No. 9

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The Religion of Humanity and Church of the Spirit.

UNITY, ORGANIZATION AND FELLOWSHIP

Responses to the Editorial on "Unity" in Last Week's Issue of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

WALTER HOWELL, CHARLES P. MCCARTHY, S. D. BOWKER, M. D., MISS A. M. BEECHER, ALLEN, MRS. A. ELDRED, W. H. HOLMES, E. W. CAPRON, MRS. A. M. MUNGER, MRS. J. M. STAATS, LYMAN C. HOWE, M. C. CEESEE.

WALTER HOWELL.

The higher we ascend in the organic scale of life the greater heterogeneity is observable; the lower we descend the more homogeneous are the forms with which we come in contact. This is not only true of physical organisms but is equally so in mental evolution. It must be conceded that among us, as Spiritualists, the greatest differentiation of thought exists, and we scarcely conceive how it could be otherwise realizing the fact that those who profess to be Spiritualists are made up of former Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Agnostics, and in fact every shade of religious and non-religious belief. The lamentable feature of this differentiation of the intellect is, that simultaneous with the evolution of individualism there has not been a corresponding development of the affectional nature. It is possible for persons to be most widely different in opinion, but if love exists between them they are united in heart though differentiated in mind. Perhaps there is only one pivotal centre around which all Spiritualists would revolve, viz: A knowledge of continuity of life beyond the grave obtained inductively through a classification of facts which demonstrate, beyond the shadow of doubt, an intercommunion between this and the so-called "other world." It may be possible to organize ourselves upon a liberal basis, for there are essentially moral and spiritual truths which, I think, the more cultured among us would readily concede. The present nebulous condition of the movement is in some respects deplorable, whilst in others its plasticity is rather an advantage than otherwise. The hesitancy on the part of many, in the direction of organization, seems to be caused through fear of a possible crystallization which would impede rather than aid progress. Now, while it is not desirable to formulate a creed, it is essential that we give the world a clear statement of principles such as may have been deduced from our inductions.

In order to meet this commonly felt need, I have drawn up a declaration of principles which have been widely circulated in the city of Titusville, and whilst I do not believe in their infallibility I think they would form a suggestive basis of organization.

OBJECTS AND AIMS OF THE SOCIETY. RELIGIOUS

The development within ourselves of those spiritual faculties that shall bring us into conscious relations with the so-called unseen world.

The propaganda of a truly spiritual philosophy that shall cope with the agnosticism and materialism of our

The fuller unfolding of that devotional spirit that shall establish a more perfect at-one-ment with the noblest side of human nature and our loftlest concep-

An investigation of occult and spiritual phenomena as a means of inductively obtaining proof palpable of "life beyond the grave."

A hearty co-operation with all systems of reform hav-

ing for their object the moral uplifting of humanity.

stitutions to continue. There is something the advocacy of our principles from the rostrum. The need of the hour is practical iconoclastic methods and more constructive dence of skill in its management. teaching, aided by the revelations of new We are carrying too much sail f truths as they flow in from the world of thought. It is high time that the scattered energies of the Movement be concentrated in order that its potency may more successfully achieve victory over gross materialism and the darkness of agnosticism.

CHARLES P. MCCARTHY.

The leading editorial entitled "Unity," in current Journal, has been read by me with a lively interest. Construction through united organization and association, founded upon those broad elementary principles of truth which you have so practically condensed in a few words, constitutes, in my judgment, the only means by which the aim and purpose of this unique and comprehensive utterance can be achieved. The task is colossal, beyond conception, when we consider the almost superhuman difficulties that bar the way and with which we are unfamiliar. Too well have we learned the easy art of destruction by imparting to existing religious institutions the elements of disintegration, so that as Spiritualists we have become skilful iconoclasts. It is so easy to destroy, but so difficult to reconstruct. The woodman's ax can cut down in an hour the mighty oak which stood the assaults of flood and storm for centuries, through which it was slowly reared from the acorn. It is easy to kill, to destroy life, but to reduce the diseased and fevered pulse to the measured march of health, needs a divine power. The villain can steal virtue, but who REV. SOLON LAUER, A. J. KING, MILTON | can restore the stolen jewel? It is much more difficult to reform the criminal than to punish him.

These illustrations point out the grandeur of the work which Spiritualism has to complete, compared with what it has done, and yet if the true, the pure and the faithfully unselfish in our ranks will answer your invitation and con amore enter upon the necessary and sacr d duty involved in this timely call "to utilize the vast work which has been accomplished," then the divine and spiritual temple of our God and Father shall stand upon the earth; and His love shall be so triumphant, and evangelization in its true sense so continuous and unbroken, that in the not far distant future human character shall be so improved and elevated that the prayer of "The Master" shall be answered; when the divine will being the law of life, the true kingdom of Heaven will be estab lished in the hearts of all the children of the adorable Over-soul of the universe.

The privilege of accomplishing this purpose of truth and love by the help of a pure angel ministry devolves upon Spiritualists to whom this sacred trust has been committed. The question to be solved is, will they value this inestimable privilege and prove themselves worthy of the trust? Take the stars from heaven and leave it to midnight darkness; take the flowers from the beautiful earth and leave it to black desolation; take the tides from yonder ocean and leave it to dull stagnation; take the sun itself from its meridian splendor, and you will not have perpetrated a deed so dark and disastrous as the surrender of this holy duty, this sacred trust within which are the springs of the world's greatness, and separated from which it would go down like a wreck at sea leaving nothing behind but catastrophe, disaster and

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S. D. BOWKER, M. D.

That the spiritual philosophy, when properly comprehended and fairly formulated, is ample for all purposes of a correct life, is to me beyond all question. This result is not reached in a moment. It is wrought out by the elimination of the truth from a vast en cumbrance in the shape of ignorance, inexperience, careless and unsatisfactory investigation, added to the commercial and selfish uses of Spiritualism which open wide the door to fraud. No creed has ever been stated in terms so free from dangerous and fatal objections, as is seen in the basic idea of Spiritualism, if care and candor guide our feet in quest of the truth. Universal brotherhood of man and Fatherhood of God, filled with the spirit of love, are certainly all that is needed now or in any world. But the exact statement of this great truth is of far less importance to our cause than the attitude of our minds toward the object to be gained. Definition has always been the bane of efforts to formulate facts concerning the soul. Material sciences are too gross to invade the domain of spirit. "God is my Father and every man is my brother" is a creed broad enough for the widest faith and practice, and narrow enough for the most concrete definition, if love and brotherhood hold sway.

more than the mere demonstration of phenomena necessary; something still more than the advocacy of our principles from the rosmodern Spiritualism came to this world has trum. The need of the hour is practical been tardy in making itself felt for lack of work—an embodiment of those ethical and system, harmony, and simplicity in the despiritual principles which are being protails of our cause. Freedom from the bondage mulgated. We have heard in the past a and soul-tyranny of the old faiths has so exgreat deal about a "saving knowledge of the hilarated and unbalanced very many Spirittruth;" what is still better and most needed ualists that disorder and chaos find in them is a saving action in conformity with truth. champion promoters, and it is no longer safe We need less destruction of old ideas by to allow our ship to drift with so little evi-

We are carrying too much sail for the few central facts composing our cargo and mutiny is sure to follow such general disorder as

is now seen among our crew. "Science" has so invaded the domain of human thought in all departments of our material being that we hear the clamor on all sides for the reduction of Spiritualism to a "purely scientific basis." This cry has well nigh made us paupers as compared with the high order of spirit influence of our former experience. As well make a science, burdened with a thousand rules of the love and emotions of affections we feel for parents, wife and children, as to put spirit force under the distation of parents of the distation of parents of the distation of the distance of the di der the dictation of yardsticks or scientific nomenclatures. Now is the time to rally around a few facts on which nearly all Spiritualists agree and demonstrate to the world that our cause is worthy their highest confidence and thoughtful investigation. Kansas City. Mo.

MISS A. M. BEECHER.

"Unity, Organization, Fellowship" — the true watch words of success in any undertaking in which human beings can engage, since it is true that "no man liveth to himself." The equivalent of this aphorism is man is a social and dependent being, and as such co-operation is his law; isolation is deterioration and decadence.

To any one who moves through the years of this last fragment of the nineteenth cent among all classes, and in respect to all live issues, there is a tendency to unification and a growing desire for co-operation and fellowship, which however still needs to be fostered and judiciously guided. This can undoubtedly be best accomplished by organizations. When in the process and progress of civilization—which is always and everywhere a synonym for spiritual growth—man can safe ly become a law unto himself; separate and specific organizations, with formulated meth-

ods, will not be a necessity. In these times of struggle and adaptation to new conditions, before the perfect is attained, the law of expediency or that which most conduces to an approximating to the perfect, must be adopted. Absolute good can be reached only by approaches. Ideals may not be let down to present attainment but attainment must ever be made steadily to approach ideals. An editorial in the Jour-NAL of Oct. 12th, makes the necessity for unity, organization and fellowship so apparant that it would seem no argument were neces sary to make it plainer or more conclusive. It were hard to believe that all searchers af ter truth, especially, after psychic truth through occult channels, will not be in sym

pathy with the suggestions therein made.

The labors of the JOURNAL, for the devel opment and establishment of a well-founded philosophy and completely verified phenomena of the occult, will be more fully apprehended and appreciated as time goes on and the true spiritual ego is aroused and brought into fuller consciousness and activity. That man is a "spiritual being," in the abstract is quite generally conceded, but the real import of the phrase is much in the mist. Organization, unity, co-operation, first for the understanding and education of this prime factor in man this spiritual potency, is what is most needed. This done, all the est will naturally and inevitably follow. Newtonville, Mass.

REV. SOLON LAUER.

I hasten to contribute my mite upon the subject of your editorial, "Unity." It is indeed time that the general fermentation of the public mind, which has been going on for many years in the various psychic movements, should begin to show some clarified result. In many respects the Movement of Spiritualism, with its allied forces, has been a sort of witches' cauldron composed of all manner of uncanny psychic ingredients. A host of "weird sisters" have circled around this cauldron with occult incantations, making a picture of which the famous scene in Macbeth is but a faint suggestion. If now the time has come for a united effort among those who have progressed beyond the merely phenomenal phases of the movement, to whom messages and objective phenomena are not the all in all, many expectant souls will be gladdened by the fulfillment of prophecy. Phenomenal Spiritualism has certainly done a good work, judging largely and with divine charity. Whether or not the central claim of an open communion between two worlds be granted, the judicial observer must admit that the widespread interest in psychic phenomena has had its result in a When the soul has bee In unity there is strength; in disunity, we akness; therefore, more concerted action on our part is necessary unless we are will-

ing to allow the efforts put forth to build up and more successfully fortify existing institutions to continue. There is something more than the mere demonstration of phenomenes and there caught a few tangent rays of our reverent form of religion. External phenomenes and there caught a few tangent rays of our reverent form of religion. External phenomenes and there caught a few tangent rays of our reverent form of religion. nomena, of themselves, are of no spiritual value. Spiritualism as commonly held is not a religion. It is no more a religion than chemistry or astronomy, or any other study of external phenomena. Science contributes to religion when she leads us to look through nature up to nature's God; and Spiritualism can be of real service to the world only when it conducts us through the clouds of sensephenomena to the interior regions of the Spirit. When the time is ripe, there will be s fusion of the various psychic movements in the form of a broad church. The religious nature of man is a reality, and must find social expression. While the love of beauty lives there will be museums of art; while the love of music lives there will be temples dedicated to harmony; and while the religious sentiment exists there will be churches, or like institutions, where this sentiment can be cultivated and expressed. No movement can succeed on the basis of individualism. In unity alone is there strength and permanency. Nature works through centers and organization. Man must follow her example. The Church broadly organized and open to all new truth, is the noblest expression of human effort. Phenomenalism must first do its work, and then will come the Church of the Spirit in which the brethren of the broad and spiritual faith shall dwell together in

Milford, N. H.

A. J. KING

I approve the general spirit of your "Unity" leader in this week's paper. I have always held that any effort to build up an organization out of Spiritualism and leave God entirely out, was vain, useless and foolish. When Spiritualists become spiritual and aspire after God: when they reach out after the highest possible spirit force in nature and try to come in rapport with it; when they delight in this-become religious, then they may orury with open eyes, it must be apparent that | ganize upon a natural and permanent foundation; and not till then will they do more than they are now doing. The great fault of Spiritualists is a want of spirituality, and

a neglect to cultivate it. Breckenridge, Colorado.

MILTON ALLEN.

You have struck a key-note, and Spiritualism must respond so as to satisfy the deep want that is felt, not only in our ranks but in all the churches and among all thinking people, giving something that will satisfy the deep cravings of our inner nature. External Spiritualism will not do this, and we know too well that an external church, weighted with old worn-out and silly creeds, full of pride and form can not do it. If the world is to be saved from a deadly materialism, Spiritualism must awake and shake off the outward and come forth with the real spiritual life and power that it had in the days of Jesus and the Apostles. We must have men and women who can boldly stand up and speak with a spirit power that will not only make a Felix, tremble, as he did before the burning eloquence of Paul, but shall make whole congregations of Felixes tremble and make a dead church shake from center

to circumference. Such power and such spiritual gifts as will make the "vailey of dry bones" shake, can only come from the highest source of all power, all life, all wisdom. To this high source we must look for direction, guidance,

Where? When? How? Philadelphia, Pa.

MRS. A. ELDRED.

I have perused with interest your editorial

on "Unity," and in a very few words I should like to say that I can most heartily subscribe to your statement. If Spiritualists, as a body, would become permanent and a power in the world, they must move on to the higher ground of right and build upon a foundation which looks to the highest development possible in man. If we are to "become as Gods" we must cultivate the Godlike qualities which you lay down in your "proposition."
It seems to me that the error of Spiritualists in the past has been, the seeking for spirit communication as an end when it should only be an incident in life, pleasant and helpful, but good only as one of the steps by which we climb to Godhood. Where communication with spirits is sought solely from a desire to prove an after-life or to bring our friends to us because we yearn for their companionship, it is no better than some other indulgences of selfish desire. While it cannot be denied that Spiritualism has done a great work in the scientific and religious world, still I covet for it a more exalted mission than even this. May success attend your effort. I do not write this letter to publicly air my views but to assure you personally | ciates and new surroundings, or forever hold that I am with you. 236 Winchester Ave., Chicago.

W. H. HOLMES.

Your editorial headed "Unity" is broadly suggestive and should receive hearty respenses. With nothing special to offer, I steps of religious reform. general weakening of materialism and a wish to express the sympathy of an old-time Forty years ago was the beginning of modturning toward the inner and spiritual side | Spiritualist with the drift of your article. | ern Spiritualism, and to-day, as then, we The best minds among us have long been ened through the agency of the senses, the cannot satisfy those who believe they have head, but still a body whose branches extend reaching the opinion that we must do some- time is ripe for more serious and lasting positive knowledge of a subject so important to the uttermost parts of the earth, and

developed circle, or medium, they cannot rest content with mere kindly messages from "over there," or beautiful poems depicting in flowing language the glories and joys of the "sweet by and by."

Probably none of those really free long for any strong organization modeled after those formed to repress thought and look backward for light, while certainly many yearn for some co-operative method of public action in furtherance of the religion of humanity, reason, progress and freedom, which will be instructive, expansive, harmonizing and inspiring, without the nucleus of any harsh or narrow creed. The ranks of the most liberal societies are now largely swelled by genuine cultured Spiritualists who want—will have some place where their social, moral, and spiritual faculties may find exercise. In my judgment, large numbers of Spiritualists who have never been captured by any creed, and who can never be held in fetters, will readily assist in any liberal plan of co-operation for the exercise of their higher faculties and the spiritual education of their young neople. Let us hear, from thinkers, suggestions for practical methods of action. Davenport, Oct., 1889.

E. W. CAPRON.

I don't know as I can offer anything that will throw light on the subject of the status of Spiritualism or the organization of the great overflowing conglomeration that passes under that name at the present time.

I was much interested in reading the communication from Providence, R. I., in a late JOURNAL. It reminded me that I was the first to introduce the subject in that city in the month of December 1850. William Fishbough of New York and the poetess, Sarah Helen Whitman, were present. In the columns of the daily Mirror, which I then edited, I defended the Fox family from the vile attacks of Burr and the Buffalo doctors, but I was more interested in the statement of the organization that had been begun there. It is a 'consummation devontly to be wished" by all who regard it as time that the miserable chaos which has become the leading feature of Spiritualism in nearly every large place, should be brought into something like harmony and order. It was perhaps as it should be, that the first introduction of Spiritualism should remain without organization until the public mind became somewhat settled on the main facts, before an organization could be effected. Numerous trials have been made. but all, so far, have proved failures. There is no real organization. The one after which the Providence society is named-the Alliance-is a sham, a failure, and the other one is kept up by great pecuniary sacrifice of two or three men, or as I might say by the efforts of one man. Those societies have no general principles to organize upon. They receive everything and everybody that claims to be a Spiritualist or to have a demonstration. These societies are not what you suggest, not what the world needs. It is time the Spiritualists of the thinking, orderly class, should organize and drive back the immense flood of mediums who come before the public for exhibition. There are scores of such mediums who are really mediums, but who are anxious to please a gaping and credulous public and deceive and pretend with no other claims to their great performances. It is time that old Spiritualists were rid of these pretenders and nothing but a good organization such as you speak of can redeem the movement from this incubus. I do not, of course, know what your idea is of God, the universal father, but he can be idealized as well in that way as any other, and the name has a great charm for some. It is well enough. The fact of an organization in some such plan as you propose is a necessity if Spiritualism is to be preserved from its pretended friends.

MRS. A. M. MUNGER.

New York City.

Can Spiritualists organize? If Spiritualism is a religion, we answer, yes, surely, as well as any other religious organization. But if not a religion, even then they can unite in one harmonious body for mutual benefit to themselves and for the purpose of disseminating the truths which we believe.

This question, "If a man die shall he live again?" has been answered to many of us past the shadow of a doubt. As to the manner of that life we are not all agreed. The time was (while still a church member), that 1 was continually asking myself, "Is this thing true?"—spoiling my perfect enjoyment in the Christian faith. There came a day when I thought the question answered satisfactorily. Yet this fact forever debars me from an abiding place within the fold of the professed followers of Christ. For when I say that I know my dead come back to me, I must step out from the old place and out from the old society; must find a new place, new assomy peace; deny the light that has come to my soul, aye! live hypocritically on in the old way (on the smooth waters of public approval) or step boldly out of the old beaten path, sharing with the minority the ostracism that comes to all who follow in the

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

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

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

6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or, to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day? 7. In what way may a knowledge of psychic

laws tend to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the Family, to Society and to Government?

