

# RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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

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### CHRIST'S CHRISTIANITY.

How it Differs from the Modern Conventional Type.

Too Many Professed Followers of the Galleian Corroded by Worldliness of Heart, Imprisoned in Narrowness of Intellect, and Disgraced by a Defective Humanity—The Need of Personal Consecration, Doctrinal Liberty, and True Democracy—Imitating Christ.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in *The Forum* for May: There is no doubt about it, we are pitifully muddled about the whole Christian idea. The religion of Jesus has devastated itself with practical blunders enough to have destroyed a less robust faith or one of lower origin. We may paraphrase the celebrated cry of Mme. Roland: "O Christianity! Christianity! How many crimes are committed in thy name!" The central figure of human history, the Galilean, has founded a faith upon which the distinctly urges that the survival of the soul depends. Yet, after two thousand years of Christian culture, our practical results are not unlike the Russian peasant's view of the Trinity—"The Savior, Mother of God, and St. Nicholas." Considered as the disciples of a religion representing the awful claim of Christianity, we are surprisingly disintegrated by those vagaries and weaknesses which defeat unity and organization. We are corroded by worldliness of heart. We are imprisoned in narrowness of intellect. We are disgraced by a defective humanity.

### NEED OF PERSONAL CONSECRATION.

The essential principles of Jesus Christ seem to be reduced to three. The first of these is the imperious demand for a personal consecration to right, so select, so severe, so lofty, and so sustained that it is to be comprehended only through achievement. Far beyond our brightest fact we see it shining in a dazzling mist, as one sees the outline of the Chastel City in that old engraving setting forth the course of Bunyan's Pilgrim—the one supreme ideal of the earth. Who was Christ? A carpenter becomes a rabbi—what we should call a "self-made" itinerant preacher. What has He done? Guided the conscience and created the hope of the world. How did He do it? By personal holiness nothing less than awful. To study this highly sensitized nature even as an intellectual exercise, for an hour, is to breathe rarefied air. We descend from it panting, as one does from a great poem or a mountain. What would be the effect of a thorough moral assimilation of this delicate atmosphere? What refinement of the sensibility? What purification of the soul? What sacred fire to the brain? What spiritual courtliness to the conduct?

What do Christian believers undertake? Simply the imitation of the most intense life the world has known. An acute absorption in the process would seem to be logically necessary. Most of us go about it as we go to a matinee where the programme is too familiar. What does the Founder of our religion demand? Absolutely the surrender of personal preference to His theory of life. Yet the last thing which we seem likely to do is to agree upon His theory. Whatever else it is not, it is at least beyond dispute a theory of breathless self-sacrifice. One of the greatest pagans of our day has said: "What I look to is the time when the impulse to help our fellows shall be as immediate and irresistible as that which I feel to grasp something if I am falling." In such a concep-

tion of life, call it by what name we will, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." The Christian doctrine is in many cases most vividly expressed by an outsider, perhaps because he takes a fresher view of it. A sensible religious writer has put it in this way: "The Christian law is the law of love. Whoever puts the rules of art above the law of love is a pagan. He who habitually seeks to gratify his own tastes rather than to do good to all men as he has opportunity is not a Christian but a pagan."

### CHRISTIANS TOO WORLDLY.

Now, whatever else he was or was not, and whatever he meant or did not mean, Jesus Christ was essentially an unworldly man. The question is not, Are we all to become evangelists, and pool our property, and allow ourselves to be thrashed by bullocks? Shall Beacon Street adopt the table manners of Capernaum? Shall the tailith of Palestine be made the fashion in the New England climate? The question is, What would the Founder of our faith do in our situation? Have we got at the sense of it? Have we applied Christianity? Have we made a science of the divine art whose principles He impersonated? Have we the genius of self-sacrifice? Have we the passion of unworldliness? There is a fruit market in Boston which has existed for thirty years upon the whims of the rich. Hamburg grapes at \$2 a pound are regularly in stock. In the winter strawberries and asparagus sell easily at \$3 a box or a bunch. When the first Florida berries come, thirteen in a cup, at \$4 a cup, parties are supplied. One hundred and twenty-five dollars' worth of fruit to a single order causes the dealer no surprise.

A Chinese vase of sang de bouff finds a purchaser comfortably at \$5,000. The famous peachblow vase was sold for \$14,000. A mantle-piece costing \$5,000 is no startling feature in our homes. The catalogue price of Ivan-Romanoff, the Siberian wolf-hound, in the last New York dog show, was \$10,000. A horse sold the other day for \$50,000, and a distinguished philanthropist pronounced him "cheap at that." There is a single stone slab valued at \$40,000 laid in front of a well-known private dwelling in New York. It is no uncommon thing to give \$50,000 for a racing yacht; the average cost of repairs or improvements on such a boat while in dock between regattas would maintain an economical family for a year. One thousand dollars a week for the support of a cruising-boat is a familiar figure. Ten thousand dollars for a woman's dress is not an unknown price. The jewelry of our ladies has reached such value that they dare not wear their gowns; such pricelessness is seen into invisible seams that female fashion on a summer tour is a temptation to a train-wrecker. It is a well-known fact that many families have abandoned the use of their silver, which finds a lodging in a safe deposit vault, while the dinner-table is decorated, and the burglar defied, with plated ware. It is perfectly understood that paste rests upon fair bosoms, while the diamond glitters at the banker's. Some years since it was found that the expenditure for the maintenance of the royal stables exceeded the entire sum set apart for public education in Great Britain.

### THE TIME TO SERVE GOD.

The Bishop of Manchester once read to his congregation the following passage, saying that he had received it from a young lady who wished him to know what time there was in her life for Christian work: "We breakfast about 10. Breakfast occupies the best part of an hour, during which we read our letters and pick up the latest news in the papers. After that we have to go and answer our letters and my mother expects me to write her notes of invitation or to reply to such. Then I have to go into the conservatory and feed the canaries and parrots and cut off the dead leaves and faded flowers from the plants. Then it is time to dress for lunch and at 2 o'clock we lunch. At 3 my mother likes me to go with her when she makes her calls, and we then come home to a 5 o'clock tea, when some friends drop in. After that we get ready to take our drive in the park, and then we go home to dinner; and after dinner we go to the theatre or the opera; and then when I get home I am so dreadfully tired that I don't know what to do."

"It's not the rents I look to," said the undertaker-landlord of a wretched tenement block in London, to Octavia Hill; "it's the deaths I get out of the houses." Some years ago fashionable New York did penance by a spurt of charity in the then famous case of James Howard, an industrious, sober, honest American, who threw a stone into a plumber's window and stole a few brass faucets to buy bread for children who were starving and for a wife dying of consumption. For a few days the unsavory street where he lived glittered with liveried carriages, whose occupants amused themselves by playing My Lady Bountiful to that astonished family, and then rolled away to the next new scene in the private theatricals of gay life.

In a New England town, the other day, a newsboy, hardly higher than the platform, was run over by a horse-car and fatally hurt. What did this self-supporting baby when writhing in the last agonies of a terrible death? He called piteously for his mother. To shriek upon her breast? That she might clasp him while the surgeon worked? To give her his day's earnings. "I've saved 'em, mother," he cried. "I've saved 'em all. Here they are." When his little clinched, dirty hand fell rigid it was found to contain four cents.

The city of Detroit may yet remember the case of "Gertie," which touched the press of the country at the time. A passer through Clinton Street one day observed a little Irish boy hiding in a door-way and crying. A sympathetic inquiry brought to light one of the most exquisite stories ever recorded of the sick poor. In a wretched cellar a little girl of 10 lay ill. The window-panes were broken (it was March, by the way) and variously stuffed. For one chance the supply of tenement upholstery had given out. The wind and the boys looked in easily. Just within range of curious eyes the cot of the sick child was stretched. The gamins of Clinton Street discovered her plight. One little fellow dropped an orange through the broken glass; a plaintive voice thanked the unseen giver gratefully. This touching mercy became the fashion in that poor neighborhood. Every day saw the cubs of the street cuddling like cossets outside that window. Wreaths of evergreen, swept out of florists' doors, broken flowers thrown away, offerings of fruit, with the decayed part cut out—every delicacy for the sick that the resources of Clinton Street admitted, went through that broken pane. One little fellow begged a bunch of frozen Malaga grapes from the dealer, to whom he offered his ragged cap in payment. One day the boys said, "Our Gertie is dead," and the Christian street boys became the mourners behind the hearse of the starved and frozen child.

Now, can any of us dare to say that a state of civilization in which such things are not only possible, but in which such extremes of human ease and misery are tolerated as the necessary conditions of society, represents the Christianity of Christ? Says Isaac Taylor:

"To insure its large purpose of good-will to man the law of Christ spreads out its claims far beyond the circle of mere pity or natural kindness, and in absolute and peremptory terms demands for the use of the poor, the ignorant, the wretched—and demands from every one—who names the name of Christ—the whole residue of talents, wealth, time that may remain after primary claims have been satisfied."

I do not forget that we are brought to be the most charitable people on the face of the earth. I do not forget the vast machinery of our public relief and the reputable organization of our church benevolence, nor the dew of our private mercies, but, taking us at our highest, and our attempts to live the unworldly life at their strongest, and the entire pitiful result at its best, I wonder that the Lord of the Christian religion does not whip us out of our bric-a-brac lives, and the whole temple of humanity that we have degraded, with the fine lash of his holy scorn.

### CHRIST'S SUPERB LIBERALITY.

Next to the personal consecration of Christ we come upon the fundamental principle of his superb liberality. It would be incredible, if it were not so familiar a fact as to give a trite thought that the followers of this generous-hearted leader, but, taking us at our highest, and our attempts to live the unworldly life at their strongest, and the entire pitiful result at its best, I wonder that the Lord of the Christian religion does not whip us out of our bric-a-brac lives, and the whole temple of humanity that we have degraded, with the fine lash of his holy scorn.

In a Southern town known to the writer seven churches of different sects exist. Not one is able to support a pastor. Itinerants of different denominations visit this interesting and typical place by turns. One Sunday you have Hobson's choice of your Methodist; the next you must play Lutheran; and so on. The whole village turns out, and prays accordingly. The days of worship are known as Baptist Sunday, or Orthodox Sunday, or Universalist Sunday, or whatever it may be. "But when" asked a visitor to this extraordinary people, "when is the Lord's Day?" A stranger happening in at Dean Stanley's service came away once saying: "I went to learn the way to Heaven; I was told the way to Palestine." The case is similar with us in this wise. Many dreary are the times that we go to the religion of our day to learn the way to Heaven and we are taught the way to a creed. We go panting with spiritual thirst and aching with spiritual hunger; we are fed with theological stones. We go longing for peace; we find a

sword. We go in search of a Divine Master; we get the Evangelical Council. We seek the holy and the humble instruction that trains a soul for the sacred diploma of the religious teacher; we find a lawsuit. We seek the cross of Christ; we find the Supreme Court.

It is a well known fact that ardent workers in the temperance movement find the grogshops and the churches their chief obstacles. You soon learn to count the liquor dealer and the communicant almost equally out of rank with you in your solitary battle. You must bring your drunkard to the vestry or he may as well go drink. You must save your "reformed man" in the denomination or you may collect your library and piano for the club-room—as likely you will—from the impenitent world. I was once present at a touching scene where the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in the presence of a crowd of fallen men struggling for a new life. These four fellows could not have borne so much as the odor of the sacred wine; it would have set their bodies and souls on fire. Pure water filled the nickel-plated tankard of the communion service. The bread and the water of life were blessed before the wistful gaze of these reverent castaways. The clergyman officiating, an old man who had dedicated his age to the temperance work, and a dozen poor, plain, obscure, unloved church-members in the communicants' seats were the only representatives of the Church of Christ present at a scene which was a matter of intense public interest in the city, and of severe ecclesiastical blame to the temperance people.

### A PROTEST AGAINST ECCLESIASTICISM.

It is amazing that we should even have to remind ourselves that with all this dead-line of religious respectability the Founder of our faith had no more to do than he had with the moral example of Herod. Christ was the come-outer of his day. He was the Protestant; he was the Liberal; he was the victim of spiritual independence. He was the faith that rises

Just to scorn the consequence, And just to do the thing.

His teaching was one thrilling protest against ecclesiasticism. His life was one pathetic plea for religious freedom. Love thy God and thy neighbor and follow me; his command and our duty are in those few and simple words. He cut down doctrinism and dogmatism as a mower cuts down thistles. In his insistence on practical holiness there was no room for chatter about creeds. He gave himself to God and to miserable men. This fervent young rabbi had no time to formulate a "Shorter Catechism."

Rancy, for the nonce our Lord appointed chairman of the examining committee of a heresy-hunting church to-day. One imagines the eloquent silence with which He would sit out the accepted tests of fitness for membership in His visible church. What does the candidate believe concerning the total depravity of all mankind? Is he aware that he committed the sin of Adam? What are his views upon the eternal damnation of the finally impenitent? Has he faith in the sanctity of immersion? Does he accept the sacrament of infant sprinkling? Test his knowledge of the Trinity. Try his theory of the nature and office of the Holy Ghost. Is he sound upon the doctrine of election? Does he totter upon justification by faith?

Now conceive it to be the turn of the mute presiding officer to put questions to the candidate. One may imagine that the test questions for religious character would now take a surprising turn. Have you a pure heart? Do you love the Lord your God with the whole of it? Explain to us your relation with your neighbors. Are you beloved in your home? Can you control your temper? Do you talk scandal? Are you familiar with the condition of the poor? What are your methods of relieving it? Can you happily give disagreeable service to the sick? How do you bear physical suffering when it falls to your own lot? How many drunkards have you tried to reform? What outcasts have you sought to save? What mourners have you comforted? On what social theory do you invite guests to your house? What proportion of your income do you give to the needs of others? What do you understand by prayer to God? What is your idea of a Christ-like life?

### THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

The third vital characteristic of the Christianity of Christ plainly consists in his unsparring and unswerving democracy. It is not possible to put too great an emphasis upon this fixed and terribly neglected truth. We say in flit familiar phrase that the basis of Christianity is the brotherhood of humanity—what has been usefully called the "enthusiasm of humanity." Not one in twenty of us realizes that this means an ideal of daily life as far above our own as the centre of the solar system is above the level of the sea. Which of us gives the recognition of limitation to the astonishing example of Jesus in this regard? Christ was the educated and sanctified Socialist. He was the consistent democrat. He was the consecrated agitator. Social rank simply did not exist for him. Caste he scorned. A fisherman was his most intimate friend. He accepted the hospitality of an ostracized man. He conversed fearlessly and naturally with abandoned women. He did not refuse to penitence outcasts the preciousness of His personal friendship. He was never known to shrink from foul diseases. Vulgar natures He treated with the patience of high refinement. The "common people" loved Him. He denounced the fashionable shams of His times with the nonchal-

ance of an Emperor and the intelligence of an artisan. He scathed the petty pretensions of the leaders of society with that indifference to criticism characteristic of high birth and that sympathy with what we call the "lower classes" incident to a personal experience of poverty. His social theories held the relentlessness of love. There is no polite way of evading them. There is no well-bred opportunity of ignoring them. The Christianity of Christ must meet them point blank. They are its essential test. They are its first and final demand. Malthus has reminded us that the histories of mankind which we possess are, in general, only histories of the higher classes. Authentic Christianity must be a history of the masses. Socially considered a Christian must be, in a sense, interestingly varied from the old theological one, "born again." He has new kin, he makes new neighbors, he incurs new social obligations, he re-adjusts his position in human society, or he might as well go call himself a Druid.

