Beaders of the Journal are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

CONTENTS.

First Page. Mesmerizing a Man and Letting Him do Detective Work.—Some Experiences with a Mysterious Scince-Curing Grave Diseases and Befogging Men's Minds

SECOND PAGE.—From Puritanisms to Spiritualism, 1817— 1884. Vicarious Atonoment in the Light of Reason and Justice. Apparitions Revealing Crime. A Congressman's

TRIED PAGE. Woman and the Household. Book Reviews. Books Received. Magazines for June not before Mention-

FOURTH PAGE.—Special Notices. Notice to Subscribers. The Coming Slavery. Official Peculation. "The Prophet is Mad." Is Change Always Progression? Lessons of the Convention. The Republican Candidates. General Notes.

FIFTH PAGE.—Funeral Services of Miss Carrie Leeds. Letter from Dr. J. M. Peebles. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

BIXTH PAGE.—Renunciation. A Genuine Haunted House. "Old Lady Mary." Letter from Lincoln's old Law Partner. Home Humbug. The Genuine and Fraudulent. Interest in Spiritualism. The Tabernacle of Moses. What is Spiritualism Dolog? Warnings. Electro-Magnetic Girl.—Maggie Lee Price, the Wonderful Georgia Girl-Gives an Exhibition of her Gifts at Frankfort, Kentucky How Answer the Skeptic? Premonitions. None so Prompt and Fearless. High-toned. Dr. Morrow's Wedding Again. Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

SEVENTE PAGE - "Just Upon the Other Shore." Miscellaneous Advertisement-

EI THIR PAGE.—The Mind Cure Craze in Boston. Last Words of Great Men. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Mesmerizing a Man and Letting Him do Detective Work.

Some Experiences with a Mysterious Science Curing Grave Diseases and Befogging Men's Minds with Magnetic Force.

The narrative here presented is familiar to many in this city who have heard it from the lips of the gentleman who asserts that he played the most conspicuous part in it. He is a man more than 60 years of age, active in-business, and of unblemished reputation wherever he is known.

"It was in 1847 that my attention was first by the appearance in the Western town in which I then lived of a man named Keely, who advertised to give public exhibitions. His method was to select ten or fifteen persons, males and females, from the audience, seat them in a half-circle on the stage, and, placing a piece of coin or metal in the palm of the hand of each, request them to look steadily at it. While their attention was thus concentrated he made a few passes over each one, seeming to obtain control over more or less of the group, causing them to aid him in what is now the familiar performance of a mesmerist. Four of us young fellows waited on Prof. Keely and requested him to teach us his tricks for our own amusement. He replied that he knew very little of this strange power; he only knew that some persons possess a larger amount of personal magnetism than others, and, where one had a superabundance and another very little, the one with the larger supply, after gaining the attention, often could entirely control the mind and will of the other. He showed how he magnetized his subjects, selecting those of negative, passive temperament, and explained that, after having magnetized them once or twice, he had no difficulty in gaining entire control by simply looking at

"I boarded at the chief hotel in our town of about 3,000 inhabitants. Having a large room in so convenient a locality, it was, after business hours, the rendezvous of three or four young men with whom I was most intimate. We first selected two of Prof. Keely's old subjects, and after experimenting on them with entire success, added others, and soon gave exhibitions of our own, which were well patronized by our townspeople. In our experiments it soon became apparent that I possessed a larger amount of this mysterious magnetic power than any of the others. It continually presented new phases and opened up channels for new dayslopand opened up channels for new develop-ments. We gave circus performances, in which after magnetizing fifteen or twenty persons, the name of an animal was given to each subject. We would appoint also a ring master and clown. Those personating animals naturally antagonistic to each other took on all the natural brute attributes and would fight savagely unless separated. The clown, who might be the dullest and most stupid of all, would set the audience into roars of laughter by his witticisms, and act the part to perfection. We were sitting on the long piazza of the hotel one atternoon, when a peddler's wagon rolled up with a grand flourish. A man jumped down, and, coming up to our group with a box of cigars, offered them for sale. I saw at a glance that he was of a temperament suited for magnetic experiments, and, catching his attention for a moment, directed him to divide up the box between us all. This he did, and asking the price, which was five deliars, I placed a penny in his hand, telling him it was a five-

dollar gold piece. He looked critically at it for a moment, then seemed satisfied, dropped it into his vest pocket, and went on into the barroom, offering his wares for sale. A little while afterward he came to me with an amused smile on his face and said, 'You made amused smile on his face and said, 'You made a mistake in paying me for that box of cigars. You gave me a penny instead of a five-dollar gold piece, as you thought.' Producing the penny he laid it conspicuously on the palm of his hand. I looked up at him, replying that it was certainly a five-dollar gold piece. He scanned it closely again with the usual half-dazed look characteristic of the magnetized condition, felt in his pockets doubtfully, and muttering that he thought doubtfully, and, muttering that he thought it was a penny, again departed on his rounds, satisfied that he had received full payment. After the laugh had subsided I called him back and paid for the cigars.

"Hitherto we had looked upon it simply as a source of amusement. Some one suggested that perhaps it might be utilized f r deadening the sensibilities and removing or relieving pain. My first experiment in that line was upon the daughter of one of the leading citizens in the place. I had for years been intimate at the house, and had known the child a girl of 13 ever since she was born. child, a girl of 13, ever since she was born. Two large tushes had grown out of her upper jaw, disfiguring her face. It was decided to have them removed. These were the days before anæsthetics were in common use, and the operation had been deferred too long al-ready in dread of pain and accident. I ac-companied the girl, with other members of the family, to their dentist, an old-fashioned conservative, who shook his head doubtfully at my assurance in asserting to the child that she would feel no pain. Seating her in the operating chair he produced his instruments, and disapprovingly watched my mode of procedure. I stroked her face lightly, looked total her says which were truckingly relied. into her eyes, which were trustingly raised to mine, told her she would feel no pain, and motioned the doctor to proceed. He cut around the gums, extracting the two teeth without a muscle of her face moving or the slightest indication of suffering being apparent. She said she did not feel the operation, though perfectly conscious all the time. A few days afterward I was requested to avaning into the case of one of the richest men in the town, whose disease was so peculiar that it had baffled the skill of every physician consulted. He called at my room. Two or three of us were, as usual, together. He seemed embarrassed and nervous, said his sisters had begged him to call, he hardly knew why; that at about 4 o'clock each afternoon he was selzed with a terrible pain in the side of his head, which forced him to leave his bank and "It was in 1847 that my attention was first go home. As he spoke I saw that he was suf-attracted to the subject of animal magnetism fering intensely. I went up to him, rested my hand a moment on his head, drew it slowly down until I reached his knee. 'There,' said I, 'is the seat of your disease. You are mistaken about the pain being in your head; it is in your knee. 'Oh, no,' said he, emphatically, 'I never had any trouble with my knee. It is all in my head.' He rose as he spoke and turned toward the door, but at the first step he limped painfully, stooped, rubbed his knee, and then putting his hand to his head with a bewildered look exclaimed that the pain had certainly left his head and gone to his knee. I told him to come in every day or two, and let me see how his case was progressing. He walked away, apparently with great difficulty. He returned next day at the same hour with the pain in his head. I again convinced him that the trouble was in the knee, and after a few more visits he was entirely cured. This was effected, as I believe, by imparting a more healthful magnetism to his system, equaliz-ing circulation, and giving rest to his over-

> "Not long afterward I heard some of the women at the hotel talking of poor Mrs. Ma-lony and her dreadful sufferings. I learned that Mrs. Malony was afflicted with a very painful felon; had been unable to sleep for a week or more; was worn out with exhaustion and suffering, and, being an old woman, it was feared she would die of prostration. I requested my landlady to take me to see her; but, being a very pious woman, and having, in common with many others of the church people, a growing suspicion that this unex-plained power of mine must be an emanation from the evil one, she refused at first, but after consulting with her minister, it was decided that in such an extreme case it was perhaps admissible to use any agency. Fat, red, dreadfully dirty, worn out with pain and lack of sleep, with one hald and arm rolled in resulting the reservoir many and down in poultices, she was walking up and down the floor in agony, supported by a sympathizing friend on either side, while a half-dozen old crones sat around groaning responsively. Thus I found Mrs. Malony. I told her I could cure her, and, removing the bandages, examined the hand and finger swollen to immense ined the hand and finger, swollen to immense proportions. She allowed me to gently stroke her arm, but upon my touching the hand she her arm, but upon my touching the hand she would fearfully draw it away, declaring that if I touched the finger she knew she would die. As I lightly drew my hand down her arm, suddenly, before she was aware of my intention, I grasped the afflicted finger, and, pressing it with all my strength, said: 'You see now that your finger is not even sore. There is nothing the matter with it. You are nervous, worn out. It does not hurt, does it?' Divil a bit,' said she, looking with stupid amazement at the finger I had pressed so hard

taxed brain.

send for me.' They all drew away from me half fearfully as I passed out. I was not sent for, and she had no more pain.

"At about this time I began to notice that I was being avoided by many of my old friends among the strict church people, and whispers of our employing supernatural agencies and experimenting in the black art were abroad. Our entertainments were abandoned for lack of patronage. More than one old acquaintance whom I saw approaching turned a convenient.

whom I saw approaching turned a convenient corner before we met. We began to learn how difficult it is to stem the superstitious current.

"One evening my friend Wells—my principal assistant—and myself were sitting in my room. A tap came at the door and there entered a man about 50 years old. He said head heard about our having a strange power had heard about our having a strange power over the wirds and senses of many persons, and had been to ask our assistance in detecting a thief. He was the owner of a line of packet boats running between Cincinnati and Toledo on the canal which passed through our town. One of his Captains on his return trip had spent the night at a tavern on the opposite side of the causi much frequented by site side of the causi much frequented by boatmen, had slept with a roll of money under his pillow, had forgotten it and left without removing it from his bed next morning, had returned for it within an hour, but it was gone, and nothing had been seen or heard of gone, and nothing had been seen or heard of it at the hotel. Such crimes were rare in those days, and detectives were not at hand on all occasions as now. This would be a novel ex-periment, and at least prove interesting. Hitherto the minds of our subjects had sim-ply followed curs. Here was the opportunity of ascertaining if the mind of the subject

"It had been just a week since the theft was committed, which put us at great disad-vantage in point of time. I had often seen the old tavern, but had never entered it. I requested the packet owner, Mr. Miller, to give me a description of the interior and of the room the Captain occupied, which was situated, he said, at the extreme end of the long hall, into which all the bedrooms opened on the second floor, and close to the stairs leading to the third floor. A person passing up or down must of necessity pass this door.

"Wa niedwed aurselves honest, good-natured countryman, heavy and dull almost to stupidity, but one of our best subjects. Of course he knew nothing about the robbery, and it was not known to a dozen persons in the place. We subdued the light in the room, drew a table near a window, seated my friend Wells at one end with writing materials to take notes, the subject at the other, and Mr. Miller at the locked door to prevent intrusion. I bandaged my subject's eyes tightly, and, taking one of his hands in mine, I made a few passes before his bandaged eyes with my free hand, and requested him to go with me mentally wherever I went. I said to him that it was now six o'clock Thursday morning (giving the date of the morning of the theft), and said we were now going to Burns's tavern. Immediately he seemed to conceive the idea that he was leading me. We passed mentally out of my room into the hall—I keeping my mind closely upon the track we must travel—down the stairs. through the passed, and into the street. In order to reach the bridge across the canal we must turn to the right, go two squares, then turn to the left, and three squares further on cross the bridge, turn again to the right, and one block away reach the tavern. I observed with alarm for my experiment, that as we passed mentally into the street he said we are now turning to the left when he should have said to the right; but before I could correct him he spoke of seeing old Dr. Powell at rect him he spoke of seeing old Dr. Powell at his gate as we passed, and I knew his residence stood at the right of my hotel. He bade

the Doctor good morning as we passed by.

"Now we are at a grocery,' said he.

"Whose?' I asked.

"I don't know,' he replied.

"Goo you not road the class?'

"'Can you not read the sign?'
"I will go in and see, said he. Then raising his head as if looking at some high ob-

ect, he said slowly, as if spelling it out: John Green, flour, feed, and groceries. "I knew the grocery, and saw he was on the right track. He spoke to several persons I knew as we passed on, and as we neared the bridge said. 'Here comes John Bates; he is speaking to you; why don't you answer him?' Never mind, said 1, controlling my surprise. Go on.' John Bates had been dead six months. Nothing further occurred until we reached the tavern, which he insisted stood at the left of the bridge. When we had reached the long hall on the second floor I said: 'Now stand here and describe the people as they come out of their rooms. Presently he said: 'There is one comin' out of that-door.' 'What is the number of the room?' I asked. 'I will go in and see,' he replied. Again I observed the curious fact that in order to read a sign or number he had to look at it from the other side. In a moment he said: 'It is No. 12.' He described that man and others, but their descriptions did not tally with that of the Captain, whose personal appearance had been minutely described to me. 'Here comes another man,' said he, 'from that room down to the end of the hall, a big man, with a red face. He left his door open. Guess he ain't comin' back.' After a moment he continued:

Now he's goin' in. Now he's comin' out agin, puttin' somethin' in his pocket—looks kinder

"I directed him to keep his eye on this man, and follow him wherever he went. We followed him down the stairs and into the street. 'Here comes another feller. He's a speakin' to him. He looks an awful lot like speakin' to him. He looks an awron lot like him, only older. They are whisperin' together. He's goin' with him. Now we are goin' by the Methodist meetin' house. There's Judge Clark comin'. Why didn't you speak to him?' 'Go on; go on. You will lose sight of those men,' said I. Judge Clark, whom or those men, said 1. Judge Clark, whom every one had known and loved, had been dead three years. 'They are goin' inter that old lumber yard. They are doin' somethin' there in that corner. As sure's you live they're a buryin' that little yeller bundle tied with a pink string. He got that outer that feller's room this mornin'. He's a tellin' him how he seen it stickin' out under his niller when he went by the door.' My subpiller when he went by the door.' My subect had now been under influence as long as thought it safe to keep him there for that day. So I placed the notes my friend had made in the drawer, unbandaged his eyes, and brought him back to his normal condition by a quick upward motion of my hand. As he opened his eyes the dazed, troubled expression seen in the eyes of a somnambulist on first regaining consciousness same into on first regaining consciousness came into them for a second, but he was utterly unconscious of anything which had occurred, sup-posing it to have been one of our usual ex-periments, and was too dull and indifferent

"At the same hour the next day we again met at my room, according to appointment, and took the same positions. Blindfolding my subject I told him to go back and take up the clue. He soon found the man again. I told him that he must now condense time, counting every six hours as one, in order to catch up in the week. He readily compre-hended, although in his normal condition it would have taken him a week to have under-stood me, and immediately passed over six hours. 'Now,' said he, 'it is night, and he is in bed. He feels bad and can't sleep, turnin' and tossin' and gettin' up every few minutes, other six hours he described his getting up, his hurried breakfast, his worried and anxious manner, his departure from the tavern, his again meeting his brother, who seemed to be waiting for him. 'They are goin' down that street,' said he. 'Now they're climbin' up them steps and goin' inter that door. Stand back,' said he, 'an' let me open the door. Come in. This is a carpenter shop. They're down by that old chest. There, they've got that little bundle agin. Now, they're a hidin' it in the chest. They hid it in the lumber yard once. Now, they're hidin' it here, an' whisperin' together. The young one's agoin' out.' As we followed he again startled me by calling my attention to meeting and height greater to hy a friend length. ing and being spoken to by a friend long since dead! We had a description of another anxious, restless night, and another day-my subject always leading me and we following the clue. After dismissing our somnambulist, my friend and myself as before went over every rod of the ground we had just been traveling mentally and visited the carpenter shop, where the subject said the money was hidden. We then understood why he requested me to stand back while he opened the door. We found that the stairs, which he climbed on the outside, led up to a small platform. The door opened outward, and a person entering must step aside to allow it room to swing.

"At our third sitting we had brought the time down to within two days of our present date. This time, in following our man around, he came across the bridge, and step by step we followed him to our hotel. 'Now he's we followed him to our hotel. 'Now he's goin' inter the stage office,' said he. 'He's givin' Mr. Walton, the stage agent, a paper. It looks like a bill. Mr. Walton is givin' him some money an' tells him to sign the paper.' 'Read the name he signs,' said I. 'I can't,' said he, 'Mr. Walton has folded it up an' put it in the loft hand towner of his dock. The reserved it in the left-hand corner of his desk. There's a bundle of other papers just like it in there.'
Without disturbing him in his comments I picked up a scrap of paper and penciled a note to Mr. Walton requesting him to send me a package of receipts in the right hand corner of his desk. Mr. Miller took it down and disastly returned with the package some and directly returned with the package, some twenty or more, which I did not unfold, but spread around on the table within reach of our somnambulist's hand, which, as I have before said, he never removed from the table. He had been entirely unconscious of what we had done, but kept up his running comments, following the man back across the canal and to various places, when all atonce he moved his hand toward the papers and exclaimed, 'Why, here's that paper now; the very one he gave Mr. Walton.' Without hesitating a second he picked up one of the folded papers, and without unfolding it, also without even turning his bandaged eyes toward it, he read:

'Received from Samuel Walton, June, 1847, one dollar and fifty cents in full of all accounts.

JAMES R. FREEMAN.'

"Here was the name of our man at last! We knew him by sight, Wells and I. and that he had a brother, a carpenter. They were considered honest and respectable. We were getting the facts down to a fine point, but the difficulty would be in the proof. How could a man be convicted on the testimony of a somnambulist? We were all greatly ex-cited, except our subject, who, unconscious amazement at the finger I had pressed so hard that I left deep indentations in the swollen hand. 'Now,' said I, turning to my landlady, have her'lie down at once, leave her hand uncovered, send her friends away, and she will sleep twenty-four hours. If she awakens comin' back.' After a moment he continued: getting the facts down to a fine point, out the difficulty would be in the proof. How could a man be convicted on the testimony of a somnambulist? We were all greatly excited, except our subject, who, unconscious of anything extraordinary having occurred, stairs. Why, he looks as if he'd seen somethin'.

off to read the receipt. Condending another on to read the receipt. Condensing another six hours, it was evening. We followed Freeman into a livery stable, where his brother George joined him, and after a protracted conversation with the proprietor, a man of the name of Sykes, he said Freeman handed Sykes the parcel, and the brothers went away as if greatly relieved. Instead of following as if greatly relieved. Instead of following them he followed Sykes back into a remote them he followed Sykes back into a remote part of the stable, where he described him as slipping back the string on the package and taking out a bill. 'It is money,' said he, 'and that other chap stole it and give it to this un, an' now he's took one of them bills out, and then tied it up so no one would know it had been opened.' Right here we were interrupted by a knock at the door which our subject did not observe. Mr. Miller eterpred out, but almost immediately rewhich our subject did not observe. Mr. Miller stepped out, but almost immediately returned with a radiant face, and, without speaking, held up a little yellow parcel tied with a pink string, which, though never having seen it, we recognized at a glance as the lost package of money. Our subject followed the livery stable man to Burns's tavern. Up the stairs he took us again, through the hall to the foot of the second flight, where, nearly opposite the same room from which nearly opposite the same room from which the money was taken, he discovered a basket of clean linen, with a pile of towels on the top. 'Why, he's a stickin' that package down top. 'Why, he's a stickin' that package down under the towels. Now he's a hurryin' off,' Suddenly he exclaimed, 'The money is here. Right over there. That man has got it in his pocket. All but one bill. The livery man's got that.'

"We dismissed our subject and rested our case. Mr. Miller opened the package, which had been sent over to him by the landlord of the Rurns House with a massage that it had

the Burns House with a message that it had been found in a basket of linen, counted the money, which was all in one-hundred-dollar bills, and found one bill missing. Eleven hundred dollars were returned out of the original twelve hundred which the package had contained. Later my friend Wells and myself sauntered into the barroom of the Burns House. A good many men were stand-Burns House. A good many men were standing about, and the one subject of discussion was the finding of the money. By this time everybody knew that the money had been lost and quite as mysteriously found, it was said, by a chambermaid among the linen. All sorts of surpling and susplicing were float. sorts of surmises and suspicions were floating about. Many looked askance at us as we frew near, and whispered together, for somehow it had leaked out that Mr. Miller had been closeted a great deal with us. An uneasy feeling that some accusations might be made was evident. Soon after Mr. Miller came up to the bar, and, while being congratulated on all sides, smilingly said that he never felt uneasy. He knew all the time that it would be returned, 'but,' said he, 'I am \$100 short; I don't worry any about that.' Seating himself and elevating his legs comfortably to the back of a chair opposite, he said: 'That \$100 is all right,' biting off the end of a cigar and lighting it, 'I'll get it in a few days.' Everybody looked curiously at his neighbor, but no one thought best to ask for any applicant Savarat wont away for any explanation. Several went away soon afterward. As we passed out the elder of the Freeman brothers was just ahead of us. The next day Mr. Miller left on one of his boats for home, thirty miles distant. Two weeks later he called at my room again, and said he had received the other one-hundreddollar bill! Two young men drove up to his door one day the previous week, he said, strangers to him, and asked if he was Mr. Miller. They declined to enter the house, said they were from the town where his money was lost. Had heard that he had inti-mated that they were in some way connected with the loss of the money—or at least with the missing one-hundred-dollar bill. He replied that he had accused no one. One of them remarked that it was hard to rest under a suspicion, and rather than have their names connected with it they would prefer to make good the deficiency, at the same time handing to Mr. Miller a one-hundred-dollar bill. He took it, bade them good day, and

they drove away.

