

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE

PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

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

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## ACROSTIC.

### The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

BY S. L. TURRELL.

The JOURNAL, the deep PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL,  
How gladly! How gladly! its coming we hail!  
Each heart feels to say, as we read it, "Dear  
Colonel,  
Receive our warm thanks; 'tis the best of our  
mail."  
Each issue comes stored with the wisdom of ages,  
Live thoughts from the thinkers and wits of to-  
day.  
Inspirations of poets, seers, prophets and sages  
Golden gems from immortals! O what an array!  
In the conflict of thought, it believes in discussion;  
Opinions adverse to its own it dare print;  
Perceiving that heads by hard mental concussion  
Have often struck light, like the steel and the  
flint.  
In morals it aims at the purest ideal,  
Loose "free-lover logic" it tramples to dust;  
Only pure holy marriage, the legal and real,  
Secures its support; other loves it deems lust.  
On religion it holds to the active, the practical,  
Professes no trust in unreasoning creeds,  
Has little respect for faiths, cold and dogmatical,  
Ignoring humanity's physical needs.  
Christ, it regards, not as God, but a saviour,  
A pattern of sympathy, kindness and love,  
Lifting us, not by his blood, but behavior  
Joyfully, JUSTLY to mansions above.  
Onward, then, brave PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL,  
Unfurl to the breeze of true progress your sail,  
Resolved that no demon from hades infernal,  
Nor devil incarnate o'er truth shall prevail!  
A warm "Merry Christmas" we wish you, dear  
Colonel,  
Long, "Long may you wave," PHILOSOPHICAL  
JOURNAL!

### The Relative Value, in Death-bed Experience, of Forty Years' Church Membership, as Compared with a half hour of Spirit Vision.

BY BRONSON MURRAY.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:  
In your Christmas number I shall make free with some family history bearing upon the subject which heads this article. To render it more authoritative with those to whom the parties are known, as well as to others, I shall give the names and residences. The facts were related to me by my late uncle, Mr. Hamilton Murray, then President of City Bank of Oswego, N. Y., where he was well known and is still remembered as entirely reliable. The sister of Mr. Hamilton Murray, whose name is Amelia, was married much more than half a century ago to Mr. John L. Mason, who was the oldest son of the celebrated First Scotch Presbyterian minister of New York city, and was trained up "in the way he should go," according to the strictest rites and rules of the Presbyterian church. He became, early, a devoted member of that religious body, and for forty years prior to his death, he was an upright, honored and consistent Christian. He was an elder and leading member of Dr. Skinner's well-known Mercer Street Church, now known as the "Church of the Strangers" in New York, and presided over by Dr. Deems, and nourished by the widow of the late Commodore Vanderbilt.  
Such was the record of Judge John L. Mason's life. It was and ever had been one of

blemished purity and most consistent "church membership" and "Christianity," at the hour when the Great Messenger came to announce to him that the Grand Portals were to open for ushering him into the Mysterious Land. To him, according to all the traditions of his church, it was the gateway to heaven, the land of peace, rest and joy, and the presence of the messenger should logically have been hailed by him with delight. Was it so hailed? Not at all. Quite the reverse; he was afraid of death. For three months he laid upon his sick bed in a mortal terror of that which was inevitable. He could not reconcile himself to die. All his "Christian experience," all his church service, all his goodly life, were as nothing to overcome the dread uncertainty or fear generated by the sound Presbyterian doctrine of "hell, the devil," and "the dread hour of death," which he had so many years heard thundered from the pulpit by his father and other divines. The great day of death, then, was approaching and the church experience of forty years had not justified death in his sight as being a glorious angel of God; but the hour did come for that justification, and he did meet the messenger finally with contented resignation, if not with happiness. What was it that produced the change? It was a vision, a vision of a half hour's duration; not a vision of the angel Gabriel, nor of Moses, nor of Elias, nor of Jesus, nor of John of Patmos; it was a vision of his own deceased daughter and of a deceased fellow elder of the Mercer Street Church, and these were the circumstances: He was lying on his bed, in his own house, on Washington Square in the city of New York. He had been lying there some three months, I think. At one side of the bed sat his wife, Amelia, at the other side sat her cousin, Mrs. Martha Monroe, now deceased. It was noticed of him that his face assumed an air of quiet repose and for upwards of half an hour, he neither spoke nor stirred. At length, a gentle smile stole over his countenance, and, turning to his wife, he said: "Amelia, I have had a vision." She replied (being a consistent church member and well taught in the church doctrine that "The canon of the Scriptures is full.") "You have been dreaming, you mean."

"No," he said, with great warmth and sternness; "I mean what I say. I knew that you and Martha were here, and I had a vision. I saw portrayed in front of me, a dark broad river, and I was afraid of it; afraid to cross it. Then, on the other side of the river, I saw a bright cloud appear. Gradually it assumed a form, and it took the shape of our daughter Mary, and she looked at me across the river, and said, 'Father, why are you afraid to cross this river? I have crossed it.' Then she disappeared and Elder Markoe came along the bank. He looked at me and smiled, and the vision disappeared, and now, wife," continued the dying Judge, "I am ready and willing to die."

Here, Mr. Editor, I have given you a true and accurate account, as I received it from my uncle, who was not a believer in what we call manifestations. I often sought in vain to convince his mind that spirit existence was the only logical solution for this and other phenomena he had witnessed, but without avail. He had an idea, at that day prevalent, that "Odie force" would solve them all at some time. How a logical mind can, in this day, reject the fact of spirit communion, is to me inexplicable. The instance here related exhibits the superior value of a spirit vision over church-elderhood and church-membership in quieting the fears of death inculcated for forty years from the pulpit.

The "our daughter Mary" referred to in this narrative, was the wife of a Rev. Dashiell of the Presbyterian or Congregational church, who went, I think to Iowa, many years ago and doubtless is known at the west.

238 W. 52nd St., New York, Dec. 1881.

A church is never reformed from within. Savonarola tried after a reform, and was put to death. Luther tried, and had to dissent. Our Presbyterian forefathers tried, and were forced into dissent. An established church can never reform itself. The reform must come first by the more enlightened persons quitting, and then by their action on men's minds from without.—Sam. Sharps.

