Dr. A. as clearly as I | ent mediums unknown and remote from see you at the present moment, and I ex- each other. Once on the Pacific Coast, the claimed. 'Why, it is Dr. A? Then realizing | lady medium being a stranger and entranced, that (as I supposed) he had not left the physishe said among many other things, "Papa, ical body, I said, 'But no, he is still on the | don't you know you call me your Star?" Soon earth.' To which my angel guide shook her after this, on the Atlantic Coast at a mate- strange, but could give no solution of the head, saving gently, 'No, he has recently rializing seance she came to me in full form come here!" Then the subject ended, and I | while I was sitting far back in a crowded | of our mother before that time. never thought of it again until to-day when I room, all strangers, and led me forward. As

ician, whose skill was undisputed; and in the unimpeachable evidence to me, and I am not Nevertheless I have other stars as well and am married and living in Illinois, out on a ominous, "May I speak with you a moment?" one to accept new theories lightly; but tell other angels. Thanks, then, for the angels prairie farm, away from every friend I love. ror he corrected and returned the paper. which greeted him, he read a fatal verdict | me, dear, how did it seem to you as you of this mortal life, and thanks, too, if when blighting all his dearest hopes and aspira- drifted away from earth? Did you suffer they ascend they become our stars to guide, to cheer and to bless. Chicago, Ill.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal LEAVES FROM MY LIFE

How I Became a Spiritualist.

I was born in Summit, Wisconsin. parents were poor. My mother passed to spirit life when I was two years of age. There our home was broken up and we were scattered. I went to live with a man and his

I am not fond of living over unpleasant 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 into my soul there came a lonely, desolate feeling—a hunger for something, I knew not

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 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 toad. He had a bill like an eagle, long hooked claws, and ears like a 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 af ter 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 alone up chamber. The rest of the family slept down stairs. I distinctly recall the terrible nervous fear that would fairly make my teeth chatter when standing by my bed. 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 said she was happy; that she lived 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

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 tying 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 say I found 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 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

upon my mind. I told the lady I lived with corner was a large, dark closet. about it in the morning. She thought it very

there saw that of which you had no cogni- often. I am so glad to make you happy in battle. I was feeling very anxious con- lady's husband, who had died from a lingerzance through the physical senses. Remem- while you remain; and oh! the beautiful cerning him. I had a severe headache in ingillness, had previous to his death settled ber, too, dear, that you had another indisput- home we have prepared for you!" and the the afternoon, and laid upon the bed all his business, and put everything, as he thinking of him, when suddenly I felt his supposed, in proper shape for his wife and else could you have described perfectly, even | Such as these, Mr. Editor, are but a few of right hand clasp mine. So real was the clasp family. The identical paper had been to little peculiarities of manner, my mother what I might give, and I think always what that I spoke aloud, "Why, Henry, how did The day was heavy, as when a pall hangs | who died years before you were born? You a companion from the spirit realms along | you get here?" Immediately the hand was over the landscape, and the stillness seemed had never seen a portrait of her, nor had any the earth line of life, and what a consolation whose possession ominous of approaching storm, perchance a verbal description, and yet you described her tian, as compared with the reports of the that I knew he was kilied. When the list of it had come, had only a general knowledge rain of tears. Malcolm Stuart felt the perfectly, and gave me messages from her best things that come down the shadowy ages killed and wounded came, with his name shadow, and involuntarily shuddered as he that could not have come from you, or from labor foder on the latter could not have come from you, or from labor foder on the latter could not have come from you, or from labor foder on the latter could not have come from you, or from labor foder on the latter could not have come from you, or from labor foder on the latter could not have come from you, or from labor foder on the latter could not have come from you, or from labor foder on the latter could not have come from you, or from labor foder on the latter could not have come from you, or from labor foder on the latter could not have come from you, or from labor foder on the latter could not have come from you, or from labor foder on the latter could not have come from you, or from labor foder on the latter could not have come from you, or from labor foder on the latter could not have come from you, or from latter labor foder on the latter could not have come from you, or from latter labor foder on the latter could not have come from you, or from latter labor foder on the latter could not have come from you, or from latter labor foder on the latter could not have come from you, or from latter labor foder on the latter could not have come from you, or from latter labor foder on the latter could not have come from you. hurried onward through the gathering storm any one but her. How can people so blindly lehem fades out in the better light of this ceived a letter soon after, written on the next day it was taken to an insurance agent until he reached an apartment house near the ignore what must be true, especially when to Star that went out from my earthly home, day I felt him clasp my hand, but written to examine, without telling him of the cir-

> 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 bibed and saw what I then called Jesus. I canheight, clothed in a robe of soft fleecy 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 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 delirious. Almost immediately I sank to sleep and slept all night, only

when aroused to take my medicine. three weeks I was a great sufferer. During | multitude anxiously and eagerly desired to 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, to judge; but we may consider it reasonably and a short time before my sickness, had been visited by three brothers, musicians; one of them a fine violinist. I longed so much to hear them play again; it seemed if 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. 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 heaven itself 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. whispered, "Oh! was it not grand?" husband said. "What was grand?" I said "the music." He replied we have heard no music. I could not understand how it could I did not then know that there is a spiritual hearing, of which the physical knows noth-

My husband said I had not so much as moved a muscle all night and they could scarcely tell that I breathed; but from that to lengthen—the advent of a new term of day I rallied fast. I would swallow no more seasons. Astrology contributed its data, and medicine, and firmly believed, as I do still, legend eked out the matter by its peculiar that my life was saved by that music.

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 vou ask me for a test, I will record the most perfect one which during my ac- | forget the things behind and reach for betquaintance with Spiritualism has come to ter things before, it will prove a savior inmy knowledge. A perfect test should be ab- | deed. For the hour in which man is truest solutely free from all possibility of mistake. is the supreme point in life. Merry—happy Such a test came to my knowledge in the | -be the Christmas, come it in December or year 1882, when I was merely an investiga- | July, when human beings put the shadowy tor of Spiritualism. I was living in Vine- and unstable back into the past, and reach land. New Jersey, at the time, and a little | forward emulous of the better life—the uncircle of six, including myself, met semiweekly, two of us being not believers but inwith my mother. She told me some thing vestigators. 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 This experience made a deep impression the hall, and the door nearly closed. In one

drawn and filed by him, and he had undoubtedly died in the full belief that it was properof its contents, and had never examined it. cumstances under which it was brought. I now pass over four years of my life. I Looking it over, he detected an error which invalidated the whole document. This er-

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 exble, "He giveth his beloved sleep," kept vi- istence. Second, the ignorance of every livbrating through my brain, and I thought ing person of the error in the paper selected. God did not love me, or I would sleep. About | Third, the manifest intelligence beyond that four o'clock P. M., I glanced at the foot of my of the medium, or any person in the flesh, which detected and made known the error. not describe this vision, or tell half its glory. | Can Dr. Richmond and Mrs. Fox Kane ex-The form was that of a man of medium | plain 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 from my soul, "Don't leave me." From his pages. Nevertheless, I have glanced over the soul came the answer, "I will watch over you | criticisms from Gladstone to the village parand you shall sleep." Then I saw the form son, 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. My fever grew worse, however, and for Mrs. Ward has uttered words that a great hear. Whether they are hungering or thirsting after righteonsness, we have no authority certain that they are desirous to become inteiligent 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.

Mrs. Ward's book may lack many of the qualities of a popular novel, may even be somewhat heavy, and therefore justly to be criticised. 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 orsuffer 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 infilled with the eternal quality—they will turn hither and thither, away from dogmatic teaching, away from empty rite, away from sensuous religious music; to some humbler, less pretentious leading. If I am right, Elsmere, the hero of this story, left a pulpit 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 Elsbe that I could hear that which he could not. | mere 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 its holier commemorations? The external type is that of the days beginning contributions. All these, however, are insufficient for the thinking mind. It may not be easy always to discriminate between the numen and the nomen, 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 sefish, 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-by, Old Year! Welcome approaching Mrs. Thorn, the medium, had never, to the | maid,—to thee, all hail! In thy hands we see knowledge of the lady occupant of the room, the promise of glad tidings for all people, matter. I never remember of having dreamed entered this closet, and knew nothing of its the promise of peace, prosperity and consecontents. At one of our circles she arose quent happiness, for those who await thy Not many months after that, another from the table, entered the closet, opened a coming. When a few days have been countreceived the announcement of Dr. A's death, we were going, I said, "Belle, is it you?" strange thing occurred which, though hav- trunk which was within it, took from the ed into the past, we will crown thee our weland learned that he really was in spirit at | From what followed I need not have asked, | ing nothing to do with disembodied spirits | trunk a satchel, and from the satchel a | come guest through youth; yea, even unto old the time I saw him there. How do you ac- but she answered, "Yes, papa, I am your still cast evidence on the side of papers. In the dark, from this age, when the bells of '89 shall chant thy re-Belle, but not your little Belle that you laid force. I had a very dear friend in the army, bundle she selected a certain paper, and quiem and send forth peals of welcome to "There is only one way to account for it: away in the earth." And so the conversa- and the day after the battle of Pittsburg! handing it to the widow, told her in im- the new-comer, whom we shall christen.

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 criti-May its editor and his associates be inspired by the wise and progressed of both worlds. May malice, envy or deceit be unknown to its columns, through expression or by silent influence. May personal villification or animosity never crop out to the pain or discomfort of its readers. May truth find a solid resting place within its purposes. May naught that shall retard the advancement of the glorious cause of Spiritualism find favor in its eyes or lodgment on its pages. May it continue healthy, vigorous and prosperous. As time rolls on, may each year bring to all interested in the JOURNAL the joyous satisfaction of having passed yet another mile-post on the road to that grand unfoldment of the spirit, which is within the reach of all who will "strive without ceasing," to attain it. May "all good" and "all for good" be our attendants through the coming year; then, with our left hand in that of the coming New Year, grown old, and our thanksgiving, causing hillside and valley

Woman's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

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

How necessary it is that women should be

THE CHICAGO WOMAN S CLUB AND COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

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, which has been hitherto practically null. The petition was received with respect and attention, and the members of the School Board have been struggling with the matter ever since. Of themselves it did not seem to have entered their heads to take any action on a state of affairs in the educational department which is a shame and disgrace to the city. With one million dollars in the city treasury to the credit of the Board of Education, and fourteen, if not more, unused building sites at the disposal of the Board,—beween forty and fifty thousand Chicago children are left without means of education for lack of school houses! Since the agitation of the enforcement of the compulsory education act, seven new school-houses have been ordered to be built. Then it was discovered that the compulsory education law now on the statute books is so loosely worded as to be incapable of enforcement. The law itself does not designate any officer to enforce it. It only requires attendance at some school twelve weeks in a year, but does not say that they must be twelve consecutive weeks, nor in any one school, so it would be nearly impossible to discover any evasion of the law in respect to time. It does not even say those twelve weeks of attendance are to be at a public school. The latest reported action of the Board of Education was to adopt a report from its judiciary committee pronouncing the law incapable of enforcement, and appointing a committee to prepare a revision of the law for submission to the legislature. When such submitted revision would be acted upon by the legislature, it is impossible to guess. One thing is sure, it would result in no immediate good. In the meantime how are the uneducated schoolless children to be cared for? The Tribune advises the establishment of truant schools and proposes that "volunteers from the well disposed and leisurely women of Chicago" act as truant officers. If the Tribune were as clear-sighted as it ought to be, it would propose instead, political suffrage for all women, giving the mothers of children an opportunity to help make laws in regard to education which can be enforced, and to be able to demand that such a board of education be put in office as will attend to its duties without being reminded of them. But the Tribune does not see clearly enough for that yet. Aside from its many other good works the Chicago Woman's Club has reason to be proud of its movement in this matter from which more good yet shall come. The stone it has thrown in the Chicago educational pool is sending little ripples in different parts of the country, reminding other cities of their own shortcomings. From as far away as Springfield, Mass., comes an editorial in the Republican headed "A Move by the Chicago Woman's Club," which mentions approvingly the action of the club and declares that "in the United States the ambition for education has been so general that the laws relating to compulsory attendance at school have been allowed to lie in partial if not total neglect, but child vagrancy in American cities is increasing, and some course to lessen

its magnitude must be adopted." 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 as enthusiastic in prosecuting the claims of Leif Erikson as the discoverer of North America, against those of Christopher Columbus, as Delia Bacon was in presenting the claims of Francis Bacon as the writer of Shakespeare's plays. Miss Brown has given years of study to this subject, has travelled over a good part of Europe in search of documentary proof, has lectured extensively in support of the claim, has published articles in the leading journals of various countries in regard to it, and has written a book about it, which is just published. entitled "The Icelandic Discoverer of America, or Honor to whom Honor is Due." In a conversation held with her the other day she informed me that she was also about to start a paper in this city to be called The Leif Erikson, to be devoted to the downfall of Catholicism in this country and the upholding of the claims of the Norse discoverers of it. She declares that Catholics were always back of the scheme to foist Christopher Columbus upon the world as the discoverer of America, because Columbus was a

Catholic. declares is "a Catholic city under Catholic | face to face, and at the time it did not seem rule." but thinks of making Chicago her head quarters, as she finds it more in sympathy with her views. She is very earnest | health,-feared I was overdoing and warned in conversation and apparently sincere in me against working too hard, much as she or squirrels in a chain, ambitious men still her convictions, and her large black eyes used to do when in earth-life. 'Don't work snap with peculiar brilliancy when she talks | too hard,'-she said, 'remember what I used | of the papal power in America.

GYNECIAN NOTES.

ly held in Cincinnati, the question of union of fear, as one would naturally believe." with the National Woman Suffrage Associa- Mr. E. has much to do with machinery and tion was fully discussed at a morning busi- is an inventor. Some years since in a large admires that which to us is so incomprehenness session, and a resolution passed unani- factory he was in some way caught by the 'sible.—Princess Alice.

mously, that a committee of eleven members should be chosen by the American Woman Suffrage Association to confer with the National Woman Suffrage Association through such committee or other body as the National Woman Suffrage Association may appoint, and to prepare jointly with them a provisional Constitution and By-Laws for a united association to be composed of both National and American Associations; said constitution to be approved by a majority of each committee, and afterwards submitted to vote in each association separately, in such manner as each may direct. If the constitution is adopted by both, and the two associations are united in one, the officers shall be elected afterwards in such manner as the constitution may provide.

