

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

Truth fears no Ash, bows at no Human Shrine, seeks neither Place nor Applause: She only seeks a Hearing.

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## THE THEOLOGICAL TRUCE.

Liberalism and the Churches—Their Present Relations and Responsibilities.

BY S. L. TYRRELL.

After centuries of bloody strife over conflicting creeds, there is at last almost universal peace in enlightened Protestant Christendom. Although in some unprogressive section of the church we hear occasionally a little dissension about the use of robes and candles in worship, yet the grand old contest over damnable heresies and saving doctrines, has almost wholly ceased. How marvelous the spectacle lately seen of the theological descendants of Calvin and Servetus mutually honoring the memory of Channing who preached the same heresy for which Calvin burnt poor Servetus. "Twenty-five years ago," said Dr. Thomas at a Channing celebration, "such a gathering as this would have resulted in several church trials." The Doctor's remark well expressed the contrast between then and now. So rapidly and silently have liberal ideas spread from the learned theological centers of Europe and America among the thinking clergy and leaders of religious thought everywhere, that the churches were hardly prepared to believe that free-thought had made such amazing progress until the fact came so conspicuously to light in the numerous Channing celebrations. Ideas which in Channing's day were thought rank infidelity and deism, are now quietly tolerated in orthodox churches under the milder and more evasive names of "advanced thought," "new orthodoxy" or "liberal Christianity." A prominent Unitarian divine says, "Paine would to-day rank in theology with average Unitarians, and yet we see orthodox ministers fraternizing with the clergy of that heretical sect, thus virtually fellowshipping the very princes of infidels."

It is no doubt true that Paine's theology would not now exclude a moral man from an average evangelical church, for his views on Bible inspiration (the vital question on which rests all Christian theology) are found when fairly analyzed to be at bottom the very same as now taught in more cautious and ambiguous phrasology from most of the modern evolutionary pulpits and divinity schools. Paine's great offense which brought upon him the wrath of all Christendom, was his denying the infallibility of the scriptures; and yet it is a fact to-day that there cannot be found a college professor of any note or a clergyman of fair intelligence, who dares to risk his reputation by asserting his belief in the plenary or verbal inspiration of the whole Bible. The modern evangelicalists have coined a new vocabulary of elastic words and dubious phrases, which though analogous to the ruler and more explicit terms of the old skeptics, give a specious orthodox gloss to the same infidel doctrines for which they denounce the more frank and plain spoken free-thinkers. In the old deistical language, Genesis was called a myth or fable, plain terms that grate far more harshly on sensitive orthodox nerves than the soft, complimentary names of "poem," "Mosaic vision" or "panorama" which have been substituted by modern, scientific, skeptical divines. The churches having surrendered to scientific biblical critics their claim to the possession of infallible revelation, the entire cause of the long "conflict between science and religion," is removed by that concession, and the momentous fact appears, that the great Protestant domination and the vast body of theistical skeptics that mingle within them, and envelop them on every side, are really in essential harmony in regard to the basis of their religious beliefs. This fact is not universally seen and admitted, yet a moment's reflection shows that there is, and can be, no halfway ground for faith to rest upon, between

belief in an infallible revelation and natural religion; for the moment scripture is admitted to be in any sense or degree imperfect, and subject to revision and correction by uninspired scholarship, it falls to the level of ordinary religious literature, and loses its character and value as divine authority. There being no possible logical escape from this conclusion, it follows, that reason, conscience, and the moral intuitions of human nature, which form the basis of natural religion, are now, in truth, all that sustain the vast and imposing religious systems of Christendom, and it seems sad, indeed that the now meaningless distinction between what are called believers and unbelievers should be kept up in society when if under a white flag they could honestly and logically compare their views on the Bible (the very bottom question in the conflict) they would discover that they were but wings of the same army, fighting their brothers by mistake in the dark. The discovery by the churches that the foundation upon which their distinguishing dogmas rested, was not sure enough to warrant farther sectarian strife, has led to the present peaceful "alliance" among themselves, and as they have conceded to Liberalists the essential point in dispute, there seems nothing now in the way of the harmonious cooperation of all the belligerent forces in the grand and ever needful work of world reform, except some bitter remains of party prejudice, which have been kept alive by fanatical leaders in both the Christian and infidel ranks. It is apparent to every observer who looks behind the deceptive masquerade that is passing in religious society, that a crisis more momentous than any known in history now menaces Christian civilization. Honest, historical and scientific investigation has gone on, until the unprecedented fact confronts us on every side, that Christendom is in reality to-day without any religion resting on a recognized basis of supernatural revelation. Some partial observers who fear to face stern facts, fear at the "cool complacency" with which Liberalists make the assertion that the orthodox churches in their present form must soon disappear; but all who look at theology as modified by the scientific theories of the controlling minds in pulpits, colleges and divinity schools, see that result as inevitable, and the dark problem impressing upon every philanthropist, what shall take the place of the moral forces of the churches when they shall be disorganized by loss of faith in the book on which they have for so many centuries firmly rested? "This infidel storm will soon blow over" as former ones have done, say some; but such reasonings are delusive. The Bible can never reassert its former power, for the fact of its fallibility is established past recovery, and facts cannot be reversed even by Omnipotence; and hence it becomes the imperative and immediate duty of all, of every type of belief or unbelief, by some intelligent effort to unite upon measures to perpetuate the high morality and grand civilization which have been evolved by ages of toil and sacrifice by the spirit of the true Christian faith. It seems not only ungenerous, but hazardous in the extreme at this turning point in society between progress and retrogression, for the vast community of Liberalists to longer passively resign to the weak declining churches the burden and responsibility of guarding public interests, which are of equal importance to all.

Notwithstanding the many untenable tenets that have marred their creeds, there has never existed in the churches underneath all their errors a redeeming, self-sacrificing spirit that has built churches and colleges for the elevation and salvation of men; and so faithfully have they performed their noble work that the great masses in every community have abandoned the moral education of the people to them; and while without personal or pecuniary sacrifice, enjoying the benefits of moral and refined society, too often repay the benefactions of their Christian neighbors, with taunts of narrowness and bigotry, and propositions to tax their church property. An alarming apathy pervades general society in and out of the churches in regard to the perils that threaten it unless some powerful intellectual movement shall change the present tendency of religious events. Old orthodoxy is already dead in all influential positions. The stern old fathers who were such a power in the last generations are nearly gone; the zeal of the younger intelligent, adult membership, is now so chilled with Darwinism and Evolution, that it ill supplies the aggressive missionary spirit of Puritanism; and the recent additions are mostly of the emotional type, and of Sabbath school children floated in on the tide of sweet music and weak Sankey hymns, without any deep intellectual convictions, and who will inevitably desert or be dominant in the ranks as soon as they come in contact with the theological ideas now necessarily interwoven into all the scientific text books they must study.

Should the churches become extinct before other agencies are substituted to continue their work, the calamity in a generation or two would be disastrous beyond the fears of the most desponding Christian; for the Sabbath with its weekly presentations of high themes for thought, its moral teachings, social attractions, the inspirations of its music, and its quiet molding influence on the public taste and morals aside from its direct religious force, is indeed the chief barrier that checks society from retrograding to low vulgarity, boorishness or to a refined barbarism. Let any candid

Spiritualist or free-thinker calmly compare "fast young America," the patrons of saucy, beer gardens, leaders of trashy doubtful books, and the many rude, rural populations who never call themselves of the culture freely taught by the church college, with those who habitually attend and respect the Sabbath services of any respectable Christian denomination, and we believe they would forgive their brother Liberalists who put their sons and daughters under the fostering care of orthodox Sunday schools and colleges even at the risk of their hearing occasionally the "terrible dogmas" of "imputed righteousness" and "vicarious atonement."

Ingersoll may boast that his noble daughters never heard a sermon, but they certainly, in America, cannot have escaped the refining impress of the true and cultured society which have emanated from the churches he so much delights to ridicule. Man is a religious being. The earth is covered with the ruins of his prehistoric altars and temple spires pointing heavenward from every pagan and Christian land, show him to be a natural worshiper; he will have a God if it be a Bacchus or a Venus. Ideas and spiritual influences, in time, become incarnate in the race by hereditary laws. Dreamy Brahminism, with its paralyzing hopes of "Nirvana," has envenomed India, while the practical theology of Moses which made a tame, earthly Canaan, flowing with milk and honey, its ideal, has evolved the thrifty, industrious Jew. Spirit rules matter; that is, the world and men and nations, morally rise or fall to the level of the religious and hence religious revolutions which reach the secret springs of human action, are the most significant movements in history.

All observations prove that man can be highly intellectual, yet supremely base. Exclusive mental culture cannot develop the whole nobility of man. He needs for his perfect unfoldment the stimulus of the self-respect, and sense of personal value, imparted by the religious consideration that his moral and intellectual attainments are to remain his permanent possessions, in a life beyond this ephemeral state of being, and also the inspiration of the thought that he is in some sense a coworker with God in helping on the progress of the world. The overshadowing question of our times is then, how can the immense moral and refining forces of the disappearing church, be conserved, and its admirable working machinery be engaged upon some analogous organization which shall without abrupt and hazardous revolution, succeed the old, and excel it in permanent usefulness? Is there then any practical method by which the unspeakable benefits of Sabbath influences can be quietly transferred to the guardianship of general society without any serious shock to the revered customs and religious traditions of the people? It would seem that this grand, though seemingly visionary conception might be easily realized, if the liberal public by some united action would decide to do it. It would be only carrying out generally, what has been successfully, and almost imperceptibly done in some localities, and is in rapid progress in many more. If Spiritualists and Liberalists would not stand aloof from the churches (for as we have shown their creeds are not now very diverse) but would by infusing thought and giving needed financial support, dictate or encourage the employment of such cultured men as now lead many large city congregations, the contemplated change might be effected with scarcely a ripple on the surface of the theological waters. The sphere of pulpit themes, might thus be gradually enlarged until it should embrace the whole range of philosophy, especially physiological and medical science, and then every pulpit would become a professor's chair, and every church an attractive center learning and a school of intelligent piety.

Is this ideal too exalted to be hoped for? Is it too impracticable to labor for? It is certainly a conception of a social state superior to anything the world has ever reached, yet it lies within the grasp of every community that will use the buildings and revenues now devoted to religion, in the manner we have indicated. The new order of things would be no more expensive than the present unwieldy arrangement. The combined salaries that now give a precarious support to several ministers, would command a man of superior talent, thus bringing the privileges of the college and theological seminary within the reach of the humblest members of society. The choice now lies between some such grand ideal as this, and the fearful risk of utter religious chaos and social retrogression. The favorite theory among Liberalists, that some irresistible law of progress will somehow impel man upward, it is to be feared too often lessens their sense of personal obligation and leads to apathy and inefficiency in their reformatory enterprises. It is certainly cheering when we look at the dark and threatening phases of society, to find in past records, some evidence of such an upward tendency in the race, but then again the opposite fact confronts us, that there is a moral law which makes human retrogression also possible; for among the relics of man's primeval barbarism lie also the ruins of perished civilizations. Huxley says, that notwithstanding all our speculations and reasonings about fate, and free will, and whether man is a mere automaton or not, human "Volition does after all count for something in the

practical affairs of the world," and doubtless on the volition of a few great leading minds of our day hence the decision of this religious problem which will affect for good or ill the most precious interest of humanity, perchance for all coming time. Let, then, the spiritual and liberal press earnestly second the efforts of those thoroughly emancipated minds, who have outgrown all forms of dogmatism, whether orthodox, infidel, scientific or spiritual—to improve the present unprecedented opportunity to reconstruct from the very foundation the humiliating Theologies of the world, and thus by cleansing the spiritual fountain head from which all human progress and retrogression flow, hasten on the world's long delayed millennium.

