



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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**THE VISITATION.**

From Reading Poe's Raven.

HON. ABRAM H. DAILEY.

[Copyrighted.]

In the darkness sat I musing, in my reveries confounding  
Shades and shadows with no outlines, fleeting thoughts of days of yore,  
Thoughts, which ever come with grieving, thoughts which never think of leaving  
When my heart is sad and grieving over that which I deplore.  
Then I asked my soul within me, "Live these thoughts forevermore?"  
From within my silent being, voiceless shades were ever fleeing,  
Whence appearing, they revealed not, each my presence did ignore;  
Then I muttered, "Are you mocking, that you through my soul go stalking,  
Peering in but never talking? Leave me quickly I implore;  
Leave my soul what e'er its sadness, leave me and return no more."  
Ere these words were fairly spoken, from my soul the spell was broken;  
Then I seized a book before me, and I traced its pages o'er  
By a lamp which I had lighted. By my loneliness incited,  
And by kindred thoughts invited, what I oft had read before,  
Here again, now slowly read I, of the Raven, of Lenore.  
As I read, I deeply pondered, and in reverie I wondered  
At so weird uncanny story as those silent pages bore;  
And I asked, "Are mortals fated? are the souls of lovers mated,  
By some chance in life so fated, in the ceaseless evermore,  
That all ties of Earth are broken, sundered hence forevermore?"  
As I spoke, those pages turning, strangely did my lamp cease burning;  
Then within my darkened chamber, peering through my chamber door,  
Came a ray of light a beaming,—came a light in beauty streaming,—  
once it came, and what its meaning, gleaming on my chamber floor,  
kly, I the cause went seeking, quickly seeking to explore.  
I startled and confounded, that a thing of oak compounded,—  
e without a night of blackness pressed against that very door,—  
d permit a ray to enter through its solid oaken center,  
before no light did enter, whence no ray of light could pour,  
ough crevice, crack or cranny, down upon my chamber floor.  
I the cause went seeking, from within a voice me speaking,  
clearly, came it speaking,—voice I never heard before;  
spake, as I stood fearing; clearly spake as I ood peering

In the shadows, list'ning,—hearing,—as I never heard before:  
"List! oh, mortal, for I greet you, greet you hence forevermore.  
"From the Heaven of heavens above you, from the realms of ether bright,  
Comes a ray of light supernal, from the Fount of Light Eternal,  
Where the fields are ever vernal; comes to pierce your rayless night;  
By your sor'wing prayer directed, from you ever vernal shore,  
I have come to burst the fetters which shall bind you, never more.  
"Learn, oh, then, my mortal brother, in this midnight to your soul,  
From the shadows gath'ring round you; from the furies which have bound you  
In the dungeons where I found you, chained before life's sinking goal;  
All have come by you invited,—truth, you never should ignore,—  
Thus invited and made welcome, they would leave you never more.  
"Do not parley when I tell you, every thought in life expressed,  
Whether written, dreamed or spoken, or conveyed by silent token,  
Still is known as if out-spoken, by some ever list'ning guests;  
Guests, who sense your secret passions,—guests, who open wide the door  
Into all life's carnal chambers, there to riot evermore.  
"Every lust or brutal passion, whether gratified or no,  
Leaves behind some damning traces, which no lapse of time effaces,—  
Which no sinning hand erases,—by which each and all may know  
In that realm to which you're tending, whither I have gone before,  
Every sin or secret passion. You can mask them nevermore.  
"He who fires life's carnal passions and to mad excesses yields,  
In the blis't'ring, burning embers, of the fires within remembers,—  
In remorse he then remembers,—what his waning life reveals,—  
Ills do flow from sins and vices,—then too late will he deplore,  
In the wreck of noble manhood, powers that will return no more.  
"Scan the record Death is making! See, his poisoned arrows fly!  
Children born of parents sainted—as we often find them painted—  
Are by fatal altar tainted, and like blighted blossoms die.  
Thus the sins of sires descending, in life's crimsoned currents pour.  
In the lives of children blending, lead to anguish evermore.  
"Note the strides that crime is making, haunting every walk of life;  
Men as bulls are madly pushing, or like bears are wildly rushing,  
Are against each other crushing, in a ceaseless, endless strife;  
In a strife for over-reaching, in a constant grasp for more.  
And their end in life is getting, getting, getting evermore.  
"In the rage for worldly pleasures, in the mad'ning race for power,  
Those we see the world exalting, are their sacred trusts defaulting  
And of crimes the most revolting, are committing every hour.  
Honest men are easily pointing backwards to the days of yore,  
And with anxious hearts are asking,—saying,—"Will there never more  
"Be a Manhood re-asserting to itself a proud-respect,  
"Which shall scorn an imputation, with an honest indignation,  
"That in any trust or station man or angel can detect,  
"Conscious swerving from the pathway, to the ever op'ning door,  
"Op'ning through your heavenly portals, outward, onward, evermore?"  
"Harken to the rising murmurs, deep'ning hourly through the lands,  
Hearst thou that angry clamor, drowning! sound of loom and hammer?  
Hark! a shout! See! unfurled banners, waving over mighty bands,  
Earnest, honest, toiling freemen,—men of honor to the core,—  
Are declaring to all people, that on each forevermore,  
"The Creator in His bounty, did with lavish hand bestow,  
In the vast domain of nature—in the land, the air and water,  
Sacred rights on every creature; but, you'll find where'er you go,  
Common rights have been pre-empted; that a few are lording o'er  
Boundless tracts of fertile acres, forcing tribute from the poor

