

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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

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

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### THE HAUNTED CABIN OF WILDERNESS GULCH.

S. T. SUDDICK, M. D.

A little party of us were tramping the wilderness in the interest of science, Prof. B. as geologist, Dr. L. as botanist, and the writer as photographer taking views of the grandly impressive scenery in this "garden of the gods." We had camped for the night, and our attendants, three in number, including Billy the cook, were busy erecting the tent, staking the mules, and preparing for the night. The Professor was peering away vigorously at a rock of peculiar color and formation with a small pick that was his inseparable companion in all his travels, critically examining, with a small magnifying glass, the pieces he had succeeded in detaching. The Doctor was busy with some ferns that grew in the crevices of the rocks below. We were just west of the great divide that forms the backbone of the continent, and were camping on a shelf, or level plateau of ground, near the bottom of the gulch or canyon, whose rocky walls towered a hundred feet above on either side. To the east, and far above us, glistened the snow-capped summits of the divide that seemed almost to touch the sky. To the west, looking down the slope of the rock-bound gulch, the sun could be seen through the tops of the tall cedars, just sinking into its ocean bed; and just below us a clear mountain stream went hurrying along toward the sea, sending its murmuring voice far up the mountain side. Vegetation was rich in its parti-colored autumn dress, and the scene, altogether, was grand and soul-inspiring in the extreme. I walked slowly along up this shelf, wondering much if ever before the foot of a white man had trod this mountain wild, when in passing a clump of small cedars I came abruptly upon a little log hut or cabin. It was constructed of small cedar logs, or rather, large poles, each as big as a strong man could carry; the roof was of the same, covered with bark, and finally sodded with a peculiar kind of moss that grew plentifully in the vicinity. The door was a rude one made of puncheon or pieces split out and hewn, and was hung on two cross pieces that extended over a few inches at one side and upon which the puncheons were pinned. A rough wooden latch was all the fastening of the door had. Of course I was quite surprised and not a little pleased at this evidence of civilization. I rapped at the door, but receiving no answer I raised the latch, shoved the door open and entered.

At one end of the single room was a rude fire-place, or chimney made of rough stone, considerable artistic skill being shown in its construction. Cooking utensils of various kinds were hanging on wooden pins, or ranged on shelves around the walls. A large box that evidently had done service as a table, occupied one corner next the chimney; two stools, and some coarse blankets in the farthest corner comprised the entire furniture of the room, as far as I could discover.

After taking this mental inventory of the contents of the cabin, I turned again toward the door, and was about to pass out, when a small piece of paper pinned to the wall by splinters passed through it and into the cracks of the logs, attracted my attention. It was a leaf torn from a small memorandum book, and on it was written in pencil, in a bold, round hand: "Jerry is dead, I buried him as best I could under the big cedar. I

am off for the States. Stranger, help yourself to what you see. June 18th, 18— JIM. I thought, is it possible that one year and four months has passed since this cabin was last occupied? And I again glanced around more critically and discovered what had escaped my eyes before, namely, a number of birds' nests in the logs and chimney, from one of which a small brown wren was eyeing me critically. Also, I noticed a lying in a dark corner, an ax, the blade covered with blood and rust, and that the floor showed deep stains of blood. I passed out of the hut and walked up the incline to where grew a large cedar tree.

At its trunk lay a pick and shovel, rusty and worn, and beneath its ample shade was a moss covered grave. At the head stood a rough stone with the one word "Jerry" rudely scrawled on it, evidently done with the pointed end of the pick.

I leaned against the tree and gazed long and sadly at the lone grave, feeling that no shroud or coffin inclosed the mouldering form resting there so far from home, friends, and civilization. Did a fond mother, a loving sister, or a longing sweet heart gather in the twilight of an eastern home, and softly repeat his name over, and sigh that he tarried so long?

Thus musing I turned again to find my way to our camp, but as I passed by the little hut I thought of the returned miner's song, and repeated the words musically:

The bear meat and bacon in the box from the damp,  
I left them all there for some miner or tramp,  
In my low cabin home far away.

And I wonder if this might not be the very cabin home of the song, and I seemed to be irresistibly drawn toward it as by some potent spell. Although it was growing quite dark, I again raised the latch, entered, seated myself on one of the before mentioned stools and leaned back in a comfortable position against the logs of the hut. The box spoken of was at my elbow, and I raised the lid and looked in, and, sure enough, a quantity of dried venison and bear meat, in a fair state of preservation, and a sack of musty corn meal greeted my astonished gaze. I closed the lid, and with my elbow resting on it and my head leaning on my hand, I fell into a deep reverie, or sort of slumber.

Suddenly the scene changed. A huge bear lay just out side the door, dead. The bloody ax had moved to the center of the room, and the blood on its blade was fresh and red, and pools of the same sanguine fluid besmeared the floor, where, a few moments before, only faint stains had shown. The blankets in the corner were spread out and occupied by the prostrate form of a fair-complexioned, slightly built youth, with blue eyes and soft, brown hair that hung in wavy masses about his head and shoulders. His face was deathly pale and his shirt and nether garments were badly rent in many places and stained with blood. His left arm, and small, delicate hand, were feebly crushed and mangled, and it was plainly apparent that death was fast approaching.

"O, will Jim never come?" he gasped feebly, turning his eyes toward the door.

I tried to rise, but seemed chained to the spot by some invisible power; neither could I speak. Just then a hunter approached the door, carrying a gun and a small dog; the latter he threw across the body of the bear, rested the gun against the logs of the cabin and entered.

In a moment more he was kneeling beside his friend, with an anxious look of inquiry on his rough, but kindly, face.

"It's all over with me, Jim," said the young man, feebly; "I succeeded in killing him at last, but you can see what he has done for me. When I heard him at the door I thought it was you, and I opened it. He rose up on his hind feet and pushed so I could not shut it again. Then he slashed me with his claws and I sprang for the ax and struck him, splitting his skull, but he crushed my arm with his teeth, and disembowled me with his claws. No, Jim, you can do nothing for me." He continued slowly, and hesitatingly, "only I want—to—tell—you—" a spasm of pain passed over the fair, youthful face, the long lashes closed over the large, blue eyes, and the breathing ceased.

The kneeling man caught the slender hand and held the pulse one moment in his trembling fingers, then convulsively drew the torn shirt from over the region of the heart to ascertain if it still performed its pulsations, and in so doing revealed the beautiful, though lacerated, bosom of a woman. One quick glance at the wavy brown hair, the long lashes now shading the deep blue eyes, into whose liquid depths he had often gazed searchingly, the small mouth and dimpled chin, and with clasped hands he uttered the stifled cry, "My God, it is Mary!"

Replacing the torn garment tenderly and reverently over the lacerated bosom, that bosom upon which his head had rested so fondly in days that had long gone by, he seemed for a moment dazed with grief; then he leaned over until his lips touched hers in a shower of passionate kisses, as he wailed out in heart-broken accents, "Oh, Mary, darling, why did you come?"

Slowly, like awakening from a sweet sleep, she opened her eyes and looked up with a smile. Jim tried hard to speak, but there was only a husky sound in his throat that ended in a whisper, repeating the question, "Oh, darling, why did you come?"

"To tell you, Jim, that I did not mean it. Oh, Jim, do forgive me!" she cried.

Jim placed his finger gently on her lips.

"No, no, Mary it was my fault, all my

fault. I provoked you to do as you did. You served me just right. But when you told me to go, and shut the door in my face, it made me very angry, and I went right home, climbed in at the window of my room, placed a few things in my valise, and in an hour was on the train bound for Denver, and—"

"Jim," she said, interrupting him, and laying her little hand in his, "Jim, I am dying, spread the blanket over me—there; now give me a sip of water; now listen; my time is very short, but I must tell you before I go. After you left I was heart-broken. I knew your temper, and I felt that you would never return to me, and I determined then, that sometime I would go and find you, but father was dead, mother was an invalid, and I could not leave her. For five long, weary years I nursed and cared for her; then she died and I was free. I sold all the property, drew the money from the bank, and came west. I made Denver my headquarters, and for two years I roamed from city to city, from town to town, and from camp to camp. I scrutinized every face, but could not find you. My pale, sad face, earnest eyes and slender form won me many admirers, and scarcely a week passed but some one wanted me for a wife, and piles and piles of gold were laid at my feet, but I refused them and their 'dust.'"

"So finally, in sheer desperation, I donned the male attire and cut my hair as you see. This gave me more freedom, and I went into the mines. What attraction brought me to 'Wilderness Gulch' I know not, but I came to the camp where you found me just in time to save my life. The gold they thought I had stolen was my own. The dead miner of the gulch was murdered by other hands than mine. You took me from them at the imminent peril of your life and brought me here. I knew you from the first, but could not reveal myself to you for your shame's sake. To be with you, and know I could be of use to you, was joy enough for me, and I thought after a while I would persuade you to return to the States, then I would keep track of you and meet you some place dressed as I used to, dress, and would not tell you until after we were married that I was once your boy 'Jerry.' I knew you loved me, Jim, for you often called my name in your sleep. But this dream of happiness is all over now, and perhaps it is the best for both of us."

She had talked hurriedly and with some animation, but now she seemed exhausted. A spasm of pain again swept over her, and a shudder caused Jim to tuck the blankets closer around the slender form. Her eyes closed for a few seconds, and it was evident that her moments of earth-life were few, and the end was near. But she once more roused herself, and again asked for water. Jim raised her head tenderly, and placed the tin cup to her lips. She drank and seemed refreshed. Then she gazed up into the tear stained face bending over her and said, tenderly, "Jim, promise me before I go, that you will do what I tell you."

"I promise, darling," said Jim hoarsely. She smiled, and said feebly, "Bury me beneath the big cedar, Jim, and then go home to the old folks. Your father and mother are both living, and need you sadly. They have long mourned you as dead. I promised them when I came west to find you, if alive, and send you home. You have gold enough, and mine will help you some. Will you do this?"