"How far the superstitious fears of the guilty parties influenced them in returning the money we never knew, but the disagree able notoriety we had gained, and a fear that it might affect our business interests, made us decide to discontinue all further experiments. I also saw that it was leading into a realm at that time new and unexplored. The startling recognition on the part of the clair-voyant of those long dead filled me with ter-ror."—New York Sun, May 25th, 1884.

The London Inquirer publishes this account of an extraordinary scene which took place recently at a rural cemetery on the oceasion of the funeral of a retired farmer: On arriving at the grave, the officiating clergyman, Rev. W. Berisford, vicar of St. Luke's Leek, pointed out that the corp e's feet would not point to the eastward; and, although the sexton told him that the grave was in a similar position to hundreds of others, and showed him the headstones in confirmation, the clergyman insisted upon his point, referring to the difficulty which would be experienced on the Day of Resurrection if the corpse was placed otherwise than with his feet to the east! A rule was procured, when it was found that the grave would just take the coffin the reverse way; and the cere-mony was then proceeded with."

A wealthy English gentleman is trying to convert the poor heathen in India by insert-ing Mr. Spurgeon's sermons as an advertise-ment in some of the native papers. The people think that they are an advertisement of a new patent medicine.

For the Beligio Philosophical Jourani. From Puritanism to Spiritualism. 1817-1884.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER II.

OLD-TIME GOOD AND ILL-RELIGIOUS GROWTH -REFORMS.

Fifty years ago the old meeting house stood in the centre of the broad street in Hatfield. It was a "meeting house," not a church, and "to go to meeting" was the old phrase, in which was no tinge of Episcopacy. The high pulpit had steep, winding stairs by which the "sacred desk" was reached—a lofty place from whomas the paster leaded down the from whence the pastor looked down on his flock, his voice reaching them as from the high heavens. By the Swedenborgian doctrine of correspondence—which has more truth than many suppose—the change from that lofty pulpit, with its wooden bulwark shutting off the occupant from the hearers, to the low and open platform, for a modern clergyman, typings the change from the lofty and exclusive idea of the old preacher, to the modern idea of a man in the pulpit trying to lift up and teach his brethren. Over that pulpit was the great sounding board, theoretically to carry the spoken word out to the news and walls, but having no effect of that kind, and really serving to set the busy brains of boys and girls thinking what would happen if it fell and crushed the poor minister

Deep and high galleries ran around three sides, reached by two stairways in the corners. High above and built over those stairways, and reached by another flight of steps. were two great, square pews, seen from the whole gallery and from below. One was the pauper pew, and the other the "negro pew," and the occupants were these poor parishs of our Christian civilization, lifted up in these most conspicuous places to be stared at! For more than a hundred years that was the only place dedicated to Sunday meetings. A few Methodists meeting in a poor school house back in the swamps were tolerated, an occasional Universalist or Unitarian met no rude abuse, but felt a chill in the social air. The faith of the Puritans bore sway, and all else was dangerous heresy. Great changes have taken place. The Westmiuster Catechism is no longer a household book, and even the most orthodox hardly wish it back again. "The Day of Doom," that poetic description of "The Great and Last Judgment," by Michael Wigglesworth, which was also a household book, at a still earlier date, would not be warmly welcomed in the home of the modern professor of religion. Its author says of that great day: "In vain do they to mountains say, Fall on us, and us

hide From Judge's ire, more hot than fire, for who may it No hiding place can from his face, sinners at all con-Whose flaming eye hid things doth spy, and darkest things reveal."

Infants are portrayed as having a plea made for them, but the stern answer comes from

the Judgment seat: "You sinners are, and such a share as sinners may expect: Such you shall have, for I do save none but mine own

But unto you I will allow the easiest room in he'L." What that is, we learn as follows:

"The least degree of misery there felt is incompara-The lightest pain they there sustain is more than in-But God's great power, from hour to hour, upholds them in the fire. That they shall not consume a jot or by its force ex-

With iron bands they bind their hands and cursed feet together. And cast them all, both great and small, into that lake forever. Where day and night, without respite, they wall and For forturing pain, which they sustain, in body and in soul,"

These are specimens from the Saurian age of theology, when infant damnation was preached from the pulpits, and all mankind were held totally depraved by nature, and a few only saved by special divine grace. Yet this writer has been called "a man of the beatitudes," and his daily life was kind and genial. In England, Puritanism did great service. It was a religious reform helping to break down old tyranny and to rebuke vice in Church and State. In New England it nurtured noble virtues as well as grave errors, and its advocates did a great work, but the world looked for more light, and the light must come. It was my good fortune to live on the border between The Old Time and The New, to know personally something of the Pilgrim life and thought, and to know and feel that

"The pure, fresh impulse of to-day,
Which thrills within the human heart,
As time-worn errors pass away,
Fresh life and vigor shall impart."

It is interesting and noteworthy to see how one step opened the way for another, by a moral and spiritual evolution corresponding to the steps of rock and clod along the spiral pathway reaching up to grass and flower and man. The intense earnestness of Puritanism stirred the soul and awakened thought, and the mandate of priest or council seeking to fetter that thought was as futile as an effort to bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades.' Their restraint hindered for a season, but the poor barriers broke at last, and each gap gave new vantage ground. Arminian tendencies crept in. The story is told of a council of ministers examining a young candidate in theology, and one of them, suspecting heresy, said sternly: " If things go in this way I must secode," whereat Dr. Luthrop, of West Spring-field, a saintly preacher of generous views, replied: "If our brother secedes we must proceed." But the heresy-hunter was right, for the young candidate was a Unitarian in less than thirty years.

Then came John Murray from England, cast on the Long Island coast as a shipwrecked waif, but found by the farmer who had seen him in a dream, and knew him as the preacher for whom he had been guided by that vision to build a church, where the love of God sufficient to save all mankind, should be proclaimed. Such a conception of the Divine goodness naturally led to a higher ideal of humanity, and William E. Channing, in his Federal Street pulpit in Boston, set forth with golden eloquence the worth, dignity, and capacity for endless culture of man, made in God's image and likeness. Old asperities softened, and the leaven kept working. Should man, heir of such a destiny and child of such a father, be made a slave in this boasted land of liberty? Surely not. The Quaker element came in to emphasize this demand for freedom, and found voice in Whittier's word:

"The one sole sacred thing beneath The cope of heaven is man.". Political and religious ideas were in uni-

son, and so grew the anti-slavery movement -so small at first, so resistless at last! The equality of man involved that of woman. A gifted Quaker, Lucretia Mott, went to London in 1840, as delegate to a World's anti-slavery Convention, and was refused admission because she was a woman, and the injustice of that refusal gave new life and organic shape to woman's rights. Far out in the then dis-tant wilds of Michigan, Elizabeth Margaret Chandler made touching protest against the silence enforced on her sex by old custom and old Bible rendering:

"Shall we behold unheeding.
Life's holiest feelings crushed?
While woman's heart is bleeding
Shall woman's voice be hushed?"

With this discussion came new views of the subjection of woman, pledged religiously to obey her husband as master, to look up to him after the manner of Milton's Kve. Marriage was discussed, much of truth with something of error coming up. Theodore Parker said that the errors were "but the dust from the wagon wheels bringing home the harvest, and surely higher conceptions of the sanctity of maternity, and of woman as the loving and equal helpmate of man, with the wife's right to her own person and property, have steadily gained ground.

In the discussion of these questions many of the clergy held up the Bible as in favor of chattel slavery and woman's subjection, and this opened the way for new doubts as to the infallibility of the book. A popular clergy-man in Maine, told his large audience that it was a great misfortune for a minister to hold up a book as contradicting the holiest feelings of humanity." Henry C. Wright, with his usual power, put the case in the plain way of the fearless abolitionist: "If my mother was a slave, and I was told the Bible sanctioned her condition, I would put the Bible under my feet and make my mother free." Thus did it become possible for Theodore Par-ker to stand before the largest Protestant audiences in Boston and preach in Music Hall for years, saying frankly and manfully that the Bible was a human book, valuable but fallible-to be judged by our reason, but never set up as authority over us. To-day liberal ministers, especially Unitarians, begin to take the same ground, and many of the people are in advance of most of the clergy. Atheism and agnosticism are reactions from the Jewish Jehovah and the dogmas of theology. Modern Spiritualism makes the future life real and near, binding it to this by the strong ties of eternal law and undying human love, and gives us a natural religion and a spiritual philosophy, rational, inspiring, and enlarging. It is an outgrowth and complement of New England transcendentalism, supplementing the intuitive ideas of that remarkable movement with facts and a psychological system which give them clearness and definite

So the world moves, and must move. Trouble may sometimes come from the misuse of freedom of thought, but truth gains and charity grows. When the spring flood comes swelling and sweeping down some mountain stream, it carries along, and tosses up on the hill sides, the floodwood and wreck that mark its course, and the loosened ice grinds to pieces whatever it strikes; but the flood subsides, the fertilized fields pay back more than all the losses, and the summer life and autumnal plenty are better than the reion of ice-bound winter. We can see, too, the dawn of the glad day when persecution for opinion's sake shall cease; when mankind shall recognize the benefit of progressive change and

"To make the present with the future merge, Gently and peacefully, as wave with wave.

Odd enough were some of the old protests against the autocratic authority of the clergy. The story comes down a hundred and fifty years of a Hatfield farmer—an eccentric but good man, one of the silent dissenters from orthodoxy, whose very silence brought suspicion—who was walking beside his ox-team and cart up the street, and met the minister. He saluted him with the same friendly respect he would show a neighbor, but the custom was to lift the hat to the preacher, and this he did not do. The demand came: "Take off your hat, sir," to which no attention was paid, when the minister raised his cane and struck the hat off from that rebellious head. The wearer quietly took it up and put it on again, stopped his team, set his long gad carefully upright in the grass, and let it go. It fell, pointing southwest, and he picked it up and went quietly on his way, the lookers on won-dering what this new oddity meant. In a few months he sold his farm and left for Conneclicut; in a year he came back and said: "When that priest knocked my hat off, I thought l would set up my ox-gad and see which way it fell, and move that way, and I've found a place where I don't have to take off my hat to the priest."

The parish minister used to be the arbiter as to all public meetings, and his word would open or close the doors to a lecturer on any topic of reform or religion. The anti-slavery movement broke up this, for their lecturers would speak for freedom in every parish, with or without consent of clergy. Ageneral meeting of Congregational clergymen was called in West Brookfield, Mass., some forty-five years ago to see what could be done. One of those present said: "One of these itinerants came to my parish and advertised to speak. I took my hat and cane and walked up one side of the street and told my people not to go, and then down the other side in the same way, and nobody went." Others were less fortunate, and what to do was a vexed question. 'A pastoral letter" was sent out to the churches, urging action, but it was met by a reaction disastrous to their efforts: Whittier wrote a ringing poem, of which a verse will show the

quality:

"So this is all, the utmost reach
Of priestly power the mind to fetter,
When laymen think, when women preach,
when laymen think, a pastoral letter! A war of words, a pastoral letter!

A "Pastoral Letter," grave and dull—
Alas! in hoofs and horns and features,
How different is your Brookfield bull,
From him who bellows at St. Peter's!"

A few years since a young clergyman told me of the advice of an old preacher to a group of clerical students. He said: "Young men, never be priests, be ministers; men helping other men, but not pricets." He was wiser than those at West Brookfield.

Reverence for sacred places and days was part of the old education, taught but mildly to me, but in the very air. One day, in my boyhood, I went alone to the meeting house on an errand, and lingered to walk up the silent aisles. Curiosity led me toward the pulpit, up its steps, inside and to the very desk, where I stood in the minister's place with my hands on the great Bible before me. At once a wave of feeling came over me as though I was a profane trespasser on holy ground, and I ran down the steps and out of the door, fear-

ful and ashamed. At home the Sabbath was free from the solemnity which ruled in many households. It was deemed a good day for rest and thought, beneficial as such, but not holy after the Jewish idea, and was kept quietly but not austerely. A school-master who had boarded with us some time, changed his quarters to another

and said to my mother: "Can I stay here over Sunday? Saturday night all the newspapers and books are put out of sight, and Scott's Bible and the New York Observer are brought out. Nobody can laugh or look cheerful, and can't live there." He kept his Sunday in our warmer air.

An elderly woman whom I knew well, a notable housekeeper, whose work was her life, used to sit by her west window Sunday afternoons, trying to read the Bible, doxing a lit-tle, and rousing up to look out and measure the height of the declining sun. At last she would venture to take down the almanac that hung beside the old clock by the loop of twine through its corner, find the time of sunset, and then look at the clock. When the sun's last rays shone she would give a stretch and a sigh of relief, rise up from her chair, go straight to the kitchen, got on the big kettle and have her washing done before bedtime. To put on that kettle five minutes before sunset would have been held a great sin, but on Monday morning she would make a close bargain with a poor woman, and take good care to get the best of it.

To exalt holy days and places is to degrade

man, I had no doctrinal training, and cannot remember a time when I was ever taught to believe or disbelieve any creed or dogma. I heard the comments in the family, on preaching and church doctrines, which were usually frank but charitable, but was left to frame my own conclusions. I was never taught or influenced to dislike or distrust people for heresy, but rather to respect sincerity in all. My father read a short prayer from a liberal service-book each morning, and reverence for spiritual ideas was a part of my life. In morals and conduct the standard was high. A lie was terrible, a knavish trick was contemptible, vulgarity was shameful. Clean lips and a pure heart, frank and upright conduct, and a readiness always to bear my share of life's burthens, needed little enforcement by direct precept; they were in the daily acts and in the very air of our home. To fall below their high requirements was to forfeit the affectionate confidence and respect of

those most near and dear. For one thing I hold my father in especial reverence. In my youth he said to me: "My son, never fear to hear both sides of all questions fairly, especially in religion. Be careful and thoughtful. Make up your mind without rash haste, but with a clear conscience. When you have decided, hold to your convictions firmly and honestly and without fear." Many times have I blessed his memory for that weighty advice. It stands by me like a rock. At an early day I tested it, and him. I began to doubt eternal punishment, read the Bible, and thought it all over, and scripture and justice were with me. I went to my father and told him of my change of views. He questioned me a little and then said: "Very well. If it seems right, hold to it like a man; only be sure it seems right." And so, at twelve years old, a black cloud rolled away, and my good father's word was like a strong

wind that broke it in pieces. A few years after I was in Boston and saw an advertisement of a meeting of infidels in Chapman Hall, to be addressed by Robert Owen and others. An avowed infidel I had never seen, and the name was as fearful to a New England boy as was that of "the black Douglas" to Scotch babies, whom their nurses frightened with it in bygone days. I found the hall in a labyrinth of crooked streets, fit place, it seemed, for such a meeting, and took a safe seat near the door. The audience was a surprise-intelligent and civil people, as good as the average. Several persons spoke, expressing opinions, wise or otherwise, and, at last, an elderly man-plain, square-built, with large head and kindly, shrewd face—rose to his feet, and all listened with great attention. He stood with folded arms, talking rather than speech-making, and with beautiful clearness and simplicity spoke of the excellence of charity and active benevolence. Every word went home. I thought to myself, Paul wrote well of charity in his Corinthian Epistle, but this infidel Robert Owen goes bevond him. That hour did not change my religious belief, but it cleared away the mist of prejudice, and gave me new respect for courageous frankness. The fresh thought of my father's good advice sent me there, and I made lasting record in my memory of an-

[To be continued.] VICARIOUS ATONEMENT In the Light of Reason and Justice.

other obligation to him.

To the Editor of the Religio Philosophical Journal: In a theological sense, vicarious atonement is the suffering by Jesus in his own body, of all the punishment or penalty which, under the divine government, has been, or will be, incurred by all the transgressions of divine law, and the application of such vicarious or substituted suffering to the individual case of every transgressor who embraces a belief in such atonement; and the remission or forgiveness of such penalty to every such believer, but to no others. The atoning principle consists, through a belief on the part of the sinner of its truth, in imputing to him the rightenuages of Jeeus and in imputing to righteousness of Jesus, and in imputing to Jesus, for the same reason, the wickedness and consequent penalty of the sinner; and that God accepts this vicarious (one standing for the other) atonement as a satisfaction of divine law. An orthodox believer in this doctrine would, perhaps, state it in different phraseology, but the principle involved would be the same. Let us examine this doctrine in the light of the highest standard of reason and justice known to man.

It is remarkable, to begin with, that the orthodox plan of redemption, resting as it does upon a reconciliation through the vicarious atonement, depends not upon the power of divine truth, but upon man's belief of that truth. It is the belief, and not the truth believed, that works the claimed reconciliation. The effect of this belief upon the heart and conscience would be the same, whether the things believed were true or false. I once knew a politician whose motto was, that an error well and effectively adhered to, was just as good as the truth. Does this religious theory rest on anything better? Suppose not a single human being ever embraced a belief in this doctrine, would it be a vital, efficient truth in the divine government? How?

Our daily experience teaches us that we often comply ignorantly with the conditions upon which blessings are received, and sometimes we; afterwards, often fail to fully learn what the truth or principle is that brings the blessing. What would be the condition of humanity if God withheld from his children all benefits and blessings of truths which they failed to be and professings. they failed to believe and understand? Think of it! Does God only bless those who know why and how the blessing comes? This is the rule furnished by the theological doctrine known as vicarious atonement. Suppose a disbelief in any divine truth, but the disbeliever complies with and performs all that truth requires, will God withhold the blessings of obedience because of a want of faith in such truth? Does he not send his rain and family. On a Saturday morning he came in | sunshine equally upon those who even deny

his being and worship other gods, and those who believe him the source of all blessings? Man's wisdom is the result of trial and experience, and not the cause of these. The desire to know prompts to activity and thought, and these are followed, not preceded by, con-

sequent faith, knowledge and growth.

But let us further inquire: Must the belief in such an atonement, in order to be available to the believer in the remission of his punishment, be a belief resting on grounds sufficiently reasonable and comprehensible to produce in an ordinary mind a conviction of its truth? The grounds, whatever they may be, must be intelligently productive of the belief. This is the ordinary standard, and the matter is to be measured by the ordinary mind. Let us apply it. It is conceded by all that the way and manner in which the rightcousness of Jesus is imputed to the sinner, and the sinner's wickedness is imputed to, and borne by, Jesus, is a mystery. That is, that there is no known rule, principle or law human or divine, by which this can be done This makes it a mystery. Where, then, are we to look for the grounds of the required belief? The result is that such belief, when claimed, is a more naked profession, having no grounds, rational or perceptible, to rest upon; and being such, cannot, in the mind of the professed believer, be the cause of a faith and consequent conduct and life going beyond mere profession. The stream cannot raise above the fountain.

No comment need be offered upon the philosophical and mental absurdity of claiming an efficient causal faith, by the intellectual power, in a principle which such power is conceded to be utterly unable to understand.

But why should the innocent Jesus suffer the penalty infinite wisdom and love designed for the wrong doer? It must be granted that the penalty of sin, whatever it may be, was determined by infinite wisdom and justice. Have these divine attributes changed? Do they not require now what they did in the beginning? And if so, why this vicarious principle of substitution? One of two things is inevitable: either the original plan was defective, or the substitution is not required. But says one: The vicarious principle was a part of the original plan. Does this make it any better? The objection is, that it allows and substitutes the innocent to suffer for the guilty. Is this the less objectionable because originally designed?

