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

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to seno 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 Congregationalist, and were published in that paper with her signature, but not without several alterations. The piece, since then, has been extensively circulated in many religious and secular 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

Talking of sects quite late one eve, What one and another of saints believe, That night I stood in a troubled dream

And a "churchman" down to the river came When I heard a strange voice call his name, 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 his way he took, 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 starry crown, 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 no 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

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

Over his forehead, so cold and white.

Poor, dying Quaker, thy suit of grey Is quietly sailing—away—away. But thou it go to heaven, as straight as an Whether thy brim 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 1 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

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

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, friend,
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

"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 "euter 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

And concerning the road they could never agree, The old, or 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

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 say 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?

I watched them long in my curlous 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 rosses, 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 CLEAVELAND. 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 phi losophies 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, draw ing the boundary of each separate province. showing the relative value of reason, will, emo tion, 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 sunshine 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.

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 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 eye sees and the mind thinks; between the splendor of a sunset, the solemn grandeur of a forest, the tender beau- | rial to an estimate of the spiritual world. ty of a flower, and the emotion that they awaken in the beholder. Is the evening star | hasty and superficial views of nature. He says: 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 | Let no color, no tint, no form, no graceful it making it different to each, so that really | bending, no perfume, no part of marvel esno two of us see the same star? There cape. Having thus studied a square yard seems to be some occult relation between it you may know what a square mile is, and and us; and if our mood were different half then what a hundred miles of hill and vale its charms would be gone. At least a part of are." His suggestion may be carried still what we see in the star, or in the tree, or further. From thinking of a hundred miles the landscape, is only our mind in a differ- of hill and valley one can proceed to a survey ject which sees and the object that is seen; the mind may travel until it visits those far are both rooted in the same substance of off stars concealed in the depths of space. Mind? The chief attraction, the secret of Thus the soul can pass from the study of a delight which the tranquil landscape, the | blade of grass to the study of a world. Even distant mountain fading into blue, the sun- | then the progress of thought is not complete. rise, the starry vault, furnishes the beholder | Having contemplated a world, one is comis the subtle suggestion that they are related

At their extremes these two worlds are

"Were not the eye 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 "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 sunbeam, 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

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 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 despoil- to the broad cheerful earth with its blithe air ed, and how much meaner 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 s 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 s 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 hurled along a narrow turbulent 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

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, is a poor pensioner and mendicant living by sufferance and begging through life for crust and cup; he is suto disentangle their borders. Who has sight | perior 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 opes the palace of eternity." Life should constantly pass from the less to the greater, from an estimate of the mate-Ruskin advises his readers not to take too "Select a square yard of the meadow or flower bed, and spend an hour or a day over it pelled to contemplate the history of man upon to him, and like friends and lovers are set the world. Great as our universe is, in its his friends is for their protest against the morning there to greet his coming. | the world. Great as our universe is, in its his friends is for their protest against the morning dominance of the form over the spirit, and for land.

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, of 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 cataract awakened, are excelled 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 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 stairway by which the soul mounts to the heights where it can survey something great-

er than mountain or sea. Life is not lived in its fullness. Hence to tations 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 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, has an account to settle with him.

Whose 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 impalpable; 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 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. Fairer pearls than Rome ever saw—truth, purity, honor are dissolved in wine to please the un-holy 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 unbeeded. 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 unburt amid the enchant-

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 | shall find ourselves in a new existence, surwhich has attached itself to the best things; prominence and power solely because they mad competitions; such mountainous 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 hours out the sky became quite black with laws of spiritual life are as genuine as the swallows. It was then about 6 o'clock in 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 ent 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 sublife, from selfishness in our social and trade 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

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, not 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 sacmany it seems petty and mean. The question | rament; reforms would go deeper; and as the truction another kingdom disappears. What asked and debated, whether life is worth liv-snow bank melts before the south wind and pity do we all cherish for a soul thus robbed ing, reveals, not the poverty of life itself, but the spring sun, and grass and flowers take its of its heritage and dosmed to sit enveloped the poverty of those who ask it and the limi- 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 cathed-

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 hour 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

As it appears to themost 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 imports." The soul growing greater 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 appraisement upon all things. Thus can we pass across the tearth, 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 desfined to so proceed forever:—that at last we rounded by those whom we love, with no the multitude of men who have come into | more surprise than when we found ourselves on earth or when, after a night of sleep, we have become adepts in the art of success; the | 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 Frenchsteamboat Abdel-Ka-der during the passage from Marseilles to Algiers. Just as the vessel was about two 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

### 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

How long have you been a Spiritualist? What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunion be

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

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 end to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the Family, to Society and to Govern-

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 Spiritualistic 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 super-latively 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 Spir-itualism means present spirit-communion; 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 communion 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 simple 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, nor 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 medium. ship; 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

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; as 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

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 co-adjutor,—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 mediumship through which we receive them. If broad and full and given by the higher inof our theory, they will put all lesser ques-

tions at rest.

The answer to this question by the Rev. M.

. 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 cove ithe 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

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 weighed down. True manneod, truth, hu-manity and civilization can neither expand nor raise to higher altitudes of spiritual development when loaded down with the armor of religious superstition. Every step onward, 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 today 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 | lieve it," as well as by those to whom it will observation has been limited to but scant appeal as a real revelation. It is well writterritory, and I will not presume that the ten, showing a more practiced literary hand 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 charch edifices. The money is not the voluntary tribute from the pockets alone of those who are enthusiastic in the | Speaking of her interior state during 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 people 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 con- formed minds. I know how difficult it is to dition; the Jew, gentile, pharisee or scribe, draw the line between one's own thoughts they are all made tributary to the same pot, and impressions and those which result from the end justifies all means employed, and inspiration from higher sources. The reader

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

"Die Kirche hat einen guten Magen.

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 git out of here this weather, I have no clo'es 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 if things in this world were simply continchurch 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 and other mystics and seers who believe or to protect her from being tempted into immorality and vice? Where is the home for the orphans, 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 ophists will recognize in it a well woven occupation is gone. The club house of God that gives a silk-plush cushioned easy chair to the greatest tax-title speculator, usurer, skin flint, swindler and rascal, and a 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 useful-

Prayer, song and homily, club house and furniture, salary and style, are not the real teachings of the gentle Nazarene. He laid the foundation of his religious teachings in solid work—all work and no pretentions. When people and clergymen begin to realize that there is some thing wrong with their churches,—when the cry goes up from their sanctuaries: "What must we do to be saved?" woes. Let us, therefore, stand by the facts | it is right and proper that every honest man that we have, obtain other and better facts in a plain way respond and point to these as best we may, and to this end improve our | shortcomings emphasizing the fact that there is too much play and no work, too much glitter and no gold, too much spitting on the telligences, as they may be, within the scope | hands and no hold taken; too much tinsel

Christianity of to day is but a farce, a play, a | must becomedy 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 whitewashed on by a Moody or a Sam Jones for it can be of no use. With all the dishonesty | may severally be able or prefer to do. 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 ad infinitum. I might fill out ten columns Churches ought to do, but utterly fail of 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, what 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 "bethan 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 relig ious sentiment of twenty years ago. Mrs. Duffey is not less sincere than candid; the "good faith" of the book is obvious, and puts the reader on terms with the writer at once. preparation of the book, she adds:

"I believe that I wrote through unseen assistance, but I hesitate to ask others to eudorse 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 often ignorant and ill-inand impressions and those which result from | turning to the priest, he told him of the ocas Mephistopheles says to Martha in Faust: 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 some-times 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 be tween 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 Spiritworld heavily overlaid and obscured by material phenomena. But our true and real life or consciousness, is not on that account less spiritual.

If "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 ued on into the other with increased celerity, activity, and precision. If 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 stateliness 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 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 Theospractical 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 lit tle 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

We will only make one extract, from perhaps the happiest hit in the story. A poor woman has 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. One recognizes had known in earth life as a Spiritualist, and exclaims:

"You here! Then where am I? In mercy \*Heaven Revised. A Narrative of Personal Exhands and no hold taken; too much tinsel periences after the change called death. By Mrs. E. and nothing real in short; that while Chris-B. Duffey. Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Publishtianity as Christ taught it was work—work ing House, 1889. pp. 101. Price, 25 cents.

Can Our Churches Be Made More Useful? in all grandeur and beauty; but that the tell me where I am! If you are here, then I

But we forbear, and simply refer our readers to Mrs. Duffey for further particulars. It is with us less a question of the actual origin of the story, than of its reasonable and sensible qualities. To many it will come as an actual revelation, perhaps with more force than it did to the authoress herself; and those who do not like her "revision" of "heaven" are left at full liberty to revise it to suit pleasure only—it must be something real or | themselves, or give it up altogether, as they

#### A VISION AND DREAM.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: 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 with what Christian people and Christian | this earthly stage, with a pre-natal broken arm. Owing to this fact and to a feeling of doing. What churches claim to do for the religious fervor on the part of his Roman advancement of good morals and a righteous | Catholic parents, they decided to educate him living is a great deal, but what good they for the Priesthood, inasmuch as he was born leaving behind them the worn out mail and actually accomplish beyond amusing themon on the 17th of March, the birthday of the selves in the display of dress at their fairs blessed St. Patrick. When quite a little boy and festivals, religious performances, called 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 par-tially isolated. It was my father's custom to pray in the chapel every afternoon, as he was naturally a devout boy. One evening when the "Emerald Isle" seemed bathed 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 any where near. On recurrence, 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 underminthrew them overboard altogether, becoming a Protestant. Every Irishman knows what becoming a "heretic" involved in those bygone 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 agitating 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 bosh, recounts 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. San Antonia, Texas.

# 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 to all 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 sleepwalking 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. Heddens, 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 was impossible for the boy to lie down with a ged 64 years.' out going into this mesmeric or sleeping my operating chair and pushed it back, ory of one who risked his life, and would

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 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 eigar. 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. Heddens, 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 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 any ling, and and was never subject to epileptic fits or any thing of the kind. This makes the case even more strange.—Ex.

#### 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 p ople 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 sportfor that day Mrs. J. C. Fremont was the honed, and before taking orders as a Priest he ored guest of the Art Loan Exhibit, and was to crown the victor of the chase 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 Cacitas, 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 terra 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

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 is just what 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 cookingstove 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, but 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, ferus 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 on 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 inheart is irregular. It seems as though it scription: "Owen Brown. Died Jan. 8, 1889,

I could but think what a grand place for state. I noticed that when I placed him in the country to rear a monument to the mem-

the freedom of the slaves. As we were sing 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 provision 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 ex-pression 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, ro-mantic spot, cool, a lovely stream of water flowing though 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. UNITERWOOD.