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 occaour right hand in that of the New Year, al- sion between 17,000 and 18,000 women in the ually dawned upon me. I had been wonderways so welcome, we will shout and sing | face of a pelting northeast rainstorm turned | fully rescued from the very jaws of death." out with the male voters to vote on the school to echo and re-echo our grateful song of vic- | question. Clad in water proofs and rubber | comforting to a few of "the great hungering overshoes, and protected by umbrellas ladies of Boston's "bluest" blood stood in line with | to very many they carry no weight as giving their domestic servants, and with the wives and daughters of tradesmen and mechanics, from the opening of the polls at 7 A. M. until it came their turn to deposit their crumbs of a ballot. And the world still stands! or hands in brotherly fellowship, and that is to rather it still "moves." Although it is a pity make common cause of opposition to the that the moving impulse to this action on the part of the Boston women was a difference of religious views, yet the fact of its occurrence, with the orderly way in which it was done, will tell on the future of women.

> 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, that in passing a shop window where her photograph is displayed, London working-men lift their hats before it in token of their deep respect. She has an interesting though sad face, with large eyes, sweet mouth and dark wavy hair. Mrs. Dilke is also active in the labor reform but her work is mainly among the women workers. She is Secretary of one Women's Labor Un ion. Treasurer of another, and it was through her efforts that a society of scientific dresscutters was established. Such women as these who are in daily contact with the people and know their needs cannot fail to be of more worth to a school board than any man, whatever his qualifications.

> > For the Religio-Philosophcal 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. The individuals whom I shall introduce in order are Mrs. C., Mrs. P. and Mr. E., who hold the relationship of sisters and brother of one and the same family. The first named is my wife's mother; the second and third are, as a matter of course, her uncle and aunt. I may as well remark at the outset, that no one is more antagonistic to any thing that smacks of Spiritualism than Mrs. C. Mrs. P. don't want to know anything about it, but thinks from what she has heard that if she were disposed to yield herself to it she might become a medium, but she don't want to. Both ladies are perfectly satisfied with the good old Methodist road, and don't care for any other way. Mr. E. was never alli d to any church, is open to any conviction that is well founded, and has a favorable leaning toward spiritual matters. Without further introduction will now present the testimony of my witnesses, which goes to show that natural clairvoyance is inherent in that family:

Many years ago Mrs. C. was residing in a New Jersey city. "I had put my two children to bed," she says, "my little girl and baby-boy. It was a brilliant moonlight night, and I took a seat by the window of our parlor that looked out upon the street, and set admiring the beauty and loveliness of the scene, for the springtime was well advanced and nature was bedecking herself in her finest attire. I had not been sitting there long when I saw a little child run from our front door down the walk to the street gate and there disappear—fade away. I saw it as distinctly as I ever saw any child, and turning to Mr. C., who was in the room, I told him what I had seen, and he replied. 'O! it was your imagination.' So I let it go that it was my imagination, but there was no imagination about it. From the fact of the 'vanishing out of sight,' I was very strongly impressed, and the remembrance is still vivid though much more than forty years have elapsed since that time." Not a great while after that, Mr. and Mrs. C. lost their little boy, the only male child they ever bad.

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. I had been working hard that day, and as I sat down for a moment, W. stood before me. I saw him as plainly as I see you now, and did not feel at all alarmed He had a natural, life-like appearance with a look of pity in his countenance and said, 'A., you are working too hard,—you must not work so hard,' in the same anxious way that he was accustomed to speak when he thought I was over-exerting myself. The next time he came he was with me all day and followed me everywhere, up-stairs and down. I talked with him and he with me; I did not see him but his presence was tangible and real. I felt him to be as much present with me as though I saw him. have also seen my sister E. on two different occasions since she passed away. She came both times when I was not thinking about her and in the daytime while engaged at my work. Each time she came and leaned over my left shoulder, calling me by name and Miss Brown's home is in Boston, which she | talking with me. I turned and spoke to her at all strange to me that I was doing so. She expressed herself as anxious about my to tell you-it don't pay.' There was no imagination, no dreaming about it, for it was in the daytime and while I was engaged in | ciety; religion inspires pure minds with the At the twentieth annual meeting of the my household affairs. There was a feeling American Woman Suffrage Association. late- of naturalness about it and I had no thought

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. He could not return to the engine room and stop the engine, for it would take too long, but nerved with desperation at the horrible situation he by main force seized the belt and threw it off the wheel more quickly than am telling it, and Mr. Emery fell to the floor broken, crushed and insensible. Sometime afterwards two men tried to throw off the same belt while the machinery was in motion and could not do it. Mr. N.'s strength on that occasion was superhuman. Mr. E. says: "When I realized my awful position and that I was being crashed to death my first thought was, 'O dear, this is the end of me! I am surely to be killed,' and then saw my mother before me in mid-air with her arms outstretched as if to receive me, as though she expected that I was now to come to her. This was the last I knew, until some hours afterwards when consciousness grad-

Such instances of spontaneous vision are world outside the ranks of Spiritualism," but evidence of another life. All atheists and most professed Christians have one point, at least, on which they can agree; one piece of ground on which they can stand and clasp fundamental claim of Spiritualism; that the border lands of the visible and invisible worlds lie close together and that our departed friends may commune with us and become visible to the favored few whose spiritual sight is unfolded.

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.

Boston, Mass.

A Hypnotic Exhibition.

Professor Milo de Meyer, a Belgian, gave a private séance of hypnotism at St. James's 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, the eyes of subject and operator being within a few inches of each other. The effect soon showed itself in an unconquerable desire, on the patient's part, to peer closely and still more closely. into his eyes. Subsequently, he showed that grasping the hands was not necessary. Placing his hand between the shoulders of the subject the same effect was produced—being first manifested, said one mesmerized individual, by a burning sensation. Later, when he desired a subject to work upon, he would fix his eyes upon his as he sat at the seat, and the man would gaze like a fascinated bird. remain undecided for a time, then bound across the stage to him. Close proximity was unnecessary after the first time. Half-a-dozen men were sent among the audience, and in various parts of the room sent to sleep by a magnetic glance, in spite of the most energetic efforts to keep them awake. The subject's eyes seemed in each case to dilate as they met those of the professor. On recovery the person operated on would gaze about with the bewildered air of one who wakens from a deep sleer, and we fancy from the gestures some of them made that they now." recovered with severe headaches. An arm stiffened by the mesmerist was insensible to pain, as we proved by pricking the fingers with the point of a knife or a pin. On awakening all memory of the experiences seemed to vanish as in a dream.

A number of the sights were exceedingly unpleasant to look at. For instance, half a dozen men were successively sent among the audience with their mouths distended to the farthest possible limit, and as the trance always causes a vacancy of expression, each face was disagreeably suggestive of that of

an idiot with a distorted jaw. 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 was transformed into a dentist | two valuable specifics in their fullest form. Preto pull the tooth out. A very singular picture was made by giving one the appearance of death, while several of his companions were inspired with horror, pity, a desire to pray, or whatever the professor wished Whenever they struck a good attitude he fixed them in it as though they had been frozen to the spot—one might have taken them for the wax figures in Madame Tussaud's. That their sorrow was real was proved by the tears they dropped, though it passed into oblivion when he puffed in their faces and awoke them. A dramatic scene was produced by making a man think he was bottle. rowing a boat, then that he had been upset and was struggling in the water; a companion, who saw him drowning, flung off his coat and swam out to the rescue, looking most doleful when he thought his friend was dead. but brightening us he recovered. But the most striking picture of all and one that is likely to attract great attention just now, was that in which a subject was prompted in a tranceto commit a shocking murder. At the exact time which had been stated he arose and crept stealthily to his father's bedside and stabbed him twice. Later on he was harrowed by remorse. And that raises a very important question, for could not an upprincipled hypnotist do in reality what M. de Meyer only made a show of doing? The vista of new crimes opened up by the perfection and advancement of this strange science is one of its most repugnant features. Would not a woman who had once submitted to the experiment be ever after at the mercy of the operater?—London Globe.

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.

Like dogs in the wheel, birds in the cage, climb, and climb, with great labor, and incessant anxiety, but never reach the top. Genius apprehends at once the ties which bind the soul of man to the destinies of soprinciples to happiness.—Balzac.

The more one studies and tries to understand these wonderful laws which rule this world, the more one wonders, worships and

Magazines for December, Recived 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. Poole, and many others. Several of the articles are illustrated and the general style of the magazine is equal to those of an older growth.

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, and the reading matter occupies almost double the amount of space that it usually does. La Belle Americaine open its pages and is followed by Surry Farm Houses. A variety of reading is added to the above.

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., complete a good number.

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 Spirite, Paris. Le Lotus, Paris. El Bien Social, Mexico.

Sphinx, Germany. La Ilustracion, Espirita. Annali Dello Spiritismo, Italy.

Le Messenger, Liege. The Phrenological Magazine, London. Mental Science Magazine, Chicago. The Freethinkers' Magazine, Buffalo, N. Y. Buchanan's Journal of Man, Boston. The Phrenological 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

The Curse of Marriage. By Walter Hubbell. New York: The American News Co. Price, 50 cents. The Virtues and their Reasons. A System of Ethics for Society and Schools. By Austin Bierbower. Chicago: George Sherwood & Co.

First Step in Reading. By Martha A. Pease. Chicago: S. R. Winchell & Co. Price, 10 cents. Christmas at the Kerchiefs'. A Musical Dialogue for use at Christmas Tree Festivals. By Mrs. A. G. and Leo R. Lewis. Brattleboro, Vt.: E. P. Carpenter Co. Price, 25 cents.

Hermetic Teachings. Arranged by W. P. Phelon, M. D. Chicago: Hermetic Pub. Co.

Shocking Accident.

So read the headlines of many a newspaper column, and we persue with palpitating interest the details of the catastrophy, are deeply impressed by the sacrifice of human lives involved. Yet thousands of men and women 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. Now, there could be no greater mistake. No earthly power, of course, can restore a lung that is entirely wasted, but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will rapidly and surely arrest the ravages of consumption, if taken in time. Do not, therefore, despair, until you have tried this wonderful remedy.

The sumptuous new volume of "Mendelssohn's Letters," lately published by Ticknor & Co., has received many most favorable notices. Mr. Gladstone says, "To Mendelssohn I feel grateful for his works, and I have also had the pleasure of hearing him play, some thiriy or thirty-five years ago, in London. A few glances have shown me that the book will afford me a most agreeable perusal." Mendelssohn's eldest daughter says, "How charming the sketches are—and how very well done! I like everything in and about the book and personally enjoy it immensely. The letters read quite as if they had been written in English." And Robert Browning writes, "While I sat preparing the paper whereon to write, came the very book itself—the dearest of books, just

"I was troubled with an eruption on my face, which was a source of 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,

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for very few persons are entirely free from it. How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsapafilla, which, by the cures 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.

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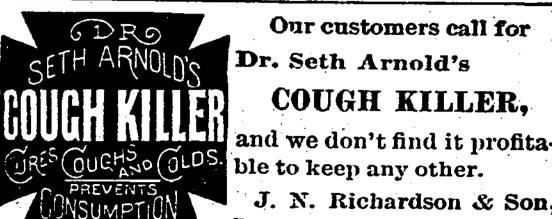
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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 29, 1888.

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 later 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 immoral-

The Campbellites have been more damaged by brainless blatherskites 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 shooting, 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 as such. The Captain remained there some as likely to have suggested the original of 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 he world and felt that he was not apprecited. 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 | court martial "for criticising his superiors | is hardly likely to be gratified." 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 | prove them very jealous of military etiquette, | box was a queen and her little babe. They work to defame the man who had helped and decency. him. After excoriating the fellow Mr. Unthere, but found himself at last in demand in this country, but we shall continue to say the curious. I wondered if she had lived to cago lecture on psychical matters by Prof. of the spiritual in man—in which alone spirthat the Campbellites began to oppose them.