It is true that it is more blessed to give than receive; that is, that condition of mind and spirit that is not only willing and ready but anxious to impart of what it has for the benefit and relief of others, brings to the pos-sessor greater blessings than can come to the recipient from what may be given. It is this condition that opens the spiritual nature of man to the perception and reception of divine truth. It is only limited by ability to give. But while this is the law as to the giver, is it not also the law as to the receiver? Is his only requisite ability to receive? Has he nothing to do but hold out his hands as a beggar, and take all that is offered? Is he to be esteemed meritorious because he has afforded some better person an unlimited opportunity to give? This would seem to be the merit of those who claim to have appropriated the consideration, and in return sing," Jesus paid the bill." Do such persons receive the greater blessing that comes to the giver? Imagine, reader, a kingdom where the duty of the subject is a profession of faith in the willingness and ability of the king to furnish all the subjects need, and an unlimited readiness on the part of the subjects to receive, upon condition they devote their time to singing and shouting the king's praises. How can any one be ment of selfishness, concealed under the garb of righteousness?

Among all the wrongs and evils of mankind there are none greater than the failures to protect the innocent and punish the guilty. It is mainly for this civil governments are established, and no government could long exist that fails to do this. The weakness and wickedness of its wrongs and errors would overthrow it. What then would be its character and claim to support, if professedly founded upon the principle that it would accept the punishment of the innocent, when offered in place of the guilty, and allow the guilty to go clear? Would the failure of jus-tice be any less, because the innocent was willing to suffer? The protection of the in-nocent consists in the just punishment of the guilty; and the righteous chastisement of the wrong doer is the protection of the innocent. Vicarious atonement reverses this natural order of justice. The principle itself is a most shocking subversion of the plainest justice and right. It certainly seems to me that the religious world has failed to realize the horrid thought that lies at the bottom of this doctrine. Instances are not wanting, where men and women have refused to accept grand and splendid gifts because their sentiments of justice and right would not allow them to appropriate to their own use and benefit the labor and hardship of others without compensation. Such refusals have been looked upon as evidences of the highest nobility of character. But suppose the gift to be a release from a justly incurred penalty of painful suffering, to be endured by the innocent giver instead of the guilty recipient, would its acceptance be less objectionable to that quality we call nobility of character? What sort of stuff must a man be made of, who would accept immunity from the consequences of his own acts or omissions, upon such terms? While the common sentiment of humanity would stigmatize him as a selfish brute, the orthodox view of the atonement would extol him as a saint. Which is the higher and better rule? We are told not to cast our pearls before swine, but the divine instructor did deem it requisite to denounce the swine for

appropriating the jewels. I can see but one weak ground for the opin-ion that this vicarious faith is productive of the least good in the world, and that is the prominence the doctrine gives to the kindness and compassion of Jesus, in offering to take upon himself the sinner's faults to save the sinner from their consequences. In these qualities it could not be excelled; its contemplation may in the process of time inspire such a worship of these divine attributes as to bring them into more practical use, and so overcome the evils of its injustice. Still, it would seem that eighteen hundred years of trial ought to settle this point. But it is difficult and improper to measure things in this way, and say what considerations of jus-tice may be profitably exchanged for those of good-will and kindness. It may be possible that the crucifizion of justice for the time being, will inflict upon the world a less evil than the want of that prominence given by this doctrine to kindness and compassion. But what an alternative for infinite wisdom to present to human weakness.

J. L. BATCHELOR. Clarinda, Iowa.

It is stated that the American Tract Society's publications during the year ending with March last aggregated 73,566,000 pages, in addition to seven periodicals with a total circulation of 4,000,000. Apparitions Revealing Crime.

A correspondent of the Toronto News, and whose veracity is vouched for by that paper tells the following story:

In one of the townships of Western Ontario, in rather a lonely part of a leading road, stood a medium-sized log house, used as a tavern, kept by a man of a rather ferocious temper, whom we will call McGrim. Though of a foul and disagreeable disposition, there appears to have been no serious charge of disorder or of crime imputed to him at the time this story begins—about forty years ago. In the same neighborhood lived a pious and amiable young man, who died soon after the strange experience hereafter described:

In a dream, a respectably-dressed man stood before him with his throat cut. There was a terrific realness in the apparition. He spoke and said that he had put up at McGrim's tavern for the night, that he had been foully murdered by McGrim, who had taken his money and hid it in a place distinctly specifled by the ghostly traveler, and that his body was buried upon a knoll of land pointed out so as to be recognized. When the young man awoke, the whole revelation was vividly fresh upon his mind and in his memory, even to the name and address in the United States, of the

He told the dream to some of his friends. McGrim heard of it, and used threatening language in regard to the dreamer if he did not cease to name it, which resulted in the matter being hushed up; though rumors of a traveler with a horse and buggy staying at the tavern and never having been seen to leave it were current for a time; of a well on the knoll specified as the place of burial having been filled up about this time, and then a drive-house erected over the spot-all leading the people of the locality to feel that a foul crime had been committed in their midst. After awhile he moved away and kept a hotel in another place. His life became very bad, his wife frequently having to seek refuge at surrounding houses from her brutal husband's murderous fury. Finally, he left his wife and family and ran away to a city of the United States, where he died several years later.

At the time of the war between the United States and Mexico a young man, whom we will call Slade, was lying on a bed in an extemporized hospital in Mexico. His stepfather and his mother lived in Ontario, about twenty miles from McGrim's tavern. He had enlisted in the American army and been sent South, where we find him prostrated either from wound or disease, the writer (who has the facts from Slade's mother) has forgotten which. On a bed near him lay a young Frenchman drawing near to death. The dying man having found out that Slade was from Canada, piteously asked a favor of him. He eased his mind by a penitential confession which he requested Slade to make known on his return home.

He formerly lived as hired man with Mc-Grim at the log tavern in Upper Canada. Through an opening between the logs he saw his master murder a traveler who had tarried for the night. To serve a purpose of his own he had afterwards twitted McGrim about what he had witnessed, who, becoming greatly alarmed, gave the young Frenchman the traveler's horse and buggy and twenty-five pounds to go away and say nothing about it.

As the wife and children of the accused man were living, Slade was advised, upon his return home, not to make a public accusation. It was reported after McGrim's death that he had made a full confession of this murder before he died. The writer has had no oppor-tunity to verify the report, and so leaves this strange array of facts to the meditation of

A Congressman's Story.

Congressman Blackburn, of Kentucky, tells the following story of his experience in the Confederate army: "Four days before I went to the front with my regiment we had a little girl baby. She is now grown, and you always see her with me at any social gathering. Well, in our army the furloughs came very rarely. When we got into line there was no great chance for a man to get home. It was about three years afterward that a few of us were one night going down the Mississippi on a river steamer. I had been sick and was returning to my command, but pretty well broken up, even then. As for money, we did not have any, and the night was hot as I laid down on the deck, my throat almost parched with thirst. Pretty soon a little girl came along with a big glass of lemonade. I tell you it looked good to me. She saw me eyeing it, stopped a minute, looked doubtfully at me and finally came up to my side. 'You look as if you wanted something to drink, she said, and offered me the glass. It wasn't quite the square thing to do, but I took it and handed it back to her empty. It was like nectar to me. Then I thanked the little creature and sent her away. Soon after, just like every child, she came back, leading her mother to see the poor soldier. By Jupiter, it was my wife, and the girl was the baby whom I had last seen as a baby but just born. You can imagine the reunion. They were with my brother's family, and happened to be going down river. That was the only time during the four years' fighting that I saw my wife and baby, and under those circumstances what man would ever forget it."

Dr. Gross, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Savannah, Ga., has issued a pastoral to his clergy, in which he forcibly urges the necessity of educating the colored man, as well as teaching him religion, so that he may become at the same time an intelligent citizen and a moral man. Instead of agreeing with the average opinion of the white man South, Dr. * Gross thinks that the colored man has high possibilities, and that he is capable of being elevated to the highest plane. He condemns colonization schemes, but wants fair play for the negroes where they are now.

The mother of the Slamese Prince Embassador, now in New York, is a Princess of Pegu, whose name, Khoon Sonu Kiean, trans-lated, is Hidden Perfume, which from published accounts of her character seems very appropriate. She has long been a faithful student of the English language, and has made many translations of English works into Siamese, among them "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In 1867 she took the first step toward emancipation in Siam, now an accomplished fact, by liberating all her slaves and retaining them in her service as paid ser vants.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Dr. Jos. Holt, New Orleans, La., says: "I have frequently found it of excellent service in cases of debility, loss of appetite, and in convalencence from exhaustive ilinees, and particularly of service in treatment of women and children."

Woman and the Konsehold.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. (MHTUCHEN, N. J.)

LOVE ON.

Love on! love on! but not the things that own The fleeting beauty of a summer day;
Truth, virtue, spring from God's eternal throne,
Nor quit the spirit when it leaves the clay;
Love them! love them!

Love on! love on! though death and earthly change Bring mournful silence to a darkened home; Still let the heart rest where no eye grows strange, Where never falls a shadow from the tomb; Love there! love there!

Love, then! love, then! and though the evening Wear the stern cloud that veiled thy noonday sun, With loyal trust, with calm, unfaltering will, Work! bravely work! till the last hour be done; Love on! love on!

-Anon. BODY AND SOUL.

The tendency of things on this young planet, is to swing from one form of extremism to another. From frigid cold to torrid heat; from rayless midnight to blinding midday; from tornadoes and cyclones to the zone of calms; from love to hatred; from utter worldliness to entire devotion to things spiritual—these

seem to be the conditions in which we live. There can be no doubt that true progress lies in a striving after a better balance be-tween these extremes. Those who dwell in sensuous enjoyment are learning through conflicting and often bitter lessons that happiness does not consist in mere earthly pleasure. And on the other hand, they who ignore the body with all its imperative necessities, in order to secure the joys of spiritual culture, find themselves losing the means of attaining what they most desire.

Let me not be misunderstood, as placing the body and its needs first in order of importance. But it is first in order of develop-ment. "That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual." Accordingly, the roots of this tree of human life are to be set deep and strong in the soil of good earthly conditions, before its trunk can rise grandly into the em-pyrean where it branches intellectually, and finally bears its ultimates of moral and spiritual fruitage. And there is no artificial pro-cess by which this order can be reversed.

RIGHTS AND DUTIES. All children have the right to be well born, well nourished and well trained physically. And parents who are not prepared to fulfill these conditions are derelict in their first duty to themselves and to society at large. Natural affection will prompt efforts and solf agentifies in order to secure the heappings.

self-sacrifice in order to secure the happiness of offspring. But it takes men and women who are very wise to rear children who shall be healthy, affectionate, temperate and self-disciplined.

The first ten years are the foundation for the following life of the child, and those are passed directly under the mother's care. If she be not widely intelligent, practical and firm, how she shall be able to fulfill her most

firm, how she shall be able to fulfill her most onerous duties?

Can any man have a more vital interest in all that affects society through custom and through law? In former ages woman has been the dupe of the priesthood, through her reverence for things spiritual. Unlearned in the physical sciences, unintelligent in regard to sociologic and sanitary laws, when her little ones have been stricken by plagues, become victims of bad drainage, filth, the want of fresh air or proper food, she has bowed to the chastening of the suppressed will of the Al. the chastening of the supposed will of the Almighty. Gradually, as she learned that Deity worked through natural laws, she essayed to learn those laws and obey them. How she fought her way into medical colleges through every kind of insult and obstacle, are matters of recent history. And yet much necessary intelligence in regard to daily habits is far from being general. And in many households where spiritual culture is sought, where the higher graces abound, where affection and integrity are inculcated, and moral laws reign supreme, there is such ignorance of the best ways of living as brings ill-health and entails weakness and disease upon the rising generation. Let us look well to the laws of the body, to the action of air and sunlight and food, that the organs through which the spirit manifests itself may be fit for this most important mission.

Ruskin has well said: "Is there but one day of judgment? Why, for us every day is a day of judgment—every day is a Dies Irac, and writes its irrevocable edict in the flame of its West. Judgment waits at the door of your houses, it waits at the corner of your streets; we are in the midst of judgment; the moments we fret away are our judges; the elements that feed us judge as they minister; and the pleasures that deceive us judge as they charm....Remember that every day of your early life is ordaining irrevocably, for good or for evil, the custom and practice of your soul; ordaining either sacred customs of dear and lovely recurrence, or trenching deeper and deeper the furrows for seeds of sorrow."

The following story, in a late number of the Woman's Journal, told by Lucy Stone, illustrates the workings of an unjust law:

ONE WIDOW AND HER SPOONS.

"There is now residing in Massachusetts a widow past ninety years of age, who tells the following facts of her experience as a widow with whom the law dealt. She married young. To furnish her wedding outfit she spun and wove. With the money thus earned she laid in stores of useful things. Silver spoons were among the articles thus bought. By these she set special store, for silver spoons in those days were not found in every house.

"It was not long before this young wife was a widow. Then the law, which had given all she possessed to her husband, now interposed again to see that nothing which belonged to the heirs of the husband should fall into the hands of the widow. The spoons belonged to the husband; they would go to his heirs. The young widow pleaded for her spoons, and it was finally agreed that if she would pay the money value of them, she might have them. Forthwith she began to spin and weave, and with the money so earned she bought back her spoons.

"By-and-by she married a second time, and again the spoons belonged according to law to the second husband. In process of time this husband also died. Again his heirs were entitled to the spoons and to much besides. But the taking of these cherished articles gave so keen a hurt, that its special pain yet survives. She still tells how, for the third time she served the money with which to time, she 'earned the money with which to pay for those spoons, and how they were con-ceded to her only on payment of their money value. One of her descendants of the third generation related these facts to me the other day. They are still vivid to the mind of the venerable woman, who dwells on the injustice of the law to women.

A NOBLE WOMAN'S POWER.

In a discourse with the above title, delivered in the Jefferson Park Presbyterian church of Chicago, by Rev. Thomas Parry, occur the

following passages:
"It should be impressed upon the mind of a girl that she is to stand side by side with her brother in some practical work. Let her choose her own occupation just as boys do. This will develop her dignity, her independence, and give her a strong and healthy physique. It will make her less careless and selfi h, give her a larger and more earnest meaning to life.

"A wife wants to be something more than a housekeeper....I will venture two assertions: First, that whenever a man failed in business, it was not through the counsel of his wife. Secondly, that whenever the hus-band shared the planning of his business with his wife, that she should have equal share of its knowledge with him, he never discovered her intoxicated with fashion or the bickerings of social distinction. Grace Greenwood is correct when she says: 'I be-

lieve that for one woman whom the pursuits of literature, the ambition of authorship, and the love of fame have rendered unfit for home life, a thousand have been made undomestic by poor social strivings, the follies of fashion, and the intoxicating distinction which mere personal beauty confers.' I believe that men have shut women out of their professions, excluded them from counsel and knowledge of their business, and have actually driven these creatures of fresh, rich, ambitious, noble, energetic mind to waste their energies on fashion, and things that in their hearts they despise. Chaucer has written us 'The Legend of Good Women, and Spenser has shown that all his fairy knights are sometimes deceived and sometimes vanquished. But the female, the soul of Una, is never darkened and the spear of Britomart is never broken. Did not the most wise and greatest people of Egypt give to their spirit of wisdom the form of a woman? Did they not put in her hand the weaver's shuttle, to show her to be the designer, the arranger of plans? Did not the Greeks believe, adopt, and obey the same, making Athena of the older of the literature and

BOOK REVIEWS.

man."

shield the very creator of art, literature and national virtue? Yes, the highest gift and power of a woman is her moral worth. In all

ages which have been noted for purity and progress, reverence, enthusiastic devotion, and entire obedience have been given to wo-

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

THE BIBLE ANALYZED IN TWENTY LEC-TURES. By John R. Kelso, A. M. New York: Published at the Truth Seeker Office. 833 pp., 8vo.,

The publisher has done his part well in the publication of this book. Its large, clear type, delicately toned paper, good presswork and neat binding, make the book attractive. But the good that may be said of it ends there. For one who attacks the teachings of any book with fair argument, recognizing what may be good in it, while calmly showing its errors, there is always respect due; but for an attack made up of tenorance and impudence, of unaccredited

that Hilkiah found:

"Besides all this I would like to have my opponents inform us how long this book had been in use before it was loet; also when, how, and by whom, it was loet. If it had been in use among the Jews during the first five centuries of their residence in the land of Canaan, why is it not once mentioned in all that portion of their history?...And how came that book to be lost? Was it in no one's care? Was no one responsible for it? Was it never missed? Was the party who lost it never called to account for his carelessness? Was no inquiry ever made concerning it? Was no effort made to find it? Did so great a loss create no excitement among the people? Would the entire loss of every copy in existence of before it was lost; also when, how, and by whom, it Would the entire loss of every copy in existence of the Bible create no excitement at the present time?

the Bible create no excitement at the present time? Why was no record of that great loss ever made?"

Enough of this. But if another beautiful specimen be desired, see p. 800, too coarse to copy here.

The author evidently thinks his unsupported assertions are sufficient to overthrow all the conclusions of learned men who have devoted their lives to critical study of the Bible, as he nearly always fails to mention his authorities, and in the comparatively few cases where he does never gives volume or page. few cases where he does, never gives volume or page. We can frequently recognize Colenso, sometimes inman, occasionally Voltaire, Higgins, and Robert Taylor, but their names do not appear. "John B. Kelso, A. M.," or "the Ingersoll of the West," as he advertises himself in his handbills, stands as the discoverer tises bimself in his handbills, stands as the discoverer of all he has thus appropriated. From the inaccuracies, scientific and otherwise, which even a hasty reading reveals (see p. 146, where we are told the universe is composed of three elements "space, matter and duration"), he does not seem worthy of such complete credence; his learning seems only pretense, his "analysis" only an unreasoning hate.

It deserves to be called a brutal attack, for it is frequently too gross for quotation. We cannot produce the most offensive illustrations, that would be an offense against our readers; the curious may see pp. 382, 438, 658, 693, 745, 748, 749, 778, 779, etc. These are only a few of the cases of positive filthiness of speech and idea occurring in the book. The author must have been trained in the D. M. Bennett school, for such offensive grossness can be found nowhere

for such offensive grossness can be found nowhere else among people claiming to be liberal.

All through the book grave suspicion of the honesty of the author is aroused—doubt whether he himself believes all he says. He insists always on the literal meaning, though he knows the book is a translation, and he does not affect to know that cometimes the translation is incorrect. He knows sometimes the translation is incorrect. He knows sometimes the translation is incorrect. He knows nothing of Spirit apparently, nor how access of spirit may disturb an organism and cause hyperbolic, or parabolic utterance. He evidently would say that metaphorical expressions were falsehoods, allegories lies, poetic utterance only fluent misrepresentation. Yet he must know better, for he speaks hyperbolically himself, all men do. He says he "sees" or does "not see" a truth—we beg his pardon, he was only hunting for lies, and of course never would see a truth. That the sun rises and sets, is not true, but the phrase represents an apparent truth which all the phrase represents an apparent truth which all men recognize. But the most notable proof either of ignorance or dishonesty, or both, is his argument about the Sabbath. He talks of the people as of those who "tamely submit to be driven once a week, like so many sheep to the shearer, from their farms, their workshops, etc., into the churchea." He knows this to be false. Again:

"Either by means of unjust and oppressive laws, or by means of persistent appeals made to his super-stitious hopes and fears, every laboring man is robbed

stitious hopes and fears, every laboring man is robbed of one-seventh of his entire time... we all know that, as a rule, such a tax is sufficient to prevent any poor man from ever rising above his poverty."

Utterly false this, and the author must have known it to be so. He is an A. M., he says in his title. He cannot have failed to read of infidel France abrogating the asabbath, and of the weakening of the physique of the whole nation in a few years so perceptibly, that scientific men urged the Sabbath be restored, not ou religious, but sanitary grounds. Destroy the Sabbath, and the poor would indeed be hopelessly enslaved.

The book tells some truths, but they are so told as

The book tells some truths, but they are so told as not to seem truths; as a guide it is worthless. It is a positive injury to the cause of Free Thought that such a book should appear. Genuine Free Thought that stands for free investigation, not free abuse; for search after truth, not an effort to find as many errors as possible; for decency, courtesy and fair call Published and retail, by the Release Philosophical Call Published and retail is the Release Philosophical Call Published and retail is the Release Philosophical Call Published Cal

play, not for sneer and insult, gross thought and impure suggestion. Much more might have been written, but our judgment may be summed up in this short phrase—It is a thoroughly bad book. We regret to give this judgment, too, for the author is not a bad man; but is badly off his base. If he will go to work earnestly to rid himself of his inordinate vanity, egotism and self-confidence; cease striving to imitate ingersoll—whom he resembles about as much as a tallow dip does an electric light—and earnestly set about learning something, he has vet earnestly set about learning something, he has yet time to make his dent on the world.