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 aske I 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 the said John Matthews was sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labor; and whether he would lay upon the table the record of these various convic-

tions. 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 manslanghter 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 varicose veins, which was ruptured, and she bled to death. The judge acted on the view of the jury, and punished the prisoner for the mere assault. 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 twentythree 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 fixed 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 | he looks at the truth from more than one point of England to the too prevalent illtreatment 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 aged thereto by the defenceless position of

women under our one-sided laws. Max O'Rell, in his book on "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 wifebeating 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 re

cords 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 but can recall individual cases of wife-abuse coming under his or her observation which coming under his or her observation which ness of which Dr. Buck gives us more than a were never taken to the courts, and hundreds glimpse. In carrying out this principle, nothing of instances occur of which the public never is stronger or more conspicuous in Dr. Buck's hears by reason of the woman's devotion to her brutal companion, her fear of shaming their children, her own family pride, or other easons. An unmarried woman relating one

the freedom of the slaves. As we were down the hill, feeling a sense of relative had not seen Mr. Jason Brown, at we had not seen Mr. Jason Brown, tan old man coming up with a basket by the sick wife from the blows of the father of the freedom of the slaves. As we were that woman bore such repeated abuse I am unable to determine. I said to her: 'Have the other: and so does sound philosophy teach us to seek the whole truth in neither of these, but in the 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 getting a living for her three little children away from him, nor could she leave them to

pliedly allow the personal chastisement or restraint of the wife by the husband, and from taking any part in the making of laws concerning their own condition, so long must women be subjected to abuse from bru-tal man in spite over of a man in spite over on a man in s tal 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 en-lightened 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 villein, or his wife, it is dispunishable because by the law common, these persons can have no action. God send Gentle Woman better sport, or better companie." So say we, all of us.

#### BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for saleat, or can be ordered through the office of the BELIGIO-PHILO-

A STUDY OF MAN, AND THE WAY TO HEALTH. By Dr. J. D. Buck. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke &

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 exceptional 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 this or that regular 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 translation to the Pantheon 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 of life are set in the midst, not at either en is, of our actual experiences. Dr. Buck's book is a many-sided one; view; he is thoroughly original, and thoroughly in earnest; he sinks his personality in his subject; and those whose own experiences have been most varied 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 wives of brutal men who thus suffer from the seduced to touch it; and we know that it will still untamed barbarism of the race, encourprove a stumbling-block to every lop-sided, one-aged thereto by the defenceless position of idead crank who may hope to find mirrored there

the reflection of his own peculiar perverseness.

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 ins and outs—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 temperateness is most conspicuous throughout his work. He seems to hold himself in with a firm hand at every turn of thought, as if afraid to give loose rein—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 home pathic 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 ghost. gives not a rap on the 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 psychical researcher who seems to believe that there is or may be such a thing as psychic science. 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 posits 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 noumenal and the phenomenal—centre and circumference—good and evil--male and female-there prevails everywhere a contrariety, one term of which implies, admits, and requires the easons. An unmarried woman relating one che case which had come to her knowledge ductive half-truth with the equally undesirable facts of the correlated and correspondent involution 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

less frequent, but for the male legislation in regard to women. While there still stands unrepealed in our law books, laws which impliedly allow the personal chastisement or of Selfbood, that "Poor-Devil-all-alone," as some one has wittily yet compassionately said.

Subjected to strict canons of literary criticism 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 personsonally 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 protract 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: Involution and Evolution 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 beyoud the orthodox medical schools, which is at the same time free from suspicion of unwholesomeness, sensationalism, or charlatanry. No man has lived in vain who has discovered that "selffishness is the father of vice; altruism, the mother of virtue;" and one who illustrates this truth in his daily walk is a public benefactor.

#### 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 cente. 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. Ralegh 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 mark-ting. 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 inin French politics is narrated by a Parsian journalist. The Rev. Dr. W. Barry analyzes social unrest. Albion W. Tourgée 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. Bunts 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 months installment of good reading. The Bells of Ste. Anne still continues to keep the interest of the readers. Ancient and Modern Artillery is for boys, and the story of a Dollhouse is for girls. There is also a great variety of poems, short stories and pretty illustrations.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Boston.) Oliver Wendall Holmes Poem in honor of the dinner given to James Russell Lowell on his seventieth birthday 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. Before the Assassination, and Tragic Muse are continued. Passe Rose, and Hannah Collin'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 steelplate portrait of Dr. R. B. Westbrook, President of the American Secular Union, a good likeness of 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 Henry Hart, 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 reproduced 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 Dowden talks of The Hones and Fears for Literature. A Poet's Corner will attract all interested in Westminister Abbey. Some Curiosities of of Diet is entertaining. Mrs. Humphry Ward, the author of Robert Elsmere, gives a clever and scholarly talk on The New Reformation, a continuation of the subject of the celebrated novel in dialogue form.

The English Illustrated Magazine. (New York,) An excellent table of contents is given for April. On two Shores is prosusely illustrated. A continued story entitled The Better Man is commenced, and Archivald 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 Sidereal Messenger, Northfield, Minn.

Light, New York. The Unitarian, Ann Arbor, Mich. The Theosophist, Madras, India. The Path, New York.

The Unitarian Review, Boston. 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

ssued 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 distin-

guished actors.



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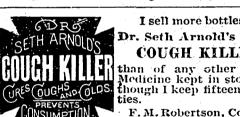
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#### H. O. Pentecost-"Too Many Irons in the Fire."

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 clearbrained 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

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 oople" must take it up, and at the eleventh ir, "When 'tis prosperous to be just," e may come in.

> 'n 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 home less 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 final ly Mr. Dudley, the efficient secretary, together with Judge Jamieson and a few other charit ably 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 Industral 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, general ly 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 eries of years or until manhood in any be nevolent 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 \$60,000, 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, li brary, etc., were inspected by the ladies and all felt that Mrs. Ursula Harrison, the ef ficient 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 punish ment 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; blem of the age, how to prevent a criminal | up the mental and moral being. class from growing up amongst us. This is 2. The meaning of the writer is somewhat subscribed. Life membership is placed at be answered in the affirmative.

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

#### A New York Doctor Tells of 11 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 disaid 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 arcuses us from study or reverie. This same unconscious man enables the bookkeeper to perform without effort ter, showing the danger to the liberties of complex mathematical problems. There are railroad ticket agents who can serve two customers with tickets and change with both great confidence in this unconscious man. The same power will solve problems for us 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 trainwill often shake out the knots before we wholesale and retail by the Religio Philoawake. Puzzles have been solved, briefs pre- | SOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE. pared, 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 somehigher and greater things than we ever accomplished here.

"Can we do nothing to develop the efficiendo so every time we undertake the acquireand best by doing very slowly and carefully, and with the greatest attention to the mindo 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.

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 phys-

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?

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 map.

# 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 terms without confounding one for another. Nowhere is this more marked than in the metaphysical, theological, or even scienitual 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 in fact, the whole country. This is the prob- | latter term embraces all that goes to make

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 ex-

istence.

5. Scientific evidence of continuous personal consciousness after death, is furnished by the multitudinous facts of Spiritualism. In the outlying fields of mesmerism, dreams, trance, 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 veri-

fied, 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 gestion, respiration, blood circulation, etc., he | 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 eightpage tract, which condenses the whole matthis country from the jesuitical scheme to found a priestocracy on the destruction of liberty of conscience and freedom of speech. hands at the same time. Such people acquire It is published at a low price for distribution, and the friends of free thought are coming promptly forward, making heavy orders. along the line of our accustomed mental 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 huned in that direction, the unconscious man | dred, twenty-two cents postage. For sale

### Lyman C. Howe in Chicago.

Last Sunday Lyman C. Howe commenced 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 times soar, we get hints of a mental activity close attention of the audience, recounting of which we are totally ignorant. These the progress that had been made and the inglimpses teach us that we are capable of | cidents 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 cy of the unconscious man? We attempt to attractive discourse. He presented the beautiful in religion, in nature, among children, ment of any mechanical skill. We train the | and in the various walks of life, and illusunconscious man in this direction quickest trated how each had a marked influence in the moulding of character and advancing mankind to a higher and grander plane. In utest details, whatever we wish to learn to 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 davs 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 Lend a Hand: "Though few dare believeall 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 were they to rigidly adhere to their own 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, tific treatment of man's physical and spir- | 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 cut the blood will flow as from the person of a move in the right direction, and we hope obscure, but if he intends to ask, if the spir- an ordinary man. Guy is free to talk about ty which the heart craves. Science says that the people of the State of Illinois will act at | itual being has organic parts, not fashioned | his oddity and says that it commenced on | that something is force and intelligence. once in this grand work. No subscription is out of matter tangible to the physical senses, him nine years ago. "The doctor told me | That may be the end of science; it can not be payable until the whole sum of \$40,000 is but of spiritual substance, this question must | that it would kill me in four years," said the the end of religion. God is love, goodness, man, with a grin, but I am here yet."

A telegram from Jamestown, N. that Dr. James G. Townsend, who 1 the Lakeside School of the new theo. which is taking a firm hold in Western Nev. 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

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. Lounsberry, a well known newspaper man of Dakota and an occasional contributor of the Religio-Philosophical Jour-NAL, has, under the new administration. been appointed Special Agent of the General Land Office, with headquarters at Devil's Lake.Dako ta.

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

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 menwhich 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, no feeling in them whatever, but if they are | and while everything points to the existence of God, yet this does not lead to that certainjustice. We know it and that is the end of it."

ociety of Spiritualists, New York. ration 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 has 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 ercises opened by Professor Watson giving a 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 intelligencies. 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 a most wonderful epoch in history. The year that we are now taking leave of has

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.

been an eventful year to Spiritualism. It

has been more extensively brought before

the public than in any preceding year. Its

throughout this country, and to insist on

sacrificing somebody or something; they

juring it, to have elected themselves judges,

jurors and witnesses to try to overthrow it.

They have made a signal failure in that. I

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 itself to be a demonstration of the relation of spirit to due at a meeting to be held in Brooklyn. Master Watson gave a guitar solo.

ing messages. You know where Spiritualism manifestations, and all the phases of Spiritualism that occur to-day are therein portrayed. The Spiritualism contained in the money. 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 of to-day | the people, but they cannot prevent the dehave reason to rejoice that Spiritualism is known in every land, in every nation, in what has been the opposition to it we are sur-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 Ceruelos, was then performed for the first Mme. Corani. Mrs. Mary Goodwin, Mr. G. Dietmann, Mr. J. F. Snipes and Mr. Lawrence sang the words. The piece was given in so wish for constructive thought, among millspirited a manner that the audience demand- ions of professed spiritualists it is plain that ed its repetition. The words of the song by Mr. J. F. Snipes, were published in the Jour-NAL a few weeks since.