"For the right to live and labor on the land God made for man.  
Toiling, sweating, honest yeomen, miners, artisans and ploughmen,  
Are oppression's stubborn foemen; lo! the breath of God will fan  
Smould'ring fires within each bosom, till there shall on every shore,  
Be ordained for all His children, equal rights forevermore.  
"God in nature is revealing to mankind His changeless plan;  
And there is the grand solution of the cause of revolution,  
In the law of evolution, which we find enforced in man,  
By his ceaseless aspirations, upward, onward to explore,  
Sund'ring chains, dethroning tyrants, pressing onward, evermore.  
"Buried deep within the bosom of our Mother Earth are found  
Fading traces of the glory, and in ruins, vast the story,  
Of the conflicts long and gory, of great nations, once renowned.  
Cities, once the seats of empires, temples, towering to the skies,  
Prone in dust and ashes moulder, while above the bittern cries;  
"There the cormorants and ravens, there the vultures and the owls,  
Make their lonely habitations, shrieking forth their lamentations,  
In the gloom and desolation where the jackal nightly howls.  
Ancient seers in words prophetic, told their downfall long before;  
Heed their fate, oh, living nations! for to you forevermore,  
"Down the ages comes the warning; still the mighty prophet stands  
Pointing to the rising specter; heed him! ye who wield the scepter;  
God is speaking,—man's Protector,—listen! for 'tis He commands.  
Would ye ward the fate portending, fate of nations now no more?  
Would ye build for earth and heaven, thrones beyond where eagles soar?  
"Would ye wear the royal purple? quaff the nectar of a god?  
You can only gain by merit, what no mortal can inherit,  
Through that royalty of spirit, of the Nazarene who trod,  
Burning sands of earth unhonored, striving, lab'ring, grieving o'er  
Sin-wrought lives of mortals weary, and whose spirit evermore,—  
"In celestial realms of glory as the Star of Evening glows,—  
Is to earth in love descending—in our Father's love is blending—  
And to mortals, in unending—in undying current flows.  
Wist ye, that your mortal senses comprehend the whole of life?  
Or, the all-pervading forces with which Heaven and Earth are rife?  
"Can you count the constellations gleaming in the depths of space?  
Could'st thou fly on tireless pinions, through Jehovah's vast dominions,  
Fly for years,—yea,—countless millions, thou would'st never find a place,  
Where the Builder hath not measured, dropped the plumb-line, laid the rod,  
Spanned the vortex, filled the chasm, with the handiwork of God.  
"Could'st thou comprehend thy being, know thy powers yet unborn,  
Could'st thou in the realms before thee, view the faces beaming o'er thee,  
Or discern the dawning glory of the soul's celestial morn,  
Thou would'st burst each sin-born fetter, chase all gloomings from thy soul,  
For the right do ceaseless battle, where life's seething billows roll.  
"Tho' each effort here should fail thee,—all life's conflicts seem in vain;  
Thou shalt find thy soul's ideal, born into a living real,  
When life's dawnings shall reveal, that each struggle is a gain.  
Weary souls'neath burdens bending, swept by fiery billows o'er,  
Shall from life's incinerations, rise triumphant evermore.  
"From these murky airs of midnight, I ascend to realms sublime;  
In thy life be thou no craven, let no ghostly midnight raven,  
In thy soul find rest or haven, where it revelled once in mine.  
Through each noble aspiration, thou shalt get unto thy soul  
Day by day unfolding glories, while eternal ages roll."  
Mute with wonder, dread and pleasure, I stood list'ning as each measure