EVERYBODY'S PAINT BOOK, a complete guide to the art of outdoor and indoor painting, designed for the special use of those who wish to do their own work, and consisting of practical lessons in plain painting, varnishing, polishing, staining, paper-hanging, kalsomining, etc., as well as directions for renovating furniture, and hints on artistic work for home decoration, together with a full description of the tools and materials used. Precise directions are given for mixing paints for all purdirections are given for mixing paints for all pur-poses. Illustrated. By F. B. Gardner, Price, \$1.00. New York: M. T. Richardson, Publisher, 7 Warren

This book has evidently been written to supply the wants of that numerous class, who either cannot afford to employ the services of a professional painter, or who, for economical reasons, prefer to do odd jobs of painting about the house themselves. Great care seems to have been manifested throughout the 190 odd pages convening the work to clusted to 190 odd pages composing the work, to elucidate each topic treated so clearly and fully that no one need fail in any job of painting he may wish to unneed fail in any job of painting he may wish to undertake, from lack of explicit directions. Herein lies the superiority of this work over merely technical books, which are usually conspicuously lacking in those little details so essential to the success of the amateur painter. The farmer may learn from this book how to paint his implements, wagons and buildings, and the ladies are told how to renovate furniture picture frames are and make them look. furniture, picture frames, etc., and make them look like new. A chapter on spatter work shows the girls how to make a variety of beautiful pictures at a trifling expense. Altogether the book, which is sold at a reasonable price, may profitably find a place in every household. It is printed on fine paper, handsomely bound and copiously illustrated.

THE SEVEN GREAT MONARCHIES OF THE Ancient Eastern World. By George Rawlinson, M. A. New York: John B. Alden. 3 vols. 8vo. \$2.40. Vol. I., Chaldea and Assyria, 598 p. 8vo., 80 cents.

When the despots of the old world were startled by the invention of printing, and trembled at the thought of the peril to a despotic government that lay hidden in the issue of cheap books, the consequent diffusion of knowledge and stirring-up of free thought, none ever dreamed of such books as these. thought, none ever dreamed of such books as these. Even we, who are familiar with so many achievements in this line, confess to astonishment. A book of nearly 600 pages, good paper, clear, "leaded" print, nearly 500 fliustrations and two maps, neatly bound in green cloth, selling for 80 cents, is indeed a marvel of cheapness. The set of three volumes is offered for \$2.40, while the English edition of the same work costs \$18. The publisher ascerts that all the illustrations of the English work are reproduced in the American edition, and claims they are better in the American edition, and claims they are better printed. They certainly are very well done. For the subject-matter of the work—it is recog-

For the subject-matter of the work—it is recognized as full and accurate; an authority on the matter of which it treats. It takes long years of study, a costly library, a rare faculty of condensation and artistic grouping to present anything like an intelligible view of scenes more than 4,000 years old; to "catch the form and spirit of the time" and make a history out of scattered memoranda in books, or on stones and clay cylinders. This Mr. Rawlinson has nstory out of scattered memorance in books, or on stones and clay cylinders. This Mr. Rawlinson has done, and that he has done it well is attested by the universal judgment of all the English-speaking peo-ple. No better work on the subject, and no edition so cheap and good, can now be found, or be reason-ably expected in the future.

Books Received.

RIGHT AND WRONG, CONTRASTED. Illustrated with pictures and incidents from every day life. By Thos. E. Hill. Chicago: Hill Standard Book

BUT A PHILISTINE. By Virginia F. Townsend Boston: Lee & Shepard, Chicago: S. A. Max-well & Co. Price 1.50.

Magazines for June not before Mentioned.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. (M. L. Holbrook, M. D., New York.) This number contains interesting articles under the following heads: General Articles; Answers to Questions; Topics of the Month; Studies in Hygiene for Women.

THE PANSY. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) A magazine for young readers, with pretty stories and illustrations.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (Mac-Millan & Co., New York.) Contents: Mrs. Siddons, engraved by T. Knesing, from the portrait by Thomas Gainsborough, R. A.; Two Centuries of Bath; Der Tod als Freund; Drawing Room Dances; An Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall; The Author of Beltraffio; Sonnets; By Sea and Land to Kiyoto; The Armourer's Prentices.

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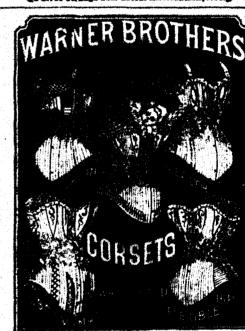
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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, June 14, 1884.

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The Coming Slavery.

Some writers teach that laborers have themselves created the system that oppresses them-that in their eager struggle for employment, they have bidden against each other, have done inferior work, that they to this, it is said that government by a commune, the destruction of the power of "individual greed and individual profit," setting them free from the extortions of an employer would be a complete and perfect cure for all the evils which afflict the workingman. In

tive: All socialism involves slavery. What is essential to the idea of a slave? We primari what is essential to the idea of a slave? We primarily think of him as one who is owned by another. To be more than nominal, however, the ownership must be shown by control of the slave's actions—a control which is habitually for the benefit of the controller. That which fundamentally distinguishes the slave is, that he iabors under coercion to satisfy another's desires. The relation admits of sundry gradations. Remembering that origit ally the slave is a prisoner whose life is at the mercy of his captor, it suffices here to note that there is a harth form of slavery in which, treated as an animal. mercy of his captor, it suffices here to note that there is a harsh form of slavery in which, treated as an animal, he has to expend his entire effort for his owner's advantage. Under a system less harsh, though occupied chiefly in working for his owner, he is allowed a short time in which to work for himself, and some ground on which to grow extra food. A further amelioration gives him power to sell the produce of his plot and keep the proceeds. Then we come to the still more moderated form which commonly arises where, having been a free man, working on his own land, conquest turns him into man, working on his own land, conquest turns him int what we distinguish as a serf; and he has to give to hi owner each year a fixed amount of labor or produce, o both, retaining the rest himself. Finally, in some cases as in Russla until recently, he is allowed to leave hi owner's estate and work or trade for himself elsewhere under the condition that he shall pay an annual sum What is it which in these cases leads us to quality ou tions of the slavery as more or less severe? denty the greater or smaller extent to which effort is compulsorily expended for the benefit of another instead of for self-benefit. If all the slave's labor is for his own er. the slavery is heavy, and if but little it is light. Take now a further step. Suppose the owner dies, and his estate, with its slaves, comes into the hands of trustees r suppose the estate and everything on it to be boug y a company; is the condition of the slave any the be ter if the amount of his compulsory labor remains the same? Suppose that for a company we substitute the community; does it make any difference to the slave the time he has to work for others is as great and the time left for himself as small as before? The essentia question is, flow much is he compelled to labor for other er benefit than his own, and how much he can labor to his own benefit? The degree of his slavery varies accor-ing to the ratio between that which he is forced to yiel up and that which he is allowed to retain; and it mat ters not whether his master is a single person or a socie ty. If without option he has to labor for the society and eccives from the general stock such portion as the so lety awards him, he becomes a slave to the society. So lalistic arrangements necessitate an enslavement o this kind; and toward such an enslavement many re-cent measures and still more the measures advocated

Mr. Spencer then analyzes the laws providing how "industrial dwellings" shall be built, and shows that the result of these laws is to prevent the building of such dwellings, because they are unprofitable. Those erected being thrown on the market, selling at a loss if sold at all, no new ones building, the municipal authorities will be called on to make up for the deficient supply. The process will go on more and more; the municipal or kindred body will have to build or otherwise provide houses, till the local authority has become the chief owner of houses, then will be found a precedent for what has already been proposed, "the compulsory construction of healthy artisans' and agricultural laborers dwellings in proportion to the population." Thus greater burdens will be thrown upon the land, and lest that he abandoned by the owners, at least suffered to lie uncultivated a "Compaleory Cuitivation Bill" has been ped. One step only remains, "the organization of agricultural and industrial iles under state control."

Then again comes State ownership of rail-

"Already this exists to a large extent on the continent. Already we have had here, a few years age, loud advocacy of it. And now the ery which was raised by sundry politicians and publicists is taken up afresh by the democratic federation, which proposes 'state appropriation of railways, with or without compensation. Evidently pressure from above, joined by pressure from below, is likely to effect this change, distated by the poticy everywhere spreading, and with it must come many attendant changes. For railways only, have been allowed to become masters of railways only, have been allowed to become masters of railways only, have been allowed to become masters of railways and these will have to be purchased by government when the railways are purchased. Already exclusive carries of letters, exclusive transmitter of telegrams, and on the way to become exclusive carrier of passengers, goods, and materials, but will add to its present various trades many other trades. Even now, besides erecting its naval and military establishments and building harbors, docks, breakwaters, etc., it does the work of ship-builder, cannoi-founder, small-arms-maker, manufacturer of ammunition, etc., and when the railways have been appropriated, 'with or without compensation,' as the democratic federationists say, it will have to become locometive-engine builder, carriage-maker, tarpaulin and grease manufacturer, passenger-vessel owner, coal-miner, stone-quarrier, omnibus-proprietor, etc. Meanwhile its local lieutenants, the senger-vessel owner, coal-miner, stone-quarrier, omni-bus-proprietor, etc. Meanwhile its local lieutenants, the municipal governments, already in many places supplimunicipal governments, already in many places suppliers of water, gas-makers, owners and workers of transays, proprietors of baths, will doubtless have undertaken various other businesses. And when the State, directly or by proxy, has thus come into possession of, or has established, numerous concerns for wholesale production and for wholesale distribution, there will be good precedents for extending its functions to retail distribution, following such an example, say, as is offered by the French government, which has long been a retail tobacconist.

retail tobacconist.

"Evidently then, the changes made, the changes in progress and the changes urged are carrying us not only toward State ownership of land and dwelling and means of communication, all to be administered and worked by State agents, but toward State usurpation of all industries.... and so will be brought about the ideal of the Socialist."

"Yet," he says, "if all these plans succeeded, it would only be replacing one evil by another. A little deliberate thought would show that under their proposed arrangements, their liberties must be surrendered in proportion as their material welfares were cared

No matter what scheme is adopted, there must be government. And even in private societies the government is often felt as an oppression. Trade-unions find almost military anbordination is necessary for effective working. And in co-operative societies there is often complaint about the "tyranny of organization." What must happen when instead of combinations, small, local, voluntary, there is a graduated and centralized officialism, holding in its hands the resources of the community, and having behind it whatever amount of force is needed to carry out its decrees and maintain what it calls order? Whatever benefit there might come of this control, it would still be true that each member of the community, as an individual, would be a slave to the community as a whole. Nor will this slavery be a mild one. The final result would be a revival of despotism.

The points made by Mr. Spencer are worthy of full consideration. Evils there are, curable in part at least, in many cases by hard work of brain and hands, joined with integmight do more, and thus narrowed their rity and economy. This remedy lies on the market. In short, that they have forged their surface, let us try that, while seeking still own chains, if chained they are. In answer for a more comprehensive plan which shall reach evils these cannot cure.

Official Peculation.

The people everywhere have been wearied by tales of embezzling bookkeepers and dea late number of the Popular Science Month- | faulting bank cashiers; perhaps because somely Herbert Spencer grapples with this prob- thing new is wanted to keep up interest, it lem, and we present some of the conclusions is hinted that aldermen and other city offihe has reached. They are distinct and posi- cials occasionally "convey" city money or property to their own use; more rarely still. a judge is impeached for using his position to further his private ends. Dakota has produced the chief sensation of the day in this line. Governor Ordway is accused of pronounced official errors (euphemistic expression for stealing). The grand jury at Yankton are investigating his methods, and it is held to be certain that he will be indicted, not quite so sure that he will be convicted. "white man's ways are very uncertain." A marked illustration of the effect of the Governor's practices on other students of his methods was lately furnished. Some one was arrested and held to answer charges of fraud and perjury in efforts to secure title to a homestead tract of one hundred and sixty acres. The man admitted the perjury, and tried to compromise, saying it was too bad that he should be molested for trying to swear himself into possession of a paltry quarter section of land, when the Governor of Dakota is stealing town sites and plundering counties right and left. Undoubtedly there is something wrong there, but if the grand jury and other officials do their duty, the wrong may be righted. Is there no remedy which can purge the body politic and remove this taint of dishonesty in official relations? This is a question people are asking everywhere, and, in some way, it will surely get answered.

> "Home Humbugs," by Thomas Harding, in another column, touches points worthy of thought. In our tract on Home Circles, as well as elsewhere, we have urged the need of more private and family effort and spiritual study, and have tried to point out how the best gifts may come in that way. In all this we know Mr. Harding agrees with us. Indeed, the moral of his letter really is: Study the gifts and faculties, and develop the powers of those you know, and not be deluded by pretentious strangers—a moral well worth consideration. Gold is abundant in spiritual mines. In our own souls, and in other souls is great wealth, but we must search wisely and quietly, using what treasure we find as a means to an end—that and the growth of character, the harmony of our daily life. "All is not gold that glitters." and where the genuine is so abundant, what folly to be cheated by false glitter and run wild after mere dross.

> A proposition is being considered in Boston to make Monday a school holiday instead of Saturday.

"The Prophet is Mad."

So the world has ever cried, when a new thought was uttered, a venerable belief attacked, a popular sin denounced. All great uprisings of thought have met those who denounced the thinkers, all reformers were at first laughed at, cursed, feared, and hated. The more practical the thing proclaimed, the nearer it came to the level of ordinary thought or knowledge, the more universally was it condemned—for every one, then, could give his poor judgment on the matter presented. When Stephenson proposed to run locomotives more than four miles an hour, the Solons of Parliament seriously doubted whether he was not a dangerously crazy man. When it was proposed to cross the Atlantic by steam, Dr. Lardner declared the prophet must be mad, for no vessel could carry coal enough for such a voyage. When Paine issued his political pamphlets, he, too, was declared to be mad and wicked.

And yet the prophet goes on prophesying or teaching, and the years as they come and go, bear witness always that the one deemed foolish was only wiser than his generation, saw with clear vision things as yet unknown to; unbelievable by others. Step by step has civilization advanced, one by one have old customs, old prejudices, old faiths been destroyed or modified—the prophet is found to have given a true prophecy.

When Spiritualism was first proclaimed, what flerce antagonisms it aroused. " Deluded," "crazy," and such like terms, poured in from every side. Every claim of the absolute truth of Spiritualism, every prophecy of its growth, was scorned as not worthy of analysis or argument. Science said "impossible,' the church, "impious," and a speedy disappearance of the delusion was their answering prophecy. More than thirty years have passed and Spiritualism is not dead nor dying, The "delusion" railed at has become the settled faith of millions. True. there are many to whom the revelations of Spiritualism are new, who know neither its facts. its philosophy, nor its history, who still keep up the old cry. The prophet is not mad. Wild, eccentric even absurd as some of his utterances may seem to the ignorant, he is proclaiming only that which shall be, must be, when the future of Spiritualism is his

But even among Spiritualists the cry is

raised. If one will only prophesy "smooth things," suppressing all mention of hindrances and fatal errors, the unthinking crowd will say the prophet is inspired, not mad. But just let one denounce fraud, as fatal to confidence; plead for purity, as indispensable for permanence, even for existence; demand that phenomena shall be carefully examined; clearly show how the senses may be deceived, prove, perhaps, in given cases, how hey have been deceived; tell of the world, waiting for the revelation that only Spiritualism can give, waiting, too, till they can be sure of genuine phenomena; when he tells of impending ruin to the cause because of smirched purity and fraudulent claim of spirit-presence, then the cry is raised at once: The prophet is mad. There is no fraud, there never was any. It is no one's business teaching. Spiritualism will live and flourish no matter what any one or any number of people may say." And the teacher listens sadly, for he knows that belief such as this, practices such as those thus defended, are slowly smothering Spiritualism. There are two classes of Spiritualists, first, those who hold Spiritualism as a pure and bright ideal, to whom falsehood and impurity are abhorrent. In the churches, the schools of science, in all the culture of the day, this class bear aloft the banner of a Spiritualism which is to reform the Church, instruct the scientist, be the conservator of the family, the incentive to culture. The other class are still in the primary department of Spiritualism. Phenomena, genuine or not, are all they want, and they do not care who furnish them. Thirty-six years have taught them nothing more than did their first scance.

The latter class are not the most numerous but the most noisy. And the world hears the noisy ones, looks on with contempt at the delusions they cherish, the ignorance they display, and turns away with fear and loathing from the example and teachings of some whom this class delight to honor. Nor is this all: Not only are additions to the ranks of Spiritualism hindered, but the better class are measurably fettered. They get to be somewhat ashamed of their associates, and declare that they are Spiritualists hesitatingly. Those of this class in Spiritualism, have their influence lessened, and those who would come in are hindered by the praise of evil things and the persistent attacks on those who denounce the evil and stand for truth and purity. Unless falsehood is a valuable thing, unless impurity is fit training for the life beyond, and true conservator of our happiness here, he who attacks them is "not mad, but speaks the words of truth and soberness."

Typographical errors, as a general thing, are not calculated to enhance the value of publications of any kind, but the Lenox Library, in New York City, has in its possession two Bibles which are prized by collectors as much for the quaint error that occurs in the printing as for their antiquity. They are known as the "Wicked Bibles." One is an English version, bearing a London date of 1681, and the other is a German edition published a century ago. The curiosity, which is the same in both of them, consists in the comical omission of the word "not" in the seventh commandment. Both are perfect, however, in other respects.

Is Change always Progression!

It does not need long or exceful observation to discover that all things change. Day and night, sun, moon and stars, flower and tree, our own bodily growth and decay, all teach us this. It requires search to discover the reason why this is so-that change exists so there may be progression. Progression implies change, but change does not imply progression. A flower may be erushed and destroyed, it is changed, but not advanced. Other changes may in time cause the atoms to progress, but the change so far has been one of retrogression. Some one is converted, and joins the church—he is a changed person, they say; has he progressed? The answer depends on what he is changed to. That he believes now what he doubted or positively rejected before, is not necessarily an advance. It may have been, that his previous thoughts on theology were chaotic, and that now they have a sort of order; but the chaos was his, his own thought, and the order is not his, but the thought of another. He believes? yes, but what? What some one has told him is true, not in a principle, not in God, but in what some one tells him about these things. He thought wrongly before, perhaps, now he refuses to think at all. Can he be said to have progressed, mentally?

So Spiritualists, many of them, have changed without progressing. The old, familiar words have lost their power over them. They are no longer scared by thought of hell, nor appalled by threat of damnation. They have changed, have they progressed? They exult over what they can now deny, think they have advanced because there is so much they don't believe. If this be advance, in itself, what an immense gain it would be to believe nothing whatever. The forces of life are not negative, but positive, and mental growth must be measured by the truths one is able to grasp and does receive, not by those he re-

There is knowledge of continuity of life. immortality it is often called, but who knows just what that means, and has studied out, mastered, all that it implies? There is no more use in learning a mass of Spiritualist theorice, than in learning the same number of theologic ones; just as much of superstition may be involved in some invocations to, and beliefs about spirits, as in any that are heard in the churches; an overweening faith in Spiritualism is as bad as unquestioning faith in other directions. Change for the sake of change is not progression. The spira Unitarian be a Christian?" and he answered, "That largely depends on the Unitarian." So, if one should ask: "Is a Spiritualist an advanced thinker?" the answer must be, "that depends largely upon the Spiritualist." Old faiths are rejected, it is well, if better ones are intelligently held. Old prejudices removed; it is well, if there be no new one created. We grow by what we receive, not by what we refuse to receive; the ceaseless cry, "Immortality," will not mark an advance, unless we analyze the thought and from it draw suggestions and impulses that shall mold our life here, as well as our fuwhether this or that one be pure in life or | ture life. If this is done, changes will be made because we have progressed. Simply moving from one dead level to another is often a loss, rarely a gain, and cannot deserve the name of progression.

Lessons of the Convention.

The National Republican Convention, which has done its work and passed away, was not without significant lessons to the Spiritualist. Here were eight hundred and twenty gentlemen, delegates from every part of the country, some instructed to cast votes for this or that candidate; some directed to vote for a candidate who was not their personal choice, but no one felt his individuality oppressed or hindered in manifestation—a delegate was as distinct an individual during and after the Convention as he was before. Looking at the vast assemblage, with all the intensities of opinion so strongly marked, noting, too, the tempest of excitement raging all around them; calling to mind that fifty millions of people were looking at them with critical or expectant eyes, the thought of the value of organization grew into overshadowing significance. What man, or what assemblage of men, could, even if it were possible to get an intelligent agreement, propose any measure or any man with hope of acceptance by the Nation, if it were not for two things, a surrender of individual preferences and fealty to an organization which should bind together in common action men who would differ widely in details.

