

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE

NOTED TO ALL PHILOSOPHERS

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

Truth Seeks no Clash, bows at no Human Shrine, Seeks neither Place nor Applause: She only Asks a Hearing.

VOL. XXX.

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CHICAGO, JUNE 11, 1881.

\$2.50 IN ADVANCE.

SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.

NO. 15

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston—Anniversary Week—Stafford.

Long before Chicago had a "local habitation and a name," the last week in May was "Anniversary Week" in Boston, set apart for annual meetings of religious and benevolent associations of all kinds, and for meeting of reform societies in these later days. In the "good old times," when there was less variety of matters to attract the attention, less of business to absorb, and more power in the church and clergy, the religious meetings were signal events. They are still important, but the old prestige has decreased. Up to 1860, the anti-slavery gatherings were large and enthusiastic, and Emerson said that "eloquence was cheap among the abolitionists," so common was it. Now woman suffrage and kindred topics take their place in the reform meetings, and crazy headed labor league meetings, engineered by such men as Heywood of Cupid's Yoke memory, mar a good cause by their want of common sense.

Monday evening we went to the opening session of the New England Woman Suffrage Association, listened to the opening word of its president, Lucy Stone, persuasive and earnest; heard a speech from Mr Long, Governor of Massachusetts, who frankly avowed himself an advocate of suffrage for woman on the solid ground of justice and equity, and also a beautiful address by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock, found us in a large audience at Hollist chapel to hear Mrs. Mary A. Livermore open a meeting for conference and prayer held by the Unitarian Association. A good sign for these clergymen to ask a woman, not a member of their body, to take such part. She was ill and absent, but the hour was filled by good talk by laity and clergy. A closing brief address by Rev. Mr. Tilden—a silver-haired man of beautiful aspect, whose seventieth birthday was celebrated lately by his many friends and parishioners here—was especially valuable. He said that he grew more confident of the growth of man as he grew older, that the manifest decrease of faith in the infallible letter of the Bible was a good sign, showing that we are coming to love and reverence the spirit that shines in its best pages, and so getting more freedom, more truth and spiritual life and light. His golden words seemed fitly spoken in that old church where the veteran Spiritualist, John Pierpont, preached for years. There is the high pulpit of dark and rich mahogany in which he stood, the winding stairs up which he walked, the same crimson curtains and black and gilt tablets with Scripture texts on the wall behind the pulpit, the same old pews with their high straight backs painful to sit in, the high galleries around three sides of the house, and the old windows—all a quaint picture of olden times and all calling up the blessed memory of the gifted preacher, the eloquent poet and the faithful and inspired Spiritualist. It seemed as though he might have been an invisible presence helping his venerable

brother clergyman to speak those closing words, so full of spiritual beauty. In the afternoon we visited the *Banner of Light*, and found all—from books in the basement to bookstore, circle room and up to editor's rooms on the upper floor—in usual condition and their occupants "holding the fort" as of old. For all the good work they have done and may do, good speed!

VALUABLE NEW BOOKS.

We have seen the last work of Epes Sargent, finished in his latest days and published by the Harpers this week. The *Cyclopedia of British and American Poetry*, a volume of 960 fair pages, beautiful in paper and type, valuable in its contents, and to be sold at the moderate cost of \$4.50, at RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL bookstore, and elsewhere. The last sentence of a long notice of the work in a New York journal, by R. H. Stoddard, is as follows: "Mr. Sargent has shown the knowledge and the skill that might have been expected from so accomplished and well read a writer, * * * earnestly aiming to represent the great body of British and American poets at their best only. He has fulfilled his task with a thoroughness honorable to his scholarship, and a modesty honorable to his genius. That it could have been done better I do not see at all." This is high praise from a fit and able judge, himself a poet and author.

The first volume just published by Fowler & Wells of New York, and to be sold by subscription, of "The History of the Woman Suffrage Movement," by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony and Matilda Joslyn Gage, is much more than a record of meetings and resolutions. It is a broadly comprehensive, fearless and able work; a record of the relations of woman to State and Church and in social and domestic life. Its chapter on Woman and the Church is a strong and truthful story of pious oppression and priestly abuse. But more of this in fit time, meanwhile suggesting that subscriptions can be taken for this and the second volume at the JOURNAL office.

HEREDITY INSTITUTE—THE GREAT ORGAN.

During the day on Wednesday, the 25th, we attended meetings of the Boston Moral Education Society and of the Institute of Heredity, and heard addresses by Mrs. Caroline Winslow, M. D., and Ellen M. Sheldon of Washington; A. E. Newton, Mrs. Mary W. Sewell, of Indianapolis; Mrs. E. C. Stanton and others, on the important questions of hereditary descent, pre-natal culture, and chastity in marriage as well as elsewhere. It is well that such subjects should be treated by such persons, and these societies wisely managed, can be made of great use. Keep out a loose and vulgar element and great good will be done; compromise with that element, under whatever name, and we go down.

In the evening we went to Music Hall, to the Thirtieth Annual Meeting of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union—not an evangelical and narrow affair like many Young Men's Christian Associations, but broad, unsectarian, keeping its fine reading rooms open on Sunday, and doing much useful and rational work. Dr. Bellows, Unitarian, Phillips Brooks, Episcopal, Mr. Bates, Methodist, of the clergy, spoke, and several business men also. The great audience of near four thousand persons filled the vast space of the floor and the two tiers of galleries—an imposing sight. At the close the great organ—which has few equals in the world in size and power, its main pipes being over fifty feet high and two feet in diameter—played Old Hundred, and a thousand persons in the audience joined in the singing, the grand tones of the instrument and the tide of many voices flooding and filling the great space with wonderful music.

CAMBRIDGE—THE EDIPUS TYRANNUS.

On Thursday morning we took street cars (wife in company), for Cambridge, and were soon out of the crowded city, crossing the "back bay" on a long causeway, passing the deep yards and great elms and ample homes of the beautiful town, the spacious grounds and buildings of Harvard University—"classic shades," one may well call these avenues of old elms and maples—and reaching a great roadside elm with a stone tablet erected beside its massive trunk, on which is inscribed: "Here George Washington first took command of the American Army." Beyond this memento of the old Revolution we passed Longfellow's home, and left the cars at Elmwood Avenue, to walk past the home of James Russell Lowell—the

poet and lover of true freedom of thought and act, who is now at London as Minister of the United States, and commands respect for his diplomatic ability and good sense as well as for his scholarly attainments. The old house, built by a royal governor of New Hampshire, and once occupied by Elbridge Gerry, is a fine specimen of old-time grandeur, a three story square mansion, back in the deep yard amidst tall oaks and pines and wide spreading elms, its surroundings farm-like and old fashioned, with a fair prospect of field and shade, of flowers and tasteful homes all about. Not far beyond we stopped for a breakfast and a brief but delightful visit with some friends.

The great event of Cambridge for this month has been the play of *Edipus Tyrannus*, a Greek tragedy older than Christianity and teaching grand lessons of the fearful results of crime as shown by Pagan thought and genius. This great tragedy, with scenery, dress, the old Greek language and music—all a reproduction of that classic life—had been brought out with care and skill by the University students and teachers; they even taking all the parts of actors, and committing the Greek to memory to use only that language in the acting. Brilliant audiences have witnessed the play and have learned much of Pagan morals, which will not decrease their reverence for what is highest and best now, but will give them a new sense of human fraternity, and so broaden their thought. Walking back to the street cars just before noon, as we passed the long range of lilac bushes in bloom along the old fashioned fences of the Lowell grounds, (Elmwood) our friend gave us this alliterative verse by a Cambridge student, written out a few days ago as he was walking past the place to the Greek play:

"Lo! the line of lovely lilacs
Lining Lowell's lonely lane;
Here the loitering lovers linger,
Listening to the lute's strain."

FREE RELIGION AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

During the day on Friday we were at Parker Memorial Hall, at the Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association, heard the address of the President, Felix Adler of New York, and essays and addresses by W. J. Potter, Rev. M. J. Savage, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mrs. Diggs of Kansas, F. A. Hinkley, Mr. Ellis and Mrs. Anna G. Spencer, and had a word to say on organization and the work of Spiritualism in the West. The audiences were good and of highly intelligent people, who listened with a wonderful patience through the long hours of a warm day. In due time the JOURNAL will make such extracts from these addresses as will give some idea of their scope and aim, and of the position of this Association, with its good motto: "Freedom and Fellowship in Religion." For the present it must suffice to say the fine audiences, the well known ability of the speakers and the earnestness that marked their words, made these meetings well worth taking note of.

The evening found us in Tremont Temple where a fine audience met at the concluding session of the Annual Meeting of the National Woman-Suffrage Association. We heard the President, Mrs. E. C. Stanton, and also listened to two excellent addresses by Mrs. Meriwether of Memphis, and Mrs. E. L. Saxon, of New Orleans—well known to our readers. Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, Susan B. Anthony, Mary F. Eastman, and others had spoken, giving varied views of the great question. By invitation the ladies had met the Governor of the State at the historic old State House, and the Mayor at his office, and last night they were to be guests at a reception given in their honor at the fine home of Mrs. Tudor on Beacon Street, a lady of eminent personal worth and a member of an old Boston family. The *Boston Advertiser*, which represents the culture and respectability of the city, and is considerably careful in its statements, pronounced these suffrage meetings and the free religious meetings successful and significant.

AMONG THE HILLS.

This (Saturday) morning we took cars for Palmer and Stafford and write this word at the Palmer depot while waiting for the cars to go south. After the din of the city comes the blessed quiet! We can say, as the witty poet Dr. Holmes said when the hand-organ stopped grinding:

"And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the wounded ear."

All about are fields and farms and blooming orchards, "dressed in living green;" and

the grand hills, with massive rocks jutting out above the forests far up their sides keep watch over all.

STAFFORD.

Monday, May 30th, finds us again at Palmer. Saturday afternoon a ride of fifteen miles brought us to the Stafford depot and a half-hour's ride in a carriage along a swift river, to the home of the Dwigths in East Stafford. It is a pleasant home with a fine outlook of valley and stream and hills. We had much talk of mediumship, of the spiritual movement and of Lynn and Peabody, who are liked here.

Sunday a good company of substantial people met at the neat hall, built by the help of that veteran philanthropist, Calvin Hall, and at 6 o'clock to-day a brief but enjoyable visit ended with a ride back to the depot.

AT RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL OFFICE.

P. S.: Monday, June 6th, finds us here again, to relieve our associate, Mr. Francis, who has "held the fort" with signal success and care. Another letter for next week will close this correspondence, and we settle down to work after thousands of miles of railroad travel, with new satisfaction. S.

Confucius—The Chinese Sage—His Life and Sayings.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The Chinese Empire extends from 18° N. lat. to the Amour River, lat. 56° 10', and from the Japan and Yellow Seas westward to Kashgar, or the western bend in the Helug Tag, which forms the boundary on the frontiers of Kokand and the Kirghiz steppe. The western boundary is ill defined for the civilization of China proper insensibly fades in the nomadic races of the vast steppes and sandy deserts that stretch away to the Caspian Sea.

The longest line that can be drawn across this empire, is from Kokand north-easterly to the mouth of the Amour in the Gulf of Tartary and is 3,350 miles in length. Its greatest breadth is 2,100 miles. Its area is 5,200,000 square miles, or nearly twice that of the United States and all its territories. The boundary line between it and Russia is 3,300 miles in length and its coast line is 3,350 miles. It has a population estimated at from 440 to 550 millions.

China proper, contains eighteen provinces with an area of about 2,000,000 square miles. It lies on the eastern slope of the high table lands of Asia, and for beauty of scenery, diversity and salubrity of climate, fertility of soil, magnificence of rivers and variety of products, it has no superior on the face of the globe.

In this vast territory dwelt a people of pure Mongolian race, undoubtedly nomadic like the Tartar hordes, who evolved a peculiar civilization of their own, distinct and unique in its character, and exclusively independent of any other. They were distrustful of foreigners whom they held with contempt as barbarians, and from immemorial time to the present have

REMAINED ISOLATED FROM

surrounding civilizations. With the exception of the introduction of Buddhism, there is no evidence of any external influence having ever been exerted on their intellectual or moral growth. Their language is peculiar and their method of writing so radically different from all others that it is difficult, if not impossible, to introduce foreign terms. They with the western nations advanced from picture writing and hieroglyphics, to contracted forms, but their method stopped short of the phonetic alphabet, and at their colleges a large portion of the time is required to learn the management of the instrument for expressing thought. It is so difficult to express new ideas with the old forms, that thought is repressed and there is endless repetition of the writings which age has made classical. It thus becomes almost impossible for the Chinese scholar to avail himself of the treasures of learning of other peoples. While western civilization drew into itself all the achievements of the illustrious past, making its sages, poets, artists, orators, statesmen, all its own; garnering its truths and inventions, thus combining the discoveries and thoughts of countless diverse nationalities situated in varying circumstances, China debarred from such sources, by the structure of its language, supported by the national pride, which styled it the "Central Kingdom," resembled a Brahminical hermit who seeking to evolve wisdom out of his own consciousness. The only stimulus was the invasion of the northern nomadic hordes, to protect themselves from whose incursions they built the great wall, which is one of the wonders of the world, and still forms for over 1,200 miles the northern boundary of the empire. Thus isolated, with a fertile soil and healthy climate population soon reached its maximum. To live became the all-absorbing problem. The patriarchal rule of the early nomadic state was improved, and developed into a government, which was retained when the wider Moguls conquered the provinces and established their permanent sway. Thus

situated a certain stage of civilization was reached, and there remained stationary, clogged by the old forms and dead stolidity of the masses.

