

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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

VOL. XLVI.

CHICAGO, APRIL 13, 1889.

No. 8

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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NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

A Dream Related at the Late Anniversary of the Evangelical Society of New York City and Vicinity.

[These lines first appeared in the Berkshire Courier, August, 1860, under the writer's name. They were also sent in manuscript to the Congressionalists, and were published in that paper with his signature, but not without several alterations. The piece, since then, has been extensively circulated in many religious papers and lastly as a tract. With few exceptions, however, it has been either so altered, or added to—so garbled or mutilated, as to suggest the propriety of the present reprint. In justice to the writer, whose authorship of the original is acknowledged in none of the late versions.]

Talking of sects quite late one eve,
What one and another of saints believe,
That night I slumbered in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly-flowing stream.

And a "churchman" down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind
As down to the stream he went, and lastly as
His hands firm hold of a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there
I shall want my book of Common Prayer.
And though I put on a starchy gown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eye on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain,
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide,
And one asked, in that blissful spot,
If he belonged to "the church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of a sober hue was made,
"My hat and coat must be all of grey,
I can not go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat,
And he sighed a few moments over that,
And then, as he gazed to the farther shore
The coat slipped off and was seen no more.

Poor, dumpy Quaker, thy suit of grey
Is quietly sailing—away—away,
But thou'lt go to heaven, as straight as an arrow,
Whether thy trim be broad or narrow.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many—a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, "all round,"
Might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised, as one by one,
The Psalms and Hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley the pattern of godliness,
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there, on the river, far and wide,
Away they went on the swollen tide,
And the saint, astonished, passed through
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow;"
"But I have been dipped, as you'll see me now."

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm close communion," to cross with you,
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

And straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend at the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But how did the brethren "enter in?"

And now where the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down,
Of women, there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road they could never agree,
The cause of the new way, which it could be;
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring long and loud
Came ever up from the moving crowd,
"You're in the old way and I'm in the new,
That is the false and this is the true,"
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true."

But the brethren only seemed to speak,
Modest the sisters walked, and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to sur
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then,
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men,'
For have ye not heard the words of Paul?
'Oh! let the women keep silence all!'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the border of the stream:
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over, side by side:
Side by side for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done,
And priest and Quaker, and all who died,
Came out alike on the other side;
No forms or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of grey,
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on "Christ's righteousness."

Mrs. ELIZABETH H. JOCELYN CLEVELAND,
South Egremont, August, 1860.

*All seen in the dream.

SPIRITUAL MEASUREMENTS.

The Subject of a Sermon by Rev. Reed Stuart

At the First Congregational Unitarian Church at Detroit, Mich.

And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city.—*Apocalypse*

Human nature is a compound of two elements. It is the union of matter and thought. On one side there is sense, on the other side there is soul. Not only to the German philosopher, but to us all these two august spectacles of an outer and an inner world are a source of surpassing wonder. They are the perpetual miracles wrought before our eyes making settled atheism an impossibility. A correct theory of these two facts would amply solve all the mysteries of the universe. Out of the many forms of the one, and out of the unfathomed depths of the other have issued all the sciences and philosophies and arts and religions of the world. What we call science is the result of mind coming in contact with the material world; an attempt to discover laws and causes and find a theory of nature broad enough to include all its phenomena and account for all its operations. Philosophy is the effort to account for the powers of the inner world, to survey and make a map of the kingdom of the soul, drawing the boundary of each separate province, showing the relative value of reason, will, emotion, and deciding where the balance of power resides. In art mind thrusts itself into nature and reproduces her forms on a different scale. A canal is suggested by a river; a ship is patterned after an inverted fish; the gothic arch is an imitation of the bending boughs of the trees, and the stained glass window was suggested by sunlight filtering through leaves and branches; the statue is modeled after the living human form; the artificial landscape is the attempt to transfer to canvas the river, rocks, meadows and trees, and alternating lights and shadows of the natural landscape. Religion is the soul looking upon this amazing universe and meditating upon its cause; then passing into wonder, then into adoration.

At their extremes these two worlds are widely different and unrelated, but where they meet it is impossible to distinguish between them. They are a double star, and no telescope has been found powerful enough to disentangle their borders. Who has sight keen enough to discover where the soul ends and nature begins, or can trace the delicate seam between the thought and the fact? It is a hopeless task to attempt to draw the line between what the eyes sees and the mind thinks; between the splendor of a sunset, the solemn grandeur of a forest, the tender beauty of a flower, and the emotion that the awoken in the beholder. Is the evening star hanging there in the western sky what our senses report it is? or has each one of us mixed somewhat of his own personality with it making it different to each, so that really no two of us see the same star? There seems to be some occult relation between it and us; and if our mood were different half its charms would be gone. At least a part of what we see in the star, or in the tree, or the landscape, is only our mind in a different form. What is it that nature would say to us, when we are in fitting mood, but that we are a part of the same reality,—that the subject which sees and the object that is seen are both rooted in the same substance of Mind? The chief attraction, the secret of delight which the tranquil landscape, the distant mountain fading into blue, the sunrise, the starry vault, furnishes the beholder is the subtle suggestion that they are related to him, and like friends and lovers are set there to greet his coming.

"Were not the eyes itself a sun
No sun for it could ever shine;
By nothing noble could the heart be won
Were not the heart itself divine."

Man is the measurer of all things. With one set of faculties he estimates the shape and size and color of visible objects. He uses parts of his body as measurements of external things, as appears in his use of the words "span," "hand breadth," "foot," and "ell," thus comparing material things with material things. But he is related to things that are invisible and wholly supersensible. He can weigh the mountains, can sound the seas, can predict eclipses, can analyze the sun-beam, and map the city of God which night brings out in the sky. Not only so, he can measure the outline of that world which eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard,—the world of truth, and justice, and love, and virtue. Like the angel of the Apocalypse, he has the golden rod with which to measure the holy city, which, in splendor, surpasses all the cities of the earth, whose every gate is a priceless pearl and whose treasury is filled with the honor and glory of all the nations.

If man were cut off from contact with the external world, were all the many forms of beauty and use by which he is surrounded wholly concealed, his life would be bereft and saddened. When sight is destroyed, a whole empire is blotted out of a soul's dominions. If hearing is included in the destruction another kingdom disappears. What pity do we all cherish for a soul thus robbed of its heritage and doomed to sit enveloped in darkness and silence! But were we only creatures of sense, could we only become acquainted with the surface of things, of how much larger territory would life be despoiled, and how much meager would its estate appear. To see one to whom sight and hearing are denied is sad, indeed; but the lot of that one is not to be compared in sadness with the lot of one who can see all sights and hear all sounds, but in whom is no mind to turn sight into beauty and sound into harmony. To the ear music is only sound, a certain number of vibrations of the air; it is only when these vibrations reach the soul that they become music. The eye is no judge of color or of form; all that it can do is to report that certain rays of light have fallen upon it, or that certain lines and angles appear. It is the mind that determines whether the rays of light, thus adjusted, are harmonious, and the lines are graceful. The gleams of pity, the tears of sorrow, the rays of affection pour through the eyes; but it is not the eyes, it is the soul that pities and grieves and loves. The poem is musical and awakening, the speech is eloquent, but the inspiration and the eloquence are not in the poem, or the oration, but in the spirit of him who writes and speaks and in those who hear. The senses go out and collect phenomena, as the explorers go out and dig here and there for ore; but as the material which they find in their expeditions is sent to the headquarters of the company to be tested, so all the material which the senses find must be sent to the soul to be assayed. Great is the empire of sense, but the empire of soul is greater. Source of all that most exalts and glorifies life; without it there could be no beauty, no eloquent meaning to anything, no consciousness of duty, no sacred passion, no thought of God; man would be hurried along a narrow turbid channel at the mercy of blind instincts and appetites, for a few short years, and would tumble over the cliff at last into a fathomless sea.

Being a compound of dust and Deity man becomes a most mysterious creature. He can be acted upon and is also actor. Capable of such heights, nothing can go lower than he. He hovers between God-likeness and brutelikeness. On one side he takes council with experience; on the other he listens only to the voice of inspiration. Now he is prudential and counts the cost; then with noble indifference turns his back upon the earth with its petty economies, and reclines on the bosom of God. He is sensation, he is also thought; fuel, and the fire which consumes it; finite, infinite. He is a child of time, builds a temporary dwelling on earth, a poor pensioner and mendicant living but a narrow term being through life for crust and cup; he is superior to earth and time, levies tribute like a conqueror, escapes unhurt from all calamities and goes toward the future as confidently as if he carries

"The golden Key, which opens the palace of eternity."

Life should constantly pass from the less to the greater, from an estimate of the material to an estimate of the spiritual world. Ruskin advises his readers not to take too hasty and superficial views of nature. He says: "Select a square yard of the meadow or flower bed, and spend an hour or a day over it. Let no color, no tint, no form, no graceful bending, no perfume, no part of marvel escape. Having thus studied a square yard you may know what a square mile is, and then what a hundred miles of hill and vale are." His suggestion may be carried still further. From thinking of a hundred miles of hill and valley one can proceed to a survey of the earth. Then the borders of thought may be enlarged until all the visible worlds that deck the sky are included. Still onward the mind may travel until it visits those far off stars concealed in the depths of space. Thus the soul can pass from the study of a blade of grass to the study of a world. Even then the progress of thought is not complete. Having contemplated a world, one is compelled to contemplate the history of man upon the world. Great as our universe is, in its physical aspects, it is wholly eclipsed by its

marvelous being that inhabits it. The mind, beginning with a flower or a blade of grass, can not stop until it has reached the presence of truth, of justice, or virtue, of God.

After a few summer weeks in the country one turns away from the mountains, or the woods, or the sea shore with regret. But returning to work one's regret all disappears because he finds himself in the presence of a moral scenery, in grandeur and beauty, far surpassing that which he has just left. The emotions which the landscape basking in the midsummer sun, the awe which the mountain gorge with its rushing and foaming cataraet awakened, are excited by the emotions which are excited by the sight of a great throng of mortals devoting themselves cheerfully to the performance of duties and acts of self-denial. The spectacle of the laborers in the streets and in the shops, the children on their way to school, the tradesmen in the stores, the lawyer in the court room, the physician on his rounds, the scholar in his retreat, the editor in his sanctum, all busied over their tasks and all helping to solve the complex problem of life, is more thrilling than any scenery of hill and valley. The greatness of the mountain and the sea is a stairway by which the soul mounts to the heights where it can survey something greater than mountain or sea.

Life is not lived in its fullness. Hence to many it seems petty and mean. The question asked and debated, whether life is worth living, reveals, not the poverty of life itself, but the poverty of those who ask it and the limitations of life as they are living it. They are living in a cave, and are complaining of its cold and darkness, when they might come up to the broad cheerful earth with its blithe air and clear far reaching views. Those who have exhausted life on its material side, and are overtaken by ennui and querulousness, are like one who would over work his farm and when it becomes sterile would rail at providence. They who find life becoming small or baneful are they who have greedily seized their patrimony, and turning their backs upon the higher gifts of honor, truth, love, have forsaken their homes, and, now their substance all being spent they are left hungry and alone and are repining over their hard lot. One can trade his divine birthright to satisfy the needs of the hour, but he can not hope to escape the solemn reproaches of the after years. With reckless glee time can be killed by the youth; but, in old age it is revealed that the dart struck deeper than was intended by the young man, and, eternity being wounded by the blow, was account to settle with him.

Whoso has learned to measure all things by the spirit finds existence is great—so great that nothing but a God could have made it, and nothing but eternity can contain it. He who is fully committed to truth and goodness sees no limitations; to him every hindrance and obstruction becomes transparent and impassable; the prison wall becomes an open window and escape into the infinite. The soul is moored to earth and time, indeed; but it can easily cast off its moorings and sail out into a broader and deeper sea and over a sea, deeper and broader still.

But the material estimate of things is easiest, and hence most universal. Sense is clamorous and insistent, and will take no denial. It asks not only to be gratified but to be pampered and glutted. Antony-like, it would impoverish a whole province to make one feast. Cleopatra still rules, and over a larger territory than ancient Egypt. But she rules Rome ever saw—truth, purity, honor are dissolved in wine to please the unholy side of life. Vanity, passion, the gratification of the moment, are the measuring lines too often in use. Reason and all the higher powers of life are too much unheeded. The sirens sing their seductive songs to our youth, and no Orpheus appears to silence their voices by higher and sweeter strains and convoy them unhurt amid the enchanted islands.

Unless this Orpheus does appear, unless the soul-awakening strains of the ideal are again heard in our land with power to charm us away from our petty discontents, from our servitude to the material, we know not what will become of us. The corruption which has attached itself to the best things; the multitude of men who have come into prominence and power solely because they have become adepts in the art of success; the mad competitions; such manifold selfishness,—do these not all admonish us that we should turn in a new direction? Our generation needs a training which will enable it to see that power should be guided by a conviction of right. We need to be retaught the sovereignty of that law that is more ancient than worlds, that man's only greatness and only safety are found in his obedience to moral order. We ought to learn that insight and the forecast of the soul are sometimes more trustworthy than experience; that the laws of spiritual life are as genuine as the laws of trade; that Bibles are as necessary as books of political economy; and the kingdom of heaven is as real as the kingdoms of earth. To redeem us from baseness in our political life, from selfishness in our social and trade life, from formalism and pretense in our religious life, we need new gleams of light thrust into our darkness—the coming of a new Messiah into our souls revealing to us how transcendent are the opportunities and outcomes of existence; the presence of an angel teaching us to measure the fair city of life with the golden rod of the spirit.

The chief debt that we owe to Jesus and his friends is for their protest against the dominance of the form over the spirit, and

their method of estimating life. They set forth the beauty and necessity of righteousness, the value of life on its spiritual side, and that it must be measured not by the success or the pleasure of the hour, but by the wisdom of all the future,—as when the altitude of a mountain is taken, not the wayside pool lashed into impotent fury by the passing breeze, but the broad ocean becomes the basis of measurement. They went back of all appearances. Their final appeal was to the ideal right which resides in every soul. And it must be written to their glory that nothing could compel them—neither threats nor bribes, nor Herod's axe nor prison, nor thorns and blows in Pilate's Hall, nor cross of Golgotha, could compel them to withdraw their appeal or strike the flag which they carried.

What was done there should be repeated here. Nothing could bring greater hope to the age than the arrival of many who, expressing their dissatisfaction with all the superficial doings around them in church and state and society, would head a revolt and lead us all back to a belief in the supremacy of moral convictions. Were society well leavened with such, what beneficent results would soon appear! Religion would become a real and vital thing; politics would be purified; churches would become sanctuaries indeed; marriage would become a sacrament; reforms would go deeper; and as the snow bank melts before the south wind and the spring sun, and grass and flowers take its place, so would the selfishness and the enmities of mankind flee before these earnest hearts, and gentleness and sympathy would appear in their place.

