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ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

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

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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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OLD LADY MARY.

A story of the Seen and the Unseen.

[Blackwood's Magazine.]

She was very old, and therefore it was very hard for her to make up her mind to die. I am aware that this is not at all the general view, but that it is believed, as old age must be near death, that it prepares the soul for that inevitable event. It is not so, however, in many cases. In youth we are still so near the unseen out of which we came, that death is rather pathetic than tragic—a thing that touches all hearts, but to which, in many cases, the young hero accommodates himself sweetly and courageously. And amid the storms and burdens of middle life there are many times when we would fain push open the door that stands ajar, and behind which there is ease for all our pains, or at least rest, if nothing more. But age, which has gone through both these phases, is apt, out of long custom and habit, to regard the matter from a different view. All things that are violent have passed out of its life—no more strong emotions, such as rend the heart—no great labors, bringing after them the weariness which is unto death, but the calm of an existence which is enough for its needs, which affords the moderate amount of comfort and pleasure for which its being is now adapted, and of which there seems no reason that there should ever be any end. To passion, to joy, to anguish, an end must come; but mere gentle living, determined by a framework of gentle rules and habits—why should that ever be ended? When a soul has got to this retirement and is content in it, it becomes very hard to die; hard to accept the necessity of dying, and to accustom one's self to the idea, and still harder to consent to carry it out.

The woman who is the subject of the following narrative, was in this position. She had lived through almost everything that is to be found in life. She had been beautiful in her youth, and had enjoyed all the triumphs of beauty; had been intoxicated with flattery, and triumphant in conquest, and mad with jealousy and the bitterness of defeat when it became evident that her day was over. She had never been a bad woman, or false, or unkind; but she had thrown herself with all her heart into those different stages of being, and had suffered as much as she enjoyed, according to the unflinching usage of life. Many a day during these storms and victories, when things went against her, when delights did not satisfy her, she had thrown out a cry into the wide air of the universe and wished to die. And then she had come to the higher tableland of life, and had borne all the spices of fortune—had been poor and rich, and happy and sorrowful; had lost and won a hundred times over; had sat at feasts and kneeled by the grave, and followed her best-beloved to death-beds, often crying out to God above to liberate her, to make an end of her anguish, for that her strength was exhausted and she could bear no more. But she had borne it and lived through all—and now had arrived at a time when all strong sensations are over, when the soul is no longer either triumphant or miserable, and when life itself, and comfort, and ease, and the warmth of the sun, and of the fireside, and the mild beauty of home were enough for her, and she required no more. That is, she required very little more—a useful routine of hours and rules, a play of reflected emotion, a pleasant exercise of faculty, making her feel herself still capable of the best things in life—of interest in her fellow-creatures, kindness to them, and a little gentle intellectual occupation, with books and men around. She had not forgotten anything in her life—not the excitements

and delights of her beauty, nor love, nor grief, nor the higher levels she had touched in her day. She did not forget the dark day when her first-born was laid in the grave, nor that triumphant and brilliant climax of her life when everyone pointed to her as the mother of a hero. All these things were like pictures hung in the secret chambers of her mind, to which she could go back in silent moments, in the twilight seated by the fire, or in the balmy afternoon, when languor and sweet thoughts are over the world. Sometimes at such moments there would be heard from her a faint sob, called forth, it was quite as likely, by the recollections of the triumph as by that of the death-bed. With these pictures to go back upon at her will she was never dull, but saw herself moving through the various scenes of her life with a continual sympathy, feeling for herself in all her troubles—sometimes approving, sometimes judging that woman who had been so pretty, so happy, so miserable, and had gone through everything that life can go through. How much that is, looking back upon it! passages so hard that the wonder was how she could survive them—pangs so terrible that the heart would seem at its last gasp, but yet would revive and go on.

Besides these, however, she had many mild pleasures. She had a pretty house full of things which formed a graceful *entourage*, suitable, as she felt, for such a woman as she was, and in which she took pleasure for their own beauty—soft chairs and couches, a fireplace and lights which were the perfection of tempered warmth and illumination. She had a carriage, very comfortable and easy, in which, when the weather was suitable, she went out; and a pretty garden and lawn, in which, when she preferred staying at home, she could have her little walk or sit under the trees. She had books in plenty, and all the newspapers; everything that was useful to her within the reflection of the busy life which she no longer cared to encounter in her own person. The post regularly brought her painful letters; for all those impassioned interests which bring pain had died out, and the sorrows of others, when they were communicated to her, gave her a luxurious sense of sympathy, yet exemption. She was sorry for them, but such catastrophes could touch her no more; and often she had pleasant letters, which afforded her something to talk and think about, and discuss as if it concerned her—and yet did not concern her—business which could not hurt her if it failed, which would please her if it succeeded. Her letters, her papers, her books, each coming at its appointed hour, were all instruments of pleasure. She came down-stairs at a certain hour, which she kept to as if it had been of the utmost importance, although it was of no importance at all; she took just so much good wine, so many cups of tea. Her repasts were as regular as clockwork—never too late, never too early. Her whole life went on velvet, rolling smoothly along, without jar or interruption, blameless, pleasant, kind. People talked of her old age as a model of old age, with no bitterness or sourness in it. And, indeed, why should she have been sour or bitter? It suited her far better to be kind. She was in reality kind to everybody, liking to see pleasant faces about her. The poor had no reason to complain of her; her servants were very comfortable; and the one person in her house who was nearer to her own level, who was her companion and most important minister, was very comfortable too.

This was a young woman about twenty, a very distant relation, with "no claim," everybody said, upon her kind mistress and friend—the daughter of a distant cousin. How very few think anything at all of such a tie! but Lady Mary had taken her young namesake when she was a child, and she had grown up as it were at her godmother's footstool, in the conviction that the measured existence of the old was the rule of life, and that her own trifling personality counted for nothing, or next to nothing, in its steady progress. Her name was Mary, too—always called "little Mary" as having once been little, and not yet very much in the matter of size. She was one of the pleasantest things to look at of all the pretty things in Lady Mary's rooms, and she had the most sheltered, peaceful, and pleasant life that could be conceived. The only little thorn in her pillow was, that whereas in the novels, of which she read a great many, the heroines all go and pay visits and have adventures, she had none, but lived constantly at home. There was something much more serious in her life, had she known, which was that she had nothing, and no power of doing anything for herself; that she had all her life been accustomed to a modest luxury which would make poverty very hard to her; and that Lady Mary was over eighty, and had made no will. If she did not make any will, her property would all go to her grandson, who was so rich already that her fortune would be but as a drop in the ocean to him; or to some great-grandchildren of whom she knew very little—the descendants of a daughter long ago dead who had married an Austrian, and who were therefore foreigners both in birth and name. That she should provide for little Mary was therefore a thing which nature demanded, and which would hurt nobody, she had said so often; but she deferred the doing of it as a thing for which there was "no hurry." For why should she die? There seemed no reason or need for it. So long as she lived, nothing could be more sure, more happy and serene, than little Mary's life; and why should she die? She did not perhaps put this into words; but the meaning of her smile, and the manner in which she put aside every suggestion

about the chances of the hereafter away from her, said it more clearly than words. It was not that she had any superstitious fear about the making of a will. When the doctor or the vicar or her man of business, the only persons who ever talked to her on the subject ventured periodically to refer to it, she assented pleasantly—Yes, certainly, she must do it—some time or other.

"It is a very simple thing to do," the lawyer said. "I will save you all trouble; nothing but your signature will be wanted—and that you give every day."

"Oh, I should think nothing of the trouble!" she said.

"And it would liberate your mind from all care, and leave you free to think of things more important still," said the clergyman.

"I think I am very free from care," she replied.

Then the doctor added, bluntly, "And you will not die an hour the sooner for having made your will."

"Die!" said Lady Mary, surprised. And then she added, with a smile, "I hope you don't think so little of me as to believe I would be kept back by that?"

These gentlemen all consulted together in despair, and asked each other what should be done. They thought her an egotist—a cold-hearted old woman, holding at arm's-length any idea of the inevitable. And so she did; but not because she was cold-hearted—because she was so accustomed to living, and had survived so many calamities, and gone on so long, so long; and because everything was so comfortably arranged about her—all her little habits so firmly established, as if nothing could interfere with them. To think of the day arriving which should begin with some other formula than that of her maid's entrance, drawing aside the curtains, lighting the cheerful fire, bringing her a report of the weather; and then the little tray, resplendent with snowy linen and shining silver and china, with its bouquet of violets or a rose in the season, the newspaper carefully dried and cut, the letters—every detail was so perfect, so unchanging, regular as the morning. It seemed impossible that it should come to an end. And then when she came down-stairs, there were all the little articles upon her table always ready to her hand; a certain number of things to do, each at the appointed hour; the slender refreshments it was necessary for her to take, in which there was a little exquisite variety—but never any change in the fact that at eleven and at three and so forth something had to be taken. Had a woman wanted to abandon the peaceful life which was thus supported and carried on in the very framework itself would have resisted. It was impossible (almost) to contemplate the idea that at a given moment the whole machinery must stop. She was neither without heart nor without religion, but on the contrary a good woman, to whom many gentle thoughts had been given at various portions of her career. But the occasion seemed to have passed for that as well as other kinds of emotion. The mere fact of living was enough for her. The little exertion which it was well she was required to make produced a pleasant weariness. It was a duty much enforced upon her by all around her, that she should do nothing which would exhaust or fatigue. "I don't want you to think," even the doctor would say, "you have done enough of thinking in your time." And this she accepted with great composure of spirit. She had thought and felt and done much in her day; but now everything of the kind was over. There was no need for her to fatigue herself; and day followed day, all warm and sheltered and pleasant. People died, it is true, now and then out of doors; but they were mostly young people, whose death might have been prevented had proper care been taken—who were seized with violent maladies, or caught sudden infections, or were cut down by accident—all which things seemed natural. Her own contemporaries were very few, and they were like herself—living on in something of the same way. At eighty-five all people under seventy are young, and one's contemporaries are very few.

Nevertheless these men did disturb her a little about her will. She had made more than one will in the former days during her active life; but all those to whom she had bequeathed her possessions were dead. She had survived them all, and inherited from many of them, which had been a hard thing in its time. One day the lawyer had been more than ordinarily pressing. He had told her stories of men who had died intestate, and left trouble and penury behind them to those whom they would have most wished to preserve from all trouble. It would not have become Mr. Furnival to say brutally to Lady Mary—"This is how you will leave your godchild when you die." But he told her story after story, many of them piteous enough.

"People think it is so troublesome a business," he said, "when it is nothing at all—the most easy matter in the world. We are getting so much less particular nowadays about formalities. So long as the testator's intentions are made quite apparent—that is the chief matter, and a very bad thing for us lawyers."