RESPONSE BY THOS. HARDING.

The first effect of convincement of the truth of spirit return on thoughtful minds is to produce atheism; at least it was so in my case. I argued in this way: If each one possesses the germ of immortality in his own right, and we are all creatures of law, there is no God, nor is there any necessity for one we grow up and pass on possessing all the qualities of human beings as before. "We belong to ourselves" and, as the consequences of our deeds react upon us, causing us to increase in wisdom and power, we are every one, independent entities. But about twenty years ago a circumstance occurred which set me to thinking further on the sub-

ject. I will explain: My wife was little over seventeen when w got married. She was small in stature and childlike in manner and disposition, unsophisticated and innocent, and although she is now sixty years old she is as innocent, unpretending and vivacious to-day as she was then. Should subjects relating to science or philosophy be broached in her presence, she retires on the first opportunity, or takes up a book or her sewing to avoid listening. She has no heart for such things; her views are quite of a primitive character, simple and to the point, like those of an inexperienced child; and yet under the influence of spirits she has often been deep and even sublime in her utterances, introducing matter, subjects and methods of thought and language entirely foreign to her character and antecedents; but, like every true woman, she is always thoroughly sincere and exact.

One evening we were sitting alone when, as often before, her facial expression changed her nerves twitched, her eyes flashed and a tremor possessed her entire frame. I saw that she was influenced and waited for the first salutation; it soon came.

'Haugh! me come, chief, me come," said the control.

"Good evening," said I. "If I am not mistaken this is Blue Jacket."

"Yaugh, Blue Jacket," he replied. (Let me here remark parenthetically, that this spirit Blue Jacket was the one who awoke her out of hersleep at midnight, while she was yet a member of the Baptist church, and I must say it, very bigoted against Spiritualism. He convinced her and me that night of the great fact, the particulars of which I hope to relate in a future paper under its | Seances with Messrs. Williams and Husk. proper heading. A sense of gratitude to this noble Indian, compels me to say here that, her excitement, enlightening her mind and dismissing her aches and pains, of which she has had very many; and many a time in the fullness of our gratitude we have uttered a fervent, "God bless you, Blue Jacket.")

He talked for some time with me that evening in broken English and in that exclama- are held. tory impulsive manner so well known. When he was about to leave. I said:

"Blue Jacket, would you let me ask you a question before you go?" He became thoughtful at once as if he perceived what was com-

"Blue Jacket," I said, "when you were here in our condition, you believed in the Great Spirit-"Yes," said he interrupting me, "and I be-

lieve in him still." "Ha, ha!" I laughed. "You said on that

night when you first came that you had been in the Spirit-world 80 years. Now let me ask you whether in all that time-80 years you ever saw God. Tell me, if you can remember, when you saw him last-just once you know." "Now, chief," he seriously replied, I am only a poor Indian. I can't talk your lan-

guage good, but I want to talk to you. I don't want you to break in and cut off my talk, because I am an ignorant Indian, and have not read and thought and studied as you have; but there are things that the poor Indian knows even better than some white men who can read in books and write on paper. You ask me did I ever see God? Yes. chief. I see God everywhere and in everything. I don't see Him with my eyes, I see im with my soul, and chief, he knows I see Him. Now you think that we who live in the Spirit-world are higher up than you are, and though you can't see me, you know that I exist. Is that true?"

"Yes," said I, "that is true." "Well, let me tell you that there are others away beyond me; they come to me and are the candle; we then changed seats, so that generally as invisible to me as I am to you. They live higher up, but they come down to at the other, Mr. Williams on my left and me and they tell me that others are higher | Mr. Husk on my right: thus we had the methan them, and as invisible to them as they diums on opposite sides of the table, and "we' are to me or I am to you, who come to them. So the Great Spirit binds all. Nature, all that we see and all that exists, whether we see it or not, is a great chain; it has great links, and every link is linked into one above and one below it. On and on, that great chain reaches above and below us too, we know not where; but from the rocks under your feet. up to hights which no human eye can reach, there is that which the soul only can see and which book-wisdom cannot reveal. Good

That "poor Indian" was wiser than I was. A man with a truth is a Sampson. He can pick up 1,000 men and carry them off with him. As the acceptance of the return of spirits, as a saw him just as real. fact, is but the first step from agnosticism to religious knowledge, so the reception of the truth that Deity exists, is the first step from the darkness of atheism to the light of spirital truth; it is but the launching out of the ship upon its proper element, after which she has to commence her voyage to a distant port across an ocean which is often boisterous and rough. It is a long way from "I beous and rough. It is a long way from "I be- mediums, who appeared to sit quite at ease lieve, help thou mine unbelief," to "Whom with us. We felt that it was indeed a reality base I in Harven but they and there is no poly have I in Heaven but thee, and there is none on earth that I desire beside thee." It is one thing to believe that there is a city on the Pacific coast called San Francisco, and an

"spirit friends" are not going, better we should go on without them than not go at one seemed to be a very little child's face, all; but whether we recognize the fact or not but I could not recognize it; the other was each other's burdens.

Correspondence with friends in Georgia does not make me a Georgian, nor does mere believing in, and conversing with disembodied men and women make me a Spiritualist; something more is required; that something on the table, counting as he did so "one, two, is spiritualization by a power from whence | three," and then before we could speak it all good spirits derive their power to bless and minister; a power which inspires to higher effort, knows our needs and supplies hand at the time; and the ring was on my them. Physical man begins his career as a sam after the scance was over. When one of baby and grows on to childhood, youth and the spirits requested Mr. Williams to wind higher effort, knows our them. Physical man begins his career as a baby and grows on to childhood, youth and maturity, but the spiritual process is the opposite. It brings him back through the different stages to childhood and infancy, him to do it with his hand joined to Mr. Barker's. At once they complied with his respect in such a manner that we were afraid finally brought into unity with, the Divine Parent, having no wills or desires of its own but all immersed in the Infinite, and the little child, spiritual, is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

But, as in the sacred mysteries of the ancients, few take all the degrees and the uninitiated are in darkness. Too many Spiritualists regard Spiritualism as an end, not as a means to an end. They settle down upon spirit communion and the hope of future reunion with their beloved ones, as heaven sufficient; whereas these are but circumstances of their life history. They may be the means of advancing the process of spiritualization or they may be the reverse, according as they are viewed and employed in the formation of character. The occult life of the soul and the secret springs of action, with all the inevitable turnings and overturnings of individual experiences, are a great mystery to the world because it is a hidden process and each one must tread his "winepress" alone, unperceived, unexplained and often misunderstood, both in joy and sorrow.

My earnest desire is that the great body of Spiritualists should turn their attention thitherward and understand the end for which they live; not loving the spirits less, but the Divine more. Spirit communion may be made a stumbling-block and draw the mind away into illegitimate channels if our anchors are not cast where they can take hold on the changeless rock of truth, and it may be the more seductive and dangerous in that it has to do with those whom we have loved in former days who have passed the portals of the tomb.

Let us sanctify our knowledge and our hopes by aspirations after that unity with the Divine Spirit and each other, which is a bond of peace. "Thou in me, and I in thee, that they all may be one in us;" and "Blessed are they who shall not be offended."-Jesus. I have been a believer in spirit return about

27 years. Sturgis, Mich.

RECOGNIZED MATERIALIZATIONS.

On Monday afternoon, Aug. 19, 1889, my under the Supreme Father, he was, perhaps, the best friend she ever had, often coming unsolicited to heal her in sickness, soothing vate seance with Messrs. Williams and Husk. Mr. Williams asked us to take a look at the room before it was darkened; we did so. The room is not large, but there is a very large table in it, and wood bottom chairs are placed round. We saw nothing different from any ordinary room in which sittings

Mr. Williams then proceeded to make the room dark, after which we went in and took our places at the table by the aid of a candle. On the table were several things for the spirits to use, including a musical box. My husband and I sat together, with Mr. Williams on my left and Mr. Husk on my husband's right, so leaving the two mediums to join hands at the far end of the table. After blowing out the light, we sat for a short time; then knocks came asking for music. After that we sat some time without anything particular taking place.

Mr. Williams then remarked that something must be wrong. I said I did not think so, as we had not been sitting very long yet. (I must here state that I also am a medium.) Very soon I was under control by one known to us as "John King." This spirit manifested to us some years ago, and told my husband that if it ever lay in his power to do something for us, he would do it; he would show himself to us, and do his best to convince me. I had quite forgotten all about the circumstance until he spoke, and when Mr. Williams heard his voice through me, he said: That must be "John King"; it is just

his way. Well, "John" desired that we should sit so that I might hold two hands of the mediums instead of one, and my husband the other two hands, so that I might have full satisfaction, knowing that we two were holding all the mediums' hands. We had been deceived by certain persons who go about the country professing to give physical seances, and I was a great skeptic. Mr. Williams lit I sat at one end of the table and my husband

held all their hands. Light was again put out, then we began to hear direct spirit voices, asking for the musical box to be wound up; also one telling us that his name was "Uncle." Very soon the luminous slate was picked up, and I saw part of a face close to mine. I was asked by one of the spirits if I saw that. I replied, that I only saw the upper part of a face. At once the face came again, and I distinctly saw "John King," his eyes looking into mine, and in a direct voice he said: "Do you see me | certainly not a "pair" of lunatics. now?" I knew at once who he was, as we have his portrait hanging up in our house at Sheffield. He then went to my husband, and he

He then told us he had done that for my especial benefit, but now we must sit as we did at the first, for being three mediums sitting together, I was taking away the power. So we then sat as at first, with this difference, that we both were quite satisfied that we had heard and seen a spirit without any trickery on the part of the two gentlemen when "John King" had redeemed his promise

I must leave her and continue my journey. thinking about her, and did not expect to see But why cannot we all go on together? If the her there. We also saw some we did not know, and twice to me came two together; sweetest companionship with them as we I should see her well, and came so close I walk along, helping each other over rough places, drying each other's tears, and easing a little forward. I saw the loving eyes, and always frequenting the circles; all these

Then we had "Uncle," telling us he was going to give Mrs. Barker (meaning myself) a test. He struck the iron ring three times was on my arm. How it got there I cannot say. I do know I had hold of Mr. Williams' the mechanism of the box would be broken. "Christopher" seemed to be very busy talking and working. Sometimes we had three direct voices speaking at once, with the mediums joining in. Paper tubes were carried about; the "fairy bells" played and floated over our heads, then were carried away through the closed door, playing all the time, until we could only hear the faintest sound then returning, coming bang through the door, over our heads again, and at last with one or two final bangs, it was put down on the table; the spirits all the time making us feel quite at home with their quaint way of talking, and asking if they had not done that well, and so on.

At last they bade us "good night," and we departed well satisfied with the way we had spent our afternoon, and not at all sorry we had come all the way from Sheffield to London to see a spirit. That may sound rather a strange way of putting it, without an explanation. Well, the fact is, I have been a medium about nine years, and have been able to give light to many, but could not see it myself. Nothing would content me or satisfy my craving after knowledge and truth, only seeing a spirit, under such conditions that there could be no room for doubt left.

ANOTHER SEANCE. We again went to 61 Lamb's Conduit street on the evening of Tuesday, August 20. This time there were nine of us sat, four gentlemen and one lady, strangers to us, Mr. Williams. Mr. Husk and ourselves. We sat under same conditions as before, and similar things occurred; only we had the manifestations commence very quickly after sitting down to the table, and they were more varied. We had the same spirit friends time after time; it seemed as if they were determined we should see them fully. Our aunt did not speak to us at the first sitting, but this time she was talking to me for about a minute. What she said I could not tell; her voice was low and weak, not at all like the voice of neither was her face at all like theirs. She was not so bright; her face was a dull gray | color; that might be owing to her having so lately passed away. The female spirit, who is one of my controls, again brought with her a little one. I am so sorry I could not see it distinctly, as it had no luminous slate to show itself with, and the other spirit held her slate so as to show herself well, thus keeping the little one in the shade. It might be one of my own dear little babes, but I could not be certain about that. I wish I could.

"Uncle" said he would give Mr. Barker the ring test, which he did. The lady sitter brought with her a bouquet of flowers. There was one very nice rose, and "Uncle" asked if it was brought for him. The lady answered "Yes." He then said he would give it to me to take home for my little invalid daughter, at the same time he pushed it into my hand. My husband wore a red rose on his coat. also had one, and I took it from my dress and held it between my fingers as well as I could, having also hold of Mr. Husk's hand. I asked mentally that my rose might be taken across to my husband. Soon after one of the spirits took it out of my fingers and carried it to him, asking if he wanted a rose. He said he had one. The spirit then said, "Exchange is no robbery," and took the one out of his coat, and fastening mine in its place he then brought his to me. One rose had not any stalk and the other had, so we knew they were changed.

The table was floated. I saw a spirit come to the lady sitting beside me and heard her converse with him. The paper tubes were used rather freely over our heads, a spirit asking us to listen. He then gave my husband a blow on the head with the tube, next we heard it striking the top of the room, then it fell on the table, he telling us he was not going to carry it down.

We had a most satisfactory séance, but it is utterly impossible for me to do justice to it. I can only say that, having tasted of the good things myself, I should like all who are desirous of proving for themselves the certainty of a future life, to taste of the good things also; that is, when they have gone through the A B C, and their spiritual nature is quite ready to receive the grand truth of life after so-called death.

A FEW OBSERVATIONS FOR SKEPTICS ONLY. We did not hold a "stuffed glove" instead of the medium's hands.

No one could stand upon a chair to float the fairy bells, for a very good reason, there was no extra chair in the room.

We could judge the iron ring was solid by the sound, and can only suppose it was a case of matter passing through matter. The day after our seance my husband had to pass an examination by a doctor previous to joining a sick club, and I am happy to be able to state that the doctor declared him to be of sound mind; so we were

H. BARKER. 40 Derwent Street, Cricket Road, Sheffield,

Daybreak, and it is only fair to give, also, what the editor of that paper has to say with reference to it, which is as follows:

"Mrs. Barker's report looks straightforward and reliable. It corresponds with what we have seen dozens of times. Williams and Husk have imperiled their good name by promiscuous sittings, as all mediums do who adopt that course. We do not publish these facts in the interests of the mediums to us, and even spoke in the third voice, tell- at all, or as an advertisement, but in the ing us he had visited us, and would do so interests of truth and as a set-off to the again, as he wished to help us. You may be | many rumors constantly circulated to dis-If Spiritualism is not embarked upon a voyage toward spiritualization or unity with the Spirit of Divine Truth, I don't want to be ing my way. If she stops to talk with "spirit friends," and don't mean to go any farther it friends," and don't mean to go any farther is measured. We had not been it friends, and don't mean to go any farther is measured to the very best conditions. But other sitters there was any feeling of suspictions. But other sitters there seances with the hope of being similarly favored. It is a question of "conditions." If these meditions are if there was any feeling of suspictions. But other sitters there seances with the hope of being similarly favored. It is a question of "conditions." If these meditions are if there was any feeling of suspictions. But other sitters the parting from her, God be praised!"—and the star was shining.

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Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was shining.

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ifestations cannot be traced to a spirit source, yet on the whole they may be of very slow in accepting truth. Some sitters | to receive those dear ones who await me!" heard the sweetest of voices say: "Do you things should be frankly discussed with ev-see me." My husband says he saw the same. ery circle. We have observed from the beginning that these men are mediums. The spontaneity and variety of the phenomena change at every sitting. They should, as far as possible, endeavor to protect themselves from damaging insinuations. No exposure in the future can alter the facts of the past.'

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

Une of Charles Dickens' Most Poetic Fan-

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister who was a child, too, and his constant companion. They wondered at the beauty of flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the water; they wondered at the goodness and power of God, who made them levely. They used to say to one another sometimes: Supposing all the They believed they would be sorry. "For, said they, "the buds are the children of the of the water, and the smallest bright specks they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.'

There was one clear, shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand-in-hand at the window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And after that, they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that, before lying down in their bed, they always looked out once again to bid it good-night; and when they were turning around to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night, and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

"John King," nor of the beautiful female; there was no face on the bed, and when there seem, these northern barbarians possessed a was a grave among the graves not there bethey seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels; and the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them. All these angels, who were people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that had once laid upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among the host. His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader, among those who had brought the people thither:

"Is my brother come?" And he said, "No!"

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms and cried: "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it lived there surrounded by heroes and by the was night; and the star was shining into the beautiful Walkyries, a sort of warlike spirits moon, making long rays down toward him as | who ministered to them and who, mounted he saw it through his tear. From that hour on swift horses, fully armed and with drawn forth the child looked upon the star as the home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the stars too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child, and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched out his tiny form on his bed and died. Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's

Said his sister's angel to the leader: "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another!" As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms he cried, "Oh, my sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him.—and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son." Again at night he saw the star and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!" A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was re-united to her children. And he stretched out his arms O Derwent Street, Cricket Road, Sheffield, Sept. 3, 1889.

The above is copied from the Medium and him, "Not yet!"—and the star was shining. He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star

> Said the sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

opened once again.

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daugh-

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said: "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, sure after that we gave the very best condi- credit the manifestations. But other sit- and at her feet is the baby of old time, and I Thurso, was succeeded by his son Sigurd,

crowd sit round a table many of the man- his children standing around, he cried, as he cried long ago, "I see the star!" And they whispered to one another, "He is such a character that no theory of trickery dying." And he said, "I am. My age is fallcould account for them. But people jump ing from me like a garment, and I move tothey are going. It is not necessary to stop one of my own controls, a most beautiful at conclusions where suspicion and malice ward the star as a child. And O, my Father, short for communion, for we can enjoy the female face. She was quite determined that are at the bottom of things, but they are now I thank thee that it has so often opened And the star was shining; and it shines

upon his grave.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. SIGURD.

The True Hero of The Nibelungenlied.

BY THE COUNTESS OF CAITHNESS, DUCHESS DE POMAR.

At the present moment when the ears of every one in Europe are vibrating with the beautiful melodies of Richard Wagner's famous Lyric Dramas and with the no less charming music of Ernest Reyer's opera, entitled Sigurd, which was given with great success at the Paris National Academy of Music, it will, perhaps, interest your readers to knowwhat history tells us of this most renowned hero of the Nibelungenlied and other romantic legends of Northern Europe.

Historians speak of two Sigurds, Scandinavian Vikings, or sea kings, both of whom were Earls of Caithness.