From a soul unseen by mortals, did in rhythmic numbers flow.  
Filled my soul with consternation when this Midnight Visitation,  
In the darkness left me staring,—staring,—walking to and fro.  
Then amazed, I saw before me, as through evening's crimson glow,  
Through the parting chamber ceiling, what an angel stood revealing  
From a seven-hued cloud in glory, to my raptur-ravished soul.  
As a mortal trembling under bursting clouds in pealing thunder  
Through the rift, when cleft asunder, sees beyond the deaf'ning roll  
In the star-lit blue of ether, light beyond the World's control,—  
so from out my habitation, through this Heavenly Visitation,  
Far above the shades of midnight, to the day's eternal zone,  
Was my soul its vision sending, where the realms of light were blending,—  
On, and on, through spheres unending,—on and on, through realms unknown,  
On whose faintly glim'ring borders, Light-eternal ever shone.  
Gathering souls from every nation since the dawning of Creation,  
I beheld, as many waters in a ceaseless current pour,  
Flowing onward, and forever,—sweeping, surging, stopping never.  
Ever widening is life's River,—sweetly laving every shore,—  
Drinking from its crystal fountains Man shall live Forevermore.

**MOLLIE FANCHER.**

Interesting Incidents Connected with Her Life.

J. C. WRIGHT.

Mollie Fancher does not like the interviewer, nor newspaper publicity. She is sensitive and possesses a retiring disposition. For a period of 23 years she has kept her bed and never seen a change from her rooms. No person can visit her without having his faculties and emotions of pity stirred. She has no capacity of locomotion, but day by day lies on the same spot which she happily calls her "nest." Her eyes are closed, yet she has a faculty of seeing things perfectly or imperfectly. Such a statement may arouse the skepticism of a physiologist, but with her eyes closed she claims to see external objects, and in substantiation of this claim she pointed to her father's picture on the wall, and also to the work she had done requiring the most fine and delicate capacity of sight. Some of her needle-work is really artistic. A great many things in the room are of her workmanship; they are valuable productions and will elicit the commendation of the artistic connoisseur. She feels honorable pride in her work, but how a person destitute of sight can have done it, is a serious problem which science yet fails to explain satisfactorily. First of all are we sure of the fact? What is the evidence of the fact? Twenty-three years of blindness and twenty-three years of work which requires the finest judgment in arranging the colors and designs. She writes her own letters and attends to her own correspondence. I was introduced to her by Judge Dailey. I had no claim upon her kindness. She received me with cordiality, and talked as freely to me as if she had known me for years. Her manner was frank and sincere. She answered all my questions with the readiness of a sage and the sweetness of a child. "It is a dreadful experience to lie here for twenty-three years," she said. "The doctor says my paralysis is extending. I have great pain in my limbs. They are out of joint, and bent under me. I have spasms frequently. My convulsions are terrible. I have hurt my spine and paralysis is creeping into my shoulder. What must I do if I cannot work? Sometimes my friends say that this is all for some purpose. What can the purpose be? I have been able to pass these long years because I could work; but if I cannot work what must I do? I could not leave this place. To do so would kill me. I love to have my friends come and see me. They cheer me; they help me, and I feel so happy when they come."  
I remarked that in organization and character she resembled her mother.  
"Yes, I do. My mother died when I was six years old. Of course I know but little of her. She loved me very dearly. I was the oldest of three and seemed the strongest, but when leaving us she expressed the deepest concern about me."  
"When was that?"  
"That was in February, 1856."  
"Then you are about thirty-nine years old."  
"Well, that is bringing matters to a delicate point."  
"Yes," I said, "you are approaching that borderline so much dreaded, where youth and age touch each other. Every period of life has its freedom, responsibilities and joys."  
"Yes, I would not change my place with those who seem to have greater opportunities of enjoyment."  
Mollie loves to talk. Her voice is sweet. There is a melody in her words. It is the