Mr. Bowen said: "We have just heard the 'Triumphant March' dedicated to the Spiritualists and Liberals of America, and indeed the march of Spiritualism and Liberalism in | new life when the spiritual nature is arous-America is a triumphal march.' The speaker ed have gone with this movement. Let the referred to Prof. Huxley's recent writings on froth and scum disappear as the waves grow Spiritualism and claimed they were wanting | clear and strong. 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 was to play on was the violin that Ole Bull had used for forty-seven years; it was made in 1616. The one his son held in his hand, 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 gave a fine selection of music. Following this Senor Ceruelos gave a piano solo in bril-

Mrs. Leah Fox Underhill in the course of her remarks said: "The cause that brings me representative member of the family through whom the thinking world of this age was ry 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 manife tations 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 words of sympathy to her because of the recent conduct of her two sisters in the matter of Spir-

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 | March 31st, to celebrate the forty-first anni-

and Mr. Florentine. Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham made the closing

### 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, an swering that earnest question of the Idu-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 said, and I will mention the proceedings in the Apostle. "The last memy which shall be the order in which they took place. The ex- destroyed is death. \* \* \* There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestial. \* \* violin solo. Mr. Newton said: "We have It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spir-come together this afternoon to celebrate the itual 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 established that man never dies. This marks 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 foes without and its foes within seem to have | the library rooms of ancients and the log cabjoined hands to advertise Spiritualism ins of pioneers. Mingled with fraud and self-deception, as are all things human, marked by mistakes, as are all new scientifseem to have crowded themselves into the ic investigations, there yet remains a mass ranks of Spiritualism for the purpose of in- 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 sci-

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, criminating 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 matter. I come simply to say that I am glad | found to be intelligent) could not have carto meet with you on this occasion." After | ried on this alleged fraud without the knowlspeaking of the truths of Spiritualism, he edge and collusion of their elders, who must excused himself, saying that he was then indeed have trained them to this shameful career. How rapidly must have hundreds, in lands far apart, been taught the cheat! If Mrs. Williams said: "We Spiritualists are the absurd toe-joint nonsense accounts for alive to the fact that Spiritualism is as old as the raps it cannot possibly cover all the other the history of man. To day we celebrate the | manifestations. Mrs. A Leah Underhill (nee advent of modern Spiritualism. Forty-one | Fox, the older sister) is the wife of a man of years ago the angels prepared the way to high personal and business standing, has livvisit the children of men, by reaching down | ed in their New York home for over thirty to little children and, through them convey- | years, has given hundreds of scances to her friends, never taking a dime in money, and stands to-day; the whole world is eager to repudiates this whole pretended exposure. know of it. The Bible is full of spiritual | The painful fact is that these younger sisters, fallen into sore straits from dissipation, make this desperate effort to gain

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

ception. It is indeed remarkable how little hindevery city, town and hamlet. When we think | rance all these things effect in the progress of Spiritualism. Rocks in the river may vex prised that it stands as strong as it is to-day. I 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 Spiritual ism, with a literature in which are able and Spiritualists and Liberals of America by Senor | excellent books and poems of rare beauty, as well as other productions of little worth, time, the composer playing the music, while | with some again in spiritual and philosophic culture, with a tendency toward that reverence which goes with freedom and a growing

> needed good. As Paul was troubled by dissolute Corinthian disciples, as Luther's great heart was made sad by the loose license of some professed Protestants, so the evils that awaken into

these 41 years of this movement have wrought

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 be met by "the unwisdom of the ecclesical pooh, pooh!" as Canon Wilberforce said. Its errors were exposed as they saw them; its 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 wood from which it was made came from the | 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 shorechurch in Boston. The three artists then less expanse of eternity and see God's hand leading him to the grand gaol of his immortal being."

The growth of interest in psychic investigation, in mind cure, faith cure and Christian science is marked. Doubtless there here to-day is very dear to me as it is to | may be a mingling of credulity and error in thousands of others. I come before you as a | 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 particularly drawn to modern Spiritualism. | and thought of the inner life and infinite re-I do so in justice to the cause, to the memo- lations of man are gaining. To this gain the spiritual movement has given powerful impetus, and from it great good must

> Space forbids more on this great subject. Suffice it to say that this day will be celebrated in many places by goodly gatherings and earnest addresses, as it has been in years

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, versary of modern Spiritualism in this city. The hall was decorated with an abundance of | interest is manifested in the cause. remarks in a few well chosen words. H. I choice flowers, which gave it a cheerful and

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.

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 boujuets of beautiful flowers, the whole present-

ing 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: 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 ques-

tions that called for extended elucidations: 1. Was Jesus Divine?" "The Problem of Prohibition and Li

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 eternity 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 smokeing. 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

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 a vote of thanks was unanimously given her for the noble and and impartial work done during the three months engagement, the present lecture season with the First Spir-

itualist 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 especial attention to them at each W. W. CURRIER. Haverhill, Mass.

The Forty-first Anniversary at Brooklyn,

New York.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journa: 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. Deleree, followed by appropriate addresses from Prof. Dean and Chas. R. Miller. The evening programme consisted of songs by Mr. F. Hoadling, 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 Sanday, the 7th; Mrs. Helen Brigham the remaining Sundays.

The Forty-first Anniversary.

GEO. A. DELEREE.

M. H. B. SNYDER.

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. Ganung; this office. 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

Evart, Mich.

attractive appearance. Mrs. Rachel Walcott, Oregon, The Land of Big Red Apples The wonderful riches of the soil and products in grains 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 tax the belief of he who has not seen these things with his own eyes. 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, and Sioux Falls, Dakota, are Twenty New Stations, all beautifully located in the Great Corn Belt of the Northwest, and in one of the very 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 locations, 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. BOWES, Gen. Northern Pass. Agt., 121 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Truly a Magic City.

We call the attention of our readers to the adver tisement 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

West Kearney claims the distinction of being the only city in America where the first house built connected with city water works, sewers, arc lights, incandescent lights, and telephone system. It is growing with wonderful rapidity, and is the manufacturing section 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, 0.-Through Sleeping Car from Chicago.

via Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad at 11:20 p. m. daily, running through to Springfield, O., via Indianapolie. Passengers reach Crawfordsville at 5:50 a. m., Indianapolis, 7:40 a. m.; Troy, 12:04 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 Psychical 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 Revised. A narrative of personal experiences after the change called death, by Mrs. E. B. Duffey. This narrative was published in the RE-LIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and called forth much attention and comment. The many who were too late to receive the series will find this a rare opportunity. The story is told in a 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 presented 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 investi-gators.' A. P. Miller, journalist and poet, in an editorial notice of the instrument in his paper, the Worthington, (Minn.) 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. We 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 Pice \$1, postpaid.

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

# Lassed 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 learned through its 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 for whom her spirit ever yearned. Go on sweet spirit in thy heavenly mission: and may our inner senses catch the echo of thy spirit song as it floats on the chords of sympatoy to our mortal homes.

Mrs. R. Walcott.

Passed to the higher life, Mrs. Mary Hunter, wife of S. P. Hunter, April 2nd, at the ripened 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 to Irrepublic County Illingia to the Indiana, theree in 1857 to Iroquois County, Illinois, to the home she has just left sto 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 their last resting place by a

large concourse of friends and neighbors, and were 1-id 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. KAYNER.

# PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

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

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 ad-

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

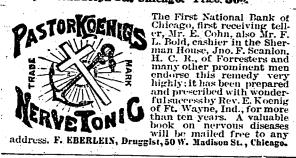
The date of expiration of the time paid for, is printed with every subscriber's address. Let each subscriber examine and see how his account stands. Back numbers of any particular date over four weeks old, 10 cents each.

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# BIG RED APPLES.

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Ten Acres in Fruit worth a Section in Whea t Salem, Capital of Oregon and heart of this far-famed val-ley. Immense water power. Churches and schools abound. Splendid society. Here the rapid inflow of men and money is causing constant and rapid rise in real estate values. Prices soon double. Money carefully invested for non-residents. Correspondence invited. Price list and beauti-fully illustrate i pamphiet sent free.

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## Looking Backward 2000 -- 1887.

EDWARD BELLAMY.

between the Nineteenth and I wentieth Centuries are daunt ed by the formal aspect of the histories which treat the subject. The author has cast this book in the form of a roman-tic narrative, and the hero who falls asleep in 1887, awak-ens in the midst of the Twen leth 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.

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Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

This povel has had an immense sale, more copies being It has furnished food for the di-courses of the most eminent ministers of all denominations; has given society somereading public in general much to entertain them, Price, cloth \$1.25; paper 50 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the KELIGIO-PHILOSOPHI-

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# IF, THEN, AND WHEN,

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MRS. O. A. STEVENS.

Juices From the Leople. 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, They who seek nature's highest noblest good And lead the van as bravest sentinels?

What meaneth prayer to those who cast Vain mummeries and empty words aside. Who bow not to the idols of the past And superstitious forms do not abide?

Hath prayer a meaning to these earnest hearts? Is aught to them of aspiration given? Yea; can they grasp the thought the word im-Or realize this strong desire for heaven?

The deeper, holier, purer sense of prayer They know, and in their earnest heart-throas feel Yet not in pleading to the empty air, Nor soulless words, nor empty forms unreal.

Loud tegging for some special favor there While countless millions sink in wretchedness Is not, and cannot be a holy prayer That lifts the world to purer blessedness.

To ask that nature's laws be set aside And we be helped by special providence, That God, the ruler of the wind and tide Should yield his wisdom to our weaker sense,

And thus obey the changeful mind of man. By passion and by selfi-nness controlled, Seems far the greatest folly that now can Possess our thoughts; pure egotism bold. To hope to gain a favor by applause

By formal praise of Infinite Control, To think to change by words the Great First Or gain thy purp se with the Over-Soul,

Doth seem presumption great. For who shall And dictate unto God what he shall do? Can finite comprehend or understand

Then what is prayer if not repeated praise And humble begging for a blessing sought, A soulless murmur in our evil days, An empty seeking that doth profit nought?

The infinite in deepest wisdom true?

Prayer in the despest, purest, holiest sense Is common to the hearts of all mankind: Yet 'tis the strongest and the most intense In those of noble and exalted mind.

Prayer is the soul's sincere and strong desire, Whether in word expressed or feeling wrought; The thrilling action of a hidden fire That slumbers in a true and manly thought.

Prayer is the aspiration of the soul That seeks to rise above this world of sense And our beyond-a fair and shining goal: For all its actions true a recompense.

Prayer is the earnest labor of the heart, Thestrong and noble toil in cause of right, truest action for the pobler part And faithful service in truth's shining light.

Hard, honest labor is a noble prayer, All deeds that seek to benefit the race, All acts that strive to ease a load of care In ranks of truest prayer deserve a place.

Then pray we all, in thought, in word, in deed, In every act that fills this life of sense; And in unconscious prayer our lives we lead, And have an answer in our recompense.