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. Patnam 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. Uaderwood. 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 is 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 as farz 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 duty to put an end to the braggart's cry that no freethinker dares to meet him that Mr. Underwood has gone to the Pacific to meet | ton, 620 Atlantic avenue; and very wisely | perfect gem of eloquence and wit. That so without feeling that it is a degradation. An as a medium of thought possessing interest once adopt a constitutional amendment unscrupulous liar, and a malignant villister, | for Americans, there should be a good sield he is to an honorable man what a sneak- for The New Ideal, and the Journal weling 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 good. place where he could continue his scientific researches, had been asked for by leading promised as contributors to the new venture. scientists of this country and Europe, he has been under arrest ever since,—the War Defindings of the court martial.

try have been greatly aroused at the report | cially in Paris, where doubts are apparently of the treatment of military prisoners in Si- expressed whether the tale is altogether beria, as given by George Kennan in The | founded on fiction. It is some years ago since Century. That the Czar of a military des- | Parisian society was excited over a report potism should so treat conspirators ought not | that a popular preacher of decidedly freeto surprise one so very much after all, since | thinking proclivities, who had preached an the preservation of his system of government | eloquent sermon on the personality of Satan. depends upon it. But in the name of all in which he did not believe, had the ideal that is right and just, by what authority | which he had held to his congregation corcan a military despotism at Washington ex- | rected in an interview with the Prince of ile a brave and loyal officer, the son of a Darkness himself. The Blackwood story pro-Commodore in our Navy, of whose record the | fesses to tell how this meeting was brought country has no need to be ashamed, and who | about, and the Parisian gossip is now busy has been in the service since he was fourteen | seeking to identify the actors in this remarkyears of age?

circumstances, an exile; and was intended the famous Abbé Bauer are both put forward two or three years quietly and patiently, but | Abbé Girod; opinions seem to be divided as when the indications seemed to show that it to whether the Duc de Frontignan is to be was to be a life sentence, he requested a | identified with the Duc de Cadarousse or the transfer, and repeated the request several Duc de Massa, while the names of Prince times, all of which were ignored, and not | Paul Demidoff and Ivan Puskievitch are sugeven replied to. Then when an outraged gested as having supplied the character of manhood impelled him to send a protest to | Pomerantseff, who acts as usher to his Infer-The Nation, the War Department cried out | nal Highness. Meanwhile, Tarisian society "insurrection and insubordination," and is extremely anxious to know who X. L. iscited him to defend himself before a a curiosity, which, under the circumstances in the public press," which citation and without letting him know the verdict.

whose record shows him to be superior every- enough preserved to show their petals and way to these official martinets, whose actions | to enable one to know what they are. In one speculation with him as partner, he set to but wholly indifferent to common justice have not been unrolled from the linen in which

We do not suppose any word of ours will The distinguished traveler says: "I almost derwood dropped him and for ten years had be of the slightest weight with these milita hoped that it was a sense of propriety which not seen him until last month. Braden slid | ry autocrats, who are so superior to the prin- | had saved the mother and child from the down into Texas and used up the fodder | ciples of justice that are supposed to govern | desecration of such exposure to the gaze of Oregon. A community of Freethinkers in and a word in season and out of season until look upon her little one. If her maternal Elliott Coues is already rapidly disappearing | itual revelations are possible—is sealed to about Silverton, Oregon, formed a society. some attempt is made to deal honorably with heart had heard that sweetest of all sounds from our shelves and wareroom. The con- the invasion of the searchers in the material built a hall and were showing such strength | Dr. Shufeldt, and we give the Department fair | to a woman's ear—her babe's first little cry. | tinued and wide-spread demand for it in | domain. So upon the spiritually minded men warning that it cannot with impunity thus | Had it been laid upon her breast? Had she pamphlet form, during the past six months | in all time it has devolved to furnish what The heretics carried too many guns, and disregard rights accorded to the lowest and felt its little hands upon her cheek or dimp- seemed to warrant a first edition of 5,000 reasons may be for the belief in man's conti-

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 adventuress 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 disin the interest of public morals, of Spirit- ers. ualism, and honest mediums to publish this and responsible citizen of Boston which lets | glowing account of the brilliant affair, the the public into some further knowledge of | first one he had ever attended. He says that, the career of this disreputable protegé and when Hudson Tuttle, who responded to the feeder of our Boston contemporary. We are | toast. "Our Guests," had concluded his eloprepared to back up the statements of our | quent speech there was not a dry eye in the correspondent as well as these editorial com-

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 | ing might be. Sir Knight O. C. sillinghast's fact we know that it is only from a sense of | James H. West, quite well known in Chicago and vicinity as a Unitarian with radical tendencies, is editor. It is published in Boscomes it cordially as a helper in the great work. Let Mr. West declare the mission of his paper in his own language:

eral 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 of ethics and religion on a scientific basis. a consummation which a rapidly increasing number of the world's earnest workers are and endeavoring; and on its practical side it will be the augmenting of the sum of human

All the best writers for The Index are

"A story in a recent number of Blackpartment at Washington having pigeonholed | wood," says the London Athenœum. "called the case, refuses to notify him of the 'Aut Diabolus aut Nihil,—the Story of a Hallucination,' is exciting a considerable The sympathies of the people of the coun- amount of speculation and curiosity, espeable drama. The name of the Abbé Hurd Sending him to Ft. Wingate was, under the | the eloquent preacher of the Madeleine, and of

trial may have been technically right and | Carter Harrison states that he saw during proper. But the Department has no right to his trip around the world, the mummies of hold Dr. Shufeldt in arrest and suspense for | mighty monarchs who ruled nearly 4.000 more than seven months after the trial years ago, and monuments of others who have been dead 5,000 years. One queen who died The history of the case indicates an evident over 3,000 years ago was covered with the intention to humiliate and disgrace one garlands of flowers, some of which were they were wrapped over 3,000 years ago. the church sent off for a man who could fight. | vilest criminal by the laws of the country. | ling her soft bosom? Had she uttered that | copies, and at the present rate of distribu- | nuity."

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 reputable notoriety of this woman, aside from the contents of the elegant menu card from her dishonesty in plying her trade in of their last banquet. Judge G. W. Close was commercial Spiritualism, the editor of The | toast master; and when he called upon Rev. Banner does not hesitate to mislead the pub- | W. D. Johnson to respond to the toast to "The lic by garbling facts, to the end that his | Press," it is said the banqueters put on their readers may think her an honest, virtuous | regulation Sunday morning-in-an-orthodoxand persecuted medium. In the issue of | church expression, anticipating from the revhis misnamed Banner of Light for October | erend gentleman a discourse on the wicked-20th the editor published a statement con- ness of Sunday newspapers, and the folly of cerning the outcome of the Fay's suit for advocating free trade. Instead of which he libel against The Evening Record, headed | declared the press the purest and greatest "Mrs. H. B. Fay Vindicated," which was pur- | moral agent extant, and complimented jour-Journal of Nov. 10th we published a state- | class, with whom in his wide experience on ment from the Record and a letter from Mr. | two continents he had ever come in contact. John Curtis giving the real facts in the case. He had, he said, received more assistance in As the Banner continues to publish when- accomplishing the hopes of his life from the ever asked the displayed advertisement of Press than from all other agencies. This this woman, the Journal feels called upon | happy surprise greatly relieved the banquet-

> when their work in this wicked world was o'er, return to B. H. to await the final transition, and didn't much care how long the waitresponse to the sentiment, "The Ladies—conspicuous by their absence," as reported in full in the Berlin Heights Hustler, was a 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 ex-The object of The New Ideal is the dis- pressions of tender regret at the absence of covery and propagation of constructive lib- | the ladies were changed to flushes of delight | orange grove of G. P. Colby, the medium and when Prof. Hiram Abiff Myers got well un- speaker: "A wonderful cluster of oranges is der way with his response to the sentiment, to be seen on one of the trees in Mr. G. P. "Our Social Relations." With all the elo- Colby's grove, on Colby lake. Hanging to religion higher or more necessary; for this, quence and pathos supplied by a florid im- three small boughs, each no bigger than a on its thought side, will be the establishing agination and a half century of training leadpencil, which branch from a single and experience, Prof. M. depicted the value | limb, are over 200 oranges, all closely hugof our social relations, and convincingly dem- | ging each other like eggs in a basket. There more and more, every year now, demanding onstrated that but for such relations this were over 300 on the limb before any were beautiful continent populated by the bravest | picked or had dropped off. It seems almost and brightest men and women, standing be- incredible that so many oranges could grow fore all the world as the exemplar of virt- in a bunch and it is still more remarkable uous prosperity and democratic principles, that the small limbs will hold the great would to-day be a howling wilderness, weight put upon them. The cluster resemand the spot where now stands the lovely | bles a peck of oranges, as they would appear village of B. H. would still be the favorite in a measure. The seed of the tree on which resort of the rattlesnake and the raccoon. this wonderful growth is to be seen, was Evidently the B. H. B. C. is an institution of | planted by Mr. Colby himself, in 1876. And merit; and another year the Journal will by the way, Mr. Colby's grove is one of the beg the privilege of sending a well tried | finest and best cared for in this section of the prohibitionist as its representative at the State." annual banquet.

> On Wednesday evening of last week Mr. and Mrs. Bundy gave an imformal reception to Mr. J. C. Wright. Owing to the close ap- During the month of April there will be an proach of the holiday season and the pressure | exhibition of historical portraits in the Metof engagements in consequence, the company | ropolitan Opera House, and also a Memorial 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 audiences 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 | photographed or engraved, and is a beautiful the reception, and left on Friday for Maquoketa, Iowa, to speak the remaining Sundays | grandson, Alexander Hamilton of New York. 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.

tion this edition will not last thirty day. 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. Coverdale, 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 posely intended to befog the public. In the nalists as the most obliging and altruistic 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 ithe 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 One of the newspaper men present called | birth, the fiftieth anniversary of his taking week a letter from a thoroughly trustworthy at the Journal office last week and gave a the pledge not to use alcohol and tobaccoand 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 cerroom, and that the numerous guests declared | tain young lady, he began drinking. Toward individually and collectively that they would, 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 him in debate. Braden is a person that no starts off as a monthly of sixteen pages. Price much could be said in so few words is a one," in time became his wife and the mothgentleman can have anything to do with \$1 per year. The Open Court having aborted marvel, and if the State of Ohio does not at er 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

The Centennial of Washington's Inauguration will be held in New York April 30th, 1889. President Harrison will be present. 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 picture. It is now owned by Hamilton's

The Erie, Pa., Dispatch speaks as follows: of Walter Howell, who is lect uring 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 retort of the chemist, the magical revelations of the microscope 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 "Signs of the Times." This admirable Chi- of matter only reveals matter, and the realm

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."

organized "a Woman's Charity and Industrial Club" for the help of their colored sisters, and have leased a four story house as a | chanical routine. They could not enter into 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. Ad dress. 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.

She has made a change from Fraternity Hall to one quite near, and the change, we hope, Moses; this was all. They were forms that to produce strabism. This revelation was 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

Lewis G. Janes in the New Ideal says: "The ten lency 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. mains the unknown and uncomprehended mago killed with their disdain. They have only On the contrary, he meant to make the point | mystery of the world. 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 | coming home. The hospitable spirit and the window glass of a house in which one | friendly interest of such a friend is a tonic Christman, who was murdered two years ago, lived. Christman'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 ones during the time her home was the ill-balanced mind that believes that it un- The offer is only open till January 1st. Subscribe 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 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 eter-The 'was' is overwhelmed with the to be,"

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

E. M. WHEELOCK.

When the suffering outcast of Galilee 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 mani fested 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 begetting us from our mortal separateness into his immortal, two-fold life.

Beginning with the cleansing of the spirit Beginning in centres, by slaving the sin prin- | him. ciple, it was to move forth victoriously to

sweet, and attractive in such holy health of | probably greet the world before another au- | and What? and Man-Whence and Whither?

the flesh." and poetry of diction; near to the lilies at | well, and esteemed by those who know her as | delicate style. his feet, near to the sun above his head; in an estimable woman. LYMAN C. HOWE.

whom the spring seemed to breathe its sweets and the summer to pour forth its virtues; one wholly unlike their traditional idea of mind. As he moved more and more out of the shadow of their mosaism, the daylight in which the following is a summary: his eyes dazed 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

The colored women of New York City have | so paralyzed mentally by their inherent maladies, that they could only think upon the surfaces of themselves, superstitiously and hopelessly, by impression, obsession, or methe 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, and became separatists 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 fraterni ty, 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 suppressed, that the Twelve made discipleship to consist merely absorbed his arch natural essence, and suf- received as usual with loud bursts bodies filled up again from the magnetisms | mirror.' of the animal man. The Twelve did not transgress willfully or wittingly, but the ascensive evolution that the Judean adept 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 sense of his psychic Presence. He commanded them, after his disappearance from the visible, to associate, and to keep in unity, and remain together in pri vate 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 prayings, preachings and sacraments, and when at the famous pentecostal time, they beasted that Spokane Falls, W. T.

Persons and Events in Boston.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophicai 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 and a rest to a lone pilgrim, and "something sweet to think of" in all the cloudy ways 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 friend- I no supernatural. A fact must always be the ship 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 not exist; to declare that it does not exist being." She loves to dwell upon the sunny of a fact because it does not happen to be side of the life she did so much to bless, and | comprised among facts that are already demrelates many experiences with the unseen onetrated and established—is the error of an now offered, viz., 50 cents a year (postage paid). chosen rendezvous and rest for the angels | derstands all of nature's laws. If any ser- | now. It is so cheap everybody can buy it. and the weary ones of earth.

On one occasion, as she relates it, while deed! 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 attempting 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. Clapp, 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 Lycenm exercises and the Wednesday evening conferences.

Mr. Ayer, to whose magnanimity and devotion the "First Spiritual Temple" owes its from the elements of his arch nature, and re- 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 unof man, it was to ultimate itself in the kind word escapes his lips toward any one, cleansing of the body. Beginning with re- | no matter what others may say or do against demption from moral death, it was to fulfill him. He evidently lives his religion and its career in redemption from physical death. | therefore it blesses him, and others through | the same author.

surfaces by expelling the disease principle. | to the great work which has engaged the best | Spirit world. As truth teaches best by example, in the | years of his life, and he ought to be good for body of the despised Teacher spiritual health | twenty years yet in which to extend and per- | cal Man, by Hudson Tuttle; also Stories for stood apparent in health of organism. The | fect his scientific and philanthropic designs. | our Children, by Hudson and Emma Tuttle. holiness of the spirit came forth irradiant, His forthcoming work, "Sarcognomy," will nature that the emanations from its pres- tumn, and will doubtless be the climax of | The complete works of A. J. Davis. ence were formed in atmospheres of love, his labors, and judging from his previous | Dr. Babbitt The Principles of Light and healing and immortality. The law of the works we may reasonably expect a thorough | Color, and Religion. flesh was obedient to the law of the spirit; and highly valuable compendium of knowl- Epes Sargent The Scientific Basis of the senses were made channels for the divine | edge which all students of whatever school | Spiritualism, which should be in the library sensations, and in the radiant presence of | will need, and no scientific library will be | of all investigators and thinkers, also Proof his Personality men declared, in their vivid complete without it. Mrs. Buchanan is Palpable. eastern phrase, that "God was manifested in a valuable helpmate whose psychomet- Beyond the Gates by Miss Phelps is a com ric abilities are of signal service. Mrs. bination of the literary and spirituelle. Here was a youth like an Aryan god, in | Whitlock is doing acceptable work as pub: This popular author has for her latest work beauty of person, in romance of sentiment lic speaker, and she is a psychometrist as Between the Gates, a continuation of her

Hypnotism and Magnetism.

M. Victorien Sardou has written to the prophet or sovereign; a vast enigma to the editor of the Gaulois a very curious letter on hypnotism, magnetism and Spiritualism, of of inquiring minds.

