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

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." 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 communication, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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SPIRITS—THEIR MORALS, RESPONSIBILITY AND IDENTIFICATION.

An Address before the People's Spiritual Meeting, Arcanum Hall, New York City, August 10th, 1884, BY J. F. SNIPES.

Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Allow me to say a word on the question of your adoption this afternoon. First we will have to assume what all of us, and many unlike us, conjecture or believe, that there are such beings as spirits. The best proof of their real existence is afforded by test mediumship. Ancient history or tradition, scripture stories (old edition) and many church inventions, may suffice for those who prefer to cling to the cloudy past, and reject the light of the living present; but assuming there are spirits of various degrees of intelligence and position, according to their earth-work and their subsequent advancement under better conditions, what are their morals? If spirits are human, and a "continued story," with a little nearer approach to endless progression, then they have preserved after death their natural mind, memory and affection. In relation to themselves, to those about and below them, they are still responsible for their acts and influence. With us the beauty of life is proportioned to the purity of the thought, motive and conduct. If a lowlier spirit require our aid, our morality is best displayed in practical help; and this rule holds good in the life extended. We enjoy most in dispensation.

True love in this differs from gold and clay, That to divide is not to take away.
Transport the relative obligations to spirit-life, how shall a spirit manifest its morality? Not by a mere profession of respect for virtuous maxims; not by gifts to mortals of gold and greenbacks (even Christians know better than to expect them) but by mental inspiration and spiritual comfort. Money is representative and necessary, but its value lies in the mind. If we could satisfy landlord or merchant with a mental impression and equal confidence, something else would answer as well. In a measure we are what we think we are, or may grow into it. An appeal, therefore, to the mind and heart of mortal or immortal is the object of spirit approach, and the character of the appeal indicates the character of the spirit. Morality implies good principles and good behavior. The incentive to morality is the good effect of right thought and action on body and mind, and its reflection on others, so that they, too, may exercise equal propriety, and enjoy the same approving conscience.

But here arises another conundrum: Conscience, the supposed regulator of morality, is really a matter of education. It is not a universal monitor. In our land and age the old sexton, Time, has buried much conscientious reverence for obsolete idols. What once stung us sharply and morbidly, we handle boldly now. What was once taught as God-given, and essential to "salvation," (as though any soul worth making or saving were lost) we now ascribe to human invention. What was once infallible inspiration is now considered superstition, and in danger of extinction. And in foreign countries, what would be a subject of pure conscience or morality, is here, conscientiously, a murder. I remember well what a sound knocking I received on the subject of that fatal superstition, when I was in a foreign country. The

lowest as well as the highest forms of animal creation recognize the need of protection from physical hurt. Morality, as justice, exists instinctively among the lower forms, where right action in emergency is not a matter of true reason or sentiment, but of feeling or impulse. The drinker's morality, or want of it, is advertised on his facial sign-board; and in his brutality, the sensualist writes his autobiography all over himself, and physiology and physiognomy record and betray the habitual passion, whether of avarice, hypocrisy, love or hate. Decarnate these people, and what are their morals? According to modern revelations, character abides; but if appetite continues, what chance has it for indulgence in the absence of material opportunity? It is true the materially-minded are tied to old haunts, and repeat their rounds by proxy, but better inspirations and aspirations finally prevail, when spirit actions become more moral. Resurrected at death, they retain their former habitudes of mind, until the sad insight awes them into humiliation. No sudden severance of the man from the body radically modifies at once the cultivated nature. Their morals are just what they took with them, and their future improvement is a steady acquirement.

The responsibility of spirits for their errors and deceptions should be shown by our distrust and refusal to lend them our ears. Their responsibility in this respect is analogous with ours. Their present acts determine their present condition of mind, and reflect on their future life. They are answerable to themselves, not to a heavenly high sheriff. As with us, merit has its reward, and crime (for spirits so disposed do promote wrong influential) has its own sorrowful results, and it often requires more than another life-time of struggle to outgrow the memory and effects of a blundering earthly career.

The identification of spirits is most interesting and important. Upon it hinges all the law and the evidence of modern Spiritualism. Grant that external intelligence (and all intelligence as far as we know is embodied) operates on mind and matter, without its identification by internal evidence we have no proof that our departed still live, and so shall we. There are various ways by which to identify a spirit. Of course we must have known him previously to know him now. We knew him by certain particulars of form, feature, dress, language, history and by clairvoyance, clairaudience, trance, etc.; all these may be satisfactorily represented. Even if another spirit should personate him, the copy itself is evidence of the existence of the original.

For purposes of identification it is well that all human spirits, in or out of the earth-form, are limited in their knowledge and power; that no two are exactly alike in form or intelligence, and cannot assume a perfect simulation for any great length of time without detection. It is true a spirit may contract with us for his recognition by some special token, but the same sign may be adopted by another for admission into the chamber of confidence. We therefore should restrain our credence, and weigh all cumulative evidence in the scales of due reason and strong probability. Any manifestation, not under test conditions, that can be duplicated by natural agency, is at least of dubious spiritual origin, and the honesty of the medium is questionable.

Another difficulty in identification is the effect of mind on mind. If a sensitive reflects the thoughts of the sifter, simply reproducing what is present or stored in the memory, that alone is no evidence of the presence of a third intelligence. It is claimed that all emotions and acts are registered on the brain or spirit, recorded for review against the day of full self-judgment at death, and some persons are supposed to possess natural clairvoyance sufficient to read the record without spirit prompting; but more probably a spirit-friend, cognizant of your life, and anxious for identification, seeks to refresh your mind, while a stranger would not care for, nor know anything of, these personal particulars.

Another obstacle in identification lies in the generalities of messages, in the absence of tests. If the language employed, whether by writing, trance, raps, or physical movements, be inferior to the style of the natural man, even allowing for the difficulty of satisfactory expression through a substitute, shall we esteem it identifying? Or, if the style be superior to the known capacity of the communicator, without allowing sufficient time in eternity for the improvement, shall we claim identification? Or, if the words and ideas, on general subjects, be worthy of a Washington, Franklin or Webster, is identity proven? Or, when after long trial the honesty of a trusted medium is fully established, and in his natural mind he practices studied deceit under a plausible exterior, who is responsible for the hypocrisy? Is it innate lack of conscience, or inspired duplicity? In either case, the medium should be held responsible, and made to suffer the consequences of distrust.

With these and other impediments, and without the actual realization of personal association with spirits, what are the most convincing testimonies of spirit identity, outside of the big-worded theories of spiritual dreamers, gifted with large idealism, hope and imagination, and the very foggy vapors of priestly vicegerents? That spirit power exists may be proved without identification, by movements of matter without material impediments. Gravity and attraction are demonstrated on heavenly bodies, in the absence of any apparent medium, and their

presence or permission of a Supreme Spirit. Then why not attribute to human spirit the movements of familiar objects, without human contact, when accompanied with responsive intelligence?

All convincing evidences must be personal. For one I have had a very strange experience with intelligent tables, chairs, slates, etc., in the last twelve years. In the presence of one medium and a large company of witnesses, my parlor organ has been played upon by invisible fingers, in the light. I have been one of six to sit on top of a piano, with the same medium, and a large company present, when the instrument, with its own and our weight, about twelve hundred pounds, was repeatedly levitated from the floor, in correct time with its music.

With another medium friend, in a large open room, in bright sunlight, I have witnessed the violent revolution of a center-table, the transportation of articles, myself and chair being moved around without visible agency. At the same time a very large hand materialized close to my face, nervously holding itself in sight, disappearing and re-appearing, and terminating at the wrist in air! By request, a large table slowly arose, ascended to the ceiling, turned over, descended upon my head, returned to the ceiling, reversed itself, and slowly settled on the floor. Several recognized writings were also received on clean slates, heard in the act of production.

While writings on slates and paper are heard in execution, without mortal fingers, their characteristic style, personal allusions, signatures, and other internal evidence, prove the identification, if anything does. It has been my pleasure to obtain this kind of evidence repeatedly in the company of strangers, with many names and references appropriate and known only to the receiver and the writers.

On another occasion I purchased two new slates, and asked a friend to accompany me to a stranger medium for the first time. At the last moment the friend had a pressing engagement to prevent. Entering the rooms of the medium alone, he "straightway began" to call the roll of my spirit relatives and friends, describing them, and giving their full names, some of them very peculiar. He then allowed me to retain my slates in my own hand, while he remained in an opposite corner, when immediately I heard writing in process within, and after some raps indicating conclusion, I opened the slates and found the entire inner surface covered with regular writing, commencing with a regret that our friend could not come as expected, with other tests, and signed with the name of a spirit-friend long dead but often present. The writings I still have in my desk, and as "tables of stone," I prefer them to those of Moses. Anyway they are more pertinent, an actual experience, and certainly produced in view, without mortal contact.

Hearing of the wonders of spirit-photography, I induced a neighbor to experiment. Although a strong skeptic, he did so, and obtained a faithful likeness of his sister, as compared with another photograph at home. Then we visited a trance medium in private life, when the said sister without a hint from us to the medium, reported her presence, and declared the picture hers. I then sent my own card, appointed a day and hour for the trial, mentally desired the engagement might be kept by some spirit-friend of my mother, as a test for her, and by mail I received a second form in white, that I did not know. My spirit-father informed me through a medium, who knew neither, that it was my mother's brother, giving his name in full, and it was afterwards so acknowledged with tears of surprise by his daughter. In each case of father and uncle no picture of these existed, and both died years before in the South. At another time I carried my own plates, and accompanied the process all the way through, and after several failures, succeeded in procuring a likeness, between myself and the camera, of an Indian spirit, who had often served me usefully as a messenger and doctor. But time will not allow me to review the long record of particulars. The most and best evidence has been gotten in the quiet and confidence of home, and not with professional mediums. Every man must be the best judge of the value of his evidences.

If human reason, and the evidences of the senses of hearing, seeing, and feeling; if numerous communications for twelve years through independent writings, clairvoyance and clairaudience, with spiritual materialization (by which I mean the recognition of complete and pure-white transparent spirit-forms) from about fifty relatives and friends in all, mostly through unconscious, trance mediumship, preserved verbatim by stenography, many involving information on personal and distant affairs, too private for publication, but all the more convincing, not counting the corresponding experiences of numberless men and women of intelligence and character; if all these be worth anything, then, indeed, have I abundant evidence of spirit existence and spirit identity; then are friends departed not parted; then are speculation, doubt and dread expelled by actual knowledge; then is life made more lucid and joyous in its sympathies and hopes, and death itself a welcome conductor to family reunion and eternal progression.

Partridge is increasing to an alarming extent in France. Funds still cover nearly one-fifth of the surface of Europe.

"The Wounded Bird Flutters."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Not long since, Mr. Charles Dawbarn delivered a lecture upon the subject of Spiritualism, at Frohisher Hall, New York City. In the report published in your paper of July 19th, the name of your humble servant appears in no complimentary terms, not less than twenty-five times. Verily, the "wounded bird flutters." I am simply amazed that the shafts in my book, "Bottom Facts," directed only at the known charlatans and pretenders, the low acrobats of the spiritual arena, should wound the feelings of so intelligent a person as Mr. Dawbarn. If the learned lecturer has never read the book, which he so bitterly and unjustly criticises, the anathemas he hurls at its author should prove a boomerang to himself. If, on the other hand, he had carefully perused "Bottom Facts" before delivering his intemperate lecture, he is to be pitied for his inability to comprehend good English, or despised for wilfully perverting the meaning of its author. Referring to my ironical defense of the most arrant humbugs in the profession, wherein is portrayed the utter emptiness of the arguments used by the poor, deluded Hazard-Miller O'Sullivan school of innocent fraud defensors, known as "camel swallows," Mr. Dawbarn gravely pretends to believe that I am in earnest. Mr. Dawbarn is evidently no fool, therefore, in my judgment, he should not always be classed where, in the instance, he tries to force himself among the "bright extremes." Having, however, put on the garb of the average "camel swallower" for a purpose, I shall not be surprised if at his next lecture, the learned speaker shall quote page sixty-two of "Bottom Facts," and then declare with Quixotic triumph that the report of Muhlenburgh's survey of the Great Draco Major belt is inaccurate, only an enlarged reflection of the vivid imagination of Andrew Jackson Davis.