## A Reminiscence.

BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:  
In the summer of 1859, I was agitating the "Pool" at the little hamlet of New Albion, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., and Spiritualism was offensive to the church and its "Parasites." "Ardent spirits" prevailed, and I was hated by the mob who lost no opportunity to insult and abuse me. For many weeks I could not walk the streets by day or night without being mocked, blackguarded and threatened by the representatives of the church who believed me to be the enemy of their God—and so I was, for he was the enemy of truth and goodness. The most abominable slanders were freely invented and vigorously circulated, and I doubt not eagerly believed by those who wanted them to be true. I never took the pains to dispute them. A few friends knew the truth and defended me. But it was not so much me as my faith that troubled them; and why should it not? The clergy warned them that the devil was in their midst. All the epithets and opprobrium that were heaped upon the head of the Nazarene were applied to Spiritualism and its mediums. The Almighty was in danger of being dethroned and the work of eighteen centuries of "saving grace" lost in the shadow of modern Spiritualism! God and his angels with all the help of Christian prayers and plagues were likely to suffer defeat in the battle of faith with weak, uncultured, timid, retiring spiritual mediums! To save them the mob must come to the rescue, and it came.

On a pleasant evening soon after the advent of the Rev. Linas Paine among us, we were "all in one place of one accord," and our circle resented from twenty to twenty-five of the best men and women of the town. We anticipated a heavenly feast, but the inspirations from "Old Rye" depended less upon harmonious conditions, and more upon the pious approval of the church and the landlord, which put us to a disadvantage. From about eight o'clock until twelve, midnight, the wild ravings of the maniac mob made the night hideous. The loaded anvil was discharged just under the window, followed by shouts, blasphemous ravings, obscene songs, bell-rings, horns, tin pans, profanity, and terrible threatenings and foul language, that caused the pure in heart to shudder. No one could leave the house in safety. From midnight until one o'clock A. M., Sunday morning, they devoted their time to moralizing and maturing plans to break up our meeting. I had an appointment to speak at the school house, and they were to take me down and set their foot on my neck. Of course no one was asleep within half a mile of them, and this midnight council was known to all. It was an interesting and instructive lesson to thoughtful lookers on. These Knights of Baccus were in a delirium of sacred grief over the immoral influence of Spiritualism! The bible, religion and the safety of souls were in jeopardy. With pathetic sorrow they bewailed the fate of society, if this dangerous delusion were permitted to lead captive the unwary. Something must be done to protect religion, and they were the chosen of God to do the pious work. After an hour's deliberations they ranged themselves in line and their chief gave the command, "Let us give three cheers to sustain the Bible." Then the air was rent with their shouts. "Now three groans for Spiritualism," and then with three solemn groans their night's work was finished, and they adjourned to meet Sunday morning at the school house and finish their work of "saving grace," by mobbing the meeting and putting me under their feet. I was young, sensitive and timid. I dreaded conflict. In all those weeks of abuse, no word or act of mine expressed aught but good will and kindly feelings for my persecutors, nor did I feel any anger or desire to retaliate.

Sunday came, bright and beautiful. A large congregation greeted me. The mob came also, with bells concealed, and bottles to refresh their inspiration and courage. Passively, trustfully, I yielded to the heavenly influence that stole into my life, soft as the breath of Eden. For an hour the angels breathed upon us, and the air trembled with the tender pathos, sweet charity, pure devotion and saving love which held in awed silence and subdued reverence the

misguided slaves of prejudice and passion, and the power of spiritual truth over evil motives was forcibly illustrated. At the conclusion I invited any one having convictions for or against our faith to freely express them, the only condition being the use of decorous and respectful language. Rev. Linas Paine broke the silence and presented some touching illustrations and feeling sentiments, and no other offered a word.

The meeting closed and the leaders of this gang of reckless rowdies went away wiser and I believe better men. From that time I was treated civilly; respectfully by most of them. Some of them became my friends and advocates. Years afterwards one of them called me to hear his experience with a medium, which he related with zeal, and acknowledged his conviction of the truth of Spiritualism, which touched him so deeply that he wept. From that time till the present, in all the trials incident to a public advocacy of unpopular truths, I have found no armor of defense so strong, no argument so powerful and convincing to friend or foe, and nothing so restful and sweet to my soul as LOVE, CHARITY and TRUTH.

## Christmas Thoughts.

BY MRS. MARIA M. KING.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
The merry Christmas has come; *Gloria in excelsis!* The Christmas chimes peal out, the pean of praise filling all the air, as the musical vibrations answer to each other throughout the great city, reminding the people of the significance of the day, and calling them to worship. There is music, too, in numerous households. At many residences there are gleeful voices and radiant faces. Happy childhood is brimming over with new delight, and staid men and matrons are sharing this pleasure. There are happy surprises, and gifts that make glad the hearts of young and old. Even the poverty stricken share in the general joy. Philanthropy on this day spreads the tables for the orphans, the homeless and forlorn, and reaches into the hovel and ministers to the dwellers there, causing the sunshine to beam in on this day of all the year, which commemorates the benevolence of the All-Father.

Christmas, the Christian's festival, typifies what appears to be a necessity to all humanity, at its present status. How appropriate for the people to have a holiday of this character, when all can rejoice and be happy together; when the prosperous out of their abundance can minister to the unfortunate, and lift the burden from the hearts of suffering children, and allow them a glimpse of a heaven of beauty and plenty. How universally all classes participate in this festival, in one way and another; thus witnessing to the fact, that holidays, properly distributed, are good for the people, and that the sum of human happiness is increased by the effort of the church to keep alive veneration for this its hallowed day.

Now, whatever Spiritualists may think regarding the propriety of celebrating the birth of Christ, and assigning to this event the importance with which it is accredited, they should consider the fact, that they are leaving almost entirely to Christians the work of providing for the people what is as necessary as daily bread: viz., religious observance, the means of religious training of the young, and attractive places of resort where the people may be entertained on holidays with sights and sounds that delight the senses; as music, decorations, grand architecture, and pictures, and be instructed in various ways; where they may assemble for worship and religious instruction. The people must have these things, and those who supply this necessity of human nature will retain the strongest hold of the masses, and be their chief instructors in spiritual things.

The temples which to-day are decorated for the occasion, and where inspiring music casts its magic spell upon the spirit, will attract the multitude, old and young, and with the spiritual uplifting, which all the surroundings combined to favor, the subtle influence of error will be infused into susceptible minds, and the bonds be strengthened which binds men and women to the churches, and children be allured into the fold, to be nurtured in error. This must be

so. Where are the temples of the Spiritualists, the people who boast the best religion in the world? Where do we see them supplying a competent counteracting influence to the churches, on this day or any other? Are the children and adults—who must be children sometimes—trooping into the pleasant—not to say magnificent places of assembly we have provided, where they expect to be entertained and properly instructed as to the significance of the event commemorated, and what they have to be grateful for? It would be quite out of place to deck in Christmas attire the public halls, dancing saloons, etc., where Spiritualists usually hold their meetings, besides these might be needed for the use of negro minstrel or strolling actors.