"I dare say," said Lady Mary, "it is unpleasant for a man to think of himself as 'the testator.' It is a very abstract title, when you come to think of it."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Furnival, who had no sense of humor.

"But if this great business is so very simple," she went on, "one could do it, no doubt, for one's self!"

"Many people do—but it is never advisable," said the lawyer. "You will say it is

natural for me to tell you that. When they do, it should be as simple as possible. I give all my real property, or my personal property or my shares in so-and-so, or my jewels, or so forth, to—whichever it may be. The fewer the words the better, so that nobody may be able to read between the lines, you know; and the signature attested by two witnesses; but they must not be witnesses that have any interest—that is, that have anything left to them by the document they witness." Lady Mary put up her hand defensively with a laugh. It was still a most delicate hand, like ivory, a little yellowed with age, but fine; the veins standing out a little upon it, the finger-tips still pink. "You speak," she said, "as if you expected me to take the law in my own hands. No, no, my old friend; never fear, you shall have the doing of it."

"Whenever you please, my dear lady—whenever you please. Such a thing need not be done an hour too soon. Shall I take your instructions now?"

"No," he said, with a peculiar look. "I have always looked after my six-and-eight-pences; and in that case it is true the pounds take care of themselves."

"Very good care," said Lady Mary; and then she bade her young companion bring that book she had been reading, where there was something she wanted to show Mr. Furnival. "It is only a case in a novel—but I am sure it is bad law; give me your opinion," she said.

He was obliged to be civil, very civil. Nobody is rude to the Lady Marys of life; and besides, she was old enough to have an additional right to every courtesy. But while he sat over the novel, and tried with unnecessary vehemence to make her see what very bad law it was, and glanced from her smiling attention to the innocent sweetness of the girl beside her, who was her loving attendant, the good man's heart was sore. He said many hard things of her in his own mind as he went away.

"She will die," he said bitterly. "She will go off in a moment when nobody is looking for it, and that poor child will be left destitute."

It was all he could do not to go back and take her by her fragrant old shoulders and force her to sign and seal at once. But then he knew very well that as soon as he found himself in her presence, he would of necessity be obliged to subdue his impatience, and be once more civil, very civil, and try to suggest and insinuate the duty which he dared not force upon her. And it was very clear that till she pleased she would take no hint. He supposed it must be that strange reluctance to part with their power which is said to be common to old people, or else that horror of death, and determination to keep it at arm's length, which is also common. Thus he did as spectators are so apt to do, he forced a meaning and motive into what had no motive at all, and imagined Lady Mary, the kindest of women, to be of purpose and intention risking the future of the girl which she had brought up, and whom she loved—not with passion, indeed, or anxiety, but with tender benevolence; a theory which was as false as anything could be.

That evening in her room, Lady Mary, in a very cheerful mood, sat by a little bright, unnecessary fire, with her writing-book before her, waiting till she should be sleepy. It was the only point in which she was a little hard upon her maid, who in every other respect was the best-treated of servants. Lady Mary, as it happened, had often no inclination for bed till the night was far advanced. She slept little, as is common enough at her age. She was in her warm, wadded dressing-gown, an article in which she still showed certain traces (which were indeed visible in all she wore) of her ancient beauty, with her white hair becomingly arranged under a cap of cambric and lace. At the last moment, when she had been ready to step into bed, she had changed her mind, and told Jervis that she would write a letter or two first. And she had written her letters, but still felt no inclination to sleep. Then there fluttered across her memory somehow the conversation she had held with Mr. Furnival in the morning. It would be amusing, she thought, to cheat him out of some of those six-and-eight-pences he pretended to think so much of. It would be still more amusing, next time the subject of her will was recurring, to give his arm a little tap with her fan, and say, "Oh, that is all settled, months ago." She laughed to herself at this, and took out a fresh sheet of paper. It was a little jest that pleased her.

"Do you think there is any one up yet, Jervis, except you and me?" she said to the maid. Jervis hesitated a little, and then said that she believed Mr. Brown had not gone to bed yet; for he had been going over the cellar, and was making up his accounts. Jervis was so explanatory that her mistress divined what was meant. "I suppose I have been spoiling sport, keeping you here," she said, good-humoredly; for it was well-known that Miss Jervis and Mr. Brown were engaged, and that they were only waiting (everybody knew but Lady Mary, who never suspected it) the death of their mistress to set up a lodging-house in Jernym Street, where they fully intended to make their fortune. "Then go," Lady Mary said, "and call Brown. I have a little business paper to write, and you must both witness my signature." She laughed to herself a little as she said this, thinking how she would steal a march on

Mr. Furnival. "I give and bequeath," she said to herself playfully, after Jervis had hurried away. She fully intended to leave both of these good servants something, but then she recollected that people who are interested in a will cannot sign as witnesses. "What does it matter?" she said to herself gayly; "if it should ever be wanted, Mary would see to that." Accordingly she dashed off in her pretty old-fashioned handwriting, which was very angular and pointed, as was the fashion in her day, and still very clear, though slightly tremulous, a few lines, in which, remembering playfully Mr. Furnival's recommendation of "few words," she left to little Mary all she possessed, adding, by the prompting of that recollection about the witnesses, "She will take care of the servants." It filled one side only of the large sheet of note paper, which was what Lady Mary habitually used. Brown, introduced timidly by Jervis, and a little overawed by the solemnity of the bedchamber, came in and painted solidly his large signature after the spidery lines of his mistress. She had folded down the paper, so that neither saw what it was.

"Now I will go to bed," Lady Mary said, when Brown had left the room. "And Jervis, you must go to bed too."

"Yes, my lady," said Jervis.

"I don't approve of courtship at this hour."

"No, my lady," Jervis replied, deprecating and disappointed.

"Why cannot he tell his tale in daylight?" "Oh, my lady, there's no tale to tell," cried the maid. "We are not of the gossiping sort, my lady, neither me nor Mr. Brown." Lady Mary laughed, and watched while the candles were put out; the fire made a pleasant flicker in the room—it was autumn and still warm, and it was "for company" and cheerfulness that the little fire was lit; she liked to see it dancing and flickering upon the walls—and then closed her eyes amid an exquisite softness of comfort and luxury, life itself bearing her up as softly, filling up all crevices as warmly, as the downy pillow upon which she rested her still beautiful old head.

If she had died that night! The little sheet of paper that meant so much lay open, innocently, in her writing-book, along with the letters she had written, and looking of as little importance as they. There was nobody in the world who grudged old Lady Mary one of those pretty placid days of hers. Brown and Jervis, if they were sometimes a little impatient, consoled each other that they were both sure of something in her will, and that in the meantime it was a very good place. And all the rest would have been very well content that Lady Mary should live forever. But how wonderfully it would have simplified everything, and how much trouble and pain it would have saved to everybody, herself included, could she have died that night!

But naturally there was no question of dying on that night. When she was about to go down-stairs next day, Lady Mary, giving her letters to be posted, saw the paper which she had forgotten lying beside them. She had forgotten all about it, but the sight of it made her smile. She folded it up and put it in an envelope while Jervis went down-stairs with the letters; and then, to carry out her joke, she looked round her to see where she would put it. There was an old Italian cabinet in the room with a secret drawer, which it was a little difficult to open, almost impossible for any one who did not know the secret. Lady Mary looked round her, smiled, hesitated a little, and then walked across the room and put the envelope in the secret drawer. Jervis was still fumbling with it when Jervis came back, but there was no connection in Jervis's mind then, or ever after, between the paper she had signed and this old cabinet, which was one of the old lady's toys. She arranged Lady Mary's shawl, which had dropped off her shoulders a little in her unusual activity, and took up her book and her favorite cushion, and all her little paraphernalia that moved with her, and gave her lady her arm to go down-stairs; where little Mary had placed her chair just at the right angle, and arranged the little table, on which there were so many little necessities and conveniences, and was standing smiling, the prettiest object of all, the climax of the gentle luxury and pleasantness, to receive her godmother, who had been her providence all her life.

But what a pity! oh, what a pity, that she had not died that night!

II.

Life went on after this without any change. There was never any change in that delightful house; and if it was years or months, or even days, the youngest of its inhabitants could scarcely tell, and Lady Mary could not tell at all. This was one of her little imperfections—a little mist which hung like the lace about her head over her memory. She could not remember how time went, or that there was any difference between one day and another. There were Sundays, it was true, which made a kind of gentle measure of the progress of time; but she said, with a smile, that she thought it was always Sunday—they came so close upon each other. And Time flew on gentle wings, that made no sound and left no reminders. She had her little ailments like anybody, but in reality less than anybody, seeing there was nothing to fret her, nothing to disturb the even tenor of her days. Still there were times when she took a little cold, or got a chill, in spite of all precautions, as she went from

Continued on Next Page.

PASSING EVENTS.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Heart disease appears to be an increasing malady, and is the more terrible from the suddenness of its stroke. Two singular deaths from this cause have been recently recorded.

FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.

There is a story told of a little girl who was left alone with her nurse one evening, and being wakeful, annoyed her guardian.

"Yer'd better git ter sleep, quick!" commanded the nurse. "I don't want to," replied the child.

"Yer don't. Den Ise gwine out an' call in the black devil with big sharp horns and a long tail. When he finds yer awake, he'll bite yer head right off, or mabeen carry yer off to the hot place."

The child covered her head with the coverlet, scarcely daring to breathe; she was so still the nurse thought her asleep.

As I read the story I thought how much the world has been treated like this child!

The results of the treatment, however, differ, for the world survived, and is rapidly outgrowing the terrible fright it received.

Our ancestors were as credulous as children, and believed the voice of the priest to be the voice of God.

They did not believe and act as the priest commanded, they were threatened with the devil, a monster roaming up and down the earth, seeking whom he might devour.

"BEYOND THE GATES." The immense popularity achieved by such works as "The Little Pilgrim" and "Beyond the Gates," shows the intense thirst of the masses for spiritual light.

The author demystifies her cloud-castle. It is only fever-dreams of a diseased mind!

There is no room for doubt, as to the reality for this is the end. To the Spiritualist a more clumsy travesty never was written.

The orthodox Congregationalists have, under the pressure of growing humanity, revised their creed.

It is not such a revision as Spiritualists would demand, but considering where Calvin and Jonathan Edwards left them, it is a wonderful advance.

What is more, it is not the revision of the advanced leaders, like Beecher, but a sort of compromise, and like all compromises, it indicates the unrest of the sect and the disintegration of growth.

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There are worlds within worlds. As each person who gazes at the rainbow sees a different bow, so no two see the same object alike.

In other words, each individual dwells in a world entirely his own, into which no other can enter.

Our world is such as our understanding makes it. It is neither more nor less than ourselves, neither better nor worse.