#### 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. Now, we who have been dwelling here since the first of January, 1889, on the grounds thus graphically "written up," and are yet to be convinced that disembodied spirits have been guilty of making nights hideous by such contemptible performances as some reporter for news or sensaion would intimate. As your space is valuable, I will be brief. A few weeks ago, a family of three. consisting of an elderly man, his wife and adopted son, were startled one Saturday night by the entrance of rocks through the windows of their humble cottage of two rooms. Rushing out in quest of the party or parties seeking supposed mischief, they could discover no one. I remember the night as one of great darkness for a time until almost constantly illumined by blinding flashes of lightning, and made almost terrific by the deafening crash and roll of thunder, while rain poured in torrents. Sunday night, the unseen assailants repeated their entertainment. We always go down to Chattanooga on Sunday afternoon as Dr. Fuller lectures in the evening, and we are obliged to remain until Monday. The house inhabited by the old couple and boy is not on the Spiritualist's grounds; I think it is about a quarter of a mile distant. We had heard nothing about the aff dr before our return home on the Monday following, the commencement of the "rocking." We live at Natural Bridge Springs Hotel, have charge of the cottages belonging to the same, only one of which, has been occupied the past winter. "Jim." our colored man, said something about parties throwing rocks through old Mr. C.'s windows; but as he seemed to know but little about it, we failed to become interested, thinking it the work of boys bent on rude sport. On retiring to our chamber and nearly becoming lost in slumber, we were fully aroused and startled by the sharp and frequent crack of lifles seemingly in close vicinity to the stable thelonging to our hotel, and situated across the road from it. Of course we were somewhat concerned,-any one would have been under the circumstances. The firing was kept up all night and we were at a loss to solve the situation. The next morning, "Jim" went over to see the C. family. We learned from him that several men and boys of the neighborhood had formed into a band of defense, and that they had laid in wait for the aggressive parties who threw the rocks at them. The shooting we heard was from the "home guard" entirely. The old couple have borne good reputations, are poor and greatly to be pitied for the annoyance brought upon them. Throughout that week, the little house was filled with watchers headed by the constable and his aids. The rocks were not thrown on nights when the house was filled with armed men. Old Mr. C. and wife saw the assailants; we have this directly from their personal account. At last the C. family decided to change their place of abode. The idea came to them that some person or persons unknown, wished them no harm physically, but intended to only thein out merely. So the meager household effects were packed, a poor, little shelter obtained, and once more unbroken rest made their nights peace ful and the showers of rocks were heard no more One arrest was made, but evidence was not sufciently strong to detain. Our cottages have never been cabinets for visitants from the beyond to utilize for such nonsense and sensation as Chattanooga reporters of a certain type have felt only too eager to assert. The only "groans and shricks" we heard. come from the numerous engines running on the railroads near us or down in the valley. I never before lived in so quiet and peaceful locality. This report of "spookish" doings ought to be strung on the line with the Kane "toe-joint" fiaeco and given to the winds of eternity for ventilation. I am not one to gobble up everything purporting to come from beings unseen. Common-sense explains many wonderful manifestations." MRS G. D. FULLER. Lookout Mt., Fenn., March 25 h, 1889.

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. read from the angel world feeding our hungry am seventy-two years old and Llike the good anal the best of any paper I ever read.

New Method of Producing Magnetic Sleep.

[Translated from the La Revue Spirite for Bauner 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 kilometres from my home, to hold a scance, showing the human polarity, by the instructor, Mr. Gaillet, a man of great intelligence and clearness. 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. I had explained that an egg acts as a magnetized bar of iron with his two poles and its neutral line. The little end of the egg is positive and the big end negative. In applying the little end (positive) to the roots of the hair in the middle of the forehead, which is also positive, the sensitive subject will be put in a magnetic sleep. I had also added, in turning the egg and touching the same spot with the big end, the subject will wake up.

Some days after this, a lady in Ouchamps who was anxious to convince herself about what had so forcibly struck her imagination at Mr. Gaillet's, resolved to repeat the experiment on a young girl who was working for her, and who, from curiosity, had consented to submit to the experiment. The lady applied the little end of the egg to the forehead of the young girl as I had indicated; neither the lady nor the girl really believed that they should have any success, though they sincerely desired it; but the event surpassed their expectation. The little end of the egg had been applied about four minutes when suddenly the girl, who happened to be very sensitive, closed her eyes and fell asleep. The lady was overjoyed, and believed she had produced a miracle. She knew how to put a sensitive person to sleep, but, unfortunately, had not paid any attention to my lesson how to wake up a person in trance. Vainly she racked her brain and searched her memory, where she found nothing to help her, and her victim slept on soundly. Despair took hold of her, and she became entirely lost from fear. She had done all that she could but the girl was lying there like a corpse. Relief finally came. At the moment when she accused herself of having precipitated the poor girl into the other world, the teacher Gaillet happened to pass her window, and she called him in. Mr. Gaillet responded immediately, and as he had not forgotten my instruction, he applied the large end of the egg to the patient's forehead, and in less than three minutes the girl was entirely awake, with

This little event put the village tongues in motion, and big words about sorcery and magic were uttered by many lips; but now it is all silent again. Horace Pelletier, Conseiller d'Arrondissement and Officer a'Academie.

some headache, which disappeared when she came

#### A New Religion.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal-

out in the fresh air.

In the JOURNAL of March 23rd is a short article by Rev. R. Heber Newton which opens up a subject upon which I have spent much thought and in which I feel a deep interest, and I am moved to ask your able correspondent to favor the readers of the JOURNAL with more light upon this very important question; "Is a new religion needed?" He takes the ground that no "new religion" is possible, and assumes and positively asserts that, "whatso ver is novel in religion is false." I think this radical assertion needs further elaboration and some proof besides mere assertion. He further says: "Those essential truths he (man) has found in all religions, in all lands, under all creed forms." "Those essential religious (does he not mean truths?) have taken new and higher forms in Christianity, and stand waiting now for yet another transformation as a new spring warms around us."

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; but I know I am anxious for the "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," upon this all-important subject which lies at the base of all intelligent reforms in religion and one which ought to be understood and settled rightly and upon its merits in the minds of every Spiritualist. It has borne upon my mind for years and I have read all I can find bearing directly upon the subject including some four reputable and ably written works, and numerous articles in papers, and I fail as yet to find those grand "essential truths" in Christianity. To me it becomes more and more a religion of suppression, oppression, tyrancy, cruelty and falsehood as I trace it back to its beginning as a well defined creedal religion, a system of formulated beliefs. I mean the real genuine Christianity of history as taught by the fathers of the church, not the humanitarian precepts of Jesus. Jesus was not a Christian and, if his sayings and doings have been at all correctly transmitted to us, he would be branded as Anti-Christ and the worst kind of a heretic were he to appear to-day in any community of Christians of any so-called orthodox sect or

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 "essential truths of Christianity," or in any essential features be a "renewed religion." I would like to know just what those essential fundamental truths are and where they can be found duly engrossed as the creed of any Christian church. If primitive Christianity was and is the grand culmination of all good and truth as is claimed for it, and all evil and errors connected with the church militant is the result of corruption and departure from the true original, surely it can be easily shown and proven. Let us have more light, please. S. BIGELOW.

#### Lake Mary, Fla. Hoping to Gain More Light.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: In your excellent JOURNAL of March 23rd I read with much interest the article of Dr. S. D. Bowker. Understand that I don't wish to criticise any part of that admirable thesis, but wish to express a few thoughts hoping to gain "more light." The doctor says that "every form of information from the unseen world has been inaugurated and conducted by spirits themselves without the let or hindrance of any person in the mortal form." Are we to understand by this that it is futile for us to ask our spirit friends for any terrestrial or celestial benefits? For If they will they will; and if they won't they won't. This puts me in mind of my very orthodox father's teaching that God knew our wants, etc., and would supply them if proper. Then said I, father, what is

the use of praying to God? 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 doubt and suspicion, we would have been wiser than we were, when in our unsuspicious innocence, we accepted without a doubt the wretched theological pap we were brought up on.

The diplomatic words of Gamaliel to the mob. like those of Bishop Hughes when he said. "I do not see a rioter's face amongst you," were used for an excellent present purpose, and saved the lives they were intended to; but both speeches admit of much criticism; for, remember that Christ, a greater than Gamaliel said: "He that is not with me is against me" I would, therefore, submit with all respect to Gamaliel that no man can afford to remain neutral unless he deems Spiritualism unworthy of consideration. If I am wrong, perhaps you will kindly correct me.

J. B. L. New York, March 26th, 1889.

#### The 41st Anniversary in Philadelphia.

The 41st Anniversary was celebrated by the First Association at their hall, Eighth and Spring Garden Sts., Sunday, March 31st, at the morning conference. The hall was beautifully decorated under direction of Mr. C. H. Smith. The choir rendered some choice selections of music. We had the pleasure of listening to Bro. J. C. Weight and other speakers. Mrs. Colby Luther, Mrs. Dr. Pratt, Mrs. Alloway, Mrs. Dr. Hoffman and others spoke. The upper hall was filled to overflowing with souls anxious for spiritual food. The Ladies' Aid catered to the wants for and maintain a system of free schools for the educasical food in the committee-room. The women getically working for the cause. But the most im- knowledge, but in such school, the teaching or the is the lyceum. There has never been a more gen-eral observance or a more enthusiastic and harmon-the religions of the world shall work a forfeiture of

HYPNOTIC TREATMENT.

Suggestion and Hypnotism as Therapeutic Agents.

Under the heading of "Faith Healing as a Medical Treatment," Dr. C. L. Tuckey, of London, had an exceedingly interesting paper in the Nincteenth Century for December. During the course of his annual noliday last August he visited the town of Nancy, attracted there by a professional curiosity blended with skepticism and prejudice. He went coldly to investigate and came away with a developed power of scientific vision. About thirty years since Dr. Lieubault, of Nancy, conceived the idea of employing suggestion combined with hypnotism as a therapeutic agent, not merely for the relief of socalled nervous complaints, but for the cure of the majority of diseases which afflict humanity. His system was taken up by Prof. Bernheim, of Nancy who publicly demonstrated its success in his hospital clinique. Lieubault's system is now practiced by a considerable number of specialists and other medical men all over the continent. "Hearing for the first time of this treatment by suggestion, one may be inclined, if not to set the whole thing down as a delusion, at least to take for granted that the induced state is a form of hysteria attainable only by impressionable women or by men of unusually weak mental and physical organization, to consider it useless as a means of healing or effectual only for those malades imaginaires who are always in search for some new medical dissipation, and ara prone to fancy cures as unreal as their ailments. Such a conclusion would, however, be entirely false. All physicians practicing this system are agreed that men, soldiers, out-door laborers, artisans of the most practical type, are, if anything, more susceptible than women." Having still doubts, Dr. Tuckey visited Amsterdam, where Drs. Van Renterghem and Van Eeden carry on an extensive practice among the middle and upper classes; here he watched with great interest the practice of these physicians. "One is asked whether treatment by suggestion has power over all forms of disease: Over some it has none. It cannot remove developed cancer or tumor. It cannot reconstruct what disease has destroyed nor do the legitimate work of the surgeon's knife, neither can it stay the course of smallpox, diphtheria and other acute maladies. It frequently acts like magic on rheumatism, or paralysis, or hysteria. It has decided power over evil habits and vicious propensities. Dr. Lieubault has counted among his patients many slaves of alcoholism. The doctors at Amsterdam told me they had treated many victims of the morphia craving with good results." Dr. Tuckey also describes the plan adopted to induce the hypnotic state, and discusses definitions and theories—but it yet remains a mystery, though Professor Charcot, of Paris, and others, are trying to make it clear—and closes his entertaining and suggestive article by stating that there is no physiological reason why the maj rity of people should not possess power to hypnotiza but that there are the strongest moral reasons why that power should be exercised only by approved persons and within strictly regulated limits.