The county of Caithness is the most northern county in Scotland, beyond which there children upon earth were to die, would the are only islands which are grouped in two flowers, and the water and the sky be sorry? | distinct divisions, and which form two more counties, Orkney and Zetland. Caithness is a large province surrounded on three sides by flowers, and the little playful streams that the sea and divided from Sutherland on the gambol down the hill-side are the children south by mountains of some height, which, south by mountains of some height, which, however, are the only ones in the whole displaying at hide-and-seek in the sky all night trict for the rest of the peninsula is flat, but must surely be the children of the stars; and its seashores are generally lofty and rugged. its seashores are generally lofty and rugged, in some places presenting a front of giddy grandeur, in others cleft by gloomy chasms, while here and there tall, detached, strangeshaped pillars of rock stand out into the ocean at some distance from the cliffs, giving the coast that savage, fantastic scenery which is its most striking feature. Wick, a large, prosperous, commercial city founded by the Vikings, is now the capital; but Thurso on the western side is, perhaps, an older and more beautiful town.

Originally Caithness was peopled by a Celtic race, but in the eighth century Scandinavian pirates began to make inroads and sack the towns and in the ninth century the whole of the county as well as the Orcades or Orkneys and all the other islands of the north of Scotland were invaded by Norsemen and finally became subjected to the Norwegian monarchs.

These Scandinavian conquerors, who often

made even Charlemagne tremble on his imperial throne, were a semi-barbarous warlike people. The gods whom they worshiped were gigantic reflections of themselves. It is not without interest for us, students of the religions of the ancients, to notice, that they, And so the time came, all too soon, when almost alone of any known polytheistic race, the child looked out all alone, and when had no images or idols. Wonderful as it may power of spiritual apprehension of which the fore, and when the star made long rays Romans and the Greeks were destitute; and down toward him as he saw it through his as a consequence of this, they retained an tears. Now these rays were so bright, and lawe and reverence for the objects of their worship to which these polished nations from earth to heaven, that when the child were utter strangers. First among their gods went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about was Odin—the universal soul—whom they called All-Father, but the god whom they really adored was Thor, the son of Odin, and their god of war, and it was after him that the town of Thurso in Caithness was named. This Thor was the very ideal of a Viking, and after him all true Scandinavians endeavwaiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the | ored to model their lives. The very consistent enemy of these brave warlike gods, the source of all evil according to the old Druidic belief, was Loki, the god or demon of fear and cowardice. In the depth of the by-gone ages he was supposed to have been expelled from the company of the gods on account of his cowardice, craftiness and cunning, and since then had waged against them perpetual and implacable war and by his treachery the beautiful Baldur, the god of love, was slain. Naturally, according to this warlike religion, only the brave and valiant entered their heaven, which they called the Valhalla; thither went those who died valiantly in fight and those who longed to do so; while cowards were consigned to the burning palace of Loki. In their description of the joys to be tasted in Valhalla, the ferocious Scandinavian nature, rejoicing only in battles and bloodshed, comes out clearly into view. Odin swords in their hands, were supposed in the throng of battle to select such as were destined for slaughter and conducted them to Valhalla.

Childish as may seem to us the outward dress of many of these myths, as described in the Eddas, the sacred books of this people and in their poems and legends called Sagas, they yet contain under their trivial garb much that is interesting, suggestive and wise, for these myths, like all ancient forms of national belief contain a deep theosophical meaning, and they cannot but rouse many a sad and earnest thought in the mind of every one who reads of them when he remembers that in their hidden inner meaning they contain all that was believed and thought about the dead futurity which awaits us all, by many an unenlightened but earnest and inquiring

spirit. Every one must confess, moreover, that this war-like religion was well adapted to a martial nation like that of the Scandinavians, and was well calculated to inspire them with courage and lead them to conquest. And let us remember, when we study their theosophy, that we, too, are called to a war far more terrible than was ever fought by ancient hero or sung by ancient skald; remembering. also, that in that new nature of which all we read and hear should ever remind us, there is room and call for every truly human and heart-inspiring impulse, and for everything that is pure and noble, or that can rouse a high, strong, unselfish courage.

There exist to this day numerous ruins of druidic temples and of Scandinavian tumuli in Caithness, but the principal sanctuary of the Norwegian Vikings was in the island of Pomona, the largest of the Orcades (Orkneys), the remains of which, consisting of two large circles of immense upright stones known as the stones of Stenness, far surpass in grandeur even the druidic ruins of Carnae and Lanleff in France.

Harold the Fair, king of Norway, having conquered the counties of Zetland, Orkney and Caithness, he bestowed their government on one of his generals named Ronald. This Ronald, whose tower is still standing at

saddle in the over-weening pride of triumph, doubted sovereignty over all the islands, and when a sharp tooth that projected from his that, moreover Signrd by his presence on when a sharp tooth that projected from his enemy's head chafed his leg and caused a board the ship had placed himself completely wound which resulted in his death. (History | in his power, but that if he and all his famof the Orkney Islands, by Dr. Barry, Edin.,

OCTOBER 19, 18-9.

ness in the year 990 and was the 6th of the fri ndship ever afterwards, and, what was of Scandinavian Vikings.

mention a few that our reader can easily compliance I am determined to desolate your consult: The "Heims kringla," or "Chronicles | country and inflict on you all the punishof the Kings of Norway," written in the ment of death, and you will have just cause thirteenth century by Snorro Sturlesson, to expect hereafter a punishment infinitely a work which has been translated into more dreadful from the hand of an offended English by Mr. Laing of Papdale and which gives a very detailed account of the Scandi-navian conquests in Scotland; "Origines threat with which it was accompanied. "I Parochiales Scotiæ," a most interesting work of reference; "An account of the Danes and Norwegians in England and Scotland," by J. J. Worsaac, written in Danish; "concerning the genealogies of the ancient Earls of Ork- see in what respect the worship which your ney and Caithness from their first creation down to the fifteenth century-drawn up from the most authentic records by Thomas de Tulloch, Bishop of Orkney, with the assistance of his clergy and others, in consequence of an order from Eric, King of Norway, to investigate the rights of William | therefore, seized Hundius, Sigurd's son, de-Sinclair to the title of Earl of Caithness and | claring that if they did not instantly ac-Orkney-and dated May 4th, 1403," translated into English from the original Latin and given by Dr. Barry in history of the Orkney Islands (page 399); "The Orkneyinga Saga," translated from the Norwegian by Dr. Dasent; "Northern Antiquities" by Mallet; "History of Caithness," by James T. Calder, Glasgow, 1861; "Our Scandinavian Forefathers," by William Miller, Thurso, 1862, and finally, his voyage to Norway, carrying with him the "L' Histoire des Orcades et des comtés du Nord." by Torfacus, the writer to which we are chiefly indebted for our knowledge re- of his zeal for Christianity. garding the ancient history of Scotland and Denmark.

Thormod Torfeson (Torfacus being the Latinized name) was a native of Iceland and was the historiog apher of the King of Denmark. His large work, which he composed in Latin, was published about the year 1690, under the title of "Orcades, seu rerum Orcadiensium Historiæ." The English historian. Chambers, says of him: "Torfacus sustains the character of a faithful historian, and the facts which he details are probably as authentic as the early records of any portion of the British Empire, while he has enabled us to correct several errors in the commonly-received accounts of Scotland." And Samuel Lang, a still higher authority on this point, says that "his history may be regarded as the only authentic record of affairs in the north for many centuries." The authority of Torfacus on the early history of Scotland is justly entitled to the credit which it has always enjoyed, for the following circumstances: When the Orkney Islands, (known as the Orcades by the ancients), and the county of Caithness (Cathey), had from appointed by the king to reside in the island of Flota, and to record all transactions of any public moment that took place in these countries. These were regularly entered into an official diary or journal entitled the "Codex Flatensis." These archives, which were of national importance, were for better preservation afterwards deposited in the royal library at Copenhagen; and from it and the "Orkneyinga Saga," to which I have already alluded, and which is a compilation of the ancient legends of the Orcades by Jonas Jonnacus, an Icelandic scholar of the middle ages, Torfacus drew the materials of his history. [There is an English translation by

We will now translate for our readers a few passages of the Latin history of Torfacus, in which he speaks of the second Sigurd of Caithness, who doubtless is the true hero of the numerous legends and poems which hear his name, and who, would seem to us to be likewise the same personage who, under the names of Siegfried and Siegmund figures in the Nibelungenlied of the German poets.

"Signrd, (Signrdus Crassus-Torfacus writing in Latin latinizes all his names) was the son of Lodver, Earl of Orkney and Caithness, and of Andna, the daughter of Rioval, King of Ireland; he resembled Sigurd, the first Earl of the Orcades in strength of body, courage, conduct and prudence. He was a man of aspiring genius and studied to imitate his predecessors in the glory of his exploits; he was also successful in extending the boundaries of his states, for in addition to Caithness, he made a conquest of Sutherland, Ross, Murray and Argyle, all fine counties, and that, too, against King Kenneth, III. of Scot-

"Being one summer challenged by a Scottish nobleman called Earl Finleie to fight a battle, he first consulted his mother, who was a person who made pretensions of divination and sorcery, telling her that the enemy was seven times stronger than he was....She delivered to him an enchanted standard, saying: 'I have exerted all my skill to procure this for you from the immortal Walkyries who watch over the brave, and it is attended, with a peculiarity, that whoever has it carried before him shall be victorious. Mark, however, the standard bearer shall inevitably perish in battle." This standard had a flying black raven (the bird sacred to Odin) woven in it with exquisite art.

"Signrd having marched to the place appointed, on the frontiers of Caithness, engaged in battle with Earl Finleie, and in the heat of action his standard bearer was slain. Another was ordered to supply his place, and he, too, was slain; then a third standard-bearer was killed and the Earl of the Orcades was at last victorious.

"Sigurd made an expedition to Iceland, an island which had been discovered by Naddod in the year 861 (and which since 900 has be- | urd had met in Iceland, and who carried him longed to Norway), where he performed great prodigies of valor for his king and vanquished four brave knights who afterwards became his vassals and fought for him with their galleys on the seas. His exploits in Iceland under the following circumstances: have given rise to many marvelous legends recorded in the Sagas.

in the strength of his forces and not suspecting the king to have any ulterior designs immediately proceeded on board the vessel accompanied by his eldest son. King Olaus in formed him that he could not but be aware that as King of Norway he exercised an un-

ily, together with all the inhabitants of his dominions would embrace the Christian faith The second Sigurd became earl of Caith- and be baptized, he would secure his king's far more consequence, the everlasting friend-There exists several histories of the first | ship of the Sovereign of Heaven; but, contin-Earls of Catthness. We will, however, only | ued the king, "if you and your vassals refuse more dreadful from the hand of an offended God." Sigurd was amazed and confounded cannot," said he, "O, king! renounce the religion that has been sanctioned by custom, and which I received from my ancestors; I am not wiser than they were, nor can I now majesty proposes excels the worship that my forefathers practiced." But the king would not argue the matter; it was enough that he had faith in the new religion himself, and was-wherever he had the power-determined to propagate it to the fullest extent. He. knowledge themselves converted, both father and son, and all with them, should forthwith be put to death. Under these peculiar cir-cumstances the Earl accepted the conditions, and together with all his people was baptized. Having thus settled affairs in the Orcades the king took his leave of Sigurd in the most friendly manner, and proceeded on Earl's son as a pledge of his sincerity. King Olaus was after his death canonized on ac-

> "Hundius, it seems, lived but a short time with King Olaus, and as soon as his death was made known, Sigurd threw off the oath of allegiance he had sworn to the king of Norway and entered into a treaty of alliance with Malcolm II., King of Scotland, whose daughter he married and by whom he had an only son named Thorfinnus, who was afterwards Earl of Caithness. By his previous marriage with Kriemhilda he had had four sons, the three who survived him succeeding him in his possessions in the Orcades and Zetland.

"The last expedition which Sigurd made, and which proved fatal to him, was to Ireland, having been induced to assist Prince Sytrig, surnamed Silk-beard, against his powerful step-father, King Brian. In this expedition, Sigurd felt confident of success, and was fully persuaded that victory would follow in the path o the magical standard given him by the Walkyries. After many delays the two armies at length met at Clonfart, near Dublin. It was Cristmas day (in the year 1014). After a desperate encounter, increase of population and their proximity Sigurd lost two standard-bearers and the tide to Scotland become valuable appendages to of battle seemed turned against him, every telling the Earl that he might keep his deviltry to himself, and tearing the colors from the staff and twisting them round his bosom, he dashed headlong into the fight. King Brian was killed in this memorable battle, and also Sigurd, who was thrust through with a spear; and thus the mischief that followed the carrying of this flag, sacred to Odin, which his mother had foretold, was verified and proved fatal to himself at last.

> "On the same day that this battle was fought in Ireland, the following prodigy was seen in Caithness. Am n named Daraddus saw a number of young, beautiful women on horseback riding round a hill with drawn swords in their hands, clad in white and steel which glittered li e silver in the sunshine, and they finally seemed to enter into it. He was led by curiosity to approach the spot, when, looking through an opening in the side of the hill be observed twelve levely

> the side of the hill, he observed twelve lovely women employed in weaving a web. As they wove they sung a mournful dirge, descriptive of the battle in Ireland, in which they foretold the death of King Brian and that of the Europe of the When they had for ched their the Earl Sigurd. When they had finished their task, they tore the web into twelve pieces.
> Each took her own portion and once more mounting their horses, six galloped to the south and six to the north."

> The spirits mentioned by our historian were, no doubt, the Walkyries, or choosers of the slain in the old Gothic mythology and the special ministers of Odin. This singular legend derives a peculiar interest from the circumstance that it forms the subject of Gray's ode, "The Fatal Sisters," which is one of the finest and best known in the English language. Motherwell, another English poet, written also a heartiful noem entitled has written also a beautiful poem entitled "The Battle Flag of Sigurd," in which mention is also made of the Walkyries, and there exist several more poems in English and in Danish on this subject, the battle of Clonfart being the most famous of all the battles fought in Ireland during the middle ages.

> Torfacus also tells us in another part of his history the following anecdote, which is likewise mentioned in the Orkeyinga Saya: "Harecus, an Orkney knight whom Sigurd had refused to take with his army when he left Orkney and desired him to remain at home, telling him he would be the first person he would acquaint of his success, saw or fancied he saw, Earl Sigurd with a troop of soldiers at some distance riding towards him, when a troop of beautiful women, also on horse-back, made their appearance from the other side; and one advanced and embraced him in the most affectionate manner. They were then seen to ride together to a little rising ground where they disappeared and were never seen afterwards." Torfacus supposes that it must have been the devil who thus carried off Sigurd, but the legends of the Scandinavians tell us that it was the beautiful Brunhilde, a Walkyrie whom Sigoff to Valhalla.

The county of Caithness belonged to Nor-

Ralph, the nephew of the First Sigurd, having refused to owe sway to the King of Orcades was preparing to set off on an expe-dition to Iceland, and he sent him an invita-tion to visit him on board the royal ship. The Earl, who was alike an intriped soldier and a Ralph—Hrolf or Rollo which is the softened throughly upright ruler, feeling confidence French form of his name—his direct descending various scientific Journals, stretch through

Among others was the family of Sinclair or Saint Clair, nearly related to the royal Nordied at ninety-eight. man line-who in the Fifteenth century by the marriage of William Sinclair (son of that Sinclair Baron of Rosslyn, who, in 1446, built the beautiful chapel of Rosslyn near Edinburgh, the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in Scotland) with the last heiress of the Norwegian Earls, succeeded to their feudal lands and titles in Caithness and Orkney. when he surmounted the ancient arms o these counties with the Galic cock or chanticleer, the crest of the Saint Clair family, and adopted the beautiful English motto, "Commit thy work to God." The family thus returned after a circuit through France, England and Scotland to the very county whence their ancestors had set out with Rollo 500 years years before, and the present Earl of Caithness-George Sinclair fifteenth of the Scotch line and now a Peer of England, is the direct descendent of this family.

The foregoing excellent article, by reason of its interesting features, ought to have received earlier attention in our columns, but a press of other matter has kept it in reserve until now, and it will be found to have lost nothing by the delay.

Woman's Department.

A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

Flowers spring to blossom where she walks The careful ways of duty; Our hard, stiff lines of life, with her Are flowing curves of beauty

Our homes are cheerful for her sake, Our dooryards brighter blooming. And all about the social air Is sweeter for her coming.

Unspoken homilies of peace Her daily life is spreading; The still refreshment of the dew Is her unconscious teaching.

And never tenderer hand than hers Unknits the brow of ailing. Her garments to the sick man's ear Have music in their trailing;

Her presence lends its warmth and health To all who come before it. If woman lost us Eden, such As she alone restore it.

And if the husband or the wife In home's strong light discovers Such slight defaults as failed to meet The blinded eyes of lovers,

Why need we care to ask?--who dreams Without their thorns of roses, Or wonder that the truest steel The readlest spark discloses.

For still in mutual suffrage lies The secret of true living; Love scarce is love that never knows

The sweetness of forgiving.

-J. G. Whittier.

From an open letter on Maria Mitchell, th astronomer, by Anna C. Brackett in the October Century, we quote the following: "Nothing was more characteristic of her than the way in which she accepted the position and the salary offered her, without ever thinking to inquire whether the salary was the same as that given to the other professors. It was the chance to work that she wanted, the chance for influence in one of the first colleges for women. The money she was to re ceive was a miner consideration, and quite as characteristic was her indignation when, after being there for a considerable time, her attention was at last called to the fact that she, a mature woman, with a European fame, was receiving a salary less than that paid to some of the professors who were young men, almost entirely without experience and quite destitute of reputation. The indignant protest, which then called for an equal salary man part of personal of firm. ary, was not a personal affair. She flamed out in behalf of all women, and of abstract justice, with a glow which forced an immediate increase in salary. The excuse for this injustice must be found first in the fact that, at the time when Vassar College was established, women had not proved what they can do in professional lines, and, second, in the very conservative influences which guided the policy of the institution. In her religious belief Maria Mitchell was attached to one of the so-called most liberal sects. The children of the old Quaker families of Nantucket generally went over to the Unitarians if they departed from the strict faith of their fathers, so that in this matter also she was almost if not quite alone at Vassar. But she was appointed on the ground of her reputation as an astronomer, and fortunate was it for the college that the question of her religious belief was not raised until after her appointment.

The absolute truth which, as I have said, was the key-note of her character, could not fail to make her teaching thorough, for a love of truth is one and the same, whether in the intellectual or the moral sphere. But, as with all true teachers, it was the force of her personal character that acted most upon the young women with whom she came in con-

We cannot refrain from another quotation: Maria Mitchell's Reminiscences of the Herschels, which appears in the October Century, is such pleasant reading that we append a few paragraphs:

Although of Jacob Herschel's children, Sir William and Caroline are the only ones who are known to science, it is evident that the taste for science belonged to the whole family, as Caroline Herschel in her autobiogra-phy speaks of lying awake and listening to discussions between the father and the elder brothers in which the names of Newton, Leib nitz and Euler frequently occurred.

