

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

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

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### A LAW OF PROGRESS.

A Sermon Delivered by Wm. I. Gill.

(Reported for the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.)

Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end.—Isa. 9: 7.

Progress is the primary law of the universe. All finite fixity, however admirable and impressive, is but a base from which to rise. Whoever says "enough" to aught that is good, reverses the great enactment written on the brow of reason and indelibly impressed on the heart of the world. Of the increase of his government there shall be no end. Let this be our theme, and to foster and stimulate hope and effort for a permanent and universal advancement, be our aim.

Mr. Spencer, the Briarens of evolution, physical, mental and moral, has a large volume with the title: "Illustrations of Progress." This writer's definition of progress is very striking, and has commanded universal interest. It is as follows: "Evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations." I see some of you enjoy that well. Its perspicuity requires no comment, except that he here uses the word evolution for progress, on the ground that all evolution is progress. And he prefers the term evolution, because the term progress has become from long usage, identified with the teleologic notion of design and purposed object, of which he wants to be rid in the study of the universe, because it smacks of a personal Deity who has planned a goal or goals for the world and its several parts. He therefore prefers evolution, meaning by it continuous differentiation and definite coherent integration. Wherever there is real progress, without the obtrusion of any foreign element of design or comparison of relative ends, or means to ends. In other words, all variations or changes which multiply definite and fixed forms of existence are examples of progress. This is the modern anti-teleologic definition of progress. It may be made to appear supported by facts, if they are well selected and marshaled, with a sagacious exclusion of other facts which carry a different import; and no living man has any ability for such action at all equal to Mr. Spencer.

It will be no waste of time to spend a moment in the exercise of our ingenuity on the other side. We would not, however, rush to the opposite extreme, and say that an increase of definite and fixed heterogeneity is never exemplified in a case of progress, but only that this is not universal, so that it does not define progress. It has often been a change for the worse instead of the better, while changes in the opposite direction have been at times eminently beneficial. One of the fixed and very definite and sadly coherent differentiations of India is caste, which is eminently injurious, and we are longing for progress there by its dissolution. Something approaching caste has for long periods operated against the progress of Europe, where the population has been divided and classified into princes, nobles, commons, peasants, serfs and slaves; and over all we have sometimes seen the papal priestly caste; and all these differentiations have been most definite and fixed and coherent in the darker ages. The United States is decidedly in the rear in these elements of progress, and, strange to say, she has fought hard and suffered much to be rid of some of them, and to avoid the differentiation into two nations. Not long ago there existed among us the unhappy differentiation of slavery, which the Nation with fearful effort destroyed; and the lack of homogeneity which still exists be-

tween North and South, and between blacks and whites is the source of some of our chief perplexity and trouble.

The growing homogeneity between different nations and between different sections of the same nation is universally recognized as a proof and element of progress, wherever the change has been the effect of freedom, and not of repressive force. The welding and fusion of the old Gallic tribes and Norse invaders and settlers into a comparatively homogeneous mass, has made the magnificent nation of modern France. A similar process has successively created England and Great Britain. It has recently given us the Prusso-German Empire for the old and loose confederation called the Empire of Germany. It has given us the Kingdom of Italy for the petty States which divided between them the Latin foot, which was often used very differentiatingly by the Pope of Rome. And just about a hundred years ago, it gave us the United States for the old Colonies. Never was the world so homogeneous as it is to-day. Far distant and once unknown nations are approximating and conforming to each other. Even languages and dialects are diminishing in number, and a few leading languages are supplanting the weaker and inferior. Tribes and races which will not conform to this law of growing homogeneity, are destined to perish and disappear. We therefore conclude with great assurance that all evolution is not progress.

What, then, is progress? Without pretending to be absolutely precise and exhaustive, we may say that it is any change that improves itself to our reason and our approved feelings. Progress cannot be described by any forms of changes, but only by the ends they subserve or accomplish. The teleologic conception cannot be excluded from it. We never think of progress except in this light. Cosmic progress, social progress, intellectual and moral progress are always determined by this principle,—a rational and beneficial result.

The simple fact that we are finite and God is infinite, calls for such endless progress. Finite nature admits of it, and only by it can the infinity of God be indicated.

Now, we inquire, what is the law of this progress? What is the method by which progress among men and in the spirit of man is secured? A right answer to this question is important for our guidance and encouragement in the battle of life, that we may know how to work wisely, wait patiently, and endure bravely. It may teach us how to "stand and wait" with "quietness and assurance" when we have "done all" that we find to do, to rest in faith, and when the work is yet undone, to rest in faith in the unseen process of achievement by the providence of God.

This law of progress consists in the conquest, use and assimilation of opposing forces. Without this, I believe, there is no progress for the spirit of man. Opposing forces are necessary, and it is necessary that they be conquered and appropriated for higher ends. If we yield to these forces we become their slave, and must blindly grind in their prison-house, and if we do not use them they will use us.

The material world seems to be constructed on this principle, or as symbolical of it. By the interaction of opposing forces all things in nature operate. The centripetal and centrifugal forces are necessary to each other; and the cosmic balance of worlds is due to their joint yet antagonistic action. The expansive and explosive action of ignited powder is rendered effective, dangerous and deadly only by compression. Liberated steam is powerless. Only when it is opposed, compressed, restricted very powerfully in a metal cylinder, can it be made to exert force and be utilized as a trained agent in the service of man. You are able to walk only because the earth resists the action of your feet; and that tells the reason why you cannot walk on the air, on the water, on the quicksand or the yielding bog. Striking with your foot the solid earth and meeting resistance, you are thence able to push yourself forward. Thus the boatman propels his boat either by pushing at the water or the land; and the swimmer conquers the resistance of the water by the greater resistance which it makes to the strokes of his hands and feet. "The light dove cleaves the air" by means of its resistance to the stroke of her wings. The wax must be soft to be easily impressed with the seal, but if too soft it cannot retain it, and a certain high power of resistance is necessary to such a result. The resistance which the marble presents to the chisel and mallet of the sculptor is the necessary condition for the development and exhibition of his art and genius.

Passing from material to mental action, we find here the same law equally conspicuous. Thought makes progress chiefly by means of the counteraction of opposing thought. The free conflict of judgment and opinion and argument is the best educator of the race, especially in the higher region of intellectual action. We owe an incalculable debt to the heretics among the early Christians. They were the whetstone on which the orthodox intellect was sharpened to the keenest edge. They taught their opponents how to conquer, how to poise the lance and thrust it home. What were Athanasius without Arius and Pelagius?

Science and the philosophy which is thence originated, render more nobly in these days a similar service. How the Church is incited and necessitated to investigate, to think, to argue, to take broader and profounder views alike of God's providences and

revelations; to put a better interpretation upon her symbolic standards or to state them afresh, and thus in general to rise to a higher intellectual plane, fit precursor of a higher form and power of the spiritual life.

Not only science proper, but science falsely so-called, the aberrations of scientific men, are scientifically trained and disciplined in the traces of divine providences equally to chasten and purify and exalt the Church. A battle even with windmills is better than cowardly and inglorious inaction; still more with active and powerful spirits of darkness under the guise of angels of light, whose true character is hence disclosed. The delictic controversy in England of the last century, and the rationalistic controversy then, and later in Germany, have left to the Church a larger breadth of learning, a deeper philosophic insight, and a more vital sympathy with various phases of truth and spiritual life. And sure as is the right of truth to reign, the so-called "higher criticism" of our own day shall, as the days pass and the issues of the contest appear, minister to a like result. The buried cities of the Orient shall ultimately surrender all their hoarded and concealed treasures to the service of him who is the Truth, and polished slab and cylinder, and plaster, and papyrus, and huge sculptured monsters, and the very Sphinx herself shall speak, and all with one voice in attestation of the living Truth and Church of God. A strong faith generates a brave heart, and the brave heart justifies and verifies its faith.

But as we are all journeying on toward a perfect world, the heavenly Jerusalem, where it is supposed no heretics or infidels or skeptics can ever come, either for their own pleasure or our benefit, who is to help us there? Is that a world of eternal mental stagnation, or will other laws of progress be developed? Not other laws, but other means and forms in the working of the same law which we have formulated, the conquest and use of opposing forces. If there cannot be the same forces to oppose, there may be others. Satan is expelled from heaven, but our own purer and more alert and upright intellect may then be able to do for us what it cannot do here in consequence of its imperfection and the general imperfection of our faith and character.

Intellectual conflict can never cease and the law of progress by conquest can never perish; but the battle may then be wholly within the breast of the holy ones. Ah! you say, they have had enough of that here, and this is often their hardest trial; and they look forward to the better world as "the rest" from this as well as from outward troubles. Very true. But what is it which is the source of unrest, of pain and agony in these inner conflicts on earth? It is an imperfect faith and with it an imperfect character. We are afraid, like Peter, at the rising waves, and our spirit begins to sink; and then it is that the struggle becomes dreadful. It is a struggle with Apollyon in the very valley of the shadow of spiritual death, where hobgoblins and satyrs of every hateful and horrid form and voice dance before us and chatter in our ears. If our faith were stronger, we should be less disturbed; and if perfect, we should fight like the archangel Michael, in perfect serenity and assurance, with every faculty marshaled into line and working with precision and undisturbed energy. It is this lack of moral faith and spiritual vigor which makes us unwilling and unable to entertain suggestions which accord not with prepossessions or fear of consequences; and when they are forced upon us our weakness makes us tremble, until after a sad conflict, at last victorious, we eat honey out of the carcass of the slaughtered lion; or in plainer phrase, we have learned something from the enemy which we should have been much slower to learn but for his most unwelcome help; because of our want of the perfect poise and energy of an intelligent and inquisitive faith, in consequence of which we often avert our gaze from facts and turn our inquiries into wrong channels in obedience to a false working hypothesis.

Now let us indulge for a moment the happy supposition that we are in a perfect world, and ourselves as perfect; and then suppose that in studying God's creation anywhere we are confronted with facts which we cannot reconcile with accepted religious ideas or principles, should we be troubled, worried or irritated into anxious and distressing unrest? By no means. We should recognize the apparent conflict between the old notions and the new knowledge, and say that a reconciliation is to be found somewhere, and should proceed at once in the search for it, stimulated by the assured prospect of further discovery, just as men have gone delightedly into battle because of their perfect assurance of the righteousness of their cause and of its sure and speedy triumph. The celestial philosopher and saint will not predetermine precisely how his object is to be attained. While great principles must remain always undisturbed, he will have no special ism which he is resolved to maintain; but he will consider that possibly some subordinate ideas of his will have to be corrected, or without this, other discoveries may furnish the solution of the pondered problem. Just in proportion as we approximate this perfect subjective condition here, are we qualified to be leaders and guides of the people, and make our conflicts with error easy and successful.

It is our imperfection here which is the great source of our weakness, which creates confusion and strife and bitterness in our own ranks, and renders the aid of skeptical thought and labor so necessary and so painful; and the remarkable point of this Philo-

sophy is that much of the skepticism is born of this, our imperfection, which by this method may find a cure.

Successful efforts to bring intellectual discords into harmony are a three-fold benefaction: first, in the exercise by which they are achieved; second, in the fresh light which they shed on great and central truth; and third, in the ever-accumulating faith they beget in these truths. On these grounds it is that all scientific and philosophical ideas are to be squarely encountered and fairly conquered and brought in captivity to the obedience of Christ. Each of us has also practical discords to harmonize, which daily test our faith, our moral and spiritual skill and nerve, so that none of us can complain of a want of a theater of strenuous moral action, where power may be exercised and developed, and its present enjoyment and future and eternal fruition be determined. Here the battle is always to the strong and to the race to the swift; and all have an equal chance to run the race and fight the good fight.

As the world now is, therefore, we have in every direction for our advancement the advantage of both these forms of opposition, from our inner selves, and from the world of external circumstances as well as of skeptical minds which delight to find difficulties of thought and fact which our pious souls unaided would never see. How very fortunate we are. What a mighty and eternal blessing is the unbelieving spirit of modern science preparing for the Church of God. March on, ye crowned leaders of unreligious thought, ye skilled students of a supposed Godless world! Gather and accumulate your scientific treasures as you go. The Church of the living God is their heir, and she will wrench them from your unwilling hands and lay them baptized and holy at the feet of her Master, with adoring joy.

