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

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The Man in the Coach.

It was past ten o'clock and one of the coldest nights that ever blew. The blasts came roaring through the mountain gorges as if bent upon overturning the lumbering old stage. It had begun to snow, too, and the wheels creaked heavily through the drifts, threatening a complete standstill at no distant moment.

Wrapped in my cloak, I lay shivering in a corner of the vehicle, the sole passenger, in the very worst frame of mind. I was a disappointed and disheartened man. I was then at the outset of my career as a detective, young and ambitious. Hitherto I had been intrusted with no case of importance, but on this occasion fortune had thrown a grand opportunity of making a reputation in my way only to flout me with complete failure.

The case was one of murder, a very interesting one from its complicated and mysterious character. James Platt, a well known citizen of N., a village in northern Vermont, had been found dead in a pit beside the very road I was now traveling. There were marks of violence upon his person, death having resulted from a heavy blow with a wooden cudgel upon the back of the head. Robbery could not have been the motive, since a large sum of money was left untouched in his pockets. The man was not known to have an enemy in the world, and most searching inquiry into his private history revealed no secret enmity or quarrel. The only person in any way interested was his nephew, Thomas Judson, his only relative and heir-at-law.

This individual had been the first object of my suspicions, unfounded, it should seem. Personally he impressed me unfavorably. He was one of those rigid formalists whose very freedom from all of the petty weaknesses of men is *prima facie* evidence of the capability of crimes of greater magnitude—at any rate, in my experience with humanity. He was a pale-faced, pale-haired, light-eyed and altogether washed-out-looking person, with a soft voice and quiet manner, and withal in great favor with the tea-drinking gossips of N. His past record so far as I could get at it, was simply perfect. At the death of his uncle, moreover, he was known to be in the possession of several thousand dollars in cash. While he was the dead man's heir he exhibited no impatience to know the terms of his will or to benefit thereby. On the contrary, he seemed to be crushed with sorrow, and no one lent my efforts to discover the assassin such ready aid as he.

If there had been any plausible doubt, it was, the least, baffled by the fact that he could, if necessary, have a nearly perfect alibi. I say nearly, because, to my thinking, there was a flaw in it. At a quarter to eight, he was seen in conversation with the dead man on the corner of the village street, where they separated, the uncle going down the road toward his home, a little way out of town, and the nephew proceeding to attend a church social at the town church. He was known to have arrived here, certainly, at a quarter past eight. The evidence as to time was doubtful, no one being able to swear to the exact moment of his arrival. There was, however, in my view, the possible hiatus of twenty minutes, it requiring only ten minutes to reach the church from the point where he had last been seen.

It must not be imagined that I gleaned these fragments through Judson's own testimony. His name never appeared in connection with the affair, and if I had ventured to hint at his possible complicity, I should have been hooted out of the village by his indignant neighbors. Such information as I acquired was through the medium of patient

and cautious study of all of the points presented. When I had summed them up, I had no evidence that would hold water for a single moment. I was thus at a standstill, and after a short interval of obstinate waiting, I started for the city, disappointed and disgusted.

The coach passed the very spot where the deed had been committed, and as the vehicle jolted up to the place I peered out of the window to catch a glimpse of it. At that moment with a heavy thump, the coach stopped, the door flew open, admitting a second passenger who threw himself into the corner facing me, and the coach proceeded.

I was somewhat astonished that a passenger should wait for the coach in such a place. To say nothing of the uncomfortable proximity of the scene of the murder, there was no dwelling within a quarter of a mile, and it was altogether the most desolate spot on the road. With the instinct of my profession, I examined my neighbor closely but cautiously.

There was only one smoky lamp in the interior of the coach, and the passenger sat immediately beneath it, in the shadow. He appeared to be an elderly and rather feeble personage, but I could discern little more, for he was muffled up to the eyes and his hat was pulled well down upon his forehead.

There was something namelessly disagreeable in his presence—a feeling of inward repugnance and revolt such as I had never before experienced. It was allied to such dread and disgust as one might involuntarily draw back from a person suffering from an infectious disease. So strong did the feeling become, that I turned away and buried my head in my cloak in the effort to forget him. Presently I became aware that he was gazing at me with strange intentness.

In spite of myself, I turned again and met his eyes with my own, and for a moment we sat staring straight into each other's faces. During that moment a shock passed over me, like that of a heavy current of galvanism. My flesh crept with internal cold, my hair stood up, and every nerve in my body thrilled with something very like horror.

I could not comprehend my own emotions. Why this harmless and weak old gentleman, looking at me silently from his corner, should have put me into a panic, was more than my philosophy could account for. I could, however, trace my sensations to the stranger's eyes. Though hidden beneath his hat, they shone in their hollow sockets with a deep lurid lustre—exactly like the red glare often seen in the eyes of a dog. In the head of a human being the effect was startling beyond description.

Determined to overcome my nervousness, I ventured to break the silence with a commonplace remark:

"Very cold this evening, sir."

The stranger made no reply, but continued to stare at me as before. After a moment of hesitation I made another attempt.

"The snow is likely to block up the roads before morning."

Instead of answering in the spirit of my remark, the stranger, in a hollow, far-off sounding voice, abruptly said:

"The murderer of James Platt has not yet expiated his crime?"

"No," I replied, "he has not been discovered."

"O, blind and deluded humanity," he cried with a sudden vehemence. "He walks among you daily, respected for his false virtues, laughing in his heart at your weakness."

"What!" I exclaimed, suddenly forgetting my nervousness in professional excitement. "Can you give me a clue? I am the detective sent here to work up the case."

"I know you well," he interrupted. "I have been with you daily witnessing your labors and your disappointments. Why have you given over so soon? Does not the blood of the murdered man still cry out for vengeance?"

"I have done all that ingenuity could suggest or patience accomplish," I answered in secret awe. "If you can, give me a hint as to the murderer."

"Only to-day you clasped his blood-stained hand in friendly farewell," returned the stranger.

"Can you mean? Is it?"

"Yes," interrupted the stranger, interpreting my thoughts, "it is Thomas Judson, remorseless, soulless villain that he is!"

"I have suspected as much myself," I answered, "but there is no proof."

"Yes," he replied, with startling energy, "proof that will damn him."

"What is it?" I asked in a suppressed voice. "Who can give it to me?"

"I," answered he, quickly. "Why else am I here? Listen, and lose not a word, for my time is short. From his earliest youth, Thomas Judson has been a villain, secret, selfish, dangerous, hiding his wicked deeds under a mask of assumed virtue, and defying the law with pharisaical compliance with its precepts. No man was ever kinder to the son he loved than was James Platt to this man. He too, was deceived by his plausible ways, and never until the latter days of his life did the unfortunate man suspect his evil nephew. Judson was secretly a speculator in unlawful schemes, and in one of them was stripped of nearly all his property. Ruin and exposure stared him in the face. In this dilemma, instead of taking an honorable course, he forged a check upon a wealthy business house and drew the money. The forgery was discovered by his uncle, who obtained possession of the check and informed Judson of his discovery."

"From that moment, finding that he could not obtain possession of the check, the evil-

dence of his crime, from his uncle, Judson determined upon getting rid of him. On the night of the murder, Judson met his victim in the village street, and made a final demand upon him for the check, which he supposed his uncle carried about him. The demand was refused, and James Platt's fate was sealed. They separated, the uncle to return to his home a little out of town, and Judson to attend a church festival. But before appearing in the house of God he had a plan worthy of the devil to execute.

"He followed cautiously in the footsteps of his victim, meditating the safest means of destroying him. Just as the two entered the loneliest part of the road, chance helped him to the accomplishment of his design. A passing woodsman had lost part of his load. A large heavy stick of timber lay in the road—a weapon at once deadly, silent and safe. If it were found, it would merely offer good presumptive evidence that some traveling vagabond had done the deed.

"He seized the club, and stealing behind his uncle, crushed his head with one blow. He fell forward on his face without a groan.

The stranger paused a moment, as if overcome with his recital and sat facing me in silence. I was too speechless with wonder, excitement, and I knew not what sensation of horror stilling my senses.

"The murderer then made a hasty search of his victim," continued the stranger. "The check was not upon him. There was no time to waste. He well knew that some one might pass at any moment, and detection under such circumstances meant sure conviction. He lifted the body and flung it into a pit beside the road and hurried on.

"As he passed out of the shadow of the trees into the moonlight, he was startled to discover that the cuff on his right hand was spattered with blood. There was no time to wash out the terrible evidence. He dared not return home for a fresh pair, nor in his guilty terror did he dare secrete it about him.

"At that moment a sleighing party came along the adjoining cross-road, and in his alarm the murderer tore off the cuff and flung it over the fence beside the road.

"It was not until he had reached the church that Judson remembered that the button in the cuff was engraved with his initials, and could be identified by a score of persons as his property. He waited in anguish of fear until after the body had been found and the neighborhood was clear, then he spent hours in search of the lost cuff. But he never found it. The wind had blown it away and it remained hidden until the vengeance of God should produce it to his ruin."

"That cuff must be found!" I cried, eagerly.

"A hundred yards below the scene of the murder," said the stranger, solemnly, "stands a withered pine, a little off the road. Entangled in the roots lies the cuff, with the blood stain upon it and the button still fast to it."

"I will find it to-morrow," I ejaculated.

"Stay," said the stranger, "one last proof. The forged check is in the right hand lower drawer of James Platt's desk, among a number of old papers. With these two proofs you will execute justice upon the assassin."

"It shall be done!" I exclaimed.

Involuntarily I extended my hand toward him. He grasped it with fingers whose deadly chill seemed to freeze the marrow in my bones.

"Who are you?" I cried recoiling.

The stranger dropped the muffler from his face, and by the light of the lamp I saw a white, immovable countenance, expressionless, set in the rigor of death, excepting only the eyes, which burned with a lurid intelligence. I had seen the portraits of James Platt, it needed only a glance to assure me that I saw before me now, in flesh or phantom, the murdered man.

For an instant only I saw him; the coach jolted heavily over a stone and came to a standstill. The door flew open and a rush of cold air entered. When I recovered from my momentary shock and looked around me, my fellow-passenger was gone. I descended from the coach and found the driver engaged with some part of the harness of the team.

"Who was the passenger you let in when the coach stopped a mile above here?" I asked.

The man turned, and looked at me curiously.

"Passenger?" he echoed, "there has been no passenger beside yourself to-night. Up there, on the hill, the horses shied at something, and I had to stop a moment, but no one got in. You've been dreaming sir."

"Yes," I replied, not wishing to discuss the matter. "I must have been dreaming, no doubt."

Nevertheless I stopped at the next village and put up there over night. Early on the following morning I retraced the road again and searched at the foot of the pine. I was hardly surprised to find the cuff, blood-stained and fastened with a gold button, engraved with Thomas Judson's initials, as I had been told. Nor was I less fortunate in my search for the check.

With these two pieces of evidence I procured the arrest of Thomas Judson. Three days later I obtained a full confession from him, in exact accordance with the story of my strange fellow-passenger. No one ever knew how I obtained it but it was by simply relating my experience in the coach to the terror-stricken criminal. His guilty conscience recognized the hand of heaven raised against him; and, truly, when the grave accuses, who dare deny its awful voice.—*Freeman's Home Journal.*

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Hon. J. B. Young on the Situation.

Having cut loose from old traditions and moss covered legends of the past, let us not ignore the vital power, whatever it may be, which has enabled religious associations to grow amid persecutions, to live on from age to age in the midst of perpetual strife, thrilling the hearts of men with lofty purposes and binding them together in earnest fellowship.

Faith in certain doctrines supposed to be essential to the well being and happiness of man, a desire to propagate such faith in the world, and a union of effort for the attainment of that end have been the controlling forces by and through which the cherished doctrines have made their impress upon the world. They have led to the formation of societies inspired by the "enthusiasm of humanity" and associations so formed gave protection and support to the thought and aims enshrined therein.

Organization and life are inseparable. The whole material universe is one vast organized system. The spirit of a giant oak nestles in the little acorn. Every human being is an organization of marvellous properties, powers and capabilities.

One of the most important questions now challenging the attention of Spiritualists is, will they organize for united effort, and, if so, in what manner and upon what basis? The proper adjustment of the centripetal and centrifugal forces in religion is a problem of no easy solution. Individualism has doubtless found the full measure of its strength in radical ranks. Its vigorous protest against the assumptions of ecclesiastical authority has culminated in a severe iconoclasm which is utterly blind to the uses of organization. Having witnessed so many evils resulting from the formation of compact bodies, we have, in our reaction from the stand-points of early education, lost sight of the benefits of organized effort.

Dreading the power of association as tending to repress the freedom of human thought and crystallize present views into forms as hard and unyielding as the creeds which we so freely condemn, we have almost forgotten that organization is necessary to the accomplishment of any great work, if not absolutely essential to life itself. Unquestionably much of the opposition to organization among Spiritualists is based upon the idea that a creed written or unwritten will be so inwrought through the organic structure as to become in the near future a part of mental servitude rather than a tie of kindred souls.

We have waged a terrific warfare against creeds, and not without abundant reason. Nevertheless wisdom has not always guided our thoughts or controlled our utterances upon this subject. Every thinking man and woman has a creed. It may not be in writing. It may not be set forth in any formula of words, but it has its existence well rooted in the mind. I see no valid objection to any individual or association giving formal expression to existing opinions, but I protest against any article tending to bind them to believe the same things or to assent to the same verbal statement on the morrow.