"Yes, darling, I will do all you say." Again she looked up in his face tenderly, and murmured, "Kiss me, Jim."

The kneeling form bent low over the dying girl, and pressed a long, passionate kiss upon the fast blueing lips. Again her eyes closed, and she seemed to have softly passed away. Then a bright smile lit her face and she said "Jim, I must go; the angels are coming for me. Oh, it is mother and sister."

Just as she spoke I saw two beautiful beings in glistening white robes come and bend lovingly over her. They kissed her tenderly and smoothed the hair from her forehead, and then stood aside, seemingly waiting for something. Jim said no attention to them, and it was evident they, to him, were invisible. The dying girl gazed at the two heavenly visitants with a look of intense admiration and love, and murmured "Mother, sister, I will be with you soon," and then said in a louder tone, "O, Jim, I must go, they are waiting for me. God bless you, and keep you good always. I will come back to you and be your guardian angel; mother says I may; bless him, mother, bless him!"

The elder of the two figures passed around behind him, and held her hands over him as if in benediction. The dying girl murmured "Good-by, Jim; remember me." A shudder shook her slight frame, and her beautiful eyes closed to open no more on earth. Jim kissed her passionately again and again, and called her name piteously, but she heard him not with mortal ears. I gazed at the kneeling man, now convulsed with a terrible agony and ringing his hands in utter despair, and then at the white, still face of the dead girl, smiling even in death, then I raised my eyes to the white-robed forms standing by. What was my astonishment at beholding three, in place of two, and recognizing in the third the arisen spirit of the dead girl lying before me.

She passed around her own prostrate body, knelt a moment by the side of the man she so devotedly loved, placed her white arms lovingly around his neck and kissed his brow and cheek with ineffable tenderness, seeming to share his grief, but he knew it not and still stiffened the cold blue lips and chafed the fast stiffening hand of the lifeless form. Then the mother and sister approached, and raising her up gently led her away. Just then the lusty voice of Billy the cook calling

lonely for me to come to supper roused me from my stupor. The cabin was dark as pitch. I groped my way toward the door by feeling along the wall. I found it and passed out, closed it carefully after me, and by the light of the camp fire I hastened to the tent. A hot cup of strong coffee quieted my trembling nerves.

### The Physical and Astral Bodies.

Dr. John C. Wypian of Brooklyn writes the *Twentieth Century* in criticism of Penticost's attitude concerning a future life. He quotes from Penticost as follows with remarks:

When I say immortality... I mean the conscious continuance of the individual in separate personal life after the body is dead. I say, emphatically, that everything that we know of in this universe of which we, ourselves, are a part, goes to prove that we, when we die, will fall as the trees do, as the roses do, never to live again as the same separate conscious personalities. I defy you to explain how a person can think, and feel, and love—how a person can live after the body is dead. I deny that there is any scientifically proven fact to show that there is any such future life in store for us.

The mistake, it seems to me, lies in the conception that the physical body is the all in all, and that therefore when it dies the conscious indwelling spirit, the ego, the I am, ceases to exist, whereas I deem the truth to be that the physical body is but the humble servant of the conscious indwelling personality or spirit, which uses the body as the instrument whereby it (spirit) comes into contact with and cognizes matter and all forms of material existences, from mineral to human. The spirit, therefore, is not dependent upon the physical body for its continued existence, but can and does exist independently thereof.

Again, I assert that this indwelling spirit possesses a more etherealized yet substantial form, composed of a far more sublimated form of matter than the physical body, (even while the earthly body is still living), and that the conscious personality, the spirit, the ego, inhabits this astral or spiritual body during the whole period of earth life, which astral body is intimately united, by subtle magnetic forces, with the physical one. Also that the indwelling spirit has the power, under certain conditions, of detaching this astral body from its close association with the mortal one, and of causing that astral form to appear in places more or less remote from where the mortal body lies in an unconscious or trance condition.

After the death of the physical body (or the outer shell of aggregated material atoms), the conscious personality, still inclosed or dwelling within its astral or spiritual body, becomes a dweller in spirit life or the Spirit world, and from that sphere of existence has the power and does return to earth, communicates with friends still in earth life, informs them concerning its spiritual environment, its life of continuous activities, giving unmistakable evidences of its identity and individuality, and demonstrating its power over ponderable matter, through a knowledge of the laws governing the electric and magnetic forces of nature, whereby various psychical manifestations are made, which extend from the simple rapping through the long list of phenomena until the important phase of materialization of spirit forms is demonstrated. Paul's motto, "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good," is as valuable now as when written centuries ago, and all who wish to gain more knowledge than they now possess concerning these interesting truths, can always have the opportunity of proving the truth of all the statements I have made, by the results of their own investigations into the realms of occult phenomena, when they earnestly and faithfully pursue their inquiries according to truly impartial and scientific methods.

### In the Old Slave Region.

The following contribution from the JOURNAL's loyal friend, Miss Brindle of Detroit, consists of extracts from letters written her by the wife of her cousin, Dr. O. W. Owen. Miss Brindle says: "If you have space, please publish in the JOURNAL for the rising generation, some of whom fail to understand why the war was necessary."

"Huntsville, Alabama, is a beautiful town of nine thousand inhabitants, situated in the Cumberland valley at the foot of a mountain. The drives about here are beautiful. There are paved streets, waterworks, gas and an ice factory. The town is very old. In the antebellum days it ranked next to Richmond, in point of aristocracy, and in no one town in all the South can be seen so many of the typical old plantation houses. They are stately mansions in very truth—real dream houses, representatives of a reign of prodigality, luxury and hospitality that has passed from earth. There is an unutterable pathos about these places. Many of them have known the joys and sorrows of five generations. To a question addressed to a darkey who lives there the answer came in this wise: 'That is the old Burns place, miss. Before de wah dey kept a thousand servants but de men folks all got killed in de wah and widow Burns she live dah lone now. Mighty nice place—regular old timer. I reckon you a stranger here, miss?'"

We went to the 'Calhoun Place,' now used as a government building. This old landmark stands in the centre of a terraced square full of grand old trees and entirely enclosed by a high brick wall. The marshal, an exceedingly polite southern gentleman, showed us through. He entered a hall (as

wide as your two parlors are long) running through the entire house and opening upon another porch at the back. The ceiling was beautifully frescoed and fairly preserved. At the left was a drawing-room as large as a church, also beautifully frescoed and lighted by a dozen small paned windows and heated by three fire places. The materials were of white marble. On the other side were sitting-room, dining-room, butler's pantry, etc., all similarly decorated. The dining room is wainscotted in oak as black as ebony. When the Calhouns occupied it there was a winding staircase of white marble, but that was taken out about thirty years ago and replaced by a poor wooden one. The chambers are very large but in a dreadful mouldy, demoralized condition, and altogether presented such a ghastly appearance that when I got to the third story I instinctively stretched out my hand and ignominiously but furtively clutched the coat tails of the guide and declined going any farther. Really it did not seem as if any good or pleasure had ever been experienced in those walls. Nothing would have induced me to remain alone for five minutes in any room, although the lower ones were many of them full of men who occupy them daily. We next descended to the basement where the floors were of stone and the windows as heavily grated as a jail. These were the store-rooms, offices and overseer's room. Off from one is a narrow stone passage leading to the slave quarters and on the other side of the room there is a heavy iron door. The Marshal said, 'Ladies, if you will excuse me I'll leave you here and ask the old mammy who takes care of the office to give me a lamp so that you can see the inside of the dungeon.' We each gave a like a couple of kids and ran after him. I would we go into the building again u he came back with the lamp. Well, the geon is of stone, high enough to stand right in; is about eight feet long and wide—no windows of course. In the c of the floor is a huge iron ring to wh merly was attached a ball and chain place was dreadful enough without it. You could scream yourself hoarse in there and no one be the wiser. All the walls and partitions were of brick, three feet thick, all through the house, and this place was like being imbedded in a mountain of rock. It was a palatial place some seventy years ago, full of beautiful old paintings and statuary, built by the grandfather of the young lady who was left alone in it thirty years ago. She sold it to a gentleman for \$25,000 who leased it to the government. I suppose it could be repaired but no one would live in it. It has been called haunted for forty years. I believe it is, by the poor black creatures who suffered in it. The servants' quarters are back of it, consisting of two large brick buildings. There is a beautiful government building nearly finished, on the place and when completed I presume the mansion will be pulled down and the grounds platted and sold. I wish it could be left as it is, being the best nineteenth century relic that one would be able to find. A poor, decrepit old horse belonging to an old negro was grazing on the lawn in front of the house. I never saw finer grounds—a private park—though they were utterly uncared for."

### Prof. Jastrow's Jugglery.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

There is one point in Prof. Jastrow's apology which needs a little more airing. He refers to his misrepresentation as "so slight an error," etc. If he means the slip of his pen ("that crossed off part of the parenthesis instead of all," we may allow it to pass as a slight error, but if he means to imply that the error of imputing to a genuine medium the tricks of an exposed mountebank is "slight," he needs further education to fit him for an oracle in psychic studies. His language plainly implies that he regards all mediums and all pretenders alike, and if a fraud has been detected and exposed by Spiritualists, it settles the question for all the claims of genuine phenomena. He coolly informs us that his "point was simply that a medium was exposed in the manner indicated, it being entirely immaterial who the medium might be!" If John Smith has stolen a horse and been caught and acknowledged the crime, would Prof. Jastrow think it immaterial who the thief might be? Suppose we publish Prof. Jastrow as the culprit? Would he think it "so slight an error?" But he intended to "omit all mention of names wherever possible." He seems not to have known that scores of pretenders have been exposed and confessed their guilt; and that Spiritualists have often been the first to detect and expose them. If a medium had been exposed, does it make no difference whether it be an accredited medium whose character is above suspicion and who has endured the most thorough scientific scrutiny, or an unknown adventurer? Did Prof. Jastrow think he was making a new revelation to the world? Was it a matter of importance to his theme that "a medium had been exposed?" He need not have consulted *Lights and Shadows* for that information. Who did not know that "a medium had been exposed" before Jastrow was ever heard of as a psychic savant? The fact is, if there was any significance whatever in his reference to an exposed medium, the entire force and value of the information lies in the name and character of the person accused.