As it is in the intellectual, so it is in what is called the moral and spiritual world. Trial, temptation in various difficulties arising from the action of opposing forces, are inevitable, not merely as a consequence of the alleged fall of man and the operation and influence of sin in the world. No moral and spiritual strength can ever be developed except from exertion in conquering some form of opposing force and utilizing it, and in the continuance in that consists all the nature of any power, finite or infinite. It was not so much to chastise or purge out his sin as to augment his spiritual power, that Abraham was so greatly tried; and "having faith to overcome," he lives an immortal encouragement to the "faith and patience of the saints." What would Job have been without his afflictions, including the suspicions and upbraids of his mistaken friends? He would have been a case of "arrested development," obscured in the dead level of common men. Now he shoots up, columnar and granite-like, toward the sky, a monument of greatness which can never fall nor crumble. In these days you hear much of Martin Luther. But who does not see that it was his brave fighting within and without which made him great and cover his name with glory? There was first his long conflict, the hardest of his life, between his moral intelligence and the mummies of Popery, as to the grounds of salvation and the source of spiritual peace. This conflict intensified his better conviction and quickened his perceptions; and all the papal opposition had subsequently the same effect. If ever his imagination is excited to see the devil in bodily shape, he assails him with a material weapon, slinging the inkstand at the advancing form. Such antagonism clears a man from all doubt as to which side he belongs. He is definite, fixed and firm, "strengthened, settled, established."

On the same principle God's providence is ever graciously working for us and with us, even when it seems to be against us, and by means of such events we may often make the most rapid ascent in the kingdom of God. A lady, a widow, who had an only and much loved son, lost him; and then she said the Lord designed that she should make the needy world her husband and son, and to them she zealously devoted her time, talents and wealth. Many of the finest poems of all languages have had their origin in some such experiences; and in such mood it was, after the loss of his wife, that Longfellow wrote his "Footsteps of the Angels."

"With a slow and noiseless footstep Comes that messenger divine, Takes the vacant chair beside me, Lays her gentle hand on mine; And she sits and gazes at me, With those deep and tender eyes, Like the stars so still and saint-like, Looking downward from the skies; Uttered not but comprehended Is the spirit's voiceless prayer, Soft rebukes in blessings ended Breathing from her lips of prayer."

Hence works of fiction, which essay to describe the course of the human spirit through this life, tell the same story. It is somewhat appalling at times, to an observing mind, to note how true they are to life when they represent blunders, disappointments, disasters, utter failure as to all the main and most cherished objects in life, finally resulting in a spiritual enlightenment and elevation which would otherwise be to them unattainable in this world. I would fain be permitted to take an illustration of this from a very distinguished French writer, who was no purist, but who had a profound knowledge of the human spirit, and partially describes herself in the heroine of her own story. Corinne was gifted and brilliant and charming beyond any woman of her time. She loved, and her love was returned; but her affianced was unfaithful, and married another, was unhappy, conscious of a double wrong. Meanwhile the castaway saw that she had loved a

false idol, unworthy of the adoration offered to him, while the One Being who was able and worthy to fill her heart had been but too slightly regarded, and she thence develops a spiritual grandeur as she sinks slowly to the grave; so that her personality sheds on him, filled with remorse, and his wife and child who come to her in her last days, the most effective and precious of spiritual benefactions; benefactions which otherwise could never have come from such a source nor found in him a receptive spirit, from whatever source they might shine and flow.

As the great law of our existence is progress, and progress by valorous conquest, since our advancement will be contested at every point, it follows that we should not seek chiefly rest or ease, or any mere passive pleasure in this world. The Hindoo (and all Buddhism) shows a weak and debased character. Whatever interpretation we give to his Nirvana, we see in it an ignoble craving after passivity and undisturbed mental inertia. It is the absurd and contemptible cry of mind and soul for virtual extinction, the suicide of energy, without the suicide's energy which draws the trigger or drives home the fatal blade to the heart. No wonder that everywhere Buddhists are a harmless but an undervalued people, and that in India they have invited first the tyranny of the Moslem and then the stronger dominion of the Saxon Christian. The true man solicits a task, not that when it is done he may lie down at rest, but that he may then be able to perform a larger task. It has been said that Socrates married the turgid Xanthippe to help himself to a completer victory over his own temper; and I heard of a good man who chose a wife with a similar object. In so doing they were philosophical; but I am not anxious that all the young men before me shall follow their example. Judging from our divorce courts there are not a few of both sexes who are unequal to such a task, and who imagine they will succeed better in the next effort. We should do with our might whatsoever our hand finds to do, and endure with fortitude all necessary evils; but we see no virtue in needless, voluntary self-torture.

But there is a moral principle exemplified in choosing work which is not naturally inviting, work which the selfish shun, but which is very useful to somebody's welfare. This is sometimes done, and in some degree quite common; but the degree is small and too much limited within certain conventional and rather selfish bounds. I heard of a Methodist minister who said, "Give me the hardest place you have"; but I afterward discovered that this was ironical, born of bitterness and disappointment. Compared with a minister, it is quite easy for laymen to connect themselves with humble churches and poor ones, which need the help of talent and money; but I do not find them usually much inclined to form such unions. They prefer a more elegant and fashionable connection, which may, perhaps, not cost them as much as a poorer church would. Those who are marked for zeal and holy sacrifice are too often those only or chiefly who have in the providence of God been painfully fitted for their work by the loss or embitterment of their chief natural pleasures. It is related of Sir Wm. Wallace, the great Scottish patriot, that he was quite indifferent to his country's call upon her sons till his domestic peace, pleasure and hopes were blasted forever. That does not detract from his great deeds; it only shows how hard it is for men to voluntarily forego much for the good of others, and steadily prosecute the highest moral ends we can conceive, by all the means at their command, and thus make diffidently itself a help, and a contrary wind speed us directly to our haven.

I begin to fear that some will imagine that I am only preaching self-denial instead of progress; but I am preaching a law of progress, you must remember; and that that involves certain forms and degrees of self-denial. It is the denial of all-tempting proclivity when reason or conscience or benevolence forbids its indulgence. It is also on the other hand the gratification of conscience at the expense of selfish proclivity. It is always the gratification of the higher self against the lower, and the training and disciplining of these till they become habituated to the dominion of the higher. We are not to make our tastes and inclinations our standard and judge, but to conform them by practice to a subordinate position, as the willing handmaids of the moral sense, which enjoins us to follow the highest at all cost, or in the use of all our power, and the suppression of all opposing force without or within ourselves. There are those who have no taste for goodness, for painstaking benevolence, and some have no taste for economy so as to live within their honest resources, while others have no taste for truth and knowledge, but only for a creed; but all alike are bound to cultivate a taste for these things, to conquer the enemy, and so train him that he shall be glad to recognize his master and do his bidding. The effort may have to be great and prolonged to secure the victory; but the end is worth the effort; and it is the only thing in all the universe which is worth any effort at all.

When the wife of a Musselman does not deport herself to his taste, he discharges her and fills the vacancy, or leaves the chair as a standing warning to the others. The discarded wife, however, is out of a job, unless she can get so far away that there is no danger of being recognized. At best her chances of heaven are slim, and she often takes up with a Christian or infidel.

OLD LADY MARY.

A story of the Seen and the Unseen.

[Blackwood's Magazine.]

[CONCLUDED.]

On the other side, however, visions which had nothing sacred in them began to be heard of, and Connie's ghost, as it was called in the house, had various vulgar effects. A house-maid became hysterical, and announced that she too had seen the lady, of whom she gave a description, exaggerated from Connie's, which all the household were ready to swear had had never heard. The lady, whom Connie had only seen passing, went to Betsy's room in the middle of the night, and told her in a hollow and terrible voice, that she could not rest, opening a series of communications by which it was evident all the secrets of the unseen world would soon be disclosed. And following upon this, there came a sort of panic in the house—noises were heard in various places, sounds of footsteps pacing, and of a long robe sweeping about the passages; and Lady Mary's costume, and the head-dress which was so peculiar, which all her friends had recognized in Connie's description, grew into something portentous under the heavier hand of the foot-boy and the kitchen-maid. Mrs. Prentiss, who had remained as a special favor to the new people, was deeply indignant and outraged by this treatment of her mistress. She appealed to Mary with mingled anger and tears.

"I would have sent the hussy away at an hour's notice, if I had the power in my hands," she cried; "but, Miss Mary, it is easily seen who is a real lady and who is not. Mrs. Turner interferes herself in everything, though she likes it to be supposed that she has a housekeeper."

"Dear Prentiss, you must not say Mrs. Turner is not a lady. She has far more delicacy of feeling than many ladies," cried Mary. "Yes, Miss Mary, dear, I allow that she is very nice to you; but who could help that? and to hear my lady's name—that might have her faults, but who was far above anything of the sort—in every mouth, and her costume, that they don't know how to describe, and to think that she would go and talk to the like of Betsy Barnes about what is on her mind! I think sometimes I shall break my heart, or else throw up my place, Miss Mary," Prentiss said, with tears.

"Oh, don't do that; oh, don't leave me, Prentiss!" Mary said, with an involuntary cry of dismay. "Not if you mind, not if you mind, dear," the housekeeper cried. And then she drew close to the young lady with an anxious look. "You haven't seen anything?" she said.

"That would be only natural, Miss Mary. I could well understand she couldn't rest in her grave—if she came and told it all to you." "Prentiss, be silent," cried Mary; "that ends everything between you and me if you say such a word. There has been too much said already—oh, far too much! as if I only loved her for what she was to leave me."

"I did not mean that, dear," said Prentiss; "but—" "There is no but; and everything she did was right," the girl cried with vehemence. She shed hot and bitter tears over this wrong which all her friends did to Lady Mary's memory. "I am glad it was so," she said to herself when she was alone, with youthful extravagance. "I am glad it was so; for now no one can think that I loved her for anything but herself."

The household, however, was agitated by all these rumors and inventions. Alice, Connie's elder sister, declined to sleep any longer in that which began to be called the haunted room. She, too, began to think she saw something, she could not tell what, gliding out of the room as it began to get dark, and to hear sighs and moans in the corridors. The servants, who all wanted to leave, and the villagers, who avoided the grounds after nightfall, spread the rumor far and near that the house was haunted.

XI.

In the mean time Connie herself was silent, and said no more of the Lady. Her attachment to Mary grew into one of those visionary passions which little girls so often form for young women. She followed her so-called governess wherever she went, hanging upon her arm when she could, holding her dress when no other hold was possible—following her everywhere, like her shadow. The vicarage, jealous and annoyed at first, and all the neighbors indignant, too, to see Mary metamorphosed into a dependent of the city family, held out as long as possible against the good-nature of Mrs. Turner, and were revolted by the spectacle of this child claiming poor Mary's attention wherever she moved. But by and by all these strong sentiments softened, as was natural. The only real drawback was, that amid all these agitations Mary lost her bloom. She began to droop and grow pale under the observation of the watchful doctor, who had never been otherwise than dissatisfied with the new position of affairs, and betook himself to Mrs. Bowyer for sympathy and information. "Did you ever see a girl so fallen off?" he said. "Fallen off, doctor! I think she is prettier and prettier every day." "Oh, the poor man, cried, with a strong breathing of impatience, "you ladies think of nothing but prettiness! was I talking of prettiness? She must have lost a stone since she went back there. It is all very well to laugh," the doctor added, growing red with suppressed anger, "but I can tell you that is the true test. That little Connie Turner is as well as possible; she has handed over her nerves to Mary Vivian. I wonder now if she ever talks to you on that subject."

"Who? little Connie?" "Of course I mean Miss Vivian, Mrs. Bowyer. Don't you know the village is all in a tremble about the ghost at the Great House?"

"Oh, yes, I know; and it is very strange. I can't help thinking, doctor—" "We had better not discuss that subject. Of course I don't put a moment's faith in any such nonsense. But girls are full of fancies. I want you to find out for me whether she has begun to think she sees anything. She looks like it; and if something isn't done she will soon do so, if not now."

"Then you do think there is something to see," said Mrs. Bowyer, clasping her hands; "that has always been my opinion; what so natural?"

"As that Lady Mary, the greatest old aristocrat in the world, should come and make private revelations to Betsy Barnes, the under housemaid—?" said the doctor, with a sardonic grin.

"I don't mean that, doctor; but if she could not rest in her grave, poor old lady—"

"You think them, my dear," said the vicar, "that Lady Mary, our old friend, who was as young in her mind as any of us, lies body and soul in that old dark hole of a vault?"