This world of ours, no one can enter or comprehend but ourselves. We fully comprehend this much as applied to our own spheres, but fail in applying it to that of others.

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To make the application broad as human life, is charity, and warms our hearts with love.

REMARKABLE DREAMS.

The Strangest on Record—A Tinker's Troubles—Lord Lytton's Dream.

Among the most remarkable dreams on record the following will always have their place:

Breakfasting with some ladies on Wednesday, Nov. 25, 1779, at his house on Hill street, London, Thomas, Lord Lytton, spoke of a very curious dream he had dreamed in the night.

In this dream a bird flew into the room where he was, and while he looked at it it changed into a woman, who told him to prepare for another world, as in three days he would die.

John Aubrey tells that a poor cloth worker's wife living in Gifford, named Abbot, dreamed that if she would eat a jack her son, who was about to be born, would grow up and become a great man.

A TINKER'S DREAM. Vouched for by tradition and history the strange dream of the Swaffham tinker has a fair claim to rank with the wonderful dreams to which this article is devoted.

About three hundred or more years ago the above named ancient town in Norfolk, remarkable of old for its healthiness and beauty, had among its inhabitants an industrious, hard-working tinker named John Chapman.

One night the tinker dreamed that if he went to London and stood on London Bridge he would there meet some one who would make his fortune and put an end to all his weary wanderings over hill and dale in search of work.

Deeply impressed by this dream, he spoke of it in the morning to his wife so seriously and with such an augured belief in it that she both scolded and laughed at what she called his folly.

Despite the remonstrance of his friends, the entreaties of his wife, and the ridicule of his neighbors, the tinker set out to travel all the way afoot.

THE SECOND AND THIRD DAY. The experiment was repeated on the second day with no other result than that of intensifying the curiosity and suspicion which he had provoked on the first day.

After some further questions and answers on either side they parted; and the tinker, saying nothing of the place he had come from, went away again hopeful and with restored cheerfulness and faith in his dream.

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What is more, it is not the revision of the advanced leaders, like Beecher, but a sort of compromise, and like all compromises, it indicates the unrest of the sect and the disintegration of growth.

There are worlds within worlds. As each person who gazes at the rainbow sees a different bow, so no two see the same object alike.

In other words, each individual dwells in a world entirely his own, into which no other can enter.

Our world is such as our understanding makes it. It is neither more nor less than ourselves, neither better nor worse.

This world of ours, no one can enter or comprehend but ourselves. We fully comprehend this much as applied to our own spheres, but fail in applying it to that of others.

To make the application broad as human life, is charity, and warms our hearts with love.

Where this casket stood Is another twice as good.

Hearing these significant words, John Chapman went away, hardly able to restrain his exultation and pleasure, and early next morning he was again digging in the deserted orchard, where his efforts were rewarded by the discovery of a second casket, twice as large as the first and equally well filled.

Whatever fiction that love of the marvelous, which was common to the age John Chapman lived in may have added to the story of his very strange dream, the existence of a tomb, bearing the stone effigy of a smith, or tinker, with his tools beside him, and a dog, was in existence not many years since, and may probably still be seen in the old church at Swaffham.

The Producers of Wealth—Danger of the Day.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It is most praiseworthy, and your readers have every reason to thank you for it, that you pay so much and frequent attention to the "Labor Question."

Now, I was very glad that your correspondent, J. H. White, in your issue of Feb. 16th, tried to grapple with facts as they really are.

But your correspondent above named does not carry his ideas far enough, great factories, etc.

In other words, control by the people, if correct any where, must apply to all the means by which industry and commerce are kept going.

Let Mr. J. H. White try to think out his ideas to their logical conclusion, and he will find that they cannot but land him in communism, pure and simple.

I am, not that I am able to see any thing fascinating or lovely in the idea, but I cannot help myself.

Read John Swinton's paper. That will give you clear ideas upon every subject of reform and progress.

Anniversary Exercises at Grand Rapids, Mich.

The occasion was pleasant and profitable. The exercises were varied, and the talent at hand used to the best advantage.

Sunday was a lovely day, and the meetings were largely attended, nearly filling Science Hall in the evening.

The Gospel Temperance meeting under the auspices of the Good Templars, was held, as usual, at 4 P. M.

The society seem well pleased with the way the 36th anniversary was celebrated here, and the outlook is bright for the coming year.

Weak people should use Samaritan Nerve, the great nerve conqueror.

"The soul has no pocket."

Where this casket stood Is another twice as good.

Hearing these significant words, John Chapman went away, hardly able to restrain his exultation and pleasure, and early next morning he was again digging in the deserted orchard, where his efforts were rewarded by the discovery of a second casket, twice as large as the first and equally well filled.

Keshub Chunder Sen.

(Professor Max Muller in The Pall Mall Gazette.)

India has lost her greatest son,—Keshub Chunder Sen. His was one of the few names known not only most widely among the two hundred and fifty millions who are said to inhabit the vast Indian Empire, but familiar even to European ears.

He was born in 1838, and thus completed his forty-fifth year on the 19th of December.

He received what may be called an Anglo-Indian education at Calcutta, and with an honest mind like his, such an education sufficed to make a belief in the popular religion of his friends and countrymen impossible to him.

His son broke with idolatry and caste; but, his mind being deeply religious, he sought help and light from the friends and followers of Rammohun Roy.

After Rammohun Roy's death in 1833, the church which he had founded under the name of the Brahma-Somaj languished for a time for want of a head.

He became the founder of the Tatvavodhini Sabha, the Truth-teaching Society, and became a member, and soon the recognized leader, of the Brahma-Somaj.

While Debendranath Tagore retired more and more from society, Keshub Chunder Sen's name has been before the world ever since.

He and many of his followers gave up their secular employments, and became preachers, teachers and missionaries; they published books of theistic texts, taken from all the Sacred Books of the world.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Anthrod versus Manhood.

BY DR. C. D. GRIMES.

The lecture of Charles Dawbarn in the JOURNAL of Feb. 16th contains more thoughts than we often see in one lecture.

The key-note of existence being struck in this lecture, many queries will arise in the minds of investigators, and efforts will be made to answer some of the far-reaching questions that are there suggested.

Which is the most important arc in the great journey of life, from the monad to the angel? Which is the significant and important end or link in the chain of life, or which the more wonderful, man in his manhood or the ant in its ant-hood?

Notwithstanding it is quite impossible for man in his present status to fashion the mysteries of life, he may learn much from its objective phenomena, by taking the cue afforded in this lecture.

The Venus's Fly Trap manifests intelligence, and adapts means to ends, if Prof. Gray and O. Phelps Brown are to be relied upon.

When a fly lights upon the jaws of its trap, it closes to catch it. If it does, it remains closed until the fly is digested; if not, it at once opens and sets for another.

The White Marigold closes its flowers on the approach of rain, at the time when the spider refuses to spread its net for game, and while the then at that time is oiling its feathers.

The Evening Primrose will not bloom until the sun hides its face, nor the Night-blooming Cereus until midnight; while the Sunflower will make a circuit with the sun, and the Compass Plant will indicate the North Star.

Thus Linnaeus arranged his floral time-piece, with flowers that would only bloom at a given hour of the day, thus affording one for each hour until the dial was swept.

Then as we step a link higher (as we term it), we are to face greater wonders. The toad will fly to the plantain for an antidote when poisoned, and hold on to its life when encased in a rock for 100-000 years, or more, and then come out alive and kicking.

The cow rejects 218 plants and vegetables, the goat 126, sheep 131, and the horse 212, as unfit for their organisms, while man will kill himself with adulterated tobacco and forty-rod whisky, and sell his brother man adulterated food of all kinds, that kills at longer range.

He will close his eyes and abandon reason to swallow anything for the pleasures of sense, when by imitating the brute he might save his teeth, avoid tooth ache and 1,001 other aches, gripes and pangs that he brings upon himself!

It is difficult to name any invention or construction that man lays claim to, that these frightful looking, but busy little folks, in the world below us, did not give him a pattern of, and expose to his view for thousands of years before he took the hint.

The spider is always loaded with a ball of the finest fibre ever spun, with power to project its ball and hawser from limb to limb, or point to point, then to cross and re-cross until the cable is sufficiently strong; then diagonally and in circles until its suspension bridge is made so perfect, that man, in following the pattern, has never excelled it.

After thousands of years, man learned to shoot his ball and hawser from the shore, out over the raging billows, and relieve sailors from suffering and death; while the monkey and ant in a most ingenious way would project a hawser or cable of living bodies over a stream, and when the gang or army had passed over, haul in the living cable in ways that man might scratch his head for centuries, and never think of.

The ant affords him a plan for the cultivation of cereals and their preservation, of herding, dairying, and tunneling, as well as the order of march, grades of officers and modes of warfare; of punishing cowards, rewarding braves, etc.

The wild turkey and monkey gave him the idea of establishing sentinels in case of danger. The dog, the noblest of all examples, gave him an idea of sympathy, affection and integrity; then how keen is its wonderful faculty of scenting and following its master's track and discriminating the ones he makes from others, on stone pavements, where many are passing each way constantly.

If you should take a dog blindfolded into the forest a hundred miles, on varied angles, and then release it, it will set out on a direct line to its home, and no city, river, swamp or mountain, will turn it aside from a direct route.

The young animal will walk when thirty minutes old, but the young human requires a year or more. The salmon will travel a thousand miles up a stream to deposit its eggs, that the infant school may be away from danger; but almost as soon as they appear they begin their march toward the sea without a protecting parent, that had fled there before them; in like manner, the turtle goes a mile over the sand to lay its eggs and covers them over for the sun to hatch; but as soon as the young appear, they follow the track of the mother to their element—the water. Which, then, is the greater—the most significant end or link in the chain of life? Man, with a portion of individuality and reason, a fraction of God? or this little kingdom, automaton of an Infinite Presence?...

Then, instead of leading to material and atheistic thought, as Bro. Chapman in the JOURNAL of March 1st seemed to think, these questions, raised by Mr. Dawbarn's lecture, drive us into a world existing beyond all material phenomena—a world of spiritual energies, in search of the nature and source of existence, to the very fountains of spirituality.

Sturgis, Mich.

Dr. Bjornstrom, superintendent of a lunatic asylum at Stockholm, introduced a printing press and some type into the establishment for the benefit of an insane compositor.

The other patients became interested in printing, and the Doctor soon gave them a more extensive apparatus. The result is the recent publication of the Doctor's book on "Diseases of the Mind," which was set up, printed, and bound by the patients, and is pronounced a very good piece of work in every respect. It contains 202 pages.