There certainly can be no impropriety in a Society giving an outline of the fundamental doctrines which it is formed to promote, provided no restriction be imposed to prevent a re-statement of belief at the pleasure of the association, or to hinder any member thereof, from the free expression of his or her individual views. There can be no successful co-operation between persons who are not agreed upon some vital points. The formal statement of important doctrines upon which there is a concurrence of sentiment will tend to strengthen the bonds of union, and will indicate to others the object, purpose and spirit of the organization.

The more brief, concise and comprehensive such statement may be, the better will its purpose be subserved. The declaration of principles adopted at a recent meeting of Spiritualists held at Sturgis for the purpose of promoting organization is certainly broad and catholic enough in spirit to enable all friends of the cause to unite in fellowship and join in earnest work.

If, as we claim, we are in the vanguard of human progress, and have higher and better views of truth and nobler ideas of human duty and destiny than some of our neighbors, we should manifest some appreciation of our superior light, lest the "candlestick be removed out of its place" as with the church at Ephesus. Our responsibilities are commensurate with our talents and opportunities.

Before closing this article I wish to suggest a little matter of business to the friends of our cause.

Theorizing, talking and writing are useful in their proper place, but action is the great propeller in the work of human development.

I desire to see something done; to witness some manifestation of our faith in tangible form, some slight materialization of the beautiful philosophy which we profess to believe.

We want organization, at least for business purposes; a corporation national in extent, capable of acquiring, holding and controlling property; a university amply endowed; a missionary fund, adequate to keep in the field all suitable persons whose enthusiasm leads them to lives of self-consecration to the work, and to issue from the press and spread broadcast over the land information relating to the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism. This is not a Utopian

scheme. We have the men and the money. Organization and effort are the demands of the hour.

Business men are not disposed to be very free with their money in enterprises which do not promise success. When they can feel assured that their contributions will make a large and permanent fund, constituting a perennial fountain for the outpouring of truth, they will respond in a manner never known heretofore in the history of our cause. Are there not in the United States one hundred men and women who, for these purposes, would contribute each one thousand dollars; two hundred who would contribute five hundred dollars each; five hundred who would contribute two hundred dollars each; and two thousand who would cheerfully donate to such fund one hundred dollars each, provided that no part of the subscription should become due until the whole amount is subscribed by reliable and responsible persons, and printed lists containing the names of all subscribers and the amount of their respective subscriptions furnished to the subscribers.

If we had such a fund it would not be long before it could be swelled by gifts and bequests to a million dollars, an amount amply sufficient to guarantee success.

I trust that I may offend no one when I express my belief that "Liberals" have not been very liberal. Their failure in this respect is probably attributable to a want of organization and consequent lack of mutual sympathy, and to the fact that they have not acquired a habit of giving very freely for the propagation of their peculiar faith.

We are all to a great extent, creatures of habit, and it behooves us to cultivate the habit of making generous contributions to public purposes if we would be successful in the accomplishment of our highest aims. Want of individual consecration and lack of co-operative effort are in the way of the liberal cause and conspire to check its progress.

If to our rational faith we could add the Catholic's devotion and the Methodist's zeal, together with the functions of organic strength possessed by either of these bodies, nothing could withstand our onward aggressive march.

While our eyes are open to the manifold errors and follies of what is known as orthodoxy, let them not be closed to the failures and defects of our own work.

It is probably not practicable to unite for the propagation of our distinctive views upon religious and spiritual subjects by the same or similar methods to those employed by Christian churches. Our methods must be peculiar and such as our circumstances and the mission to which we are called may demand. The ascertainment of the best method of securing united effort and co-operation is the great problem before us. Its solution will be wrought out only in the slow and painful process of experience.

Marion, Iowa. J. B. YOUNG.

Many gardeners have trouble with garden slugs. Baiting the slugs with bran is probably the surest way of catching them. The easiest way to proceed, according to James Vick, is to take some pieces of slate, or flat stones, or flat pieces of tin, and lay them about in the garden among the plants, distributing them very liberally; just at sundown go out and place a teaspoonful of bran on each piece of slate or tin, and the slugs will soon become aware of it, and begin to gather and feed on it. In about two hours, when it is dark, go out again with a lantern and a pail containing salt and water, and pick up each piece on which the slugs were found feeding, and throw the slugs and bran into the brine, where they instantly die. It is well, also, to go around again in the morning, and many slugs will be found hiding under the pieces of slate, and can be destroyed in the brine. By following up this method persistently for a few weeks the garden may be effectually rid of the nuisance.

On the 10th ult., the Chinese Ambassador at Berlin invited a select and distinguished company to Stettin to witness the trial trip of the Ting Queen, or Everlasting Peace, a fine ironclad corvette, built for his government by the Vulcan Shipbuilding Company there. The vessel was launched some time ago, and has now received her proper equipment of guns, etc. The *Times* Berlin correspondent says the trip was most successful, the corvette, with engines of 6,000 indicated horse power, achieving a speed of 14½ knots an hour. This ship is of peculiar construction, with a rather shallow draught, having been specially constructed for coast defense. She will soon proceed to the East—all the sooner, perhaps, that a French fleet threatens to make its appearance in Chinese waters. A sumptuous repast was served on board to the guests of Li Fong Pao—among whom was the British Consul General in Berlin.

A new industry has recently been developed in Ireland—a sort of timber prospecting never dreamed of by our American pine hunters. It is a well known geological fact, says the *Northeastern Lumberman*, that immense tracts of what are now bog lands in Ireland were once covered with forests of oak and pine, and that in cutting peat, immense trees of these varieties are found embedded in the earth at depths of ten, twenty, and thirty feet, in many cases whole groves being round standing just as they grew. To find out the location of these miniature subterranean forests is now the speculative work in which some industrious Irishmen are engaged.

The Therapeutae and the Essenes.

Evidence of the Non-Existence of the Therapeutae.—The Essenes of Purity Jewish Origin and Non-Buddhistic.—Essenism and Christianity.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

The recent article of Mr. A. B. Church in the JOURNAL, taking exception, in very discourteous and objectionable language, to my statements concerning the Therapeutae, enables me to present to its readers a few facts concerning the Essenes and the Therapeutae brought to light by the researches of the best scholarship of the age. Mr. Church says that "the facts of history are decidedly against" my assertions, "for common sense says that Josephus, Philo, Pliny and others of that age must know more about the Therapeutae (sic) than 'Kuenen' or any one else since their time."

Before proceeding further I would remind our captious brother Church, that he has no warrant for the use, in this connection, of such a word as "Therapeutae." "Therapeutae" is the name of a branch of the science of medicine, and not the name of a sect. The supposed colony of Egyptian monks was called in the original Greek of the pseudo-Philo by the name of Therapeutai or Therapeutides; in Latin, Therapeutae; in English, Therapeutics; in French, Therapeutes; in German, Therapeuten; but "Therapeutae" is unknown to scholarship.

There is only one book in the world from which all our knowledge of the so-called Therapeutae is derived. In the time of Eusebius (A. D. 320) an essay was current purporting to be written by Philo, in Greek, called Peri Bion Therapeutikon e peri hietikon areton, better known nowadays by its Latin title, De Vita Contemplativa sive Supplicium Vitutibus; that is, "On the Contemplative Life; or, On the Virtue of Prayer." This book was wholly devoted to an account of a colony of Jewish monks, called Therapeutai, settled in various parts of Egypt, but more especially in the vicinity of Lake Mareotis in that country, in the first Christian century. The writer described these ascetics in terms glowing with the warmest panegyric, showing that he wrote as an advocate and partisan. Eusebius, the first writer referring to this work, identified the Therapeutae with the early Christians, converted in Egypt by Mark, and nearly all subsequent Catholic writers endorsed this error of Eusebius, as by this means the asceticism and monasticism of the Catholic Church was given a support in the practices of Christians of the first century. All that Eusebius and all subsequent writers have published concerning the Therapeutae is based on the essay of Philo, so-called; and the authority of that essay being overturned the Therapeutae vanish from the page of history.

Until the historico-scientific method of examination and criticism was brought to bear upon this essay in the present century, it was generally accepted by scholars as a genuine work of Philo, and in virtue of certain points of resemblance between the Therapeutae and the Essenes, as described by Josephus, Pliny and Philo (in another essay), it was long supposed that some causal connection existed between the two—that one was derived from the other or that they were two branches of one sect. For this reason the authors named by Mr. Church—Gibbon, Mosheim, Basnage, Erireaux, etc.—refer to the Therapeutae as a bona-fide sect of the first century. When they wrote, before the advent of the rational scientific criticism of the present day, no one doubted the genuineness of the Philonian De Vita Contemplativa; they merely repeated the current misconceptions of their day, just as it was popularly believed that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, or that Matthew, Mark, Luke and John wrote the four gospels, all of which has been disproved by the scientific criticism of the present day. The errors of Gibbon and other writers of previous centuries avail nothing as against the more accurate and searching scholarship of to-day. Scholarship has made wonderful advances since their time. Owing to the resemblances between the two, many scholars have supposed that the Essenes were derived from the Therapeutae—among them being Holtzmann, Lutterbeck, Gfroerer and Mangold. Among those opposing this theory, though recognizing the historical existence of the Therapeutae, may be named Mosheim, Zeller, Hilgenfeld, Herzfeld, Ritschl, Harnischmacher and Beliermann. Although considerable resemblance obtains between the two sects, the differences between them are as marked and various as the resemblances. These differences are pointed out in McClintock and Strong's "Ecclesiastical Cyclopedia," vol. x., article Therapeutae; Chamber's "Cyclopedia," article Therapeutae; Graetz's "Geschichte der Juden," 2d edition, 1863, vol. iii, pp. 464-66, etc., etc.

Within the present generation two eminent scholars independently advanced substantial evidence that the De Vita Contemplativa of Philo was a Christian forgery, a romance, depicting an imaginary monastic colony in Egypt, in order to lend weight to the monasticism of the Christians in vogue at its time of writing. The eminent Jewish historian, Graetz, in his Geschichte der Juden, iii, 463-66, argues strongly that the author was not Philo, but a Christian, "who probably belonged either to the Eclectic-gnostic or Montanistic party, and intended to write a panegyric on monasticism, the high antiquity of which Philo's authority was to confirm." Without knowledge of Graetz's work, Professor M. Nicolas, in an essay entitled Les Therapeutes, published in the Revue de Theologie, 3d series, vol. vi, pp. 25-42, claimed that the Philonian treatise was a Christian romance of the third century presumably depicting the writer's "ideal of an ascetic life in the form of a description of a colony of Jewish anchorites." Prof. Nicolas says (I freely translate from the original French): "There never existed any Therapeutae. This treatise is a sort of religious romance, in which the description of an ascetic community has been imagined to serve as an outline of the views of the author as to such a one established by the anchor-

ites of both sexes. I cannot banish the belief that it is all imply an exercise of rhetoric upon a very popular subject, not to say one the order of the day, in the third century of the Christian era. The rhetorician reveals himself from the first line to the last." (See Kuenen's "Religion of Israel," London, 1875, iii, 222.) Graetz's conclusions were approved by Jost, the Jewish historian, and deeply impressed many others, including Dr. A. Reville, the well-known French rationalist (Kuenen, iii, 219).

The writings of Graetz and Nicolas were not absolutely convincing, however. Though furnishing much satisfactory evidence of the lack of genuineness of the De Vita Contemplativa, the proof positive was yet to come; and in 1880 this was given to the world by a young Strassburg scholar, P. E. Lucius, who, in his Die Therapeuten und ihre Stellung in der Geschichte der Askese, completely proves, in the estimation of many of the best and most untrammelled scholars of the age, that the essay in question was written by a Christian in the third or fourth century. Says Kuenen, "Until lately it was impossible to say that criticism had completed its task with regard to this book. The blank has now been filled. A young Strassburg scholar has succeeded in obtaining a satisfactory answer to the riddle. The treatise was composed in the third century, or quite at the beginning of the fourth, in defense and commendation of the asceticism then practiced by many Christians. It was, therefore, written by a Christian, but in the name of Philo, from whom, in accordance with his assumed character, the author borrowed many thoughts, and to whose genuine writings he tacked on his essay. This demonstration has been accepted by the most competent judges, including those who had previously espoused a different opinion [amongst others, by E. Schuerer and A. Hilgenfeld] ('National Religions and Universal Religions,' 1882, pp. 214-15)."

Dr. James Freeman Clarke, the eminent Unitarian scholar, in an article in the North American Review for May, 1883, pp. 476-77, remarks as follows: "It has been thought, however, that Christianity was derived from the Essenes because of certain resemblances, and it is argued that the Essenes must have obtained their monastic habits from the Therapeutae in Egypt, and that the Therapeutae got theirs from the Buddhists, because they could not have got them elsewhere. This theory, however, has been dismissed from the scene by a young German scholar [Lucius], who has proved that the essay on the Therapeutae ascribed to Philo was really written by a Christian anchorite in the third or fourth century." An able and scholarly writer on the "Essenes" in Chamber's "Cyclopedia," says: "Of the two books of Philo in which information regarding the Essenes is contained, one ('De Vita Contemplativa') is proved to have been written about three centuries after Philo's death by a Christian monk as a panegyric on ascetic monasticism." We thus have the concurrent testimony of American, English, German, Dutch, French and Jewish scholars, that this Philonian essay is a Christian forgery, and that the Therapeutae never existed in Egypt. In evidence that they were unknown in Egypt, we have not only the silence of Josephus and Pliny who certainly ought to have known something of them if they had an existence, but also the silence of Clement of Alexandria, the voluminous Christian writer, who lived and labored in the vicinity of the locality where the Therapeutae are said to have flourished. His silence is inexplicable, had any such community ever existed.