Alas! that people so blessed should be so neglectful of their duty to the public and the rising generation, as to fail to provide temples of their own dedicated to the use of the people! Alas! that it is true that their Christian neighbors are "wiser in their generation than these boasted children of light."

It is to be feared that many Spiritualists mistake the nature of their religion, considering that it requires no self sacrifice on their part for the truth, no special, persistent efforts to get it rooted deep in the soil of human nature, that it may grow and bring forth its legitimate fruits in human society. Are we really a people needing the stimulus of a little or much "hell fire," or the fear of a vengeful God, preached into us to impel us to the performance of our necessary duties? Some among us manage to supply themselves with the monthly services of attractive speakers, who must usually go into unclean halls to minister for the angelic messengers who come to bless mankind. I can but feel that those who touch the lips of our inspired teachers with sacred fire from the celestial spheres are worthy of as much honor as the Christian's God, and should at least have wholesome surroundings where they control their instruments for public teaching. The altars of the Hebrews were sacred to their wants and smoked with incense; Christian churches and even heathen temples are hallowed, and no unclean magnetism (except that of the worshiper) is allowed to defile them. Thus, these people instinctively obey a most important natural law, which Spiritualists, understanding, habitually disregard.

I know Christians who scrimp themselves in their necessary expenditures, that they may contribute to "the Lord's treasury," and they are happy in the blessings which come to them from having pleasant churches, well furnished, and pastors to act as teachers, and friends in affliction and prosperity; in having weekly meetings, Sabbath schools, etc.

I look for Spiritualists as consistent, as self denying, and fail to find many of them. I see them scattered as sheep without folds or shepherds, literally starving, spiritually, for what they might have, with some well directed effort. They enjoy their faith extremely. O yes! but it is so easy a faith that it allows them to forget the claims of the public upon them, and to hand over their children to the churches to be molded into good orthodox Christians by the means which the munificence of Christians provide. Competent inspired teachers may wait idly for calls, when their services are needed everywhere. The faithful editor may devote his life forces to the work of disseminating spiritual truth, but his reward is meagre, and what wonder if his heart should almost fail him!

The less the people have of a religion that fosters indolence and selfishness, the better for them. I believe that the right sort of Spiritualism is aggressive, that it will, through its true votaries, storm the strongholds of error, turning the weapons of the enemies of truth upon themselves, and so conquer success. It is vitality itself, and must inspire true believers with zeal to work out its effect upon society where there is intelligence and spirituality enough to enable it to take root.

Let us hope the day may not be far distant when the enthusiasm of Spiritualists may be directed to the purpose of strengthening their cause by the means so effective with the churches. Until then, some of us must "hang our harp upon the willows" and lament the barrenness of our Zion.

Year After Year.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

Year after year drops out of life
And is forever gone,
Save from the halls of memory
Where Love walks, shy was,

Spiritual Camp Meetings.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Is it not strange the "Bress band" engaged by a certain camp meeting association received more pay than all the speakers? A prominent lady who is constantly engaged in the lecture field, received an invitation from one of these associations, promising her \$10 and traveling expenses from a certain point, to reach which point would require \$12.

for interior growth, as well as outward culture. Now what can managers of spiritual camp meeting accomplish the coming year? Of course not all the vast possibilities which become apparent in this direction, but they can make a beginning. They need omniscience of the ways and means which they have heretofore considered necessary to win the crowd.

A Pleasing Incident of Years Ago.

BY HERMAN SNOW.

When one arrives at what middle aged young folks call old age, he may fairly claim the right to be a little garrulous, also it is his privilege to make much of his reminiscences, and if he be one of those who have been accustomed to scribble for the press, the good public is often, as in the present instance, called upon kindly to indulge him in his weakness.

But what am I doing? By implication I am calling myself "old." Now I do not exactly like that word as it thus suddenly meets me, like some undesirable, half-acquaintance whom one would rather avoid if possible.

Where I now live greenhouses are of no account to common amateur gardeners like myself, I mean. All out-doors is our greenhouse even at this season, when all our eastern ones are shivering over your fire, whilst your unprotected gardens are turned into ice houses.

Where I lived some twenty years ago, greenhouses were wanted; but they were a special luxury enjoyed only by the "well-to-do" in material affairs. A kind neighbor of mine—a generous hearted Spiritualist as he seemed disposed to share largely with myself.

However, without then realizing my imprisoned condition, I went in among the flowers, and had my pleasant time, being rather more than usually conscious of the intimate nearness of the invisibles.

Remembering now the impressive character of the gardener, I resolved to try the experiment whether, with the aid of my spirit company, I could not summon him to my release. After, therefore, engaging in a playful and bantering consideration of the state of the case, I made a direct appeal to this invisible company to try and send the gardener to let me out.

On questioning him as to how he happened to come to the green-house just at that particular time, he said that he did not know; that he was busily engaged in some other occupation when all at once it came to him that he

must go to the green house; but for what purpose he did not know even then. On my telling him what I and my spirit friends had to do in the matter, he was astonished in the extreme—almost frightened indeed, that he should have thus been made use of by an invisible power, for although somewhat informed upon matters of the kind yet he was far from being thoroughly acquainted with the possibilities of spirit agency and power in the affairs of mortals.

The Origin of Sabbath Observance.

BY PROF. ALEXANDER WILDER.

It is not wise under the present order of things, to seek the overthrow of the Sabbath. The grasping nature inherent in our civilization is so inordinate that if the day of rest should be abrogated, the laborer would find himself at the mercy of the employer, with no privilege above that of the domestic animal.

I do not, therefore, believe so much that the Sabbath can be desecrated but fear it rather for man for whom the Sabbath exists. It is a day of humanity sacred in so much as it is auxiliary and promotive to the best interests of human beings. As for its special sanctity as a day it has none; all days are holy, for time is a part of eternity and therefore always sacred as being the life time of God.

