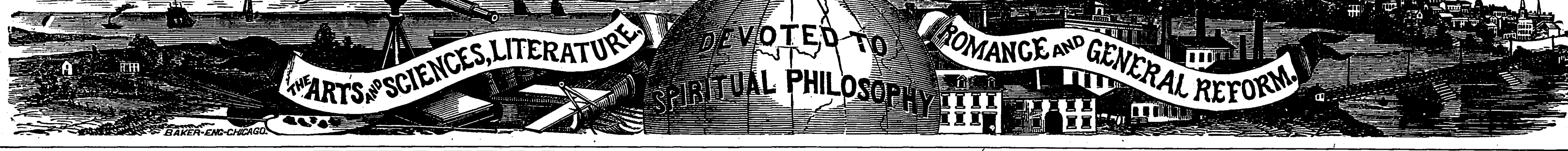


RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL



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

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

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

HEAVEN REVISED.

AND A VOICE SAID UNTO ME, "WRITE."

"It Shall be Given You in That Same Hour What Ye Shall Speak."

MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

CHAPTER X.

(Concluded.)

THE FIELD IS THE WORLD.

At last I have found my work. It was not appointed for me, as is so often done on earth. I did not even choose it, but I recognized it as my work, because, in spite of many misgivings, I have found myself specially suited to it; and as I begin to realize the scope of this work, how many things this realization makes plain which were obscure before. How it untangles the threads of life and shows a purpose and a plan where all heretofore has seemed purposeless. It is not my mission to be a ministering angel to the lost and wandering spirits in the lower and darker spheres. I am not yet pure enough and wise enough for that. But I have borne the burdens of humanity. I know what it suffers, and how it is tried and tempted. I know its battles with self. I have charity for its failures because I have myself failed as many times; and, thank the overruling love and goodness, I know something of its victories. I realize my kinship to this humanity, and with it lies my work. Yes, though my home is no longer there, but is eternal in the heavens, my labor is still upon earth. There I shall be permitted yet to do the many things which, through weariness or possibly disinclination, I left undone during my mortal existence. How grateful I am for this opportunity of setting right the wrongs for which he is responsible, repairing the failures and atoning for the errors of his past, as it is given to me.

I may not live my own life over again, but by the experiences of that life, gained through weariness and pain and bitter anguish, I may help and bless other lives. Lighten others' burdens, whisper words of wisdom into listening ears, and lay my hands in benediction upon those bowed down with trouble or affliction. Could any work be more welcome to me? Surely not, and gladly I go back to do it. I shall speak to you; through the hands of your mediums I shall write to you; I shall be with you in your labors; and in your hours of happiness and rest I shall still stand by you trying to lift your minds from things temporal to things spiritual. When temptation comes to you, I shall not desert you, but shall bid you be strong, and remain true to your better nature. But if you hear me not, and weakly yield, shall I turn away from you in contempt and scorn? No, a thousand times no! By my own sins have I learned that charity which overreth long; and in your hours of completest spiritual degradation shall I strive to come nearest you, clasping my arms about you in a loving pity, and seeking to bring you back to your better, nobler selves. Truly there is more joy in the Spirit-world over the one sinner that repenteth, than over the ninety-and-nine that go not astray.

I am still weak, I am still ignorant. The future holds out to me an ever-broadening vista of knowledge and experience, in contrast with which my personality seems to shrink smaller and smaller. But the years of earth-life have brought me some wisdom, and that I can utilize. Though still in the A B C class of spiritual wisdom, looking

backward as I now do over the past, by the means of the newly-learned spirit alphabet, I am beginning to spell out the meaning of all my earthly experiences. While I was still on earth many of them were as if written in hieroglyphics which it was impossible for me to decipher. But with the heavenly key I am beginning to read them, and to comprehend their meaning; and, with a full remembrance of all the weariness, the bitterness and the anguish, I can say to-day that even if I could I would undo nothing in that past. Each experience has its place, its meaning and its purpose; and I expect to see all this clearer and yet clearer as eternity rolls on. Oh, a wonderful and solemn thing is human life, with results which are never ending.

It is not the purpose of this letter to describe to you in what manner I have finally learned how to reach and communicate with those still in the flesh. Suffice it to say that I have done so. Neither will I weary you with personal matters by describing my ministrations to my own special loved ones, and what delight they have brought to me, what consolation to them. But though I shall never forget those whom I have left behind, and shall always be drawn to them by the ties of spiritual kinship, as ever I was by ties of the flesh, my heart is growing large enough to include all humanity in its love and compassion, and my field of labor is wherever there are human souls needing help or comfort.

There are many of us to whom this work is given, and to us it seems the best and noblest work which can be done—probably because it is best suited to us. Perhaps some day when I have grown in wisdom and righteousness, and when my knowledge of the spirit-life shall be perfect enough to warrant it, I shall be promoted, not only to a higher sphere, but to a higher field of labor, and shall find my work all here bidding farewell to earth forever. Such a result does not now seem to me desirable; but when the time comes I shall desire it because I shall be prepared for it.

There is one thing I wish to speak of, though it may seem somewhat out of place in this chapter; but it has not seemed to come in as appropriately anywhere else. One day my boys, my own beautiful boys, said to me: "Our beautiful mother!" Beautiful! How strangely the word sounded, applied to me. I had been beautiful once, but that was long ago. Laid them for their loving flattery, for I still carried the picture in my mind of the gray hair, the dull eyes, and the lined cheeks and brow, out of which all youth and beauty had long ago vanished, which had been the semblance of my earthly self. Lovingly they assured me they were not flattering me, and in proof they brought me a mirror, and I beheld myself once more. Myself, and yet not myself! There were the general outlines of the features, just as I had long been familiar with them; but the wrinkles of care were smoothed away; the traces of age had vanished; and more than the beauty of youth—a beauty of the spirit—illuminated them. Humbly and gratefully I recognized the fact that I was indeed beautiful, with a beauty upon which time should cast no shadow, nor sorrow mar, and to which eternity should bring still greater perfection.

What more can I say to you now? Oh, there is so much still untold, that it seems useless to begin the telling. I shall speak and write to you again; I have already assured you of that. But now I bring this long letter to close. I only proposed to tell my first experiences in spirit life, and these I have narrated here as faithfully as the conditions of spirit control will permit me. More obstacles than you can realize have stood in the way of my making myself perfectly understood. First of all, there is the difficulty of expressing ideas and describing events which have no counterpart in mortal existence.

In many ways I know I have rendered myself liable to misapprehension. Thus, when I speak of different places, and of going and coming, my meaning has not been the same that you would attach to those phrases. Each one here creates his own surroundings. His heaven or hell proceeds from within himself outward until it surrounds him like an actual locality. Those who dwell in darkness do so because their souls are dark and send out no rays of light. I did not visit differently located spheres, in the same sense that you would understand the term; but was permitted to view darkness, spiritual conditions, and made to realize what was the effect upon those who existed in such conditions.

The senses, too, play a subordinate part here. They are as keen as in earth-life, but there is a newly developed sense or spiritual perception which outranks them all, and by means of this many of our impressions are received, much of our knowledge acquired. I cannot describe this sense to you because you would not comprehend, and can only approximate its effects.

Then there have been other obstacles in the way of a complete expression of what I would wish to say. Imperfect mediumship is one of the greatest of these. In the haphazard way in which mediums are developed, there are very few indeed who are capable of becoming passive amanuenses for spirit control. The medium's thoughts and opinions, and especially modes of expression, will always creep in more or less, giving a color and a character of greater or less degree to all that which purports to proceed from the Spirit-world. Then it has not always been possible to hold the same strength of control, and as she has weakened, expression has become more difficult.

But with all these drawbacks, I have succeeded in saying substantially that which I wished to say; to describe to you the Spirit world as I have found it; and to seek to impress upon your minds the fundamental religious truths of Spiritualism, that as a man is on earth, the same will he find himself upon his entrance into immortal life, and reward shall be given to every man according as his work shall be.

Spiritualism is the religion of personal responsibility, of never-dying hope, and of eternal progress. It is the religion which meets every need and every trial of life, holding a clearly burning beacon to light the way; and as men live up to the highest knowledge of truth within their hearts, newer and greater truths shall be given them, and they shall be led by spirit hands, spirit voices shall whisper in their ears, and their souls shall be attuned to the harmony of heaven. The knowledge of the spirit is the fountain of living waters which flows from the great central throne whence proceed infinite wisdom and infinite love. The Spirit and the bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

May the Spirit of Peace find its way to all your hearts, and abide with you now and forever.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

WHAT THE SENSES

Teach of the World and the Doctrine of Evolution.

Hudson Tuttle.

Thus far, with a few exceptions which may be called heterodox, physicists have in their speculations used the term matter as though in its ultimate conception there is but one kind of matter and the atoms of that matter are absolutely alike. In other words there is but one stuff of which the cosmos is formed. The senses on which this theory is based do not endorse, but by their limitation, prove the opposite. We have no means of knowing of sound aside from the ear, which is wonderfully fashioned to receive vibrations and transmit them to the brain; yet its imperfection, caused by the limitations of nerve tissue, reveals the fact that it is cognizant of only a narrow field, either side of which is a wide tract, which to it is profound silence. If a sound wave impinges on the ear with less vibration than $16\frac{1}{2}$ times in a second it is inaudible, and if the number of vibrations is increased above 38,000 per second, they again lose the power of impressing the ear. There may be insects capable of hearing these high sounds, but to man a silence itself, and the long waves that beat less than $16\frac{1}{2}$ times in a second may be sweet music to some of the lower tribes of animated life.

Perfect as the eye may be as an optical instrument, its range is far less than that of the ear. Only the rays of light having waves 3930.10 of a metre in length are visible on one side, and the last visible radiation on the other end of the spectrum have wave lengths of 7600.10 of a metre. This is narrow limit, and on either side must be rays, which eyes or nerves differently constructed would receive and interpret, yielding, perhaps, colors unknown to our consciousness. There is a harmony in color waves, like music in sound waves, for as a note blends in one, in all octaves above or below, so light waves, twice, thrice, etc., the length of given waves yield the same color impression.

We may regard to man a sense of taste, and view the sense of taste, the nerves of which have a still narrower range, and are apparently differently affected in animals than they are in man,—substances disagreeable to him being relished by them, and of course affecting the taste differently.

As the senses are thus cognizant of narrow belts of sound and light, leaving unknown stretches on either side, so what is called matter may be the narrow range recognized by our finite powers as a whole, on either side of which may lie stuffs of widely different qualities and possibilities.

A DEAD VIEW OF DEAD WORLDS.

Pausing to consider the received theories of force, as an explanation of the theory of the world creation, we shall find that it fails to meet the high promises it vauntingly makes.

According to the received theory of force, every manifestation of power and energy on the earth is originally derived from the sun. The growth of plants and animals, and the activity displayed by the latter, are derived from their food, which was produced by the light and heat of the sun.