We must often say to ourselves that the world is but a reflection of our minds. Things take the value which we give them. To the mean soul all things are mean. "If we meet no gods it is because we carry none." The small and selfish heart can not pray without revealing its pettiness and selfishness. When the great and generous heart worships though it be in a cave or a closet it will make it seem like a hallowed cathedral.

It is a rule of life as of architecture, that the height of the structure must be in proportion to the breadth of the base. It is a rule which every young heart should learn. If life be exhausted by too close attention to the small and foolish things, it cannot mount to the heights. Large hopes, large expectations should be cherished. Faith in good helps one to find good. Everything should be esteemed at its true worth. What is good for an hour should be thus marked; what is good for eternity should be marked as good for eternity. The foot rule and the four glass will serve to measure the temporal and passing things. But there must be a vaster scale to measure those things that are enduring—truth and love and friendship of God.

As it appears to the most thoughtful minds, immortality is not so much a selfish wish for a long life, as the noble wish for a great life. They quote with approval that "it is not long life but deep life that counts." The soul growing deeper while it sojourns on earth, only asks of the future for a larger arena and more time in which to act. Capable of infinity, it passes toward it. The soul says: "I will do my duty here. I find every act opening the way to a higher act. Every thought is an avenue to a greater thought. I feel, at times, superior to all circumstances. As I go toward the future, all horizons recede. Hence I trust that one height will deliver me to another, and at last I shall be fit to share the will and truth of God."

Learn the lesson that nature and thought have set for us,—that the soul is sovereign and can place its own appraisal upon all things. Thus can we pass across the earth, not as slaves of circumstances, but as conquerors. We can build our own world as we go. Having fashioned the body for its own use the spirit can dispense with it when it ceases to be useful,—leave it without regret assured that, if another is needed, it can easily be formed. Let us all trust that our life, going from fine to finer forms here, is destined to so proceed forever,—that at last we shall find ourselves in a new existence, surrounded by those whom we love, with no more surprise than when we found ourselves on earth or when, after a night of sleep, we awake in the morning and find the light of the sun and the dearer light of human hearts ready to greet us.

A Curious Episode.

A rather curious episode in natural history occurred on board the French steamboat *Abd-el-Kader* during the passage from Marseilles to Algiers. Just as the vessel was about two hours out the sky became quite black with swallows. It was then about 6 o'clock in the evening. The birds alighted in thousands on the sails, ropes, and yards of the *Abd-el-Kader*. After a perky survey of the deck from their eminences aloft they descended coolly on deck, hopped about among the sailors and eventually found their way into the cabins, both fore and aft. The birds were evidently fatigued after a long flight, and allowed themselves to be caught by the people of the ship, who gave them a welcome reception and provided them with food, which they enjoyed heartily. The little winged strangers remained all night on the vessel, and in the morning at 7 o'clock the whole flock made for land.

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?
2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What evidence is there of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunion between the two worlds?
4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.
5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.
6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or, to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?
7. In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws tend to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the Family, to Society and to Government?

RESPONSE BY JUDGE E. S. HOLBROOK.
I see the questions as to Spiritualism that you put for answers, and I have observed that many answers are being made. There is one of those questions so much in my thought continually that by your leave I will give to the public the answer that I make to myself, to wit: "What are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?"

The question is in the plural form and gives opportunity for the presentation of many needs at once of equal merit, but to my mind there is one thing that is so superlatively above all others that I will mention it alone as occupying the front rank. It is mediumship; good, reliable, truthful, intelligent mediumship. In Scripture phrase, it is "the first and the last, the alpha and omega, the beginning and the end." At least "to-day" (and that is the question) and likely "always will be, world without end." Indeed, it must be so till the whole world comes to know of another state of existence, or the office comes to be superseded by some higher powers, some better methods.

This is most clear upon view when we consider what Spiritualism is or purports to be, and what are its propositions. Modern Spiritualism means present spirit-communication; that is to say, that man exists in spirit, or as a spirit, after the death of the body (no new thing true enough as a theory), and by communication proves his existence and makes demonstrations that are addressed to our senses and to our intellects; and after this gives information as to the conditions of that life and its connections with, and dependencies upon, the life that now is. These demonstrations are our facts and we proceed as in other sciences: at first state facts, after which a classification of them according to their characters, qualities and seeming connections, and then our inferences upon logical reasoning, as in all other fields of the study of nature and her laws.

But our facts on which our science is built and to be built, what are they? No time, no space to tell in this article; but one characteristic is clear, that they transcend what has hitherto been supposed to be the limits of material things. They simulate a great many; they replace a great many of the so-called miracles of religionists that they attribute to the miraculous interposition of God and God-like powers. The scientist says there is no miracle. We say also that there is no miracle. Our methods of demonstration are new and unknown before. We have to face the whole world of science as it is, and prejudice, ignorance, religious bigotry, superstition and fear. Our facts, therefore, should be clear, strong, convincing, and in proportion to the weight of all this opposition.

Without our facts we are nothing; and our facts for the most part, if not entirely, are furnished by our mediums. Whatever has built up and sustained our cause so far has been mostly furnished by them; to wit: the spirit powers that control them; and in about forty years we have made the circuit of the globe, and have thousands and millions of converts along the way. But nevertheless, experience has taught us, and teaches us every day, that for further and satisfactory advancement we must look to our mediumship; a clear, honest, intelligent mediumship; a higher, more powerful, a more instructive and reliable mediumship; truthful, honorable, without fraud, without mysteries, and that will not essay affairs beyond its powers.

I am naming, Mr. Editor, what we should have and labor to attain; not that I would throw away or depreciate what we have, nor cast blame on any except the foolish and dishonest. Our cause is still young, and all we yet know is but a little compared with what we may know. I only urge that to be done which is done in every other department of science. If the astronomer does not have perfect instruments, then there are defects in all his calculations. In wisdom, therefore, he seeks always to improve them; so lately in mounting larger and more perfect telescopes than before. Other illustrations, as pointed and forcible, will suggest themselves; the mariner, the surveyor, the chemist, the surgeon, the musician; for success, the instruments of their work must be complete.

You will observe, Mr. Editor, that I place mediumship alone in the front rank. It has no compeer and I think at the first it has no coadjutor. At the first it is what are the greatest? Other questions and subjects must be relegated to the next rank, to be in order when the facts are settled in the affirmative. Perhaps after that the question will not be raised or will be already answered: "Is Spiritualism a religion?" (question 5). We can tell better when we get our Spiritualism fully proved, and have comprehended its logical consequences. As we cover the ground that religion, in any phase, inquires about, and supply true knowledge for fantastic faith, I don't see why we won't have all the religion there is left. But what that shall be as a religion, depends on our definitions; and here again, let time make its revelations. It makes me tired to have people, when we are studying the facts or supposed facts, of Spiritualism, forthwith start other questions, such as what good will it do? and even as to religion or morals, with a view that somebody will be hurt by further facts and the knowledge of them. I rest on this assurance, and I think everybody should, that the universe is one—all its facts and laws are in accord, each consistent with every other. Facts are the words of God, and give no double, uncertain meaning. These words of God must all be true, and must be useful as well. The smallest things at first have become the greatest and most useful at the last. The spark from Franklin's kite, notwithstanding the shortsighted question, "What of it?" has grown into the—who can comprehend its immensity? Knowledge is, and is to be, the savior of the world. This alone overcomes superstition and its troops of woes. Let us, therefore, stand by the facts that we have, obtain other and better facts as best we may, and to this end improve our mediumship through which we receive them. If broad and full and given by the higher intelligences, as they may be, within the scope of our theory, they will put all lesser questions at rest.

Can Our Churches Be Made More Useful?

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
The answer to this question by the Rev. M. J. Savage in your JOURNAL, I read with much interest. I delight in the moral courage of such noble spirits as this clergyman evinces in looking plain questions fairly in the face and answering them honestly like an honest man without the cowardly refuge of creeping behind rhetorical sophistries. His answer is a good, healthy, truthful one, but seemingly does not cover the ground entirely. If the editor of the North American Review had propounded his question to any ordinary outsider accustomed to look at churches "as others see them," some of the responses would have been as refreshingly plain—perhaps new—as that returned by the distinguished divine.

What the matter is with "our churches," is simply this: they have ceased to be a factor in civilization, and as a means of educating the heart for the betterment of mankind, are a consummate failure. Our best men and women are beyond and above the pale of its influence. They are growing upward into the nearness of the Divine Father, unfettered, leaving behind them the worn out mail and chain armor by which past generations were weighed down. True manhood, truth, humanity and civilization can neither expand nor raise to higher altitudes of spiritual development when loaded down with the armor of religious superstition. Every step upward, upward and nearer to God, every victory gained for humanity in its progress by evolution from the birth of Christ to the present day, have been wrested from the tyranny of religious superstitions, and that by men and women who were outsiders and not within the discipline of some professing Christian church. The trouble with our churches to-day is, that they are worn-out, useless machines—something like a handloom with a few old ladies gathered around it trying to convince one another that they are successfully in competition with electricity and steam. Churches are busy as ever paving "hell with good intentions," but what is the result? "Aye, there's the rub." My field of observation has been limited to but scant territory, and will not presume that the boundaries of this field encompass the world. Permit me to give your readers a glimpse of what I see and by comparison, perhaps, many may find that things look pretty much the same everywhere.

Where I reside many people are busy building costly church edifices. The money is not the voluntary tribute from the pockets alone of those who are enthusiastic in the prosecution of such enterprises, but also the levy made upon business men who are given to understand that such donations will be returned in business favors—patronage, etc. The politician must also curry favors and so he is compelled to buy the good will of those who in whose religious cult he has no interest, but whose vote will count at an election. The church is no respecter of age, sex or condition; the Jew, gentile, pharisee or scribe, they are all made tributary to the same pot, the end justifies all means employed, and as Mephistopheles says to Martha in Faust: "Die Kirche hat einen guten Magen. Und kann viel unrechtes Gut vertragen."

So when the church of God (or rather our modern club house) is complete, and finished for use, the capital stock shows that about three-fifths have been paid in by the heathen outsider for whom the Christian insider has no further use than to pluck him for all he is worth.

In the city where I reside there have been confined in the county jail during the past winter, tramps, serving short terms of imprisonment from seven to thirty days. The average there confined during five months is about forty, coming and going. Eight out of every ten of these unfortunates are Irish and Catholic. It is generally presumed that to send these men to jail is a punishment, which is a delusion. When brought into court by the officer they are never known to plead "not guilty" to the charge of vagrancy, but admit their guilt and plead piteously to "make it thirty or sixty days, yer honor! I can't get out of here this weather, I have no clothes to wear, no work and no where to go!"

I asked the Sheriff not long since whether any minister of the gospel ever called at the jail to give a word of comfort to these men, to speak to them of God, to advise with them as to their future course in life, how to better their condition, how to become good men, etc. The reply was: "Never saw a fellow of that cloth inside the jail to my knowledge, nor any where near it unless he came to see me personally to contribute to his church." Now here is work for our churches, but where are the men enjoined by Christ to "feed my lambs?" Rummaging around among their parishioners begging money for church purposes or to send away to Africa where missionaries, as the advance guard of civilization, introduce Christianity, firearms, powder, lead and whisky to the lost heathen. Strange, is it not, that Christianity must grub about upon the dark continent, looking for work that lies begging at their door at home and is passed by without a thought?

I have asked here where is the hospital to receive the poor, sick, wretches dying in the foul air of shanty hovels? Don't know of any. Where is the home for the factory girl to protect her from being tempted into immorality and vice? Where is the home for the orphan, the feeble and old? Don't know. The poor house is all there is for any and all benevolent purposes and the churches seem to have no interest in it. If churches have no greater ambition than to build club houses and to raise salaries for eloquent divines it stands to reason that their day and occupation is gone. The club house of God that gives a silk-plush cushioned easy chair as the greatest tax-titled speculator, swindler, skin flint, swindler and rascal, and wooden bench to the poor but honest man, who pays his debts, works hard and wrongs no man, is a club house that has no attraction for any man endowed by heaven with some degree of self-respect. Churches must do some Christianity and stop professing and pretending it. Churches like men must work—work honestly and to some purpose and be able to make a good showing before they can demonstrate to an enlightened age that they are not drones in the hive of progression and usefulness.

Prayer, song and homily, club house and furniture, salary and style, are not the teachings of the gentle Nazarene. He laid the foundation of his religious teachings in solid work—all work and no pretensions. When people and clergymen begin to realize that there is something wrong with their churches,—when the cry goes up from their sanctuaries: "What must we do to be saved?" it is right and proper that every honest man in a plain way respond and point to these shortcomings emphasizing the fact that there is too much play and no work, too much glitter and no gold, too much spitting on the hands and no hold taken; too much tinsel and nothing real in short; that while Christianity as Christ taught it was work—work

in all grandeur and beauty; but that the Christianity of to-day is but a farce, a play, a comedy if you please, in commemoration of a god-like man who lived and died in the practice of what he taught. Religion is a plant heaven-born. It must grow up from the heart of every true man and woman and ripen into deeds of love, charity, and goodness. It is not a cult built up out of words alone. It can not be white-washed out by a Moody or a Sam Jones for pleasure only—it must be something real or it can be of no use. With all the dishonesty among men, with all the immorality surrounding us at every hand, in all classes, with poverty, crime, corruption confronting us at every step, what is more natural than to ask: Is this the result of Christianity as practiced by the most Christian people on the face of the earth?

Verily there must be something wrong with a tree that brings forth such fruit. It is needless to spin out this tale of sorrow and infinitum. I might fill out ten columns with what Christian people and Christian Churches ought to do, but utterly fail of doing. What churches claim to do for the advancement of good morals and a righteous living is a great deal, but what good they actually accomplish beyond amusing themselves in the display of dress at their fairs and festivals, religious performances, called public worship, is more than the ordinary man of thought can comprehend. If the clergy of to-day would give less of their time to the study of flowery rhetoric, settle down to an earnest study of the real needs of humanity and devote half of their time, at least, to practical works of benevolence they would put their churches forward upon the broad gauge of a useful existence and not be obliged to ask, "Is the matter with our churches?" F. HEINEMANN.

HEAVEN REVISED*

ELLIOTT COUES.

This is a remarkable brochure, which will be read with interest by those who do not "believe it," as well as by those to whom it will appear as a real revelation. It is well written, showing a more practiced literary hand than is usual in so-called inspirational composition. It seems to us to bear the same relation to the advanced thought of to-day that Miss Phelps's "Gates Ajar," bore to the religious sentiment of twenty years ago. Mrs. Duffey is not less sincere than candid; and the "good faith" of the book is obvious, and puts the reader on terms with the writer at once. Speaking of her interior state during the preparation of the book, she adds:

"I believe that I wrote through unseen assistance, but I hesitate to ask others to endorse this belief. I hesitate even to express it, realizing as I do how often well-intentioned Spiritualists mistakenly attribute to the Spirit-world that which emanates only from their own too ignorant and ill-informed minds. I know how difficult it is to draw the line between one's own thoughts and impressions and those which result from inspiration from higher sources. The reader must decide for himself. If he be a believer in spirit-inspiration, he will accept my own belief and think that "Heaven Revised" was written inspirationally. If he be a skeptic, and hesitates to do this, he will be only sharing the doubts and questionings which sometimes possess myself."