The selection of the day appears to have been astrological. The chief heavenly luminaries were seven in number. This fact suggested the week or septenary cycle, each day of which had its own celestial patron, named from a divinity of the Pantheon. Sunday was the day of Shamash, Diancep (Dionysos or Aion) the sun god, Monday, of Sir, the moon god, Tuesday, of Nabu or Mercury, the patron of divine revelation, literature and art.

Who the Akkadians originally were, is a matter of some difference among scholars. They have been ranged among Turanian peoples of the latter or Mongolian character, but with some reason for doubt. Professors Tiele classes them with the Elamites or Susians and non Aryan Medes. This would make them an Ethiopian or Hamitic race, which is more than probable.

The Sabbath observance characterized the Serpent worship. Bastian has described the Dragon king of Kambojia, who built Nakon Tham, as devoting the seventh day to prayer. Colonel Low also reports in the second volume of "Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society" that "every seventh day the mighty Raja Noga [Serpent king] issues forth from his palace and having ascended a high mountain, pours forth his soul in ardent devotion." A like practice existed in the temple of Apollo at Delphi.

In short, the facts appear to be thus: 1. Astral worship and Serpent worship have been general and possess an unknown antiquity. 2. The known world-religions, Akkadian, Semitic, Judaism, Nagism, Magiam, Helibism, Buddhism and others are offshoots of these archaic worships.

Being called out on Thanksgiving day, I, by accident, entered the wrong room of a large tenement house, and witnessed a sight for the humane and charitably inclined to meditate upon. A pale, skeleton-like woman

Who was Punished?

BY JULIA H. BISHOP.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Being called out on Thanksgiving day, I, by accident, entered the wrong room of a large tenement house, and witnessed a sight for the humane and charitably inclined to meditate upon. A pale, skeleton-like woman

sat beside an old tumble-down stove containing a handful of coals, over which she held her cold stiffened fingers; a wretched bed of old rag, bits of carpet, and the like, contained two little girls, one a deaf mute about five years old; the other a mere babe of twenty months. They had cried themselves to sleep with hunger, the mother said, in answer to my question, "The father is in jail for stealing." A babe two months old had died since his arrest. The sick mother had not been able to earn any more than enough to pay for the rent of the room they occupied, and there on this "day of thanks," they were without food or fire, while the thief father was comfortably lodged with a clean bed in a warm cell, and kindly furnished with a turkey dinner! Who was punished? Who suffered for that petty theft? What sort of reform is needed? Chicago, Ill.

With Cultivation.

Why should not physical gifts be cultivated? Nature spontaneously never equals anywhere what she can do with cultivation. Emma Abbott told a reporter in a recent interview, that it was her indomitable will that she owed her success. "I was determined to succeed, and worked hard to accomplish it," she said. The faculties that make an actor may all inhere in the man, but without cultivation he will never rise to prominence.

The lives of authors show the value also of cultivation. It is effort, practice, thought, that gives position even to genius. Now, physical powers are subject to the same law, and, with cultivation, they may be developed wondrously. This is proven by the Hindus and Arabs of to-day, and by the Adepts of ancient mysteries. It often took nine years of cultivation, for the Initiate (beginner) to become an Adept (master) in the Eleusinian Mysteries. But once an Adept, he was a whole man, as Apollonius and Jesus are said to have been. All the occult manifestations of ancient magicians were the result of education.

"If you want to materialize through me," said a medium to spirits, "you must do it with me in the light." She refused and persisted against going into a cabinet, and as a result she developed her own powers and gave manifestations in the light. The powers of neither spirits nor mortals are fully tested to-day. There is a more wonderful field just ahead, with the aid of cultivation. Inspiration is the noblest of all gifts, and yet without cultivation it is as a wind through a forest. With cultivation it becomes like water in a channel controlled and useful. Inspirational or trance discourse is usually assertion rather than demonstration, and lacks coherence and continuity of thought. With cultivation, it may have both. Inspirational poetry rarely rises above doggerel, but without inspiration, no poetry. Every poet writes by inspiration.

A popular speaker on our platform writes us that since he by an analysis of his subject in his room, and the writing of a skeleton, has thought them over in that channel, his lectures have been much more coherent, and his success much more marked. We know by the testimony of medial friends that this is true of all phases of mediumship.

Law is the controlling agent everywhere, and as fast as we are taught by wise spirits, we are in duty bound to apply that knowledge and teach it to others. In the past the knowledge was entirely on the spirit-side. They have taught us the necessary conditions, and now we have rules for spiritual circles, and we teach others how to hold them, and how to develop the psychical powers of the members. Even as music has its laws, so has clairvoyance. Psychometry is capable of being as systematic as taught as phonology, and inspiration, impression, vision, trance, and the "superior condition," can all be taught to those having the capacity, as painting, sculpture and mathematics can be to those of right phrenological development.

By intelligent culture every human being can grow in all these spiritual powers, and over one half shall, if rightly instructed, possess them in a remarkable degree inside the next century. But our efforts must join with those of the Spirit-world, and we must unite in schools or classes for psychical development, and not for phenomena.

And is it not time that Spiritualists made work in this direction their prime object? That our public efforts be in the direction of spiritual unfoldment, and not, as is too often the case, to remain in the ranks with the investigators running after phenomena? That phenomena occur is an established fact. They are daily advertising themselves, and numbers are seeking them. Spiritualists have now another work to do, and that is to spiritualize themselves, and help make better conditions for the elevation of the race around them. The main duty of our platform should be in the line of practical work, and a portion of the Spiritualist press should also be devoted to that end—Cultivation of the Spiritual.—The New World.

Belief.

One's belief is not a matter of choice or of volition. No one can say truly, "I will believe so and so, or I will not believe the other thing." A belief is according to the evidence received or the authority acknowledged. A belief in anything can be professed, provided there are deceit and falsehood in the soul of the one who so professes, or if the inducements of wealth, fame, social distinctions, or other incentives prove too strong for a feeble mind and will to withstand; but the belief is still unchanged, without new and convincing evidence showing the baselessness of that belief. The pleasantness, safety, or beauty of a belief, though it may make it more desirable, does not make it one whit more believable, if the evidence seems to us untrustworthy. Fairy tales are often very enchanting, and we could earnestly desire that they might be true; but experience and reason teach us that they have no foundation whatever in fact. So, however desirable they may be, we know they are not true; and no amount of contempt for our lack of faith from some child who does devoutly believe in them, and who pities us for our unbelief could change our views in regard to them.