The religious wants of this vast population were early met, and in a manner most satisfactory to them, and the advent of one man shaped not only the moral but the intellectual destiny of the four hundred millions of people for at least 2,600 years. He fulfilled his mission but too well. The reverence for his name gave infallible authority to his words, and combined with the causes already mentioned, fettered the mind with chains of adamant, which have never been broken. Thought is stifled at its birth. Reverence for the past destroys achievement in the present and hope for the future. Dead authority usurped the empire of the living present, from whose iron rule there was no escape.

China to-day presents a parallel with Europe during the Middle Ages when Aristotle was the infallible authority in science, and the Bible in morals. The conflict of races and nationalities broke this horrid nightmare in the West, and intellect-awakening strove successfully against the oppression of ignorance, and its victory was liberty and its fruits.

The name of this sage was Confucius. He was born 551 B. C., and concentrates in his teachings the maxims of experimental wisdom and the instructions of immemorial ages which preceded him. The names of these earlier philosophers are lost; their mantles were thrown on the shoulders of the great master, as the Chinese reverently style Confucius, who like a cynosure of brightness reflects their wisdom to the present.

He belonged to the ruling or aristocratic class, and his lineage is traced backwards in an unbroken line to 1,121 years B. C. His birth, like that of all the great men of antiquity, is enveloped in mist and surrounded by the fables of tradition. His parents not having a son retired to heaven, which granted their petition. At birth that son was guarded by dragons, and resplendent messengers came from the heavens pouring out exquisite odors to perfume the waters for his bath.

Little is known of his youth, except it was passed in poverty. He says in one of the sacred books that at fifteen he gave himself to learning. But he said at a subsequent time when people were astonished at the variety and profundity of his knowledge: "When I was young my condition was low, and therefore I acquired my ability in many things; but they were vulgar matters." He was appointed to several minor offices and discharged their functions with integrity and honor, but his soul was fixed on an ambition to restore the wisdom of the past, and become a great teacher. In his twenty-second year he began his labors which he did not remit until his death. He received the poor student with equal regards as the wealthy. All he required was a desire to be taught. "I do not," he said, "open up the truth to one who is not eager to get knowledge, nor help out any one who is not anxious to explain himself. When I have presented one corner of a subject to any one, and he cannot from it learn the other three, I do not repeat my lesson."

His mother died when he was twenty-three years of age. She was a noble and devoted woman, who had reared her son with great care, amid trials and deprivations, for his father died when he was only three years of age. Confucius out of filial regard, determined to place both his parents side by side in their ancestral home, and to mark the place, raised a mound contrary to custom over their remains. In this he first shows that he had premonitions of his destiny. He said: "In old times they had graves but no mounds over them; but I am a man who belongs equally to the north and the south, the east and the west." He might not be confined to the usages of one place or state.

He revived an old custom which had fallen into disuse, by mourning three years for his mother. Then he devoted himself to music, believing it to be an important branch of culture. His fame increased until it is said his disciples numbered 3,000. When admitted to a share in the government of Lu, his native State, he raised it to such a height of glory, that the surrounding princes becoming envious, by their intrigues compelled him to impose banishment on himself.

China was then in a feudal condition, and the petty States were constantly at war with each other. Confucius wandered from one to the other, received like a travelling prince by one, or rejected by another. During this period he uttered the sayings and held the conversations recorded in the classical writings associated with him, i. e. The Analects, The Great Learning, and The Doctrine of the Mean. The first is somewhat similar to the account of Christ by the Evangelists. According to tradition after the Master's death his disciples gathered together and compared the memoranda of his conversations, which they had preserved, and condensed them into twenty books. The second was written by the Master, and is believed to be "the gate by which first learners enter into virtue." The third contains the laws of the mind as taught by Confucius and handed down to his disciples, until the philosopher Tse-ssze, fearing it would become corrupted or lost,

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SCIENTIFIC SPIRITUALISM.

Communication from Judge E. S. Holbrook.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I have noticed with pleasure that you have from time to time taken occasion to speak through your valuable JOURNAL, a good word for the scientific quality of our Spiritualism.

I would especially refer for example to an editorial of this kind in your issue of Feb. 19th, where you give us the benefit of some of the criticisms of the learned scholar and writer, Epes Sargent, lately ascended, on the assertion of Mrs. Richmond (or her controls), in some discourse in London, that Spiritualism was not a science, together with criticisms of your own controverting such assertion.

I say I have noticed your action herein with pleasure, and I shall take further pleasure if I can add anything in the furtherance of the same sentiment by what I am now to attempt. I greatly dislike hobbies (and don't take very strongly to hobbies), but if I have any it is this—the scientific quality of Spiritualism.

It is the leading thought—it is the thing that I compare with the scientific basis, or side, or department, or quality, and hence is to be commended as so far superior to them as actual knowledge in anything is superior to mere conjecture.

I would have supposed, Mr. Editor, and did in fact suppose, till lately, that all Spiritualists would agree in this and would ever maintain that Spiritualism was a religion with a scientific element, as also a science with a religious element and with a philosophy making harmonious and consistent both these and all that is true in the universe.

It seems now that a few at least (I know not how many, probably but a very few) are asserting that Spiritualism, though a philosophy, is not a science and cannot be. I had become informed before I saw your article that Mrs. Richmond (I mean of course the powers that control her), some time since had so maintained, but to what extent and how publicly I did not know.

I am now to notice her latest pronouncements on this subject. Upon invitation she gave a discourse on Spiritualism as a Philosophy, before the Chicago Philosophical Society, and here she reiterated, for some reasons given that I cannot understand (and I have not space for a fuller quotation), that "therefore, Spiritualism is not a science."

It was before this same society, Mr. Editor, that the humble writer of this article gave a discourse, three or four years ago, on Spiritualism, the first presentation of the kind in the entering wedge, and took occasion specially to recommend it as starting upon a basis scientific and philosophical ready to take its place among other sciences and philosophies, as their equal, and among other religions as their superior; as having a science and as having a philosophy, the one demonstrable, the other reasonable.

Now, Mr. Editor, I put the question, which is right and which is wrong? Is not this a most manifest departure from the truth, and one most fatal to our strength? And I put the question to all your intelligent readers. It is a perfect wonder to me, after all that has transpired with us that have travelled this new and broad and beautiful highway together, that such a statement should come to be made. It cannot be that those that are ranging themselves on either side (for I have seen some that are enthusiastically turning aside from that devious route), differ materially as to what Spiritualism is, its methods and its ultimates.

How then comes this seeming divergence? I suggest that it commences in a want of proper definitions of terms. No one will pretend that Spiritualism is without its facts proved by sensible demonstrations, as are the facts of other sciences. It takes its start in these, it is built up by these, it is supported and propagated by these. (Appropos to this, also, I have heard some maintain that Spiritualism was not a religion, but a science; a result of slack definitions again, as I suppose.)

Now to say, Mr. Editor, that really Spiritualism is a philosophy, but not a science, in the sense that it does not depend for existence upon demonstrable facts, is to throw away our advantages and again commit ourselves to all the religious vagaries and vain philosophies that fervid imaginations and groundless speculations have set afloat in the wide world, to curse mankind. We are again, in religion, like a ship at sea without keel, or rudder, or ballast, to be blown hither and thither in entire uncertainty by every wind.

But those who say that Spiritualism is a philosophy, and not a science, do not mean all this. I have said I could not understand the reasons given by Mrs. Richmond in her philosophical discourse. I come now within speaking distance of some who have caught up the assertion and are passing it around as a good thing, as an oracular thing and worthy of all acceptance.

What do they mean? I do not know for sure, but I have inquired and something like this comes for an answer: "Spiritualism is not a science because you may present all your earthly conditions and yet the spiritual phenomena may not occur. You cannot compel the spirits, other than your command or your desire, as the laws of matter will not compel them; whereas in matters of material science you present the same conditions and you always have the same results." Very well, I think this would all be conceded; but does this destroy the scientific character of what we have, when the spirits do join in to present the demonstrations? Now two parties are needed, 'tis true, but the second party working with us voluntarily, the task is accomplished, the facts made known to us, and are placed in the department of science. I suppose it would be called a scientific fact that we can send, by a battery, electricity through a long chain of men. Still we could not compel those men to make the chain, but being made, they have scientific knowledge of the shock. We would call it a scientific fact that we send a telegram from a continent to another, but if there were not a man at the other end of the wire we should know nothing of it. We cannot compel him, but by his voluntary act we have the scientific knowledge. So if the second party, being spirits whom we cannot compel, voluntarily act, the fact that follows is just as valuable in science as if we were dealing with in-ert matter that has no volition.

or call it force, it is still unknown, in quality, in method, in everything. Provided then it be true that we cannot get at a knowledge of the power producing the phenomena, its methods and aims, still Spiritualism, in this particular, is on a par with other sciences.

Right here, Mr. Editor, is a decided curiosity. If we cannot understand, as they say, the forces producing the phenomena, nor their means of working, we have more of a science than we have of a philosophy, for we do know the facts, and Mrs. Richmond is found championing the wrong horse entirely, and for a wrong reason, too; but why this divorce in Spiritualism of philosophy from science? Why does not Mrs. Richmond, like other people, unite the two, the science and philosophy of Spiritualism? I have said that I would suggest that there is some defect of definitions that plunge some into errors. How much of the wrangling and vain disputations of the whole world have arisen from want of proper definitions, of clear conceptions of the meaning of terms. (Let Spiritualists look at the hideous past and beware.)

What is science, and what is philosophy? I will not quote from the books, for my article would be too long. According to our most approved and accepted sentiments and definitions, we have first the facts. If we have a few only, we don't dignify them as a science, but yet it is science (of what which we know), as far as it goes. If we have many facts and they are still increasing then we classify, generalize, specify and bring to order, to help the memory and the understanding, and then we say we have a science.

What next? Then we come to question why things are so? What the power that makes them so? What the first cause, what the final cause, what the quality, what the correlation, what the underlying law of unity, if any? etc., etc., and we call this philosophy. Now then, Mr. Editor, according to this order, the proposition of Mrs. Richmond that Spiritualism is a philosophy, but not a science, is the most absurd of all things. There may be science without philosophy, but not philosophy without science. Aristotle called his first work, Physics (nature, natural science) and his second work, Metaphysics (After Nature), which was his philosophy. I would like to know how you would get the Metaphysics, the After Nature, to come in first. But Mrs. Richmond can do it. No, I will not say that, but I do say that there is such an unfortunate use of loose terms, that a gross error intervenes and the result is all wrong.

When I assert that philosophy necessarily succeeds science (fact) and we behold at the same time how the world has been crisscrossed by varied philosophies not founded on true facts, I better throw in a word of explanation. All the false philosophies have been built on supposed facts, but yet false facts (a solecism, things supposed to be true, but which were not true). When the schoolmen philosophized on the question, how many angels could stand on the point of a needle, and they considered that an infinite number could, the facts admitted were that angels existed and were immaterial, and hence had not extension and did not occupy space.

There may be a false philosophy on true facts, but there is sure to be a false philosophy on false facts, and for the reason that the facts, or supposed facts, precede the philosophy. The falsities, therefore, of all the ages past come, not because there were philosophies without facts (or science), but because there was either false reasoning on true facts, or an attempted philosophy without a sufficient regard to the facts, has been the bane of the world,—perhaps I might better say, that a disregard of the facts, or a misunderstanding of them, has been the bane of the world, and the wild confusion has arisen from the lack of knowledge, from a lack of science. This is a good lesson for us to see, first, that our facts are right, and then that our philosophy is right. We start off in Spiritualism with a new class of facts, as to which absolute truth is difficult to attain; but by care we are able to say that they are well attested, and we are satisfied of their truth, that is to say, we feel that we know, and that to us is science. We then proceed to philosophy, and then by the aid of the Spirit-world, we think we gain a fair understanding of them, which, if not perfect, at least satisfies us that there is a Spirit-world to which we are all going. We are taught, and we come to believe, that that world is now in our midst, and that we have herein, first, a science, secondly, a philosophy, and thirdly, a religion, one and inseparable, and so we have proclaimed to the world. How unfortunate then that Mrs. Richmond, one of the leading representatives of Spiritualism should, in such a place, before such a learned body that deals first in science and then in the reasons thereof (philosophy), publicly withdraw that quality of knowledge, or science, which we had thought, and which most of us think now, is our mainspring, from our Spiritualism, hence leaving it on a level with the other religious superstitions of the world. I fancy I hear those philosophers saying "tell us of your new things, your new facts that are boasted of so much," and I fancy I hear her reply, "Oh, I am not to tell you of facts. Spiritualism is a philosophy, not a science. I will teach you philosophy simply." Then I fancy I hear those philosophers reply again, with much impatience too, "we want the facts, we know of no philosophy without facts, and if we can't know the facts we have no science and consequently no philosophy." And I fancy I hear the outside world of religionists say, also, "O Lucifer, son of the morning, how hast thou fallen and become like one of us."

And now, Mr. Editor, it is our turn to philosophize. It is our turn to say that Mrs. Richmond has thrown away, in the presence of our most sturdy opposers, that which is the chief beauty and power of our more enlightened religion, its scientific quality; and now what is the philosophy of that fact, what the reason of that act? You have given your theory and your criticism in the article referred to. It is rather to hard a question for me; I cannot proceed to a full solution of the problem. The chief reason, as I guess, as I have guessed, is in the failure to start with accurate definitions and so proceeding on accordingly. Indeed, there is such a laxity in expression and such a changeableness in the tenor of her discourse, that I am not sure that she means what these words I have quoted express. In fact some of the context is different and she often adverts to the facts demonstrated to the senses. Perhaps there is something of truth in what she says, or almost says, and that she really means that Spiritualism cannot become so truly a science as the other material sciences, in that it is not all so objective, in that it is more remote and has to deal with spirit and elements and modes that cannot be so well weighed, or measured, or tested by any powers, or means that we have. It may seem that there is a truth in this, and if this simply had been said it would have been well. Then call it an approximate science, and yet worthy to stand among the sciences, and broader than any other in that it treats of another world as well as this, an inner, higher world, a world that is to be.