voice of a woman endowed with the music of the child. Her head is finely developed, her shoulders large and plump. As she lay in the swaths of downy pillows she made a lovely picture. Her arms were bare to the elbow. Her hand is small, delicate, fine. It would make a New York belle weep to see it. Her arm is perfect in form; she loves jewelry. On her wrists were gold bracelets, and several pretty rings glittered on her dapper fingers. As she lay in pain upon her snow-white pillow, and her hand upon the spotless quilt, her calm beauty intensified my admiration of her patience, fortitude and goodness.  
While she and Judge Dailey adjusted some legal matter not interesting to me and of a private nature, the mental organization of the blind woman commanded my attention. Her brain is large. Her perceptive faculties are well developed, and will give her great command over her sensations. Large constructiveness and designing capability, with large ideality, imitation and love of approbation provide a key to much that may be seen in her character. Eventuality is large. She has a good memory of events and things. She will rarely, if ever, forget a person or a circumstance. Her reasoning faculties are the strongest, hence exhibit clear reasoning capacity and good judgment, and she will look a long way ahead. She possesses analytical power, and the presentment faculties are large. This head has largely been formed by twenty-three years of circumstances. Her intellect has been thrown upon the subjective and ideal real. Contemplation has strengthened the organs of causality and comparison, but the supreme point of interest to me is, how does she see objects? Does her mind see things, or rather the qualities of things independent of the brain and sensory nerves, or have we here a case in which the suspension of the sense of sight is counterbalanced by increased power in the sense of touch? Upon these important questions I have not much direct testimony to offer, but I am assured by people whose faculty is beyond doubt that Mollie can read her letters without breaking the seals of the envelopes. A young man whose truthfulness I can hardly doubt, says that he took her a letter and she read it without breaking the seal in his presence and to him personally. This is an extraordinary claim and may be essentially correct, but it can only be credited by repeated demonstration. She writes a remarkably nice hand; dots each "i" and crosses each "t" without a mistake.  
Here is a great problem in the physiology of the nervous system. Does the sense of touch sometimes approach the power and function of the sense of sight? The fine work she has executed on the cover of a chair in her room could only be done by a person possessing the finest quality of sight and discrimination of color.  
Formerly there lived in Bacup, England, a blind man named Edward Cockrill. He could tell the color of an article put into his hand; could walk about the streets of the town without any guide; deliver newspapers from door to door, and for a long time was town crier. His later life has been spent in Liverpool. He could find his way in that thronged and busy city night and day without mistake or the company of a guide. His musical capacity was very fine and for years in the summer time he was an object of interest and curiosity on the sands of New Brighton. In him the sense of touch merged into the sense of sight. His sister rocked my cradle when I was a baby. I knew him well.  
It is a well known fact that the loss of the sense of sight quickens the intellect and increases the power of the other senses. There is a blind man, or was recently, living in Newton, Kansas, who has the same power. He can find his way from place to place without a guide. I have often watched him with great interest. He also has unusual mental capacity. It is a well known fact that the writings of John Milton, written before his blindness, cannot at all be compared with those he wrote after. Paradise Lost is a master production of the human mind. The intellect works with greater power when the phenomena of the external world are shut out. The imagination is quickened, which also increases the power of visualization. People of fine temperament and large imagination have great power to recall vanished scenes. The imagination paints them with great vividness, and some times they attain the proportions of actual hallucination, often mistaken for clairvoyance. The sensation of touch may even be enough to quicken the action of a sensitive imagination, but it is mysterious and extraordinary that the perceptive faculties should be unresponsive to a similar excitement. It is quite within the range of textile sensation of touch, when visual sensation is cut off from the external world, for form impression to be transmitted, and complicated perceptions to be excited in the mind. There is a great field of interesting data to be explored by the student of psychic science in the physiology of sensation or objective consciousness.  
Miss Fancher, in her abnormal mental states, displays still more astounding perceptive capability. Her trances are peculiar, and her revelations from these states are as remarkable as any of authentic record. She perceives a spiritual world, and describes distant persons and things, and it may be that under certain conditions which are unknown, but which fortunately exist in this case, the soul has power independent of the brain and nervous fibres of the body to see the relation and action of some of the phe-  
(Continued on Eighth Page.)