In illustration of the sun's incalculable power, take, for instance, the rain fall of one-tenth of an inch extending over the United States. Such a rain-fall has been estimated at ten thousand millions of tons, which the heat of the sun had raised, at least to the height of one mile. It would take all the pumping engines in the United States a century to lift this amount of water back again to the clouds. If the force is so great as displayed in the rain-fall of one-tenth of an inch, how incomprehensible the power which lifts the entire amount of water evaporated, amounting to, at least, forty inches? Yet the force of the sun, manifested on the earth, is an inconceivably small part of that radiated, for the earth only receives in proportion as its surface bears to the sphere of its orbit, and how incomparable is its diameter of 8,000 miles to that of a sphere 184,

000,000 across. The combined surface of all the planets would receive a scarcely appreciable ratio of the entire amount which, unimpeded, flies away into the abyss of space.

The energy radiated at the surface of the sun is estimated at 7,000 horse-power to the square foot, and if the sun was a mass of coal, it would have to be consumed 5,000 years in order to supply it, and in 5,000 years would have to cool down to 9,000 deg. c. If the nebular hypothesis be received, the contraction would supply the loss for 7,000 years before the temperature would fall 1 deg. c. Incomprehensible as this force is, it is constantly diminishing, and although the projection of meteors and hypothetical cosmical bodies may prolong its action, the time must come when all the energy will be dissipated into space; all bodies will have the same temperature, and as there is no other source of energy, physical and vital phenomena will cease, and the universe, bereft of living beings, will itself be dead.

According to the most advanced views at present entertained, this is the end of the career of the universe.

Balfour Stewart endorses this conclusion by saying: "We are induced to generalize still further, and regard not only our own system, but the whole material universe, when viewed with respect to serviceable energy, as essentially evanescent, and as embracing a succession of physical events which cannot go on forever as they are."

In stronger language Mr. Pickering says: "The final result, therefore, would be that all bodies would assume the same temperature, there would be no further source of energy; physical phenomena would cease, and the physical universe would be dead. Such at least is the present view of this stupendous question." In explanation of the origin of this energy, and the reason for its loss, Mr. Stewart further says:

"It is supposed that these particles originally existed at a great distance from each other, and that, being endowed with the force of gravitation, they have gradually come together; while in this process heat has been generated, just as if a stone were dropped from the top of a cliff towards the earth."

Thus the universe would become an equally heated mass, utterly worthless as far as the work of production is concerned, since such production depends on difference of temperature.

In other words, the universe becomes dead matter, wholly incapable of supporting life, and so far as present science gives us any information, must remain forever at rest.

The fact that such a conclusion has been reached should cause us to pause in doubt of the correctness of the data leading thereto. It would be more plausible were it shown how, at the end of the great cycle, there was renewal of the lost energy, and return to the nebulous beginning. Causation moves in cycles, and the most alarming perturbations are balanced by forces operating in other directions, so that the result is the preservation of order. Planets swing wide of their orbits for a million years, getting further and further away, yet the time comes when they return on a pathway carrying them as wide on the other side.

This latest view of the universe by scientific thought, however plausible its argument, or apparently logical its results, is proven by the very logic of those results to be defective.

It starts with the declaration that matter and force are inseparable, that there can be no matter without force. The nebulous beginning was a storehouse of energy, which has been wasting ever since the first world was formed. It has been for countless ages dissipated by radiation. It is still wasting, for as it is radiated into space it does not even raise the temperature of the trackless abyss through which it passes. When it is all gone, there will be left the force of gravitation, holding with adamantine grasp the dead residuum of suns and planets; and, strange conclusion to which the premises foretell us, this residuum must be matter without force.

Here the whole problem again opens, and a theory which proudly arrogates for itself the distinction of being the only true system of nature, which rules God out of the universe, or makes him an unknown and unknowable quantity, destroys life in nature, and has no means of its restoration except by a miracle. If the universe is a machine which in time will run down and die, all its force being dissipated, does it not follow that in the beginning some superior power united this force with matter? and also, does it not follow that if this dead universe again live, a superior power must draw back the scattered beams of light, heat, magnetism, etc., and re-endow the dead residuum?

Creation is not a clock that must be wound up at stated intervals by a foreign power, and any system which does not provide for restoration as well as destruction, confesses its weakness.

We have one choice, to believe that forces by blind action and reaction have evolved the world from a nebulous fire-cloud and peopled it with sentient and intellectual beings, making of it a perpetual motion, a machine, not designed, but the result of infinite failures, perfected by infinite blunders, and sustained by the fortuitous equilibrium of unseeing, unknowing forces; or that back of these forces is an intelligence planning and willing through their agency. If the latter be accepted, it does not follow that the crude conception of design in nature as the direct work of a personal God must be maintained. At the commencement of the great revival

of the study of nature, when the views which have revolutionized scientific thought were beginning to dawn, illy defined and partially understood, they were seized on by a class seeking support to the theological doctrines they felt yielding beneath their feet, and distorted by plausible sophistry into apparent vindication of their dogmas. Of these, Paley became most famous, his illustration of the watch the most renowned of his arguments. It is misleading, as there is no real likeness between a watch and the mechanism of nature. Yet we do not endorse the complacency of many leading supporters of evolution. Evolution is undoubtedly a true statement of the method of creation. It offers no further explanation and gives no cause. Accepting evolution and following the development of life from the least to the greatest, what do we see but the constant unfolding of a well defined purpose and plan? Are not the beings of the Silurian and Devonian epoch, precursors of the forms which were evolved out of them? We may call things by new names, and in place of design use "adaptation"; we do not change the relations of things thereby. When we see a bird cleave the air with rapid wings and observe the wonderful adaptation of bones and muscles and forms of feathers, we may explain it all by evolution, which has made the bird the embodiment of the forces of the air. Have we done more than state the method of growth? What cause have we assigned for the process? We see an interminable series of forms, changing from age to age, becoming more and more complex in their relations, but pressing forward constantly to final production of man as the perfection of the vertebrate type. Evolution describes this process, at every step furnishing evidence of a purpose, achieving its ends through matter, often failing but through failure at last reaching its object. In this light the imperfection of organs proves nothing against design. The eye of man is installed as more imperfect than a glass lens. It is as perfect as the organic material out of which it is made permits. That it becomes diseased is from the same necessity of organization.

EVOLUTION

is a new name for facts exceedingly old, but its supporters would have its scheme reach through creation to the foundation of things. Advancement with them means only better adaptation in the struggle for existence, the result of accidental stress which has pushed unorganized protoplasm to man. Matter and its potentialities granted, all else flows in assured course. Difficulties disappear, the riddle of the Sphinx is no longer obscure. The sunlight has fallen on the marble lips, and Memnon has revealed in a single sentence what mortal man has never understood. "The survival of the fittest." The theologian has rested in blissful confidence in the arms of the Creator; now comes the scientist who by easy methods calls the Creator "evolution," and falls as blindly confident into the arms of his new named God. The likeness is made more complete by the scorn of one equalling the sneer of the other.

It is a new name for the old fact, that the forms of life on this earth are united by common parentage, and have been differentiated by the accumulation of infinite beneficial changes. The struggle for existence has been the center around which these have aggregated. This no careful student will deny. Having granted this, what then is anything explained? Have we approached the cause by a single step? Really has anything been done more than to explain the phenomena of the world with new words and phrases?

Of old it was said the world is a machine with gods or a god at the crank; to-day, the god at the crank is the Unknowable, the laws of nature, the potentiality of matter, or in the most recent theory, the all-god has appeared in the revival of god immanent in the universe, which is regarded as an organism, with a god-soul. This is poetic but neither sensible nor scientific. Forever and forever old ideas are washed on the shore of time, out of the wreck of the past, and instead of being relegated to the museum, are salvaged into grimace of life, and branded as new, when they are rapidly disintegrating in every part.

The survival of the fittest is a wonderful scheme of preservation of the best. To illustrate, take the tiger and the deer. Once they herded together, the tiger not being as now noted for strength or stealthy cunning, nor the deer for caution and fleetness. The dull tiger was able to take as prey the least cautious and weakest of the deer. The fleetest deer propagated, and then only the most cunning tigers were able to procure food, and continue their kind. As their strength and cunning increased, the cautiousness and fleetness of the deer increased in this matched game of life, the two species reacting on each other until we now have the perfected deer and tiger. In both kingdoms of living beings, among all their diverse families and species, this struggle has gone on, and the result is the differentiation from abysmal protoplasmic slime the humming bird on the flower to the leviathan in the deep; the lichen on the rock to man with an intellectual comprehension of unknown breadth. We here have the chronicle of creation, and Frost was not more garrulous with his exploits of lord and lady than the chroniclers of the changes effected in specific forms "on their way to man."

We hear all that is said, and with a feeling of disappointment, while admitting all, re-

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. MAD. BLAVATSKY AND THEOSOPHY. A Reply to My Critics.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

PART ONE.

In the JOURNAL of January 14th last I published an article partly in criticism of Madame H. P. Blavatsky and Hindu theosophy. This article was carefully and deliberately prepared, and it was purposely made strong, severe, and pointed, but not more so than the truth demanded. In fact, if the full truth concerning theosophy were told, a much stronger and more severe article would have to be written. As I expected, my criticisms aroused the indignation of sundry of the more prominent dupes of Madame Blavatsky, and ridicule, sarcasm, and denunciation of myself were freely indulged in, in the JOURNAL'S columns, by the irate apostles and defenders of the leading impostor of the century. I have waited until the theosophists have all had their say, before making any reply to their unjust attacks.

It is significant that no attempt is made by a single one of my critics to reply to any of the facts and arguments I advanced in disproof of the truth of Blavatsky's theosophy, and in proof of the wholesale imposture and plagiarism upon which the entire fabric is constantly and publicly being reared. No attention is paid to the solid, hard-pan, knock-down statements (so to speak) with which my remarks teemed, but instead nearly all of my critics confine themselves to a discussion of the comparatively subordinate matter of the personal habits of Madame Blavatsky, more especially as to whether she is in the habit of using intoxicants. This seems to be the favorite and venerable point of my critics, and it turns out; and they all made haste to dilate upon that one point, so as to give me a castigation on that subject, even though they might be unable to do so on any other. As has been perceived, the evidence as to whether Madame B. does or does not, and has or has not, used intoxicants is so contradictory that the verdict must be "not proven," and the statement in my article that she did so, though I have received, despite the positive testimony I have received in the affirmative and which I have published in the JOURNAL. Being unable to reconcile the two sets of statements on this matter, I am content to let it pass. It should be noted, however, that the truth of my assertions concerning her tobacco-smoking and her vicious profanity are universally acknowledged.