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, somthem into the realms of their own possibil. nambulism, ecstasy, second sight, etc., were in my youth the butts for the ridicule of But his Gospel of fleshly restoration met | men of science. Whenever I ventured to inwith innumerable obstacles in the Twelve, form them of some experiment wherein my making clear thought, in its ultimate degree, skepticism was conquered by irresistible eviimpossible. One listener was full of heredi- | dence, what a reception was accorded to my tary Psora, another of scrofula; they were 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 savant reveals to me things that I was familiar with before he was born. find that nothing has been changed but the name; there is no longer magnetism, there are hypnotism and suggestion. In adopting these new terms, savants let it be understood that "magnetism" was simply trick long since exploded. Science has lib erated us from our errors, and has endowed us with a scientific truth called hypnotism -and which after all is exactly the same

"THE MAGIC MIRROR."

I spoke one day to a very skillful surgeon in believing that Jesus was the Christ, in ob- | this was a long time ago-about the insensi-Mrs. F. O. Hyzer is lecturing in Detroit. serving a simple ritual of washings, anoint-bility produced in certain temperaments ings and a supper, and in leading a correct by requiring the subjects to look intently natural life according to the modified law of at a small mirror or brilliant object so as fered it to waste from them, while their laughter and all sorts of chaff at my "magic

> 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 say ing: "Pardon! but it was I who was the first to point this fact out to you, and you simply laughed at me!"

My friend seemed quite taken aback at first, but soon recovered himself by saying: "Bon! You spoke to me of magic, but this is NEW LABELS.

but has taken good care to put new labels on

However, never mind what the names may "three thousand souls were added to the be, the facts are now recognized. And since church in one day," the infant ecclesia was our savants have discovered at the Salpeswamped under the load of raw, crude con- triere what all Paris might have seen under verts. Christendom has been fruitlessly Louis XV. at the Saint Medard cemetery, Deleuze, \$2.15; Diegesis, \$2.16; Future Life, traveling in that rut of ecclesiasticism ever | there is still hope that they will some day since, and the religion of the Prophet of condescend to busy themselves with that Galilee-which was pure secularism-re- | Spiritualism, that they think they have long but up another name to 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 investigawith charlatans who practise Spiritualism a 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 effect of a law of nature. Hence it is natural; and to deny a priori without examination, without pretext, that a creative law does "Knows no variableness or shadow of turn- | cause it is not known; to contest the reality vant has this pretension he is a poor man in-

> What I am waiting for is the serious ex- | run over the Michigan Central, "the Niagara Falls amination of facts. Then I promise some surprises.—N. Y. Herald, European Edi-

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 cover? Our list embraces the best works by the most popular authors. If science is sought for, what better than the instructive works of William and Radical Discourses.

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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 Mrs. M. M. King's inspirational works, I find Dr. Buchanan vigorous and alive Principles of Nature, and Real Life in the

> The Arcana of Nature, 2 vols., and Physi-Dr. R. B. Westbrook The Bible-Whence

Outside the Gates and other tales and

eketches by a band of spirit intelligences. through the mediumship of Mary Theresa Shelbamer. This work is destined to sell well as it meets the demand of a large class

The Way, The Truth and the Life, a han d 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 Maitland.

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 saw at Cassadaga Lake.

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Kerner, and William Howitt. The Mystery of the Ages continued in the Secret Doctrine of all Religions, by Count- velopment of psychic science. The keener the appreess Caithness, also A Visit to Holyrood, being an account of the Countess' visit to this

famous castle. 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; De- | plish what is impossible by such inadequate methods termining mental, physical and business qualifications, from date of birth. By Hiram

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.

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.

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The Spiritualist Movement has reached a stage where it imperatively requir s an abler press, a higher stand Thomas Gales Forster.
The Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation, ing results is gradually being evolved, and needs to be further developed. A well-organized and endowed activity for the instruction, care and development of sensitives and mediums is almost indispensable to the dehension and broader the comprehension of causes, the better able are we to deal with the perplexing sociologic, economic, political, and ethical questions now vexing the world; and in no other direction is there such promise of progress in the study of cause as in the psy-

> A first-class publishing house can be made the promoter of all the agencies necessary to carry forward such a work. With its newspaper, magazines, books, branches for psychic experiment, missionary bureau, etc., etc., it can satisfacto ily and with profit accomas now prevail, and as have hitherto marked the history of Modern Spiritualism.

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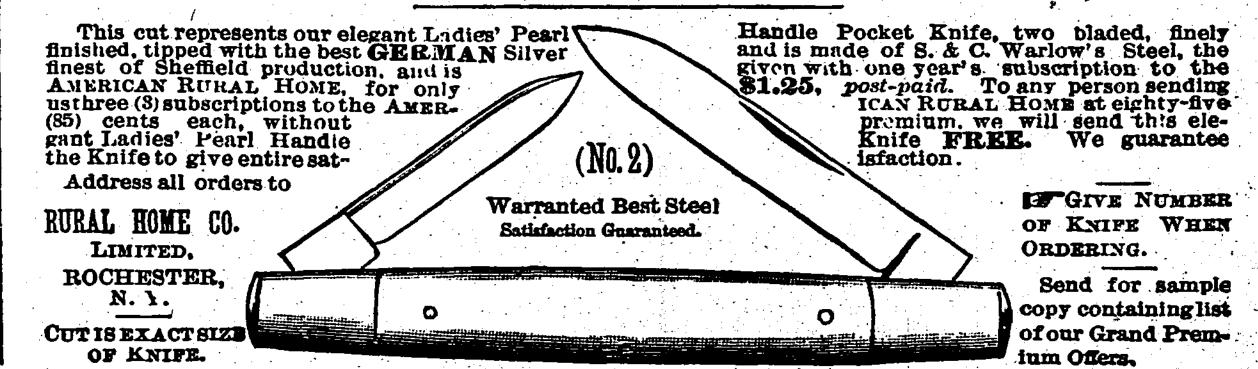
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Voices From the Reople. INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal THE SUNLESS DAY.

CHAS. D. LAKEY.

The half-globed golden moon Swings up from the silent sea. And maketh the night a noon Tender and sweet to me.

The wavelets come to my feet Lapsing and falling away, The wavelets tender and sweet. Coming and going alway.

Kissed by the golden light In shimmer and flash and glow, Soft through the silent night Forever they come and go.

Oh. Heart! so far away. Oh, Soul! by the jasper sea, Child of the sunless day. Hast even a thought of me?

But one short year ago These wavelets touched her feet: And her voice was tender and low And I listened to words so sweet

And the yellow moon shone fair And full in her thoughtful face. Kissing her golden hair As she stood in this very place.

I think it cannot be far. The heaven we strive to reach. That the gates may be standing ajar Even here beside the beach.

Who knows but the jasper sea Unseen comes up with the tide. And if I could only see I should find her at my side.

Perchance her hand is in mine. And I cannot feel the thrill That stirred me in times lang syne When the night was calm and still.

The wavelets come and go In touch and shimmer of light. And I am alone, and may not know What lieth beyond my sight.

. But I hear them whisper, and say, 'Tis better to bide and trust: Love that hath been is love alway, The dead are not of the dust.

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

G. W. KING, M. D.

As the present year is near its close, justice and the pleasing remembrance of enjoying the many good things you have distributed in the JOURNAL. prompt me to wish you a Happy New Year. You have contributed to the joy of many readers; you have with superior ability dressed up truth in becoming garments; you have, with unyielding courage, told practicers of fraud what is best for the world to know; you have not allowed a bad selfishness not the pleadings of weak compromisers and conservatives to move you in your work from the Rock of Ages: therefore, you are entitled to more than the congratulations of the season. Dear friend and teacher, it is not flattery to mention the good works

of any person. The religion and philosophy of your JOURNAL is not alone for to-day and this mundane plane; but also for the beyond and abroad, where thought goes and angels dwell. A religion that is not supported by a sound philosophy cannot be a religion of reason having needed value. A doctrine or creed which does not permit the adding of knowledge to faith, and marks a blind faith greater than good works will keep any person, who embraces it, in a starving condition for the bread of life. I must not, at this time, try to mention the numerous things which prevent many religiously inclined people from properly appreciating our spiritual literature and from admiring the beautiful truths that are taught by inspirational speakers; but will illustrate one reason which I choose to term honest or diseased habit. Such term embraces ample charity which I was early taught is greater than faith, and that too much of it ceases to be a virtue. Fraud will have encour-

agement enough without charity. About twenty years ago I knew a middle-aged respectable man who was the owner of a large farm. His barn was destroyed by fire, and he could not be induced to rebuild on a better and more convenient site. He could not, with pleasure, think of changing the path to his barn, in which he had walked from childhood. Boys and men continue the use of cigars and cigarettes after being informed that by such use they are sucking various poisons, among which is the nasty and disease-spreading spittle from the mouths of cigar-makers—the spittle used to cause adhesion of the tobacco leaves and the mouth to shape the cigars. Many a man, in his sober bours will admit what a fool and criminal he is when intoxicated, yet will continue to get drunk. Likewise many people appear to have diseased religious babits. Their first impressions are lasting and their associations are binding. They must walk in the same paths to church (if not to barns) that they did when children. Consistency, reason, truth and the evidence of sound friends are not respected by blind or paralyzed conservatives as much as bad religious

Some powers, unseen by the outer sight, takes possession of a person who has little or no education from schools. Such person is moved to discourse in an eloquent, logical manner, and could not do better with all the advantages which colleges might give. In fact, most of those who have been cramped in collegiate moulds have not done as well. The medium, sensitive or inspirational speaker, as such possessed person may be called, will take from one to a dozen uncommon questions, presented by strangers, and weave their answers into a sound lecture. closing with a beautiful off-hand poem which does not subject the speaker to the charge of plagiarism. Inasmuch as something cannot come out of nothing, and as science or knowledge cannot infuse itself into a person, but must have an infuser, where there has not been study. I must believe that angels, who cannot be anything more than departed spirits, have power to-day to move or influence persons in the flesh If they ever did. I have no right to deny the source of an intelligence which is superior to the medium through which it comes. If there ever was a necessity for a living and fresh evidence of the immortal Ity of the soul, it was when Modern Spiritualism was inaugurated and mankind needed a better preparation for life, and what is called death, than could be obtained through the aid of Pharisaical teachers that Jesus called "blind guides." I have an abiding hope that your future efforts

will be more and more successful in making the blind see and the palsied walk, in that "way which leadeth unto life."

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

WARBEN SUMNER BABLOW.

O where can the soul find rest,—the disconsolate be cheered and the teardrops wiped from the brow of corrow? Go ask the evening breezes in their meanderings, or the summer's sun in his distant journeying if such a land is found for the weary

Methinks I hear their united response: That spot is sought in vain: 'tis not defined by local bounds nor found by wandering through the vast domains of space, but is ever, and only found within the pure and holy soul that loves the ways of truth and right, that bravely meets the unavoidable ills of life, and loves his neighbor as he loves himself. Paterson. N. J.

Sam Jones recently said in a talk at Glen's Fails that the reason he did not settle down to a congre- son Tuttle pronouncing an eulogium, on a friend of ration of 2,000 or more and a salary of \$5.000 in thirty years, who represented Spiritualism at its best some city was that he could travel and preach to and highest, wrought into the conduct of life. hundreds of thousands and earn \$25,000 a year. Benjamin Harrison will be the sixteenth President | then all that was mortal of the departed was laid of the United. States having only one given name away in the tomb at Lake View. almost covered No man has ever been elected President who with flowers, the off-rings of sympathizing friends. perted his name on one side.

For the Religio-Philosophical ournal. Notes and Incident. 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. The writer in his forty years' investigation of Spiritualism has never seen anything from spirits or men very definite on the subject. The JOURNAL once contained an article copied from an English paper which came the nearest locating the realm to which we are all hastening, of anything be has seen. If I remember rightly the description given claimed to be of spirit origin The location was just outside of the earth's atmosphere, about sixty miles from the earth, forming a belt around it, and extending about sixty degrees on both sides of the equator, thus leaving very iarge openings at the poles. The theory advanced to account for the formation was that the earth's motion on its axis being greater at the equator, sublimated matter was thrown off there, and under the law of ethereal gravitation, a belt or sphere was formed around the earth in the region indicated; and then the most refined portion of this sphere is thrown off, and in like manner another sphere formed outside of the first, and a third in the same way outside of the second, making three spirit realms surrounding the earth in concentric circles. which ultimately become the homes of the children of earth, when the necessary degree of growth and refinement shall have been attained. A curious analogy exists, in the fact that these realms are divided off into nations corresponding to those of earth.—North America in the upper world being located exactly above, or opposite North America in the lower world; and people taking up their abode in the corresponding part of the upper realm, that they occupied in the lower, all of which seems to accord with the analogies of reason and nature. would be interesting and profitable to hear from those versed in this kind of lore through the columns of the Journal.

In the early days of Spiritualism there dwelt a Westville in Northern Ind., an estimable woman whose name was Mrs. E. Talmadge. She became a medium thirty or thirty-five years ago. She was a pioneer in Spiritualism in that part of the county She often held meetings and spoke in the trance state. She gave séances at her home and in the neighborhood during a course of many years but never thought of charging anybody anything. Spiritualism was very unpopular in those days, and notwithstanding her amiable and kind disposition. became a target for the envenomed shafts of the church people, and suffered ostracism at their hands, till at last she was compelled to leave the place; but it was of the unique character of one of her controls that I set out to speak of. She gave her name as "Jebrawn Larew;" said she was of Chinese and Japanese parentage: she gave pet names to her friends who attended the séances—something characteristic of the person. The writer she called "Vagabend, meaning by that, that he was a person who never sought public favor.—nor surrendered his convictions for the sake of popularity, but was frank and outspoken in all he said or did. Another friend she called "Possum." because he was hidden, concealed and sly in his character, another she called "Chestl nut Burr." because he kept himself shut up like à chestnut in the burr, and invulnerable at all points and so she had names for all: she was lively, sprightly and witty.