Fox Lake, Wis.

## Christian Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In a communication published in your issue of the 5th inst. Mr. Hudson Tuttle asks "most earnestly Prof. Buchanan, Mr. Kiddle, Dr. Britton, J. M. Peebles, and others, what they desire to convey by the term Christian Spiritualism?" I desire to make a brief response to this question, as far as it refers to me, by saying: (1) It is not a term coined by me; for, on giving my attention to this subject, some seven years ago, and perusing its literature, I found it in current use, and found also that it had been in use, from the first, to designate a particular phase of Spiritualistic teaching. I found, too, that among the most earnest investigators, writers, and speakers, like Prof. Buchanan, Dr. Peebles, Dr. Crowell, Mr. Watson, and others, the terms *Christian* and *Spiritualism*, were conjoined to give expression to a distinction that seemed to be perfectly clear to their minds, and was clear to my own. I found that the testimony of investigators and writers of pure and elevated minds was remarkably unanimous upon the identity of high Spiritualistic teaching with the essential precepts of Christianity.

In a communication of mine which was published last August in "Mind and Matter," I stated as a fact, apparent to me, that "the most prominent and reliable investigators have reached the same conclusion in this respect, namely, to assert the substantial truth of primitive Christianity"—not dogmatic theology by any means, but Christianity as it came from its founder. And I then cited passages from Adin Ballou, Judge Edmund Allen Kevier, Dr. A. B. Child, F. I. H. Willis, Thomas Gales Forster, Dr. Buchanan, Dr. Peebles, and Mr. Watson, in proof of this, selecting these as affording various, as well as numerous, witnesses. For example, Dr. Child said:—"Spiritualism will make a new edition of the great volume of Christianity, with additional notes and explanations, etc." Hence, it seems to me a curious fact that a man who understand this subject so well as Mr. Tuttle appears to, should ask me any such question as, what I mean to convey by a term long accepted and used, and in a perfectly definite sense.

Among the books I read in my early inquiry into this subject was one entitled "Arcana of Spiritualism," by one whom, judging from the book, I thought on the whole a very good thinker and reasoner; and I found the author of this book, Mr. Hudson Tuttle, saying: "Such I consider to be the religious aspect of Spiritualism. It is the combined moral excellence of the world. It is the essence of Christianity." Now, if in a religious aspect, Spiritualism is the "essence of Christianity" (and in this I entirely agree with Mr. Tuttle), in some other aspects it may be, and doubtless is, something very different; and what better term can be used to express this essential characteristic than *Christian Spiritualism*, a term which, it will be seen, Mr. Tuttle has explained among the *Arcana* of this deep subject. But it is the essence we are speaking of. We do not care for the rubbish of creeds. Nevertheless, in throwing away the rubbish we should be careful to retain the precious jewel, which lies buried beneath. Let us cleanse it from those accumulations of dirt and dross, and set it where it will shine with all its native splendor.

(2) Spiritualism, *per se*, as Mr. Tuttle truly says, is just as much Mohammedan or Buddhist as Christian; that is, it involves all those phases or aspects. For example, a man may be a blatant Spiritualist, and possessed with a demon—of wrath, blackguardism and scurrility, discord and vituperation, pride, hate, and lust, prompting him to do and say many mean and disgraceful actions, and constantly to speak ill of his neighbors or brethren; and in one sense he illustrates a certain phase of Spiritualism, —not Christian Spiritualism, certainly, though possibly scientific Spiritualism, which I believe teaches that a man's spiritual surroundings are no better than himself, and that his inspiration comes from the sphere, high or low, to which he properly belongs. Some Spiritualism seems to me but little better than *Demonism*, and only the work of those spirit parasites, the "familiars." Of course, we should endeavor to keep ourselves free from such a phase of spirit control; for, assuredly, there is no "essence of Christianity" in that.

So, undoubtedly, Spiritualism presents, in some of its phases, teachings that the Buddhist, the Mohammedan, the Parsee, the Chinese follower of Confucius may recognize as corresponding to those of their great teachers, in their uncorrupted, primitive

state; and, indeed, Spiritualism, I think, teaches us to see more or less of what may be called the Christ spirit in all these pure spiritual teachings, for it has ever been, in the main, the same. *Christus* and *Buddha*—the one meaning *awakened*, and the other the *enlightened*—are merely different metaphorical expressions for the inspiration that was received respectively by the personages, Jesus and Gautama, and which always teaches: "The law which moves to righteousness, which none at last can turn aside or stay; the heart of it is Love, the end of it is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey!" It is a high spiritual influence which brings what the Christian Apostle called the "fruits of the spirit."—"Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance;" while the works of the flesh—or the evil spirit—are fornication, uncleanness, wantonness, idolatry, sorcery, hatred, strife jealousy, wrath, etc."

I have seen enough of Spiritualism, within a few months, to know that, of itself, it is not synonymous with the Christian spirit described by St. Paul, or enjoined by him who has been called the *Light of Asia*; and it is that particular phase of Spiritualism, pure and peaceful, that I think may be properly called *Christian*. Mr. Davis, indeed, prefers to call it *Harmonial*. Well, I have no objections even to that except that it imperfectly expresses the idea, and leads to the abandonment of a name, the significance of which is well understood by the most enlightened nations on the globe, as employing the highest order of ethics and spirituality; for even Mr. Davis says (for the spirits through him): "By Christianity we mean the religion of humanity and Spiritualism, which was inculcated by Jesus and all good teachers."

(3) But Mr. Tuttle kindly says:—"After all, these Christian Spiritualists are no more Christians than those who reject the term. They only desire to retain the name as a sham." Now, this illustrates what I have said; for, had the writer of that remark been a true Christian as well as a Spiritualist, he would have been sufficiently courteous and charitable to express his views without insulting his brethren by imputing to them unworthy motives. And this is all I wish to say at present on this branch of the subject. The subject is, however, prolific, and admits of prolonged discussion, and deserves it; would that those who claim to have been the recipients of spiritual truth could discuss this and other questions without personal attack or angry vituperation, but with the respect for each other which *angelic* precepts always enjoin.

(4) As for the "sect" of which Mr. Tuttle speaks, I know nothing of it; but if Christian Spiritualists are to constitute a sect, I claim the privilege of joining it, if I please, without being abused and railed at by those who are otherwise disposed, and who either collectively constitute an opposing sect, or individually a sect, each for himself. I suppose Mr. Tuttle will accord as much as that in this Christian land of freedom, and without wishing all Christian Spiritualists excommunicated with appropriate anathemas. Certainly, I shall not join that other sect who would, almost in the spirit of the "Jesus" inquirers, put every one to the rack of personal scurrility who does not agree with their dogmatic opinions and statements. By all means, "Let us have peace."

HENRY KIDDLE.  
New York, June 8, 1880.

## Second Society of Spiritualists.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, one of the most eloquent and pleasing speakers in the field, is drawing large audiences to the beautiful Masonic Temple, 23d street and Sixth ave. It is probable she will continue to speak the Sundays of July and August, as there seems such a desire to hear her, by the friends usually attending the other societies. Dr. J. M. Peebles is engaged to speak for this society in September. During the past year we have paid all the expenses of meetings by 10 cents' fee at the door, and voluntary subscriptions. The society does not owe a dollar, and next year we start on a still more solid financial basis, having an executive committee of eight, who will manage the meetings and be responsible for their proportion, should there be any deficiency.

ALB D. WELDON,  
New York, June 12, 1880.

At one time, many years since, so it is stated, the fortunes of the Grant family were at a low ebb, and Mrs. Dent, Mrs. Grant's mother, a devout Methodist, doubtless having some solicitude, dreamed a dream from which she derived much consolation. It was revealed to her, so it seemed, that Lieut. Grant was to become highly useful, and that he was to be honored as no man had before been honored.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

Keep thyself at a distance from those who are incorrigible in bad habits; and hold no intercourse with that man who is insensible of kindness.

LIFE itself is one continual progression. Step by step it travels to its climax, and loses a portion of its interest as soon as it begins to decline.

A Puzzle for Metaphysicians.

[Harper's Monthly for June.]

In the month of November, 1845, the ship Sophia Walker sailed from Boston, bound for Palermo. The owners, Messrs. Theophilus and Nathaniel Walker, had invited their brother-in-law, the Rev. Charles Walker, to go out to Palermo, as passenger, for the benefit of his health.

Among the crew was a young man named Frederick Stetson. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Caleb Stetson, at the time pastor of the Unitarian church in Medford, Massachusetts.

Frederick had been in a store in Boston, but, not being well, returned home to be under the care of a physician. His health did not improve; and Dr. Dennis, of Medford, advised a sea-voyage as most likely to restore his vigor. Frederick was delighted with this prospect, and his parents reluctantly consented.

It was thought best for his health that he should go on board as a sailor; but a contract was made, with Captain John Codman, that in case Frederick should become weary of his duties, he should be admitted to the cabin in the capacity of captain's clerk.

From the fact that the Rev. Mr. Stetson was a neighbor and friend, I became acquainted with these circumstances at the time the young man left home and embarked on board the Sophia Walker. The father also requested my husband to speak to Captain Codman, his former pupil, in regard to the youth.

In common with other friends, I sympathized deeply with Mr. and Mrs. Stetson in parting from their son under these painful circumstances; but domestic cares and other scenes gradually effaced these impressions, until I forgot the length of time he expected to be absent, and indeed lost all recollection of his voyage.

I relate these circumstances in detail that the reader may understand more fully the remarkable facts which followed. During the latter part of February, 1846, the death of my mother, Mrs. Leonard Woods, of Andover, was succeeded by my own dangerous illness. In March I was seized with hemorrhage of the lungs, and lay for days hovering between life and death.

One night, when the crisis seemed to have passed, a member of my husband's church, Mrs. Sarah Butters, who had been watching with me, retired, soon after midnight to give place to my husband, who was to watch with me till morning. I had taken the medicine prescribed by my physician, and was endeavoring to compose myself to sleep, when all at once, with the vividness of a flash of lightning, the following scene was before me: A tremendous ocean storm; a frail vessel pitching headlong into the trough of the sea; a billow mountain-high ready to engulf her; a slender youth clinging to the mast-head; a more furious blast, a higher wave, and the youth, whom notwithstanding the darkness I instantly recognized as Frederick Stetson, fell into the foaming, seething deep.

As he struck the water I shrieked in agony; and my husband sprang to my side, expecting to see the crimson drops again oozing from my lips. My countenance, full of horror, terrified him. "What is it?" he asked. I motioned him to silence, unable to withdraw my thoughts from the scene. I still heard the roaring of the angry billows, the shouts of the captain and crew.

"Man overboard!" "Throw a rope!" "Let down the life-boat!" "It's no use; the ship has pitched beyond his reach!"