This is thoroughly candid and reasonable. If trance-speakers and trance-writers would only adopt the same tone when in their normal consciousness, their utterances would command far wider audiences, and much more respectful attention. Mrs. Duffey speaks of the difficulty of drawing a line between original or personal ideation and that which has its sources *ab extra*. From our present standpoint, we should rather say it is seldom possible, perhaps quite impossible, to do so. This will be most readily granted by those who most fully realize that we are here and now really living in a Spirit-world heavily overlaid and obscured by material phenomena. But our true and real life or consciousness, is not on that account less spiritual.

"Heaven Revised" had been ostensibly the work of a clever writer, making no pretensions to more than the flight of imagination which any novelist might take in the exercise of his craft, it would be not less attractive and entertaining as a *jeu d'esprit*. It reads like a romance, full of humor and pathos, moving to a fine sense of poetic justice or retribution, upon an undercurrent of verisimilitude which brings to mind the Italian proverb: "If not true, it is well feigned." There is a wonderful reasonableness in the story. We have a feeling that things ought to be about so, if they are not. It seems as if things in this world were simply continued on into the other with increased celerity, activity, and precision. There be any virtue in an argument from analogy (which Bishop Butler made so familiar to our college days), Mrs. Duffey's position will not be easily assailed. If a simple, artless story may be compared to a production of majestic statelyness we may even say that there will be found in "Heaven Revised" a certain Dantesque element. It is ranged closely in line also with the teachings of Swedenborg and other mystics and seers who believe or profess themselves to have been spiritually illuminated. Finally, the story agrees with the purer and more reasonable parts of the doctrine now generally called the "Wisdom-Religion." Nearly all thorough-going Spiritualists—to use the word in its technical sense—will find it in close accord with their beliefs and prepossessions; and many Theosophists will recognize in it a well woven practical essay on Karmic Law. We showed it to a devout Roman Catholic whose verdict was, "Why, this is the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory."

A little book which may fit so many facets of human feeling and belief is certainly of no common order, and sure to have a large basis of verity. It can be confidently recommended to many different classes of minds, each of whom may be sure of finding something in it—according to what they severally bring to it. (For it is a fact, though a little known one, that no book whatever, be it the Bible or Mother Goose, can give a reader anything else than what that reader gives to it.)

We will only make one extract, from perhaps the happiest hit in the story. A poor woman had died in the invincible ignorance of orthodoxy. She is bewildered, frightened, and thoroughly disgusted. She wants to be taken to the great white throne. She cries for her Jesus, and indignantly demands her crown and her harp. Then she thinks if her earthly pastor were only there, he would explain it all to her. She recognizes one whom she had known in earth-life as a Spiritualist, and exclaims: "You here! Then where am I? In mercy

*Heaven Revised, A Narrative of Personal Experiences after the change called death. By Mrs. E. B. Duffey. Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 1888. pp. 101. Price, 25 cents.

tell me where I am! If you are here, then I must be—"

A VISION AND DREAM.

The following facts may be of interest to the numerous readers of your JOURNAL. They are substantially true, as told to me, and are as follows: My father was born in Galway County, Ireland, in 1819. He made his appearance on this earthly stage, with a pre-natal broken arm. Owing to this fact and to a feeling of religious fervor on the part of his Roman Catholic parents, they decided to educate him for the Priesthood, inasmuch as he was born on the 17th of March, the birthday of the blessed St. Patrick. When quite a little boy he was given to the parish priest for education, morally and mentally, where he became one of the devout "Altar boys," and when about fourteen years old the following vision appeared to him, and many a time have I heard it from his lips while sitting on a stool at his feet. The Churches of "Old Ireland," in those by-gone days were surrounded by the grave-yard, and consequently partially isolated. It was my father's custom to pray in the chapel every afternoon, as he was usually a devout boy. One evening when the "Emerald Isle" seemed drenched in a flood of heavenly beauty, and nature was doing her utmost to show man that all is good, he went to his devotions as usual. After praying a little while he heard a noise at the open east window and noticed that a little table under the window appeared to move. He thought it, of course, was the breeze, and resumed his devotions, when the rattle again sounded, and looking up he saw the loveliest vision of a little child, with its hand resting on the window sill, visible only from the waist up. He never forgot the beauty of the face; it seemed to shine while its garments were the purest white, and its golden hair hung in long curls over its shoulders.

When this spirit child saw my father, he raised his right hand and beckoned to him three times to come forward. My father started to do so, when an idea of the child being a spirit occurred to him, and he fled in terror. On the outside he met the old woman who acted as sexton of the Church and told her that she had locked a little boy therein. They both went back into the chapel, but the vision was gone; nothing to be seen but the open window and little table beneath. They searched the grounds, but no child was there nor had any one seen a child around, and no children lived anywhere near. On returning to the priest, he told him of the occurrence, and he said it was a heavenly vision, and if he would say certain prayers in the chapel for fourteen days, it would come again; but it never returned. The priest thought it was because he missed one evening's prayer. After that time, he was sent to Archbishop McHale, for further religious training, and the training he received made him a doubter of the Catholic doctrine. He was always consumed with a desire to know more, and to penetrate as far as possible into the knowledge of the truth in God. Slowly and surely his Roman faith was undermined, and before taking orders as a Priest he threw them overboard altogether, becoming a Protestant. Every Irishman knows what becoming a "heretic" involved in those by-gone days: Persecution in every imaginable form. When but nineteen years old he married my mother and they left the old sod and sought freedom of opinion (like many others) in America, the home of the free. If my dear father had not died of a broken heart and spirits from the reverses brought on by the civil war, he would have been prime mover in this idea, of searching for light and truth that is now awaiting some of our best minds. To come down to later facts, my husband who is a materialist of the strongest type, and who thinks all spirit manifestations both accounts how the night before he was wounded the whole occurrence of the next day was spread out before him in sleep, to the minutest detail; but he heeded not the warning, but went to his doom, and is now drawing the extravagant sum of \$6 per month, for a broken shoulder, that almost continually keeps him in misery. He acknowledges that his dream was a warning, yet still he laughs and is an unbeliever. I would like to know what dreams are made of, for I am a great dreamer and can always depend on the coming of certain events, by my dreams. I long for a knowledge of the truth.

Mrs. M. J. GALPIN.

A QUEER AFFLICTION.

A Missouri Boy Gets In a Mesmeric State and Does Funny Things.

One of the most singular cases known to medical science has come under the notice of the St. Joe, Mo., physicians, who say in all their study they have heard of but one or two similar ones. The disease is neurosis, and the victim is the twelve-year-old son of B. F. Robertson, a well-to-do farmer, living four miles below the city. Three months ago the peculiar symptoms were first noted, when the boy fell asleep one day while playing. Afterward it was an everyday occurrence for him to go to sleep while standing up or lying down. Members of the family say that whenever he would fall asleep in this way they would attempt to wake him, but it would be of no avail as he could generally sleep for three or four hours and wake up on his own accord. He seems while sleeping to be in a mesmeric state or condition, knowing everything that is taking place around and about him. When the boy goes to bed at night, he no sooner lies down than he is at appearance sound asleep, but in a few moments afterward he will arise from the bed and commence perambulating through the house. He does not confine his sleep-walking to the house, but has been found at the barn, 200 yards away, feeding the horses, although apparently in a sound sleep, out of which he can not be awakened. He is watched, but allowed to wake at his own will. W. I. Healdens, the attending physician, has this to say of the case: "The disease is a nervous one. At all times I find that the action of young Robertson's heart is irregular. It seems as though it was impossible for the boy to lie down without going into this mesmeric or sleeping state. I noticed that when I placed him in my operating chair and pushed it back,

bringing his head on or near a level with the body, he immediately went into this sleepy state. From appearances and the actions of the patient, he has too much blood in the brain, causing it to become congestive. It is a question, I think, whether or not the blood is not thrown there too rapidly or away too slowly. When the boy is in this hypnotic state, he seems to be perfectly conscious of everything going on about him, but nothing wakes him up. He seems to be perfectly under the influence of the person talking to him. Yesterday, when he was in the office lying in the chair, I handed him a string and told him it was a fishing line. He understood me, and pretended as though he was fishing with it. From all appearance, he has not the least particle of feeling in his body, and you can stick a pin in his flesh anywhere without his giving evidence of having experienced pain. I believe the case is curable, and think the boy is improving, but it will be some time before he is entirely well."

The father says the boy is frequently found fast asleep while standing on his feet. During his sleep he can go to any part of the farm and find his playthings as he left them scattered around while awake. One day last week he sat down in a chair and immediately fell fast asleep. In this condition he went to a cupboard, got out a cigar which he had seen there when awake, got a match, came back to the chair and lit it sitting there asleep, smoking until he had consumed the entire cigar. It did not make him sick, although he had never before had a cigar in his mouth. The boy is in every other way as healthy as any child, and it is a hard matter, according to the physicians, to account for his being afflicted in the manner in which he is. The balance of the family are in perfect health, and none of them show any signs of being of a nervous disposition. The boy, it seems, can not keep these spells off. He is brought to the city for treatment once a week, and his physician, Dr. Healdens, is of the opinion that in a few months he will be all right again. In all the boy's sleep-walking, which occurs every night to a certain extent, he has never once hurt himself in any manner, but walks around the different rooms of the house, over the farm, and all through the barn, among the horses, as well as any one with both eyes open. The boy has never been sick to amount to anything, and was never subject to epileptic fits or any thing of the kind. This makes the case even more strange.—Ez.

JOHN BROWN'S BROTHERS.

Upon our arrival in Pasadena, writes a correspondent from California, the first event of interest that attracted our attention was the funeral of Owen Brown, the son of the Captain John Brown of Harper's Ferry fame. The great tabernacle was filled with people from all parts of the country to pay their respects to the son of the great hero, for he was the sole survivor of the twenty-two who fought on that eventful occasion. The two brothers, Owen and Jason, have made Pasadena their home for the past five years, living alone way up in the Sierra Madre Mountains; and people coming from the East like to visit the spot where two such historic personages have selected their home. Accordingly, one lovely morning in February, we started on the trip so many have taken before us. The day was perfection—a day that cannot be described, but one of the days characteristic of Southern California in winter. Our way led across the San Gabriel Valley, rising so gradually we hardly realized that we were ascending. All of a sudden we came upon a party of hunters, out for sport—for that day Mrs. J. C. Fremont was the honored guest of the Art Loan Exhibit, and was to cruise the top of the canyon as one of the attractions for the evening. We waited till three times we saw the hunters dart after their game, then we continued our journey upward.

Soon we reached a high level called Los Cacaos, where we found a cluster of houses, one of which was a sanitarium, where many a poor invalid has been brought back to life. Here we saw a row of burros saddled ready to take the traveler over the mountains to Switzer's Camp, a most lovely spot in the heart of the mountains; but we were bound for the home of Jason Brown, so we only waited to look back and exclaim over the lovely view that presented itself, for we were now hundreds of feet above sea level. Now the ascent was very steep, and on the edge of a precipice that looked hundreds of feet down into Millard's Canyon. We preferred to be on *Terraz Firma*, so we walked most of the way up, and all at once, when we least expected, we turned a corner and there stood the little cabin, and a view of such exquisite beauty that we were almost entranced. We had taken a pair of excellent field glasses, and now made good use of them.

As far as the eye could reach to the west lay the Pacific Ocean, looking at that moment like a sheet of gold. Catalina stood out in bold relief. Looking nearer, we saw the Raymond Hotel, then the beautiful little city of Pasadena extending almost to the foot-hills. It surely looked like that its name signifies—the Crown of the Valley.

Mr. Brown had gone to Pasadena. A very pleasant couple occupied the cabin; they cordially invited us to come in. It contained only one room, with two beds, a cooking-stove in one corner, and everything necessary for comfort about the room. The lady said they had come to stay while Mr. Jason Brown went to Ohio to see his family and perhaps to bring his wife home with him. She showed us stereoscopic views of the place, and the Life of John Brown, which they kept there for sale. She said the brothers would give them all away, they are of such a generous nature, and their friends insisted that they should sell them, as they are not wealthy by any means. A donation was given them by Pasadena people not long ago; they sent it all to the Charleston sufferers. We ate our lunch here, then took a walk farther up the canyon to another log cabin, where one of the brothers sometimes stayed. The way led through a shady walk, a little stream running one side, ferns everywhere, and the tall yucca stalks projecting from the extreme top of the ridge. Our gentleman friend made the ascent, and succeeded in getting several fine ones. They use them here for pincushions, and they make very good ones, too. We were loitering about and enjoying the loveliness of the place, when we found that if we were to get to Pasadena before dark we must be going. From the cabin door we could see the grave of Owen Brown—a little place leveled off, not far from the house, right at the top of a peak, and 2,000 feet above sea level. He arranged the place himself, and the brothers are both to lie there. We visited the spot and took some moss from the grave as a memento. A simple white painted board bears this inscription: "Owen Brown. Died Jan. 8, 1889, aged 64 years."

I could but think what a grand place for the country to rear a monument to the memory of one who risked his life, and would

...y have given his life for a noble freedom of the slaves. As we were going down the hill, feeling a sense of regret that we had not seen Mr. Jason Brown, we met an old man coming up with a basket of provisions on his arm. We found it was the object of our visit. He stopped and chatted, told us of his intended trip home, of his hope that his wife, who is an invalid, would be able to come with him to his lonely home. We asked him if it was not hard to carry his provisions so far; he replied that when he first came he could not do it, but the bracing air of the mountains and the walking a little more each day had given him such strength that he did not feel it a burden at all. I was charmed with his manner and the sweet expression on his face. He looked like a man that had been purified through the trials of life. One feels lifted to a higher plane to shake hands even with a grand man. I felt that living in the sweet pure air of the mountains and looking on the grandeur of the works of love might have added to his store of strength, as it will lift any one who views the works of nature aright. We felt our day had now been made complete, and we took our places in the carriage and rode down into the valley, feeling that the day had been one long to be remembered. We rode round by the "Devil's Gate" home; it was a wild, romantic spot, cool, a lovely stream of water flowing through the ravine, showing that the name implies nothing. Then over Monk's Mill, past the Painter Hotel into the city.—M. A. BATCHELDER in *Christian Union*.

Woman's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNLERWOOD.

LAW-MAKERS' LENIENCY FOR WIFE BEATERS.