It is good cause for alarm among Congregationalists when the "Old South" abandons orthodoxy; when Andover Theological Seminary avows a "new departure"; when Prof. Ladd, of Yale College, publishes a work the effect of which, so far as it goes, is to destroy all confidence in the Scriptures; and when Dr. McLane, late of Steubenville, is called to one of the leading Congregational churches of New Haven, though repudiating altogether the orthodox view of the Atonement.—Presbyterian Banner.

A young walrus has recently been captured alive, and secured for the Westminster aquarium, London.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. ONE OF THE BEST TONICS.

Dr. A. ATKINSON, Prof. Materia Medica and Dermatology, in College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md., says: "It makes a pleasant drink, and is one of our best tonics in the shape of the phosphates in soluble form."

Woman and the Household.

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

OUR ANGELS.

Oh! not with any sound they come, or sign, Which feebly ear or eye can recognize;

But they do come and go continually, Our blessed angels, no less ours than his;

Whenever in some bitter grief we find, All unawares, a deep, mysterious sense

Then we may know that from the far, glad skies, To note our need, the watchful God has bent,

CONCERNING WOMEN.

Five of the best teachers in Indianapolis, have started to the Argentine Republic where they are to become teachers.

Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper, daughter of the dead novelist, conducts at Cooperstown an industrial school for one hundred orphans.

Mrs. Shelton of Santa Clara county, who introduced bees into California, took two hives there in 1852. It is now a paradise for beekeepers.

Miss Jennie Young is winning in London much kindly appreciation of her concert-lectures, especially those on Burns and Longfellow.

Mrs. Wheeler of New York, who embroiders for London art-firms, furnishes designs from which Cheney Brothers at South Manchester, Conn., are weaving silk fabrics.

Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, the Boston philanthropist, will celebrate her eightieth birthday anniversary on April 13th. She is now quite blind, but her mind is bright and active as ever.

The spirit of progressiveness marks Union College, Schenectady, N. Y. The college has offered to a lady its important post of Registrarship, which has been accepted, and has been filled for some weeks already with complete success.

Mary Somerville's brilliant record as a student of science, was made after long years of industry, and many obstacles, even in her own family.

The next full meeting will be held at Indianapolis on the third week of October next. Among the officers of the association are Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles, who has attended every meeting since its first organization.

The oldest stone in this place is that of Joseph Merriam, who died in 1677. This was forty-two years after the settlement of Concord.

Some Quaint Epitaphs. The oldest stone in this place is that of Joseph Merriam, who died in 1677. This was forty-two years after the settlement of Concord. The epitaphs are much more personal than like inscriptions nowadays.

following question: "What are the results of the admission of women upon the studies, the discipline, and upon the conduct of the other students?"

ONE WOMAN'S WORK.

The following is a summary of what one wise woman has been able to do in the heart of the slums of London:

"An illustrated article on 'Workingmen's Homes,' in Harper's for April, by R. R. Bowker, gives an interesting account of Miss Octavia Hill's work in redeeming some of the London poor from misery and filth. The story is one of the most encouraging and hopeful episodes in the history of modern philanthropy.

"Am I already in the shadow of the Coming Race? and will the creatures who are to transcend and finally supersede us be steel organisms, giving out the effluvia of the laboratory, and performing with infallible exactness more than ever we have performed with a slovenly approximateness and self-defeating inaccuracy?"

A child of 6, dying in 1801, is made to say, not very elegantly, but touchingly: My duty and my mammy, dears, dry up your tears, Hear I must be till Christ appears.

Niceties.

When one considers the perfumery way in which some of the most exalted tasks are already executed by those who are understood to be educated for them, there rises a fearful vision of the human race evolving machinery which will by-and-by throw itself fatally out of work.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

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

DORE GALLERY OF BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS and Stories. Including 52 cartoons, and a portrait of Dore. New and finer edition, large quarto, fine cloth, richly ornamented. Price reduced from \$5.00 to \$2.00.

HEALTH BY EXERCISE. Showing what Exercises to Take. By George H. Taylor, M. D. New York: John B. Alden, 492 pages, with numerous illustrations. Cloth, 50 cents.

THE DORE GALLERY OF BIBLE STORIES. By Josephine Pollard. New York: John B. Alden. 1883. Price, paper cover, 75 cents.

THE WIFE OF MONTE-CRISTO. Being the continuation of Alexander Dumas's celebrated Novel of The Count of Monte-Cristo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Price, paper cover, 75 cents.

Magazines for April not before Mentioned.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (Macmillan & Co., New York.) Contents: The Lizard Lights by Night; Changes at Charing Cross; An Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall; The Belfry of Bruges; A Herald of Spring; Paul Vargas; Bygone; How I became a War Correspondent; The Armorer's Prentices.

THE ART UNION. (The American Art Union, New York.) Contents: Some Illustrations; The Coming Academy Exhibition; Frauds in Art; Art in Princeton College; The Old Art Union; Communications; Editorials, Etc. This number contains several fine illustrations by well known artists and will be found to be interesting and instructive.

THE SPIRITUAL RECORD. (Hay, Nesbit & Co., Glasgow, Scotland.) Contents: Spiritual Vision; American Mediums and Manifestations; General Gordon a Spiritualist; Cardinal Manning on Spiritualism; Spiritualism in Modern Churches; Extracts from Records of the "Hafed" Circle; A Materialization Seance with Mr. Eglington; Cremation; "Interferences with the Known Laws of Nature"; On the Attitude of Men of Science towards Spiritualism; My Guardian Angel; Editorial Notes.

THE GREAT CHURCH LIGHT. FRANK'S Patent Reflectors give the most powerful, the softest, the brightest, the most economical light known for Churches, Schools, Show Windows, Parlors, Banks, Offices, Picture Galleries, etc. They burn kerosene, and give out a clear, steady, and brilliant light. Send size of room, Get price list, and terms. A liberal discount to churches and the trade.

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AGENTS WANTED FOR THE NEWEST, BEST AND MOST COMPLETELY IMPROVED PATENT STEAM ENGINES, THRESHERS, SAW-MILLS, Horse Powers, Clover Hullers, etc.

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OPIUM & MORPHINE HABIT. DR. H. H. KANE, of the Dispensary of the Home, has effected a remedy whereby any one can cure himself quickly and painlessly, without any confinement, and without medical attendance.

How to rear and manage poultry. Hartford, Ct., for a copy of the Poultry World, and it will tell you.

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WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

Wilbor's Cod-Liver Oil and Lime. The friends of persons who have been restored from continued consumption by use of this original preparation, and who gratefully testify to its efficacy, by recommending it and acknowledging its wonderful efficacy, given the article a vast popularity in New England.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, April 19, 1884.

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No Test Conditions.

A late copy of Light comes to us from London, with the following letter from the daughter of Robert Dale Owen:

To the Editor of Light:—The letter concerning the sitting at Mrs. Jencken's, which you kindly published in your issue of the 12th inst., has been read with interest. Test conditions were applied, whether I had sufficiently guarded against deception. Although the inquiries have been made by private friends I shall take the liberty of answering them, if you will again favor me with the space, because it raises a question in which all Spiritualists are interested.

No test conditions were applied, and I should be glad if no test conditions were ever used. For this reason, suspicion, fear of fraud, antagonism of any description, make a sphere wherein suspicious, fraudulent and disintegrating spirits can work; we bring about the very thing we are trying to avoid; we put into the keeping of these undeveloped ones the weapons they wish to use, and shut out the spirits we wish to attract.

I believe the only test conditions of any value in a circle to be, cheerful faith, expressing itself in a passive patience, purity of thought and motive, and above all things, a sympathetic kindness for every member of the circle, and for the medium especially. Unless the spirits of those in the circle are kind, when he is sufficiently developed these eyes and ears will be opened, and he will become clairvoyant and clairaudient. Until that time comes he is forced to hear and see through the spiritual eyes and ears of sensitives, thereby forcing a strain of more or less upon the sensitive, and some of these martyrs fall, losing their equilibrium in various ways; and then we look upon them with pity, patronizing pity I am afraid it is, sometimes. Many forget that it is they themselves who are the cause of the unfortunate ones, until such time as they are ready to repent, is a pure atmosphere in whose rarefied essence they cannot breathe.

I fear that in this age of the world our treatment of mediums is almost barbarous; I say "our" because I was quite as thoughtless as others before I came to realize the harm I was doing. Every man has a spiritual body, and that he has eyes and ears; when he is sufficiently developed these eyes and ears will be opened, and he will become clairvoyant and clairaudient. Until that time comes he is forced to hear and see through the spiritual eyes and ears of sensitives, thereby forcing a strain of more or less upon the sensitive, and some of these martyrs fall, losing their equilibrium in various ways; and then we look upon them with pity, patronizing pity I am afraid it is, sometimes. Many forget that it is they themselves who are the cause of the unfortunate ones, until such time as they are ready to repent, is a pure atmosphere in whose rarefied essence they cannot breathe.

Are there any test conditions? I have heard so securely that, as to shut out the presence of a cold-blooded murderer, who has been hurled into eternity before his time, stepping from a scaffold into the unseen world with a heart full of revenge, if I search every avenue, can we thus exercise so aggressive a presence? We do not realize that we are in far more danger from such spirits than from a helplessly controlled medium, and that the only test condition is, to be immaterially, as we do our butcher and baker, with a blanknote.

My father has written to me within the past week that our friends on the other side are only waiting for the conditions which I have mentioned, to converse with us instead of writing or rapping. He urges that we do not have any conception of the future of Spiritualism, and that if we in the flesh will aid, instead of hindering, our spirit friends, the most skeptical minds yield to the proofs which these friends are longing to give.

Last Wednesday, while Mrs. Jencken and two ladies were standing at a shop window, the raps joined in the conversation, the pavement vibrating under their feet. These raps were loud as to attract the attention of the passers.—Yours sincerely, ROSAMOND DALE OWEN.

25, Alma-square, St. John's Wood, N. W.

It is singular that a worthy and well-educated woman like Miss Owen, should write this letter, after the painful experience of her excellent father. In the Katie King affair in Philadelphia, years ago, Robert Dale Owen, through lack of care in test conditions, was grossly deceived by a tricky woman. He at last discovered the deceit, but it caused him much trouble and regret. The closing paragraph of her letter would indicate that a spirit message from her father approves her "no test conditions" theory. Such approval after his painful experience on earth, is more singular still.

With her ideas that there should be "purity of thought and motive," and "sympathetic kindness for every member of the circle and for the medium especially," in order to reach the highest results, we quite agree. Experienced Spiritualists should understand and appreciate the delicate sensitiveness of a genuine medium, and arrange all conditions with due regard to ease and harmony, for the best play of the spiritual faculties. Mediums have rights which all persons are

bound to respect, and the lack of such respect, growing out of ignorance and prejudice, often prevents success in seances, and brings sore trials on the medium.