Fresh groans from my lips brought new anxiety to my faithful watcher. He seized my trembling hand, placed his fingers on my pulse, and started back with dismay when he felt their feverish bound.

"What is it? Are you in more pain? Shall I go for the doctor?" "Oh, it's dreadful!" I gasped. "I can't tell."

"It's awful! into a still more remarkable state. Heretofore I had seen what was going on at the moment; now my mind went forward, and saw events that occurred two, three days, two weeks, later.

The storm had abated. The vessel, though injured, was able to proceed on her way. It was the Sabbath; the crew were sitting in silent reverence, while the clergyman, Rev. Mr. Walker, read, prayed, and preached a funeral sermon, caused by the late sad event. Every eye was moistened, every breath hushed, as the speaker recounted the circumstances connected with Frederick's voyage, and endeavored to impress upon the minds of his hearers the solemn truth of the uncertainty of life.

Another scene. Our own chamber: a messenger coming in haste with a letter from Captain Codman announcing Frederick's death. The words of the letter I could read.

One more scene. I seemed to be again on board the Sophia Walker. Mr. Stetson was there, standing by Frederick's open chest, into which the captain had thoughtfully placed every article belonging to his late clerk. The father's tears fell copiously while Captain Codman dilated on Frederick's exemplary conduct during the entire voyage. When they reached Palermo, he had expressed his wish to enter upon the duties of a clerk, according to their contract, if tired of a sailor's life, and since that hour had taken his place with the officers in the cabin.

All this passed before my mind with the rapidity of lightning. I lay trembling with agitation, until started to present realities by my husband's voice, while he had a spoon to my lips.

"The first question I asked was, 'What day of the month is it?'"

"The 10th of March."

"What time did you come into the room?"

"It was past twelve when I gave you your medicine. Soon after you seemed greatly distressed. Can you tell me now what it was?"

"It is dreadful," I whispered, grasping between every word. "Frederick Stetson is drowned. I saw him fall into the sea."

"Oh no!" was the cheerful reply. "You had been thinking of him, and dreamed it."

"No; I was wide-awake. I saw him fall. I have not once thought of him for weeks. Oh, what will his parents say?"

Soon after this, exhausted by my terrible excitement, I fell into a troubled sleep. When I awoke, it was dawn, and I immediately commenced narrating to my husband the scenes I had witnessed, he making a note of them, and their precise date.

Perceiving that this conversation greatly agitated me, he left the chamber to in-

quire whether the Sophia Walker had come into port, and promised to direct our son, a school-mate of Edward Stetson, to ask whether Frederick had returned from his voyage.

"This he did, thinking to allay my nervous excitement, which he fully believed to be the result of a fevered dream."

At an early hour Dr. Daniel Swan, one of my physicians, came to my bedside. He expressed his disappointment at finding my pulse greatly accelerated, and asked the cause.

"I then, though not without great exhaustion, repeated to him what I had seen, my husband being present, Mrs. Butters (the lady already referred to), and a woman who had lived in my family for years."

In the course of a week several persons were made acquainted with these facts, though, from the fear lest they should reach the ears of the parents, they were told under an injunction of secrecy.

In the mean time I listened eagerly to my son's daily bulletins from his school-mate. "Fred is coming soon." "Mother has his clothes all ready." "Father says he may be here any day now." "The Sophia Walker is due this week."

It was two weeks before the ship arrived in port; but I was so far convalescent that I was permitted to sit up, wrapped in blankets, for an hour or two each day.

On one of these occasions, while Mr. Baker and the family were at dinner, the bell rang, and presently I heard my husband, in answer to the summons of the servant, hurry to the door.

It was scarcely a minute before he entered my chamber, pale, and evidently trying to conceal his emotion. He had an open letter in his hand, upon which his eyes were fastened.

"You have Captain Codman's letter," I said.

"Yes," he answered, "and in almost the words you repeated to me."

I held out my hand for the sheet, and my tears fell fast as I read the following lines, evidently written in great haste:

"Rev. Mr. Baker: I must beg you to perform a painful duty. Poor Frederick was lost overboard in a gale on the 10th. You must tell his father. I cannot."

"I never had anything occur that has given me so much pain. He was everything that I could desire; and I can truly say that I never had occasion to reprove him, and that his uniform good conduct won the esteem and love of us all. There was this satisfaction—that no one of us was so well prepared for death."

"I will detail the circumstances at more leisure; but enough to say now, he was lost from the foretopmast yard in a gale of wind, and human exertion could not save him. You can best administer consolation to his distressed parents. Show them the sermon preached on the Sabbath following his death, which accompanies this, and assure them of my heart-felt sympathy."

"Yours truly, J. CODMAN. March 24th, 1846."

While my eyes glanced over the lines, familiar as if penned by myself, Mr. Baker was making hurried preparations to go to Mr. Stetson's.

"Young Hall brought it out," he explained. "Captain Codman wished me to have the letter at once, lest the parents should hear the sorrowful tidings in an abrupt manner."

The sad scenes which followed are too sacred to be even touched upon here. Mr. Baker did not return home for hours, having offered to go to Cambridge, and convey the sad intelligence to Marriam Stetson, the second son, who was a member of Harvard College.

"I am to go into Boston to see Captain Codman in the morning," he said. "Mr. Stetson is anxious to see him, and I shall ask him to return with me."

I recalled the last scene on board the Sophia Walker, and said: "I thought he himself went in. It is the first thing not exactly in accordance with my vision."

I called it vision, for I was not asleep, and therefore it could not be a dream.

The next morning, when Mr. Baker called at Mr. Stetson's house to take any additional message, he learned that, impatient and restless, the sorrowing father had found it impossible to wait, and had taken the earliest conveyance into Boston, where a scene occurred like what I had witnessed.

There was no longer need of secrecy in regard to my precience or foresight, if so it may be called, and it speedily came to the parent's ears. Persons of intelligence of both sexes speculated and puzzled over these remarkable mental phenomena, unlike most recorded by philosophers in the fact, already stated, of the mind not only recognizing what was passing at the moment at a distance of hundreds of miles, but going forward in advance of events, and foretelling them with minute accuracy.

I make no effort to explain my mental state, which I am entirely unable to do; but I may be pardoned for quoting from a philosopher of the present century, who, speaking of visions and dreams, remarks: "It is in vain to attempt an explanation of them. They scarcely appear referable to any principle with which we are at present acquainted."

Priestly, another metaphysician, adds: "If the nerves and brain be vibrating substance, all sensations and ideas, are vibrations in that substance; and all that is properly unknown in the business is the power of the mind to perceive or be affected by these vibrations."

The following case, somewhat analogous to the one narrated above, is from Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, which says, "I relate this without any attempt at explanation, and without any other comment than that its accuracy may be relied on in all its particulars."

"Two ladies, sisters, had been for several days in attendance upon their brother, who was ill of a common sore throat, severe and protracted, but not considered as attended with danger. At the same time one of them had borrowed a watch from a friend in consequence of her own being under repairs. This watch was one to which particular value was attached, on account of some family associations, and anxiety was expressed that it might not meet with any injury. The sisters were sleeping together in a room communicating with that of their brother, when the elder of them awoke in a state of great agitation, and having roused the other, told her that she had a frightful dream."

"I dreamed," she said, "that Mary's watch stopped, and that when I told you of the circumstances, you replied, 'Much worse than that has happened, for brother's breath has stopped also.'"

"To quiet her agitation, the younger sister immediately got up, and found the brother sleeping quietly, and the watch, which had been carefully put in a drawer, going correctly."

"The succeeding night the very same dream occurred, followed by similar agitation, which was again composed in the same manner, the brother being again found in a quiet sleep, and the watch going well. On the following morning, soon after the family had breakfasted, one of the sisters was sitting by her brother, while the other was writing a note in the adjoining room. When her note was ready for being sealed, she was proceeding to take out for this purpose the watch alluded to, which had been put by her in her writing-desk; she was astonished to find it had stopped. At the same moment she heard a scream of intense distress from her sister in the other room. Their brother, who had still been considered as going on favorably, had been seized with a sudden fit of suffocation, and had just breathed his last."

But to resume my narrative. I find it impossible at this distance of time to recollect all the persons to whom these operations of my mind were made known before the letter of Captain Codman gave reality to my vision. Among them were Dr. Swan and two female friends, who have since passed beyond the scenes of earth. During his life my kind physician frequently urged me to publish an account of these remarkable facts. My reasons for not doing so are suggested in a letter to Rev. Mr. Stetson, which, together with the reply and the testimony of other eyes and ear witnesses, I subjoin for the satisfaction of those who may desire additional proof of the strict accuracy of this narrative:

"Rev. Mr. Stetson: If any apology is necessary for me addressing you the note, I trust it may be found in the friendly relations which have long subsisted between your family and ours, and in our personal relations to the subject of this letter."

"You will no doubt recollect the singular mental phenomena which occurred during my severe illness some weeks before your son Frederick's death, and which at the time caused considerable discussion in literary and scientific circles. By some conversation with the facts I have been urged to write an account of them for philosophical inquiry, they being considered in many respects a more remarkable instance of precience or foresight than any on record; but the fear of being classed with visionaries and Spiritualists has hitherto prevented me."

"Now, however, on a fresh application to state the particulars in detail, I have consented to do so, and would consider it a great personal favor if you will carefully examine the accompanying statement, and so far as memory will enable you, add in a note to me, which I may be at liberty to publish, your corroborative testimony respecting it."

"Mr. Baker unites with me in very kind regards to yourself and family."

"With great esteem and respect, HARRIETTE W. BAKER. Dorchester, Feb. 10th, 1870."

"Rev. Mr. Stetson, having been sick for several weeks, requested his wife to answer for him. She writes:

"DEAR MRS. BAKER—We have read your manuscript with the deepest interest. You have expressed clearly and correctly the whole subject, as it has been hidden in our memories; and so vividly, too, have you portrayed it, that the sad event of by-gone years comes to us with the freshness of yesterday."

"Mr. Stetson also wishes me to add that it might be well for you to procure the testimony of those who were informed of your wondrous vision before the event transpired, as so many years have passed since that fatal storm of March 10th, 1846."

"With our best wishes for yourself and husband. Most affectionately yours, JULIA M. STETSON. Lexington, February 10th, 1870."

Acting upon the suggestion contained in the above note, I have received the following communications from those who have seen or heard this article in manuscript. The first is from the daughter of Rev. David Osgood, D. D., a predecessor of Rev. Mr. Stetson, and for a long course of years pastor of the First Church in Medford:

"DEAR MRS. BAKER—In answer to your inquiries, I could state that I have a distinct recollection of hearing from you in your sick-chamber an account of your vision in regard to the death of Frederick Stetson, immediately after the sad events which you have so vividly portrayed. The circumstances made a deep impression on my mind, and I have always considered your mental state as remarkably analogous to all I have ever heard of Scotch second-sight."

"Most truly yours, L. OSGOOD. Medford, March 5th, 1870."