Another reason why there is an effort to divert and switch off from science (and I make this suggestion as well, though there may be a

spirit speaker), may lie in this that facts are ordinarily tame things and rather clumsy things for a public speaker to handle. They tie one down, and call for logic and application and prevent a fanciful soaring to the unknown—a general pouring forth of big words without argument, consistency, or significance, to the great wonder of the hearers. It would seem useless to resort to this to excite wonder; for the plain facts of our Spiritual science are sufficiently astounding to satisfy the most sublime transcendental wonder-monger of the earth below, or the skies above! I give it up, Mr. Editor I cannot for sure give the philosophy of the fact of that denial that Spiritualism is a science, not even an approximate science. There is always two sides to a question, and I will concede this, here and now, that this discourse, such as it is, and professing to do so, tends to prove that Spiritualism is not a science; and, further, it tends also to prove that Spiritualism is not a philosophy that can be projected into the understanding of men; and consequently that it is not a religion with any distinctive characteristics from the other fancy religions of the world.

Nevertheless, Mr. Editor, I cannot surrender, I shall not surrender, that leading sentiment with me that Spiritualism is at once a science, a philosophy and a religion, and that will make the conquest of the earth and humanity, growing brighter and stronger every day; for the world above descends in our midst that is mightier than we. But I am not all complaint. The discourse has many beautiful things, and we should feel rejoiced that the philosophers of this world have freely heard one from the Spirit-realms. I only regret that all its powers are not represented in their fullness, and I write this (when perhaps I otherwise should not), because I have found that a few have caught up the expression "Spiritualism is not a Science," and give it forth as if from some oracle; and, therefore, a fixed truth. But let us look at our definitions and see if it is so. Let us not divide into sects upon supposed distinctions without real differences, as have the Christians, and that will strengthen in our aspirations and not employ it in the advancement of truth. I magnify and adore the majesty of facts. They are our Bible, our Word of God. Let these be fixed and truly approved. The philosophy upon them may then to every reasoning mind. "In hoc signo vinces."—Spiritualism, at once a science, a philosophy and a religion.

E. S. HOLBROOK, Chicago, 1881.

The Action and Constitution of the Nicene Council.

BY WM. EMMETT COLEMAN.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have carefully read Mr. Kersey Graves' reply to my queries sent the Nicene Council; and as he says he feels assured I can do something towards setting him right if he has erred in any statement therein, I am moved to make the following remarks thereupon.

Mr. Graves tells us that among the authors stating or assuming that the Nicene Council voted on the books of the Bible are Eusebius, Eutychius [Eutychius?], Theodoret, Sozomen, Sabinius, Peruginus, Baronius, St. Hilary, Nicophorus, Rubinius [Rubinus?], and a dozen others. I think Mr. Graves is in error about some, if not all of these writers. I fail to find in the writings of Eusebius, Sozomen, Theodoret, Rufinus, etc., any allusion to any such action of the Council. It is possible Mr. Graves may have different editions of these authors to those open to my inspection; but as I have heard of no other person who has been able to find such references in their works, I am forced to believe that Mr. Graves is in error; and that those authors do not so refer. I would be glad to have indicated in what part of their writings such accounts can be found, if they are really therein contained.

Mr. Graves stated that Mr. Tindal, a Christian writer, had made certain statements concerning the Council. I inquired who this Tindal was, and to what school of Christianity he belonged. Mr. Graves referred me to Matthew Tindal, author of the Rights of the Christian Church. I was well aware of this Mr. Tindal and his writings; but as he was not a Christian writer, I sought to discover who Mr. Graves' Tindal was. Matthew Tindal was first a Protestant, when James II. (a Catholic) succeeded to the throne, he turned Roman Catholic; after the Restoration, and Protestantism was again established, he turned Protestant again. After this he wrote two books against the Christian Religion, the Right of the Christian Church, and Christianity as old as the Creation. In these he wrote in the disguise of a Christian, but really as a Deist. Tindal was one of the early Deist writers of the school of Bolingbroke, Toland, Collins, Shaftesbury, Herbert of Cheshire, Woolston, Chubb, Hobbes, Hume, Blount, and Thomas Paine. As a writer he was no more a Christian than Thomas Paine was a Christian, and his time serving changes in religious faith do not indicate a man of much stability of character or firmness of principle. His books contain some unfair attacks on Christianity, indicating their author to be possessed of little critical discrimination. In these respects he has many parallels among present-day anti-Christian writers. His statements concerning the Nicene Council are valueless, except where supported by other and more reliable authorities.

That Eutychius (not Eutichus), in his Annals of Alexandria, refers to 2,048 bishops in the Nicene Council I am aware of; but that he therein refers to the Council voting upon the Bible is, I think, an error of Mr. Graves. I would like to have indicated his language on that subject and in what portion of the work it can be found.

Mr. Graves says it was not Irenæus, as stated in his Bible of Bibles, but Eusebius, who said that the inspired gospels hopped from under the communion table at the Nicene Council, and that in the revised editions of his work Eusebius has been substituted for Irenæus. My quotation was not taken from the first edition of his work, but from the last, revised edition, and it distinctly says "Irenæus" not Eusebius. Mr. Graves says "How Eusebius got changed to Irenæus is explained in my last work, 'Sixteen Saviors or None,'" and I can find no reference to it.

Moreover, no trace of such a story can be found in Eusebius' writings. Neither Irenæus nor Eusebius says a word concerning any such occurrence at the Nicene Council. It is Pappus who so relates, not Irenæus or Eusebius. Mr. Graves also says that Nicophorus, Baronius, and Peruginus, "early Christian writers" also tell the story about the inspired books hopping on the communion table. I would like to have the exact words of these writers wherein they so narrate, and the names of the books and number of the chapters or sections where found. When we remember that the Council of Laodicea, A. D. 363, is said to have divided up the canonically of the New Testament books, and that the synods of Hippocregium (389); Carthage (397), and the Council of Rome under Gelasius I. (494),

also passed upon the canon of the New Testament. The question naturally arises whether the story of the books jumping on the communion table was not originally told of the Council of Laodicea, or of some subsequent council, rather than that of Nicæa.

Cardinal Cæsar Baronius, called an "early Christian writer" by Mr. Graves, can scarcely be designated a very "early" author; since his Annales Ecclesiastici, comprising the history of the Church from the birth of Christ to A. D. 1198, in twelve volumes, was first published in 1588-1607. His work was a labored defense of Roman Catholicism, and he distorted and perverted his authorities, and artfully concealed, obscured, and falsified many things,—sometimes, perhaps, from ignorance of Greek, but more frequently with design. The testimony of such a writer concerning the Nicene Council is to be taken cum grano salis, is worthless—unconfirmed by reliable authorities.

Neither can Nicophorus Callistus be called an "early Christian writer" since he lived in the fourteenth century. Moreover, his Ecclesiastical History in twenty-three books, only dates from the year 610, nearly three hundred years after the Nicene Council; hence it gives no extended account of that council. It is of little value, and has no standing as an authority, being filled with absurd fables. As for Aurelius Peruginus, he is a very obscure writer, and worthless as an authority.

Mr. Graves says "Eusebius and St. Cypryan represent" the bishops composing the Nicene and other Christian Councils "as abandoned to every species of crime and immorality." I fail to find anything like this in Eusebius, and as for St. Cypryan I am confident he could never have so asserted; for St. Cypryan was beheaded in 258, nearly seventy years before the Nicene Council met, and all know that it was the first ecumenical council ever held. In response to my query as to this authority for asserting that the "Nicene Council was a set of drunken bishops and lawless bacchanals," Mr. Graves makes several quotations, not one of which says a word about the members of that council being "drunkards" or "bacchanals." The quotations refer to their contentions, quarrels, ambition, and illiteracy,—all of which are very different things from drunkenness and lawless bacchanalian orgies. There is nothing anywhere in authentic history showing these bishops to have been drunkards or bacchanals, and in Mr. Graves' next edition of his book he ought to expunge this falsehood. That the church dignitaries that were quarrelsome and bigoted, intolerant and passionate, and often unscrupulous, is no doubt true; but they were thus grossly immoral admits of great doubt. Such reckless statements should not be made concerning the lives and characters of historic characters. In opposing Christianity a strict regard to truth should govern all our utterances.

St. Hilary is quoted by Mr. G. as testifying to the action of the Nicene Council on the Biblical books. It is true Hilary wrote a book on Synods, but I fail to find in it any thing at all about such action by the council. I guess Brother Graves is mistaken about St. Hilary, as he is about Rufinus (it should be Rufinus), Rufinus, in the first book of his Ecclesiastical History, does give an account of the proceedings of the council of Nice, but not a word relative to its choice of the books of the Bible. St. Hilary, in his reference to the New Testament book follows the list of Origen, drawn up nearly a hundred years before the Nicene Council, and never alludes to the epistles of James, Jude, 2 and 3 John, and 2 Peter. (See Hilary's Works, Migne's edition, vol. 1.)

Neither does Pappus, "the philosopher of the Fourth century," refer to any such procedure of the council; but John Pappus, of the sixteenth century, does speak of the inspired books hopping on the communion table at this council. So far as I can discover, this Pappus is the first writer to refer to this miraculous circumstance.

Mr. Graves names Eusebius and Athanasius as affirming the presence of 2,048 bishops at the council. Mr. Graves is again mistaken: neither of them say any thing of the kind. Voltaire is also named as stating, Mr. Graves asserting that Voltaire is "admitted to be one of the greatest and most reliable historians that ever wielded the pen." I am compelled, in justice, to dissent from this statement. Voltaire did a very useful work in exposing the follies and corruptions of Christianity in his day; but in his attacks on Christianity he availed himself of every available weapon, with scant regard for truth or justice. His writings are all quite superficial, more brilliant and witty than profound, and are very deficient in critical discrimination. Voltaire is more than worthless, almost, as an authority on moot points in Christian history. Voltaire, truthfully remarks James Freeman O'Leary, did not like to trouble himself with scientific arguments, and "was much stronger in sarcasm than in erudition." (Ten Great Religions, p. 75.)

The statement that the bishops of the Nicene Council were so illiterate as to be unable to write their names is inconsistent with the fact that all the members of the council signed its decrees. This fact is stated by Eusebius in his De Vita Constantini, book iii. ch. 14; and an ancient manuscript, now in the British Museum, gives a list of the subscribers to the council's decrees, taken from the records of this council.

Moreover, so far from Eusebius stating that the council was composed of 2,048 bishops, he does state, in his De Vita Constantini, iii. 3, that "they exceeded 250 bishops." This is, however, a corruption; for Sozomen's Ecclesiastical History, iii. 24, says: "They exceeded 300 bishops."

In addition, about the year 332, Constantine commissioned Eusebius to make out a complete collection of the sacred writings for the use of the Catholic Church. Now, if the council of Nice had seven years previously decided upon the canonically of the sacred writings, and made the collection thereof, as claimed, what need was there for Constantine to devote the task upon Eusebius? Again, Eusebius, writing about A. D. 340, gives a list of the sacred books (Eccles. Hist., iii. 25, 31, 39; vi. 13-14), divided into three classes: 1. Those generally received. 2. Those controverted. 3. Those heretical. In the second class he included James, Jude, 2 Peter, 2 and 3 John; while the Apocalypse or Revelation of John he called apocryphal. In thus classifying the books, he makes an allusion to the Nicene Council, fifteen years previously, having settled the canon. I am unable to understand, if the canon had been settled by the council, how Eusebius could possibly have spoken as he did of the New Testament books. It seems to me almost if not quite certain that when Eusebius wrote in 340, there was no settled canon of Scripture.

It was long supposed that the Council of Laodicea (A. D. 363), in its 60th canon, drew up the first official list of the New Testament books; but Credner, in his Geschichte des Neuen Testaments, p. 217, etc., has proven that the 60th canon is as puerile interpolation of later date. Cyrill, bishop of Jerusalem, who was in attendance upon the Council of Laodicea, Cat. iv. 22, gives a list of the "Divine Scriptures," and referring to the lack of

harmony then existing in the church relative to the sacred books, urges unity in this respect and forbids the reading of books not generally received. He makes no reference to any decree either of the Nicene or the Laodicean Council on the subject, which is strong evidence that at that time no such decree were known. Athanasius (A. D. 365) gives, in his Festal Epistles, a list of the New Testament books differing from that of Cyrill (see his Works, Benedict's edition 1st and 2d pp. 602-3); while Gregory Nazianzen (375) gives a list differing from that of Athanasius (see Works, Migne's edition, vol. 3, pp. 473-4). Amphilo-chius, bishop of Iconium (380) in his catalogue of Biblical writings, refers to the doubts then existing concerning the epistle to the Hebrews, and the number of the Catholic epistles, whether seven or three, showing that no list was then universally received. Ambrose in Ne-tectum, in Greg. Naz. Works, 2d p. 194.

St. Augustine labored earnestly to establish a complete canon, and under his influence the Council of African bishops held at Hippo in 393, and the Council of Carthage, 397, adopted a canon identical with that of our present New Testament. (See Manly's History of Church Councils, vol. 3, p. 891, 924.)

Rufinus (circa 400), naming the books of the Bible, says they "are believed to be inspired by the Holy Spirit itself, according to the tradition of our ancestors and have been handed down by the churches of Christ." (See Euseb. in Symbol. Apostol., Migne's edition, pp. 773-4.) Rufinus is one of the authorities named by Mr. Graves as asserting the action of the Nicene Council on the Biblical books; but it is seen as above he only refers to tradition as establishing their inspiration, and in his account of the Nicene Council he says not a word of any such action on its part. Really and truly, the canon of Scriptures never was decided in the Catholic church till the action of the Council of Trent in 1546.