"How you talk, horrid man! I say if she could rest in her grave, she is—because of being very destitute, it would be only nat-

ural—and I should think the more of her for it," Mrs. Bowyer cried. The vicar had a gentle professional laugh over the confusion of his wife's mind. But the doctor took the matter more seriously. "Lady Mary is safely buried and done with. I am not thinking of her," he said; "but I am thinking of Mary Vivian's senses, which will not stand this much longer. Try and find out from her if she sees anything; if she has come to that, whatever she says we must have her out of there."

But Mrs. Bowyer had nothing to report when this conclave of friends met again. Mary would not allow that she had seen anything. She grew paler every day, her eyes grew larger, but she made no confession. And Connie bloomed and grew, and met no more old ladies upon the stairs.

XII.

The days passed on, and no new event occurred in this little history. It came to be summer—balmy and green—and everything around the old house was delightful, and its beautiful rooms became more pleasant than ever in the long days and soft, brief nights. Fears of the Earl's return and of the possible end of the Turner's tenancy began to disturb the household, but no one so much as Mary, who felt herself to cling as she had never done before to the old house. She had never got over the impression that a secret presence, revealed to no one else, was continually near her, though she saw no one. And her health was greatly affected by this visionary double life.

This was the state of affairs on a certain soft, wet day when the family were all within doors. Connie had exhausted all her means of amusement in the morning. When the afternoon came, with its long, dull, uneventful hours, she had nothing better to do than to fling herself upon Miss Vivian, upon whom she had a special claim. She came to Mary's room, disturbing the strange quietude of that place, and amused herself by looking over the trinkets and ornaments that were to be found there, all of which were associated by Mary with her grandmother. Connie tried on the bracelets and brooches which Mary in her deep mourning had not worn, and asked a hundred questions. The answer which had to be so often repeated, "That was given to me by my grandmother," at last called forth the child's remark, "How fond your grandmother must have been of you, Miss Vivian! she seems to have given you everything—"

"Everything!" cried Mary, with a full heart. "And yet they all say she was not kind enough," said little Connie—"what do they mean by that? for you seem to love her very much still, though she is dead. Can one go on loving people when they are dead?"

"Oh, yes, and better than ever," said Mary; "for often you do not know how you loved them, or what they were to you, till they are gone away."

Connie gave her governess a hug and said, "Why did not she leave you all her money, Miss Vivian? everybody says she was wicked and unkind to die without—"

"My dear," cried Mary, "do not repeat what ignorant people say, because it is not true." "But mamma said it, Miss Vivian."

"She does not know, Connie—you must not say it. I will tell your mamma she must not say it; for nobody can know so well as I do—and it is not true—"

"But they say," cried Connie, "that that is why she can't rest in her grave. You must have heard. Poor old lady, they say she cannot rest in her grave, because—"

Mary seized the child in her arms with a pressure that hurt Connie. "You must not say that! you must not!" she cried, with a sort of panic. Was she afraid that some one might hear? She gave Connie a hurried kiss, and turned her face away, looking out into the vacant room. "It is not true! it is not true!" she cried with a great excitement and horror, as if to stay a wound. "She was always good, and like an angel to me. She is with the angels. She is with God. She cannot be disturbed by anything—anything! Oh, let us never say, or think, or imagine—" Mary cried. Her cheeks burned, her eyes were full of tears. It seemed to her that something of wonder and anguish and dismay was in the room round her—as if some one unseen had heard a bitter reproach, an accusation undesired, which must wound to the very heart.

Connie struggled a little in that too, tight hold. "Are you frightened, Miss Vivian? what are you frightened for? No one can hear; and if you mind it so much, I will never say it again."

"You must never, never say it again. There is nothing I mind so much," Mary said.

"Oh!" said Connie, with mild surprise. Then as Mary's hold relaxed, she put her arms round her beloved companion's neck. "I will tell them all you don't like it. I will tell them they must not—Oh!" cried Connie again, in a quick, astonished voice. She clutched Mary round the neck, returning the violence of the grasp which had hurt her, and with her other hand pointed to the door. "The lady! the lady! Oh, come and see where she is going!" Connie cried.

Mary felt as if the child in her vehemence lifted her from her seat. She had no sense that her own limbs or her own will carried her in the impetuous rush with which Connie flew. The blood mounted to her head. She felt a heat and throbbing as if her spine were on fire. Connie, holding by her skirts, pushing her on, went along the corridor to the other door, now deserted, of Lady Mary's room. "There, there! don't you see her? She is going in," the child cried, and rushed on, clinging to Mary, dragging her on, her light hair streaming, her little white dress waving.

Lady Mary's room was unoccupied and cold—cold, though it was summer, with the chill that rests in uninhabited apartments. The blinds were drawn down over the windows; a sort of blank whiteness, grayness, was in the place, which no one ever entered. The child rushed on with eager gestures, crying, "Look! look!" turning her lively head from side to side. Mary, in a still and passive expectation, seeing nothing, looking mechanically where Connie told her to look, moving like a creature in a dream, against her will, followed. There was nothing to be seen. The blank, the vacancy went to her heart. She no longer thought of Connie or her vision. She felt the emptiness with a desolation such as she had never felt before. She loosened her arm with something like impatience from the child's close clasp. For months she had not entered the room which was associated with so much of her life. Connie and her cries and warnings passed from her mind like the stir of a bird or a fly. Mary felt herself alone with her dead, alone with her life, with all that had been and that never could be again. Slowly, without knowing what she did, she sank upon her knees. She raised her face in the blank of desolation about her to the unseen heaven. Unseen! unseen! whatever we may do. God above us, and those who have gone from us, and He who has taken them, who has redeemed them, who is ours and theirs, our only hope; but all unseen, unseen, concealed as much by the blue skies as by the

dull blank of that roof. Her heart ached and cried into the unknown. "O God," she cried. "I do not know where she is, but Thou art everywhere. O God, let her know that I have never blamed her, never wished it otherwise, never ceased to love her, and thank her, and bless her. God! God!" cried Mary, with a great and urgent cry, as if it were a man's name. She knelt there for a moment before her senses failed her, her eyes shining as if they would burst from their sockets, her lips dropping apart, her countenance like marble—

XIII.

"And she was standing there all the time," said Connie, crying and telling her little tale after Mary had been carried away—"standing with her hand upon that cabinet, looking and looking, oh, as if she wanted to say something and couldn't. Why couldn't she, mamma? Oh, Mrs. Bowyer, why couldn't she, if she wanted to so much? Why wouldn't God let her speak?"

XIV.

Mary had a long illness, and hovered on the verge of death. She said a great deal in her wanderings about some one who had looked at her. "For a moment, a moment," she would cry; "only a moment! and I had so much to say." But as she got better nothing was said to her about this face she had seen. And perhaps it was only the suggestion of some feverish dream. She was taken away, and was a long time getting up her strength; and in the mean time the Turners insisted that the drains should be thoroughly seen to, which were not at all in a perfect state. And the Earl coming to see the place, took a fancy to it, and determined to keep it in his own hands. He was a friendly person, and his ideas of decoration were quite different from those of his grandmother. He gave away a great deal of her old furniture, and sold the rest.

Among the articles given away was the Italian cabinet which the vicar had always had a fancy for; and naturally it had not been in the vicarage a day before the boys insisted on finding out the way of opening the secret drawer. And there the paper was found in the most natural way, without any trouble or mystery at all.

XV.

They all gathered to see the wanderer coming back. She was not as she had been when she went away. Her face, which had been so easy, was worn with trouble; her eyes were deep with things unspoken. Pity and knowledge were in the lines which time had not made. It was a great event in that place to see one come back who did not come by the common way. She was received by the great officer who had given her permission to go, and her companions who had received her at the first call came forward, wondering, to hear what she had to say; because it only occurs to those wanderers who have gone back to earth of their own will to return when they have accomplished what they wished, or it is judged above that there is nothing possible more. Accordingly the question was on all their lips, "You have set the wrong right— you have done what you desired?"

"Oh," she said, stretching out her hands, "how well one is in one's own place! how blessed to be at home! I have seen the trouble and sorrow in the earth till my heart is sore, and sometimes I have nearly to die." "But that is impossible," said the man who had loved her. "If it had not been impossible, I should have died," she said. "I have stood among people who loved me, and they have not seen me nor known me, nor heard my cry. I have been outcast from all life, for I belonged to none. I have longed for you all, and my heart has failed me. Oh, how lonely it is in the world when you are a wanderer, and can be known of none—"

"You were warned," said he who was in authority, "that it was more bitter than death." "What is death?" she said. And no one made any reply. Neither did any one venture to ask her again whether she had been successful in her mission. But at last, when the warmth of her appointed home had melted the ice about her heart, she smiled once more and spoke.

"The little children knew me; they were not afraid of me; they held out their arms. And God's dear—and innocent creatures—" She wept a few tears, which were sweet after the ice-tears she had shed upon the earth. And then some one, more bold than the rest, asked again, "And did you accomplish what you wished?"

"She had come to herself by this time, and the dark lines were melting from her face. "I am forgiven," she said, with a low cry of happiness. "She whom I wronged loves me and blessed me; and we saw each other face to face. I know nothing more."

"There is no more," said all together. For everything is included in pardon and love—"

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

HEALING.

Least obtrusive of all the phenomena attending this Spiritual Dispensation, there is none more beneficial to the world, none which appeals more directly to the heart of the people, than the wonderful power of healing by laying on of hands. Of course the doctors who have studied the action of drugs, the druggists, and the patent medicine vendors, laugh at this mode of cure, declaring the results unquestionably produced to be all due to faith and imagination—just as they argued about homeopathic remedies. But homeopathy has won its way to wide success. Homeopathy is making rapid inroads upon Allopathy; and Healing by simple laying on of hands is rapidly displacing both.

It seems wonderful that men and women who know nothing of anatomy, nothing of any theory of magnetism, or nerve force, who are not even in possession of a fair English education, sometimes, should so speedily relieve pain, disperse obstinate tumors, even cure bad cases of cancer, with no medicine but that hidden in their own frames, no apparatus but their hands. That they do this is beyond all question, if human testimony is trustworthy. Imagination and faith may sometimes help, but the infant lying in unconscious agony, imagine, or believe anything, when the hands are laid upon it? Yet the doctors of the day, and the sick child is cured. It is things, that it is hard to conceive of anything that could astonish them now. That such a power should be among us seems to be the "commoner" and is little understood by those who have had no experience in this kind, do get astonished, often, at things that seem impossible, in their own eyes, where they know all the circumstances. Hence healers do far more to bring accessions to the Spiritualist ranks than is usually suspected. "I don't know anything about your Spiritualism, but

I want you to use that power you have," say they at first; but, when healed, they are apt to consider how and why. Not long since the child of a Roman Catholic lady was cured of a dangerous disease by a healer, and the mother was severely rebuked by the priest for allowing it. "I don't care," said she to a friend, "I got help there when I could not get it any where else, and if need comes, I am going again, church or no church."

Much speculation has been made as to the nature and source of the power of healers. It is partly their own, depending upon what is called their magnetic relation to their patients, and largely the power of spirits acting through them. Because of the first, every healer finds those he cannot heal. Because of this also, physical strength is often unnecessary, and a weak, delicate woman can affect and cure one in full vigor of manhood. Impressing their magnetism as they do upon passive patients, the healer more than any one else, must see to it that no impure influence is given forth. That can poison the body and incline the soul to evil, if they are impure in life or thought. No healer of impure life should ever be admitted in a family.

But the chief cause of the healers' power is from spirits who impress or otherwise direct them. Not one healer in a hundred can tell why the special manipulations adopted in any particular case are used. They are trying to restore health, how they are to do it they are generally entirely ignorant. Not only do spirits teach them what to do; they intensify the power the medium already had, so that the cure is really the result of spirit-power. Some healers, in addition give medicines. Some write prescriptions they do not themselves understand, written in Latin, of which language they are entirely ignorant. Some are clairvoyant, others are not. All are mediums, but not at all times; and, as with all classes of mediums, they are most effective when least self-conscious, when led most completely by their spirit guides.

Account of an Extraordinary Seance with Mrs. H. V. ROSS.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

There is no phase of mediumship concerning which there is so much controversy, such a diversity of opinion, and where fraud is so easily practiced, so difficult of detection, and where its perpetrators escape with such impunity, as in that phase known as "full-form materialization." The above was suggested by a materializing seance recently given by Mrs. H. V. Ross of Providence, who was lately the victim of a slanderous, and, as I believe, after careful inquiry and observation, malicious attack upon her personal character and mediumship, by a Providence newspaper. Without further comment on the materialization controversy, or the attack upon her, will you allow me, through your valuable columns, to give a brief account of her seance? It was held at the house of a friend of mine in this city, as a complimentary benefit to Mrs. R., and I was one of twenty-eight invited guests, composed mostly of business men and their wives. The front parlor was used as a seance room, and a small room adjoining it, with a door opening into the hall-way and another into the parlor or seance room, was used as a cabinet.