From Mrs. Sarah B. Butters, to whom I have already referred, I have also the following testimony:

"This certifies that I was acquainted with the remarkable vision narrated by Mrs. Baker before the knowledge of the death of Frederick Stetson reached me by the arrival of the ship Sophia Walker in Boston, on the 25th day of March, 1846, and its exact correspondence with the circumstances of that sad event so impressed me at the time as to leave in my mind a distinct recollection both of the vision and of its fulfillment. SARAH B. BUTTERS. Medford March 2nd, 1870."

I will introduce but one other witness, who was with me on that fearful night, and was an actor in some of these scenes. He writes:

"I am happy to bear my testimony to the truthfulness and fidelity of the record of facts contained in this narrative, and to assure the reader of its entire trustworthiness. I thought them at the time, and had ever since considered them among the most remarkable mental phenomena of which I have any knowledge, and worthy of a place in the history of metaphysical science. A. R. BAKER. Dorchester, Massachusetts, March 8th, 1870."

The following extract from the sermon preached by Rev. Mr. Walker is an exact fulfillment of the second scene in my vision. The text is from the Epistle of St. James: "For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away. The fly-leaf of the discourse contains this entry:

"A sermon preached on board the ship Sophia Walker on her passage from Palermo to Boston, March 15th, 1846. Occasioned by the death of Frederick Stetson, who was knocked overboard in a gale, March 10th, near the banks of Newfoundland. By Rev. Charles Walker, A. M., one of the passengers."

After some explanatory remarks, the preacher says: "We have a most affecting illustration of this truth at hand. Where

is the youthful Frederick Stetson? Who among us had fairer prospects of life than he? A few days ago, and he was with us in all his youthful freshness. But in an unexpected moment he was called into eternity. You remember the fatal night of the 10th. Who of us will ever forget it? The hour of midnight arrived. All hands were called on deck. The wind and the storm had prevailed for hours; but now the furious gale began. The foretopmast must be taken in, and with the rest Frederick mounted the fatal yard. The flapping sail, clewed up, but not yet handed, and at the mercy of the gale, struck him from his hold, and precipitated him into the billows beneath. The alarming cry 'Man overboard!' was heard. The captain immediately ordered the life-boat to be cut adrift, and the life-boat to be got out. But although there were enough of you ready to man it, even at the risk of your lives, yet it was soon found that it would be all in vain. He was immediately lost sight of. No human power could save him in that dark and boisterous night. Who of us has not observed his modest and retiring manners, and the delicacy of his spirit? How careful not to wound the feelings of others! I am happy here to adduce testimony to the excellence of his character from his native town. In a letter, addressed to our captain on the day we sailed from Boston, the Rev. Mr. Baker, of that place, says: 'He is a young gentleman of great promise and most excellent character, in whose prosperity I feel almost the interest of a father.' Mr. Baker speaks also of the lively interest which the citizens of Medford took in his success in this voyage. Ah, what a sad tale will the record of the fatal night of the 10th be to his bereaved parents! How painful to think of even breaking to them the sad tidings! Gladly would we spare them this cup of sorrow. May the Lord support them!"

History Repeating Itself.

LETTER FROM DR. SAMUEL WATSON.

I attended the "First Methodist Church" yesterday, to hear the pastor preach on the Sabbath. He read for the lesson the first part of the twelfth chapter of Matthew. It gives the history of Jesus and his disciples going through the corn and "plucking and eating" to satisfy their hunger. The Pharisees accused him of breaking the Sabbath. Jesus referred them to what David did when he was hungered, and they that were with him; how he entered into the house of God and did eat of the shewbread which was not lawful for him to eat, and how the priests profane the Sabbath and are blameless.

"And behold there was a man which had a withered hand, and they asked him, saying, Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath day, that they might accuse him?" This was the preacher's text. Jesus healed the man with the withered hand on the Sabbath. "Then the Pharisees went out and held a council against him, how they might destroy him." Further on we are told with whom this council was held—the Sadducees. They were the materialists of that day; they believed in neither angel, spirit or any existence after the present; yet these Pharisees, who made long prayers, and were very strict in the discharge of the externals of religion, and claimed to be the peculiar favorites of heaven, formed a coalition with these materialistic infidels, who "rejected the traditional doctrines of the Scribes, and maintained that there was no future state of rewards and punishments." They denied the existence of angels and spirits or souls of departed men (Acts xxiii: 8). They carried their ideas of human freedom so far as to assert that men were absolutely masters of their own actions and at full liberty to do either good or evil. Josephus even says that they denied the essential difference between good and evil; yet these members of the Church will unite with these infidels to destroy Jesus. And for what? Doing good on the Sabbath day.

Now for the parallel: The Church has never been able to afford demonstrative proof of the immortality that mankind have yearned for. Hence the rapid progress of German rationalism and materialism. Spiritualism comes when it is most needed, to demonstrate this glorious truth to all who will investigate. Instead of the Church receiving it as "a Godsend" to them as well as to the materialistic world, she forms, as her prototype did, a coalition with the scientist and materialist to "destroy" this glorious truth of the nineteenth century, which meets the most exacting demands of scientific investigation, and affords the only tangible proof the world has in this age of a future state of existence. How she will receive the fact that six of the most thoroughly scientific materialists of Germany have been converted by careful investigation of Spiritualism to a belief in a future state, and that Rev. Joseph Cook has, in a late Boston lecture, admitted that inside of a double state a message was written while he held the slates in the air, away from Mr. Watkins, the medium, remains yet to be seen. The question asked in olden time will be apropos: "Have any of the Scribes and Pharisees believed on him?" The work goes bravely on.

P. S.—Having been sent for, I went, after writing the above, to see an old man whom I have known here for over thirty years. He is a member of the Baptist church, and has recently lost his natural sight. While he cannot behold natural objects, his spiritual vision is opened, and he sees a great many persons, men, women and children. He is as rational as I have ever seen him, but wonderfully mystified. I explained to him clairvoyance, and showed him there were similar cases on record in his old book. He tells some queer stories about their employments, confirming somewhat Dr. Crowell's book. He says he goes off with them and stays a day or two at a time. I shall see him again. I leave to-night for Nashville. S. W.

Memphis, Tenn., May 17th, 1880.

A Plank that was Left Out.

[The New York Sun.]

It is said, on what appears to be good authority, that the original draft of the platform, as prepared by the Hon. Edwards Pierrepont and by him submitted to the committee on resolutions at the Republican Convention in Chicago, contained the following plank, coming just after the one which charges the democratic party with "a supreme and insatiable lust of office."

"Ninth.—We affirm our belief in the constant guiding and inspiring presence of disembodied souls—beings from a better world, who, freed from the limitations of the finite, and emancipated from the enthrallment of the gross and corporeal, still hover around and over us in pure, lovely spirituality, directing us by their unspoken counsel, warning us of danger unseen, rejoicing in our joy

sorrowing in our grief, glorying in our triumphs. We declare our fixed and unalterable conviction that, by methods well understood and through channels well established by evidence and experience, these disembodied intelligences from time to time communicate with us for our information and spiritual elevation; and we invoke their aid, guidance, and controlling influence in the approaching political canvass."

On the reading of this resolution by Judge Pierrepont, chairman of the committee, it is said that Mr. Steck, of Colorado, moved it to be laid upon the table. This motion was supported in speeches by Emery A. Storrs of Illinois, H. H. Harrison of Tennessee, William Walter Phelps of New Jersey, and Mr. Youngblood of Alabama; while Mr. Pierrepont earnestly pleaded for its admission into the committee's report, in order that the sense of the convention might be taken upon it. Finally the resolution was tabled by a vote of 36 to 1. This was the only plank upon which there was much discussion.

Wm. Denton's Reply to Dr. Cooper.

Dr. Cooper complains that my treatment of his book was captious and unfair; but he certainly fails to show that I was either. If men will deal as fairly with me, as I have with his book, I shall be satisfied.

He still gives us no evidence that any spirits were the authors of the book, and, although I believe him to be honest and do not blame him in any degree, I am more than ever inclined to think that the book is entirely the product of his own mind. I have seen the "strange characters," which he professes to have translated, and they have the appearance of unmeaning scrawls. I have subjected them to psychometric examination and they yield no spiritual influence, while the book itself is sufficient evidence of the ignorance of the writer, on the subject of which he treats, whether spirit or mundane dweller.

He says no two scientists agree as to the heat of the sun. But what has that to do with my criticism? Does any scientist believe that the heat is such that human beings can live upon it? He says, "Spectrum analysis reveals the metals in the atmosphere of the planets." Spectrum analysis does no such thing. The light of the sun reflected from the planets reveals the dark lines by which the existence of metals is recognized in the atmosphere of the sun, but no scientist has ever found by spectrum analysis metals in the atmosphere of any planet.

Dr. Cooper thinks that it is a small error to say that Silurian limestones are worthless for fertilizing purposes, though probably millions of tons of them are used every year for that purpose. What then is a large error? I never criticised the use of the word "buried" for burned, and the Doctor shows us one of the small errors that I neglected.

He thinks my objections relating to gypsum seems to be well taken, but wishes to know if the Onondaga gypsum is pure enough to be adapted to all the uses mentioned in the book. What has that to do with the original statement of the book that gypsum was not found in these older formations? It is certain that millions of tons of gypsum have been quarried from beds that are older than the Triassic formation.

It is time that the truth was told in reference to a host of books claiming to be of spiritual origin. Most of the books of that class, so far, are but the veriest trash; though the greatest of names are generally attached to them as authors. Such works have brought Spiritualism into disrepute and prevented multitudes from examining its claims, who might otherwise have become its advocates. Dr. Cooper's book is an utterly worthless one, for this reason, that if you read anything in it that you know to be true, you learn nothing; and if you do not know it to be true, you can have no assurance that it is true. As far as I can judge of the book, what is true in it is not new, and what is new in it, is not true.

Bogus Medical Diplomas.

[The Chicago Times.]

PHILADELPHIA, June 9th.—John Buchanan, the man who has sent hundreds of bogus medical diplomas throughout Europe and this country, was arrested to-day. It was notorious that Buchanan carried on the sale of degrees openly and systematically. For a long time newspaper columns have been burdened by information. Mayor Stokely had received communications from Germany, England, France, and other parts of Europe, and even from atipodean China, and far-off Australia, inquiring by what right Buchanan's college could dub a man a thousand miles off an M. D., or LL. D., for money, when he had never studied medicine in his life. Recently the United States postal authorities, who have been casting around for something by which they could entrap the wily little man who held forth at No. 514 Pine street as dean of the American University of Pennsylvania, and the Eclectic Medical College of Philadelphia, were furnished with the desired snare. Buchanan has been sending circulars through the mails, and so Special Agent Barrett, of the post office department, sent decoy letters and soon had sufficient evidence to convict Buchanan. A warrant was issued to-day, and Barrett, having the cooperation of Deputy United States Marshal Renter, a number of letter-carriers, and two reserve policemen went down to the vicinity of Buchanan's college, the dingy-looking old building with 514 over the front door which last figured in print in connection with the mysterious disappearance of the Chester girl, Mary Ash, who was supposed for a time to have been a victim of Buchanan's foul acts. A conference was held around the corner, on Fifth street. The agent was thoroughly posted about the intricacies of the college and the difficulty of getting into the shop. It was arranged that the carrier who regularly delivered the mail at the college should enter the place, and blockade the doorway in case the doorkeeper objected to letting him have access to the doctor, and that while he was parleying with him the others were to rush in and run up stairs and seize the doctor, whose apartment was well known. The plan worked well, and Buchanan was pounced upon. "Talk about evidence," said Agent Barrett, afterward, "we've got the dearest kind against him."