JEBRAWN LAREW.

"A ROW OF ANGELS." A little boy ten years old, a cousin of the writer. was passing away; his parents, watching by his up saying: "O papa, what sweet music. Don't you hear it?" He then turned his gaze across the room saying, "There they stand, papa. Don't you see them, a row of angels, all singing so sweetly." Then a gentle smile lit up his countenance for a moment

O. W. BARNARD. and he was gone. Manteno. Ills. 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, and had as a member of his household, a nephew about twelve years of age (now a well-known business man of Troy, N. Y.,) who by playing medium at school was found to be possessed of remarkable powers in that direction. For instance the table would follow him about the room if only his hand was laid upon it; his hand would be moved to write,

While an old friend and former neighbor was pay ing a visit to the Randall homestead, in company with his wife, from a distant county of the state the little medium was requested to exhibit his wonderful phenomena, then so new and interesting to many persons; and as the visitor. Mr. Nathanie Barnett was a member of the New York legislature therefore much interested in politics, the unseen intelligences were interrogated upon questions pertaining to affairs of state.

Being of a skeptical and investigative turn of mind the uncle said: "If Henry's hand can be moved to write, why cannot the pen be moved independently?" Accordingly he placed the pen in such a position that its point rested upon the paper while its holder rested in an oblique position against the boy's hand, his fingers not closing upon it, and Mr. Barnett asked: "Who will be the next candidate for the presidency nominated on the Freesoil ticket?" The pen slowly and scratchily, but very legibly, wrote (without a movement of the medium's hand) "John Hale," a name neither of the witnesses present had heard or thought of in connection with such candidacy.

When the convention took place some months later. John P. Hale was nominated (the spirit did not give the middle letter), though he was not subsequently elected, and which the prophecy did not

Two or three years later the same gentleman, together with his wife, brother, and other witnesses, received a communication, written by the hand of a young and very illiterate girl from New Hampsbire, a stranger to all the family; she being in an insensible condition to which, by some unseen power, she had been transformed in a few brief moments from a decidedly rosy-cheeked lass to a figure as white and apparently soulless as marble In that condition, and with closed eyes, her hand was moved to write a message to his relatives and friends, purporting to come from a man who had lived in another part of the country and of whose existence the medium had never even heard; one who had been first a writing master and then a physican; stating that his wife was with him, but his children (two daughters) still in the earth life. He finished by signing his name with a fac-simile of his own peculiar and handsome autograph, so accurately given that his brother Horatio Randall, of Buffalo, (not a Spiritualist) when shown it afterwards, not knowing whence it came, and being asked who had written it, said unhesitatingly, "Why! Otis, of course."

J. A. Heinsohn.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Cleveland, Dec. 18th.

the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journals 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. He was just leaving his office for the day, when he said he felt faint, turned and sank on a sofa, and was gone. He was a native of Ostend, Germany, but for forty years has been a resident of Cleveland. He was as artless and free from guile as a child: absolutely honest, and it was difficult to persuade him that any one was otherwise. He was unselfish and self-sacrificing almost to a fault. He was the adviser of the poor and unfortunate, their reliable assistant in time of need. Though versed in the German philosophy, he read with avidity every thing on the subject of Spiritualism, and was well informed in all branches of thought. Words are less eloquent in his praise, than the tears of the countless number he has befriended. He had reached the ripe age of 73, but was still active in his business life and in his mental pursuits. Next year with his wife he had planned to celebrate the golden wedding, but that must be held under changed conditions. The funeral was largely attended, Rev. August Kimmel (Unitarian), giving an address in German, and Hud-The Sang Vereins sang an appropriate song, and

Liberty is a principle; its community is its security, its exclusiveness is its doom.—Kossuth.

For the Religio Philosophical Journya Hell, as Demonstrated by Spirit-Returu.

GEN. EDWARD F. BULLARD.

The question is often asked what good has Spiritualism done? 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, tut occasionally produces the

opposite result. When men are constrained to do right merely because they fear a present or future punishment learn that there is no literal bell where fire and brimstone will burn the evil doer forever, they are liable to sway in the other direction and give full vent to their selfish desires and passions. I have known two notable instances where men

were apparently made worse, although they were full believers in spirit communion. In the year 1854, one A----, was a man of education, natural ability and great powers as a trance medium. His lectures in private and before large simply ask for information." audiences were remarkable for power and eloquence. He was aided by the best of our faith, but soon became in the habit of using tobacco in excess, followed soon after by the use of intoxicating spirits, when his fall became speedy. He was not longer tolerated by good society, nor received upon the platform. After a few years, and about 1860 he committed suicide, leaving behind him a letter in which he stated his life had been a failure. The writer was one of the victims who suffered in a pecuniary way to a large amount from his frauds and crimes. After he had been in the next world about twenty years, he came through a medium to the writer, and was apparently in the greatest agony. The party he had wronged, he could not look in the face, but turned his back upon him and continued his wailing in the most pitiful manner. He said in substance: "Talk about a hell of fire and brimstone! I have been for twenty years in a worse condition knew what was right, but did not live up to the light I had. Tell the world to remain in ignorance if they are not willing to do the best they can. have no excuse for my conduct, but I have been permitted to come here and beg your forgiveness. Will you not try and relieve me from this terrible suffering?" It is needless to say that the writer could not refuse such an appeal. The medium was a lady of refinement and good character, who never knew the spirit in life, and I have no doubt she was entirely ignorant of the facts, as they had occurred long before her day.

Another equally striking case is that of a man who died within the present year. He was an old man, well educated, in his youth, a member of the Episcopal Church, a lawyer by profession, but had been an avowed Spiritualist for the last thirty-five years. He had great intellectual and magnetic forces and with integrity might have exerted an important influence for good over his fellow mortals: but his dishonesty was equal to his ability while he had the plausibility of deceiving almost every person over whom he chose to exercise his

At a private circle held in Saratoga, Nov. 28, 1888 at which the writer and eight others were present this spirit took control of a young trance medium. While struggling and moaning to escape, he stated in answer to questions, in substance:

"I do not want to come back to earth. They have brought me here by force. I do not want to see any body. I am looking for the lake of fire and brimstone so I can plunge into it and be burned up. want to be annihilated."

There was more said of the same character, while the circle attempted to soothe and pacify him. and to some extent succeeded. The good spirit who had known and been defrauded by him while in this life, brought him to us for relief The writer knew the spirit and his victims, while the medium was quite a young man, and knew nothing of the circumstances.

With such terrible experiences we can understand the parable of Dives and Lazarus. What a great responsibility rests upon those who know the fact of spirit return, and yet refuse to let their light shine while they prefer to walk in darkness, and sustai churches and teachers of error.

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

CORNELIA GARDNER.

I left my home one sunny morning in the spring to visit a sick friend on the "east side." On stepping outside the gate. I could not move in the direction intended. I waited, and was asked to go to the house of a friend who is somewhat mediumistic. On opening the door she exclaimed. "Oh! I am so glad you have come. C.S. is dying with consumption and wants to see you. He belongs to——Church (naming a prominent Episcopal Church). The rector called out did not tell him anything. H

asked me to have you come if you would I remembered the young man, as he had attended several parlor meetings of mine at the house of a friend. I found him living with a widowed mother and sister, the latter a high churchwoman, who bitterly opposed his talking with any one but "our rector." The hour of conversation and answering questions was an interesting one to me. At his request I joined hands with him and his mother a few moments. We sang that beautiful hymn by J. G.

I sometimes have dreams of a bright summer land. With its pearl tinted-temples of gold,—

and with an invocation I left him, with many thanks for "the comfort given," and with face aglow with the spiritual light within. The sister reported to the rector, but he came too late to prove to the young man the crime he had committed in listening to such heresy. He had entered the "Gate Beauti ful" where ministerial anathemas avail not, for have assurances of his finding things "Just as you told me." I have ample proof that the mother does not attend church as often as she did, and is, in the quietude of her home learning of her loved ones, not lost but gone before, of the better land she, too, will soon enter.

I could give you many such incidents did space and time permit, where not only have the shadows been chased from the dark valley, but of lives enriched by a knowledge of our Philosophy, and in many a home the burdens of life are lighter to be borne by this knowledge and the incoming mental illumination it bears to all who are ready for its

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. An Excellent Test.

JULIA M. CARPENTER.

Rochester, N. Y.

Becalling the many instances that have occurred in my own experience, which seems to me to demonstrate beyond question the fact that we are act- in all good wishes for you and yours. He was a ually in communication with our loved ones gone loving husband, an affectionate father and a devoted before, I remember one that happened during the | friend and just Judge, and as such is now reaping war. A family living in the town of Essex, Mass., the reward of such a beautiful rounded out life as received one day sad tidings of the death of their son. His name was on the list of those who had fallen in battle and the heart-broken parents. being believers in Spiritualism, came at once | bring much of joy and comfort to you and yours; to me, hoping to receive a message from the and may you look forward; to the rich reward loved one. What was our astonishment when a communication, of which this is the substance, was written through my hand by my guide: "We cannot give you a message from the person you call for. He is not in the Spirit-world." And sure enough, within a few hours there came a telegram stating that the son was alive and well! It chanced that the person killed bore the same name and belonged to the same regiment, hence the mistake.

The parents came to me expecting to hear from their son whom they supposed to be in spirit-life. I sat down to try to obtain the communication with my mind fully impressed with the same idea. I believe that a spirit controlled my hand to write what was written,—don't you?

Col. Bundy, you are making a hard fight against heavy odds, but it is in a most glorious cause, and it | not expecting to find either the trap door or the | ants. As one approached, he seized it in his jaws must be that you will win. I know that the heavenly | books. I cleared away the rubbish and to my sur- and threw it off the stalk. The ants, seeing that hosts are with you, and it does seem as if all men prise discovered a door about a foot square; with the caterpillar had too strong a position for them. and wonen who love truth will do all they can to | trembling hands and tearful eyes I raised it, and | resorted to strategy. They began sawing through uphold your hands and give you "heart of hope" in there were the books. On questioning my little boy he the grass stalk. In a few moments the stalk fell your wearisome but most noble and grand work. owned that he had been absent for two weeks from and hundreds of ants pounced upon the caterpillar Heartily wishing you god-speed with merry Christ- school. mas and Happy New Year, I am, yours for the

181 Warren Avenue, Boston, Dec., 1888.

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

An esteemed correspondent, W. A. T. writes as follows: "Can any substance be permanently materialized by a spirit? Hudson Tuttle has an article in the JOURNAL of Dec. 1st, calling in question the claim of the permanent materialization of hair or, in fact, any substance. It seems to me that Mr. Tuttle's conclusions are correct, but other claims are made by noted writers on Spiritualism that are just as unreasonable under our state of knowledge as the "hairclaim" of Prof. Wallace. Is it not as reasonable that hair can be permanently materialized, as it is to suppose that slate pencils, or pigments used in paintings, can be? Surely the particles of the pencil remain in permanent contact with the slate, and the pigments remain in the picture. In other words, if a spirit can produce a pencil between locked slates, and by marking on said slates leave its particles thereon when no pencil was therein placed by human hands, or produce the material or any part thereof used in producing a painting, why not compound hair as claimed by Prof. Wallace? I

HUDSON TUTTLE'S REPLY. What Spiritualism demands as the science of life, as a demonstrated philosophy, is accurately observed and recorded facts. All that is requisitte is a sportive play of imagination, to build theories on half-observations and assertions passing for facts. With all deference to those who maintain that paintings are executed without paint and a slate pencil materialized to write. I hold that such manifestations are prima facta evidence of fraud. They prove too much. They are exactly parallel to the materialization of bair under discussion, and any explanation applicable to one is equally to the others. There is little use of discussing the so-called facts until they are proved to be such. They are extraordinary, outside of ordinary experience, and must be surrounded by extraordinary safeguards. They cannot be accepted on the ipse dixit of any one, however enthusiastic or positive. In point of fact, the more positive the writers in their assertions of such phenomena, the more doubtful their testimony.

The materializations of paints, pencils and hair so far transcends human experience that the burden of proof rests on those who make this claim and the evidence must be clear and flawless in exact proportion to the extraordinary character of the

Until the so-called facts are thoroughly established by irrefragable evidence. I do not feel called on to make them exceptions to the rule, and assuredly they are far from being established by such evi-

It was a sad day for Spiritualism when the abnormal craving for gross forms of manifestations was answered by this materialistic phase, which has gone on, becoming more and more daring and unblushing, calling the attention away from the vital aspects of the real spiritual manifestations The demand has constantly increased for more and more incredible feats of jugglery until detection and shame have overtaken the daring tricksters. In exact ratio as this jugglery has flourished, has true and honest mediumship declined. The incredible, the impossible, was sought after, while the real was neglected. If colors were materialized it would be strong argument in favor of hair also being so completely formed as to remain. If it be proved that they have been, my statement would demand revision. To expunge it, and write unqualified accept ance of the claims of all materializations, would be the greatest of pleasures, had I the evidence, for every fact which supports and strengthens Spiritualism is delightful to receive. I am certainly prejudiced in that direction, and await the proofs Until they come, it is folly to speculate and theorized

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Cultivating The Good-Eucouraging Words.

CLARA A. BOBINSON.