Now, though this was in no sense intended as a test seance, yet it was given under test conditions; and one of the first and most important of these, on all occasions where more than one form appears at a time, is to preclude the possibility of confederates, and this was effectually accomplished by two skeptics, one of whom is connected with a city paper. After the cabinet had been carefully examined by several ladies and gentlemen, and the door, leading into the hall, closed and locked, and the key pocketed by one of the guests, these two gentlemen sealed the door, and placed their private marks upon the seal. At the close of the seance they immediately examined the seal in my presence, and declared that it had not been touched.

Preparations being completed, the lights were lowered, and the seance commenced, the medium having seated herself upon the sofa in the back part of the cabinet. Hardly had we sung a verse, when a female form, dressed in pure white, parted the curtain (pieces of black muslin hung before the door leading into the cabinet) and stepped into the room, and was recognized by one of the party as her sister.

This was the prelude to a series of forms, old and young, male and female, tall and short, which, for more than two hours, succeeded each other in such numbers that the aggregate of time occupied by their presence exceeded that of their absence, and I think (except of this I am not quite sure) all were recognized. On six or eight different occasions, two or more forms were before the curtain at the same time. If confederates were precluded (and I aver that they were), then there was not only no fraud, no transfiguration, no "disfiguration" of the medium, but genuine "full-form materializations"—Mrs. Ross not being able to psychologize twenty-eight ladies and gentlemen, and make them think they saw two persons when there was but one, and that one Mrs. Ross, first, last and all the time, playing the role of father, mother, brother, sister and friend, successively for two mortal hours.

At one time, twin sisters, petite in stature, (Mrs. Ross is a large, fleshy lady) and clad in white, stepped out of the cabinet, and advanced, arm in arm, some eight feet, to their father who, recognizing them at once, stepped between them, and having introduced them to the audience, with each an arm in his, he accompanied them to the cabinet. This was the most beautiful sight of the evening. On four or five different occasions, while one or more forms were in front of the curtain, but not readily recognized, the control, through the medium, would announce their names thus: "He says his name is—" This happened in my case. A gentleman of more than medium height appeared and stood between the parted curtains, but no one recognized him. Some one said: "How long he stays." Another said: "He seems determined to be recognized," etc. Finally, the gentleman who was conducting the seance said: "I think he wants to see you, Dr. Moore. He seems to point toward you." I was standing upon the side of the room, behind several seated persons, some distance away. On approaching, I at once recognized an old, familiar friend, but could not readily speak his name. Instantly the control said: "He says his name is Dr. Mellen, Miller or some such name."

The name "Miller" being spoken, I immediately saw, in the person before me, Dr. Miller, an old school-mate of mine, and for more than twenty years a member of the most prominent M. E. Church in Springfield, Mass., and for the last fifteen or twenty years the leader of the singing in the S. B., and much of the time a member of the choir. He passed to spirit-life some time in March last. I had not seen him for a year or two, hence could not readily recall his name. The hand-shaking between us was most cordial, and he seemed unwilling to return to the cabinet. Further particulars in regard to the coming of Mr. Mil-

ler to me would be very interesting, had you the space and I the time to give them. Suffice it to say that the announcement of the names of persons standing in front of the cabinet by the medium within it (confederates absent precluded the possibility of fraud.

Later in the evening, Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, who, you will remember, fell dead in his pulpit while at prayer on last Christmas day, in East Boston, stepped out of the cabinet, and was immediately recognized by Mr. J. C. Morse, a well-known resident of this city. Mr. Cudworth was chaplain of the eleventh Mass. regiment, during the "late unpleasantness," and acted as its post-master. Mr. Morse belonged to, and was for some time acting post-master of, the first Mass. regiment, and the two regiments belonged to the same brigade, and by the frequent interchange of miscarried letters, Rev. C. and Mr. M. became acquainted, and the acquaintance ripened into close friendship. Hence the appearance of Rev. Mr. Cudworth in this seance. They conversed in a whisper some time. "Did he look natural, Mr. Morse?" I asked. "As natural as when in earth form," was his reply. Near the close of the seance, Epes Sargent came from the cabinet. Why did he materialize at this seance? If for no other reason, because Mrs. R. A. Dodd was present—a well-known magnetic healer of our city, who, for several weeks before Mr. S. passed over, treated him daily, to relieve him of a severe pain caused by an affection of the tongue, which prevented him from articulating distinctly. When he came out the conductor of the seance said: "Here is a gentleman who is unable to speak." Mr. S. pointed over to Mrs. Dodd, and as she approached, recognizing him, she said: "No wonder you could not speak." She said that in his effort to speak to her he made the same sounds as when in the form and nearing the "other shore."

Though I have omitted many facts that are most interesting, connected with this seance, since, "brevity is the soul of wit," I will stop. Frayed to the rear! but let us hold up the hands of the advance guard, our true mediums (over) as were upheld the hands of Joshua) in the great battle of truth against error, of knowledge against ignorance and of the religion of humanity against that of selfish superstition. J. D. Moore.

Boston, May 3rd, 1884.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Materialization no Proof of Identity.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

I am a believer in materialization simply because I have had evidence that was satisfactory to me, and under conditions that I deemed fraud-proof. By materialization I mean the genuine appearance which, born of spirit power, gives a brief individualized form to atoms collected from medium, sitters and atmosphere, and with no real kinship to the fraudulent transfiguration palmed off at advertised circles as genuine materialization. But though I believe in the possibility and reality of such temporary manifestation of spirit-life and power, I can find no proof that it is my spirit friend who stands before me; on the contrary, my reason assures me that that would be an impossibility, notwithstanding that such is the cardinal belief of many experienced investigators.

The usual explanation of this phenomenon, given by platform orators and spirit controls, is that our visitor from the Summer-land takes on a coating of mundane matter, and thus electroplated with mortality, is exhibited, the real individualized spirit becoming manifest to mortal eye. But this theory will not bear thoughtful examination. Here is my friend, the brave old soldier, whose manly soul peeped out through a maimed and mutilated body, during all the years of our acquaintance and mutual friendship. After many an attempt I am at last privileged to see my old friend, natural as in earth life, with left sleeve hanging armless; a finger gone from his right hand, and with crutches to support the footless limb. The meeting seems a mutual pleasure, and for the hour, become a worshiper of such phenomenon.

But I begin to think and reflect. Does the crippled mortal carry a crippled spirit to all eternity? Spiritualism has always proclaimed that imperfections of earth-form cast no shadow on the arisen spirit. If that be so, the manhood of that old soldier is gloriously perfect in the Summer-land. But if we accept that as a law of nature, it follows that the form which just now at the seance thrilled me with the joy of a resurrected friendship, was not really the spirit of my friend made visible by some wondrous celestial chemistry. For that form was alive with every imperfection of the past; therefore, logically, I claim it was not actually my soldier friend. But if not actually my friend, what was it that I greeted with my whole soul at that seance? Was it not a figure, a statue formed by wondrous spirit power out of earth atoms; a resemblance, even in every defect, to the brave old warrior?

Since it could not be my arisen, glorified, perfectly formed spirit brother, then it must have been such a statue as I suggest; yet it was more than a statue molded by the hand of mortal artist; for here stands a wondrous instrument that can be played upon by spirit power, even to a brief manifestation of affection of the soul. It can bow, and whisper and kiss; but, I soon notice, it lacks mental power to grasp a new idea, or utter a useful thought. It stands a spirit marionette, moved at the will of an invisible operator.

But we see that my emotion was, after all, being played upon by that unseen intelligence, exactly as statues and paintings are used by priestcraft in earth life to win loving worship from the devotee. I was in reality much farther from true intellectual contact with my spirit friend, than I would be through a first-class unconscious trance medium.

It seems to me that this fact should arouse attention to the real purport and result of this class of phenomena. The miscellaneous inharmonious public seance is necessarily the favorite hunting ground of the fraud-loving threshold spirit. He hears all that is said; he sees all that is done. We see at once that, though, in that beginning our spirit friend may have sat for his portrait, and may have successfully willed it to that measure of intelligence, that same form could be reconstructed at the future seance just as well without his presence or knowledge. Consequently the genuine figure of to-day becomes the fraudulent figure of to-morrow; and these so-puffed and be-praised seances are in reality only spirit-variety shows with performers, far shrewder than mortals, to run the entertainment for the profit of the medium and their own fan.

New York.

A Vermont man has lost a goose that is said to be 100 years old.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. FOR NERVOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, &c. Send to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I., for pamphlet. Mailed free.



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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 17, 1884.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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How to Extinguish Spiritualism.

Some people would like a specific for extinguishing Spiritualism. They have tried to lie it out of existence, to sneer it into contempt, to prove its absurdity by argument.

Every pretended spiritual materialization is a base imposition, and the impostors ought to be punished by fine and imprisonment for obtaining money by false pretenses.

In his haste to write strongly the Observer man interjects "pretended," and thus wholly vitiates the force of his statement.

How the reverend editor knows that every materialization is an imposition, he does not say. It is quite likely he has never attended a materializing séance, and has only heard of base imitations.

We learn wisdom by the results, and that Spiritualism consists in something more than a few "tests," or the meetings held by a lecture club.

The failures of individuals, who catch only a glimpse of some salient feature, should not be charged to the cause. Spiritualism is a home-religion, and there it can work out its full fruition, in conforming our lives after its high ideal.

But, the second point, that stopping materializations, were it possible, would end Spiritualism, is notably false. There are many ways in which spirits come, ways the law can not watch.

Yet much may be done to extinguish Spiritualism, but not by any outside force. Spiritualists may do much to damage Spiritualism

even though it be indestructible. The Spiritualist whose life is impure or dishonest, is a deadly foe to the cause he professes to cherish. The believer who is content with the fact that he is convinced, and cares not whether his neighbor has a similar comfort and guide, is a drag and hindrance.

Needlessly Disheartened.

A highly esteemed correspondent from Pennsylvania writes that his wife wishes to say:

"I had once much hope of good resulting from the influence of Spiritualism, but that hope has not been realized. On the contrary, instead of elevating to a higher state of moral purity, peace and happiness, the opposite has been the effect in this section and surrounding country."

The above voices the thoughts of a certain class of Spiritualists, and regretfully must it be said that in some measure the position is sustained by appearances.

Let us remember that neither the function of mediumship, nor the simple belief in the identity of the communicating intelligence, is necessarily connected with morality.

But let us not grow disheartened and give over in the strife. We know that our spirit friends do come to us, and that life in spirit is a continuation of this.

We must look beyond the phenomena, to the great systems of science and of ethics, which it makes a living reality.

The failures of individuals, who catch only a glimpse of some salient feature, should not be charged to the cause. Spiritualism is a home-religion, and there it can work out its full fruition, in conforming our lives after its high ideal.

But the great work of Spiritualism is ahead. The times are preparing for its perfect understanding. The weak will fall by the way, but those who are strong and endure, will ere long see what a few now catch glimpses of.

Mr. Gill's Sermon.

It is rare to find an orthodox preacher who shows such appreciation of the good there is in heterodoxy, of the unbelief which makes faith grow to be truer, firmer and sweeter, because of the opposition with which it has been met.

The Atonement.

In one way or another, the doctrine of the vicarious atonement of Jesus Christ is found in nearly every orthodox sermon; now directly proclaimed and enlarged upon, again only hinted or suggested.

"Dr. Alexander McKenzie" recently said in a sermon on the atonement that he should as soon think of analyzing his mother's dying breath as to analyze the sufferings of Christ on the cross to find out how the cross expiates human guilt.

And how does he know it? Of course he will point to the Bible, but many claim that the atonement is an invention of Paul's, that Jesus never taught it, that it is found only in the Epistles, never in the Gospels.

There is no proof attainable of the truth of the doctrine of vicarious atonement, and there are many reasons why it cannot be true.

Nothing can be good in him which evil is in me." In addition, brief mention may be made of an evil often pointed out—the direct encouragement to sin which the doctrine furnishes.

Education and Crime.

Some time ago an article on this subject was published in the JOURNAL, giving some startling statistics of the proportion of criminals among the educated. The article attracted much attention, and some doubt was expressed whether so terrible a showing could be true.