A belief may, however, be greatly a matter of temperament, inheritance, or circumstances,—not that any of these can fully determine what a man shall or shall not believe, but these things are almost sure to give a bias to his belief; and even those who in the prime of life, in the face of evidence which to them is overpowering, change their belief in regard to religion or any other matters, at the near approach of death or in the slow death of old age and consequent weakened faculties, when their courage and clearest thought is gone, when early impressions and inherited tendencies assert themselves most strongly, and with them comes often the renewal of that in-born feeling of the criminality of a change of faith,—then these even are apt to waver and falter, to look longingly back to their inherited faith, and, yielding to the oppression of the almost universally expressed condemnation, at last give up the convictions of their ripest reason, and save themselves from the revived

feeling of wrong-doing by disowning their belief, disowning it even to their own stifled conscience. And sadder of all it is that this inherited condemnatory spirit of the law that "he that believeth not shall be damned" survives oftentimes in the doubter himself, who, having as he thinks been brought to see more clearly than his Christian, or perhaps only more orthodox neighbor, finding him unable to bring that neighbor to see as he does, feels like, at least, condemning that neighbor for doubting his own new views.—Mrs. S. A. Underwood in the Index.



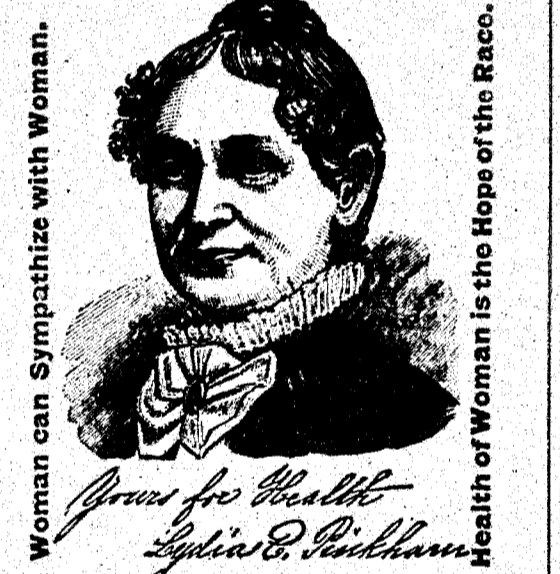
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To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: During the last year or two, there has been much complaint through the columns of papers devoted to the cause of Spiritualism...

mous, and to have the same effects on disease. The healer promulgating a truth and healing by a new method, should be acquainted with other methods as well...

Magazines for December no before mentioned.

St. Louis Illustrated Magazine. (Magazine Co., St. Louis, Mo.) Contents: Sketches of St. Louis; Sonnet; A Railroad Romance; Dolores; Two Bessie Upjohns; Edna Loves Me; Fashions for December; Timely Topics; By the Wayside; Happiness; Ballooning; Chow-Chow; Editorial Miscellany, etc.

The American Missionary. (American Missionary Association, New York.) Contents: Editorial; The Freedmen; Africa; The Indians; The Chinese.

The Wyoming Literary Monthly. (C. Wells Moulton, Buffalo, Mo.) Contents: The Miracle Plays; Spencer; Walter Scott; Alfred Tenynson; Miltum in Parvo; Love; Open Congress; Sans Souci; Prize Questions; Notes and Queries; Our Colleges; Reviews; Literary Notes; The Round Table.

The Journal of Speculative Philosophy. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) Contents: The Kant Centennial; Kant and Hegel in the History of Philosophy; Kant's Transcendental Deduction of Categories; The Results of the Kantian Philosophy; Notes and Discussions; Book Notices; Books Received. Although this is called the July number it is just received.

The Children's Museum. (F. B. Goddard & Co., New York.) An illustrated monthly for Boys and Girls.

The Pansy. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.) An illustrated magazine for children.

The New Church Independent. (Weller & Son, Chicago.) A monthly devoted to Swedenborgism.

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Wealth—Travel—Spiritual Education.

To enter upon the discussion of finance and industry merely as questions of political economy, would be quite impossible in our columns, as it would demand space and time and attention which would leave little for other topics to which the JOURNAL is devoted.

Silence, or brief mention of many matters, does not prove thoughtlessness or indifference, but only indicates how multifarious are human relations and duties, and how impossible it is for any person, in one brief life, to give full study to them all. So it comes about that some one range of thought, some one great subject, becomes a leading and central study and pursuit. If the student's or worker's mind be narrow or pedantic this central idea is magnified and all else belittled; if his mind be healthy and hospitable he looks out on other topics so far as possible, and recognizes their importance, but leaves their fuller study to others. There are specialists in science, men who spend lives as electricians, biologists, etc., and accomplish much in their several lines. So there are specialists in thought and in reform, advocates of temperance, freedom, Spiritualism, etc. To concentrate seems imperative in this short life, but woe to the man who makes his specialty a sort of cocoon, into which he winds himself to shut out all else. While the JOURNAL has not space or time for purely political discussions it may well look occasionally at the world's wealth and poverty and the occupation of the people as great moral and spiritual problems affecting the conditions and prospects of the world.

There need be no prejudice against wealth, no class feeling between rich and poor. It is as impossible to reach a dead level of worldly goods as of brains and souls; and nature's variety will make nature's harmony when we rightly apprehend and utilize it. Sagacious foresight, persistent energy and power and capacity lead to accumulation, and the large man becomes a centre of power, while weaker men of narrower range turn to him for employment and guidance. The rich man may be a benefactor, like Peter Cooper, or a malefactor like others needless to name. The poor man may be honest, brave and faithful, as hosts of noble poor men are, or he may be jealous, mean and untrustworthy, his own worst enemy. The rich man may live in pampered luxury, grind the poor and look down on them as tools to use, not as men to help and uplift. The poor man may keep steeped in whiskey and tobacco, be a tyrant and a niggard in his wretched home, and waste his time at meetings of wild fanatics, denouncing the tyranny of the rich, instead of doing his share of the world's honest work and behaving with common decency. We are not to come to a dead level of wealth, but we must come to a blessed day of mutual respect and justice between rich and poor, employer and employed. The public school, the free church, books, right thinking, nobler and truer ideals of life and destiny—all that enlightens and uplifts the people—tends to this good day.