It has been often claimed that Essenism was not a native Jewish outgrowth, but was of foreign origin, emanating from Buddhistic or Neo-Pythagorean sources. This theory has also received its death-blow, the final stroke being given by Lucius. In his monograph previously adverted to, he disproves its Egyptian origin, through the Therapeutae, and in his Der Essenismus in seinem Verhältniss zum Judenthum (Strassburg, 1881) he proves that Essenism originated solely out of Palestinian Judaism, free from Hellenic or Oriental influences. Graetz, Frankel and Derenbourg had already shown "that almost every trait of the life and thought of the Essenes finds its parallel in Talmudic Judaism," hence of purely Jewish origin, but the motive for the establishment of the order of the Essenes—"its raison d'etre"—had not been clearly shown. This crowning work, the last stone in the edifice, we owe to Lucius. He has shown what it was that drove the Essenes "out of Jewish society and was thus the immediate occasion of the rise of the Essenic order." The evolution of Essenism from Palestinian Judaism is now firmly established in all its parts. There is not a particle of evidence to show that Buddhism had the remotest connection with either Essenism or primitive Christianity. No thoroughly competent scholar can longer sanction such baseless theories, devoid of any substantial footing.

It has been often asserted that Christianity was derived from the Essenes. This is equally untrue and directly opposed to historic verity. The oldest Christian writings in the world are the genuine epistles of Paul in our Testament. How much Essenism do we find in them? Certainly they cannot be called in any sense Essenic documents. The teachings of Jesus, which antedated those of Paul about twenty-five years, undoubtedly contain some Essenic elements. A portion of Jesus's doctrines coincides with those of the Essenes, and it is probable that Jesus derived them from the current teachings of that order; but Jesus certainly was no Essenic. Many of his teachings were in direct contradiction of the express provisions of that order. Jesus was an eclectic; he derived his teachings from various sources, Essenism being probably one among many. A marked difference exists between the doctrines and practices of Jesus, the twelve apostles, and Paul and those of the Essenes. Early Christianity and Essenism are two widely different things.

Very erroneous ideas are usually held concerning the Essenes, based on the exaggerated picture of them given by Josephus. The account of Philo also, found in section xii of his Quod Omnis Probus Liber, is of doubtful authenticity. Frankel, Graetz and Tideman have adduced grounds for doubting the genuineness of Philo's remarks on the Essenes in his Quod Omnis Probus Liber; and the erudite author of the article on the Essenes in Chamber's "Cyclopedia," says that the Quod Omnis of Philo "is, to say the least, of doubtful genuineness, and is, moreover, at variance with Josephus;" while Josephus he says, "As to Josephus himself, it is now pretty generally allowed that his Essenes stand in much the same relation to the historical Essenes as the ideal inhabitants of the 'Germania' of Tacitus stand to the real Germans of his time"—that is, his narrative is largely ideal and fictitious. For Josephus's distorted account of Essenism, see also Kuenen's "Religion of Israel," iii, pp. 126, 130. A careful search of the Talmudic writings has served to give us more correct

views of the real Essenes than the unreliable narratives of Josephus and Philo (2). The Essenes disappear from the pages of history as a separate body early in the Christian era, and it has been claimed, without evidence, that they were absorbed by Christianity. The probability is, though, that they mostly returned to the Pharisaic body whence they sprang; possibly some of them may have joined the Christians. The Talmud (Bechoroth, 27) gives a distinct account of their ceasing to exist as a separate body, and so soon after their extinction did they fall into oblivion, that a Jewish sage in the third century is mentioned as inquiring who they had been (Berachoth, 22, 1). Demanding Essenism of the fictitious embellishments of Josephus, etc., its resemblances to Christianity are not as marked as they are commonly supposed to be.

A few remarks repudiatory to Mr. Church's critique, and I am done. When one assumes to indicate the errors of another, he should be duly careful of the correctness of his own statements. Truth compels the assertion that inaccuracy is the distinguishing characteristic of our irate brother's somewhat savage attack. I have already referred to his mistakes (1) about the name "Therapeutae" and (2) about Josephus, Pliny, and others of that era having written about the Therapeutae. It seems our good brother fails to recognize the distinction between the Essenes and the Therapeutae. He confounds the two, and when an author speaks of the Essenes as existing in Palestine he quotes him as speaking of the existence of the Therapeutae in Egypt, two entirely distinct things. Can Bro. Church understand that the Essenes were an undoubted Jewish order in Palestine, while the Therapeutae were an ideal colony in Egypt, who never had an existence. Because I denied the existence of the Therapeutae in Egypt, he charges me with denying the existence of the Essenes in Palestine, something that probably no one living has ever doubted; and to prove me "a charlatan of the highest grade," as he very politely calls me, he quotes Mosheim and others to prove that the Essenes were a Jewish sect. Mr. Church abuses me roundly for denying that the Essenes ever existed, when I had not said a word about the Essenes, having only mentioned the Therapeutae. Candor compels the statement that Bro. Church's quotations from Mosheim will not bear examination. Mr. Church's words are these: "Mr. Mosheim... speaks of the Therapeutic and other sects among them, adding in a note that 'We can not reasonably look upon them as fictitious.'" Now this note of Mosheim has no reference whatever to the sect of Therapeutae, but to the Herodians, Gaulonites, and other minor sects,—these being plainly named in the two preceding lines as the sects not to be looked upon as fictitious. Up to this passage the Therapeutae had never been named in Mr. Mosheim's book (Murdock's translation, New York, 1851, vol. i, p. 31,—cent. 1, part 1, chap. 7, sect. 6), though the Essenes had previously been mentioned. The foot note refers neither to Essenes nor Therapeutae, but to other minor Jewish sects. This misquotation seems to indicate great carelessness or small garbling. Mr. Church again assumes to quote Mosheim as saying "these three illustrious sects,"—viz., the Therapeutics, Pharisees and Sadducees." More distortion or garbling. Mr. Mosheim names the three sects as Essenes, Pharisees and Sadducees. What warrant had Mr. Church to substitute the word "Therapeutae" for "Essenes," thus making Mosheim guilty of the absurdity of naming the Therapeutics (?) as one of the Jewish sects in Palestine? This change in Mosheim's language is the more flagrant from the fact that a little further on Mr. Mosheim does speak of the Therapeutae (see section 10), and instead of identifying the Essenes and Therapeutae, he opposes the idea of the one being derived from the other, thinking it more probable that the Therapeutae sprang up independently in Egypt, disconnected from the Essenes.

Even had the Therapeutae existed in Egypt just as described in the De Vita Contemplativa, Christianity could not possibly have been derived from them. The series of statements made by Robert Taylor, in his Digressions, that Jesus and the Apostles never existed, but were all myths, and that Christianity was derived from the Therapeutae in Egypt, remain just as I described them, a collection of "exploded falsehoods," even though the Therapeutae had had objective existence; and Mr. Eckler's edition of Gibbon is marred by the insertion of such falsehood and rubbish. Free thinkers, in inveighing against Christianity, ought to confine themselves to facts. Because I try to state the facts just as they are concerning Christianity and other religions, I am dubbed a "charlatan of the highest grade," while I suppose Robert Taylor, D. M. Bennett, Kersey Graves, "Antichrist," Godfrey Higgins, Jacolliot, and the author of "Bible Myths," whose writings are full of misstatements and "exploded falsehoods" against Christianity, are gentlemen and scholars.

The following facts may now be considered settled by the "consensus of the competent," the best scholarship of the world: (1) The Therapeutae never existed in Egypt; (2) The De Vita Contemplativa was not written by Philo, but by a Christian of the third or fourth century; (3) The Essenes were exclusively an outgrowth of Palestinian Judaism, free from Hellenic and Buddhistic influences; (4) Christianity was not derived from Essenism; (5) The account of the Essenes in Josephus is largely fictitious and ideal; (6) The Quod Omnis of Philo, containing a description of the Essenes, is of doubtful authenticity; (7) The Talmud is our most reliable source of information concerning the Essenes—to be used in conjunction with Josephus, Pliny and Philo. In conclusion, it may be asked if it be altogether fair and just for Bro. Church to stigmatize as "charlatanism of the highest grade" a simple statement of facts endorsed by such eminent scholars and rationalists as Kuenen, Hilgenfeld, Nicolas, Graetz, Jost, Lucius, Schuerer, Jas. Freeman Clarke, and the learned writer of the article on the Essenes in Chamber's Cyclopedia? Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

Scientific men in Japan are now discussing the possibility of utilizing the internal heat of the earth. At a recent meeting of the Seismological Society Mr. Milne read a paper, in which he said that the fact that there was an unlimited supply of energy in the interior of the earth had been generally overlooked, although portions of it crop out in countries like Japan, Iceland, and New Zealand in the form of hot springs, solfatars, volcanoes, etc. He stated that there is an unlimited supply of water in hot springs within a radius of 100 miles around Tokio, and that the heat of these springs should be converted into an electric current and transmitted to towns and business or manufacturing centres.

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SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

Forgiveness.

Nature is ever willing to forgive us our transgressions, our oppositions to law, whatever they may be: broken limbs, physical debility, or disease in any form. Is it a limb broken? Get it set and bandaged, and see how quick Nature goes about her reconstruction. Are we physically debilitated from over labor, mental or physical, or from any other cause? Put aside the cause, then cometh a light as of a new day; we spring up gladly with new powers; a physical and spiritual illumination possesses us. Are we diseased from neglect of ventilation, proper food, due cleanliness and clothing, or other causes? Nature bids us hold fast to that which is good; go in peace and transgress no more, and we shall be healed from all our infirmities.

A gardener, when desirous of having a bushy strong plant, instead of a tall weak one, nips off the tops—mains it—and straightway Nature fulfills his purpose. The woodman lops off a branch, and behold, the tree manifests its strength in a new direction; nay, he may cut it off close to the ground, and as the months roll on, you see it spring up again with sweet tender branches ready to assert, "Not dead, only maimed." Nature is so prodigate with her forces as to give, in some cases of insectorial life, new wings and legs, when old ones are destroyed. Nature is bounteous and kind. Look where we will in the broad domain of Nature, and we see a hand outstretched to help, a look of pitying sympathy. Mayhap you have seen grass, plants and tender trees, consumed by the destroyer, Fire, leaving desolation and barrenness, but as the years went by, Nature reasserted herself, forgave the affront, healed the wound, then grass, plants, and tender trees spring up to greet you—a scene more lovely than before.

Sometimes stern Nature desolates, but out of her desolation cometh wisdom and beauty. Winter is desolate, but Summer and Autumn are all the richer therefrom. Storms are desolating in their fierceness, but the calm is all the more beautiful and serene. No man loves a dead calm at sea for long; on land it breeds sultriness, and is the harbinger of disease and death. Storms may be besoms of destruction, but they are fruitful of life and beauty. What we should do without them, I cannot surmise; they are a necessity. Where would Nature's beauty be, if we had no strong winds, aquatic forces, and capillary powers, yet they oftentimes prove to be desolating and destructive powers. Burning Etinas are fearfully beautiful, but they have a purpose in the reification of Nature. Scorching Sirocoes and fierce Monsoons are terrible phenomena to encounter, but are nevertheless harbingers of peace and beauty. Surely all things are for us, and not against us. Did we only look broader and deeper we should find beauty and wisdom.

In Nature's willingness to forgive we may see whence Jesus drew inspiration for the doctrine of forgiveness to enemies. If you are sick, diseased, then you have broken Nature's Law, you are enemies to her balance, but, nevertheless, she is ever ready to aid, to bless you, if you will cease active opposition. She will bless her enemies if they will let her. Nature is never at enmity with any man. If he suffers, it is because Nature desires him to fulfill her purposes, and he is failing so to do. She has her objects to accomplish, and will not be obstructed or prevented by man's frailties or weakness. Obedience is his best endeavor. How much is demanded from man to be obedient? Standing as he does between two streams—past realities and future possibilities—he is the battle ground of measureless realities; we need not be surprised at his waywardness and hopes. When we see the hole from whence he has been dug, and feel the aspirations that press him on, we feel the full force of the battle. Nevertheless, the demand for obedience is written upon him, and he must be, if he would be wise and peaceful, if he would reap the full riches of Nature. Her Law is absolute, and allows of no opposition. "No competition" is written through every line of the Law. This or that—you are at liberty to choose, but results will be upon your own head. Infinity is wiser than finite. It is of no use turning rebels; we shall only suffer defeat. Let us learn obedience, that we may need no forgiveness.

Death may be pointed at as a proof that Nature does not always forgive. Oh! short-sighted man! Dost thou not know that death is a birth, a resurrection unto life, a bursting of bonds, a victory gained, a putting into operation new and higher forces. Death is no foe to Forgiveness. He is kind to the poor suffering one, relieving him of some portion of his burden. It is thou, who canst not see down the mystical vale, that proclaims Nature does not always forgive. The life that was begun here is carried forward elsewhere, invisible to thee, but nevertheless real, with its subjections and consequences; hence, Forgiveness is a reality, a possibility to be attained. Open thou thy inner eyes, and see what the Lord will show unto them.

Moral opposition or transgression, like physical, is capable of Forgiveness. Opposition to Moral Law, like frost, has the power of contraction, congelation. Have I insulted, done an act of injustice, or borne false witness against my neighbor? Then I am contracted, I have grown less in my own presence, and much more so in that of my neighbor. But, do I acknowledge these grievances and beg to be acquitted? Then I am reinstated. Why does the criminal shrink from the eye of man, or cower before the frown of a judge? Because he sees behind the frown of the keen eyes of Justice. Men judge themselves; yet, strange, they think that if a murderer goes unhung, justice is defeated. A false standard is set up, a physical for a spiritual one. Conscience is man's judge, and it can never be defeated. No man can outdo that or his own deeds.