Nothing is more notorious than the fact that a man may carry the whole scheme of Christian truth in his mind from boyhood to old age without the slightest effect upon his character and aims. It is there, but it fructifies nothing. It has less influence than the multiplication table.—Holland's "Every-Day Topics."







Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS PERTAINING TO THE HARMONICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Not What the Senses See.

BY EPHRAIM SARGENT.

[New York Independent.]

Respectfully inscribed to the Rev. Joseph Cook after reading his last Boston lecture, in which he manfully testified to certain psychical phenomena, generally discredited, but true nevertheless.

Not what the senses see can be the all; Aiming at symmetry strive great and small; Deeper the secret lurks than we can guess; Nature how well she works doth not express.

Not all this ebb and flow, all this renewing, All this dissolving show, are all that's doing; Wider the mystery of life than we can see; Than all that Science sees in the mere letter.

Freshly the universe preaches to man, "Fear not extinction—like mine thy span; Death is of life a gear throughout my realm; Fear not the narrow river will thy soul whelm."

"New forms succeed the old, whose race is run; But in the new ensouled life still is one; Tokens of mind and skill Nature reveals; Come from the Mind and Will spirit conceals."

"Though the Great Whole should fall, one divine ray Would re-compose it all in clearer day; Life from the infinite knoweth no end; But to more life and light ever doth tend."

Not what the senses see can be the all; Aiming at symmetry strive great and small; Forces from which proceed the good, the fair, Are of a kind that breed in heavenly air.

Seek them, and sense will show proofs beyond sense; Making us feel and know, Death kills not hence; That immortality is ours even here, Since spirits now are we. O! Never fear!

Brooklyn, N. Y., Spiritual Fraternity.

Mrs. Hope Whipple of New York city, President of the Ladies Social Science Association, had been invited to address our Fraternity this evening. Her subject "The Gospel of Humanity" was one that would have made a very interesting address. The lecture was written especially for us, and at a late hour Thursday, Mrs. W. exerted to leave her home, her lecture was packed and given to the extentman, and in it, by one of those blunders which so often occur, it was packed and sent off; late to-day Mrs. W. found she could be with us, but unfortunately her manuscript was whirling away by rail. She came to our meeting in perfect haste, and read to us one of the very able lectures delivered before the Social Science Association by Mrs. Augusta Cooper Bristol, on "Character," which was listened to with deep interest by the audience. I shall not attempt to give a synopsis. It was deeply argumentative and philosophical. The argument was in part made to science as a glittering iceberg. True science and the true scientist are full of enthusiasm; and to illustrate this he cited an instance of Prof. Agassiz being invited to address the American Association of Science, on Zoology. When they assembled there were six present, including Prof. Parkhurst. It was suggested that he had better adjourn; but Prof. Agassiz said "No." His audience was present, and he proceeded to give his lecture, which was full of energy and enthusiasm. Prof. E. stated that allusion had been made to intuitions and their meaning, and he said that this was true when they were traced to natural principles and laws which could be demonstrated by the laws of science, but that he had observed among some Spiritualists a tendency to claim for intuition, influences outside of the human organization, which could be often traced to natural law, and closely study and find out the laws that govern our intuitions. True science goes to the reason of things, and this should be our aim and purpose, to study and learn of these laws and forces now so little understood.

Prof. H. Parkhurst was the next speaker. He said: "We can congratulate ourselves for the accident by which we have been favored with this deeply interesting and very able lecture, and while I widely differ from some of the positions taken, there is much with which I am in harmony. In part, he has been made to science as a glittering iceberg. True science and the true scientist are full of enthusiasm; and to illustrate this he cited an instance of Prof. Agassiz being invited to address the American Association of Science, on Zoology. When they assembled there were six present, including Prof. Parkhurst. It was suggested that he had better adjourn; but Prof. Agassiz said "No." His audience was present, and he proceeded to give his lecture, which was full of energy and enthusiasm. Prof. E. stated that allusion had been made to intuitions and their meaning, and he said that this was true when they were traced to natural principles and laws which could be demonstrated by the laws of science, but that he had observed among some Spiritualists a tendency to claim for intuition, influences outside of the human organization, which could be often traced to natural law, and closely study and find out the laws that govern our intuitions. True science goes to the reason of things, and this should be our aim and purpose, to study and learn of these laws and forces now so little understood.

D. M. Cole said: "Who can find out God? I do not think science develops morality; we must strive to condense, and also to go down deep into human nature. The man of science never gets beyond his eyes and ears. With the religious man it is different, because his range is so narrow that he looks to the spirit, and he has made it up to us as the grand concealer. What is accomplished? For every theory there is one dissembler. Science is good for material things, but when you get into the spiritual, science is powerless, and it is after all, feeling that shapes our lives, and there is no power like human love; it underlies all true growth and incentive to progress, and from this love and out of it, has humanity reached its present growth and unfolding."

W. E. S. Fales, one of the most prominent and influential of the many young men of our city, is to speak to us June 26th and when the lecture was sent to him, it was intimated that he might fear the effect of it in his social and political associations, in accepting our invitation. Alluding to this, he said: "He who fears that sincere opinions will injure him politically or professionally, and acts upon those fears, amounts to nothing in the world." The subject of the lecture is "Spiritism." So we reach out and attract men and women of thought, who are glad to speak to us upon the vital questions of to-day.

Mrs. Sarah A. Van Blarcom, of West Vienna, N. Y., writes: I have been too feeble to work. My only child, Maria, has supported me mostly, working for 25 to 50 cents per day. I asked a pair of old boots from my cousin, to make shoes for the tops, but have also worn the bottoms to work in the garden and pick berries, and I have done all that I could to be self-sustaining; now I can wear old old boots and eat mush, but do not know how I could live without the JOURNAL.

This poor woman owes us \$9.45. We freely cancel the debt, and only wish we were able to continue the JOURNAL to her free. We have thousands of dollars due from those able to pay, which if in our hands, would enable us to extend an already large charity list. Will not some one feel it a pleasure to furnish Mrs. Van Blarcom with the JOURNAL?

Danmont Q. Baka writes as follows from Brooklyn, N. Y.:—The outlook is most cheering. Friend Davis is a power for good. The Harmonical Philosophy is gaining strong vantage ground in the two cities. Last Saturday night I was at the conference meeting at Everett Hall. It was well attended, and was a most successful one. The subject was "The Matter." You have, no doubt, received full particulars by this time. You have many good friends here in Brooklyn and New York who are bound to stand by you.

Spirit of the Press, with Comments.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, informs us that: The smallest Protestant community in Europe is that of Ablandchen, in Switzerland, a remote mountain valley four thousand feet above the sea level. A more primitive one could not exist. They do not possess a single public house; they have not one physician in the entire village, and have not had a death for many years; mials are delivered only once a week; neither shopkeeper, baker, wheelwright, nor blacksmith dwells among them; nor do they possess a notary, a lawyer, or a policeman. Once a fortnight a pedlar goes about the commune, and supplies the households with the articles they need; food is furnished by the flocks the people keep; there being very little need of retail money, no bank exists. The church is a tiny one, and has a single bell. When a girl baby is born, the bell is rung loud and long; when the baby is a boy, it is sounded only once.

An American town or village minus a physician, a public house, a lawyer, or a policeman, would be considered as impossible, as Utopian. And yet such a village flourishes in the Swiss Republic. The fact should arrest our attention, and promote reflection. If this be true of one village, why not of others? Why not of all? And why not begin the work of dispensing with liquor-houses, policemen, lawyers, and doctors, in a word, non-producers of health, wealth or happiness?

The Christian Register tells us that: The Star in the West gives six reasons for rejecting the doctrine of endless misery. One would be enough for Ingersoll! As there are no reasons for believing the doctrine, the time will be soon past when it will be necessary to reason against it. That time is now. The "endless misery" dogma is a dead doctrine. How long will Universalists continue to pummel a corpse? There was a need ninety, and even fifty years ago, for the preaching of Universalism as a counter-irritant to Calvinism. But that time is past. In this time of Canon Farrar, Rev. Adams, Prof. Swing, Dr. Thomas, and the public exponents of Spiritualism, Universalism is little more than a costly incense-burner.

The Christian of Work says: It costs about \$5,000,000 to sustain the churches and chapels of New York, while not less than 60,000,000 a year are spent for liquor in the 8,000 licensed drinking places of the metropolis. And yet there are creatures who complain of the expensiveness of religion.

Not exactly that—but rather do reflective minds "complain" of extravagant cathedrals, costly church edifices, and a hireling priesthood. There is altogether too much money spent for liquor saloons, sectarian churches and foreign missions. Religion, or the aspirational, emotions of the soul, should never be confounded with the tlogery of creeds. Unitarianism is credulous, yet rationally religious.

In his latter student days, at Cambridge, Channing made this entry: "I wish to have a few important truths impressed deeply on my mind, rather than to be lost in the chaos of universal knowledge which has hitherto distracted me. The feverish desire for universal knowledge, or the feeling that we must solve the problems of life before we can fairly begin to live, is very much like insanity."

There is much wisdom in the above paragraph. Knowledge alone, special or universal, does not purify and harmonize the soul. If it did, all scholars should be saints, and all Congressmen paragons of purity and honesty. A few important truths impressed deeply upon the mind, and practically lived, are infinitely preferable to what may be denominated universal knowledge, gathered to gratify curiosity, or satisfy selfish ends.

An orthodox correspondent of the Congregationalist in raising the question of total depravity, gets this rather sensible answer, considering the sectarian source:

That depends upon what you mean by total. If you mean that the quality described by it reaches in point of fact every atom of the subject, that is one thing. If you mean by it that it totally reaches every atom of the subject, there is not an atom of lump of sugar of the size of a pea, will totally sweeten a cup of tea, in the sense of making the whole of it a little sweet. It might take more lumps than, when dry, the cup would hold, to make the same tea totally sweet. A man may be totally depraved in the sense that there is not an atom of his nature that is not in some sense actually depraved. Perhaps there never was a man that was totally depraved in the sense of being as bad as it was possible for him to be.

The eccentric and much-criticized Talmage commenced his Easter Sunday Sermon, thus:—"Looking around church this morning, seeing flowers in wreaths, flowers in stars, and flowers in crosses, and flowers in crowns, billows of beauty, confagration of beauty, I feel as if I stood in a small heaven. You say these flowers will fade. Yes, but never may we see them again. They may be immortal. The fragrance of the flower may be the spirit of the flower; the body of the flower dying on earth, its spirit may appear in better worlds. I do not say it will be so. The ancestors of these tuberoses and camellias and japonicas and jasmines and heliopsis were born in Paradise. These angels of beauty came down in the regular line of apostolic succession. Their ancestors, during the flood underground, afterward appeared. The world started with Eden, and will end with Eden. Heaven is called a Paradise of God. Paradise means flowers. While theologians and hearers say, "I am one of the glorified angels of earth. Don't you remember me? I worshipped with you on Easter morning, 1850."