William Herschel considered himself very fortunate when he was engaged as musician to an English regiment. Growing in reputation; he was appointed organist in a church, studied Italian, Latin and reek by himself, and read mathematical works on music. Thus music led him to mathematics, thence to optics, to astronomy, to discoveries, to reputation. He became known to George III., was pensioned, gave himself wholly to astronomy, was knighted, and soon became a member of all the learned societies in Europe.

Workers in physical science have generally been long-lived, perhaps because only with length of years can any thing be done in sci-ence. Perhaps, too, scientific studies are healthpromoting, for if it is hour after hour over books. it is also hour after hour alone with

The Herschels worked a great many years

died at ninety-eight.

Miss Minerva F. Whittier, who was principal of Salem Street School, Worcester, Mass., for eleven years, has accepted a position in the Sandwich Islands as principal of the Kohala Seminary.

Senator Wade's daughter has entered a training-school for nurses, and means to be a professional nurse. Congressman Breckinridge's daughter is a teacher in a normal college, and Judge Kelly has a daughter who is a very successful practicing physician.

Miss Mary Upson, who has been County School Superintendent of Gage county, Nebraska, is the regular nominee for election. It is said that she has shown more energy and ability in the work than was ever displayed by any of the long line of gentlemen who preceded her in office.

Amanda M. Douglas, the novelist, has, for the past sixteen years been the chief support of her father and sister, and most of the time of her mother also. During all these years she has written, on an average, two novels a year; in fact, she has been so busy that she has seldom been away from home for a week at a time.

The Pundita Ramabai has named her home for high caste Hindoo widows "Sharda Sadan," or the "Home of Learning." Ramabai now has eighteen pupils, most of them Brahmins. Six live in the house with her; the rest are day scholars. She says: "People are much prejudiced against me, but I hope this prejudice will gradually die away.'

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILO-SOPHICAL JOURGAL.

THE WOOING OF GRANDMOTHER GREY. By Kate Tannatt Woods. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$2.00.

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A valuable little book full of information, on letter writing, postoffice business, telegrams, express business, banking, taxes, mortgages, insurance, investments, and speculation. Young people can learn from this book how to avoid the perplexities of inexperience in business affairs.

SPEAKING PIECES for Little Scholars and Older Pupils. By Ellen O. Peck. Boston: Lee & Shep-ard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, 50 cents. This little book consists of original dialogues and recitations, charades and entertainments for school and home exhibitions, and it will be found very serviceable to all interested in the work of arranging such entertainments.

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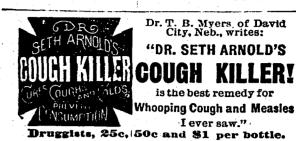
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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, October 19, 1889.

What Good?

"What is the good of Spiritualism any way?" is a not unfrequent question asked by those who have no conception of its all-potent power for good when properly understood and utilized. Inter-communion between the two worlds is only a small part of Spiritualism, yet a most important one, often attended by results of the highest value. The JOURNAL always discourages the practice of depending on spirits to guide and advise as to worldly matters and deprecates the too common practice of running to mediums for tips on stocks, grain and horse-races as well as appealing to spirits to help in every business emergency. Yet that there are times when spirit friends can and do assist those in dire distress, or for purposes above and beyond the mere selfish interests of those aided, is not questioned by any one who has studied the subject. An instance has lately come to our knowledge for the truth of which we can unreservedly vouch, where a poor old mother was helped out of her distress by the aid of a son in spirit-life.

A lady who has been a resident of Chicago for more than twenty-five years, well known in former years as a brilliant member of fashionable circles, became convinced some fifteen years ago of the truth of Spiritualism. Gradually she developed clairvoyance and clairaudience, frequently seeing and describing spirits and as frequently hearing spirit voices. That these experiences were not mere vagaries of the mind has often been proven by the most incontestible evidence. For convenience we will call her Mrs. B., because that is not her name, and because she would shrink from any publicity being given her philanthropic spirit and charity work. Her heart is ever reaching out to the poor, the sick and the oppressed. With a heart full to overflowing with gratitude we often recall her kindness to us when in the winter of 1885-6 we lay week after week in a sickroom suffering as only one can suffer who has bankrupted his nervous system and must endure the long and tedious process of recuperation. During that unusually cold winter this delicate, great hearted woman came reg ularly through the storms and biting winds a distance of several miles to bring us rare flowers from the hot-house, and, what was infinitely more grateful and health giving. the fragrance and healing power of her own sweet uplifting influence. And scores of people in this city, many of whom never heard of her until like an angel of hope and comfort she appeared in their presence, bless her as we do. She is not rich in this world's goods; indeed, only by strict economy and self-denial can she venture to expend money in her work, but in spiritual forces her supply is unlimited and the more she draws the greater is her ability to enlarge the draft. For the past year or two Mrs. B. has been on a protracted visit with friends in New England, and so busy at her altruistic work, even there, that she rarely writes her old friends or speaks of what she is doing. Lately in writing to an intimate lady friend in Chicago she recounted an incident illustrative of the practical good of spirit communion in relieving distress. The letter was shown to us. It is plainly apparent that the good woman never for a moment thought of tak- | forestall the criticisms of our opponents and ing any credit to herself but told the story allay any doubts of those who fear they may as a third person might have done, solely to | be led into some trap or drafted into the perdemonstrate how a spirit may guard and protect those dear to him. We feel impelled to give the story to our readers just as written in a familiar way to her friend, and here | journalistic career has been to make people it is:

.... I think I did not write you of a little | truth by first stimulating their reasoning | remembered, for she created something of a | matter of fact, Talmage is paid some thou-

experience I had just before I left Boston. I had been shopping with E. all the morning and came home to dine at two o'clock, her usual hour. I was very tired. After dinner I found it necessary to see my sewing woman who lived across Dartmouth street bridge. I felt too weary to walk and concluded to take two lines of cars. I came out to the sidewalk and heard in emphatic tones the word, "walk!" I started like an arrow, turned upon Dartmouth street and was nearing Commonwealth avenue when I saw a woman of perhaps 65 approaching me. She would go a little distance and stop. Presently I saw the spirit form of a young man who was urging her to speak to me. I walked towards her and she asked if I knew where she could obtain work. I asked what she could do, and her reply was, "clean house, sew and scrub floors." I said, "you are too old and not strong enough to scrub floors." I stood upon the walk with her for nearly two hours and ascertained her history. As I was leaving she said, "I did not want to speak to you, but my son made me." I asked where her son was: she said he had been in spirit-life for three years. I told her I saw him urging her to come to me. She was overjoyed and said, "I am so glad, for my friends call me insane." I told her I would go to her home. I went, accompanied by my son, and found her absent, but a daughter of 18 was at home and a great invalid. We questioned her and found that the reports of mother and daughter corresponded exactly. As I left, I said mentally, "If this work is for me, do not allow it to pass from my mind." I was awakened at midnight and immediately found myself planning for the needs of the family. I had only two or three days before leaving. I sent for the woman to come and see me and when she came I gave her money and clothing to relieve immediate wants. The woman said, with the money she could pay her rent and get food and fuel. "Oh," said she, "I was wild to think my son was to leave me and he said to me, 'Mother, God is merciful and I am sure he will let me come back and minister to you,' and it is my son who saw that you would help me." She said that prior to his leaving he used to sit with her evenings when she was sewing, as she had to sew at that time, being engaged during the day. He would sit at the table, and with the ends of his fingers drum tunes upon it. The mother worn and weary would say nervous ly, "Oh, Edgar, don't make that noise." He would answer, "Mother don't drive me away, for when I am what you call dead I shall come back and make myself known to you in that way." After he had been gone three months she was sitting alone sewing one evening, when she heard the familiar airs upon the table. On hearing this experience I said. "You can afford to let your friends call you insane. You have the knowledge; when they have suffered what you have, revelations may be given them. Hold fast to your knowledge and do not falter; ministering spirits will relieve your needs." She was quite anxious to send her daughter to an uncle in Nova Scotia who was a farmer; he would keep her a year. Having only twentyfour hours to think about that and much to do for myself, I said audibly, when alone, "If I am to aid, open the way, and I will do the work." I could think of little else, still no way opened. I rode to the station and was seated in the car, feeling that some one else must do that work, when a wealthy friend came in and took a seat with me. I related my story and she said, "If you will do the work, I will furnish the money." I accepted and through my son I did the work. The girl is at her uncle's, improving from day to day and I have had two letters from her. Need we ask what good can come from Spir-

Organization.

In this number of the JOURNAL considera ble space is given to thought elicited by the very brief editorial, "Unity," in last week's paper, wherein was advocated unity, organ ization and fellowship. There are in hand more expressions of opinion on the important subject, which are of necessity crowded out Those published this week are not selected, but taken in the order of their reception. We have no desire to manipulate the responses in any way in the interest of our own personal views. Our only purpose, primarily, is to agitate thought upon a vital topic and to record the gauge of the class of intelligent, orderly and aspiring souls who constitute the great bulk of the Journal's sub scribers. Should the gauge indicate sufficient unity of thought and purpose to make a preliminary movement toward concerted action and organization, the method and means and people for the work will develop as time

In precipitating this agitation we have no pet scheme or personal ends to advance, and above all things, no ambition for leadership. Our sole purpose is to advance the best intertremendous potency along its scientific, philosophical, ethical and religious lines. To be a journalist, fearless and fair, progressive and abreast of the times, seems to us personally, the extent of our duty, as it certainly is of our aspiration. We make this statement thus early in the campaign to sonal following of some would-be leader. Continuous readers of the JOURNAL will bear witness that the dominating feature of our think for themselves, to convict them of the | The name of the Queen, Kapiolani, is well

certainly should not have pursued this course, but rather have sought to coax and cajoleto mesmerize and mystify, to feel the popu lar pulse and wait to "count the returns," to the end that we might run with the current of popular favor and secure the approbation of masses of unthinking people. That we have not done this is so self evident our present and future course by the past. This is enough on this point, and we regret the necessity of saying even this much.

Among those putting themselves on record this week will be found some well-known names and others not so well known, but voicing views held by many of the "rank and file "-if this term is permissible. We spread before our readers the views of some of the earliest workers in the Spiritualist two smack of German origin. The postmaster movement, as well as those of some who have come into a knowledge of Spiritualism only within a few years. We ask a careful study of all their statements, and then a wide and profound consideration of the subject under discussion. The Journal is open to brieflet them be brief-statements from all its subscribers who feel disposed to speak—and not one should be indifferent or silent. We do not ask or expect that all will write in harmony with our own position, but such writers need not fear they will be unwelcome or inhospitably treated. We only ask that the best thought of all or any shall be presented, and in lucid language and a fair, fraternal spirit.

In the very brief opening, in last week's JOURNAL, it was impossible that we should more than glimpse the ground to be covered, and unnecessary to magnify special points by extended treatment. In all of the responses published there are points worthy of editorial mention, either for the purpose of further comment or a more complete exposition, but all these will be grasped by our wideawake subscribers. There is a point or two, however, in Brother Howe's communication, likely to mislead as to our attitude unless noticed. His remark as to the lack among Unitarians and Universalists is well taken, but when he inferentially criticizes our necessarily very brief and clearly apparent incomplete statement of last week, (in that we did not dwell more at length upon the "recognition of man as a spiritual and immortal being, the continuity of life and consciousness beyond the grave, and the immanence and inspiring influence of the spiritual world in direct communion with this,") when he does this, it seems to us that his gaze is not on our compact little editorial, but rather wandering up and down the country. Spirit communion was mentioned by us; but for the very reason that "this is the one central doctrine accepted by all Spiritualists, irrespective of all other issues, and is the inspiration of the entire movement"-quoting Brother Howe--we deemed it a work of supererogation to go into extended and specific statement. We evidently were mistaken, unless Brother Howe is unwittingly hypercritical. Therefore we hasten to second, and emphasize, if need be, what our excellent friend says on the

"Moreover I deem it of vital importance," continues Mr. Howe, "that in emphasizing the need of spiritual culture by looking to the interior and dwelling on spiritual themes, we do not neglect the cultivation of phenomenal mediumship as an indispensable factor in this higher education." That depends very much on what Bro. Howe has in mind. If he means that 'phenomenal mediumship" is indispensable in spiritualistic propaganda we heartily agree with him, and this goes without saying. But if he means that to an individual already thoroughly convinced of continuity of life and spirit return phenomenal mediumship is an indispensa ble factor in this higher education", we cer tainly do not agree with him. Phenomenal mediumship to the confirmed Spiritualist is to our mind of no more help to him than would be a periodical rendering of the En glish alphabet to a normal student of the language. If the confirmed Spiritualist is pursuing psychics in the interests of science and to elucidate psychic laws, then his at tention to "phenomenal mediumship" is, of course, necessary and "indispensable," not

otherwise—in our opinion. No one has suffered more from the un healthy appetite of so called Spiritualists for "phenomenal mediumship" than has Brother Howe, whose able lectures have no attractions for mere phenomenalists and whose inspired spiritual discourses and sweet, uplifting presence will be deserted any time by a majority of the average audience in order to witness the performance of some spiritualistic fakir whose dime show has been opened at the same hour and who, possessed, possibly, of a modicum of medial and psychic power and no moral character or aspiration ests of Spiritualism, to develop it in all its above the mercenary, is prepared to temporarily supply the insatiable maw of the chronic wonder seeker. One result of organization would be to give such teachers as Brother Howe a fair show, and an earnest and continuous hearing.

> The Paradise of the Pacific, a paper that hails from Honolulu, has found its way to our table from which we learn some interesting facts. The name of the King of the Hawaiian Islands, Kalakaua, is not unfamiliar to our readers, for not many years since he traveled through this country and was lionized to some extent by a few of the American cities.

as to need no assertion on our part at this of four straight English names: Damon, Austime. And we ask our readers to judge as to tin, Thurston and Ashford. The supreme court is comprised of five judges and one chief clerk. There is one Mack among the former, the rest being Americans or English, while the chief clerk is one of the ubiquitous Smith family. The police court is conducted by William Foster. The customs department is manned by Cleyborn, Boardman and Fuller. There are thirteen government officials of whom eleven have Anglo-saxon names and general is a German and the assistant postmaster general is a native. In the board of education, consisting of three, we find the names of Bishop, Atkinson and Smith. The board of health, comprising three members, shows the names of Emerson, Ashby and the French surname of Trousseau. Thus, outside of the royal family, we find in the whole official directory only one native name, that of D. Manaku, the assistant postmaster general the whole machinery of the government being run by foreigners with King Kalakaua as the figure head.

Talmage and His Ruins.

will know before this issue of the JOURNAL reaches its readers. Talmage's tabernacle in Brooklyn was burned. Loss, about \$200,000. There was no fire in the building and no possible way known by which it could have | huge pile was struck by lightning. Now as we don't believe in Talmage's God we don't believe there was any "Divine Providence" in the disaster. We don't believe God forged and fired the thunderbolt to punish the blatant sensationalist, though we are not so sure but what a small sized streak of lightning sent ricochetting down the long stretch from his head to his feet would do him good from the standpoint of moral sanitation. As this is the very elaborate showing of the State of church was burned once before, it looks as | Colorado in the south east portion of the though Talmage's own heated imagination structure. It is not only worthy of particumight be the cause of these repeated ignitions; leastwise it is a matter that the Brooklyn board of underwriters will do well to investigate before insuring the splendid structure which will undoubtedly rise from the ruins. Supposing, instead of his own or some other costly orthodox church edifice, Mr. Ayer's magnificent temple on Boston's Back Bay, acknowledged to be one of the three most artistic architectural piles in that esthetic | ment at the dazzling display of fruit that city, or Paine Hall, the noble structure dedicated to free-thought in the same city, had been struck by lightning and consumed by fire. What an opportunity Talmage would strange to say there were peaches, and grapes. have had to interpret the will of God; how he would have reveled in all the superlatives and dextronsly handled his vast store of didn't believe Colorado could ever do such catch words and mental pyrotechnics. might have run something like this:

Ha. ha. ha! ve imbeciles, ve vipers, ve hellspawn. God is after you with His thunderbolts. Have not I, the servant of the Most High and interpreter-general to the Court of Heaven, warned you in tones of thunder to come in out of the wet? Have I not told you how God drowned your ancestors like rats,and how he would come down on you sooner or later with fire! Yea verily! All this and more have I preached and you heeded me not. 1 have filled (in my imagination) all the insane asylums and penitentiaries with you, and when I saw your numbers increasing and that you paid not homage and tribute to me, I gave God the tip and He turned on the fire. What you got last Sunday morning is only a foretaste of what is in store for you. The fires of hell are heated to a white heat and the Devil is fanning them with a Dakota blizzard. When they are thrice white-heated and the brimstone is transformed into superheated gases, then will I gaze into the pit and jeer you as singly, in squads and by the thousand you are tumbled into everlasting torment!

Polite and Christian readers, if you say the above is in bad taste we shall not deny it but plead in extenuation that it is Talmagian and just such hifalutin as thousands of you pay to hear from the Brooklyn preacher; the preacher who has the sublime audacity, the unspeakable gall, to appeal to the whole world through the Associated Press to help re build his church! Here is how he begs:

....We want \$100,000 which, added to the in surance (\$130,000), will build us what is needed. I make appeal to all our friends through christendom, to all denominations, to all creeds and those of no creeds at all to come to our assistance. I ask all readers of my sermons the world over to contribute as far as their means will allow. What we do as a church depends upon the immediate response made to this call. I was on the eve of departure for a brief visit to the Holy Land that I might be better prepared for my work here, but that visit must be postponed. I cannot leave until something is done o decide our future. May the God who has our destiny as individuals and churches in his hand appear for our deliverance. Responses to this appeal to the people may be set to me at Brooklyn, N. Y. and I will with my own hands acknowledge the re-

There are tens of thousands of guileless people, scattered far and wide, who believe the reports of Talmage's sermons, appearing in numerous papers, from Maine to California, from St. Paul to New Orleans, on the Monday following delivery, are actually reported on the spot and telegraphed. As a

powers and then setting forth facts and ar- sensation a little more than two years ago sands of dollars a year for advance copies of guments free from all sophistry and all gla- and received much attention from Boston roy- his sermons. These are handled by a widemour of party, or sect, or personal bias. Had alty-lovers; but it is not generally known awake concern, which stereotypes them and we been desirous of a personal following we that one of the royal family rejoices in the sends the plates by express all over the countitle and name of Her Royal Highness the try in advance of the delivery of the sermon Princess Victoria-Kawekiu-Kaiulani-Lunali- in Brooklyn. In this way it happened that lo-Kalaninuiahilapalapa, but she does, and | the sermon for last Sunday was ready to go vet survives. The royal court is composed of | to press in the various offices which buy this nine personages, two of whom, the chamber- | kind of ware, when the fire burned the church lain and vice chamberlain, have English and prevented the delivery of the sermon names and must be either Englishmen or | The chances are that not all of the papers Americans. The King's cabinet is made up | managed as advoitly in this dilemma as did the Chicago Times. ere is how the Times utilized the plates and saved appearances: NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—Owing to the destruction of the Fabernacle by fire last night. Dr. Talmage did not preach this morning. He, however, consented to give his manuscript to the Times reporter for publication. His sermon on "The Saving Look"—text, Hebrews, xii., 2, "Looking unto Jesus"—is as

That Talmage is a silent partner and accessory, before the fact, to the mild perennial hoax needs no argument to satisfy any rational mind. How Jesus must admire his interpreter and prospective biographer! How the financier who carried the money-bag for Jesus' company must regret that he is not now a denizen of earth to learn points in money getting from Talmage, or that he did not have the Brooklyn preacher with him in the trying times of long ago.