It is not surprising that the level-headed people of all creeds, and of no creed, the world over, are laughing and pointing the finger of scorn at the average Spiritualist when, among their leaders, the most intelligent advocates of their system, can be found so many like Charles Dawbarn, who are weak enough to believe, or so dishonest as to pretend to believe, that the author of "Bottom Facts" is, in reality, a defender of dishonest mediumship.

It is not strange that the spiritual system progresses no faster, when men like Prof. Henry Kiddle, who poses as a champion of the cause, will, in a public criticism, acknowledge that he accepts "for corn the very cream of satire in 'Bottom Facts.'" I refer to his remarkable production published in Light for Thinkers, December 15th, 1883. In this article the learned Professor holds the author of "Bottom Facts" to a strict accountability for the serious portions of this book as well as the satire, while in the same breath, he declares that the man he so defames is an irresponsible medium. I quote his words verbatim:

"That John W. Truesdell, the author of this book, is a medium now under the control of spirit enemies of the truth, will be to many clearly obvious. . . . Mr. T. is not the first medium, who, passing under evil influences, through cupidity or ambition, has sought to betray the cause by contradicting well established facts connected with the exercise of his own gifts."

Mr. Kiddle's letter should be read in full, to be appreciated. It speaks for itself; it needs no criticism. I leave him with your readers.

It is not at all marvelous that many people doubt the honesty of Spiritualists when some of the organs of the system, among them "the oldest spiritual paper on earth," will publish column after column of slush from the pens of garrulous correspondents, lauding to the skies, and defending as genuine mediums for spiritual intercourse, such monstrous illiterate frauds as Joe Caffrey. The editor of the Boston paper must know from repeated exposures given by Caffrey, that he (Caffrey) does not possess, and never did possess the slightest vestige of genuine merit. Joe Caffrey was educated in the tricks which he now plays upon a gullible public, by the author of "Bottom Facts," for the sole and express purpose of exhibiting to the world the standard processes by which many so-called spiritual mediums cheat the innocent and the credulous; but to what purpose has he used these instructions? To fleece these poor deluded lambs, instead of protecting them as he should do. You, Mr. Editor, will remember witnessing one of Caffrey's pretended trances, which was so thoroughly exposed in your JOURNAL of August 11th, 1883. A few days following that exposure, Joe appeared before large audiences at Utica, Oneida, Binghamton and other places in Central New York, delivering the lecture I had written for him, which fully explains every phase of his so-called mediumship. Local papers, under large type-headlines of "Spiritualism Exposed," praised and flattered Joe for the good work he was doing. Marked copies of these papers were sent and private letters were written to the *o-s-p-o-e*. Still later, Miss Ella E. Gibson, of Barre, Mass., in a series of letters published in the Boston Investigator—an exchange of the "oldest spiritual paper on earth"—fully exposes the true character of Joe's mediumship. Yet in the face of all these facts the *o-s-p-o-e*, as lately on July 26th of the present year, devoted nearly a column to this self-acknowledged trickster, fully endorsing him to the public as a genuine medium. After Joe had

traveled and lectured upon the "expose" as long as it was profitable, he returned to Syracuse and blandly informed his spiritual friends that for six weeks he had been under the control of diakkas, therefore, he was wholly irresponsible for the injury he had done to himself and the cause. The saddest part of this whole business is that a few of the most pronounced Spiritualists of this town still believe, or pretend to believe, that Joe told the literal truth. There is not one trick, or so-called spiritual manifestation occurring through Joe Caffrey that is not fully explained in "Bottom Facts," unless it be the art of materializing with tulle, which he claims to have learned from Harry Bastian.

Over one year ago, in "Bottom Facts," page 173, I offered to any medium in the world, the sum of \$500, if he would induce a spirit to write in my presence a message containing three or more intelligible words. Immediately the most prominent spiritual paper in the land disapproved of my proposition. You, Mr. Editor, contrary—in my judgment—to your usual logic, replied July 8th, 1883, as follows:

"Were any medium to accept such a challenge his anxiety would almost inevitably destroy that condition of passivity necessary to enable spirits to utilize the mysterious force they find in the sensitive. The non-acceptance of this challenge will have no weight with thinking minds."

This is said in the face of the fact that all professional mediums work for money, and as a rule, the larger the pay the more pronounced the manifestations. Think of destroying the passivity of a Caffrey, Fay, Bliss, Briggs or Watkins by any kind of a monetary offer! Impossible! The non-acceptance of this challenge has had much weight with thinking minds, as scores of letters in my possession will testify. One very deep thinker writes me as follows:

"To my certain knowledge, hundreds of the best mediums in the world have read your offer of \$500, which, if they are honest, they can get without any risk to themselves; they all know that you are good for the amount; that the offer is bona fide—not in the nature of a bet, but as a reward for just one spirit test, and still they come not to claim the treasure."

Over one year this fair offer has been before the public, while hundreds of mediums are spending their time in dark circles at fifty cents a head, or at private sittings for a mere pittance, while others are reduced in their circumstances to almost beggary, and yet barely one among them all has ever tried to get the writing and the money. The various excuses offered by the few mediums who have been personally invited and even pressed to call for the \$500, are as nauseating and senseless as O'Sullivan's garrulous account of his sittings with Joe Caffrey.

About six months ago, Mr. Francis D. Lacy, of Nivana, Mich., sent me a contract in reference to this matter, which bound me, but did not bind himself or any medium to appear. After many vain attempts to insure his presence, I signed the contract, which he quietly pigeon-holed, and there it remains. I forgave Mr. Lacy for not coming, however, when I learned through him, that the medium whom he depended upon to win the money was Charles Watkins, one of my own pupils in slate writing. Of course Mr. Watkins refuses to meet me for the trial. Mr. Lacy, like some other prominent Spiritualists, is laboring under the delusion that I have the power to thwart the united effort of the Spirit-world, judging from letters of his which have been lately sent to me; he believes that I could, and would, exert a "will power" over the spirits to defeat the aim of my life. Is this logic or reason? Do people advertise, offering a reward, and then go right off to defeat the object of their advertisement? Only a few days ago a man offered \$50 for the recovery of a diamond valued at \$500. Did he then try to put detectives on the wrong track in order to save his fifty dollars? Is it reasonable to suppose that, after offering the small sum of \$500 for knowledge worth millions, for which I have spent years of my life and thousands of dollars, I would, if I could, exert any influence over spirits either in or out of the body, to save the paltry sum, and lose that immeasurable boon so long coveted?

The insane idea of one individual being able to place the whole Spirit-world *hors de combat* by the exercise of his will power, is hardly worthy of discussion. No Spiritualist can gain anything to himself or the cause by continually misrepresenting those who do not believe in his isms. We believe or disbelieve not always according to our desire, but many times, as we are compelled to by force of evidence. Men, through pride alone, sometimes hang with a stubborn tenacity to a religious or political opinion long after reason has pointed in another direction. Not so, however, with our views regarding a future life. All, or nearly all, the inhabitants of this earth would like to believe in a continued existence beyond the cold, cheerless grave. Ninety-nine per cent. of the strongest Materialists would quickly surrender their present belief for a more hopeful one, could tangible proof be presented to warrant the change. The charges so often made by Spiritualists against unbelievers, that they are such by choice, is in most cases, a monstrous perversion of the truth. There is hardly one among us who does not want positive proof of the continued existence and identity of the loved ones gone before, and when evidence is shown to be lacking, they are in very deep doubt, and are

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For the Helio-Philosophical Journal. From Puritanism to Spiritualism. 1817-1884.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS. CHAPTER IV.

PENNSYLVANIA FRIENDS.

In eastern Pennsylvania, one still finds most of the spirit and ways of Quakerism. In Philadelphia there may be twenty five thousand Friends, Orthodox and Hicksites, or only about three per cent. of the population, but their influence on manners and life is marked. It is a good influence, helping to simple sincerity and quiet self-poise. The thrifty and abundant comfort of their country life are noticeable. It is said: "A Quaker never settles on poor land." If they do they manage to make it rich and productive, as the farms of Chester, and adjoining counties show. The strictness of the old training is losing its hold, but fortunately the better part of that training is kept in view. It was a witty saying of that eminent man in politics, Stephen A. Douglas,—a Vermont boy by birth, but an emigrant to Illinois—that "Vermont was a good State to be born in." So the Quaker birth is good. But this tempting field of discussion must be left, to go back to personal reminiscences which shall open with a word on truly eminent women.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

"Whose eighty years but added grace, And saltier meaning to her face— The look of one who bore away Glad tidings from the hills of day. While all our hearts went forth to meet, The coming of her beautiful feet!"

Sixteen years ago Lucretia Mott visited some friends in Washington, and was asked to speak in the Unitarian Church on Sunday morning. It was in the days when Civil Rights Bills and like measures were discussed, calling out more moral enthusiasm than usual. It was the old church, in the steeple of which hung the bell given to the society by John Quincy Adams. Wife and myself went a half hour before the time, and found the house well filled. When the hour came it was with great difficulty that Mrs. Mott found her way through the crowded aisles to the pulpit. The house was packed with a remarkable audience—the most thoughtful intelligence from the middle classes, the largest ability and the highest character from those eminent in official rank. All listened with reverent attention. It was a simple appeal for fidelity in daily life and duty, with little mention of topics in controversy; yet brief sentences on some great matter seemed like volumes, and an ineffable tenderness melted and subdued all possible prejudice.

Before an audience she had an air of commanding dignity, softened by womanly grace and sympathy. Her figure was slight (in her later days she grew spare), and not above middle height, her features sweet, strong and beautiful, her manner of speaking direct and natural, with few gestures. The simplest words had new significance, because they were her words, freighted with something of her own insight and uplifting power.

For more than half a century that potent and persuasive voice was heard in many great meetings, pleading for the enslaved negro, for woman's equality, for temperance, for liberty of conscience in religion and fidelity to the light within. During all that time her social influence was large and delightful, and meanwhile no duty of wife or mother or housekeeper was neglected. Her long wedded life with James Mott—a husband worthy of such a wife—was happy and harmonious.

One of the last times we saw her was in the Centennial Summer. We rode out on a lovely June day, to the beautiful suburbs some ten miles north-west of the centre of Philadelphia, to the home of her daughter Maria Mott Davis and Edward M. Davis, her husband. Sitting by an open window in her rocking chair, looking out on the wide space of grass and flowers and sheltering trees, with her work-basket by her side and busy sewing for the children, was our dear friend. Near her was a roll of handsome rag carpet, the material for which she had prepared herself. Then, as in all her life, these household tasks were pleasant, and her industry was constant. Eighty years had begun to tell on the physical frame, yet she was erect as ever, and as clear in mind and spirit. An hour's talk showed the same fresh and lively interest in passing events, the same tender thoughts of friends far and near as in years gone by; with a word now and then of quiet and serene looking forward to the great change which she knew could not be far away. As we sat in the carriage by the steps of the porch, just ready to leave, she said: "Catharine, let me give thee a copy of my talk on woman, more than thirty years ago, the only word of mine ever put in print, in book or pamphlet," and then turned toward the door, tripping across the floor erect and bright as a girl, and soon coming back with the pamphlet. In 1878 she made the long journey to Rochester, New York, to attend the third decade meeting in commemoration of the first woman-suffrage meeting in the country, at Seneca Falls, New York, June, 1848, and we met her at a private house several times. She would take her toast and tea, rest in quiet on the sofa a half hour, ask to be called up, come among us again fresh and charming as ever, and go across the yard to the Unitarian church where the Convention met, ready to bear her testimony to the waiting audience that filled it. At home with her children, her hour of quiet and natural transition to the larger life came soon after.

She did a great work in breaking up the narrow way of Friends in "keeping out of the mixture," and not joining with "the world's people," outside, in any reform. She went to the public meetings and took part in the movements of the abolitionists and others in any work she held good, regardless of their religious opinions. She also bravely upheld the sacred right of all to think and speak with sincere freedom. Her leading idea she made a motto in later years: "Truth for authority, not authority for truth." The breaking up of Quaker exclusiveness and of sectarian prejudice; the advocacy of religious liberty; noble efforts for reform and impartial freedom; and the daily doing of kindly and useful deeds, made up her life-work, and strong intellect and perfectness of womanly character made it great and excellent.