### The Psychograph.

Wm. Emmette Coleman has the following in the Carrier 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 inventor and manufacturer, Hudson Tuttle. I was already possessed of one of his original psychographs as first made but since its receipt considerable improvement has been made in it by Brother Tuttle. This little instrument is highly recommended by a a number of well known Spiritualists as an efficient aid to the development of latent psychic power resident in sensitives and those succeptible to spiritual influence. In many cases quite satisfactory communications have been received through its assistance from loving spirit friends. It is in many respects an improvement on the old-fashioned planchette; and if a person has any tendencies or aptitudes whatever in the way of physical or writing mediumship, it seems to me that of all the aids to their unfoldment the psychograph is the simplest and easiest. If anything of that kind lies dormant in the individual, through this little instrument it can be made manifest in the quickest time. I can therefore recommend it for trial and experiment in every household. In nearly every family there can usually be found one or more persons who are more or less sensitive to psychic influences; and for all such I think, with a little patient trial, communications may be received. It should be remembered. though, that "Rome was not built in a day," Because no success may crown the preliminary experiment with it, the sitter should not at once give it up in despair. He or she should persevere until it be demonstrated, after repeated sittings, that nothing can be obtained from it. A number of my friends have tried for a time the use of my psychograph. For some it moves and spells out words very quickly: in the cases of others, not receiving anything after a few short trials, they have given it up. Perhaps if they had continued their sittings with it, with some of them at least, better results might have been obtained finally. In my own individual case, I have not the necessary time to devote to long continued experiments with it. I am constantly pressed for time; so I have to leave to others, my friends and acquaintances, the use of and the experimentation with my psychographs. It is to be hoped that our talented brother, Hudson

Tuttle, one of the soundest thinkers and truest souls in Spiritualism, may receive full encouragement from the Spiritual public for his work in the invention and improvement of his little psychograph.

# Heaven Revised.

The Manifesto, a Shaker publication has the following notice of Heaven Revised:

Heaven Revised, a narrative of personal experiences after the change called Death, by Mrs. E. B. Duffey. This is a most singular title as it militates so directly against the churchal idea of the term heaven. Personal experiences before death are not uncommon, but personal experiences after death will be looked upon, by many, as savoring of the marvelous! The narrative is very interesting and instructive and abounds in inspirational emotions of so pure a character that they cannot, otherwise, than do good to those who still remain on the mate

rial side of life.

The work embraces ten chapters. Death, The Resurrection, Day of Judgment, As the Angels, Into the Depths, Work, Knowledge and Wisdom, The Pure in Heart. A great Multitude, Temples for Holy Spirits and The Field. Although every chapter will be read with interest, "In the Depths" has a passage so in harmony with our own spirit teaching, that we give it as written.
"What class of people in earth life contribute to

people this sphere? Those whose hearts are not inherently bad, but whose spiritual natures have not been developed; those who have lived selfish lives, finding in the gratification of the animal instincts and propensities their greatest, in fact their only pleasure. They are incredulous as to even the existence of a higher sphere than their own, because their spiritual perceptions have not been awakened. "What is their manner of living? Very similar to

that to which they were accustomed on earth. Good and evil impulses alike sway them by turns. They know no pleasures beyond those of the senses, and selfishness is the dominant feeling. They have their discords and contentions, their misunderstandings and their feude, the same as on earth; yet they will tell you that they are contented and happy." of this chapter will remind one of Dante's pilgrimage through Purgatory, a country so full of strange experiences and through which so many incline to pass. From the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago, Ill. Frice 25 cents.

# Substitute for the Blair Amendment.

SEC. 1. No State shall ever enact or maintain any law tending to the establishment of any of the religions of the world, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, save when deemed nuisances or breaches of the public peace.

SEC. 2. Every State in this Union shall establish of the First Association are faithfully and ener- and sixteen inclusive, in the common branches of portant work that has begun to show grand results adoption or the enforcing of any of the doctrines, or

Sunday Newspapers.

While from all parts of the country come reports that the masses of the people neglect the churches it is not strange that many evangelical ministers fee restive and sensitive upon the subject of Sunday newspapers and Sunday amusements. In the fact that a marvelously full and interesting Sunday news paper is a disagreeably potent rival to a drearily filled pulpit is often found the real animus of the positively rabid position assumed by many of the rever end brethren on the much-vexed question of Sunday observance.

A recent writer in presenting the secular side of the question, does not hesitate to characterize the po sition assumed by some clergymen in the matter as nothing less than priestly scheming for proscriptive Sunday laws. This campaign of personal rights arraigns those "clergymen who are scheming to secure legislative enactments for suppressing Sunday newspapers, stopping Sunday mails and Sunday trains, preventing Sunday amusements, and making 'the Sabbath' as nearly as possible the nuisance that it was in New England a hundred years ago, show more worldliness than wisdom, more eagerness to obtain protection for their profession than interest in making their work so meritorious, and their 'service' so attractive as to command the attention and respec of those of other professions and trades. With the clergy, in this generation especially, preaching is a business. For the work they do on Sunday they are paid, and nobody begrudges them their salary or shows any disposition to meddle with their business. But there are many thousands, millions even, in this country—among whom are supporters of the clergy and the churches—who insist upon the right to read Sunday papers, and when they feel so inclined, to take a ride into the country or a sail on the water while their ministers are preaching. The clergy do not, or many of them do not, seem to realize that the time when they were regarded as divinely commis sioned agents or beings 'called of God' is passed, and that they are now judged by the amount of good they accomplish and by the moral influence they exert rather than by any supposed sanctity they pos sess. If the clergy wish to retain the respect and sympathy of the intellectual and moral classes they will do well to keep in accord with the progressive thought and spirit of the age, which are against ecclesiasticism, religious proscription, and meddling with the personal rights of American citizens. Le them fill the churches and make converts if they can or entertain and instruct their congregation if they are able, but when they commence protesting against Sunday papers (the work of which is done on Saturday), while eager to read reports of their Sunday sermons in Monday morning papers (the reporting and composition on which are chiefly Sunday work), and when they clamor for laws that will suppress innocent amusements on the pagan Sunday, which they, without any scriptural authority whatever, call 'the Sabbath,' it is time to call a halt to meddlesomeness and pretension."—Chicago Times.

## Spirit Message.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A little spirit baby of three months kept insisting in a haby'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 closing at 6, I had but several hours of daylight to work in, so master baby was nestled in my lap, and I could feel how strangely he broathed, but caressing, with a mother's instinct this little spirit, I could not imagine whose baby it was; and when my work was completed, it had left me as it came, and all passed my mind, until days later, a letter announced the death (or new birth) of a little grandson only three months old, one that I had never seeu, and I offer this little test of spirit power to show my readers that the little babe came to me-I could not go to it. I am like Ixion bound to the wheel in a foreign land. The little spirit amuses me by floating from my studio to my next room, and no longer wears the look of pain, since the day it coughed spasmodically upon my lap

It passe laway with whooping cough, ending in pneumonia. I was not aware of its illness until I heard of its death a few days later, after it had come lovingly to me. I feel less lonely now. Wren I leave what was the gloomy rooms, I say, by-by, little one," and upon entering I can see the little white robes of mist as I hunt for a match (a lucifer, as they say in London), then baby leaves

Oh! mourner, try to feel yourself in good company; keep good pure thoughts around you, and open wide the door of your heart giving, to receive; then light will come, sent by our heavenly Father, who knows so well all we need. Take fortune and friends, houses, lands, but leave me my Spiritual belief, that I may say daily, as years increase, "Old house (body) I shall soon leave you. We will part company. I have almost worn you out. I want a newer one, and I shall soon be in it, and will walk on the golden streets, and seek the affinity I could not find here."

Can some one explain why the strongest mediums are found in America? ADA THORPE LOFTUS. London, Eng.

# A Mimic 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 if I would appear on the Campus he would give a battle with the flying artillery, in my bonor, and with real firing of cannon. Accordingly a group of us ladies made our appearance at the sally-porte, and were escorted by an orderly to where Col. Lee stood with his troops. The exhibition was wonderful—horses, men all in grand discipline, and as they moved with sounding martial music, I could easily see how inspiring the opening of a battle might be made. I stood by the side of Col. Lee, tall, handsome, with a grand look of command and remarked.

"Oh! Colonel, I feel as if even I might be brave in battle with all the excitement of action and music, but for all that I am rather cowardly."

"I should not think it," he replied, with his grave smile. "How are you in your dreams, madam?" "Oh! in dreams I am brave as a lion."

"Then you are constitutionally brave, for what we are in our dreams, is our true self." I like to recall this testimony of a great man on such a subject.

A very different person was Edgar Allen Poe who used to boast of his dreams; but I had the impression from him, that his areaming was weird, mysterious, unearthly. All dreams are partially so, but mine have conscenctiveness, great beauty of scenery, birds, flowers, flowing water, and the golden stairs of heaven. Don't say this is poetic, for I have faith in my dreams, so many of them have been realized. I never have after dinner dreams nor what Margaret Fuller calls, "thought of day brings dreams at night." Reiterated dreams are always prophetic. bave some lines I will send you as soon as I can put them into better shape. Permit me to say your candor and good judgment are admirable in the conduct of the Journal. Mediums all say that I am one. I see, and so did my mother, phantoms, but I do not wish it; they come.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

#### 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, 1888 He lived at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Hattie Dunham, on the Madison road, six miles from the City of Janesville, Rock County, Wisconsin. He had been blind for some time and could not read or work, consequently felt anxious to go to the higher life. His health seemed good and he retained all his faculties to the last except sight. He belonged to no church, professed no religion, but was a good and honest man, such as the poet calls "the noblest work of God." He was not sick, but said he fell tired and wanted to sleep, and as he slept, the night but one before he passed away as the family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Dunham, two grown up daughters and a son were watching by his bedside, they heard sweet music which seemed to come from came in and heard it, and dil gent search was made liar," retorted Porter, who really thought it was a to find the cause. It seemed to grow more distinct through the night until near the dawn, then grad-

hurch members, but they are good, hon. hard working people, living on a farm and h respected by all who know them.

Rock Prairie, Wis.

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 vear.

In New York a bouquet of white roses is hung with the crape on the door knob of the house of a

The latest bit of Washington Territory brag is that the climate is so fine that wool grows even on hydraulic rams. It is alleged that it takes \$5,000 distributed as tips

in the police department to get a permit to open a new club in Paris. The alleged Sunday "sacred" concer:s which have been given in New York during the winter have been prohibited by the chief of police.