### FASHION IN THE FEWS.

The fashionable church has received its full share of derision from critics who may not be worthy of a back seat in it; but that does not affect the fact that it deserves all it gets. The recent popular attack upon the pew rental system may not be made altogether from a devout point of view; none the less it will do good. Sexton Williams has let fly a fiery-winged truth; and the girl reporter who found herself welcomed by only five New York churches, although employed in the service of the newspapers rather than of the Lord, has put her shabbily gloved finger upon the spot where the tuberculous of our religious system sets in. It is the undecorated fact that if Jesus Christ were to enter almost any of our influential churches to-day He would be shown into the back gallery; and He could not obtain admission to our parlors without a letter of introduction from some person in our "set." "You will find," says a nice observer, "that so far as people are reached by religious worship outside of their especial religious belief it is the social recognition which has won them."

In a luxurious home, whose invitations are not declined, whose hospitality is familiar to many distinguished men and women of our land, there may be found, any day, mingled with the most gifted guests, plain, poor, obscure people, quite unknown to society. I once saw at a breakfast in that house the foremost poet in the country seated next a massage rubber, a poor girl training herself for the practice of medicine, and in need of two things—a good breakfast and a glimpse into the cultivated world. She had both, in the Lord's name, in that Christian home. Yet the spirit of that ideal hospitality is so rare that we tell of it as we do of heroic deeds. The Christianity of Christ would make it so common that we should notice it only as we do the sunrise.

### A CHRIST-LIKE EXAMPLER.

There does not exist outside of the New Testament such a conception of the Christian spirit as the great Frenchman (not distinguished for ecclesiastical views of God, but exalted for his practical love of man) gave us in the greatest work of fiction since Shakespeare. Who forgets the Bishop in "Les Miserables" immortal because he acted like Christ? His palace converted into a hospital, his income expended for the suffering, out of the luxuries of his highly civilized past, the "spiritual man of the world" (as Margaret Fuller would put it) had saved an elegant toilet case, six silver plates, and silver candlesticks. "Knock there," said the citizen to the ex-galley-slave whom no other roof would shelter.

The Bishop touched his hand gently, and said: "You need not tell me who you are. This is not my house; it is the house of Christ. It does not ask any name, whether he has a name, but whether he has an affliction."

In all uninspired literature what is finer than the scene between the Bishop and Valjean when the gendarmes bring the arrested guest and silver back to this threshold of superhuman hospitality. "Ah, there you are!" said Monseigneur, "I am glad to see you. But I gave you the candlesticks also, which are silver like the rest, and would bring you 200 francs. Why did you not take them along with your plate?" Left alone with the astounded thief the Christian ideal grew stern and solemn: "Never forget that you have promised me to use this silver to become an honest man. Jean Valjean, my brother, you belong no longer to evil but to good. It is your soul that I am buying for you. I withdraw it from dark thoughts and from the spirit of perdition, and I give it to God!"

The child of such a spiritual godfather, who wonders that Jean Valjean, the galley-slave, becomes Mayor Madeleine, the saint of a district and the protector of every despised and rejected creature in it? It is thus that the Christianity of Christ ought to be spiritually inherited. The idea cultivated by the liturgical church, that the laying on of apostolic hands creates an ancestry of priestly power, is a pleasant fancy, far beside what might be the tremendous facts of moral heredity in the Christian life. The possibilities of culture in this direction are unfathomed. Said Daniel Webster, in his private confession of faith:

"I believe that the experiments and subtleties of human wisdom are more likely to obscure than to enlighten the revealed will of God, and that he is the most accomplished scholar who had been educated at the feet of Jesus and in the College of Fishermen."

(Continued on Eighth Page.)



QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?

will bestow their love upon each other instead of a supposed personage half good and half evil. In its final evolution the instinct of reverence will lay hold upon those eternal laws of justice which define the rights of each from the wrongs of all others; and which laws, if understood and faithfully observed, would at this moment make our country what all the world's religions would never make it: a happy and morally beautiful land.

RESPONSE BY FARMER LEE.

Regarding your series of seven questions, to the first I would answer: My parents belonged to the Methodist church until I reached the age of twelve years. Camp meetings and revivals were at that time the rage and the "woods were as full" of religion among the white people as they are now full of the same emotional frenzy among the blacks.

RESPONSE BY D. EDSON SMITH.

1. My parents are Baptists. My father has been a Baptist clergyman for over fifty years I was once a member of that church. 2. I have been a Spiritualist about ten years. 3. I was convinced of the truth of Spiritualism through reading such books as "Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism," and in holding sances in my own family.

Laura Bridgman.

Laura Bridgman, the famous blind and deaf mute, died at the Perkins Institution for the Blind in Boston last Friday after a short sickness. For more than fifty years she has been a living example of what could be done in the way of instructing those thus deprived of their physical senses.

He began his work by giving her the word "knife" printed in raised letters on a slip of paper. Then she was given the knife, so that she could feel the label on it, and the sign indicating likeness, which was made by placing side by side the fore fingers of each hand, was conveyed to her.

She acquired the alphabet in less than three days, and within a few months she had command of a hundred common nouns and had some facility in the use of verbs and adjectives. She began writing in the course of the second year, and she was slower in this, yet she showed much skill in it.

January 23, 1842, Laura was visited by Charles Dickens, who was much interested in her that he remained several hours. A remarkable faculty was her ability to read character, and this she did literally at her fingers' end. She was thoughtful of her friends and liked to aid the poor.

IRVING BISHOP'S FEATS.

A Three Months' Trip with the Late Mind Reader.

Incidents of a Journey Through Mexico and Cuba—Bishop's Wonderful Powers—He Had No Sympathy with Spiritualists—His Tricks Invariably Performed Without the Aid of Confederates—The Duchess Was Convinced—Some Amusing Anecdotes.

Irving Bishop and myself, writes Harrison Millard in the New York Herald, started from San Francisco September 1st last for the hills of the Montezumas. Within a few days of our arrival we arranged for a private sance with President Diaz and some of his intimate friends. The President impressed me as a genial, straightforward man of strong common sense, who shows in his features he is a full-blooded Mexican or Indian.

A VISIT FROM A SPIRITUALIST.

During our stay the leading Spiritualist of the country called and desired permission to bring one of his mediums for a conference with Mr. Bishop. Mr. Bishop said he did not object to passing an evening that way, although, as he had seen thousands of mediums without being convinced they were not all frauds he did not take much interest in it.

THE CABINET TRICK.

At San Francisco Mr. Bishop did his cabinet trick, as he called it. Herrman, Keller, and other magicians do this trick also, but with confederates and false sides, etc. I can say nothing about how the trick is done, except that Bishop had no confederates and no false compartments in the cabinet. When at Houston, Tex., he offered to find a pin which would be concealed anywhere within a radius of a mile from the hall, he to be blindfolded and to drive a pair of horses with the committee in the carriage through the streets.

NO CONFEDERATES.

Once in Sacramento, Cal., he announced that he would do one of the most noted tricks of the late Charles Foster. Under no circumstances did he ever have any confederates in his experiments, except those who unconsciously transmitted their thoughts through their muscles, which is called "muscle reading."

Mr. Bishop asked if there was any writing of any kind on the paper except the name. The gentleman replied that there was none, as he had been particular not to use any of the paper slips found in the ante-room. He had torn out of his own memorandum book a leaf and written a name as requested.

This I always considered one of Bishop's most puzzling experiments, and he did it only on this occasion. I asked him once how it was done. The only reply was: "Rats! I don't intend to give my business away to any one." I explained that it was only curiosity on my part, as there was no possibility of my ever doing it myself.

account of her age and eccentricities, was also there. It was suggested by some one that the best hiding place for the gold sovereign would be inside the stocking of the aged Duchess. She consented, and said she would be convinced of Bishop's powers if he discovered where it was hid.

SUICIDE INSTEAD OF MURDER.

At the Captain General's house in Havana the Marquis Sanchez was requested to simulate a murder with a dagger upon some of the distinguished people present and then to hide the weapon in some part of the way place. Mr. Bishop undertaking to find the dagger and to repeat the act of murder on the same person and in precisely the same manner.

While in Havana Bishop was applied to by a young man of tender years for instruction in the art, the youth representing that he had been offered quite a liberal sum to go to some small town in the interior of the island and repeat Mr. Bishop's experiments there.

In Mexico many offers were made of an equal division of lost property in case he would tell where it was to be found. But Mr. Bishop did not see why he should divide with any one if he could discover the locality of any lost treasure. People could not understand that he only undertook to read in other people's minds what they wished him to know.

Many people also called to ask him to visit the sick, thinking he could clairvoyantly diagnose the disease. The rules which apply to hypnotism apply in his case. By being blindfolded he half hypnotized himself, and thus secured impressions of other people's minds, allowing the subject to be for the time being the hypnotizer. There is also a good deal of involuntary muscle reading, which is perhaps as wonderful as mind reading in its way, and undoubtedly a good deal of clairvoyance, which is not so rare a gift.

His mother was the witness on whose evidence the will of the late Commodore Vanderbilt depended. Some of the heirs who wanted a more equal distribution of the millions left behind brought suit against the executors and opposed the probating of the will on the ground that the Commodore was of unsound mind, as he was in the habit of consulting so-called "spirit mediums."

AN UNPLEASANT DILEMMA.

Mr. Bishop told me he often had communications through her, and as Irving (her son) was then posing before the public as a denouncer of all mediums as frauds he was in an awkward position, and was compelled either to leave the country or appear on the witness-stand and denounce his mother's testimony.

While in Honolulu he was passing the evening with some but gay party, of which the well known Miss A. C. of San Francisco was the leading spirit. One of the ladies expressed her disbelief in the power of any hypnotizer to influence her. Mr. Bishop told her to hold in her hand a silver coin (which he borrowed for the purpose from some one present) and to fix her eyes intently on it.

CONVINCING A SKEPTIC.

As the hour was late and his horse was at the door waiting to carry him home, about six miles away, he jumped on the saddle entirely forgetting to say "Good night" to his subject inside. On his arrival home he found the telephone bell ringing as if possessed of several evil spirits.

Mr. Bishop answered the call at once. He was told that every means had been exhausted by the parties left behind in the house to get the limb back to its normal position. They urged him to ride back as fast as possible to relieve the subject from her peculiar though perhaps artistic pose.

Once with me he was anxious to learn the real name of a mutual acquaintance. I told him I knew it, and if he wanted to know it also he could easily find it out by reading it in my mind. He paced up and down the room, clenching convulsively at his luxuriant hair, and at last acknowledged his inability to read it when he was not blindfolded and in an abnormal condition.

NOT A DRUNKARD.

Bishop has often been accused of being addicted to the use of alcoholic stimulants, but such accusations are unjust, though perhaps not unfounded. In fact, I don't believe it was possible for any man to make him drunk. He sometimes at his entertainments drank an entire bottle of wine of coconuts, one wineglass of which is usually considered a sufficiently strong dose, and it was remarkable how his delicate organization could resist such terrible strains as he subjected it to.

In Vera Cruz, Mexico, they have at the cafes a liquor called tequila, which is a distillation of the well-known pulque, made from the milk or juice of the cactus plant, so abundant in Mexico. This tequila is about as palpable as aqua fortis would be, and is never taken without first filling the mouth with salt. One glass was enough for me for the rest of my life, while Bishop took twelve glasses in my presence at one sitting, and it hardly dazed him, although no one would take that amount of pure spirits or a half-dozen bottles of the weakest champagne ever, and remain in the same quiet, normal state which nature intends human beings to be in generally.

AMEN.

You have invited me to occasionally make your paper the medium for the brief statement of any views I may hold that are in the line of your work; and I want to use this first opportunity to do as a little boy did whose mother had carefully instructed him, with his little brother, to say his prayers before going to sleep.

I want to "chuck in" a most hearty Amen to your address on Spiritualism—not so much as to its special views, however, as to its broad, liberal, genial spirit. All through my ministerial life I have made it a point to use every opportunity that I could consistently with other duties, to observe and examine spiritualistic phenomena. I have seen, as you have, a great many ludicrous things, and have come across an immense amount of fraud on the one side, and of credulity, bigotry, and superstition on the other; and I am yet in doubt as to what is really at their base.

There are more things in heaven and earth.

Than are dreamt of in (any) philosophy." And it is for these, too, as well as for the ones that are dreamt of—perhaps they are all but dreams of the real truth—that we want to keep the open eye and open soul.

It is for this I say "Amen" to your address. It seems to me the very gospel of liberalism, one of the broadest announcements of it I have ever heard. It wisely takes into its recognition all the cranks and dreamers, for among the cranks and dreamers of to-day are the sages and the sober truth tellers of tomorrow; and with equal wisdom it takes in all the conservatives and antiquaries of faith, for the conservatives and antiquaries of yesterday are the cranks and dreamers of tomorrow.

Did Eve Talk French?

No subject has been more fertile of speculation than the origin of language, and on few, perhaps, can less satisfaction be obtained, says Current Literature. The Jews positively insist that the Hebrew tongue is the primitive language, and that spoken by Adam and Eve. The Arabs, however, dispute the point on antiquity with the Hebrew. Of all the languages, except the Hebrew, the Syriac has had the greatest number of advocates, especially among eastern authors.



# Department

CONDUCTED BY SARA L. UNDERWOOD

## THE PUZZLE OF NINETEENTH CENTURY SCIENTISTS.

With nothing else to guide them in their investigations than the current literature of today, the antiquarians of the year 2,000 in "looking backward" for light on the status of society in the nineteenth century, must inevitably come to the conclusion that women were first discovered or evolved at this period, judging from the grave discussion of all sorts of apparently simple questions and queries concerning them with which our literature is now flooded.

Those investigators will be filled with surprise at the dense ignorance which this literature will seem to indicate in regard to women. They will find one scientist declaring that "woman is the race," and another positively affirming that "all that is distinctively human is man," and "all that is truly woman is merely reproductive," still others writing long articles to prove that "the female mind experiences overwhelming obstacles in the study of mathematics"—that women cannot "live laborious days of intellectual exercise and production without injury to their functions as the conceivers, mothers, and nurses of children"—that they must always lag behind man intellectually, because of a presumed lesser brain-weight, while hundreds of writers are seriously and earnestly discussing in books, and in the newspapers, such questions as whether marriage is a failure or not; whether women are to blame for the unhappiness of married life? Are women naturally untruthful? Ought they to vote? Are women interesting? Can they compete with men in study? Will they make good physicians? Can they invent? Have they artistic instincts? etc., etc., without end, "still harping on my daughter," as well as on her "sisters, and her cousins, and her aunts."

The only proper way to find out the answers to these conundrums is to give woman entire freedom to try her powers in every direction. What she has made in the past, she is sure to fail when put to the test, and such failure is the only sure way to teach her humility. But nothing is to be learned or gained by *a priori* arguments based on untried theories; especially when experiment is so easily tried; such arguing of untried theories, always reminds me of the foolish habit some otherwise sensible people have of puzzling over, surmising and wondering about the handwriting of a letter which comes to them in an unfamiliar hand, when the solution of the puzzle lies in breaking the seal, or tearing the envelope.

Put woman's abilities to the test, fairly—on all these questions, and if she fails in one or all why there is your answer to the problem or problems—an answer a thousandfold more potent than reams of written argument against. Then, too, should it be demonstrated that in spite of scientific theories women can do denied things without injury to the race or to womanhood, what is to become of the tons of printed matter *scientifically* demonstrating her incapacity in these particulars? They will be obliged to be relegated to the limbo of all exploded theories—from those of the flatness and immobility of the earth, to the scientific demonstration of the impossibility of telegraphic communication between continents.

In the meantime, while those who have nothing more useful to occupy their minds and time are thus publicly theorizing and questioning, women themselves are every where in a ferment of active experiment. With the larger liberty which is to-day theirs, they are eager to test their intellectual faculties in every possible direction.