D. D. Home was a rare medium, accredited by all who ever witnessed his wonderful powers. If Prof. Jastrow can show that he had been exposed, and confessed his guilt, he

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?
2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunication between the two worlds?
4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.
5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons, briefly, for the answers you give.
6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or to put it in other words, 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 I. N. BOICOURT.

1. My parents were members of the Methodist church. I was also a member and a preacher for thirteen years in the same church.
2. I do not know. I shall have to answer this question as I did formerly the one, "When were you converted?" I never could tell—I seemed to have just grown up that way, and I found myself being accused of preaching Spiritualist doctrines before I knew anything about Spiritualism or Spiritualists. When I began to "investigate" four years ago I found little need of change in belief or habits of life.
3. Do not remember to have ever had any other belief.
4. I make it so. My neighbor does not. Spiritualism can be put to many uses. My neighbor uses it to secure "lucky numbers" in lottery drawings and to get pointers on stocks and grain. I try to use it to round out my present life so that I can make good headway in the next. I once lived near a beautiful little lake in which I fished and bathed. An old schoolmate used it to drown himself in.
5. I wish I could tell you. It needs something and I think the "something" is in the air. Our friends on the other side have not told us yet what it is or when it is coming, but I have a suspicion that they know more than they tell us. A discontinuance of most of the Spiritualist periodicals would not hurt the cause any, and a tenfold increase in the circulation of the JOURNAL would help very much. The greatest curse of Spiritualism is that anybody may foist upon the public any opinion, book or paper he chooses, do anything his base nature may dictate in the name of Spiritualism, and no one can with authority gainsay him. But it may be that we have no right to appoint a dictator or undertake to regulate. I often wished that my schoolmate had in some way been prevented from committing suicide in my lake; he kind of spoiled it for my use. He may have had as much right to use it in his way as I had in mine, but I always felt that he did not treat me just right. I feel much the same about Spiritualism sometimes.
6. This knowledge may help much in every way. The voices from the other side give no uncertain sound about the relations of the present life to all the future. The law kindness, benevolence and love is interwoven with all psychic law. Paola, Kan.

ORGANIZATION.

C. STANLAND WAKE.

If you will allow me to make a few remarks on the question of organization which has been so fully discussed, I should like to do so in connection with certain communications which appear in the issue of Feb. 22 of the Rev. Stephen Noland relates the appearance to him, not of a deceased friend or relative, but of the Lord Jesus Christ. Now, whether this vision was actually objective or was merely subjective as being developed from his own inner consciousness, as I think it must have been, it had a lasting effect on Mr. Noland's mind and may be taken to represent the highest phase of Spiritualism, and that which unites it to Christian belief. From this point of view Spiritualism may be regarded as, in the words of Mr. A. H. Colton, "a coming to the surface of the Christ principle which has been so long buried and which is to take the place of the materialistic church," by which is meant the church as "so coated with creeds and dogmas that the truth cannot be found." From time to time, however, the inner spiritualistic principle breaks through this materialistic coating like the molten lava through the hard earth-crust, and there is what is known as a religious revival, which those affected by it claim to be such a subjective revelation of Jesus Christ as Mr. Noland had, although not so vividly realized, and which is ascribed to an outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

Two questions here present themselves. First, is this higher phase of Spiritualism more prevalent in spiritualistic circles than in the Christian church? and secondly, is it the most prevalent phase in these circles? For an answer to the second question I would refer to the concluding sentence of the Hon. Sidney Dean's letter on organization. He writes, "May the spirit guides part the clouds of doubt and indicate the will of our co-workers of the celestial spheres." In no part of that letter is God or Jesus Christ mentioned in connection with modern Spiritualism, but it speaks of "the missionaries to the Christian and non-Christian heathen of the civilized world." Mr. F. of Utah evidently takes the same ground, as he boldly proposes to let the question of organization be decided by the dwellers in the Spirit-world, in which the headquarters of the society should be located. Judging the whole subject from the highest standpoint you very justly condemn such views; but is it not true that those who claim the title of Spiritualists are, as a rule, yet on the lower plane? Moreover, is not this very fact the *raison d'être* of what is known as Spiritualism? Its highest phase is known to all religions and is simply a form of ecstasy such as was enjoyed by the Druids of old, as it is occasionally by the modern Methodists. The remarkable woman, Margaret Fuller, was under such conditions as will render constant communication with the Spirit-world easy, not merely for highly favored individuals, but for every one who would place himself under those conditions.

Philadelphia, Pa.

"LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SPIRITUALISM."

The Faiths of Ancient Peoples.

M. C. SEECEY.

There are a few books in this world that live. They live because they are the outbirth of divine archetypal ideas. Homer, Plato, Aristotle, Dante, Shakespeare, the Bibles of all nations, would form the world's thought and experience if all other books were burnt. Home's "Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism" will live—not because, like the rest, it is the world's photographic thought, but because it is a record of facts without which the other world-books would be inexplicable. It is a grouping of a series of face experiences from which a scientific induction can be formed which, with the facts of his own life and the well attested facts of others, demonstrate the continuity of personal existence beyond the grave. These, taken in connection with the arguments drawn from these facts and some consciousness, prove the immortality of the soul. Hence, as an aid for this sole purpose, the book will live—live when the verbiage of present actors in the events transpiring will be forgotten or pronounced trash by the judgment of mankind.

"Lights and Shadows" will confer another very important service upon mankind. It will, while recording the variable, the phenomenal side of life in both worlds, give the philosophic mind the clue by which the religious truth of history can be verified and conclusions drawn which will lift the variable, the phenomenal, into the higher realm of the constant, the permanent, the eternal in God's dealings with the world.

Once posit the fact of man's immortality and he stands in the blaze of the light of both worlds, ready to grapple with the problems of evil, the incarnations of the Christ, the dealing of Providence with men and the teleology of God's purpose in history, and the final outcome of all this mystery which burdens, oppresses and makes the heart of man sick as he contemplates his present environment. It will be seen that Spiritualism is the one word which covers all this multifarious illusion and reality. Our duty, therefore, in dealing with its output, is not to seek a new name, but to clarify, purify, discriminate the truth from the falsehood—the fact from fiction and stick to the much abused, ridiculed and travestied word. It has stood the test and no better can be found to express the exact facts as I hope to show by your permission in this series of letters. I shall write them as I feel like it and endeavor to convey in as simple form as I can, and without any attempt at art, the conclusions, chance thoughts and experiences on the lines worked out by Mr. Home. If I can make others see what I see in his book then I will feel that I have done something to help others help themselves. After all, this is about all any of us can do. Man is a queer animal. He can be led like the ass to the fountain, but we cannot make him drink the flowing waters of God's perennial truth.

There is one thing about Mr. Home's book. It indulges in no fine-spun theories. It is simplicity itself in one thing. Its whole bent and bearing is to make the reader realize that angels, good spirits and devils have their personal existence in the other world and that through all time they have communicated with this. That is the meaning of the book; and that means Spiritualism as Mr. Home understood it, and as I hope many others understand it or will understand it, who have or may yet read his book. There ought to be a million of copies printed, sold and read here in America. I hope you, Mr. Editor, will be the fortunate man to realize the praise, the profit, and be the bearer of this torch of truth to the "million" if not millions of true Spiritualists.

That the reader may have a forecast of Mr. Home's book, I beg leave to append hereto his first chapter:

"There descend to us among the fragmentary records which, with shattered temples and decaying cities, form the only remaining proofs that such nations as the Assyrian and the Egyptian were once great upon the earth, many evidences of the vividness with which light from another world broke in upon man during the earlier ages of our own. Every spiritual phenomenon which has in this present day startled the Christians of the West was tens of centuries ago familiar to the Pagans of the East. On the common foundation of a belief that spirit-visitants were neither few nor far between, every mythology of those far-back times was based. The most superhuman virtues and ultra-beatitudes of Chaldean, Phoenician, Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek, and Roman, are traceable to a spiritual source. For then, as since, the good of the truth that man cannot 'die to live again' but, living once, lives eternally, was at times largely converted to evil. Side by side with noble natures, made yet higher and purer by communion with high and pure minds that no longer tenanted the flesh, were demons doing the behests of demons—evil creatures of both sexes, and all ages and conditions, who, instigated by spirits still fouler, worked ceaselessly to fill the earth with bloodshed and uncleanness. By intercourse with spirits the cheerful assurance of immortality was perpetuated through all times and nations, and the dark vestibule of the grave brightened with a glory from beyond. Through intercourse with spirits, also, the awful rite of human sacrifice—men seeking to appease imaginary deities by the murder of their brethren—had birth. It was natural that when, at the touch of the departed, the clouds which veil our Hereafter shrank away, man, gazing on the newly revealed morning-lands, should imagine he saw gods walking there. Thus the power of the spirits for good and evil became immeasurable. The valiant phalanx of the Greeks rushing down upon the Persian multitude at Marathon, every breast thrilling with the thought that around thronged the spirits of their ancestors and the deities of their nation, inspiring and encouraging them to the combat, affords an example of the best phase of spiritual influence. The same Greeks solemnly heaving in pieces or burying alive unhappy captives, whose torments would, they supposed, win them favor in the sight of evil beings erring, exalted into deities, may stand as an instance of the worst. But the dark and the bright phases alike witness to the intensity of faith which primeval man had in the invisible. Even when we know little else of a nation we know generally that the cornerstone of its mythology was a belief in the return of the departed. Heroes and sages were not, when death snatched them, lamented as having forever passed away. Their spirits hung still above the land they had loved and served; at times visibly appearing to the posterity by whom they were adored; counseling them in the moment of danger, or leading on their hosts to victory. If a spirit—

Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism. By D. Home. 8vo, 412 pages, English Edition. Price, \$2. Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago.

were frequent in his appearances and mighty in the services he rendered, he speedily became worshipped as a god. Again, when it was discovered that only in the presence of certain persons could spirits manifest themselves, these mediums were set apart, and priesthood had its origin. Immortal man is immortally ambitious—peculiarly liable also to mislead and be misled. The priest speedily aspired to be the founder of a sect—the builder up of some system of theology or government. He walked among men as one with them but not of them; clothed with distinctive garments; hedged round by the sanctity of mysterious rites. From among the invisibles who surrounded him he selected as his peculiar guardians and guides those whose counsels were agreeable to his soul. It leaves a dubious impression concerning the majority of spirits and mediums in ancient days, that in every land of which we have knowledge we find altars dripping with human blood; prisoners of war, butchered by the thousand as acceptable offerings to the gods; temples polluted with licentiousness; the most unblushing vice; the most systematic cruelty. These things all sprang from the abuses of communion between world and world; abuses for which spirits alike with men were blamable. Were the beings anciently worshipped as gods in reality devils? If by devils we understand human beings depraved to the lowest pitch, then many, probably, might be accounted so. It is not to be doubted that then, as now, the messengers of God, high, holy, and pure spirits, constantly watched over and communicated with the better children of earth. But to that end mediums were necessary, and the mediums were usually ambitious and often depraved. Loth to be but the servants of the spirits, they foolishly and uselessly aspired to govern them. The entreaties and admonitions of their good angels were neglected and condemned, until these in grief held aloof and seemed to have forsaken the earth. The dangerous beings who counselled pleasant things, and, while seeming pliant to the slightest wish, held their victims firmly to the service of evil, reigned almost unchecked. Dwellers in darkness, they desired, with the malignity of unrepentant wickedness, that souls yet on earth should enter the spirit-world, and that the servants of evil were everywhere. Through their fancied masters and real tools, the priests, nation after nation was led away from faith in the one God to worship his creatures. What these deities were the records that have descended to us irrefragably prove. Resembling men, they are depicted as possessing the passions and attributes of fiends. In every mythology it was a cardinal point that to avert their wrath blood was necessary. Fearful penalties were denounced against such as offended these pseudo-gods. Among the light, lively peoples of the south of Europe the idea of punishment after death took the shape of confinement in silence and eternal night; with stern barbarians was a vision of unhappy faces looking up from a burning tomb. The infamous doctrines that have disgraced our own age, doctrines which seek to sap the very foundations of society, and, taking from love all that is beautiful and endearing, leave only its filthy and debasing mockery—were inculcated by these deities, enforced in their temples by precept and example, and disseminated through nations with the effects of a pestilence. What society was two thousand years ago history witnesses, and too well 'Good, and good spirits' seemed almost to have fled from the earth. The services of evil were everywhere. All temples of all deities had become offences to the eye of heaven; plagues of bloodshed and licentiousness. The many accepted, as they have in all ages done, the deities offered to them, and, obedient to their behests, cultivated the evil of man's nature and carefully repressed the good. The intelligent and gifted perceived that, living or fabled, the beings to whom the nations erected temples were assuredly not gods, and the creators of the universe, but either monsters of the imagination or creatures of a scale somewhat beneath that on which they themselves moved. They sought refuge accordingly in European nations and in the interior of the things of this life. At length the evil grew to an unendurable height. That period when the Roman power had attained its zenith was the nadir of the morality and happiness of man. Then the forces of good in the invisible world began once more to stir. Upon the earth enervated with wickedness and convulsed with strife; upon nations where the most hideous vices stalked the land openly and unashamed; upon nations where the stake, the cross, and the scourge were in hourly use, and where man plotted how to be most inhuman to his fellow-man; upon the century of Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero, of Messalina, Agrippina, and Domitian, the great uprising of the Christian era dawned. Founded in miracle, attested by prodigy, spread by apostles whose touch healed the sick, whose words caused the maimed to become whole, and the cripple to rise and walk, and to whose eyes was revealed the whole radiance of the Unseen, it conquered rapidly region after region; setting at defiance the possible and the common, and discovering by burning proofs that the ladder which Jacob beheld was but faintly typical of that immortal one stretching from earth to heaven, by which multitudes of the departed have in all ages continually ascended and descended.

A VIEW OF THE BEYOND.

Scenes of Ravishing Beauty—A Man Talks With Friends He Knew on Earth.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

I am postmaster of this town and am also engaged in general mercantile business. I have been a firm believer in Spiritualism for many years, and during the past few years I have had remarkable visions or views of the Spirit-world. At the suggestion of some of my friends I will endeavor to describe a view which I recently had of that land to which I am now fast hastening. On the night of January 12, of the present winter, after my bodily faculties had been composed in slumber, I was carried irresistibly yet gently by some indescribable force to a country of exquisite beauty. The landscape or plateau which seemed to spread out before me was dotted with flowers of the rarest delicacy of tint, and the air was filled with the richness of their perfume. I cannot describe fully, with tongue or pen, the grandeur and beauty which surrounded me as I stood in silent wonderment and admiration. At first I was content to commune with the flowers and trees, and breathe the balmy, fragrant air—indeed for a time I seemed to be enveloped in a vapor laden with the perfume of roses. Selfishly, perhaps, I was content for a while to enjoy these beauties alone, but it was not long before the silent glen, the golden sunlight, the winding ravine with its mossy nook, the silvery brooklet leaping over pebbles of amber and gold were too much to be admired alone, too sacred for the eyes of a hermit, and thus instinctively my soul yearned for companionship for a kindred voice. Seemingly in obedience to my wishes I saw seated, some little distance from me, a man whose features were familiar, notwithstanding his present youthful appearance. I could see in his eyes and smile much that reminded me of my old time friend, J. C. I approached him and he extended his hand in mutual recognition, saying, "David, I am glad indeed to meet you; how are you pleased with our surroundings?" He chatted awhile upon topics familiar to us both, having reference to earth life, and he interested me very much by describing and explaining much that pertained to his present existence. Whilst we were talking another familiar face and form approached me from a different direction. In this individuality I recognized very readily my old friend and former neighbor, R. Y. He also extended the hand of welcome and his voice and manner of expression soon carried me back in memory to the years of the past. My friend, when on earth, had a peculiar style of expression and although he was never considered a profane man yet his conversation was frequently interspersed with what might be regarded as an abbreviation of profanity. Whenever he wished to be regarded as emphatic or particularly in earnest he would say "dang it," and I was somewhat surprised and considerably amused when he used the same expression to me, as we stood amidst the flowers on the green landscape of the Spirit-world. In the midst of our conversation I was delighted to hear strains of music which came apparently from the distant hills, and oh, such music! nothing approaching it had ever before regaled my ears. At first I was unable to distinguish articulation and knew at a loss to know whether it was vocal or instrumental; but as it drew nearer I could not only distinguish the words but I could plainly see the singers who composed this celestial band. On they came until they had approached within a few yards of us. They then halted and I was in a position to observe them closely. They were perhaps twenty in number, dressed in the most gorgeous uniforms bespangled with shimmering silver, diamonds and gold. Resting upon each shoulder and reaching out in front of their faces was a peculiar box-like instrument made of some light material and seemed to be readily adjusted to any angle. In front was a circular telephonic mouth-piece, or sounding board, and in the sides leading from the shoulder outward toward the mouth-piece were small silver bells. These bells seemed to be so graded in sound as to be in exact accord with the voice of the singer, that is the bells in the various instruments were in harmony with individual voices and also attuned to the different parts of music; thus, the soprano, and tenor, and alto, and bass voices were aided both individually and collectively by the sound of the bells. Several pieces of music or rather several songs were thus executed or sung whilst the band of singers was near us. To say I was delighted, electrified or enchanted, would not fairly express my feelings on this occasion. There in the vale of the future I had met two old congenial friends and the event was being celebrated by strains of the sweetest music; nor was this all—the band ceased singing, and when the echo of their voices had been wafted away on the air which was laden with the perfume of pansies, hairbells and jessamines, one member of the band left the ranks and smiling took me by the hand. I was overjoyed to find in this personage a long departed friend and kinsman. My relative had been accorded a very sweet and melodious voice when on earth, but this talent had been augmented many fold since he had become a dweller over there. At the time these scenes were being enacted I was fully cognizant of the fact of my spiritual surroundings. I knew that the flowers, the trees, the grasses, the golden sunshine, and the balmy fragrant air which I then enjoyed belonged to the realms of the hereafter. I knew then, as I know now, that the friends with whom I conversed and whose society I so much enjoyed were the friends whom I had known on earth; that the music which charmed my soul was the music of the spheres, and I left these friends and these surroundings with feelings of regret. And now since I have again assumed the conditions and burdens of earth-life, I look forward with pleasure to the time when I shall be released from the pains and the sorrows incident to earth, and join my friends in the beautiful land beyond the river of death. Kimball Station, Mich. DAVID PRICE.

MAGNETIC SLUMBER.

Interesting Experiments in Mesmerism by Rev. C. P. McCarthy.

On the night of Wednesday, March 5, Rev. Charles P. McCarthy gave some interesting experiments in mesmerism at his private residence in New York City. In a brief lecture the experimenter explained the theory of the force known as magnetism, mesmerism and hypnotism. He disclaimed all idea of its being in any sense supernatural and said it is governed by natural laws like steam, electricity or any other force. In hypnotism the force is will-power scientifically directed, and the speaker stated that in Exeter Hall, London, he had mesmerized 400 persons at once. In the course of his address Mr. McCarthy mesmerized a young man by a few simple passes. The subject came backward and forward at the mesmerist's will.