We need to be warned of evil tendencies, for "forewarned is forearmed." In our very midst is a feverish haste to get rich at any cost. To swing a "corner" in pork is better than to be honest, to gamble in wheat or corn, and win the miserable game, is more precious than a fair name. The world worships such success, and the church winks at it, so long as the preacher is paid out of the proceeds. The "professor

of religion" uses his creed to shield his mean deed. A few years ago two young men in a western city were employed at fair salaries by business firms. They both stole the money from their employers to start in speculation and trade, and both put money in their purses. One was not a church member, and his native manhood led him to pay back the stolen money; the other trusted in the "blood of Christ," kept what he had stolen, and is a chosen pillar in his church to day.

Outward display is held more precious than "the beauty of holiness." A satin robe or a fur cloak on a vain woman's shoulders is more beautiful to her than the sweetest womanly culture. The servant girl and the seamstress may be pinched, but her poor tinsel must shine in the streets. Her extravagant habits demand money, and her husband's morals grow weak, to serve one whom he loves, and so come defaultings and frauds. The fine horse, the wines and cigars, the splendid club-room of a husband, costing more even than the wife's silks and furs, must be had. The woman has but vain pride, the man has pride and appetite and base passion to feed, and the means must come at any cost; theft comes in, and ruin follows. The haste for wealth is a fever. Baldwin, of Newark, has for years been using millions not his own, and sitting meekly in an Episcopal church sleeping under the pulpit dome. On a late Sunday morning he was kept from church, only because he was surrounded by indignant men whom he had wronged out of over two million dollars. All this is because we prize material riches more than we do spiritual wealth. We must put honor, justice and fidelity above dollars or horses, or furs and jewels, and we must learn to respect man and to honor the rights of labor of hand or brain.

Vanderbilt and his fellows water the stock of a great railroad until one share now goes for two or more, and decrease the pay of a thousand poor workmen, by getting more work out of them to help pay dividends on this watered investment. He spends a half million on a New York palace, keeps a race horse at fabulous cost, comes to Chicago to witness the animal's speed, and must make the journey in a palace car such as an English Earl would not charter. So long as men look up to such tricks of stock jobbing and such miserably pride, it is no wonder that petty thieves pilfer at street corners, or that poor cashiers have change stick to their dirty fingers. True it is indeed, as the Scripture says: "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall," and true it is, too, that "Righteousness alone exalteth a nation." One of the great problems before us is how to regulate fairly these vast and sudden accumulations of wealth in the past twenty years. One thing is plain, honesty and justice must be exalted, or no skill of political economists can save us from panic and disaster. The creeds and dogmas of our popular churches are worthless in this emergency, but the spiritual education of the people must be our salvation. We may well bear in mind the dying charge of the Greek Socrates more than 2,000 years ago, when giving his children in charge of his judges and the people, he said they must be taught "not to seem to care about riches, or anything else more than virtue."

To this we may add the advice given by Wm. Green, of New York, to his children. He had lived over eighty years; had earned a liberal fortune and been liberal in his gifts; had won a high name for honesty and fidelity, and had been "faithful among the faithless" in the unpopular and once hated anti-slavery movement and in other reforms. In the JOURNAL of October 29th, will be found his in Memoriam—the address of A. J. Davis and the words of others. There we find that he, like the old Greek, prized character above all else, for his advice to his children was "to cultivate integrity of character as the only guarantee of happiness in this or any other world."

We are no pessimist, and have faith in the growth of goodness, but such growth comes by wise culture and effort, and this worship of ill-gotten wealth, this absurdity that money makes the man, must go down.

Chatanqua—Pious Sham Fight.

One of the latest sensations at Chatanqua is thus described: "Two large steamers, one representing infidelity and the other Christianity, poured their broadsides of fire and flame into each other until infidelity surrendered, when Christianity was illuminated in most brilliant colors. At this stage appeared a blazing cross with the American flag underneath, and below these the word Victory in glittering letters of gold, red, white and blue. The beauty of the scene was increased by scores of smaller boats bearing Chinese lanterns fluttering over the smooth surface of the lake like meteors in a clear sky."

Of this *The Christian* says: "It reminds one of the boy who plays two marbles in an opposing game. The one he bets on succeeds, of course, for he does all the playing." The *Alliance* adds: "It reminds us of a boy for other reasons. It is about time that some grown up person put a stop to this religious fooling. Some people are trying to blow infidelity out of water in just that way. They make a brilliant pyrotechnic display of some sort and then yell out 'Victory.' You cannot squelch Ingersoll by fireworks of any kind, nor banish atheism at the end of a rocket."

We suggest that the managers of the evangelical camp meeting at Chatanqua send

over to Cassadaga Lake Free Association camp meeting, and propose to its officers a full and fair discussion; Chatanqua to choose its man to "defend the faith," and Cassadaga to select its man or woman to advocate Spiritualism, and have the debate, not for mere victory, but in the spirit of truth, as was that between Garfield and Denton years ago. The meetings are not far apart; all could attend and hear, and there would be some sense and decent courage in the affair; certainly it would not be ridiculous like this pious sham fight. We sincerely hope our suggestion will be borne in mind, next year, when these meetings are again in full blast.

The Christmas Holiday.

Carols at one time constituted an essential exercise in the joyous festivities of Christmas. Though often Bacchanalian in character, rendered so by those whose licentiousness and profligacy brought constantly to the surface of their lives the general impurities of their natures, yet the simplicity and sweetness of many Christmas Carols, were cheering and soul-elevating. The Christmas Box, too, was intimately associated with this world-wide holiday, especially in England, but now it has largely fallen into disuse. At one time the custom was referred to in "Christmas," a poem:

"Gladly the boy with Christmas Box in hand Throughout the town his devious route purues, And of his master's customers, implores The yearly mite; often his cash he shakes; The which, perchance, of coppers few consists, Whose dulcet jingle fills his little soul with joy."

The Christmas Tree, however, still survives, and the fruit it so abundantly yields, emanates from generous hearts. It is an essential part of this holiday, and the young will never allow the beautiful custom to be abandoned.