The above has something of the ring of Spiritualism. A South Sea Islander prayed thus in meeting: "O God, we are about to go to our respective homes. Let not the words we have heard be like the fine clothes we wear, soon to be taken off and folded away in a box till another Sabbath comes round. Rather let thy truth be like the tattoo on our bodies, ineffaceable till death."

If such prayers are no more effectual, they are infinitely more practical than those that ask God to infelicitate political Conventions, stay the grasshopper devastations, and prevent the return of the yellow fever in the Sun-lands of the South.

A New York Journal informs us that: Next to Mr. Beecher, Dr. John Hall of New York, it is said is the best paid preacher in this country. He gets \$15,000 a year in gold, and has a house worth \$5,000 a year, free of rent, while his salary is \$18,000. Mr. Beecher is paid \$20,000, but receives nothing more. Next to Dr. Hall comes Dr. Potter of Grace church, who has a salary of \$12,000 and a house to live in besides. Dr. Dix of Trinity is paid \$12,000, and the pastor of St. Thomas church receives \$10,000. There are others in New York who have from \$5,000 to \$10,000, but the minister who goes above \$5,000 is considered a lucky man.

And yet; so far as we know, Jesus had no salary, nor even a place to lay his head. John the Baptist's meat was locusts and wild honey, and the original disciples suffered imprisonment and all kinds of persecution. Will some one gifted in moral mathematics cipher out the relation, if any existing, between the salaries and doctrines of modern priests, and the simple undulated teachings of the humble Nazarene?

If we were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

The New England Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association.

The New England Spiritualist Association will hold their Seventh Annual Camp meeting at Lake Pleasant, Montague, Mass., from July 15th to September 15th, 1880. LAKE PLEASANT is situated in the town of Montague, Mass., on the Hoosac Tunnel Line, six miles south-east of Greenfield, and midway between Troy and Boston. Its attractions are manifold—embracing every variety of inland scenery—everything possible for the comfort and convenience of visitors, and ample facilities for amusement and recreation. The lake is a beautiful sheet of the purest spring water, with gravel bottom, covers about one hundred and eight acres, and is within an eighth of a mile of another lake of sixty acres. Bath houses for ladies and for gentlemen are located at convenient points on the shore, a commodious wharf lies near the foot of the stairs leading to the grove from the railroad station, where a flotilla of boats is always in readiness to take out pleasure or fishing parties.

An elegant Pavilion stands on an elevated plateau overlooking the grove on the one side, and the railroad station on the other, and accessible from each by easy flights of stairs. The dancing assemblies held here each week day afternoon and evening during the camp-meeting, are conducted with the utmost order and decorum, and have become exceedingly popular.

An abundance of excellent pure soft water, for drinking and culinary purposes, is supplied daily from wells near the lake, and is distributed by force pump to large cisterns in various portions of the grounds on the hill.

Six year's experience in camping in this grove has demonstrated its healthfulness—persons in feeble health having been greatly benefited; and the misery of their fever, considerably mitigated by a brief sojourn in its dry, salubrious atmosphere. The meetings of this Association, combining so many intellectual, musical, social, recreative and healthful pleasures, are anticipated with the liveliest interest by the thousands of annual pilgrims. It will be seen that the meeting of this pamphlet, it will be seen that the meeting of this year promises to be equal in every respect to those of the past in the perfection of its arrangements.

BARNARD HOTEL AT LAKE PLEASANT.

Mr. Barnard never does things by halves, and his pluck and energy have had it all their own way out at the Lake. The cost of the structure, unfinished at the close of last year, was \$100,000. Mr. Bickford has been employed as head carpenter, and the building well attests his good judgment and mechanical skill. The new building, with the old dining room, which is a sort of annex in the rear for servants' quarters, measures 137 by 59 feet, with a new dining room 55 by 50 feet, will be furnished with 33 tables and seats 450 persons. The kitchen, 60 by 17 feet, is conveniently communicated with by the waiters, who have one door for entrance and another for exit. Here will be large ranges, and a brick oven, 10 by 11 feet, in process of construction. The kitchen department will be presided over by a professional cook and a baker, who come from first-class city establishments and will furnish as good a bill of fare as can be found at similar hotels. This hotel will be open for a Pleasure and Summer resort from June 1 to October 1, 1880.

RAILROAD FARES.

Parties on the line of the Central Vermont or Passumpsic Railroads should buy tickets to Bellows Falls, and then purchase camp-meeting tickets to Lake Pleasant, which will carry them back to Bellows Falls. The Secretary of the Association at the Lake will furnish them free return checks to their destination beyond Bellows Falls, making half fare for the round trip from all Northern Vermont points.

R. B. Ten or more persons from any station on this road can get reduced fare by applying to the general ticket agent of the road. The CONNECTICUT RIVER ROAD, SPRINGFIELD AND NORTHEASTERN, and NEW LONDON NORTHERN ROADS will sell tickets from all their stations for fare to Troy, and back to a permanent point, which will be paid to the Association at the close of the meeting. There will also be cheap excursions, on certain days, on all the roads, at much less than half fare, which will be duly advertised.

Tickets on the New London Northern Road must be exchanged at the Lake the day of issue, for a return ticket, which will be good until Sept. 15th.

Tickets will be on sale from July 15th to Sept. 15th, on all the roads.

Reduced fare from Lowell, over the Stony Brook Road, as last year.

Parties coming from the West, should buy tickets to Troy, then call for Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting tickets.

Trains leave Troy at 2 and 7.40 A. M. and 3.00 P. M. Fare from Troy, round trip, \$3.50.

Fare from New York to the Lake and return, \$4.50. New York and Troy Citizens Line Steamers—Saratoga and City of Troy. Leave New York (except Saturdays) at 6 P. M., Pier No. 49, foot Lekoy Street; arrive in Troy at 6 A. M. Leave Troy at 7.40 A. M. by Troy and Boston E. R. (Hoosac Tunnel route), and arrive at Lake Pleasant at 11 A. M.

Fare from New York, via Boston and Fall River line—Steamers Newport and Old Colony—round trip, \$5. Leave New York at 6 P. M., Pier 28, North River; arrive at Boston at 7.30 A. M. Leave Boston at 5.30 A. M. (Fitchburg Railroad, Hoosac Tunnel route) at 10.15 A. M. Return, leave Boston at 7.00 P. M., and arrive in New York at 7.30 A. M. Horse cars run direct between Old Colony and Fitchburg Railroad Depots. All tickets good until Sept. 15, 1880.

Trains leave Boston (Fitchburg Railroad) about 6.30 and 8.30 A. M.; 3.00 and 6.00 P. M. Fare, round trip, \$3.

Trains leave North Adams for Lake Pleasant about 3.57 and 9.50 A. M.; 1.10 and 4.45 P. M., and Sundays at 3.57 A. M.

Trains leave Springfield at 8.00 A. M., and 1.00 and 5.20 P. M. Saturdays, nights, 8.00 P. M., and leave Lake Pleasant at 10.00 A. M. Return, leave Lake Pleasant about 7.00 A. M., and reach Springfield at 9.00.

SPEAKERS.

August 8th, Capt. H. H. Brown and E. V. Wilson; the 10th, Mrs. Lizzie Manchester, Inspiration; the 12th, Rev. J. B. Robinson, Detroit, Mich.; the 13th, Mrs. E. S. Watson, Titusville, Pa.; the 15th, Mr. E. A. Stanley, Leicester, Vt.; the 14th, Bishop A. Beals, Versailles, N. Y.; the 15th, Mrs. E. S. Watson and Cephas B. Lynn; the 17th, Louis Ransom, Stratford, N. Y.; the 18th, Rev. J. H. Barker, Auburn, N. Y., and Elder E. W. Johnson, N. Y.; the 19th, Mr. N. J. T. Brigham, and Prof. Henry Kiddle, New York City; the 20th, Dr. Anna M. Middlebrook, Bridgeport, Ct.; the 21st, Mrs. Emma Harding, Britton; the 22nd, Ed. S. Wheeler and Emma Harding, Britton; the 23th, G. Fanny Gray, Stoneham, Mass.; the 25th, Ed. S. Wheeler, Philadelphia, Pa., and Mrs. R. Shepard, Washington, D. C.; the 26th, W. J. Colville, Boston, Mass.; and Rev. Samuel Watson; the 27th, Mrs. Sarah Byrns; the 28th, Prof. William Denton; the 29th, Dr. J. M. Peabody and Prof. William Denton.

MEDIUMS.

Some of the best mediums in the country will be present and the phenomena of phases of the Spiritualist will be invited to fill manifestations through circles and séances.

LIST OF OFFICERS FOR 1880.

President, Dr. Joseph Beals, Greenfield, Mass.; Vice-Presidents, M. V. Lincoln, Dr. H. H. Brigham, Mrs. M. A. Lyman; Clerk, J. H. Smith, Springfield, Mass.; Treasurer, Wm. C. Bryant, Greenfield, Mass.; Directors, Joseph Beals, M. H. Fletcher, D. B. Berry, W. H. Gilmore, Harvey Lyman, J. S. Hart, A. Bullens, W. F. D. Perkins.

I'll strike hands with a Jew or a Samaritan to pull an ox out of a pit; and I'll join with the meanest infidel that ever sneered in Music Hall, or Boston Theatre, to save a drunkard, or shut up the rum-shop. If an infidel gets ahead of me in doing good, I'll not be mean enough to stop and make up faces at him.—Watch-Tower, on Infidel Affiliations.

Mr. Underwood's Letter to a Friend.

[The Index.] The following letter, with the writer's permission, has been sent to us for publication:— THORNDIKE, Mass., May 26, 1880.

Dear Friend:—I have read the scurrilous attack on Mr. Abbott, myself and others, in the Truth Seeker of the 13th. I am on your suggestions; but I still send no reply. The last communication I sent that paper, in vindication of myself from Bennett's malicious thrusts, was kept a month, and returned to me unpublished. But these vindictive assaults can injure nobody in the judgment of men and women whose respect is worth having. All such mean and mendacious attempts to injure reputation recoil against their authors. I regard it as a credit that I am abused by such a man, as the course that Bennett has pursued, proves him to be; while I feel honored by his association of my name with that of Mr. Abbott and some others he has the past two years so persistently defamed,—men with whom he is not to be compared, but contrasted,—men immeasurably his superior in every intellectual and moral quality. My only regret is that I have not yet availed myself of the opportunity to write a liberalist as he has done so much to trill its standard in the dust.

I am unable to imagine the immediate cause of this unscrupulous attack, so full of falsehood and vile insinuation, unless it be a tract recently published, giving extracts from some of your suggestions;—a tract I never saw till I received a copy by mail. But he has quarrelled with, and applied the foulest epithets to nearly every editor and advocate of liberal thought in the country who has had the temerity to criticize his course or object to his methods; and how could he expect to escape his malice? But for my extreme aversion to personal quarrels, which has kept me from making any public reference to private grievances, I should have been long ago honored with those who have been objects of his lies, scurrilous and abusive, and how could he expect to escape his malice? 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Faith the Guardian of Wisdom and Love

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I have read with care and interest, the discourse of Dr. Buchanan on "Faith, the Guardian of Wisdom and Love," and your comments thereon, in the JOURNAL of June 5th. Let me make both a text for some words of comment and suggestion, but first let me say that the publication of the earnest and sincere opinions of thoughtful men and women in your pages, even if they may not fully agree, is of signal value. The comparison of these opinions awakens thought and helps us to the truth, and we need not be troubled as to their differences. Dr. Buchanan is too well known for long service, scientific ability and effort for spiritual culture to need any praise of mine, and his words should be prized as valuable, yet not infallible. Faith guided by wisdom and lighted and inspired by love, would be the better statement of the best influence and action of these faculties or attributes of man, as I see the matter. He defines faith as "the sentiment of friendly trust and reliance between man and man, and not mere credal belief, which is often found where the sentiment of faith is signally deficient," and says that "true faith receives everything that is intelligible."