In the English House of Commons recently occurred the following, which I quote from the *London National Reformer*: "Mr. Bradlaugh asked the Home Secretary whether at Manchester Assizes on the 4th of March, John Matthews was convicted of manslaughter (killing his wife by a kick); whether John Matthews had been previously convicted twenty-three times, three of these convictions being for assaults on the woman he killed; whether John Matthews was sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labor; and whether he would lay upon the table the record of these various convictions."

Mr. Matthews: "Yes, sir, this prisoner was convicted as stated. I have not at present the particulars of his previous convictions, but I am informed by the Clerk of Assize that there was a long list of previous convictions against him, and that he had been two or three times convicted of assaulting his wife. The jury after a long deliberation, accompanied their verdict of manslaughter with a strong recommendation to mercy on the ground that they did not think any serious mischief was contemplated. He had kicked his wife on her leg, which had various veins, one of which was ruptured, and she bled to death. The judge acted on the view of the jury, and punished the prisoner for the manslaughter. I do not think any purpose would be served by laying the prisoner's record on the table of the House."

Mr. Bradlaugh: "Were not the twenty-three previous convictions unknown to the jury when they made the recommendation to mercy? had not the prisoner been previously sentenced to two months' imprisonment for assaulting his wife? and did not the judge know this when he inflicted the two months' sentence for actual killing?"

The reply of the Home Secretary to these questions is not given, but the inference is that Mr. Bradlaugh was correct in his assumption that the judge was aware of the husband's previous abuse of his wife, and that he was really guilty of murder, and yet he only fined the brute for a common assault. The tone of the Home Secretary's reply shows also a wonderful lack of any indignation or feeling in the matter; but Charles Bradlaugh deserves a vote of thanks from the women of all countries for calling public attention in England to the too prevalent ill-treatment of women by men to whom the laws (man-made) give the legal guardianship of women. Sometimes it is the daughter who is beaten and abused, but much more frequently it is the wives of brutal men who thus suffer from the still untamed barbarism of the race, encouraged thereby by the defenceless position of women under one-sided laws.

Max O'Rell, in his book of "John Bull and his Island," cites in chapter eleventh a number of such instances of cruelty to wives as Mr. Bradlaugh refers to, and says "Animals are very well treated in England even by the roughs of the lower classes in London. The principal reason of this, is that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has numerous agents, and any one convicted of ill-treating an animal is liable to six months' hard labor. . . . When the London carmen treat their wives as well as they treat their horses, I shall appreciate their sentiments of humanity; as it is, they only remind me of the love of the Turk for his dog. If, in the streets of Constantinople, you were seen to harm a dog, you would immediately have the populace at your heels; but you might serve a woman or child as badly as you pleased, and no one would think of interfering with you. . . . A Society for the Protection of Wives is yet to be formed."

Though public opinion here in America is not so callous to the shamefulness of wife-beating as it is in England and other assumedly-civilized countries, and the major part of the cases of wife-abuse brought to light in this country are committed by foreigners, yet there still remains a deplorably large minority of American wife-beaters, whose cowardly brutality is brought out in the records of Justice and Divorce Courts. In a very recent divorce case in this city, where a Mrs. Dunlay sought a divorce from her husband, a teamster, a four-inch folding knife was shown by which he had enforced his marital authority. "I can show several scars on my body where he has cut me with the knife," said the wife. He had celebrated her last birthday by breaking her arm, and had on a previous occasion broken the bones of her wrist; for these cruelties he had been fined eighty-five dollars, and was then working out the fine in the Bridewell. The published report of this case states that "When Mrs. Dunlay remarked that her husband attempted to kill her with a pitchfork, the crowd present laughed, which brought tears to the poor woman's eyes."

Items of the same general purport are by no means unusual in our newspapers, and scarcely any one who sees much of the world but can recall individual cases of wife-abuse coming under his or her observation which were never taken to the courts, and hundreds of instances occur of which the public never hears by reason of the woman's devotion to her brutal companion, her fear of shaming their children, her own family pride, or other reasons. An unmarried woman relating one such case which had come to her knowledge because she had been called upon to protect

the sick wife from the blows of the father of her children, said indignantly, "But why that woman bore such repeated abuse I am unable to determine. I said to her: 'Have you no self-respect left? Why don't you leave him?' but she declared she had no way of getting a living for her three little children away from him, nor could she leave them to his tender mercies unprotected by her presence." Powerful enough reasons for enduring abuse for any mother.

But public opinion would have long ago made cases of wife-beating and abuse much less frequent, but for the male legislation in regard to women. While there still stands unrepealed in our law books, laws which implicitly allow the personal chastisement or restraint of the wife by the husband, and while women generally are debased by men from taking any part in the making of laws concerning their own condition, so long must women be subjected to abuse from brutal men, in spite even of a more enlightened public opinion on the subject which makes such cases disgraceful when known. A lawyer writing on this subject says that, "A movement was lately made in England, to abrogate the barbarous provisions of the old law; but it is said the lower orders of the people still cling to their privileges under this old law, and look upon any change with extreme disfavor." "The people" in this case, as usual, means the male voters and consequent law-makers, and in this country, also, where the most ignorant and brutal man has a vote, while his wife, and the noblest and most intelligent women in the land as well, has none, just laws regarding women, and especially the rights of wives and mothers, can never be attained. The subject of a husband's legal power over his wife, was being discussed in the parlors of a home where enlightened opinion of woman's proper position in political matters prevailed, and a young lady present being told that laws allowing the husband to chastise his wife moderately were still on our statute books and could be enforced, looked up in doubtful astonishment. "What!—not here, in this country?" she exclaimed. The gentleman of the house replied, "Yes—here in this country, in this State—in this city—in this house should I so will, although public opinion would probably be against me, and my wife would not permit me, but the law would sustain me." This, however, I believe, in America is true only in those States where the so-called "common law" stands unmodified by State legislation, and consequently is not true of Illinois. An old writer on this subject quaintly says: "Justice Brooke, 12 Henry VIII. fo. 4, affirmeth that if a man beat an outlaw, a traitor, a pagan, his villain, or his wife, it is dishonourable because by the law common, these persons can have no action. God send Gentle Woman better sport, or better company." So say we, all of us.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

A STUDY OF MAN, AND THE WAY TO HEALTH.

By Dr. J. D. Buck. (Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1889. 8vo.)

This work may be characterized as a broad philosophical essay on human nature and the nature of human environment, by a highly respected physician, who is also an avowed theosophist. With so wide a scope, and under such exacting conditions of authorship, the book is not an easy one to fix the place of, and it is sure of a severe ordeal in winning way to general recognition, because it is almost a necessary qualification for public favor that a book must be classified, labeled, and put in its order that that result pigeon-hole of the public mind. Otherwise, a book is apt to hang like Mahomet's Coffin between earth and heaven, without secure repose on the earthly commonplace, yet without actual transition to the Faerie Land of the literati. But persons who are not extremists—who are neither visionary nor merely matter-of-fact—and most persons are of this intermediate, colorless quality—are just those who complain most when some one else holds to a safe and golden mean in his utterances, forgetting that the brightest jewels are set in the midst, and not at either end, of our experiences. Dr. Buck's book is a many-sided one; he looks at the truth from more than one point of view; he is thoroughly original, and thoroughly in earnest; he sinks his personality in his subject; and those whose own experiences have been much enlarged and most fruitful will be his most appreciative readers. We doubt that there is an orthodox idiot in America whom the book will not offend, if he can be seduced to touch it; and we know that it will prove a stumbling-block to every top-heavy, ideal crank who may hope to find mirrored there the reflection of his own peculiar perversities.

The book reflects the man—a strong individuality, to the making of which many predisposing influences and much acquired experience have conspired. We have seldom seen a personality whose aims and ends—that is, whose heredity and environment, to use the biological phrase, were more harmoniously adjusted. The result is broad, sound, clean, kindly and manly. There is not a harmful or dangerous drift in the book. Most of the author's propositions will command assent from thoughtful persons, and what does not thus affect them will at any rate be salutary, as stimulating healthful inquiry.

Perhaps we may say that Dr. Buck's temperance is most conspicuous throughout his work. He seems to be times with a firm hand at every point of thought, as if afraid to give loose reins—as if feeling his own way along, with always a thought of his reader's own safety. This will, as we have said, disappoint those who are used to a rattling gait over their own private courses.

What shall we do with so many-sided a writer who rounds out his theme so well? Here is a professor in a homeopathic college who writes a medical treatise without a word of the doctrines peculiar to his school. Here is a Spiritualist who has no dream of the Summer-land to relate, produces no spirit, and gives not a rattle on a furniture. Here is a theosophist without a Koot Hoomi or even a Blavatsky, who does not swear he has been reincarnated and is bound for "Nirvana or bust." Here is a physical researcher who seems to believe that there is or may be such a thing as psychic energy. Here, finally, is a man of the world, observant of every crime, vice and degree of evil, who does not moralize, or dogmatize, or quote scripture. No wonder he is hard to pigeon-hole!

"A Study of Man," has three primary aspects. It is first a professional treatise on hygiene or sanitation, dealing less with the art of curing disease, than with the science of preventing it, and of keeping a sound mind in a sound body by obedience to the laws of mental and physical health. The physiology of the work seems to us sound, and its psychology to be an advance upon the present state of that science.

Secondly, as to its abstract philosophy, or metaphysics, Dr. Buck's chief insistence is upon the principle of Duality. The present reviewer is himself a consistent Monist, and would take issue with the author here, did he not know that Dr. Buck also puts Unity back of his Dualism. He is therefore in entire agreement with the author, seeing that the principle of counterparts, or a universal autonomy, underlies every single aspect of nature. Whether it be between the subjective and the objective—the nomenclature and the phenomenal—centre and circumference—good and evil—male and female—there prevails everywhere a contrary, one term of which implies, admits, and requires the other, in order to the actual existence of both. That is the Spinozan "Natura Naturata," to the fulness of which Dr. Buck gives us more than a glimpse. In carrying out this principle, nothing is stronger or more conspicuous in Dr. Buck's philosophy than his presentation of involution as the counterpart of evolution. Like all competent scientists, he accepts the scientific facts of the evolution of material form, of which there is no question; but he opposes this most dangerous and seductive half-truth with the equally undesirable facts of the correlated and correspondent involution of

idea (or spirit) which for most modern scientists is a mere fiction of the imagination. But as everywhere else, so here does the principle of Dualism require the recognition of the one as well as of the other; and so does sound philosophy teach us to seek the whole truth in neither of these, but in the adjustment of the relations between the two. If Dr. Buck be wrong here, nevertheless he errs in a goodly company of philosophers and truth-seekers, whose names still shine athwart the courses of human thought since when man became a living soul.

Thirdly, in its moral or ethical aspect, Dr. Buck's work is upon a broad and healthy, humane Altruism. This is the real keynote of the treatise, whose full meaning will be realized most fully by those whose lives are ordered most nearly in harmony with that god-like principle which forever appeals each one's own regard to the Satan of Selfhood, that "Poor-Devil-alone," as some one has wittily yet compassionately said.

Subjected to strict canons of literary criticism, Dr. Buck's work is of uneven merit. He has thought more than he has written, and his substance is often thin here and there. Here and there might have been equal vigor with less ruggedness; and the author sometimes seems to waver between an intention of writing down to a certain level of comprehension, and an impulse to write up to his own highest intuitions. We personally like him best at his own best, when the sparks fly quickest and brightest from the white-hot thoughts he hammers here and there with strokes of real eloquence.

But we cannot retract our review. Let us simply give the heads of the several chapters. These are: Fourteen in number, treating of the Criterion of Truth; Matter and Force; the Phenomenal World; Philosophy and Science; Life; Polarity; Living Forms; Planes of Life; Human Life; the Nervous System; Consciousness; Health and Disease; Sanity and Insanity; and Time; the Form of Man; and the Higher Self. In handling these themes, Dr. Buck has done fealty in one respect, if in no other—he has produced a professional treatise, over and beyond the orthodox medical schools, which is at the limit of the present form of our understanding, of sense, sensationism, or charity. No man has lived in vain who has discovered that "selfishness is the father of vice; altruism, the mother of virtue;" and one who illustrates this truth in his daily walk is a public benefactor. F. T. S.

New Books Received.

Lovell's International Series: Penny Lancaster, Farmer; Under False Pretences; In Exchange for a Soul; St. Cuthbert's Tower. New York: Frank F. Lovell & Co. Price, 30 cents each.

The Drama of the Nineteenth Century. A lecture by Voltairine de Cleyre. Pittsburg, Penn.: R. Staley & Co. Price, 10 cents.

1889 with Scientific Predictions. St. Louis, Mo.: Magic Circle Publishing Co. Price, 25 cents.

Magazines for April not before Mentioned.

Wide Awake. (Boston.) John Burroughs at twenty, is the frontispiece of this number which accompanies a story of his boyhood. Raleigh and the Potato is a biographical and historical narrative. The Cascaroni Dance gives instructions for a joyous Easter game. The Public School Cookery has suggestive diagrams for home making. Men and Things, the new department, is overflowing with good things.

The Forum. (New York.) In the April number of the Forum Prof. George P. Fisher of Yale, points out the necessary conflict between Catholicism, as interpreted by Cardinal Manning, and American institutions. The extraordinary career of Boulanger in French politics is treated by an expert journalist. The Rev. Dr. W. Barry analyzes social unrest. Albin W. Tourgeé reviews the Negro problem. Mr. Edward Atkinson, in the last of his series of essays on social reforms, emphasizes the necessity of giving reformatory agitation a practical turn. Ethics of Art, defines what art is and Mr. H. C. Bunt of the Cleveland bar, explains the true meaning of the Monroe Doctrine.

St. Nicholas. (New York.) A pretty sketch of Little Lord Fauntleroy and Elsie Leslie Lyde, with illustrations, opens this month's installment of good reading. The story of the little girl who continues to keep the interest of the readers. Ancient and Modern Artillery is for boys, and the story of a Doll-house is for girls. There is also a great variety of poems, short stories and pretty illustrations.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Boston.) Oliver Wendell Holmes Foen in honor of the dinner given in times of the past, and the death of the poet, will interest many readers. A studious paper on the People in Government is contributed by H. C. Merwin. Why our Science Students go to Germany is answered. Thomas Basin, Bishop of Lisieux, forms the subject of an article. The Assassination of the Emperor and the Republic; the death of Pisse Rose, and Hannah Colijn's Jim are concluded.

The Chicago Law Times. (Chicago.) An interesting table of contents appears for April. A biographical sketch of William Blackstone opens the number, and is followed by The Woman Lawyer; Conspiracy Against the Republic; The Death of Harry Vane; Department of Medical Jurisprudence; Revenue Laws of Illinois, etc.

The Freethinkers' Magazine. (Buffalo, N. Y.) This Magazine for April contains a full-page steel-plate portrait of Dr. R. B. Westbrook, President of the American Secular Union, a good likeness of J. J. McCabe, and full biographical sketches of each.