But all persons have rights which mediums are bound to respect as well, and which honest mediums and honest spirits do respect—rights to fair and careful conditions as helps, without which it is impossible to judge of the genuineness of many manifestations.

"Love one another" is an excellent motto, but love and wisdom must walk together, the one to give light and warmth, and the other to guide in the true path. The world is full of painful illustrations of the blindness of love without wisdom.

In her father's Katie King experience, there was no lack of a loving spirit on his part, yet it was not the tricky medium, but himself, who was for a time the victim, for lack of wise observance of test conditions. Her idea that such conditions put us in danger from evil spirits is simply absurd. She well says that "a pure atmosphere, in whose rarefied essence they cannot breathe," must exclude their unwholesome presence, but that atmosphere is purest where love and wisdom join in fairest conditions, which help honest spirits and honest mediums.

The experiments of Zöllner with Henry Slade will illustrate this. At his own house in Leipzig, with his own selected implements and furniture, this eminent scientist with critical care and delicate yet thorough test conditions, held their seances for a month, with results unexcelled and well-nigh unequalled in their beauty and perfectness as proofs of spirit presence and power. The spirits, the medium and the scientist were in "unity of spirit," as to these careful methods; love and wisdom worked together; medium and scientist respected each other's rights, and Europe and America were stirred by the wonderful results.

Of course there is a broad common sense to be exercised in seances; the intimate acquaintance and co-working experience of the participants may vary the arrangements, but the idea that it would be better "if no test conditions were ever applied," meets the approval of all tricksters and pretended mediums and doubtless of all tricky spirits also, while fair test conditions, proposed and accepted in mutual good faith and good feeling, are approved by genuine mediums and by wise and nobly true spirits in the higher life.

A widely known author and writer on Spiritualism, who enjoyed Mr. Owen's entire confidence in his last years, having read the above letter of Miss Owen, writes:

"I can say that Mr. Owen frequently conversed with me about the Katie King affair, and expressed not only his regret but his deep mortification that his character as a careful investigator of Spiritualism should have suffered so much from the vile imposition practiced upon him in this affair, and in all our intercourse since his departure, he has at every opportunity expressed his abhorrence of false mediums, and has repeatedly called my attention to certain of them, and lamented that they could not be exposed and punished."

A Prayer-Gauge Needed for Christians.

Bishop Warren, of the M. E. Church, living in Texas, writes to the Christian Advocate of New York, detailing the case of a brother minister who died of small-pox thirty days after his marriage. The wife of this minister is at present very sick, and the good Bishop laments that "We cannot understand God's plans enough to know whether or not to pray for her recovery." True, not only in this case, but in all cases. However, as the Bishop doubtless feels obliged to continually urge upon the churches the need of persistent prayer, it is presumable he believes that sometimes, the "will of God" may be known. "If I wanted a pin from the floor, and could not reach it, I would ask Jesus to bring it to me," wrote the authoress of "The Gift of the Knees." She must have had some telephonic or other mode of communication which enabled her to know it was "the will of God," that she should have that pin, or he would not depute Jesus to pick it up for her. But she did not say the thing was ever done, nor did she know it ever would be.

A way of measuring the conditions needed for successful prayer is sadly needed. There are such complex relations—the energy of utterance; the number of words, whether they are grammatical or otherwise; the number uniting in the prayer, etc., etc., and then that last most potent but mysterious factor, "the will of God." We find the following item in an exchange:

Victoria does not like long prayers. In her last book she says that Prescher Campbell's prayer at the unveiling of the Albert statue in Aberdeen was too long. A Scotch religious journal has investigated, and found that it did not last more than five minutes. The "loyal slanders" would like to know what the Queen means by "long prayers."

Decidedly a prayer-gauge to measure and define the potency of all these conditions is needed, and the Bishop who has made the wonderful discovery chronicled above, seems to be just the man to produce it, or stop praying that the laws of nature may be suspended in any case.

Though eternal law will not be changed in answer to prayer, yet prayer is not useless. Man's noblest, happiest moments are those of most intense aspiration, when the soul, reaching out after the divine, feels its presence. For the Spiritualist a prayer-gauge is not needed.

The author of "The Little Pilgrim," has now given to the public "Old Lady Mary," the first chapters of which appear in this number. The story is pronounced very interesting and suggestive by those who have read it.

We are glad to hear that Mr. A. J. Davis has so far recovered his health, that he will resume his Sunday lectures this month.

The Cincinnati Riot.

The end of this terrible excitement has come, people say. The dead are buried, the moans of the wounded do not reach the public ear, soldiers no longer parade the streets with loaded muskets, the trade in revolvers has died away, other trade is beginning to revive. There remain only the ruins of a burned Court House, and a jail garrisoned by soldiers, to tell alike of the frenzy of the mob that has been, and the danger of the one that may be. The preachers have had their say on the matter, of course, and the editors of the daily papers have written long and elaborate leaders on the cause, prevention and cure of rioting in general, how this particular one might have been avoided, etc., etc. Nearly all urge repression, a stronger judiciary, purer juries, more conscience in lawyers. So far, none seem to perceive that the escape of Berner from the full penalty he had incurred was only the occasion of the riot, it was not the cause. Few seem to be aware that, deeper and more widespread than a desire for justice on a murderer, lay the fierce unrest so ready to develop into a convulsion of dissatisfied workmen,—intensified by the persistent, violent abuse of all employers by the Socialists of foreign birth and their followers. The Court House was burned in imitation of the Communistic rioters. "Let us make another Paris," said they. The militia were attacked because they represented the physical force which sustained wrong. "Foolish, wicked, unreasonable"? Yes; but the ugly fact remains, that the folly and unreason are still dangerous. Even now the police of New York are said to fear that the residence of a noted millionaire will be burned. The extreme Socialists there exult over the late riot, and prophesy terrible things in the future. Mr. Jonas, a recognized leader, when interviewed, said:

"We hold that so long as capital controls all the labor system of the country, and labor is treated as it is, there is no justice in the laboring man's being obliged to bring about by a matter of detail, a revolution in the civilization of to-day."

"Will that be a peaceful or a violent revolution?" asked the reporter.

"As to that," history teaches us that the privileged classes have never given up their privileges without a struggle which involved violence. It is more than probable that the revolution we are working for will also involve violence, but that is merely a matter of detail. Justus Schwab was not at the meeting, but was found at his residence, and said: "As I have already stated several times, the Cincinnati riots show that the people are changing under the vicious government of their political and capitalistic rulers. The recent trouble at Cincinnati will awaken thought and action throughout the country. Do I think there is a likelihood of similar trouble in New York? Well, I am not exactly prepared to answer the question definitely, but I will say that trouble is quite likely to arise sooner or later in this city. The people are awakening. There is trouble for somebody ahead."

True, the Socialist Labor Party held a large meeting in New York on the 5th, and repudiated all sympathy with mob law. But, let a time of great business depression, of much individual suffering, come, and those who now claim to respect the law, will pass in shoals over to the ranks of the enemies of law and order. Had there been a great depression of business in Cincinnati, the streets of the whole city would have reeked with blood. To every point of the compass the news would have been flashed, and the whole Nation would have been ere long in the throes of a mortal agony. The laborer demanding more pay and the capitalist planning how he may get more profit, look in each other's eyes with a dim perception that only slight provocation is needed to make them open foes. The capitalist rails at the improvidence of the workman, who in turn reviles the capitalist for extortion. But, the workman mutters, "he makes the laws so he continually gets richer, and I continually poorer," and he comes to think Law his foe. The lower the grade of the workman, or the greater his need, the more likely is he to be bitter and fierce in feeling, even though he cannot voice his thought. The elements for an explosion are all ready, the spark may be struck out at any moment. Of the loss and ruin, of the pain and death of such an explosion, neither side thinks now, but the outbreak when it comes will be terrible. Law, Religion, Family, Trade, will all receive deadly shock.

What is the remedy? How harmonize the opposing interests? How can the workman be made to understand that he cannot get rich by destroying property? How teach the capitalist that wealth is nearly valueless in a revolution such as is impending? Repression, brute force meeting brute force, can only act temporarily; it will only in the end increase antagonism. More Bibles, better sermons, an unlimited supply of tracts, all these are worthless as preventives. Preachers can rail at mob law, but find no way of preventing mobs. Statesmen are as much puzzled as the preachers. Reformers have each their pet nostrum for curing the diseases of the body-politic, but each decries the other's remedy, and none is tried. There is grave need that a remedy be found; who will point it out? There are plenty ready to try; but so far all fall in taking sufficiently broad and comprehensive ground in adjusting the various seemingly conflicting interests. Instead of regarding humanity as a unit advancing toward a common goal, each exponent is consciously or unconsciously the advocate of a class.

Joseph Schwemberger of Cincinnati, a medium for independent slate writing and spirit voices, spent a day last week in Chicago on a visit to friends. At the time of his development of medial power, he was an active member of the Catholic church, singing in the choir, and zealous in church work; hence his mediumship created a great stir among his people. We have heard from usually well informed correspondents in Cincinnati, that Mr. S. has been the means of convincing hundreds of his fellow religionists of the truth of Spiritualism. This is a good result for only about one year's public work.

Power of Minorities.

Trained as Americans have been, majorities stand to them as the embodiment and expression of power; they count the numbers, and assume that the strength of every man is the same—which is not true. The opinions, the faiths, the governments of the world are controlled everywhere and always by small minorities, often by one man, who sways a million of voters as he pleases, while each one of the million fondly believes that he is doing his own thinking, deciding for himself, voting entirely to suit himself. A gambler, after industriously shuffling a pack of cards, presents the ends of the cards to his proposed victim, moving them back and forth, as if to allow opportunity for deliberate choice. Yet, though the victim does not know it, he selects the card the gambler had pre-determined to "force" on his attention, and make him choose. The average voter does not visit a primary election often, before he discovers that the ward "boss" selects the candidates; and when these "bosses" meet, some one spirit dominates, and they follow his lead. They can refuse to do so, but they don't want to. They are apt to be most securely bound when loudest in assertion of their independence. Extend the illustration to any length and the result is the same. The President of the United States is really chosen by a small clique of managers of the party, and they are often dominated and controlled by some one of their number. There seems to be a system of circulation in nature running through the physical, the moral and the spiritual alike, that all things shall start from a germ, mature in a single specimen, and from thence spread, less or more, as conditions permit, and the undoubted rule of the minority is one of the results. Counting up numbers, the winners shout with joy at a large majority on their side of any question, and there needs perpetual repetition of the saying, "Majorities are no proofs of truth." Creeds may be rejected, governments overthrown, society have its convulsions, but through all "a majority" is respected. It is really to most men a measure of truth. A prophet's word was rated at three hundred votes in the olden time. Men of to-day laugh at this as a superstition, but "the prophet's word" rules them after all—only it is a different prophet, who governs while not seeming to.