A Chicago daily paper expresses surprise that so few women have cared to answer Grant Allen's elaborate and "purely biological and therefore scientific article" on "The Functions of the Sexes," in the *May Forum*, in reply to Lester F. Ward's chivalric "Our Better Halves." The fact is, that the majority of thinking, active women are too busy working out living denials to the theories of opposing pseudo-scientists to reply in mere words. Their work sufficiently argues their side of the question. Col. Higginson with his usual chivalry in behalf of women, in replying to some of Mr. Allen's aspersions of the sex, rightly commends the "brutal frankness" of Allen in contradistinction to the sentimental verbiage with which it has been the fashion of so many male opponents of woman's enfranchisement to mask their real contempt for women. He says truly, that "an immense deal of real injustice to women, a great deal of repression to the intellect, of spilation of property, has been carried on under cover of these lofty sentiments of deference to the sweetness and purity" of woman in the abstract.

But it is precisely because women are now wide-awake and no longer to be humbugged with "soft sawdust" of any kind, and are finding out by experiment their own capacities and limitations, that they can now afford to pass by without comment "brutal frankness" such as Mr. Allen indulges in, and to smile at the sentimentalities of others.

But because women are beginning to understand that their sphere of action is not limited to the merely "reproductive function of human maternity," that fact will not make them any the less fitted to be the mothers of the race. Nor will these mothers share Mr. Allen's coarsely expressed belief that "the functions that specially fall upon woman, are those which woman as female, shares equally with all other females of the mammalian type." Woman's wide sphere of action will surely broaden and elevate her views as to the duties and responsibilities of motherhood. That thinking women already recognize this, let me, in conclusion, quote from Olive Schreiner in "An African Farm": "They say women have one great and noble work left them, and they do it ill. That is true; they do it execrably. It is the work that demands the broadest culture, and they have not even the narrowest. The lawyer may see no deeper than his law books, and the chemist see no further than the windows of his laboratory, and they may do their work well. But the woman who does woman's work needs a many-sided, manifold culture. The heights and depths of human life must not be beyond the reach of her vision. She must have knowledge of men and things in many states, a wide catholicity of sympathy, the strength that springs from knowledge and the magnanimity which springs from strength. We bear the world and we make it. The souls of little children are marvellously delicate and tender things, and keep forever the shadow that first falls on them, and that is the mother's, or at best a woman's. And yet some say, if a woman can cook a dinner or dress herself well, she has culture enough. The mightiest and noblest of human work is given to us and we do it ill. Send a navvie to work in an artist's studio

and see what you will find there; and yet, thank God, we have this work! The meanest girl who dances and dresses becomes something higher when her children look up into her face and ask her questions."

## THE LIGHT OF EGYPT.\*

The student of Theosophy is as much bewildered in his contemplation of what purports to be the unification of truth in the "Wisdom Religion" as he is in studying the different phases of faith in Christianity. First, we had Buddhism with Sinnet, Olett and Madame Blavatsky as expositors. Then we had Harris with his "Wisdom of the Adepts." Then Madame Blavatsky with her "Secret Doctrine," eclipsing Buddhism, Brahminism and all the other divine lights. Then Franz Hartmann with his Rosicrucianism, and now we have "The Light of Egypt" to sweep from existence all the rest. From the developments one might think there was a worse Babel among the ancients than there is among the moderns—in the Theosophic direction. Probably this can be accounted for from the fact that there was one man in the sixteenth century who by temperament, culture and humble temporal advantages was so lost to his own personality as to let the divine truth shine through him with such radiance as to unify all ancient thought and forecast to the modern world its greatest achievements. Through the lightning flashes of Boehme's intuitions the world has in germ all that there is in Swedenborg and Harris, and all that is fundamental in the "Light of Egypt," or in the "Wisdom Religion" of the ancients.

If some one could be found who has Boehme's modest simplicity, with insight to see the great underlying truth in his writings, and with culture sufficient to present his ideas—the Divine Wisdom—in presentable dress, there would be no necessity for such books as the one under review. Nor would there be any necessity for "Blavatskyism," "Harrisism" or "Swedenborgism," or "Mahatmanism" generally. To him all Theosophic truth is unified—past, present and possibly future; and it is a relief to turn to his simple profound ways and thus find succor from all this confusion and contradiction—in the present Theosophic movement.

"The Light of Egypt" reveals the fact that there is not unanimity among the theosophical "adepts"; a fundamental divergence on the doctrine of "Re-incarnation" is noted. The writer of "Light of Egypt" asserts that this doctrine is a perversion of the ancient faith; that as Egyptian wisdom passed into India sacerdotalism, so it did in the West, and perpetuates its caste system. This plausible theory of the universe so as to hold the masses in slavery. Madame Blavatsky in "Secret Doctrine," maintains that "Re-incarnation" is fundamental to any explanation of the mystery of life. Now if the author of "Secret Doctrine," and the author of the book under review, and Theosophists generally, had consulted fifty pages of old Jacob Boehme the world would have been saved from all trash which has been given forth in this direction, and the readers of the JOURNAL would have been spared the infliction of this criticism. What a relief to turn from all this jargon into the clear light of a suggestion in the JOURNAL's editorial on "Theosophy" issue of May 25th. It seems to cover all that is necessary, and I reproduce it because it does.

Spiritualism is democratic. It believes in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. It rejects all attempts to confine thought to any creed, but welcomes all to be shared by all, in a common help. A Christian saint no less than an Indian adept finds welcome in its ranks. It believes that all men have an equal capacity, and this finds judgment as the guest of the heart. Therefore let us submit everything to that common reason which is the inheritance of all—each free to determine the measure of his acceptance.

Theosophists of the modern school uniformly postulate a God who is pantheistic—progressive." The author of the "Light of Egypt" is no exception. Here again we could correct this fatal conceit if they would study Boehme. He struggles under the limitations of his culture and his age, but he mastered the idea underlying the Christian dogma, that God is from eternity to eternity the same one self-conscious Spirit ever generating within Himself the sport and play of His own trine nature—forming in this eternal generation a heaven or "glory" in which He dwells outside of and above temporal nature, which is the shadow—the reflection of the arch-typal ideas of His own substantiality. Here is a paragraph from Boehme:

"For God has not brought forth creation that he should be thereby perfect, but for his own manifestation; that is, for the great joy and glory, not that this joy first began with the creation. Not for it was from eternity, in the great mystery, yet only as a spiritual melody and sport in itself. The creation is the same sport out of Himself, an instrument of the eternal spirit, a great harmony of manifold instruments which are all tuned into one harmony." Or, in another passage, where it is asked: "What was prior to the existence of the angels and the creation," and the reply is: God was alone with light and fire; as God was alone with two fire centers (the lucid and the dark fire center). And the angels and the souls of men and all creatures lay in an ideal spirit model, which God from eternity held in His works."

No such idea of God is in this work, nor in the current occult teaching; and yet such an idea is indispensable to meet all the problems of modern thought.

The writer has purposely avoided a digest of the main teachings of the "Light of Egypt." This for the reason that the copious extracts to follow later, with the permission of the editor of the JOURNAL, will give a fair presentation of its fundamental thought. It is sufficient to say that it is timely, well-written, and deals with theosophic problems from a new standpoint. If I am not mistaken it will create an epoch in the discussion of these problems. The chapters on "Re-incarnation," "Karma," "Mediumship" and "Adeptship" are treated from a new point of view—a view which indicates that there is not among Theosophists themselves that unity which the general public supposed. It is a work which should be in the hands of every Spiritualist who desires to advance beyond the outer courts of mere phenomenalism. In it they can see how constructive work can be commenced and continued under the law of evolution. They will see the dangers as well as advantages of openness to the Spirit-world.

Farkersburg, W. Va.  
\* The Light of Egypt; or the Science of the Soul and the Stars; in two parts. By an Adept. 8vo, cloth, pp. 292. Illuminated cover, eight full-page illustrations, printed on paper specially manufactured for the work. Price \$3.00. Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House; London: George Redway.

Theodore Tilton, now a white-haired old man, is to be seen every night at a famous chess café in Paris. There is talk that he will soon publish a history of the great Beecher-Tilton trial.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

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

### RESEARCHES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

Including The Rise and Development of Zoroastrianism; and The Derivation of Christianity; to which are Added Several Papers on Kindred Subjects, Among which is, Whence Our Aryan Ancestors? By G. W. Brown, M. D. Rocky Hill, Conn. Printed and Published by the Author. 1898. Price, \$1.50.

The author has done a most admirable work in his careful "Researches in Jewish History," his cumulative data and admirable conclusions furnishing a fortress of invulnerable facts that the Christian critic will find impossible to remove or overcome. It is regrettable that one so much to be respected should be so much to be respected in the regular order of things to add additional weight and importance to those that preceded it, thus forming a network of evidence that can not fall in carrying conviction. The question of moral, Christian, or otherwise, the author has not considered. He has only treated of the rise of dogmas which have divided the religious world into numerous sects, each warring with the other, each contending for the supremacy, and each in an earlier stage resorting to unjustifiable and even violent measures for propaganda purposes. We cordially unite with the author in saying that "at a time when the conflicting religious sects are banding together, and forming Christian Alliances, for the express purpose of changing the American system of government into a theocratic empire, with the Bible as king, declaring the Word, with all its enormities and barbarisms 'the Word of God,' setting aside one day in seven by constitutional law as sacred to the priesthood, making it possible to revive the Inquisition with all its horrors, and establish in this sacred territory a free country to punish heretics and disbelievers—it seems highly proper at such a time, and in full view of such facts in regard to their early teachings and their gross usurpations, that these Researches in History should be placed before the public."

The author first takes into careful and critical consideration "Christian Assumption against Monumental Fact," and in so doing arranges his data with consummate skill and painstaking care, concluding by saying: "Well illustrated, the author proves to have been a 'heavenly institution, the creation shodded back no one can tell how far, the Jews a modern people with no existence prior to the so-called Babylonian captivity, Moses, David and Solomon being of their own race, and their own history of the Jews lying back of 450 years before our era, all of which will be demonstrated in these pages, where then the claim that civilization, morality, religion, the arts and sciences came from these Jewish sources, the author, by his own showing, is a mere legend, and a delusion in foreign countries, and always idolatrous until they learned the monotheism of Zoroaster, of which in our second general division."

The work embraces Researches in Jewish History and the Origin of Christianity and is interesting and instructive throughout.

### A MANUAL OF INTRODUCTION TO THE NEW TESTAMENT.

By Dr. Bernard Weiss, Professor of Theology in the University of Göttingen, Germany. In two volumes, 12mo, 268 pp. cloth, \$2.00 per volume. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

This work forms a part of the "Foreign Biblical Library," edited by Rev. W. Robertson Nichol, A. M. It is designed especially for ministers, theological students, teachers, and thinkers in any station of life who desire a profound knowledge of the New Testament Scriptures, and are willing to do some critical reading to attain that end.

In the first volume, Dr. Weiss unfolds the pen of a master in discussing what he calls the "Science of Introduction," from Patristic times to the present. He traces the development of the canon to a critical and detailed "History of the Origin of the New Testament Canon." This is followed by a still more elaborate "History of the Pauline Epistles."

The second volume, just issued, is now before us. It opens with a careful analysis of the epistles to the Hebrews and treats at some length of the question of its authorship. The Epistles have been variously ascribed to Paul, Apollos, Luke, Clement, and Barnabas. Dr. Weiss thinks it morally certain that Paul was not its author, as is commonly supposed. The truth is for all, and as for the Epistle to Barnabas, as the writer of this remarkable book. Next follows a suggestive examination of the Revelation of John, the Brethren of Jesus, and the General Epistles of James, Jude, Peter and John. Two hundred pages are then devoted to the Historical Books and the Synoptic Gospels, and the last part to the Acts and the Epistles of Peter, Paul, James, and John. The volume closes with an Appendix giving a "History of the New Testament Text," involving its original language, its early manuscripts, its various versions, and its marvelous preservation.

### CHURCH HISTORY.

By Professor Kurtz. In three vols. Vol. 1, just issued. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Cloth 12mo, 574 pp. Price, \$2.00.

This work passed through nine editions since it was first published, in 1849. Revised and improved at several different times, by the author, it is now about twice its original size.

### New Books Received.

Incidents of a Collector's Rambles in Australia, New Zealand and New Guinea. By Sherman F. Denton. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$2.50.

An Object in Life, and How to Attain it. By F. Leopold Schmidt, Jr. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, 60 cents.

Glimpses of Fifty Years. The Autobiography of an American Woman. By Frances E. Willard. Published by the Woman's Temperance Publication Association. Price, cloth, \$2.75.

### Magazines for June.

The Popular Science Monthly. (New York.) In continuation of the discussion on Agnosticism, two articles appear in the current issue of this popular magazine. "Diabolism and Hysteria" records the later stages of the waning belief in possession by the devil. "Glaciers on the Pacific Coast" is a sketch of some Alaskan scenery. Toadstools and Mushrooms is an interesting description, there is also another on the production of Beet Sugar. "Fabulous Astronomical Beliefs" tells about the Sun, Moon and Milky Way. Joshua F. Bailey asks the pertinent question: Is Christianity a "Craze?" The Forum. (New York.) Senator Edmunds discusses the decay of political morals in the June Forum. Another political article is "The Drift to the Right," by E. H. Cannon. The Magazine of the East. One of the leading features of the new constitution of Japan. Besides these articles upon political subjects is "The Ethics of Politics by W. S. Lilly. The Queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva") contributes a description of the social life of the Roumanian peasants. Rev. Dr. W. Barry describes "The Method of Monopoly." Dr. Henry D. Chaplin indicates practical ways of preventing poverty, without prescribing a panacea. Other articles add to make up a most interesting number.

Wide Awake. (Boston.) The frontispiece for June is a reproduction of Henry Bacon's "brutal painting," The End of a long Day. A Plain tale is a most pathetic story. The Naughtiest Boy I ever met is a scene laid on board an ocean steamer. Mrs. Fremont continues to interest the reader in The House that Jacob Built. There are several other delightful tales. The poems and illustrations are varied and amusing.

St. Nicholas. (New York.) A variety of reading fills the June issue of this delightful monthly for children. The serials are continued and several short stories are given. The poems and illustrations are dainty, and altogether the array is fine this month.

The Chautauquan. (Meadville, Pa.) A wide variety of topics appear for June. The Position of Women in Ancient Greece is discussed. "Solomy Soler" is the ninth in the Greek biographical series, and Mrs. Field considers the condition of the aged poor.

St. Louis Magazine. (St. Louis, Mo.) The usual good reading consisting of stories, notes, poems and essays fills this month's issue.

The Homiletic Review. (New York.) The departments are well filled in this number.

Ludlow. (London.) The usual varied reading is found in this monthly for May.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Boston.) The Highest Structure in the World is the subject of the first article for June and it is devoted to an account of the Eiffel Tower. Bonny Hugh of Ironbrook is a story of life among miners. George Moritz Wash gives an account of The German Gymnasium in its Working Order, showing the course of studies and discipline pursued in these schools. The Thousand and One Nights is an account of the literary genealogy and various versions of the Arabian Nights. Horace R. Scudder has an amusing article on The State, the Church, and the school; while Prof. Royce continues his Reflections after a Wandering Life in Australasia; and Birmingham is the subject of an article entitled A City of Refuge.

The American Agriculturist. (New York.) A standard feature of the American Agriculturist is the illustration and description, in each number, of some distinct and valuable breed of cattle. The Duchess breed of Shorthorns is the type illustrated in the June number, by a portrait of the valuable shorthorn bull Second Duke of Kent.

The Statesman. (Chicago.) This monthly is devoted to the problems of practical politics, co-operative industry and self help.

Annali Dello Spiritalismo. Turin, Italy. La Rive Spirita. Paris. El Bien Social. Mexico. Sphinx, Neubausen, near Munich, Bavaria. The Shortland Writer, Chicago. Manifesto, Canterbury, N. H. Our Little Nursery, Boston. International Magazine of Christian Science, New York.