There are eight provinces in the kingdom of Bavaria. In four of these there are more churches than schools.

On another page Dr. J. D. Moore, a close observer and an old Spiritualist, gives an account of a séance with Mrs. Ross.

Correspondents are particularly requested not to send us postage stamps except for fractions of a dollar.

G. B. Stobbins will attend the Orion Lake Camp Meeting, June 6th and 8th, also the Stargis Yearly Meeting, June 14th and 15th.

Onset Bay Camp.

Visitors at Onset Bay the coming summer are promised lectures from Dr. Juliet-Stillman-Severance, V. P. N. L. L.; Dr. J. Susie-Willie-Webster-Willis-Fletcher; and Warren Chase, known as the Lone One with a life-line.

The New Spiritual Temple.

The corner-stone of the First Spiritual Temple at Boston, Mass., was laid April 9th with appropriate ceremonies. Copies of secular and spiritual papers, with a history of the Society, and a list of its officers, were placed in the stone.

The object of erecting this building is to establish a school where men, women and children may be instructed in spiritual, intellectual and physical development.

Facts from the Census.

Mr. D. Lott, Lottsville, Pa., has been studying the U. S. Census reports, and extracts the following: In 1850, the population of the United States was 23,191,376; of these 6,737 were criminals.

In 1860, population 31,443,321; of these 19,086 were criminals, 24,042 insane, 18,930 idiots, 12,658 blind, 18,821 deaf and dumb.

In 1870, population 38,558,371; of these 32,901 were criminals, 37,432 insane, 24,827 idiots, 20,320 blind, 16,205 deaf and dumb.

In 1880 population 50,155,783; of these, 59,255 were criminals, 91,997 insane, 78,895 idiots, 48,928 blind, 32,878 deaf and dumb.

In 1870, there were 43,233 ministers and 40,694 lawyers. In 1880, 64,698 ministers and 64,137 lawyers. Increase, ministers 21,415, lawyers 23,443.

In 1880, there were 18,000,000 hogs slaughtered for sale and 500,000,000 pounds tobacco raised in United States.

Dr. Moore's Account of Materialization.

On another page Dr. J. D. Moore, a close observer and an old Spiritualist, gives an account of a séance with Mrs. Ross. We assume no responsibility and express no opinion, because in the nature of the case we are not in possession of data necessary to the formation of an opinion wholly free from error.

Postage Stamps.

Correspondents are particularly requested not to send us postage stamps except for fractions of a dollar. We are flooded with them, greatly to our discomfort, as they cannot be used as currency.

G. B. Stobbins will attend the Orion Lake Camp Meeting, June 6th and 8th, also the Stargis Yearly Meeting, June 14th and 15th.

GENERAL NOTES.

Mrs. O. T. Shepard lectures in Milwaukee Wis., next Sunday.

We refer our readers to the list of speakers for the Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting, which appears on the fifth page.

May 14th, the young child of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Silverston passed to spirit life. Memorial services were held at the residence of the parents, 20 South Ann St., on Tuesday last at 10 A. M.

We learn just as we go to press that Mrs. Nellie T. J. Brigham lectures on Wednesday evening, May 14th, at Martine's Hall on Ada St., near Madison. We hope she will be greeted with a large audience.

Mrs. E. A. Silverston requests us to say that she will answer calls to attend camp and other meetings to give tests of spirit presence and psychometric readings, and can be addressed at 20 South Ann Street, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. G. W. King is vigorously fighting the proscriptive methods of the Saratoga County Medical Society. His article in Saratoga (N. Y.) Eagle, is a bold impeachment of medical orthodoxy and intolerance.

Wm. P. Adshead, England, in renewing his subscription for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, says: "I have pleasure in receiving the JOURNAL, as I am desirous to be informed, on good authority, of the progress of Spiritualism in America."

Mr. G. W. Kates, editor of Light for Thinkers, will be in Chicago from May 13th to the 23rd, and will interest himself in the Lookout Mountain camp meeting, and will also address any meeting where his services may be desired.

The National Woman's Temperance Union, under the presidency of Miss Frances E. Wilford of Evanston, Ill., has issued its Annual Leaflet, showing its plan of organization and the different departments into which its work is divided.

A child of Mr. O'Leary, a resident of Lacombe, N. H., was missing, and all search seemed fruitless. The father at length sent for a well known clairvoyant, Mrs. S. B. Craddock of Concord, who saw the child lying at the bottom of the river.

A circular, which has just come to hand, sets forth that the "grand opening season of the Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting Association of Spiritualists, to be held at the Natural Bridge Springs, on Lookout Mountain near Chattanooga, Tenn., will commence Saturday, June 23th, and end July 27th, 1884."

The negligence of some of our good subscribers in keeping their dues paid up, when they can do it as well as not in most cases, and in all cases by a title of the exertion the publisher makes to supply them the paper, is remarkable.

Mrs. C. H. Hinckley of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "At a farewell reception tendered by Mrs. John Barrows at her residence, April 29th, to Mr. Walter Howell of Philadelphia, who has been speaking for the Spiritualist Society here during the month of April, a large company was present.

Mrs. M. E. Drake, Sherman, Texas, sends us an account of a "spiritual wedding." Dr. D. B. Morrow, homeopathist, was married to Miss Helen Boyle, both of Sherman, Texas, on April 27th. The ceremony, which is described as being unusually solemn and impressive, was, it is said, conducted by spirits—the bride being the medium.

"Prof." Warring is discouraged; after years of crooked work in building up a business in Chicago, the JOURNAL ruthlessly, and in the language of the editor of the o-p-o-e, "uncharitably" exposed his tricks, and thus made such "inharmonious conditions," as to interfere with the manifestations.

Reception to Gerald Massey.

On Wednesday evening of last week, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Bundy gave an informal reception at their residence, in honor of Mr. Gerald Massey. The attendance was only limited by the capacity of the house, and Mr. Massey was greeted by a large number of friends, anxious to welcome one whom many of them had heard in years past, and of whom all knew through his literary work.

Mr. and Mrs. Lillie are engaged in Boston for the month of May. For June they are engaged in Brooklyn, N. Y. They are also engaged in the same place for one year from 1st September next.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church met in Philadelphia, May 5th. Though the delegates were all ministers, accusations of "wire-pulling" and "log-rolling" in the matter of electing bishops and other officers, were freely uttered.

Special Notice to Spiritualist Societies. Mrs. Emma Harding-Britten begs to announce that she is prepared to give her celebrated, highly interesting and instructive lectures on "Astronomy, The Sun, The Wonders of the Starry Heavens," etc., etc.

CURRENT ITEMS.

Liberal, Mo., is to have a Normal school. At Vienna a Mormon missionary has been condemned to a month's imprisonment.

The mules used in Salt Lake City street cars rejoice in pet names given them by the drivers. One pair is known as Moody and Sankey; two others are called Molasses and Cream, and two others as Sin and Misery.

Henry Gruber, of Shelby County Kentucky, has a four-legged chicken; two of the legs grow from the proper place and two from the breast, and all are fully developed, giving it the appearance of some animal.

A gentleman who has given a good deal of study to the subject says, that while Philadelphia has a greater number of benevolent institutions than any city in the country, the percentage of paupers to the population is also larger.

Mrs. Jackson, the widow of "Stonewall," said in Chattanooga the other day that of the many Southern veterans with whom she had talked, hardly any would refuse to take up arms now to protect the Union they once conscientiously fought against.

A Washington correspondent writes of Mr. Robert Ingersoll that he is amusing when he means to be, and twice as much so when he does not mean to be. This is quite as good as some of the lively agnostic orator's epigrams on his Creator.

John Thomas, a colored boy of Lexington, Ky., got up a mouse trap entirely on his own ideas. A drummer saw the boy with it, and paid him 50 cents for it. He sent it on to Washington, secured a patent, and now thousands of them are being sold all over the country.

Dr. Talmage recently said: "I have no faith in the doctrines of Socialism. I do not think that anything will be accomplished by the gospel of dynamite; but that something must be done and will be done to stop this monopolistic devastation and give a chance to every man to achieve for himself an unmortgaged home, I am as certain as that yesterday was the 1st of May and that God saw all its injustices and aggravations."

Prince Bismarck was once admonished for whistling on the Sabbath day in Scotland, has never forgotten it, and will not be in the least surprised when he hears, as he will with grim satisfaction, that Mr. Gray, a member of the Helensburg United Presbyterian Church, who had been elected to the office of Elder, has just been refused ordination by the session on the ground that he "took a walk in the country Sabbath afternoon."

During a recent week there were 1,219 deaths in Paris and 1,307 births. Of these 1,307 children 695 were boys and 642 were girls, 923 of the total births being legitimate. The number of marriages for the same week was 228. In New York and Brooklyn, with about the population of Paris—viz.: two millions—the births average 1,300 and the deaths over 1,600 a week, while in London, with three and a half millions, the deaths are 1,700 a week and the births 2,800. London grows by natural increase over 84,000 a year.

Leonard Henkle, an able and reliable engineer, says that by using the wasted water power of Niagara Falls, all the cities of the United States and Canada could be illuminated by electricity, and save the consumption of millions of tons of coal now used in the manufacture of gas. He calculates that with 2,000,000 horse-power, electricity could be generated and conveyed by underground wires to all the cities. He estimates the first cost at \$50,000,000, whereas sixty-five cities now spend \$47,000,000 annually for gas.

For years past the garret at the White House has been filled with a lot of old furniture, some of which saw use in Jefferson's time. President Arthur has recognized the craze for the antique, by overhauling these long buried stores, and with the resurrected relics he has filled up the long corridor that runs along the upper story of the White House. It is unfortunate that the history of these articles is not known, but all that can be said of them is, that they were made for the use of his predecessors when solid mahogany was the proper thing.

Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts, for flavoring Ice Cream, Cakes and Pastry. With great care, by a new process, Dr. Price extracts from the truest select Fruits and Aromatics each characteristic flavor, and produces flavorings of rare excellence, of great strength and perfect purity—far superior to the cheap extracts.

Talmage and the Sluicers.

Let all creation hold its tongue While I uplift my Sunday songs, And bang the Bible fierce and fell And shake the sinner over hell.

From Death's Door. M. M. Devereaux, of Lonia, Mich., was a sight to behold. He says: "I had no action of the kidneys and suffered terribly. My legs were as big as my body and my body as big as a barrel. The best doctors gave me up. Finally I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In four or five days a change came, in eight or ten days I was on my feet, and now I am completely cured. It was certainly a miracle. All druggists keep Kidney-Wort which is put up both in liquid and dry form."

Notice to Subscribers. We particularly request subscribers who renew their subscriptions, to look carefully at the figures on the tag which contains their respective names and if they are not changed in two weeks, let us know with full particulars, as it will save time and trouble.

Business Notices.

DR. J. V. MANSFIELD, 109 West 56 St., New York. World renowned Letter writing Medium. Terms, \$3, and 12 c. Register your Letters.

HUDSON TUTTLE lectures on subjects pertaining to general reform and the science of Spiritualism. Attends funerals. Telegraphic address, Ceylon, O. P. O. address, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

For Ten Cents. The St. Louis Magazine, distinctively Western in make-up, now in its fifteenth year, is brilliantly illustrated, replete with stories, poems timely reading and humor. Sample copy and a set of four color pictures sent for ten cents.

Spiritualist Meeting in Connecticut. The Annual Meeting and Picnic of the Association of Spiritualists of Western Connecticut, will be held at Compoose Lake, Conn., on Wednesday, June 25th, 1884.

Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting. LIST OF SPEAKERS FOR THE SESSION OF 1884.

Annual Meeting at Sturgis, Mich. The Harmonial Society of Sturgis will hold its Annual Meeting in the Free Church at the Village of Sturgis, on Saturday and Sunday, the 14th and 15th days of June, commencing at 8 o'clock on Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M.

Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York. The Brooklyn Spiritualist Society will hold services every Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday at 8 o'clock A. M. and 7:45 P. M. at the Hall, corner of Fulton and Bedford Avenues.

CHURCH OF THE NEW SPIRITUAL DISPENSATION. 115 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Public services every Sunday at 8 and 7:30 P. M.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Conference meets at Everett Hall, 394 Fulton Street, every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Capt. J. David, President; W. J. Cushing, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation meets at Brooklyn Institute, Washington, near Concord Street, every Sunday, at 8 and 7:30 P. M.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity will meet at 16 Smith St., two doors from Fulton, in the hall of Union for Christian Work, every Thursday evening, 8 P. M.