As the year rolls round bringing us again near the holiday season, we are reminded that we are one year nearer the end of our earthly existence than we were twelve months since; and that some of us (according to nature's law) have but little longer to stay on this sphere. Believing as we do that our status in the next life depends upon the progress in knowledge and goodness we have made in this, how necessary it is that we should do all in our power to gain knowledge, to cultivate the good within us by trying in every way to benefit humanity and add to the spiritual gifts which we possess. To be a true Spiritualist we need more than the mere belief in the phenomena; that is but a small part of what is required of us. As I look at it, our spirit friends only use that to arrest our attention to the subject, hoping thereby to bring us nearer to them and to impress us to live true, pure, upright lives that we may be prepared to enter where they are, as well as to impress those with whom we mingle that Spiritualism, if lived up to, is really of benefit to humanity, and that it is really the want of spirituality that leads many who profess to be Spiritualists to live deceitful, unholy and impure lives. Believing as we do that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAI under the efficient management of its talented edi itor, aided by a corps of co-workers, is an able exponent of advanced Spiritualism; that he is untiring in his efforts to place before the thinking world Spiritualism as it is. as well as his earnest endeavors to sift the wheat from the chaff,—I think we should all, with one accord put our shoulders to the wheel and help him. It may not be in the power of all to do so financially, but the least we can do is to strengthen his hands and gladden his heart, by bringing to the Journal our best thoughts—speaking good words for it among our friends, and those with whom we mingle as occasion may offer. I we have already done this, let us continue the good work; if we have not already done so, let us resolve this direction, that our good brother Bundy may be aided in his noble effort to place Spiritualism in its best and truest light before the people.

Whether you will find the accompanying communication legible enough to read, or not, I do no know. It has been so long since Dr. Cone has tried to control my hand, he does not do as well as he used to; however. I send it to you just as it came to to me, leaving you to make what disposition of it

DEAR BROTHER BUNDY: Will a few words from our side of life be out of place in your boliday sheet? May I, as spokesman for many in this life, assure you of our continued approval of your course in conducting your paper? We can see, perhaps, better than yourself the amount of good it is doing for the cause of Spiritualism. You have our hearty co-operation: you also have our sympathy in all the trials you in the course of your editorial career are subject ito. Believe me, dear brother, all of the latter only serves to strengthen and broaden your life, though it may not add to its sweetness. A newly arisen brother stands by myside, who unites with us was his. He is accompanied by a friend who passed to spirit life before he died, giving his name as I Josiah Moulton. May the coming years, dear brother. awaiting all well-doers when they enter spirit life. Your Spirit Brother, SPENCER H. CONE.

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

One afternoon in October I was lying on my couch, but not 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 one would mount his back and bite him. The caterin his playhouse, in the floor you will find a trap door, and beneath it are his books." This information gave me quite a shock, for I had got him ready and started for school in time each day.

I obeyed the voice and went to the play house, Omro. Wis.

he comes before.—South.

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. Tirrell, Church & Co, of Boston, have received

from one of their customers in Utah, a potato which weighs three pounds fifteen ounces. Portuguese sailors have a custom of dressing their ship in mourning on Friday, and of scourging and hanging an effigs of Judas at the yardarm.

A Texan who is blind, deaf, crippled and savage offered \$1,000 to any woman who would marry him, and he received nine applicants in two weeks. A calf jumped on the pilot of a rapidly moving train on the Southern Pacific, and rode nine miles, till the car stopped. It then ecampered off about its

The Brooklyn bridge is vindicating its usefulness. During the past twelve months 33,116,816 people have passed over it, of whom 2,785 533 walked across and the rest went in the cars.

An unscrupulous dentist of Paris, after chloroforming a patient, with the proposed intention of extracting a tooth, robbed the helpless sufferer of \$1,000 in money and then decamped.

There is a bronze group of a lioness and her cubs in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, that is an object of terror to every horse driver near it. so realistic is the sculptor's work. Last week it caused six runaways and the park commissioners have, therefore, ordered its removal.

Syracuse University has no "fast set," but if has troubles of another kind. The freshmen recently organized a prayer meeting association and failed to invite the sophomores to be present. This made some of the sophomores mad, and they have been trying to break up the devotional meetings of the freshmen.

Southbridge, Massachusetts, has the largest spectacle factory in the world, and the largest Young Men's Christian Association in the world in proportion to its size. More than three-fourths of he gold spectacles and eye-glasses made in this country are made in Southbridge, one company alone in that town having turned out 1,500,000 pairs

The process of whitening sugar was discovered in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was noticed that wherever her tracks were the sugar was whitened. Experiments were instituted, and the result was that wet clay came to be used in refining

An enormous number of animals are killed in Siberia yearly for their fur. At the last summer fair of Irbit, which is a market for only a part of the furs exported from Siberial no less than 3.180,000 skins of squirrels were offered for sale. Of other varieties there were 11.000 blue fox. 140.000 marmot 30,000 polecat, 10,000 badger, 1,300,000 hare, and 2,-

A Norwegian wood chopper near Carson City, Nev., made an ingenious use of an accident. He discovered a leak in one of the mains of the water company, where a jet was forced out under enormous pressure. After experimenting he found that this would cut wood equal to a fine saw, so he set to work and now makes handsome brackets of choice woods which find a ready sale.

It is proposed to abolish the Yeomen of the Guard. or "Beef Eaters," as they are better known, whose picturesque appearance is familiar to every American who has visited the Tower or Windsor Castle. The Yeomen are all non-commissioned officers, pensioned and decorated, who have served the country long and well. They get £50 a year each, a sort of special service pension.

On the lower Sinclaw, in Oregon, last month, a party of hunters and their dogs brought a bear to bay in a thicket. John Schwartz, one of the party rushed into the thicket and killed the bear. In the meantime George Montgomery came up, and, seeing Schwartz's black coat mistook it for the bear and shot, the ball passing through Schwartz's body near the short ribs. He cried out that he was shot and Montgomery sprang to his aid, but he died in a few

In Wellington, New Zealand, a diver who had gone down some thirty feet to place some blocks for a pier foundation, was attacked by a devil fish that succeeded in fastening on him, and, in spite of all his struggles, pinned him to one of the piles of a retaining wall. The diver, however, had the good sense to remain quiet, and the devil fish, whose arms measured quite nine feet, quitting his hold of the pile, was brought to the surface on the back of the diver and killed. These monsters are reported to be very numerous in Wellington Harbor.

It is estimated there are now in Europe, Asia, the United States, and Canada about fifty institutions for the education of feeble-minded children. These all originated, says a Western writer, in the effort of Edward Seguin, a French physician, who exactly fifty years ago gave up a brilliant career and devoted himself to the cure and restoration of these unfortunates He discovered and taught that idiocy is not the result of deficiency of the brain nor malformation, but is the result of an arrested development, occurring at any stage before, at or after birth. In his own school be succeeded in counteracting this arrest of development and in restoring to society about 75 per

cent. of his pupils. The Argentine Republic is forging ahead at a tremendous pace. The only parallel is to be found in the history of the United States. There has been a steady emigration from Europe flowing into the country for the last five years. What the American Union is to the Teutonic races of Europe the Argentine Confederation is to the Latin races. Although from this time out we will do all in our power in | the population is only 4,000,000, its borrowing capacity is equaled only by the liberality of European capitalists, and the money markets of the old world have been seriously disturbed. Since the year 1881 no less than \$425,000,000 was borrowed, of which \$175,000 was obtained last year. The ease with which money has been obtained has led to feverish speculation, and a crash is anticipated.

> Women who are recognized customers at certain stores are actually known to have dresses sent home in order to wear them to a photographer's, says the Providence Journal. They are known to borrow hats, artificial flowers, or feathers for use at a party, or for decorating their own parlors when they give a party. They order portieres, bric-a-brac, pictures, everything that can be imagined, for use at home on special occasions, always saying that they want to get their husband's opinions or consent before purchasing. They have suits sent home to try on their children, as they say, but in reality to dress their children for Sunday-school exhibitions, or whatever they want them to appear at their best in. They actually borrow dresses to be married in!

Anunusual legal proceeding is attracting the Hebr w circles of Bondout, N.Y. The action is brought by Rev. Mr. Wolfberger, pastor of one of the synagogues, against Isaac and Jacob Kingsburg to recover \$30 for services rendered as rabbi in saying prayers for the repose of the soul of the father of the defendants, who died a few months ago: for teaching the Kingsburg brothers the Hebrew prayer for the dead and for preparing an inscription to be placed on the tombstone of their deceased parent. The elder Kingsburg was a devout believer in the orthodox Jewish faith. The sons are not strict religionists, and were unfamiliar with the prayers and rites, hence it became necessary to receive instruction after their father's death. The defendants claim that the services were of no value.

A traveler in South Africa reports seeing a caterpillar crawling at a rapid pace, followed by hundreds of ants. Being quicker in their movements. the ants would catch up with the caterpillar, and pillar would turn his head and bite the ant and kill his tormentor. After slaughtering a dozen or more of his persecutors the caterpillar showed signs of fatigue. Betaking himself to a stalk of grass, the caterpillar climbed up tail first, followed by the He was killedat once

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, who is lecturing on Spiritualism down East, declares that men stand in Modesty is a kind of shame or bashfulness pro- the pulpit without candor, and that she has no hope ceeding from the sense a man has of his own de- of ideas of justice ever reaching the public till fects compared with the perfections of him whom | women are in the body politic and the manners of the parlor invade the editorial sanctum.

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; We've lived and loved with hand and heart Through stormy skies and pleasant weather.

When first we met in life's rough way, Ah! me, how well do I remember! All seemed as fair and bright as May, And now 'tis dreary, cold December.

Your days have passed, as days must pass, When the clouds and sunshine intermingle; We cannot have all smiles,—alas! For joys and tears will oft commingle. You came to us with happy song,

Or as the bright bird swiftly flying; With you we've sped life's path along, But now, Old Year, you're fading, dying. With falling tears we say "Farewell!" Your happy days have gone forever: Your me mories still with us shall dwell

Like sunbeams glinting on life's river. For the Religic-Philosophical Journal. 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. He theorizes and judges. I investigate and know. The patronizing air and the sneer are lost on me. I have found and secured great treasure; am rich; a bundred times a millionaire! What do I care for the upstart who considers me a pauper; and what riches—an absolute certainty that death does not end all; voices of friends of other days calling back out of the deep night assuring us that they still live; proof positive that humanity is not drifting toward some terrific cataclysm; that the trend of the race is upward toward better things; that the millennium is no dream but a sure prophecy, and no guess work, no uncertainty, no cracked link in the chain.

Indeed, I pity Mr. 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. He has warred with fact. Time and again he has told the world of victory, and shouted, and set the world to shouting. The discovery of a piece of mosquito netting, or a particularly industrious toe-joint was announced by him as the end; but the truth has gone smilingly ou its way, with a perfectly becoming indifference to the world's talk.

Is it to live, this that is called Spiritualism? Well, it looks as though it might. It does not seem to be much the worse for its tussle with the steam printing press, certainly; nor has the orthodox pulpit damaged it. These are considered to be rather potent forces, and from the first they have done their utmost to strangle the movement, and surely Spiritualism has had no end of foes within its own household. The medium of yesterday is the exposer of to-day. Besides there have been enough masks, lace, and other paraphernalia stripped from professional materializers to stock a dozen theatres; finally, Maggie Fox's toe-joint and confession, and yet Spiritualism lives. It grows, spreading like leaven through the world. Had it not been based on the truth the press would have killed it; or the pulpit alone might have done it. But for its rock foundation, the fraudulent medium and her dupes would have destroyed it long ago. The fact stands, because it is a fact. These are chinks in the partition wall that divides the two worlds. This world is listening. It hears. It knows. There can be no mistaking the voice, the words, the meaning. In quiet city homes, in far away hamlets, everywhere there is inquiry and response. The tide comes in and no human device can arrest its coming. Results are seen in much needed modifications in religious belief, larger charity, a growing faith in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Spiritualism for some reason does not crystallize. It builds no material monuments to itself. It does build into this age, and its philosophy, based on fact, is the noblest ever presented to man.

Genteel Quacks. "Yes, it pays," said a big, fat physician, with a name which is known throughout the medical world. "I have a practice worth \$40,000 a year." "Women"? "Yes, you've guessed it first time. They pay \$10 every time they come into my office. When one gets on my list I tell you she stays"! and Dr. H. ----- laughed long and loud. This is quackery-gilt-edged, genteel quackery-to keep suffering woman paying tribute year in and year out, and doing them no good. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the peculiar weaknesses and diseases of women. It does not lie to them nor rob them.

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tific exposition of a stupendous subject and should

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Unselfish people are always polite because good manners are only the absence of selfishness. When a man has no good reason for doing a

thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone. There is nothing so strong or safe, in any emergency of life, as the simple truth.—Charles Dickens. Love doth seldom suffer itself to be confined by other matches than those of its own making.— Bogle.

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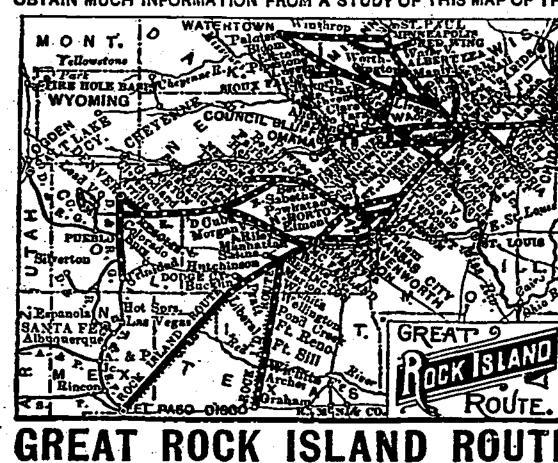
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WAGONS, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES AND SLEIGHS, HOBART, Ind., May 24, 1888. Universal Remedy Co., LaFayette, Ind. Gentlemen:—I received yours of 23d yesterday. In reco, and permit me to say to all persons who have contracted the bad habit of chewing tobacco, if they make up their minds to stop they can do so by obtaining your Notobac medicine. Previous to my taking your medicine my appetite was poor; now I can eat any thing without any bad effect. Yours respectfully.

M. W. JORY.

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E. D. PIERCE.

EDITORIAL ROOMS LAFAYETTE DAILY JOURNAL. LAFAYETTE, 1nd., March 6, 1888. Universal Remedy Co.

Gentlemen:—For six years prior to January 30, 1888, I was an inveterate smoker. On that date I gave up my cigar for Notobac. The effect was surprising and almost magical. Whenever I felt a desire to smoke I would place one of those tablets in my mouth and the desire would banish instantly. I continued this method until the contents of two boxes of Notobac were used. I have no desire to smoke now, and do not use this wonderful remedy. Notobac has done me an immensity of good, and I consider it one of the greatest productions and blessings ever presented the public. Yourstruly, CHAS. A. SMITH, Universal Remedy Co. City Editor LaFayette Journal.