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Statuism, or Artificial Somnambulism, hitherto called Mesmerism or Animal Magnetism by Wm. Baker Fahnstock, M. D. Contains a brief historical survey of Mesmer's operations, and the examination of the same by the French commission. Price, \$1.50. For sale at this office.

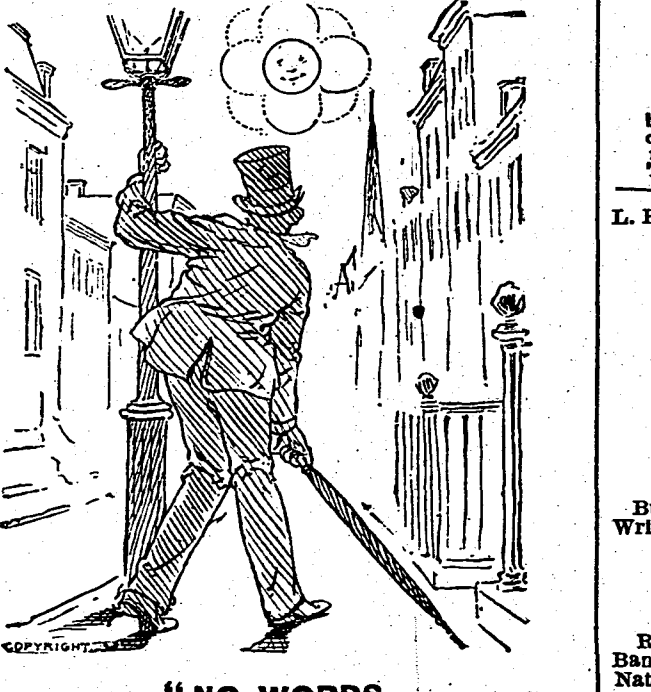
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Heaven Revised is meeting with success. It is a good missionary pamphlet and can be had at this office for 25 cents. Now is the time to order.

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

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

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

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

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

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, June 8, 1889.

The Press the Palladium of Liberty.

The principle involved in trial by jury, whose germs may be traced in the primitive institutions of early ages, was finally developed to its present approximate perfection in England; and more than one hundred years ago was denominated by the great jurist Blackstone, as "the palladium of our civil rights." In his day the press had neither power nor influence worth speaking of. The first successful London daily was started years before Blackstone was born, and The Times began its career under another name five years after his death. When he was in the closing years of his earthly career and the American Colonies were beginning their struggle for independence there were but thirty-four papers published in this country, all weekly, and most of them very weakly. Steam and electricity had not been harnessed as auxiliaries, and not even the wildest visionary could have dreamed of the tremendous potencies lying latent in the press, to be developed in the next century. To-day there are close on to twenty thousand newspapers in the United States alone; a number of them worth millions of dollars each; many of them thoroughly independent and fearless, and equipped with men and means sufficient to accomplish whatever enterprise they undertake.

What the jury was in Blackstone's time, the press is to-day—at least in the United States. Not in a legal, but a moral sense; yet none the less truly so. It is even more; it is the palladium of liberty! Free, untrammelled, unrestricted to the very verge of license, it stands to-day as the bulwark of liberty and civil rights. It is also the most potent moral agent and regulator, leaving far in the distance all other agencies. It fights wrongs, unearths conspiracies, rectifies abuses in public and private institutions; sends bootlers to the penitentiary; puts grasping and cruel employers on the rack and obliges them to alter their practices; holds the rod over politicians and public servants; supervises the various learned professions; is first in stimulating great charities; encourages every noble public enterprise; educates the people, and gives them every day and every week the news of the entire world. It does all this and more; and is able to do it because it is free, within the limits of justice and reasonable regulation. That there are venal papers; weak papers, papers below mediocrity, and papers that have no good reason for being, is true; but as a whole the press of the United States is honest, honorable, courageous, able, loyal to the rights of man, and, we again repeat, the palladium of liberty. It is the ablest auxiliary of science, religion, art, philanthropy, justice, and of all that tends to push man forward to grand endeavors and higher levels. No intelligent and properly informed individual will deny all this.

The press is properly and naturally jealous of its rights and prerogatives, and will not tolerate for a moment any attempt, exoteric or esoteric, to coerce it. Least of all will it tolerate any attempt by a foreigner on the other side of the Atlantic, dictating secretly to her sworn vassals that they shall assault a newspaper with seemingly spontaneous protests, and with threats in case such protests are not heeded. Among all the representative papers in America, or the world for that matter, there is none other that stands more steadfastly for the truth and the whole truth than does the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL; none other that opens its columns more freely and courteously to those opposing or differing from its teach-

ings and purposes; none other with more singleness of purpose, courage, persistence and "nerve" in carrying forward its work; none other so careless of financial consequences in its utterances, or more cautious in keeping to the strict line of truth and justice. The JOURNAL cannot be bribed nor intimidated, though on rare occasions it may be cajoled by false pretenses—as in the case of Rowley. But if it makes a mistake it is swift to openly acknowledge it when the evidence of the error is presented. To say all this is not modest, but it is the truth, and the occasion seems to demand the statement.

The JOURNAL has successfully withstood the most terrific open assaults and the most cunningly devised strategy, and grown strong in the struggle. It has seen its enemies one after another go to ruin, some of them to the penitentiary, others to pauper graves and still others have been relegated to oblivion by the stern edicts of inexorable justice. The correctness of every important position it has taken has been justified by time, though it stood solitary and alone when first it made the advance. Under these circumstances it does not fear, but looks with mild contempt, not unmixed with humor, upon those who fumble the petticoated pope who pulls together her bulky form in an English house and composes, with Russian craft and the experiences of a life of intrigue, a scheme whereby she may bind free-born Americans to do her secret bidding and acknowledge her sway by secret oaths. In another column are published the documents to justify this writing; they are copies of originals, and are authentic beyond all question.

In properly weighing this matter it is essential for Theosophists and all others to remember certain facts, to-wit: Mr. W. E. Coleman's last word in the JOURNAL concerning Theosophy and Blavatsky was in the issue of September 22d, 1888, being a reply to his critics. Mr. Coleman's articles were vigorously answered in these columns by a number of representative Theosophists, who were in no way restricted in their replies by us. Six months after the close of the controversy, Blavatsky makes an attempt to bulldoze the JOURNAL and cow its editor by means of secret orders to those she presumes are sufficiently blinded to be her tools; she having in these six months perfected her Jesuitical "esoteric section," wherewith as she vainly supposes she can "strike but conceal the hand that deals the blow."

Rowley's "Little Joker."

Every medium in America who is to-day claiming independent spirit telegraphy is a trickster. We challenge each and every one of them to a scientific trial of their respective claims. We will pay \$1,000 for an intelligible sentence of ten words produced by "independent spirit telegraphy" through the "mediumship" of either W. S. Rowley, "Dr." Wm. Keeler, P. L. O. A. Keeler, "Dr." Stansbury, Charles E. Watkins or any other who is making claim to this form of mediumship.

We cannot see any a priori reason why there should not be "independent spirit telegraphy," however; it does not seem impossible nor improbable. But that all those now pretending to exhibit this phenomenon are swindling we do not hesitate to affirm. A gentleman of the highest respectability and a long-time Spiritualist writes: "Being a plug operator myself I wrote Rowley some time in January last inquiring if he had instruments, such as he used for sale, and if it was possible for any one to develop 'occult telegraphy.' He replied by saying that Dr. Wells said it was possible for almost any one to develop this gift, and that the 'band' would send an operator from their side to me if I would 'purchase one of the instruments at \$25.' I did not purchase. I believe now that my 'band' (?) kept me from it in some 'occult' way."

Exactly so! just fork over \$25 for an outfit costing at the most \$5, and the suppositions "Dr. Wells" will readily promise to send "one of the band" to develop the sucker who bites the bait. If any additional proof were needed of Rowley's duplicity and mendacity (it is not), it is supplied by him in a printed circular letter dated May 22nd for private distribution. We shall have a few remarks on it in a future issue. In the meantime, why does it not occur to his friends to ask him to be more explicit about those "professors of leading eastern colleges," with whom he has arranged to sit. Let him name them! It seems our exposure of Rowley was more far reaching in its effects than was at the time expected by us. It appears very much as though that episode upset and blew into smithereens a well prepared plan for booming a big stock scheme which with Rowley's aid would have undoubtedly raked in a big pile of money from the credulous who desire to grow rich by some occult hocus pocus; also that the small gang of initiated telegraph mediums were preparing to make a descent upon the summer camp meetings of Spiritualists, with every prospect of a rich harvest. All this is now spoiled.

Mr. Charles H. Kerr, the energetic and popular publisher, was married on May 29th to Miss Nellie Adams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Adams, of this city, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr have the congratulations of an extended circle of friends. As the publisher of Unity, and of many very excellent books, Mr. Kerr has in a few years built up a reputation for industry, integrity and ability of which any young man might be proud. The JOURNAL will always take an interest in his success.

Muscovite Mesmerism.

A SERIO-COMIC FARCE BY

Helen Petrovna Blavatsky & Co.

In which Helen Petrovna, late of Russia, Africa, Asia, America, and Still Later of India and England Takes the Part of Pope—Minor Parts Filled with Native and Foreign Puppets.

The "Esoteric Section" and Mystic Flapdoodle. Secret Oath to Obey the Mandates of the Petticoated and Self-Appointed Pope—Jesuitical Efforts to Muzzle an American Newspaper. Russian Gull Gobbled by American Sucking Doves.

Magical Appearance of T. L. Harris's King Cat—He Comes to the Aid of the Editor, as Likewise Does the Great Mahatmic Myth Koot Hoomi.—Prelude, Between-Acts Music and Postlude Furnished by the Unmuzzled Editor.

Like all mortals who have not climbed the Himalayan Kanchanjanga of Theosophical altruism, we are selfish. When a particularly choice tidbit of fun is caught in our net we corral it in the shallowest depths of our heart's deepest canyon, there to stay secreted until satiety makes us willing to take down the fence and allow the world to share with us. That remarkable woman whose trade name is Madame Helen P. Blavatsky has for years supplied us with rich and rare sport. Only a woman who had been re-incarnated several hundred times, each time adding to her repertory of diversification, could be so exorcistically amusing. According to her biographer, that amiable, artless man, A. P. Sinnett, Middle. Hahn became Madame Blavatsky all because she would not be bluffed by her governess who had declared her charge possessed of such a temper and disposition as to repel any man, "even the old man she (Middle. Hahn) had found so ugly, and had laughed at so much, calling him 'a plumeless raven'—that even he would decline her for a wife." Helena Petrovna Hahn was not the girl to be bluffed. Did not the blood of three great nations commingle in her veins? Should a Franco-German Slav girl of sweet sixteen, or thereabouts,—according to Sinnett—be bluffed by a governess? Not much. Not at all, in fact. She went for that old man of seventy, and in three days the doughty General, the hero of many a bloody battle, surrendered and threw down his hand. But when she found she had outbluffed her governess, and raked in the stakes—in the shape of a decrepit old Tartar—she awoke to a realization of the mess she had made. She married the old wreck, but never became his wife. That was, if we are to credit Sinnett's story, the beginning of a career that has supplied the world with no end of sensation. We heartily thank that governess! Without her fortuitous bluff we, a sober and hard-working editor, far removed from the gayeties of European capitals, without personal acquaintance with the jungles of India, the steppes of Russia, the fastnesses of Thibet, the deserts of Arabia, the Pyramids of Egypt, and all that such acquaintance implies, we, the hard-working editor, would have had a less jolly time of it. We have enjoyed the output of Helena's mental and psychical machinery; enjoyed it all the more because we knew she was getting a heap of amusement out of it herself. No other person whom we ever met has seemed so keenly enjoy the ludicrous antics of her psychologized puppets as does Madame Blavatsky herself. Her sense of the ludicrous and keen appreciation of the humorous are refreshing.

We can see her now, four thousand miles away, her fat sides shaking with laughter as she rolls a fresh cigarette and babbles to her stuffed baboon, whose glass eyes emit sparks of pleasure stored up from ages past when he was a "King Cat." "O, my dear Fiske," says Madame, chucking the stuffed relic under the chin, "what heaps of fun one can get out of this world if one but tries. Only to think of Olcott, Sinnett, those dear dupes at Adyar, and those sucking doves over in America, what sweet chelas they do make." But you and I, my pet, we get the fun while the other fellows do the work; that's the sort of altruism that suits us, isn't it dearest? Do you recollect how that man of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL once mistook you for a dog, even spoke of you as a dog in his paper? 'Naughty man, naughty paper!' say our faithful chelas. Not so say we, pet. We are solid with the Mahatmas, we are. Ha ha ha! We know how to work the racket, don't we though? We'll feed 'em on "Secret Doctrine" and slake their thirst with elemental juices, till we've disciplined them into fit subjects. Yes we will, honey!"

During the past year a fresh vein of fun has been struck, by us. We have quietly developed it until now the ore lies about in such richness and abundant profusion that we feel compelled to call in our constituents and ask them to help themselves. This determination was somewhat hastened by the following "pocket" of pure crystal which was uncovered last week. Here it is, just as we took it out of the envelope, headline and all: A Taste of the Russian Knout.

The Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: SIR:—Rising as I do to a solemn sense of the ridiculous, I must openly demand an explanation of the delicate matters mentioned in the following letter. If you do not own

and edit the JOURNAL, I require you to throw off the mask and show us the Jesuit who runs the paper. Here are the horrid charges you must meet:

78 CLARENDON ROAD, NOTTING HILL, LONDON.

PROFESSOR ELLIOT COUES—Dear Sir: I thank you for your letter and shall pay attention to the points mentioned in it.

I should be glad if you will inform me whether I am right in certain information which I gave Mme. Blavatsky some months ago, and which the recent letters of W. E. Coleman in THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL make highly improbable. I was informed in New York:

1. That Colonel Bundy is, or then was, a member of the Theosophical Society.

2. That you are his sponsor, having proposed him, or otherwise given him his credentials as a fit and proper person to be admitted to the fellowship of the society.

The fact that Colonel Bundy permits the insertion in his paper of such infamous slanders about Mme. Blavatsky as those concocted by Coleman is not compatible with the supposition of his belonging to our Brotherhood; and your silence in the matter is compatible neither with the supposition of your being instrumental in his election to the society, or (as it seems to me) with your professions of friendship for Mme. Blavatsky herself. I should be glad to know the facts of the case in order to lay them before the Theosophists here, who, under the circumstances, look to me for some explanation of Colonel Bundy's action, and your inaction in regard to Coleman's slanderous communications.

What makes it all the more necessary to clear this matter up is that the reports have reached England, which you, like myself, have doubtless heard in the United States, about the influence exerted by the Jesuita over the editorship of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Yours very truly,

R. HARTE.

Not having the pleasure of knowing Mr. Harte, I naturally supposed him to be some fresh crank my amiable and eccentric old friend Blavatsky was turning to her amusement. Appreciating the exquisite humor of the situation, I answered my correspondent with some polite platitudes, and also asked Blavatsky, who, I had no doubt, had put him up to it, why in the world she wanted to make a man out of such a fantastic caper. I was charmed with her racy reply, two sentences of which I cannot forbear to quote:

"... I never knew that E. Harte, who is now at Adyar since November—ever wrote to you calling Col. Bundy a Jesuit, or other people Jesuits, or anything of the sort. Harte has a chronic disease called coccytes serpendi, which has pervaded him with the electric fluid of the lightning over, and he is no Harte unless he writes to somebody and makes a fool of himself over something..."

What adds piquancy to the situation is found in another letter from the innocent Harte, which says:

"I wrote to you without saying anything to H. P. B., and the very next day she asked me to write you a few lines about the way the RELIGIO was admitting attacks on her. When she heard that I had written what she would write to you herself. I did not tell her what I said."