Whatever may have been the origin of Christmas, and however obscure the history of its rise and progress to popular favor, as a holiday it never grows old, but returns each year rendered radiant with the approving smiles of angels, beautiful with the expression of tenderness, love and charity, and merry under the exhilarating influence of the good cheer, happiness and genial feelings that prevail. As one has well said, "The interesting legends clustering around the name are fresh to young ears, and the old listens as to familiar tales that grow more charming with every recital. Each year as Christmas-tide comes near we realize how curiously blended are old memories and youthful feelings. They do not interfere with each other, and the union is very beautiful." The Christmas of modern times has been evolved from the remote past, rising gradually through the mists of licentiousness, persecutions and murder, to witness the enlightenment and grandeur of the 19th century. In the reign of Diocletian (284-305 A. D.) while that ruler was keeping court at Nicomedia, he learned that a multitude of Christians were assembled in the city to celebrate the birthday of Jesus, and having ordered the church doors to be closed, he set fire to the building, and all the worshippers perished in the flames. There were also among the revels of the Christmas season the so-called feasts of fools and asses, grotesque saturnalia, in which every thing serious was burlesqued, inferiors personifying their superiors, great men becoming frolicsome, and all illustrating the proneness of man to occasionally reverse the order of society and ridicule its decencies. It is well known that in England at one time it was the custom on Christmas eve, after the usual devotions were over to light large candles, and throw on the hearth a huge log called the Yule log or Christmas Block; and "at court and in the house of the wealthy, an officer named the Lord of Misrule was appointed to superintend the revels."

Spiritualists, however, attach no especial significance to the recognition by the various churches of this day, as the solemn anniversary of the birth of Jesus, nor to the customs or exercises attached to its observance in the past. If it could be definitely established that no such personage as Jesus ever existed, only as a myth of the imagination, Christmas with its social enjoyments, would survive the shock, and the happiness and joy imparted by its observance would continue. Tylor sets forth in his "Primitive Culture," that the Roman winter-solstice festival as celebrated on December 25th in connection with the worship of the Sun-god Mithra, appears to have been instituted in this special form by Aurelian, about A. D. 273, and to this festival the day owes its opposite name of Birthday of the Unconquered Sun—and with full symbolic appropriateness, though not with historical justification the day was adopted in the Western Church where it appears to have been generally introduced by the 4th century, and whence in time it passed to the Eastern Church as the solemn anniversary of the birth of Christ, the Christian *Die Natalis*, Christmas Day!

Tylor—eminent authority—may trace the origin of Christmas to the Roman winter-solstice festival; eminent infidels may prove that the relationship supposed to exist between God and Jesus, has no existence in fact, and it may be fully established that the latter was simply a human being, possessing all the frailties or weaknesses common to human nature, yet the associations that cluster around and spring from this day, will remain, and the importance of its present existence to young and old alike, will become no less marked. We are decidedly in favor of recognizing this holiday, regardless of its origin, its

subsequent selection as the anniversary of the birth of Jesus, or the stains made upon it by the profligates of ages past, and we sincerely hope that each one of our numerous readers may this year have a genuine spiritualistic merry Christmas, rendered more enjoyable by aiding those who are less fortunate to enjoy the festivities of the day.

Snatched from Death.

It appears from an exchange that a strange occurrence has started the residents of Franklin, Pa., and which is denominated the miracle of the age in the oil region. Rev. Bloyd was assigned as pastor of the Third Ward church there about eight weeks ago. Soon after his arrival, his wife became very ill. She came as near the portals of death as a person can and live. Physicians were called, and three of the best in this section held a consultation concerning her case. They decided that she was afflicted with what, in English parlance, is known as "quick cancer," and so informed her husband, telling him he might as well prepare for the worst. They said neither skill nor physicians' remedies could save her, and that her death must and would occur in a short time. Mr. Bloyd decided to try the efficacy of prayer, and sent notice to the churches from New York to Pittsburgh, asking them to assemble Thursday evening, December 8th, at 8:00 o'clock, and earnestly pray for the recovery of his wife, who was lying in the parsonage, a lady friend watching the flickering spark of life almost ready to disappear. Just as the clock struck eight, the invalid who, a moment before could not raise her hand to her head, suddenly sat upright in bed. Her companion sprang to her side, thinking the last moment had come. Pushing her gently aside, Mrs. Bloyd said she was better now, and thought she would arise. Despite the efforts of her companion she got out of bed and dressed herself without assistance. Then kneeling beside her bed she offered up a prayer of thanksgiving, coming from a heart burdened with deep feelings. She then went to the church. Entering the door, she walked up the aisle before the wondering congregation, who were amazed at the sight. Taking her husband by the arm, she told him what had occurred, and then, turning to the audience, repeated it to them.

A Phantom Cat.

Alex. Duguid gives an account in the *Medium and Daybreak*, of the strange appearance of a cat at the house of a friend whom he had called upon. It was suddenly seen at the side of a chair on which the lady of the house was sitting. It passed round the chair and likewise the table and then vanished. It had a pretty appearance, and on mentioning the singular sight to the lady, she said: "That is my favorite cat which died lately, and this is the second time in which it has been clairvoyantly recognized; another medium told me of its appearance after it had been buried." The phantom appearance of the cat had thus been seen by two independent witnesses. In connection herewith Mr. Duguid says: "Spirits controlling mediums have delineated the Spirit-world as having occupants from the animal world, but are these the translated spirits of creatures who inhabited earthly bodies, or real and genuine habits of spirit-life that never ultimated on earth? It is said that a tree or flower suddenly destroyed leaves the visible outline, or even the exact proportions of that tree or flower photographed on the atmosphere; it may be, that this appearance is the result of the localization of the tree or plant—or because it has grown up in that place, and so affinitized the atoms that supplied the growth—that the sudden removal of this receptacle of life creates a vacancy, or distinctive outline, which produces the phantom of vegetable life. In like manner pet creatures that have been the receptacle of these love-atoms of our nature, will retain a marked individuality for a certain amount of time after death. This is only a guess at the truth."

Ritual Worship—Illinois High Church Flammary.

The *Parish Register*—a dainty little sheet issued by one Moore—Rev. W. H. Moore, Rector of St. John's church, Decatur, Ill., tells about his precious parish and work. In an article on "Ritual Worship," it looks as though this good brother stood on the Catholic fever and was near tumbling over into that fold. He treats of such wonderful matters as "Unleavened bread" (we prefer ours leavened); the mixed "chalice," which means wine mixed with water; the vestments (best bib and tucker, etc.); Altar lights and incense—not omitting the very important matter of how the priest should stand, which we hasten to give our readers:

"The *Eastward Position* is that position of the Priest at the Altar which best symbolizes his two-fold priestly character. He is the head of the congregation, their representative before God, offering up their united prayers to Him; and he is the representative of God to man, the Ambassador of Christ, the ordained steward of God's Mysteries. Hence when he speaks to God on behalf of the people, he turns from the people toward the altar, as in prayer, praise, and intercession; when he speaks to the people for God, as in absolutions, exhortations and benedictions, he turns towards the people."