The Century Magazine. (New York.) This issue of the Century is a veritable Centennial number as one half of its pages is devoted to this subject. The Inauguration of Washington; Washington at Mount Vernon After the Revolution, and Washington in New York in 1789 are historical sketches profusely illustrated. Mr. Charles DeBow describes the Original Portraits of Washington, and McMaster, the historian, writes concerning A Century of Constitutional Interpretation. The illustrations of persons, places, and objects pertaining to Washington are authentic and many have never been engraved before, being taken from original paintings and drawings. George Kennan continues his Russian articles and the serials and short articles continue in interest.

The Eclectic. (New York.) Prof. Huxley's paper on Agnosticism has attracted much attention and controversy. Prof. Edward Dowling talks of the Hopes and Fears for Literature. A Post's Corner will attract all interested in Westminster Abbey. Some Curiosities of Diet is entertaining. Mrs. Humphry Ward, the author of Robert Elsmere, gives a clever and scholarly talk on The Roman Empire, and Archibald Forbes contributes a characteristic article.

The English Illustrated Magazine. (New York.) An excellent table of contents is given for April. On two Shores is prosaically illustrated. A continued story entitled The Better Man is commenced, and Archibald Forbes contributes a characteristic article.

Current Literature. (New York.) A great variety of articles, notes and sketches fill the pages of this Magazine of record and review.

The Sideral Messenger. Northfield, Minn. Light, New York.

The Unitarian, Ann Arbor, Mich.

The Theosophist, Madras, India.

The Path, New York.

The Unitarian Review, Boston.

Also:

The St. Louis Magazine, St. Louis, Mo.

The Homiletic Review, New York.

The Manifesto, Canterbury, N. H.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery, Boston.

John Lewis Childs, Floral Park, New York, has issued his Catalogue for 1889. It consists of a select assortment of choice Flower and Vegetable Seeds and Annuals. The cover is most artistic and attractive.

Mr. Jos. Jefferson has been engaged for a number of years upon his autobiography, which will soon begin to appear in *The Century*. No more interesting record of a life upon the stage could be laid before the American public, and Mr. Jefferson's personality is perhaps more sympathetic to the people of this country than that of any actor we have had. He is the fourth in a generation of actors, and with his children and grandchildren upon the stage, there are six generations of actors among the Jeffersons. The autobiography will begin in *The Century* during the coming autumn, and the installments will be illustrated with a portrait gallery of distinguished actors.



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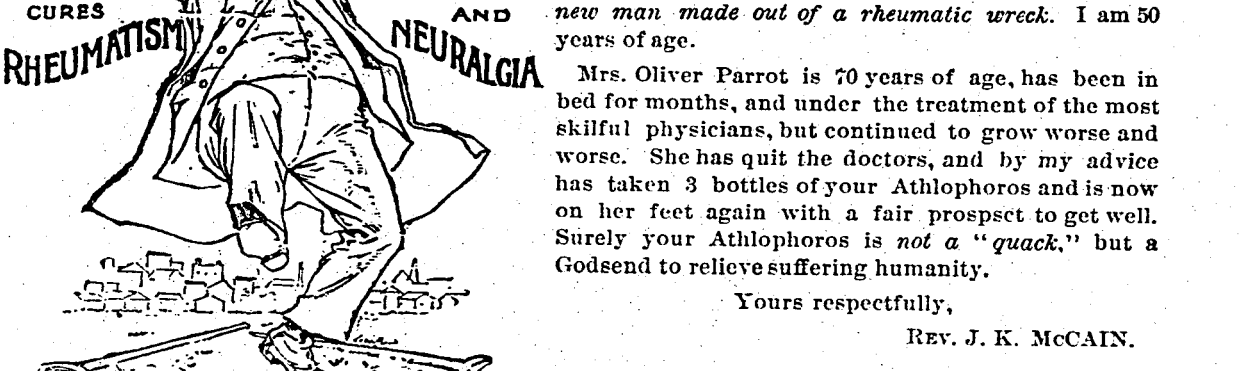
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Entered at the postoffice in Chicago, Ill., as second-class matter.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, April 13, 1889.

H. O. Pentecost—"Too Many Irons in the Fire."

Reverend Hugh O. Pentecost, who publishes the "Twentieth Century," preaches three times each Sunday at different places in and near New York, makes anti-poverty speeches, and does sundry other things—too many to do them all well perhaps, has dipped into Spiritualism a little, rather at random one would think, and without due discriminating care. He concludes that he is not yet satisfied either way. It is not proven or disproven, and he thinks that scientists like Darwin, who know how to sift and weigh evidence, should decide this matter of spirit presence for the common people. Have the reverend clergy no competence; no interest in a question vital to them? Should they not investigate? What more important to disprove the materialism which they preach against?

Should they shift the matter over to the scientists? It is well for the scientists to take it up. Some of them have, and in several eminent cases where they have been thorough, patient and fair, in the true scientific spirit and method, they have been convinced. But suppose they refuse to investigate, as Huxley has, should the rest of mankind wait for them? Without at all underrating the value of thorough scientific training, it is as absurd to suppose that those not professional scientists are not competent to observe and judge facts as that the laity are incompetent to judge of religion, but had better let a priesthood settle their theology for them. Where costly apparatus, like telescopes and retorts, is needed, we must put a good deal of trust in those who have the apparatus; and, to do them justice, the astronomer and the chemist usually give us the truth as they see it. But where only simple helps are needed, it is absurd not to investigate for ourselves. There are thousands of clear-brained men and women quite as fit to see, hear and judge the phenomena of Spiritualism as any Professors in our colleges. Let Mr. Pentecost spend half the time in this matter that he has in studying and preaching the old theology, much of which he is now trying to unlearn, and the supreme truth of a proof palpable of immortality might flash upon his mind and give new radiance to his words. Those without these spiritual experiences can but faintly dream how the conviction of the real presence of our ascended friends thrills and uplifts heart and soul,—reason and judgment coming in later to confirm the sacred truth.

Let the scientists help when they will, and their aid fairly given, shall be welcome, but we must help ourselves also. To investigate Spiritualism needs no expensive outfit. It is in the reach of poor and rich, of clergy and laity.

In the old anti-slavery days Garrison went to Rev. Lyman Beecher and urged him to take up the then unpopular question. Dr. Beecher heard his earnest plea, which he could not refute, and replied: "Young man, I have too many irons in the fire;" and so, that "Great cause, God's new Messiah," passed him by, to be taken up by the woman heart of his daughter, who made the groan of the captive heard the world over from Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Mr. Pentecost has "too many irons in the fire." He and his like may live to regret, not taking up this one. Meanwhile "we the people" must take it up, and at the eleventh hour, "When 'tis prosperous to be just," e may come in.

A number of the Scientific American a finely illustrated article on "The Wells of the James River Valley,

Practical Philanthropy.

Thinking people everywhere are becoming more and more convinced that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure;" that in order to get rid of our criminal class we must cease making criminals; that the weak and unfortunate must be taken care of and trained to make respectable men and women. If necessary we must provide homes for the homeless and destitute.

For some years the Humane Society has interested itself in the protection of homeless children and those whose homes are worse than none, where they were cruelly abused by drunken and beastly parents; but the number of this class far outnumbered the ability of the Humane Society, and finally Mr. Dudley, the efficient secretary, together with Judge Jamieson and a few other charitably disposed persons, in looking over the broad field, decided that Illinois provided for all classes, except its homeless boys. These gentlemen prepared and presented a bill to the legislature two years ago, but it was not acted upon. This was a great disappointment, but the need was so imperative to save these bright active boys from becoming criminals and from being sent to the county jail, the Bridewell or reform school, en route to the penitentiary, that these gentlemen secured a charter for an institution to be called "The Illinois Industrial Training-School for Boys." The purpose of the charter for this school was to furnish a home and school to which boys having no proper parental or other control might be committed, by order of a Court of Record, or by the consent of their parents unable to control them. To this end the Board of Directors of the School, in June 1887, secured a well-built and commodious house and four acres of ground, at Norwood Park, in Cook County, eleven miles north-west of Chicago. The house is sufficiently large to accommodate about one hundred boys at one time, but is inadequate to the present needs of the school. The purpose of the Directors is to retain no boy, generally beyond a year, or until a suitable home is found for him. This is the only non-sectarian institution in the State of Illinois whose governing board has complete control of the boys committed to its charge. It is ready and willing, in accordance with the Act under which it is organized, to care for all of the homeless and dependent boys in the State, as fast as its means will permit.

Believing it false policy to keep boys for a series of years or until manhood in any benevolent institution, because of the strong tendency to destroy their self-respect, individuality of character, and spirit of self-dependence, it will be the effort of the Board to have each boy transferred to a suitable home as soon as he is qualified to give satisfaction in it, the vacancy thus created to be filled by another applicant, otherwise uncared for.

While in the school the boys are to be instructed regularly in such branches of a common school education as they are capable of comprehending. They will be trained in agriculture and in mechanical pursuits, as far as practicable, and receive such other manual training as may be possible, in view of the general policy of the institution.

The Norwood Park School has now been in active operation nearly two years. It has been a grand success so far as rescuing from lives of degradation and presumably crime 222 boys, 113 of whom have found good homes. The school has outgrown its building, which, with four acres of ground was rented for \$600 a year; the rent has now been raised to \$1,000 a year; but it is entirely too small to accommodate the children. It is estimated that there are 700 dependent children in the city alone. Mr. Milton George and his wife became greatly interested in this school, having no children of their own, and have offered to give an improved farm of 300 acres at Glenwood, Ill., about twenty miles from the city, valued at \$80,000, if \$40,000 in money can be raised to provide suitable buildings for the same. If this effort is successful the institution will be built on the cottage plan, one cottage for every twenty-five boys. Workshops in which the boys will be taught various trades will be constructed, and the remainder of the 300 acres devoted to farming, the inmates doing all the necessary labor.

An invitation was extended to the members of the Chicago Women's Club and friends to visit the school. About seventy ladies responded. A special car was provided and a delightful day was passed. The boys, ranging from five to fifteen years, met the train at the depot; they were dressed in military suits, the gift of Mrs. Celia W. Wallace, and made a fine appearance. They escorted the ladies from the train and gave an exhibition drill which was admirably done. The whole building, school, workshop, library, etc., were inspected by the ladies and all felt that Mrs. Ursula Harrison, the efficient superintendent certainly had a "mission," and was fulfilling it well. Her heart is in the work; she is well fitted to discipline this class of boys. No corporeal punishment has ever been permitted, nor even thought necessary, and a brighter, rosier, healthier, happier 113 boys would be difficult, if not impossible, to find.

This school must not fail for want of money. It is working on the right basis. The whole State of Illinois is interested in its success; in fact, the whole country. This is the problem of the age, how to prevent a criminal class from growing up amongst us. This is a move in the right direction, and we hope the people of the State of Illinois will act at once in this grand work. No subscription is payable until the whole sum of \$40,000 is subscribed. Life membership is placed at

\$100; active membership \$25.00; annual dues \$10.00. Subscriptions may be paid by check or otherwise to the Treasurer, John T. Chumassero, 148 Market St., Chicago.

A New York Doctor Tells of Workings of Hypnotic Influences.

The New York Academy of Anthropology met at Cooper Union one day last week and listened to a lecture by Henry G. Hanchett, M. D., on "The Unconscious Man," says the New York Times. There was a very large attendance, and Dr. Hanchett's paper was given undivided attention. What the lecturer referred to as "the unconscious man," for want of a better name, is that power in men which directs every sense and every natural function—that mysterious inner sense that controls the conscious man. "The speaker exhaustively argued to show that in the very creation of man and his future physical growth this unconscious man is paramount to natural law so-called. In the processes of digestion, respiration, blood circulation, etc., he said that, though science could explain these functions and correct them, yet the hand of unconscious man could ever be seen working out nature's aims."

Dr. Hanchett went on to show how the influence of the unconscious man is felt in the life of the conscious man. Said he: "This unconscious man wakes up sleeping consciousness either at the regular hour or at a time especially intrusted to him over night. He will even be lenient on Sunday, though every other day must be begun at the same fixed, relentless hour. A teacher accustomed to give a fixed time to each pupil can soon note the end of any lesson without thinking of it or examining a clock. The approach of an hour at which we have an engagement unconsciously arouses us from study or reverie. This same unconscious man enables the bookkeeper to perform without effort complex mathematical problems. There are railroad ticket agents who can serve two customers with tickets and change with both hands at the same time. Such people acquire great confidence in this unconscious man. The same power will solve problems for us along the line of our accustomed mental activity which we ourselves are unable to solve. We often decide to sleep over a knotty matter, but the unconscious man does not sleep, and if the mental work we have in hand is to be done by faculties already trained in that direction, the unconscious man will often shake out the knots before we awake. Puzzles have been solved, briefs prepared, and even abstruse mathematical computations worked out during sleep, sometimes with and sometimes without so much co-operation of consciousness as is involved in dreaming."

"But the doings of the unconscious man can be detected in even a higher region. In the regions into which our aspirations sometimes soar, we get hints of a mental activity of which we are totally ignorant. These glimpses teach us that we are capable of higher and greater things than we ever accomplished here."

"Can we do nothing to develop the efficiency of the unconscious man? We attempt to do so every time we undertake the acquirement of any mechanical skill. We train the unconscious man in this direction quickest and best by doing very slowly and carefully, and with the greatest attention to the minutest details, whatever we wish to learn to do with facility. Hypnotism seems to afford the best means of gaining control of these higher departments of mental life. By setting consciousness aside and directing the unconscious man to certain efforts, through the suggestions of another person, he can be trained in the use of dormant faculties till they become strong and active."

Some Pertinent Questions.

The Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

For the benefit of a few mediocre minds seeking light, will you kindly reply to the following:

1. Give without technicalities the scientific definition of "mind," "soul" and "spirit?"

2. Is there any scientific evidence tending to show that these are intangible bodily parts—purely physical?

3. Is there such a state as unconscious personal existence? If so, define it.

4. Does science teach other than immortality by re-creation, or a continued succession of birth?

5. We recognize that man has conscious existence (sleep, trance, insanity, etc., notwithstanding) until death. That after death he has elementary existence only. What we desire is, scientific evidence (if it exist) of the continuous personal conscious immortality of man.

REPLY.

1. A certain order of thinkers delight in classification, and having thus arranged their subjects, they maintain their argument as though their divisions gave the cause and reason for the phenomena presented. Their conclusions would not be as befogged were they to rigidly adhere to their own terms without confounding one for another. Nowhere is this more marked than in the metaphysical, theological, or even scientific treatment of man's physical and spiritual relations. The old division has been, body, soul and spirit. Recently "mind" has been introduced. The soul is often spoken of as synonymous with body, and again with spirit, and spirit and mind are in the same manner exchanged. In truth the term soul must mean either body or spirit, and hence serves no purpose but to confuse. There is a physical body; there is a spiritual or celestial being, which carries with it the mind, which latter term embraces all that goes to make up the mental and moral being.