Forgiveness for wrong actions or words is attainable by all men, but restitution for these wrongs is unattainable. Right is the privilege and birth-right of every man. Beyond right no man can go, below it he may stand, and very much. A deed once done can never be undone. A crime is ever a crime. The past is irrevocable. To talk of restitution is folly. You can never give a man more than he has a right to. Inspect from a moral standpoint: if you take from him any portion of right, you have no ability to pay back. You can never do more than right, and if at any time you do less, the less will ever remain. I can make acknowledgment of wrong, beg forgiveness, and try henceforward to walk according to the Law of Equity. But in my after walkings I have done no more than I ought, and I am unable to do more, as a supply for previous shortcomings. A wrong is ever a wrong. Pardon it may receive, restitution, never. Have I insulted, or uttered a false statement to my neighbor? Can I recall that insult or falsity? Never! I can only acknowledge them, and be equitied. I have had a broken limb, a fever, inflammation, or

disease of any kind. I am grown well. I am physically pardoned; but I can never obliterate the past facts. They are facts forever. Every deed is a force, which alters or modifies; it is an effect and cause, the end of much, the beginning of much. If restitution could be made, all effects must be put back. They are irrevocable. The thing we ought to do is to face all the events of life honestly, manfully and bravely; no shuffling or squeamishness. "The world loves a brave man," and it requires a man to be brave to be honest. If all men were brave, bravery would receive no laudation, and vanity would stand at zero.

Nature is ever willing to forgive. Let men follow the great exemplar. "This human to err, divine to forgive." Out of forgiveness springs new power. Memory is relieved of its load, the past sinks into nonentity, the future beams with hope and promise. The pearly gates of heaven are before; the piteous depths of hell are behind. "He that forgiveth much, much shall be forgiven." We all have come short of the glory of God; our wills have been set in opposition, and sorrow has been our reward. But we have received forgiveness, also: Shall we not forgive also? If not, then we contract new debts, to be paid by the contractor. Revenge! Nemesis is a fool, and dwells in a fool's paradise. Spite is a monster, that shoulders his own burdens, under the delusion that somebody else carries them. Let us forgive, hold no spite or malice, forget the past, hope for the future, and we may expect to grow wise.—"Pericles," in Medium and Daybreak.

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Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. [Metuchen, New Jersey.]

LIFE-CRYSTALS.

The world is full of crystals. Swift or slow, Or dark or bright their varying formation; From calm, pure heights of fair, untrodden snow To fire-wrought depths of earliest creation.

Yes! forming everywhere; in busiest street, In noisiest throng; Oh! how it would astound us, The strange soul-chemistry of some we meet In slight and passing talk! For all around us, Deep, inner silence broods o'er genius to be, The angels only can behold its voiceless mystery.

Mary Clemmer, long known as one of the ablest of journalists and a resident of Washington, has just been married to Mr. E. Hudson, also a newspaper correspondent. Mrs. Hudson has not only supported her parents, but has been able to build herself an artistic home by the products of her pen.

The following is going the rounds of the press:

"Mrs. Bell, wife of Prof. Graham Bell, the electrician, was one of the deaf pupils of Dr. Gallaudet in Washington. Prof. Bell first met her at a reception at the college, and so expert was she in reading speech by the motion of the lips that they conversed together for some time without his discovering her infirmity. At last, walking through the conservatory, where some of the Chinese lanterns had gone out, he made some remark requiring an answer. But none was forthcoming, it being not light enough for her to see the movement of his lips. He repeated the remark, and again got only silence for reply. Mystified, he soon escorted her back to the parlor, and then, in the brilliant light, asked her why she had not answered him; but his amazement was redoubled tenfold at her ready reply, 'I have never heard a sound in all my life.'"

But the best of it is that the Professor having married the charming young lady, set to work to find means by which she could understand him. The result is the audiphone now in such general use by deaf persons. The Professor has reaped a fortune by his invention.

NUNS IN THE UNITED STATES.

It is little understood what enormous amounts of money, and how much unpaid time and labor are expended by the Roman Catholic clergy and laity upon their schools for girls. It is not my purpose to excite prejudice or foster bitterness; it is only to state facts so far as they can be obtained.

Thirty-five years ago there were only seventy conventual schools established and conducted by nuns or Sisters in America. To-day there are over six hundred academies and four hundred select schools, under charge of these devoted religious women. These are schools where pay is taken for board alone or for board and tuition. The free, orphan and industrial schools may be numbered by tens of thousands. The number of pupils in these establishments we have no means of knowing.

In the diocese of New York there are about seventy of these schools, with forty thousand children, whose tuition is gratuitous, beside a multitude of other charitable institutions for children. It is computed that about half a million girls are now receiving education by the benevolent efforts of the Sisters of the various orders of the One Church in the United States.

The cost of these schools, if paid for at the rate of the public school system, would amount to nearly \$12,000,000 yearly. In addition to these free institutions are the academies and select schools first mentioned, and the reformatories, industrial institutions, protectories, deaf, dumb, blind and insane asylums, as well as infirmaries and hospitals. The number of these institutions and establishments is so changeable and so continually increasing, that no approximate statement of the whole can be made. They exist under every name, in every section and in nearly every county of the United States. And nearly eighty per cent. of all this teaching as well as the labor connected with these establishments, falls on the pious, consecrated Sisters, whose lives are loyally devoted to what seems to them, divinely ordered duties.

THE FIRST CONVENT.

In the year 1727, fifty years before the declaration of independence, the Ursulines founded a convent in the city of New Orleans. Until the beginning of the present century, the nuns were French. From this center, branches were gradually established in various portions of the country, and their number receives accession in additional convents, whenever the growth of new sections demand. In convent sites, as in all other branches of the Roman Catholic faith, the utmost shrewdness is manifested. They take the most commanding, convenient, sightly and valuable pieces of real estate while land is cheap and before other corporations have been far-seeing enough to make selections, and frequently get large grants at nominal prices. These are invariably held by the church, and ultimately become the choicest portions of the gradually growing city which clusters around them. Witness the site of the Cathedral and adjacent squares of free institutions of New York City, which are now in the very heart of the richest portion of the New World. Opposite and about them are the palatial homes of the Vanderbilt family, and those of similar wealth, on which all that art and care can lavish, are freely spent. These, together, are forming an area of luxury and beauty, represented by the best of all the earth affords, which have had no parallel since the golden days of Rome.

THE FIRST NUNNERY.

It will be understood that convents are erected for the purpose of educating young women, and nunneries are exclusively for religious purposes. The first of these, the Carmelite nunnery, was that of Maryland, founded in 1790. Since then eight other houses have been established, divided among the two branches of the Order. The stricter of the two, who follow the reform of St. Teresa of Castile, are obliged to preserve perpetual silence, sleep on straw, wear the habit of serge, the scapular and hood, and a black veil.

Early in the present century, another order, having less severe rules, was established in Baltimore, and recognized as a regular branch of the visitation order. Similar ones have been founded in various portions of the South and West.

A new nunnery is being built in Newark, N. J., of the order of St. Dominic; the first institution of that order in this country. The nuns are devoted to prayer and contempla-

tion, and earn their living by needle-work. They have no pupils. It may be asked for what end is this isolation, and the answer throws light on the practical working of the holy orders of the Roman Catholic Church. These words were given to an inquirer who visited the archbishop having the work in charge:

"Their principal duty is to keep up the perpetual adoration of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament night and day, two nuns being always found kneeling before the sacred niche. Meat is never eaten by the nuns, and the food is of the plainest character. Recreation is taken in an inclosed garden or the cloister, and except at recreation there is no conversation. The nuns never pass outside the screens, inside which no person is person is permitted to pass. The bishop visits the monastery only once a year, and even the priest who administers the communion does it through a small wicket."

The building, a plain, gothic structure one hundred and fifty feet square, with a central court, will contain two chapels on the first floor, one for the public and one for the nuns. A brick wall a foot thick will divide the nuns from the public, and in this there will be two openings. One of these will have an iron grating, through which the nuns can hear mass, as the altar will be in the outside chapel. In the second story there will be dormitories for novices, and fifty cells, each eight by ten feet, for the nuns. There will be no carpets in any part of the monastery, and the nuns will sleep on pine boards covered with straw. The nuns are American, English, French and German; the prioress being a native of New York City.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

The cause of the unnatural withdrawing from the world with all its activities and duties, its cares and joys, is an inversion of feelings, which, in themselves, are natural and beautiful. A great deal of religious sentimentality arises from morbid conditions, often entailed by the diseased love nature of parents, or from unhappy experiences of the persons themselves. The healthful and joyous flow of affection once checked, is turned back to stagnate and water the roots of fetid miasmatic plants which can only grow under such surroundings.

If parents were wise their children could not possibly have such tendencies as lead to monasticism. But physical and mental habits act and react, until the affectional natures of their offspring become diseased and they grow to be fit subjects for a nunnery. Owing, however, to many causes, such institutions can never flourish in this country. In the Old World many are driven into it—parents making provisions for their daughters in this way to secure them from want. Many others are led to monasticism through undue religious exaltation, and others still through introversion. The plant thrusts its bud back toward the earth, instead of unfolding in the light and air. Under the active life and better conditions of America, there can be no extensive spread of monastic retreats for either men or women. The family after the individual, is the order of nature.

"The Rational and Spiritual Verification of Christian Doctrine."

The above is the subject of an address by Prof. Geo. Harris, D. D., delivered at the Andover Seminary a few weeks since. It was his inaugural and from the controversy which his election has caused among the old and new school theologians, it was listened to with marked attention. The Christian Union says, "The air is full of rumors of wars," and rather fears that there is to be a conflict and that the cause of Christ may be injured. There are many passages in this address worthy the notice of every liberal mind, for they show conclusively that the old theology is breaking its shell, and that we may anticipate a lively shelling from the peepings of this theological chick.

Dr. Harris says: "Truth for the individual must be found in other than merely historical or theoretical forms. It must be found in relation to his own needs. It must be worked out in life through faith and love. Hence for the believer, experience is the ground of certainty. Evidences give a high degree of probability, but personal experience gives absolute certainty. He becomes more and more certain of truth, as he finds it more and more deeply answering the questions of his mind and satisfying the needs of his struggling spirit, and building him up in holy character. With the Apostle he says, 'I know whom I have believed.' Such a one I know can spring only from experience of God's redeeming love."

Now, let me ask, if "personal experience gives absolute certainty," if the Spiritualist has not the stronger reason for his belief? Does not the evidence which he has in the experience of each day more deeply answer the questions of his mind and satisfy the needs of his struggling spirit? A little farther on he says: "One of the elements in the receiving subject is the legitimate use of reason, and that reason must be satisfied in order that any doctrine may be accepted." Now, let the Doctor reconcile his reasoning faculties, and see if he can be satisfied with the belief in the trinity!

In the following extract we have pretty good Spiritualism, and it explains mediumship: "Could the ear be quickened, the silence of the forest would become the roar of the city, and we might hear the grass grow. Surely use in spiritual things enlarges the powers of perception. Experience realizing this truth, gives truer insight into that. Reason and faith are educated by exercise in their appropriate province. On the other hand a one-sided, narrow, metaphysical theology dulls spiritual sight."

Such teaching as this will soon open the eyes of Andover students, and we shall have a host of spiritual divines scattered all over the land. But farther on he expands this idea:

"There must be conformity with the Christian spirit of the present age. There should be living sympathy between the believer and the contemporaneous church. His perplexities should be in some large sense the perplexities of his time. The constructions of scripture, which satisfy his mind, should be those which satisfy the minds of his brethren. It is not enough that he can prove his accord with Augustine, Calvin and Edwards; or can subscribe to this or that confession. If those systems as he construes them do not satisfy the demands of present inquiry, do not give answer to the questions which stir the soul and stir the world of to-day, he must not accept them unreservedly."

So we see in this high seat of orthodox theology and the shackles of bigotry and old authority are weakening. The Christian Union is a progressive journal, yet not quite so far advanced as Mr. Beecher in liberalism; it is advancing along

progressively towards Spiritualism. The editor in the last number remarks that this meeting was significant—not of the prevalence of any particular theological opinions in the churches of New England, but of the overwhelming prevalence in the churches of the Congregational faith and order, of the conviction that all debates on debatable points, should be permitted to go on within the church of Christ without strife or bitterness, and of the substantially unanimous conviction of the Alumni of Andover Seminary that its creed anchors it, not to any particular phase of dogmatic theology, but in the language of Dr. Bacon, long before this controversy arose, "to a large and tolerant orthodoxy." So we may hope soon that this "tolerant orthodoxy" will even "tolerate" Spiritualism. Amen.

I. M. COMINGS.

354 Ninth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, Part II. London: Trubner & Co., Ludgate Hill, 1883.

An organization of educated, critical minds, composed of those who are anxious to arrive at the whole truth in connection with psychical phenomena or the manifestations of Spiritualism, cannot fail of being productive of a vast amount of good. The Society of Psychical Research formed some time ago in England, is conducting its investigations with scrupulous care and zeal, and the result thus far has been highly satisfactory. The interesting subject of "Thought Transference" has been before this learned society, and the conclusions reached are of great value to the student of mental philosophy, setting forth that much of what is popularly known as "thought-reading," is in reality due to the interpretation of the so-called "Rader" of signs, conscious or unconscious, imparted by the touches, looks or gestures of those present; and that this is to be taken as the prima facie explanation, whenever the thing thought of is not some visible or audible object, but some action or movement to be performed; second—that there does exist a group of phenomena to which the word "thought-reading," or, as the society calls it, "thought-transference," may be fairly applied; and which consist in the mental perception, by certain individuals at certain times, of a word or other object kept vividly before the mind of another person or persons, without any transmission of impression through the recognized channels of sense.