I have been taken to task, in no gentle manner, for publicly criticizing the private habits of Madame Blavatsky, especially by Prof. Elliot Coues. He says that not only are my remarks such as no gentleman should use, but "they are such as no man should use, or be permitted to use, with regard to any woman, whatever." From the same gentleman I have received a most interesting and very unjust to me. It is not a question of good taste only, as is claimed, but of justice and truth. To say that if any woman, no matter how mean and vile she may be, should smoke, drink, and swear, no man should ever be permitted to so assert, that is to tell the truth about her, is so transparent an absurdity, that it would be marvelous to find a scholarly gentleman like Prof. Coues making such a statement, did we not know that he is a theosophist and a believer in the nonsense and imposture with which he has allowed himself to be hoodwinked by Madame Blavatsky. A rational, analytical examination of the purported arguments, the so-called logic, and the alleged facts of every one of the writers and speakers in favor of theosophy that I have heard or read of, disclose a depth of folly, unreason, and delusion that is sickening to contemplate. From the bottom of my heart I am profoundly sorry that well-meaning, kindly disposed men and women, quite intelligent and rational, in some directions, should be misled into such stupendous sophistries and such unmitigated "rot" as all theosophical advocates, without exception, are in the habit of giving to the world. The nonsense and gross impositions to those not accepting their rubbish, blasphemously called the "wisdom of God," which constantly emanate from them, is something "awful" (speaking colloquially), to sound, sensible, level-headed men and women. Sincerely do I pity our deluded friends,—victims of the wiles of Madame Blavatsky.

Conesty, good taste, the amenities of social life, are excellent things in their place; but there are times when their claims should give way. Justice, truth, right, the exposure of deception and of swindling, the protection of the community or of individuals from imposition and from the practices of the vicious or the criminal,—these are of more moment than politeness, gallantry, and kindred virtues. Besides, it is no secret that Madame Blavatsky smokes and swears. She does so constantly and publicly, never attempting to conceal it. What great harm, then, do I commit in referring to these public and openly avowed practices of the lady? Which is the greater violation of good taste,—for a lady to smoke and swear, in an open, public manner, or in private even, or for a person to mention the fact that she is thus guilty? Is it in good taste for a woman to curse and swear in the presence of her Blavatsky does, and is it an example of good taste for her to smoke cigarettes? Instead of it being a lack of good taste on my part to tell the truth about these peculiar practices of Mad. B., it is a flagrant violation of good taste for her or any woman to act as she does. What respect has any decent man or woman for a woman who curses and swears in the style this Russian impostor does? Yet, forsooth, because in the interests of truth against falsehood and of honesty against deception and fraud, I state the facts, I am berated and ridiculed for daring to be guilty of such lack of taste and courtesy as to mention the bad practices which she openly and undesignately indulges in. This is a fair specimen of theosophical fairness, logic, acumen, and common sense. The theosophists who wash and defend the trickster, the impostor, the woman of demoralizing personal habits, and at the same time denounce the lover of truth, purity, and honesty, for daring to tell the truth about their very peccable not to say flagitious idol and mistress. Such is theosophical justice!

It is asserted that while I have a right to criticize the public work of this woman, it is not my prerogative to refer to her private habits. This is another characteristic theosophical sophistry and evasion of the truth. It is true that, as a rule, the personal habits of public characters are not interlarded with their public labors, and hence may not be subjects for legitimate criticism; but such is not the case with Madame Blavatsky. Her so-called private habits and mode of life are intimately connected with her public work, and are legitimate and proper subjects for public discussion; and my remark concerning those habits of hers was made solely in connection with her public life. In commenting on these rules, Madame Blavatsky refers to "the command not to touch even the hand of one's nearest and dearest," and to the requirement "to abstain from giving pleasure to others for the sake of one's own development." As it is a sine qua non that every vestige of selfishness must be eliminated from the mind, and as the student must think of himself only as part of the universal whole, renouncing even his own personality, the practice of good deeds towards our friends and loved ones is forbidden as of itself a failure.

In commenting on these rules, Madame Blavatsky refers to "the command not to touch even the hand of one's nearest and dearest," and to the requirement "to abstain from giving pleasure to others for the sake of one's own development." As it is a sine qua non that every vestige of selfishness must be eliminated from the mind, and as the student must think of himself only as part of the universal whole, renouncing even his own personality, the practice of good deeds towards our friends and loved ones is forbidden as of itself a failure. "It is only when the power of the passions is dead altogether, and when they have been crushed and annihilated in the retort of an unflinching will," continues Madame Blavatsky; "when not only all the lusts and longings of the flesh are dead, but also the recognition of the personal Self is killed out and the 'astral' has in consequence been reduced to a cipher, that the union with the 'higher self' can take place. Even then, the wife and family—the purest as the most unselfish of human affections—is a bearer to real occultism. For whether we take as an example the holy love of a mother for her child, or that of a husband for his wife, even in these feelings, when analyzed to the very bottom and thoroughly sifted, there is still selfishness in the first, and an egoism a *deux* in the second instance. In the gratification of a terrestrial love or lust, must feel an almost immediate result; that of being irresistibly dragged from the impersonal divine state down to the lower plane of matter. Sensual, or even mortal self-gratification, involve the immediate loss of the powers of spiritual discernment; the voice of the Master can no longer be distinguished from that of one's passions or even that of a Dugpa [black magician or sorcerer]; the right from wrong; sound morality from mere casuistry."

We are further informed by Madame B. that "Siddhis (or the Arhat powers) are only for those who are able to 'lead the life,' to comply with the terrible sacrifices required for such a training, and to comply with the 'higher self' can take place. Even then, the wife and family—the purest as the most unselfish of human affections—is a bearer to real occultism. For whether we take as an example the holy love of a mother for her child, or that of a husband for his wife, even in these feelings, when analyzed to the very bottom and thoroughly sifted, there is still selfishness in the first, and an egoism a *deux* in the second instance. In the gratification of a terrestrial love or lust, must feel an almost immediate result; that of being irresistibly dragged from the impersonal divine state down to the lower plane of matter. Sensual, or even mortal self-gratification, involve the immediate loss of the powers of spiritual discernment; the voice of the Master can no longer be distinguished from that of one's passions or even that of a Dugpa [black magician or sorcerer]; the right from wrong; sound morality from mere casuistry."

Let us now contrast the foregoing indispensable requirements of true occultism (any deviation from which will land the delinquent into Dugpaship, Voudooism, or Black Magic) with the mode of life systematically followed by Madame Blavatsky. In the first place, the testimony of her warmest friends will be given. In 1882 there was published a statement, and necessary, and of the Theosophical Society, and therefore under the sanction of Madame Blavatsky, a pamphlet called "Hints on Esoteric Theosophy, No. 1." In this book the writer speaks of "the (to us lamentable but incontestable fact that Madame Blavatsky's converse is by no means confined to 'yea, yea, and nay, nay'; but is, especially when she is in one of her less spiritual and more worldly moods, only too full of requirements, and at times apparently distinct misstatements. I confess that for long the warmest of her friends saw no solution of this riddle, which is one that so immediately suggests itself to all who become intimate with her, that even Colonel Olcott, summarizing the general feeling, once said 'Her best friends believe in her despite of her own words.' The author explains that in Madame Blavatsky's present stage of advancement it is hopelessly impossible to eradicate the peculiar mental traits above adverted to, and continues thus: "These tendencies are first, inaccuracy. Most women are inaccurate, but she is, perhaps, more than normally so, instead of, as one might have expected, less so. . . . But the second tendency, that of humors combativeness, leads her at times, especially when she is in high spirits, and entirely free from higher influences, to propound absolute actions, of *malice prepense*." By the admissions of her best friends, then, this woman is exceedingly inaccurate in statement, and is addicted to malicious falsehood, "absolute actions." Her best friends also admit that she is in the habit of cursing and swearing very vigorously, and also that she habitually smokes cigarettes. Before she came to America, while she lived in Paris, I have evidence that she lived a very worldly, fast, sensuous life, and it is beyond question that she has since 1875 likewise lived a worldly, sensuous life. It has never been claimed that she in any manner lives such a life as the alleged mahatmas (r adepts) are said to live in Tibet. Instead of leading an ascetic, secluded life, free from association with other human kind, free from all self-interest, with the loves and passions entirely annihilated, her life all these years has been of an opposite character. She has lived a life of worldly ease and plenty, feasted and petted by her followers, far removed from the life of privation and hardship which she declares must be followed to the letter by the credulous dupes who think that they may become mahatmas or at least magicians, by obeying her ironclad injunctions. While she condemns these poor wretches to renounce family and friends and all that makes life dear, as a means of attaining magical power, she lives in luxuriance and comfort, having a good time of it, and laughing in her sleeves at the silly fools who accept her falsehoods and plagiarisms as divine wisdom.

The Arhat powers, she tells us, are only for those who "comply to the very letter" with the "terrible sacrifices required." Madame Blavatsky has pretended to exercise these Arhat powers on many occasions, yet when we have known to comply in any manner whatever, much less "to the very letter," with those "terrible self-sacrifices." What self-sacrifice of any kind has she ever indulged in? Has she renounced all the vanities of life and of the world? Does she avoid bodily contact with all human beings? She tells us that "it is impossible to employ spiritual forces if there is the slightest tinge of selfishness in the operator." If it is impossible to use these forces, as she asserts, how is it that

she has used them in so many cases, as alleged, and yet be saturated with self-hness in the manner she is known to be? Since 1875 the dominant passion of her life seems to have been an inordinate craving for notoriety. She has labored, talked, wrote, played tricks, indulged in the most gigantic impostures of the age, and all for notoriety, for one thing; and she has succeeded in acquiring an unenviable notoriety, as her name will be handed down in history as the most notorious impostor and fraud of the century. Does it indicate a total suppression of the passions and lusts to seek notoriety and a spurious fame in the questionable manner that she has been doing for 13 years? Is it unselfishness and altruism (the love of doing good to others) that prompt her to palm off juggling tricks on gullible men and women as veritable exhibitions of occultic power? Was her conspiracy with the Couombs to humbug her followers for a term of years, with spurious manifestations of the pretended mahatmas, an exhibition of unselfish devotion to the well being of others? When she pretended that she was in communication with, and was the authorized agent of, certain mythical mahatmas in Tibet, and when she wrote the large number of letters pretending to come from said mahatmas and addressed to Mr. Sinnet and others, thereby deceiving him and all the other theosophists,—when she did this was she actuated by motives devoid of "the slightest tinge of selfishness," and were these vicious, not to say criminal, acts, an exemplification of "true occultism or theosophy," which is "the great renunciation of self, unconditionally and absolutely, in thought and action?" Does her life-work for the past 13 years indicate that her "personality has disappeared" and that she has become a mere beneficent force in nature? Does her life indicate that "not only all the lusts and longings of the flesh are dead, but also that the recognition of the personal self is killed out?"