Inter-State Exposition.

The Chicago Exposition is drawing to a close and those who have not seen it should avail the neelves of the passing opportunity. for the 19th is the last day. Many people defer their visit until toward the finality thinking that the best is reserved for the last of the feast, and perhaps this is somewhat On Sunday morning last, as all the world | true, though it is not well to put off a call too long. There is really a very fine exhibit this year, and one needs to go early and stay late if he would wish to take it all in, but it would be still better to make repeated visits in order to fully appreciate the importance caught. It is pretty well settled that the and excellence of the show. To lovers of art the picture gallery affords a world of interest and a whole day is no more than sufficient for an intelligent survey of the masterpieces there found.

It would require more space than we have at disposal to give a description of the many meritorious exhibits that have found their way into the building this year, but there is one that deserves particular mention and that lar mention but no one should come away from there without giving it a critical examination. It is a magnificent display of the varied and valuable resources of the centennial State; we were prepared to see crystalized silver, nuggets of gold, ingots of copper pigs of iron, etc., etc., for the mineral wealth of Colorado is world-wide knowledge now, but we must confess to a strange bewilderconfronted us. There were apples and apples, plump and luscious, red, crimson, vellow and golden, until it made us tired. And and red peppers, and big squashes—and, well there's no use trying to enumerate. We things but she's done it and now we know it.

There are other attractions at the Exposition. Not only is the eye pleased, but the ear. also. To listen to the band concert alone is worth the price of admission, the orchestra under the leadership of Prof. Liesegang having no equal west of New York. And then, between times, a boy soprano at one of the piano-stands chips in his warbling notes and never fails to draw an interested crowd. Taking it all in all the Inter State Industrial Exposition is a grand success.

Cranks.

Just now the world is threatened with another wave of crankism. Georgeism, Blavatskvism. Nationalism, with the individual cranks running hobbies in every corner of the earth. These people forget or don't know that all the questions they are discussing have been discussed for the thousandth time with no perceptible result except that which slowly emerges out of the universal chaos under the law of evolution which takes in all the factors of the world's common life. Take for instance the land question. Every student of political economy knows that John Stuart Mill, Spencer, Ricardo, Louis Blanc, and others who have thought on the subject, have declared that the ownership of land lies at the base of all our economic troubles. But the ownership of land exists. It has become, like all other kinds of property, a part of civilization, protected by law and subject to all the conditions of this hard and selfish life. To disturb these relations involves a revolution which the law of evolution will settle if left to its peaceful, slow adjustments. Georgeism is cowardly, hypocritical and revolutionary. If continued it will end in dynamite and the rifle. We like manliness in every thing.

Nationalism is sentiment run to seed; harmless and yet amusing in its vagaries. Other fads are not so harmless nor so amusing, but even more ephemeral and diaphanous. And so the world moves in its universal grind.

There are two kinds of evolution—one from below, the other from above. We want both, but we want them to run on parallel lines. Just now the infernal needs no help: it can run the external if let alone. It is im portant that all men should have an evean understanding eye-to the inward. A higher life is needed; to attain it man must muster himself under the law whose ministering is the spirit of Justice and Love.

Japanese Progress.

At a noonday meeting in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, one days last week, a young New Norker by the name of John T. Swift gave an interesting talk. In company with two companions he went to Tokio, Japan, a couple of years ago to engage in missionary work, and during the four or five months past he has been collecting money in Eastern cities for the purpose of establishing a Y. M. C. A. building in that city, and is now on his return voyage. He represents Tokio as being larger than Chicago and nearly as progressive. There are no loafers there he says, everybody is busy about something. Wages are low, but the purchasing power of money is greater and people live in comparative comfort. The Empire has a population of 38,000,-000 and is about the size of Texas. Over 1,200 miles of railroad are in operation and telegraph lines and telephones keep equal pace. Our Western civilization is copied with astonishing rapidity. There are 30,000 primary schools and attendance upon them is made compulsory. Of high schools there are 300, colleges 6, and 1 university. In Tokio alone, we are assured, there are 8,000 students. These people are remarkable for their mental power. The deeper problems of philosophy and metaphysics have a special attraction for Japanese students and they grasp them with singular force. The great Imperial university of Tokio is the strong hold of free thought -the seat of agnostic philosophy-and the pages of Mill, of Spencer, of Darwin and of Huxley are familiar to the professors and students. The speaker said that the Japanese take naturally to the English language; that it is taught in the schools and that pupils are required to study it. The demand for English instruction is so great that any kind of material is eagerly seized upon to the detriment, often, of the learner, and the field would seem to be a good one for American teachers out of employment.

Six Weeks Free.

In order to reach large numbers who are unfamiliar with the JOURNAL and who cannot, from a single specimen number selected at random, judge of the paper, the publisher will, from this date to December 1, send is six weeks free of charge on receipt of a request from the person desiring to receive it. It will also be thus sent to lists of readers furnished by old subscribers, but upon one condition which must be strictly observed in every instance, in order to prevent any misunderstanding: The correspondent sending names must notify, by postal card or otherwise, those whose addresses he or she sends in and inform them of the offer made by the publisher and that the names have been forwarded. Correspondents furnishing lists under this proposal should be careful to notify the publisher that they have complied with this condition; otherwise he will not feel justified in filling the order. Now let us work together and see how many new readers can be judiciously obtained. Old subscribers need hardly be told that they should exercise good judgment in the selection of names, sending in only those likely to understand and appreciate the paper.

Five Generations.

"Daughter," wrote Mme. de Sevigne in a famous phrase, "go and tell your daughter that her daughter's little girl is crying." There is a family at Ros coff, in France, in which such a remark would be appropriate, since there are five generations of it alive at this moment. The oldest member of the family is a great-great-grandmother of 93, and the youngest a small descendant aged one month. They all went to church the other day when the newest generation was christened.

We clip the above from the Sunday's Chicago Times, but upon the same date we were presented, for inspection, by Dr. S. J. Dickson, a photo of a group of five generations, the first being that of his mother, Mrs. Isabella Dixon, of Westfield, N. Y.; the second that of her daughter, Mrs. A. M. Culver of the same place; the third, that of Mrs. E. Peck, also of the same town, daughter of Mrs. Culver; the fourth, that of Mrs. G. Clark, of Girard, Pa., daughter of Mrs. Peck, and fifthly, little Minnie, the two-year-old daughter of Mrs. Clark, one of whose great-greatgrandmothers died a few years since at the age of one hundred and four years, and who still has a great-great-grandfather living in his ninetieth year. The five generations are now in the enjoyment of good health, Mrs. Dickson being in her eighty third year, but having the appearance of a woman not over seventy years of age.

But that which is quite as remarkable is that Mrs. Dickson has several grandchildren who now have from five to seven or more grandparents living, one of them having six living within a stone's throw of his own door and seven within the same town.

A story has been going the rounds of the press, through the country, about the divorcement of a Jewish woman from her dead husband and the husband's brother. A curious ceremony was depicted by the ambitious reporter, and in order to give his yarn a sensational climax he had it that the woman became of ashen hue, reeled and fell to the floor in a dead faint. The American Israelite (Chicago), publishes the account in full and says that no Israelite can read it and preserve his gravity, but that at the same time it does the fact that "thousands of well meaning harvest moon festival at Waverly. He is and kindly disposed Gentiles may have read it and immediately taken for granted that such is the prevailing custom among the great a piece of news as it is to his Christian | constantly employed.

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neighbor, and for the first time he is made aware that such a ceremony was ever in vogue. The same paper doubts the truth of the report, and adds: "The Jew knows no higher law than the law of the land, and in marriage and divorce, the latter being happily of rare occurrence, the laws of his land suifice. Of course, he prefers that all ceremonies be conducted according to the rites of his church, and by an official of that church; but any authorized person may perform these same ceremonies, regardless of faith, and make the compact hard and fast according to law."

We have in mind a gentleman who lately died in a neighboring city. We are going to watch the columns of our esteemed contemporary in Boston for the next year with great interest, hoping to see a communication from the unhappy man, for we know he must be so after what transpired last week at his funeral. It seems he had the indiscreetness to die and leave two widows behind-one was a divorced one to be sure, but she it was who caused all the mischief. The day was appointed for the funeral and the second wife had everything most properly arranged. The mourners arrived, the services were commenced and in fact nearly finished when wife No. one appeared on the scene. Her old affection came back and with consuming grief she fell across the coffin of the departed, when wife No. two, taking in the situation, with consuming wrath fell across wife No. 1, and the two scratched and clawed each other to the great diversion of the mourners who had now forgotten their sorrow and their tears. But after a while the combatants had to stop for want of breath. Then the undertaker who one of her soul-inspiring addresses. A resohad been engaged by the first wife ran afoul of the undertaker secured by the second wife and a lively scrimmage ensued. They hammered each other till the police had to interfere. Quiet was then restored and the poor defunct was enabled to enjoy a short season of repose, but couldn't be buried. Writs of habeas corpus were sworn out by both women-injunctions and counter-injunctions served, but finally the second wife gained the day and the distracted remains were at length laid away to rest. If the too-much-married deceased can ever get a hearing at that Banner of Light free circle he will surely speak his mind. As he was not a Spiritualist, but a consistent church member, it may take him some time to find his way to the Banner circle.

The people of England are beginning to appreciate and fully recognize what Mr. Gladstone, the "grand old man," has long been striving for, and that is, intelligent home rule. But it has been brought about under a new guise and name which makes a demand for reform in the relation of landlords and tenants. The anti-landlord sentiment is rapidly spreading throughout the kingdom and every election lately held, instead of being fought under the old war cry of Gladstone and home rule (which caused little or no enthusiasm), is now turning upon the capitalist and land question. The result of the growing realization of Gladstone's purposes is, that the votes on his side are increasing every week. Mr. Michael McDavitt is a keen observer of this new movement, which is assuming great proportions, and he writes of it with a thorough knowledge of its meaning and probable results. He predicts that at an early date there will be a concurrent triumph of land nationalization and home rule. He says that it will be but a brief time before the industral classes will demand the abolition of indirect taxation, and will insist that the government shall raise the necessary national revenue upon land values alone in country and city. The importance of this view of the situation is manifest, and the Tories feel it very keenly. The general indication points to Gladstone as the great political reformer of the age.

The Worcester Daily Spy, of Oct. 7, has what it calls a "peculiar story," all of which is embraced in fifteen lines, vouched for by veracious persons, and which, on investigation, proved to be a fact. It goes on to say that W. A. Marcy of that city has of late been very ill, and on Sunday the 5th inst., some friends called in to see him. One of the party inquired if anything could be done for him when Mr. Marcy promptly answered: "Get me a partridge and I'll show you what can be done." "At that moment a bird flew by the window," says the Spy, "and alighted on a tree in front of the house. A glance showed that it was the bird asked for by Mr. Marcy, a fine, plump partridge. A gun was soon brought and Mr. Marcy had the bird for dinner." Here the story ends and we are left in doubt as to whether all was accomplished that Mr. Marcy thought could be done by the acquisition of a partridge. He evidently knew that his cook was capable of making a most excellent and savory broth, if he only had the partridge, but we would really like to know whether the patient was killed or cured by it.

Mr. Weldon, chairman of the Chicago Harmonial Society, informs us that owing to continued ill health Mrs. Ada Foye is obliged to cancel her engagement with him, as well as all others, and go at once to California. As she had a two-months' engagement here. and others covering all the time until next July, it will be a serious disappointment both to Mrs. Foye and the several societies.

Lyman C. Howe spoke at Elmira, N. Y., cause him some annoyance to reflect upon three evenings last week and attended the lecturing the Sundays of this month in Buffalo, and is still open to engagements for December, January and March. Address Jews," while in truth to the Jew it is as Fredonia, N. Y. Mr. Howe should be kept

Thos. A. Edison, fondly called "the wizard" by his admiring friends, returned from Europe on the 6th inst., after an absence of eight weeks. The chief object of his visit was to look after his exhibit in the Paris Exposition, though he also visited Cologne, Berlin, Heidelburg, Metz, Brussels and London. He had a surfeit of attention while abroad and speaks amusingly of the honors conferred upon him by the King of Spain and the French Republic, but says his head is not a particle bigger than it was before he received them. Hereports that the Americans had anything but a representative exhibit and he was not at all proud of it. The French, he says, are manifesting considerable interest in the forthcoming exposition in this country, and he was somewhat surprised at it. He is enthusiastic for a tower to be built and wants it should be 2,000 feet high or 1,500 feet at the very least. A 2,000 feet tower, he thinks, is not a difficult problem for the engineers, and he heard in Paris that M. Eiffel intended coming to America to talk with capitalists about it.

Mr. A. Riker of San Francisco writes, that Mrs. E. L. Watson will probably resume her public work ere long. This will be grateful news, not only to the friends on the Pacific coast but to thousands throughout the country. Mr. Riker speaks of a reception given Mrs. Watson at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson on the last evening of September, at which a number of guests distinguished in civil life were present. Miss Lulu Watson rendered several numbers on the piano with such expression and finish as to elicit great enthusiasm. Mrs. Watson gave lution of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Robinson and daughter was heartily and unanimously tendered, by the guests of the evening, for the enjoyable re-union so thoughtfully arranged and conducted.

One Dr. Crosby lately made the statement that "beer is more nourishing than tea," and a German of Freeport, Ill., in a communication to the New York Voice don't agree with him. He is sure that the Doctor never can have read what Prof. Leibig, a German savant says, that "In as much flour as will lay on the point of a knife there is more nourishment than in nine quarts of the best Bavarian beer." The correspondent says he is a German, but he hates beer and thinks it a pity a man in such a high position as Dr. Crosby should bolster up the saloon business by any such sophistry.

In another place will be found the announcement of Mrs. Hester M. Poole for her course of fall and winter classes in mental cure, physical and ethical culture. We can freely commend Mrs. Peole as a wise, faithful and competent teacher. Few, indeed, are so well qualified for the field she covers, for it is one requiring long years of careful study, self-discipline and practical application. Our readers within reaching distance of Mrs. Poole's location should avail themselves of this opportunity; they will be benefited by her teaching and prepared to help others, as well as themselves.

Mr. Weldon desires it announced that Mrs. S. A. DeWolf will occupy the rostrum of the Harmonial Society at 93 Peoria street the remaining Sundays of October.

The Journal of Man for October, has an excellent table of contents. Psychic Science, Education, Hygiene, Anthropology, are treated. Single copies, twenty cents. For sale at

The Theosophist for September has timely and suggestive articles upon Occultism, Spiritualism, and ancient lore. Price fifty cents. For sale here.

Lucifer for September has a varied list of contents. We are prepared to furnish copies at forty cents.

MRS. POOLE'S ANNOUNCEMENT. Lectures on Mental Cure, Physical and Ethical Culture.

Mrs. H. M. Poole begs leave to announce that she will resume her classes in the study of Physical and Ethical Culture and the Mental Cure, on Tuesday, Nov. 5th, 10:30 A. M., at 333 West 34th St., New

These classes will be held on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays of the first three weeks of each month. On these days Mrs. Poole can be seen or addressed as above, beginning with the last

week in October. Terms made known on applica-Each course will be prefaced by an open lecture, which will be given in the parlors of 347 West 34th Street, on the morning of every Saturday preceding the opening of each class. All friends interested in health and a symmetrical spiritual, psychical and

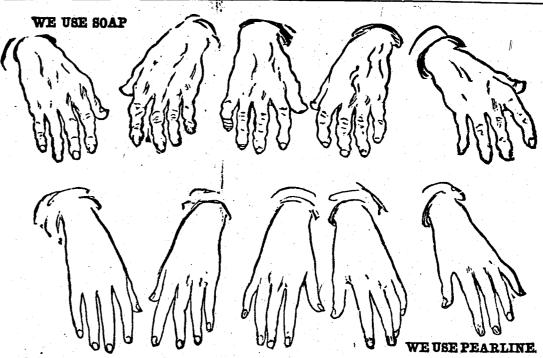
physical development, are cordially invited. In the subject matter of these lessons Mrs. Poole hopes to demonstrate that deductions from Intuition and from the latest discoveries of science, will when practically applied, both heal and prevent all classes of disorders to which mankind are subject. Private classes will be arranged to suit those who are otherwise engaged during the morning hours.

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Voices from the Reople. INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

TWELVE O'CLOCK.

A Legend of Brooklyn.

BY WILL CARLETON.

"Do I love you?" O but listen!" And he saw her dark eyes glisten With a gentle joy that filled him, With a passion wave that thrilled him. "Do I love you?" Ask the ages Front of this life's blotted pages-Cycles that our minds forget. But our souls remember yet-If the strands it ey saw us twine In g eat moments half divine Cannot stand against the cold Voice and touch of senseless gold? How can wealth forbid the meeting Of two hearts that blend in beating? How can thrif: presume to fashion Heaven's eternal love and passion? Listen! If 'tis not o'er-soon, Come to-morrow-day at noon-On that glad, that mournful day, When my girlhood creeps away; On that day—the understood Birthday of my womanhood-Come! and, joined in hand as heart, We will walk no more apart. Meet me-do not let me wait-By this iron—this golden—gate When, its mic-day hour to tell, Rings the silvery Court-house bell.

"Should I fail you, dear, to-morrow, Go away, but not in sorrow; There be many ways may meet Fetters round a maiden's feet. There be watchers, there be spies. There be jealous tongues and eyes; Many hate my love for you. And would cut our love in two. Oh, they guard me all the time. As if loving were a crime!

"Should I fail the second morrow, Hope from next day you must borrow. If I fail you then—endure; Hope and trust be still the cure. Naught on earth has power—has art— Long to hold us two apart. None but God were equal to it, And I know He would not do it. I will come to you, indeed. You would wait, love, were there need?" And he said, with brave endeavor: "I will wait for you forever. Each day I will come for you, Till you come and find me true. Each day hear the hopeful swell Of the mid-day Court-house bell."