JOHN AND HANNAH COX.—A GOLDEN WEDDING. A few miles north of Kennett Square, stands the solid brick farm-house where John and Hannah Cox spent more than fifty years together. Their golden wedding day found them still enjoying "the sober certainty of wedded bliss." That homestead had an air of comfort and abundance. All around were the well-tilled fields and sunny hill slopes of the farm, with the ample old barns and out-houses near at hand by the road side. A sunny yard, with its roses and shrubbery and great overhanging trees and old fashioned grape-vine fence; the old orchard; the garden with its medicinal herbs, its small fruits, its peonies and blooming flowers near the well; and the sweet and fragrant passage

ways; steep staircases; cozy rooms—low-celled and with small windows; theory dining room, with the old fashioned blue figured ware on the table; great kitchen; odd nooks and corners; furniture of old style and home-like plainness; pictures, old and quaint, and of later and finer style; mementoes of affection and friendship, and books from George Fox's Journal to Parker and Emerson—was full of attractive interest, and was verily a home. There had sons and daughters been born, from thence had some of them gone out to marry and settle near, while others remained—but this was the centre, the place of heart-warmth and welcome and refuge to all. John Cox was one of the steadfast men, industrious, of few words, of sound judgment, wise in advice when urged to give it, but never offering it unasked—one of those whose worth and weight grow on acquaintance. His plain yet attractive features and solid frame typified his character. Hannah Cox, as I first knew her at sixty, and up to over eighty years old, had grown large in person, and had open and animated features full of life and intelligence, finely expressive eyes, a noble head and large brain, and an air of large motherliness. She was a mother indeed to the sick and distressed in the neighborhood. I remember well how she used to start out in her Jersey carriage with supplies of food and medicine for their needs. They had many visitors. Sometimes, in the old fugitive slave law days, they entertained slaves who came there in the still watches of the night and were always kept and sent along in safety. It was a saying among a certain sort of persons that "you might as well look for a needle in a hay mow as for a nigger in Kennett," and John Cox's farm was a hard place to find them—that is, when they were "property" with faces set northward. Sometimes the visitors were of quite different degree. William D. Kelley of Philadelphia, for instance, and his large-hearted wife, greatly prized their occasional visits. Edmund Quincy, that courteous gentleman of the old school from Boston, found interest and instruction in the talk of the intelligent daughters who remained at home, as well as in that of their parents. William Lloyd Garrison was a welcome visitor and correspondent. The men and women who spoke and wrought in fields of reform were much at home. They had a curious album in the sitting-room—a wax-panel trellised up the walls and over the windows on the leaves of which were pricked the names of their visitors, each making a lasting autograph, and all a long and interesting list. In the early autumn of 1875 came their golden wedding, fortunately on a lovely day. Tables were spread in the yard under the trees; seventy-five guests sat down; speeches were fit and choice; presents of the best kind—not gaudy tinsel a rich display, but books and pictures, and the fine simplicity of tasteful mementoes. Whittier sent a poem; Bayard Taylor, their neighbor and friend from his boyhood, a letter and present from Germany; messages came from the South, from Philadelphia, Boston, New York and elsewhere; and the golden wedding testimonials added interest and heart-warmth to the household roster. The letters and poems were printed in a choice private volume, which I saw at the house soon afterward. But a few months after, Hannah passed away, and her husband soon joined her, over ninety years old, she being about eighty-five. I was there last in 1876, and spent a day with William Lloyd Garrison, in attendance at the Longwood yearly meeting of Progressive Friends, where he read a testimonial, prepared at the request of the meeting, touching the life and character of Hannah Cox. I remember how he emphasized the suggestion that in all probability she was present in spirit, though unseen by us, as she would feel drawn to visit a place in which she had long taken active interest.

This family did their full share of work, in the fields and the household, after the usual farmer fashion, while their social life reached to the most truly cultivated persons. High thinking with plain and useful living, give grace and power of character.

TRUTH TOLD IN STORY.

Not to be Skipped by any Reader, Though a Trifle Blind to a Few.

One day last week Mephistopheles, sleek and fair, and arrayed in dapper costume and gestures, met Grandmother Upton on the camp-ground; upon which there was a great rejoicing alternately and altogether, by both parties. The welfare and success of each in their chosen department of labor, since losing sight of each other, was of course the first dish of the feast upon which they entered, and inquiries concerning the real state of affairs previous to, and during, the ministerial career of the "fallen angel" in the city of churches, were made by Grandmother. A number of lookers-on and listeners were attracted to know what was transpiring,—for the English language was used rather vehemently, and emphatically and belligerently. The story ran as follows:

Mephistopheles was, once upon a time, solicited to expound the word of the spirits for the coming year to a congregation in said City of Churches. There was a written contract made between the parties, when Joel some reports concerning the moral probity and teachings of the scarlet demon began to be agitated, and reached the ears of the opposite contracting party. This caused a stir among the Committee or Trustees of the Society, which did not desire to have the principles of free love enunciated from a platform sustained by their contributions. Their spokesman, therefore, undertook to fathom the angel-from-the-abyss, and to establish things upon a sound basis, as was meet and proper for the car-takers of an Association to do. He commenced by asking the belief of the inspired creature as to free love—to which Mephistopheles made reply that his belief was his own, and it was "nobody's business." The prudential committee-man, thinking in the simplicity of his heart, and in his own desire not to overstep the bounds of courtesy, nor infringe upon any body's liberty of conscience (for which our Revolutionary fathers "fit and die") that, perhaps, this was so; and perhaps getting frightened by the very vehement manner of "the interviewed" subsided a considerable, but still with some trepidation asked: "Would Mephistopheles promise not to teach this doctrine, nor to talk upon that subject upon their platform?" To which the dude ferociously rejoined: "No! He would not promise anything; he should speak just what his guides thought best, and he did not want a contract with such a society, and would tear it up. He would, if they wished, "speak for them two months, and then both parties should be free to arrange as they thought best." So he commenced in this way, and though there were but forty or fifty present the first Sunday, the hall soon overflowed into the street, and he continued with these people the rest of the year. The prejudice came from adverse reports from Samson Nickleby and Judge Nightly, who ran the search of the New Deception (one of

the most daring paraphrases for Dispensation), and Mephistopheles, asked his guides why it was that there was such a rush to see him, and the guide replied that there were two reasons: one was, that he had a truth and proclaimed it, and another was, the advertising done for him by Nickleby, who had continually reported that vile, social teachings might be expected from this lecturer, and thereby every body was anxious to hear him. "Strange, wasn't it," continued the inverted angel, "that all his malice and that of Judge Nightly redounded to my glory! They had to close their church for want of an audience! I had no notion of being instructed what to say upon social topics by a man who had lived with three or four wives, and several mistresses! (Query: What man?) The condemnation of such a man as Nickleby was enough to cause half the city to turn out, and hear what he condemned."

During this recital, all the principal points as enunciated, were emphasized by Grandmother, who shook her head, groaned, and stamped her little foot in sympathy, and made exclamations and "hooked" after the Upton fashion. There was no doubting the perfect union of the two upon the subject under consideration.

At the close of the year there seemed a division of sentiment concerning his being referred over that assemblage; so much of a difference was apparent that Mr. Johnson, the man who furnished the most of the money, said, that if anybody spoke in that hall for the ensuing year, it would be Mephistopheles. As is usual, money carried the day, and the Faust that had become infatuated either by the preaching or previously, is to run a Spiritualist (?) meeting another year upon the same basis, and with the beguiling Mephistopheles on its platform.

It is rather difficult for your "printer's devil" to decide conclusively as to the exact phase of satisfaction enjoyed by the "tother devil" in view of the reasons given by his guide to account for his success. No wonder he was astounded at it, in such a goodly city that holds a Beecher and a Talmage as well as many lesser lights of the same quality; one would suppose that even Mephistopheles might expect to find himself at a discount. So he was legitimately surprised at his own success. The question is, whether he feels really complimented because the story that he was a dirty fellow and preached free love, called together a large concourse of those who enjoyed such an exponent, and the happy anticipation of being likely to have suddenly bestowed upon them some sweet morsel of sin which they might roll under their tongue at any minute, or upon what other grounds he was congratulating himself. Take the world together, and we know that those places where the grosser senses are ministered to, swarm with visitors, while the house of prayer is, relatively, wholly neglected except in times when there comes to themselves a realizing sense of the sinful condition of the masses and the fear of hell gains a momentary ascendancy, or when "the wickedest man in New York" pits himself against all its wickedness. Such a gathering of the stratum of society which could be attracted by the advertisement that free-love talk was paid for at that particular hall, would never be considered desirable by a clean speaker; nor would they have been enticed together by any expectation of a Spiritualist's lecture that was to contain anything spiritual, such as is always to be expected at the Church of the New Dispensation, or upon the platform of the society which elects Nickleby to be its presiding officer. And, on the whole, Nickleby need not feel badly, for what was meant by Mephistopheles as a slur upon the public confidence reposed in him, was certainly a proof that the public did respect his conclusions, for did not they all go pell-mell to the free love dude, thus showing that they believed in the veracity of Nickleby?

All over the world the devil has more worshippers than the Lord has; but is that a proof that the former is the better man of the two? The world of passions and appetites is in the ascendancy, and the Christian religion, though beloved the people for 1900 years, has succeeded mostly in the sowing of much good seed, and proving its right to exist by the ripening of some exceptionally fine seed-stalks for future planting. The truly spiritual man will glory not in the big crowds called together by advertising a base pandering to the lower faculties of the animal nature, but to the quality and discrimination of the few or the many that are attracted to listen to his teachings.

Perhaps it will occur to some who are interested in the above recital, that this is the fellow who, three weeks after his marriage to the embryonic "martyr" (who afterwards languished for a year in an English prison on account of some well-proven fraudulent financial transactions in that country), wrote to a friend informing him that he had assumed conjugal relations as above, and that he had given his wife the right to avail herself of any affinitization that should present itself to her, and that he intended to "go and do likewise." The world has never been informed that he has changed his mind since, and this recital from his own mouth seems to prove that he has not. It is a matter of public record that the "martyr" has availed herself of the privilege accorded her, and that the man concerned, suffered remorse after returning to his own country. I merely refer to the matter to show that people are very foolish when they expect a stream to rise above its fountain-head, or that anything more spiritual than the picking of pieces of Talmage's old sermons, dead before they were delivered, can come from one who glories in the power he wields over certain multitudes of ineipient men and women.

The poor devil who writes this verbatim report, well remembers when all the platforms of the land were forced in self-defence to take the stand that the society, who engaged Mephistopheles backed down from—viz: that none who advocated the practice of free love should be allowed to appear there, and what a blessed exodus there was instanter. It is but a sorry comment upon the past scandals of that city, that such a deliberate declaration of intention to talk in favor of free love, if the speaker became thus inclined, could be allowed to override all desires of a large minority of that society for clean teachings. The most of our platforms are free from that villainous at present. But many of these foul birds have nested together at an eastern camp this season conspiring for a fresh onset against morality. Let them revel at this, their last hour of life, for their heads will be left upon pikes and poles very soon, as a warning to those who, like Lucifer and his legions, defy too daringly the moral sense of society.

STAR IN THE EAST. Salt Air, August 7th, 1884.

The latest evasion of the Iowa prohibitory law is to give licenses to breweries to manufacture for medicinal purposes. In several counties this has been done.

Kate Field will lecture next season on "The Monster," alias polygamy.

Letter from Italy.

Views of Surgeon-Major Purdon Criticized—Tests of Spirit Power in the Presence of D. D. Home—A Remarkable Test.

To the Editor of the Helio-Philosophical Journal.

I have read the first article of your JOURNAL of the 5th inst., and must say that if science wishes to go fishing for plausible theories in so abstruse a manner, it certainly does not tell in its favor. It would seem that rather than submit to evidence, the scientist prefers even to deal with absurd notions (which he dubs as the result of scientific investigation) and throws dust in our eyes through a long rigmarole of unusual words, in order to come to conclusions which certainly appear intellectual somersaults much more difficult to grasp and to attend to, than the spiritual theory. In fact what does Surgeon-Major Purdon say. His learned words amount to this: "That a surplus of blood in our system can have the power to radiate from the body a less degraded form of energy than that of heat, and thereby bring about a purely physical cause for the appearance of materialized forms." Now this, as I say, is very far fetched, and, on the other hand, does not by any means cover the whole ground; for, can this in any way explain direct writing or the words spoken by the forms seen? In direct writing we frequently have the fac simile of signatures of people we know nothing of, but which are recognized afterwards as the handwriting of the persons thus named and known when in earth-life to people outside the circle. How can the exuberance of our blood produce such an out of the way miracle? The spiritual theory explains this, in what seems a much more natural way,—the figures thus seen being what they pretend to be and the writing their writing. It seems to me a waste of ingenuity, not to say worse, in thus trying to complicate the phenomenon and distort it in a most unwarrantable way, so as to divest it entirely of the light it conveys, and with it the legitimate comfort and consolation which it naturally affords. "Il ne faut pas être plus monarchique que le roi." Mr. Purdon is so strongly attached to Materialism, that he unconsciously becomes much more materialistic than matter ever presumed to be!