Has she without ceasing practiced "abstinence in all, the observation of, moral duties, good deeds, and kind words?" Is the habitual use of tobacco an exemplification of "abstinence," or is it a proof that she has renounced "the lusts and longings of the flesh" and all sensual enjoyments? Is her violent profanity an indication of the exercise of "gentle thoughts" and of indulgence in "good deeds and kind words." Can systematic imposture for 13 years more be called with "the observation of moral duties?" Are the constant inaccuracies, misrepresentation, and malicious falsehood, the practice of which, her best friends tell us, is so woven into the very fibres of her mental constitution as to be impossible of eradication,—that is, these reprehensible mental qualities have become, through years of practice, an integral part of her psychic organization, incapable of being eradicated, and these mental traits in her to the highest and best interests of mankind and of her unintermittent "observation of moral duties?" Madame Blavatsky has informed us that after a person has once begun to ascend the ladder of practical occultism, at the final false step he will "slide down" and "roll down into Dugpaship, which involves moral and spiritual shipwreck. She also says that whoever, after having pledged himself to occultism, indulges in the gratification of a terrestrial love or lust, must be "almost immediately" "dragged down to the lower plane of matter," and that "sensual or even mental self-gratification involves the immediate loss of the powers of spiritual discernment." Suppose we apply these statements to the case of the Madame herself. She began to climb the ladder of occultism many years ago, and from the very beginning of her ascent she has been indulging "in the gratification of terrestrial loves and lusts, in both 'sensual' and 'mental self-gratification,'" at all times without stint. Therefore, according to her own showing, if she ever possessed any "powers of spiritual discernment," she must have lost them many years ago, and all her pretended "divine wisdom," all her teachings, given to the world as heavenly truth, are but the demagogical effluence of the infernalisms of Dugpaship, which is but another name for diabolism. If one false step inevitably leads to Dugpaship, and to what have 13 years of fraud and corruption, and malicious falsehood led? Must she not be sunk into one dry rotting depth of Dugpaship, alias infernalism or devilry? According to her own teachings, it necessarily follows that her writings are falsehoods and her feats of magic, if real, nothing but exhibitions of the black art, voodooism, malignant sorcery, and black magic. Instead of being an expounder of theosophy (divine wisdom) she must be an expounder and practitioner of devilism in some of its most damnable phases.

What is the common sense view of the whole matter? Madame Blavatsky claims to possess a knowledge of the great spiritual truths of the universe; and also to possess certain occultic or magical powers transcending the commonly observed laws of nature. One of her alleged great spiritual truths is, that in order to attain a knowledge of these so-called spiritual truths and to obtain possession of these asserted magical powers, it is absolutely and indispensably requisite that a certain mode of life be rigidly followed without the slightest deviation therefrom. It is beyond all question that during the time that Madame Blavatsky has pretended to be exercising this great wisdom and using these occultic powers, she has been leading a life directly opposite in character to that declared to be indispensable necessary for their exercise. If, therefore, inevitably follows that she has never been in possession of this divine wisdom, and that the feats of pretended magic in which she has so often engaged were only jugglery, tricks, hanky-panky, legerdemain, slight-of-hand. That such was their true character had been abundantly proved before; and the logical sequence of her own teachings, that they are of this fraudulent nature, simply attests that which every sensible person well knows to be true. Out of her own mouth she is condemned, hoisted is she by her own petard. And yet people claiming to be intelligent and of good sense continue to believe in her pretensions, and rank themselves among her devoted followers. Oh, human nature, human nature, into what depths of folly, fatuity and imbecility art thou capable of falling! Reason, logic, common sense, wisdom, how ye are crucified, even in this so-called enlightened age!

What now becomes of the unjust charge that in speaking of some of Madame Blavatsky's habits of life, I invaded the "sanctity of private life, and said things that no gentleman should say and that no man should be allowed to say?" The one remark that I made in my article of January 14th, concerning Mme. B.'s personal habits, is found in the middle of a sentence referring to the character of her writings; mentioning these habits of hers as indicating the "character of the brain from which the alleged 'divine wisdom' of theosophy emanates. What I said was strictly germane to the discussion of the nature of her public work. As Lyman

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C. Howe, in the JOURNAL, well remarks, "Where are the limits that divide the private life from a public career? It seems to me that the daily habits in society which are openly indulged before all the world who may chance to touch the individual sphere, do not strictly belong to the domain of private life." For three reasons the charge that I have, in an ungentlemanly manner, trespassed upon the sanctities of this woman's private life, falls to the ground. (1) There is nothing private in the habits of life to which I referred; they have been mentioned in the public press at various times during the past thirteen years, and they are well known to all persons with whom she has associated during that time, including editors, reporters, etc. No attempt at concealment has been made; they are practiced openly, so that all can see them. (2) My remark thereupon was made strictly in connection with her public work, it having reference to the effect or influence that the habits spoken of have upon the nature of her public writings. (3) It is a fundamental principle of theosophy that the most intimate association exists between the so-called private life, in all its details and ramifications, and the possession of the powers and the knowledge claimed by Madame Blavatsky; it is, therefore, not only legitimate, but is indispensably requisite, to consider the mode of life and the personal habits of any one claiming the possession of the powers in order to determine the probable truth or falsity of the asserted claims, and the true nature of the alleged manifestations of occultic forces. In view of these facts, I submit that I was fully justified in alluding as I did to Madame B.'s personal habits, and that the sneer, abuse, ridicule and misrepresentation so freely heaped upon me by Prof. Coues and the others, were uncalled for and irrelevant, and of such a nature as to character altogether that the writer thereof, one and all, ought to be heartily ashamed of themselves for having written them. The fallacies and sophistries pervading those attacks upon me are such as characterize all theosophical literature, accompanied by the usual suppression and distortion of the truth in order to make points and mislead the reader, —this latter trait being obtained knowingly or deliberately, but oftentimes unwittingly through prejudice and ignorance.

In a second article I shall briefly comment upon some of the more important of the other criticisms upon my article of January 14th, by the advocates of the truth of theosophy. San Francisco, Cal.

The Mechanism of Zymotic Diseases.

The most recent advances in biological research afford a basis on which to erect a more or less plausible theory of the mechanism of diseases caused by micro-organisms. The domain of parasitism is far wider than has hitherto been accepted. The principles of evolution teach us that life is one living being being but strands in a complicated web, no single fiber of which can assert its independence and history from any other fiber, however remote, while each of these forms possesses a greater or lesser antagonism to other forms. So it would appear a large proportion of the maladies, whether in plant, fish, reptile or mammal, are produced by parasitism—the antagonism of lives—the lesser lives feeding on the greater. The higher animal organisms are but communities of living points, floating free, others stationary—these last attached to their neighbors by protoplasmic bonds of marvelous tenacity, just as adjoining households may have telephonic connection, but with their individuality and their automatic unimpeded. A colony of inimical microbes obtaining access to this republic is similar to a hostile armed band entering a city—strife at once commences, the strangers attack and are attacked. If the strangers are all killed, no disturbance of health is produced. In any other event, the strangers increase and multiply at the expense of the normal inhabitants, the latter being rather destroyed by some special soluble toxic substance excreted by the enemy than in any other way.

Each micro-organism seems to have a particular rate of multiplication, and when a sufficient quantity of toxic material has accumulated, then the phenomena of fever and eruptions are produced. So far as experimental research has gone, there is no true incubation; there is no mysterious localization of the invading bacteria in lymphatic fluid or vessel for days or weeks. The battle at once commences, but it is only when a certain number of the strangers have got the upper hand that a sufficient disturbance of function is produced to give external sign. In the case of the individual little mass of bioplasm, a few hours may represent several generations, so that acquired properties are very rapidly transmitted; those that more or less effectually resist continue to live and propagate, until, by a repetition again and again of this process, the body may be full of resistant living particles. In that case the foreign tribe is conquered, destroyed, expelled, and what is called recovery takes place.

If now a second colony gain access to the same animal tissue, it meets with descendants of the old heroes, and the attack is immediately repulsed. This is the nature of protection from a first attack. Vaccination is but a modification of the same process. Colonies composed of the weaker members of some malignant tribe enter the citadel, a brief struggle ensues, the inhabitants finally destroy them, and the attention then is directed to the remaining forms able to cope with a second stronger colony. This second successful fight renders the survivors and descendants still harder, and so the process may be repeated until they are able easily to resist the strongest and most virulent of their assailants. This is the phenomena of protection by inoculation of attenuated cultures.

Lastly, it would seem from the experiments of M. Roux and others that the living points of the animal organism may be educated in resistance by being dosed with the excretory products of pathogenic organisms, and that the inoculation of attenuated organisms is not necessary. If this is so, it would in no way alter the conception of the mechanism of immunity; that is, it essentially depends on the production of a sufficient number of resistant masses of bioplasm, this resistance having been acquired by inheritance from ancestors who have made successful combats against a particular microbe, just as the descendants of Dr. Dallinger's saprophytes were ultimately able to live at a temperature of 158° F.—Public Health.

Gen. Louis E. F. Salomon, the fugitive President of Hayti, is six feet six inches high, weighs three hundred pounds, and is perfectly proportioned. He is of pure African blood and his skin is almost jet black, while his hair is white with age. He is finely educated, and is noted for his charm of manner and brilliancy of conversation.

Prevision in Dreams.

Among the deeply interesting occult topics which are at present occupying the minds of the thoughtful public (inside and outside of Spiritualism), not the least interesting perhaps are the phenomena of premonitions and clairvoyance in dreams.

The following cases have come to my knowledge within the last few months, all given by reliable witnesses, whom I have known more or less from childhood, and all living within five minutes' walk of each other, and in a small town in the West of England (a very small area both of time and space for the collection of cases).

The first instance is from a lady who from her earliest childhood, and all through life, has been a devoted lover of animals of almost all descriptions, especially of cats and dogs.

My friend, who is extremely skeptical, remarked, however, "What was the good of my dream if it could not save her from suffering?"

The next case was given me by the niece of a Miss G., whose extraordinary dream of the number of a lottery ticket, through which she won the valuable prize, with other circumstances connected with it, I also sent to Light some few years ago.

I received the following only a few weeks since. Mrs. D. dreamed one night that she was in a church, and looking into a sanctum sanctorum of very great beauty, richly decorated with lovely hangings of the most charming colors.

That Lily Runals is an inspired child of song, no one who has heard her and knows what true inspiration is will deny. The melodies and harmonies which come from her lips are breathings from the musical spheres of that beautiful country where "Sing the angels, who cluster around the throne of God."

Miss Runals has been compared to all the great singers,—"Rico," work is said to be equal to that of Sontag, her low notes as sweet as Patti's, her ballads as tender as those of Adelaide Phillips or Parepa Rosa and one zealous admirer said, "We have had no such voice since Jenny Lind left our shores," but Miss Runals disclaims all these comparisons.

The Only Positive Evidence of a Life Beyond the Grave.

"We cannot understand but we trust. We take hold of the assurances of the bible with a grasp which is prompted by the terrible necessity of our case; we can go nowhere else. If we part with these, we part with all."

This was said a very few years ago by one who had just buried the last of his three beautiful children. It was in answer to the question, "Have these bereavements weakened his faith in God?"

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. LILY RUNALS.

An Inspired Singer.

The sweetest of the living English ballad singers is a little Western girl born and brought up in Wisconsin. Lily Runals does not remember the day when she could not sing. It came as naturally to her as the notes do to the birds. Her voice has power, sweetness, flexibility and the extreme range of high soprano combined with purity of intonation and musical sensibility.

Dress. (New York.) With Volume 11, number 1. Dress changed its form and its somewhat being 1 rger and printed on heavier paper, and is to be published once in two months. The articles are devoted to the aesthetics of physical development, clothing and kindred subjects.

get that voice, my child? Your notes are wondrously sweet." This is the character of the impressions made upon all who hear her vocal notes.