That is; we judge all things wisely and fairly, and thus wisdom guides and governs our decisions. Faith—or intuition—a better term—is truth in the soul reaching out in trust and confidence, to find truth in other souls and in nature, and this is far above that faithfulness, that bald and poor skepticism, against which he eloquently warns us, and of which the churches and the majority of modern scientists are full, as toward all which transcends their creeds or cannot be tested by their methods. He again defines faith as "a strong, genial friendly sentiment, which thinks no evil, which receives every one with open arms as a friend, receives his suggestions in friendly spirit, proffing by all the intelligence or wisdom he can bring. Here again faith is guided by wisdom—we are to judge wisely of what our friend may bring, to reject it implies no ill will to him, but want of faith in wisdom. We may see that he is untruthful, and to reject his falsehood is not hatred or malice toward him, but wise discernment of his dishonesty. To expose that dishonesty is not hatred or malice, but justice to others. Wisdom and justice must guide our faith, while charity must keep us above unjust injury to the ignorant or the erring, and inspire us to act for their good.

Enjoying and appreciating his glowing sentences on the great service which enlightened faith has rendered the world, I yet feel like making this qualifying statement, and can hardly call "faith the guardian of wisdom." On this we apply this to mediumship, and on this he well says that physical science cannot always have the same methods as spiritual science, and a medium cannot be treated as a tested man would a stone. A friendly spirit and a reasonable mutual confidence are necessary elements for the best spiritual manifestations, and the finest and highest come in the beautiful confidences of the private circle, with those we know and trust. More private and family mediumship is our great need. Dr. Buchanan is right in saying that "it is an unprofitable expenditure of time to devote it to unreasonable skeptics who repudiate all testimony, are full of mean suspicion and are looking for fraud but not for truth. Let us tell all such to wait until they get reason and decency. Let us remember, too, that mental tests, which are their own evidence and are independent of outward conditions, are the best.

But suppose we are seeking physical tests, moving of ponderable bodies—tests of materialization, Spiritualists and candid inquirers willing to be convinced on fair proof in the séance. The three parties or elements in the experiment are the invisible spirits, the medium and the persons present as investigators. Suppose all these, spirits in clay and spirits in the ethereal forms alike, to be honest and fairly intelligent and yet that the manifestations occur in such a way as not to be fairly satisfactory. Suppose further that some of the company, in no captious spirit but in good faith, suggest more thorough, yet reasonable conditions. The spirits and the medium being honest they would grant them readily, or would suggest more care with the conditions existing, that better results might be obtained.

I have attended a great many seances in the past twenty-five years, and have never known a want of willing readiness to have the best, the most thorough and most reasonable test conditions when spirit and medium and sitters were sincere and in unity. In this matter a reasonable faith, such as Buchanan defines, will lead us to appreciate the trials and sympathize with the feelings of the medium, yet the wisdom which must guide that faith, will lead us to see that the conditions put error or fraud out of the question, so far as possible. If there be unwillingness to grant such conditions we had better part company with such spirits and such mediums, for if we hold to sincerity and wisdom, "like comes to like" and some good and true spirits through some of the many good and true mediums, will give us what we seek. Meanwhile it is well to wait, and keep in good company.

A word as to "Christian Spiritualism." I prize the intention of Dr. Buchanan, pointing toward spiritual culture and knowledge, and a truer and nobler daily conduct. I prize, too, his effort and argument for a natural religious life, and for that uplifting aspiration and fidelity to the soul within and the Divine Soul which must turn us from the semi-materialism and rude iconoclasm and external and superficial thinking into which some are falling. Neither does he overstate the beauty of the ethics and the sweetness of the spiritual life of "the man Christ Jesus," but all these were not his special and peculiar gifts and graces. No loftiness of ethics, no principle in morals, no sweet and all-embracing tenderness of the Nazarene, but that its like may be found in the words and the life of other great seers and saviors—Zoroaster, Buddha, Confucius and others. Let us have these noble figures with Christ in our Pantheon, and not the lonely shape of the gentle and loving son of Mary. So shall we gain broader and higher conceptions of the spiritual capacities of man, and wiser inspiration as help to a truer life on earth.

I think your New York correspondents, on all sides, are unduly troubled and a little too sensitive as to honest differences of opinion on this matter of a possible Christian Spiritualism. I learned enough in that city last month to make it apparent to me, that no such movement will, or can be made. Let me define Christianity and I could try to be a Christian, but the churches have put their narrow stamp on it, and we need not be troubled to find a prefix to Spiritualism.

From all that tends to sectarian narrowness, or to materialistic darkness, may our earnest prayer be, Good spirit and the Great Spirit, help us to keep ourselves free! Yours truly, G. B. STEBBINS. Detroit, Mich., June 1880.

Theological Straws.

And now Talmadge, in his Sunday oratorical performance, hits the truth squarely by claiming soap and water as superior means of grace. Holy water is not then sufficient, nor a plunge bath once in a life time, nor water alone unless mingled with soap, the sworn enemy of dirt! If such is orthodox, what is heterodoxy?

THE COLOR LINE.

The Methodist General Conference has had a rough time in evading the demand of the colored brethren in the South for a colored Bishop. The Committee on Episcopacy reported favorably, but this was counteracted by a minority report against, and a colored brother opposed the majority report, thereby calling down on his head the denunciations from those of his race who were present. The threat was made in the heat of the debate that the colored brethren would leave the church if the majority report was defeated, yet defeated it was. The "prejudice of color" is yet strong with these followers of Jesus, who believe in heaven all color passes away. The report of this conference reads like one of a political caucus, run by a ring of demagogues.

Bishop Foster of the Methodist church, in a sermon preached recently in Cincinnati, said: "It is but a short time since all Christians believed the world of very recent origin, and that it had been built in six days. It was the universal belief, and was accepted as a doctrine of the Bible. We were startled and shocked when the truth of this was questioned. But no intelligent person now believes it. We see that it was our mistake, and not the book's."

And yet for generations the church anathematized those who did not believe the earth was created in six literal days, and was flat as a board. This, we can gladly say with truth, is not the only mistake the churches have made. "Infant damnation," once received unquestioningly by horrified mothers, where is the preacher brave enough now to teach it? And hell, brimstone and a horned devil, where, oh! where are they? The preachers pretend to endorse those doctrines, the creeds still retain the barbarous confessions of faith, yet none believe them, and, really, is not this hypocrisy the primary cause of the decay of religion so much mourned over by the churches? There can be no zeal or interest in pretense. These beliefs are as valuable as ever, or they are libels against God and true religion.

The preacher who preaches a doctrine his conscience condemns, cannot be faithful in his sermons or his church any more than living saints can be forced into a dead and dry tree. The time was when the pulpit led public thought. The minister was the instructor of his congregation. Now he is a parrot who echoes the words he hears from the laity.

HELL NO LONGER TO BE TOLERATED.

The Rev. Mr. Adams, Congregational clergyman of Rochester, N. Y., has created a sensation and placed himself on the side of the truth. In a sermon he uttered this manly sentiment: "I can conceive of no happy immortality while millions of my fellow creatures, some of whom I have dearly loved, were at the same time writhing in agony and without hope."

Why is it that the heterodox disbelief in hell and the devil are gaining ground faster in the ranks of strict Congregationalism than anywhere else? Though we have not space to analyze the cause of this singularity, we may express our gladness that at least a few ministers are bold and brave enough to declare their opinions. Perhaps it is expecting too much that all should do so. The average minister by his course of training, is unfitted for gaining a livelihood at any other occupation, and their bread and butter and that of their families, depend on their pleasing their followers. It is easier to repeat the old routine learned at the theological schools of old Professor Dry-as-dust, than to wrestle with the living problems of the age, and not near as dangerous. Confession is good for the soul, is a religious proverb, yet if all the 60,000 ministers of the United States, were to stand up and confess just what they believed of the creed of their respective churches, who can doubt of the astonishment such a revelation would create? There is no danger, however, that any such thing will occur. The modern minister believes in policy. The laity also believe in policy. They sham that they believe, and he shams that he believes. Both are careful not to ask pointed questions. The old barbarous beliefs are allowed to drift into the background. The preacher, if not a dolt, feels the wants of his hearers, and in a poor way attempts to gratify their wishes. How long will this organized hypocrisy endure? Time will tell.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

A College for Liberal Education in America.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I have long entertained the opinion that the rapid growth of liberalism in the world, and more especially in the United States, demands an institution of learning for the dissemination of those higher moral and educational qualifications, which are ignored and denounced by the old-time Colleges and Universities, and not until last year did I give publicity to these thoughts. In The Index, of Boston, in its issue of Feb. 6th, 1879, I set forth a plan for the endowment of "A Liberal College in America." Also I set upon the same subject in the last issue of the Index, and now I beg the privilege of occupying a small space in the columns of your valuable paper to the same effect. A liberal education affords the only safe foundation of a safe and prosperous republic, the only guarantee against poverty, crime and anarchy. Among the innumerable objects of personal and political interest and the changes of our officers of government, education in its most comprehensive sense, and many objects of great public importance, are often overlooked and left to be neglected, or promoted by private and theological enterprises. This defect should not be perpetuated beyond the possibility of a remedy. I do not wish to be understood as waging a special war against the church and her institutions of learning; but think it suicidal folly for us to fold our arms and calmly look on to the broadening made upon our free institutions, by the cultivation of a spirit of bigotry in our future legislators and statesmen, which sooner or later must end in the union of Church and State. Sectarian schools are planted all over our land; sectarian selections are inserted in the text books of our common schools and colleges; attending " chapel exercises" is made part of the duties of a student, and a Beccalanteo sermon is the sine qua non at the "Commencement." This is an old custom, no doubt, but tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur ab illis, and I think we are fully able, either in point of numbers, wealth or intelligence, to endow

a college that will not only be self-sustaining but will compensate its founders with a fruitful harvest more desirable than a fiscal wealth. Money should not be weighed against a true and unbiased education. Intellectual seed when planted among the brambles of bigotry, if so fortunate as to grow at all, must keep beneath the thorns of superstition for fear of being pricked by the surroundings; and even if transplanted to more congenial soil often remain stunted for life.

As might be expected, I have given this subject considerable thought, and as to location I have fixed in my mind either St. Louis, Mo., or Chicago, Ill., as being most central and accessible, both for the present and to accommodate the rapid growth of the west. As a preliminary committee I here name Hudson Tuttle, Parker Pillsbury, Dr. Peabody, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Horace Beaver, and the entire Liberal press, to confer with each other as to the best plan of putting the ball in motion.