During the course of the investigation of the society, the committee experimented with the young daughters of Rev. A. M. Creery, bringing into careful requisition common playing cards. The guessers of the character of the respective cards examined by the committee were outside of a thick closed door, or secluded by a thick curtain. Out of 32 experiments with cards, 5 were guessed completely right at the first attempt, and in addition 20 were partially right. Fourteen times running the suit was named correctly on the first trial, and reiterated on the second; not only was no indication whatever given to show that the suit was rightly named, but the impulsive countenances and the solitary word "No," failed to displace from the percipient's mind the correct impression of the suit. The chances against success in naming the suit rightly in any one case are of course 3 to 1, but the chances against being right fourteen times consecutively are 4,782,969 to one. That is to say, if the words, clubs, diamonds, hearts and spades, were written on slips of card and shaken up in a bag, we might very likely have to try four or five million times before pulling out fourteen times in succession the particular word fixed upon.

On one occasion pains were experimented with. One of the members of the committee held a sofa cushion close before S.'s face, so that vision of anything on the other side of it was absolutely impossible (he was also blindfolded); and the other pinched or otherwise hurt B., who sat opposite S., holding his outstretched hand. S. in each case localized the pain in his own person, after it had been kept up pretty severely upon B.'s person for a time varying from one to two minutes. These experiments were very striking in the accuracy of the indications given by S. This form of transmission of sensations might with advantage be more widely attempted. A member next drew a series of diagrams of a simple geometrical kind, which were placed behind S., so that B. could see them. S. described them in each case correctly, except that he generally reversed them, seeing the upper side of the diagram downward, the right hand side to the left, etc.

The report of the Committee on Haunted Houses is especially interesting, each case brought before it being diagnosed with scrupulous care. The method which distinguishes the committee may be seen in its examination of the assertions of a Mr. P., that he had seen a ghost in his studio. The committee report as follows:

"Mr. P. saw the figure in his studio. He was sitting before his easel with his back to the door one winter's morning, when, as he assured us, he felt that some one was in the room, and turning round, he saw the apparition a few feet from him. This intrusion appears to have annoyed him, and he uttered an impatient exclamation, upon which the figure slowly vanished. If Mr. P.'s remembrance of this incident is completely accurate, there would certainly seem to be some justification for his own firm belief in the objective nature of the phantom. Hallucination which affects sensation in two dimensions—is at all events uncommon; and may be accepted as having at any rate superficial reality. However, in the absence of more conclusive evidence, we must be content to regard the objective nature of this apparition as, at least, doubtful."

The report of the Committee on Haunted Houses, is followed by that of the Literary Committee, which contains a large amount of useful information. It alludes to the singular instance of the exaltation of the perceptions during sleep, as follows: "In the first place, then, the percipient may be asleep, and may receive in a dream or vision some impression which may be noted, and subsequently proved to have been coincident with an impression derived either from outward or inward sources, in a waking mind—that of him whom we call the agent. The following account, given to us by a personal friend of our own (whose name and address we are at liberty to mention privately), differs from ordinary thought-transference, not only in the vividness of the impression, but in the fact that one at least of the percipients was asleep: "One Sunday night last winter, at 1 A. M., I wished strongly to communicate the idea of my presence to two friends, who resided

about three miles from the house where I was staying. When I next saw them, a few days afterwards, I expressly refrained from mentioning my experiment; but in the course of conversation, one of them said, 'You would not believe what a strange night we spent last Sunday; and then recounted that both the friends had believed themselves to see my figure standing in their room. The experience was vivid enough to wake them completely, and they both looked at their watches, and found it to be exactly one o'clock.' [One of these friends has supplied independent testimony to this circumstance.] In this case there was a deliberate exercise of will. Similar cases where that feature is absent are likely often to pass unobserved; and all the observed ones that happen to have come under our notice have been complicated by the pre-existence of some sort of mesmeric rapport between the persons concerned."

Partial List of Magazines for August.

THE SEASON. (The International News Co. New York.) An illustrated magazine containing the newest Paris fashions and the most elegant designs in fancy-work, needlework, embroidery, etc.

GOLDEN DAYS. (James Elverson, Philadelphia, Pa.) A weekly paper for boys and girls. The stories are written by the most popular writers of the present day and are varied enough to suit all.

The July number of THE SPIRITUAL RECORD, a magazine of facts and phenomena relating to Spiritualism, published at Glasgow, Scotland, just came to hand. Contents: Alfred Russel Wallace, Naturalist and Spiritualist; Direct Spirit Drawings and writings (with three illustrations); Dr. Slade at Bow Street—Evidence of Sergeant Cox, Alfred Russel Wallace, Dr. George Wyld, George C. Joad, Algernon J. Comparative Psychology—Spirit Manifestations in the Roman Catholic Church; A Book Written by Spirits; Spiritualists and Secularists—Mr. Charles Watts and Dr. Nichols; "Glimpses of Another Life"; Materialism; A Criticism and a Reply; Spiritualism in Modern Churches—Wesley's Spiritualism; Editorial Notes—Second Sight—Is it Diabolism—Washington Irving Bishop, etc.

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MRS. W. H. STILSON, No. 16 Tyler St., Boston, Mass.

April 18, 1883.

A WELL-KNOWN MAN.

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Respectfully yours, ELISHA NOYSE, 60 G St., St. Boston, Mass.

April 14, 1883.

A LAST MANUFACTURER.

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Daily I recommend it to some one of my friends, all of whom I know have been benefited by its use.

Gratefully, GEO. P. COX, MALDEN, MASS., April 23, 1883.

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New Gods.

Some one, not long ago, noting the whirl and tumult of the thought of the day, wrote that we had new Bibles and new religions, and now all we wanted was some new Gods. The remark attracted our attention from its boldness and apparent truth, and a little musing upon it confirms our original impression.

Let us see what is possible in this line. We have now, for one sect a God who is a terrible, tyrannical Will, who, ages before the world was, decreed the eternal death of millions, and to insure the torture shall be deserved, makes them sin (so the Supralapsarians say) for his own glory.

Another God, having power to do any thing needed, will not exert the power to save men, except at intervals, spasmodically, must be begged to interpose and change the will and disposition—delights, in cold weather, to pour out the influence which will draw men, but leaves them to physical and eternal death during the hot weather.

Another God delights in "clerical millinery," is inflexible in matters of ritual, must have set forms of prayers, certain orders of ministers, and, no matter what they may be personally, only through them will he send blessings. Prayer and praise, dress and ceremony, times and seasons, are all-important to this God. Doctrine does not matter so much; spiritual condition not at all. So unspiritual a God would not suit our needs. It is the God of another class.

Yet another God—a huge impersonal law, a principle which wills, a non-personality which loves, who has less freedom than any being has, for he or it, while possessing infinite power cannot choose modes of operation, but has given up all volition, must for ever move in unvarying circles, passionless, inflexible, unloving, unchangeable. To him worship is nonsense, prayer an absurdity, holy living a weakness. Intellectually, if one is to take what he don't know for a standard, he might believe in such a no-God, but to one with a human heart, to whom love is a necessity, aspiration indispensable, prayer and praise consequently inevitable, such a mechanical God is undesirable.

Shall we analyze older ideas of God? To what end? We shall only find that everywhere and at all times man has made God in his own image, "thou thoughtest I was altogether such an one as thyself," a true indictment at all periods of earth's history. Every passion has been deified, every appetite made sacred, every belief infallible, every dream a revelation of infinity. What new God is possible? Well, it would be convenient, just now, if some one would find a God who would

condemn Spiritualism. Preachers of to-day are confronted with such unexplainable phenomena, and these are making so many of their people think for themselves—facts and the reasons they provoke alike puzzling, difficult to harmonize with systems of theology that have been so long unquestioned, a new revelation from a new God seems imperatively needed—by the despairing preachers. They have tried putting it all on the devil's shoulders, but somehow the teachings of the spirits are too pure, the effects too good—it is hard to make folks believe this. Beside, it does not look well to have a preacher always proclaiming the power of the devil and the impotence of God. True, in the olden times, God sent spirits to talk with men, inspired prophets, caused dreams and visions, just as now—if one could only explain these away and show that God really never did have any thing to do with Spiritualism, and has always been opposed to it, it would be a great relief to many a puzzled priest.

Those who had dealings with "familiar spirits" were condemned they say. Yes, the fraudulent mediums of that time, who professed to communicate with spirits, God through his prophets, warned the people against them. Prophets there were who uttered false prophecies, visions were described that were never seen—these were condemned, as they are to-day, by all true Spiritualists, but the true "Ministry of Angels" God, the unchangeable, has persistently used, does to-day. To condemn these there must be a new Bible, a new God. Who will be first to proclaim him?

Peace and Good Will.

An exchange gives a description of Capt. Ericsson's Destroyer. If what is claimed for his new torpedo boat, the Destroyer, is true, the United States will possess an engine of warfare far superior in point of destructiveness to England's colossal men-of-war. In appearance the new boat resembles a monster cigar with a starch-box attached. Below things look more ship-shape, but the engineer has to be a small man, for the engine is only seven feet high, with a one-foot passageway between the cylinders, while the officer's rooms would make a blush rise to the cheek of a tenement builder. The vessel is about one hundred and fifty feet long by fifteen wide below the deck, and every available spot is crammed with deadly machinery in all shapes, from a torpedo to a dynamite shell. The torpedo fired by the bow gun is twenty-seven feet long by eighteen inches in diameter, and is terminated by an explosive cap, behind which are three feet of nitroglycerine, a charge which nothing known to science can withstand. The gun that fires this awful weapon looks like a number of steel tubes firmly studded with bolts, and moving on a greased track. The torpedo is fired about nine feet below the surface which it does not even ripple, and as soon as it leaves the gun a blast of compressed air is sent through the latter to force out any water that may have entered. The aiming is done by a gunner perched up on a little elevation, who, after training the gun, touches a button, which discharges it and quietly backs the engines. Though the room for furnace and boiler is so small the demonstrative little vessel goes at the rate of eighteen to twenty knots an hour.

The mission of Spiritualism is to so advance the world in intelligence and moral worth that such engines of destruction will not be a necessity, and then such a masterly genius as Ericsson can devote his inventive powers in a more useful direction. "Peace and good will" will not generally prevail until Spiritualism shall have leavened the masses of mankind.

"Converted" by "Lightning."

The Montezuma (Ga.) Record says that up in Houston County, that State, there is a young man who has heretofore borne the reputation of being the wickedest fellow in the section where he lived. A very interesting revival took place not long ago and much interest was manifested. One of the ministers approached the young man and asked if he had a Bible and he replied negatively. The good man advised him to buy one and take it home and read it. He said he had no money to throw away on Bibles. Then the minister offered to give him one and he refused to take it. He went home and repaired to his farm. While in the field an angry rain-cloud came and soon vivid flashes of lightning began to play around in the neighborhood of the wicked young man. Soon a bolt came along and knocked him winding over the cotton rows. The falling raindrops in his face revived him after a few minutes, and he proceeded toward the house, but just before entering the gate he received another shock which laid him prostrate and helpless on the ground. Reviving again, he went into the house and related to his wife the ordeal he had just passed through, and how near he had approached death. Next day he went to town, bought a Bible, attended church during the gracious revival, and embraced religion. This is one instance where a man got religion by electricity.

Mr. Geo. H. Mellish of New York City, spent a day in Chicago last week, most industriously. He called at our residence in the evening and recited his day's travels, showing that he had covered as much ground as would take many another a week to have gone over. He is only a fair sample, however, of the average JOURNAL correspondent. They all are enterprising, observing and energetic.

Glory.

Chiefest of all the words used in the churches is Glory. At orthodox camp-meetings, in the prayer-meetings, the woods ring with it, and in the quieter meetings of our city churches, the flagging enthusiasm of the worshipers is stimulated by frequent hints of "the glory that shall be revealed hereafter," and to win this they are urged to "do all for the glory of God." Quite naturally it seems to us, the Scriptures represent God as desiring glory also, and we find God represented as saying the divinest thing men could imagine: "Before all people I will be glorified;" "Israel, in whom I will be glorified;" "I will be glorified in the midst of thee," etc. What is this glory that God and the church are alike represented as delighting in? Mastery, power to rule, the praise and admiration given to exalted position, sometimes of mere display and decoration. We are told that lately a preacher, depicting the condition of the elected few at the resurrection, said that even their very feet should flash out a bewildering glory, and asked, "Is not that worth having?" to which, if required to answer, we should have said, "No! no glory of costume or surroundings would ever satisfy us; there must be more than this."

Among men the desire for glory, i. e., mastery, power, praise, has been a powerful incentive to both bad and good deeds; yet this kind of glory has sometimes seemed pitiful and mean, and as applied to Heaven impossible. Men have got glory because they did what others could not do, or had failed to do. If all did great things, they would cease to be great and become common things. That men ceaselessly impelled to worship might be said to glorify God, is comprehensible, but that God, the infinite, should desire to be praised, and that to win this praise he should do things which, if a man did them, would be considered petty and low, that he should decree long before men were born, that untold millions should be eternally tortured "for his own glory," is not reconcilable with our idea of a God worthy to be worshiped, and comes nearer to our ideal of a devil, supposing such a being possible. Nor can we comprehend the glory of the highest archangel, if there be such a being, of the thrones and powers, of the twelve thrones, and those sitting thereon judging the twelve tribes of Israel. There are to be none but the redeemed in heaven, and they are all to be "Kings and priests unto God." Now, if all are kings, where are the subjects they are to rule over? If all are priests, who shall provide and witness the sacrifices? If all shout the new song, who shall listen? If all are exalted, the highest, next to God, who shall glorify them? Are we to conceive of heaven as a huge mutual admiration society, where each shall praise everybody else, admire some one else's white robes, or praise the sweetness of their song? Are we to exult in the glory of a flowerless, starless heaven, where no sigh of pity shall be heard, no love shown in act, except to God? the only glory possible that of a ceaseless dramatic performance; God the only spectator, all the rest actors, who must never grow weary? If this be the glory of heaven, it is a very pitiful, wearisome thing, unworthy alike of God and man.