The two lessons so well illustrated—that individuality is not destroyed by combining for a definite end, and that for the accomplishment of great ends organization is indispensable—ought to be carefully pondered by Spiritualists.

Anxious correspondent: "What is a diefigurationist?" A disfigurationist is a cross be, a happy medium, as it were, between a camel and a camel-swallower; it is often of either sex, or both, and sometimes appears to be of neither. The disfigurationist grows best in a dark, illy ventilated room; its development and maturity is hastened by vibrations of the atmosphere produced by snatches of "John Brown's Body," or "Tramp! Tramp! the Boys are Marching." For further purticulars, A. C. is referred to the columns of "our esteemed cotemporary," the o-p-o-s, or to the discoverer, Judge Enkross of Gotham,

The Republican Candidates.

Whatever may be the wishes of those whose trade is politics, however much diagrantied office seekers may meurn that their prescience was not equal to their ambitious hopes of gain under the regime of their candidate. there is no mistaking the enthusiasm with which the result of last week's work is hailed by the great mass of Republican voters. Officeseekers who last week found themselves on the wrong side of the fance are sore, but in most cases their wounds will soon heal and where the dangerously wounded are of sufficient importance, no doubt a skillful application of healing balm in the form of promises of preferment after election, will induce a kindly healing of the wounds.

As between the two great parties it is not within the province of the Journal to take sides, there being no issues in the canvass involving questions germane to the objects of this paper. The Journal has no hesitation, however, in saying that Blaine and Logan make the strongest ticket that could possibly have been selected. These two men bring to the contest elements of popular strength which, united, surpass any other ticket within our recollection. Logan's magnificent war record and his determined opposition to the Fitz-John Porter whitewashing scheme, are worth to the ticket hundreds of thousands of votes. Whether these pages in his history should be considered by voters is debatable, possibly, but that they will carry tremendous weight is plain. It behooves the managers of the Democratic party to suppress all factional issues, muzzle their genius for blundering, and surprise the country by the wisdom of their platform and the happiness of their choice of standard bearers, if they hope to snatch victory from the Republican hosts, marshalled by such captains as Blaine and Logan.

GENERAL NOTES.

Wm. C. Bowen will lecture for the Brooklyn Fraternity, June 12th. Subject: "Vagaries."

Mr. Charles Dawbarn will lecture for Spiritualist and Liberal Societies within one hundred miles of New York. Address, 463 West 23rd Street, New York City.

Mr. William Nicol will lecture for the Spiritual Truth Seekers' Society of Martine's Hall, 55 Ada St., next Sunday at .7:45 P. M. Subject: "Spiritualism versus Dogmatism."

Pennsylvania undertakers are now taking lessons in cremation. One hundred and it-world stand ready to help, not to rule. It | fifty of them watched the incineration of a was asked of Henry Ward Beecher: "Can | corpse at Washington, Pa., on decoration

> Chicago presented a lively appearance during the past week, when numerous representatives from every State and Territory, were present to proclaim the merits of their

> As there are several persons with nearly the same name, Mrs. Ophelia T. Shepard, for convenience and to prevent mistakes, prefers to be known in the future to the public as Mrs. J. Anson Sherard. Mrs. Shepard will lecture next Sunday at Sheboygan Falls, Wis.

> Friends of the Journal who are working to increase the subscription list under the conditions of the premium scheme, are reminded that the time expires on the last day of this month. Those who have lost or mislaid the Premium List should at once send for another, and redouble exertion.

Mrs. Kilgore's perseverance has at length been crowned with victory. Judge Thayer has permitted her to take the oath, and be enrolled as an attorney in the Court of Common Pleas, No. 3. It is probable that, on a new application Judge Ludlow will reconsider his refusal and permit her to practice in the Common Pleas No. 4.

Wm. R. Lynch, the colored brother from Mississippi, who was elected temporary chairman of the Republican Convention over the regular nominee, Powell Clayton of Arkansas, gained laurels by his skill. The general opinion was that he made a better presiding officer than General Henderson, the permanent

There has been great excitement in Oak Creek, Wis., over the action of relatives of Horace Baldwin in sawing off his legs after death, to make them fit the coffin. Baldwin was six feet seven inches tall, and when the day for his funeral had come it was found that his body was too long for the coffin. While his nephew was sawing off his feet with a common saw, he thought the body moved, and he fell in a dead faint. Another relative finished cutting off the limbs. After the funeral it was thought that the nephew would be mobbed by the neighbors.

Among the visitors at the Journal office during the past week, were Col. Van Horn. editor of the Kansas City Journal; Mr. and Mrs. Giles B. Stebbins; F. M. Pennock, Fort Wayne, Ind.; H. C. Hodges, Detroit, Mich.; S. B. Prindle, Elgin, III.; J. W. Clinton, editor of the Polo-Press, Polo, Ill.; W. C. Piper, Denver. Ind.: D. Boyington, Riverside, Mich.: W. T. Jones, Benton Harbor, Mich.: Dennis, between deceiver and deceived; or, it may | Clark, Abingdon, Ill.; A. B. French, Clyde, O: E. Gerry Brown, editor of the Bunker Hill Times, Charlestown, Mass.; T. M. Perot. Philadelphia; Dr. Haines, Cincinnati; L. Hatfield. Jacksonville, Ill.; Maj. Hale, Towanda, Pa.: Bronson Murray, New York City; Newman Weeks, Rutland, Vt.; John T. Latten, Somerville, Tenn.; E. T. Abrens, Paoli, Kansas; M. Doherty, Cincinnati; W. R. Jewell, editor of the Danville News, Danville, Ill.; Juan Lewis, Washington, D. C.; L. H. Anderson, Coshocton, Ohio; Dr. Stevens, Rock Prairie, Wis.; G. F. Lewie, Cieveland, O.; J. H. Harmount, Kandas City, and Col. Russell, Killingly, Conn.

pear in full in our next issue.

The Republican Convention convened in this City last week, at the Exposition Building, and after a session of four days, placed in nomination James G. Blaine for President, and John A. Logan for Vice-President. Great enthusiasm prevailed among the ten thousand admirers of the various presidential candidates, who were present. Of course, this convention saved the country from impending rain. Next month it will be saved again by the Democratic Convention, and being twice saved in Chicago, in one summer, who can say this Republic will not have a glorious future.

Hudson Tuttle is a busy body. In addition to the management of his farm, quite enough work for an ordinary man, he is continually attention to it: in demand for speeches on every good thing. A recent private note tells of an address on Decoration day, another for the Grangers the next day; reporting two funerals, writing up biographical sketches for two local papers, and taking part in a Golden Wedding, and an article for the Jounnal. After all this, he naively asks: " Is not that enough for one week?" Decidedly it is, and if our friend don't wear out under the strain of work like this, he certainly will not rust out. But we wouldn't like to have to live off the profits of this prophet's farming.

The Summer Conference of the Iowa Association of Unitarian and other Independent Churches will be held at Humboldt, Iowa, June 19th. 20th. 21st and 22nd. The following named persons will participate in the proceedings: Rev. H. M. Simmons, of Minneapolis, Minn. Mrs. Jessie W. Manning of Chariton; subject: "Some Modern Errors." Rev. O. Clute, of Iowa City; subject: "The Science of Spirit." Sermon by the Rev. J. L. Jones, of Chicago, Ill. Rev. S. S. Hunting; subject: "Versions and Apostolic Teachings." Rev. Joel P. Davis, Des Moines, Iowa: subject: "The Spiritual Side of Evolution." Mrs. E. Tupper Wilkes, Sloux Falls, Da.; subject: "How to quicken the Religious Life of a Commuity," Sermon by Rev. V. B. Cushing, of Creston, Iowa.

A New York World cable from London, says Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, aunounced lately at his revival services on the Thames Embankment, that the health of his colleague, Mr. Ira D. Sankey, had collapsed. Ho said that Mr. Sankey's complete restoration to health was deemed absolutely improbable, and that his voice, which had so often led thousands of assembled worshipers in the songs of Zion, would probably never be heard again in their services. The preacher said formerly a member of the Massachusetts Legthat the great singer's present prostration was so complete that he had been compelled and would soon sail for his home in the United States. Would it not be well for those who are so ardently devoted to these eminent evangelists, to pray fervently for the restoration of Mr. Sankey to health. In his case the efficacy of prayer should be thoroughly tried.

Funeral Services of Miss Carrie Leeds.

On Friday, May 30th, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Leeds, of Michigan City. Ind., passed from earth. The funeral services were held on Monday, June 2nd, and were conducted by Mr. D. M. Cole. A young lady of rare beauty of form and feature, with mental and spiritual gifts that made her the idol of her parents—the parting from such a daughter was an occasion where overwhelming grief might naturally have been expected. But still, placid sorrow, that the sunshine of the home had departed, was all that was annarent, there was only peace, grief restrained by the thought of the sweeter, larger life won by the loved one. The floral decorations of the room and the casket were exquisite, and a quartette was engaged to render the musical part of the services. The Rev. Mr. Smith, of the Congregational Church in Michigan City, a warm, sympathizing friend of the family, made the opening prayer, and, after singing, Mr. D. M. Cole made the funeral address, pointing out the sharp contrast between the abounding life all around and the seeming death that was before them; the universality of death, the dread of it, and the reasons for the dread; the answer of the Church to the soul's longing for immortality, and the better, fuller answer of Spiritualism. He stated that the sister who had passed away knew for months before that death might come at any moment, but felt no fear: her knowledge of Spiritualism had lifted her above fear. That the separation was only partial, was proved by the fact that she had already returned and comforted her mother. The speaker then pictured the joy of the reunion in the spirit-land, and closed with an earnest appeal to all present to turn from evil now, not because life was so short, but because it was so long.

The gathering of friends was large. The spacious parlors of the elegant mansion. the stairs, even outside the house, at each window, were grouped as many as could get within hearing—one-competent to judge said it was the largest funeral ever seen in Michigan City. After the friends had passed in long procession by the coffin, and the family had taken their last look at the form of the departed whom they loved so well, the casket was closed, borne by designated pall-bearers to the hearse, and that and the long line of carriages wended their way to the cemetery, where Mr. Cole made a few remarks, and a prayer, closing with a benediction. Returning to the home, there was a pleasant interchange of thought for sev-

An inspirational lecture written by Mrs. | eral hours with a number of the family and Horn and read before the First Society of friends, and on saying good night the moth-Spiritualists, at Saratoga, N. Y., by Mr. H. J. er bore grateful testimony to the comfort Western Railway has been for the past two years, Horn, May 25th, was marked for insertion, | Spiritualism gives in the hour of bereavebut is unavoidably crowded out. It will ap- | ment. She knew this, theoretically, before, now it was an experience in her own life, a truth not to be denied.

> Working-Union of Progressive Spiritualists.

> We have received a full account of the proceedings of the First Anniversary of the above-named Society of Boston, but owing to the press of matter for this number of the JOURNAL. we are compelled to defer its publication until next week.

Letter from Dr. J. M. Peebles.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the columns of the Religio-Philosoph-ICAL JOURNAL of May 10th, I find a paragraph commencing thus, Mrs. Peebles calling my "At the time of the Woodhull excitement,

when J. M. Peebles introduced that irrepressible to a Cleveland audience, as the 'modern Joan of Arc,' and men like J. O. Barrett were certain she would be the next President, etc." I once personally and plainly informed Hudson Tuttle that I never compared Victoria C Woodhull to Joan of Arc. Possibly he may have forgotten it. Increasing years often make the memory a little treacherous. When Mrs. Woodhull was nominated and elected, in Troy, N. Y., as President of the National Association of Spiritualists, both Mrs. Peebles and myself, being delegates, voted against her by voting for Dr. R. T. Hallock of New York City.

When the great gathering of Progressive Lyceums from Northern Ohio met in Cleveland a number of years ago, the committee invited me to introduce Mrs. Woodhull, who had been engaged as the prominent speaker. Having read Theodore Tilton's biography of her, I consented, and in my introductionthe penciled manuscript now lying before me-I said: "Mrs. Woodhull, suffering from sad social experiences, full of zeal, aflame with energy, has by some been compared to Joan of Arc." These were the verbatim words that I employed upon this occasion; and if Bro. Tuttle derives pleasure and reaps moral profit from reiterating the misrepresentation, he is at liberty to continue so doing.

IS CHRISTIANITY DYING OUT In a February issue of the Religio-Phil-OSOPHICAL JOURNAL a writer, forgetting to give any proofs or statistics, informs us with a great degree of gravity that "Christianity is rapidly dying out," and that "a majority of the Christian churches are nearly destitute of hearers upon each returning Sunday." Is this true? Does it bear even the semblance of truth? And if not, what were the writer's

motives in making the misstatements? I scarcely need say that my faith in Christianity is based not upon any Roman Catholic or Calvinistic formulas, but upon the living Christ and the living, quickening spirit of the New Testament. But taking Uhristi-anity as generally understood, is it "dying out?" My principal authorities are Dr. Ward of the Independent, Dr. Hodge, writing in the North American Review, and Dr. Dorchester, islature and probably the most painstaking statistician in the country:

"In 1800 there were, according to the best to retire from the work of evangelization, available statistics, 365,000 evangelical communicants in the country, being 7 per cent. of the population, 5,308,483. In 1850 there were 3,529,988 such communicants, being 15 per cent. of 21,191,876. In 1870 there were 6,673,396 such communicants, being 17 per cent of the respective of 28,568,371. cent. of the population of 38,588,371. In 1880 the communicants had risen to 10,065,963, be ing a little over 20 per cent. of the population of 50,152,866. The increase in population since 1800 has been ninefold; that in evangelical communicants has been twenty-sevenfold—three times as great as in the population.

In the year 1800, says Dr. Dorchester, there were but few countries open to the efforts of Christian missions; now nearly every continent, zone, race, and nearly every native tribe is being visited by Christian missionaries. At this period, 1800, the Bible was translated into the languages of one fifth of the population of the earth, while now it is printed in the languages of nine-tenths of the human race. At the end of the first century there were less than 500,000 Christians; at the end of the seventh century 25,000,000; at the end of the 14th century 80,000,000; at the end of the 18th century 200,000,000, and in 1880, 411,000,000. During the last eighty years Christianity has gained over 211,000,000 of converts!

Prof. Hodge, in the North American Review, shows by published statistics that the evangelical churches increased their membership from 1850 to 1880, 184 per cent, while the population increased only 116 per cent; and this estimate leaves entirely out of view the Roman Catholic population.

The amount contributed by the churches of this country annually for benevolent and congregational purposes is \$106,962,000. Of this large sum the amount collected for purely benevolent purposes is \$31,339,140. Think of that—over thirty millions collected and distributed by churches for purely benevolent purposes!

Spiritualists claim, or have claimed, 20,-000,000 of believers—nearly half of the population of our country-and how much do they annually contribute for benevolent purposes outside of Spiritualism? How much do they contribute for Spiritualism? How is it possible to answer without organization? And yet, if I write a paragraph in behalf of organization, religious culture and worship, some living Kersey Graves will accuse me of being a "Jesuit in disguise," and of trying to build up a sect of "Peeblesites." In vision I see the mists rolling away, however, and a

better time coming.

Just now, altogether too many Spiritualists—so it seems to me—are quite too busy in disproving the personality of God; in lec-turing Jesus Christ out of existence; in calling religion and religious worship superstition; in sneering at organization, and in attending dark-circle scances to gaze upon miserable frauds bound up in bunting, gauze toggery and dirty robes, to get any time to work for, and contribute to, a genuine, constructive Spiritualism, a Spiritualism so afire with the Divine spirit that it lifts the soul

into the sunshine of heaven.

J. M. PEEBLES.

Roman Catholic Bishop Hendriken, of Providence, has issued a rattling order that may reach beyond the confines of his limited diocese. He absolutely forbids church fairs or excursions, picnies, festivals, and what not, for ostensible religious purposes.

In Southern and Middle England 30,000 women eteer canal boats.

The large and fertile State of Iowa is far from beand is now, building new lines and branches all through the northwestern part of the State of Iowa, opening up new country of as rich farming land as can be found anywhere. The North-Western train that leaves Chicago at 9:30 p. m. will land you the next day in the very heart of this new region.

The Foreign Fan Firm. No. 547 Fourth avenue, Louisville, Ky., offer to send, until July 28th, a two-dollar folding fan, any shade, on receipt of one dollar. See their advertisement in our May 24th issue, and send to them for a fan. You will be pleased. They guarantee it.

Just out, "Orthodoxy versus Spiritualism," by Hon. A. H. Dalley; an answer to the sermon of the Bev. T. De Witt Talmage against Spiritualism. Send for it at once; it is just what you want to circulate. Price only five cents per copy. For sale at this office.

The Theosophist for May is at hand and as usual contains interesting articles on the following subjects: Oriental Philosophy, Art, Science, Literature, Occultism, Mesmerism, Spiritualism, etc. For sale at this office, price fifty cents per copy.

Better than Diamonds,

and of greater value than fine gold is a great tonic and renovator like Kidney-Wort. It expels all pois-onous humors from the blood, tones up the system, land by acting directly on the most important organ of the body stimulates them to healthy action and restores health. It has effected many marvelous cures, and for all Kidney diseases and other kindred troubles it is an invaluable remedy.

A NEW BRIDGE ACROSS NIAGARA RIVER has been opened within a few weeks which makes an importopened within a few weeks which makes an important link in a great railroad line, and is itself reckoned an engineering wonder. It is situated a few hundred feet south of the old suspension bridge, and was built to give the Michigan Central railroad a complete line between the New York Central and Chicago. The connection is over the Canada Southern, now a part of the Michigan Central, between Niagara river and Detroit, and whole trains are now run through between the ends of Vanderbilt's famous four tracks and the Garden city. The new route will prove specially attractive to passengers because of the opportunity it gives for seeing the great cataract. There is a fine view of the falls from the bridge itself, and then trains run up by the river on the Canadian side and stop at a station called Falls View, where is a platform from which all can take an observation.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican, April

Origin of Ammonia.

Ammonia is obtained in large quantities by the putrefaction of the urine of animals.—Encyclopedia Brittannica.

Every housekeeper can test baking powders containing this disgusting drug by placing a can of the "Royal" or "Andrews Pearl" top down on a hot stove until heated, then remove the cover and

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Alum, Lime, Potash, Bone Phosphates. It is prepared by a Physician and Chemist with special regard to cleanliness and healthful-

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Lassed to Spirit-Life.

Passod to spirit-life at her residence, Fort Canby, W. T. Mar 11th, 1884, in the 43rd year of her age, Mrs. J.C. Woodruff, President of the Pacific Association of Spiritualists. A woman of many virtues, of fine intelligence, of extensive influence, she was deeply interested in the success of the Association, and happily for us, we believe she will continue to be, even in her home in the Summer-land.

P. A. SMITH, Cor. Secretary, P. A. S.

Wm. L. Hunter, proprietor of Hunter's Pulaski Alum Springs, Va., passed to spirit-life (his disease being Daralysis) on June 1st, aged 68 years, nine months and three days. He had been a Spiritualist for many years, and passed away in that faith.

Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting.

The Annual Camp Meeting of the Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting Association, will be held on the Natural Bridge Springs property on Lookout Mountain, near Chattanoga, Tenn., commencing Saturday, June 28th, and concluding Sunday July 27th. This noted place of resort offers attractive inducements as a camp grounds. Many noted speakers and mediums will be present. Ample hotel accommodations are prepared. Quests during the meeting will be charted \$1.00 per day. Persons furnishing tents can procure ground privileges. Railroad rates from all points can be secured at two cents per mile, by a king for summer excursion tickets to Lookout Mountain. Mediums will find this meeting open for all to hold seances. At Chattanooga depot take hacks to the mountain. For further particulars, or to secure rooms, address Dr. J. F. Currier, Natural Bridge Springs Hotel, Chattanooga, Tenn., or G. W. Rates, Secretary, Atlants, Gs.

The Convention of the Southern Association of Spiritualists will be held on the camp grounds, July 15th and 16th.

Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York.

The Brooklyn Spiritualist Society will hold services every Sunday, commencing September 16th at 11 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. at the Hail, corner of Fulton and Bed-ford Avenues. J. Wm. Fletcher, speaker. All spiritual papers on sale in the hall. Meetings free. Wm. H. JOHNSON, President.