An effort is being made in London to have Plymouth adopted as the port of departure for a new fast Atlantic service. Liverpool is fighting the

The emperor of Brazil is about to issue an edict prohibiting Brazilian girls from marrying until they reach the tipe old age of ten years, and the girls are mad about it.

New Bedford, Mass., is to have a mill for weaving fancy cashmeres. A Frenchman proposes to set up eight looms for the purpose, and to operate them by electric power. The Boers have whipped England five different

times, and one of their prophets is now predicting a coming war in which a Boer will be raised to the British throne.

Since the Whitechapel murders the social condition of the locality of that name has greatly improved, owing to the increased exertions of the lergy and the laity for the good of the people in the

Jerry Trueman stumped Peter Jackson, both of Bangor, Me., to wrestle him for an oyster stew. Peter took hold of him with such cheerful good will that he broke a leg, an arm and a rib for him at one effort.

The English courts hold that when a man writes asking another to "favor him with a check" for a bill the intent is that the check is to be sent by post, and the creditor is liable if the check is lost in the mails.

Pennsylvania has just discovered that she has no law to punish a man for stealing a railroad engine, and if the men in that state are sharp every one will provide himself with a locomotive as soon as possible.

A floating saw-mill is in use at Florence, Wis. The boat is 40x80 feet in size, and draws 17 inches of water. The mill hands live aboard, and the boat is moved along the river to wherever there is a fine lot of timber near the banks.

The tinfoil so commonly used to wrap Neufchatel cheese, chewing gum, various kinds of candy, and all kinds of chewing tobacco, is said to be dangerous on account of the lead in it. Its use for wrapping articles of food has been forbidden in France.

The process of manufacturing india ink has been secret with the Chinese for many centuries, but a firm of English chemists claim to have discovered a process of treating camphor with sulphuric acid that produces a pigment identical with india

Mrs. Elizabeth Sandsi of Baltimore, who has just celebrated her 100th birthday, was the wife of a soldier of the revolution, and has herself actually smelled British gunpowder, having followed her husband to camp when Baltimore was attacked in

There is a small fortune waiting for the man who can discover some process of making the veneer used in making fruit backets flexible without the use of steam or hot water, and thereby save the manufacturers the time now wasted in the drying of the

A leading doctor at Astoria, Oregon, is puzzled. He says that so far as he knows ever since the Nov. election all the boy babies born there and in the vicinity have republican parents, while all the girl babies born since have democratic parents. He can't

understand it. All sorts of cures have been suggested for the liquor habit, but a Georgian some years ago tried an original scheme. He started out for a trip around the world, and went straight on, never stopping a day in one place. He completed his tour, and turned up at

home—drunk! Louis Goulon, a laborer in a French iron mill is sixty-two years old, and has a gray beard three yards long that he wears wound around his neck. His

beard and mustache began to grow when he was twelve, and at fourteen he had a beard a foot long. It is still growing. At one of the colored schools in Atlanta, Georgia, the children are having a regular picuic over the peculiar pronunciation of their northern teachers.

The smaller pupils are kept in an hour later every afternoon as a punishment for openly laughing at A New England Sunday school teacher had for a esson the story of the prophet Elijah and the widow whose whole supply of food, when the man of God asked for refreshment, was "not a cake, but a handful of meal in a barrel and a little oil in a cruse."

When the teacher asked her class how much food the widow had, the answer came quickly from one little fellow: "She had just enough meal to make a cake and oil enough to start a fire." Capt. Catherine, of the steamship City of Augusta of the Savannah Line, made use of oil to still the waters during the recent cyclone on the coast. He was on his last trip southward and was so helped by

the northeast gale that he made the trip to Savannah in fifty hours, in spite of the mountainous seas, which, however, subsided in the vicinity of the vessel when oil was poured upon the water. A well dressed elderly gentleman took passage on one of the Lake Como steamers some time ago, and on the completion of the journey presented the waiter who had waited upon him with a neatly

folded white paper, in which we e several valuable diamonds. The waiter, believing they were glass, threw them away. Afterward the man was recognized as a wealthy diamond merchant of Berlin, who was insane on the subject. He had upon his person 162 brilliants, worth 80,000 francs. Elder Morris related in a Windsor, Ont., Baptist

Church the other evening that one of his recent converts had a fearful vision a few nights ago. The new convert, who is a young colored man, saw hell, a place of liquid, boiling flames, rolling over and over, and gray-haired men rolling over and over in them; also he saw and heard a lot of young men popping up in the flames like a lot of popcorn in a stove fire. The elder drew a frightful picture of Gehenna, scaring his hearers so that reveral women went into fits, while men groaned and wept amid great excitement. The day after, Mr. Morris was notified to drop the oldfashioned bell or stop preaching.

A hailstorm which swept across New Hanover County, North Carolina, the other day, was the severest on record. The hailstones were of enormous size and fell in sheets. Many were as large as hens' eggs. Much damage was done, but the strangest fact of all was the killing of Benjamin Moore, a young colored man, by the hail. Moore was caught in the storm in the suburbs of Wilmington, and was beaten by the enormous bailstones until he was completely exhausted. He was discovered after the storm lying helpless on the ground. He was bleeding at the mouth and nose, and his condition was so alarming. that a physician was sent for, but before he arrived Moore was dead.

An Ohio newspaper tells this story about Horace Porter, son of the general. When he was in Princeton College (he graduated in the class of '87) he was ill for some days. While he was stretched out on a couch in his room there came a rap at the door. "Who's there?" he shouted. "It's me, Dr. McCosh," vas the answer in a hard Scotch brooms. classmate. "If it was Dr. McCosh, he would say: 'It is I.'" There was no answer to this but the sound is the lyceum. There has never been a more general observance or a more enthusiastic and harmonious celebration than the 41st in Philadelphia. It would be impossible to make special mention of the laborers. Their reward was bad in the happy, smiling faces of young and old.

There has never been a more general observances of any of the world shall work a forfeiture of all more again as before, and only ceased. The next night it came again as before, and only ceased, as the old gentleman ceased to breath, about 9 tive enactment for the support thereof.

Respectfully submitted by an American citizen of smiling faces of young and old.

T.

#### Women to Desire the Ballot?

If true enthusiasm of humanity, all genuine love 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 nly 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

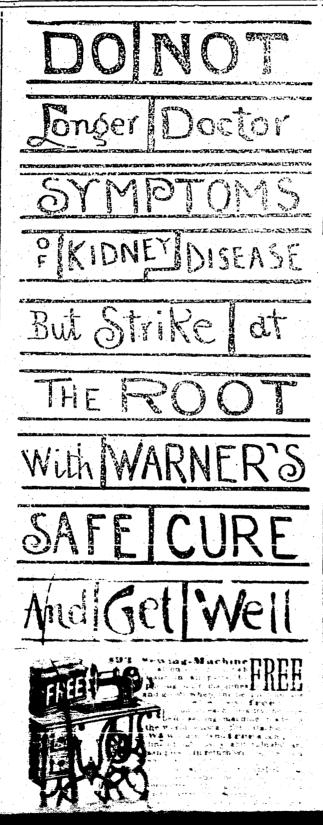
forced to leave to men.

"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 consulships 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 interest to make the author are not for the prosecution of such history or other work as it e incancent may wish to engage in. The affice at Glastow in come to be a ught after y accentence to a greater to less extent since But Harte and Francis Underwood. If Boston, were sent there. The companion is about us, thousand dollars a year, and accessfully to Landon asks gleatly to its other additional latter.

A young language of Millow Blake, of Meene N. H., became seriously and mysteriously Mi. Finally II was suggested that the filmess might be due to the newly grown dansel dress she had been wearing. A pieces of the great was unal and by a chemist such found to be heavily trained with a secret. The growing meeting



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BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

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CHAPTER II Portrays the Resurrection—the final airlyal

in climes elysian, the greetings of darling childre: , the salutations of friends, the language of flowers, etc.

CHAPTER III. Alludes to "The Day of Judgment," and

CHAPTER III. Alludes to "The Day of Judgment," and the "House not made with hands," presenting a lesson strung with pearls of wisdom.

CHAPTER IV. Gives an interesting sketch of two who were mismated on earth—their experience with each other, and the final result. The marriage relation as it exists in the spirit realms.

CHAPTER V. Brings the reader "Into the Depths." illustrating in vivid language the conditions of those whose life on earth was ini-sp-nt or addicted to licentious habits. This chapter should be carefully read by those whose life is not characterized by upright conduct.

CHAPTER VI. Treats of "Work, Device, Knowledge and wildom," depleting the method whereby inspiration is made available and the material side of life enriched with the treasures of because.

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#### Women to Desire the Ballot?

al true enthusiasm of humanity, all genuine love 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 benefi-

"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 nly 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 f 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 consulships 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 nominal, there is ample time for the prosecution of such literary or other work as the incumbent may wish to engage in. The office at Glasgow has come to be sought after by literateurs to a greater or less extent since Bret Harte and Francis Underwood, of Boston, were sent there. The compensation is about six thousand dollars a year, and accresibility to London adds greatly to its other

A young daughter of Milton Blake, of Keene, N. H., became seriously and mysteriously ill. Finally it was suggested that the illness might be due to the new green flannel dress she had been wearing. A piece of the goods was analyzed by a chemist, and found to be heavily loaded with arsenic. The girl had been

### ENORMOUS FORTUNES.

Notwithstanding the enormous fortunes accumulated through the use of printer's ink, large sums of money are annually wasted in ineffectual and un re-

munerative advertising. The merits of a really valuable commodity properly portrayed in the columns of an influential and widely read newspaper, like the JOURNAL, will speedily become generally known and appreciated, while the returns reaped by the advertiser will be like those of the wise husbandman who "planted his seed in good ground, wherein it bore fruit and brought forth, some an hundred fold, some sixty,

The wording of an advertisement is an all-im-Clearness, attractiveness, brevity and sincerity must characterize any announcement intended to catch the public eye and appeal to public confidence. in advertisement inserted in a Loudon journal a few days ago brought instant and multitudinous replies accompanied by an almost unlimited supply of bank notes, simply because it touched the chord of nature which makes all mankind ak in. Its simple pathos and self-evident truthfulness appealed to

every heart. The advertiser sought for a lost relative, and, giv-ing his name, said: "I am ill and friendless. My "last half crown is expended in paying for this ad-" vertisement. Write me at" - (giving the address). As already stated, nearly every one who read the announcement hastened to relieve the necessities of the sufferer—a real sufferer in this case, though many swindles are perpetrated in the divine name

Thus it is with a really meritorious commodity or preparation; if its virtues be properly and truthfully set forth in the public press, its success is prompt and certain.

On the other hand, the public is quick and un-erring to detect deception and charlantry; and, ac-cordingly, no amount of "puffery" will force a vile nostrum into public esteem and patronage. Untold sums have been sunk in vain efforts to advertise into popularity so called medical prepara-tions which did not possess the virtues or properties claimed for them.