We do not find any thing about the morals or manners of the people of Decatur. The "mint, annise and cummin" of ritualism seem to fill the good man's mind, and a pint cup cannot hold a quart.

The National Citizen Suspended.

The *National Citizen and Ballot Box* will be suspended until the completion of the second volume of The History of Woman Suffrage, its editor, Mrs. Gage, being occupied with Mrs. E. C. Stanton and Susan B. Anthony in the completion of the history. Meanwhile her subscribers will receive *The Alpha*, from Mrs. Dr. C. B. Winslow of Washington, D. C.

In the last number is an editorial on the "God in the Constitution" movement in which Mrs. Gage well says:

"Believing this country to be a political and not a religious organization, and convinced that the greatest injury to the world has arisen from theological laws,—from a union of Church and State—the editor of the *National Citizen* will use all her influence of voice and pen against "Sabbath Laws," the use of the "Bible in School," and pre-eminently against an amendment which shall introduce "God in the Constitution." When this country becomes sufficiently permeated with a sense of justice to recognize women in the Constitution it will have arrived at the highest point of religion possible. For men to work for the recognition of God, whom they have not seen, while they refuse to recognize woman, whom they have seen, is a piece of Pharisaism which deserves the reprobation of every earnest, honest person in the nation."

W. H. Herndon—Abraham Lincoln—Clerical Slender.

Mr. W. H. Herndon, of Springfield, Ill., a former law partner and intimate friend of Lincoln, has written and spoken of the martyred President's religious views, representing him as a disbeliever in Bible infallibility or church creeds, as no doubt he was. A Rev. James A. Reed, of Springfield, has been writing published letters calling Mr. Herndon "a low vile infidel and a common drunkard," etc., and Mr. Herndon writes to the *Boston Investigator*, saying that he was and is "a temperance man" and believes "firmly in God, inspiration and revelation—under law." The pious preacher, in the same city, could easily have learned the facts about a fellow-townsmen, but apparently chose "to lie for the glory of God," after the fashion of priests in the Dark Ages. Mr. Herndon brands his charges as false.

REV. HENRY H. GARNET, a colored Presbyterian clergyman in New York, and a man of ability and eloquence, has been confirmed as Resident Minister of the United States at Liberia. Thirty years ago he was apprehended in Philadelphia under the fugitive slave law and taken before Justice Grier of the United States Supreme court. The case created considerable excitement at the time, but the learned judge was compelled on the evidence to order a discharge. "But he did it with evident reluctance," says Henry Wilson in his history, "for he took occasion to say that he had gone to the utmost limit of judicial propriety in explaining to the claimants what course they ought to have pursued." Mr. Garnet was given a farewell dinner at Chickering hall in New York a few weeks ago, at which Fred Douglas and other friends in the old troublous times were present.

Occasionally one of the JOURNAL's contributors asks that his article be inserted on a particular page of the paper, under the impression that there is a sort of rank or precedence of one page over another. This is an error. One page of the paper is intended to be equally prominent with every other and no favoritism is ever shown in locating matter. The matter is first set in galleys and the place of each article in the paper is usually determined by the exigencies of the occasion when the "forms" are made up for the press. This explanation covers the whole ground and we sincerely hope is satisfactory.

Lecturers and Mediums.

Mr. Sauer, the medium, has just located in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Frank T. Bibles' work at Omro, Wis., has been attended with excellent success, it is said.

Dr. Monck continues to heal with great success at 205 East 86th Street, New York.

E. W. Wallis lectured for the Spiritualist Society in Manchester, N. H., Dec. 18th.

Mrs. M. M. Pratt is now located in Aurora, Ill., where she will be glad to see her old friends, and many new ones.

The *Daily Sun* says that at a séance given by Dr. Slade at Fall River on the evening of the 30th ult., twenty-two well-known and reliable gentlemen were present, all of whom were satisfied that there was no deception.

Thomas Gales Forster commenced a course of lectures at Washington, D. C., on the first Sunday in November, which are very well attended by some of the best people, and both interest and attendance are on the increase.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten announces that she is engaged to speak as follows in the North of England: December 4th, Nottingham; 11th, Oldham; 18th and 19th, Halifax; 24th, 25th and 26th, Batley Carr. Mrs. Britten can still form some week evening engagements, but her Sundays up to the third Sunday in January next are all promised.—*London Spiritualist*.

There stands the church, manching her crust of orthodoxy with toothless gums. She has a keen nose for heresy, but never smells the rank foulness of dishonesty in business and social life. Orthodoxy in this country is the foster-mother of indifference and atheism.—*Canadian Spectator*.





Spiritualism and Morals.

An antagonist of Mr. Robert Cooper writes in the Easton Gazette: "Did it ever occur to Mr. Cooper that possibly there may be other earnest thinkers besides himself, who are not enthusiastic ghostmongers, and who would intelligently pause before they took ten Commandments from granite tables imbedded with science room waste a new system of theology from the mouths of floating tubes in a back parlor? What about the constant law court exposures of deceptive mediums? the free love Spiritualism of America? the monetary fortune telling from looks of hair, etc. advertised in the ghostly newspaper? Will Mr. Cooper place these things before the sweet moral ethics of the religion of Christ? I am fully aware that not a few of the most eminent names in literature, art, science, and the churches, give this Spiritualism great weight, interest, and respectability in this and other countries. But it does not follow, as Mr. Cooper desires to show, that the rationalistic philosophy is an essential element of psychological inquiry. Where one person would investigate Spiritualism from the theological and bitter standpoint of Mr. Cooper, hundreds look into the matter with Mr. A. R. Wallace, or such reverend truth seekers as Canon Wilberforce."

How to Get Well.

Thousands of persons are constantly troubled with a combination of diseases. Diseased kidneys and costive bowels are their tormentors. They should know that Kidney-Wort acts on these organs at the same time, causing them to throw off the poisons that have clogged them, and so renewing the whole man. Hundreds testify to this.—Pittsburgh Post.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill.—Burke.

That great Dermatologist, Dr. C. W. Benson of Baltimore has prepared his favorite prescription for general use and now any person, however poor, can get the benefit of his best treatment for skin disease. It consists of both external and internal treatment.

He who cherishes his old knowledge, so as continually to acquire new, he may be a teacher of others.—Confucius.

Non-Ralgia

pain would soon become old-ralgia—a thing of the past—if sufferers would use Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smartweed. It will cure rheumatism, break up colds and fevers, and is an excellent liniment for sprains and bruises.

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