The principal experiments were made with the assistance of Mrs. Palmer Sterne, mother of the actress, Minnie Palmer. In the presence of about a dozen persons, including a *World* reporter, this lady came forward and said she had never been mesmerized. After a few light passes Mr. McCarthy, using his outspread fingers about two inches from the lady's dress. The long pass had not been repeated four times when Mrs. Palmer Sterne's eyes had a dreamy expression, and she was declared to be in a mesmeric state. She appeared conscious, yet not mistress of her movement. Following is a graphic description of Mr. McCarthy's methods on the occasion:

"Place your hand upon mine" said Mr. McCarthy, extending his right hand, palm upward. The subject obeyed.

"You cannot remove it; try and see if you can."

The muscles of the slender wrist moved, but the hand did not rise. The mesmerist made a few light passes.

"Now you may remove your hand."

Mrs. Sterne did so without much difficulty. "Drop your hands to your sides—that's it. Now try to place them together in front of you."

Apparently she could not do so until Mr. McCarthy allowed her to. Then she put her hands together in front of her body and could not separate them. Mr. McCarthy put his thumb lightly on the subject's forehead between the eyes.

"I will go to the piano and play," he said. "When I play quick music you will move forward. When I play slowly you will walk backward."

He played a rollicking Irish tune, so brisk and catchy that the listeners felt moved to beat time with their feet. Slowly Mrs. Sterne's body inclined forward until it seemed that she was about to fall. But she kept her balance by moving one foot quickly forward. Then the notes of "Adeste Fideles" floated out. Mrs. Sterne swayed backward and took a step or two to the rear.

Again the mesmerist stood face to face with the subject.

"Your name is Turner," he said in a clear, distinct voice. "Now, what is your name?"

For three or four seconds the lady's lips moved without uttering a sound. Then she whispered "Turner."

"You have a sweet voice," said Mr. McCarthy, "but you cannot pronounce your name without stammering. Try and see."

"T-t-t—oh, I can't," whispered Mrs. Palmer Sterne, laughing and frowning at the same time.

A few passes restored her to consciousness, but she complained of feeling very sleepy.

"Would you like to take a little nap?"

"Yes, please."

"Come over here to the sofa. Shall I put you to sleep quickly or gradually?" Again the vacant, languid look came into the eyes. The lips moved faintly, but no sound came.

"Look at my hand. By the time it is closed you will be asleep. I am closing it slowly, slowly."

As the mesmerist's hand gradually closed Mrs. Sterne's head sank backward upon the pillow. Her eyes closed, and she sank quickly into profound sleep. Mr. McCarthy said no one but himself could wake her up, and he told of a woman whom he had kept in a magnetic sleep for three months. When Mrs. Sterne had been asleep about fifteen minutes he put his thumb gently between her eyes.

"Do you hear me?" he asked.

"Yes," was the answer, in the faintest of whispers.

"You are asleep?"

"I am."

"There is no sense of pain nor oppression?"

"None whatever."

A few minutes later the mesmerist again addressed the subject.

"Can you hear me?"

There was no answer.

"If you cannot speak, move your hand."

After a moment's pause one finger moved a little.

"Very well. I am going to the piano. When I begin to play you will come to the instrument and stand beside me."

Mr. McCarthy went to the piano and played the "Cafes Animans," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater." At first the subject was motionless, but as the music continued she raised her head, then quitted the sofa. Her eyes were tightly closed. Slowly, but without hesitation, she walked toward the piano and paused only when she stood at the player's elbow. When the last chord of the grand composition died away she returned to the sofa, resuming her former attitude. Ten minutes later she was awakened. She said she remembered nothing since she was put to sleep, but felt much refreshed. Thus closed the experiments of the evening.

Heber Newton's Thought.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The following beautiful thought occurs in a sermon entitled "The Font," by Rev. R. Heber Newton and published in *All Soul's Monthly* for February. It is rarely that an orthodox clergyman can broaden his vision so as to take in so catholic a sentiment. Think of it, the Christian Church is older than Christianity. This must be so if the dogmatism of that church is what it claims to be: the one religion of humanity. Dr. Newton is becoming to the Episcopal church of America what Dean Stanley was to the Church of England—its foremost thinker. "The Christian Church is older than Christianity. The institute of religion is as old as humanity, only, as one of the noblest of the Church Fathers declared, 'Since Christ has lived it has rightly been called Christian. Baptism, old as Christianity, is old as humanity. Ages before the Christian Church, in far-off India, the man stirred to the depths of his being by the mysteries of life, and hungering after righteousness, concerned to deliver himself from his heasting sin, was led down into the waters of the sacred stream and immersed beneath its flowing current, and, as he rose, was signed with the sign of

the cross, the most venerable symbol of the spiritual life, and, clad in white, was received into the company of the initiate, the fellowship of those who were seeking the divine life. But since Mary's son lived, baptism has been something yet more spiritual, yet more sacred. Eighteen centuries ago there was born a babe into the world who made history pivot upon himself, so that all before him dates B. C., and after A. D. in him the spiritual nature of man possessed his whole being. In him God dwelt as in a sacred temple. He knew himself to be the child of God. He lived in conscious communion with the Father of his spirit. His whole life was gladly surrendered to seek whatever things are true and pure and just and lovely. When he died, that life could not remain buried in the grave. The gates of death could not hold him. The veil across the beyond grew lustrous. He appeared to his sorrowing disciples and made men know afresh that death does not end life.

"Thus he became the exemplar, the pattern of the human life divine, the mystic man of the spirit whom the initiate in all lands and ages had reverently sought to follow, the Christ, the Christ, God's Thought in every human soul. Thus he became the germ of a new and holy organism, that body which is his Church. Around him, in the fellowship of his life, his disciples gathered, forming a society of Jesus. And now, in these far-off days, we, too, draw around the font which is the outward and visible sign of our initiation into the inward and spiritual life, and in that sacred moment of initiation, receive the name of Jesus Christ and are signed with the sign of the cross, saying in our souls: "Thou seemest human and divine. The holiest, highest manhood thou. Our wills are ours, we know not how. Our wills are ours to make them thine."

Woman's Department.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

We call from the North American Review for January, a few suggestive thoughts upon the subject of divorce which appear in articles written by well known women.

Rose Terry Cooke, in expressing her feelings about remarriage, says:

My own feeling is strong against any remarriage after separation by death. I think to a pure, delicate, faithful woman there can be but one marriage in her life. I think even the remembrance of a past love that once occupied the heart she tries to give to another must always fill her with shame and regret, though that early love may have been frustrated by evil tide or set aside by death before it became an open tie, I am aware this is an extreme theory, but it is mine, and I believe there are other women who will agree with me. It is also a deep regret in my mind that every Christian Church does not regard marriage as a sacrament, as does the Roman hierarchy. I think it is for the good and safety of society that it should be so regarded.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore thinks trivial causes for divorce a great evil. She writes:

The present fatal facility of divorce is undoubtedly menacing the home, disintegrating the family, and endangering the welfare of society. For divorce is granted to-day for the most trivial causes; it can be obtained by collusion, fraud, and with absolute secrecy, non-residents receiving no notice of the suit brought against them in another State, and sometimes finding themselves divorced before they had even suspected that such a measure was in contemplation. The causes justifying the State in decreeing the surrender of the marriage tie should be reduced to a minimum; there should be an entire absence of the present, indecent haste in granting divorces, but, instead, the utmost deliberation; every divorce case should be made public; and my own predilection is in favor of granting "total divorce" only by the verdict of jury trial. If these precautions were observed, they would immediately diminish the frightful number of divorces. Whenever it shall be established that divorce is prima facie evidence of the guilt of one of the wedded parties, and the utmost publicity is given to the proceedings, that society may judge for itself, the integrity of the family will be maintained, and not injured, by divorce.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps gives sound advice regarding how to deal with divorce as follows:

The truly scientific, and therefore the hopeful, treatment of this social disease must, I believe, consist more and more, and must some time consist entirely, in the preventive, and what we might call attentive, means of cure. What is the use—what is the use—in wearing out our brains to invent scalpels and probes, to cut, and sew, and carve, and bury, when a careful course of the right remedy would heal the patient? In brief, so long as we are allowed to marry as we do, what right have we to expect anything else than unmarrying, and that society to the end of this weak and wicked world? Give us the public opinion which will make it indelicate for a man to marry for a housekeeper or a woman for a home. Give us the average of judgment which shall stamp it a social blot to marry "for position," and call it a crime to marry for money. Give us the great ideal which shall create the noble fact. Give us such a comprehension of the feeling which ought to draw men and women into the marriage-tie that anything less than almighty love should invalidate marriage as much as the absence of the witness to the oath. Give us such a vision of the purity, the unselfishness, the patience, the tenderness, the loyalty through sorrow and sickness and ill fortune and faded fatness, and the clash of temperaments, which the marriage bond requires—such a holy power as shall lift us above the social mire toward which our nation is sinking.

Dr. Karolina Widenstrom is the first female physician to practice in Sweden. She has settled in Stockholm and charges the poor nothing for her services.

Ellen E. Kenyon of Brooklyn, in an admirable address upon the Coming School, emphasizes the imperative need of placing the ablest teachers in charge of primary classes, where, as she says, "Breadth of thought and definiteness of plan and skill in execution are infinitely more needed than in subsequent work."

Miss Nellie Sanger, the stenographer to President Harrison and the private Secretary to his wife, was one of the young ladies asked to assist at the New Year's Reception at the White House, and on the same day, Miss Hunt, the daughter of a former cabinet officer and minister to Russia, serving as private secretary to Vice-President Morton's wife, was assistant at the reception in Mr. Morton's house. This is certainly an innovation and a democratic step, and will do much in finally disposing of the idea that a

woman loses caste by earning her own living.