The British Museum contains a fragment of a Syrian manuscript concerning the Nicene Council written in A. D. 501. The Syrian text was published, with translation and notes, by B. Harris Cowper, Analecta Nicæna, London, 1837. It contains much valuable data concerning this council till then inaccessible. Among other things it gives a list of all the decrees or canons of the council, but among them there is no canon concerning the authenticity of the Sacred writings. It also contains the best and most complete list of the subscribers to the council's decrees yet known.

The following are our only authentic sources of information concerning the Nicene Council: Eusebius De Vita Constantini, iii. 6-22; Sozomen Hist. Eccles. i. 17-25; Theodoret, Hist. Eccles. 1, 7, 8, 10 and 12; Rufinus, Hist. Eccles. book 1, c. 24; Athanasius, in Canonicis Auctoritatis Biblioth. Patr., vol. 2, p. 579; Gelasius byzantine, Commentar. de Synodo Nicæna, book 3, in Harduin's Concilia, vol. 1, p. 345 et seq.; Renaudot, Historia Parvorum Alesandrinæ, p. 69 ff.; various treatises in the first volume of Athanasius' works, especially his Epistola de Nicæna Decretis; several passages in Epiphanius Contra Hæreses, book 3, and Analecta Nicæna, London, 1837. All subsequent narratives of this council are based upon the foregoing, and contain nothing authentic not found in them. Not one of these authorities alludes to the council having primarily 2,048 bishops, or to its having voted on the books of the Bible. I am therefore, constrained to believe that neither of these statements can be ranked as authentic history.

I can perceive, however, a natural origin for these statements, as follows: In addition to the 313 bishops attending the Nicene Council, there were nearly 2,000 minor clerics in attendance. In after years these minor clerics became transformed into bishops, and 2,048 bishops were said to have composed the council; but as the records of the council showed only 318 taking part in its deliberations, to get rid of the other 1730 the story arose that they were disfranchised by Constantine; which was the more credible from the fact that fierce contentions and disputations were known to have taken place in the council. In the matter of the action of the council on the Biblical books, as the Nicene Council was the first general council of the church ever held, it might be very naturally supposed in after years that that council must have passed upon the canonically of the Bible. In the second Nicene Council, which met in 787, some action on the Sacred Scriptures it was very easy for this action of the second council to become attached, with exaggerations, to the first.

For further information respecting the formation of the canon of Scripture, the reader is referred to an article thereon in Dr. Samuel Davidson's Introduction to the New Testament, vol. 2; to a larger paper thereupon by Dr. Davidson, in the new edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica; and to a still larger work on the same subject, published by Dr. Davidson a few years ago. For a portion of the information contained above, I am under obligation to this eminent scholar and theologian, whose account of the proceedings of the Council of Nice is found in Dean Stanley's History of the Eastern Church. A concise account of its proceedings is also published in a work by Dean Dudley, of Boston, Mass. Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

THE FOUNDER of comparative mythology died at Berlin on the sixth of May. Adalbert Kuhn was born in 1812, and has passed nearly his entire life at the Prussian capital, from 1837 until shortly before his death as one of the teachers connected with the Kollnische gymnasium or Latin school. After the appearance of Rosen's Rig-Veda, in 1838, it was Kuhn who made the first attempt at defining the character of Vedic speech, and as early as 1845 he described old India as a civilization, which has since interested almost all educated people. Hardly less remarkable is his discovery that the myths of the Teutons, the Greeks and the Rig-Veda have very much in common, for this led to the so-called science of comparative mythology. In all these departments Kuhn was a pioneer of great influence upon those who have studied Aryan civilization, philologically or otherwise. His Zeitschrift, begun in 1851, is a very arsenal of sound learning and sound methods, and his monograph on the Descent of Fire is a model performance. Kuhn always avoided popularity, such as Max Müller seeks in his Chips; but he has taught the popular teachers with a faithfulness and a thoroughness that mark his death as a very great loss to the highest walks of European scholarship.—Boston Advertiser.

SOME wicked Yankee says that he has invented a new telegraph. He proposes to place a line of women fifty steps apart, and commit the news to the first one as a very profound secret.

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

LOCATION:

92 and 94 LaSalle St., Northwest corner of LaSalle and Washington Sts.

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The Sanitary Evils of Poverty.

We believe in health of body mind and spirit, in long useful and happy lives on this earth. The riper and richer our career here, the more fitted are we for the great hereafter. So we believe in industry, thrift, skill and sagacity, fairly and justly exercised to better our lot and give us all means for health of body and length of useful days.

"All doctors know how unsatisfactory it is to treat poor patients. They cannot afford to pay for the medicines, the nursing, the alimentation, the airy rooms, the change of air, the quiet, and the attendance they imperatively require to put all the chances in their favor. More than this, they fall sick oftener than the well-to-do."

Some striking statistics were collected by Dr. C. R. Drysdale, of London, and they give food for reflection. He showed forcibly how great is the advantage of wealth, or at least competence, and how hard a thing is poverty.

Rededication of his Monument at New Rochelle, N. Y. The old Thomas Paine monument at New Rochelle, Westchester county, which was originally dedicated on Nov. 12th, 1839, but which since that year has gradually become the prey of relic-hunters, having been recut and somewhat remodeled, was rededicated May 30th, in the presence of a large assemblage of spectators.

These facts open fields of thought into which we cannot now enter. No one theory or cause, not even intemperance, can explain them all, and we wish only to bring

them to bear to show the evils of poverty, its cutting off the span of life, its opening ghastly paths for disease and consequent incompetence for usefulness, and for painful and premature death. We want comfort and care for the body, and ability to obey physical laws, as helps to length of days, to spiritual culture, to power for usefulness; and so we want to shun poverty and help its decrease by our own care, foresight and industry.

Competence in material things opens the way for these ends, if rightly used. Earn that competence, and then use it wisely and the world will be the better for it.

"An Unreliable Sheet."—Important Discovery—Read!

The Banner of Light of May 28th, reveals an important discovery it has made, and which we give our readers at this earliest opportunity, as follows:

"We pronounce the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL an unreliable sheet. It has traduced us for months; it has slandered some of our ablest correspondents; it has, through one of its agents in Boston, endeavored—but signally failed—to prove us frauds; it has brought to its aid anonymous writers, especially 'one of the most eloquent and popular Eastern lecturers,' to belie us; it has other horns in its interest; its leading editor (sub rosa) writes from five to seven columns each week, he says, without remuneration, solely 'for the good of the cause,' when in reality it is to gratify his inordinate vanity and vicious self-esteem."

Did we allow these attacks to pass any longer uncontradicted, some might infer that we were culpable. Hence we enter upon the disagreeable duty of holding up these Chicago conspirators, these spiritualistic leeches, that honest men and honest women all over the world may no longer be deceived by them.

On the same page of the Banner from which this article is taken, we learn that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL "when treating of mediums," reverses "the maxim of common law, to declare every one of said mediums guilty (or fraudulent) until proved innocent (or genuine)." This, too, will be news to many good and true mediums, whom we have long stood by and upheld.

"A paper published in Chicago and claiming to be a spiritual journal" is also spoken of, in a way to indicate doubts as to the claim being well founded. This fearful doubt as to our JOURNAL really being "a spiritual paper," we also hasten to give for the benefit of our readers. Considerable more of the same sort might be given from our peaceful and self-poised contemporary, but our space can be used to better purpose. We give the Banner full benefit of our columns for these assertions and denials, and must tell a story to point the moral of the matter.

A bright boy said to his father, "If you call the calf's tail a leg, how many legs will the calf have?" "Five, my son," was the answer. "No it wouldn't," said the boy. "Calling the tail a leg don't make it one." The bewildered and venerable man could make no reply!

We leave all to the verdict of our many and increasing readers. The sun still shines; the air is sweet with spring-time promise; all connected with the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL office sleep the sleep of the just at night, rise each morning to their daily honest tasks, and are, as ever, hopeful and fearless.

THOMAS PAINE.

Rededication of his Monument at New Rochelle, N. Y.

The old Thomas Paine monument at New Rochelle, Westchester county, which was originally dedicated on Nov. 12th, 1839, but which since that year has gradually become the prey of relic-hunters, having been recut and somewhat remodeled, was rededicated May 30th, in the presence of a large assemblage of spectators.

THE MONUMENT

Itself is about twelve feet in height, composed of four blocks of marble. On its four sides are cut inscriptions, and the whole is surmounted by an ornamented piece of marble, which on this occasion was ornamented with a floral star and two small United States flags.

ERECTED BY PUBLIC CONTRIBUTIONS. Nov. 12, 1839. Repaired and rededicated May 30, 1881. On the north and south sides are quotations from Paine's 'Age of Reason,' Crisis No. 1, and Crisis No. 15. Mr. T. B. Wakeman of New York, was the

orator of the day. His address was a biographical sketch of Paine's life and work. The next speaker was the Hon. G. B. Mendum, publisher of the Boston Investigator. Miss H. Allen, of New York, read a paper appropriate to the day, and was in turn followed by James Wright and one or two others.

G. J. Holyoake—An English View of a "Liberal Convention" in America.

George Jacob Holyoake is an able man who commands respect in England, and is widely known as a leader in the "Secular" movement in that country. He is a frank free thinker, a radical and a materialist; whose pen and voice give no wavering or uncertain utterances against superstition and the bigotry of dogmatists in theology. Of course he has no prejudice against liberalism. We give, from the Free Religious Index, extracts from one of his letters while on a visit to this country last season. He spoke to good audiences in Boston and elsewhere and was treated with respect during his stay, not only by free thinkers but by others who held in high regard his labors for the education and higher freedom of the English working people.

"See ourselves as others see us," the keen comments of this witness from abroad are especially commended.

One day I paid a visit with two friends to New Rochelle, to explore the lands voted by Congress, in the last century, to a famous Englishman, Thomas Paine, whose political writings had so signally promoted the independence of the United States. No other Englishman ever achieved like distinction. In his own country Paine ranked with Junius and Burke as a foremost political writer dealing with principles of government. In America his pen accomplished almost as much as the sword of Washington. In Paris he was the wisest counsellor of the Revolution. In England his liberty was in jeopardy; in America his life was imperilled; in France he was condemned to death. I found his beautiful estate entire and unchanged. I walked on the terrace where he meditated, and sat in the room in which he died, where objects of interest remain upon which he last looked. No Englishman ever rendered services so splendid to three nations, or was so ill requited in all.

Chautauqua Lake is a famous place for the congregation of prophets. It is a general campaigning quarter for propagandists of the other world and of this. The shore is covered with tents of speculation and of practice. The ardent take their wives and families there, and spend their annual vacation time between the pleasures of the lake and the progress of principles. The bright lake is eighteen miles long, and requires a steamer to cross it, so that there is ample space for airing the most advanced ideas. It lies in a corner of New York State, some five hundred miles or more from the city. Those who go to convention there have in view to put forth their ideas of things in general, and generally do it. For myself, I could listen to all subjects, but did not want to listen to them all at once. There was, however, a good many persons there who seemed able to do it. I was surprised to find the Liberal Convention I attended a great "pow-wow," with no definite plan of procedure such as would be observed in England. As I arrived early at the lake, I drew up the following resolutions, as the reporters had nothing to report:

- 1. That the President of the Convention be requested to define its objects, and state them as briefly as possible.
2. That as many of the speakers be requested to speak, if possible to those points.
3. That each speaker be allowed reasonable time for denouncing every body and every thing, and afterwards it is hoped that every one will proceed to business.
4. That if more imputation be desired by any speakers, the proprietor of the hotel shall be requested to set apart a Howling Room, to which all such persons shall retire, attended by as many reporters as can be induced to accompany them.
5. That it is not intended here to disparage imputations or irrelevancies, which are always entertaining if well done, but to prevent the time of the convention being consumed upon persons instead of principles.
6. That clear notice be given to speakers that this is not a convention for the discussion of every subject under the sun, but of those only proposed from the chair.

These resolutions were signed by G. J. Holyoake, L. Masquerier, H. J. Thomas, H. L. Green. Of course, they were directed against those whom Col. Ingersoll happily calls "the Fool Friends of Progress," who hang about clerical as well as lay associations, who create enemies by wanton imputation, and render good principles ridiculous by eccentricity of advocacy. The resolutions were printed in the Bradford Era, the chief paper in those parts, and were considered to have been useful to the convention, which, unlike American conventions in general, had nothing in common save the unity of miscellaneousness, with the right of imputation to be used with or without discretion. The president could not state a definite plan of procedure or questions of debate, for he had never thought of them, and he could not invent any; for he had the inaugural address in his pocket, not only written, but printed and bound up in book form. And, to do justice to the versatility of his knowledge, the address related to most things which have ever been mooted in this world. The reader must not suppose that there were not wise men and wise women at the Chautauqua convention because mention has been made here mainly of the other sort. As the town of Bolton, in England, I saw lately an announcement at a good looking chapel that a sermon would be preached by the "Shaggy Prophet." I saw no "Shaggy Prophet" at the Chautauqua convention.

Thirty years ago New York City had twenty-five Presbyterian churches. Its population has more than doubled, but the number of Presbyterian churches remains the same.

The Banner of Light at Last Speaks.