2. The meaning of the writer is somewhat obscure, but if he intends to ask, if the spiritual being has organic parts, not fashioned out of matter tangible to the physical senses, but of spiritual substance, this question must be answered in the affirmative.

3. Profound sleep is the nearest approach to a state of unconscious personal existence.

4. Science can teach no other genesis of spirit. The evolution of forms proceeds to man, who is the "greatest fact of creation," and the spirit is the greatest fact of his existence.

5. Scientific evidence of continuous personal consciousness after death, is furnished by the multitudinous facts of Spiritualism. In the outlying fields of mesmerism, dreams, trances, etc., facts converge in this direction. The manifestations of spirit presence make the system complete. The files of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL furnish voluminous testimony, vastly more than can be crowded into the brief space at command. It is testimony of the kind that can be verified, and those who do not avail themselves of it, have themselves to blame.

"Science," too often used as a catch-word, means knowledge carefully observed and accurately recorded. Certain phenomena of Spiritualism have been observed by as well trained and capable minds as were ever brought to the investigation of any subject. Professors Hare, Mapes, Butleroff, DeMorgan, Crookes, Wallace, and Varley, investigated carefully, and were convinced of the truthfulness of the manifestations. They employed "Scientific" methods. We think we are justified in saying that the continued existence of man is scientifically demonstrated by the phenomena of Spiritualism.

The Tiger Step of Theocratic Despotism, by Hudson Tuttle.

The readers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL who have read the articles by this author which have appeared from time to time, will know what to expect in this eight-page tract, which condenses the whole matter, showing the danger to the liberties of this country from the jesuitical scheme to found a priestocracy on the destruction of liberty of conscience and freedom of speech. It is published at a low price for distribution, and the friends of free thought are coming promptly forward, making heavy orders. J. G. Jackson ordered four hundred copies, and proposes to send a copy to every member of Congress. East and West orders have been received by the hundred from those who intend to do missionary work. Single copies five cents, postpaid; two dollars by the hundred, twenty-two cents postage. For sale wholesale and retail by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.

Lyman C. Howe in Chicago.

Last Sunday Lyman C. Howe commenced a month's engagement at Kimball's Hall, cor. of State and Jackson streets. His subject at 3 P. M., was this: "Gather the Beautiful." For three-quarters of an hour Mr. Howe held the close attention of the audience, recounting the progress that had been made and the incidents connected with the intellectual and moral growth of mankind, gathering the gems of the beautiful as he passed along and weaving them into a most fascinating and attractive discourse. He presented the beautiful in religion, in nature, among children, and in the various walks of life, and illustrated how each had a marked influence in the moulding of character and advancing mankind to a higher and grander plane. In the evening Mr. Howe answered questions, evidently to the satisfaction of all present. He lectures at the same place again next Sunday at 3 and 7:30 P. M.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, of Boston, a few days since was interviewed while in the city en route to California, whither she and Mr. Livermore go in search of rest and health. Mrs. Livermore expressed great satisfaction with the result of the elections in Boston so far as it demonstrated the willingness of women to take part; she also told of a new organization called the "Nationalist Club" being founded upon the principles brought forward in the charming novel, by Edward Bellamy, "Looking Backward." Rev. E. E. Hale, Rev. Phillips Brooks and T. W. Higginson are among the members. Speaking of "Looking Backward" reminds one of how often the book is referred to in the economic conferences now being held in this city Sunday evenings at the Madison Street theatre. It will doubtless have a very large sale, as it is now issued in a cheap edition, 50 cts. "Looking Backward" is a work of the imagination. Rev. E. E. Hale says of it in *Leid & Hand*: "Though few dare believe all of his audacious prophecy possible, every right-minded person must wish that it were." Bellamy himself calls it "a social order, at once so simple and logical that it seems but the triumph of common-sense." It would not take a greater stretch of the imagination, than it would a hundred years ago to have foretold our present improvements, with our telegraphs, telephones, steam, electrical and other appliances. The book is a great stimulator and has already been an inspiration to many.

It is said that Guy Jones, colored, who works with V. A. Clegg, of Lee County, Ga., is unlike any other man; his legs and hands being petrified. These members are as hard as ordinary wood, and the pressure which one could impose with a finger nail fails to make any indentation in the flesh. The negro has no feeling in them whatever, but if they are cut the blood will flow as from the person of an ordinary man. Guy is free to talk about his oddity and says that it commenced on him nine years ago. "The doctor told me that it would kill me in four years," said the man, with a grin, but I am here yet."

A telegram from Jamestown, N. that Dr. James G. Townsend, who is the Lakeside School of the new theo. which is taking a firm hold in Western New York, will reopen his school this summer, which was closed last season on account of his illness. The doctor has found it necessary to explain that the new theology has no desire to weaken the foundations of belief or dispossess any one of his faith. Its mission is found with that large class of men and women who are no longer fed at the table of the churches, many of whom, however, are reverent, aspiring believers in prayer and the moral purpose of all our life. The basis of the old theology is the written word; that of the new is knowledge, or the authority of the unwritten word—the still, small voice in the depths of the soul. The Lakeside School is a platform of lectures on the great religious problems of our times. On its rostrum have appeared Baptists, Christians, Congregationalists, Independents, Universalists and Unitarians. Speakers engaged for next season include the Rev. Dr. Sunderland, Ann Arbor; the Rev. M. L. Williston and the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago; Prof. Barber and Dr. Livermore, Meadville Theological School; and the Rev. Dr. Hosmer, of Cleveland.

General Items.

Frank J. Algerton has added his photograph to our collection, for which he has our thanks.

A reception will be given to Lyman C. Howe on Friday evening, at the residence of S. M. Biddison, 599 W. Monroe St.

Mrs. S. F. Pirnie, an excellent healing and test medium, has removed to 1237 W. Madison Street.

Col. C. A. Lounsbury, a well known newspaper man of Dakota and an occasional contributor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, has, under the new administration, been appointed Special Agent of the General Land Office, with headquarters at Devil's Lake, Dakota.

We are sorry to learn that W. Alexander Johnson is to leave Chicago, having accepted the position of Secretary of the State Board of Charities of Indiana. Mr. Johnson has given a great deal of time and attention to organized charity, and will be a valuable member of this board.

Mrs. Graves writes that the forty-first anniversary of modern Spiritualism was celebrated very successfully at Grand Rapids, Mich., March 31st, at the new hall in Kennedy Block. Dr. Reid gave some excellent tests, one being a communication written in a foreign tongue, but was finally translated by a Hollander present.

Harriet Beecher Stowe said to a reporter who called on her a few days ago: "My life seems like a dream. My work is done and I am enjoying the luxury of perfect rest and freedom. I can't remember what I read nowadays. My mind is a blank. But I am resolved into love. I love everybody, even the dirtiest beggar upon the street." What a sweet, golden sunset to a life of good deeds!

James Clark, a negro boy of Albany, Ga., is one of the wonders of the place because though never having been taught, he is well educated, a good mathematician, and writes a "pretty hand." He buys many books and says that when he studies a text-book and tries to master a lesson he can't understand anything about it, but at night in his dreams the entire lesson is impressed upon his mind and he never forgets it.

A. L. in the *Christian Register* says: "I strayed into Rev. Robert Collyer's church the other day, and heard such a sweet and satisfying sermon I think I have been the better for it ever since. I suppose Mr. Collyer has some inkling of what a wicked, depraved place the world really is; but his persistent optimism sends me out of his church to dream for a moment that we are all angels of light and the earth is a redeemed place. It is beautiful to have such faith in human nature. There is no greater in Israel."

Hippocrates was an eminent physician of his time—460 years B. C. He is represented as saying: "Whatever in connection with my professional practice, or not in connection with it, I see or hear in the life of men which ought not to be spoken of abroad, I will not divulge, as reckoning that all such should be kept secret. While I continue to keep this oath unviolated, may it be granted to me to enjoy life and the practice of the art respected by all men, in all times! But should I trespass and violate this oath, may the reverse be my lot!"

Dr. Thomas, in his last Sunday's sermon, said: "To know oneself is to know God. Kant says nature conceals God, man reveals Him. Hence to know God we are thrown back upon ourselves. But we don't know ourselves. For the basis of all such reasoning one must assume existence. Man is; we know that by intuition, nothing can prove it. And as man looks into the starry heavens he knows that he exists, something, too, exists beside himself. I am, something is, God is. But what is that something? Here the world stands to-day. Is this something mind or matter? What is God? You are told, I am told, that He always was. This is assumed, it is not proven. While personally I find nothing in the universe to contradict the idea of God, and while everything points to the existence of God, yet this does not lead to that certainty which the heart craves. Science says that that something is force and intelligence. That may be the end of science; it can not be the end of religion. God is love, goodness, justice. We know it and that is the end of it."

Society of Spiritualists, New York.

Observation of the Forty-first Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: On Sunday afternoon, March 31st, at Adelphi Hall, the First Society celebrated the 41st anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. The platform was liberally and tastefully decorated with potted plants and roses of several varieties, while on the speaker's desk was a large vase filled with calla lilies. An oil painting of Mrs. Fox, mother of the Fox sisters, was placed so that it could easily be seen by all. There were about three hundred people in the audience. Mr. Henry J. Newton, who had been the faithful president of the society during the past sixteen years, presided. The exercises began at half past two o'clock and closed at ten minutes past five. I will give only a part of what was said, and I will mention the proceedings in the order in which they took place. The exercises opened by Professor Watson giving a violin solo. Mr. Newton said: "We have come together this afternoon to celebrate the forty-first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. Forty-one years ago to-day a very important discovery was made. It was discovered and established as a fact, that rational, intelligent communications had been established with invisible intelligences. The dream of all the ages had become realized, and the question which had come down through the ages, 'If a man die shall he live again?' had been answered, and in the affirmative; or rather it had been satisfactorily established that man never dies. This marks a most wonderful epoch in history. The year that we are now taking leave of has been an eventful year to Spiritualism. It has been more extensively brought before the public than in any preceding year. Its foes without and its foes within seem to have joined hands to advertise Spiritualism throughout this country, and to insist on sacrificing somebody or something; they seem to have crowded themselves into the ranks of Spiritualism for the purpose of injuring it, to have elected themselves judges, jurors and witnesses to try to overthrow it. They have made a signal failure in that. I would like to say more on the subject but I do not think I would be justified in doing so as the time is so limited."

After the introductory remarks by the president, Miss Lily Runals sang in her usual charming manner. Mr. Baldwin said: "As I sit here and look on these beautiful flowers it seems to me that we have a materialization of sweetness and beauty, that ought to be a demonstration of the relation of spirit to matter. I come simply to say that I am glad to meet with you on this occasion." After speaking of the truths of Spiritualism, he excused himself, saying that he was there due to a meeting to be held in Brooklyn.

Master Watson gave a guitar solo. Mrs. Williams said: "We Spiritualists are alive to the fact that Spiritualism is as old as the history of man. To-day we celebrate the advent of modern Spiritualism. Forty-one years ago the angels prepared the way to visit the children of men, by reaching down to little children and, through them conveying messages. You know where Spiritualism stands to-day; the whole world is eager to know of it. The Bible is full of spiritual manifestations, and all the phases of Spiritualism that occur to-day are therein portrayed. The Spiritualism contained in the Bible is accepted by the church throughout the world; but still the churches reject modern Spiritualism. We find that the newspapers of the day no longer hesitate to speak of Spiritualism with some degree of fairness. What does this change mean? It means that the truth is strong. Spiritualists to-day have reason to rejoice that Spiritualism is known in every land, in every nation, in every city, town and hamlet. When we think what has been the opposition to it we are surprised that it stands as strong as it is to-day. There are eleven millions of Spiritualists in the United States. What has Spiritualism done for us? It has lifted us from the fear of death and it has brought our loved ones back to us."

A "Triumphal March," dedicated to the Spiritualists and Liberals of America by Senor Ceruelos, was then performed for the first time, the composer playing the music, while Mme. Corani, Mrs. Mary Goodwin, Mr. G. Dietmann, Mr. J. F. Snipes and Mr. Lawrence sang the words. The piece was given in so spirited a manner that the audience demanded its repetition. The words of the song by Mr. J. F. Snipes, were published in the JOURNAL a few weeks since.

Mr. Bowen said: "We have just heard the 'Triumphal March' dedicated to the Spiritualists and Liberals of America, and indeed the march of Spiritualism and Liberalism in America is a triumphal march." The speaker referred to Prof. Huxley's recent writings on Spiritualism and claimed they were wanting in good sense. He said the truth still held sway and would continue to do so, and the whole world would be convinced of the truth of modern Spiritualism.

Mr. Carlos Florentine sang a song. Prof. Watson, his son and his daughter then appeared, each with a violin. Prof. Watson said it might be interesting to know that the three violins they were about to hear had a history; the one that his daughter is to play was the violin that Ole Bull had used for forty-seven years; it was made in 1816. The one his son held in his hand, the wood from which it was made came from the old Lutheran Church pulpit. The one he was to play on himself was made from the wood of the pulpit of the old Brattle street church in Boston. The three artists then gave a fine selection of music. Following this Senor Ceruelos gave a piano solo in brilliant style.

Mrs. Leah Fox-Underhill in the course of her remarks said: "The cause that brings me here to-day is very dear to me as it is to thousands of others. I come before you as a representative member of the family through whom the thinking world of this age was particularly drawn to modern Spiritualism. I do so in justice to the cause, to the memory of my dear mother, and to myself. Many misstatements have been made by friends as well as by enemies. It would be well if the earlier manifestations were better understood." The speaker gave an account of the manifestations as they first occurred at Hydesville, and in closing said: "I will stand for Spiritualism while I have breath to speak. I know it is true. It is my hope and my salvation, and I want the world to know it."

Mrs. Underhill read a letter from Oliver Johnson in which he expressed warm sympathy to her because of the recent conduct of her two sisters in the matter of Spiritualism. A whistling solo by Miss M. Horton was then given. Following this Mr. Capron gave some of his early experiences in Spiritualism. Then followed a duet by Miss Runals and Mr. Florentine.

Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham made the closing remarks in a few well chosen words. H.

FORTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

On Sunday, March 31st, the Detroit Tribune published an article on the origin and growth of Spiritualism by Giles B. Stebbins. The larger part is given below, the narration of familiar facts of the raps at the Fox house in Hydesville, New York, the night of March 31st, 1848, and the intelligent response given by them being omitted:

Forty-one years ago to-day may be considered the opening of modern Spiritualism—a movement which in that short time has spread over the four quarters of the world, agitating thought, awakening inquiry, answering that earnest question of the "mean patriarch": "If a man die shall he live again?" to the satisfaction of millions, and giving what "a cloud of witnesses" hold as inspiring confirmation of the words of Paul the Apostle. "The last enemy which shall be destroyed is death. * * * There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial. * * * It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. * * * As we have borne the image of the earthly we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." As this movement shows no sign of passing away—only the noise of marvel seeking growing less while the quiet investigation and deeper thought spread everywhere; as it has come to stay and to be a leaven reaching all, a word of its origin and progress may be fit on this anniversary day. * * * * * From this simple beginning (the medium raps 41 years ago) have come a great variety of manifestations—moving ponderable bodies, trance speaking, psychography or spirit writing, spirit portraits and pictures, visible forms materialized, etc., etc.—witnessed from Australia to Russia, from Maine to California and Brazil, in the palaces of princes, the library rooms of ancient and the log cabins of pioneers. Mingled with fraud and self-deception, as are all things human, marked by mistakes, as are all new scientific investigations, there yet remains a mass of facts brought out under strong tests by competent and honest persons—a weight of proof of the reality of spirit presence and return as great as can be brought to prove evolution or any other theory of modern science.