Yet there is a glory that shall come to us, not a glory of masterdom, but one of love. We shall neither look for nor discourage it, but it shall give us joy. No man shall ever dream out a heaven, or win one by correct opinion, but each shall in the effort to win others to heaven, find his own. His glory shall come from the love he wins, not from decorations or ceremonies. And the love he wins shall be measured by the love he gives—he could not comprehend more than that. Not by what is done, but by the love which prompts him to do shall his status be measured. No man shall ever do a thing that is great in his own eyes. Great things will be done, but he who does them will only do what to him is the most natural thing to do, according to the development he has reached. He may surprise others, he will never surprise himself. As his powers expand by use, he can do more and yet more to help others, as the spirits around him feel his glowing love and answer back with love, he will know what true glory is, may comprehend what the Apostle meant when he wrote of advancing "from glory to glory." A glory like this, unthought, but gladly welcomed, a joyful surprise, perpetually renewed—"is not this worth having?" as the preacher said. We think none need be ashamed of seeking this glory. And when we think of the power of an endless life, the boundless opportunity to help others all along the way, how limitations shall be removed, hindrances be swept away of the good we can do, and the love it shall win for us, we too, but with a different meaning for the word, might well shout—Glory!

A correspondent of the New York Times gives an account of the pilgrimages to Mecca which throws considerable light upon their relation to cholera epidemics. The pilgrims come from Hindustan, from China, Borneo, Morocco, Algiers, and as far as Zanzibar. Upon the ocean voyage as many as 2,000 are sometimes crowded upon a single steamer. With their bags of food and water, many of them are compelled to remain upon deck. When storms arise the waves break over the ship and the provisions are very soon spoiled. It is a point of religion to carry no change of raiment. With the wet, the crowding, the absence of conveniences, and sickness, the condition of the helpless pilgrims soon becomes indescribably miserable. Upon the return voyage, when all are exhausted with the hardships and excitements of the unaccustomed journeying, they fall victims of cholera in vast numbers. It is now regarded as certain that cholera is carried to Mecca by the pilgrims from Hindustan.

Cremation in the East.

The Fortnightly Review contains the following detailed statement with reference to cremation among the Hindoos:

"Among the Hindoos, as every one knows, the process of cremation is common, and at Benares its practice may be observed at any hour, alike beneath the burning rays of the noonday sun and by the light of the pale moon. Many a poor sufferer strains his last efforts to reach the shore of the Ganges, there to die on hallowed ground. The expense of wood for the funeral pyre being too great to secure the burning of the whole body, it is partly charred and then sent to float down the holy stream into the eternity of the sea. The wealthier Hindoos are more formal in the disposal of their dead. After bathing the body in the river it is swathed in a shroud of white, scarlet, or saffron colored material; sometimes even covered with cloth of gold or silver, some vermilion paint, symbolizing the blood of sprinkling, is then thrown over it, and the body is laid upon the pyre. After adding sweet grass, precious oil, and more wood the chief mourner bears a lighted torch three or nine times round the body, touches the dead lips with the holy flame, and lights the pyre. Then it is kindled in several other places, and in a very short time the body is consumed by the flame, the ashes are gathered, and the Ganges bears them away. In Japan cremation is not so publicly performed. A plain-looking house in the corner of the country cemetery, with mud walls and earthen floor, inside of which are seven or eight low stone inclosures serves as a crematory. The body, in a sitting attitude, is placed on a heap of dry fagots in one of the inclosures, and when after six or eight hours the fire is burned out, nothing is left but a few white ashes, those are put into an earthenware urn and buried with or without religious rites.

"The burning of bodies is not compulsory in Japan, but the Buddhists of the Monto sect are nearly without exception cremated. The town crematories differ only from those in the country by their tall chimneys, by which unpleasant odors are kept from becoming troublesome to the neighborhood. There is also a small room kept separate for the wealthier people in which they have their dead burned apart. For the use of this private apartment they pay 20 shillings, while those who prefer to be burned in company pay about one fifth part of this sum. The fuel only costs one shilling. From 8 P. M., to 6 A. M., the fires burn on the granite supports which are laid on the earthen floor, and from each of these hearths the ashes are gathered and put separately into an urn. There is no smell to annoy any one and no nuisance. Terrible as cremation may appear to some, the process is far less hideous in its details than that which has its slow course in the deep narrow bed into which the flower-covered coffin is lowered from our sight."

A Mother's Dream.

The Dubuque, Iowa, Times sets forth that Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Damon of Wauwatosa, Wis., have for two weeks been visiting in that city, guests of Mrs. Francis Lawrence. Mr. Damon, Mrs. Lawrence's cousin, is Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at his home, and a week ago Sunday conducted the Gospel meeting of that organization in Dubuque. The severe storm of the night of the 3rd and the threatened storm of the morning of the 4th, prevented Mr. Damon and his friends from taking an excursion into the country, and in the afternoon they rode back and forth on the street cars, having a merry time. Just after six o'clock they entered the house laughing about the afternoon experience, and were met by the telegram: "Your son Willis is killed by lightning." Willis was married last April, and was an only child. A singular circumstance can be briefly related. Its truth can be easily proven; the conclusions are left to the reader. When Mrs. Damon came down to breakfast on the morning of the 4th, she appeared somewhat anxious and said: "Oh, I had such a bad dream; I thought a little boy who lives near us at home was killed by lightning, and some one else was killed in whom we were interested. I could not make out who it was, but they were trying to get the body to us, and there was some trouble about the cars." Her friends told her to dream of death meant a wedding, and laughed her into brighter thoughts. The telegram with the sad news came about twelve hours after the dream.

The Hen Cure.

Now comes the "hen cure" demanding recognition by the side of the "prayer cure." Maggie Mitchell tells a story of something stranger than a "faith cure": "I was afflicted with partial paralysis of the left limb, and almost lost the use of it. I was billed to open in a large city, and I was still on crutches. Every means that medical skill could suggest including electricity, was brought to bear in my case, but I was benefited little. The night arrived, the house was crowded, the galleries were noisy, and I was at a side wing on crutches. When the time for my entrance arrived as Fanchon, with a supreme effort I threw the crutches aside and sprang through the window with the chicken in my arms, and went on with the part as naturally as ever. From that day to this I have never had a recurrence of the trouble." There would be no harm in any paralytic trying a like experiment.

Armada, Mich., has a reverend base-ball pitcher in the person of the Rev. F. I. Ferguson. The local and visiting nine laid themselves out recently to play for a \$25 prize, but the Rev. Ferguson, in the indignant phrase of the local chronicler, could not pitch "on account of the bigoted kicking of certain members of his congregation, whose ignorance regarding what constitutes true religion is not equalled by a knowledge of the same." Verily the game is not always to the swift nor the strong.

Were it not that, come wet or come dry, there is always a fool crop large enough to absorb such stuff as Miller's Psychometric Circular, Spiritualism would need a monthly dose of etheralized lobelia or spiritualized mercury.

GENERAL NOTES.

Notices of Meetings, movements of Lecturers and Mediums, and other items of interest, for this column are solicited, but as the paper goes to press Tuesday A. M., such notices must reach this office on Monday.

Miss Wood, the materializing medium of England, has gone to Australia.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britain is delivering a series of lectures at Bradford, England.

Capt. H. H. Brown addressed a grove meeting at Norwich, Ct., last Sunday.

It is now thought that Charles H. Foster, the remarkable medium who was sick so long, will recover.

Dr. W. W. Herring, a healing medium, has returned to Milwaukee and opened an office on Market Square.

Mrs. Amarala Martin of Cairo, has developed very fine healing powers of late, and is doing much good work.

Dr. J. K. Bailey is now lecturing in the State of New York on his way to the New England camps.

Charles Heywood Stratton, better known as "Gen. Tom Thumb," passed to spirit life at his residence, Middleboro, Mass., July 15th. His wife, who survives him, is a Spiritualist.

Dr. H. H. and Mrs. Jackson have removed from 96 W. 8th street, to 330 Race street, corner of 9th, Cincinnati, Ohio, where they will be pleased to see their friends.

Mrs. Kato Fox-Jencken has been holding seances at St. Petersburg, Russia. She was entertained by the Czar, who consulted the spirits through her mediumship.

Dr. Bowman, who has resided for some time at Atlanta, Ga., has now established himself at Cincinnati, Ohio, where he is under engagement with the Spiritualist Society for one year.

Mrs. Dr. Wheeler of Milwaukee, Wis., is spoken of as an excellent medium. The Evening Wisconsin says that she "holds her hand in the atmosphere and the hollow fills with a curing oil, which she applies."

Mr. Geo. H. Brooks has been working at Columbus, Joplin and Oswego, Mo., and there are still calls for him in that vicinity. He expects to attend camp meeting at Delphos, Kansas.

We regret to say that C. Fannie Allyn has been very sick and is still confined to her bed; this is the reason she has not been able to answer correspondents in the West and elsewhere.

The office of the Free Religious Association and of The Index, Boston, has been removed to 44 Boylston Street, next door east of the Public Library, and in the same building with the Household Art Rooms. Correspondents will please take notice.

The vigorous and timely article by J. B. Young in this issue will be read by every subscriber; its virility and directness are refreshing. Mr. Young expects to visit some of the Eastern camp meetings next month; our New England friends will do well to cultivate his acquaintance.

Those present at the medium's meeting on Sunday last, report a large attendance. Mrs. Bromwell is said to be rapidly developing as a singer, and she anticipates excellent results therefrom in a short time. We hope her meetings will continue to grow in numbers and interest.

The contents with one hundred and twenty-eight broad quarto pages, handsomely adorned with sixty-two rich illustrations, the monthly part of the CONTINENT weekly magazine makes a strong bid for popular favor. It is admirable in every respect and occupies alone in its weekly issue a distinct field in magazine literature.

That all of the pertinent things apropos of Carlyle's reminiscences and the recent volumes of letters have not yet been said, will be made to appear doubtless by John Burroughs's "Carlyle," which is announced for the August Century. His admiration for the Chelsea philosopher is said to be somewhat qualified, yet of a genuine, robust kind.

A common belief in a life beyond the grave and that spirits return and communicate, does not of itself make people congenial associates. The moment this common ground is left, the divergence between different classes grows rapidly wider, and they can never be brought together in this world. The sooner Spiritualists recognize this fact and cease to try to live under one roof the better for all concerned.

The machinery committee of the Southern Exposition have made a contract with the Edison Company for Isolated Lighting, of New York. The contract is the largest that was ever made for lighting a building with electric lights. The company agrees to light the building and the annexes with 4,600 Edison lights of sixteen candle power each.

A little 5-year old Kalkaska boy, while at his play the other day, delivered himself of the following original prayer: "Dear heavenly Father, please help me to be a good boy. Bless the President, heavenly Father—I am going to be one. Help me to be President and ruler over all the states. Do presidents go to heaven when they die? It is a pleasant day-to-day. Thank you for it. Give us another one pretty soon. Amen."

Rev. Samuel Watson has been lecturing at Topeka, Kan. One of the papers published there says: "Dr. Watson of Memphis, Tenn. spoke to large audiences on Sunday afternoon and evening, on the subject of Bible Spiritualism. The Doctor is known throughout the country as one of the closest reasoners, deepest thinkers and most polished speakers of the day. His lectures are such as should be heard by all who desire to know what this philosophy teaches. The foundation of his discourses, taken as it is from sacred history, challenges the attention of all earnest men and women."

Voices from the People, AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Guardian Angels.

From "Chamber's Edinburgh Journal" of 1840. When daylight has departed and earth is hushed to rest. When little birds are folded safe within the parent nest. When on the closed flowers the blessed night dew weeps. And stars look down in beauty upon the slumbering deep.

Superstitious Uses.

A good deal of excitement was occasioned in Chicago a little while ago by a decision of one of the courts there as to what are known as "superstitious uses." We have not the text of the decision before us, but the principle involved was that trusts made for "superstitious" purposes—for such purposes as saying masses for the repose of the souls of the dead—were not in this country void.

COL. CHARLES CASE.

Death of a Prominent Citizen of this District—Sketch of His Useful Life.

Col. Charles Case, whose death from pneumonia was announced by telegraph yesterday, was well known in this city and in the West for some years. He was born in Ashtabula county, Ohio, Dec. 21, 1817. At an early age he went to Indiana and began the practice of law, ranking as one of the ablest members of the Indiana bar.

An Open Letter to Mediums.

Less than a year ago I commenced, merely from curiosity and a desire to gratify a friend who is an ardent Spiritualist, a course of thorough investigation of the different phases of mediumship. I have spent much time and money, and consider both well spent; for, from having been a complete skeptic in all matters pertaining to the phenomena and pliancy of spirit, I have become a firm believer in both.

If the good lady will further advise the establishment of home circles, it will be well. It is unfair to ask professional mediums to give their services to the poor unless they are so situated as to afford to do it. Let those unable to pay for manifestations through mediums, work in their own homes to secure the knowledge they usually seek elsewhere.