I have no doubt that people, more versed in these phenomena than I am, will answer the learned Major more tartly than I could or would; yet prima facie these are my ideas, and to-morrow very likely I may bring forward some new argument to confute the scientific man and his notions about the power and intellectual quality of a form of energy emerging from a fullness of blood. I remember when D. D. Home came to my villa of Rusciano, he made that solid old castle shake as if an earthquake passed, and then holding out an harmonium (reversing the keys downwards) which I had purchased that very morning, it played a variety of tunes in quite a masterly style, and changed the music whenever requested to do so by any one of the seven persons present. Home told us that if anyone would place his head to the ground and look up (the light being very strong, I having at his request lighted twenty-seven lights in the room) he would have seen a hand pushing the instrument up and down and fingering the ivory keys; and Count F., a member of Parliament, who was one of my guests, stooped down and after a few seconds did see the hand. Can the earthquake and the hand possessing such skill be explained by the exuberance of blood in D. D. Home, who was then very far from well, and certainly possessed, as his van cheek attested, of but a very scanty amount of the vital fluid in his veins?

I am myself very skeptical and, to tell the truth, I like skeptical people; but est modus in rebus, and I cannot say that I ever feel willing to endorse what seems to me to overstep the boundaries of reasonable doubt, merging into paradoxical dreams through a prejudiced aversion against Spiritualism. No! let us be just and never let us allow ourselves to be carried away by excess of antipathy!

19th inst.—I have just re-read what I have been writing to you about the theory with which Surgeon-Major Purdon in his despair endeavors to oust the spiritual theory and explain materialization. I have underlined the word despair, because a man must be very hard up indeed when he resorts to such out-of-the-way inventions in order to cast a shadow on the bright light of Spiritualism, whose powerful beams render all rational opposition hopelessly fruitless.

I do not find that I have exhausted the arguments at hand to triumphantly answer the learned gentleman, and must encroach upon your time for the sake of citing a remarkable event in the life of our great sculptor Giovanni Dupré, which he, though adverse to Spiritualism, has inserted in his autobiography for people to meditate over it as a providential means vouchsafed towards him in order to escape danger. He says that having gone with his wife out in the country, a distance of about eighteen miles from Florence, in a two wheeled vehicle to see one of their children who had been given out to nurse, they found the child all right, and were quietly driving back home, when in passing along a desert spot where the road was winding close to the brink of a deep ditch, they heard a voice ordering them to stop. He stopped; but after having satisfied himself that no one was present, and that they had probably both been mistaken in the sound they had heard, he drove on; but the same voice again called out to them imperatively: "Stop! stop!" (Bernate! Bernate!) Yet he would not stop this time—when for the third time the same words were repeated: "Stop, I say stop!" the voice appearing now as emerging quite close to them. After this third warning, although greatly puzzled, as there were no trees near and no one could be seen round about the open and desert place, he thought he ought to stop and examine their two wheeled vehicle to see if anything was the matter. He therefore handed the reins to his wife and alighted, looked at the animal and at the shafts, axle-tree and wheels, when to his amazement he found that the linchpin of the wheel nearest to the precipice, was wanting. He looked about and found a piece of wood which, with his knife, he converted into a sort of linchpin, and placed it then at the end of the axle-tree, without, however, venturing to resume his seat on the "calesse" (as we call this sort of buggy), and got his wife also to step down; and they both walked by the side of the horse until they reached a village more than a mile ahead. He thanked the mysterious being who had ordered him to stop, thus saving them from a terrible accident.

Now I ask, in the name of common sense, can Surgeon-Major Purdon entertain the idea that a surplus of blood in either of these people, had caused an intelligent form of energy to exude from their body and see the missing linchpin and formulate words so as to force them to stop and escape an imminent danger? If the learned Major can answer in the

affirmative without bursting out laughing, then I can only say that I pity the vagaries of scientific brains.—Ei de hoc satis!

We have it very sultry here just now, but no one is afraid of cholera; for when it invaded our town twenty-nine years ago, no one left Florence, and all the young men of the nobility fled with those of the middle and lower classes to show unflinching heroism, all alike enlisting in the Misericordia, an institution founded seven hundred years ago and well-known all over the world. Believe me with brotherly feelings and a good shake of the hand, yours very sincerely, SEBASTIANO FENZI. Florence, Italy, July 19th, 1884.

For the Helio-Philosophical Journal.

The Needs of To-Day.

BY W. J. CUSHING.

When clergymen rail at Spiritualism, as did one of our well known Brooklyn divines lately, it is time we draw the moral of the lesson and consider wherein we are to blame. For over 36 years we have been trying to prove by actual demonstration the existence of a hereafter, and the fact of spirit communion. How have we been doing so? By the alphabet of phenomena, from the simple rap or letter A, to materialization or the letter Z. We have succeeded in convincing, in all, some 10,000,000 in this land alone, according to a Catholic estimate. Now, to the mind of the average person brought up in the church, the idea of the spirit of one's departed relative coming back to earth and producing raps, table tipping, etc., seems ridiculous, unnatural and sacrilegious. They think heaven is a place far away in space, and that no one, save Christ, has ever returned as the "first fruits of the resurrection." We know the contrary, but it is hard to make others believe it, except through personal investigation.

Herein we see the difficulty of getting the best minds to join our ranks at first; it seemed to lack the sacredness of the ideas instilled by the church, and so some of less strength of character came in first, and finding proof of heaven and no burning hell, they drifted into ways of life which fastened a reputation, in no ways enviable, to the movement. Mediums, too, do not always possess the best character, and so for gain, and to supply any shortcomings in the phenomena vouchsafed them, they practiced fraud and dishonesty in their dealings with those who came to knock at the open door of modern Spiritualism. Gradually these strange doings—good and bad, took hold upon the public mind, but little by little the better sentiment has prevailed. That which comes from our risen ones should come through pure channels, and so dishonesty and fraud are discountenanced wherever met, and to-day the honest medium is in demand throughout the whole range of the phenomena.

Now, if the outside world looks upon us as representing a modern Nazareth, must we not band ourselves together—we who advocate the right—to do all in our power by pen, voice and means for a higher, nobler and purer expression of that "faith of reason" which has come to us through the phenomena and its associated lessons? If, having this light, we are no better in our daily lives, no more practical in the application of its teachings, than they of the church who only have the written word, are we entitled to the respect and leadership of those we deem sadly in the dark, because still clinging to the old ideas and dogmas of the Christian Church?

The movement, as a whole and in its various divisions, must portray the embodiment of the principles of conduct we teach. Conduct, after all, is the object to be attained in all religions; all leads up to it; and if we build not character we fall short of the aim and scope of the divine plan, in impinging such a spiritual influx upon mankind and the general religious thought of the day. We must as units of a great whole, and as separate organizations of the same whole, so apply the teachings to our own lives as to round us out into individualized men, women and societies, and yet all moving and acting together in harmony and brotherly love. Then have we the nucleus of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth; there are men literally walking with God the spirit—the God of many in one—of Unity—and men will come to us to inquire the way to knowledge and to that kingdom of heaven which is within.

Further than this we must do something practical for others. We need institutions of a certain class—free spiritual reading rooms and libraries, public halls, hospitals, etc. These are already beginning to come—may the good work go on! We have men who possess means—let them use them in the cause they represent, for the general enlightenment of mankind. Men in other forms of religious belief do so. Shall not we also do as well?

To the words of him of old, who said, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven," we may add, "by helping their fellow man."

The age is ripe for practical work. Never were there so many reform movements tending in all directions toward the common welfare of society. Let it not be said of us as of old, "A wicked and perverse generation seeketh after a sign," but rather let us exemplify that other saying which reads, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

The tree of modern Spiritualism has grown until it is time for men to look for the fruitage as a proof of its quality. Let us, then, as its adherents, so fashion our individual lives and so conduct our meetings, that the outside world shall be proud to join our ranks and bear aloft that banner which proclaims alike to all mankind, "The truth shall make you free"—make you individualized men and women.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. Edgar Holden publishes statistics which coincide in the main with the investigations of the German Board of Health that the danger of dying of consumption after the age of twenty-one practically increases as age advances. Relatively more persons die of consumption between the ages of sixty-five and seventy-five than at any other period after twenty-one.

Cucumber, in lieu of ice, is cut in slices and laid upon the heads of fever patients in England. The effect is said to be cool, grateful and refreshing. Perhaps this is the very best use to which this favorite but unwholesome vegetable could be put.

A man in Port Jarvis, N. Y., was cured of paralysis by a stroke of lightning.

Hersford's Acid Phosphate.

FOR ALCOHOLISM.

Dr. C. ELLIS, Wabash, Ind., says: "I prescribed it for a man who had used intoxicants to excess for fifteen years, but during the last two years has entirely abstained. He thinks the Acid Phosphate is of much benefit to him."

Woman and the Household

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

TOO LATE.

What silences we keep year after year, With those who are most near to us and dear; We live beside each other day by day, And speak of myriad things, but seldom say The full, sweet word that lies just in our reach, Beneath the commonplace of common speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they go— These close familiar friends who loved us so; And sitting in the shadow they have left, Alone, with loneliness, and sore bereft, We think with vain regret of some fond word That once we might have said and they have heard.

For weak and poor the love that we expressed Now seems beside the vast, sweet unexpressed, And slight the deeds we did, to those undone, And small the service apt, to treasure won, And undesired the praise, for word and deed That should have overflowed the simple need.

This is the cruel cross of life, to be Full visioned only when the ministry Of death has been fulfilled, and in the place Of some dear presence is but empty space, What recollection service can then Give consolation for the night hours' pain? —Nova Parry.

UNKNOWN HEROINES.

In every walk of life, are heroes and heroines of whom the world knows not. Particularly is this the case at the fireside, where women toil shaded from public gaze, caring for husband and child, the producer and dispenser of home comforts. Housekeeper, and more often than otherwise, sole worker, nurse, comforter and counselor. She stands ready to fill every gap, to bridge every abyss. All the resources of her being are called upon, and if she be of a rich nature, the fountain of helpfulness and love is inexhaustible. How the speeding years challenge every capacity, and try her utmost being.

History makes pedestals for authors, heroes and founders of great institutions; an hour's bravery places a famous general at the pinnacle of glory. But a loyal woman, laboring through countless vicissitudes, often in bitter agony, to save friend, or husband, or child from ruin, from the tempter's wiles or the drunkard's cup, sinks into her grave at last unhonored and unsung. No marble tells of her heroic struggles, no volume contains her noble deeds.

But her labors are not lost. Every deed inscribes itself upon the ineffaceable pages of that past which cannot be altered or expunged. The universe is a compendium of truth, and all real lives have their record, and will have, during all the ages. We stand at last for what we are—the result of our feelings, our actions and our aspirations. To the infallible judgment of the One Supreme Critic, we must come at last.

NOTABLE WOMEN.

The Universalist Church claims to have done much for our sex. Crushed under a Calvinistic theology, it is restored to its normal position in the Universalist Church, the first of all denominations to welcome woman to the ministry. In this spiritual democracy are a large number of workers who do honor to womanhood.

In a book compiled by Mrs. E. R. Hanson, called "Our Woman Workers," are sketches of those eminent for literary, philanthropic and Christian work, comprising a long array of names. Among the first is Judith, wife of Rev. John Murray, founder of the Universalist church. She seems to have been a person of remarkable powers of mind, every way fitted to be companion of her husband. She published, in 1792, three volumes of essays entitled "The Gleaner," which were widely read and enjoyed by her contemporaries. In them she presented nearly all the arguments which are now employed in behalf of woman's equality with man, and even prophecies her accession to suffrage. This was in the year 1792. After the death of her husband, she published his memoirs, together with his sermons and letters.