Notobac Did Just What You Claim-One-halfa Box Cured Mc, and I Gave a Portion of the Balancto a Friend of Mine, and He Is Cured Also. LYELL, Hickman Co., Tenn., Aug. 1, 1887.
Universal Remedy Co., LaFayette, Ind.
Gentlemen:—I take pleasure in writing a few lines to say that your Notobac did just what you claimed for it.
I only used one-half box and it entirely cured me, and I gave the balance of the box to a friend of mine, who had been useing tobacco for ten years, and he used about half and reported himself entirely cured. I still have a small portion of the box, which I will preserve as a memento. Yours truly,

T. J. BRADY. Cured of the Tobacco Habit, and My General Health Has Been Greatly Improved. DONNELSVILLE, Clark Co., O. Universal Remedy Co., LaFayette, Ind.

Gentlemen:—I take pleasure in advising you that I have used Notobac with the best result. It has not only cured me of the tobacco habit, but greatly improved " my health. I also think your pills, the "Universal, the best I have ever taken. S. B. KINGORE. Chewed and Smoked for Fifty Years—Notobac Cured Me and Greatly Improved My Health. Cured Me and Greatly Improved My Health.

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Gentlemen:—I received a pox of your weeks ago and commenced to use it according to directions, and I am glad to inform you that it completely destroyed the desire for tobacco. I have been a slave to the cigarette habit for over five years. I found that it was injuring my health and tried a hundred times to break myself, but failed until I used one box of your Notobac and it cured me. Wishing you the great success you deserve, I am yours truly, JNO. M. RINICK.

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Used Tobacco Forty-five Years—The Desire Com-pletely Eradicated With Two Boxes of Notobac— Would Not Be Back in the Habit Again for Hunply will say, I intended to write you a few days ago, thanking you for being public benefactors. I have been a constant chewer of Tobacco thirty-three years; when I saw your ad. I thought it another of those catch-penny articles we so often see in n. wspapers. I suffered so much from indigestion and nervousness, caused, as I believe, from the excessive use of the dirty weed called tobacco, that I decided to send for a box of the Notobac. I received it May 6, 1888, and took it according to directions; now I nave no desire for tobacco and would say that I would not be back in the habit of using tobacco again and not know of yor cure for using tobacco again and not know of yo r cure for hundreds of dollars. I am now sixty-six years of age, and during the past twenty years have tried every antiootal have heard of. I also think Notobac an excellent constitutional treatment. Enclosed please find \$5.00, for which you can send me by mail one-half dozen boxes, as I wish to give them away to some of my friends. Yours truly

friends. Yours truly, Notobac in My Case Was Almost Miraculous—I Would Advise All Who Want to Be Cured of the Tobacco Habit to Try It. OREGON, Ill., July 27, 1887. Universal Remedy Co, LaFayette, Ind.

Gentlemen:—It is with great pleasure that I write to
you concerning the use your Notobac, and I wish to you concerning the use your Notobac, and I wish to say, in the start, I have used tobacco for many, many years. I have tried many times to stop the use of it; I failed every time until I procured and use I some of your Notobac, and now it has been six months since I desired to use tobacco in any form. I do not intend to ever use it again. The desire for tobacco, and its unpleasant effects upon the nervous system, has been entirely destroyed. I recommend it to one and all who are slaves to the tobacco habit. Notobac surpassed my most sanguine expectations, in fact, its action in my case was almost miraculous, and I would say to one and all, who are addicted to the tobacco habit and want to be cured—try it. Yours truly, AMOS SAILSBURY. One Box Notobac Cured Me of the Habit of Many Years' Standing. EGYPT, Monroe Co., N. Y.

Universal Remedy Co., In Fayette, Ind.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find \$1.0 for which please send one box of Notobac for a friend of mine.
One box of your Notobac cured me of the tobacco habit of many years' standing. Yours truly,

J. O. LEOPOLD. One and a Half Boxes Notobuc Cured Me of the To-bacco Habit of Ten Years' Standing—I Also Have Two Friends Whe Used Notobac Upon My Recommendation and They Are Cured. PLEASANT VALLEY, Tex., July 27, 1887. Universal Remedy Co., LaFayette, Ind. Universal Remedy Co., LaFayette, Ind.

Gentlemen:—I write to you concerning your cure for the tobacco habit, and would say that I was addicted to the use of the terrible weed, and noticing your advertisement I thought I would try it and ordered a box, not expecting to reap any benefit. I thought it would be like all the other remedies I had heretofore tried, a humbug. I had used tobacco for ten years an 1 made many ineffectual attempts to quit the habit, but could not do it until I used your Notobac. One and one-half boxes cured me and now, after six months, I am able to say that the desire for tobacco was entirely destroyed within ten days after I commenced the use of Notobac, and I have never had the least desire for it since.

I have two friends who, upon my recommendation.

I have two friends who, upon my recommendation, ordered Notobac, and they have been cured. They say they have no desire for tobacco at all. Very truly, your friend. Cigarette Habit Cured. GIDDINGS, Tex., March 7, 1887.

Gentlemen:—Ireceived a box of your Notobac a few weeks ago and commenced to use it according to direc-

The only medicine in the world that will effectually destroy the appetite for Tobacco and eliminate the poisonous effect of the nicotine from the system. PRICE, \$1 a Box. or 8 Boxes for \$2.50. Three boxes guaranteed to cure when used according to the simple directions. For sale by druggists generally or sent by mail, prepaid, upon receipt of price, stamps or postal note. Address THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY CO., Box G La Fayette, Indiana.

Mexico's Great Shrine. (Continued from First Page.)

which the Mexicans call labrada al temple. My limited knowledge of art does not enable me to describe it or give the Euglish 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. The fact appears to be that on three different occasions, in three different ages, commissions composed of the ablest artists and men of learning and character were appointed to make an examination and report under oath. In each case the report was the same, and on no point did they more strongly agree than as to the fact that four distinct kinds of exhibition. painting were plainly visible on the canvas. The most notable of these commissions took place in the middle of the last century and was presided over by the great painter, Miguel Cabrera, with whom were associated also two other distinguished artists, José de man of the highest character as well as a en and the circle of cherubs was added to the hard-earned dollars of their pitiable vic- that I ran and jumped over the fence, not terest, and will be viewed from various great painter. The conviction left upon him ing was miraculous. He declared no human painter could have executed what he saw, and he confirmed the existence of the four kinds of paintings. "The union or conjunction of these four"-I quote his own words in his sworn report—"is something unheard of; something that no artist has ever attempted on one single canvas....These kinds are so distinct that each requires a separate and different preparation, and finding no preparation whatever in this painting makes their combination still more marvellous on the one canvas. For me this is an argument so strong that it convinces me that this painting is miraculous.... Very well do I understand how impossible it is by any human means to harmonize four distinct kinds of painting demanding preparations so differ-

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 dulity of the world. another place, "that it is impossible to suppose it a human work. Its originality of conception and execution and the extraordinary artistic effects produced, not only be any theory of supernatural work. But the youd the power of artists but in defiance of sincere faith of millions of people is not to the very rules of art, place it altogether above human origin."

Ibarra, who declares also that no artist ever succeeded in making an exact copy. Even til oiled paper was used. But no one has ever succeeded in the attempt to imitate the conjunction of the four kinds of painting on one canvas, nor to reproduce the colors and shades and extraordinary effects. One of these effects alone may be noted in the gold and exquisite gilding, which are of such unique types that when first seen the gold appears to have been laid on in powder, but closer examination shows that it is incorporated with the woof of the cloth.

kinds of painting, and, according to the experts who have made a critical examination of the picture, the head and hands are in oil colors. the tunica or dress, as well as the cherub and the clouds that serve as a fringe or border, in distemper; the manta, or cloak, which also serves as a veil, in water colors, pears to be in the other form of distemper | known to the world. called "labrada al tempie."

Any artist who doubts this assertion can satisfy himself by a critical examination. UNKNOWN COLORING SUBSTANCES.

Another strange feature appears to be the fact that the most minute expert investiga tion 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. "This is most evident." says Cuevas, "in the guilding (el dorado). By human means it is not possible to obtain metallic lustre (refiejo) without metallic substances prepared in one form or another, and yet in this painting the effect is produced without any metallic substance, so far as can be detected."

Again the same author, Cuevas (to whose little books I have been much indebted in my researches), writes thus: "With a single color it is impossible to obtain different colors, that is to say, different degrees of the same color or colors essentially different, with one single color. In the picture of 'Our Lady of the Guadalupe,' as has been seen for ages, the colors that it displays are indefinable, and this is because they really a highly respectable and reputable lady. or a dream, she replied as follows: form a diversity of colors under one base of coloration. It cannot be explained or understood, but it is a fact that the cloak is blue | capacity of stewardess in a vessel comand green at the same time; the tunica pink | manded by Captain Flinn, the said vessel and violet; the face brown, pearl and leaden gray, and in each of these colors is observed at the same time many shades or degrees of as subsequently transpired, to minister to themselves. This effect cannot be ascribed to the light over the glass which protects the painting, nor to the light over the picture itself, because it is visible with or without the away the Captain's affections from his wife. glass, and remains no matter by what light the picture is viewed.....Were it possible to make a complete analysis of the constituent elements of the rose it might be found perhaps that with them alone the miraculous

image has been painted." By this Cuevas means that with the natural colors of the roses gathered by the Indian, Juan Diego, the Virgin painted her own got her out to sea. image on his tilma. I now come to my

Fourth proposition, namely, the extraordinary preservation of the painting. For 357 years it has been in existence and under the eyes of the Mexican people. During that period many other pictures have come and gone, destroyed by the salt vapors with which the air is impregnated from Lake Tez coco, and by the variable temperature to which the region is exposed. The natural conditions are all adverse, and yet this picture is clear and distinct in colors and wonderfully preserved after more than three centuries and a half of existence, while no other painting has endured in the same place for more than one hundred years. One can well see that it is old. very old. but, what is again remarkable, it is both old and young at the same time. The colors are bright and fresh. though the cloth or canvas looks old and faded. Most paintings of great age decay uniformly throughout, the lustre dims, the colors fade and the cloth wears out in spite of all the precautions known to art. Not so is it with this remarkable picture. Nature has not made it pay the usual penalties. Time has dealt lightly with it, only encroaching on the feeble ayate or cloth, feeble enough in its youth, but still firmer to-day, more cohesive, than many a canvas after, fifty years of service. Why is this? From what cause has this one painting enjoyed such singular exemptions? No one has been able to explain it on any known principle of art.

A TEST.

picture, was allowed to have it copied by and turned out by the landlady, whose cre- ed to get before the river froze over. He told swung to and closed itself, leaving Mr. Donoriginal as the best artists could make it. Psyche, kneeling at the ethereal throne, would bring me some bitter-sweet berries. hands, but solely to the natural effects of lister to light in the City Hall Records.

Another curious proof may be stated. At resplandor of rays in order to represent the homage of the celestial beings to the Queen had to be blotted out altogether.

the material is flimsy and easily destroyed. Heman B. Fay," a business which has been | not believe us, but came and looked for himexplanation.

I might go much deeper into this subject, ly no comment is necessary. but it would require more space than I feel warranted in occupying. It seems to me that I have as briefly as possible established the points I advanced at the outset. My aim has been simply to place this remarkable picture in a proper light before the American people. Whatever it may be, whatever its origin, no one after a real examination can pronounce it a fraud—a mere device of a crafty priesthood to practise a huge imposture on the cre-

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 be lightly ridiculed, and millions of Mexicans of the Indian race as firmly believe in The perfection of the drawing amazed the divine origin of the sacred painting of Guadalupe as they do in the rising and setting of the sun. And certainly in their case the perfect outlines could not be obtained un- faith is founded upon facts strong enough to incident may be doubted. He will use his own embarrass the most learned.

In conclusion, I would like to express a desire through your columns to hear the reasons of intelligent people in explanation of the singular facts I have tried to place before the public in as simple a manner as possible. I have given the conclusions of experts as getting in each and every case to enclose a stamp been a wonder to her that all three of them well as my own observation, and their evi- for reply—who will aid so far as possible to obtain should hear the footsteps and recognize the everything claimed by Mr. Walters. dence at least is not to be slighted. Peritis | the same.—EDITOR JOURNAL]. in arte credendum. If there are any good American artists or other people whose judg-But I have said there are four distinct | ment is entitled to respect ready with explanations, no doubt the public will be glad to receive them. Perhaps some American artist has examined the picture and can speak from personal observation. If the painting is really supernatural in the opinion of experts. the world should know it. If, on the other hand, it is only a clever trick, there and the field over which fall the rays ap- is still more reason for making the fact T. B. CONNERY. New York, December 15, 1888.