So next day he stood and waited For the soul his soul had mated; Saw the clock's black finger climb To its topmost round of time; Heard the mighty metal throat Sing afar its mid-day note; Listened with a nervous thrill And his warm heart standing still: Glanced about with keen desire And his yearning soul afire; Searched and searched with jealous care--Searched, but saw no loved one there. Should I fail you, love, to-morrow, Go away, but not in sorrow,' 'Twas her word," he softly said.
"Be she living, be she dead, Still my heart is scent of fear; She will some time meet me here. My sad soul I will employ With to-morrow's destined joy; Here is happiness for me, Living e'er what is to be. She will come-her love to tell--With to-morrow's mid-day bell,"

So next day he watched and waited With a heart by hope elated; Peering -searching for a face Full of love-exal ed grace. But his glance crept far and wide, With some fear it could not hide; Crept across the grimy pavement, Moaning in its duit enslavement; Roamed the long streets, empty seeming, Though with lovely faces gleaming; Shivered, as with landecape drear, 'Neath a blue sky bright and clear; For the bell, with sorrowing strain, Called her to his side in vain. "'If I fail the second morrow, Hope from next day you must borrow, Twas her word," he bravely said. "Let to-morrow stand instead." Still upon his heart there fell Shadows from the mid-day bell.

Day by day he watched and waited, By cold Disappointment fated; Bit by bit his hoping ceased; Hour by hour his faith increased. Oft he strove to find her then. In her guardian's palace den. But the looks he met were bleak And the marble would not speak; Would not show the poisoned thong Of a dark and fiendish wrong; Would not tell the woe and rage Of a dieary mad-house cage, Where the girl was kept by stealth, Lest she claim her paltry wealth; Could not hear her frantic prayer That God's hand might reach her there Could not see her droop away, Hour by hour and day by day; Could not feel her breath grow still With the healing arts that kill; Could not trace the greed that gave Her a half-named marble grave. Still he watched and waited well 'Neath the weary noontide bell.

Days and weeks and months and years Coursed the face of time like tears-Spring's sweet scented mid-day air, Summer's fierce meridian glare, Autumn's mingled lead and gold, Winter's mureer thrusts of cold. Patiently h + braved each one At its mid-day cloud or sun; Silently be turned—was gone--Sad, despending, and alone. Still his famished eyes crept round, Still be thrilled at every sound. 'Naught on earth has power-has art--Long to hold us two apart. None but God were equal to it, And I know He would not do it. 'Twas her word," he grimly said; "She will come, alive or dead." Pavement travellers passed him by Day by day with curious eye; Dreamers sought romance to trace In his bronzed and fading face; Questioners, though kind, were yet With cold patient silence met; Still be watched and waited well By the lonely Court-house bell.

Yet he came, yet crept away; And his dark-brown hair grew gray, And his manhood's power grew spent, And his form grew thin and bent. Poorly clad and rough to see, Crushed by sickness' stern decree, For inten-e compassion fit. But still grandly scorning it. "He is crazed," they said, aside. "I am saue!" his heart replied. "I will come to you, indeed; You would wait, love, were there need?' 'Twas her word," he faintly said.
"Hands will meet if hearts are wed." Sometimes to him it would seem---Half in earnest, half in dream-He could view her loveliness, But some passing sound or sight Sent the vision back to night: And a dull and mournful knell Seemed the leaden Court-house bell.

As one day his weakened form Bent before a winter storm, As he fell-Death's form before him And a veil of darkness o'er himSoft a voice--or was it seeming?---Full a form --- or was he dreaming? ---Brought a rapture that repaid All the debts that grief had made. "Oh, my love!"- -the words came fast---"Do you see me, then, at last? Do you hear me? Do you feel me? Can the world no more conceal me? Did I meet you? O but listen! When released from pain's black prison, Long through gardens and through meadows, Long through death's black silent shadows With my soul God's I elp estreating, Sought I for our place of meeting. Oh, I crushed my arms around you When I found you-when I found you; Saw you sorrow's black net weaving; Fondly suffering, bravely grieving; Saw the truth you could not see; Felt your loving faith in me.

How each day-God's bely entreating--Came I to our place of meeting! How I hailed each welcome morrow! How I strove to soothe your serrow! Times the thought would come to cheer me, He can see nie! he can bear me! Then the mists of earth would screen us; Then the darkne-s stepped tetween us. Still your dear soul I could see, Suffering yet its way to me. Pain at last has cut the tether; Death will let us live together. Darling, throw your arms around me! You have found me--you have found me. Naught on earth bad power---had art---Long to hold us two apart. None but God were equal to it And I knew He would not do it. Listen! Hear the echoes swell! 'Tis our merry wedding bell! -- Harper's Bazar of Sept. 28.

WONDERFUL LUCK.

Lost Fortunes Strangely Restored to Their Owners.

The paymaster of a railroad company, having its headquarters in Boston, went out on one occasion with \$30,000 to pay off its employes. The money was carried under his arm, wrapped up in an old newspaper. He stopped at a little wayside eatingbouse for divner, and on going away, in a fit of absent-mindedness, left them oney lying on a chair. He had not gone many miles from the place before he missed it, and his dismay on discovering its loss can well be imagined. Almost despairing of recovering the package left in so public a place, he hurried back, and, with trembling voice, asked the woman in charge if she had seen the parcel. "There's a bit of paper on the chair beyant," said she; "perhaps that's it," which it pr ved to be, and the gentleman returned a happier and a wifer man.

A man in the same city lest a roll of bills amounting to \$10,000, which also was wrapped up in a newspaper. He told a friend of his loss, and the friend made him describe all the ground he had been over since he had the money. The last place mentioned was the postoffice. The night was wet overhead and slusby under foot. They visited the postoffice, and going to the spot where the man had been standing they found two or three bits of torn newspaper. It was the same. They looked further, and at last found the lost treasure. It had been kicked in turn by every one who came into the office, and when found was untied and completely soaked with water. It was all there, however, and the friends returned to their hotel and spent several hours in cleaning and drying it. The gentleman was so grateful for the sensible advice which had saved him from serious loss that he took out his friend and bought him the handsomest gold watch | blame them. chain that he could find in the city.

A still more remarkable incident is related of the finding of \$130,000, lost by M. Pages in the Northern Railway Station in Paris some ten years ago. As one Ezelot, a French soldier, was walking with two comrades torough the station, they noticed on the floor a small package wrapped in a newspaper. They kicked it along before them for some distance, and when Ezelot was getting into the train, gcing home on short leave, one of his comrades, picking up the package, thrust it into the canvas forage bag slung at his side, Ezelot going on his way without having perceived the little pleasantry. Arriving at Neuilly, where his parents lived, Ezelot's mother, emptying the forage bag, discovered the bundle, but, thinking it a roll of old newspapers, put it on a table in the kitchen. There it remained for four or five days, till a married sister, calling in and seeing the package, was moved by an unwouted curic sity. Opening it she discovered documents representing £26 000, the loss of which M. Pages had advertised throughout Europe. The soldier and his parents, however, had not seen the advertisement, and not knowing what else to do, had recourse to the maire. That functionary, communicating with Paris, speedily brought down M. Pages, who, gladly paying the promised reward of £1,000, went off with his oddly recovered treasure. It would be an interesting supplement to the narrative if we could have a record of the feelings of the soldier who thrust this unexpected good fortune upon Ezelot when he heard the sequel of his little

Onious Instead of Quinine.

One day I was taken with chills and headache signs that my old enemy, malaria, was on hand. My quinine box was emply and I was looking forward to a restless, sleepless night. In desperation I peeled a raw onion and slowly ate it and then went to bed with warm feet and an extra comforter, when, presto! I was asleep in five minutes and awoke in the morning free from malaria and ready for the day's

Our homely but strong friend will be appreciated in time as a medicine, and if agriculturists would turn their attention to raising a model onion, with the strong scent taken out that taints the breath so unpleasantly, families will be putting their "pills" in the cellar by the barrel and the doctors would take to onion farming. The onion acts as a cathartic and diuretic and may help to break up a cold or lesson the bad symptoms. Said a doctor: "I always store a barrel of onions in my cellar during the fall. We have them cooked twice a week, and whoever of the family is threatened with a cold eats some onion raw. If this vegetable were generally eaten there would be no diphtheria, rheumatism, gout, kidn-y or stomach trouble.

"But, bless you! the young men and women are afraid to eat them. One young man went so far as to say to me; 'If my wife ate onions I would get a bill of divorce.' "--- American Grocer.

How and When to Drink Water.

According to Dr. Leuf, when water is taken into the full or partly full stomach, it does not mingle with the food, as we are taught, but passes along quickly between the food and lesser curvative toward the pylorus, through which it passes into the intestines. The secretion of mucus by the lining membrane is constant, and during the night a considerable amount accummulates in the stomach; some of its liquid portion is absorbed, and that which remains is thick and tenacious. If food is taken into the stomach when in this condition it becomes coated with this mucus, and the secretion of the gastric juice and its action are delayed. These facts show the value of a goblet of water before breakfast. This washes out the tenacious mucus, and stimulates the gastric glands to secretion. In old and feeble persons water should not be taken cold, but it may be with great advantage taken warm or hot. This removal of the accumulated mucus from the stomach is probably one of the reasons why taking soup at the beginning of a meal has been found so beneficial.

Mourning one! Is the cradle empty where thy treasure lay? Is the partner of thy life sleeping? Has the cold winter of Death frozen up all thy joye? Has the pride of thy life been hidden in "Death's of the forty she bears devouring little children by dateless night?" The epring-time comes—the springtime comes, with all its hudding glories! The frosts of Death can never reach the spirit; beneath the cold exterior the living waters still wind and play, and when the paradisean pring-time dawns, even the surface shall melt again into life, and break forth into everlasting song and rejoicing. The spring-time comes. Send up the voice of thanksgiving for the spring-time!-Overland Monthly.

A BOSTON LETTER

Current Information about Venders of Commercial Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. As Oaset is over and the numerous exposed frauds who have been gathering their harvest there are now scattered, it may be interesting to tell of the whereaboute of a few of the more notorious of them. I see by the columns of the Banner that Albro and his "grass widow" medium have opened their show at the old stand. This medium began as an apprentice in Albro's developing institution, as a humble confederate, and has been advanced step by step to the position of leading materializer of "full forms" to the perfect satisfaction of the Banner and that profound advocate of this business, Mr. Brack-tt.

The Cowens, pupils of Albro, have gone back to their respective trades of plumber and shoe-fitter in some small town. By the way, Cowan's little girl or "baby spirit," who so long acted as his ch ef female impersonator, receiving the embraces and kisses of Dr. Whitrez, Brackett and others in the seance room, is now married and settled down, but cccasionally favors per friends with an imitation seance showing how she dropped on her knees for a spirit child and baby talk and got into the cabinet on all fours under the floor through a hole in the brick wall. She performed at the seance when J. W. Fletcher offered his resolutions of thankfulness for the wonderful gifts of the Cowans and a testimony in shekels was contributed by their friende.

From the Pacific slope we have the presence of "Dr." Stansbury, advertised in the Banneras a regular eclectic clairvoyant physician, medium for independent slate writing, etc. This "Dr." fresh from the laurels gathered at Onset, in producing Dis Debar pictures, has set up his variety shop opposite Odd Fellows Hall. This doctor was a trifle unfortunate, down at Onset, on leaving his cottage, for curious people got access to the premises and found every conceivable color of paint and rigments, besides bottles which had contained chemicals. With these he produced his wonderful spirit daub of Theodore Parker, which about as much resembled Parker as Stansliury resembles an honest man. His room, here, contains the usual musty black cabinet in which is suspended a sort of tin trumpet and to this is attached many yards of rubber tubes and through them came the "whisperings of the epirits" as spoken in the trumpet by his confederate. It was through a machine of this kind that Charles H. Bridge (the self acknowledged fraud who is now in Philadelphia exposing his own methods), communicated such valuable spirit messages to Mr. John Wethertee from his whitlock, who is understord to be a silent partner in the business. The "doctor's" public performances are given in Whitlock's rooms, just across the street. Whitlock, as editor of Facts and The Soul, an acknowledged leader of a certain set of wonder mongars is not fifty rears and has been the husband of gers, is past fifty years and has been the husband of three women, all living. He has been on crutches most of the past summer, and following is the reason: A pleasing young married woman was employed in his office as copyist. She was subjected by Whitiock to gross insults and overtures. This behavior was communicated to her husband — a young dentist of this city—who repaired to Whitlock's sanctum and gave him such an unmerciful pounding as confined him to his couch for many days before he was able to stand with the aid of

Space forbids me to say more about the frauds now practicing in this city, but they may rest assured they will be followed up closely, and when opportunity offers the hard blow of exposure will follow. The Hon. Sydney Dean from the platform at Onset well said, "Spiritualism has been dragged long enough through filth of all kinds, and no wonpeople despise and reject it. He did not no them."

W. H. C.

Morbus Sabbaticus.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. I clip the following from a Seventh Day Adventist paper which somebody insists upon sending me every week or two, evidently with a view of converting me to a knowledge of that faith. The diagnosis of the disease very appropriately named "Morbus Sabhaticus," as berein set forth, is purely from a theological standpoint, and the doctor who makes it

is evidently a doctor of divinity: There is a fearful disease, which is prevalent among a great many church members, and in order that they may recognize its presence and its danger, we give the following description from an exchange: Morbus Sabbaticus, or Sabbath sickness, a disease peculiar to church members. The attack comes on suddenly every Sabbath; no symptoms are felt on the prec o ng night; the patient sleeps well and awakes feeling well; eats a hearty breakfast, but about church time the attack comes on and contimues until services are over for the morning. Then the patient feels easy and eats a hearty dioner. In the afternoon he feels much better and is able to take a walk, talk about politics and read the newepapers; be eats a hearty supper, but about church time be has another attack and stays at bome. He retires early, sleeps well, wakes up next morning refreshed and able to go to work, and does not have any symptoms of the disease until the following Sabbath. The peculiar features are as follows:

"1. It always attacks members of the church, "2. It never makes its appearance except on the

"3. The symptoms vary, but never interfere with the sleep or appetite.

"4. It never lasts more than twenty-four hours.

"5. It generally attacks the head of the family. "6. No physician is ever called.

. It always proves fatal in the end--to the soul. "8. No remedy is known for it except prayer.

" 9. Religion is the only anticote. "10. This disease is often called 'systematic lying,' but its true name is 'Morbus Sabatticus,' or

"It is becoming fearfully prevalent, and is sweeping thousands every year prematurely to the devil." The symptoms of this malady are fairly described, but the soul-doctor fails to say anything in reference to the cause (a not uncommon omission for this school of celestial medicine), who seldom, if ever, attempts to reason from cause to eff-ct. It remains then for an earthly physician to treat of the cause. To this end, then, let us assume a dialogue. An old farmer is attacked with "Morbus Sabbaticus," and a sinful physician of the flesh is called to prescribe, contrary, of course, to the general rule. The doctor with an eye to business feels the pulse and examines the tongue. Nothing alarming is found in the beat of the pulse, and the tongue discloses nothing abnormal or unnatural except, perhaps, the stains of tobacco. His mind appears clear upon subjects of a worldly nature, and the doctor, nonplussed by external signe, seeks to accertain by inquiry what the pulse and tongue refuse to reveal in any other way;

and the following dialogue ensues: Dector: Have you any pain in the head, any dizzinres, drowsiness or languor? Farmer: No pain in the head whatever, no dizziness, no languor, and no drowsiness except whilst listening to a sermon.

Doctor: Have you a good appetite? Do you sleep Farmer: Yes, I have an excellent appetite; my food digests readily and I sleep well, except when I am disturbed by reflections touching the teachings

of the church on the subject of future punishment and the like. Doctor: Are you generally happy and contented? Are you pleased with your surroundings? Farmer: I am happily possessed of a genial tem-

per. I love my friends, and although they are human and sometimes fall short of perfection, I am strongly inclined to forgive them and under no circumstances can I consent to see them punished eternally, even though such a procedure might gratify the veng-ance of a jealous God. Doctor: Paidon me for trespassing upon holy

ground, but are you harassed by doubt? Farmer: Ah, dector, I see you begin to understand my case. Yes, indeed, I am seriously in doubt. The fact is I never did believe the fish story, and the account of the feeding of the multi-ude at the picnic I have always regarded as a whopper; and the story Goo's command for calling Elijah old bald head, in common parlance I believe to be a lie! You see I girls. As a preparatory step, of course I went through the farce of searching for Jesus and made stereotyped prayers, and groaned when it seemed to be necessary, and finally professed a change of heart. For a time I could and did tolerate this nonsense to keep peace in the family, but the longer I live, and the more I see of the church, and the better I become acquainted with its members, the more intolerable the whole thing becomes to me. I cannot in recommending it as opportunity offers.

appreciate the exhortations of our class leader when I remember that the baid-headed old disciple per sistently and purposely deals in short weights; that he exacts 15 per cent. interest from the widow who borrowed money to buy a cow, and somehow I regard as hypocritical the eaintly smile which lights up the features of Sister Jones, and more particularly so when I remember that her slanderous tongue has already deprived one poor woman of life, and sent another to the asylum for the insane. In fact, never felt fully at home in class meeting, and yet when questioned as to what the Lord had done for my soul, I used to speak my piece and say, "He has taken my feet from the miry clay and placed me upon a sure foundation of faitn"; and many times after delivering myself in this way I felt as though I ought to engage some cheap man to kick me several times around the barn. In short I am thoroughly disgusted with this hypocritical cant called evangelical religion, and bitherto I have lacked the moral courage to say so. During the first paroxysm of my present complaint I sought the advice of the man whom I had hered to do my thinking, saying: 'I apply to you, my spiritual physician, for a reme He looked wise, groaned somewhat in spirit, and in drawling sentences delivered a short lecture on the terrible sin of unbelief and finally ended by

on the terrible sin of unbeller and finally ended by prescribing praye. This so-called remedy I have tried, and I find it to be worthless. Now, doctor, what shall I do? As an earthly physician what would you prescribe?

Doctor: Prayers, preachers and pastoral calls having failed, I would in the future prescribe good sound common sense in full doses to be taken as often as the urgency of the case may seem to remire.