I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST

of the Objective Facts that Constitute my Own Subjective Experiences.

Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

ing noticed several articles under this name, I thought there were a few facts...

the autumn of 1877, I visited Mr. Williams, medium, Lamsconduct Street, London, and in company with others, held a seance for physical manifestation.

At first I thought of ventriloquism; that theory was soon banished from my mind by what afterwards occurred.

During May, 1882, I was visiting friends in westchester-on-Tyne. While in that city, I was invited to attend a series of Miss Wood's seances for materialization.

The sitting I am about to describe was the most satisfactory I ever witnessed in materialization. After singing awhile, the form of a child appeared at the curtains, whom we called Poka.

Some years ago a clique of prominent "society women" of Washington, D. C., published a remonstrance against the agitation of the woman suffrage question, and it was the source of considerable amused comment by woman suffragists.

A WOMAN'S PAPER IN NEW SOUTH WALES. The Dawn is the appropriate name of an attractively gotten up woman's paper published in Sidney, N. S. W.

Woman's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNLERWOOD.

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

MARRIED WOMEN'S NAMES.

In reply to a correspondent, a Chicago daily paper has the following: "M. B. City: (1) It is correct to address a letter to a married woman by her husband's name: 'Mrs. John Jones,' or 'Mrs. J. P. Jones,' but never correct to use her christian name.

"Good society," then, perpetuates this "religion of barbarism" and the symbol of a crude civilization by merging a wife's individuality into that of her husband; it even makes it seem "in good form," for "society" newspapers to indicate a married woman's presence on any public occasion by adding an asterisk after her husband's name.

But the progressive spirit of our age, and of common sense, demands that women, whether married or single, should every where assert their right to recognition as individuals, as independent units of the great whole; and this married woman can not do so long as they yield to the dictum of "good society" by losing their personal identity in that of their husbands by forswearing the names given them by those to whom they owe their being.

Outside of a sentimental altruism, what sensible reason is there for Jane Smith on marrying Tom Jones, changing her name to Mrs. Tom Jones? Self-abnegation carried on within reasonable limits is endurable, lovable even laudable—but self-abnegation carried to the limit of servility and self-effacement is to self-respecting people mainly contemptible.

Immediately a pocket-book, which I left in my overcoat pocket down stairs, popped upon my hand. I expressed myself satisfied, and the voice said again, "What shall I bring you?" Without audibly expressing my wish, I mentally desired my silk at, which was also in the hallway.

During May, 1882, I was visiting friends in westchester-on-Tyne. While in that city, I was invited to attend a series of Miss Wood's seances for materialization. Some of these seances were unsuccessful, but others were remarkably successful. I shall confine myself to one only; it was eleven o'clock in the morning, and I shall feel that I had an opportunity to attend.

The sitting I am about to describe was the most satisfactory I ever witnessed in materialization. After singing awhile, the form of a child appeared at the curtains, whom we called Poka. She spoke broken English, and informed us that the conditions were good. This child was about half an inch tall, and about two and a half feet in height.

A WOMAN'S PAPER IN NEW SOUTH WALES. The Dawn is the appropriate name of an attractively gotten up woman's paper published in Sidney, N. S. W., of which Dora Falconer is editress. It is a monthly and is only three shillings (English) per annum.

the honor and honesty of an opponent, and think of themselves first and their country last. We could find those who would bandy about the most scurrilous and offensive epithets and imputations, and finally assault one another in the precincts of the chamber.

"Imagine that such an impossible event as the election of women members, were to occur. Do you imagine that any woman elected would be inferior to the standard of the men members of to-day? Impossible. The different plane on which women stand has this much good in its result—that evil in them is quickly marked, and without mercy repressed. No woman dare offer herself for election, whose moral record was not unspotted, whose abilities and discretion were not known.

What sort of lopsided figure of Justice do you worship? A thing with a large ear listening to the demands of men, and no ear at all for women; so that women may only complain by means of some man who is not blamed by anyone for a woman's cause.

Other articles pertinent to woman's interests in the two numbers of The Dawn received, are a prize essay on "Matrimony," "Rules for a Woman's Help Club," "Father and Daughter," "Kindergarten," and "A Woman's Wish," a poem, besides various editorials and contributor's notes.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, and can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILosophical Journal.]