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.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: As so many inquiries are being made as to the character and antecedents of Mrs. Heman B. Fay, of 62 West Newton St., Boston, the notorious swindling materializing medium, I have taken the trouble to extract from the files of the Court here, certain sworn testimony of Mrs. Flinn, who was a leading witness in a recent action which was the outcome of Mrs. Fay's disgraceful exposure a year ago, and with the husband of whom, Captain Flinn, a part of Mrs. Fay's life is somewhat conspicuously identified. Mrs. Flinn now resides at Chatham, Mass., and we have been careful to ascertain that she is

Here is her story in substance: Mrs. Fay came from Holland, in the mock carrying no passengers, and therefore the position of stewardess being a sinecure, except the Captain's whims during the voyage. Her name was then Bertha Meisch. On arrival in this country she succeeded in stealing who was a true woman, and unwavering in her fidelity to her husband until the last. Bertha, however, appropriated her place at table, took his arm in the presence of his wife, and jeering at her before him. boastfully plumed herself on having transferred his affections, and on one occasion threatened the terrified woman with a pistol if she ever

Mrs. Flinn, poor soul, remained persistent in her endeavors to recover the fast waning affections of her spouse, but to no avail, for he deserted her for his Bertha, and so this villainous, unprincipled creature succeeded in forever blasting the happiness of the Flinn home, for the Captain was not proof against her vulgar fascinations. Bertha now announces herself as Mrs. Flinn, though, mark you, she was never married to him, for his wife was never divorced and as we have seen, is now living at Chatham, Mass. Shortly after this the Captain was lost at sea; and in this connection Bertha made some pretty spiritualistic play, for long after she had received proof that Captain Flinn was drowned she gave out to a confiding believer (now a resident of Hyde Park, Mass.) that she knew she would never see him again, as he had come to her in spirit form, and strewn her bedquilt with materialized flowers! Thus she

claimed the gift of prophecy. Mrs. Flinn, in its essentialness. We next sent a copy of the Journal containing the hear of Mrs. Fay as practicing her swindling | report of that case to his niece in Northfield, wiles at a house at the south end of Boston, and gathering in her hell-born net an old Minn. In a letter dated Nov. 21st, 1888, she widower, Heman B. Fay by name. Her stock | 8898:

Tezcoco having quickly rendered the canvas of shame, for she has been twice publicly ex- home. When my husband came home at supmouldy, ash-colored and altogether unfit for posed within as many years (at the last of per time, he went into the yard to split some which exposures I was present), and her mach-kindling. I followed him to tell him about inations over the weak minded have enabled one time certain people who had the custody her to acquire a free title in her own name | was in her yard, when I suddenly heard | to no purpose. After a short time he retired, of the painting conceived the idea of improv- to the \$10,000 house on West Newton Street, some one walking in the path on the other and as before stated, arose Tuesday morning, ing (?) it by adding a circle of angels to the | where she still continues to swindle her sim- | side of our fence, and heard a cough that was | went to work, and fifteen minutes after conple-minded adherents.

Boston, Mass. SHAMAN.

COINCIDENCES.

The series of coincidents 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 | died from the cold and exposure statement of the same to J. E. Woodhead, 468 West Randolph St., Chicago, who has consented to revise and arrange them for the JOURNAL. He wishes date of occurrence, name, address and names of witnesses or corroborative testimony to be sent, not for publication but as evidence in case the report of any cojudgment in selecting those he considers pertinent, and also as to order and time of publication. They will be numbered consecutively, and those desiring any further information in regard to any one or more of them may address Mr. Woodhead—not for-

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. All the parties were well known to him; that he knew of it at the time, and the facts were corroborated by all the members of the family.

He said that in the fall of 1874 a man residing in Northern Vermont left his home under circumstances that caused his family to hope that he would never return; he was away for over a year, during which time his family had no communication with him. His brother received two or three letters. mailed from different parts of the country, but giving no address to which a reply could be

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. The next day, to the surprise and consternation of the family, he returned dressed as de-

On writing to the lady for further particulars, and also as to whether it was a vision

NOVEMBER 19th, 1888. J. E. WOODHEAD, Sir:-Your letter of Oct. 27th, received. I will reply as concisely as can. The circumstance occurred some ten or twelve years ago.—the exact date I have forgotten, but the vision I distinctly remember. The man had been away a year or more,

had been heard from a few times by letters posted at different places, but had not been heard from for some time before he came, and I knew nothing of his whereabouts. had at the time the incident or vision occurred been acquainted with the man thirty years or more. I do not remember whether I had been conversing with any one about him | ven Register: Relative to the death of that day or at any particular time prior, but | Patrick Donnelly, a joiner; who was killed at presume I had, as we often spoke of him. I | Pratt & Whitney's shop Tuesday morning by had been in bed a short time, but was not being struck in the abdomen with a piece of asleep, when I seemed to see a mass of rolling | planking hurled from a circular saw, the Postdarkness, as it looked to me, and in a short | tells the following story: time out of it appeared a train of cars. There | For years Mr. Donnelly has been deeply was nothing peculiar about the cars. I saw engaged reading the works of many of the the people in them, and in a little time I saw | great authors, and frequently while at home a familiar face. Looking a second time, the of an evening he has read aloud for his wife. man appeared as plainly and distinctly as I | Monday night he took down from one of the ever saw him. He was dressed in light shelves of his well-stocked library a poetical clothes, light felt hat, with gray mohair work. After reading several pretty selections ulster,—not the kind of clothes I had ever | he turned over the leaves and at last the eves seen him wear. I said in the morning to my | became fixed on a poem on "Death." It sister, "B. is coming home." She replied, struck his fancy and he began the reading of "How do you know?" I said, "I saw him last | it to his wife. He had not progressed very night coming on the cars," and described his | far when she stopped him with an earnest clothes to her. The next day he arrived gesture and begged him not to read any furdressed precisely as I saw him, and sister re- | ther. The poem oppressed her. He smiled at marked."Those are the clothes you described." her fears and closed the book, remarking that

as the man has a family. Yours respectfully,—

D. B. Fonds, M. D., of Jefferson, Ill., who re-In the above is the sworn evidence of poor | ported case No. 13, sends the following. He

Mexican, Don Jose Bartolache, who pooh-poo- plebeian as his human grasp by a pair of his boat to get a load of wood; it was getting the floor and out through the still open door. | way a pull sleep well and be better in the morning hed the alleged supernatural origin of the white cotton gloves. Here she was exposed | very cold, and it was the last load he intend- | She disappeared in the gloom, and the door |

Bartolache declared he would have it hung | warming the, fond bosom of unconquered | At two o'clock he did not come, but as he had up at Guadalupe and thus prove that it would love." He drew his clumsy bow, and the ar- often stayed away longer, his wife did not feel last as long as the original. His copy was row found mark in that portion of Bertha's uneasy, but I could not keep him out of my made and placed in the chapel of the "Pozi- organism, which in others is known as the mind, and at four o'clock could not stand it to" at Guadalupe. Before eight years it was heart. A license was taken out, and she any longer,—it seemed as if something told so completely defaced that it had to be re- married him under the assumed name of me he was in danger. I went over and told tion. moved from its position, a total failure! This | Mrs. Flinn, though strangely enough, the his wife how I felt. We wrapped ourselves was not due to the tampering of human most vigorous search fails to bring the reg. up warmly, and went along the shore half a mile, looking and hallooing, until it became went out to shut it. It was then I saw my the climate, the saline vapors from old Lake | This woman is of course lost to all sense | so dark we could not see, and then we went and appeared very much depressed. our search for Mr. Worden. Mrs. Worden peculiar, and I recognized it at once as Mr. | mencing his labors received the injury which Her husband, silver tongued Heman, is at | Worden's. My husband and Mrs. Worden | caused his death. Ibarra and Antonio Vallejo. Cabrera was a of Heaven. In an evil hour consent was giv- his post at the evening seances to collect also heard and recognized it. I was so glad the mysterious rays. But soon the circle tims. Whether he is more knave than waiting to open the gate. His wife also standpoints by many people, wholly on acby this solemn inspection was that the paint- of cherubs began to grow dim, and in a short | fool each reader shall decide for himself. | came to meet him, but there was no one time became such a disfigurement that it | Suffice it to say, however, that this man is a | there. He was the only person who used railroad conductor on the Boston and Albany | that path, and when we saw he was not The fact of the wretched quality of the Road, and it seems an anomalous condition | there, we were too thunderstruck to move. cloth itself must not be lost sight of in dis- of things that any trust where life and prop- My husband called out, and asked what uncussing the question of preservation. Of it erty are involved, should be vested in one cle Jim said, and why he was so late. We self, it should have perished long ago, for who publicly advertises in the name of "Mrs. replied he was not there. My husband would Why it has not thus perished must be ex- proved over and over again to be a low lived | self. My uneasy feelings left me. I told my | plained by those who scoff at the suggestion and cruel swindle; and this is the man and husband to go up in town, and get men, a of supernatural preservation. They offer no | woman, whom the Banner of Light so sed- | boat and lauterns, and look for him, but felt ulously endorses. O Tempora, O mores. Sure- | sure they would find him dead. My husband with J. R.—and John A. searched for him that night without success. The next morning my husband found the body on the shore opposite the Island. We learned afterward that some men loading wood on the river bank, saw him on the Island. He shouted to them that his boat had got away from him, and asked them to tell some one to come after him. Although they drove past Mrs. Worden's they did not tell anyone; said they forgot it. Mr. Worden swam from the Island to the shore, but in doing so he became so chilled and exhausted that he was able to crawl only a very short distance where he

In rely to the inquiries as to further particulars in regard to the case, she states:

She is not sure as to the date of the occurrence, but thinks it was in 1880. The man's name was James Worden, and his wife's name was Jane. The island had no special name, but was in a branch of the Wisconsin River, at Lone Rock, Wis. One of the men who went with her husband to search for Mr. W. is dead: the other one she believes is still living at Lone Rock. It has always cough.

James Freeman Clarke in one of his sermons reports the following:

"There was once a German nobleman who | cago. led a foolish and dissipated life; drinking, gambling and neglecting his vassals, his family and his affairs. He had a dream one night which vividly impressed him. He saw a figure looking at him with a serious face. and pointing to a dial where the hands marked the hour of IV. The figure looked at him sadly, and said these words, "After four!" and disappeared. The nobleman awoke in great terror, and thought that vision foreboded his speedy death. "After four!" What could it mean? It must mean that he was to die after four days, so he determined to set his house in order. He sent for the priest, and confessed his sins and received absolution. He sent for his family, and begged their forgiveness for his offences against them. He sent for his man of business, and arranged his affairs as well as he One morning a sister of the man's wife | could. He then waited for death. The four days passed, and he did not die. He then thought that, perhaps, the vision meant that he was to die after four weeks. He had a longer time for preparation; so he devoted these four weeks to making atonement for all the evil he had done in the world, and doing all the good he could. The four weeks passed and he was still alive. Then he thought it meant four months, and so he spent these four months in a more thorough repentance; he did all the good he could in that time on his estates; he found out all the poor and the sufferers, and he helped them. The four months passed, and he did not die. Then he said, "It is plain that the vision meant four years. I have four years to live: States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great let me do all the good I can in that time." So, during that four years, he gave all his thoughts and time to others: did all he could for his neighbors, his vassals, the poor; and also took useful and honorable part in public affairs. At the end of four years, instead of dying, he was chosen Emperor of Germany, and became one of the best Emperors that was ever elected. The expectation of death had taught him how to live.

Hartford (Conn.) Correspondence New Ha-

I would not like you to publish any names, he would do some writing before retiring. Bidding him good-night Mrs. Donnelly left the room.

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. Failing to hear the sound of its being closed, he came to the conclusion that it was his dog which had entered. Making a remark that he would have to teach the animal better manners, he started for the kitchen. He had barely enof spirits being at that time very lim- "Let me tell you of one thing that happened tered the room when, lifting his eyes, he being tered, Heman had to content himself with a when we lived in Lone Rock. We had for our held something which caused him to come to vis on of his departed wife, Addie, in the nearest neighbor an old couple by the name a halt. There in the middle of the apartsparse array of one of Bertha's dirty night of Worden; they were very poor. The old ment was an old woman, clad in dark gardresses, embellished only with a couple of woman used to go off washing, and I would ments, and about her stooping shoulders pieces of blue ribbon, and supplemented with go over and ask uncle Jim, as I used to call there fell the folds of a black shawl. Her a yard or two of flimsy spirit gauze, such as him, to come over and eat a warm dinner face was wan and pale and very sad. She is used by all materializing mediums to-day, with us. The old man used to go and chop lifted her gaunt hand and made a motion to- Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises. About a century ago a somewhat noted her digits being protected from anything so wood on the Island. One day he started in ward him, then turned, walked slowly across

skilful artists and under conditions as near- | dulity could not stand so severe a test. Not | his wife he would be back by two o'clock, and | nelly standing awe-stricken at the other end ly approaching as possible to the original. so, however, poor Heman, for we next hear asked to have dinner by that time. I was in of the room. In a moment he regained his That is to say, it was to be made as like the of him playing the part of Capid to "fair our yard when he started, and he said he 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 affrightened manner.

> She tried to persuade him that he was mistaken, but he rigidly adhered to his asser-

"I thought I heard the kitchen-door open," he said, "and thinking that it was the dog I mother. She was very pale and made a motion toward me with her uplifted hand." He then related the facts as above given,

His wife endeavored to cheer him, but all The case throughout is one of unusual in-

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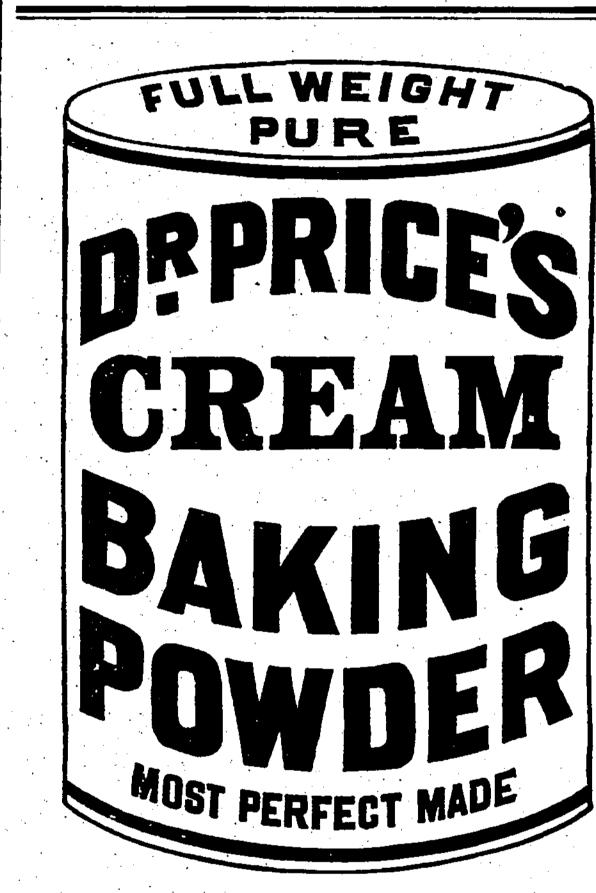
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