Valuable medicines, however, like Warner's Safe Cure and Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, carry their own best commendation in their power to cure the particular diseases for which they are a

They require no labored panegyric to convince the people of their power and efficacy, for they have been tried and found perfect.

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familiar to those interested in psychical matters, wrote to the inventor of the Psychograph as foll ws:

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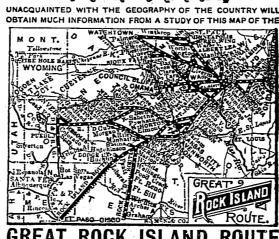
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The series of coincidents being recorded in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will doubtless recall many others equally curious to the recollection of our readers. The subject covers an important phase of psychic research; and believing that a compilation of some of the more exceptional ones will be of interest and value, we desire those of our readers who know of any, to send a short, clear statement of the same to J. E. Woodhead, 468 West Randolph St., Chicago, who has consented to revise and arrange them for the JOURNAL. He wishes date of occurrence, name, address and names witnesses of or corroborative testimony to be sent, not for publication but as evidence in case the report of any coincident may be doubted. He will use his own judgment in selecting those he considers pertinent, and also as to order and time of publication. They will be numbered consecutively, and those desiring any further information in regard to any one or more of them may address Mr. Woodhead-not forgetting in each and every case to enclose a stamp or reply—who will aid so far as ossible to obtain the same.—EDITOR JOURNAL].

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In the April number of The Popular Science Monthly for this year (1879), I discussed the subject of coincidences as one of the six sources of error in experimenting with living human beings, and stated in substance that this department of logic had been most imperfectly studied, and that the mathematical doctrine of chances especially had been abused and misunderstood, to the great detriment of science.

The following very remarkable correspondence illustrates my position so forcibly that I beg leave to present it to the readers.

The first letter is a so-called "April Fool's" letter, as the date suggests, and is wholly imaginative. It was written for amusement purely, and obtained a very different reply from what was expected.

The author of the communication is a wellknown merchant of this city, and a friend of mine. The person who replied is also well known in the region where he resides.

This coincidence is certainly one of the most remarkable of any recorded in the history either of logic or of delusions.

202 Columbia Heights, April 1, 1879.

MY DEAR SISTER VELINA: You will no doubt be somewhat surprised to receive a letter from me, but I have a little matter of business, and if you will attend to it you will place me under obligations to your good self. Some time ago a man by the name of John Nasium lived in New York. His father was a Southerner, and died last summer of yel low fever. He had two brothers, James and George. The former, some years ago, went to California, and the latter, I understand, resides somewhere in Kansas.

This John Nasium seems to have been the New York he did not leave a very good rec- cut. Nothing is said of his stooping, or of ord behind him. He went from here to Toto Tecumseh, Michigan, no doubt thinking that in a quiet country place he would be more secluded than he could be in a city. I and several of my friends would like to get track of him, if it can be done quietly, and without exciting any suspicion. He may have changed his name, and so I will de scribe the man, as nearly as I can, which may be some help to you. John I never knew very well, but his brother Jem, as they called him here, I knew very well indeed. John is rather tall, weighing about 180 pounds, I should think. He stoops a little, and is slightly lame in the left leg. You would not observe his lameness unless you were to pay particular attention to him while walk ing. His hair is a dark sandy color, in fact almost a red, and his side whiskers are almost the same color, but a little darker. He is about thirty eight years of age, but really does not lock over thirty. His eyes are a very dark brown, and the left eye looks a little peculiar, i. e., unlike the other-looks as if some time or another a cataract had been removed by an operation. To look at him, you would at once see a difference in his eyes, and yet I can not describe the difference any better than I have done. While he lived here he usually wore his hair rather long, and carried himself in a style peculiar to the Southerner.

Now, perhaps the best and most prudent way for you to do would be for you to go up and read this letter to Uncle Hiram first. He is a very careful, discreet man, and he can make inquiries and excite less suspicion than you could.

I am real sorry to make you any trouble, and much less Uncle Hiram, but this is a matter, if it can be properly done, which and several of my friends, and perhaps further the ends of justice.

There is one other mark which may aid army, and his forefinger on his left hand was shot off. His nose is quite prominent, and he has a very mild and quiet look, and he is the last man you would pick out for the scoundrel that he is.

# Yours very truly, R. T. BUSH.

the letter, nor suspected that he was reading knocked off, which had once been built up a novel: and in a few days the following let- with gold. The Joliet prison officials wrote ter was received:

Tecumseh, April 18, 1879. Mr. R. T. BUSH-DEAR SIR: Velina read to me a letter Wednesday evening from you, describing a certain man that was wanted in New York, who had recently left Toledo for

The next morning, after hearing the description, I informed our marshal of the fact, and requested him to keep a lookout for such a man. In the course of half an hour he came to me, saying that he had just seen my man—with sandy whiskers, rather tall—would weigh 170 or 180 pounds—wearing specs, and the front finger of the left hand missing; and was very anxious that he should be immediately arrested, as he was then at the livery stable, for a saddle-horse to ride away. I told him we had better wait and be sure that he was the one we wanted, and also find out if we could whether you wanted him arrested, should he prove to be the right man. I saw the man, and he answered the description so well, even to the finger. that I thought best to telegraph you for instructions. The Marshal, in the mean time,

in South Cleveland, Ohio, and is a lawyer by profession.

That he answered the description, both in size and the loss of the finger, as well as the color of his whiskers, there could be no doubt. Wearing specs we supposed was to hide the defects of that eye you mentioned, and he looked as though his side-whiskers had recently been cut or shaved; but if, as we were told his home is in Cleveland, and his name is Hick, why, of course, we were deceived in the matter. And, if his friend has not informed him, he is still ignorant of our suspicions.

Now, as this is my first experience in the detective business, you will pardon the blunder.

Hoping that it has pure, etc., venience, I remain yours, etc.,
H. RAYMOND. Hoping that it has put you to no incon-

The one striking feature of this coincidence is of course the loss of the forefinger in the left hand.

Both the imagined and the real case possessed this very exceptional peculiarity. This is a subject on which statistics can not be gained; but it is certain that in the whole continent not a small roomful could be found possessing precisely this deformity at the age specified; and it may well be doubted shadow of a doubt remained in Mr. Stone's whether in the whole world there is another person thus mutilated and at the same time | the fugitive. The chase began. possessing all the general physical characteristics of the individual described in the

More striking still is the fact that this individual did not reside in the place where the letter was sent (which is not a large place), and was there by chance only the day that the letter reached there.

Those who believe that the mathematical doctrine of chances can solve the complex problems of coincidences will find in this case material for consideration. I may here quote a single sentence from the second of my series of papers on "Experiments with Living Human Beings," in the April num-ber of the "Monthly": "In these and all studies of a like character it is to be recognized that coincidences of the most extraordinary character and astonishing nature are liable to occur at any instant, and that they are as likely to occur on the first trial as on the last of a long series.'

A second point of great psychological interest in this case is the attempt made by the person to whom the letter was addressed to overlook certain discrepancies between the imaginary and real individual, and to twist and pervert and reason upon the facts of the case, so as to bring them into harmony with what he was expecting to see. While the man corresponded to the description in size, in the color of his whiskers, and especially in the loss of his finger, he did not correspond in the fact that he wore spectacles and had no side-whiskers. The detective reasoned that he wore spectacles to hide the defect in the eye, which defect he did not This John Nasium seems to have been the black sheep of the family, and when he left side-whiskers had been recently shaved or his being lame in the left leg, or of the color of his hair, or of its length.

The bearings of this whole history on the delusions of clairvoyance, mind-reading, animal magnetism, and spiritism are apparent. A successful coincidence of this kind would have made fortune and favor for any clairvoyant, or medium, or mind-reader. Truly yours,

GEORGE M. BEARD. New York, July, 1879.

-69A remarkable case of mistaken identity was recently related by Attorney Paschal Coggins before the Medical Jurisprudence Society in Philadelphia as having come under his personal observation. Two men-John A. Mason | I have never made; on the contrary I have of Boston and John A. Mason of Illinois-left expressed my surprise that so intelligent their respective homes and went to California in search of health and wealth. They were both wagon makers. One left a wife and two sons in Boston, and the other a wife | cated (and perhaps some over-educated) peoand two daughters in Illinois. The Boston wife heard nothing of her husband after three years' absence, and twenty years later heard of the death of John A. Mason, a wagonmaker. She brought suit for his property, his photograph was identified by twenty witnesses, but at the last moment the Illinois wife turned up and proved that the man was her hasband, and the later developments showed that the Boston pioneer died alone and friendless.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Feb. 26, 1889. The celebrated case of Jacob Kuhl against ex-Sheriff John Rugee and his deputy, James Greeding, for alleged false imprisonment, will be tried before Judge Gresham in the Federal Court, commencing to morrow or matter, if it can be properly done, which may be of considerable importance to me \$5,000 damages against the Sheriff and his deputy for false imprisonment. The interesting feature of this case was the remarkable resemblance established between Kuhl and you, which is—this man was in the rebel | the notorious outlaw, Lon Williams, who escaped from the authorities on Northern

Wisconsin. Kuhl made his appearance in Milwaukee in the summer of 1881, and, as was proved, came from the vicinity from which Williams had escaped a short time before. Kuhl's ap-R. T. BUSH.

P. S--Please attend to it, and oblige.

Shortly after this letter reached its destination, Tecumseh, Mr. Bush received a telegram stating that the man had been found, and concluded that he was the notorious and asking if they should arrest him. The outlaw and murderer. Various marks talcorrespondent had not observed the date of lied, even to a front tooth with a corner that Williams had two scars on one hand, one across the back of the hand and one on the thumb. Both these were found on the man held here. They also wrote that Williams had two builet marks on his back. Two marks, apparently made from bullets, were found on the back of the "victim of circum-

stances." When Kuhl, after being threatened with mob violence under the certainty that he was Williams, and after a three days' trial for vagrancy remarkable in itself for length and bitterness of the legal fight, finally secured his release as a victim of mistaken identity, he brought suit against the Sheriff for false imprisonment and secured a verdict

Owing to the remarkable coincidences and the strong grounds the officers had for the arrest and detention, Attorney W. C. Williams, then District Attorney, and others interested agreed in favor of a new trial, and this was granted by Judge Gresham. There

is no more remarkable case on record. The chief evidence that resulted in Kuhl's being cleared was given by a doctor, who teswas to keep his eye on him (as he failed to get a horse.) Seeing him walk down to dinner with one of our townsmen, the first opportu-Kuhl's right foot. When he examined Kuhl's right foot he found the toe intact. with one of our townsmen, the first opportunity he made some inquiries of this townswhile he had William's toe in a bottle. This
phist, and to the majority of the matter not
Since the first day's use
phist, and to the majority of the matter not
Fly's Cream Palm have h

mob, and the verdict of the Coroner's jury absurdities that it would be a graceful fi was that he "fell down the court-house steps and broke his neck."