Among a host of others, occurs the name of Frances Dana Gage, popularly known as Aunt Fanny. Early an abolitionist, she contributed to many reform journals, edited a paper, and when the war broke out, organized her philanthropic work until prostrated from overwork, she became paralytic. Yet even now, at the age of seventy-four, her pen is not idle, neither is her interest in human weal and the elevation of woman, one whit abated.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

who is noted as the most eloquent woman speaker living, is one of the most remarkable women of this faith. She has always been a power in reformatory movements, but never went upon the platform till she was nearly 50 years of age; as poet, author, editor, essayist, housekeeper, friend, wife and mother, Mrs. Livermore has wrought faithfully and well. Her labor in the lecture field during the last ten years, has been enormous. Many readers will remember hearing "What shall we do with our daughters?" and "Superfluous Women," which are literary masterpieces, delivered with a magnetic grace only surpassed by Wendell Phillips. These and other lectures are embodied in a book lately published. A friend in writing of her, says: "At forty, Mrs. Livermore is more attractive than at forty, and has wrought more and better work since she was fifty than during any preceding ten years of her life." In organizing the first sanitary commission during the war, Mrs. Livermore showed executive talents of the highest order.

Then there is Helen Rich, whose sweet verses are found in a variety of publications. M. Louise Thomas of Tacony, Pa.; Julia A. Carney, whose "Think Gentily of the Erring," and "Little drops of Water," have been recited by ten thousand school children; Henrietta Bingham and Hattie Tyng Griswold, beautiful in their lives and in their writings. There are also Clara Barton, whose great soul thrilled by sufferings incident to war, organized sanitary and hospital relief, and more lately the American branch of the International Red Cross Association—a woman who has probably seen more active service among the wounded and suffering than any woman living; Phoebe Hanford, who has filled pulpits in New Haven and Jersey City for many years, publishing ten volumes in the meantime, and Rev. Olympia Brown, Rev. Mary Tupper Wilkes, and Rev. Augusta Chapin, all earnest advocates for equal opportunities for women. Nor must we forget those sweet singers, the Carey sisters, lovely in their lives and united in death, who also loved women and represented the best qualities which grace the name.

But of all the records of lovely womanhood, none are more varied and interesting than those of Caroline A. Soule, whose name will awaken a host of delightful memories in a large circle of friends East and West. As

lecturer, editor, minister, wife, mother and friend, she is regarded with reverence wherever known. With fine magnetic presence, she is no less inspired as a speaker than those who lay claim publicly to the sacred affluents. Among others who bear the ministry of glad tidings, are Ada C. Bowles, Sarah M. Perkins, Emma E. Bailey, Florence E. Kallcock, Eliza M. Bruce, and others too numerous to mention. Let it be remembered that all these preach the Gospel of love to God and man, and that most, if not all, are firm in their convictions that the world is entering upon what may justly be called Woman's Era.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

One of the most venerable and respected of all, is Elizabeth Oakes Smith, now active and brilliant, at the age of seventy-eight. A graceful yet stately form, with that dignity and sweetness which comes from genuine culture of all the powers of mind and heart. Mrs. Oakes Smith is a golden link uniting this to a preceding generation. The wife of Seba Smith, the journalist and humorist, who is remembered as the author of "Jack Downing's Letters," she has bravely borne her part in the battle of life. Thirty years ago she was the center of a distinguished literary coterie in New York City, and even then occupied the platform which women, at that period, seldom mounted.

Mrs. Oakes Smith, from an early age, has written much and well. Some of her poems are genuine inspirations informed with that subtle spiritual quality which can never be simulated. Tender, winning and varied are the images which she embodies in felicitous forms, and it is a pity that the public have not the opportunity to read her productions more frequently. So true a reformer should not be allowed to sit in silence and isolation.

Mrs. Oakes Smith is spending the summer with Sallie Holly, that good Samaritan of Lottsburg, Va., where all the region round about receives daily blessings from the hand of the friend of the freedmen. But Miss Holly must furnish the text of another chapter of woman's chronicles.

"Man, Woman and Child," A New Work by Rev. M. J. Savage.

The professional book reviewer is evidently passing, away and fast losing his influence with the reading classes. His exquisite puffs and ponderous criticisms are now generally ranked with the profound philosophical essays of the quacks, which preface their advertisements, and designed merely to make sale of a package of "Kidney-wort" or "bottle of bitters." The sharp old trick of superficial scholars and hungry novelists, choosing mysterious and startling titles, and parading an imposing "Table of contents," is now well exposed; too much time and money have been lost in experimenting with unknown authors, puffed by interested or heedless publishers. A writer's name is now justly regarded as the best guarantee of the value of a book. The name of M. J. Savage has unquestionably won a place among authors, whose works need no elaborate notice, or acute analysis to draw attention; his name on the cover is sufficient proof that the book must be worth more than the price. Among the score or more of Mr. Savage's published works, I find "The Morals of Evolution," and "The Religion of Evolution," in which he shows himself competent to bring the abstract ideas involved in those deep problems, within the easy grasp of common sense, which shows a quality of brain possessed by very few who venture into those hazardous realms of speculation. The clear and definite form his thought takes in his own mind is so vividly impressed upon his written style, that discussions, wearisome or repulsive under the ordinary foggy mode of treatment, become, as he treats them, a pleasure and recreation.

Mr. Savage has shown good business tact and sagacity, in the time chosen for publishing this timely book; a time when the great irrepressible problems of "Social Evil," "Women's Rights," "Polygamy," "Marriage," and "Divorce," are living questions in philosophy, politics and religion. The advanced position taken in "Man, Woman and Child," must make the work widely acceptable, as society is now so generally thinking outside the old traditional theological limits, and reasoning from new and original premises. The book of two hundred pages is in twelve chapters, entitled "The Man; The Woman; The Evolution of Marriage; Marriage to-day; The Child; The Home; Society; Celibacy; Divorce; Woman's Sphere; Careers for our Daughters; The Transfiguration of Humanity." Mr. Savage accepts the scientific evidence of evolution, calls man "the flower and the fruit of this great universe that surrounds us, since he is the last term, the result of all the past." We doubt if in all the literature upon the prolific theme of man, there can be found a more perfect and stimulating ideal than is pictured in the chapter on "The Man." "Strength, courtesy, honor, courage. These, then, are the qualities which with other virtues akin to these, and which circle about them, make up the ideal man."

"These fused and fired with life, Reveal the age-long plan On which the years have tolled To mould the perfect man."

The Quaker is not the ideal Christian of Mr. Savage. "Jesus was not so feminine in character as sometimes represented because of his excessive courtesy; this feminine idea of him is the work of the artists who have painted him with long locks 'parted in the middle' and curling down to the neck." "Honor," he says, "is to me in some ways the finest word in the world; that which makes a man true to his ideal of himself, true to his enemies, true to his friends, which makes the prize fighter too honorable to strike below the belt, which forbids the duelist to strike a foe unarmed, unarmed." Of course, he says: "How it is needed in the church, needed in every great political and moral reform. How much we need men who know their course is true, and dare to take it, whatever the consequences. How much there is of truckling and petty calculation of ministers, wondering if they say what they know is true, the pews will bear it and pay their bills; and whether the officers over them in the church will endure it. Oh! with what contentment I look upon a man when he gets reduced to that." In the twenty pages on "The Woman," the fanatic and the hesitating legislator can find a philosophical analysis of female nature, that will tend to modify extreme opinions and help to the true solution of the vexed problem of woman's sphere. In his evolutionary scheme, the feminine element in woman embraces the law of heredity, while the masculine element of man displays the tendency to variation. "It is necessary that these two forces, heredity and variation, should exist and counterbalance each other; these are essential to all progress. Woman, with rare exceptions, is man's main spring and motive force, lifting him to the highest heaven, or sinking him to the lowest hell."

The answer to: "What is marriage?" is: "Marriage is the life long union of body, of heart, of soul, of labor, cares, hopes, fears and interests of a man and woman. Neither church nor state ever yet had power to create a marriage." He "never used the word obey in a marriage service," he says, "and never shall." The author finds the conflicting teachings of the Bible difficult to reconcile with the traditional view of an infallible revelation from God. Jesus was not well posted in history upon the marriage question. "We know perfectly well," says Mr. S., "that monogamy did not prevail at the beginning of the world; but we know perfectly well to-day, that, in regard to this supposed fact, Jesus was mistaken." "Man has not always been the tyrant; man has not always moulded the social organism at will. Woman has at least taken her turn, and shown herself capable of quite as relentless a despotism as man." Man is not the principle obstacle to-day to anything that woman desires, in Massachusetts. It is the indifference, the carelessness, of women themselves. "It would have been easy to have abolished the burning of widows in India if men only had been interested in it, but as the widows themselves who insist on being burned," "You could not keep polygamy in Utah twenty-four hours if the women were not satisfied with it."

In his vigorous chapter on Divorce is laid a foundation for a philosophical, natural adjustment of the sexual problem. The unmarried will find "Celibacy" peculiarly suggestive and profitable reading. It seems impossible to read the twenty pages upon "The Child," without wishing they could be fearlessly preached from every aristocratic pulpit, and put in attractive form on the table of every hotel, saloon, and pleasure resort, as a hopeful antidote to morbid modesty, and prurient imagination. The author's rare skill in pen painting is shown in "The Home," where he contrasts "Fragmentary homes" with his grand ideal. "The old pinched New England home, with its 'spare room,' and Bible too good to be used," the "Shoddy home" where the upholsterer has done his best, and the talk is of dress and diamonds, "the home where the chairs are so beautiful that they must be covered from one year's end to another," are put in very impressive contrast with his exquisite model home.

Woman's sphere and career he limits only by her fitness and capacity. He says, when asked: "Why has not a woman the same rights as man in these particulars? I have been always dumb; I have never found a respectable answer to give." Mr. Savage is evidently in essential sympathy with the "Utilitarian system of morals," and fears no innovations upon customs or theologies if true progress and greater human happiness are assured result. Upon the whole, "Man, Woman and Child," is a wonderfully condensed summing up of the best progressive thought of the times, in a most attractive style. S. L. T.

G. W. Smalley vs. Woman Suffrage.

To fully appreciate the following letter the reader must know that Mr. Smalley married the adopted daughter of Wendell Phillips, and that Mr. Phillips and his wife have long and earnestly advocated woman suffrage, of which, and of its advocates in England who were their friends, this man so nearly related to them, speaks so contemptuously: Editors Woman's Journal:

I read the New York Tribune, and think it the best of the great metropolitan dailies. I read in it the usually valuable letters of its well-known London correspondent, G. W. S. It is an open secret that his name is George W. Smalley. I have noticed his wrong position on woman suffrage, and find in a London letter of June 15th some comments on later events bearing on that question, too absurd and ill-mannered to be passed by.

This letter tells of the progress in Parliament of the Franchise Bill, which aims to give the ballot to a large number of Englishmen, not disfranchised. I quote as follows: "Mr. Gladstone's speech on Tuesday against the proposed woman suffrage amendment to the Franchise Bill is well enough described by an opponent as a speech of passionate fervor. He declined to discuss, it is true, the general question whether women ought to vote or not. But he then went on to describe it as a question of immense difficulty, a question upon which nothing hasty should be done, a question which requires absolutely to be sifted to the bottom, and which ought to be dissociated from any movement of party and every important political consideration. He describes himself, moreover, as not holding extreme views on this question. Clearly he does not. But he takes a strong common-sense view. He recognizes the zeal and honorable purpose of such advocates of woman suffrage as Mr. Woodall, who offers this amendment. He is willing to admit that the arguments in its favor are weighty. But he is obviously not willing to see women, no matter how well qualified for duties on school boards and the like, put on an equal footing with men on the stormy sea of politics.

"Take the question out of the vortex of political strife, is his advice to the friends of the female franchise. By way of encouraging them to do so, he refuses in the most energetic manner to have it mixed up with the present measure. That is a measure for enfranchising two millions of men. It is already a comprehensive bill. It is beset with difficulties. The Government has its hands full, and is burdened with engagements of every kind. Its paramount duty is to pilot this ship to port if it can, and the cargo which the vessel already carries is, in Mr. Gladstone's opinion, as large as she can carry safely. To take woman suffrage on board would be to add to the risks of the voyage, already greater than ever imperilled a similar enterprise. So for once Mr. Gladstone speaks plainly. He declines the responsibility now sought to be imposed on him. 'I offer to this proposal,' says the Prime Minister, 'the strongest opposition in my power, and I must disclaim and renounce all responsibility for the measure, should my honorable friend succeed in inducing the committee to adopt his proposal.'