S. D. PACE. S. D. PACE. auire. Port Huron, Mich., Sept. 13, 1889.

Mattison Grove Campmeeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

With your permission, we will give the readers of the JOURNAL a brief notice of the Mattison Grove camp meeting, held by the Spiritualists of this and adjoining towns, the first of the kind ever held in our vicinity; and, con idening all the unfavorable circumstances, was a decided success. The meeting began September 14, continuing until September 23. The weather during that week was the most unpleasant of the season, and all farmers were very busy, as it was in the midst of seeding, corn-cutting, and threshing. For this reason, the attendance through the working days was quite limited; but on both Sundays a goodly number were present, and we believe a good work has been done; that seed has been sown which in the near future shall grow and ripen into progressive ideas. Mrs. Carrie Firth of Coldwater, and Mrs. King of Butler, both inspirational speakers, were present every day and delivered most of the lectures. They are both earnest outspoken and pleasant, and never fail to interest an audience. They were assisted by Mrs. H. N. Read of New York city, who is a grand test medium and psychometrist, which science she has taught for many years in many of our largest cities. She also gave private sittings to all who desired, and among the large number who patronized her we heard of no one who was not satisfied that she was genuine. Mrs. Robinson and Mr. Barney, both of Vicksburg, were camped on the grounds and rendered efficient aid. Both are clairvoyant and healing mediums. Mrs. Robinson was twice called away during the meeting, to visit the sick. In her medical capacity she dons the character of an Indian doctor, and hunts the grounds over for roots and herbs, giving careful prescriptions. All mediums and campers report a nice time, and all feel that it was a good move in the right direction. After the close of the meeting, a society was formed looking to a future meeting to be held near Colon, next June. Spiritualism, in this vicinity, is in its infancy but is rapidly gaining ground. Latent perceptions have been awakened and many are investigating. The principal query with all skeptics seems to be as to whether spirits of our departed friends do or can return. But few will deny that there is something very mysterious about the phenomena, but where does the intelligence come from? There's the question. Never has there been such a tidal wave of spirit power passing over our country, as at present. Many orthodox sermons are highly tinged with Spiritualism, and we believe the gradual, yet certain change, will finally transform the clergy without their cog-nizance. The potent influence which surrounds teen, must and will do its work. Spiritualists everywh re should feel encouraged to labor on patienty waiting for the good results that are sure to follow work performed for truth's sake.

MRS. A. S. PROUT, Cor. Sec. Colon, Mich., Sept. 30, 1889.

As a rule we decline to publish reports of meetings unless sent in promptly, but we make an exception in this instance.

OBITUARY NOTES.

Another Old Subscriber Gone.

Dr. Isaac M. Comings died at his home, 354 Ninth Stree; Brooklyn, N. Y., on Thursday evening, September 26, after an illness of some months' duration. Dr. Comings was born in Freedom, Me., January 28, 1812. He was a graduate of Colby University, of the Class of 1836. Upon his marriage, in 1839, he removed to Georgia, where he studied medicine, graduating in 1842 from the Reform Medical College. In 1843 the doctor was appointed professor of anatomy in the Macon College, later on filling similar positions in Worcester College, Massachusetts, and in the Metropolitan Medical College, New York City, editing, at the same time, the Journal of Medical Reform. In 1859 Dr. Comings removed to Brooklyu, where he has since resided, in the Eighth and Twenty-second wards. Although he lived in Brooklyn, Dr. Comings' office and practice were in New York City. As a physician he was remarkable for quickness of perception. His diagnosis was formed rapidly and was rarely incorrect. This power of intuition, combined with a thorough and profound knowledge of medical science, rendered Dr. Comings a most successful practitioner. As a surgeon his skill was great and his rapk high, and as a writer his contributions to medical journals were many and valuable, and in his character Dr. Comings was practical and self-reliant, sensitive to all suffering and eager to relieve it, combining gentleness with firmness. He was esteemed, and honored the most

highly by those who knew him the best. The above is from the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, and weadd our testimony as to the nobleness and worth of our departed brother. He had long been a contributor to the Journal.

Passed on to a higher life, Sept. 27, 1889, at Grand Rapids, Mich., Ruben F. Gustine, aged 82. He had been a Spiritualist for thirty years. The funeral was attended by many friends and the services con ducted by the writer, Sarah Graves.

In Memoriam.

At Whitewood, Dak., Aug. 30th, the spirit of Mrs. M. F. Steley passed to the higher life, after much of mortal suffering. She was firm in her knowledge of the beautiful beyond.

Life's journey thus is ended, Its work is nobly done; And peacefully she goes to rest As fets the golden sun.

Her eyes were closed at even,

A life that never more will end

Nor have a setting sun.

Her palses ceased to beat, A heavenly smile her features wreathed That angels seemed to greet. "Love" -- "love" had been her watchword---

Her guide and anchor, too, And proved the password sure to be That bore her gently through; And ere this life was over Another had begun---

Mrs. Sarah Graves, Grand Rapids, writes: Our Meetings, both the Religio-Philosophical Society and the Spiritual Union are increasing in num-

MRS. H.S. SLOSSON.

bers and interest since the weather has become cooler. We hope for a good revival of the truth, and that it will prevail. Our best wishes are for the good JOHRNAL G. W. Cottrell writes: To my mind, the Jour-

NAL is the best and truest paper, with the ablest corps of contributors of any, on the sublime subject

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Shakespeare began to write about 1590.

The drum was used by the Egyptians and brought by the Moors into Spain. The Turkish empire was established in Asia, un-

der Othman L, in 1299. Confinement in prison or in a lunatic asylum would help faith cure doctors to understand their

A Titusville woman went to the cupboard the other day, got the sugar bowl, discovered a live mouse in it and fainted dead away.

The Queen of Madagascar has issued a decree that all persons brought from the neighboring coast of Africa as slaves shall be set free. Senator Stanford has not been able to find a presi-

dent to his mind for his great California university and he will take the reins himself until he discovers a man approaching his ideal. Mr. Gladstone, in a letter to the Sabbath Observance Conference at Paris, attributes his long life

with preserved faculties in great part to the privileges of Sabbath rest. Men working in an old cellar on Larned street, Detroit, dug out several cannon balls. The place where they were found was near the site of a fort

magazine during the war of 1812. That was a good day's work which a Maine minister performed last Sunday, he having preached five sermons, two of them funeral sermons, attended

Sunday-school and held a prayer meeting. Evangelical churchmen in Eugland are terribly alarmed at the prospect of a revival of the monastic

system in the anglican church. The subject will be discussed at the next session of convocation. A statue of Walter von der Vogelweide, the minne-singer of the twelfth century, was unveiled on Sept. 12 at Bozen, in the Tyrol, where he is supposed

by some to have been born. It is a colossal statue. Workmen in a natural gas trench at Dayton yeserday tapped a main. The escaping gas ignited and two of the men were blinded before help could reach them. The foreman's face was literally cooked. The Australian python which escaped from its cage on steamer Denmark several weeks ago was

found dead under one of the engines after the vessel's return to London. It measured twelve feet in The prophecy of a madman that a disastrous earthquake would shock London on April 8, 1750, caused housands of persons, particularly those of rank and

fortune, to pass this period in their carriages and in A new gem, the Pierre Tonquinoise, is in the market. When cut like diamonds it is said to be very beautiful. Its color is a dark-blue, more brilliant than sapphire, though some varieties have a

purple or red tinge. A dog which was swimming in the bay near the Brunswick and Western dock at Brunswick, Ga., Wednesday, suddenly gave a yelp and disappeared. Spectators supposed that a shark had made a meal

After destroying a very large number of letters, Mr. Gladstone has selected 60,000 for preservation, and has built for them a fire-proof room. When his biographer comes to overhaul them he will find his work half done in advance.

John Ericsson, the great Swedish inventor, is to be buried beside Robert Fulton, in Trinity Church-yard in New York City, and an appropriate monument is to be placed over both men who did so much to change and improve naval warfare.

The Columbia River, with all the valuable territory about it, was saved to the United States by a missionary. Now the annual yield of fish from the river amounts to \$15,000,000; more than twice as much as the country gives foreign missions.

The Astorian says: The Methodist Book Concern gives a dividend to the Oregon conference this year of \$532. The earnings of the Book Concern go to the support of the worn-out ministers and the widows and orphans of those who have died in the

It has been discovered that the recent fire in the Temple of Heaven at Pekin was of incendiary origion. Several persons have been arrested for complicity in the crime. The authorities have learned that the object of the incendiary was to create the idea that the fire was an omen to warn the people against the introduction of railways in China.

Two ancient aqueducts have just been discovered at Athens-- no large and fit for use, in the part called Goudi, toward Hymettus; the other, made of brick, in the city itself, beneath the royal stables. Near the latter have been found several tombs of marble and in both places fragments of inscrip-

tions, one of them bearing the name of Philagros. A Buenos Ayres paper affirms that there is now in Bolivia a surgeon, Luca Silva by name, whose age is not less than one bundred and twenty-nine years. He was born in Cochabama in 1760, and devoted himself, after graduating in medicine, to the practice of surgery. Lately he was taken to the house of Senor Jose Ramallo, President of the Dramatic College of La Paz, and gave a lucid account of the revolution of 1809, which resulted in the emancipation

of his country from the Spanish yoke. There is a woman in Ellijay, Ga., who has a singular experience about reading. When she was about twenty years old she was converted and joined the church. She does not know how to read, just barely knew her letters, and she was very anxious to read the Bible. She got her sister to help her read three chapters in the Bible, and then she took it up herself and can read the Bible as fluently as any one and pronounce all the proper names correctly. The strange part is that she cannot read anything else but the Bible. She cannot get any sense out of a newspaper or any other book.

A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a loud and boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren observed it, and inquired of him what had induced him to make the change. He answered: "When I was young I thought it was the thunder that killed the people; but when I grew wiser I discovered that it was the lightning; so I determined to thunder less and lighten more in future."

One of Edison's chiefs lives in a house at Newark, N. J., which is alive with wires. As one approaches the front gate it swings open and shuts intomatically. The visitor's foot on the steps of the porch rings a bell in the kitchen and also one in the master's study. By touching a button he opens the front door before the stranger has time to knock. An electrical music box plays during dinner. When the guest retires to his bed-room the folding bed unfolds by electricity. When he puts out the gas a strange, mocking display of skeletons, gravestones, owls and other hideous phantasmagoria dance about on the wall at his feet.

Dr. Pinel, of Paris, is said to have succeeded in hypnotizing several subjects by means of the phonograph. All the commands given through this channel were, he declares, as readily obeyed as those which he uttered directly, and suggestions of every possible sort were as effectually communicated through the medium of the machine as if made viva voce. The conclusion which he deduces from his experiments is that the received theory of a magnetic current passing from the operator to the subiect is entirely baseless, and that the real cause of the phenomena of hypnotism is nervous derangement on the part of those subject to them.

Most people think that rattlesnakes are entirely useless upon the earth, but the story told by the Athens, Ga., Banner will set aside such a belief. There are places in South Georgia where men extracted oil from the rattlesnake and used it to cure rheumatism. These persons will give a negro \$1 to point out a rattleenake to them, and then kill it in a peculiar manner. They place a forked stick over the snake's head, then put a cord around it and strangle the snake. This is done to keep the snake from biting it elf. The body of the reptile is then strung up and the oil extracted from it. It sells at \$2 per ounce, and this industry is a very profitable one. The snakes in that section are very large, averaging five feet in length, and one rettl great deal of oil. A little negro once saw two rattlers lying close together, and wanted to get the money for finding them. It was a mile to the near-est house. He was afraid the snakes would crawl off while he was gone, and so he took off his coat and placed it between the snakes. He went off, came back, and found them still eyeing the coat. He had them charmed. So the snake is cultivated down there as a profitable industry.

Mississippi Camp Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio Philosophical Journal. I have seen no notice in the Journal of the meeting above named and would like to speak a good word for it. This camp opened its seventh session on the 27th of last July and closed August 28th. It is situated just outside the city limits at Clinton, Iowa, and has street cars at its gate. The grounds embrace nineteen acres (ten of which are in the camp proper), and nearly all paid for. There is an auditorium or hall seventy or eighty feet square, furnished with a platform for speakers large enough for theatricals of which they had several very good performances, and will seat 300 or 400 persons. There is an out-door speaker's stand, also, and a natural grade provided with seats for an audience. There are fifteen or twenty cottages, some of them two-stories high, nicely painted, surrounded with flowers and all the comforts of home life, and also tents conveniently furnished for campers, at reasonable rates. The place is well-lighted and pleasant at all times. I spent two weeks there with pleasure and profit, finding it as orderly a community as I

was ever in.
Prof. J. S. Loveland, a medium and inspirational speaker, is President, who does the honors thereof without partiality. He is an advanced thinker and gave several very excellent lectures. He is ready in conference as well as in a set speech.

Miss Jennie B. Hagen took the camp by storm, not only in her platform efforts, which are inimitable, but carried sunshine wherever she went and we

all felt the better for it.

Mrs. R. Shepard Lillie came a blessing and a benediction and helped to lift a little higher.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis appeared on the stand the day I came away, and he gave some strong meat--rather new I think to most persons there.

My purpose, however, is not to report speeches but to call the attention of western people to the fact that there is in their midst and easy of access a most beautiful camp furnished by nature with a succession of ridges for buildings and tents, shaded with second growth oak, having perfect drainage and good water, making it a delightful place in which to spend the warm summer days of August.

The management, I am assured, intend to lift it to a higher standard of usefulness and make it compare favorably with the best camps in the East. Come up ye tired and hungry ones and make this camp, next year, a power for good. I understand that Miss Hagen and Mrs. Lillie have been engaged for next season. J. A. UNTHANK.

The Mississippi Camp Meeting should have a character of its own and one so excellent as to be an exemplar for others. If our correspondent will take note of "Boston Letter," published on the sixth page. he will see that there is much to be guarded against and avoided rather than imitated-and that copying after what are called some of "the best camps in the East" would be a very disastrous proceeding.

Senorita Ysabel Echequeren is the reigning sensation at Monterey, Cal. She is the richest heiress in Mexico, her father being worth \$80,000,000 and known as the Vanderbilt of the western coast. The senorita is a demi-blonde of 17, tall and willowy, with fair complexion and auburn hair. She will inherit one-third of her father's wealth, which makes her one of the rich girls on this side of the

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felt was coming, must come."

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Illuminated Buddhism, or the True Nirvana, by Siddartha Sakya Muni. The original doctrines of "The Light of Asia" and the explanations of the nature of life in the Physical and Spiritual worlds. This work was recently published and the preface informs the reader was originally written in India but being so intimately connected with the present religious ideality of America and Europe an edition in English was the result. Price. cloth, \$1.00; pa per cover, 50 cents. For sale here.,

What I saw at Cassadaga Lake in 1888 by A. B Richmond is an Addendum to a Review in 1887 of the Seybert Commissioner's Report. Since the author visited Cassadaga Lake in 1887 his convictions of the truth of spirit phenomena have become stronger and stronger, and this Addendum is the result of his visit. Many will no doubt want this as they now have the Seybert Report and the Review of the Seybert Report. Price 75 cents. For sale

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of a pamphlet containing an answer to Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's tirade on Modern Spiritualism, by Judge A. H. Dailey an able antagonist to Talmage. Price only five cents.

Prof. Alfred R. Wallace's pamphlets. If a man die,

shall be live again? a lecture delivered in San Francisco, June 1887, price 5 cents, and A Defense of Modern Spiritualism, price 25 cents, are in great demand. Prof. Wallace believes that a superior intelligence is necessary to account for man, and any thing from his pen on this subject is always interesting.

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Nova Scotia is remarkable for the number of its old people. It has a larger number of centenarians than any other country, there being one to every 19,000 inhabitants, while England has only one to every 200,000 inhabitants. They are chiefly of the farming class, in comfortable circumstances, accustomed to exercise in the open air, plain food and plenty of it, with good inherited constitutions.

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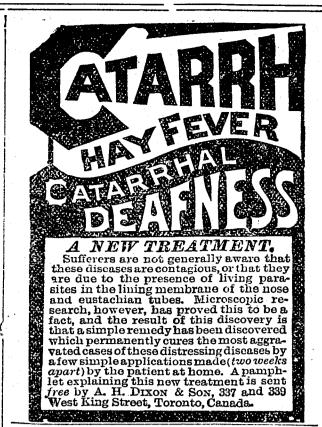
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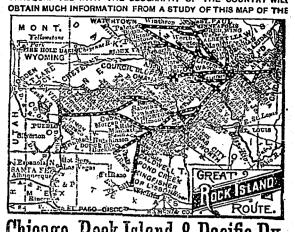
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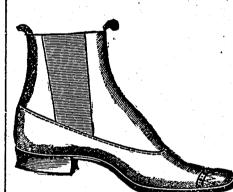
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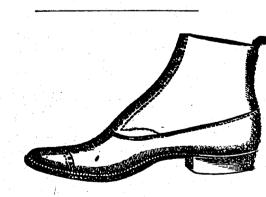


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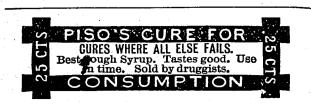
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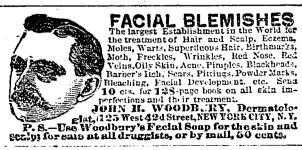
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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. GIORDANO BRUAO.

[Giordano Bruno was burned in the Campo de Flori (Field of Flowers), Feb. 17th, 1600. On the same spot, June 9th, 1889. a monument to his memory was dedicated in the presence of the King of Italy, and thousands who gathered to do honor to the memory

EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Posthumous Justice! We have live 1 to see How unforgetting thou canst sometimes be: How strongly p treat thou canst Wrong confront And bring thy worthy heroes to the front, Wrenching it eir names from time-beclouding Fate, To share the glory of the truly great.

Rome had a dark transaction years ago, (Almost three hundred--less ten years or so)
When, in her Field of Flowers, by orders dire, Great Giordano Bruno died by fire; The "Holy Luquisition" did decree. For heresy, he burned alive should be.

What heresie ? Th' infinity of space; More worlds than this, which is our dwelling place; The Earth's rotation, to its orbit true, These were his heresies---old truths to you! His rankest heresy was nothing worse Than this, "Our Earth is not the Universe!"

Christians! in cool, premeditating mood You murdered or e who longed to do you good. Creed-mad to resentors! though you tore his tongue With pincers, still to spotless Truth he clung: Clad in her valor, when he went to die. He met his fate without a moan, or ciy.

You dreamed that fire and death bad ended all: That Bruno slept beneath Oblivion's pall; You even dared his cruel fate deny, And crown your haired with a coward lie As dark years ve led it. But, alack, in vain! The ages have writ out your record plain! Shou!! Rome beld festival this year in June

When flowers were bountiful, and birds in tune; The Nigeteenth Century awoke, at last, To honor Brune, martyr of the past. In Campo de Fiori, where he burned, Lo! a grand monument his greatness earned.