For brevity sake I will not expand your columns with details, and the reader will doubtless embrace more in a single thought than I could relate in an hour with the pen; so I will close with the hope that these lines will come to the notice of those who will bring the subject before the next meeting of the National Liberal League for action. Meanwhile I will be pleased to receive suggestions or words of encouragement from any one touching this subject. G. B. STEBBINS. Carrollton, O., May 30, 1880.

What Scientists Don't Know—Water Finding by Witch-hazel.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: There are, of course, facts beyond the power of numbers, unknown to scientists; and such is the grandeur of the universe, this will forever be the case. No one set of men, nor, indeed, all combined, can grasp the sum of the Divine knowledge which this universe of ours represents; yet there are among us a class of men who affect the ostentatious title of scientists, or men of knowledge; who take upon themselves, too frequently, to decide upon results of the most extensive observations and experiences of the common—that is, of the great mass of people. Among the number of facts to which we refer as having been so ridiculed, of course we ever uphold the phenomena of spirit intercourse with mortals as most prominent; but there are others, even more subtle in their workings and causes to which the world, notwithstanding the sneers of the scientists, it seems, does give heed; from some well attested instances, it would appear, profits by its neglect of the false science of the so-called scientists.

At Odell, Livingston county, in this State, is a public well attached to which is a windmill, which pumps up a continual stream day and night, yet the water in the well is not reduced. The well is but forty-two feet deep. When the digging reached that point, the pressure of the confined water beneath, was so great that it burst up the whole bottom of the well, heaving up three feet of clay beneath the bottom. To the south-west of it, about twenty rods off, at the gristmill, is another similar well, and to the north-east about the same distance is another.

Now the inscrutable part of this fact is the mode by which the well diggers arrived at the location of this great supply of water, in a district which, from its first being inhabited, till lately, was supposed to be destitute of permanent water. Some twenty years or so ago the Chicago and Alton R. R. Co., in their endeavor to secure a water station at Odell, with all the science at their command, drilled into the earth at that place to the depth of eleven hundred feet without finding water, and then giving their tools in the hole, and unable to extract them, abandoned the attempt as hopeless. To-day a few rods further down the R. R. track and close to it, stands the gristmill with its never to be exhausted well. Now we can imagine the disgust which would have overspread the benighted countenance of Henry Dwight, the enterprising founder and first president of the Chicago and Alton R. R., had some humble man with a witch-hazel stick proposed for three dollars to have pointed out to the chief engineer of the R. R., the proper spot to look for water. Humble Mr. Witch-hazel would have benighted out the office of dignified science without formality of leaves-taking. Nevertheless all three of these valuable and permanent wells were pointed out in this way.

In the town of Union, Michael Cleary, its supervisor, desired to find water on his farm. Witch-hazel located a well, and put its stake in the center of his cattle-yard. The cattle broke down the stake and months after another witch-hazel man selected a spot within two feet and drove his stake which shared the fate of its predecessor. Some months later another Witch-hazel set his stake, and the well was dug; the first few spadefulls uncovering "the points of both the old stakes and rewarding Mr. Cleary with the prize of a never failing well, forty feet deep, water within two feet of the top at all times.

Now, the world may well ask the scientists, shall we, in the face of a thousand facts like these, await your tardy discovery of the cause which underlies them before we await curses of them? Shall the world's big iron wheels at hazard, when the evidence shows there is almost a certainty in "witching" for water, until you have sanctioned the process by your "knowledge?" We ask the same question concerning the phenomena of spirit existence and wonder when your slow-footed knowledge will catch up with the world's experience. BRONSON MURRAY.

A Strange but True Incident.

DID THE SPIRIT OF THE MAN LEAVE HIS BODY.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: A friend of mine, a truthful, reliable gentleman, once related to me his experience, the substance of which I send you, though I have no authority to use his name in print. I will, therefore, call him Mr. N., though I do not know that he would have any objection to the publication of his name in full. The truthfulness of the story may be implicitly relied upon. Several years ago, before railroads had been extended far beyond the Mississippi river, Mr. N. was then, as now, a merchant in a small town in the interior of Iowa. Desiring to replenish his stock, he started with teams for Keokuk, leaving his family in their usual good health. The trip required about three days' travel. Arriving at Keokuk, he set about buying his goods, and attending to his business. After retiring on the third evening after his arrival, he felt a deep impression that some of his loved ones at home were in trouble. With this influence upon him, he fell asleep.

Now comes the remarkable vision or experience. He seemed to be at home. As he passed into the house, the heavy breathing of his little son, aged, I think, six or eight years, greeted his ears. He went to the sick child who seemed to have a cold, or some serious affection of the throat and lungs. The village physician was there assisting his wife, the mother of the boy, in her efforts to relieve

the little sufferer. Mr. N. says he saw and heard everything that transpired. The little fellow, as he got breath to speak, would occasionally exclaim: "Oh I wish Papa would come! Why don't Papa come!" Mr. N. says he seemed to go to the child and tried to raise him up and spoke to him; he was astonished to notice that the little son did not hear him, and that he could not change the child's position. He saw what the doctor was doing, and the medicine he was giving, and he did not approve the treatment. He told his wife to go into the store, in the same building, and get a bottle of medicine standing on a certain shelf, (a medicine that in former and similar sickness had relieved the boy) but his wife heard him not. He rushed after the medicine himself, but found he was powerless to bring it. He now discovered that though he could see everything in the room, and could hear every word spoken, that he possessed no power to make his presence known. Rapidly the child's strength gave away, and soon the struggle was over, and the body lay motionless in death.

Mr. N.'s next sensation was that of extreme chilliness. He opened his eyes in the dim light of his chamber in Keokuk. He was sitting upright. With difficulty he got out of bed, lighted a lamp, looked at his watch and it was one o'clock. Every feature of his strange vision was vividly distinct to his mind. He knew his boy had passed to spirit life. He slept no more, but going below he said to the friend with whom he was stopping, "I have been at home, and my little boy died a few minutes before one o'clock this morning." Mr. N. started for home that day. When he got within a distance of about forty miles of his home, he met a neighbor in the highway. After the first greetings the neighbor said, "Mr. N., I have had news for you." Mr. N. replied, "I know what it is; my little boy died yesterday morning at a few minutes before one o'clock." Arriving at home he found that everything, even the smallest incidents, had transpired as he saw or heard them in vision or as a spirit.

R. A. D.

Laborers in the Spiritualistic Vineyard, and Other Items of Interest.

Subscribers in arrears will please bear in mind that the subscription price when not paid in advance, remains at the old rate of \$3.15 per year. Remittances should be made accordingly. \$2.50 per year strictly in advance is better for the publisher than a much higher rate on the credit system.

John Brown Smith gave us a call last week, on his way to his old home in Minnesota.

Giles B. Stebbins will attend the meeting at Sturgis, Michigan, the 19th and 20th, and speaks at Flint, Mich., on Sunday the 27th.

The many friends of Mrs. Addie L. Ballou will be glad to learn that she has returned east, and is now at Milwaukee, Wis. Dr. Alexander Wilder, whose scholarly contributions to the JOURNAL have added in no small degree to the interest of the paper, is in the city this week.

It appears that John Buchanan, who has sold hundreds of bogus medical diplomas in this country and in Europe, has been arrested by the United States authorities at Philadelphia.

Dr. J. L. H. Willis, lately met with a severe accident, crushing his foot badly, but is, we learn of our Boston contemporary, improving and able to attend to the duties of his profession.

The medium, Mrs. Eddy, of 666 Fulton st., Chicago, Ill., goes to Waukegan June 15th, to remain five or six weeks. Persons wishing to consult with her there will find her at Mrs. Robert Vose's home.

Jerry Robinson, of Graball, Miss., writes: "We need a good and true medium in this benighted country. Have you not some missionary you could send among us? I would do all I could for him or her."

Lyman C. Howe lectured at Horse Head, N. Y., last Sunday. On the 20th of this month he speaks at Eddyville. We are glad to learn that his estimable wife, who has been very sick, is now convalescent.

Mr. Augustus Day, the efficient librarian of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists paid us a visit last week. He is a most devoted Spiritualist and thoroughly familiar with our literature.

Dr. Eugene Crowell speaks in the highest terms of Giles B. Stebbins's new book "After Dogmatic Theology, What?" saying among other things that: "It will sustain the reputation of its author as a writer and thinker." For sale at the office of this paper.

Prof. Wm. Denton begins a course of lectures at Fargo, Dakota, on the 24th. He is to spend some time in exploring in the "Bad Lands" beyond Bismarck, and thinks he may possibly reach Chicago about the 15th of July.

Mrs. Anna Kimball requests the JOURNAL to announce that she has returned from Europe, and will lecture and give seances in the vicinity of Dunkirk during the season. Address, postoffice box 241, Dunkirk, New York.

Col. Wood, of Kansas, well known in political circles of that State and a delegate to the late Greenback Convention in this city, gave us a pleasant call last week after sitting up all night in convention to complete the work in hand.

The Spiritualist camp meetings at Lake Pleasant, Onset Bay and Nehaminy Falls, bid fair this year to surpass in size and interest anything in the past. On the sixth page will be found most interesting details of the arrangements at Lake Pleasant. Those contemplating a visit there will do well to peruse this paper for further reference. We hope to be able to get away from our office long enough to spend a week at each of the three places.

Mrs. Dr. Mary Lewis, of this city, has gone east to rest and recruit her health. She may be addressed at Watkins, New York, care of L. M. Gano. Mrs. Lewis is well known in this city as a successful healer and a most estimable lady. We hope she will soon regain her health and return to her field of usefulness.

Dr. J. Wilbur, 430 West Randolph street, Chicago, has given up going to Colorado, but thinks of visiting Council Bluffs, Omaha, and other points on the Missouri river, and extending his trip to Minnesota during the summer. Dr. W. is an old and successful healer and a trustworthy gentleman.

We are pleased to see that Mrs. King's new volumes, "Principles of Nature" are meeting with deserved attention and also that many are waking up to the worth of the first volume published several years since. Our sales have been very good, but were the value of the books fully realized the present edition would not last a week.

Dr. E. W. Stevens, of Wisconsin, intends going to California the coming fall, by the way of Kansas, Col., etc. He will answer calls on the way as a practicing physician, healer and lecturer. Those societies or invalids on the route desiring such services, can not do better than to give him a call, and that right early, as he will soon make up his programme. Address him at Rock Prairie, Rock county, Wisconsin.

Since Mrs. Britten's departure from San Francisco, Mrs. Ada Foye has continued regular Sunday meetings in Charter Oak Hall, San Francisco. A conference or lyceum is held in the morning, and short addresses, followed by test seances, in the evening. Rev. Mr. Parker spoke May 23rd on Christian Spiritualism, and on the 30th Wm. Emmette Coleman lectured on the Origin and History of the Sabbath.

The able author, lecturer and contributor to the JOURNAL, Mrs. Maria M. King, will be unable to visit Colorado this season, owing to an unusually early attack of asthma, to which she is subject every summer. She is now at Saratoga Springs, where, despite her illness, she continues her interest in the spiritual work. Next week we shall publish an article from her pen critical of our esteemed contributor's (Dr. Buchanan) lecture lately published. We have also articles in the same vein from other able correspondents filed for publication.

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