The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation meets at Brooklyn Institute, Washington, near Concord Street, every Sunday, at 8 and 7:45 P. M. Lyceum for young and old, Sundays at 10:30 A. M. Abraham J. Kipp, Superintendent, Ladies Aid and Mutual Relief Traternity, Wednesday, at

Church Social every second and Worth Wednesday, in each nonth, at 8 p. m.
Psychic Fraternity for development of mediums, every
Introday evening, at 8 o'clock, sharp. Mrs. T. B. Stryker,

The South Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Franklin Hall, corner 3rd Avenue and 18th Street, every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Mr. Bogert President; Dr. Patch, Secretary and Treasurer.

A Progressive Spiritual Meeting will be held every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in Franklin Hall, corner of 3rd avenue and 18th street South Brooklyn. Seats free GERARD ENGELEN, Chairman.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Conference meets at Everett Hall, 898 Fulton Street, every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Capt. J. David, President: W. J. Cushing, Secretary and Treasurer.

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. O. S. President.

John Jeffreys, Secretary.

A. G. Kipp, Treasurer.

Mew York City Ladies Spiritualist Aid Society, most every tay, at S r. M., at 171 Bast 69th Street MRS. S. A. MCCRETCHEN, Secretary. The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, convenes every Supday at 2:50 P. M. and 7:80 evening, in Problems Hall, No. 28 Rest 14th St., near Union Square. Spiritualist Meeting in Connecticut.

The Annual Meeting and Picnic of the Association of Spiritualists of Western Connecticut, win be held at Compounce Lake, Conn., on Wednesday, June 25th, 1884. The well-known and gifted Mrs. H. Shepard Lalile will address the meeting. Mr. Lillie will also be present and sing some of his spiritual songs. A business meeting will be called at 10 a. M.; JOHN WINSLOW, President.

Annual Meeting at Sturgis, Mich.

The Harmonial Society of Sturgis will hold its Annual Meeting in the Free Church at the Viriage of Sturgis, on Saturday and Sunday, the 14th and 15th days of June, commencing on Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M. Able speakers will be in attendance to address the Meeting.

By Order of Committee,

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; also on the first Monday and Tuesday evenings of each month, at which Mrs, Nellie J. T. Brigham will officiate, E. HENLING. Sec. H. J. HORN, Pres.

Kansas City, Mo.

The First Spiritual Society of Kansas City, Mo., meets every Sunday evening at 7:30, in Pythian Hall, corner 11th and Main Street, Dr. E. G.Granville President; A. J Colby. Sacretain

Chicago, Ill.

The Spiritual Truth Seekers' Society hold meetings every Sunday in Martine's Hall, 55 Ada Street, near Madison. Conference at 10:30 a. m. Lyceum for young and old at 2:30 p. m. Lecture at 7 45 p m., Mr. William Nicol, regular speaker. Seats free. A Free Social Entertainment every first and third Wednesday evening in each month at 8 p. m. D. F. TREFRY, Secretary.

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MRS. HARDINGE-BRITTEN Will lecture in Stafford, Conn., Sunday, June 19th. At Ne-shaminy Falls, Lake Pleasant, and Onset Bay Camp Meet ings in August, and in Boston in September. Mrs. Briten proposes to lecture in Salt Lake City, Utah, and San Francisco, Cal., in October, and any

Spiritualist Societies

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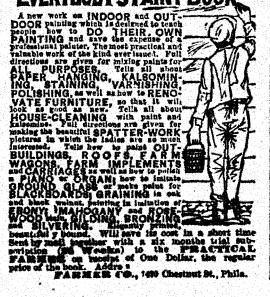
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The JOURNAL is uncompromisingly committed to the Scientific Method in its treatment of the Phenomena of Spiritualism, being fully assured that this is the only safe ground on which to stand. Firmly convinced by rigid investigation, that life continues beyond the grave and that spirits can and do return and manifest at times and under certain conditions, the JOURNAL does not fear the most searching criticism and crucial tests in sustaining its position.

The JOURNAL is unsectarian, non-partisan, thoroughly independent, never neutral, wholly free from cliques and clans. The JOURNAL is published in the interests of Spiritualism and the general public; its columns can never be used to grind the axes of individuals, nor as a channel for cranks,

charlatans and hobbyists to reach the pub-

The JOURNAL never trims to the passing breeze of the hour, but holds steadily to its course, regardless of the storm it sometimes raises as it plows resistlessly through the great ocean of mingled truth and error. The JOURNAL is proud of the friendship and appreciation of hosts of level-headed, in-

telligent, progressive men and women, scattered the wide world over. The JOURNAL glories in the hatred, malicious antagonism and untiring but bootless opposition which charlatens, pseudo-me-

diums and cranks heap upon it. The JOURNAL lends its active support to every scheme adapted to the amelioration of man.

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Tolers from the Beople, AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Ronauclation.

Remember thyself! the thrill along the nerve limit heeds the call, nor will from duty swerve, Typholds some intent pressure, though unknown, that heeps the universal molody in tone. Peaks have died and left their song unsung; limes, whose grand achievements might have rung. Agient the steeps of time, ignebly die, Fur lack of field, beneath judicial eye; Henric blood, heroic shape, cast in heroic mould, How stand at brake, the helm of sterner hold. Self-merificing heroes man the ship. Self-sacrificing heroes crush the grip Of reliway-brake; men for each other die, Vicarious in suffering, give the lie To selfishness, and all along the mart Have reared the symbol of a human heart. Sublime above all craft, above all creed, ion feels his sovereign right to every need, Right to his plot of earth and sunshine meed.

If God there he, the only God to-day

secrets through duty an eternal away. She whose stern finger points the onward road Bears on her brow the semblance of a God. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH. Blue Point, L. L.

A Genuine Haunted House

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

The following story, told me by Col. Dana W. King, I have no doubt is true to the letter. Mr. King king, I have no doubt is true to the letter. Mr. King, a gentleman of standing, occupying the responsible position of Register of Deeds for the County of Hillsboro in this State. He told me the story without reserve, and has told the same to many others. He is not a Spiritualist, and thinks men of science should investigate such things. He says:

"I moved into my house on Concord Street, Nash-way N H in the straing of 1868. It was a long low.

na. N. H., in the spring of 1868. It was a long, low, old-fashioned, one-story house. We had been there but a short time when we heard noises, which sounded as if a sheep was running on the roof of the house. I know of no better way of describing the sound. This continued all night long, and for several nights in succession, making sleep impossible for any one in the house. I went into the chamber many times with a lamp, and around the house with a lantern, but could find no cause for the noises. There were notices in the woodshed, like blows of an axe on a chamber block. I went there had not one noises in the woodshed, like blows of an axe on a chopping block. I went there, but could see nothing to cause the sound, nor was there any disturbance while I remained, but when I came away the blows soon commenced again. I went beck to the shed, opened the door, and all was silent. I could see nothing out of place. I then came out and stood by the door, and when the sounds began again I opened it as quick as I could. I could see nothing unusual. I finally left the door open, just wide enough to insert a common lead pencil, and waited near the door, but we could be door. but so noises were made, but when I closed the door they soon commenced again. There were other noises heard in the kitchen, like the rattling of crockery and stove covers, and moving of table, as though general housework was going on, but when we went there, we could not see any thing out of place or find cause for the sounds. There were sounds around the house, as loud as one could make by striking a pencil on a table.

"These disturbances were in the night, and never

in the daytime. They caused us much trouble and loss of sleep. They seemed to injure my boy's health. I kept him out of school for more than a year on that account. I finally sent my wife and boy into the country. During their absence, I made such efforts as I could with the help of some other persons, to find out the cause of these noises, but without suc-cess. I was advised to make the matter public, some persons thinking it would then cease. I accordingly had a short article relating to it published in the Nashua Telegraph, but this did not cause any cessa-

tion of the troubles. "This strange phenomenon continued for more than two years, with occasional intervals.

"I hired a girl to do housework. She had never heard anything about the disturbances. She had

been with us one night. I asked her in the morning, 'Did you rest well last night?' 'No,' she replied; 'I could not sleep much. I heard noises all night.' The final ending of this affair was as follows: Sevoral years provious to these disturbances, I enlisted in the Union Army. My friend, John Quincy Adams Warren went to the war with me. He was killed in battle. We went into the rebel lines, got his body and sent it to Nashua for burial. During the troubles at my house, Mrs. Warren, widow of the deceased gave it as her opinion that the noises were caused by the spirit of her husband. She, being a believer In Spiritualism, attended a circle and conversed with what purported to be his spirit, telling him that he had caused great trouble at my house, and requested him not to make any further demonstrations. From that time, all the noises ceased?" H. V. Davis.

"Old Lady Mary."

Amherst, N. H.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I have seen the outcome of "Old Lady Mary," and what shall be said of it? As a sample of the skill of the story teller, it is well enough; but of what good is it? Now souch light will it throw upon the true understanding of spiritual manifestations, and the wisdom of investigating and rationalizing them? While it does not ignore the abnormal return of the departed (as in fact need no longer be attempted), is not the tale a strenuous effort to show the useless ness and hurtfulness of their strivings to return and correct, if possible, their own errors, and instruct the friends whom they have left behind? By the aid of this fiction (as we presume it is) it would seem an effort is being made to counteract the thousands of true manifestations wherein our loved ones flash upon us, for our strength and comfort, glimpses of the glorious light in which they live, or tell us, for our instruction, of the shadows still resting upon their spirits through their omissions or commissions while in the flesh, and from which they are com-pelled by divine law there to toil for freedom. 'Tis rises that in it we have not so much as in "The Lit-tic Pilgrim, and "Beyond the Gates," of "The Master" slipping round and appearing at the nick of time to every one; but we have an "Officer, though nameless, who discourages a returning earthward (as the natural loving human heart must for a season ever long to do), and the information is gratuitously given, without proof, that such return has generally proved fulle. If fruitless they often may have been, is not the cause to be found in our own foolish and superstitious misconceptions of the nature of death and the educated dread with which we

regard even those most loved, as soon as they cast off the mantle of flesh and become as the angels? The very province of a true Spiritualism is to lessen the prevalence of such false ideas, and to incul-cate a harmonious and healthful nearness of feeling between the two stages of our being; that while it need not be antagenistic to the performance of our full duty in either, may yet add to the joys and the

perfections of both. The less, therefore, we have of the romancer's art in the antitual field, especially when designed to promulgate falsehood, or at least very doubtful truth, and the more we encourage the investigation of facts, ancient and modern, on which to build an assured philosophy, the better for us all. J. G. J.

Letter from Lincoln's old Law Pariner.

To the Editor of the Heligio-Philosophical Journal:

I secolved from you, as I suppose, a late number of the Erizgio-Philosophical Journal, and for which please accept my thanks. I have carefully cread it over, and especially did I read with great care Mr. Savage's sermon on immortality. It is eloquent, logical, brave and very fair. I do not see anything in it to dissent from. Some facts which he asserts—and they are scientifically true—are marvelcounter-and they are scientifically true—are marvel-oun, startling, and go far to prove that scientific Spiritualism—genuine Spiritualism, in other words— is true. This world is a profound mystery to me. If I depend on my soul's flash, I am bordering on true Spiritualism. If I go it logically, I am somewhat agnostic; so, on the whole, I do not know what I hold. I can trust Spiritualism fairly; so I can any ideal. I do not dodge a truth because new, startling or anyopular. Your stand for truth is noble. arteld, Ill., May Sth. W. H. HERNDON.

Alongo Bloaver writes: The able manner in which the Joynetti is conducted, and the handsome droke in which it appears, is a sufficient guarantee that the preprietor is doing everything in his power to make it worth its cost.

Home Humbug.

BY THOS. HARDING.

While the JOURNAL is performing good service to while the JOURNAL is performing good service to the cause of Spiritualism, by exposing dishonest pub-lic mediums and pretenders, it should not be for-gotten that there is also a considerable amount of humbug and swindling carried on in private homes by professedly non-professional or private mediums, real or fictitious, as the case may be, who extract money and material from the "softs" whom they are invited to visit or who may happen to be present. are invited to visit, or who may happen to be present at the time of the private scance. Some of the readers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHI

Some of the readers of the KELIGRO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will recognize the few specimens of this delectable (?) business, which I give below. The "medium" at such times is, of course, under complete control (utterly unconscious (?) of what he or she is saying and doing) and the "angel" who has the matter in hand is always "highly progressed," and shines brilliantly by his own light, only the poor, purblind mortals can't see it. He is frequently a great "ancient orator," remarkable, it would appear, for the rower of his lungs, or, perhaps, a philangreat "ancient orator," remarkable, it would appear, for the power of his lungs, or, perhaps, a philanthropist of tender heart, who for ages has been climbing up to his present dazking hights, and by virtue of his mighty goodness and power, can confer great benefits on those who conform to his requirements. After the character of this visitor from the "supernal spheres" has been sufficiently appreciated by the audience, he may, probably, in an off-hand way, startle some nervous, elderly lady by exclaiming: "Give my medium \$5.00," and that amount is handed over with a satisfied smile, as much as to say. "How delighted I am that I have it in my powsay, "How delighted I am that I have it in my pow-

er to oblige the angels."

It sometimes happens that the "devoted medium" is just at that particular time in what, in cant phrase, is called a "fix"; there is some debt hanging over him or her by a hair, and one which the "medium," poor thing, is powerless to discharge, and which causes great anxiety, so that the spirits cannot succeed in bringing to poor mortals all the blessings which they could easily confer, if their instrument was not unfortunately "out of condition." All this is a great trial to the sympathetic spirit. Then the "control" goes on to define the character of a true Spiritualist: "He is one who holds his possessions n trust; who is ever willing to contribute to relieve distress; who tries to advance the cause by generous contributions to those most sensitive and yet most persecuted of all God's children, the devoted medi-

ums. Give, and it will be given you. Give freely and generously, and thus pave the way for untold blessings from the higher spheres!"

When the echoes of this burst of eloquence have somewhat subsided, one old gentleman present discovers that he has a "mission," and heads a contribution list with \$20.00. The next day he goes around and collects other donations, and at length succeeds in raising some \$300. He then pays the debt on the medium's house, and with a flourish presents her the deed or mortgage, and the cash balance assuring her that he is "delighted to have it in his power to confer a small compliment on a medium and a lady of such great moral worth." The lady blushes her thanks; in fact, it is such a surprise (?) to her that she seems deprived of the power of speech. All delightful reunions must come to an end some time, and so the Committee of Arrangements take their leave, and then—the devoted medium sells the house for a gold watch, and a piano which she didn't know how to play, and retires from the field of her exploit, to enlighten some other be-nighted locality "farther West." Some of the Jour-NAL'S readers whom I know, will recognize this plo-

How much of the sweetness and satisfaction Spiritualism is lost by the turmoit occasioned by the blind chase after pretended mediums. So also in the earlier stages of human unfoldment, agitation seems to be nature's agent, and we rush here and there, hoping to clutch something which may satisfy our desires; but our acquisitions melt away within our grasp, like a materialized spirit hand, and are ours no more; but in the afternoon and evening o life comes the harvest for which we had tolled un-wittingly in earlier days; a different crop from what we had expected, perhaps; but the ripe grain is stored away in the granaries of our souls, and hope,

love and knowledge are sustained thereby.

The sanctum sanctorum of Spiritualism is within us; we shall all find that out in good time, strive as we may in an external search. As the glory of man consists not in broadcloth and jewelry, but in character, so the glory of life consists not in externals. If a professed Spiritualist, it is not worth while to be crafty and deceive; they all know you "up there," and many know you down here; blush for the past and hope for better things to come. Sturgis, Mich.

The Genuine and Fraudulent.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I have thought you too severe on mediums who sometimes practice frauds, yet it is hard to say just how much they should be denounced. I lately witnessed a scance in which the genuine and counter-feit were displayed so plainly, that any one not a dupe could detect the same. The medium is being run by a brutish husband, for the sake of the money to be made thereby. I was a perfect stranger, yet got in without a question, except the dollar. I took a seat among about thirty. The poor, delicate medium went into the cabinet, and after some maneu vers with a chair on her arms, her hands being tied different forms began to come out of the cabinet and call for persons in the crowd. This one knew his daughter, that one her mother, and soon a form appeared and called for me. I stepped forward and the form took hold of my hands and called me by name. I asked, "Who are you?" She replied, "Your wife, Susan," "No!" says I, "Susan had light hair; yours is black." She contended that she was my spirit-wife, Susau, while I said that she could not be.

She then pushed me away from ber, and darted into the cabinet. While she was standing by me I thought: "Were I to hold on to you, there would be another exposure for the papers."

Now, I was a stranger; no one present knew m and for this medium or any one else to call for me and say that the form was my wife, and give the right name, shows that there was something genuine about it; yet for a form with dark hair to pre-tend to represent my wife, who had bright hair, was a fraud, therefore I think in many instances the medium's body is used to represent the forms of others. whether with or without the knowledge of the medium, I don't know. It may be that when the physical nature is exhausted and worn out by too frequent sittings, the controls may use the medium's

own body in order to favor or protect it. It is a sad spectacle to see a poor, delicate woman. who has such wonderful gifts, outraged and made slave by an inhuman wretch, for the sake of money.

I call no names, but doubtless many who read the
JOURNAL are acquainted with the facts, and know of whom I speak. R. S. MONTGOMERY.

Interest in Spiritualism.

Light, of London, Eng., says: "The truth is that an absorbing interest in spiritu-i matters is spreading all around us. Men of though are tired of the husks of a crude materialism. They desire to know whether this petty life is the be-all and end-all of existence; whether immortality is a dream, and matter the only reality. They do not necessarily accord belief to the many pretensions made by those whom, for this purpose, I may com-prehensively describe as Spiritualists. They inquire, observe, and investigate. Some busy themselves with a Spiritualism that is only less material than the baldest materialism. Some yield expectant at-tention to stories which, if they did not come from afar off, would not seriously occupy them. But all, in various ways, express by voice and act their wish to probe and test the assertion loudly and persistently made that there is a world of spirit, and that man can know of it; that there is a life beyond the grave, and that man can prove it. This it is that brings minds the most divergent into sympathy and accord as to the broad object of their search."

H. Y. S. writes: I have been the recipient of several of your good papers. I appreciate your kindseveral of your good papers. I appreciate your kindness very much, in sending them, and thank you. I suppose you get many letters, giving opinions. I believe it to be the opinion of the majority of thinking people now, that Spiritualism is getting to be more spiritual, having less of nonsense. May the good work go on, and harmony come out of chaos, is the prayer of your sincere friend, a Spiritualist from the philosophy as well as the phenomena. I have been studying the former and investigating the latter for over fifteen years. The RELIGIO-PHILO-SOPHICAL JOURNAL was the first "spiritual" paper I ever read.

Fort he Religio Philesophical Journal. The Tabernacie of Moses.

BY DR. L. M. COMINGS.

Some weeks ago, in preparing a paper to be read before our society at Everett Hall, Brooklyn, on the "Spiritualism of the Bible," I was forcibly impressed with the similarity of the manifestations in the various accounts given us of Moses as a medium, to those commonly known at the present day. In the account of Moses after he had apent forty days on Mount Sinal, Exodus xxxiv. 29: "It came to pass when he came down from the mount, his face shone, and all the people beheld the skin of his face shone." Now this is only what we are seeing every day at our sé-ances, and the faces of our mediums often present

this same appearance.

And, then, the tabernacle into which Moses entered was only a cabinet, like those we have in our modern scance rooms. Read Exodus xxxiit. 9: "It came to pass as Moses entered into the tabernacie, the cloudy pillar descended, and stood at the door of the tabernacie, and all the people saw the cloudy pillar ato." pillar," etc.

Whenever any important movement was to be made, Moses entered the cabinet and consulted the Lord or spirit (for the term Lord is used in all cases where angel or spirit is referred to), and you will note that Moses was hidden from the people, and a cloud covered the tabernacle, hence here was a dark circle. Again, in Exodus xxxiii. 7 to 11, we read as follows: "And it came to pass that every one that sought the Lord went out unto the tabernacle, and it came to pass when Moses went into the tabernacle that all the people stood up and every man stood at his tent door, and the cloudy pillar descended and stood at the door of the tabernacle, and the Lord talked with Moses, and all the people saw the cloudy pillar stand at the tabernacle door, and the Lord spake unto Moses face to face as a man speaketh un-Now here is a veritable scance-Moses invisible in his cabinet, and all the people standing in silence walting for demonstrations. What more like our scances of the present day? Again, in xl. 34: "Then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation and the glory of the Lord filled the taber-nacle." We learn, Exodus xl. 36: "When the cloud was taken up from over the tabernacle, the children of Israel went onward in all their journeyings; but if the cloud was not taken up, then they journeyed not till the day that it was taken up." So you see the important part which this cabinet of Moses formed in the government of the Jews, in all their wanderings for forty years in the wilderness. Through this simple agency was this pure theocracy carried

on. Whenever any important service was to be per-formed, or any information was to be obtained, Moses entered this darkened cabinet, and received his needed instructions, and during this whole period, we find the people followed the teachings emanat-ing from these scances of Moses in his cabinet.