New York City Ladies Spiritualist Aid Society, meet every Wednesday, at 8 P. M., at 171 East 69th Street. MISS S. MORSE, Secretary.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y. The First Society of Spiritualists at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., will hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at the Supreme Court Room, Town Hall, at 3 o'clock Monday and Tuesday evenings of each month, at which Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham will officiate.

Kansas City, Mo. The First Spiritual Society of Kansas City, Mo., meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, at the Main Street, Dr. E. G. Granville, President; A. J. Colby, Secretary.

Mediums' Meetings, Chicago. The Spiritual Truth Seekers meet in Lester's Academy, 519 West Lake Street every Sunday. Conference at 8 P. M.; Mediums' Meeting at 7:30 P. M. All meetings free.

Spiritualism at the Church Congress. The price of this admirable pamphlet is as follows: 100 copies by express, \$8.00 by mail, \$7.75; 50 copies by express, \$4.00 by mail, \$3.75; 25 copies by mail, \$1.00; 10 copies by mail, 50 cents; 5 copies, 25 cents; single copy, 10 cents.

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Voices from the People,  
AND INFORMATION OF VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal,  
Unpublished.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Alone we stand to solve the doubt—  
Alone we work salvation out—  
Casting our feeble hands about—

For human help—for human cheer,  
Or only for a human tear;  
Forgetting God is always near.

The Poet, in his highest flight,  
Sees ranged beyond him, height o'er height,  
Visions that mark his utmost might;

And music borne by echo back,  
Pines on a solitary track,  
Till faint hearts sigh, alas! alas!

And Beauty, born of highest art,  
Slips from the limner's hand apart,  
And leaves him aching at the heart;

The sweetest face has never brought  
Its fairest look; the deepest thought  
Is never in language wrought.

The quaint, old litanies that fell  
From ancient Seers, great hearts impel  
To nobler deeds than poets tell.

We live, we breathe, all unexpressed,  
Our holiest, noblest in the breast,  
Lie struggling in a wild unrest,

Awaking fibres that shall leap,  
And an exultant harvest reap  
At Death's emancipating sleep.

Our onward lights eternal shine—  
Conquered by no unmanly pine  
We royal amarantus may twine.

The great God knocks upon the door  
Ready to run our choice o'er,  
If but the heart will ask for more;

If hungering with a latent sense,  
We know not, ask not, how or whence,  
But take our consecration thence.

The wine-press must alone be trod—  
The burning plow-share pressed unshod—  
There is no rock of help but God.

Blue Point, L. I.

The Bridge of Prayer.

The bridge of prayer, from heavenly heights suspended,  
Unites the earth with spirit realms in space;  
The interests of those separate worlds are blended  
For those whose feet turn often toward that place.

In troubled nights of sorrow and repining,  
When joy and hope seem sunk in dark despair,  
We still may see, above the shadows shining,  
The gleaming archway of the bridge of prayer.

From that fair height our souls may lean and listen  
To sounds of music from the farther shore,  
And through the vapors sometimes dear eyes glisten  
Of loved ones who have hastened on before.

And angels come from their celestial city  
And meet us half way on the bridge of prayer;  
God sends them forth, full of diviner pity,  
To strengthen us for burdens we must bear.

O you, whose feet walk in some shadowed byway  
Far from the sun's glad pleasure and delight,  
Still free for you hangs this celestial highway,  
Where heavenly glories dawn upon the sight.

And common paths glow with a grace supernatural,  
And happiness walks hand in hand with care,  
And faith becomes a knowledge fixed, eternal,  
For those who often seek the bridge of prayer.

—Ella Wheeler.

Another Camp Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

On the 9th ult., the Spiritualists of this place organized a Society, adopting a declaration of principles, constitution and by-laws, and for a name they selected the following: "The Pacific Association of Spiritualists." The officers for the present year are: Mrs. J. C. Woodruff, President; Isaac Wheeler, Vice-President; W. W. Ward, Secretary; P. A. Smith, Corresponding Secretary, and John Pike, Treasurer. The Association is composed of some of the most substantial citizens of this county, and they are evidently in earnest in trying to effect a permanent and effective organization. They have leased fifteen acres of land, and are making extensive preparations for a camp meeting during the present season. The location is in every way finely adapted to the purpose, being situated within a mile of the town of Ilwaco, on Baker's Bay, near the mouth of the Columbia River. Of easy access by steamer to all the principal cities of Washington Territory and Oregon, it is as well (if not better) adapted for camp meeting purposes, as any other location on the northwest coast. The grounds are the greatest resort north of San Francisco, and for this reason and many others, we hope for a large attendance at the camp meeting. The meeting for this year will be on the 4th day of September, and close on the 15th, unless there should be occasion to protract it at the option of the Association.

And now will not the editor of the JOURNAL say a few words on his editorial page, that will awaken the missionary spirit in some of our worthy mediums and speakers of the East, and thereby he may induce them to attend this meeting? I desire to correspond with mediums in regard to securing their attendance, and trust that those interested will give it their immediate attention.

P. A. SMITH,  
Corresponding Secretary, P. A. S.  
Ilwaco, Pacific Co., Washington Territory.

However deeply good mediums may feel the "missionary spirit" they are, as a rule, unfitted for the duties and hardships required of missionaries. Honest, well-developed mediums find more than they can do at home, and only occasionally do they leave home to do professional work, with now and then rare exceptions.

Our good and zealous friends in Oregon should go to work diligently and develop home mediums. If they have applications for employment from those at a distance, they should exercise great care before closing any engagement. Mountebanks are always on the watch for such information as that furnished by Brother Smith. The good speakers of the East are all poor in pocket and wholly unable to take the risk of long and expensive trips. The friends in Oregon must recognize the needs of those whom they ask to feed them spiritually, and this we have no doubt they do. But if they will depend largely on their home supply, calling on San Francisco for help, they will get as many good speakers and mediums as they can use. We hope to chronicle a steadily increasing interest in Oregon.

A Shaker's Tribute.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

As I read your thoughts in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, I like to think of you as a man who is anxious that the right shall prevail; that Spiritualism shall stand on its own merits, or fall if destitute of a permanent foundation. Your exposure of those unprincipled men and women who are passing from State to State, predicting every form of deception in the name of Spiritualism is certainly worthy of all commendation, and yet it must subject you to much unpleasantness through unjust criticisms. Spiritualism should be a beautiful as well as a great light in the world, leading on and up toward the kingdom of God, but while there is so much that is mere trash and very repulsive, that is imposed upon the people in the name of the spirit, it will need many good men and many good papers like the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, to make a smooth spiritual highway over which honest, enlightened minds may walk in safety. I will not enlarge. Allow me to wish you much temporal and spiritual prosperity.

Shaker Village, N. H. HENRY C. BLINN.

The Sucker Calls on Mme. Zarapha.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Not feeling entirely satisfied with the results of his call on Mrs. Franka, your correspondent determined to look up this advertisement, which is a fixture in some of our dailies:

MME. ZARAPHA, TRANCE MEDIUM AND MAGNETIC healer, guarantees to give you a complete satisfaction in every case. Her most wonderful gifts are a true life-reading; she has the renowned Persian charm for love, business, health, etc.; gives full information in regard to lost states, present, past, and future. Her services are free to all. Remember, Mme. Zarapha sells no questions, but gives you all the important events of your life from cradle to grave. 15 Centre St., near Middle St., New York.

No visible sign proclaimed the medium's abode, but the writer discovered the same, on April 15th, in rather uncanny quarters. As on the former occasion the first order of business was the materialization of the fee—two dollars for a "business sitting" or five dollars for a "life-reading." The visitor purchased the cheaper article, but found it most of any price. The Madam reveals one's "dear, profound secrets" in sections, quite slowly, and the listener was able to track the words of wisdom as they fell from the lips of the oracle. After assuming to go into a trance and digging away at her forehead, the Madam commenced, seemingly to feel her way along carefully, and study what kind of a dose she would give the caller.

Mme. Zarapha—You contemplate a business change, but are in doubt what to do. You cannot make up your mind to take this step, but I see spirit forms about you who say you will be successful if you, make the change.

The Sitter.—Then you advise me to make a change in business?

Mme. Z.—Yes. I see bright lights over your head, which indicate much success.

The S.—Indeed. I had not thought, does not now, and has not for a long time contemplated any business change. Can you describe more particularly the nature of the change?

Mme. Z.—I do not get the kind of business you are in, but I see a tall, dark-complexioned gentleman, who is an enemy to you. He has caused you much trouble in the past. You are about to be freed from his evil influence. I see a rather short, dark-looking gentleman with beads, who is about to aid you in a new undertaking. The spirits say: "Do not hesitate. You will have success." [The caller could imagine no reference in this to any body or any thing, and it had no discernible applicability to him. He has reliable information, however, that the "tall, dark gentleman" and the "short, fair-looking man with beads" are part of the stock in trade of all fraudulent mediums. You will soon go on a journey, and it is uncertain when you return. He understands this story is also kept in stock.] Your prospects will brighten very much after you have reached your journey's end. You have lost in the past through others. [Here ditto last paragraph.] But in the future you will be more lucky. You have seen many ups and downs. [Here ditto.] Do you recognize the tall, dark gentleman?

The S.—I am not certain. Perhaps I do.

Mme. Z.—He has caused you much harm in the past, but will not do so long.

The S.—Is his influence exerted over me in my employ?

Mme. Z.—It is over several parties, and those among them some in your employ. [The only individual in his service is an office boy, salary, \$3 per week.] By going this journey you will get free from his influence over you and those under you.

The S.—Can you tell what is the matter with my health? My head often troubles me.

Mme. Z.—That comes from traveling. [He has not been outside the County in nine months.] If you make this change in business, your head will be free, and your health will improve rapidly. Mrs. Franka's diagnoses are of a far superior and much more reliable quality, provided there is anything to diagnose. I see your sister who died several years ago. She stands right back of you, and puts her hands on your head. [He has no deceased sister.] She says you will receive a letter within three weeks, telling you of the death of a tall, aged gentleman—one who has a sort of gray beard and wears some. He will leave you a large amount of property.

The S.—Who is this party about to die?

Mme. Z.—I do not get the name. Either your father or uncle. [The Sucker will make affidavit that his father and uncle are all as poor as Job's turkey, with plenty of children in each family. If, however, the letter is received within the time, the fact shall be duly chronicled in the JOURNAL.]

The S.—Can the sister give her name?

Mme. Z.—I do not get names. I see standing at your side a woman, a near relative, who has slender figure and very fair complexion, bright eyes and a kind of oval face. [Another stock trick.] She thought a great deal of you when living.

The S.—Can you give me the name of any deceased relative or friend?

Mme. Z.—I never get names. Another small, sharp-looking gentleman with heavy mustache appears. He says a bright future is before you. [Another stock trick.]

The S.—Can you tell me how this contemplated change will affect my domestic relations?

Mme. Z.—This is a business sitting. Do you wish a life-reading?

The S.—Not to-day. Can you tell me the cause of my mother's death? [Here was an opportunity for the Madam to clear up a subject about which we always had doubt.]

Mme. Z.—That comes under the head of a life-reading.

The S.—Do my grandparents approve of the change?

Mme. Z.—I do not get anything from them. I see many friends around you, but they do not say what relation they are to you.

The S.—Then my sister is the only person you can positively identify in spirit-life?

Mme. Z.—The only one I am sure of. Some of your friends are around you all the time.

As the pseudo medium came out of her trance, your sucker inquired, in the renowned Persian charm for love, business, health, etc. The Madam possessed the same, and very modestly stated that ten dollars was the price thereof, guaranteed to give luck in any undertaking. He considered it dangerous to carry such a valuable article around loose with him, and so left it behind, and came away. The "guaranteed complete satisfaction" he also left behind; at least, he has not been able to find it since in any of his neckties.

When your investigator, a few minutes later, sat in a neighboring restaurant penciling these notes, he could not but commiserate the great credulous public which permits such an insufferable fraud as Madame Zarapha to exist upon and among them. In the above interview she was diametrically wrong in each and every particular. Her vague, general statements might, with some accuracy, be made concerning nine hundred and ninety-nine in every thousand who are foolish enough to pay any money to such transparent humbugs as Madame Zarapha. If such mediums were the inspiration for the belief of any class in a spiritual life hereafter, well might we say that the fountains had dried up, or that they only run rot.