How Spiritualists have been beset by the idea of the divine right of a majority to rule. Their phenomena denied, their philosophy rejected, their religion scorned, because "the majority" had not seen, not understood, not felt what the Spiritualists had. Few at first, almost infinitesimal in comparison with the jeering multitude by whom they were surrounded; yet they have molded the world without trying to. They have radiated ideas which have penetrated every school of thought, and distinctly changed men's modes of thinking. Even those who attack Spiritualism do so chiefly because they have imbibed some of the spirit of what they attack, and turned it to evil uses,—as disease is "only perverted nutrition." And now that Spiritualism is strong—is it exempt from law? No—fearful as Spiritualists are of leaders, they have them without knowing it. In our societies, is it not true that the workers are few? Is it not generally the case that one person determines the general management, through others whom he influences? It would not be hard to find some who are real rulers, who never seem to exert any power whatever. They are not prominent at public gatherings, are known to the public chiefly as good business men, earnest Spiritualists. The public knows nothing of the vast correspondence, of the systematic industry with which their thoughts are disseminated. Their opinions are sharply criticised, sometimes; but whether men will hear, or not, they keep on their quiet way, a glorious minority, ruling by the divine right of the thinker.

The politician talks of the "rights" of the minority. It is well also to think sometimes of the power of the minority. He who holds a great truth, and proclaims it boldly, uncompromisingly, shall rule men he never saw, shall wield a power he cannot measure, nor perhaps perceive. As has been truly said: "One, with God, is a majority;" though we may not interpret the declaration in so strictly orthodox a way as did its author.

A story comes from Augusta, Me., of a scene more dramatic and terrible than any yet imagined by novelist or playwright. It seems a man named Robbins fought in the Union army in the late war, and contracted disease there which made him an invalid for many years. He applied for a pension, and was not successful at first, but when the arrears act passed, a second effort was made. While the application was pending, Robbins began to grow worse, and he got weaker and weaker every day. It was soon plain that he was near his end. If he died before the pension was granted, the money would be lost, since he had no wife and children. In this emergency the happy thought struck somebody to procure a bride for the dying soldier, in order that there might be a widow to draw the pension. Interested parties made the journey to Rockland, where a woman was found who was willing under the circumstances to become a bride and widow in quick succession. When his lawyer learned how near Robbins was to his end, he sent his wife's son, post haste, to summon the bride selected for the dying soldier. She did not arrive until some nine hours after Robbins's death. This did not prevent the completion of the plot; the woman was hurriedly taken to the chamber where Robbins lay dead, and the horrible mockery of a marriage ceremony

between the living woman and the corpse was gone through with. Of course, none of the dead man's relatives will recognize the new widow, and the whole affair is to be legally investigated. Had this occurred "Out West," it would have been pointed to as fully in keeping with the popular idea of the morals of a new country.

GENERAL NOTES.

We shall publish in our next issue another of Hon. Joel Tiffany's excellent articles.

An account of the anniversary exercises at San Francisco, by Wm. E. Coleman, will be published in our next.

A subscriber from New Castle, Ky., remits to this office, but fails to sign his name. Will give credit when we hear from the sender.

A correspondent from Kansas City, writes: "Miss Susie Johnson is speaking to crowded houses here. She seems as much in earnest as ever, and surely merits a rich reward."

Mrs. Simpson, the test medium, residing at No. 45 N. Sheldon st., will make a visit to Dakota the first of May, and will remain there probably until Sept. 1st. She will then return to Chicago and resume her labors at the same number.

Dr. Eugene Crowell announces the marriage of his daughter, Emma Theresa, to Mr. John T. Halliday. The ceremony took place on Thursday of last week. The JOURNAL congratulates Mr. Halliday upon the treasure he has won.

Lyman C. Howe speaks at Indianapolis, Ind., the Sundays of May and June; at Old Mission, Mich., July 6th, 13th and 20th; at Cassadaga Lake camp meeting, Aug. 1st, 3rd and 5th; at Lake Pleasant, Mass., Aug. 13th and 17th; and at Neshaminy Falls camp meeting, Aug. 23rd, 24th, 26th and 28th.

Capt. H. H. Brown spoke at Freeville, N. Y., March 2nd; Dryden, the 6th; McLean, the 9th; Amesbury, Mass., the 16th; Newburyport, the 23rd. He gave anniversary addresses the 30th in Newburyport and Baxter, on the 31st at Springfield. April 4th he spoke in Bridgeport, Conn. He was in Worcester, Mass., April 6th, and will speak there all the Sundays of April. He will be in Leominster and West Princeton, Mass., May 4th; in Morrisville, Vt., May 18th and 25th; at mass convention, Lake Dunmore, Vt., May 30th, 31st and June 1st. He has the following camp meeting appointments; Onset Bay, July 27th and 29th; Lake Pleasant, Aug. 10th and 14th; Queen City Park, Aug. 17th, 19th, 20th and 22nd. Date at Sunapee not fixed. He is open to engagements, Sundays, May 11th, June 5th, 15th, 22nd and 29th and Aug. 3rd, and for week day appointments any date desired. Address him during April, at 123 Main st., Worcester, Mass.

In Virginia there lives an ancient female, whose tongue and pen are set on swivels, and work with the speed of 1,000,000 revolutions per minute. The product of this labor is mountains of materialistic vapor, strongly colored with anility. For want of better padding, certain alleged newspapers of the materialist school, have been utilizing this Virginia wind for years, until the manufacturer's head is entirely turned. She is now begging the public for contributions to enable her to travel and investigate spirit phenomena—any sum from a postage stamp to one hundred dollars thankfully received, no doubt. She seems to think that should she gaze upon these phenomena, all the vexatious doubts of the public will be settled. On this point we are no ways certain, but rather incline to agree with our esteemed contemporary, the Investigator, which says: "Mrs. cannot see ghosts for other people."

It has been often asserted that cholera was produced by the introduction of a peculiar bacillus into the human system. This theory has been much doubted, chiefly from the fact that, though it was prima facie probable, there was no positive proof. Evidence has now been obtained by the German Cholera Commission, which seems to settle the question. An outbreak of cholera in India, not traceable to any previous contagion, gave the opportunity so much desired. Microscopic examination of the intestines and dejecta of the victims revealed the presence of a microscopic parasite or bacillus, never seen except in cholera patients. It was discovered that the water of a pond used by the natives, both for drinking and bathing purposes, literally swarmed with the same bacilli. It was also found that as the water was cleared of these the cholera abated. Some of these parasites were introduced into the food of a pig, which was seized at once with cholera and died in three hours. As a result of these experiments, it is now suggested that cholera may be prevented by inoculation with these bacilli. It is stated that scarlet fever has probably a similar cause, and may also be prevented by inoculation. Anti-vaccinationists will argue that the remedy is worse than the disease.

In Full Sympathy.

That the indefatigable and fearless editor of the JOURNAL is doing a much needed and good work in his unflinching exposure of fraudulent mediumship cannot be denied. Were we inclined to doubt it, the continuous succession of secular journals from the other side of the Atlantic, which reach us, containing nothing but words of praise for the line of action he has carved out for himself, would place the matter beyond all question. Although to English notions the policy of the JOURNAL may be too drastic in its methods, we cannot but admit that Colonel Bundy is scoring point after point, and that the spiritual atmosphere is all the clearer for it. We wish him continued success. We are in full sympathy with the aim he has in view.—Light, London, Eng., March 29th, 1884.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Waiting.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Meeceus that o'er my senses steal The sweet aromas of a sphere, Where amaranth and asphodel And roses glow, more bright than here.

I ask nor figs, nor grapes, nor store Of mellow apples, nor a draught Of nectar from imperial shore.

Dr. Shade in Nashville, Tenn.

It appears from The World, a paper published there, that a lady called upon the Doctor, and wrote the name of a brother who has been dead several years.

To this the initials of the name were signed. The answer to the question was strictly pertinent and satisfactorily responsive.

A Touching Incident. A singular exhibition of fidelity on the part of a house dog was witnessed in Stamford, S. I., recently.

A Chinese Notion. The Chinese, so far as can be learned from history, are the oldest nation on earth.

What Ayer's Cherry Pectoral does.— It prevents the growth, to serious illness, of a dangerous class of diseases that begin as mere trivial ailments, and are too apt to be neglected as such.

How Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Does Such Good. It expels the mucus from the throat and the air passages of the head, and cleanses the mucous membrane.

Why Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is so Perfect a Medicine. Because it is a scientifically ordered compound, of great potency, the product of years of study, observation, and experience in the treatment of throat and lung diseases.

Where Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Stands Before the World. It is popularly known to be a medicine that has cured laryngeal, bronchial, and pulmonary affections where all others had failed.

Worth Thinking Of.

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HOME-SEEKERS Should also remember that this line leads direct to the heart of the Government and Railroad lands in Nebraska, Kansas, Texas, Colorado and Washington Territory.