"Of course after that it was sure to be rejected by an overwhelming majority. One of the leading American advocates of woman suffrage, Mr. Moncreu Conway, told us not long ago with much solemnity, that if defeated now, the measure would pass out of the region of practical politics in England, and be recognized for generations to come as a mere crochot. I hope his forecast is true, but I am not sure."

Mr. Smalley hopes that Conway's "forecast is true." All he can see of justice to women is "a mere crochot."

Pointing out some reasons why this "crochot" may live and gain, he says: "On the whole, it is to be feared that the snake is scotched, not killed. In the mind of this American gentleman, a great movement in which some of the

noblest women and men of his own land, and of England, hold leading places, is a "snake." He further says:

"The women who figure as leaders in this question are said to be furious against Mr. Gladstone. They held a meeting next day, which Miss Becker and others distinguished themselves by some rather shrill invective. One lady, Miss Beirze or Bairne, wanted to know how it was that the descendants of men who had cut off the head of Charles I. now endured the tyranny of William the Woman-Hater? I suppose by this alliterative phrase we are to understand Mr. Gladstone is intended.

Women like Miss Becker, if they express righteous indignation when Gladstone opposes their enfranchisement, are "furious;" in the eyes of G. W. S. His letter closes by telling of a possible future plan of the woman suffragists to question all candidates for office, of every party, and oppose those who oppose them, and of this plan he opines as follows:

There can be no surer means of confirming the sensible majority in its present opinion that the influence of the female in public life would be, on the whole, injurious, and that, were the female omnipotent, reason and common-sense would have to give way to considerations of a more emotional kind.

Here is the old assumption, the old platitudes, given out in the old style of lordly complacency. What a pitiful mistake Wendell Phillips made in his long advocacy of woman suffrage! The noble company of women who are "furious" in this country in their efforts to keep this "snake" alive, must stand rebuked, and learn better manners and more submissive ways from these respectful and courteous words of G. W. S.

GLEN B. STEBBINS. Detroit, Mich., July 16, 1884.

We have received volumes one and two of The Outlook, published at Alfred Centre, N. Y., a Sabbath-reform monthly, bound in one volume, board cover. It contains Sabbath literature, made up of selections from the best American authors. Attention is given to different historical phases of the question. The Outlook is published by the Seventh-day Baptists, but says it is not a denominational organ. The price is \$1.00.

In the year 1794 a Mr. Goodrich, riding over the hills on horseback, as was the custom in those days, took a willow switch for his whip and when he reached his journey's end thrust it into the ground in a soft, green spot at the corner of three farms not many miles from Litchfield, Conn. It became the largest tree in the Berkshire hills, and a famous resort. Now it is blown over. It is thirty-two feet around its trunk and 115 feet from tip to tip of its far-reaching boughs.

Willie Newcombe is the new "Boy Preacher." He was a street arab of New York, but became suddenly awakened to religious zeal, and proves to be possessed of wonderful natural eloquence. Though not a boy, he is a very young man with a blond mustache and an eye of soft, melting blue.

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Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 23, 1884.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of \$3.15 per year. To accommodate those old subscribers who through force of habit or inability, do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is for the present continued; but it must be distinctly understood that it is wholly as a favor on the part of the Publisher, as the terms are PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

Summer Campaign.

To all who are not now and never have been subscribers, the JOURNAL will be sent Twelve weeks, on trial, for fifty cents. At the expiration of the trial subscription the paper will be stopped unless previously renewed.

The rapid increase of interest in Spiritualism among the educated, both inside and outside the various religious denominations, makes the need of an unsectarian, independent, fearless, candid and high-class paper a greater desideratum than ever before. The JOURNAL will be kept up to the highest standard possible with the facilities of the publisher and editor, and he hopes for the hearty and continuous patronage of the better and more intelligent class of the great public, both within and without the Spiritualist ranks.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Since my letter of last week was sent off, no episode of special importance or interest to the general public has occurred. The Camp is almost wholly free from the disturbing element of last year. The free-love contingent seems to have given up all hope of capturing the place, and only a few of the speckled squad are here. Susie Fletcher, the ex-convict and free-lover, with her dudish Willie, still hangs on, but in a hopeless sort of a way, neither one being permitted to lecture at this camp. Her pathetic yarns fail in producing that sympathy and oneness of soul so much longed for by the lavish dispenser of love tokens. Willie has eliminated some of his cockney airs imported with the Hart-Davies outfit, and somehow does not wear the air of a conquering hero, nor evolve that magnetism of "sweetness and light" which in years passed caused silly old women and still more senseless men to worship at the diakkian shrine. To stave off oblivion a little longer a new scheme has been concocted. A society, dubbed the Fraternity of the White Cross, has been evolved from the fertile brains of certain adventurers in the Spiritualist field. On the surface it seems a harmless, well-meaning thing, but, as the sportive bass finds to his sorrow the innocent looking morsel which, if he be soundly orthodox, he thinks a special providence has placed in his way, contains a hook which finally lands him as the prey of a concealed foe, so this White Cross morsel will be found only a bait for gudgeons. It is said that the Fraternity is an earthly section of a similar society in the Summer Land; that the late resident of an English prison, the practical exemplifier of the purifying influence of sexual promiscuity, the subject of illustrations in police Gazettes, the female Fletcher, is the chosen and anointed instrument whereby the solemn orders and sacred secrets of the heavenly host are transmitted to the children of earth. One John Orvis, an ancient crank, whom rumor connects with the Fourier fixle, the John Murray Spear movement, and various impractical schemes, has been deputized as the official monkey who shall remove the chestnuts from the fire, the Pythoness's man Friday; for business purposes he is called the Secretary. From the personal of the Fraternity and the utterances of the Pythoness, it is fair to presume that one of the objects of the Order is to protect from the attacks of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, innocent lambs like the pulling

baby Bites; the whilom exposé of Spiritualism, but now persecuted innocent, Caffrey; the Tilden-Van Auker flock, the Beste bird and a host of other vendors of spurious Spiritualism.

A "Grand Convention" is announced to be held early in September; and the public is led by the posters to suppose that Prof. J. R. Buchanan, Mrs. Imogene Fales, and other more or less well-known writers and speakers, will lend respectability to the Fraternity, and eclat to the gathering by appearing as lecturers. I happen to know that Prof. Buchanan and Mrs. Fales have declined to appear, and I have good reason to suppose other speakers announced will also decline to serve as meat for the famishing pack.

Capt. H. H. Brown, Mrs. J. T. Lillie, Mrs. Abbey N. Burnham, and Lyman C. Howe have given lectures since my last. Daily conferences, as usual, have occupied much attention. Though complaint of rainy weather comes from contiguous points, the Camp has been put to no inconvenience and no outdoor meeting disturbed; while overcoats and umbrellas were in use in Boston, Lake Pleasant campers were fanned by refreshing breezes and made glad by a bright sun; apparently the Management has arranged with the Washington Weather Bureau to have rain fall here only at night.

On next Monday occurs the annual meeting and election; there is so far no indication that the faction which met such terrific defeat last year will make even as much of a showing as then; and at this writing the indications are that with the close of this season the insignificant number of freedom shriekers and license-lovers will, in hopelessness and disgust, shake the dust of the Camp from their feet and bid adieu forever to Lake Pleasant. Already there are indications that under certain contingencies the moral wolves will pounce down upon Cassadaga Camp another year. Let the managers of that resort beware!

On the 21st inst., the American Spiritualist Association will convene its annual session on these grounds; already a number of representative people are engaging quarters for the session; a profitable meeting, fraught with enduring good to Spiritualism, will be the result in all probability.

On last Tuesday morning, I ran down to Boston, an hundred miles away, to call on some of those interested in different various phases of free thought and reform. Two hours with Dr. E. W. Hopkins, gave me a quite complete understanding of the objects and progress of the Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists, which is now bringing rapidly to completion a magnificent structure on the Back Bay, in the finest section of the city. Should this enterprise accomplish all it hopes and bids fair to do, it will be a great blessing to Boston and an incentive to similar undertakings in other cities. The principles on which the society is founded, are closely akin to those of the JOURNAL, and it is a most encouraging sign of the times to find such a strong movement on the right side, in a city where true Spiritualism has been long grossly misrepresented.

Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Buchanan were found most happily domiciled in a fine house situate upon one of the Dorchester hills, and overlooking the city and country for twenty miles around. Dr. Buchanan is closely occupied in putting his new book through the press, and hopes to have it ready for the public in September. Though a hard worker and obliged to overcome obstacles which would discourage a less determined man, the Doctor is hale and hearty, bearing his age lightly, and apparently good for many years more of close application. Mrs. Buchanan, widely known as an expert psychometrist, is a most charming lady, as her numerous acquaintances will all agree, and is of great assistance to her husband in his chosen field.

Among the many valued friends in Boston, there are none more dear than Mr. B. F. and Mrs. Sara A. Underwood. Though not connected with the Spiritualist wing of the liberal movement, they are doing a work equally as essential as any other; and best of all, they are doing it in that broad and grand spirit which recognizes no sectarian or party limits. Though not an orator, and despising the clap-trap and intellectual legerdemain, so often employed by speakers, Mr. Underwood is, all things considered, the ablest lecturer of his school; his influence as a speaker and writer grows steadily stronger year by year, and better still for himself, his own growth keeps pace with the times, hence he never threshes old straw, and is always full of fresh but well digested thought. His public path will grow wider and higher, to the end. Mrs. Underwood is one of the rapidly increasing illustrations of the fact that a woman may be an excellent wife, housekeeper and counsellor, and yet engage in active literary and philanthropic work.

Rev. S. J. Barrows, the able editor of the Register, with the enthusiastic assistance of his talented wife, is furnishing Unitarians the best paper they ever had; no Unitarian can afford to forego the weekly visits of this expositor of liberal religion. Though obliged to call on Mr. Barrows at a time most inopportune for him, finding him in the hurry of getting his paper ready for press, he insisted upon spending more time than I felt he ought to spare; I have given him credit for it, to be paid in kind when next he visits Chicago.

Leaving Boston in a drizzling rain on Wednesday afternoon, I reached Camp before dark to find it dry and balmy, cooled by distant showers and full of pleasant, happy faces

The newspaper man when he leaves the humdrum of routine office work, and knocks about the country, rubbing against strong characters, meeting people of all sorts of be-

liefs and others of none; witnessing scenes, ludicrous or lamentable, depressing or exalting, is sure to find inspiration for innumerable talks with his readers; and equally sure to have the rust rubbed away and the corners knocked off, as it were. The wealth of mental furniture thus suddenly possessed, often bewilders the owner, and in his dilemma he sits in wonder as to how he shall utilize it all; and while he wonders, if he is not careful, most of it evaporates leaving him with only scant supply for his readers; much of it must be "caught on the fly" and promptly salted down for future use. Again, if one is only so inclined, he can often lend a helping hand to those he meets in the great highways of travel. This brings to mind an incident in the journey Campward of that zealous Spiritualist and friend of the JOURNAL, Hon. A. H. Dailey, of Brooklyn. The last evening in July, Mr. and Mrs. Dailey were on board a Hudson River steamer, and being attracted by the wails of a woman in the cabin, at once sought to learn the cause and tender aid or sympathy as might be needed. The poor woman could not speak English, but to Mrs. Dailey, who understands German, she told the following sad story, with its significant suggestions of spirit presence and impression:

My name is Joann Lohmuller. I live in West Troy, near the railroad, in the house of Mrs. O'Hara. My husband's name was Frank Lohmuller. We came to this country just a year ago, from Germany. We had six children, and only two are now living, both little girls, one aged four and the other ten months. My husband was a carpenter, but worked in the shops of the railroad company at painting. He became very sick and had to leave. He could not get work and went to New York, July 6th, to get something to do, taking his tools. He came back in a few days, saying a man connected with a trade union had promised to get him work if he would give him \$5. He only had \$3 and had returned to get enough to pay the required amount. He sold some things and returned with the money, telling me to write to him at No. 175 Forsyth street. I wrote four letters to him at that address and got no reply.