As a special committee appointed by and consisting of himself, your sucker hereby offers a reward of twenty-five cents in second-hand postage stamps, to any one who will furnish the JOURNAL the "Madam's" right name, whether it be Mary Ann, Bridget or Kathrina; Brown, Murphy or Schmidtz. J. A.

Another Pioneer Gone.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Henry O. Baker passed to spirit life from his late residence, 22 West 25th St., New York, May 2nd, 1884. As he has lived, so he has passed to his new home in the spirit land, fully imbued with the faith that he shall again return to earth and tell us of his experience upon his entrance there. A few weeks before his departure, while holding converse with the writer upon the fact of his coming surrender to the inevitable, he wanted that I should know something of his early experience in Spiritualism, which commenced in 1826, while he resided in the West. He stated that his first knowledge of this new light was through a lecture by Warren Chase. He told the people, if they would gather at the home circle around the table, that it would tip, and their questions would be answered by a spirit. Such a startling announcement, at that early day, of course created great excitement; but our friend's knowledge of the future life was so unsatisfactory to him, that he determined to make the experiment which he did in his own household, and from that day to 1867, his home was ever open for the formation of spirit circles. He then married, but his partner did not yet know the beautiful teachings of this new life, and the home circles were dropped, but he still kept pressing on and on for new discoveries in the field before him. Through his long experience, he be-

came acquainted with most of the prominent mediums in this country, and he was ever ready to defend those unimpaired, and as ready to denounce those who were and where they came under his observation. He was a severe critic, though a just one; and were the Spiritualists of to-day more like him, we should see a better standard among them. I am happy to record that, through this last sickness of four months, he lost not one particle of faith in his beautiful spirit life; and, through all this trying ordeal, he daily left seed by the wayside, that has taken hold on those that had the pleasure to contribute to his wants while in the body.

His last moments were as touching as any in his life-time; so calm and thoughtful of those most dear to him, and to the cause he had so long cherished. There was but a single wish ungratified, and that was that Mrs. Nellie Brigham should be here to speak at his funeral. Some two weeks before, she told him that he would not pass away before May, and then his little body would sail in filled with beautiful flowers, and take him just over the river. We shall soon expect to hear of his safe arrival on the other shore.

J. S. CHASE.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Sociologic Society.

The Sociologic Society, of New York, at its Annual Business Meeting elected the following officers: President, Mrs. Imogene C. Bates; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Clara Neyman, Henry A. Beckmeyer; Secretary, Mrs. Mary C. Crowell; Gen. and Foreign Sec., Wm. E. S. Sullivan; and Corresponding Sec., E. J. Barr. The Chairman of the Advisory Council, Henry A. Beckmeyer, Newark, N. J.

Public anniversary exercises will be held in New York the last of May, and it will enter upon its third year with encouraging aspects, and with much added interest. A flourishing and wide-awake society has been formed in Brooklyn, and it is proposed to have an aggressive campaign in the fall, by means of public meetings, at least once in two weeks, to establish headquarters in each city where will be found the publications of the Sociologic Society, and the nucleus of a library upon this and all kindred subjects, and also to diffuse information upon the objects and aims of the Society as widely as possible. It will seek to become acquainted with all sister societies, and with all organizations relating to the industries of the country.

The membership of the Society is quite extended, and its committees comprise names from several States. Having for its motto—"Co-operation, the Law of the New Civilization"—it is not to be expected that politicians and capitalists should flock in crowds to fight under its banner of justice to all. Hardly is it possible for even the laborer to see that its principles cover all the ground of his trades-unions (not, however, going away with the necessity of their existence at present) and of his struggles for an approach to an equality in the necessities of physical existence. Those who are fighting their hand to hand battle for bread, as so many of our working men and women are, have no time to stop and talk of an aggressive campaign. The laborer who would go over their heads if he had a moment. And those who hold the capital of the country in their hands will not look over the battlements of their fancied heaven and see that the cry of the poor is beating upon their foundations like the unceasing surge of the mighty sea upon the base of some lofty edifice, and that it is surely, if slowly, undermining it, and an aggressive campaign of this kind would only result in a reasonable hunger, and its demands for future guarantees of fair dealing. If brave Sidney Lanier could speak to us from out his heaven-to-day, he would bid us remember his own words:

"But, oh! the poor, the poor! they stand wedged by the pressing of Trade's hand Against an inward-opening door That pressure tightens evermore. They sigh a monstrous four-hill sigh For the outside leagues of Liberty!"

"O Trade! O Trade! would thou wert dead! The age needs heart—'tis tired of head!"

Membership must come from those who stand between these two extremes, and who can recognize the need of an aggressive campaign, and who will lead the best way to prevent threatened chaotic ruin and devastation.

The object of the Society and its branches is the adoption of such educational methods as shall lead to a knowledge of the law of correlated interests, as a religious and economic principle governing human development, whereby this law may be practically applied to the life of the individual, the family, the social, and the national progress; that a new social system is at present making its appearance, and that its basis should be formed upon this law, which may otherwise be formulated as, "Thou shalt make thy neighbor's interests identical with thine own," the law of equal justice.

It seeks correspondence with any and all who are interested in the relation of labor and capital, and the distribution of this being the division of Sociology demanding its present attention. It will be glad to be apprised of all co-operative enterprises, whether distributive or industrial, and can be addressed as below. There is need for the work of all, and the wisdom of all.

LITA BARNES SUTLES,  
Killingly, Ct. Ass't. Gen'l. Secretary.

"Unlike (some) Other Spiritualistic Papers."

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Chicago, is the leading and probably the ablest journal in the United States devoted to the discussion of Spiritualism. Unlike other spiritualistic papers, it aims at candid discussion. With many words of its heterodox ideas we have little or no sympathy, we can but admire the fearless and manly way in which it battles for the right as it sees the right. It denounces all humbugs, whether in Spiritualism or elsewhere, and against loose morality and free-love it wages a relentless war. It never falls to expose a Spiritualist fraud and by its demands that a phenomenon be explained in natural, scientific tests, it has done more to raise a spirit of inquiry among intelligent and cultivated people, than all the other papers of its class in the country, and has convinced many that there is a rich field open for scientific investigation. The *Inter-Ocean* speaks truly when it says: "Few care to investigate in its spirit of finding truth at any cost?"—*Ogle Co. Press, Polo, Ill., April 20th, 1884.*

Can the Spirit Leave the Body?

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I have seen many inquiries in the JOURNAL asking this question: "Does the spirit leave the medium while in a trance?" Will you give my own experience of the trance state before I know what Spiritualism meant. Although I do not think the spirit can always leave the body at will, there are conditions which sometimes make it impossible for a medium to be entranced. To illustrate: You may take a pint of clear water; you may add pound after pound of salt, till you had added to the bulk of water. Then after the salt is absorbed, you may add sugar, and that will dissolve with the same result, showing that there is vacant space in water. At one time I was in England. At first it was very unpleasant to be so far away from my own home, which was in Chicago. One day my father said to me: "Sit down and I will show you mother and home." My father had intended to spirit-life seven years before, and had often appeared to me in like manner. I did as he instructed me, giving up all thought. Then I could distinguish a sweet odor, as if flowers were held to my nose; then as if something was going tug! tug! tug!—drawing out of something. Then in a very short time I would be at home. Then I always noted something that could not be explained. My father would say, "What was that?" I would say, "I always found it correct. If there was to be a change in our life, father would always tell us about it.

Nothing is accomplished without labor; if you desire success, you must not labor selfishly, that you alone may have the gain. Give your hand to the fallen, cheer the faint, for you are each other's keepers. I would like to see the work progress more rapidly."

South Chicago, Ill. MRS. H. SPARROW.

J. H. Watt of Memphis, Mo., writes: I have tried hard to go to Chicago this winter, but could not arrange to do so. I would like to meet visitors from a distance; but I hope to be there in the near future. I suppose you learned through the papers that my brother was killed by his building falling on the 7th of March last. He was a good medium and a firm Spiritualist; I regret so much his tragic death. We like the JOURNAL, and have sent you several subscribers.

Power of Spiritualism.

In a late number of the JOURNAL, I notice the letter of a correspondent who is also an attendant at a Presbyterian church. The editorial comments are well enough so far as they go, but it seems to me they do not cover the whole matter, quite likely from the want of time and space. I therefore presume to write the subject a little farther with your permission.

Spiritualists have power in the direction in which they seek it. Not in large and powerful organizations, not in display of collective force, but in individual development. Their purpose is to present truth to the individual. They are apt to boast that no Spiritualist was ever converted by means of what others had seen or known. It has always been by evidence which convinced him—a truth whether anyone else believed it or not. When Emancipation had been a fact in the West Indies for a few years, loud cries were made that the law was a failure; less sugar was made, the income of the planters was reduced. That was true. But, less sugar was made because no one could work his slaves to death either in cane field or sugar-house. The balance of trade was changed, because the former slaves now lived in comfort, using more of the product for their own support, of course leaving less for their former masters. Thus emancipation was a failure or not according as it was looked at from the side of the master or the slave. As to the relative power of so-called Christianity and Spiritualism, it is not hard for us to understand. The former depends on the individual strength in measured. Both are strong, but in different ways.

As to the quotation, "all power is given to me of my Father," and the supposition that Jesus is organizing spirit forces in the churches and not among Spiritualists, as is implied in our correspondent's question—the power of Jesus is an ideal power. In the church they stir themselves up in all ways to exalt Jesus. He is worshipped, loved, prayed to, thought of, much more than Jehovah is. He has almost deposed God. The faith and love of the believers are the sources, and the only evidence, that Jesus has any power greater than other intelligences as pure and good as he. "Jesus loves me," how is it proved?

"What a friend we have in Jesus, all our terrors and griefs to share; He has sworn to us that word of comfort or of aid, to our help he will stand, if we only call on him; He will make our path straight, if we only let him lead; He will lighten our burden, if we only let him ease it; He will give us the key to the kingdom of heaven, if we only let him use it; He will give us the power of heaven, if we only let him give it; He will give us the wisdom of heaven, if we only let him give it; He will give us the life of heaven, if we only let him give it; He will give us the glory of heaven, if we only let him give it; He will give us the kingdom of heaven, if we only let him give it; He will give us the throne of heaven, if we only let him give it; He will give us the crown of heaven, if we only let him give it; He will give us the scepter of heaven, if we only let him give it; He will give us the orb of heaven, if we only let him give it; He will give us the sun of heaven, if we only let him give it; 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A man may be noble and great, And a woman tender and pure; But their knowledge, if deeper, is less divine...

Give the Salvationists Rope.

Wherever the Salvation Army appears a riot may be looked for in short order. This may be reasonably concluded from the methods employed by the religionists operating under that name...

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A Modern Miracle.

A little child named Ellen Cutts, seven years of age was playing the other afternoon in London with several companions about her own age on the landing of the fifth or top floor of a building...

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"Every epileptic sufferer ought to try Samaritan Nerve at once," says Rev. J. T. Eddy, of New Glasgow, Wis.

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Baldness Cured and Age Rejuvenated.

J. W. HAMMOND, Lake Preston, D. T., when he was but 40 years old found his hair growing gray. At 50 his hair and whiskers were entirely white...

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GEO. MAYER, Flatonia, Texas, presented an apparently hopeless case. Baldness was hereditary in his family. By the time he was 23 years old he had scarcely any hair left.

Medicinal Virtues.

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The wife of DR. V. S. LOVELACE, Louisville, Ky., had very bad Tetter Sores on her head. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR cured them.

The son of JAMES N. CARTER, Occoquan, Va., was cured of Scald-Head by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR.