SHALL WE TEACH GEOLOGY? A Discussion of the Proper Place of Geology in Modern Education. By Alexander Winchell, A. M., LL. D., F. G. S. A. Professor of Geology and Paleontology in the University of Michigan.

Col. Higginson in a recent essay took the ground that literature is more enduring than science and that to have produced an Emerson is greater than to have produced a Darwin.

In our colleges, as Prof. Winchell points out, what are called "literary" subjects are in the greatest favor, for the reason that the representatives and devotees of such studies are more numerous and more influential in the scholastic circles.

"But the literary group of studies obtain appreciation and support through the relation of their subject matter to popular literature. They present no array of technical terms or conceptions. Their language is that of the intelligent public, and the themes are those which before-hand occupy the thoughts of the masses of intelligent readers.

The simple search for a logical conclusion but few of our students are in search for the means of support. Of course, when the professional motive predominates, geology and natural history must stand, even in the collegiate or academic department, at marked disadvantage.

A result is that geology (and the same is true of zoology and botany) in most of our colleges, pleads in vain for teachers, the means of illustration and the means for the student to become acquainted with the facts are indispensable for work according to modern methods.

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If you have decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other. Dealers who claim to have preparations "as good as Hood's Sarsaparilla," by so doing admit that Hood's is the standard, and possesses peculiar merit which they try in vain to reach.

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Compulsory Education.
A community is composed of individuals, and the object of legislation is or should be the security of the life and property, and the protection in the exercise of all their rights, of the individuals who make up the community.

When a people undertakes the work of self-government, assume the functions and responsibilities of self-sovereignty, the character of the government must soon be an expression and embodiment of the popular will, and a measure and criterion of the average popular intelligence and virtue.

These considerations lead inevitably to the conclusion, that in this free country the education of the people is a matter of prime importance, not for sentimental reasons merely, but for the practical interests of the people.

The First Congregational Society in New Bedford, Mass., has issued a volume containing an historical sketch of that organization, "as illustrative of ecclesiastical evolution."

As to how compulsory education can be the most wisely carried out there is, of course, difference of opinion. A friend who is thoroughly practical and who has had large experience in teaching, suggests that a supplementary board of education, the majority to be woman, be entrusted with the execution of the compulsory law, and with discretionary power to grant relief from its operation whenever, for the reason of poverty, or mental or physical inability, it seems best to do so, and with the right to nominate the paid agents (or truant officers) to investigate the evasion of the law and enforce its provisions.

The excusing power should be beyond the influence of political partisanship, as should be the appointment of the agents. Women know how to do the work; since their experience as mothers and housekeepers enables them to appreciate the difficulties in a family, to discriminate between a claim of poverty which is genuine and a sham excuse.

In districts where the number of children to whom the application of the compulsory law will be necessary is large, the new schools opened for them should have the simpler manual of arts taught, both as a means to make the schools more attractive to parents and children and to give them more preparation for earning a livelihood.

Between such a supplementary board as is here suggested and a general board there need be no conflict. The former would have no purse, and could only recommend expenditures. It would serve as an intermediate link between the general public and the general board. It would bring children into the school and connect parents and teachers more closely together. The plan seems to be entirely feasible.

The school census of Chicago in 1888, shows 142,293 children, and the total number of children enrolled during the year 84,902, leaving 57,391 children outside. Of this number but few probably have had any schooling worthy of the name.

A committee of citizens and representative societies have jointly prepared a compulsory education bill, and two other kindred bills, one on child labor and the other on truancy, which have been presented to the General Assembly of Illinois, and it is hoped that nothing will be left undone that is necessary to insure the attendance of the children of the State at school during a portion of the year.

Mr. William J. Potter, the present pastor of the society and author of this interesting and valuable work, says: "I had long perceived that this history had certain specially interesting aspects as an instance of ecclesiastical evolution; and having started into the story at a point fifty years back, I found it impossible to stop until I had traversed the whole pathway of two centuries."

—apart from the living testimony of character and conduct." The society asks no questions now about the creed of its members. When the Unitarian societies of the country organized themselves into a national conference and put theological beliefs into the constitution, this New Bedford society withdrew from the conference and has since maintained a position of independent congregationalism.

Hon. Ralph Plumb on the Exercise of Suffrage.