Miss Runals has been in New York but a single year, but great is her popularity and the desire to hear her that crowds of people attend wherever she sings. In four months she appeared before not less than one hundred thousand people, and has never failed to win the applause of her auditors; indeed, the sympathetic tenderness of her notes, the soul which she puts into her song, can not fail to secure a response. She has sung many times for the Spiritual Societies by whom she is received and appreciated for the genuine inspiration of her music as well as for her modest womanly qualities of herself.

Miss Runals has an adaptation in her nature which enables her to sing in an orthodox church, a Free thinkers' assembly or a Temperance meeting, with equal force and effect. She adapts her music to the peculiarities of the people to whom she sings, and is thus welcomed and greeted by all. This little Western girl is probably doing more good with her music, lifting up more burdened souls, lighting up more weary hearts, than any other living singer.

"It matters little where I was born, Or whether my parents were rich or poor, But whether I do the best I can, To soften the weights of adversity's touch On the path of my fellow man, I tell you all it matters much."

The closing verse is as follows: "It matters not where he was born, By purling brook or on stormy wave, Or on the land or on the sea, It matters naught, it matters naught to me, But whether when the angel Death comes to And marks my brow with his loving touch, As one who shall wear the victor's crown, I tell you all it matters much."

The people sat with tear-stained eyes and beating hearts. When the song was concluded a gentleman almost speechless with emotion came up to Miss Runals and said, "I live in Colorado. I have brought my boy here to New York to die. I want him to hear you sing that song before he goes. Will you come to him and sing? I have heard nothing before in my life which has so stirred my soul." Of course she assented.

Miss Runals has given a great deal of her time and talent to the Temperance cause in which she takes a living interest, and to which she has made many converts. On one occasion last winter in Chickering Hall, she sang and recited the old and familiar composition, "The Rock of Ages," of which the New York World said, "A hundred times before we have heard the same thing, but such a grand rendition, never so profound and impressive was the delivery, so sweet and tender the tones of the great organ that it seemed as if a dozen sermons had been pressed into one."

Another critic said, "After Miss Runals no one should ever attempt the 'Rock of Ages' for none could do it justice." It is true that this one recitation has made Miss Runals' name justly famous all over this country.

These illustrations are given to show the quality of the work this unpretentious modest girl is doing, and columns could be filled with similar incidents.

That Lily Runals is an inspired child of song, no one who has heard her and knows what true inspiration is will deny. The melodies and harmonies which come from her lips are breathings from the musical spheres of that beautiful country where "Sing the angels, who cluster around the throne of God."

Miss Runals has been compared to all the great singers,—"Rico," work is said to be equal to that of Sontag, her low notes as sweet as Patti's, her ballads as tender as those of Adelaide Phillips or Parepa Rosa and one zealous admirer said, "We have had no such voice since Jenny Lind left our shores," but Miss Runals disclaims all these comparisons.

The Only Positive Evidence of a Life Beyond the Grave.

"We cannot understand but we trust. We take hold of the assurances of the bible with a grasp which is prompted by the terrible necessity of our case; we can go nowhere else. If we part with these, we part with all."

This was said a very few years ago by one who had just buried the last of his three beautiful children. It was in answer to the question, "Have these bereavements weakened his faith in God?"

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. LILY RUNALS.

An Inspired Singer.

The sweetest of the living English ballad singers is a little Western girl born and brought up in Wisconsin. Lily Runals does not remember the day when she could not sing. It came as naturally to her as the notes do to the birds. Her voice has power, sweetness, flexibility and the extreme range of high soprano combined with purity of intonation and musical sensibility.

Dress. (New York.) With Volume 11, number 1. Dress changed its form and its somewhat being 1 rger and printed on heavier paper, and is to be published once in two months. The articles are devoted to the aesthetics of physical development, clothing and kindred subjects.

is probably the reason why such an intelligent and progressive class increase in numbers so slowly. The orthodox pin their faith on the bible, and take it for granted that immortality is proven.

I told a Unitarian minister lately that a future life could as certainly be proven as that there is such a city as London.

While waiting for a train here lately in Detroit a gentleman told me he considered Horace Mann among the wisest thinkers of our time. He said the only drawback to his greatness, was a Spiritualist.

Moral courage at the present time is "the one thing needful." I know of very prominent business men who attend seances, who talk there with departed friends, and yet they would not let it be known for fear it would hurt their business.

A few weeks ago my son went on a steamboat excursion from Detroit to Put In Bay. On the boat he made the acquaintance of two Japanese, who were then students at our State University at Ann Arbor.

I lately told some intelligent Methodist ladies of my experience with mediums, and they expressed a desire to witness these things. One of them said she often had impressions which she found safe to follow.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

THE GAMBLER, A Story of Chicago Life. By Frank B. Wilkie. (Polito). pp. 328. 12 mo. Chicago: T. S. Denison. Price, \$1.25.

The design of this book as given in the preface, "is the revelation of some of the more salient phases of one of the most dangerous and prevalent vices of the age."

THE JOURNAL is indebted to Charles F. Peck, Commissioner of New York, for a copy of this valuable work, prepared by him and transmitted to the New York Tribune of April 23, 1888.

FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS OF LABOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK FOR THE YEAR 1887. The Troy Press Co., Printers. 1288. pp. 792.

The JOURNAL is indebted to Charles F. Peck, Commissioner of New York, for a copy of this valuable work, prepared by him and transmitted to the New York Tribune of April 23, 1888.

The JOURNAL is indebted to Charles F. Peck, Commissioner of New York, for a copy of this valuable work, prepared by him and transmitted to the New York Tribune of April 23, 1888.

At seeing her charms of face and form departing, and her health imperiled by functional irregularities, as her critical period of life, was turned to joy and gratitude over self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

A Young Girl's Grief

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DISPEPSIA

Does not get well of itself; it requires careful, persistent attention. It is a remedy that will assist nature to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Does not get well of itself; it requires careful, persistent attention. It is a remedy that will assist nature to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly.

SILENT WITNESS. By Mrs. J. H. Walworth. Cassell's Rainy's Series. New York: Cassell & Co. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 25 cents.

THE SILENT WITNESS. By Mrs. J. H. Walworth. Cassell's Rainy's Series. New York: Cassell & Co. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 25 cents.

A MEXICAN GIRL. By Frederick Ticknor. Ticknor's paper series. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Price, 50 cents.

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The Forum. (New York.) Some time since an American friend of the Marquis de Lorne wrote him in a discouraged turn of mind about many features of popular Government, and in the September Forum the Marquis de Lorne published this letter and his answer therein. Rev. T. T. Munger points out the benefits that religion has gained by science.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Boston.) The opening chapters of a serial novel, by Arthur Sherburne Hardy, entitled "Passé Rose," will enlist the interest of all readers. A week in Wales, constitutes a series of fresh interesting episodes.

Woman's World. (New York and London.) Empress Josephine adorns this issue as a frontispiece which accompanies a sketch of this unhappy, but always interesting woman.

The Popular Science Monthly. (New York.) The opening article for September, is by Prof. W. K. Brooks, of Johns Hopkins University, on the Growth of Jelly-Fishes: a Chapter in the New Zoology; Some Chinese Mortuary Customs, describes burial and mourning rites among this curious people.

The Eclectic. (New York.) The September number of the Eclectic is noticeable for its variety and interest. The Future of Religion is a suggestive contribution. Henry Kocheroff discusses the Boulevarde movement.

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

True Spiritualism is rock-founded and indestructible. About the base of this growing temple may be misam for the unwary and death for the foolish, but the sun is shining up where the real workmen are singing at their work; it is error that dies. Truth lives.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, September 8, 1888.

Nature.

By nature is commonly understood the totality of material phenomena, worlds and all the physical forms and activities that belong to them. This view comprises in the natural domain the bodily organization, the intelligence and instincts of all the creatures below man, and even the physical structure, the appetites and passions of the human race. From this classification the mind of man is excluded. The body returns to the dust whence it came, the spirit, the divine spark in man, to the God who gave it.

A larger view would recognize in the entire animal world, especially in the intelligence and affection of the higher brutes, for instance, the dog and the horse, something akin to the mind of man, and therefore entitled to rank above purely material phenomena; for it would be as difficult to show that the perceptive power, the consciousness and the incipient moral nature of the dog are the result of the action of material atoms, as that the more developed mental powers and ethical qualities of man are merely the functions of physical organization.

The modern scientific conception of evolution, according to which the higher organic forms have been evolved from lower forms, and the higher intelligences from lower intelligences corresponding with the less developed structures, is that there is a genetic, a primordial kinship between man and the despised brutes, and that although he is immeasurably above them, he and they belong to a common order of existence and to the same great domain of being; and if we recognize the instinct of the bee and the faithfulness of the dog as well as the mind and heart of man as but different manifestations and products of the universal energy immanent in all phenomena, material and mental alike, we shall find no difficulty in viewing man, even as a spiritual being, as a part of the cosmos, the natural order in which are included brute life and all material phenomena from the movement of a cloud of dust to the wonderful revolution of a planet in its orbit.

The ancient Greeks had elevated views of nature which they glorified and deified. They sang its praises and aimed to imitate its methods. Natural beauty, natural symmetry, natural harmony was the object of their strivings, and their art and sculptures, their poetry and oratory and their language with its marvelous beauty, finish and flexibility remain to attest the success with which they cultivated the study of nature.

In later times, under the influence of theological pessimism, men came to look upon nature as essentially evil, something corrupt and vile, because accused of God. Although the Creator had originally pronounced the works of his hand good, the devil having thwarted his plans by successfully tempting the first human being to sin and thereby introducing evil into the world, all nature became corrupt and depraved; the earth was made to bring forth thorns and thistles where before bloomed the rose of rarest beauty and sweetest perfume; the frown of God was upon all things and "nature, from her seat sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe that all was lost."

It was still believed that in man there was something of the divinity which should war against nature, crush and overcome it even though the struggle involved a life of pain, wretchedness and horrible death. To follow the promptings of nature was a sin to be mourned over, to be expiated only by prayer and fasting and self-inflicted pain. The natural instincts and passions were regarded as the promptings of Satan, and all the pleasures of life were the means he used to lure men to destruction. To forsake family and friends, to withdraw from society, to go into the monastery or the desert, was the highest duty of man. To despise the world and all its natural enjoyments was necessary to regain God's favor and to escape torture beyond the grave as horrible as Omnipotence could inflict and as lasting as eternity. "A hideous, sordid and emaciated maniac," says Lecky, "without knowledge, without patriotism, without natural affection, passing his life in a long routine of useless and atrocious self-torture, and quailing before the ghastly phantoms of his delirious brain, had become the ideal of the nations which had known the writings of Plato and Cicero and the lives of Socrates and Cato."

Hundreds of years later when nature-battered and asceticism and pessimism had found their foe in industrial life—the condition of a progressive civilization—philosophers arose who taught that the path to perfection led back to nature from which man had departed, and that in savage life, unperturbed by the artificialities of civilization, was to be found the method of living required to restore man to his first estate. Of this view Rousseau was the most brilliant and accomplished advocate.