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

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Notes from England.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: It is a long time since I wrote you last; not that I have not thought of you, but I have been very much occupied, and have not been able to find time. I have watched the course of events, and am heartily glad to see that the tide is turning strongly in the direction of a clean, scientific Spiritualism. All true, honest and earnest mediums must rejoice that, at least, they are likely to meet with appreciation and respect, and the cause for which they have sacrificed and suffered, gain recognition as one worthy the best attention of thoughtful men and women. Spiritualism has been far too long regarded as synonymous with fraud and folly, and during these past seven years the JOURNAL, under your able, consistent and determined management, has done much to purge the movement of the charlatans and mountebanks who were making it a by-word and a reproach to the extent that many decent, pure and honest workers and mediums were driven from the ranks. Let me add my word of thanks and commendation to those already recorded, and in congratulating you on the achievements of the past, express the hearty conviction that ere another seven years shall have passed, the world will see a strong, compact body of active, earnest men and women, united in spirit, sympathy and purpose, established on a firm foundation, consolidating the movement and building in harmony with the Spirit-world, the grand Spiritual Temple, which is to be the home of the humanity of the future. The constructive work of the cause has undoubtedly begun, and rational, intuitive minds, educated, enthusiastic and earnest, will gather up the wisdom of the past, and with the facts and inspirations of the present, establish, beyond peradventure, the truth of human immortality, silence skepticism, join hands with science, art, philosophy and religion in molding the tendencies of the age to find noble expression in the coming man of the twentieth century. We have been having somewhat lively times lately in England. In the Medium and Daybreak a discussion has been going forward as to whether Jesus ever existed, or was only a solar myth. No definite result appears to have been reached. Light comes to his enlightening way, but is too heavy for popular reading. It caters successfully for the educated class, and is instructive to those who delight in Theosophic lore. The most interesting feature is the weekly page of readable Notes by the able and scholarly Mr. A. Oxon. The record of phenomena lately given by Mr. M. Theobald has been extremely interesting, the more so because Mr. T. is a thoroughly reliable witness, and not an enthusiast. The Herald of Progress, which aims to be the paper of the people, has done much of late to fill the bill. A discussion on re-incarnation has been going on in its columns for some months, started by a lecture advocating "piecemeal embodiment," given by Mr. De Main, a trance medium, a Durham Collier. Some slides have had fair innings. Mr. W. E. Coleman's able papers on the subject printed in your columns six or seven years ago, being reprinted by the editor after your kindly remittance of them for that purpose. THE CAUSE IN ENGLAND. The cause is prospering and ripening rapidly. Among the workers here, changes have transpired which are curious and significant. Mrs. Hardinge-Britten has done a great and good work as a revivalist during her stay, and departed full of honor. Mr. W. J. Colville has been startling the natives by his phenomenal eloquence and strongly marked personal characteristics. He is now conducting a series of services in London with good effect. After announcing several times his speedy return to the United States, he appears likely to remain some months longer at least, to work in the old country. Mr. J. J. Morse goes steadily plodding along. After his many years of itinerancy, he has settled down in London, speaks regularly on Sundays to good audiences in Cavendish Rooms, and is quietly doing a good work; in addition to which he has established a boarding house, and runs his book agency, and is coming out as a publisher, and will ere long give us a cheap edition of Epes Sargent's invaluable "Scientific Basis." Your correspondent has accepted the position of regular speaker (and filled it now six months) at Walsall, the ministrations of the spirit-inspirers being highly appreciated by the Society. In addition to my work in the movement, I have started a coffee house, in connection with which is a Working Men's Club, and a debating class has been formed, and some very instructive discussions held. Mr. Colville is the only perambulating apostle in the country, save the Rev. C. Ware, who is fulfilling his mission as a spiritual organizer, establishing "home circles" wherever possible, speaking and writing to the public press. This gentleman has done, and is doing, bravely and faithfully, rough pioneer work. Not being a medium, he is able to bear what would wear and tear a sensitive to death. Mrs. Wallis has developed as a good inspirational speaker, and is being invited to visit places where Mrs. Britten and others have spoken. Where she has gone once she can go again, which speaks for itself. Mrs. Groom has done a most useful work as a clairvoyant, giving descriptions in public from the platform, and always refusing to receive more than her out-of-pocket expenses. She is fortunate in this; would that others of the workers, who are pinched by poverty and tried by circumstances, were as favorably situated! But it has been of immense advantage to the cause, and does honor to her goodness of heart, in Sunday after Sunday leaving home to expound the glad gospel, and evidence the presence of the loved ones to the mourners. We have been passing through times of extremely bad trade these last ten years in England, and English working men are being forced to learn lessons of thrift and sobriety in spite of themselves; consequently, though money is scarcer, the tone of the community is higher, which is a gain. Spiritualism has passed through an ebb experience, when the movement seemed stagnating, apathy was everywhere. Twelve months ago, in common with others, I spoke of a coming time of greater activity, and we are fairly in the beginning of it. More mediums are forthcoming; old workers are experiencing a return of power; enthusiasm is being kindled and working rationally and steadily to definite ends; the feverish wonder-mongering spirit, so prevalent five years ago, is absent, but in place of it there is a wide-spread spirit of inquiry, calm, sober and earnest. We are getting "clothed and in our right minds" after the spell of suffering we have had. Above all, the people "hear us gladly." Never in my experience were people so ready to hear, so quick to understand or so little bound by prejudices as now. There is a distinct gain in the popular sentiment, and before long we shall find it pays to be heterodox in England.

THE LECTURES OF COL. INGERSOLL. Col. Ingersoll's lectures are selling immensely. I saw a statement copied from a secular paper as to the immense effect they were having. I am happy to say I was indirectly instrumental in getting them into circulation. I saw one of the Leeds Bijou editions, and liked it immensely. Going to London shortly after, I introduced it to a friend there, who gave me an order for two dozen copies. He was so much struck with, "What Must we do to be Saved?" that he determined to help circulate it, having long felt the need of just such a book. His first step was to take copies round to the booksellers, asking permission to leave them on sale or return, but he met with so many rebuffs he soon stopped that. His next scheme was to advertise it. He saw a bill poster, had London divided into four districts, got out big posters and had one district posted; three days after a second district, three days more the third, and three days later the last. This not satisfying him, he saw the manager of The Echo, a London evening paper, price one cent, and agreed to have it published as an advertisement in the next Saturday edition; but just as the agreement was made the manager looked into it, and he had been misled by the title into thinking it a religious tract thought it "rather warm," and wished to consult the editor, who finally refused to publish it, but suggested that he should try the religious papers. Why, thought he, if a secular paper won't publish, surely a religious one will not. However, he sent advertisements to two of them and succeeded in getting them in. One of them was the organ of Dr. Parker, who holds forth at the City Temple. The Doctor delivered four lectures in reply to Ingersoll—all, of course, helping to advertise the lecture, especially as he had immense placards outside the Temple announcing the reply. By this means, together with advertisements in the spiritual papers and secular organs, the work was helped forward, and a Spiritualist thus has the honor of practically introducing the Colonel to the English public. The secular papers have since taken the matter up. The Colonel's lectures are a revelation to Englishmen, and are enjoyed immensely. I have sold hundreds of them, believing they are just the thing for breaking up the ground and rooting out the weeds for us to sow the spiritual seeds. PROGRESS IN THE SPIRITUAL MOVEMENT. I had hoped to be able to attend the camp meeting at Lake Pleasant this summer, but find it will not be possible, and must, therefore, defer my visit to next year. I have noticed your attempts to form a National Association, and wish it from the bottom of my heart every success in the work of consolidation and construction. The time does not appear ripe for such an organization here. Local societies here have the greatest difficulty to keep the work going in the present state of trade and restricted funds; yet there is more harmony, a better feeling, more real unity of action and purpose than has existed for years. Meetings are being well attended, and in places where, two or three years ago, it was impossible to attract a decent audience, regular Sunday services are now being held, and the halls, capable of holding two or three hundred persons, are found too small to hold the people who come. So the good work goes on. But, above all, the movement is purer; truer perceptions of the significance of this modern revelation are spreading everywhere; the Gospel of Work, of Truth, of Freedom and of Devotion to Principles and Humanity, is being apprehended. By their fruits ye shall know them; and everywhere sympathy with suffering, pity for ignorance and sorrow for slavery—to creed, custom and habit, is spreading and prompting hearts and heads to practicalize the grand teachings of Spiritualism by deeds, reformatory and educational labors; hence the signs of the times are hopeful and indicate a "live" Spiritualism. As a vital faith, a living and inspiring knowledge, it must move the world out of its selfishness on to the higher ground of pure and unselfish motives and clean, single-minded and devoted lives.

A SIGNIFICANT DEBATE. As a sign of the times, three years ago the Spiritualists in Leeds were few in number, and the society moribund. Twelve months ago the cause began to grow; since then some splendid public meetings have been held. A new and larger hall was taken, but being in the same building as the Young Women's Christian Association, the authorities of that body protested and compelled the landlord to expel the Spiritualists. In consequence of this action, and before leaving, a challenge was thrown out to all opponents to debate the subject publicly with my guides, and for two nights the conflict was held, with good results so far as the cause is concerned. Since then a division of forces has occurred, and two societies are in active operation. Last night a debate was held in the presence of at least thirteen hundred persons (who paid for admission), between Mr. Colville and Mr. F. Curzon. The latter gentleman, well on in years and an experienced debater, carried the audience with him at the start, but having little real knowledge of the subject, and making up for the lack by personalities, ridicule and sarcasm, he soon lost the sympathies of the majority. Colville on the other hand was gentlemanly, argumentative, logical and dignified, and in the end gained the major portion of applause. Even the friends of the Christian confessed that "Curzon was not at his best," and regretted that he had "dealt so much in ridicule and sarcasm." It is a noteworthy fact, and indicative of the growth of liberal thought and the change slowly and surely coming over the people, that as many as from 1300 to 1500 persons can be got together to hear a debate on Spiritualism; a little more and it will be popular. I extend cordial and kindly greetings to all my friends in the United States, and hope to work with them again in less than eighteen months. E. W. WALLIS.

The Calcutta correspondent of the London Times states that by the destructive fire which occurred recently in Mandalay the great temple of Gaudama was completely destroyed. All the gold leaf stuck on the brass image of the Gaudama Buddha by successive generations of worshippers, and valued at from \$400,000 to \$500,000, has been melted off by the heat. This result of the fire appears to have caused great consternation, being held by the superstitious to be a sure sign of the downfall of the Burmese Empire. In a disastrous fire at Rangoon over forty houses were burnt, and the damage is estimated at \$500,000 to \$600,000. The fire originated from some one dropping a lighted cheroot upon a bundle of canes in a rattan store. Rev. Dr. Horstman, of Philadelphia, had asthma and hay fever for many years, and cured it entirely lately by having a piece of his nose bone sawed out. Two cases have been reported to an English medical society in which the electro-magnet has been successfully used for removing pieces of iron from the eye.

More quaint Epitaphs. The sketch in a recent JOURNAL of "Some Quaint Epitaphs" reminded me of a few that I do not remember of having seen in print, except as I read them from the marble, which can hardly be called print. In the town of Gowanda, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., there once lived an eccentric character named Whitcomb. I am told he was the author of the inscriptions I am about to write. In a little grave yard, in a romantic retreat among the hills, where the brooks and rills ripple and play, and the wild flowers breathe among the native bowers or hide beneath the mystic shadows, and a country road like a rusty ribbon winds its way among the rocks and shrubs near the wild and wonderful Cattaraugus Creek, are two graves, side by side, marked by two beautiful head-stones of white marble, indicating the resting place of mother and daughter. It was June when the early roses filled the air with sweet whispings of immortality, and the glory of nature wreathed the world with tender suggestiveness, and awoke in the heart the holy dreams of love, or the soft solemnity of a subdued sorrow, lighted and sweetened by the bloom of Eden. Every thing seemed to say, "There is light and promise, love and beauty, even in the grave;" and one would naturally expect to read some touching and prophetic lessons from the old marble that should sanctify sorrow and inspire hope. The inscription over the mother's grave may be as suggestive of the mental state of the author as the other, but not as pointed, or if it is I am not sharp enough to see the point aimed at. The following is a verbatim copy, as I took it from the marble slab: "Father and mother; the sun is shining bright and clear. From Gen. Washington's day, we have gained our improvements out of his fog up to this day. O my God! how little do we reverence him." This will compare favorably, for point and lucidity, with many of the labored efforts of pious critics and Christian divines, who exhaust their genius and wit to explain and refute the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism; and this class never find anything but fraud and folly, diabolism and imbecility in its phenomena and literature. It is quite likely such great minds may find as much wisdom and literary merit in this epitaph as they do in the "Song of Solomon." But to all such, the revelations of Spiritualism are darkness, and its disciples are maniacs or fools. The small white marble, representing a Lamb at rest with a little child beside it, and one hand upon the lamb's neck, marks the grave of the daughter of the same distinguished poetic author. It reads thus: "My love, my dove, Is taken away from this world's care and fear, And left her father in a hell of a cheer." I would commend these gems of genius to some of our clergymen who have exhausted the Song of Solomon, and find their sermons dry and monotonous to their flock, as a text and inspiration for one original sermon. I will vouch for the genuineness of this poetic effusion, and for the name of the author and the locality, and that is more than they can do for many of the texts they so elaborately expound. LYMAN C. HOWE.

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