Because the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL was outspoken against whatever it regarded as fraud and sham, and sought in its capacity as a public journal to furnish reliable information, and encourage an honest, critical investigation, it has been heralded as a persecutor of mediums, an enemy of Spiritualism, and a paper has been started for the express purpose of traducing, calumniating and libeling the editor and those connected with him as correspondents. No one in the ranks of Spiritualism desired "peace" and "harmony" more than the editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, but he wanted integrity, honesty and truthfulness much more. He never shrank from the task he assumed when he first accepted control of the JOURNAL. From the first, his line of advance has been different from that of the Banner of Light. In some respects it has been antagonistic. What has been said of the Banner of Light in the JOURNAL, is known to its readers and need not be repeated. It is known to them also that the Banner of Light has never made a reply or dared defend itself. Now however, there is a change. The editor-in-chief, by over work, has brought himself to that point that he must rest, and with that end in view, he has departed to a distant island in the ocean. It will be many weeks before he can see a number of the Banner, many more before he could publish a reply. He is out of the way, and taking advantage thereof the Banner of Light at once rouses itself from its inactivity! Its "peace and harmony spirit" departs, and the Modoc-spirit takes control. Among its dainty epithets applied to the editor and contributors of the JOURNAL, are "Chicago's conspirators," "spiritual leeches" and yet the staff of contributors to the JOURNAL is made up of such persons as Hudson Tuttle, Prof. Alexander Wilder, A. J. Davis, W. E. Coleman, Mrs. Maria King, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, Mrs. Poole, S. B. Nichols, Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, and many more equally devoted to the welfare and success of Spiritualism. Mr. Epes Sargent, during his life time contributed largely to the JOURNAL. Was he a spiritual leech?

We are glad the Banner of Light has now shown its hand. It has cast off the lamb-skin of its innocent harmony, and beneath shown the gleaming fangs of the wolf. Yet as it has only made assertions, denials, strengthened alone by coarse epithets, the readers will accept these at their proper worth. There is necessarily no antagonism between the Banner and JOURNAL. A paper is needed in the East, and one is also needed in the West. The management of the JOURNAL had asked only for courteous and fair dealing and common honesty in the treatment of the great issues of the day. How the Banner has responded may be seen by the following item in its last issue:

"Mr. G. B. Stebbins, the new editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, was in town the present week."

It appears a gracious notice to make, yet the sentence conveys a false idea, and was cunningly and maliciously designed, not only to convey it, but to damage Mr. Bundy. Mr. Stebbins is associate editor. The paragraph represents him as being the editor, and implies that the management has changed! Now it is well understood that the management of the JOURNAL or its line of policy has not changed. It will remain the steadfast supporter of all that is good and true in Spiritualism, and of all reforms; the friend of all genuine mediums, and an exponent of mediumship, and at the same time the implacable foe of shams and follies. The editor has always hoped the Banner would take its stand on this same line of advance, but it has never done so, and perhaps never will. Of the wisdom of the course pursued by the two, time must decide.

Yorkville, Ontario, has a sensation. At the Baptist church in that village one Sunday lately the congregation was taken by surprise when the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Brookman, announced from the pulpit that it was his intention to resign the pastorate of the church, on the ground that his views in relation to eternal punishment and close communion were not in harmony with those of the congregation. Mr. Brookman said he was firmly of the opinion that the word of God did not teach the doctrine of eternal punishment. Methodist circles are also stirred by the secession of the Rev. R. H. Smith, Superintendent of the Missions, and head of the Church in the Province of British Columbia. Some weeks ago Smith delivered a course of sermons, in which he declared his disbelief in the doctrine of eternal punishment. At the annual district meeting of the body Smith took the chair. After devotional exercises, objection was raised as to the doctrinal views which Smith had announced during the year from his pulpit. Smith stated that he was no longer to be bound by the close standard of the church, and tendered his resignation as a member of the body, which was accepted, and he withdrew from the meeting. It is said that he will be followed by a number of his congregation, and that an independent church will be established.

In the writings of Confucius, the great Chinese philosopher, occurs the following passage: "As we use a glass to examine the forms of things, so must we study antiquity in order to understand the present." This sentence points most unmistakably to the use of magnifying glasses long before the time of the writer, who died 478 years B. C.

Laborers in the Spiritualistic Vineyard and Other Items of Interest.

James Methven, of Pana, Ill., is about taking a trip to Scotland.

L. Lewis writes: "Mrs. Palmer, a fluent speaker and good test medium, has been speaking to the Spiritualists of Samaria, Michigan, very acceptably."

B. F. Underwood lectured at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, June 7th, 8th, and 9th. He will lecture at Bunker Hill, Ind., June 12th and 13th, and at Peru, June 14th.

Rev. Dr. Hall says every blade of grass contains a sermon. True, and what a fine thing it would be if every sermon contained a single thought as green as a blade of grass!

Prof. Swings' proposition to revise the Bible by cutting out about half the Old Testament has caused a sort of prickly heat to break forth in the eastern religious newspapers.

We regret to learn that the Herald of Progress, Eng., is not well sustained, and that its managers have been compelled in consequence to dispense with the efficient services of W. H. Lambelle.

The First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, Pa., will hold their Third Annual Camp Meeting at Neshaminy Falls, Bucks County, Pa., commencing July 15th and closing Aug. 15th.

Capt. F. J. Keffer, 613 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, has been appointed Superintendent of camp ground, to whom all communications can be sent by those wishing to engage tents or other accommodations.

Mr. Giles B. Stebbins has returned from his Eastern trip, receiving a cordial welcome from all in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL office. He appears refreshed and strengthened after his successful lecturing tour in the East.

The Supreme Court of New York has granted the order to change the name of the corporation of "Scribner & Co." to "The Century Co." the order to take effect on the 21st of June. The July issues of Scribner's Monthly and St. Nicholas will have the new corporate imprint.

The great religions of the world are but larger sects; they come together like the lesser sects, for works of benevolence; they share the same aspirations, and every step in the progress of each brings it nearer to all the rest. The reign of heaven on earth will not be called the Kingdom of Christ nor Buddha; it will be called the Church of God, or the Commonwealth of Man. I do not wish to belong to a religion only, but to the religion. It must not include less than the piety of the world.—T. W. Higginson.

The National Reformer well says, in speaking of the recent visit of Joseph Cook: "America often sends over men who are a credit to herself and a benefit to us, but she might as well keep for home consumption her Cooks, Talmadges, Moodys and Sankeys. We have plenty of religious vulgarity here, and no need of the imported article." As he refused to debate with Mr. Bradlaugh, he is justly accused of a parrot knowledge confined to his lectures, and an inability to meet an antagonist.

Mrs. M. E. Dole, of 461 West Madison Street, will take a long needed vacation and visit friends in Atchison, Kansas, during the month of June. Mrs. Dole, one of our excellent mediums, is kept constantly occupied and is in consequence quite tired out. Due notice will be given of her return.

The notable success of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll in filling on two successive Sunday evenings two of the most spacious audience rooms in New York city has turned the attention of some gentlemen of "liberal" views to the subject of acquiring or building an edifice in which discourses of an analogous character may be regularly delivered, both on Sundays and week days.

A. B. French has just retired from business in which he has been engaged for the past ten years, and has made appointments to lecture as follows: June 11th and 12th, at Norwalk, O.; June 18th and 19th, at Sturgis, Mich., yearly meeting; June 28th, at Ottokoe, Fulton Co., O.; July 2nd and 3rd, with O. P. Kellogg and C. B. Lynn, at Chippewa Lake, Medina Co., O.; August 6th to 18th, to State Association of Michigan; August 20th to 21st, Paulding Co., O.; 23rd to 30th, at Cassadaga Lake, New York, camp-meeting. Those who desire his services for lectures or upon funeral occasions, will address him at Clyde, O.

Dr. S. Kinns, T. R. A. B., read a paper before the Victoria Institute, Australia, in which he harmonized science with Genesis, making days stand for "enormous periods of time." Science in Australia must be at least twenty-five years behind its advance in America. It is just about that length of time since our "learned men" occupied their time in showing the beautiful unity between holy writ and the teachings of geology. They have given up the task now. All were not so unfortunate as Hugh Miller, who devoted his life to this very problem, and killed himself because he saw how utterly he had failed.

Dr. Talmadge, the most vigorous pulpist acrobat, gymnast and prince of egotists, said in a recent sermon: "If when I get to heaven I find less than a hundred thousand have been saved by my instrumentalities, I'll sack to be excused and allowed to come back to atone for the dead failure." We are glad after all his rant in regard to the communion of spirits, that Dr. Talmadge admits the whole question, and believes it possible for him to return after death and complete the work he has left unfinished. In regard to his conversion of a hundred

Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS PERTAINING TO THE HARMONICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Hymn to Death.

BY BELLE BUSH.

We are taught that death is fearful And the grave a gloomy goal; But there lives a more fearful In a fettered human soul. Paths there are in life more dreary Than the portals of the tomb, Where our tottering footsteps weary, And the heart forgets its bloom. Shrouds there are that wrap the spirit, Colder than the winding sheet, Chilling frosts that gather o'er it While the human pulses beat. There's a night of doubt and sadness Where the bridge of dark despair, Stretching o'er the abyss of madness, Breaks, and leaves its victims there. Living ghosts there are about us, Stalking to their daily toil, More revolting than the spectres Banished from the "mortal coil." Minds with moral feelings blighted By the world's unkindling fire, Sorrid souls on earth benighted, Bound with stronger cords than death. Weary hearts whose vernal beauties Faded to such a summer's bloom, Dark amid life's gleam ducious Perished in a rayless gloom. How can death to me be fearful? Do we love our house of clay? Are its portals more cheerful Than the courts of endless day? Death, what is it but the bringing Of the weary spirit home to spring, Where the angels whisper, come, And the angels whisper, come. The dead! whom call we such? the immortals? Those who breathe a purer air, Far beyond earth's sordid portals And the changing land of care? Those who, free as winds, are sweeping On their fair celestial wings, Holy spirits kindly keeping O'er our earthly wanderings? They are not dead; you lone stars burning In the sunset's purple glow, Answers to my voice are giving, And in whispers tells me, No. They are not dead; the buried treasures In our spirit cells they lie, Earth-born hopes and idle pleasures Are the only things that die. Let us then, since life is waning, And we see the shadowy goal, Strive with every good remaining To adorn the human soul. Let us leave our thoughts of sadness, And forget life's cares and woes, In the dreams whose light of gladness From the Father-country flows. Belvidere Seminary, Belvidere, N. J.

Spiritualism in Yonkers.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: "To-day I saw the dragon fly Come from the walls where he did lie." "An inner impulse rent the veil Of his old husk; from head to tail, Came out clear plates of sapphire mail." "He dried his wings, like gauze they grew, Through crops and pastures wet with dew, A living flash of light he flew." The above from one of the most beautiful, though less quoted of Tennyson's poems, seems to me a vivid illustration of the tendency of the human mind in this age, and especially in this country, to crawl out of the dormant chrysalis state of scholastic theology, spread itself abroad in the light of modern intellectual science, and extract from every psychological fact, the honey of eternal truth—"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again, The eternal years of God are hers; While Error, wounded, writhes in pain And dies among her worshippers." The soul of man should seek not more nor less than the fulfillment of its requirements of its own immortal environment. My text might press a homily or dissertation on the special duty of every thinking mind, to cultivate and foster those conditions which facilitate the efforts of our departed friends in promoting our growth in true spiritual intelligence; but to every really aspiring soul the proposition is a truism, only to be stated to be cordially accepted by the heart, and yet how many slaves of fashion, pride and selfishness remain indifferent to the repeated admonitions of their own conscientious convictions. The world needs no homily in this day and age—it is hungry for facts of opinions, facts in history, in philosophy, in theology, and, most of all, in psychology. Many multitudes of mere opinions on history and philosophy have fallen into the gulf of oblivion where all dead books lie, while the churches have become lean and starved on the dry husks of dogma, except in occasional, spasmodic instances where the execution, by contrast, only magnifies the rule. My purpose, therefore, is merely to state a fact or two, if worthy a place in your very instructive journal. In the city of Yonkers (adjoining New York—population about 20,000) the cause of Spiritualism has been sustained for perhaps twenty years, almost solely by the perseverance of one man, Mr. Evert Gale. Within a few years he has been reinforced by a few noble spirits, men and women, more or less mediumistic, so that now we have a rapping medium, two or three trance and table-moving mediums and one or two healing mediums. For a long time Mrs. Nelligan, a Belgian, rather than a missionary, visited Yonkers once in four weeks and delivered inspirational addresses, always with great acceptance on the part of the small but select audience. Recently the cause seems to be reviving and while Mrs. Brighman's audiences are increasing in numbers our Association holds regular weekly meetings, and a special séance also once a week. Spiritualist newspapers, tracts and books, are not only kindly received by those who once rejected them, but in many instances are eagerly sought for by the orthodox of different sects. I am making a specialty of Deaton's work, "The Spiritualist's True Witness," "The Occultal Physics," and Epes Sargent's "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism;" the last the best work in the English language for the general reader, the common mind. I am delighted with your position in the Fletcher case; any other course would injure the cause of Spiritualism permanently, though I am aware that some of our friends in Yonkers are disposed to look at the case from a different point of view. As a lawyer who has read the substance of the evidence and the Judge's charge (which seems very fair), I see, with your "prominent Spiritualist," that the "evidence" was decidedly too light." In a recent orthodox union meeting in Yonkers, in presence of six clergymen of different denominations I publicly stated that the trouble about the future of their revival efforts was, "that the churches were hiding places for licentiousness and fraud." Some found fault, others heartily endorsed me; even some of the clergy found "no fault." Let Spiritualists then avoid the rocks on which many churches are now splitting! JAMES B. SILKMAN, Cor. Sec. of the Yonkers Spiritualist Association.