If Moses was here with us at the present time, and

should perform these ceremonies and consult the Lord or spirit in this darkened closet, how much different would it be from the practices of these days Really history repeats itself, and what is called modern is but the renewal of an old Mosaic custom commanded by God himself. Brooklyn, N. Y.

What is Spiritualism Doing?

What is Spiritualism doing for the world? Who asks it? Surely not the mourner whose tears have been wiped away? Not the wanderer who sought for truth and found it not until spirit-voices sounded in his ears and convinced his head and gladdened his heart? Not the creed-bound slave who dared not call his soul his own, who feared the grave, tortured by uncertainty and dread of doom hereafter and degraded in his own eyes by the dogma of total depravity? but to whom Spiritualism came with glad voice and redeeming power, teaching the divinity of the human soul, its perfectibility and heirship to immortality, transforming the tomb into a triumphal arch and the hereafter into a land of light and beauty for him whose life has been well spent. Surely to give strength to falth, and wipe tears from mourner's eyes to reveal the unseen world, reunite us to the loved of our hearts, and demonstrate the law of unending progress in the homes of the hereafter; to take out of our lives the stern and forbidding conceptions of wrath, deprayity, and endless torments and give in place the purer ideals of infinite wisdom and love, human goodness, and eternal progression; to rid us of that nightmare of imputed righteousness and salvation by blind fath alone, and give in-stead the rational and beautiful truth of personal responsibility and the continuity of consequences and personality hereafter; to demolish forever the annatural heaven of theology and prove the non-existence of the impossible angels of orthodoxy, and in place give us the beautiful land of varied states where real men, women and children live in a real, natural, beautiful and progressive existence; to have opened our eyes and unstopped our ears, combatted our skepticism, and answered our cry, "What of the dead?" by proving that there are no dead. Surely this is work grand and great beyond all compare! But it has done more, it has taught us to value this world, to use and enjoy every hour and power; it shines like the golden beam of the morning sun into the valleys and awakens to life the latent powers of the soul, bringing joy to life and adorning with undreamed of spiendor this ensiwhile vale of tears; it teaches us the secret of happiness in cheerfulness and activity, and enthrones the divinest trinity in our hearts, "Man, woman and child," and calls for worship and service to these, to the trinity in unity, humanity. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the humanity. "masmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me." Make bearts glad, homes bright, beautiful and blessed by love, and bodies healthy by temperance and labor, and life's divinest purposes are revealed till he who runs may read, and this the mission of Spiritualism, its work in the world to and for humanity, to arouse and foster the true faith, and build the temple of a perfected humanity.—The Herald of Progress.

Warnings.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

At the head of the first column of your paper, you keep standing a notice which says: "Readers of the JOURNAL are requested to send items of news. Send interesting incidents of spirit communion," etc., etc. Agreeably to that request, I send you the following: I have a friend, Mr. B., an bonorable, high-minded, middle-aged gentleman—a prominent member of the M. E. Church. Recently, during a conversation, he said to me: "Mr. D., I am not a Spiritualist, but I have been from boybood what I believe Spiritual-ists call clairandient." He then related to me how he was saved from receiving serious injury by a voice speaking to his inner consciousness. Several years ago he occupied a sleeping car on an eastern road. He was awakened by a heavy joit, instantly followed by a succession of violent jars. (The car was off the track.) He arose to a sitting position and prepared to spring out of the berth. A voice said to him:

"Lie flat down, quick. He did as commanded, and the next moment the car went over and down an embankment, seriously hurting many passengers. He was unhurt. At another time, Mr. B. boar led a train consisting of four cars, viz: one baggage car, one ordinary passenger coach, one ladies' car (from which gentlemen unaccompanied by ladies were excluded), and one sleeper. He took a seat in the ordinary coach. His good but invisible angel said to him: "There will be an accident; go into another car." He went to the rear and was refused admittance to the ladies' car and the sleeper. He then er car." He went to the rear and was refused admittance to the ladies' car and the sleeper. He then went forward into the baggage-car. He was informed that passagers were not allowed in there. He could do not be then but return to the coach he first entered, which he did. He had not been in his seat long till a voice spoke to his soul, saying, "Get off at the next station. Go to the rear of the ladies' car, enter it, and you will find a seat, and you will not be molested." He did as directed. Before the end of the journey was reached, an accident happened which resulted in the throwing of the sole ordinary coach down an embankment, turning it bottom side up and injuring about forty passengers.

We R is the superintendent of the Lorenzotive Mr. B. is the superintendent of the Locomotive Department of a railroad. He says that he has several times since, serving in that especity, been strongly impressed, or told to closely examine some part of an engine, and in every instance he found some hidden flaw or defect, which had it not been repaired, would have almost certainly wrought dis-

I have the fullest confidence in Mr. B's integrity and thorough reliability. He is not superstitious, but believes that these warnings have a spirit origin.
Osceola, Iowa.
R. A.D.

Mrs. M. J. Hendoe, the well-known medi-um in San Francisco, in renewing her subscription, writes: I do now, and ever have, liked the JOURNAL.

Electro-Magnetic Girl.

Maggie Lee Price, the Wonderful Georgia Giri. Gives an Exhibition of her Gifts at Frankfort, Kentucky.

A little girl, fourteen years of age and weighing ninety pounds, gave an exhibition at the Opera House, Frankfort, Ky., of such remarkable physical powers as would put Sullivan and Mace and all the great health-litters to blush. Mattle Lee Price is the name of this prodigy of power; the place of her nativity Bartow county, Georgia. During the Christmas holidays, so says her manager, she first discovered her power by astonishing her playmates in the moving of chairs and tables merely by the touch of her hands. She is an ordinary looking child, and is devoid of cultivation, but is quick in reading character, which she has demonstrated by refusing to hold any converse with certain persons brought before her for introduction. The manager says her powers in this respect were tried, before she left home, and proved correct in every instance.

At the performance last night, Gov. Knott, Attorney General Hardin, Auditor Hewitt, Col. John B. Proctor, Major Henry T. Stanton, Hon. Ira Julien, Col. H. M. McCarty, Col. C. E. Bowmen, Gen. Daniel Lindsey, Dr. J. Q. A. Stewart, Dr. Sawyier, Dr. great health-lifters to blush. Mattle Lee Price is the

Lindsey, Dr. J. Q. A. Stewart, Dr. Sawyler, Dr. James, Dr. Hume and Capt. Sam. M. Gaines were among the many in the audience. The Attorney General, who weighs 200 pounds and over is perhaps one of the stoutest men in the State, took hold of a chair and the little girl touched it with her open palms and caused it to wriggle and move him open paims and caused it to wriggle and move min all about the stage. Maj. Stanton, weighing 225 pounds, then sat in the chair, the Attorney Gen stal and Dr. Sawyier both pressed upon it with their whole weight and power, and the chair rose up to the girl's touch. This experiment was varied by other man, and the result was acquilly as estisfacthe garl's touch. This experiment was varied by other men, and the result was equally as satisfactory and asionishing. In. Sawyier and the Attorney General took hold of a stick, and, despite their resistance, the girl's touch dragged them about the stage, much to the delight of the gallery, as attested by their loud appliance. The doctors here examined the Attorney General's pulse and thought that steep the Attorney General's pulse and found it had risen to 140, while the girl's was 104. She betrayed not the least evidence of muscular exercise or excitement attending such powerful feats. Maj. Stanton and Dr. Sawyler took hold of a chair, and, with all the power they could summon they could not place the chair on the floor as long as the girl's hand touched it.

Another, and, perhaps, the best test of her preternatural powers, was the touching, by open palm, the end of a stick standing upright, on the other end of which Drs. Sawyier, James and the Attorney Gene-ral exerted their combined strength to press to the floor, but without avail. - Courier-Journal.

How Answer the Skeptic.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: "Your proof of immortality," cries the skeptic; "I will admit the sincerity of your belief, but what evidence can you give me that it is the true one?" Those who believe in the Bible, we answer with its testimony: that five persons who had departed this life, returned to earth, which is evidence unanswerable; the first of these, Samuel, the prophet, who testified of the saints then living in the Spirit-world, that they had a knowledge of what was occurring that they had a knowledge of what was occurring on the earth, and that they know the future. Moses and Elijah, when returning, gave evidence that they were as previous to their departure from earth, in their consciousness, knowledge and personal identity; that they felt deep juterest in the earth, and knew what was there taking place. James, Peter and John gave like testimony as to the reality of the spiritual life, and that it is eternal. Many well-authenticated instances of modern time might be cited as corroborating this unanswerable weight of evidence of the standard of the standar dence. But the skeptic says: "I do not believe in the Bible, and reject utterly its testimony, and as to the evidence given by men of modern time, I do not think they know any more about it than I do. Sci-ence or nature is my God. Give me some logical, tangible proof of what you claim. Seeing is be-

But we answer, do you see all that you believe in the realm of science? For instance, do you see the luminiferous ether which fills this apparently empty space, according to the undulatory theory of light, which is an established fact in the scientific world? It is said that seven millions of millions of vibrations have penetrated the eye before it can distinguish the tints of a violet. You have no personal knowledge tists as reliable evidence. You may have no personal knowledge or proof of the production of dynamic electricity, yet you accept the discovery made by Luigi Galvani in 1786. You are told, and believe that Harvey discovered the circulatory movement of the blood in the vessels, yet you did not see the discovery made. Throughout the entire realm of science I might mention scores of cases, where you accept facts of which you have no absolute, personal proof, upon the statements of reliable witnesses, and if you do this in one realm, is it not bigotry to refuse to accept equally reliable evidence in another? Are you netified in condemning as idle cant the vast weight I testimony regarding this life of the spirit and the world beyond, evidence given by men, sudoubtedly of sound mind and wnimpeached veracity, simply because you have no personal proof of the truth of what they assert? It is only the so-called material which is unsubstantial and perishable; the spiritual is real and eternal.

CALLIE L. BONNEY.

Premonitions.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A man near here was drawing hay on the frozen ground. The horses started suddenly, and he fell backward, breaking his neck, dying instantly. In his home, two miles away, his son's wife was busy at her work. She heard a wagon come slowly into the yard, and a man's voice, which she recognized as one of their neighbors, call, "Whoa!" She stepped to the door and opened it to see what was wanted, but there was no one in sight. She went out to look more thoroughly, but discovered no one. She trembled so that she sank into a chair, on returning to the kitchen, strongly impressed that it was a premonition. In about an hour she again heard the wagon come slowly into the yard, and the neighbor's voice call, "Whoa!" He brought the body of her husband's father. They afterwards reckoned that she received the warning at the very moment, as near as could be calculated, of her father-in-law's death. His brother in Iowa was also warned through a dream. He saw a large coffin, and it fell violently to the ground. to the ground. He was so strongly impressed that it referred to his brother's family, that he wrote to inquire, and before they received his letter, he got the dispatch telling of his brother's death. Other members of the same family have had similar experiences. There are other things going on in this world, besides those which transpire within the cabinat or scance from and which captured as cally he net or scance room, and which cannot so easily be ignored with the cry of "fraud!" There are still those who "prophesy and dream dreams." Bidding you God-speed in your glorious march of rogress, I am most sincerely your friend and well-

Caldwell, Wis. L. C. B. GAULT.

Mrs. Sarah Graves, of Grand Rapids, Mich., well known in that State as a faithful lecturer and worker, in remitting for a new subscriber, writes: "I wish I could send you a hundred names as subscribers, for I feel that your paper is to be relied on for

truth and purity.

"I am, indeed, surprised and pained to see the atti tude the Banner of Light takes toward the organization of the American Spiritualists, refusing even to publish the "Call." I can truly say that all Spiritualists who are good and true in their lives, and who have the good of humanity at heart, cannot help but be in sympathy with the movement. If the world is not ready for it, we can wait; but the few who stand on the bettlements' and watch-tower of spiritual observation, can see as the few asw before the terrible war, that the right will have to meet wrong in a terrific struggle. The conflict is upon us now, and are we ready to meet it? It is here in this place and in other places also. Let it come. I

Amms Middlebrook Twiss, M. D., is at present residing in Watkins, N. Y. She writes that her health is sinewhat improved, but not yet fully restored, and adds: "I regret my inability to do anything whatever for the cause of human progress at the course of thing whenever for the cause of human progress at present. I do trust that my work in days gone by is still bearing fruit, and if I accomplish no more in this life I shall not have fived in valu. You have my sympathy in your endeavor to cleaner and purify the means of spiritual guidance. I hope that after the pioneers are called to reap their harvests, young and vigorous workers like yourself may complete the glacious work."

None so Prempt and Fearless.

While the theological tenets of the Chicago Ru-LIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL may not be in full accord with the general religious belief of the coun-try, its honesty and fearless advocacy of the princitry, its honesty and fearless advocacy of the principles which it teaches and its equally brave and hold exposures of the francis in the fold of the spiritualistic circle, are features which commend the paper and its editor to the public and especially to the searchers after genuine truth. No religious journal in the whole land is so prompt and fearless in exposing mountebank pretenders within their church organizations as this lowered is in deacupaing the posing mountebank pretenders within their church organizations as this journal is in denouncing the frauds and pretenders in Spiritualism. Truth is its motto, and genuine Spiritualism can only grow in power and usefulness by a strict adherence to the principles it advocates. Others more pretentious might adopt its motto with profit. "Truth wears no mask, howe at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing."—Riverside Press, Louisiana, Mo., May 1st.

High-toned.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal of Chicago, comes weekly to our table, and has become quite shigh-toned literary journal, devoted to the phenomena of genuine spirit manifestations, but very severe—as it should be—on frauds, deception and dishonesty generally. Many honest persons are likewise credulous and easily deceived. The aim of this journal is to tear the mask from pretenders, and let every tub stend on its own bottom and be estimated at its true worth. It has spoken well of *The Alpha* in its woman's column. May it abundantly prosper.

—The Alpha, Washington, D. C., May 1et.

Mrs. T. L. Summeril writes: I am a delighted reader of your paper, and appreciate the many very able articles which you so generously supply us with. Of all the good things written, none contain more depth and solid mental food than your editorials. Every well wisher of the cause ought to be truly grateful for so faithful a leader. Warren Burright writes: I am well pleased

with the Journal, and the course you are taking against frauds and bogus mediums Go on with the good work, and may the angel world help you. You may count me a life subscriber, or at least as long as I find you battling for truth and justice. J. L. Batchelor writes: The JOURNAL fills

my ideal of an honest, earnest searcher for religious truth, and for error and fraud in religious practices. May it be successful in revealing the former and exposing the latter,

J. F. Smalth writes: I approve of the JOURNAL'S course in regard to frauds and humbugs. Give us truth; that is what we are all seeking after.

Dr. Morrow's Wedding Again.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Several stories have been going the rounds in regard to our wedding. If it did not look as if we sought a cheap notoriety, they would be unnoticed by us. They are Hamlet, with no character present but the ghost, and the poor ghost not dressed for the part. The true story is too beautiful for the average American to comprehend, and is known only to our-DR. D. B. MORROW. Sherman, Texas.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellancous Subjects.

Bodies for dissection are quoted at \$3 apiece at New York hospitals.

The thirteen-year locusts have mule their appearance in Louisiana, but not in sufficient numbers to io much damage.

Henry Ward Beecher says the most painful thing in life is to have religion talked to one, and he was never guilty of talking to people about religion unless they came and asked him to. The first church erected on American soil is still

used as a place of divine worship. It is situated just outside of the City of Mexico, and was built by Cor-tez during his second visit to that coast. It is stated that the "serpent's eggs" of the toy shops contain a grain of sulpho-cyanogen, quite enough to kill a child should it swallow one of them.

They also set free a poisonous gas when burned. At Bellefontaine, Ohio, a baby was left on the steps night, and he and Mrs. Chambers adopted it. They already have seventeen children, every one adopted. The body of Laurie Moller, San Francisco, is kept in a hot-house, so that decomposition may set in and convince her friends of her death. Her complexion

changed after death, and one arm moved. She had been killed by gas. A Presbyterian clergyman in Scotland a short time ago offered to give a shilling to every man and half a crown to every woman who would come to him the next day and declare truthfully that they had not spoken of worldly matters after church. Not one came.

Dr. Donald Macleod, a Scotch clergyman, recently preached a sermon on "The Sin of Cheapne s." He said that the "craving for cheapness and huntis" after bargains is not only economically false, believed cause of great suffering to thousands of men, whenen and children."

A Mormon missionary, who was arrested at Vienna some time ago, was sentenced to a month's impris-onment. He tried to propagate the Mormon faith, and baptized a man and a woman in the Danub anal in such cold weather that the man took flight and the woman fainted.

A child with a snake head, with all the motie of a snake, keen eyes that pierce you through, is liv-ing in Cobb County, Georgia. Its mother killed a snake about a month before it was born, and the fright and shock she received at the time were clearly shown upon her child afterward. An extraordinary invention is now being exhibited

by a Mr. Ferguson, in Lombard street, London. He claims to preduce light and electricity from chemicals, which, after being used, are worth £5 per ton more than in their original state. The principal meterials used are caustic soda and zinc. Some one asked the Boston Transcript on what becasion the expression, "By the Eternal" was used by General Jackson. It is answered that it was the

General's favorite oath, and that he used it on every important occasion, when swearing seemed to be necessary, during the whole active part of his life. In connection with renewed interest in the subject of cremation, it is recalled that Annie Louise Cary (now Mrs. Baymond) was once asked to sing

for the benefit of a crematory scheme in Pittsburg, and as an inducement was offered a certificate enti-tling her to the free cremation of her remains! "I should as soon think of buying my own coffin," said she, declining the offer. A queer case of attempted suicide occurred lately at Sauders Tuxla in Mexico. An old man named

Andres Avenillo declared that every night he was persecuted by witches, who insulted him and pinched his legs. To escape them he inflicted on himself a terrible but not fatal gash in the stomach with a machette. He is under the doctor's care, and says that since receiving the wound the witches have ceased to trouble him. A man has just been convicted in Delaware of steal-

A man has just been convicted in Denaware of Stati-ing an umbrella, and his sentence is to pay the costs of prosecution, a fine of \$6, one hour in the pillory, twenty lashes, and three years in jail. If this is the way they punish petit larceny in Delaware, the ques-tion naturally arises. What would they do with a man who should be convicted of stealing a railroad, or wrecking a bank, or perpetrating a swindle well up in the millions?

A man or a woman who treats chi Id cruelly in Japan is an object of universal horror. Char-women will not accept employment there unless they can bring the little ones, where they work with them on their backs. It is the same with factory women. It is funny to see the mothers in the fan manufactory at Osato with a pair of sharp, merry, observant and oblique little eyes peering over their shoulders, and while they work they are constantly turning round to chirrup at the young ones and talk to them.

The hero of the hour at Berlin at present is Dr. Koch, the president of the German Cholera Commission, who has just returned from India, where he has discovered the cholera germ. He studied medicine at Gottingen, and afterward pursued his microscopic studies of bacteria at Breslau, under Prof. Cohn. Dr. Koch has been known to the scientific world for some time as a conscientions and accurate observer, but to the non-scientific world his name was unknown until his discovery of the cholera germ.

"Just Upon the Other Shore." BY DR. M. L. M'ALILLY.

Weary one, with faltering footsteps,
Passing down life's rugged road,
Itoes no thought of coming evening
Help thee bear thy heavy load?

Does thy brain, so hot and throbbing With the labor of the day, Give no thought of coming moments When its pain shall pass away?

Are thy weary eyes fast closing?

Do thy heart-throbs weaker grow,
As thy life blood swift is wasting

From full many a wound and blow?

Have the friends of early morning Faded with its sparkling dew, Leaving but a bitter mem'ry And the fated word "untrue"?

Then look upward, hoping, trusting Rest so sweet shall come at last; And thy weary toils and heart-aches Shall be buried with the past.

Hope shall then fulfill her promise-Thou shalt sorrow never more— Love and joy shall crown thee ever, Just upon the other shore.