Builded by men of thought, of many lands, A fine rebuke to Bigotry it stands; His noble likeness, towering grand and high, With hand uplifted toward to infinite sky, A mighty preacher, standing there to say How surely wrong and darkness flee away!

And Rome was full of souls a-throb with light, Full thirty thousand, rapturous with delight; One hundred bands of music centered there, And nineteen hundred banners kissed the air; Italy's king among the throng appeared, Saw Bruco's monument, admired and cheered.

O, grand and righteous triumph! come at last! The age and wisdom Brun is mind forecast Are with us! But the Pope—oh—where was he? Locked in his pilice's grim security! And not a priest was seen that day in Rome! Shame hidden, there bemoaned such day had come Berlin Haight, Ohio.

Spiritualism in Nashville Thirty five Years Ago.

The kindly notice which you gave, in a recent number of the JOURNAL, of a communication of name bearing the above heading, emboldens me to offer your readers a fur-Looking through the haze of so many intervening years-years of travail, bitter experience and the failures of life's plans and purposes-times early experiences come back with all the freshness of a morning memory. It is rendered the more interesting as the writer finds you with the same problems unsolved and reaching out after a more earnest life of spiritual growth-deploring the want of it in our current Spiritualism. Don't be discouraged.

In justice to our united effort I must say that, during all these years of stir in the world's thought and struggle, in which I have in no small degree been a participant, I fail to find the same spirit of aplift, the singleness of aim, the self-sacrifice, the devotion to the great principles announced as in that Nashvilla circle. It planted, as the writer believes, the seed germ of the then future and now present demands of the age. It forecasted all that Spiritualism has yet attained and anticipated—the fundamental principles of Modern Theosophy-and gave the clue by which every true man and woman can attain, each for himself or herself, the fullness of the promise of Christianity in its new birth in God. When it swept away, in its iconoclasm, the superstitious rubbish of the past and posited a God who met the requirements of to-day, it tore down with a tender hand and reverent spirit. It gave back more than it took away. It destroyed no truth by whomsoever held, but fired the soul with a new purpose in its service of God and man. It simplified, as you have done, the common faith: The Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man and the indwelling life of the spirit of love and wisdom-birthing in man the Divine likeness, and through this inbirthing the indwelling Christ of God.

This movement taught pure and undefiled Christianity—the Christianity as taught by the Christ without its accreted superstitions. Without attempting to define or to settle the place and office of the Christ, or teaching doctrines of any kind, it left man-each individual man-free to grow and to cultivate his "higher nature" Godward, as the light which "enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world;" inspired and opened his faculties to its tender beams. Freedom was the law of intercourse; love the immutable principle seeking to bind the universe in harmony and union. It was taught that when so bound, "God would then be God in the heart of humanity." It was taught that we must look to the present for the inspiration of God; that we must "come forth from the dark labyrinth of the past" and share the illumination of to day. That he was a God who dwelt in plenary fullness of light and love in each individual breast. That this God was self-existent, eternal, ever administering, as a loving Father, to the spiritual wants of man universal; that His Providence was over all; and that His mercy and justice brought peace and communion to all when He was sought in patience, meekness and honesty of purpose. That od was the inspirer of all true manhood and that we were ultimately, as we grew in the higher life, born into a state where we become his true sons and daughters; and when so birthed a life of endless progress, in Him, was the outcome of our destiny. We came forth from God and to Him we return.

As showing the earnestness of those who presided over the Movement the writer gives a few extracts from a "communication" now before him. In those early days we had to have a "thus saith the spirits;" and of course, to focalize the influx, a spirit whose name I refrain from giving became the authority and month-piece of what we received.

I want all to awake to the ingathering of the ready for the high inscriptions of the immortal life. I want you to look to your souls and your God for the confirmation of your acts. I want you to behold in the spiritual affinities you bear, an infinite union with your God. I want you to realize the responsibility you bear to your day and generation. I want you to realize and know that these impressive truths will make von wiser and better, and bring you in want you to realize that immortal mean. interests are at stake. I want you all to feel as the chosen instruments of large number (I speak from experience) who a famishing people. I want you to look at | to the shattered vase in which their dogmas the deep miasma that absorbs the best inter- | were doubly distilled, unwilling to admit ests of humanity. I want a thorough recognition of the limitless sea that rolls heedlessof life, ready ever to avert the impending troduce it, if in no other way, by asking storm that bids fair to wreck the brightest what Diakka means. It is to be feared that hopes of man. I want you to feel that the | such as these cannot be held by the working know that this animal existence is but the not done, how can one expect organization? foreshadowing of mightier conquests. I description of thought. I want implicit obedither proofs of immortality), why not prove ence to that higher nature that speaks of God in the heart. I want a self-sacrificing spirit that looks not to the casualties of time a light to others." Out of completeness of and sense. I want to instil this higher na- character, which comes through the working

I give this extract that the Journal's readers may catch the spirit under which our work was planned and pushed. It was no child's play. The language may be "florid and stilted," as you say, but for those early days it will compare favorably with the class of literature then popred upon the world. It left a lasting impression upon the writer's heart, and again and again has he returned to it as the highest inspiration to which his experience has been treated. Parkersburg, W. Va.

Religion of Humanity and Church of the

Spirit. (Continued from First Page.)

is confusing. A few years of investigation with the uncertainties which cling to the very foundation stone of this incomplete structure; an insight into some of the darker sides which have lain in shadow, but which the pure light of day is surely revealing; props falling from under the pillars of hope, upon which we thought our knowledge rested secure, make many of us to long for the "Rock of Ages" npon which we were wont to lean with the perfect faith of the true devo tee of Christ.

The sway of reason, however, will keep true Spiritualists out of the old bonds. They ther resume of that Nashville Movement. believe that the loved ones can return, that the sweet by and by in a glorious reunion. They believe that if we open our hearts to the influence of the augel world, we shall be guided in the paths of truth and wisdom; that our spirits while in the mortal may be quickened by the source of inspiration that penetrates the veil between this and the unseen world, while our mental vision beholds gleams of glory and peace and joy that shall some day be ours. They believe that the education which comes from this divine source shall be enclass, that we shall go on and on for ayel and that new joy and new wisdom shall be added unto each as the growth of the advancing spirit can bear the light and the wonders of endless progression.

Every true Spiritualist will claim this as his belief, and is it not truly a beautiful one? There are no tenets laid down as yet in organized form, but should there be, they could be all summed up in a few words: Brotherly love, hatred of evil and a desire to promote good for the ultimate advancement and uplifting of souls unto the glory of God. God is the soul of the universe, and the soul of man is in the image of this Divine soul; hence we are a part of God, and none may bid us stand still on our journey to the infi-

If we will aspire after "the good the true and the beautiful," will not the law of attraction bring about the unity which we seek? Let us come together in some kind of organized form. Let the first society be national Let it be composed of the bravest, the truest, the purest, the most competent of our advanced thinkers; then shall that society be able to utilize the vast work which has been of love and truth the one working life of accomplished in all these years, bringing or der out of chaos. Then will it be able to do missionary work and establish a mission wherever a few earnest souls can be gathered in Unitarianism, as you have often shown, together, feeling the need of the higher life. is the conspicuous absence of any recogni-As a vast army will rally round the loved tion of man as a spiritual and immortal be-flag at the call of their leader, so we, who ing, the continuity of life and consciousness have started out on this broad field of truth beyond the grave, and the immanence and and progression will rally, to the first call from our leaders for organization, around direct communion with this. the banner inscribed with the motto, "Love to God and fellow man." Let our watchwords be unity, truth and progression. Is not unity with friends congenial? Is not progression broad? Is not truth uplifting? And will not love come with rays of light from above, tempering every thought, word and act?

When we have done all these things we have exemplified Christ's mission upon earth, namely: A free salvation for, and a new moral creation of the whole human race. When Christ's work upon earth is fully developed, it will restore the whole human race to

Newton, Kan., Oct., 1889.

MRS. J. M. STAATS. Can Spiritualists organize and become a harmonious body of advanced workers in the great field of labor to elevate humanity? This is a long unsolved problem which at this tives, and the outcome might be the assoday, after a work of forty years, appears as difficult of solution as when in its earliest infancy. Frequent efforts at organization, which many assure us exist, have not been prolific of results calculated to win and hold the majority. While I am willing to admit a shocking dearth of spirituality amongst the great body of Spiritualists, I cannot think that it is possible to have too much reliable evidence on a subject of such vital import as is modern Spiritualism. One test which appeals to the reason and common sense of the investigator seldom fails to quicken aspira- to time broadly, though not fully, hinted tion, from the fact that it addresses man's what is essential in order to meet the want Spiritual nature and at once creates a desire of many Spiritualists. It is evident to even to learn more of the beautiful and true. I the superficial observer that we must have ing that shall characterize our conceptions and achievements. I want you all to feel that you meet for high and noble endeavors. I want you to hold an honest communion with yourselves and your spiritual interests. I want you to look beyond the vain and empty show of earth, and realize the immorbidity of your being. I want you to hold an honest communion to some the information was furtisely true because the information was furtisely true because the information was furtable and true. I have very frequently listened to lengthy dehave ve

sweet communion with the celestial spheres. is rather difficult to understand how it is alization of a higher faith, have before them possible for a spirit in the short space of a intuitive impress of divinity upon the heart. few months to fathom mysteries which have silenced with vague dreaming individualism. I want you to feel that your existence is for untold ages defied explanation and lain hidden beneath superstition both ponderous and dark. These questions are answered to many satisfactorily, no doubt, while to a large portion of earnest questioners, spirit authority relative to God and Christ has brought confusion and dissatisfaction.

Your proposition is simple, hence beautiful. Nothing could be more so. "God is the universal Father. Man is the universal brother," etc. I sadly fear there are many all spirits out of the form and all true adunison with that infinitude born of God. | Spiritualists ready to demand which God you

There are remnants of early education in a heaven to scatter manna from on high to | call themselves Spiritualists, who still cling that the fumes of the dear odor are not still there, with their soul scaring essence im- Of course none but a Spiritualist can ly at your feet. I want you to feel as mari- proved. They will in some way dovetail it embrace it. It has no fellowship with ners embarked upon the tumultuous ocean | so as to fit in with God's great love and inworld is a charnel house, dead with the power of love and truth; certainly it will be stench of its own pollution. I want you to a difficult matter to harmonize, and yet, if

ture, that leans not to the formalities of elements of truth and love, must also evolve earth. In fact, I want a man fashioned in the electric spark of Deity which is destined the image of his God, that his reflections may | to make all the world akin.

It must be remembered that no religion, philosophy or ism in this nineteenth century has ever vouchsafed to humanity such perfect freedom of speech and thought as has Spiritualism. Hence we cannot say that the field is barren of "specific results." Better let the earnest lecturer ventilate his "fad"; he may drop a truth which will prove the

leaven for another's loaf. The signs of the times certainly warrant a fair harvest in the field where Spiritualists have a right to cull and bind some glorious results. The Church of England revises her adamantine prayer-book. The creed of the Presbyterian church, led by iron-bound and copper fastened Scotland, is being changed to meet the demands of a weary humanity -of mothers whose agonized hearts have bled through belief in the doctrine of infant damnation! The working power of love and truth has tugged at the hearts of creed-bound professors. God is organizing for us, and as rapidly as we are ready to receive and adapt will his great love enfold us, giving numistakable evidence of the organizing power of love and truth, with which, unknown perchance to us, we have worked thus far.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

New York, Oct., 1889.

Your questionings in the Journal for Oct. 12th, are timely and significant. Spiritualism is in a transition and many puzzling prob opportunities is the ever recurring question. The intense individualism that Spiritualism has evoked is an indispensable preparation for a higher unity, and the "undisciplined thought" has been the great educator. The world's thought has been too much under the discipline of creeds and arbitrary authority both in religion and science. The Spirit-world has introduced a higher discipline which is just now chaos, to the old systems, and difficult to regulate by old methods. if organization among Spiritualists cannot be accomplished without antagonizing this higher purpose and deeper discipline, I for one shall oppose it. But I believe it can. Organization is Nature's method. It is her index of progress. But she has no perpetual, unchangeable bodies. She uses her material structures for spiritual ends. Can we follow her example? If not we fail. Any body of men and women whose aim is not upward must go down in failure. If the leading purpose he material power and personal glory it holds the seeds of its own decay.

The first requisite of unity and success is such devotion to truth as shall enable us to rise above all personal ambition and proscriptive prejudice. If a sufficient body of such heaven trained disciples can be brought together as a nucleus, unity and effectiveness would seem easy. The proposition which you suggest as a basis acceptable to all, seems to me defective. I find nothing in it to identify or express the central thought of Spiritualism. "od the universal Father and man the universal brother and the spirit both," might not be objectionable to any; but what is this more than all Unitarians and Universalists accept? The great hiatus inspiring influence of the spiritual world in

This is the one central doctrine accepted by all Spiritualists, irrespective of all other issues, and is the inspiration of the entire movement which distinguishes it from all other religious systems of the age. A spiritual organization with this left out, or only recognized as an afterthought of secondary importance would have very little force or attraction for Spiritualists. Moreover I deem it of vital importance that in emphasizing the need of spiritual culture by looking to the interior and dwelling on spiritual themes, we do not neglect the cultivation of phenomenal mediumship as an indispensable factor in this higher education. If such unity can be effected and dominated by the spirit of wisdom and generous toleration, it will soon "crystalize" for purposes of practical work in the world of sense. The spirit world will doubtless sustain any such move which they see is inspired by right mociation of means for a larger education, better schools, more effective rostrum work, higher unfoldments in mediumship, and extending the influence of progressive principles into all departments of government and society. What answereth the "consensus of the competent!"

Elmira, N. Y., Oct., 1889.

M. C. CEESEE.

It seems to me the Journal has from time

a duty which cannot be ignored nor longer

The time for concerted action has arrived. There certainly can be found a common ground to stand upon. Spiritualists are already familiar with the uniform teaching of Spiritualism from the beginning, and this furnishes a starting point. Its creed is simple—self-evident, God is the universal Father; Man is the universal brother and the spirit of love and wisdom is the life of allthe universal teacher. To this simple faith herents to Spiritualism in the form adhere. Why not then accept this declaration as the ground of fellowship and unity? Is there any higher faith? Certainly not. Here all can stand; Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, or any and all of the east-ern cults. Each can have his own individual creed outside of this one faith. materialism of any kind. It is the gos-pel of spirit, not of matter. All, therefore, who believe in spirit, whether they are technical Spiritualists or not, can find a home in this organization. Its creed is as broad as humanity, and its God the loving Father of all His children. Love being the basic principle of its life, no law of ethics is necessary other than obedience to its behests within every heart.

The law of right has been so wrought into the experience of humanity, so crystallized in the law of the state, that it is useless to forestall the moral ground of human action by the annunciation of what everybody, not lost to a sense of decency, intuitively accepts as the basis of all fellowship among men. If there are those who cannot appreciate this simple moral code, if there are Spiritualists who cannot or will not live the life their faith implies, then they have no place in this organization. These should be excluded as being only fit for the reformatory or the mad-

The Fusion of Races.

The New Ideal of Boston for October has an excellent article on "The Future American Citizen," written by B. W. Ball, from which we cannot forbear making a few extracts. He opens by saying:

"When the ancient city of Corinth was burnt up by the Roman general Mummius, a new kind of metal called Corinthian brass was the result of the fusion of metals caused by the fire. In like manner, in the course of a century sence, a new kind of humanity may be the result of the fusion of so many races as are found to-day on this continent."

He then enumerates the great number of races that are to be found in this country but which are in the crucible for ultimate fusion "to form the American of the remote future," and continues:

"I do not wish to be understood as affirming that there is not already an American nationality as distinctive, sui generis, and marked, as the German or French or Spanish or Russian or Italian nationality. The American white man has already arrived, and is everywhere easily and quickly recognized. Although largely of English blood, he does not look like the Englishman, and although he speaks the English language his manner of speaking is not like that of the home-staying Anglo Saxon. The American of the remote future, no matter of the commingling of how many races he may be the re-ult, will not differ in hue, form or feature from the American of to-day. The newworld man of European descent is modified by his new-world environment so that he is easily distinguishable, from a European. Meantime, no matter how many heterogeneous immigrants there may be to our shores. one thing is certain, namely, that the character and institutions of this country were fixed a century ago and more, by the immigrants who entered this continent at James-

town and Plymouth. "If we take the whole country into account, neither the descendants of the New England puritans nor of the Virginia cavaliers are dying out, as the Romish priests are so fond of asserting, because the wish with them is father to the thought.

"Down to 1840, the average population of New England was of a higher mental, moral and social grade than was ever found in any other community on the globe. But take the country over its entire surface, and its American population of the old stock continues to be master of the situation, and will be found to be so in an emergency such as is li able to arise at any time. Our politicians and newspaper press, that are pandering to foreign superstitions and European reactionary clerical politics and schemes, may, in some sudden emergency, find it convenient to right about face, lest they incur the fate of renegades. But this country has hitherto always been in luck, and it will continue to

> [The Meadville, Pa., Evening Republican.] "That Cobb House."

Editor Evening Republican: Will you kindly permit me, through the columns of the daily, to correct a statement made in the Crawford Journal of October 3? In speaking of the exposure of the pretended me-

diums, the Cobbs of Mantua, Ohio, after giving a copy of their confession at Buffalo, that paper states: The Cobbs were prominent mediums at Cassadaga Lake last summer.

This is an error. They were at Lily Dale three days, it is true, but not as prominent mediums. I was there during the whole session, but did not see them once. During the last week of the meeting I heard that they were on the grounds, and that they gave two of their fraudulent shows at private cottages then openly stated that they were frauds. Over two years ago I attended two of their séances(?) detected their tricks and exposed them; I wrote to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Chicago. stating that they were frauds and explained their show, and they were openly denounced in that pa-

The religion of Spiritualism is not a "Cobb House," but a "temple not built with hands." The exposure at Buffalo simply proves that the Cobbs were frauds nothing more, and has no greater moral force against the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism than the late domestic fiasco of a beloved minister in Franklin, Pa., or the recent arrest of a "preacher of the gospel" at Chicago for bigamy, or the countless number of "good men who have gone astray" (to Canada) has against the revered religion of ortho-

"In faith and hope the world will disagree, But all mankind's concern is charity."

A modern philosopher, in speaking of the "golden rule" as laid down by Confucius, the Chinese sage, five hundred years before the Christian era, naively remarks: "That those whose habitations are con-structed of vitreous material should not project

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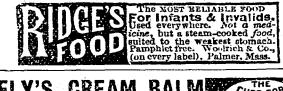
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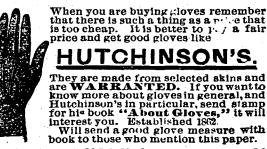
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