May I doubt that so very great an occultist as this good lady has proven herself to be, can so psychologize a person that he seems to do of his own motion things she moves him to do? It is possible. But in any event, Mr. Editor, if you are not lost to every sense of humor, you owe Mr. Harte ample satisfaction; and you owe Madame Blavatsky an apology for the way you conduct the JOURNAL.

Yet one word, quite seriously. What is the meaning of the rumors which reach me, of a so-called "Esoteric" section of the Theosophical Society, and of a secret circular issued to its members by its "Honorary Secretary," Mr. B. Keightley? Is Mr. Keightley a second Mr. Harte, to be hereafter described by Mrs. Blavatsky in like complimentary characterization? Infinite as I know that ingenuous and ingenious lady's love of fun and mischief to be, there is such a thing as carrying a joke further than any well-regulated Mahatma could approve. I shall require the evidence before I can believe that even a Blavatsky would attempt so fatuous a "fake" as the folly of a ukase against the liberty of the press in America and of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in particular. Sincerely yours,

IGNATIUS LOYOLA. 1726 N street, Washington, D. C.

Exactly so! we do owe this Harte, who is so accurately described by Madame B., satisfaction. We have received several letters from him in the past year; letters which were one to treat them seriously would be rated as impertinent, in bad taste, or the products of an addled brain; but we never could bring ourself to look upon them as anything else than a part of a trans-continental farce which was being played by some of its innocent supes in real earnest and with no suspicion that it was not all a real, downright sober thing. We will now confess to Mr. Harte, in strict confidence, that we are a double-dyed Jesuit. We were first initiated into that all powerful and everywhere-feared body by the late Thomas F. Hazard—peace to his ashes. He publicly initiated and put the brand of Jesuit upon us in the columns of our highly revered contemporary, the Banner of Light. That his inspiration came from "high spirits," through that sweet and gentle instrument of the angels, Jas. A. Bliss, does not lessen the honor of the act. That Bliss had been denounced by the JOURNAL as a trickster and a vile deceiver, only makes it more certain that our initiation was bona fide. One Jonathan M. Roberts undertook to burn the brand "S. J." still deeper into us. In the effort he squandered something like \$50,000, broke into jail several times, and finally broke his heart at his failure to wipe us off the earth. After all this how can we deny being a Jesuit?

About the rumor which has reached our correspondent, of a so-called "Esoteric" section of the Theosophical Society, we take pleasure in being able to state, and to prove our statement, that there is no truth whatever in the gossip. We shall not ask our disturbed Washington friend to take our mere assertion but will herewith produce the evidence that no Esoteric section exists; and, furthermore, that none can exist, in the way human nature is at present constituted and surrounded by gnomes, fairies, elementaries, magi, and other invisible hordes who delight in transforming the would-be esoteric into the baldest exoteric. We must protest most solemnly against the flippant and vulgar terms used by our correspondent in characterizing the supposed-to-be esoteric edict of Madame B. as a "fatuous fake;" when, in fact, our dear friend Helena knew full well that we would understand the joke; that it was only a part of the little scheme whereby she is to bind her faithful chelas with an additional thought, without any power or even desire to use the knout on our tender shoulders.

As we spread out the ev. the blush of shame will mantle the l. white brow, eye, it will even push its way to the very roots of the auburn locks which decorate the head of our Washington correspondent.

We reached home on the 15th of April last, after an absence of several weeks. Within three days thereafter we received five letters, all relating to the same subject; two from the State of New York and three from San Diego, California. We here reproduce two of them.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Dear Sir and Bro.—It is with deep regret we observe such scurrilous attacks upon Theosophy, especially by W. E. Coleman, in your JOURNAL, we know they are untruthful and uncalled for, by true, earnest thinking men, therefore we desire, with one accord, to make our common supplications unto you, in protest against such publications in future. It may be said that the pen is mightier, we answer yes, but this cuts both ways, and we desire to see your paper support and in turn be supported by spiritual truth. Yours fraternally,

T. DOCKING, M. D., Pres., Point Loma Lodge, T. S. San Diego, California, etc. etc. 643 6th St., April 9th, 1889. On behalf of the entire lodge.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., April 9th, 1889.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Dear Sir:—The attacks upon Theosophy in your JOURNAL, for instance, Mr. W. E. Coleman's remarks are very unjust. Spiritualists everywhere are eagerly gathering up the crumbs of thought scattered by these teachers of humanity, and yet in return unjust attacks are made upon its founders and society, the sacred science and philosophy. We cannot pass it by unnoticed and be true to our work. Respectfully, Mrs. J. E. BESSKE.

Forthwith we surmised that our old friend Blavatsky had been hatching up some new sport, that she had issued a secret order to the "faithful of the faithful." We knew it would be little trouble to verify this suspicion. Up to this time we had not noticed a significant advertisement which had appeared several times in Madame Blavatsky's Lucifer, but our "good genius" directed our eye straight to the page. Here is a reproduction of the play-bill:

The Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society.

Owing to the fact that a large number of Fellows of the Society have felt the necessity for the formation of a body of Esoteric students to be organized on the ORIGINAL LINES devised by the real founders of the T. S., the following order has been issued by the President-Founder:

1. To promote the esoteric interests of the Theosophical Society by the deeper study of esoteric philosophy, there is hereby organized a body, to be known as the "Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society."

11. The constitution and sole direction of the same is vested in Madame H. P. Blavatsky, as its Head; she is solely responsible to the Members for results; and the section has no official or corporate connection with the Esoteric Society save in the person of the President-Founder.

111. Persons wishing to join the Section, and willing to abide by its rules, should communicate directly with: Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, 17 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, London, W. (Signed) H. S. OLCOTT, President in Council.

Attest: H. P. BLAVATSKY

The reading of this announcement put us into that peculiarly receptive state so well known to sensitives and so difficult to describe. We opened a secret drawer, drew forth the sacred incense bearing the great seal of the U. S. and branded Habana. We reverently lighted a Lucifer—not Blavatsky's, but one built by the "match trust," and touched the fragrant product of the Queen of the Antilles. Soon the air was redolent; the soft blue-yellow smoke ascended to the tinted ceiling and rolled back against the French plate windows, assuming weird shapes and gracefully swinging back and forth as though inspired with intelligence and a desire to please. Suddenly there appeared before us a huge black cat, treading the air as though its feet touched terra firma; its face was half human and radiating with more than human intelligence. Our intuition told us it was a distinguished chela of some long past age, and he had that peculiar gait seldom seen beyond the shadows of the Caucasus. We at once made bold to address him in the Georgian tongue. "Ila parakey sheni tscheering"—"Speak to me my good fellow." He evidently understood, but declined to reply in that language. With a finely modulated voice of great compass he began:

"Techat that ch obi yhe au Dham Ctzant obo ME AUM! Zhmlie rhoebefe koll R H E-OU! Tshigh rhoefe vbigg dhog r-r-u-on-ou!"

We forbear reproducing more of this rhythmic tale in the original, as it can only be read by T. L. Harris and a few other adepts, who will recognize it as the musical language of the Silver Age. This is a rough translation: "Behold in me the King of King Cats, the noblest product of the 144th generation. In the Silver Age I was one of those useful elementaries to whom was assigned the task of guarding those who needed it. For further details of our race consult T. L. Harris's Esoteric Science, privately printed and almost unprocureable. I come here at the request of Hassan Agha, who long since shook off the mortal coil. He was a merchant and had in earth-life a sneaking fancy for the Black Art. He is now one of Mme. Blavatsky's kitchen cabinet and amateur wonder workers. She has been tyrannizing over him of late, and he desires to discipline her into a condition more affectionate, so to speak. He bids me tell you your suspicions are correct; that the great Helen has issued a secret bull, and the letters you have received are inspired by it. He says if you will send him by me the grand omnic word, so that he may be sure you are on top, he will place in your hands the secret document, within eight and forty hours."

We complied, and within the specified time we had the secret and sacred document which we now spread upon the record, verbatim et literatim. It was written on a type-graph, evidently by a novice, and then duplicated:



Section of the Theosophical Society.

has become necessary that the attention of all members of this section should be called to the first sentence in the second clause of the Pledge which they have taken, and which runs as follows:

"I pledge myself to support, before the world, the Theosophical movement, its leaders and its members."

The first necessity of the Esoteric Section as a body is the existence of a strong feeling of mutual solidarity among its members, and a deep conviction that it is their duty not to sit passive waiting to be taught, but on the contrary to do all that lies in their power to assist the cause of Theosophy, and in one respect especially the members of this Section have neglected their duty and drawn down upon themselves severe reproof from the "Teachers."

This neglect of their duty, amounting in many cases to a breach of the Pledge, lies in the fact that they have permitted attacks on the Society, on its Founders, and worse than all, disparaging remarks about the Sacred Science and Philosophy, to be made in various Newspapers without protest of any kind. It is true that letters from one or two individuals only, would produce but little effect on the minds of Editors. But if every member of the Esoteric Section made it his duty, a duty never to be omitted to write and protest vigorously against such attacks whenever and wherever made, the persistent action of a large body like this Section, backed as it would be by support on a higher plane, would certainly produce an effect, and would relieve, at all events, the Members from the stigma of not acting up to their pledged word.

This applies with special force in the case of the Spiritualistic Journals, which cannot deny a priori either the philosophical basis or the phenomenal evidence of Theosophy, but which are nevertheless among the most frequent assailants of the Society and its leaders, as witness the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in America and the Medium and Daybreak in England? Now the former would hardly venture to publish such scurrilous attacks on Theosophy as those of W. E. Coleman, if the members of the E. S. in America with one accord wrote and protested, and, if their protest remained unheeded, ceased subscribing to the paper, and induced as many of their friends as possible to follow their example—writing at the same time to the Editor to state their reasons for so doing. Nor in England would the "Medium and Daybreak" think of publishing such paragraphs as those which have many times appeared therein, the latest one concluding with these words: "The 'Mahatmas' are simply 'spirit-guides,' and their work has been far outdistanced by what has been done in Spiritualism," if the Editor found that such statements cost him subscribers, as well as bringing down on him a shower of protests.

It is the spirit of thorough solidarity alone which can make the Esoteric Section a power in the world on the side of Theosophy, and it is only by making it such a powerful agent for the work of the Masters that the members of the Section can expect to deserve teaching, guidance and help, at the hands of those Servants of Humanity.

Yours fraternally,  
BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY,  
Hon. Sec. E. S.

March 17, 1889.  
After reading this humorous bit of composition, we looked up and discovered King Cat still lingered. Observing he had attracted attention he slowly drooped his port eyelid, gave his long bushy tail a few graceful twists and remarked in a low tone: "I came across Koot Hoomi on my way back. He seemed quite put out with Madame E., too. Said, in substance, she was not totting fair. Had been trying to play off some Cossack curios on him for genuine mahatmic goods, and he wouldn't stand it. 'So,' said he, 'you just hand this little document to that Chicago editor and tell him to publish it.'" Whereupon he inserted the point of his tail in his starboard ear and drew out an impressive looking document of four pages, printed on card-board and bearing the signature of H. P. Blavatsky. Desirous of retaining the good will of Koot Hoomi we comply with his request to publish. Here is the precious bit of esotericism:

STRICTLY PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.  
THE  
ESOTERIC SECTION OF THE T. S.  
[SEAL.]

DEAR: I forward you herewith a copy of the Rules and Pledge for Probationers of the Esoteric Section of the T. S. Should you be unable to accept them, I request that you will return this to me without delay. (Signed with pen and ink) H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Rules of the Esoteric Section (Probationary) of the Theosophical Society.  
1. No person shall belong to the Esoteric Section who is not already a Fellow of the Theosophical Society.

2. Application for membership in the Esoteric Section must be accompanied by a copy of the Pledge hereto appended, written out and signed by the Candidate, who thereupon enters upon a special period of probation, which commences from the date of his signature.

3. All members shall be approved by the Head of the Section.

4. He who enters the Esoteric Section is as one "newly born"; his past—unless connected with crime, social or political, in which case he cannot be accepted—shall be regarded as never having had existence in respect of blame for actions committed.

5. Groups of Theosophists belonging to the Esoteric Section may be formed under a charter from the Head of the Section.

6. Any member joining the Section expressly agrees, without reservation, to Clause II. of the Pledge.

7. To preserve the unity of the Section, any person joining it expressly agrees that he shall be expelled, and the fact of his expulsion made public to all members of the Section, should he violate any one of the following conditions:

- (a) Obedience to the Head of the Section in all Theosophical matters.
- (b) The Secrecy of the Signs and Pass-words.
- (c) The Secrecy of the documents of the Section, and any communication from any initiate of any degree, unless absolved from such secrecy by the Head of the Section.

Pledge of Probationers in the Esoteric Section of the T. S.  
1. I pledge myself to endeavor to make Theosophy a living power in my life.

2. I pledge myself to support, before the world, the Theosophical movement, its leaders, and its members; and in particular to obey, without cavil or delay, the orders of the Head of the Esoteric Section in all that concerns my relation with the Theosophical movement.

3. I pledge myself never to listen, without protest, to any evil thing spoken of a brother Theosophist, and to abstain from condemning others.

4. I pledge myself to maintain a constant struggle against my lower nature, and to be charitable to the weaknesses of others.

5. I pledge myself to do all in my power, by study and otherwise, to fit myself to help and teach others.

6. I pledge myself to give what support I can to the Theosophical movement, in time, money, and work.

7. I pledge myself to preserve inviolable secrecy as regards the signs and pass-words of the Section and all confidential documents.

So help me, my Higher Self.  
Signed.....

The arrangements with regard to the circulation of the Esoteric Teaching, which will be given to members of the Section, will be communicated to them in due course.

Now it goes without saying that the Russian bear is on perfectly amicable terms with the American eagle. The unequalled and only Blavatsky has no desire to paralyze, black mail, or coerce THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. She is only desirous of drilling the awkward squads of chelas scattered through the country, and takes this way, among others, of doing it. She is anxious to hasten the day when all, including even the editor of the JOURNAL, will attain the state of "The Higher Carelessness" already achieved by herself and so beautifully exemplified in her masterly manipulations of the truth. Of course a person of Madame Blavatsky's occult experiences knows it is impossible to utter any document or promote any scheme unbeknown to us. We thoroughly understand one another; and nobody, no matter how busy he may make himself, can destroy the entente cordiale so long existing between us. If she can enthrone the "faithful" to greater devotion, and a quicker gait toward her throne, we shall not object. If, perchance, her vassals cut the JOURNAL, we shall try to scrub along somehow. We've been through a good many wars, unscarred; we are still on deck and ready for another, with plenty of shot in the lockers and everything trim.

Trusts in Churches.

This is the age of "trusts." Is it because nobody trusts his neighbor, or is it because the spirit which underlies trusts is seeking, in its own dumb way, to bring mankind together in some fashion—if not in all cases according to the rigid rules of orthodoxy? Just now the Presbyterian Church is laboring to harmonize, to come together, to make a "trust in the Lord." Preparatory to this consummation the growing spirit of the age—which is the divine spirit in man—is insisting that the old Calvinistic dogma, the dogma of the election of the saints to eternal life and the damnation of the rest, even "infants a span long," should go by the board if this move is made a success. Thus do the gods work the mills. Surely the world moves! But what becomes of Presbyterianism in this contingency? Strike Calvinism out of the creed and you have no creed left. The Chicago Tribune suggests, whilst advocating the change, that Plymouth Rock is left to rest upon. Hear the venerable old saint congratulate:

There is room for congratulation, therefore, that this grand old historical church, whose stanch Scotch-Irish adherents joined hands with the Puritan Congregationalists during the Revolutionary War against the members of the English Church, is once more re-united for work at home and abroad, and prepared to prosecute the war against the hosts of sin with the increased vigor which grows out of practical if not organic union. If it would only unite now to get rid of the iron-bound foreordination and predestination decrees, which hang about its neck like dead weights, it would rise refreshed and with renewed strength.