One of the happiest new ideas in philanthropy is that of opening free libraries for children in our great cities. Children will read something. The news-stands provide for them large supplies of reading matter that is either mental saw-dust or moral poison. The Children's Library Association of New York has now one free library open each afternoon from three to five P. M. and on Saturdays from nine A. M. until noon. It has had an average attendance during the last three months of fifty-six children daily. Who would be the power for good, if such free libraries for children were multiplied through the city? The time will come before long, let us hope, when every public school will have its library, as every Sunday School now has its library. Until then, private philanthropy must meet the need. Who will supply funds for such a library in our Sunday School room?—All Soul's Monthly for March.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

THE PICTURESQUE GEOGRAPHICAL READERS. By Charles F. King. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 50 cents. The fashion of taking a trip across the ocean or to any part of the world we may desire to visit, is a reading and study class in one's own home, is an admirable one. But this is generally relegated to the grown up members of the family, and with a traveled person to explain and perhaps illustrate the subject. Mr. King has brought his charming little book down to the capacity of the young members of the family. Great pains have been taken to gather information from every available source, and it is all told in form of a story. Mr. Cartmill and his children go out for a frolic and to sail Fred's little boat upon "Sly" pond; they load it with little bags of nuts, tea, coffee, etc., and play "trade." This family travel all over the world, learning the geographical position, habits of the people, products of the country, etc. There are to be four volumes; this, the first, contains 225 pages, and is beautifully illustrated with over 130 pictures, made from photographs or by the best American artists. Children will easily comprehend the language. These books are equally suitable for school or home reading. The price is astonishingly low, as they are expensive books to prepare. But anticipating a large sale (as there will be, for no family can afford to be without), they are offered at this low price.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE in King Arthur's Court. By Mark Twain. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

This is a handsomely gotten up book of 575 pages, profusely illustrated, written in Mark Twain's inimitable style. It purports to be the story of a man who was first a blacksmith, and horse doctor, and finally through his inventive genius became a superintendent of one of the large manufacturing concerns in an alteration with one of the men he was injured very severely, and while unconscious dreamed, or was subjected to the hallucination that he was living in the 6th century in King Arthur's time. The story is told in a most admirable style, as only Mark Twain can tell it. At one time he was doomed to death, but remembering that he had read of a total eclipse of the sun that was to take place on the 21st day of the month he relied upon that knowledge to impress the King with his wonderful power of controlling the sun. As the eclipse came on the king had foretold them, their fear grew so great, that the King offered him everything, even to the half of his kingdom if he would only save the sun. He had some difficulty in holding their belief in his power till it began to lighten, but of course he succeeded much to their joy. There are many very laughable incidents given and one can get a great deal of amusement from the book.

LIBERTY AND LIFE. Discourses by E. P. Powell, author of "Our Heredity from God." Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 1889. pp. 208. Price, 75 cents.

In this volume Mr. Powell has presented to the public seventeen discourses on lofty themes, such as "Life and Death; What they are," "A Sound Mind in a Sound Body," "A Substitute for Orthodoxy," "The Religion of the Future," etc. Taken together, these discourses support the author's work, "Our Heredity from God," they are full of thought put in language that all readers can understand. Mr. Powell is always direct, forcible and clear. Among all these discourses there is not one which is dull or prosy, the style is spirited, the illustrations drawn from current life are always pertinent, and frequently humorous, while the ideas advanced are those of a broad and clear-headed, as well as reverent, thinker.

A GALAXY OF PROGRESSIVE POEMS. By John W. Day. Boston: Colby & Rich. Price, \$1.00.

Mr. Day is the associate editor of the Banner of Light, having been connected with that paper off and on since its first year, 1857. He left it first to study for the Universalist ministry, but his eight failing, he was obliged to give up his studies. He afterwards entered the army in the late civil war, remaining from 1861 to 1865, securing an honorable discharge as a captain of cavalry. The poems gathered into this little book have been published in the Banner of Light and other periodicals of New England and will be found very entertaining.

REPROCHES Y-CONSEJOS, MEXICO. Published by Refugio I. Goetzale.

This is a work given through a psychographical medium, Francisco Urgel, and received in a spiritist circle called "La Luz." It embraces a series of communications for "reproof and counsel" purporting to come from Philip the apostle, St. Paul, and other no less imposing personages. It is a work of interest to the people for whom it was written, coinciding with the peculiar views received and advocated by spiritists of the Latin races.

SPIRITUAL FRAGMENTS. By J. J. Owen. San Francisco: The Rosenthal Saalburg Co. Mr. Owen is an old journalist and editor of the Golden Gate. For twenty-four years previously he edited the San Jose Mercury, and these Fragments have appeared editorially in the Golden Gate. They will be found interesting and instructive reading. The book is embellished with a fine and life-like portrait of Mr. Owen.

PRINCE STARBEAM. A Tale of Fairy Land. By Arthur Edward Waite. London: James Burns. This is a genuine fairy story. We all remember how we enjoyed them in our young days. Prince Starbeam was the hereditary prince of the birds—and this is the story of his search after the "Magic Ring."

Human Life, or "The Course of Time" as seen in the Open Light. By Caleb S. Weeks. New York: S. C. W. Byington & Co. Price, \$1.25.

Rules and advice for those desirous to form circles, where through developed media, they may commune with spirit friends, together with declaration of principles and belief, and hymns and songs for circle and social singing. Compiled by James H. Young. This is a useful pamphlet for investigators. Price, 20 cents.

PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: F. F. Lovell & Company. Price, 50 cents.

The author of this work is comparatively a new writer who has been received with great favor in England. The tales are from life in India and are full of thrilling interest.

CHILDREN OF TO-MORROW. By William Sharp. New York: F. F. Lovell & Company. Price, 50 cents.

The wild unrest, the vague yearning, the spiritual torture of an age of awakening and transition, so much sought for by the general reader of the day, are depicted in this story.

New Books Received.

Sketches of "Shakers and Shakerism." By Giles B. Avery. Albany, N. Y.: Weed, Parsons & Co.

Logic Taught by Love. By Mary Boole. Boston in Alfred Mudge & Son.

Semite Philosophy: Showing the Ultimate Social and Scientific Outcome of Original Christianity in its Conflict with Surviving Ancient Heathenism. By Philip C. Friese. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price, \$1.00.

Sound-English. A Language for the World. By Augustin Knoufich. New York: G. E. Stechert, 828 Broadway. Price, 25 cents.

Individualism A System of Politics. By Wordsworth Donisthorpe. London: MacMillan & Co.

Facing the Sphinx. By Marie L. Farrington. San Francisco: Published by the author, 509 Steiner Street.

Magazines for March Not Before Mentioned.

The Century. (New York.) Accompanying the present installment of the Joseph Jefferson Autobiography, are the most striking pictures which have occurred in the series. The subject of Municipal Government is treated; the subject of Irrigation. Letters from Japan; Gloucester Cathedral; The Sundance of the Sioux, and a curious study on the subject of Memory are a few of the many good articles for March.

The Jenness-Miller Magazine. (New York.) The article on Physical Culture, by Mabel Jenness, is most interesting. The paper on Social Etiquette, by the Countess Annie de Montaigne, is devoted to a discussion of Dinner Parties, and The Luxury of the Turkish and Roman Baths, by Annie Jenness-Miller, is full of suggestions. There is very interesting talk on fashions, and the illustrations for spring costumes are among the most artistic.

The Home-Maker. (New York.) An Old Kentucky Home is a pathetic article, giving an insight to the character of the true Kentuckian. Olive Thorne Miller tells the reader of a Monkey that lives on the Mantel, in her original and pleasant style. The several departments are well filled by writers favorably known to our readers.

The English Illustrated Magazine. (New York.) Grant Allen's article, entitled A Submerged Village, describes a part of Wales in a delightful manner. Rugby Union Football; The Faith Bridge; The Old Brown Mare, and Cate and Kittens, are a part of the interesting reading for March.

The Kindergarten. (Chicago.) This illustrated monthly magazine for mothers, primary teachers and kindergarten teachers, is thoroughly recognized as representing Froebel's teachings. It presents each month typical, suggestive lessons of practical value to those seeking child culture.

The Western Engineer. (St. Louis, Mo.) Mechanical, Steam and Hydraulic Engineering are shown particular attention in this monthly issued by the Ford Engineering Company.

Also:

The Esoteric, Boston.

The Unitarian Review, Boston.

The Unitarian, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Theosophist, Madras, India.

Lucifer, London, England.

The Century for April contains two full-page engravings, by Timothy Cole, the engraver, each depicting a "Madonna and Child" by Giovanni Bellini; namely, the famous altarpieces in the church of S. Zaccaria and that of the Eremitani in Venice. The conductors of The Century claim that modern wood-engraving has never been put to such valuable and permanent use as in this series of engravings made by Cole in the very presence of the great pictures. The original relations of tone which are so sadly confused in the photographs, especially in those of the Venetian school, are retained in all the accuracy possible to black-and-white.

S. C. Griggs & Co. have now in press and will issue at an early day The World Energy and Its Self Conservation, in which the author, W. M. Bryant, discusses the deepest questions of science. The book is said to be remarkable for originality, profound logic and scientific accuracy. Also A Digest of English and American Literature being the last work completed previous to the death of its author, Prof. A. H. Welsh. The scholarly reputation attained by Prof. Welsh will cause the appearance of the new book to be anticipated with pleasure. The work is arranged for immediate reference, and aims to give the student chronological and the characteristics and chief events of any author's period, together with a crisp, critical synopsis of his life and writings.

The New York Engraving and Printing Company, at 320 Pearl street, New York City, has issued a calendar for 1890 that is a specimen of their work, and it can hardly be excelled in this style of photographing.

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## The Roman Catholic Church.