J. H. Watson writes: I am well satisfied with the JOURNAL; it is just what should be.

In Memoriam—Dr. Wm. Fishbough.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Another veteran Spiritualist, Dr. Wm. Fishbough, has passed on to the immortal home, suddenly and under peculiar circumstances. Friday evening, May 26th, he went away from home, and his wife on retiring for the night left a light burning in the front parlor. On waking in the early morning she found that he had not returned, and on going to the front parlor door, she found his lifeless form. Coming home late in the evening, he had made a misstep and fell, striking his head against the window sill and crushed his skull, a sad and sudden ending of a long and useful life. On Friday morning when he came down to the breakfast table, he related a curious dream that he had had in the night. He said that he dreamed that the point of his gold pen that he used for writing, was worn out so that he could not use it any more, and I am informed that he never did write another stroke with it. Was this a premonition of his sudden transit to the Spirit-world? The writer for the last few years, has known the Doctor quite intimately, and in a certain sense our work has not been divergent, and I had learned to reverence him for his loyalty to what his own soul had ordered. He was a man of simple, old-fashioned tastes and associations were no thing when weighed in this balance. I also knew him to be a deeply religious man, in the highest and best use of the term, and I also know that at times the revelations to his soul of the spiritual, were grand and beautiful. One friend was an traveling worker, and man pure in thought and deed, and his denunciations of free love and immorality were always severe, and his example was one for us all to imitate. Other and abler pens than mine will write his epitaph, for there are many of his co-laborers who can and will do justice to his memory. A very large assemblage, filling every part of it, gathered Monday evening, May 23rd, at the home of Dr. Fishbough, to pay their tribute of respect to his memory. The floral decorations were profuse and a peaceful smile rested upon the face of our risen brother, and the services were conducted by the Rev. J. H. Kiddle, pastor of the Universalist Church, who had charge of the exercises and invited Prof. Henry Kiddle to give the opening address, which was an appropriate tribute to the virtues of Bro. F. He spoke of Dr. Fishbough's faith in Spiritualism, and in the presence and communion of spirits, and also of his deep and earnest religious faith, and said that when he visited him only the Tuesday evening previous where he met Dr. J. M. Peabody, Dr. Eugene Crowell and others, that he little thought that his next visit would be to pay a tribute to his character and virtues. Mr. Bernard Peters, Editor of the "Religio-Philosophical Journal," with Dr. F. dates back some twenty-five years, and I found him on all the living questions of the day always on the right side. He was a frequent contributor to our paper, and his articles were always welcome. I did not fully agree with him as to his faith in Spiritualism, but it was a pleasure to visit him and to listen to his explanations of his peculiar views, and I always found him deeply philosophical, and can but hope that he now realizes in his new home the highest aspirations of his soul. Dr. Wm. H. Atkinson, of New York City, said: "Dr. Fishbough and myself have been friends, near and dear, for nearly a lifetime; our belief in Spiritualism in its higher and religious aspects, brought us together in close sympathy, and I knew him in every respect to be an honest man, a pure man in all the relations of life; also a deeply religious man, and one who was true to his interior life. We shall miss his face, but in spirit we shall feel that he is ever with us." Rev. Mr. Gunnison said: "When I first decided to make Brooklyn my future home, a friend who was a candidate for governor of one of the New England States, said to me: 'If you ever find a book called the "Macrocosm and Microcosm" by William Fishbough, buy it and read it, as it is the most profoundly philosophical book ever given to the world.' I made the acquaintance of Dr. Fishbough and we became from the first warm friends, and I loved to come to his home and sit at his feet and listen to his words. When he was said to me, 'When every thing seems dark and I was like a mariner at sea without chart or compass, I turned to Christ's Sermon on the Mount, as a rock upon which I could stand,' and I know that our brother felt the inspiration and blessing of the Master's presence, as but few experience in this life, and in his hours of illumination his interior life was blessed by clear glimpses of the beyond. I also knew Dr. F. as a moral man, as a man always on the side of temperance, morality and justice. I loved to visit him and listen to the earnest utterances of his spirit. Such men never die, the influence of their lives live in all the hearts that are lighted to guide those who come after them. When he felt compelled to go out of the denomination of which he was a member, he had the respect and good will of all, and we honored and respected him for his fidelity to what in him was the truth, although we may have differed in our views. All of the addresses were listened to with deep and earnest attention, and it was a late hour before the friends separated. Dr. Fishbough was a charter member of our Fraternity and commanded the respect of all who knew him, for his was a loving, fraternal and Christian spirit, and his words and wise counsels will be greatly missed by us. S. B. NICHOLS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Devonshire Tales.

A curious story of supernatural agency is related by one of the oldest parishioners, who heard it from his mother, to whom it was told by his grandmother, who knew the hero, thus establishing its claim to an antiquity of at least 200 years. A Combe laborer was one day plowing alone in a field, when he heard a doleful sound behind him, and he turned round to see a woman in a black dress, who was kneeling on the ground, and was weeping bitterly. He went up to her, and she said, "I have broken my plow, and I have no money to buy a new one, and I have no one to help me, and I have no one to help me, and I have no one to help me." He looked about in all directions, but could see no one, though the voice continued to lament. At last, he gave a good-natured fellow, he answered, "Give it to me, and I'll mend it." She then took the "plow" with a hammer and nails, and was laid by invisible hands in the furrow before him and taken away as soon as he had repaired it. On the following day he found in the same furrow a freshly baked cake, —the plow's acknowledgment of his kindness. Half-way up the side of the valleys, about a mile from the village, stands a handsome stone house, which, with its two wings and the farm buildings at the back, forms a complete quadrangle. Though now only a farm, it was in former days a goodly mansion, the residence of an old family whose arms are still displayed on a stone shield over the doorway, and whose name is still to be seen in a conspicuous feature in the parish church. The house is rather solitary, standing on the slope of a hill, of which the upper part is thickly wooded, and is the resort of white owls, whose dismal hooting forms a fitting accompaniment to the moaning wind which whistles round the angles of the farm buildings on tempestuous nights. Here a headless lady is said to have appeared, many years ago, dressed in the fashion of a by-gone age, and walking with echoing steps through a long dark passage, while she paused occasionally to rap at the doors which open out of it. With the long-handled broom she varied in her hand. This sound came night after night, until one one was found brave enough to follow the apparition, which rewarded his courage by discovering to him some hidden treasure, and then vanished. Some years afterward the same ghost reappeared, revealed more treasure, and has never since been heard of. Who she was, and when and how she lost her head, remains a mystery; but the story obtains full belief in the neighborhood.—Argosy.

M. E. Olmeyer writes: I take pleasure in renewing my subscription to the JOURNAL. A year's careful perusal of its columns convinces me that its spirit and purpose are more philanthropic and universally philosophical than any publication I have met. That it is destined to neutralize the spirit of sectarianism and inaugurate the right of intelligent recognition of good in all forms of man's activity, both material and spiritual, I firmly believe. Let the good work go on.

Michigan State Association.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: In the JOURNAL of March 19th, I notice an article written by Mr. Bigelow, of Kalamazoo, in relation to which I wish to say a few words. I admire his frankness. He has told the story in a way which leaves no place for a wrong judgment, and yet I am fully of the opinion that all of the facts at his disposal relating to the State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists, he would have told a very different story. Had he been in the State during the stormy years of the past, through the contention, conflict, antagonism, mischiefs, enmities and persecutions of the Association, under its former name of Spiritualism, and more recently under its present form, he would have seen that upon the whole we have many reasons for thankfulness and encouragement. For years, when Liberalism was not in name connected with Spiritualism, there was much more contention than we have had since the union took place. Though it is true that we have on the rostrum to-day representative men and women who do not think alike, and sometimes antagonistic utterances come from them while speaking from the same rostrum, he it known that this has ever been true to the Association, under its former name of Spiritualism. This really is one of the hopeful signs of the times. Pestilential vapors are not born in living waters, nor is thought or reform; but a unity which admits of no diversity or antagonism in opinion and utterance, is doomed to rot. So we do not consider the utterances on the rostrum of the Association antagonistic, though they are in some things an emblem of death. It is a proclamation that there is a full sense of right conceded by each to the other. But is it not true that these two antagonistic factors composing the Association, are to-day doing the most effective work in the State? Where are the societies in their isolation that are doing effective work? I have travelled over the State quite extensively and find, and only find, workers within this union. All of the Conventions East which I have attended, have been largely composed of the same two elements, and their effectiveness is largely due to this fact. There should be no narrowness of view as to the objects are about the same. The reforms and needs which one demands and feels, are the same as those of the other. Experiences differ, and ever will, and this is the glory of the reformers of to-day. They are not afraid to differ, and they are not afraid of others, though unlike their own. I think that Bro. Bigelow will concede that we need all of the facts in any case before we can render an intelligent verdict. I have attended all the meetings of the Association since the union took place, and I can see that each meeting has been an improvement upon the preceding one. The lecturers show less disposition to say any thing simply for the sake of saying it. The speakers as well as the people, have grown wiser and more thoughtful. I wish to say to Bro. Bigelow, that it is a mistake that the Liberalists have an organization in the State. There are no Liberalists in the State, and I think that the Liberalists exist, I think, quite as much as between the Liberalists and Spiritualists. If we can only be tolerated in these differences we will fear no ill. Our Association was never in as good condition as now. Of course we are largely indebted to the fact that we have had a number of new members and others have joined us, and much of the good outlook is due to their labor. I do not see, as Mr. Bigelow does; I do not predict as he does. I predict that there is a glorious future for our cause in Michigan. Some will pull against the success of a united effort to make this Association the most powerful, yet I am of the opinion that it will succeed. I think that Bro. Bigelow reached his conclusions without knowing all of the facts. Could he have seen our Annual Meeting of two years ago, and our last one, he would have said: "The angel-world bless you in your good work." J. H. BURNHAM, Saginaw City, Mich.

Record of Hygienic Progress.

This record would be incomplete without mention of a society that has already been referred to in a general article in the "Herald of Health." This is the "Institute of Heredity," which has its headquarters in Boston, with branches in various parts of the country, and which promises to be an important agency in the evolution of that higher type of humanity, which it is the chief purpose of this journal to advocate and promote. The President of the Society is the Hon. Daniel Needham, a man of much influence in Massachusetts, and among the Vice-Presidents are the Hon. J. W. Jamon, Parker Pillsbury, Matilda J. Gage and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, with some sixty other names of more or less note. The plan and purpose of this organization are clearly set forth in the following preamble to its constitution: "Whereas the physical and physical diseases which afflict humanity are congenital, and are transmitted from generation to generation, through ignorance and disregard of the natural laws of descent; therefore, for the purpose of acquiring and promulgating a knowledge of these laws, and urging such obedient action as will bring about the highest physical and mental health and right moral action, and so eradicate much of the disease, vice and crime with which civilized society is burdened, the undersigned hereby form ourselves into an association, to be known as the Institute of Heredity." This Society is in the midst of the most amount of vice and crime that prevail in all human society, the circular of the Institute contains the following: "Century after century have Church and State, with all their vast, complicated and cumbersome machinery, enforced their empirical methods with terrible penalties and at tremendous cost, for the purpose of putting an end to these evils; and with the same results. And above all this, what vast amounts are expended in voluntary contributions of money and labor in the various forms of charitable relief, with the same hopeless and unsatisfactory results. And for the reason that we have battled against effects, while neglecting causes, operations." "The causes are congenital. People who are born with theft and murder in the blood, will steal and kill. The jailer and hangman neither cure them nor check their tendencies, nor thin their ranks; for we preach temperance, and honesty, and keep on breeding drunkards and thieves; we teach murder, and we keep on propagating them, and so with the whole circle of physical, mental and moral disorders; hence, as fast as we imprison and hang criminals, others are born to take their places. So that all our conflicts with evil result in a long-drawn battle. "Shall we forever continue to sink down as we climb, and we forever no nearer the top? Why should we continue to weary and exhaust ourselves in this endless circuit, with all the means of deliverance in our own hands and under our own control?" "This Society is quite new, and its practical work is but just being organized. It calls for interested workers everywhere, and judging by the intelligent zeal displayed by its Secretary, and the wide publicity that has already been given to it through the press, we are led to hope that it may become an institution of national importance. Communications regarding it should be addressed to its Secretary, No. 35 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass.—Herald of Health.

Hits of Talk.

"H. H." in her little book of this name, gives a "simple bill of fare for a Christmas dinner." We copy it for the benefit of all who have not read that "Bill of Fare."—This must be served hot. No two housekeepers make it alike; no fixed rule can be given for it. It depends, like so many of the best things, chiefly in memory; but strangely enough, it depends quite as much on proper forgetting as on proper remembering. Proper forgetting is the secret of success. Entree.—Love and smiles. Gentleness, with sweet wine sauce of laughter. Gracious speech, cooked with any fine savory herbs, such as droilery, which is always in season, or pleasant