In order to make the Presbyterian Church, North and South, "organic" instead of "co-operative," as is now proposed, the JOURNAL suggests that a "Trust" be formed to make sure of the investment. With hell and damnation knocked higher than a kite, the fierce worldlings will take a chance in this new gospel corporation. It will pay large dividends, for the promoters can then run it on business principles with no fear that they will be burnt for their laudable efforts. The Devil will make peace with Calvin and Presbyterianism will have a boost heavenward.

Dr. Cronin's Premonition.

That Dr. Cronin who was cruelly murdered in this city, had a premonition of his terrible fate, seems evident from the following: "Doctor, these Easter communions are becoming rather numerous. Don't you find it somewhat inconvenient getting up for early mass Sunday after Sunday?"

"Not at all," answered the doctor. "If I could have my wish I would go to holy communion every Sunday the year round. I always feel that each communion may be my last. I feel so now; in fact."

So indeed it was. The Tribune states that two days later there was a meeting of the Order of Foresters and delegates were chosen to the annual convention. The choice fell on Dr. Cronin to represent his court.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you had better also elect an alternate."

"Guess you'll serve all right, doctor," was the chorus from the members, with whom the doctor was most popular.

"Of course I will serve if I am alive," he answered, "but there is no telling what may happen."

The latter remark, made half seriously, half pleasantly, resulted in the doctor's suggestion being acted upon, and the alternate thus chosen will have to represent the order the next year.

Three months ago, in discussing the mysterious murder of the druggist Clark, Dr. Cronin said: "It has always seemed to me that, for absolute security, a big city is preferable to a desolate prairie for the commission of a great crime. There is less chance for the murderers being discovered where there are crowds around than in the untrodden prairies where a man is not seen twice a year. I always feel safer when out visiting my patients in the quiet suburbs than I do in the heart of the city, or even at my office. It is a strange thing," mused the physician, "but you or I, both of us busy men, and both of us coming into contact with more than the average number of our fellow men, might any day or night be stricken down, and the simple horror of the crime would be so widespread that it would be the means of preventing the criminals being detected."

An American Robert Elsmere.

Everybody has read "Robert Elsmere." Nobody supposed, when they were reading this novel, that human nature in this nineteenth century could be so narrow as to really persecute those entertaining views of the kind held by Mrs. Ward's hero. But we are mistaken. This time it is again in the witch-burning country near Boston. It is in no less a place than Yale College. Prof. John Russell of the Theological school is asked for his resignation because in a lecture to the students he has defended Mrs. Ward's, or, rather Robert Elsmere's, position on the miracle question, by asserting that the authenticity of miracles is so doubtful no one should be excluded from the Christian Church for not believing in them. Prof. Fisher, who was present, at once locked horns with him, and declared that miracles were a necessary basis of the church and one of the foundation stones of the orthodox faith. Russell's resignation was speedily asked for, and he has gone to Williams College. Several of the students have also threatened to follow him. Evidently the critics are mousing round among the foundations of orthodoxy.

"Theosophy as a Guide in Life."

We have before us a four-page pamphlet with the above title, printed for circulation by Allen, Scott & Co., London. It is well written, and as a tract it compares favorably with the documents of similar import published by the American Tract Society. With all its claims, however, it carries within its subtle sentences the poison now being circulated under the heads of "Karma" and "Re-incarnation." Fortunately for the western world there is coming to the front, among Theosophists, the older Egyptian doctrine which is the opposite—the antidote to this specious and dangerous speculation. We hope soon to present to our readers a gleam from a work called "The Light of Egypt," wherein will be given a full exposure of this deceptive delusion. Elsewhere will be found a brief review of the work by one of our regular correspondents.

Please Mention the Religio Philosophical Journal.

Our readers will do a favor to ourselves and our advertisers, and forward their own interests as well, if they will write or say to advertisers that they read the advertisement to which they reply in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. It is easy to do this, and profitable for various evident reasons. It promotes the business transaction and inspires confidence all around. The attention and care bestowed on advertisements by both advertisers and the reading public are constantly on the increase. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL prides itself upon the excellent character of the advertisements it contains. We trust that our readers will bear in mind the little but important suggestion we have made.

Either the theological atmosphere of Spokane Falls, W. T., must be anything but orthodox, or the Morning Review of that thriving city has "sand" to spare. Here are that paper's editorial remarks introducing an extended abstract of B. F. Underwood's second lecture in Spokane:

Those of Spokane's citizens who are following with interest the spreading of more liberal ideas in the religious—or so-called religious—circles of this country and the whole world, are not slow to appreciate the manner in which the various aspects of evolution and its relation to life are treated by Mr. Underwood. His second lecture, delivered last night, on "Proof that Man Ascended from the Lower Animals," was such an able exposition of the rational and probable in the doctrine of evolution as compared with the irrational and improbable in that of special creation by miracle that it may well make certain "sages" and self-constituted "oracles" of this and other communities pause and reflect, go into themselves as it were, and see whether memorizing does or does not constitute scientific clearing, and whether or not a course of theological studies is best adapted to broaden a mediocre mind.

Miss Catharine G. Waugh, an attorney of Rockford, Ill., represents the feminine defendant in a suit for divorce. This is probably the first instance of the kind in the courts of the country. The Rockford Gazette says: "Miss Waugh sits besides her client, demure and self-possessed, and neatly attired in a plain gray dress. She lacks, perhaps, the sharp, aggressive manner of the male attorneys, but is wide awake and business-like."

The Spiritualists of Western New York, Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio, will hold their tenth annual meeting on their grounds at Cassadaga Lake, Chautauqua County, N. Y., from July 26th to September 1st, 1889. Those in charge say: "The Cassadaga Lake camp meeting ground is eight miles from Lake Erie, and seven hundred feet above it. Situated midway between New York and Chicago, and convenient of access from all points. It lies on the shore of a beautiful chain of lakes, three in number, and at an elevation of nearly one thousand feet above the level of the sea. Here can be found the perfection of delightful water scenery and the purity of mountain air. Owing to the great altitude and the purity of the water and air, malarial, contagious and epidemic diseases are almost entirely unknown. The sanitary condition of the camp is carefully guarded, and to believers, and investigators of spiritual philosophy, we would say no better place can be found anywhere for rest and recreation, than at Cassadaga Lake."

The Parkland Camp-meeting will commence Sunday, June 28, and end Saturday, September 11. The management says: "The Spiritualists of Philadelphia congratulate the friends of humanity and progress throughout the world on the spread of the light of knowledge, and extend a cordial invitation to visit our camp-meeting at Parkland, where the Spiritual philosophy will be discussed and expounded by able thinkers and speakers, the power of the truth will be demonstrated by unassailable evidence, and the welfare and development of the physical, intellectual and mental being be carefully and intelligently provided for by the managers of our association."

During June B. F. Underwood's address will be Silverton, Oregon, care of Dr. J. W. McClure.

Mrs. ("Robert Elsmere") Ward is not merely a passive opponent of woman suffrage, but, with Frederic Harrison, is organizing an anti-woman suffrage society.

Mr. J. C. Wright is having excellent success with his classes in Cincinnati and will continue them through the month of June. He seems to have struck a field for which he is particularly well fitted.

Said a Frenchman in the 18th century: "Suffer yourself to be blamed, imprisoned, condemned; suffer yourself even to be hanged; but publish your opinions. It is not a right; it is a duty." To which the JOURNAL says amen!

Dr. H. K. Jones, of Jacksonville, Ill., whilom lecturer at the Concord School of Philosophy, and president of the American Akademie, sailed from New York for England, June 5th. Mrs. Jones, who is a valued contributor to the JOURNAL, accompanies her husband.

The Sturgis (Michigan) Yearly Meeting, always a goodly gathering, will be held at the Free Church, Friday to Sunday, June 14th to 16th. Sessions each day and evening. Speakers: Mrs. Shepard Lillie, Mr. Moulton of Grand Rapids, G. B. Stebbins and several good mediums.

Mrs. Foye in Town.

As the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Mrs. Ada Foye is engaged to give a public exhibition of her powers every Sunday evening in June at Martine's Hall, Indiana Ave. and 22nd Street. A small collection will be taken at the door to defray expenses. Com.

PAINLESS EFFECTUAL BEECHAM'S GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE PILLS WORTH A GUINEA A BOX For Weak Stomach—Impaired Digestion—Disordered Liver. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX. Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. B. F. ALLEN & CO., Sole Agents FOR UNITED STATES, 365 & 367 CANAL ST., NEW YORK, WHO (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price—but inquire first. (Please mention this paper.)

The Illustrated Practical Mesmerist. BY WILLIAM DAVEY. The author of this work became interested in Mesmerism and was soon convinced of the importance of this present science. He has determined to devote himself to its advocacy, and we have in this work the knowledge of one widely experienced in mesmeric processes. Price, board cover, 75 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

Psychology As a Natural Science Applied to the Solution of OCCULT PSYCHIC PHENOMENA. BY C. G. RAUE, M. D. In 1847 Dr. Raue published a work in Germany with the title of "Psychologie als Naturwissenschaft," which has since been translated into French, German, and English. It has been revised and augmented at different times and now forms the basis of this work. Price, \$3.50, postage 15 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

CAMP MEETING. The First District Association of Spiritualists of Michigan will hold their Seventh Annual Camp Meeting at Orion Lake, Oakland Co., Mich., commencing June 1st and ending June 10th, 1889. An interesting and successful meeting is in prospect, with good speakers, pleasant grounds and ample accommodations provided. All seekers are invited to occupy grounds for tents, and the public in general, courteously received, with good managers in attendance. Mrs. F. E. DUKEL, Sec'y, Metamora, Mich. S. H. EWELL, President.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. THE SAFEST AND MOST CERTAIN PAIN REMEDY. For internal and external use. Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

MATERNITY A book for every wife and mother. By Mrs. F. E. Sawyer, M. D. Revised and enlarged. 150 pages added. Contains over 750 pages. The most complete book of the kind ever issued. Treats all diseases and conditions of women. Gives complete directions for care of infants and children in health and disease. "In the hands of an intelligent mother this book is worth its weight in gold."—L. W. Chamberlain, M. D. Endorsed by physicians everywhere. Nearly 1,000,000 sold. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Cloth, \$2.00; Leather, \$2.75. Intelligent ladies wanted everywhere to sell this book. Active agents make from \$10 to \$25 per week easily. Experience not necessary. Write quick for circulars. E. F. WHEELER & CO., 130 Adams St., Chicago, Ill. AGENTS WANTED THE GREATEST SINCE DARWIN! PLANETARY EVOLUTION OR— A New Cosmogony. THE LATEST DISCOVERIES IN THE REALM OF NATURE AND THEIR RELATION TO LIFE. Price, cloth, \$1.00; Paper, 50c. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

4TH OF JULY. SEND FOR PRICE LIST OF FIRE WORKS NOW IS THE TIME TO ORDER. Favorite Co-Operative Association, 45, 47 and 49 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

ILLUMINATED BUDDHISM OR THE TRUE NIRVANA. SEE POEM, "THE COMING OF BUDDHAH." An Exchange says: "The book before us, aside from its mystic methods, takes an entirely new view of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, of re-incarnation and of Nirvana. . . . But we need not follow the details, for it would give but an imperfect idea of one of the most readable books in its line we have met in a long time. Its literary style is unexceptionable and the author shows in every chapter evidence of profound thought and a mastery of statement that is a pleasure to follow." Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50c. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

GUIDE-POSTS ON IMMORTAL ROADS. By MRS. JACOB MARTIN. The author says: "As a freely among the stars, as a ripple on the ocean, I send out this small beacon of hope through the valley of despair." Price 25 cents, postage 2 cents extra. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago. WAS JESUS DIVINE? This pamphlet of 32 large pages, critically reviews a story of Jesus parallel with antecedent cases of "showing the gentle origin of Christianity." Price Sent postpaid by enclosing that amount to the author. M. E. CRAVEN, Southampton, Bucks. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.



Voices from the People.

THE BETTER PART.

BY HARVEY REESE.

Better to know the truth, that maketh free, Than revel in the treasures of the dead; Better to open thine own eyes and see Than blindly trust to what men may have said.

Better than dreams of heaven's future bliss, Or phantoms pictures of another life, It is to live thy future life in this— Bring heaven down into this vale of strife.

Better to touch with gentle hand a heart Than hath been wounded in the shade of death, Than from the sinful turmoil stand apart And gaze enraptured and with bated breath.

Into a vision land that fancy weaves Beyond the clouds that deck eternity, Better than painting angels on the leaves Of book or sermon, tale or homily.

It is to show that angels walk the earth Clad in the flesh of pure humanity; To open well-springs in a land of death And prove man's strength in his infirmity.

—Twentieth Century.

Children.

NO. ONE.

Some of the deepest questions the present age can evolve, will be about our children. How shall we regard them, restrain them, direct them? How shall we say shall we leave them when we emerge from the chrysalis of this body? Let us entertain a few thoughts in regard to these several questions. First, how shall we regard them? "The way of the Almighty giveth understanding."

Along the line of history man's conquering might has been passing from the basic stratum of brute physical force, manifested by the dominance of the strongest savage tribe, onward, to the supremacy of the most enlightened nation intellectually; and today we are witnessing a grand form of intelligence rallying to the side of moral supremacy; and who shall say it will be long before nations shall concede that the right of dominance shall inhere in that one possessing the strongest moral center? Until recently the struggle has been between nations and men. There was no question about the place and ownership of women, children, dogs and horses, — to the weak belongs the serving position; but gradually the right to enslave weak nations has been acknowledged, and the earth has become the joyful abode of freedom for all. No sooner is this question settled than before the soul of man appears another suppliant for freedom. Woman knocks at the barred doors of God-given citizenship, and prays, she demands admission. What she kneels a prisoner, while her being is the two-edged sword of the spirit; and she kneels to conquer. God is restless with one-half of His divine nature enslaved. That which is made, possesses the material of that from which it is formed. In the feminine conception in the universe born of a male? Oh, no! The being we term father, presents to us a type of the perfect marriage, the equipoise of the male and female element, balanced, enthroned, within the Deific person. No divine action is expressed without the correlative of the father-mother in God, who presents the true universal concept of freedom. Can the parent be free and freedom of God and the parent, what follows? Freedom for each and every center of life or motion to express its nature according to the laws of its incarnated force: freedom for the ocean to roar, the rain to fall, the bird to sing, the flower to bloom in its own inimitable beauty, and give off its fragrance; freedom for the father and mother to radiate their natures into their home environment, and help God mold the souls of men. Can slavery be a form of freedom? Would it be legitimate for a parent to be free and enslave his child? Thus, far off on the soul's horizon appears another suppliant for freedom: childhood is beginning to stand with its innocent eyes lifted to our own upon our level. For the eyes of God give forth the rays of freedom, within every eye created by the gaze must reflect the same living light. Verily, we "grow in the knowledge of God." Not all at once can our conception entertain freedom. Is the time far distant when our understanding the child's birthright will be revealed, and he will be free from domination, only to be guided, not dominated or enslaved? As has been said by the poet.

"Each pool reflecteth His perfect face."

Look, then, into the pool of the child's soul, and know that the great spring of the eternal bubbles in its depths. As the design of freedom works itself out in our consciousness, there may be other inspirations wanted to mankind; other incarnated life may plead, "I am free."

When we become prepared to grant this full and rounded freedom to God's universes, we shall, perhaps, have ourselves attained such freedom from the supposed necessity of receiving freedom from enslaved life, that we will be able to give freedom to every creature sufficient to bring us what we need; and take us where we will, through the free unbiased action of Deific forces. Then animal life shall become to us a means of instruction and pleasure, though reciprocal association. D. M.

Truth in Contrariety.