Dr. R. Heber Newton, whose breadth of thought and liberality of spirit together with his humanitarian interest in social reform are well known to the readers of the JOURNAL, recently made the Roman Catholic church the subject of a discourse from his pulpit. In dwelling on the virtues and merits of this church, Dr. Newton, as reported in the New York Herald, said:

The services of the Roman Catholic Church to mankind have been immense. In the fall of the Roman Empire there seemed no power left to preserve order and to civilize the barbarians who were pouring over into the empire, carrying devastation with them. The ecclesiastical framework of the empire held together when the political framework fell to pieces, preserving society, maintaining social order, keeping alive the body politic.

In quoting this statement of a scholar of unquestioned learning and fairness, the JOURNAL would like to add such qualifications as seem appropriate and necessary to prevent possible misapprehension from the reported words of the distinguished divine. It is true that the imperialism of the empire was replaced by the imperialism of the church; and that the "ecclesiastical framework" served a valuable purpose in preserving social order "when the political framework fell to pieces."

But was not the subversion of the empire, to which the darkness of the middle ages was largely due, promoted by the church? Did the church not discourage patriotism, and by its teachings and policy lead the people to yield to the barbarians and to the overthrow of the political fabric? "Asceticism," says Lecky in his History of Morals, "drawing all the enthusiasm of Christendom to the desert life, and elevating as an ideal the extreme and absolute abnegation of all patriotism, formed the culmination of the movement, and was undoubtedly one cause of the downfall of the Roman empire. The genius and the virtue that might have defended the empire were engaged in fierce dispute about the Pelagian controversy, at the very time when Alaric was encircling Rome with his armies, and there was no subtlety of theological metaphysics which did not kindle a deeper interest in the Christian leaders than the throes of their existing country. The moral enthusiasm that in other days would have fired the armies of Rome with an invincible valor, impelled thousands to abandon their country and their home to consume the weary hours in a long routine of useless and horrible macerations. Many of the Christians contemplated, with an indifference that almost amounted to complacency, what they regarded as the predicted ruin of the city of the fallen gods. The immortal pass of Thermopylae was surrendered without a struggle to the Goths. A Pagan writer accused the monks of having betrayed it. It is more probable that they had absorbed or diverted the heroism that in other days would have defended it."

The church not only encouraged the subversion of Rome by representing, as Milman says, that the invasion was "a just and heaven-commissioned visitation" and "resistance

a vain, almost an impious struggle to avert inevitable punishment," but it despised Pagan learning, destroyed Pagan libraries, condemned science, and encouraged idleness and mendacity. "A boundless intolerance of all divergence of opinion was united with an equally boundless toleration of all falsehood and deliberate fraud that could favor received opinions. Credulity being taught as a virtue, and all conclusions dictated by authority, a deadly torpor sank upon the human mind which for many centuries almost suspended its action, and was only effectually broken by the scrutinizing, innovating and free-thinking habits that accompanied the rise of the industrial republics in Italy. Few men who are not either priests or monks would not have preferred to live in the best days of the Athenian or of the Roman republics, in the age of Augustus or in the age of the Antonines, rather than in any period that elapsed between the triumph of Christianity and the fourteenth century."—Hist. Morals. Vol. 2. pp. 13-15.

When we consider these statements and that "the influence of theology having for centuries benumbed and paralyzed the whole intellect of Christian Europe, the revival, which forms the starting-point of our modern civilization, was mainly due to the fact that two spheres of intellect still remained uncontrolled by the sceptre of Catholicism," viz.: "the Pagan literature of antiquity and the Mohammedan schools of science," "the chief agencies in resuscitating the dormant energies of Christendom"—when we consider all this we may fairly deny the justness of praising the Romish church, except as we would praise priestcraft, kingcraft, feudalism, oppression, despotism, superstition, or wrong generally as a factor in the world's progress. That the Roman Catholic Church with all its mummeries, frauds, cruelties and crime has been a necessary part of the evolutionary order may be freely granted; but we cannot without confounding truth and falsehood, right and wrong, praise the Roman Catholic hierarchy any more than we can justly praise war and slavery, which, also have been a part of the darkside of human development.

## The Trust.

In another column is printed a communication on "The National Lead Trust" which is worthy of careful perusal. Undoubtedly there is in the "Trust" a method, as well as a principle, a more extended application of which will prove fruitful of good results. While competition has been necessary in personal and social development, and is too essential a part of the present industrial system to be eliminated by any such schemes as are proposed by Mr. Bellamy, no one can fail to see the misdirection and waste of force, the wreckage and ruin, the degradation and despair which are inevitable in a fierce struggle for wealth, where the few succeed and the many fail. It is not those who are defeated simply in their efforts to accumulate wealth that are to be commiserated. Many of them may be happier and in a better condition for intellectual and moral development than the same number who have become rich, and with whom the habit of accumulating and holding on to what they make, has become so predominant and fixed as to render other intellectual tastes and enjoyments few and feeble.

It is those who toil, who have to compete with others like themselves for wages, who have to sell their labor as a commodity in a market so crowded that it brings them but a pittance—less than enough to support in decency themselves and families,—it is this class that suffers most from industrial competition. Capitalists competing with one another must buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. They must buy labor at the lowest price for which they can get it, sending, if necessary, to Canada, to Germany, to Italy, to Poland, to Bohemia, in order to obtain the cheapest labor and thereby reduce the cost of production and be able to undersell competitors in the same business. Some of the establishments fail and their workmen swell the crowd of unemployed whose necessities make them glad to get employment, to sell their labor at any price they can obtain. What chance have men like these to improve when reduced to such a condition of hardship and humiliation?

If this fierce competition could be replaced by co-operation how evident that a saving of manhood and womanhood would result! If by the adoption of some such system as profit sharing (by which a part of the profits should be added to the wages of the workmen, so that their interests would be bound up in the success of the firm, or corporation,) the competition between capitalists and workmen could be lessened, the effect would, we believe, be good to both classes.

If the trust is formed and maintained to overcome the evil effects of excessive competition upon labor as well as upon capital, it is certainly in the line of progress as a tentative measure at least; but we are not sure that such a combination could be sustained without governmental supervision and control almost equal to that implied by State socialism. The large combination would cheapen production, but whether it would cheapen prices and whether it could secure to the workmen some part of the advantage of co-operation, by giving them a share of the increased profits, would, without governmental control, depend largely upon the character of the men composing the trust-organization. The temptation with capital is to secure to itself as large a part of the profits of production as the condition of the labor market will allow. The trusts that have been in operation up to the present

time have wrecked every establishment in the same line of business that would not join them and when they have had everything their own way, they have manipulated prices to their own enrichment with little regard for the welfare of the laborers and still less for the over-charged purchasers.

The mere co-operation of the manufacturers of any given class, in order to secure advantages over labor, or over the general public, is not in the line of desirable co-operation; but when there shall be an attempt made to extend the application of the co-operative principle to production in a way that will give the workmen, the class that suffers most from competition, a share of the benefits without any schemes for making the prices of goods higher than they otherwise would be, the experiment will be hailed with gladness by millions whose eyes are open to the evils of excessive competition and who see the advantages of voluntary co-operative industry.

## Church of the Spirit.

Space did not permit extended comment on the able contribution of Rev. A. N. Alcott published last week on the "Church of the Spirit." Alcott's clear presentation of the difficulties which beset both the liberal and orthodox churches in their efforts to free themselves from the inheritances of the past and the advances of modern thought in the direction of Monism, Pantheism and Nihilism with which the age is oppressed, is most timely. In view of the facts stated by Mr. Alcott the responsibility of Spiritualists is rendered doubly imperative. Spiritualists owe a duty to themselves and a duty to these outlying churches, at least to those members of these churches who have outgrown their environment and are looking elsewhere for a place of rest and shelter. The nucleation of Spiritualists is the one need of the hour, and if any one doubts this let him again read Mr. Alcott's letter.

In this connection and to emphasize Mr. Alcott's appeal, we desire to call the attention of Spiritualists to the singular fact that the ablest plea for organization on the JOURNAL'S plan has come from the outside. This of itself should show that a demand exists for what Spiritualists are in a position to supply. If they do not improve their opportunity they may rest assured the work will go on outside and independent of them. Truth herself demands that Spiritualists help free their suffering brethren who are praying for deliverance. The form of truth is manacle, crucified, buried under the accumulation of error. It is the mission of Spiritualists to make the clarification, and the proper discrimination.

The "Church of the Spirit" is not iconoclastic. It is all-embracing. It recognizes truth wherever found; whether in the liberal church, the orthodox church or in no church. Its foundation is the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the spirit of all goodness and truth, or love and wisdom. Here is the bond of its writing. Never before has the world been prepared for such a unity. We have had the fraternity of sects, the separation of cults, each claiming the universal panacea, but all ending in division, hate, hypocrisy and the confusion, worse than Babel, which these entail. But in the "Church of the Spirit" all well-disposed people can find place and work. It is the fraternity of the race.

There is a thought in the following extract which Spiritualists should ponder. We have not space to elaborate what Mr. Alcott has so ably presented. Hereafter we may give attention to his suggestion. In the meantime let us hear from those more directly addressed.