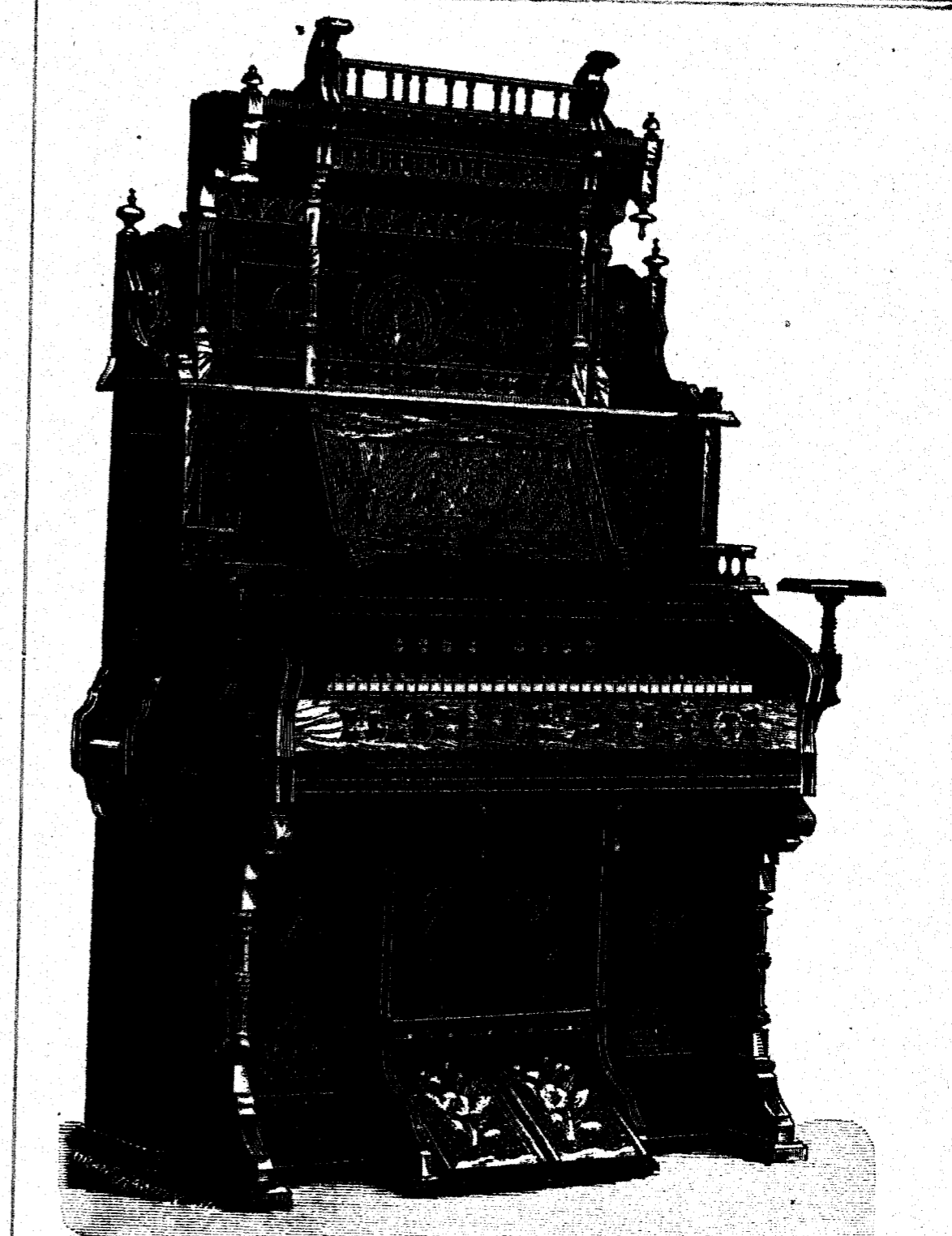
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Continued from First Page.

one room to another. She came to be one of the marvels of the time—an old lady who had seen everybody worth seeing for generations back—who remembered as distinctly as if they had happened yesterday, great events that had taken place before the present age began at all, before the great stream of our time were born. And in full possession of all her faculties, as everybody said, her mind as clear as ever, her intelligence as active, reading everything, and still beautiful in extreme old age. Everybody about her, and in particular all the people who helped to keep the thorns from her path, and felt themselves to have a hand in her preservation, were proud of Lady Mary; and she was perhaps a little, a very little, delightfully, charmingly proud of herself. The doctor, beguiled by professional vanity, feeling what a feather she was in his cap, quite confident that she would reach her hundredth birthday, and with an ecstatic hope that even, by grace of his admirable treatment and her own beautiful constitution she might (almost) solve the problem and live forever, gave up troubling about the will which at a former period he had taken so much interest in. "What is the use?" he said; "she will see us all out." And the vicar, though he did not give in to this, was overawed by the old lady, who knew everything that could be taught her, and to whom it seemed an impertinence to utter commonplaces about duty, or even to suggest subjects of thought. Mr. Furnival was the only man who did not cease his representations, and whose anxiety about the young Mary, who was so blooming and sweet in the shadow of the old, did not decrease. But the recollection of the bit of paper in the secret drawer of the cabinet, fortified his old elient against all his attacks. She had intended it only as a jest, with which some day or other to confound him, and show how much wiser she was than he supposed. It became quite a pleasant subject of thought to her, at which she laughed to herself. Some day, when she had a suitable moment, she would order him to come with all his formalities, and then produce her bit of paper, and turn the laugh against him. But oddly, the very existence of that little document kept her indifferent even to the laugh. It was too much trouble; she only smiled at him, and took no more notice, amused to think how astonished he would be—when, if ever, he found it out.

It happened, however, that one day in the early winter the wind changed when Lady Mary was out for her drive: at least they all vowed the wind changed. It was in the south, that genial quarter, when she set out, but turned about in some uncomfortable way, and was a keen north-easter when she came back. And in the moment of stepping from the carriage she caught a chill. It was the coachman's fault, Jervis said, who allowed the horses to make a step forward when Lady Mary was getting out, and kept her exposed standing on the step of the carriage, while he pulled them up; and it was Jervis's fault, the footman said, who was not clever enough to get her lady out, or even to throw a shawl round her, when she perceived how the weather had changed. It is always some one's fault, or some unforeseen, unprecedented change, that does it at the last. Lady Mary was not accustomed to be ill, and did not bear it with her usual grace. She was a little impatient at first, and thought they were making an unnecessary fuss. But then there passed a few uncomfortable, feverish days, when she began to look forward to the doctor's visit as the only thing there was any comfort in. Afterward she passed a night of a very agitating kind. She dozed and dreamed, and awoke and dreamed again. Her life seemed all to run into dreams—a strange confusion was about her, through which she could define nothing. Once waking up, as she supposed, she saw a group round her bed, the doctor with a candle in his hand (how should the doctor be there in the middle of the night?) holding her hand or feeling her pulse; little Mary at one side crying—why should the child cry? and Jervis very anxious, pouring something into a glass. There were other faces there which she was sure must have come out of her dream, so unlikely was it that they should be collected in her bed-chamber; and all with a sort of halo of feverish light about them, a magnified and mysterious importance. This strange scene, which she did not understand, seemed to make itself visible all in a moment out of the darkness, and then disappeared again as suddenly as it came.

III.

When she woke again it was morning; and her first waking consciousness was, that she must be much better. The choking sensation in her throat was altogether gone. She had no desire to cough—no difficulty in breathing. She had a fancy, however, that she must be still dreaming, for she felt sure that some one had called her by her name, "Mary." Now all who could call her by her Christian name were dead years ago—therefore it must be a dream. However, in a short time it was repeated—"Mary, Mary!" get up; there is a great deal to do." This voice confused her greatly. Was it possible that all that was past had been mere fancy; that she had but dreamed those long, long years—maturity and motherhood, and trouble and triumph, and old age at the end of all? It seemed to her possible that she might have dreamed the rest, for she had been a girl much given to visions; but she said to herself that she never could have dreamed old age. And then with a smile she mused and thought that it must be the voice that was a dream; for how could she get up without Jervis, who had not appeared yet to draw the curtains or make the fire? Jervis perhaps had sat up late. She remembered now to have seen her that time in the middle of the night by her bedside, so that it was natural enough, poor thing, that she should be late. Get up! who was it that was calling to her so. She had not been so called to, she who had always been a great lady, since she was a girl by her mother's side. "Mary, Mary!" It was a very curious dream. And what was more curious still was, that by and by she could not keep still any longer, but got up without thinking any more of Jervis, and going out of her room came all at once into the midst of a company of people all very busy—whom she was much surprised to find at first, but whom she soon accustomed herself to, finding the greatest interest in their proceedings, and curious to know what they were doing. They, for their part, did not seem at all surprised by her appearance, nor did any one stop to explain, as would have been natural; but she took this with great composure, somewhat astonished perhaps, being used, wherever she went, to a great many observations and much respect, but soon, very soon, becoming used to it. Then some one repeated what she had heard before. "It was time she had got up—for there is a great deal to do." "To do," she said, "for me?" and then she looked round upon them with that charming

smile which had subjugated so many. "I am afraid," she said, "you will find me of very little use. I am too old now, if ever I could have done much, for work."

"Oh no, you are not old—you will do very well," some one said. "Not old!" Lady Mary felt a little offended in spite of herself. "Perhaps I like flattery as well as my neighbors, but with dignity, but then it must be reasonable. To say I am anything but a very old woman—"

Here she paused a little, perceiving for the first time with surprise that she was standing and walking without her stick or the help of any one's arm, quite freely and at her ease, and that the place in which she was had expanded into a great place like a gallery in a palace, instead of the room next her own into which she had walked a few minutes ago; but this discovery did not at all affect her mind, or occupy her except with the most passing momentary surprise.

"The fact is, I feel a great deal better and stronger," she said.

"Quite well, Mary, and stronger than ever you were before?"

"Who is it that calls me Mary? I have had nobody for a long time to call me Mary; the friends of my youth are all dead. I think that you must be right, although the doctor, I feel sure, thought me very bad last night. I should have got alarmed if I had not fallen asleep again."

"And then woke up well?"

"Quite well; it is wonderful, but quite true. You seem to know a great deal about me?"

"I know everything about you. You have had a very pleasant life, and do you think you have made the best of it? Your old age has been very pleasant."

"Ah! you acknowledge that I am old, then?" cried Lady Mary, with a smile.

"You are old no longer, and you are a great lady no longer. Don't you see that something has happened to you? It is seldom that such a great change happens without being found out."

"Yes; it is true I have got better all at once. I feel an extraordinary renewal of strength. I seem to have left home without knowing it; none of my people seem near me. I feel very much as if I had awakened from a long dream. Is it possible," she said, with a wondering look, "that I have dreamed all my life, and after all am just a girl at home?" The idea was ludicrous, and she laughed. "You see I am very much improved indeed," she said.

She was still so far from perceiving the real situation, that some one came toward her out of the group of people about—some one whom she recognized—with the evident intention of explaining to her how it was. She started a little at the sight of him, and held out her hand, and cried: "You here! I am very glad to see you—doubly glad, since I was told a few days ago that you had died."

There was something in this word as she herself pronounced it that troubled her a little. She had never been one of those who are afraid of death. On the contrary, she had always taken a great interest in it, and liked to hear everything that could be told her on the subject. It gave her now, however, a curious little thrill of sensation, which she did not understand; she hoped it was not superstition.

"You have guessed rightly," he said—"quite right. That is one of the words with a false meaning, which is to us a mere symbol of something we cannot understand. But you see what it means now."

It was a great shock, it need not be concealed. Otherwise she had been quite pleasantly occupied with the interest of something new, into which she had walked so easily out of her own bed-chamber, without any trouble, and with the delightful new sensation of health and strength. But when it flashed upon her that she was not to go back to her bedroom again, nor have any of those cares and attentions which had seemed necessary to existence, she was very much startled and shaken. Died! Was it possible that she personally had died? She had known it was a thing that happened to everybody; but yet. And it was a solemn matter, to be prepared for, and looked forward to, whereas—"If you mean that I too—" she said, faltering a little; and then she added, "it is very surprising" with a trouble in her mind which yet was not all trouble. "If that is so, it is a thing well over. And it is very wonderful how much disturbance people give themselves about it—if this is all."

"This is not all, however," her friend said; "you have an ordeal before you which you will not find pleasant. You are going to think about your life, and all that was imperfect in it, and which might have been done better."

"We are none of us perfect," said Lady Mary, with a little of that natural resentment with which one hears one's self accused—however ready one may be to accuse one's self.