"There's not a vanity given in vain."—Pope.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I desire to say through your columns that the deep plowing and thorough pulverizing that the field of "Psychic Research" is receiving at the hands of such men as Professors Buchanan, Coues and Moore, inspires me with a hope of a bright harvest of truth in the end. This idea further asserts itself in the fact that:

"Even man self-love, by force divine, Becomes the scale to measure others' wants by thine."

I conclude that even jealousy or contemptible dissimulation, the meanness of all mean things, has its legitimate place in the human society, and that no man can perform, and I am the more persuaded of the truth of that seemingly paradoxical statement of Pope's: "All nature is but art, unknown to thee; All chance is direction, which thou canst not see; All discord harmony, not understood; All partial evil universal good."

And thus I go jogging along, searching for the best in all things, and find a heap to feed upon, "reaping truth from contradiction," and expect to realize by and by the truth of the prophecy of Jesus, viz: "There's nothing hid that shall not be revealed, nor secret that shall not be made known," and so "fulfilling each great design," come to "know even as I am known," or "see myself as others see me," and thus be "saved from many a blunder and foolish notion." To this end I welcome the truth from any source whatever, whether branded "old" or "new," "sacred" or "profane." J. B. Cox, Union, Tex.

Are They the Lost Tribes of Israel?

When Stanley Africans was in this country several years ago he gave it as his firm opinion that there is a white or light-colored people somewhere in the heart of Africa, and he entertained the preposterous notion that they might possibly be the lost tribes of Israel. He said that he had found traditions of such a people among the natives of the regions through which he had traveled, and who he says that they were yet in existence. Livingstone himself entertained some fancies about this matter, which he had gathered during his wanderings, but he died without throwing any light upon it. We shall doubtless soon learn whether Stanley has found any during the last few years. Over a hundred years ago Swedenborg, the seer of Heaven and Hell, told of the existence of a civilized people in the unexplored parts of Africa, the spirits of some of whom conversed with in the other world. The fact that "speaks of these people as 'Gentiles' might seem to exclude the idea of their being Jews," but the 'Gentiles' were used by him to describe men born of the Christian Church. It would be hard to find the lost tribes of Israel are in equatorial Africa, that none of their members have away from them in the course of ages. —It for news by Stanley—New York

Talk of the Town.

There is a plain unlettered barber now working in this city who does all of the famous tricks of the dead "mind reader," Washington Irving Bishop, and performs them rapidly and well. His name is W. C. Palmer, and he works in a barber-shop at 144 East 4th Avenue.

Yesterday afternoon Palmer appeared at the evening *News* office and said that he could perform the wonderful feat with which Bishop astonished the members of the Lamb's club a few moments before his death. This was a pretty bold claim to make, but Palmer insisted that, though he had no professional experience, he was possessed of the natural gifts which would enable him to duplicate all of the performances with which Bishop started the world. Palmer, as will be explained later, says that at there is no mind reading about the feat at all, and in this respect, he agrees with a very large number of scientific men.

Mr. Palmer was taken into the Daily *News* three-room, and there, before a committee of three members of the editorial staff of the evening *News*, he justified the claims he had made. The feat which Bishop performed a few moments before he expired was then reproduced by the Chicago man as follows: He was led into an obscure corner of the library-room and blindfolded. In the meantime one of the committee selected a book which happened to be a copy of the Illinois statutes, and turning to page 250 picked out the word "Chicago," which was about midway down the page. The book was then closed and secreted. Taking a loose hold of the hand of the man who had selected the word, Palmer found his way straight to the book. Still blindfolded, the barber turned over the leaves, cautioning the newspaper man to think intently of the exact place at which the word was to be found. In a few moments he reached page 250, where he stopped, and began groping down the page. A moment later his index finger rested at the identical word, "Chicago," which had been selected. Without knowing, of course, what the word was, and still holding the left hand of the man who had made the selection, Palmer wrote with crossed fingers on a piece of paper, "Chicago." The first letters "Chic" were perfect, though the last three were somewhat blurred. The word, however, was easily legible as a whole.

Taking hold of the hand of another member of the committee, Palmer wrote out the word "George," which was precisely the name in the mind of the newspaper man.

A map upon which was scattered a lot of numbers then afforded another interesting test. One of the committee fixed his mind upon one of the numbers and lightly placed his hand in Palmer's. The emulator of Mr. Bishop immediately pointed out the figure selected. The blindfolded man still over his eyes. A peculiar mark, consisting of a cross inside a circle, was then placed on a piece of paper. It was roughly duplicated by Palmer. Articles were hidden in various parts of the room and the blindfolded man found them without the slightest hesitation, though he could not possibly have seen them placed in hiding.

A member of the committee threw himself into a certain pose, and then resumed his natural attitude. Palmer was then led in, still blindfolded, and enjoining the subject to remember distinctly the pose assumed, he slowly adjusted the feet, arms and head of the newspaper man, until they were in the desired position. Several other equally interesting tests were performed, but they need not be recounted here. One of the members of the committee, who had witnessed a series of tests made by Bishop in the *Daily News* office several years ago, said that Palmer worked more rapidly than did the man whose feats he performs.

"How did you happen to discover your talents in this direction?" Palmer was asked. "I can hardly say. I had seen a so-called mind reading performance one night, and I thought, 'How I remarked to my wife that I believed I could do all these tricks we had seen. And I found that I could.'"

"Are you in a trance or hypnotized condition when giving a performance?" "No, not at all. The fact is nonsense. I am perfectly conscious and in a normal condition all that time. I can hardly tell how I do these things. Some people call it 'muscle-reading,' but that hardly explains it. When I take hold of the hand of some person who has selected the word, or placed the finger on the letter, there seems to be some mysterious power which takes me to the right spot. So in my other tests. Perhaps I receive some assistance from him which he is unconsciously giving. At any rate, I do not see pictured in my mind the figures where the articles are hidden, or the letters where there is anything in such theories. I do not think one can learn to do these things by any amount of practice. It must be a natural gift. Practice has not helped me a particle. I find I could do these things just as well the first day I tried them as I can now."—Chicago Daily News.

Heaven Revised.

This is a neat and interesting little volume whether or not we accept the author's explanation as to its origin. Mr. Duffie says he did not know where he got the narrative, and the ideas were not gathered from various sources. It is the belief that she wrote through unseen assistance, but hesitates to ask others to endorse this belief. She truly says it is difficult to draw the line between one's own thoughts and impressions, and those which result from inspiration from higher (other) sources. Even if the inspiration comes from higher sources, we have to accept the statements on faith until our own personality and consciousness has had like experiences. Until then we cannot really know. Your reviewer thinks "the heavens as there are souls at rest," and we scarcely know or realize from the written description of others just what heaven or the now unseen universe really is. Even Swedenborg got tangled in the labyrinth of the astral world, and wrote many beautiful, interesting and valuable things notwithstanding. Heaven Revised is a somewhat radical departure from the orthodox idea of that locality. It is a grateful change from the meaningless and extravagant typical heaven as portrayed by the Rev. Dr. Talmaire, for instance. It is this practical, and it does not happen as much as anything, attracts and holds one's attention from introduction to close of Heaven Revised. Very much is given in a few words. Topics treated are Death, The Grave and Resurrection, Day of Judgment, Into the Depths, Work, Knowledge, Wisdom, A Great Mistake, The Soul, and the Spirit, The Field is the World. The lesson taught is that we make our own heaven, gravitate to the sphere or place for which we are fitted; are tried, judged and sentenced by our own acts and not by any arbitrary power. Showing and reaping are clearly set forth; our relations with other personalities explained; the grand work of lifting those unfortunate who are below us to higher planes, even as we are also lifted and inspired by those still more exalted than ourselves, is treated in a comprehensive manner.

It makes a very good Spiritualistic tract. I condense from the last pages: "Spiritualism is the religion of personal responsibility, of never-dying hope, and of eternal progress. It is the religion which means every need and every trial of life, as men live up to the highest knowledge of truth within their hearts newer and greater truths shall be given them. Knowledge of the spirit is the fountain of living waters."

If all Spiritualists could only practice as well as they can preach that benefitting thing it would be but the word brings up disappointments and painful reflections and visions which almost obscure the good and the truth which lies above and beyond. Well, Christianity has had its fields of carnage, the stake and inquisition, and more human blood has flowed from religious impulses than from any other cause. It has taught a lesson: from the blackness of credulity and superstition has arisen a noble Christian faith which comes from the heart and not from plenary inspiration. When to the doctrines of the humble Nazarene is added the knowledge of continued existence and the philosophy therein contained it will be a glorious time. In this great work such books as Heaven Revised and others issued from the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House are designed to play an important part. We do not think the public will be disappointed in Heaven Revised.—Health and Home.

L. H. Warner writes: I have been a subscriber ever since the JOURNAL has been published, and shall continue just as long as it is the standard bearer of truth, light and knowledge. I admire the course you have been pursuing, and think all true Spiritualists should sustain you and help to increase the circulation of the JOURNAL tenfold at least.

"Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science."

NO. ONE.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Having been an interested reader at times, for weeks past, of Brother Tuttle's excellent book entitled "Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science," as above, I am moved to express my intention to write a book for the times, fully up to the advance of modern thought, illumined by that "latter-days" with such full and glorious measure.

The first prominent point that strikes us is the beautiful comprehensiveness of the title. Mrs. Crow gave the world years ago a most excellent work in the same line, "The Night Side of Nature"; but its very name, though good enough for the time of its issue, had a dark and ghostly sound, as though all things spiritual were to be found on the dark, negative side of the way. It is the divine order, as our sacred brother Robert Dale Owen, gave us "Foot-Steps on the Boundary of Another World," "The Debatable Land," and other works, for which the world may well be grateful to him, and if reward for faithful service be in the divine order, he is doubtless even now raising his appropriate laurels. But may we not pause and say to him: dear elder brother, your's were not timid "Foot-Steps," but the firm tread of a brave and thoughtful explorer after the truths which you spread out before an appreciative generation that received them to their profit. The title to your "Debatable Land," a volume superlatively excellent in its facts and reasoning, was too narrow for its real grasp.

Even the "History of the Supernatural" from the hands of the amiable and excellent Poyntiff—volumes of rare research—has now to be a misnomer at this age that owns no supernatural. Several other able writers might be alluded to; but none have chosen a name so comprehensive—at least not more so, than "Studies in the Fields of Psychic Science." It is in this way that we receive a valuable lesson around us every hour of our work-a-day lives from infancy to age. They sport with us in the sunshine, they are beside us in all our toils, wherein the labor of love is never lost. Every bustling bird that is the way I like to write it. Those fields lie around us every hour of our work-a-day lives from infancy to age. They sport with us in the sunshine, they are beside us in all our toils, wherein the labor of love is never lost. Every bustling bird that is the way I like to write it. Those fields lie around us every hour of our work-a-day lives from infancy to age. 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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 mortals and find a response with the angels who may join us in the singing of them.

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Christ's Christianity.

(Continued from First Page.)

EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPTS.

When all is said it comes to this: Type, not argument, governs men; and the Christ-type will control the world just as soon as and no sooner than it is consistent, simple, ardent, and sincere. Christianity cannot expect to become a science on inattention which would destroy the perfection of a photograph, nor to conquer society by a series of "bolting experiments" which would defeat any political party known to civilized nations. Common sense holds the balance of power in religion as much as it does in affairs. There is what we may call a common spirituality, to which human respect always defers. The Christianity of Christ necessitates a personal consecration fanned to a white heat that burns to ashes all the ordinary standards of conduct; involves a religious toleration "all love, and of love all worthy"; requires an estimate of social values absolutely revolutionary to our accepted models.

The time can come, and if it can, it must, when the New Testament shall be intelligently adapted to the twentieth century. The time must come, and if it must, it can, when spiritual caste shall be the only basis of social rank. If Christ's life means anything, this is inevitable. The imagination falters before the progress of a consecrated sociology. The complexity of our age would make it an interesting science to a cynic and fascinating to an enthusiast. "The night is far spent, O, householders," said Gautama, "it is time for you to do what you deem most fit."

It has been well said that all problems resolve themselves in the problem of personal righteousness. The key to our perplexities lies no further than a devout and dedicated heart. The life of the Nazarene will bewilder society with astigmatic optical interpretations not an hour beyond the time when we bring to bear upon it the lens of a public purity and fervor that shuts out private difference or default; as foreign war called from the bickering Hellenes "Greek curses to Persia" and "Greek tears to Athens."

The Status of Things in Cleveland.

Spiritualists Generally lose Faith in Rowley, but Preserve their Equanimity, and Vote him not much of a Loss.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

As to what Spiritualists generally in Cleveland think of Mr. Rowley, his "Occult Telegraphy," his claim to honesty, since the late unpleasantness with the electrician, O. A. Gurley, et al., it can be quickly told. Putting it mildly, the Spiritualists have been all agog. A month ago ninety-nine out of every hundred probably accepted the phenomenon of independent telegraphy as genuine spiritual manifestation, and Mr. R. an honest man; to-day the figures might almost be reversed, and the dark cloud of doubt rests on the hitherto good name of the medium.

The seemingly careful and thorough investigation made nearly two years ago by Prof. Gould of this city, did much to convince those who had entertained any previous doubt; in fact, very many here who had never witnessed R.'s manifestation of "occult telegraphy" accepted it as genuine through the recorded experience of Prof. G., as published so fully in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL a year or so ago. It remained, though, for a second "Prof." G. (Gurley) to interpret the full meaning of the word occult, and reveal the secret methods used in operating the little (telegraphic) joker, and I do not overstate it in the least when I say it was a genuine surprise to both the Spiritualists and investigators of this city, on reading the Cleveland Leader's report in the issue of May 4th, of the modus operandi, as revealed by Mr. Gurley and his associates, and has been the one prominent theme for discussion ever since.

Many at first, while their faith was shaken in Mr. R.'s mediumship, properly reserved their judgment in the matter; they refused to believe him guilty of fraud; those who thought they "knew" his "independent telegraphy" was a fact, could not and would not permit themselves to think it was but a trick, and he an unprincipled trickster; they preferred to wait further developments of the case, and act fairly with him, if he had not with them; and when Mr. Rowley's emphatic denial of trickery was published in the Leader of May 5th, they felt glad they had so done; his affirmation of honesty "as a gentleman and a Christian citizen" lulled the storm that the investigator had occasioned, and all patiently waited for further investigation—the bold challenge of Mr. Rowley to "the whole spiritualistic, social, scientific, or religious world" to disprove his honesty, restored confidence for a time; his spiritualistic friends, and the investigating public generally held their opinions in abeyance.

But mark what took place later. Mr. Gurley's letter in the Leader of May 6th, withdrawing from all further participation in the imbroglio, was seized upon by Mr. Rowley and some of his intimate friends as a mean back-out on Mr. Gurley's part, and the charge of conspiracy was raised against Bundy, Gurley, the Leader and enemies generally of Spiritualism, who have been publishing in the Leader "Independent Telegraphy," "altered Rowley," "bolting the cause," etc., preferred to leave the matter rest as it was, (being in a bad shape), not daring to accept Mr. Rowley's challenge and continue their investigations. Had the matter rested here, it would have, indeed, looked so, and been unsatisfactory not only to the Spiritualists, but all honest investigators. The timely letter of acceptance by Mr. Hudson Tuttle, of Mr. Rowley's challenge, and sent him May 16th, proposing to test scientifically the genuineness of "Independent Telegraphy" by a series of three sittings before a committee of five persons (satisfactory to both parties) in his own rooms, again set things right and all were on the qui vive for his reply. Much was at stake and great was the excitement.