The importance of maintaining suffrage inviolate in this country cannot be overestimated. Our fathers framed this government upon the doctrine that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and whatever defeats fair elections tends to nullify this declaration of our national Bill of Rights.

Preventing the exercise of suffrage by force or threats, the purchase of votes by political machines or individuals, and obtaining special privileges or defeating the popular will by corrupting legislatures and courts are crimes against the republic and constitute a kind of treason which should be punished by the severest penalties.

These thoughts are suggested by the speech of Hon. Ralph Plumb of Illinois, in the House of Representatives, Feb. 13th, 1889, on the contested-election case of Smalls vs. Elliott, from the State of South Carolina.

Mr. Plumb notes that in several of the legislatures of the north, needed reforms in election methods have been introduced in response to the popular demand. He insists that if the States themselves fail to provide for honest elections, Congress should exercise whatever power it possesses under the Constitution, to enact laws to secure "for all time the right to every elector, however humble, to a free ballot and a fair count."

Mr. Plumb speaks forcibly and eloquently for the rights of the colored men of the south, after showing indisputably that in many of the Southern States they are practically disfranchised. His spirit is not that of a partisan, but of a patriot and a statesman; and he treats the Southern people and their representatives in Congress with high consideration and respect.

This speech does credit to the head and heart of Hon. Ralph Plumb, and its sound reasoning, clear exposition of Republican principles, patriotic spirit and eloquent defence of the rights of all, high and low, rich and poor in the great Republic make it worthy of wide circulation.

The Haverhill School Case.

The decision of Judge Carter disposing of the French Catholic parochial school case at Haverhill, Mass., has attracted wide attention. It was generally expected that the defendants would be found guilty of an infraction of the law, and that the right of the school committee under the present statutes to require the attendance of children of school age either upon a public school or upon some approved private school, would be sustained, but it seems that there is a defect in the phrasing of the statute, by which its purpose has evidently been defeated, for according to the judicial decision, private schools can be conducted without reference to any standard and just as if may please the teachers.

"It is clear that the decision of Judge Carter" points to "mischiefs," as one of the best chamber lawyers of Boston has observed, "which we may have to remedy by legislation, otherwise our whole school system will be in a state of confusion." Under this decision the compulsory school law of Massachusetts is worthless, is not worth the paper even on which it is printed. The clause quoted is made to nullify the whole statute on which compulsory education rests, the object of which was to secure the education of the children of the commonwealth and to require a standard of education that the school board could approve.

Blavatsky Roasts Butler.

Whatever may be said or thought of Madame Blavatsky's claims and philosophy, there is no disputing the fact that she is mistress of invective and the queen of sarcasm, and perfectly equipped with but a steel pen in hand. The Boston Globe of the 8th contains a letter from Madame B. addressed to that paper, in which she answers the statements of "Prof." H. E. Butler, and comments upon newspaper statements in a truly vigorous and refreshing way.

"I have no hesitation in closing this letter by saying that the grand secret society of G. N. K. R., does not mean, as claimed, the Society of the Genii of Nations, Knowledge and Religions; but that verily, for every sane man not blinded with prejudice, these initials should stand for— "Gulls Nabbed by Knaves and Rascals."

The editor of the Philadelphia Inquirer states that Spiritualism "is constantly losing ground." The editor of the "Inquirer" is either willfully blind, or too bigoted to honestly investigate. Examine all things, neighbor, and "hold fast to that which is good." You will find that in 1850, modern Spiritualism, so-called had just dawned upon the world; that in 1888, there were at least eight million so-called Spiritualists, which does not look as if it were losing ground, and that there are some millions more, who have passed beyond the ordinary realm of level of modern Spiritualism to a higher mental development—Greely, Boston, Mass.

A remarkable story comes from Cardiff, Wales. A collier named David Davies of Treherbert was a sufferer by a great explosion that occurred in 1880. For four years after he was confined to his bed. He then gradually got about, but remained deaf and dumb from the shock. A doctor advised him to try a shock somewhat similar to that which had caused his infirmity. A little while ago he placed himself near where six shots were to be fired in the Bute Pit, and, strange to say, at the sixth shot his hearing returned to him. Still he was dumb, but on a subsequent Sunday the Rev. E. Rowland, missionary to the deaf mutes, said something to Davies which put him in a passion, and he involuntarily or instinctively made an attempt to express his anger. To his amazement the power of speech came back, and he now talks freely. He, however, says that speaking makes his throat sore, and his tongue is made sore by his teeth.