About July 14th I dreamed he had committed suicide by drowning, and from that time I was in great anxiety, getting no answer to my letters.

In my dream (?) I saw some of my husband's clothing laid out by itself. Afterwards we heard strange noises in the house, and one night a sound of falling dishes in my pantry; but upon examination, I found them undisturbed.

I yesterday took passage to New York, and going to No. 175 Forsyth street, learned that on the 14th my husband had attempted suicide by jumping into the East river, but was rescued and locked up in the Tombs.

Mr. Dailey finishes the story in his own language, in a brief account furnished by him to the Troy Times:

He succeeded in his purpose by hanging himself in his cell the next night. He had failed to get work, although he had paid his \$5, and he had become insane, telling people that all his family were poisoned to death. He had been buried in a pauper's grave. She only found a few articles of his clothing. His tools and watch were gone. After learning these facts she is on her way home to her little children completely prostrated with grief. Her condition has excited the sympathy of several passengers who have given her all the comfort they could, including some money. I send you this statement to enlist in her behalf through the columns of the Times, the aid of your charitable citizens.

I know the JOURNAL's readers will be glad to learn that through the prompt action of Judge Dailey, kind people are already interesting themselves in this poor widow and her helpless orphans. Though in a strange land, among people speaking an unknown tongue, this little family is, as the story shows, watched over and helped, so far as possible, by unseen friends, who from the Spirit world undertook to prepare the woman for the trial they could not avert, and then guided them to the attention of benevolent souls.

The earthquake on Sunday was distinctly felt at the camp; some of the pious opponents of Spiritualism over toward Moody's Northfield home, are reported to have thought it an exhibition of God's anger with his people in this section for tolerating a Spiritualist camp and allowing Sunday trains. At Greenfield, a man recovering from a stroke of paralysis, imagined he had received another, and was astonished to find he was able to move as well as before the quaking. The JOURNAL stenographer, resting on the couch before the afternoon lecture, felt it shake, and was "impressed" to get up with that celerity so characteristic of Western action. But the best joke was on myself, and in confidence I will share it with my readers, on condition that they never, never tell it to an outsider. I was having a seance with Miss Mary Jones of Philadelphia. The medium was in the midst of a clairvoyant description of a seven-foot Indian, with a quiver full of new arrows, which he was shooting at a target and hitting the mark every time. This scene the medium said was symbolic, and intended for me. About the time the last arrow impinged upon the bull's eye, I felt the corner of the cottage tremble and seemingly raise; sensation said my chair raised off its hind legs, yet I knew it did not; this upward motion was followed by a lateral shake of less power. I looked at the medium and she returned an astonished glance. Having had some experience in being shaken up by unseen forces manipulated by intelligence, I concluded that I might credit this exhibition to the seven-foot, copper-colored friend described by the medium; though hardly believing my senses, I could think of no other probable solution; however, in relating the circumstance afterwards, I fortunately adhered to my usual caution and thus, as it were, "saved myself." The next morning the newspapers told of the earthquake, and their accounts, together with the personal experience of other campers, explained my mysterious experience.

It is now after nine o'clock in the morn-

ing; the Fitchburg band is striking up in front of my tent; friends are waiting impatiently at the door, for me to go with them to dedicate Judge Dailey's new quarters; in fifteen minutes some of us must be speech making, so I hastily close. J. C. B. Lake Pleasant Camp, Aug. 15th.

Sabbath-Breaking.

The Presbyterian General Assembly was much exercised in mind, at its late session, on the matter of Sabbath sanctity and Sabbath-breaking, and, as the Blue Laws of Connecticut could not be re-enacted, compromised on the following:

"That inasmuch as prominent among the forms of Sabbath desecration prevalent in our times are those to which many railroad and steamboat companies and publishers of Sunday newspapers are addicted, the Assembly earnestly counsels all our people not to be as owners, managers, or employees of any company, nor as shippers or passengers on the Sabbath, nor as publishers, patrons, or writers for Sunday newspapers, partakers in the guilt of these flagrant forms of Sabbath breaking."

Why select these only? When street railroads were first started in our Northern cities, the cars were not permitted to be used on Sundays, and even later, when the New York elevated roads were started, they did not at first run on Sunday, in deference to the unpractical preachers; but now ministers of all shades ride to and from their churches in street or elevated cars, if there be no carriage sent for them. The law has not changed, but the interpreters of it have. Not consistent this, but very convenient. It is no uncommon thing in Brooklyn, to find a line of street cars two blocks long, waiting till Mr. Beecher's services are ended. The same thing, in a less degree, is true of some churches in Chicago. Some preachers, in cases like these, are apparently in favor of the law, but opposed to its enforcement. If not actually "necessary" the arrangement is too convenient to be attacked.

The following item taken from an exchange, shows that some preachers, at least, do not think Sunday excursion trains wicked if they can be used to increase attendance at their meetings:

"The Acton Camp Meeting Association of Indiana the other day declined the proposition of a railroad to discontinue excursion trains on Sunday during the camp meeting so on. The brethren want to make the camp meeting a financial success, but they will probably condemn Sunday newspapers."

As a matter of fact, the manufacture of Sunday papers is completed before Sunday comes, and steamboat and railroad excursions enable crowds of people to really keep the Sabbath, not by an enforced idleness, but by a rest which allows activity both of mind and body, which is restful, because different from that employed during the week. It is a debatable question, whether listening to a sermon on the "divine decrees," of which no one really knows anything, is as true an observance of the Sabbath, which was made for man, as a well conducted excursion. Whatever will best restore failing energy, bring into action powers, thoughts, emotions, which the avocations of the other days have so largely repressed, is the thing needed for keeping the day appropriately. If listening to a sermon or two does this better than any other thing, the sermons should be heard; if excursions show more power in the same direction, let them be encouraged. The needs of all men are not alike. Let each discover what will best help him to a higher life, and choose that, let General Assemblies vote as they may.

Nerve Force.

We learn from an exchange that in addition to the Rev. Arthur Sloan, ex-rector of Christ Church, Stamford, Ct., there is another person in that town who also claims to perform marvelous cures. This person is Lemuel Beardsley, a well-to-do grocer of that place, who said recently that as early as 1853 he became conscious of, and interested in, the dormant force of his system that he was possessed of and yet could not control. While he called it a nerve fluid, President Noah Porter, of Yale College, called it a nerve force. He claimed that by its aid he could lift very heavy weights and, in fact, exercise an almost superhuman power. Grocer Beardsley claims that the time is not far distant when this vital force will be acknowledged, and cites the case of Lula Hurst as an evidence of its existence. He said, further, that his mother, a lady of 80 years, was attacked a year ago with complete paralysis on one side of her body. He took both her hands in his and instantly he could feel, as he says, the nerve force making its way through the circuit thus formed, and a short time afterward the paralysis left her entirely and she has been in excellent health ever since that time. He says that he has cured many of his neighbors in that place, simply by the laying on of hands, and in every instance he has enjoined strict secrecy, as he did not wish to have that function interfere with his regular business as a grocer. He claims that the cures performed by the Rev. Arthur Sloan have been by the result of a magnetic force similar to his own. Mr. Beardsley is a reputable business man in Stratford, and has been so regarded for some time, and his case excites much comment in the vicinity.

Every person of humane feelings rejoices when one who is sick is relieved, and whether it be accomplished under the head of faith, magnetism, expectancy, prayer, "metaphysical cure," nerve force, or spirit power, it makes but little difference to the patient.

The one great excitement in Schenectady, N. Y., lately, was over the arrest of four young men for causing a disturbance with the Salvation army. Fifteen hundred men followed the prisoners to the station, threatening to throw the officers into the canal. Threats were made to burn the army's barracks. There were fears of a riot and the police took the necessary precautions.

An Agnostic Town.

It appears from a correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser, that there is an Agnostic town, New Ulm, in Minnesota, and the Agnostics there in some particulars are a shining example to Christians. Here is a town of 3,500 population and with but a Marshal to keep the peace, and yet there has not been a street fight in New Ulm in fifteen years. Mr. J. C. Rudolph, one of the shining lights there, says that occasionally a young fellow from the country comes to town and takes more beer than he ought, but one of the old inhabitants will go to him and tell him that New Ulm wants no noise in the streets; and, added Mr. Rudolph, one of our citizens, looking squarely in the man's face, generally brings him to his senses. The people of the city and country are kept in their senses in a city that has four breweries and thirty beer saloons, without powder and shot and iron bars. The Agnostics, too, set a good example in the charities. The Rev. Father Berghold is establishing a hospital in the foothills, a quarter of a mile from his church. The location is very favorable, and there is a series of hillocks which protect the hospital building and allure the patients to stroll; upon one of these a pagoda is erected. The hospital, like the charities of the Little Sisters of the Poor, knows no nationality, no creed at the threshold, and the purses of the infidels are open to sustain Father Berghold in his work.

We have several subscribers for the JOURNAL in New Ulm, and we expect that Spiritualism will take the place of Agnosticism there in a short time.

GENERAL NOTES.

Dr. Schlick, Dr. D'Unger and W. P. Conolly have organized a crematory company in Chicago.

There are relics of slavery in Delaware yet. Marriage licenses must certify colored people to be free.

Dr. J. P. Greenleaf, a prominent Spiritualist, passed to spirit-life from his residence at the Onset Bay Camp, August 11th.

The new divorce law in France forbids the making of any report of the proceedings, a penalty not exceeding four hundred dollars being imposed.

In England they speak of Mgr. Capel converting sympathetic and sentimental widows and others, "to the amount of £1,600,000 in New York City alone.

Mr. William Nicol will speak before the People's Society of Spiritualists in Martine's Hall, 55 Ada St., next Sunday evening. Conference and medium's meeting at 10:30 A. M.

G. H. Brooks gave us a call this week. He has been lecturing at Omro, Oakfield, Milwaukee, Gurney and Madison, Wis. He lectured at Pacific Junction, Ill., last Sunday morning.

The Rochester, N. Y., Salvation people had an "all-day gospel spree," lately on Sunday. Maj. Moore, commander of the American forces, and a number of other eminent devil-teasers, were borrowed for the occasion.

Spencer Ellsworth, editor Lacon Journal, Lacon, Ill., met with an accident on Friday, July 25th, which caused his death. He passed away Saturday, July 26th, mourned by many friends and acquaintances.

Miss Lizzie Calley of Hill, Mass., has been made an honorary A. M. by Bates college, the only degree of the kind that can be conferred on a woman by a New England college not devoted to the education of women only.

A Chinaman recently died in Umatilla, Or., and when he was buried by his countrymen his worldly effects were put in the grave with him. The next day a couple of tramps appeared on the streets offering the articles for sale.

Excursion trains from Hartford, Conn., will be run to Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting on the last two Sundays of the month, the 24th and 31st, by the Hartford and Connecticut Western Railroad. Fare for the round trip, \$1.50.

The Theosophist for July is at hand, containing interesting articles upon Occultism, Spiritualism, Mesmerism, etc., etc. Price 50 cents a number. We also have copies of July Supplement of Theosophist. Price 25 cents per copy. For sale at this office.

The latest case of faith cure is reported at Parkersburg, W. Va., where Miss Mary E. Hudson, who had been confined to her bed for two years, rose up and walked into the parlor, where the family were gathered, and seating herself at the piano, sang as loud and clear as ever.

At Chautauque, N. Y., where orthodox teachings are dispensed by prominent members of the gospel, the proceedings are enlivened occasionally by a "pronouncing match." Miss Minnie A. Barney of Syracuse, won the first prize. This is the second time the prize was ever given to a woman.

Mrs. H. N. Read of New York, has a cottage at the Cassadaga camp meeting. Her many friends take great pleasure in recommending her to all those who are in search of a reliable clairvoyant. Mrs. Read has been before the public for many years both in New York City and at Saratoga Springs.

The People's Spiritualist meetings, Arcanum Hall, 6th avenue and 25th street, New York City, are growing in numbers and interest. The meetings are public and free, held every Sunday afternoon and evening, and pleasantly prolonged for three hours. Subjects, philosophical and experimental, are chosen for limited discussion, followed by vocal and instrumental music, and the exercise of mediumship. Mrs. Morrell and others are actively useful in the latter attraction.