Organization.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Glad am I of the organization just perfected, called the American Spiritualist Association. I will do all I can to promote its success. It is composed of true and tried persons. And now let us of the East respond heartily. Surely the Boston Spiritualists, who have set under the ministry of Colville and like teachers, and who have firmly recommended organization, will now rally their forces and unite in one grand and glorious action.

Organization.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Organization is unquestionably the greatest necessity of Spiritualism. The principles of the American Spiritualist Association, prove that this can be accomplished without creed or loss of individuality. All persons believing in future life and spirit communion are in truth Spiritualists, and can organize alike in churches, societies, or in their belief in Deity or other outside issues.

Another Flower Medium.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: As I am a reader of the JOURNAL, and have been for several years, I thought it would be nothing amiss to let your readers know what is transpiring in this part of the world. We have some remarkable spirit manifestations at Mr. Joel Hendrix, Palmisto, Fla. The spirits bring us flowers, independent of any human agency, and by request, place them in a tumbler of water arranged on the table for the purpose of in some member of the circle's hands.

Wm. W. Threebald, editor of the Daily Mail, Woodland, Cal., writes: I have read your issue of the 7th inst. and have been very much interested in the account of the spirit manifestations at Mr. Joel Hendrix, Palmisto, Fla. The spirits bring us flowers, independent of any human agency, and by request, place them in a tumbler of water arranged on the table for the purpose of in some member of the circle's hands.

NO HOME EXEMPT.

The Source of Those Mysterious Troubles That Come to Every Household Explained.

The following article from the Democrat and Chronicle, of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith re-published entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger always brings a person to his senses even though it may be too late. I myself to overcome it. And, Oh! how hard I tried! I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's church of this city. I felt that it was my duty to view the matter in the light of a religious remedy of which I had heard much but had never used. Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation, by means of this remedy, and urged me to try it.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and have found that the remedy which I therefore state, liberally, and as a physician, that I believe more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys.

The English Episcopal Bishops seem to occupy an anomalous position. They are seated in the House of Lords ostensibly to guard the interests of the church and to shape religious legislation. The other day they voted, with a solitary exception, against the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, mainly on religious grounds.

James Prout says when Gen. Butler sent his son to Harvard he gave him a checkbook and said to him: "Take that, and whenever you want any money draw as freely as you like. If you are ever in doubt consult your mother." At the end of his college course the young man had spent only \$1,800 a year, which is considerably below the average sum spent by the sons of wealthy parents at Cambridge.

There are 87,000,000 acres of land in Michigan, of which about 30,000,000 acres are unoccupied or unimproved. A company has recently been organized at Detroit to encourage immigration and negotiate the sale of this now neglected land.

Notes from Onset Bay.

The 4th of July was observed here in a quiet manner by the cottagers, save only by a social dance in the evening at the pavilion. A sailing regatta by the cottagers in the vicinity proved a source of enjoyment in the afternoon; it was a success in every respect.

The people are coming in large numbers; very many more here now than at the same date last year. Among the arrivals the past week, were Dr. C. O. Denton and wife, Cleveland, Ohio; N. Small and son, Newburgh, N. Y.; G. F. Whittemore, wife and child, Wakefield, Mass.; E. Johnson and wife, Warren, Rhode Island.

The summer travel to Cape Cod is immense. Our fourth train from Boston last evening consisted of eighteen heavily laden passenger cars; Onset gets her full share of the travel. A case of magnetic healing occurred here last evening. The youngest son of Mr. B. H. Bourne, was Northampton III through the effect of over heat and sudden chill, and became quite insensible and to all appearance was very near his end.

The work of cleaning up the groves and streets, and putting up additional street lamps is nearly completed under the charge of the Association's agent, B. H. Bourne. All communications intended for persons at this place should be addressed to Onset Bay Grove, East Wareham, Mass. Put this in your pocket and save time.

Messrs. Benjamin and Vaughan, passenger carriers, report nearly double the amount of travel to the Grove the present week of the 4th July than there was last year.

C. W. Sullivan is making extensive improvements on his cottage. In the expenditure of about two thousand dollars on Prospect Park dining hall this season, the seating capacity of the tables has been diminished to make room for bar and waiting room accommodation.

Old Pan Cottage. Clairvoyant Dreams. I am allowed by Mr. John Mackenzie, 1, Griegstreet, Inverness, an Associate of the Society for Psychical Research, to send to Light for publication the following cases within his own experience:

First: A young man, the eldest son of a family of about twenty-three years of age, was on his way to the West Indies. On or about the morning of the 14th of that month, my wife, who, like myself, has a strong propensity for dreaming, said, "I dreamt last night that David was shipwrecked."

"Now, with the exception of the exact date of the dream, I am prepared to give satisfactory proof for the above in every particular." First: That my wife informed myself and the members of my family of the dream several days before we heard the news. Second: That my son, who at present fills an office in Barbadoes, was in that ship when wrecked, and was one of the last two men rescued from her. And lastly, I attach a paragraph quoted from military authorities as to the actual occurrence of the wreck and the recovery of the survivors.

Mrs. E. H. Verger, of Vicksburg, Miss., relates a dream of her mother when a child: She and her elder and only sister were at an academy being educated. One night she dreamed that she saw her father and only parent dead, laid out in state in the parlor at home; she noted the sorrowing friends; then saw the family carriage coming over the lawn in haste for her and her sister; it drew up at the door and one of the family servants said he had come for them to go and see the last of their dear father. This terrible dream awoke her in horror, and shrieking, she rushed to the window, where she saw her father, but having accidentally broken her ankle bone, from the effects of which it took her several months to recover.

J. J. Daniels writes: I am well pleased with the JOURNAL as a fearless advocate for truth and honesty, and the exposé of all trickery, legerdemain and fraud practiced now by so many "would-be mediums." There are many good and honest persons who are deterred from making a thorough investigation of the truths of Spiritualism and spirit phenomena from the fact that upon their first attempt to look for light and truth they have been shamefully deceived, and contributed a small sum for the trickster's benefit. Such was the fate of your humble servant in the case of the Rev. Wm. H. Burdett, of New York, who had been his first and only experience in spirit phenomena, I certainly should have followed in the wake of many others and denounced the whole thing a trick and a delusion.

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THE IMAGE BREAKER. A SERIES OF TRACTS BY JOHN E. REMSBURG. The following are now ready: No. 1. The Decline of Faith. No. 2. Spiritual Intolerance. No. 3. Washington an Unbeliever. No. 4. Jefferson an Unbeliever. No. 5. The Christian Sabbath. Price, single copies, 5 cents; per dozen, 40 cents; per hundred, \$2.00; per thousand, \$20.00. Sent by mail, postpaid. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

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Contains Letters describing the Physical and Intellectual Habits of the following Men and Women, written by themselves: C. B. Frothingham—Physical and Intellectual Habits of T. L. Nichols, M. D.—On the Physical and Intellectual Habits of Englishmen; Joseph Rhodes Garrison, M. D.—Interesting Suggestions on Mental Health; Thomas W. Higginson—The Physical and Intellectual Habits of William Lloyd Garrison—Interesting Hints from A. Bronson Abbott—An Interesting Letter from S. C. Gilman, M. D.—A Plea for Handwriting by Mrs. W. M. D.—How to Banish Bad Feelings by Frances S. Hale—A letter written when she was 10 years old—A letter written when she was 15 years old—A letter written when she was 20 years old—A letter written when she was 25 years old—A letter written when she was 30 years old—A letter written when she was 35 years old—A letter written when she was 40 years old—A letter written when she was 45 years old—A letter written when she was 50 years old—A letter written when she was 55 years old—A letter written when she was 60 years old—A letter written when she was 65 years old—A letter written when she was 70 years old—A letter written when she was 75 years old—A letter written when she was 80 years old—A letter written when she was 85 years old—A letter written when she was 90 years old—A letter written when she was 95 years old—A letter written when she was 100 years old.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Letter from Mexico.

Chihuahua, Mexico, July 4th, 1883.

It may be of interest to some, to hear a correct statement of the methods pursued by the priests in this country, so far as it can be ascertained. In former times the Jesuits held absolute sway and controlled even the government, but a few years since Juarez secured the passage by Congress of confiscation acts, under which he took possession of, and sold for the government, the vast estates and properties which "the church" had accumulated outside of the churches in actual use. These consisted of immense tracts of land improved, ranches and city property improved and unimproved.

The sales were made in the interest of a ring; and property sold in such immense blocks, that only the ring could purchase, thus it all fell into the hands of a few at nominal prices, and though removed from the control of the church authorities it may be doubted whether the change of ownership has benefited the country, beyond the comparatively few dollars which the government netted in the transaction. Many of the priests are now very rich, having succeeded in retaining in their own right, a portion of the property attempted to be confiscated by the government. The cathedral here is a grand affair for this country, and indeed may be considered as a wonderfully well planned and constructed building, when the time and facilities for its construction are taken into consideration. Of course it has no finish, either inside nor outside. There are many busts and full length figures cut in the stone of which the columns and facade is constructed, and connoisseurs give much credit to a portion as artistic work. The attempts at ornamentation on the inside are exceedingly bad, of the "cheap and nasty" order as a rule, though recently a very substantial and well proportioned altar has been constructed of stone. There are immense doors at one end, and in about the center on each side through which on Sabbaths, or the principal feast days (which comprise about one-third the days of the year) may be seen the people kneeling throughout the entire building, and not infrequently extending the area thus occupied to the walk outside. Seats in churches are unknown here, and except on extraordinary occasions, women and children compose a large portion of the audience, often bringing great quantities of flowers and in great variety, with which to deck the altar.

The cathedral bells are rung by ropes attached to the tongues, but the ringing is in some way restricted by the civil authorities, though now sufficiently annoying to those unaccustomed to such noises. As it is the custom among the poor people who find themselves in debt, to sell their daughters on arriving at puberty, it is supposed that the practice has the approval of the priests, or at all events, it is winked at by them. The Catholic religion may possibly be better than none in a country like the United States where priests are restrained by public opinion, but where they largely manufacture public opinion, the practices of many of its devotees are almost beyond belief.

There is said to be a custom prevailing in this country to sell burial privileges in a cemetery at a reduced rate, with the privilege of removing the remains at any time when sanitary reasons will permit it, to any other place convenient. For example, for \$20 a burial place may be purchased for a permanent grave, while for \$5 a right may be secured to bury a person temporarily, with the understanding that whenever the authorities will allow it, the remains may be taken up and placed anywhere they choose without even a record. To me there is nothing horrible in it, but those who expect to meet the old body on "resurrection day" dislike to take the chances of having their bones mixed up with the common herd. I think I should myself prefer cremation. Many of the customs of the lower class should not be attributed to the upper class; the distinction should always be borne in mind. Of the upper class, the women and girls are the embodiment of goodness, while among those of the lower class, few such can be found. Nearly all these will steal unblushingly, and if detected, laugh at being caught, because they are not at all disgraced by it.

The system of peonage which was formerly in force in this Republic, was even more degrading than the slavery in the United States, as the slaves owners were compelled by self-interest and by law, to take care of the slaves, while the poor peons had neither protection or care, yet were held as firmly as a slave could be. Most of the vices of the poor class can be traced to customs compelled by the necessities produced by peonage. In a former letter, this system was hinted at, as that which many of the rich people of this country still desire to retain, and in spite of the law, would retain now, were there no foreigners here to prevent them, owing to the extreme ignorance of the laboring class.

Among the lower class there is little marrying done; the Mormon system so far as plurality of women is concerned, seems to prevail, though the women are not dignified as wives. The institution of marriage is, however, a very important matter with the upper class, and they have some very strange customs. A gentleman desiring to marry a lady he has seen or heard of, sends a friend to the parents, requesting permission to call upon the daughter. If this be granted, he calls and holds his conversation with the daughter in presence of her parents or a trusted friend of theirs, but never before marriage is allowed to see her alone. Whether the frailties with the male or female, your correspondent is not advised.

Calling is considered equivalent to an engagement; the lady has nothing to say in the matter. It is said that a request to call is seldom refused, as there is but one idea in the minds of either parents or daughters, and that is "matrimonia." The suitor supplies the entire trousseau so that the financial question is not an embarrassing one on the part of parents or daughter. These women seem to have great love for their children and are extremely kind and affectionate, and generally very happy, as they expect no attention from their husbands, and so far as your correspondent has seen or can learn, their expectations in this respect are invariably realized in full. Some foreigners have married Spanish ladies, and such usually may be seen with their wives as they would, had they married one of their own nationality, but as a rule, the Mexican gentleman is never seen with his wife outside the home.

I have it from excellent authority, (that of a teacher) that most of the girls have no education; may be able to read a little, but scarcely ever attempt to learn anything except a little embroidery or fancy work, and perhaps give a little attention to music. They have had no discipline of the mind, and do not know how to study or to learn, and possibly it is for this reason husbands do not enjoy their society more abroad. A few, however, are exceedingly clever in most respects, and

have intelligence, education, accomplishments, amiability, fine manners, and are in general, the peers of ladies of the best class anywhere.

By law, whether a marriage be celebrated by a priest or not, the ceremony must be performed by a civil officer and the formalities required are exceedingly numerous and restrictive, thus reversing the ordinary course of things in most countries, making marriage extremely difficult, and who shall say, that in this particular, the Mexican law is not worthy to be copied and enforced elsewhere? CAROL.