General Items.

Heaven Revised, advertised in anoth. umn, is a little book which will interest benefit all who read it. In mentioning the thief and sw Briggs in last week's JOURNAL, one was incorrectly given; they should have A. E. instead of J. E.

M. T. C. Flower of St. Paul, writes: have regular lectures and organized ty here. Mrs. Aldrich, quite a talented la the speaker." It is stated that of fifty-six changes i. revised New Testament twenty-two are s ply returns to the renderings of Wycl whose translation was made from the L version of Jerome.

Mr. Ira B. Eddy of this city writes his wife has gone to Springfield, Illinois rest from her mediumistic work for a v He also says: "I am very well, going on 83rd year and good perhaps for ten y more." "I hope," said Cardinal Gibbons in a re after-dinner speech at Philadelphia, "the may never come when we shall be oblig call upon the state to build our churches, if they build our churches they may die to us what doctrine we are to preach or w we are not to preach. As for myself I lieve in the union of the church and the p ple."

The Churchman is responsible for the serton that although in one sense a chu is the house of God in another it is on t same footing as a club-house. People inv money in the fabric, in the furnishing, t the salaries of those who serve, and t who do not so invest have really no ri to partake of privileges they don't or wo pay for.

Miss Maria Wylley, a nurse at St. Luk hospital in St. Louis, who has the reputa of being an excellent nurse, has been cha ed by the inmates with witchcraft. T complaints are that she casts spells up patients and sprinkles salt and pepper ov the floor. This has worried the inmates an they do not improve in health owing to th alleged witchcraft.

Dr. Abel Stephens, writing from Yokoham Japan, says: "I have been inspecting t great Asiatic battlefield, and I report a general conviction of both foreigners and i telligent natives here that the epoch of grand social and religious revolutio has s in, in India, China, and Japan—that this of Asiatic heathendom is generally giving w before the continually increasing power western thought."

The Rev. Dr. E. Winchester Donald, hi self an advocate of the pew system, said i recent sermon at the Church of the Ascensi New York, that "the church is drifting i... direction of enterprises to make people sim ply comfortable," and that "there is dange lest the severe principle of sacrifice which Jesus on the cross pathetically and yet pow erfully declares to be the central truth of the kingdom of heaven on earth, be overlaid by considerations of personal comfort."

A most remarkable faith-cure case has been made public at Anderson, Ind. Mrs. Noah Ham, residing there has been a chronic i valid for months, owing to a stomach diseas, and for weeks has been unable to keep food on her stomach. She has been unable to stand. Her case was considered a hopeless one, and she has grown worse rapidly. On Tuesday of last week Joseph Moore and several other members of the Church of God called and engaged in prayer for Mrs. Ham's recovery. While the prayer was in progress the invalid felt relieved of her pain, and since then has rapidly gained in strength, while the stomach trouble is disappearing. The lady is confident that her cure was caused by prayer.—Inter Ocean.

J. J. Morse, in one of his addresses at Cleveland, Ohio, said: "The United States is a great political triumph, but it is still a greater commercial triumph. Yes, I tell you that you are a great people, but I tell you that you will become a greater people yet. You have done this yourselves; the people have made the people. Intellectually and socially you are the peers of any nation on the earth. Some people say, 'It would be better if the United States would have some religion and then we would be a Christian nation.' Well, look at Spain. It is a Christian country, and do you want to become such a country as Spain? You will find other Christian countries and you will find them all the same. If you still want to make this a Christian country, you are traitors to all that Washington and your other heroes fought and bled for. Being a progressive nation, you will keep the smallest size of a god out of your constitution. You may worship any god you wish; that's not the question, but you are simply a citizen of the United States. You have the foundation of the greatest educational system in the world, and whoever tries to make the free public school religious is an enemy of the republic. Make the school what it is—a source of education, but not a church."

It is claimed that persons addicted to the use of alcoholic liquors can be entirely cured by the new French method of hypnotism. The patient is hypnotized and then told by the doctor that he must never want to drink again, but must feel disgust for liquor. This method of treatment is said to be successful in every instance. Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith writes to Miss Willard that the cases are wonderful and have excited so much attention that French specialists now have a hospital devoted to the treatment, and publish a review.