We hear just now of a new exposure of the raps as a toe joint performance by the Fox sisters. The two younger sisters make this pretended exposure, criminalizing themselves and their older sister Leah, and smirching the good name of their father and mother, who passed away years ago most respected by those who best knew them. These women (children at the time these raps were first found to be intelligent) could not have carried on this alleged fraud without the knowledge and collusion of their elders, who must indeed have trained them to this shameful career. How rapidly must have hundreds, in lands far apart, been taught the cheat! If the absurd toe-joint nonsense accounts for the raps it cannot possibly cover all the other manifestations. Mrs. A. Leah Underhill (nee Fox, the older sister) is the wife of a man of high personal and business standing, has lived in their New York home for over thirty years, has given hundreds of séances to her friends, never taking a dime in money, and repudiates this whole pretended exposure. The painful fact is that these younger sisters, fallen into sore straits from dissipation, make this desperate effort to gain money.

When mountebanks advertise to exhibit spiritualistic wonders in opera houses, or when tricksters claim to be mediums, or when those who, in their better days, had some real gifts, turn to base plots for gain, intelligent Spiritualists can and do, warn the people, but they cannot prevent the deception.

It is indeed remarkable how little hindrance all these things effect in the progress of Spiritualism. Rocks in the river may vex the waters, but the stream flows on and its deep current grows still beyond them. Error and fraud may have their use to save us from too easy credulity.

With some seventy journals, in different lands and languages, devoted to Spiritualism, and a literature in which are able and excellent books and poems of rare beauty, as well as other productions of little worth, with some again in spiritual and philosophic culture, with a tendency toward that reverence which goes with freedom and a growing wish for constructive thought, among millions of professed spiritualists it is plain that these 41 years of this movement have wrought needed good.

As Paul was troubled by dissolute Corinthian disciples as Luther's great heart was made sad by the loss of license of some professed Protestants, so the evils that awaken into new life when the spiritual nature is aroused have gone with this movement. Let the froth and scum disappear as the waves grow clear and strong.

A few years ago an English church congress was held at Newcastle-on-Tyne; the lord bishop of Durham in the chair, and Spiritualism was discussed as a great fact not to be met by "the unwisdom of the ecclesiastical pooh, pooh" as Canon Wilberforce said. His errors were exposed as they saw them; his truths admitted. Mr. John Fowler said: "Spiritualism will defeat the atheist, the secularist, the materialist. If nature come to the aid of faith and establishes by phenomenon the immortality of the soul, if it come to be written in scientific books as a truth demonstrable, every man will stand on the hallowed ground of a realized fact, and on its strength his piety will be constant, his devotion pure. Man will look into the shoreless expanse of eternity and see God's hand leading him to the grand goal of his immortal being."

The growth of interest in psychic investigation, in mind cure, faith cure and Christian science is marked. Doubtless there may be a mingling of credulity and error in these matters, but they all point to the supremacy of mind over matter, and all tend to show that the spiritual is the real. Study and thought of the inner life and infinite relations of man are gaining. To this gain the spiritual movement has given powerful impetus, and from it great good must come.

Space forbids more on this great subject. Suffice it to say that this day will be celebrated in many places by godly gatherings and earnest addresses, as it has been in years past. G. B. S. Detroit Michigan.

The Forty-First Anniversary at Baltimore, Md.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: There was a great outpouring here of friends as well as seekers after the truth, March 31st, to celebrate the forty-first anniversary of modern Spiritualism in this city. The hall was decorated with an abundance of choice flowers, which gave it a cheerful and

attractive appearance. Mrs. Rachel Walcott, the regular speaker of the society, was quite sick, and it was feared that she would not be able to take any part in the proceedings. She was, however, controlled to give a most powerful and eloquent resume of Spiritualism, which probably surpassed any of her previous efforts upon the rostrum. She was followed by Miss Maggie Gaule of this city, a test medium of superior ability, who gave quite a number of tests to the audience, all of which were recognized. CARROLL.

The Forty-first Anniversary.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: The First Spiritualist Society of this city celebrated the forty-first anniversary of modern Spiritualism on Saturday and Sunday, March 30th and 31st, in Unity and Music Halls. On Saturday evening the Ladies' Aid connected with the society gave one of its popular suppers and entertainments, supper being served from 6:30 until 8 o'clock, about two hundred discussing the menu. The tables were handsomely decorated with bouquets of beautiful flowers, the whole presenting a lovely scene.

At 8:15 the president called the meeting to order and an excellent programme was very pleasingly presented, drawing forth hearty applause and many encores. All did well.

As there was one incident that occurred which was not laid down on the programme, I will say a word about it. Miss Louise Gardner is four years old this month. During supper she said she wanted to speak her piece, and your correspondent told her that she should be heard. He made arrangements with the chairman for the young Miss to appear between the second and third numbers on the programme. At the appointed time she appeared, and in her childish pronunciation of the words, proceeded to recite the old story of the Blackberry Girl, in a manner that would do honor to readers of riper years. She took the audience by storm, and they were only quieted by the little Miss answering an encore.

Miss Hagan's address was upon the cause of the present occasion, its aims and influence upon society from a social standpoint, given in a happy train of thought, Sunday 31st, the anniversary exercises were held in Music Hall, at 10:30 A. M., 2 and 7 P. M. Subject of the morning lecture: "Why will the White Man be Freed from Slavery?" The lecture was replete with sound argument and facts pertaining to the present condition of the American society and people.

The Home Orchestra was present at each session, entertaining the audiences with selections of its fine and popular music.

At the 2 P. M. service, Miss Hagan gave the Anniversary address. Subject: "The future Status of Spiritualism." She alluded to the cause of the term Modern Spiritualism, dating back forty-one years to the Hydesville manifestations, together with the earlier manifestations that have come to us from the ages back as far as we have any authentic records. She referred to its present status among the Spiritualists and its honeycombing the church in every land, and its probable acceptance by the church of the future as its fundamental basis and knowledge of the future life of man.

At the 7 P. M. service there were two questions that called for extended elucidations: 1. "Was Jesus Divine?" 2. "The Problem of Prohibition and License."

In discussing the first question the speaker not only declared that the man Jesus was divine, but that all mankind are divine also in proportion to their development, with an eternal for improvement. On the problem of Prohibition and License, Miss Hagan gave one of the most eloquent total-abstinence lectures that has ever been given in our city. She said: "If you will license a wrong in the shape of a beverage, put the license where it will cost the young man too much for him to be continually asking his young associates to drink with him. Let him drink alone." She counselled every woman in the land to have nothing to do with the lords of creation who persist in drinking and smoking. If they prefer rum and tobacco to the society of women, let them have them, but do not give them your society with their rum and filthy tobacco.

During the three sessions Miss Hagan received twenty-two questions, all of which were carefully answered, either in prose or verse. At the close of the evening service a vote of thanks was unanimously given her for the noble and impartial work done during the three months engagement, the present lecture season with the First Spiritualist Society.

During Sunday, the 31st, a free distribution of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and other spiritual papers were made, in all about three hundred copies.—Miss Hagan calling special attention to them at each session. W. W. CURRIER.

Haverhill, Mass.

The Forty-first Anniversary at Brooklyn, New York.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: The Brooklyn, N. Y., Spiritualist Society held its forty-first anniversary exercises on Sunday, March 31st. The morning exercises consisted of musical selections on organ, singing by congregation, delivery of an original anniversary essay in verse by the chairman, Mr. Geo. A. Delesee, followed by appropriate addresses from Prof. Dean and Chas. R. Miller. The evening programme consisted of songs by Mr. F. Hoading, Mr. R. Delius and Mrs. Edwards; instrumental music (3 violins) by Prof. Watson, son and daughter; also two violins and piano by the same artists; guitar solo by Prof. Watson's son. Appropriate remarks were made by Judge Dailey, Col. John C. Bundy, E. W. Capron, Mrs. Leah Underhill, one of the Fox Sisters, and Mark M. Pomeroy. Never before has this society presented such an array of talent at any anniversary exercises. The large and appreciative audience was held together in delight until 10:30 P. M. During April, J. Wm. Fletcher occupies the rostrum Sunday, the 7th; Mrs. Helen Brigham the remaining Sundays. GEO. A. DELESEE.

The Forty-first Anniversary.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: The First Society of Free Thinkers of Grant, Mich., celebrated the forty-first anniversary, March 31st. Opening exercises were conducted by the writer. A lecture was delivered by his guides from the words, "Soul, Body, and Spirit," after which there was a business meeting. The following officers were elected for the new year: President, Mr. Harvey Heix; Vice-President, Mr. Albert H. Gaunig; Secretary, Mr. Will Pitts; Treasurer, Mrs. Ida C. Pitts. The society is in good working order, and new members seeking admittance. Mediums are being developed, and quite an interest is manifested in the cause. M. H. B. SNYDER. Evart, Mich.

Oregon, The Land of Big Red Apples

The wonderful riches of the soil and products in fruit and fruits of the great Willamette Valley in Oregon are almost beyond the comprehension of the dweller in the Mississippi and Missouri valleys. Wheat that yields fifty bushels per acre; oats that weigh over forty pounds to the bushel, apples and cherries and pears and plums and prunes in rich profusion such as no other region yields, the belief of he who has not seen these things with his own eye. Yet all this is strictly true.

The Willamette Valley is the garden of Oregon. It is a very large garden however, fifty miles wide and 150 miles long. It contains over four million of acres so fertile that a ten acre fruit farm well tilled, yields a larger annual income than 160 acres devoted to grain and stock in Iowa or Illinois or Missouri.

In the center of this great valley is Salem, the capital of the state. It is a beautiful city of 10,000 population. All the state institutions are located here. All leading denominations have flourishing churches, and the schools and society are of the best. The population is nearly all American born and highly intelligent.

The commercial interests are important. The banks have large capital. Immense water power turns the wheels of flour mills and other manufacturing industries. Real estate values are rapidly advancing, and it is a good place in which to invest.

It is a country so attractive that people are going in by thousands every month—almost every week opening grain or fruit farms, or going into business or making investments.

The Oregon Land Company has a choice list of farms for grain and fruit, large tracts of unimproved land and choice city property for sale at low prices, and will take pleasure in answering all inquiries as to Oregon. See their advertisement elsewhere in this paper.

Twenty New Towns in Iowa and Dakota.

On the line of the Cherokee & Dakota division of the Illinois Central R. R., between Onawa, Iowa, Falls, Dakota, are "Twenty New Towns," all beautiful, located in the "Great Corn Belt of the Northwest," and in one of the best farming countries in the world. These new towns must necessarily grow and develop rapidly within the next few years, and parties looking for business, or excellent farming land, should apply to the undersigned for a new pamphlet descriptive of the towns and country above referred to; also for information as to rates, etc. F. B. BOWEN, Gen. Northern Pass. Agt., 121 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Truly a Magic City.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the West Kearney Improvement Company in another column. West Kearney is part of the city of Kearney, Buffalo county, Nebraska, which is growing probably more rapidly than any other city in the West, on account of its enormous water power.

West Kearney claims the distinction of being the only city in America where the first house built contained city water works, sewers, arc lights, incandescent lights, and telephone system. It is growing with wonderful rapidity, and is the manufacturing seat of the city of Kearney. Probably no other city in the West offers more fertile opportunities for investment or speculation than West Kearney, and those interested should send to the company for further particulars.

To Crawfordsville and Indianapolis, Ind., Troy and Springfield, O.—Through Sleeping Car from Chicago.

A combined sleeping and chair car leaves Chicago via Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad at 11:20 p. m. daily, running through to Springfield, O., via Indianapolis. Passengers reach Crawfordsville at 5:50 a. m., Indianapolis, 7:40 a. m., Troy, 2:04 noon; Springfield, 1:00 p. m.; Cincinnati, 12:10 noon; Louisville, 12:15 noon. Berth rate: Chicago to Indianapolis, \$1.50. Chicago City Ticket Office, No. 64 Clark Street, Sherman House.

The following books for sale here are just from the press and are creating quite an excitement.

Sign of the Times, a lecture delivered in Chicago under the auspices of the Western Society for Psychological Research, by Elliott Coues, M. D. This lecture has been widely circulated and having been written from the standpoint of a scientist will interest all who read it. Price 15 cents. Heaven Revealed. A narrative of personal experiences after the change called death, by Mrs. E. B. Duffey. This narrative was published in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and called forth much attention and comment. The many who were too late to receive the series will find all this a rare opportunity. The story is plain, most interesting and delightful manner and will please all who peruse it. Now is the time to order. Price 25 cents. Angel Whisperings for the Searcher after Truth. A book of poems by Hattie J. Ray. A variety of subjects is treated in a most pleasing manner and the poems are sparkling and bright. Price, plain cloth \$1.50; gilt edges, \$2.00.

The Psychograph or Dial Planchette is an instrument that has been well tested by numerous investigators. A. P. Miller, journalist and poet, in an editorial notice of the Western Society for Psychological Research, (Min.) Advance says: "The Psychograph is an improvement upon the planchette, having a dial and letters with a few words, so that very little 'power' is apparently required to give the communications. Do not hesitate to recommend it to all who care to test the question as to whether 'spirits' can return and communicate." We are prepared to fill any and all orders. Price \$1, postpaid.

Dr. D. P. Kayser can be addressed until further notice in care of this office for medical consultation and lectures in the vicinity of Chicago.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to spirit life from Baltimore, Md., March 21st, Ida Broom, aged thirty-eight years. Her sudden transition was a terrible shock to her many friends. She had long been an earnest Spiritualist, and a narrative of her beautiful philosophy that there is no death. A faithful wife, a devoted mother, a dutiful daughter, and an earnest friend, she leaves behind her those whose hearts can never be consoled only by the return and influence of her pure spirit. She has gone to join her two darling children who passed on before her, and this rare opportunity. Go on sweet spirit, in thy heavenly mission; and may our inner senses catch the echo of thy spirit songs as it floats on the chords of sympathy to our mortal homes. Mrs. K. WALCOTT.