Pacific Pats,

Gently Applied to Henry Ward Beecher.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Life in its many vicissitudes hardly bears the review of an intelligent being. Its struggles are not on an average with the intelligence of a lot of flood wood rising and falling, going out to sea and returning with the tide. Thought and reason have ever been met by opposition; real intelligence, in other words, an honest desire to learn the truth, has been more bitterly opposed than the most ludicrous fanaticism or the most outrageous nonsensical and unreasonable rickety. In America those who left home thought only to avoid persecution, became and were bitter of all men in their opposition to freedom of thought. Fifty years ago, to split any kindling wood or milk after sunset Saturday, was the crime of a church in the commemoration of Jesus, was the horror of his Presbyterian neighbor. To dance and sing in the parlors of your own house was a gross immorality that it was a moral character in a New England village, fifty years ago, to appear, fifty years ago from all and to have read Voltaire and certain eternal damnation. To doubt the human kind to keep, was blasphemous, and yet not a religious kept it, save the fragments down Saturday until it was whipped through the were witches; in other some things the priest did not know. They claim of Endor, who prophesied truth, was a witch, while and told a lie were at and even at this late day, I ders Bible record by slanders and the record by saying Endor.

The creed of Andover to-day sends Catholics and all lies, Jews, Unitarians, Universalists and their peculiar tenets, to ditton. Brother Newman Smyth swallow the delectable morsel brethren say he did right; the other did wrong. Beecher's father side of his church to eternal misery, Ward retains the same creed, how Jesus, divine salvation through Jesus says grace and asks for blessings in "our Lord and Savior," and in breath states, "I hold that the salvation of Christianity to-day lies in men's personal business—now you see it and now you do. But there is one thing the priestcraft forget to see or fully appreciate, and Henry Ward leads the list in a salary of two thousand a year, and in the same breath says, "Mediums are making merchandise of heaven," by scientifically and truthfully telling human kind of a real, tangible life hereafter, for less amount than the value of the bread they need, while he draws from the people his twenty thousand for talking of heathen myths, of a man God who never advanced one original idea and whose utterances of eternal vengeance upon those who did not believe as he did, are simply dreadful. Henry Ward draws twenty thousand per year for teaching that the Levitical law is God's command, and yet he and his family's only noble record is in the fact that they stood like giants to overthrow human slavery which that holy book declares to be the law of Beecher's God and Savior. Henry Ward draws twenty thousand a year to teach of God's Holy Bible, and to slander spiritual mediums for their idiosyncrasies, while he dare not stand before his congregation and read either the Levitical law, the book of Esther or Solomon's Songs, unless he can deny every good act of his anti-slavery record, his every word in favor of women's rights, or sink low enough to read literature that would make the occupants of a house of ill fame blush.

Henry Ward has passed his seventy years of earth-life, and is drawing twenty thousand per year to teach from the Holy Bible—the God given book—the divinity of "Jesus our Lord," and in all those seventy years he has done more to undermine and destroy its technical teachings, its lawful teachings, and his own and brother churchman's theologies, than all the infidels who ever walked this earth. He never stood an hour in his life before an audience that he did not teach a more pure, loving, forgiving, industrious, eternal progressive life than any verse of his Bible or teaching of either his Bible God or man made Lord and Savior, and to-day is a better man—a better God than any religious sect has ever yet given to its devotees. Looking at Mr. Beecher from this stand-point, I feel sad to know that he has unfortunately allowed himself to cloud a life in search of truth and human welfare, to cast slurs upon millions of the best men and women of earth, who have sacrificed their social, religious and political positions in search of the possibilities, probabilities or realities of a life when this physical shall end. Spiritualists are not theorists; they give the world phenomena. They say to Mr. Beecher and to all, "Come, see the man that hath told me of all that I have done from my youth up." When a man slanders a Spiritualist, he abuses science; he makes of himself a fool and a knave in that he refuses knowledge. The signs of the times show that men demand fact, proof, and that heathen tradition, vulgar literature, improbable mirages, mythical yarns and religious miracles have passed their day of usefulness. San Francisco. T. B. CLARK.

Walnut is less used for finishing houses because of its high price, and the developing tendency to employ light shades in wood, to produce a cheerful and refreshing effect, rather than one of sombre elegance. Calico ash costs about \$35; quarter-sawn sycamore, \$50; quarter-sawn white oak, \$60; quarter-sawn beech, \$50; white maple, \$35; Mahogany, \$150; and mahogany from 10 to 20 cents a foot.

A Prophecy.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Allow me to communicate the following facts, which have some slight bearing on the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" Can a man make his presence known to us in the form? Does he do it under any circumstances or conditions? While residing in Darien, Walworth County, Wis., there were several who formed a circle for the purpose of inquiry into spirit phenomena, in which were four mediums for various phases of manifestations. On the evening of Feb. 16th, 1882, myself, wife and daughter, Lyman Seaver Jr. and Rodney Seaver, met at the residence of John W. Cunningham in Sharon, Walworth Co., whose family consisted of himself, his wife and six children. The persons enumerated made up the circle for that evening, after leaving out three of the younger Cunningham children. The circle was formed about a common dining table, and after sitting, perhaps, three-fourths of an hour, those forming it separated into knots of twos and threes, as usual, and the members were enjoying a social chat, with the exception of myself and daughter, who, though sitting within a few feet of each other, were not engaged in conversation. During the continuance of the circle there had been no manifestations other than of a trivial character, and though not disappointed, each probably felt that from some cause the séance had been an almost total failure.

My daughter was sitting partly by my side and back. Hearing a sound, something like a sigh from her, I looked around and saw that she was partially under control, and was knowing from past experience that there was something of importance to be given, I waited for her full control without calling the attention of any one to her. As soon as this condition had been reached, she directed her conversation to me as usual in such cases, and the first words spoken were, "They have got."

"Got what?" I asked. "That place down there." "What place?" determined to give no leading idea or influence the control in any manner if it could be avoided. To the last question came the response, "That fort about which they have been fighting."

"What fort?" "Why, Fort Donaldson."

"Well, have they got anything more than the fort?"

"Yes; they have got the men also, and all the ammunitions of war the fort contained." I then said to the control, "This is a matter of some importance, and I intend to use it as a test. I therefore want a statement that is absolutely reliable." The medium's chin fell upon her breast, and she sat for two or three minutes motionless as a statue, when the control again addressed me, and said: "It is absolutely certain that the fort has been taken, together with the munitions of war, the arms and a considerable number of the men, but not all. I see a body of men marching from the fort, but how many I cannot tell, there is so much confusion. This statement you may rely upon as correct." We knew Grant was besieging Fort Donaldson, and that its capture was probable, but how soon, we knew not. Those who are conversant with the history of the times, remember that Donaldson was surrendered to Grant in the afternoon of Sunday, Feb. 16th, 1862, and the official bulletin confirmed the corrected report through the medium in every essential particular. Probably a telegram had been received in Chicago announcing the capture of the fort, but certain it is that no one in Darien or Sharon had received any intelligence of its capture.

Let those who can explain this on any other hypothesis, than that there was an intelligence independent of the medium, who passed, apparently, with the celerity of thought, from place to place, collecting facts and giving a full and fair statement of them, do so, and set at rest one of the points that, if evidence is good for anything, it proves that intelligences outside of ourselves, and to the natural eye invisible, do under certain conditions, communicate facts and ideas to us. S. F. DEANE, M. D. Carleton, Neb.

Perplexed.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The more we are things connected with spirit communications, even when coming through our most reliable mediums, that I, in my limited knowledge of such matters, would gladly be enlightened upon. One of the things that troubles me is this: The unreliability of the information we receive. As an illustration, I will, with your permission, relate one or two incidents, hoping thereby to reach some one who may be able to throw light on the subject. In 1877, while in this city, I visited one of your noted mediums. That I might be certain of reaching the reliable ones, I called at the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and obtained a list of those mediums, from among whom I selected the one best known as a test medium. I need scarcely add that I was well paid for my time and money; but among other communications received was one which predicted the birth of a babe, giving its sex, selecting a name, with various and sundry directions as to its treatment, etc., winding up all with a desire to know if the fact of the child's birth were not pleasing to me. I replied, in substance, that it was not, for the reason that the children (or several of them) born of those parents had lived only to suffer and die. The assertion came quick and prompt: "This one will live!" The child was born, but lived less than two years, I think.

Later on a message or communication similar in its nature was given to me in regard to yet another child of other parents. This time the information was received through the two best and most reliable mediums Chicago now holds. Through one control I was told: "The babe will live. What's to hinder it?" Through the other I was told: "The babe will live only a little piece of a way." The child lived less than a year. In neither of these instances was the subject on my mind or in any way brought up by me. Through both of these mediums I have, again and again, received communications that proved to be correct, but much oftener the most emphatic statements have proved to be without foundation in fact. Now, aside from the fact that we get the messages at all, of what earthly service can they ever be to us? And how shall we be able to distinguish between the true and the false? There is yet another point upon which I would be glad to hear a word upon him to speak knowingly, and it is this: Why do we so frequently and so wholly by information in regard to the thoughts, the words and the general doings of some person or persons in whose affairs we are not interested at all? That such cases are not of infrequent occurrence, I

can testify, much to my own disappointment, as I am like the majority of other people and want to hear about my own individual affairs; the interests of those near and dear to me, etc., and not about the affairs of outsiders. Can any one tell me how to avoid becoming the recipient of such information in the future? If so I shall be obliged, and will avail myself of the kindly service. Wishing the JOURNAL every success I am, as heretofore, its friend and admirer. Chicago, Ill. Mrs. A. A. HARRELL.

"Swear Not at All."

The Philadelphia Press says: "How many of our public men are addicted to this sinful and most useless habit! I do not think Mr. Lincoln used profane language quite as bad, Andy Johnson could swear and did swear, roundly and fluently. So did Mr. Stanton and Mr. Seward. So, also, Mr. Fessenden, and Henry Wilson, when his feelings were wrought up, as they were, for example, when Colfax was nominated for Vice-President at Chicago, would swear a little oath, as though he were half ashamed of it, but as though the ordinary language was not quite strong enough. I never heard that Gen. Grant swore, and I don't believe he does. I am afraid Mr. Arthur would forget himself if he got angry, but who ever saw him angry? Gen. Garfield used to swear 'as Deacons do'—I do vow, and I tell you. Mr. Blaine confines himself to Capt. Corcoran's oaths. Ex-Speaker Randall indulges the profane sin occasionally, and even Judge Kelley has been known to forget his early religious training. Gen. Bingham is entirely too nice to swear; so is Frank McLaughlin. Attorney-General Brewster can swear fluently in three languages. Eli Perkins says that Don Cameron was never known to utter a profane word. Oliver P. Morton (we shall not look upon his 'like again') was determined in his profanity at times. Mr. Hayes swore only in his mind, and then only in the absence of his wife. It is said that the Prince of Wales is accomplished in the use of profanity."

Science and Art.

An \$800 silver brick from the Pioneer Reduction Works was exhibited at Nevada City lately.

In the heavy thunder storms which occurred in various parts of the country lately the lightning manifested its well known affinity for petroleum. Three large oil tanks were struck. One of them was near Olean, in New York, another another at Muncey Station, Pa., and the third in the yard of the Standard Oil Company at Communipaw, N. J.

The City of Rome, having had additional boilers put in and other improvements made, is now probably one of the fastest of Atlantic steamers, as on her trial recently she reached a maximum speed of 18.7 knots, or 21 1/2 miles an hour. The engines developed 12,000 horse power, as against 8,000, which was all that could be obtained from them previously. The City of Rome is over 8,400 tons measurement.

Professor George Forbes recently delivered a lecture on the subject of "Electricity as a Motive Power," in London. Speaking of the frequency with which water power is brought into the question of obtaining energy in the form of electricity, he refers to the idea of utilizing the water power to charge accumulators, which are to be placed upon cars and wagons and used to drive them over tramways. At first sight that seems very feasible, he says; but as he believes that compressed air tramcars are a success, he pertinently asks, in effect, why the water power has never been used to compress air.

J. E. Morris, M. D., in the Clinical Brief, says in regard to trichinae in swine that it is a well established fact that the real source of infection in swine lies entirely in the rat. A committee of Vienna physicians found in Moravia thirty-seven per cent. of rats examined trichinous; in Vienna and its environs ten per cent.; and in Lower Austria about four per cent. The well-known voracity of the hog, and its special fondness for meat, and especially rats and mice. To prevent trichinae swine it is highly important to cut off all the sources of disease in the diet of these animals.

At a recent meeting of the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia, Mr. T. M. Cleemann showed a map and profile of the Southern Pacific Railroad in California, showing where it crosses the dried up bed of a lake, being below the surface of the Pacific Ocean for 58 miles, and attaining a depth below said surface of 266 feet. At this point it skirts a deposit of salt from six to twenty-four inches in thickness. He also showed a number of photographs of the Tehachapi Pass on the same rail road near San Fernando. In order to attain it, he summed it with a sufficiently advanced grade, he was with a "developed" advantage being taken of a conical hill to wind about it in the form of a helix, crossing itself, and continuing on its way with several meanderings. The Saint Gothard Railroad has several such helices, but they are cut in the solid rock.

Cork is yielded by the cork oak, *Quercus Ilex*, which chiefly flourishes on the shores of the Mediterranean. They are, in Spain and Algeria, large forests of this tree, which is also cultivated in the department of Lot-et-Garonne and Var, in the south of France, and in Corsica. The cork oak arrives at its full growth in about one hundred years, when, in hot climates, it attains a height of sixty or seventy feet, with a diameter of six to eight feet. The bark consists of two distinct portions, the inner formed of a fibrous tissue, and the outer tuberculous, and of a porous and elastic consistency, which constitutes the cork proper. The first cork naturally produced by the tree is called the male, and has scarcely any value; but it is removed, a second layer is formed, a more elastic and less irregular, which is known as the female cork; and this is which is generally used.

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