It was generally considered no positive proof that because Mr. Gurley had, or any other expert electrician could produce similar results to Mr. Rowley's occult telegraphy, that his claims to Independent Telegraphy were fraudulent, and he a cheat. Spiritualists, I think, generally thought Mr. Rowley would meet the issue squarely like an honest man and medium should, and even the skeptical investigators hoped he would, so that a just verdict might be rendered in the case, and Mr. R., if falsely accused, have justice done him and his hitherto good name restored. Such, however, was not to be the termination of the case. When the reply came, it came through Mrs. W. S. Rowley, because, as she said, Mr. R.'s time was "too fully occupied" to write. Even the double pay offered Mr. R. by Mr. Tuttle for the time essential to the three proposed sittings was no inducement. "Bundy's little scheme," she said, "was altogether too gauzy." Her husband did not propose "to

bite." Besides, previous engagements with "the professors of all the Eastern colleges" for a "thorough scientific investigation, together with the "don't care for the public" whether it or the Spiritualists of Cleveland "believe independent telegraphy is a fact or not," was nothing to her or Mr. Rowley; it was business with them; they had no time to fool with investigation. Such a reply to so distinguished a person as Mr. Hudson Tuttle was an insult, not only to him but every Spiritualist in the country.

Consequently Mr. Rowley's refusal, as published in the Leader of May 20th, was regarded as a complete back down on his part, and proved a painful surprise to his closest friends, a humiliation to every honest Spiritualist, and provoked a sarcastic smile from the general public, and as Mr. Tuttle tersely put it: "The spirit of your reply is your sentence of conviction."

But few thinking Spiritualists in this city have now any great confidence in Mr. Rowley since his refusal to meet the issue squarely on its merits. Many, no doubt, stand ready to change their opinion if he ever does condescend to submit to fair investigation of his claim.

As to the status of the cause in this city since the Rowley fiasco, it remains unaltered. Spiritualism is too firmly entrenched here as a truth to be affected to any appreciable extent by occasional exposures of fraud (the only solace to the smart of the late exposure is the fact that the Spiritualists, and not our orthodox friends, unseated it). It has withstood other shocks, and will this, bad as it is; this storm, like former ones, may yet prove a purifier to the spiritual atmosphere of this city. Certain it is, that the movement here in Cleveland will not in the slightest degree feel Mr. Rowley's loss, nor miss him as one within the fold of Spiritualism.

To the spiritualistic mystic, the mysterious little telegraph box, he talked Spiritualism (if no other was around to hear); to his orthodox investigators, and on his circulars, he calls it "unseen forces of a very high order," and especially interesting to those of a moral, religious and scientific nature; "a Divine gift," etc. There was no common Spiritualism about it. So Mr. Rowley publicly prides himself on being a "gentleman and Christian in good standing," the question in Cleveland just now is not what the Spiritualists think of him and his "occult telegraphy," but what the Methodists and Baptists think of him as a Christian (both being members of these churches named). His money, if he ever parts with it, goes into the church coffers, for not one penny, even by accident, has ever strayed into the Spiritualists' treasury.

No medium in Cleveland or the United States (if honest) ever had a better opportunity of vindicating himself and helping the cause, nor foolish enough, as Mr. Rowley has been, to miss such a golden opportunity. Mr. Rowley's star may be in the ascendant again at some future time (we hope it may), but at present it is below the horizon.

The following truths (to me) are respectfully submitted to the serious consideration of all within our ranks:

He who unmask a fraudulent medium, ranks second only to the one who develops and protects a genuine one.

As Spiritualists we take too much for granted. We become unworthy of the custodianship of spiritual gifts, if we fail to carefully analyze the phenomena that underlie them.

While the florist cannot prevent weeds from springing up in the most beautiful garden, no good one will permit them to remain and mar the beauty of the flowers therein;—this is also true in our spiritual garden.

The theories of unscrupulous fraud on the part of the medium—the conscious fraud on the part of the spirit, and the medium's charge of "conspiracy" when exposure overtakes them, should always be accepted, cum grano salis.

As a rule professional mediums (physical ones) are not identified with Spiritualism as a reformatory movement,—only financially are they interested in it.

The principal cause of fraud among professional mediums is the dollar. It is not so much their overearnest desire to make converts to Spiritualism as to make money.

Moral.—Pay only for investigations into, not exhibitions of, mediumship. There will not be so many wonderful manifestations, but there will be much less fraud.

While the world to day may need more mediums, it could get along with less. The world is not aching so much for more Spiritualists, as for wiser ones.

THOS. LEES.  
Cleveland, O., June 1.

Western Unitarian Conference.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It was a gathering of earnest, energetic, enthusiastic, bright people. It represented a people who have a hobby to plant in the world, viz., the idea of a creedless church; that is, a church with no intellectual attachment visible. It likes it that way the best. But let no one suppose that it is without a creed. Judging from the papers and discussions, it already holds cruelly, and is helping to develop more clearly, the creed that we must all come to sooner or later—a creed resting on the evolution philosophy which involves the theory of the divine immanence. The conference was ardently theistic, and warily humanitarian. They were perceptive, however, a slight vein of that madness which usually attends a movement which has a conscious mission. This led to some extravagances. Sometimes ideas were advanced which reminded one of orthodoxy. Then there were other ideas which it was difficult to distinguish from pantheism. For example, when one speaker in answer to the question, "What can we say to Hetty Sorrel, affirmed among other things that there is "no sin," "no evil," "no fall" in human life, "no anything but blessing," and that it were to be wished that these words were out of our language, one had a sensation of being led perilously near the precipice which overhangs intellectual and moral mush. That's Spinozistic. Such doctrine turns one's mental structure upside down, and as Sandy, the Scotchman, said of his pastor's preaching, which he very much admired, "It jumbles the judgment and confounds the sense." When another speaker declared that God had especially come to them in the flowers which decorated the platform, and treated the subject as literally, and definitely as a wandering evangelical revivalist would have done, one began to query whether he were not in a Free Methodist meeting. Presbyterian hymns, sung to Ethical Unitarian hymns, forcibly suggested the indestructible unity of human life. We cannot get wholly away from one another, even if we try, unless we go out of the world. In the discussion of the question, How shall we educate the ministry of to-day, Mr. Learned wittily protested against the idea that some people have of a minister as "a marrying and burying machine," or as "a nice man to have at a tea party," and de-

clared that it were much better to conceive of, and regard him, as "a man whose work was to reconstruct society on the basis of universal brotherhood."

If variety be the spice of life, certainly the spice of life was in the conference. And yet the conference was not what it once was. Most of the best and strongest men in the West who once belonged to it, were missing. The overbearing intellectual squabbling over the doctrines or ideas that should be in a bond of union had done its work, and those who remain are still like Joseph's coat of many colors. But all happily agree that they will fix on no one color that shall be worshipped above all others. Perhaps this is the best and only thing that can be done. It is coming to be the condition of all religious societies which permit independent thinking, concluding and speaking, that they must admit great variety. The Universalist denomination presents at present, in some respects, a similar spectacle. It is all torn up over the questions of the supernatural and the miraculous, and no one can tell where the heated disputes will end. This almost universal condition of things in the religious world to-day cannot but set one to thinking. Who, that is puzzled, can get much help in such meetings as these various bodies hold? His confusion becomes only the more perplexed amid the variety of tongues. Alexander Pope's couplet occurs:

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree? And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?"

Such assemblies remind one of nothing so much, intellectually, as a speckled hen. The very freedom of choice becomes chief source of embarrassment. One may take the pepper, or the salt, or any one of the instantly flashing rainbow hues, or take all at once. Some persons seem to bless God for the ability to subscribe to everything at once. It is a comfort to reflect that he cannot miss anything, who can cover the whole case. Never will the writer forget the quizzical puzzle which he saw stamped on a young congressional minister's face whom he met at the conference. It was clear that he had never been in such a place before. In justification of one variety of thought which was presented on one of the topics, and which did not seem to strike the audience altogether with favor, the speaker exclaimed, as if by way of apology, "I must speak the truth as God gives me to see it." Of course one must, reflected your correspondent, but for God's sake do not in this manner put all the responsibility for all those multitudinous, and contradictory idiosyncrasies on God! Lay it where it belongs.

The papers read at the conference were generally able and good, but they were literary, rather than religious. There was not enough of the religious in them seriously to oppress any one. But then it was not obliged to have any more of the religious in its papers than was acceptable to it, and in this respect it was like all the rest of us.

It is pretty thin ice, yet, out where the conference stands. And there seem to be some holes in it, too. But, then, it is farther out than any of the other Unitarians dare to go, and that circumstance may, with its members, be the blessing of it. A little vanity, a little ambition for notoriety, somewhat of the spirit of revolt against similarity to others, seem necessarily to mix, more or less, with the best of all human enterprises. May all religious bodies whatsoever possess the snap and vim of this Western Unitarian Conference.

The thought particularly suggested to me by the work of the conference was this: Ought not all bodies of liberal religious people, instead of devoting themselves to the propagation of specialties which split them up into many fragments, and fritter away their force, join together on a plane above these specialties—a plane where they could all unite, and plenty of orthodox doctrine in which they could all agree, and a body of work which would occupy all their energies, and which the world sorely needs to have done? Could not the special work be better done incidentally than by devoting to it the main energies? Ought liberal religion to sunder itself in the pursuit of a score of separate hobbies? AN OBSERVER.

Notes from Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It was my pleasure Sunday afternoon to attend the closing meeting for the season of the Philosophical Society of this city, and there to hear Mr. Thaddeus B. Wakeman discourse upon the "Triumphs of Evolution." He went back as far as two hundred years for its beginning in the martyrdom of one of its teachers and traced its growth through successive advocates until within the last thirty years it has become the common property of all thinking people. He followed its track through the five great departments of science: Astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology and sociology, and found his God as law working in and through all, and not a will working from without the bounds of matter. He saw a "New Heaven and New Earth" growing out of these scientific deductions; something not depending upon any one theological doctrine, but planted firm upon the rock of fact and one out of which might grow the true religion of self-effort for mental and moral growth.

Following his able and logical effort of one hour came another speaker (for it is a conference), who claimed that evolution had nothing to do with the so-called unknowable; that it related only to matter and the laws or processes of its development, and that God came as an intuition to the mind of man, and was much more than mere correlation of force or the processes by which force acted. Still another gave the idea that Spencer's Data of Ethics carried one to the conviction of the brotherhood of man, the unselfish consideration of each for the other rather than merely for self—as the true outcome of evolution and that this was identical with the teachings of Jesus and Paul. Another asserted that all this great evolutionary plan of creation must have been in the mind of God before aught was, in order that it could ever be worked out and the ideal become the real. Still another claimed that his brain and strong right arm were all the God he knew; that his life had not been such that God had seemed to love him, but rather that it had been the other way and that these two factors had been his best friends.

It seemed a place to bring forward our own philosophy of a hereafter and the action upon our minds, through psychic law, of that organic Spirit-world which may well be termed God the Spirit, as a part of the long contested trinity of established orthodox; but it was not to be, for the few Spiritualists there said no word.

In the evening Rev. M. J. Savage also gave the closing lecture of a course before the Ethical Association here on "Evolution as it relates to the Future." He said one great trouble with the various schemes for the betterment of society was that plain people in plain world would have nothing to do with

them and by way of illustration told an amusing anecdote about a barber who got the idea that ordinary ducks could be changed to expensive canvasbacks by a short process and money to be made thereby. So he took all his savings and bought ducks and celery to feed them upon; but upon meeting him later the gentleman found upon inquiry that he didn't succeed as "the darned things wouldn't eat it." He quoted Count Tolstol a good deal, whom he said set aside the other life in his desire to benefit this, and would have us deprive ourselves of everything that caused others unpleasant work to secure it. He looked to shorter hours of labor for the masses, greater advantages for education to the young and perhaps to State Socialism, or the Government taking control of the telegraph and railroad systems, as the best means for advancing the welfare of humanity at large.

Letters were read from Birmingham, England, and other points congratulatory of their effort to popularize the doctrine set forth by Herbert Spencer, whom the letter said was in the enjoyment of better health than of late—he is now a man of nearly seventy years.

Two or three speakers followed with ten minutes remarks when the meetings of the association were brought to a close for the season. A book is to be shortly published containing the entire course on Evolution.

Our spiritual meetings are well attended. Mrs. Ada Poys was with us Tuesday evening at Conservatory Hall and gave many satisfactory tests of spirit presence. Prof. Cadwell holds forth at the same hall during all this present week in a series of lectures and experiments in mesmerism, etc. Mr. J. J. Morse occupies the rostrum during June for Sunday services.

W. J. C.

In another column is a communication from the Western Unitarian Conference lately convened in this city. It is from the pen of a young minister, not a Unitarian, who was in attendance seeking new light and fresh inspiration. His views may not be without their value to our wide-awake and stirring brethren who still insist on floating the Unitarian flag.

The indescribably awful horror at Johns town, Pa., where flood and fire sent thousands to death, has filled the country with unspeakable sorrow and cast a pall over the world. The daily papers have already so fully recounted the terrible disaster that the JOURNAL refrains from more than mere mention. Already the sympathies of the whole people are being exhibited in the most generous and spontaneous manner.

In this issue Mr. Thomas Lees of Cleveland gives the consensus of opinion in that city on the exposure of that canting Methodist Rowley, who has been prowling for prey in the Spiritualist fold for several years while praying with his Methodist flock. We in vite especial attention to the closing paragraphs of Mr. Lees' letter and challenge successful denial of the truths he therein formulates.

The testimonial concert on Tuesday evening of last week to Mary Shelton Woodhead must have been gratifying in the highest degree to the fair recipient and her friends. The hall was crowded with a critical audience of music lovers; the discriminating appreciation evinced was the best evidence of the high value of the approval so generously bestowed upon Miss Woodhead. Miss Frank Bigelow's whistling was enthusiastically enjoyed; great improvement was noticed in her execution and range. She has grown more self-possessed, and consequently does more justice to her powers.

The Presbyterian National Assembly now in session in New York, has accomplished and put in motion for accomplishment several good things, with all its short-comings. It has resolved to bring the northern and southern wings of that church into "co-operative" work if not into actual union. This is desirable on many grounds. All bodies of Christians holding the same doctrinal tenets and having the same organization should be united. Slavery was the cause of the separation; that being out of the way, why should that church remain dismembered? This especially, when the color-line is virtually abolished in both sections of the church. It is time these reminiscences of the days of slavery and the war were done away. Nothing can be gained by their perpetuation. Let us have peace!

The Albany Telegram speaks as follows of Mrs. Carrie Twing: "Mrs. Twing is a most excellent medium, and with her peculiar control who designates himself as 'Ichabod,' has convinced more people of the return of those who have died, than any other medium who has ever filled an engagement with the Albany society of Spiritualists. Ichabod is very reluctant in giving the name he bore while living on this earth, but it is fully understood that he was the well known humorist, Artemus Ward. Be this so, or not, he is highly entertaining and witty, and holds the attention of the audience while giving communications to those persons who go up to the medium and take her hand in theirs."

Good Health

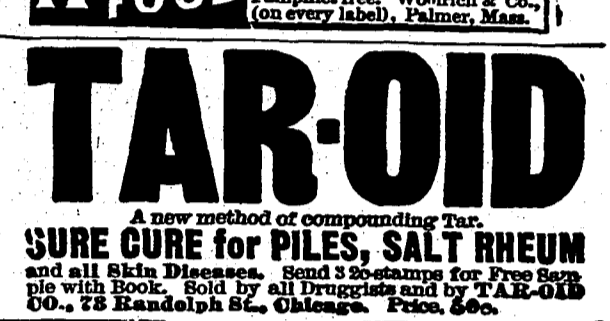
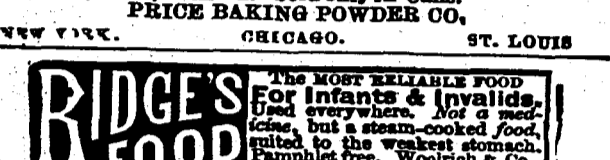
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