Passed to the higher life, Mrs. Mary Hunter, wife of S. P. Hunter, April 2nd, at the ripe age of 68 years, 2 months and 26 days. The deceased was born in Chester, England, January 7th, 1821, and with her parents, Richard and Mary Jones, she emigrated to America in 1833. The family located in Madison County, Ohio, where she was married to Mr. Hunter in 1843, and in 1845 they moved to Warren County, Indiana, there in 1857 they moved to Illinois, to the home she has just left to join the great majority. She was the mother of ten children—six girls and four boys—eight of whom still survive her. The remains were followed to the last resting place by a large concourse of friends and neighbors, and were laid away with ceremonies befitting the ascension of a spirit to the higher life. The writer was called upon to deliver the funeral discourse at the church to a large concourse of people, who gave rapt attention to his utterances of the grand truths revealed by Spiritualism, many of whom had never before heard an address on the subject. D. P. KAYSER.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent to new subscribers, on trial, twelve weeks for fifty cents.

Subscribers in arrears are reminded that the year is drawing to a close, and that the publisher has trusted them in good faith. He now asks them to cancel their indebtedness and remit for a year in advance.

Readers having friends whom they would like to see have a copy of the JOURNAL, will be accommodated if they will forward a list of such names to this office.

The date of expiration of the time paid for, is printed with every subscriber's address. Let each subscriber examine and see how his account stands. Back numbers of any particular date over four weeks old, 10 cents each.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.

Five small Brick Houses in Farmington, Mich., will sell for low cash price, or exchange for Chicago property. Address J. HOWARD STARR, 45 Randolph St., Chicago.

WANTED--A Christian Gentleman or Lady in every Township to act as agent for the most popular Subscription Book published "THE HOME REFORMER," or "Views of Heaven," by BISHOP FALLON.

We have the choicest commendations from the leading Clergymen and the best Religious Papers. For Circulars and Terms address NATIONAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 103 State St., Chicago.

TAR-OLD

A new method of compounding Tar. SURE CURE FOR PILES, SALT RHEUM and all Skin Diseases. Send 3 Stamps for Free Sample with Book. Sold by all Druggists and by TAR-OLD CO., 73 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

The First National Bank of Chicago, first receiving teller, Mr. E. C. Cook, also Mr. E. L. Bond, cashier in the Sherman House, Jno. F. Scanlon, C. R. of Foresters and many other prominent men employ this remedy very highly; it has been prepared and analyzed by the highest authorities. It is a valuable book on nervous diseases will be mailed free to any address. F. EBERLEIN, Druggist, 50 W. Madison St., Chicago.

PIC PEN PUZZLE,

Sent by return mail on receipt of 25 Cents.

PRAIRIE-CITY NOVELTY COMPANY, 45 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

OFFER A Genuine

WATCHEM. Made throughout BREITENBURG, Prussia. 18 size jeweled, stem-wind, lever-set, quick train, straight line escapement, improved back mechanism, in a Duerber Silver-tone Case, heavy strong and a good timer. Fully Warranted. Sent O. O. for express charges and I will send it for examination. If satisfactory and as represented you can pay for it, otherwise it will be returned. In the case of the certificate of President Duerber Watch Co. Co., that it is a genuine silver-tone case, will keep its color and wear a lifetime. If you buy one watch and carry it, showing to your friends, and you see it to them. When you send me your sixth or seventh order, I will send you ONE WATCH FREE! Special Offer: I want you to have my 200-page Catalogue with 1,700 excellent illustrations of all kinds of Gold and Silver Watches, Chains, Jewelry and Silver-ware, also Rogers' Knives, Forks, etc., therefore, for a limited time, will send it with a pair of Rolled Gold Plated Silver Buttons, or Ladies First Pin, or Gent's Coat Pin for the price of FREE. Wholesale Jewelry, 90 5th Ave., CHICAGO. References: Felsner, Hal, Gross & Miller, Bankers, Chicago. Always mention this paper.

\$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 50 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address J. J. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

TEACHERS WANTED.

AMERICAN TEACHERS' BUREAU, St. Louis, 13th St. NEW NUMBERS AND NUMBER PLATES for Churches. For Special prices address, A. A. White & Co., Providence, R. I.

COME TO THE LAND OF BIC RED APPLES.

Pears, Prunes, Plums and Cherries. Climate so mild that the grass grows green all the year. U. S. Census reports show Oregon healthiest State in the Union. Paradise for nervous sufferers. Willamette Valley, containing four millions of fertile acres, excels the world for apples and fruit. No crop failures. No cyclones. No cold weather. No extreme heat. Rich lands cheap.

Ten Acres in Fruit worth a Section in Wheat

Salem, Capital of Oregon and heart of this far-famed valley, is the best place to buy cheap water power. Our water power shows Oregon healthiest State in the Union. Paradise for nervous sufferers. Willamette Valley, containing four millions of fertile acres, excels the world for apples and fruit. No crop failures. No cyclones. No cold weather. No extreme heat. Rich lands cheap.

OREGON LAND COMPANY, Salem, Oregon.

Looking Backward 2000-1887.

BY EDWARD BELLAMY.

The object of this volume is to assist persons who, while desiring to gain a more definite idea of the social contrasts between the Nineteenth and Twentieth centuries are dazzled by the formal aspect of the histories which treat the subject. The author has cast this book in the form of a romantic narrative, and the hero who falls asleep in 1887, awakens in the midst of the Twentieth Century. The plot is an ingenious one and very amusing. A large number of the cloth bound have been sold, as the work has created much excitement and everybody wants to read Looking Backward. A paper edition was demanded and is now out. Cloth bound, \$1.50, postage 10 cents; paper cover, 50 cents, postage 5 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

ROBERT ELSMERE

BY Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

This novel has had an immense sale, more copies being sold than any other novel of the Nineteenth Century. It has furnished food for the discussion of the most eminent ministers of all denominations; has given society something to discuss outside of the general run of topics, and the reading public in general much to entertain them. Price, cloth \$1.25; paper 50 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

THE PIONEERS OF THE SPIRITUAL REFORMATION.

LIFE AND WORKS OF DR. JUSTINUS KERNER AND WILLIAM HOWITT.

The two Pioneers of New Science, whose lives and labors in the direction of Psychology form the subject-matter of this volume, will be found to bear a strong similarity to each other in other directions than the one which now links their names, lives and labor. Cloth bound, pp. 325. Price \$2.50, postage 15 cents extra. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

IF, THEN, AND WHEN, FROM THE DOCTRINES OF THE CHURCH.

By WARREN SUMNER BARLOW. Author of "The Voice," and other Poems. All who have read the author's "The Voice of Nature," "The Voice of a People," "The Voice of Separation," and "The Voice of Prayer," will find this poem just suited to the time. Price 10 Cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

PRAYER.

C. LEWIS SNYDER.

What meaneth prayer to souls of sterner mood, They whom the world denounce as infidels...

What meaneth prayer to those who cast Yain mummeries and empty words aside...

Hath prayer a meaning to these earnest hearts? Is sought to the world of admiration given?

The deeper, holier, purer sense of prayer They know, and in their earnest heart-throbs feel...

Loud begging for some special favor there While countless millions sink in wretchedness...

To ask that nature's laws be set aside And we be helped by special providence...

And thus obey the changeful mind of man, By passion and by self-interest controlled...

To hope to gain a favor by applause By formal praise of Infinite Control...

Doth seem presumption great. For who shall stand And dictate unto God what he shall do?

Then what is prayer if not repeated praise And humble begging for a blessing sought...

Prayer is the deepest, purest, holiest sense In communion with the world of mankind...

Prayer is the soul's sincere and strong desire, Whether in word expressed or feeling wrought...

Prayer is the aspiration of the soul That seeks to rise above this world of sense...

Prayer is the earnest labor of the heart, The strong and noble toil in cause of right...

Hard, honest labor is a noble prayer, All deeds that seek to benefit the race...

Then pray we all, in thought, in word, in deed, In every act that fills this life of sense...

Not Phenomena.

The Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It was with astonishment I read an article in your interesting JOURNAL headed "Curious Phenomena at Lookout Mountain" and credited to the Globe-Democrat...

I fail to see how a religion based upon the truth, and founded in science and adapted to the needs and attainments of mankind can be deduced from the "essential truths of Christianity"...

The doctor says: "No more effective obstacle can be placed in our path than the custom of doubt and suspicion." Now, if I and thousands of others brought up by sternly Calvinistic parents had had some of the suspicious and suspiciously been wiser than we were...

The 41st Anniversary in Philadelphia. The 41st Anniversary was celebrated by the First Association at their hall, Eighth and Spring Garden Sts., Sunday, March 21st, at the morning conference...

Rial Sweetland writes: I have taken your JOURNAL about twenty-five years. We would be lost without it, for it is a welcome messenger of truths...

New Method of Producing Magnetic Sleep.

[Translated from the La Revue Spirite for Banner of Light.]

On the invitation of some persons very eager to know something about the occult social sciences, I went to Ouchamps, a country town situated about four kilometers from my home...

I made several successful experiments, but some of the people present were not convinced because what I hoped to produce with an egg did not entirely succeed...

Some days after this, a lady in Ouchamps who was anxious to convince herself about what had so far failed her, invited me to her home...

This little event put the village tongue in motion, and big words about sorcery and magic were uttered by many lips, but none of them all went to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

In the JOURNAL of March 23rd is an short article by Rev. R. Heber Newton which opens up a subject upon which I have spent much thought...

He takes the ground that no "new religion" is possible, and assumes and positively asserts that, "whatever is novel in religion is false."

Now I, for one, am, and I know there are hundreds of other readers of the JOURNAL who are more than willing to be instructed upon this vital point, but my investigations lead me to very different conclusions...

I fail to see how a religion based upon the truth, and founded in science and adapted to the needs and attainments of mankind can be deduced from the "essential truths of Christianity"...

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HYPNOTIC TREATMENT.

Suggestion and Hypnotism as Therapeutic Agents.

Under the heading of "Faith Healing as a Medical Treatment," Dr. C. L. Tuckey, of London, has an exceedingly interesting paper in the Nineteenth Century for December...

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Sunday Newspapers.

While from all parts of the country come reports that the masses of the people have left the churches, it is not strange that many evangelical ministers feel restive and sensitive upon the subject of Sunday newspapers and Sunday amusements...

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Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The English sparrows are building their nests in the electric lamps in Atlanta, Ga. New England manufacturers used 4,000,000 shoe boxes, costing from twenty-five to fifty cents each, last year.

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Spirit Message.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A little spirit baby of three months kept insisting in a baby's appealing manner to rest upon my knees, and making such faces, as if suffering, so pushing aside my MSS. destined for America, and the post...

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The Psychograph.

Wm. Emmette Coleman has the following in the Courier Dove:

Not least among the twenty-eight gifts received from friends at the late Christmas holidays was the present of one of his latest improved psychographs, from the late Charles W. T. Hunt, a student of the occult...

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An Interesting Incident.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A lady who has lately visited us, related the following concerning her grandparent, Thomas Cole, aged 78, who passed to spirit-life, April 29th, 1838. He lived at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Hattie Dunham, on the Marsh road, six miles from the City of Janesville, Rock County, Wisconsin...

A Minit Battle—Dreams.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Let me tell you a brief anecdote: Just before the civil war I was on a visit at Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, then commanded by a Colonel (afterwards Confederate Gen. Robert E. Lee), who sent me word that I would appear on the campus he would give a battle with the flying artillery in my honor, and with real firing of cannon...

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Women to Desire the Ballot?

All true enthusiasm of humanity, all genuine love of justice, it seems to me, must spur those who feel it to do what in them lies, not merely to exert the small powers they may find in their hands, but also to strive to obtain more extended powers of beneficence.

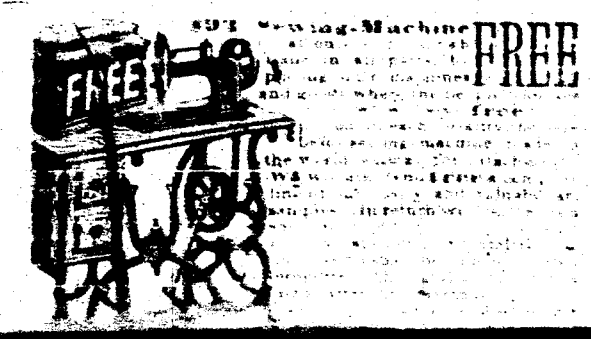
When one of us women sees a wrong needed to be righted, or a good to be achieved, or a truth to be taught, or a misery to be relieved, we wish for wealth, for influence, for the tongue of an orator or the pen of a poet, to achieve our object. These are holy wishes, sacred longings of our heart, which comes to us in life's best hours and in the presence of God. And why are we not also to wish and strive to be allowed to place our hands on that vast machinery whereby, in a constitutional realm, the great work of the world is carried on, and which achieves by its enormous power tenfold either the good or the harm which any individual can reach, which may be turned to good or turned to harm, according to the hands which touch it? In almost every case, it is only by legislation (as you all know) that the roots of great evils can be touched at all, and the social diseases of pauperism and vice and crime can be brought within hope of cure. Women, with the tenderest hearts and best intentions, go on laboring all their lifetimes often in merely pruning the offshoots of these evil roots, in striving to allay and abate the symptoms of the disease. But the nobler and much more truly philanthropic work of plucking up the roots or curing the disease they have been forced to leave to men.

"I think we are bound to seek woman's political emancipation, in the first place, as a means, a very great means, of doing good, fulfilling our social duty of contributing to the virtue and happiness of mankind, advancing the kingdom of God. There are many other reasons, viewed from the point of expediency; but this is the view from that of duty."—Frances Power Cobb, in "The Duties of Women."

The applications for places in the consular service reveal the fact that more clergymen apply for the office at Jerusalem than for all the other consularships combined. The reason is obvious. The location is an interesting one to every student of Bible history, and as the duties of the consulate are merely ministerial, there is ample time for the prosecution of such literary or other work as the incumbent may wish to engage in. The office at Jerusalem has come to be sought after by students to a greater extent since Bro. Harris and Bro. Underwood, of Boston, were sent there. The compensation is about six thousand dollars a year, and accessibility to London adds greatly to its other advantages.

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OF KIDNEY DISEASE
But Strike at
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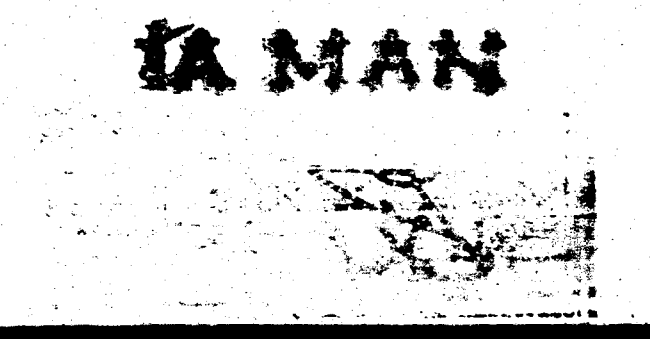
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