"There can be no successful disputing of the fact, it seems to me, therefore, that Spiritualists, being free from all chains of theological dogmas and believing in the equality and immortality of the soul, and in the scientific proof of it, enjoy an opportunity and an advantage for founding, in co-operation with others, a church of the Spirit, such as no class of people has ever enjoyed before. Let them open forth, then, in this their day, and render this high service to humanity. They will have the sympathy of hundreds and thousands of earnest people who may be technically called Spiritualists. They would collect many such people into such a church. There is an open place in the world for such a church. The ground is not preoccupied. Spiritualists and other liberals can lead in the creation of this new institution, as untrammelled by traditions, dogmas and forms as the Pilgrim Fathers of New England were by dukes, marquises, and barons, and by the conventionalities of royalty, aristocracy and caste, when they founded this Republic. It would be a church, in the very spirit and principles of the Republic. It would be in harmony with the genius of the American people. Those church organizations are not altogether in such harmony, which have monarchies and priestly antecedents. These are all in measure exotic. To create such a church would be to render a service to mankind, to truth, to love, and to human hope, of incalculable value, and one that would be glorious throughout the eternities. Providence seems to mark Spiritualists out for initiating this work. It has taken away from before them the obstacles. Only one question, then, remains to be answered in the affirmative. Can Spiritualists, dropping all minor objections, rise to the measure of the greatness and splendor of this their golden opportunity? It is great and grand, for no service can be rendered to the world now superior to that of putting the spirit and the religious culture of man first, and of not his personal speculative beliefs second, or superior to that of the practical inculcation of intellectual hospitality among men; or superior to that of genuinely reinforcing man's instinctive confidence in immortality."

## An English View of America.

Wm. Morton Fullerton in the Fortnightly Review says that in America money is now the chief condition of power. "By money man is enabled there to crane himself above the dead level of uniformity. Hence in general, America has not reached the point that England long ago attained, in which it can afford to cultivate other gods than Mammon." Mr. Fullerton says that the aim in England is usually to get money enough to live in such a way as to live well, but that here with eyes fixed upon money itself, the object is to accumulate as much as possible in a life time; and a great deal of sordidness of motive and mediocrity, if not vulgarity of aspiration, naturally result from such an ideal and such a cult. But this Englishman takes a broad, and on the whole, a judicial and generous view of American life, with all its shortcomings.

While in England, he says, in substance, it is in the interests of the upper classes to be able authoritatively to enjoin upon servants the duty of "doing their duty in that state of life in which it has pleased God to call them," which means there that servants are born servants, and must die servants, and need not complain; in America, the lowest in social life may aspire to the highest, the servant to be president of his country; and hence there is going on here the fullest general development of personality in all the individuals composing the nation. "In America to-day," he says, "there are more human beings with a growing sense of self and personality, than have ever before been congregated in history." Our deficiencies and disadvantages are looked upon as necessary evils in the stress and strain of rapid development. The "vulgarity of self assertion, and annoying friction and loud-mouthed jarring of dissonant advisers," the "unrest," "absence of taste," "youthful confidence and bounce," our English critic thinks, are characteristics "sure to be outgrown unless some cataclysm engulf the entire proud Korah's troop of the American people and nip them, like the fabled Atlantis in the bud"—which is not likely to happen.

Mr. Fullerton, while claiming that the highest quality of mental and moral development is much rarer here than in England, says: "America to-day marks a further general advance in civilization than has yet been attained. There is more pervasive personal life there, a greater general power of the imagination and a higher average mental and moral development than in any country in the world." This is great praise. Furthermore this writer says "From the beginning, down through Franklin and Emerson to the present moment, while America seems to loom over the top of the sea, silently but resolutely, and certainly as Fate, even as a python insinuates itself into the jungle and enfolds its prey, American ideas have permeated English life. I am not sure if the history of New England be not the greatest glory of England. It should surely be the greatest pride of New England that its history is the most characteristic and significant in English history." Let us hope that in the coming years America will, in common with other nations, advance intellectually and morally, and that the American of the future will be able to point to a literature and art, and to high moral achievements in the land, that will not suffer in comparison with those of any other country or age.

## The Sunday Rest Bill.

Representative Breckinridge of Kentucky is the author of a bill now pending in Congress entitled "A bill to prevent persons from being forced to labor on Sunday." It is commonly known as the "Sunday Rest Bill." The title is misleading, for while it reads, "To prevent persons from being forced to labor on Sunday," the body of the bill prohibits all labor, voluntary as well as forced, whether done for one's self or for another on Sunday. It forbids the performance on that day of any "secular labor or business".... except works of necessity or mercy." An intelligent and discriminating correspondent of the Washington Post, Mr. R. H. Gurley, makes this timely remark: "The words 'to perform any secular labor or business are vague, uncertain and undefined, instead of being clear and definite, as laws should be so that the people may know what is prohibited and that the courts may have a well defined basis for construction, instead of practically making law under the guise of construing it. 'Secular labor' embraces all work relating to things of this world or civil affairs, its opposite, as given by Worcester, being 'ecclesiastical.' The very broad prohibitions of the bill are to be placed, therefore, in the hands of the courts for defining and construing without further limitation than is implied in the words 'except of necessity or mercy,' a phrase also vague and undefined."

Are the running of the street cars, railway trains, public and private carriages, the issuing and sale of newspapers, and innocent amusements on Sunday to be allowed? Behind this bill is the "American Sabbath Union," whose declared basis is "the divine authority and universal and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath.... formulated in the fourth commandment of the moral law.... transferred to the Christian Sabbath on Lord's Day by Christ and his apostles, [a priestly falsehood], and approved by its beneficial influence upon national life."

This District bill is, of course to secure a purely civil Sunday; yet Rev. Crafts, one of the clerical gentlemen urging it, admits that "a weekly day of rest has never been permanently secured in any land, except on the basis of religious obligation. Take the religion out and you take the rest out." The United States Constitution (Amendments Art. 1.) says "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Mr. Breckinridge's bill says "that the provisions of this act shall not be construed to apply to any person or persons who conscientiously believe in and observe any other day of the week than Sunday a day of rest."

Here is a discrimination based upon religious beliefs, which shows the sectarian and unconstitutional character of the bill. As Mr. Gurley says, "One who observes another day, who receives all the benefits of the rest, all the benefits of a civil bill, is not exempted, while his neighbor, who receives no greater benefit is exempted solely because of his conscientious belief." This means that the courts can inquire as to men's religious beliefs and invade the domain of conscience, contrary to the letter and spirit of the Fed-

eral Constitution. There are other weighty objections to this bill, which belongs to the restrictive and reactionary legislation of the times. Let the State confine itself to civil functions, and not presume to infringe the rights of conscience. The friends of liberal thought should not be indifferent to the persistent plottings of the "National Reform Party" and of the "American Sabbath Union" to undo the work which the fathers of the Republic did, in establishing a government upon a purely secular basis.

## The Pope's Power in Politics.

Readers informed as to European affairs will remember Bismarck once boasted that he would never go to Canossa; but the time came when in order to secure a seven year's grant of appropriation for the army and to make himself independent of the people, he needed the votes of all the Catholic deputies. He commenced negotiations with the Vatican, the leader of the Catholics Herr Windthorst received his instructions from Rome, and the Liberals were defeated. In return for the favor Bismarck had the "Falck laws" modified. He went to Canossa.

Since the triumph of the German Liberals and Socialists in the recent election, Bismarck has resumed his old tactics to secure a governmental majority by the manipulation of parties. The Centre party is to replace the National Liberal party as that stood in the cartel, and is to be the basis of a government combination. The papers definitely announce that relations with the Vatican have been revived and that Bismarck has requested the Pope's opinions and his recommendations as to the restoration to the Catholic clergy of the sums sequestered during the Culturkampf. Report says that the Emperor has personally written the Pope calling attention to the resemblance between his proposed State socialism and the Christian socialism embodied in the Papal allocations. Influential journals, inspired by Bismarck, speak of the generous Catholic aspiration for regulated social reorganization in accord with the policy of the government as shown in the emperor's recent utterance. "Dr. Windthorst's terms for an alliance," says the New York Associated Press report, "of the Centre with the government, place the school question in the first rank, and demand the abolition of all restrictions upon the Catholic direction of Catholic Schools. The Centre party is confident that Prince Bismarck will accede to their terms so far as touches this particular demand. Outside the Centre party opinion is to the same effect, and we are perhaps on the eve of witnessing one more great concession to the Papal power." This shows how great a factor the Pope is in the political situation in Germany. It is more or less so in every European country. An order from Rome to the Catholic political leader is all that is necessary to secure the support of Catholic representatives for any measure to which the Pope has agreed in a bargain with the King or Premier. How long a time will pass before a candidate for the presidency, or a party leader, in the United States will in the interests of party or personal success, negotiate with the Vatican and thus bring the Pope directly in the sphere of American party politics? About five years ago he endeavored to institute diplomatic intercourse between the Vatican and our government, and the attempt is likely to be renewed. He has his ambassadors accredited by the governments of Catholic States, with whom diplomatic relations are held, the same as when he was in possession of temporal power, to which he hopes to be restored. He has never acknowledged the present state of things, while he is virtually recognized as a sovereign by a dozen Catholic governments and by millions of devoted Catholics in Protestant lands.

But it is as the viceregent of Christ and the infallible head of the Roman Catholic Church, and whose devotees are found everywhere that the Pope rules with supreme power—in Prussia and the United States as well as in Spain and Portugal. His real sovereignty is due to his assumed spiritual authority which has its basis in the superstition of his spiritual subjects and in the strength and efficiency of the Roman Catholic Church as an organization. The only hope for the perpetuity of free institutions in America is in the enlightenment of the people, and in the power of the intellectual and rational forces to overcome the power of the papacy, while this process of enlightenment goes on. Meanwhile it is well that we keep ourselves informed as to the bargainings with the Vatican in the old European countries.

## The Census and the Unemployed.

Attention has been called to the fact that the census of 1880 does not give the number of adults who were out of employment and the cause of their enforced idleness. Yet the Federal Census Act for 1880 provided for a report upon the condition of each person enumerated, and whether employed or unemployed, and if unemployed, during what portion of the year. Prof. De Leon of New York, says that the information in regard to the matter was collected and tabulated, but it showed a condition of things so bad that it was deemed best to suppress it. He states also that the present Congress decided not to have the census for 1890 give statistics in regard to the number of the unemployed in the various States. The clause requiring a report upon the unemployed, which was in the act for the Tenth Federal Census, was omitted from the act for the Eleventh Federal Congress. In whose interests are the facts suppressed? In the interests of the plutocracy says Prof. De Leon.