The view of to-day is, among progressive thinkers, that the earth and man are in a process of growth, of evolution, and that nature, is neither depraved nor perfect, but modifiable and improvable. Man is the highest product of the universal energy that has appeared upon this mundane sphere, and having arrived at a condition in which he can discern the general trend of evolution, he is able to co-operate with the forces of the universe, and in some degree, to accelerate progress. Recognizing his own race as the highest form upon the planet, yet imperfect, he can aim at higher conclusions, help the least perfect, and make the conditions for general advancement more favorable than would be possible without his intervention.

Thus nature makes her highest product instrumental in accomplishing her ends. Man sees the imperfection in the undeveloped conditions about him, and these he can change in adaptation to his requirements. He can drain the swamps, and improve the natural products of the ground, converting wild and almost worthless fruits and plants into nutritious and delicious food. Himself a part of nature, he can assist in improving it and making the world better for his having lived. His own volition and co-operative methods replace, in the action of his own race, the process of natural selection which played so important a part in the early history of man and which prevails now generally throughout the animal and vegetal world. Man's wisest efforts are but nature's methods, for in the light of the highest science, nature includes not matter only, but the universe, pervaded and permeated with the universal energy which embraces the life and heart of all humanity. In a large sense nature comprises all the heights and depths of being. In one of his earliest poems Emerson wrote:

"Out from the heart of Nature rolled The burden of the Bible old, The titanic of nations came Like the volcano's tongue of flame, Up from the burning core below, The cartilage of love and woe, The temples grew as grows the grass; Art might obey, but not surpass."

A Southern Philanthropist.

Our newspapers make parade of crime, and illustrate vile depravity by sensational headlines and horrid pictures, fostering a morbid appetite for exaggerated exhibits of evil deeds. A murder is paraded in large type, while the gallant saving of a life has brief and inconspicuous notice. A theft is detailed so well that the reader may learn the tricks that rogues play, while scores of honest acts go unmentioned. A drunkard's cruel rage is worked up into a fearful story, while the self-poise and kindness of many sober men are ignored.

It is well to know the good as well as the ill—bad, surely, to have the first slighted and the last set in strong array; no marvel that some grow pessimistic, and think the old world worse than ever, crime and selfishness uppermost, the rich growing richer and the poor growing poorer, and things generally going to the bad. Give us both sides and we would see wrongs enough to be righted, but proofs of the steady gain of man,—foregleams of a better day to come.

These thoughts come up in reading from The Bulletin of Philadelphia, an interesting sketch of the late Samuel Noble who passed on from Anniston, Alabama, August 13th, one of the largely successful men whose heart grew with the increase of his worldly wealth. Born in Cornwall, England, in 1834, the fifth of twelve stout English children, ten of whom are still on earth, he was brought to Pennsylvania when only three years old. At the age of twenty-one he and his brother William joined the father in Rome, Georgia, started an iron foundry together, held on and held together until a great business grew up, and the fair city of Anniston occupied the spot on which the old foundry was built in the forest. His sagacity and industry led him to ride on the swelling tide of fortune with the development of

industries in the New South, and his aim was to make Anniston not only a centre of industry, but of education and culture and all best influences and help for the good of the people. He built a Boy's Academy, a Girl's High School, and helped libraries, churches, and philanthropic movements with ample means, while his daily life was full of deeds of kindly charity quietly done.

With scanty schooling in early life he grew to be a man of large information and of wide views, and his sense of kindly fraternity and duty, and of responsibility to help and uplift others, grew with this growth of thought and wealth.

It is said that "he knew no denominational differences, no creed, no distinction of race, but gave with an unstinted hand," which would show large and progressive religious ideas. This brings up the thought that the increasing proofs of generous helpfulness in the lives of our successful business men show the good fruits of a freedom from bigotry and a higher view of man, which is taking the place of the narrow and gloomy creeds of the past.

Such proofs surely increase. Peter Cooper, that venerated philanthropist who spent millions for the people's good, was a large-souled Universalist. Rufus Frost of Boston, who gave \$150,000 to build and fill with books a library building in his native town of Wolfborough, up among the New Hampshire hills, is of the same denomination. We are told of a man in a western city who is paying for a fine school house and its good library among the hills of that same Granite State, and in the school district where he made his school boy path along the rocky road and over old stone walls in his childhood. This gentleman is a Unitarian, quite inclined to look at Spiritualism. Senator Stanford of California, who is planning to spend over \$10,000,000 for educational uses, who is reputed as personally kind to all, and Mrs. Stanford, who takes interest in, and generously helps, sundry philanthropic efforts, are both of large religious views, and reported to have a warm side toward Spiritualism.

With no wish to ignore or depreciate unjustly the generous deeds and large gifts of men and women strictly evangelical in their theology who help "the cause that needs assistance" according to their best light and sight, it is hopeful and pleasant to suggest, and to bring cheering facts to sustain the suggestion, that the higher spiritual culture and the progressive thought of our day helps to open hearts and purses for the common good.

No doubt our evangelical brethren do much, far more, indeed, than Spiritualists for churches, clergy, books, newspapers and missionary work, but this is because their ecclesiastical machinery is more cumbersome and costly. They do too much, but the Spiritualists do too little, neglecting just and needed help to their best men and women, and leaving the circulation of their journals and books at a tenth part of the numbers that should go out. We need to be awakened to a high sense of the duty we owe to a waiting world in the spread of precious spiritual truth and the aid of noble reforms. We need to think of men like Peter Cooper and Samuel Noble, and help, in proportion to our means and in the light of our new day, all good and wise efforts for more light and a better life for all. Let the Spiritualist help Spiritualism as the Methodist helps Methodism—with some missionary zeal. Is it not worth helping?

Kindness as a Factor in Prison Discipline.

Robert C. Wahldorf gives an incident in connection with Col. McClaughy, late Warden of the Joliet Penitentiary, which illustrates the potency of kindness as well as that of the revolver. A desperate criminal had been sentenced to serve a term of fifteen years, and McClaughy was warned that the man was a most desperate character, and told to keep a sharp eye on him. This he did, but as the man's behavior was perfect the vigilance of the guards was somewhat relaxed and he was treated like any other prisoner. This was what he was waiting for, and one day, when moving from the workshop to the dinner room he shifted out of the line and passed through a passage leading to the Warden's office. There was no possibility of his leaving the penitentiary unobserved, but he determined, if possible, to get a start by terrorizing the Warden. McClaughy was sitting at his desk writing when the convict came in. He was a tremendously powerful fellow, weighing fifty pounds more than the Warden, and his physical superior in every way. "I am going through there," were his first words, pointing to a window behind the desk, "and you can't stop me." McClaughy looked up with a smile, entirely concealing his astonishment, and said: "Well, go on; I can't stop you and won't try. There's a man outside with a 16-shooter who may stop you, but I shan't. What have you got to complain of, any way? Are you not well treated?"

In this way he got the man into conversation, and after a few minutes said: "By the way, your friends are getting up a petition for your pardon, which I have in my desk. I think it will go through, and that you are foolish to try to escape now. I will show it to you and see what you think of it." Saying this he opened a drawer and pretended to be rummaging about for some papers, but in reality managed to take out his revolver and lay it on his lap. "I must have been mistaken," he said; "there isn't, then, any petition here." With an oath the man stepped forward, when he saw the cocked pistol in the Warden's lap. He stopped short, looked at him a moment, and then said: "Well, you've got me." "I reckon I have," the War-

den answered, "and you had better not try any games." He then gave him a long lecture, expatiating on the hopelessness of escape, and portrayed the advantages incident to good behavior in glowing terms. He then took the man to the main part of the prison, told the guards to keep a sharp lookout, but inflicted no punishment. From that time, we were informed, that man was one of the quietest and most industrious workmen in the prison, and was soon made one of the trustees. Had McClaughy attempted to summon help, he would in all probability have been killed, but his presence of mind and self-possession got him out of as ugly a scrape as a man ever was in.

The "White-cap" outrages in Southern Indiana are a disgrace to the communities in which they have occurred. In their professed desire to maintain social order men belonging to the secret organization have even gone to the houses of women, stripped them, and flogged them until they fainted, upon the merest suspicion of ill-conduct. Among these brutal "regulators," according to a correspondent of the Indianapolis Journal, are church officers who "will draw a long face and tell you that they justified the whipping of women because they had bad characters; the men because they were drunkards." This correspondent, after investigating the conduct of the "White-caps," says that the printed reports do not tell half of the disgraceful story. Any person, man or woman, who incurs the ill-will of these avengers of public order, by giving information against them or by denouncing their cruelties, is liable to receive a warning to leave the community, or swift punishment at the hands of the "regulators." The Governor of Indiana is certainly open to censure for his tardy action in regard to these criminals compared with whose offenses, those which they make a pretext for their acts, are slight. They escape the courts easily. Recently eleven of these White caps were indicted in Crawford County for connection with the outrage, nine were tried and acquitted, and the other two jumped their bonds and the indictments against them came to nothing. If the courts and the officers of the law cannot reach the "White caps," it might be well for a counter organization to be formed for defense of the right of legal trial and legal punishment, where crime is committed, and for the suppression of gangs of men who in the professed interests of social order, violates its first principles and essential conditions. There are times when "vigilance committees," such as were once organized at San Francisco, Denver, Leadville and other western cities in their early days, are justifiable and necessary for the protection of life and property. But the people of Indiana will hardly admit that a condition of things exists in that State which calls for such an organization, and if it did there would be no excuse for the cowardly and brutal conduct of these whippers of men and women for personal immoralities, real or alleged.

Ex-Rev. Putnam, president of the Secular Union (the old Liberal League under a changed name), has drifted to the Pacific Coast, where he is lecturing to such audiences as he can get to hear him on "The Glory of Infidelity." It is difficult to see any "glory" in the sort of "infidelity" that he practices or preaches. Some Christians of Oregon have employed one Clark Braden, a Campbellite preacher, to follow Putnam and challenge him for debate in about every town he visits. Putnam has had no experience in debate and lacks the ability and the knowledge to discuss the questions involved between the Christian and the anti-Christian thinkers, Braden, although a fellow of rough tongue and of not much principle, is well posted, and he is a much abler man than Putnam and an old debater. The man who talks about "the glory of infidelity" dares not meet the Christian champion, but gives as his reason for refusing, the fact that Braden has slandered Col. Ingersoll! This is a strange reason. This man Braden habitually applies the vilest language to Voltaire, Paine and all the leading free thinkers, including Spiritualists; but the reason given for not taking up the gauntlet thrown down by the Christian preacher is that he has attacked Ingersoll, as though it were worse to slander the living Ingersoll than the dead Paine, and as though Ingersoll could not take care of himself. Of course this is a mere pretext for not debating with Braden. The result is that the Christian keeps close upon the heels of the "glory" of infidelity, and badgers him unmercifully wherever he can get a chance in a crowd or before an audience, much to the delight of Christians and to the mortification of the friends of the "glory" of infidelity. At one place he pointed at Putnam and exclaimed, "There goes the President of the great American Secular Union! sneak, coward, coyote," etc., and the crowd laughed and hooped. It is something new to see a free thought lecturer thus challenged and defied by a Christian preacher, when hitherto it has been the preachers who have been kept on the defensive. From letters received, the JOURNAL is able to say that there is a strong desire on the Pacific Coast for an experienced lecturer and debater to redeem the cause of liberal thought from the discomfiture and disgrace which it has suffered from the pretension and incompetency of weak rhetorical imitators of Ingersoll.