In another column will be found a characteristic communication from J. W. Truesdell, which the JOURNAL publishes in pursuance of its established policy of allowing all sides to be heard.

The Onset Bay Dor of August 9th, says: "Col. John C. Bundy, editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago, is expected at Onset Bay this week. The JOURNAL is a fearless advocate of the cause of Spiritualism. It does not sanction a fraudulent manifestation because of the possibility that 'spirits did it.' It has formulated a high idea of the position that Spiritualism should occupy, but the standard is not above the capacity of any intelligent Spiritualist to support."

It must be exceedingly gratifying to Dr. Sherman, a resident of Adrian, Mich., and author of "The Hollow Globe," to learn that his clairvoyant observations in regard to an open Polar Sea, are being gradually confirmed. Lieut. Greeley, who approached nearer the North Pole than any other explorer, says: "That there is an open Polar Sea I am well nigh certain. This is proved by the ice drifting out of Mussell Bay and Spitzbergen in midwinter and the northern drift of the polar pack experienced by Pavy and Lockwood. Men can stand two winters very well at Lady Franklin Bay, but their physical strength rapidly deteriorates. If we had had every supply and necessary of food we could perhaps have lived eight or ten years at Lady Franklin Bay."

W. Harry Powell, of Philadelphia, slate-writing and ballot-test medium, gave a sance on Friday evening of last week at the residence of Mrs. Brownell, 435 West Madison Street. He gave some excellent tests, and one message written on a slate by his usual method; a small bit of pencil seemed to be materialized on the end of one of his fingers, and the controlling influence used this to write what the spirit communicating desired to say. The message was to Mr. Nicol, who lectures each Sunday at Martine's Hall, and contained an excellent test. Those present were highly pleased with the manifestations, though Mr. Powell was in no condition to hold a sance, he having received a telegram summoning him to the bedside of a dying sister in Philadelphia, for which city he started on last Saturday. During his temporary absence from the city he can be addressed in care of this office, by those who wish to secure his services at sances.

The Tribune says: "Prof. Vulpian brought before the notice of the French Academy of Medicine, July 29th, no fewer than two hundred and fifty modes of treating the cholera, submitted by various aspiring therapeutists. The motive which induced those gentlemen to trouble the academy with their communications, was by no means a disinterested desire to relieve the sufferings of humanity, they were one and all candidates for the Bréant prize. A merchant of the name of Bréant, or Bréant, who lived all his life in continual fear of dying of cholera, and who naturally died of some commoner disorder which never cost him a moment's apprehension, left some years ago the sum of £4,000 to be given as a prize to the person who should discover an infallible remedy for cholera. This prize is still awaiting a claimant. It will not fall to the lot of any of the present competitors, as Prof. Vulpian condemned all their systems and recipes. Warm water, castor oil and petroleum were some of the specifics recommended."

Cassadaga Lake Camp Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

During the past few days we have had lectures from Mrs. E. C. Woodruff, J. H. Randall, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, George Chainey and others, while the phenomena of Spiritualism have been witnessed through some of the best mediums in the ranks. W. A. Mansfield is sustaining and increasing his reputation for the phase of slate-writing, having more business than he can easily attend to; Mrs. E. S. Silverston, just come from Lookout Mountain meetings, gives circles for tests, and her psychometric readings are very perfect; that jolly but not ethereal old lady, Dr. J. M. Clark, attends to the ills that flesh is heir to, and to see her laugh is better than a tonic; and other mediums, deserving of mention did space permit, do their good work day by day.

Walker Howell, that jolly little Englishman, made us a pleasant but all too short a visit, and Bishop Beals dropped in and told us of Spiritualism in the West. Dr. A. W. Edson and wife have come from Lansing, Mich., and at the time I write, J. F. Baxter is moving among the people like an inspiring presence.

The sensation of the week at this place has been the conversion of George Chainey to a belief in Spiritualism. The grand truth which he now has grasped fills him with a high enthusiasm. Since beginning this letter my attention has been called to the Editor's Notes from Lake Pleasant, contained in the last issue. The good Colonel doubts the expediency of putting a rank Materialist upon a Spiritualist platform, and speaks of the presence of such as hindering the practice of spiritual gifts by sensitives. Now, while admitting the fact that a positive and opposing mind may unfavorably affect a medium in its immediate vicinity, the truth remains that our inspirational speakers did as well as ever, and Mr. Emerson gave convincing tests while Mr. Chainey sat upon the rostrum; so that while the theory is true, the absence of unfavorable results in this case, proves that Mr. Chainey was not such a person. I would not be in favor of indiscriminately placing materialists upon our rostrums to teach a spiritual truth, but it is no more than right that we give them an occasional chance to learn something from us in that way. I pity an honest materialist, who, accustomed to accept facts only as they are demonstrated, and, perhaps,

from lack of opportunity, finding no evidence of immortality, candidly says, "I do not know," and I respect him a hundred fold more than the bigoted church-man who, resting his faith upon a musty record of the dead past, would compel all others to accept the same narrow basis of belief, and seek no evidence in the living present.

Spiritualism is growing stronger, day by day, and materialism will soon be relegated to that dark abyss to which it has consigned the soul of man; and soon the light of immortal life shall illumine all the depths of doubt, and stars of truth are fading fast away. As matter, being infinitely divisible, must approach by inapproachable degrees the realm of spirit, so materialism is passing by unnoticed but real stages of growth, into the philosophy of Spiritualism; and soon the two will be one, and that one will be the incarnation of science and modern Spiritualism, a system broad as the universe itself, satisfying all the wants of man. Seeing, as we can, the ultimate result of the conflict of matter with spirit, knowing that facts must and will prevail over all theories of men, we can well afford to treat our materialistic brethren with kindness, hoping thereby to the sooner win them to the truth.

Cassadaga, Aug. 16. GRAPHO.

Death of Miss Emily J. Leonard.

"Miss Emily J. Leonard died at the home of her brother in Meriden, Conn., lately of heart disease." The Hartford (Conn.) Courant says:

"She was the daughter of a prominent Abolitionist, and, though very largely self-educated, became specially known as a linguist and as one of the most accomplished botanists in the country. She was at first for some years a school-teacher, but was specially known as a writer in periodicals and through her advocacy of certain modern ideas, including the woman-suffrage cause. In 1880 she began the translation of Blanqui's 'History of Political Economy in Europe,' which is now used as a text-book in many colleges. For the last few years she has been translating articles for Labor's 'Encyclopedia of Political Economy.' Her knowledge of Greek and Latin was sufficient to permit of her successfully fitting several boys for college, though she was more at home in the modern languages. She was one of the founders of the Meriden Scientific Association, and read a paper at its last meeting. For much of the last year she has been engaged on a literary work, the nature of which has been kept secret."

Miss Leonard will be remembered as one of the very able women who attended the Women's Congress in Chicago last October.

Remember the Riverside Sanitarium at Hamilton Ill. If you want a change whether you are sick or well, it is a delightful place and under the management of E. B. Ringland, M. D., whose success has been marked in the line of Magnetic healer and Swedish Movement Cure.

Professor Langley, of Allegheny Observatory, will contribute to the September Century an article describing the spots on the sun, with twenty-five illustrations, many of them from drawings by the author. This will be the first paper in a series, entitled "The New Astronomy," of several untitled articles fully illustrated, summarizing in popular and graphic language the most interesting of recent discoveries in the heavens.

Notice to Subscribers.

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

Business Notices.

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

SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, No. 1827 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and three 3 cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular.

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Jamestown, Kansas.

The Spiritualist Societies of the Republican and Solomon Valleys will hold a grove meeting from August 20th to Sept. 7th inclusive, in Buffalo Creek Valley, near Jamestown, Kan., on the C. & N. W. R. R. Trains connect at Jamestown with the main line running via points east, south and west to all points. JACOB FULMER, Cor. Sec.

Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York.

The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation meets at Brooklyn Institute, Washington, near Concord Street, every Sunday, at 8 and 7:30 P. M. Lecture for young and old, Sundays at 10:30 A. M. Abraham J. Kipp, Superintendent. Ladies Aid and Mutual Relief Fraternity, Wednesday, at 2:30. Church Social every second and fourth Wednesday, in each month, at 8 P. M. Psychic Fraternity for development of mediums, every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, sharp. Mrs. T. B. Stryker, President.

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 8 o'clock, in Franklin Hall, corner of 3rd Avenue and 18th Street South Brooklyn, begins here.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Conference meets at Everett Hall, 228 Fulton Street, every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. W. J. Cushing, President; Lewis Johnson, Vice-President.

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. E. K. NICHOLS, President. John Jeffrey Secretary. A. G. KIPP, Treasurer.

New York City Ladies Spiritual Aid Society, meet every Wednesday, at 8 P. M. 171 East 69th Street. MRS. S. A. MUCKERTHORN, Secretary.

The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, convenes every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 7:30 P. M. in Arcanum Hall, No. 57 West 23rd St., corner Sixth Avenue.

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, Secretary.

Chicago, Ill.

The Spiritual Truth Seekers' Society hold meetings every Sunday in Meriden, Conn., near Madison, Conn. Services at 10:30 A. M. Lecture at 7:45 P. M. Mr. William Nicol, regular speaker. Seats free. A Free Spiritual Entertainment every Wednesday at 8 P. M. D. F. TRAFFY, Secretary.

A Meeting of the Chicago Association of Radical Progressive Spiritualists and Mediums will be held in Liberty Hall, No. 313 West 32nd St., at 8 P. M., Monday, August 26th. Public cordially invited. Wm. F. H. H. Chairman.

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The presence of this substance in the above-named Baking Powders results from the use of inferior Cream of Tartar in their manufacture. The Cream of Tartar of the market, from which they are made, contains Tartrate of Lime in amounts varying from six to ten per cent, and hence these powders contain this impurity as a foreign substance to a corresponding extent, which is of no value, but a positive detriment in any powder in which it is found.

The Royal Baking Powder is made from Cream of Tartar specially refined and prepared for its use by patent processes by which the Tartrate of Lime is totally eliminated. This highly important result has been attained only with great care, labor, and expense. In money alone a quarter of a million dollars has been invested in patents, machinery and appliances by which the crude Cream of Tartar, being procured direct from the wine districts of Europe and subjected in this country to these exclusive processes, is rendered entirely free, not only from the objectionable Tartrate of Lime, but from other foreign substances. This adds greatly to the cost of manufacturing Royal Baking Powder; but, as all its other ingredients are selected and prepared with the same precise care, and regardless of labor or expense, an article is produced that is entirely free from any extraneous substance, and chemically pure in all respects. No lime, earth, alum, or impurity of any kind can, by inadvertence, or by the use of adulterated articles or otherwise, be introduced into the "Royal," and it contains no ingredients except those certified by the Government and other eminent chemists necessary to make a pure, wholesome, and perfect Baking Powder.

It costs more to manufacture the Royal Baking Powder than any other, but it is, as shown by chemical analysis, the only "absolutely pure" Baking Powder made.

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PACIFIC CAMP MEETING.

The Pacific Association of Spiritualists will hold their first Annual Camp Meeting on their grounds at the mouth of the Columbia River in Washington Territory, three-fourths of the Pacific Coast. The Association expect to secure the attendance of some of the most eminent speakers and mediums in the ranks of Spiritualism, to attend this meeting. For list of speakers and mediums to be present, see Oregonian and Territorial papers for the week ending August 16th.

ORDER OF SERVICES ON THE GROUNDS: There will be a lecture or address given each day of the meeting at 10:30 A. M., and 7 P. M. At 2:30 P. M., each day, there will be a platform discussion for the free expression of thought, open to any one who may wish to participate. There will be a restaurant on the grounds where good meals may be had at reasonable rates. Good vocal and instrumental music will be furnished during the entire occasion. Boats are to be had for rowing or sailing on the bay. Unusual attractions to health and pleasure seekers are here presented. The Camp Meeting promises to be one of great interest. Reduced rates will be given over all popular lines of travel in Washington Territory and Oregon. Eighty per cent of regular fare one way. A most cordial invitation is extended to the friends of Spiritualism everywhere, and enemies also, to attend this Camp Meeting. For further information in regard to the meeting, address P. A. SMITH, Cor. Sec., P. O. Box 11, Ilwaco, W. T.

THE LYCEUM STAGE.

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