remembrance, which no one need be without, as it keeps for years, sealed or unsealed. "Knows Cause." Hospitality. The practice form of the "Knows Cause" is a most interesting one in some houses hospitality is brought on surrounded with relatives. In others it is dished up with dignitaries of all sorts; men and women of position and estate. * * * In a third class, best of all, it is served in simple shapes, but with a great variety of unfortunate persons, such as lonely people from lodging-houses, etc. "For Desert."—Mirrh, in glasses. Gratitude and faith beaten together and piled up in snowy shapes. These will look light, if run over night in the moulds of solid trust and patience. A dish of the bombon good cheer and kindness with every day mottoes, knots and riddles in the shape of puzzles and answers; the whole ornamented with apples of gold in pictures of silver, of the kind mentioned in the Book of Proverbs. "Trouble in the Church." What is there in an organ, the instrument of all others most capable of evolving superb harmony, that so often makes it the medium of discord in the Church? From the time that organs were loved and down to the present there has always been some discord in a quartet over an organ, and there is no quarrel of which a congregation is capable that is waged with such bitterness or leaves such rankling stings behind. The fold may quarrel over parents, psalm tunes, choir exercises, singers, stained windows, and other elements of discord, but these disagreements are easily patched up. An organ quarrel, however, has all the elements of permanency, and is even handed down from one generation to another. The terrible impression which the old Scotchman hurled against it when she signified that her unholy box, which she seemed to stick to it yet in many quarters, despite the inconsistency of the appellation when applied to an instrument the least of whose whistles nowadays is trumpet-tongued and the largest of them heavy as a ton of doom. "Unquestionably one of the causes of the bitterness of organs may be found in the relations of age. The young always espouse the cause of organs; the old always oppose them; and as, according to the adage, the young think the old are fools and the old know the young are fools, it becomes a wrangle between opinion and fact, and there is no possibility of compromise. Still, with all the superior knowledge that belongs to the old, it is not easy to understand their position or the reasons for their opposition to this noble instrument. They associate it with frivolity when it is the most dignified of instruments, and with fashion when it is the least fashionable. It is a mistake to suppose that it would introduce lutes and mandolins, which are now the instruments of our modern culture and are deemed the only instruments sufficiently utter to express the devotion of the religious esthete. It is a curious anomaly that they will cling to the organ, and yet will not touch the piano, the organ, the critical bass viol, when all the traditions show that these instruments have been mainly used in the service of the world, the flesh, and the devil, for which they are admirably fitted. Whoever heard of an organ in a ball room, a variety hall, at a dance, in a theatre, or in any locality devoted to the amusements of the young and the frivolous? Yet the violin is always to be found in them. It is not long since that to be called a fiddler was considered a term of reproach. Paganini, the greatest of his profession, was commonly reputed to be possessed of the devil. In the early days of the English theatre it was not uncommon for the fiddler to empty his work of decayed vegetable growth upon the devoted heads of the fiddlers, and suggestions at times to kill a fiddler or throw him out of a window were always hailed with acclamations by the audience. As to the bass viol it is simply an overgrown fiddle with all the vice amplified, and the more dangerous because they are thickly dignified beneath a veneer of propriety, while every one knows that the bald-headed old men who play them lead very incorrupt lives from their association with this Pecksniff of instruments. "We have been led to these remarks because one of the organs has lately broken out in a prominent church in Toronto. At a recent meeting of the church a motion was made by the younger members to have an organ as an auxiliary to the service. The old members at once opposed it, and a controversy began. The young people, however, being determined to have their organ, and the old members being equally determined to have their organ, the organ was purchased, and on Sunday morning was in its place, with an organist on the bench. The young people were on the alert to enjoy the new music. The old people sat strangely still, and the organist, who was a young man, felt a little uneasy, and he looked at the old people. The old people rose solemnly, but with a peculiar expression of countenance. The choir stood up, ready to lift their voices to the familiar metre. They waited for the notes from the organ. The organist had pulled out his stops, was fingering the keys, and was ready to begin, but the organ-blower was pumping for dear life, but there was not a sound from the organ. It was as silent as the grave. 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Continued from First Page. by such oral transmission committed it to writing.

These books have a traditional history similar to that of those of other people. Their text became corrupted, and under the Tsin dynasty (B. C. 220-205) they were collected and burned, and it became a crime to possess them. But under the Han dynasty (B. C. 139-80) this was repaired and perfect editions published by devoted scholars, since which they have remained unchanged, so that it is certain that they have descended since the first century before our era substantially the same. The burning of the ancient books by Chinese writers, and the severity with which the scholars were treated, 400 being buried alive, and a great many others degraded and banished, is always bewailed.

Of those years of wandering there remains only fragmentary narrative. From the Sacred Books may be gathered glimpses as it were, of the life of the great Master and his devoted disciples led, at times overwhelmed by the attentions of rulers or the curiosity of the multitude, at others suffering the last agonies of want, or in danger of losing their lives by the envy or treachery of opposing factions. These brief glimpses show us the inherent greatness of the man, and the affection of his disciples, who hung on the accents of his lips. They disputed among themselves but in an appeal to the "Master" was final.

As specimens of beautiful simplicity and childish faith in an overbearing intellect these conversations, as reported in the Sacred Books, are unexcelled and are equally notable for the profundity of their wisdom.

"Se-ma asked about perfect virtue. The Master said: "The man of perfect virtue is cautious and slow in his speech." "Cautious and slow in his speech" said Yen:—"Is this what is meant by perfect virtue?"

"The Master said: "When the man feels the difficulty of doing, can he be other than cautious and slow in his speaking?"

"Se-ma asked of the superior man. The Master said: "The superior man has neither anxiety or fear. And is that the character of the superior man?"

"The Master said: "When internal examination discovers nothing wrong, what is there to be anxious about, what is there to fear?"

Fan-oh's rambling under the trees about the rain altar, with the Master, said: "I venture to ask how to exalt virtue, to correct cherished evil and to discover delusions?"

"The Master replied: "Truly a good question! If doing what is to be done be the first business, and success a secondary consideration, is not this the way to exalt virtue? To assail one's own wickedness and not assail that of others, is not this the way to correct cherished evil?"

What is benevolence? asked Fan-oh. The Master replied: "It is to love all men." What is knowledge? "It is to know all men."

"Some one said: "What do you say concerning the principle that injury should be recompensed with kindness." "The Master said: "What then will you recompense kindness?"

"Recompense injury with justice, and recompense kindness with kindness."

This principle may not be as transcendental as to "love those who hate you," but is the concrete expression of the common sense of mankind, on which all our laws are founded. We meet love with love, and injury with justice. And as long as there are individuals in society requiring government, and restraining laws, necessary they are expressions of this principle.

"Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away."—Matt. v., 42.

The Master was depressed by his weary and ceaseless wanderings. He felt that he was unappreciated and unknown by those to the elevation of whom he had devoted his life. "No one knows me," he repeated as he wandered with his homeless disciples. Another afterwards said:

"The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man has nowhere to lay his head."—Matt. viii., 20.

"Then Tze-kung said: "What do you mean by thus saying—that no one knows you?"

"The Master replied: "I do not murmur against heaven. I do not grumble against men. My studies lie low, and my penetration rises high. But there is heaven (Tien the Great One)—that knows me!"

He reposed with confidence in the decree of fate. It has consoled many a struggling soul since his time. However abortive seem the effort put forth by the individual, the consciousness that that effort is in the cause of truth, allies to the Grand Over-soul and makes it a part of his divine plan. Little of himself the laborer may be, but as a part of this infinite Destiny, he is armed with infinitude; his faith becomes a knowledge of ultimate success.

Thus the Master said: "If my principles are to advance, it is so ordered. If they are to fall to the ground, it is so ordered."

Hunger pressed heavily on the devoted band of his followers, and Tze-loo, who was a counterpart of Peter, greatly dissatisfied said:

"Has the superior man likewise to endure in this way?"

The Master replied: "The superior man may indeed have to endure want, but the MEAN man, when he is in want, gives way to unbridled license."

The Master said: "The superior man in everything considers righteousness to be essential. He brings it forth in humility. He completes it with sincerity. He does what is proper to the station in which he is." "In a high situation, he does not treat with contempt his inferiors. In a low situation, he does not court the favor of his superiors." "He does not murmur against heaven or grumble against men." He is quiet and calm, waiting for the appointments of heaven, while the mean man walks in dangerous paths, looking for lucky occurrences."

The Master taught that man was above fate inasmuch as he shaped his own destiny, and if overwhelmed by failure, he must refer it to himself and not to his condition. "In archery," he said, "we have something like the way of the superior man. When the archer misses the center of the target, he turns round and seeks for the cause of his failure in himself." "While there is anything he has not studied, or anything in which he has studied there is anything he cannot understand, he will not intermit his labor. If another man succeed by one effort, he will use a hundred efforts. If another man succeed by ten efforts he will use a thousand. Let a man proceed in this way, and though dull, he will surely become intelligent; though weak, he will surely become strong." "The superior man

is Catholic and no partisan. The mean man is partisan and not Catholic." "He cherishes his old knowledge and is continually acquiring new. He exerts an honest, generous earnestness, in the esteem and practice of all propriety."

The scholar Ch'ing thus explains the saying of the Master: "The perfecting of knowledge depends on the investigation of things." If we wish to carry our knowledge to the utmost, we must investigate the principles of all things we come into contact with, for the intelligent mind of man is certainly formed to know, and there is not a single thing in which its principles do not inhere. But so long as all principles are not investigated, man's knowledge is incomplete."

The Master never wearied in his praise of learning and its advantages. He said: "It is not easy to find a man who has learned for three years without coming to be good."

"By extensively studying all learning and keeping himself under the restraint of the rules of propriety, one may thus likewise not err from what is right."

The following sayings are culled from the sacred writings of which they form the fragments:

"Let the will be set on the path of duty." "Let every attainment in what is good be firmly grasped."

The Master said: "When I walk along with two others they may serve me as my teachers. I will select their good qualities and follow them, their bad qualities and avoid them."

"When you know a thing to hold that you know it; and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it; this is knowledge."

"To see what is right and not to do it, is want of courage."

"He who offends against heaven has none to whom he can pray."

"If the will be set on virtue, there will be no practice of wickedness."

"If a man in the morning hear the right way, he may die in the evening without regret."

The Master said: "My doctrine is that of an all-pervading unity." This is enlarged: "All things are nourished together without their injuring one another. The courses of the seasons and of the sun and moon are pursued without any collision among them. The smaller energies are like river currents; the greater energies are seen in mighty transformations."

"He who requires much from himself and little for others, will keep himself from being the object of resentment."

Ke Loo asked about seeing the spirits of the dead. The Master said: "While you are not able to serve men, how can you serve their spirits?" Ke Loo added, "I venture to ask about death." He was answered, "While you do not know life, how do you know about death?"

He believed in the existence of spiritual beings, but that they were superior to human comprehension. He was engaged in the practical duties of this life, and left all speculations aside. Yet he exclaims:

"How abundantly do spiritual beings display the powers that belong to them! We look for them, but we do not see them; we listen to, but do not hear them; yet they enter into all things and there is nothing without them. They cause all the people in the empire to fast and purify themselves, and array themselves in their richest dresses, in order to attend at their sacrifices. Then, like overflowing water, they seem to be over the heads, and on the right and left of their worshippers." "Their approach you cannot surmise; and can you treat them with indifference?"

How searching the following which shows that under a good government all may become wealthy, while they who are wealthy under a poor government, should be ashamed of the fraud and corruption by which it is gained. The Master said:

"When a country is well governed, poverty and a mean condition of things to be ashamed of. When a country is ill-governed, riches and honor are things to be ashamed of."

When Tze-kung asked about government, the Master said: "The requisites of government are that there be sufficiency of food, sufficiency of military equipment and the confidence of the people in their ruler."

Respect for parents was a cardinal virtue:

The Master said: "A youth, when at home, should be filial, and abroad respectful to his elders. He should be earnest and truthful. He should overflow in love to all and cultivate the friendship of the good. When he has time and opportunity, after the performance of these things, he should employ them in polite studies."

The following passage discloses a depth of penetration and wealth of wisdom scarcely paralleled. It expresses the idea that the character of the individual is formed on the culture of the interior soul, and that all reform, all progress must there begin and work its way outward through the family into the State:

"Things being investigated knowledge became complete. Their knowledge being complete their thoughts were sincere. Their thoughts being sincere, their hearts were rectified. Their hearts being rectified, their persons were cultivated. Their persons being cultivated, their families were regulated. Their families being regulated, their State being rightly governed. The whole empire was made tranquil and happy."

"He who aims to be a man of complete virtue, in his food does not seek to gratify his appetite, nor in his dwelling place does he seek the appliances of ease; he is earnest in what he is doing and careful in his speech; he frequents the company of men of principle that he may be rectified."

"I will not be afflicted at men's not knowing me; I will be afflicted that I do not know men."

"He who exercises government by means of his virtue may be compared to the north polar star, which keeps its place and all the stars turn towards it."

"Sincerity is that whereby self-completion is effected." "It is the beginning and the end of things."

"Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous."

Thus the Master discouraged parrot learning, which does not cultivate the reason, and indicated that the mind unless guided by knowledge is not reliable.

The Master said to his disciples: "Come, let each of you tell his wishes." Tze-loo said: "I should like having chariots and horses, and light fur dresses, to share with my friends, and though they should spoil them, I would not be displeased."

Yen Yuen said: "I should like not to boast of my excellence, nor to make a display of my meritorious deeds."

Tze-loo then said: "I should like, sir, to hear your wishes." The Master said: "They

are in regard to the aged, to give them rest; in regard to friends to show them sincerity; in regard to the young, to treat them tenderly."

"You have the laws enforced so thoroughly that combined with education there would be no appeal to them. "What is necessary," said he, "is to cause the people to have no litigation."

Often the sayings of the Master became beautiful parables, or flashed with the light of timely comparisons. Once observing that a fowler had only young birds, he said: "I do not see any old birds here!"

"The old birds," replied the fowler, "are too wary to be caught; they are on the lookout, and if they see a net or a cage far from falling into the snare they escape and never return. Those young ones who are with them likewise escape; but only such as separate into a flock by themselves, and rashly approach are the birds we take. If perchance I catch an old bird, it is because he follows the young ones."

"You have heard," said Confucius, "the words of this fowler offered in matter for instruction. The young birds escape the snare when they keep with the old ones; the old ones are taken when they follow the young; so is it with mankind."

Once when gazing on a stream, he compared the ceaseless current to the transmission of good doctrines from generation to generation, and with it pointed a moral for a recluse: "Do not imitate those isolated men, who are wise only for themselves; to communicate the knowledge and virtue we possess to others will never impoverish ourselves." This is as we now say in our more generous moods, "Our light burns not less brightly by lighting our neighbors."

The Golden Rule, which lies at the foundation of Christianity, and claimed to have been revealed by Christ, was expressed by the great Master of the Central Kingdom, over 500 years before his time. When Chung-kung asked him about perfect virtue, he replied "Not to do to others as you would not wish done to yourself."

It has been objected that this is expressed in the negative form, and is not comparable with the positive precept: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." But it must be remembered that the negative form is common to Chinese speech, and is equivalent to the positive form in our own language. The two commandments are identical, and impress themselves with the same force on their recipients. What he intended by the commandment is illustrated by his reply to Tze-kung, who asked, "Is there not one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?" "Is not reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others."