There alighted shortly before 1 o'clock yesterday morning from a Chicago, Milwankee & St. Paul train, at the Western avenue depot, a small party of travel stained men just reaching home after completing one of the longest and most remarkable trips ever undertaken in the interest of justice.

This little party was composed of A. J Stone, Ald. J. J. Badenoch, Detective Benjamin Williams of the Central Office, and Officer James McDonald of Desplaines Street Sta-

Exactly three weeks ago yesterday at 9 o'clock p. m., these four men, accompanied by a young man whose name for the present need not be told, left Chicago for Minneapolis, hot, as they supposed, on the trail of Amos J. Snell. The clew given to the police and Mr. A. J. Stone was of such a positive nature, the source so reliable, and the description given of the suspected party tallied so accurately with that of Tascott, both as to his personal appearance, his habits, his walk, even his handwriting, that not a mind that at last they were on the track of

From Chicago into the snow-bound prairies of Manitoba and the Northwest through the pine forests of British Columbia. into Vancouver, across the Rocky Mountains, by rail, by water, by sleigh, and by coach, the little party traveled, day and night, al-

most without resting.

And at last, after having traveled nearly 9,000 miles, they found their man-but it was not Tascott.

"Never in my life have I come across so remarkable a case of mistaken identity, said Mr. A. J. Stone last evening. "It was a wonderful coincidence. Same height, same weight, same eyes, hair, manners, habits language, handwriting-everything. But it was not Tascott."—Chicago Tribune, March 18th, 1889.

#### THE HINDU MYSTIFICATION.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Col. Olcott, who is certainly better entitled Mr. Bridge. Without meaning any disrespect by the comparison, I may refer to an old fable: The donkey disguised in the lion's skin was a highly respected animal until his voice was heard, and if the so called Theosophists would preserve a dignified silence we might suppose them in a philosophic mood, but when they speak or write then destitution of philosophy and love of mystery become flagrantly apparent. It is rather provoking, too, to find that their champion will not understand plain English. Perhaps the judicial clearness of his mind(for I do not think he would intentionally misrepresent) was impaired by what he calls "the constant | this office, price, 50 cents a number. stream of mud and dirty English, which is being thrown at the Theosophical Society, which has made him "unutterably tired." As I have not fatigued him in this way such remarks are at least irrelevant.

When I alluded to the credulous fondness for bogus philosophy (such as Butlerism, Eddyism, Newbroughism, etc.) Mr. Bridge assumes to think that I alluded to the Theosophical Society, and that I consider the members of his society an ignorant, uneducated class, and defends them from a charge persons should have yielded to such delusions. I am as well aware as Mr. Bridge that the Theosophic Society contains many well eduple, and have never said or hinted anything

to the contrary. Aside from this misrepresentation, Mr. Bridge's article is little more than a naked denial of the Hinduism of the Theosophic Society, which was sufficiently refuted in my second number by quoting President Olcott's declaration that the chief merit of Theosophy in Incia, was that it was "but the uncolored recapitulation" of the ancient Hindu philosophy, and, in fact, Mr. Bridge be-trays himself by expressing a good deal of Hinduism before he ends.

If he would really discard Hinduism and adhere simply to liberal Theosophic religion, he would have no objection to anything I have said for I am an earnest Theosophist, and fully agree with Col. Olcott and his followers in their liberal expression. But what I shall ever object to, is the Jesuitism of this movement, or, at least, the false flag that it raises. I object to the serious assertion that the society is one of Theosophic religion merely, with private views differing in all respects as to philosophy, while the whole force of the authentic propaganda is devoted to Hinduism. It is thrust in our faces as something that completely demolishes the spiritual science of America, of which Mad. Blavatsky, the talented mother of the whole movement, speaks with undisguised contempt. The entire drift of the society is to supersede the doctrines of such American Theosophists as Sargent, Owen, Tuttle, Hare, Watson, Peebles, Denton and myself, by the dreamy notions of an old barbarian age of infinite credulity, which are antagonistic to the whole spirit of modern science, and which could never have been made the basis of this movement but for the enormous credulity of Col. Olcott, inspired by the robust talent of Mad. Blavatsky.

Whenever Theosophy is spoken of it is everywhere understood to mean the doctrines advocated by Blavatsky, Olcott, Sinnett and Judge,-by the Theosophist and the Path,and this was the reason of my protest against so gross a perversion of the Euglish language, whereby the noble word Theosophy would be degraded to a superstitious meaning.

I reaffirm that the so-called Theosophical Society and its branches as at present conducted, is one of the greatest antagonists or hindrances of true Theosophy, and is not justly entitled to its name. It has but little of the spirit of scientific investigation, and a large amount of the blind faith that sustains other ancient delusions. Its literature is bewildering or misleading, and in Mr. Bridge's little essay he misunderstands the plain English of my writing and misleads his readers. I refused to quote the writings of Hindu contributors to The Theosophist on account of their tedious stupicity, and Mr. Bridge rebukes me for not quoting them to prove the Hinduism of the society which I had proved from higher authority.

I would merely refer those who have an apman, and found that he was not the man— seemed to be the only difference between the that he was the cousin of this man that took him to dinner, and was brother to a Mrs. Palmer, whom he was visiting—that he lives with the beat with the bea

nale to the whole performance if he would confess that the whole thing was but a gigantic sell—an experiment upon the credulity of the educated; but alas! I fear there is no hope of such a recovery for the Colonel in this life, though I think he will tell a very different story when he speaks from "over the

I would be delighted to believe that the Theosophical Society (except in India) is, as Mr. Bridge says, a body of independent investigators, but as I have seen no evidence of their investigations, I presume they were mainly in accordance with the programme of the society, burrowing into the dark depths of so-called Aryan philosophy.

Mr. Bridge's essay is a specimen of the prevailing absurdity of the movement which he defends. He shows a great lack of knowledge of spiritual science, and defines William Tascott, the murderer of millionaire Amos J. Snell. The clew given to the police of goal yet in sight," but in this benighted condition; is "determined, if possible, to wrest the secret of his being from his inner consciousness"—seeking to find "escape from this bondage which drives men into life and out again, blind, credulous, suffering," etc. If those who rely upon the very ancient

and wornout folly of pumping wisdom from their "inner consciousness" instead of scientific investigation, and who "with no goal in sight" expect to be ever dying, to come back into the womb and go through the processes of babyhood, including teething, measles, colic, summer suffering and all the other ills of squalling infancy, consider themselves Theosophists, I beg leave to suggest that they have a very slender title to such a name, for they have gone back to the very babyhood of philosophy, and lost their sympathy with the robust common sense of the nineteenth century.

If such notions are ever called Theosophy at all, they should be called Hindu Theosophy, which means the baby Theosophy of a barbarian age. American Theosophy has no such dreary pessimistic theories. It has a goal in view; it understands the life in the higher spheres of being. It arrives at truth by careful scientific investigation and a lifetime of experimental inquiry, and does not dig among dead languages and obsolete superstitions for useful knowledge, nor thrash the old straw of metaphysics. It does not Mr. J. R. Bridge, F. T. S., has replied to my bow to Calvin, Luther or the Pope or the criticism of the Hinduism which has been | "Lord Buddha" of Col. Olcott. It does not disguised as Theosophy, by an unsupported denial that it is Hinduism, in defiance of the authority of the President and founder, men of the past, nor expect men to become men of the past, nor expect men to become women, or women men, or human beings to to state the principles of the Society than | become animals or plants, or the human soul to lose its identity or pass into extincttion, or any doubtful condition, or to be decomposed into fragments; nor does it propose like Hinduism to shrink from the grand duties of life and lead a cadaverous existence here, approximating the state of clairvoyant imbecility in this life, to prepare for final extinction in the next.

Jos. Rodes Buchanan. Boston, March 24.

The Theosophist for March contains many articles upon popular subjects. For sale at

The Journal of Man for April is received and for sale at this office, price, 20 cents a number. The contents are varied and inter-Lucifer for March is as attractive as ever.

The articles are well written and entertaining. For sale here, price 40 cents a copy.

Gen. McClellan several years ago desired to become personally acquainted with Capt. Ericsson and employed the service of John Newton, one of Ericsson's few friends, to obtain an audience with him. The Captain replied that, while he felt flattered by the request, he "was too old to make any new acquaintances and must beg to be excused.'

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MACHINERY OF THE BODY has become worn, and it should be lubricated by some good medicine. One which will give perma nent vigor is better than a stimulant giving only artificial strength, as it were. Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted to meet the requirements of such cases. It creates an appetite, and so assists in the assimilation of food that the functions of the body receive its full nutrient power. Hood's Sarsaparilla rouses the liver, kidneys, and other organs which have become torpid and sluggish, it expels impurities from the blood and gives it new vitality and richness, and in fact its beneficent and curative influences extend through the whole system. Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co. Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar.

One of the most instructive books in its line, and one that should be read by every one who has a little patch of ground, is "Poultry for Profit," a book published by Daniel Ambrose, Chicago, whose advertisement appears in our columns. Twentyfive cents will secure the book, and will give as many dollars' instruction to any one who posses

# SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE

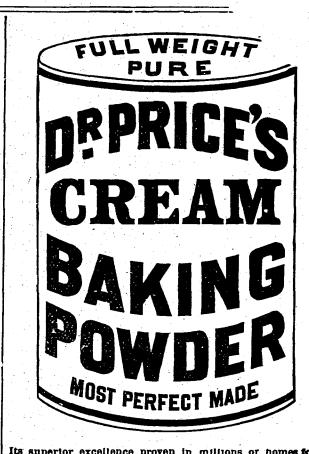
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"Heaven Revised" is a pamphlet issued from the office of The Religio-Philosophical Journal, Chicago; 25 cents. The author, Mrs. E. B. Duffey, proves herself a pleasing writer and a careful reader of various conjectures as to the future life. The reader will find much to admire in this pamphlet, and while the effort to prove mediumship is as apparent and out of place as the pracock feathers on the fabled crow, and overlooking a few unnecessary repetitions, there is enough Spiritualism and superstition in mankind to make "Heaven Revised" entertaining, no matter whether or not Mrs. Duffey produced it mediumistically or methodically. It is well worth 25 cents.—The Maple Leaf, Albert, N. B., March 21, 1889.

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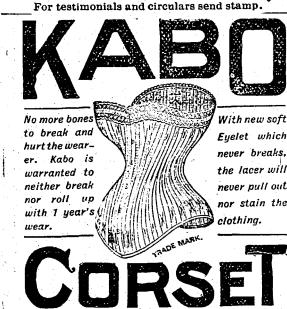
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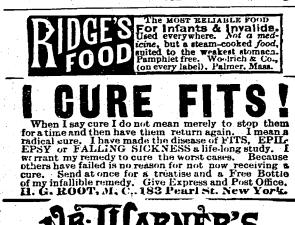
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