The influence of a little child is illustrated in the following: "There's papa! O, papa!" shouted a pretty little child at the Union Depot, Chicago, one night lately. The little one's mother, however, a richly dressed woman of about 35 years, tried to restrain the

child, but the little arms twined about the neck of a bronzed, fine-looking man. "O, papa," said the little girl, "come over to mamma." The man trembled; the woman lowered her veil. It was their first meeting in six years. He was James Whitney, a San Francisco merchant, and was returning from New York. Since their estrangement Mrs. Whitney had been living with her parents, wealthy Philadelphians. She was on her way to visit friends in Omaha. "Papa, do speak to mamma," pleaded the child. "She has cried so much, and told me how good papa always was." Mr. Whitney approached his wife. "Maude!"—their hands clasped. Father, mother, and daughter together entered the west-bound train.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton was in Chicago last Saturday and Sunday, after an absence of ten years, during which she has resided much of the time in London and Paris. Although 73 she is still healthy and vigorous, with her intellectual powers unimpaired and her vivacity and wit as sparkling as ever. She is one of the most charming as well as one of the ablest women this country has produced. The young and old who come under the magic influence of her presence are delighted with her. Of her conversation one never tires. With her large intellectual head, broad open countenance and snow-white curls, she is a most picturesque figure, not to be forgotten by those who have seen her. She has grown more radical in her religious views, and she has the fullest confidence in the success, in the near future, of the woman suffrage movement with which she has been so long the most prominent and probably the ablest representative of her sex. Among those at her reception in Chicago were Baroness Gripenburg, of Finland, Miss Rebecca S. Rice, Miss Mary B. Beedy, Mrs. Caroline K. Sherman and daughter, B. F. and Sara A. Underwood, Mrs. M. A. Wilmarth, Judge C. B. and C. V. Waite, Dr. Drexler Morey and sisters, Misses Prussing, Dr. A. B. Stockham, Mrs. Adkinson, and many other friends and admirers of the distinguished visitor. Mrs. Stanton left last Sunday evening for Omaha where she will spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Lawrence, who accompanied her.

Priesthoods of all religions, pagan and Christian alike, have to the extent of their power, absorbed every thing within their reach, under a pretence of devoting it to consecrated and holy uses. Their chief cathedrals and shrines have in all lands and in all times, blazed with gold and silver and jewels, the votive offerings of superstition and servility. Their wholesale appropriations have continued until the secularization of their spoils became a duty and necessity for the civil rulers. In this country to-day the authority of bishops, archbishops, and cardinals, is as great an innovation on our free popular institutions as would be the civil sway of imported dukes and kings in our various States. Let demagogues who are so sycophantic to the papacy for the sake of getting votes, consider that sooner or later, it will be a question in our politics how far the interference of a hierarchy, whose head is at Rome, with the affairs of this country, can be tolerated. The large meeting of pure Catholic citizens held in Chicago a few weeks ago, to protest against the interferences of the pope in Irish affairs, was significant of the fact that Catholics themselves, those who have hitherto yielded unquestioning submission to Romish authority, are beginning to revolt. The Irish people, said one of the speakers, had for centuries been continually tossed on the horns of John Bull or of the Roman bull, and the people were getting tired of the exercise.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Col. and Mrs. Bundy spent Sunday the 26th ult., at Onset Camp. On last Sunday they were again at Lake Pleasant and left on Monday for Queen City Park Camp.

Mrs. Ada Foye is now located at 173 N. State St., Flat 2, where she will give private sittings to all who so desire.

John Slater, the excellent test medium has gone to Australia. He will be instructive, no doubt, in doing good work there.

The Indiana Association of Spiritualists will meet at Westerfield's Hall, Anderson, Ind., at 10 o'clock, A. M., on Thursday, Sept. 13th. W. H. Blair, of Chicago, will be one of the principal speakers.

G. H. Brooks arrived in this city last week from Haslett Park, Mich., on his way to Madison, Wis. He reports the camp meeting held there a grand success. He can be addressed for a short time at 124 Charter St., Madison, Wis. He has an engagement at Washington D. C., for October and November.

Mrs. Ada Foye is undoubtedly one of the best test mediums now before the public. Her tests are plain, decisive and convincing. She is now under an engagement with the Young People's Progressive Society, and will lecture and hold a séance at Martine's Hall, corner of Indiana Ave. and 22nd St., each Sunday evening during the month. Here is an excellent opportunity for skeptics and investigators to realize the grand truths of Spiritualism.

A tastefully gotten up book comes to us bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons, London and New York, containing an interestingly told story apropos of woman's rights and wrongs, the plot of which is refreshingly unique and bright. The author is Mrs. Amara Martin of Cairo, Ill., whose writings are more familiar to the readers of the JOURNAL and other liberal publications under the name of Mrs. Jacob Martin. Stories with

a moral are generally rather heavy reading, but this book is a decided exception.

Dr. G. F. Whitney, M. D., of Cleveland, O., writes: "Mr. Rowley has been visiting the different camp meetings in the East on his vacation, and has been well received everywhere."

A dispatch from New York states that Archbishop Corrigan of the Roman Catholic Diocese of New York, has forbidden sisters belonging to any order under his jurisdiction to go to horse races for the purpose of getting contributions from the winners of wagers.

NOTES FROM ONSET.

One more camp meeting has been operated at this home by the sea, and with it all the attendant sideshows which infest camp meetings in general.

Mr. W. S. Rowley is the only medium I have found who has given an opportunity for a thorough investigation at Onset during the whole meeting.

The Association has furnished a supply of amusements during the camp meeting that have been well patronized, proving beyond all doubt that the people are fed in that line.

The Journal's editor-in-chief, John C. Bundy, and his estimable wife, made a short visit to Onset on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 25th and 26th.

these noble workers a good-by, and wish them success in the labor that lies before them.

Sunday, Aug. 26.—This has been one of the charming days at Onset, the air as clear as a bell, with a cooling breeze from off the waters of the Bay.

Onset, Mass. W. W. CURRIER.

Leaflets from Lake Pleasant.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Last year it was my pleasure to send you a few lines about Cassadaga, and that I may not seem partial I shall endeavor to deal with this most beautiful spot.

Now what is our duty to God? It seems to me we owe Him a large debt of gratitude for life and all its attendant blessings.

Can Spiritualism be justly called a religion if God be left out of it? In seeking to reconcile this seeming inconsistency, I conversed with some of the leading lights.

All right, Dawbarn. I mean to stay there till Spiritualism will give me such food as I require to keep me from starving to death.

universality of law does not satisfy me. There is still a yearning from the depths of my nature for that consciousness of the divine presence.

CASSADAGA CAMP MEETING.

The season at Cassadaga was extended one week, making Sunday, Sept. 2nd, the closing day.

During the past week there has been organized at Cassadaga the germ of what ought to be and may become, a great movement in the field of liberal thought.

"This society shall be known as the Universal Co-operative Temperance Union."

"The object of this union shall be the eradication of vice in all forms.

There shall be no stated initiation fee but every person shall make some voluntary offering according to his or her means.

MRS. ADA FOYE.

A Most Remarkable Seance Before the Y. P. S. N.

At the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Mrs. Foye, the well known medium, made her first appearance last Sunday evening before the Young People's Progressive Society.

Mrs. Foye's seance was a most successful one, and carried conviction to every intelligent person present.

Letter From Wm. Q. Judge.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I wish to state that Mr. Wm. Emmette Coleman, who joined the Theosophical Publication Society, and lately wrote an abusive attack on Theosophy.

General News.

John Hillhart, aged 93, hanged himself at Watertown, N. Y. Jay Gould will build a new union depot at St. Louis at a cost of \$500,000.

Dr. A. J. College of Physicians and Surgeons, is dead at the age of 84.—Coal miners in the Springfield district will meet Sept. 13 to consider the question of restoring the old scale of wages.

Denver produces a million bricks a day.—Miss Braddon is 50 years old and has written just fifty stories.

"I have used it with excellent results as a nourishment during and after dyspepsia," Mellin's Food is readily borne by the weakest stomach.

The Opium Habit.

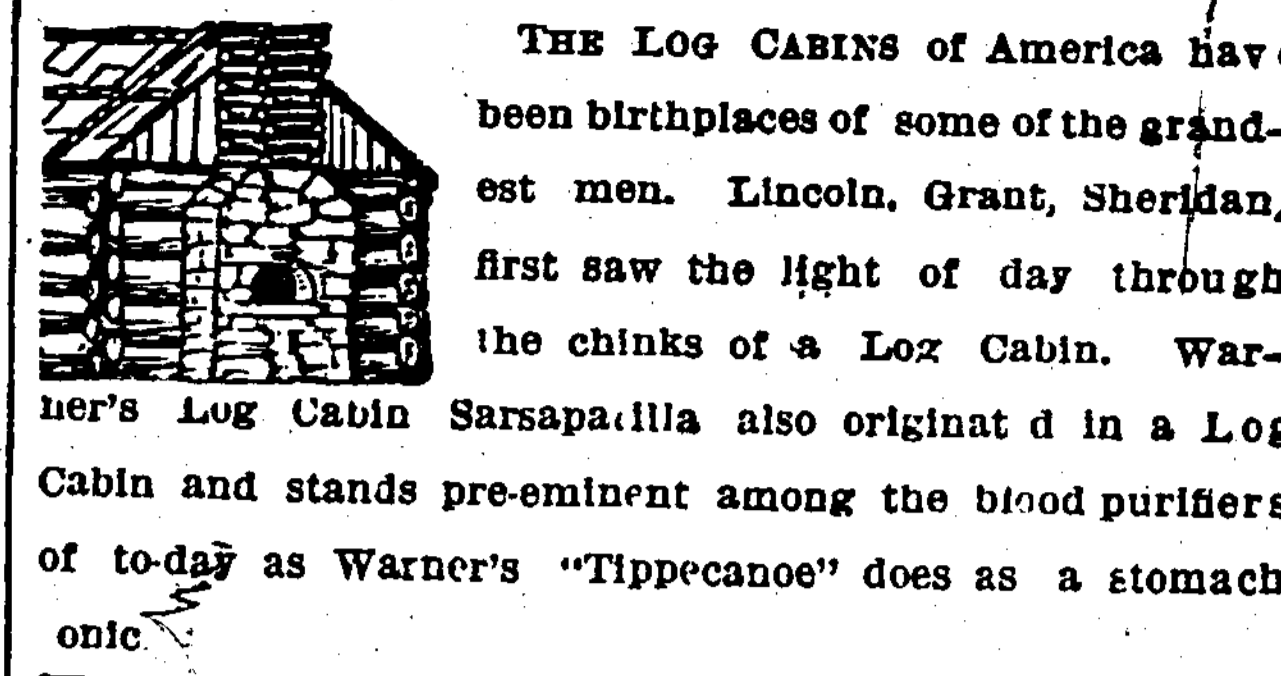
We publish in another column the advertisement of the Human Remedy Co., of Fayette, Ind., proprietors of "Our Home" sanitarium.