"Permit me," said he, and took her hand and led her away without further explanation. The people about were so busy with their own occupations, that they took very little notice; neither did she pay much attention to the manner in which they were engaged. Their looks were friendly when they met her eye, and she, too, felt friendly, with a sense of brotherhood. But she had always been a kind woman. She wanted to step aside and help, on more than one occasion, when it seemed to her that some people in her way had a task above their powers; but this her conductor would not permit. And she endeavored to put some questions to him as they went along with still less success.

"The change is very confusing," she said; "one has no standard to judge by. I should like to know something about—the kind of people—and the—manner of life."

"For a time," he said, "you will have enough to do, without troubling yourself about that."

This naturally produced an uneasy sensation in her mind. "I suppose," she said rather timidly, "that we are not in—what we have been accustomed to call heaven?"

"That is a word," he said, "which expresses rather a condition than a place."

"But there must be a place—in which that condition can exist." She had always been fond of discussions of this kind, and felt encouraged to find that they were still practicable. "It cannot be the—inferno, that is clear at least," she added with the sprightliness which was one of her characteristics; "perhaps—Purgatory? since you infer that I have something to endure."

"Words are interchangeable," he said; "that means one thing to one of us which to another has a totally different significance." There was something so like his old self in this, that she laughed with an irresistible sense of amusement.

"You were always fond of the oracular," she said. She was conscious that on former occasions, if he made such a speech to her, though she would have felt the same amusement, she would not have expressed it so frankly. But he did not take it at all amiss.

And her thoughts went on in other directions. She felt herself saying over to herself the words of the old north-country dirge, which came to her recollection she knew not how—

"If hozen and shoon thou gavest name, The whins shall prick thee in all the bane."

When she saw that her companion heard her, she asked, "Is that true?" He shook his head a little. "It is too matter of fact," he said, "as I need hardly tell you. Hozen and shoon are good, but they do not always sufficiently indicate the state of the heart."

Lady Mary had a consciousness, which was pleasant to her, that so far as the hozen and shoon went, she had abundant means of preparing herself for the pricks of any road, however rough; but she had no time to indulge this pleasant reflection, for she was shortly introduced into a great building full of innumerable rooms, in one of which her companion left her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Dark Days of Spiritualism.

We extract the following from an able and eloquent address delivered at the anniversary celebration at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., by Henry J. Horn, Esq.

"At the time when the alleged spirit manifestations occurring at Hydesville were spread before the public through the medium of the press, the announcement, though startling and bewildering, obtained but little credence in the spiritual theory. As time advanced, however, and convincing manifestations occurred in other localities, the public was induced to regard the phenomena in a more thoughtful way. Still, for years, the subject was invested with ridicule and sarcasm, and no opportunity was lost in which to make it appear absurd and contemptible. At the town of Stratford, Connecticut, near which I was residing, the wildest confusion prevailed by unearthly poundings and slamming of doors, and rappings and furniture. The owner of the village omnibus, taking advantage of the excitement, placed thereon in glaring letters, 'Mysterious Knockings—fare, ten cents.' While jeering, scoffing and deriding filled the public mind, these Stratford phenomena increased and were of a most wonderful and extraordinary character, continuing through ten months. Among the strange disclosures were weird images of persons, standing, kneeling, reclining and in other postures, constructed by invisible hands from drapery, sheets and bedding. They were really ghost-like and startling to behold. Written messages dropped from the ceiling or floated across the parlors, addressed to Mrs. Phelps, a clergyman's wife, and signed, 'Your friend, the Devil.' Her little son was transported through the air bodily, and landed in a garden tree, some fifty yards distant, with his pantaloons out to the foot. A manuscript declaring the truth of Spiritualism, which Rev. Dr. Phelps refused to publish, was found consumed to ashes in a locked drawer, where he had placed it for safe keeping."

"Strange as it may appear, however, as mediums increased in numbers, and as convincing evidence accumulated, the opposition to the spirit theory grew more intensified. Its advocates were comparatively few, while its enemies were legion. I said enemies, for they were not merely opponents, a malignity possessed (or obsessed them) that in its unfeeling cruelty was not unlike the spirit of the inquisition of the dark ages. Men of the highest intelligence of character and citizenship were ruthlessly expelled from memberships of churches of which they had been life ornaments. No aspersion was cast upon their reputations for being good men and true, their fidelity to duty, their interest in religion, their acts of benevolence and kindness as neighbors, were unchallenged. They had committed no crime, they had simply examined, and accepted the truth as it appeared to them. They were not only expelled by the church, but were ostracized by society. Secret animosities were engendered, and old friends looked askance as they passed a believer on the streets. A spirit of intolerance prevailed that can hardly be realized at the present day."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Old Men shall Dream Dreams and Young Men shall See Visions.

BY DR. S. J. DICKSON.

When I commenced to see, I was in a beautiful grove near a farm house, with a green pasture intervening. As I stood musing over the scenery, which came before me as the presentment of an old dream, my mother came to the door and asked if I would now come in, as Nannie was dying. Without replying, I moved leisurely toward the house, but on entering, to my surprise, instead of seeing my little sister, as I fully expected, I saw in a crib a beautiful child about eighteen months old, with the shadows of death playing on its sweet little face, at the sight of which, I exclaimed: "It is not Nannie, but looks very much like her." As I thus watched the little sufferer in its last struggles, my brother, appearing under the most excruciating emotions of grief, held my attention for a moment, after which, turning to the child again, I found that its spirit had flown, leaving the usual smile of peace upon that face, now so indicative of undisturbed repose. Then the ever accompanying shock passed over me restoring me to my normal condition again. After the preceding vision, I again wrote home, giving my experience, and I soon received a letter stating that my brother's little boy was dead. I then said: "Yes; that was the grove, the pasture, and the farm house, which in vision seem so much like an old dream—all so vivid to my memory now."

Years passed, my course at school ended, and I concluded to visit the West once more. I reached the place in the night, found my brother and family wrapped in midnight slumber. In the morning, while at the breakfast table, before a word had been uttered pertaining to the subject, I thus addressed them: "You lost a little boy a few years ago. Now I desire to give you the minute facts pertaining to his last hours and death, before you enlighten me in reference to the matter." "There," I continued, pointing to one corner of the room, "in a crib situated in the line of such and such angles, rested the dying form of your boy, and Andrew, you stood there." In like manner I described each minute event, all of which my brother and sister affirmed to be true. On seeing the child's photograph, it looked as familiar as though I had known him from his birth.

One would naturally have supposed that sickness and death would not have been watched over in a dining-room, as in this instance, in a commodious house, thus precluding the inference that imagination exercised any part in my vision; neither could it have been strictly clairvoyant, for a fact portrayed by figurative illustrations shows an objective intelligence acting upon the subjective.

Though several of my visions were among my earliest experiences, they still remain as vivid to my spiritual sight as though they occurred but yesterday, not one *scintilla* having been erased from the tablets of my memory. Never do I recall them save through feelings of transcendent emotions to the divine spirit that ever accompanies them, by which we are brought *en rapport* with that principle which brings heaven down to earth, by elevating earth to heaven. Finally, they are ministering angels, at times descending and ascending, as hallowed messengers from our loved ones, who back on the other shore.

Letter from Lyman C. Howe.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

After a pleasant two months' labor at Grand Rapids, during which time I became strongly attached to the many earnest souls there, who represent the cause of Spiritualism, I started homeward on Friday, April 14th, stopping over Sunday in Erie, Pa. Two years ago there was a vigorous society in Erie, and some good work has been done there; but some irregularities in business matters of the society, with some unsatisfactory burthens imposed on members by selfish, ambitious parties, the unity of feeling was broken, and finally the society virtually went to pieces, and meetings were suspended. Now they are trying to rally again, and our meeting Sunday, which was the first one in many months, was well attended and good feeling manifested. A committee was appointed to canvass the subject, and on Wednesday evening, this week, it is to be decided whether meetings shall be continued. If they decide in the affirmative, I expect to be with them next Sunday.

Monday, the 7th, brought me once more face to face with my little family, who have patiently waited, during sickness and anxiety, for my return. I found them doing well, and ready to greet me with a warm welcome. On Tuesday, the 8th, a few neighbors assembled to witness the celebration of the marriage rite between Mr. Lavern N. Cobb of this place, and Miss Maude E. Howe—our only daughter. Floral decorations and music made the air sweet with delicate charms; and mutual good feeling and satisfaction between all the parties concerned, added much to the peaceful pleasure of this, to us momentous occasion. The bride was surprised with some fine presents, among which were a case of silver teaspoons presented by Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Skidmore, the President of the Cassadaga Laké Free Association Camp Meeting; a gold band china tea set, and some sets of spoons, forks, etc., by the parents of bride and groom, with other valuables from neighbors and friends. Although she has lost her name (or half of it we have not lost our girl, but we have gained a boy!)

LYMAN C. HOWE.

From the edition of Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co's American Newspaper Directory now in press, it appears that the newspapers and periodicals of all kinds at present issued in the United States and Canada reach a grand total of 13,402. This is a net gain of precisely 1,900 during the last twelve months, and exhibits an increase of 5,618 over the total number published just ten years since. The increase in 1874 over the total for 1873 was 493. During the past year the dailies have increased from 1,135 to 1,254; the weeklies from 3,062 to 4,028; and the monthlies from 1,091 to 1,493. The greatest increase is in the Western States. Illinois, for instance, now shows 1,009 papers in place of last year's total of 904, while Missouri issues 604 instead of the 523 reported in 1883. Other leading Western States also exhibit a great percentage of increase. The total number of papers in New York State is 1,523, against 1,399 in 1883. Canada has shared in the general increase.

Mr. Fawcett, of England, in addressing an assembly of blind persons lately, drew attention to the want of organization among the numerous societies for the promotion of the welfare of the blind. He stated that one person in every 1,000 in Great Britain is without sight. Thus, in a town of 40,000 persons there may be expected to be about forty blind persons, of whom five are probably in a position which does not call for extraneous aid. Of the remaining thirty-five there would be, perhaps, twenty children to be educated and fifteen adults to be befriended. Mr. Fawcett expressed his conviction that there is abundant sympathy, if properly directed, to furnish every assistance that is profitable to brighten their lives. For those born blind it is all-important to enable them to earn a living, and thus to enjoy the blessings of independence.

There is much indignation at Forreston, S. C., because a colored Postmaster has been appointed there instead of a white man. The Confederate inhabitants of the town purpose not to have any intercourse with the new Postmaster.

A novel feature in the dining-room of a hotel at Niagara Falls is a colossal mirror, in which the Falls are reflected in such a manner that the guests may admire while they eat.

With the exception of six cities in Ohio and three in Pennsylvania, all the cities east of the Rocky Mountains have accepted standard time.

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