Why they Couldn't Hear Him. General James C. Strong, of Buffalo, was here this week. He arrived on the twenty-second anniversary of the day upon which he w s shot down upon a Southern battlefield. He was struck in the hip (the wound is upon which he was struct in the hip (the wound is famous among physicians and surgeons, I'm told) in a very peculiar way, and lay by a log in great agony all day. In the evening after the battle he heard the voices of his men calling him from different quarters of the field. "Colonel Strong!" they shouted. He replied by shouting at the top of his voice: "Here I am!" "Here I am!" Still his men kept shouting: "Colonel Strong!" Again he replied with all his might: "Here I am!" "Here I am!" The searchers came nearer, still shouting. "Colonel Strong!" Colonel Strong always replied: "Here I am!" with all his might. At last they were within three feet of him. "Here I am!" he shouted. They came nearer, but in a slow, uncertain way. Finally one of them leaned over the log, flashing his lantern light full on the prostrate man. "Why, here's the Colonel now," he said to his companions in tones of surprise. So they gathered him up and carried him to the hospital. As soon as he was well enough he asked the man who had found him on the battle-field why he had not come to him at once, when he heard him shouting, "Here I am!" "We when he heard him shouting, "Here I am?" "We didn't hear you, sir," said the soldier, "until we leaned over the log, and then we heard you whisper in scarcely audible tones, 'Here I am?"—Philadelphia Record.

White and "Colored" Gifts in Georgia. A married lady in Athens, who does not wish her name known, is possessed with the rare power of mind-reading, and occasionally exercises the gift of mind-reading, and occasionally exercises the gift for the amusement of her friends. She has made some wonderful revelations. The other evening she requested a gentleman to fix his mind on some text in the Bible, which he did, and she placed the book upon a bed in a dark room. The lady then placed her hand upon the gentleman's forehead, and, after holding it there for a few moments, walked into the room, and opened the Bible at random and marked a verse. Upon bringing the book to the light it was discovered that she had opened it and marked the very text the gentleman had in his mind. There is a little colored girl on the place of Mr. Bob White, in Jackson County, who is a wonderful medium. She is subject to fits, and to relieve her Mr. White meamerizes the child. While in this state she makes the most wonderful revelations, describing persons and most wonderful revelations, describing persons and their occupations in an adjoining room. The other day she was visited by a doctor from Atlanta, who

Never Open Your Mouth

except to put something to eat into it, is an excellent motto for the gossip and the sufferer from catarrh. But while the goeslp is practically incurable, there is no excuse for anyone's suffering longer from catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is an unfailing cure for that offensive disease. It heals the diseased membrane, and removes the dull and depressed sensations which always attend catarrh. A short trial of this valuable preparation will make the sufferer feel like a new being.

Remarkable Dream. In 1856 William Day had in the race for the Chester Cup a mare called One Act. The night before the race he dreamed that he saw her win, and that as he was going to meet her after the race, one William Goater said

ineet her after the race, one william tooter sam aigfily to him. 'Well, you've won, and you've loet the handsomest stake I ever had a chance of.'

The were in the race thirty starters, and One Act in Yellow Jack being second. Day was so interested in the race that he did not notice his neighbor till he heard Goater's voice saying, 'Well, I'm heat, and I've lost the biggest stake I ever got near to.' Day had mentioned his dream to many friends to the morning.—Lant. h the morning.—Light.

Don't take that "cocktail in the morning." If His have a "swelled head," nausiated stomach, and mistrung nerves resulting from the "convivial party last night." The sure and safe way, to clear the cobwebs from the brain, recover zest for food, and tone up the nervous system; is to use Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." Sold by all druggists.

A religious item from the Cleveland Leader: A rather unique social occurred Thursday evening at the East End Methodist Episcopal Church. Each fe-male in attendance was weighed on entering, her weight being recorded with her name, on a strip of paper which was afterwards drawn from a hat by one of the opposite, sex, who paid for the supper of the fair one whose name he drew, at the rate of so much per pound. When tall men marched up with wee girls, and thin men with fat ladies, the excitement was intense, and the results financially and enjoyably were very satisfactory.

A Little Mixed. A China tree is growing in Wilcox County, Ala, which is ten feet in circumference, and its top has been blown away by a storm, but 6½ feet up the trunk of this tree two more China trees have sprouted, taken root, and grown up as high as the old tree is; and but half a foot further up the trunk of the old original tree a peach tree has taken root, grown up to fair dimensions, and is now filled with fruit. At another place there is a blackberry vine and also an elm bush, all in a flourishing condition.

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Charistian Leader: It is a fact, the explanation of which we respectfully refer to the secular press, that the public was never more interested to hear the preaching of Unitarianism and Universalism than to-day; but whereas it formerly crowded the churches of Channing and Ballou to get the sincere milk of the liberal world, it now crowds the temples of such orthodox preachers as have the requisition of of such orthodox preschers as have the reputation of more heresy than they know how to express,

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There is an invention spoken of which it is thought may abolish the bit. It is called the carrago, or anti-horse torture. It is composed of a steel band plac-ed over the front bone of the horse's nose, and to this appliance the reins are attached. The inventor claims for this substitute for the bit that it gives complete control to the driver over the horse without inflicting the least discomfort or torture on the ani-mal itself. It has been tried with satisfactory re-

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Pain in shoulders and back, Indigestion and Constipation,
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Low vitality and Nervousness,
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and Kidney troubles among my crew, and they did away with my Dyspepsia." CAPT. C. MUELLER, Str. "Felicia."

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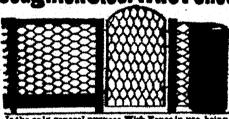
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9:45 am †	Davenport and Peoria Express	l t
12:10 pm †	Council Bluffs & Peoria Fast Express	1+
12:10,pm +	Kansas City, Leavenworth and At- chison Express	+
11:00 am *	Minneapolis and St. Paul Express	1 *
	Kansas City, Leavenworth and At- chison Express (Sundays)	b
4:45 pm +	Poru Accommodation	1 11
9:15 pmtt	Council Bluffs Night Express	ľÌ
10:00 pm##	Kansas City, Leavenworth and At- chison Night Express	ŧ
10:00 pm ##	Peoria Night Express	#

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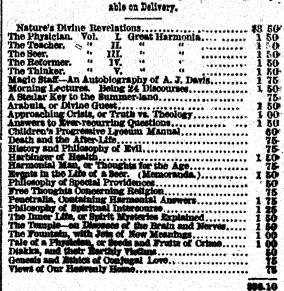
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The Mind-Cure Crase in Boston.

BY JOS. BODES BUCHANAN.

Wherever a rich soil exists that is not care-fully cultivated, an abundant crop of weeds is sure to appear. Boston has such a soil—exactly the compost that is fitted to bring forth and nourish a pretentious sciolism, and a variety of transcendental vagaries.

The stramonium and thisties that spring an in neglected spots where the useful hoe. the reaper and mower seldom appear, are too prolific of scattering seeds to make their appearance a matter of indifference. The peculiar compound which sustains the transcendental sciolism of Boston, has been forming and mellowing for many years, as the old Puritan rock has been disintegrating. It

1. The Puritanical Phariseeism which rejoices in its close and familiar relation to the Deity, and looks down with supercitious indifference upon the unsauctified multi-

2. The peculiar affectation of refinement and culture, which has made a portion of Boston society a standing jest in other cities -a dilletantteism which, without any robust, honest thinking capacity, absorb: whatever is current and fashionable in certain circles, and then feels that it has attained the height

3. A love of the mystic and transcendental, without the capacity to analyze, weigh or comprehend it.

4. A set of shallow prejudices, dissociated from the noblest elements of character in which they originated, and serving only to

augment imbecility.
In the midst of these conditions, and sustained by them, has arisen the mind-cure craze of Boston, the votaries of which call themselves Metaphysicians and Christian Scientists, and seem to have perched upon the very pinnacle of Infinite Wisdom, with one wery pinnacle of liminite wisdom, with one sweep of their gigantic pinions, without the aid of any of the sciences which embody the aggregate knowledge of the ablest men of all ages. Although they have risen so far above the plodding students of nature, who follow the inductive scientific method, they do not consider the height of their wisdom inaccessible to others for if it ware it would not sible to others, for, if it were, it would not have any commercial value. On the contrary they are willing to take any of their humbler fellow citizens and lift them in a few weeks to the same dizzy heights of wisdom, in con sideration of a fee varying, according to circumstances, from one hundred to three hundred dollars; for which they give, in orotund phrase, their mighty secret of the hygienic redemption of humanity, wrapped up and hidden in a denser mass of mysterious phraseology than the encasements of an Egyptian

When the great secret is revealed, the quintessence of all philosophy, all healing art and all religion (the three hundred dollar secret), in all its power and glory, what is it? If I have succeeded in comprehending the great secrets hinted at in phraseology, that sometimes conveys an idea, and sometimes expresses only the mental impression of the writer, it is in substance: Nothing exists of which we have any definite knowledge for pathing exists hut the Paity. edge-for nothing exists but the Deity, and no one can pretend to have comprehended him. There are no separate individual spir-its of human beings, and therefore there is no exists but thought or the Divinity, and Christian Science or Metaphysics is his expositor. There are many other delusions to be overcome. The medical profession and medical science are but delusions, for disease has no real existence—it is only an imaginary thing, a perversion of thought; and all we have to do is to learn that it has no real existence, and to ignore it: If we cease to recognize it, it will sink into its real nonentity, as our social inferiors do, when we cut their acquaintance. That ugly cancer on your breast, as you suppose, Madam, is no part of God, and therefore it does not exist. When you can realize that it does not exist, it will no longer come into your consciousness, and will exist no longer.

We will help you to get relief—not from the cancer, for we do not recognize it, but from the erroneous idea of a cancer. We will assist you, by sitting with you (at a dollar an hour for our good company). We will ignore the cancer, and help you to ignore it, and thus we shall bring you into the full consciousness that you have no cancer!!

Moreover, Madam, when we attain the divine realization of the Infinite truth, we are infiltrated with the divine, and it goes forth from our presence-flows out from our spinal column—therefore we shall help you to re-ceive this life-giving influx, by sitting with you back to back, and out of our back shall into your unsanctified spinal column (one dollar per hour), and great shall be the benefit that you will receive.

This is the substance of the ineffable wisdom—the all-in-all, the grand Avatar in Boston; and if there is anything more than the doctrine of the absolute nonentity of all en-tities, and the back-to-back philosophy, it is lost in such a whirlwind of metaphysical dust, as to be undiscernible to the common eye. That such stuff as this should have gained considerable currency in Boston, enlisted disciples by the hundred, and assumed something like the appearance of a new mievement, would be quite incomprehensible.

did we not understand the material from which it is fed; but when we know the number of people whom Spiritualism has roused to a consciousness of the existence of some to a consciousness of the existence of some mysterious power, which they do not underetand, who are all agape for something new, but who would not for the world run after anything which is essentially unfashionable and contrary to orthodoxy, who have neither the capacity nor the will to study the mysterical of pattern or to receive any preferred teries of nature, or to receive any profound scientific instruction, we perceive how large a number are just in the state of mind to be captivated by any boldly pretentions but shallow exposition of mysteries, which keeps within the lines of fashionable orthodoxy, and is very easily acquired.

Does the absurdity, the utter incompre-hensibility of the new system, constitute any objection? On the contrary the absurdity is the fascinating charm! There are many who, on the brink of a lofty precipies, feel an almost irresistible propensity to leap off to their death. So in the face of a mysterious absurdity claiming to be divine truth, and enveloped in a cloud of mysterious but mellifluous verbiage, weak minds are magnetized into passive submission, and when the power of mystery is reinforced by antiquity and aided by the magnetic power of multitudes, strong minds, too, yield to the fascina-

God is a mystery, and many bow to the God-idea in humble reverence, because it is

mysterious, and by a slight tilting of the mental balance, men feel that God is Mystery, and Mystery is God, and then whatever comes a- mystery, girt around with the clouds and lightnings of eloquence, or whatever comes looming over our sky, surrounded by the darkness of midnight, overawes the submissive mind into an absolute surrender.

Hence men and women of moderate rea soning capacity are fascinated with the assertion that all is God; that man as an independent being has no existence; that this is the interior truth of a holy and infallible Bible; that nothing exists but purity, truth and holiness, and that this diseased, unhappy world is only a degenerate form of our thoughts, and when we think rightly, we iapse into the Divine, and into perfect health. Does not the majority of Christendom be-lieve to-day, that the Infinite Delty abdicated

his position in the universe to show himself stripped of all divine attributes, on one insignificant little planet of a million, and in an obscure corner, condensed into a Jewish teacher, who after being cruelly treated and dying, has for eighteen centuries been periodically turning himself into a large quantity of bread and wine to pass into the bowels of his disciples? Until such delusions as these pass away, we need not be astonished at any craze on religious subjects.

But a craze must have a starting point—a moral force—an enthusiast, fanatic or impostor. The Boston craze appears to have originated in a remarkable woman, of great energy, magnetic force and volubility—a light bare not heard or seen her but Mrs. Eddy. I have not heard or seen her, but a distinguished and liberal-minded clergyman of Boston, has described her substantially as one who has a very extraordinary gift of volubility—whose speech starts spontaneously, runs everywhere, ends anywhere. or goes on forever—everyw ere the same mysterious flood of verbiage inspired by the energy of the shoulder, but destitute of all

heavenly or real religious inspiration. That she is sincere in her belief, or at least earnest, need not be doubted, for one must have faith before he can inspire faith; and if she has this faith, this volubility, and the magnetic force to enlist and command disciples as she does, and make it profitable at the same time, I do not see that any harm is done, except in creating a prejudice against true science and the priceless truths of Spiritualism (against which Eddylsm arrays itself) and inflating the weak-minded with a sense of the all-sufficiency of their meagre

sense of the all-sumciency of their meagre knowledge; but perhaps in this it is not much worse than orthodoxy.

If they call their system "metaphysical," I think it appropriately named. It certainly gives another illustration of the familiar jest—"What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind?—but perverts the answer; claiming that what we call matter is only mind, and what we call disease is is only mind, and what we call disease is

only delusion, or incorrect thinking.

The term Christian Scientist, which has been assumed, is a deceptive title. The whole affair is antagonistic to true science and pneumatology, and as for Christianity in its preparagons as divine leve. I have not discovered to the second of th proper sense as divine love, I have not dis-covered any appreciable amount of it—in fact, some things are apparent of a very different character.

As for the science, one of the most con-spicuous of the Scientists (?) was asked why it was that poisons always injured us, even when we did not know what they were, if all foundation for Spiritualism, which is a per-nicious delusion, and mesmerism is another as, for example, arsenic? How did that hapdelusion. In fact, the whole material world pen to poison in the first instance, when its is all a delusion (excepting, of course, the three hundred dollars duly paid in and laid cal Doctor replied by suggesting that there might be something in the appearance of the plant at a certain stage of its growth, but, said his questioner, arsenic is not a plant—it is a mineral!—which ended the ex-planation; and I think a half-dozen pointed questions would wind up these theorizers, or drive them into an intellectual quagmire.

But is there not something valuable associated with all this folly? Assuredly there is. Pure falsehood never flourishes anywhere; but that which is valuable is as old as civilization, and that which is worthless is the imaginary patchwork which fastens together an ancient truth and an ancient delusion.

Boston worships Emerson. Emerson worshiped Plato with an insane idolatry, but shut his eyes against the noonday blaze of spiritual science. Hence there is a Boston transcendentalism which, in like manner, shuts its eyes to the new day, and looks back into the infantile speculations which occu pied men's minds before the dawn of science Plato (through a thousand of whose monotonous pages I have waded without finding any valuable knowledge) was full of the conceits of ignorant speculation. He denies that anything real exists except ideas. If the carpenter says he makes a table, according to Plato, he tells a falsehood, for the table has no real existence. Nothing exists but the idea of the table. This idea of the nonentity of matter is revamped now in the atmosphere of Boston transcendentalismgo the divine healing power! and it shall go the only place where it could flourish. And this hazy speculation, floating on the con-fines of psychic literature, "the stuff that dreams are made of," has been with Yankee ingenuity brought out as a profitable and practical idea—something to be acted on by half-educated people, and exchanged for their gold.

> But all is not absurd and ludicrous. The ancient truth has its value, even disguised as it is in metaphysical rags and tinsel. That truth is the power of one human being, by his life and soul-energies, to uplift another. Christians and pagans have realized this in all ages. Egypt and Palestine, Greece and India, were familiar with it. Modern Spiritualists have given grand and splendid illustrations of this power. Dr. J. R. Newton, the Zouave Jacob, Dr. Grosvenor Swan and many others, have shown what a marvelous and mighty healing power can be exercised by the gifted without contact, and even without the prolonged sittings that the Metaphysical people require, who have simply seized a central therapeutic truth of Spiritualism, and disguised it with an array of tinsel which does not conceal its true character and origin, while they present it as a novelty.

> The plan of curing any disease by thinking yourself well is the chief novelty in the Metaphysical programme. It is quite practica-ble when combined with magnetic power of the healer, who sits with the patient, and the real merit of the Metaphysical people consists in bringing forward this method of treatment and giving it an extensive trial. If they had done this with the simplicity and modesty of true science, without any delusive theories, or hostility to real knowledge that is firmly established in its beneficent mission, they would have deserved only praise. But perhaps that would not have had the imposing charm of mystery—it would not have conciliated orthodox prejudices, and would

as spiritual or mesmeric healers, or as practi-tioners of the prayer cure. They have healed a great many, and, ne doubt, some of them think the metaphysical theory an essential part of their business; but as they acquire more enlightenment, they will realize that there is much more in the world of knowledge, philosophy and benevolence, than their narrow circle contains.

narrow circle contains.

I do not, however, concede that the process of believing yourself well, when you are not, is superior to anything we have had heretofore. There is a more speedy and effective process than this, which has been on public exhibition throughout this country for more than forty years. Chauncey Burr called it electro-biology; others have called it psychology and mesmerism. Cadwell, Carpenter and others are still exhibiting it for the public others are still exhibiting it for the public amusement. But no one that I know has used it extensively for the cure of disease. It ought to be utilized in that way more than it has been. It is the credencive method, controlling the faith and credulity of the subject, making him, in the passive credencive state, believe everything the operator says—as, for example, that a handkerchief is a snake; that a glass of water is a purgative or emetic, or that the subject himself is anything that the thing that the operator says, man, woman, child or animal, sick or well. There is an immense power in this method, for it involves an operative control; whereas in the metaphysical method the patient works out his own cure, and has to work up his own

imagination, instead of having it carried along by an outside power.

The Metaphysical craze in Boston may be laughed at (as it deserves), but it will do a great deal of good, and it has some very worthy practitioners. It will cure many who would not have gone to spiritual healers, clairvoyants or doctors. It will intro-duce new ideas in the churches in the only way in which they would have been tolerated, and when it has run its career it will have added many valuable facts and experi-ences to our knowledge of the power of the mind over the body, and the efficiency of the imagination.

29 Fort Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Last Words of Great Men.

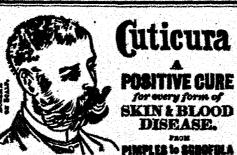
An exchange speaks as follows with reference to the last words of Charles O'Connor (the eminent lawyer) and other noted men:

The physician's narrative of Mr. O'Connor's death is of singular interest to scientific speculators concerning the mystery of a future existence. Miss Frances Power Cobbe, in one of the English reviews a few years ago, suggested that if proper attention were ago, suggested that it proper attention were devoted to careful, systematic observation of symptoms attending death, it might be possible to draw some scientific deduction on that subject from the mass of well-attested facts which would be collected. Mr. O'Connor's physician, Dr. Roth, testifies to a fact, of the peture of these which Miss Cohba avithe nature of those which Miss Cobbe evidently had in mind. He says that, after a long period, during which Mr. O'Connor "made no answer to questioning," he "opened his eyes, and with extended arms, as though seeing something or some one, plainly said, 'My God!' and fell back and died without a struggle in a few moments." Some famous men's last words are too plain to be mistaken; for examples, those of President Garfield: "Oh, that pain!" or those of Alexander H. Stephens: Doctor, you hurt me." But there are many which have gone into history perverted by omission of a part of the phrase, or by sup-pression of the circumstances. Daniel Web-It is well known now that Mr. Webster's " still live" was accompanied with a request to the physician for a stimulant which had been promised to him that he might retain consciousness as long as possible. And Kant's "It is enough," on which pages of German rhapsody have been written, receives a very practical construction by the knowledge that at the moment it was spoken the nurse was giving him wine and water from a spoon. Yet Wasianski, in his "Memorials of Kant," calls these, "mighty and symbolic words." and Thomas De Quincey interprets them as meaning that "the cup of life, the cup of suffering, is drained."

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