BASE ATTEMPT TO ROB.

Dr. J. M. Buckley and Prof. Loicette. Editorial Rooms of the "Christian Advocate," James M. Buckley, D. D., Editor.

A Few of the Many Good Books for Sale Here.

- Orthodoxy versus Spiritualism is the appropriate title of a pamphlet containing an answer to Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's tirade on Modern Spiritualism, by Judge A. Dudley, an able antagonist of Talmage's. Price only five cents.



See ad for CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC at Mt. Carroll Ill. in last issue. "GRADUATE" FREE.

Morgan Park Military Academy. A Christian Family School for Boys. Sixteenth Street, Morgan Park, Cook County, Ill.

Wilson College for Young Women. \$250 per year for board, room, etc. and all college studies except Music and Art.

SPIRITUALISM.

Mrs. Ada Foye of San Francisco will give sittings daily from 1 to 4 P. M. (Sundays excepted) at No. 173 North State Street, Flat 2.

FOR ALL \$80 a week and expenses paid. Samples worth \$5 and particular free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

The Higher Teachings OF SPIRITUALISM.

As given by Rev. Theodore Parker, Rev. William E. Channing, Rev. Thos. King, Thomas Paine, Prof. Robert Bare and other Eminent Spirits. Carefully selected and compiled. Price, 25 cents.

SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION.

The Indiana Association of Spiritualists will meet in convention in Westernville's Hall Anderson, N. D., on Monday, 13 1888, at 10 A. M.

Keystone Mortgage Co.

ABERDEEN, DAKOTA. CAPITAL \$250,000.

Our farm mortgages bearing 7 per cent. interest payable semi-annually in New York Exchange.

OUR HEREDITY FROM GOD.

This work is a study of evolution with special reference to its moral and religious bearing.

THE MELODIES OF LIFE.

A New Collection of Words and Music for the CHOR. CONGREGATIONS AND SOCIAL CIRCLES.

The Author says in preface: We have tried to comply with the wishes of others by writing easy and pleasing melodies and in selecting such words as will be acceptable to men and women.

A RATIONAL VIEW OF THE BIBLE!

The Truth between the Extremes of Orthodoxy and Infidelity.

The Bible—Whence & What?

By RICHARD B. WESTBROOK, D. D., LL. B.

CONTENTS: I.—Foundation of the "Authorized" Version of the New Testament. II.—The New Testament Basis (E. J. III.—Catholicity of the Scriptures.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PREFACE.

"This book is not an attack upon what is good and true in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, much less an attack upon genuine religion.

SYNOPSIS OF THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM DENTON, THE GEOLOGIST.

- Our Planet, Its Past and Future, \$1 50
- Soul of Things; or Psychometric Researches and Discoveries, 50
- What Was He? or Jesus in the Light of the Light of the 19th Century, 1 50
- Radical Rhymes, 1 00
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- Is Darwin's Theory of the Origin of Man, 1 00
- Is Spiritualism True, 1 00
- Man's True Saviour, 1 00
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- Common Sense Thoughts on the Bible, 1 00
- Christianity no Finality, or Spiritualism Superior to Christianity, 1 00
- Orthodoxy False, Since Spiritualism is True, 1 00
- What is Right, 1 00
- The God Proposed for Our National Constitution, 1 00
- The Irreconcilable Records of Genesis and Geology, 50
- Garrison in Heaven, a Dream, 10

The above works are written in a scientific, plain, eloquent and convincing manner. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

Voices from the People.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. WE DO NOT KNOW.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. WE DO NOT KNOW. JENNIE C. WILLIAMS.

We do not know how much of gloom Or sunshine lies along our way, Or if to-morrow there be roses...

And we with patience will await, A far-off bliss we cannot see, Meantime if sorrow be our fate...

Temperance Notes. To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I extract the following from an old manuscript book...

Thoughts on Clairvoyance. To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Clairvoyant sight is a peculiar mesmeric state...

Eye-Mindedness and Ear-Mindedness. It goes without saying that every one will probably have a bit (though only a slight one) as to the sensory be it of his appetitive processes...

Spirit Spheres. In reply to a question, Mrs. Craven's controls opined that distance, as understood by us, did not so much separate these different spheres...

Physical, Mental and Spiritual Health.

Mr. J. Armitage, Bradford, asked for advice on "More" he says, a letter addressed to Mr. Armitage, Glasgow, when the following reply was written through him by his guide, "Colvill":

There is a close connection between physical health and spiritual health, between physical disease and moral weakness, which may all be classed under disease. Health is that state in which all the organs of the human body perform their functions in the normal way...

Imaginary Pains. To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: We hear a great deal about imaginary pains, when no such thing can exist; whether existing in the imagination, or caused by a burn, bruise or cut, the pain is real.

The Vicksburg Camp Meeting. To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: The fifth annual camp meeting at Frazier's Grove, Vicksburg, Mich., which closed a successful, profitable and interesting service on Sunday, August 1st.

Removal of Superstition by Science. Science has delivered religion from its heaviest incubus, superstition, by putting events in connection with their causes...

The Lesson of the Stigmata. The stigmata are worthless except as proving the influence of the mind over the body, and in this influence the power of thought, affection, and will upon its nutrition, force, and availability for service...

A Scotch Sabbath. It was in an early Scotch town to hold a market either on Saturday or Monday, because both days were near Sunday; it was a sign for a Scotch woman to wait at a tavern; it was a sign for her to live alone; it was a sign for her to live with unmarried sisters.

PERSECUTED BY THE KNIGHTS

An Indiana Man's Business Ruined and His Life Threatened Because of Atheism.

The following illustrates the facts that "persecuted" by the Knights of Labor in this country: The publication of the circumstances which surrounded the expulsion of Arthur C. Everett, the publisher of a labor journal, from the Wabash, Ind., lodge of the Knights of Labor...

Colorado Theology. "The famous 'harp of a thousand strings' sermon seems to be eclipsed at last by native talent.—Ed." He was a moist-eyed, melancholy man, in black trousers voluminous at the knees; a white shirt crinkled down the front, and a nose not in keeping with the features of the "barbarians" by nasally reading a hymn book.

There were thirty-seven steamers in Tacoma, W. T., harbor one day recently. A Pasadena (Cal.) milkman served one of his customers with a fine two-inch trout the other morning. Charles Cook, a farmer near Edgar, Neb., was attacked by a bull snake in the harvest field.

An envelope has been invented which is tinted in such a manner as to turn black, blue and red if an attempt is made to open it by wetting or exposing to steam. Damp weather does not affect it.

An Italian physician claims to have discovered that blood is not so common a poison of a similar character to the poison of its blood. He says an seal of two kilogrammes has in its blood enough poison to kill six men.

Edith Brinkham, a young girl of Racine, Wis., dislocated her neck while getting out of bed in the morning. Her screams brought her family to the room and a physician was summoned, but at last accounts she was dying.

An infant went into spasms on hearing the shrill whistle of a steamer at Balloch's Point, B. I., recently. Her screams brought her family to the room and a physician was summoned, but at last accounts she was dying.

Grandmother Heaton, of Virginia, Ill., is doubtless the only person living in the United States born in the famous Tower of London. She is eighty-one years old, and her parents were employed in the old tower when she was born.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

There are 800,000 freight cars on the various railroad lines in this country, of which 60,000 are the property of the Pennsylvania Central Road. They range in cost from \$200 to \$1,500, the amount expended in building the average refrigerator car.

Workers in a gravel bed on the Western Railway of Alabama recently came upon the skeleton of what they think was an Indian princess. On it were found a silver coronet, silver bracelets, silver arms made of silver buckles tied with a silk ribbon, and a peculiar knife with a sabbie blade.

In Paris a man picks up a living by going about the streets playing on a clarinet through a canula placed in a hole in his throat after the operation of tracheotomy. He takes the canula out and exhibits it to the audience to show that there is no deception.

A Saratoga dame has learned the sure way of attracting attention for the variety of costumes. Instead of wearing dresses of the same range of colors, but in varying shades, she comes out on red one day, all white the next, all black the third, and so on, making by decided contrast a deep impression upon all observers.

A certain means of stopping a dog fight or loosening a vicious dog's jaws is showing something over the animals that will produce sneezing. Be his will power ever so strong the motion of sneezing involuntarily opens a dog's jaws. Pepper answers very well, but snuff is the best, as it can be used without limit.

A magnificent hi-glyphic papyrus, containing a careful transcript of the "Book of the Dead," has been secured by the British Museum. It was written for a royal scribe called Ani, who was a man of great importance in the early part of the reign of the ruler of the kings of the nineteenth dynasty over Egypt, about 3,200 years ago.

A summer visitor to Cape Ann has noticed that signboards are as abundant as wild roses. In fact, they are much more important than the streets themselves. If in driving you chance upon a sign-board which announces "Bay View avenue," and think to drive therein, you will find that "Bay View avenue" is a grassy road, which passes between two cottages and upon after ends abruptly, leaving you without either bay or view.

As illustrating the rapid movement of the recent flood in the mountain counties of West Virginia, it is related that Robert Murrie, of Cranberry, got up from his breakfast table, and looking out saw a small stream creeping through a field above his home. In less than twenty minutes he had to take his family over on horseback and his entire farm was submerged. His crops are a total loss, and the work of the entire year was swept away in less than an hour.

The Fall Mail Gazette says of the American Bishops in London: "The Bishops from across the sea related that Robert Murrie, of Cranberry, got up from his breakfast table, and looking out saw a small stream creeping through a field above his home. In less than twenty minutes he had to take his family over on horseback and his entire farm was submerged. His crops are a total loss, and the work of the entire year was swept away in less than an hour."

The Inyo (Cal.) Independent has this item: "Every Sunday quite a number of Indian families come to town. They have their own teams and wagons, and in each wagon will be found the women and children that can be carried. The women are dressed in clean calico 'kows' and the men and children are also decently clothed. Many Indian farms land on shares and are quite successful; they live more comfortably and are of more use to the country than many whites who wander like Arabs, without a home or an honest calling."

ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break! How much the flesh may suffer and not die!

I question much if any pain or ache Of soul or body brings out and more nigh.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife, Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel.

We see a sorrow rising in our way, And try to flee from the approaching ill.

We hold it close, dear, or that our wif; Anon it falls and falls in deadly strife.

Behold, we live through all things, famine, thirst, Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery.

It would be a curious thing if the seat of the next war were to be veiled and hidden Tibet.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable family medicine."

"I suffered from constipation which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels."

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Constipation

Demands prompt treatment. The results of neglect may be serious. Avoid all harsh and drastic purgatives, the tendency of which is to weaken the bowels.

"I can recommend Ayer's Pills above all others, having long proved their value as a cathartic for myself and family."

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable family medicine."

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WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE SAVED?

By E. G. INGERSOLL. Price, 25 Cents, Postpaid.

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