Above and beyond all, Confucius saw the inapproachable Tien, the Heaven, the Great One who dwells on high and regulates all below. To him all created creatures and spirits bow in reverence. They are all his servants. He reposed implicit trust in this overshadowing providence. In times of danger, of trial and suffering, he turned toward this great central source of power. If it so willed his truths would flourish; if not, then effort on his part would be futile.

Although he rarely mentioned God, or divine providence, he tacitly avows his constant rule, and omits prayers and intercessions to him because of a knowledge of their futility. To compose the affairs of this world, is all he attempts, all he considers possible, and he set himself to the task in an intensely practical manner.

He rests his system of government on the family. Obedience and respect of children is thoroughly inculcated, and from their duty, honor and obligations to parents, he proceeds to that of wives for their husbands, subjects to their ministers and princes to the King or Emperor. Political morality he founds on individual rectitude, and cultivation, which is its true basis, for the morality of the state is the sum of the morality of its component individuals.

His race delighted in ceremonies and forms. They were better pleased with the external show than the internal essence, and it was a stroke of wisdom on his part to fix his ideas and doctrines in the ceremonies which had come down from immemorial time, and to revive those that had fallen into desuetude, and to invent new ones consonant with them. In the observance of all these forms and ceremonies in their utmost minutiae he rigidly set himself and ever since his people have undeviatingly followed his example. The habits of his daily life, of retiring and rising, of sitting and walking, of eating and drinking, when he had no thought of setting an example, have become the model for the conduct of life to his followers.

Such were the teachings of the Master, wandering with his disciples, leading a life which he compares to that of a stray dog, homeless and shelterless. He was sixty-nine years of age, and the world had rejected his doctrines. He had attempted to solidify the wisdom of the past and make it practical in the government of his people and had failed. Five years only of life remained for him, and dependently he retired to his native province of Loo, and with his beloved disciples passed the time in writing and conversation.

Presently he felt that ultimately his doctrines would become supreme, but for him there was only darkness. Could his vision have seen reflected the glory of the future, when swarming millions should bow reverently to his shrine, when his writings and sayings should be engraved on tablets of stone, and become the tests of scholarship for his nation, when whatever innovation was introduced, his word should remain, his soul would have felt its years of labor not unrequited. Could the picture of the future have been revealed he would have seen how the world never recognizes its saviors until their death.

SACRIFICE

He felt that the termination of his mortal career was approaching, and collecting his disciples around him he led them to the summit of a lofty hill, where for many years they had offered sacrifices. Here he erected an altar, on which he placed his book, he bowed reverently, thanking heaven for granting him strength for this last arduous task, and implored that his countrymen might be benefited by his labors. For this divine service he had prepared himself by fasting and prayer.

It was his last public appearance. He rapidly sank, and in a few days his disciples were summoned to bid the last adieu to one they regarded as more than mortal. The decree of heaven had been fulfilled. His work was done and death claimed its own. Scorned and neglected by the rulers, relying only on a little band of followers, his sun seemed to sink in clouds, and oblivious night brood over him with her sabbath wings. Not so to his supreme faith which had taught him to be "quiet and calm, waiting for the appointments of heaven," and in hours of danger had whispered, "If heaven had wished to let this

cause of truth perish, then I, a future mortal, should not have such a relation to that cause."

One morning he slowly walked in front of his door, murmuring to himself: "The great mountain must crumble; the strong beam must break; and the wise man wither away like a plant."

Then he retired, and one of his disciples, Tze'ze, having overheard the ominous words, exclaimed:

"If the great mountain crumble, to what shall I look up? If the strong beam break, on whom shall I lean? The Master I fear is going to be ill."

Then he hastened into the house, and Confucius feebly said:

DEATH

"Tze'ze what makes you so late?... No intelligent monarch arises; there is not one in the empire that will make me his master. My time has come to die."

A magnificent tomb marks the spot where his mortal remains repose, overshadowed by forest oaks well calculated to nourish the reverence and homage paid by his votaries.

The princes who had constantly neglected him were swift to cry: "Woe is me! alas! alas! Heaven has not left us the aged man!" And his worship beginning in his native province extended over the whole empire. Temples were erected in his honor, most gorgeous when connected with colleges of learning. Offerings of fruit are made at these shrines on the first, and of incense on the fifteenth of every month, and at spring and autumn peculiarly solemn rites are performed. The Emperor attends the Imperial College and kneeling twice and bowing six times invokes the name of the great sage.

The ancient worship of the heaven, of the spirits of the sun, storm, lightning, mountains, rivers, and of ancestors, which he allowed, but rarely mentioned, culminated in placing him superior to all, and so colossal has been his influence, that it has resulted, as the acceptance of infallible authority ever must in stagnation of thought, and however great as scholars the Chinese may become, they are commentators and not original.

As the stars disappear in the light of the sun so do all sages in the light of the great Master.

He always spoke of himself with humble words: "The sage and the man of perfect virtue," he said, "how dare I rank myself with them? It simply may be said of me, that I strive to become such without safety, and to teach others without meanness."

Posterity regards him as recorded in the Sacred Books, where it is said:

"He may be compared to heaven and earth, in their supporting and sustaining, their overshadowing and containing all things. He may be compared to the four seasons, and to the sun and moon in their successive shining. It is only he, possessed of all sagely qualities, that can exist under heaven. All embracing is he and vast; deep and active as a fountain, sending forth in their due seasons his virtues. All embracing and vast is he like heaven. Deep and active as a fountain, he is like the abyss. He is seen and the people reverence him; he speaks and the people believe him; he acts and the people are all pleased with him. Therefore, his fame overspreads the Middle Kingdom, and extends to all barbarous tribes. Hence it is said, 'He is the equal of heaven.' Call him man in his ideal, how earnest is he! Call him an abyss, how deep is he! Call him heaven, how vast is he!"

The Uses of Great Men.

The names of Lessing, Carlyle, George Eliot, Victor Hugo and Longfellow have been upon our lips very often of late, as the accounts of certain celebration, death, or happy birthdays have met our eyes. The high uses of these great souls to us smaller ones, is a timely theme. Great souls are the keystones in the arches that unite the races. Fraternity would be forever an unpronounceable word were it not for the high minds that were able to look over and beyond the boundaries of tribe, sect or nation, and signal the tokens of good will, the one to the other. German provincialism died when Lessing, Schiller and Goethe were born, for they arched all chasms, and Germany ever afterwards is related to the best and bravest everywhere. The insignificant island lost its insular character when Shakespeare wrote. He, more than Wellington, gave to England a place in the brotherhood of nations. The emancipated thirteen colonies became great when Washington, Franklin, Paine and Jefferson spoke for them. "A Shin" ceases to be the heathen Chinese," when we remember that the blood of Confucius and Mencius flows through his veins. The hero of the shovel ceases to be "Paddy on the railroad," when Emmett and O'Connell are in mind. No one cares to spell negro with two g's with Frederick Douglass in the room, or a memoir of Toussaint L'Ouverture at hand. Great souls mark the possibilities of human nature. No one can believe in the total depravity of that race to which Socrates, Buddha and Jesus belong. Once more, they teach us modesty, they cure us of our conceit. "The true artist," says Emerson, "has a planet for his pedestal, an adventurer has nothing broader than his own shoes." Verily Carlyle stated a truth he exemplified when he said, "Great men are the inspired texts of that divine book of revelation whereof a chapter is completed from epoch to epoch and by some named history." The nations have wisely associated their festivals and their merry makings with the names of their great men. America needs more, not less, true appreciation of heroes. We fully sympathize with a correspondent who wrote us on Washington's birthday of the sad absence of enthusiasm, saying: "I do not believe in such indifference. All the cities should be decked with flags and all the people make festivals of music on this day. America never will be grandly great till love, reverence and festival be added to her industry."—Unity.

Scientists expect the activity of the sun's surface—shown by the number and size of the dark spots—to reach a maximum in 1882 or 1883. The tremendous energy of the solar convulsions is far beyond our conception. If caught in the track of a sun-leap a body like our earth would be swallowed up bodily and almost instantly.

The Doctors Disagree

as to the best methods and remedies for the cure of constipation and disordered liver and kidneys. But those that have used Kidney-Wort, agree that it is by far the best medicine known. Its action is prompt, thorough and lasting. Don't take pills, and other mercurials that poison the system, but by using Kidney-Wort restore the natural action of all the organs.—New Covenant.

A KANSAS CITY CASE.

Which is the Most Remarkable on Record, as the only Possible Relief.

Was Recommended by a Messenger from the Other World.

(Kansas City Times.)

Learning that something of a very unusual character had occurred in connection with one of our Kansas City merchants, Mr. Justin Robinson, of 1416 Grand Avenue a representative of this paper visited the house last Sunday evening. It happened that he arrived just in time to hear a very interesting and eloquent lecture upon the "Synopsis of the History of a Medium's Life," which Mr. Robinson had been requested to deliver to a large number of friends who had assembled for the purpose.

Addressing Mr. Robinson afterward on the subject of the visit, we were informed that it was true he had received a message from the materialized presence of his deceased mother, in which she recommended a remedy for what the doctors pronounced an incurable disease.

Reporter: "It is so seldom these outside of your circle hear of such practical communications being received from the other world, I wish you would tell me all about it."

Mr. Robinson: "Very well; where shall I commence? At the suffering and inconvenience I experienced from the malady—Bright's Disease of the Kidneys?"

"No; I think not. Most of our readers know about the disease, and that it is considered incurable. Tell me how your mother came to give you this message. Has she ever appeared at any other times?"

"Yes, I have seen her several times; sometimes, when all alone, and at other times in the presence of many witnesses, when she became materialized under the influence of a medium. On this occasion I was alone, at night, and in my bed, where I had been confined for a long time by the disease. My mother silently approached; (it is a strange fact that while we can feel their touch we can never hear their tread,) and sitting by the bedside took my hand and began to talk. There were several subjects discussed which I do not care to mention; after which she proceeded to tell me that there was yet a work for me to do, which must be performed before I could consider my mission here on earth as accomplished."

"Could you have accomplished it in the embodied condition in which you then were?"

"Oh, no; and I replied to my mother asking what there was I could take that would restore me to health. She told me that there was one remedy that would cure Bright's disease of the kidneys, as had been revealed to her in spirit life, and that was Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure; and that I must use it, for my future usefulness depended upon that alone."

"Did you hesitate about following this instruction?"

"Not at all. I had suffered so for ten years that it had become part of my life to try anything I could hear of which might possibly be of benefit, and as a stranger, instead of my mother's spirit, had first told me of this wonderful remedy I should have used it just the same. Why, I believe I had given a trial to every other remedy known, besides visiting nearly every medical spring in the country, and employing the services of numerous physicians. At this time I had severe pains in the region of the kidneys, from which they darted up my back, into my head, and even attacking my eyes—the pains in the spine being especially violent. I had not been out of bed for a week, and yet three days after, I was so improved as to be up and about, and my improvement continued steadily until I had used fifteen bottles of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, when I considered its further use uncalled for. It had done me more good than all the other medicines together that I had taken in ten years."

"Do you use medicine in the Spirit-world."

"Oh, no! There is no sickness there. But the inhabitants of that land see and know everything which occurs here, and they have that higher vision which enables them to distinguish the good from the bad and see what would be best for our use here below."

"Could you feel the presence of your mother's hand in yours, like the touch of a human hand?"

"Yes, with this exception: It does not seem like a human touch of flesh and blood. Not that it is cold and clammy, but there is an absence of warmth and vitality, almost of that sense of communication such as occurs when two members of our world come in contact."

"Has your mother ever recommended this medicine to others?"

"Not that I am aware of. But I have done so frequently, and every one who has tried it has been benefited thereby."

Hearing a car approaching we hastily said good bye, feeling as we departed that we had listened to a remarkable experience, and that Mr. Robinson certainly had the appearance of being a perfectly healthy man. Happening to meet Mr. J. A. White, the druggist, who has just opened a new store at 70 East Twelfth street, we mentioned the above incident, and asked if he believed there was a cure for Bright's and other chronic kidney troubles. He answered:

"Yes, sir. I do. I know there is."

"How do you know?"

"From my own experience and from the testimony of others. I was an victim of kidney disease for a long time, and as it was constantly growing more troublesome as I was changing from one remedy to another. I guess I tried every proprietary medicine in my establishment, as well as every physician I could think of. I consulted three different physicians, the most prominent in the place and learned from them that it was severe kidney trouble, which I already knew, besides receiving prescriptions, which I already knew, prepared and tried. I had many of the most annoying as well as painful symptoms and suffered more than I like to remember even at this distant date. One day, when having such pains in my back that it seemed as if I could not endure the agony many hours, I had occasion to bend over for something under the counter, when the pain became so intensified that I was temporarily paralyzed and unable to rise. After being helped to a couch I chanced to remember of some remarkable cures credited to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and sent out for a bottle, as I had never kept any up to that time in my store."

"Then you do keep it now?"

"Well, I should say that I did; and I never expect to keep anything better. Why, in two days I had received more benefit than I had from all the medicines previously taken; and before exhausting the first bottle I was completely cured. I looked upon it as almost miraculous, in my case, for generally not less than three bottles are necessary, as it is a medicine which slowly builds up the worn out and exhausted kidneys, instead of one which stimulates those organs."

"My wife has since used it, and derived the greatest benefit therefrom. It is a medicine that I recommend exclusively in such diseases because it has the rare merit of being perfectly harmless of itself, yet beneficial in all derangements of the liver and kidneys, from biliousness, to Bright's disease."

"Two inevitable conclusions come to every reader of advanced ideas from the above facts. First: The inhabitants of this earth are watched and cared for by the dwellers in higher spheres; and secondly: a remedy which is recommended from the other world and so thoroughly endorsed in this, must possess most wonderful merits and such as recommend it to all who have the elements of disease, or are suffering and long for happiness."