

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 cend 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 incldents of spirit communion, 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. and dengins 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, 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 like² ly, by the recollections of the triumph as by that of the death-bed. With these pictures to go here you are not successful to a way measure 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 troub-

and delights of her beauty, nor love, nor grief,

les—sometimes approving, sometimes judging that woman who had been so pretty, so happy, so miserable, and had gone through every-thing 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 fire-place 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 which, when the weather was suitable, she went out; and a pretty garden and lawns, 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 need-ful to keep her within the reflection of the burst lite which the ne house are do an busy life which she no longer cared to en-counter in her own person. The post rarely 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 if 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 bit ter? 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," every body 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 boverty 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-grand children 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; books and men around. She had not forgot-ten anything in her life-not the excitements ner in which she put aside every suggestion

about the chances of the hereafter away from 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 as-sented pleasantly—Yes, certainly, she must do it—some time or other. "It is a very simple thing to do" the law

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

"And it would liberate your mind from all care, and leave you free to think of things more important still," said the clercyman. "I think I am very free from care," she replied.

Then the doctor added, bluntly, "And you will not die an hour the seener for having

will not die an hour the seoner 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 decreip and related each other whet chernel he

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 solds the entrains light. entrance, drawing aside the curtains, light-ing the cheerful fire, bringing her a report of the weather; and then the little tray, reof the weather; and then the little tray, re-er 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 morning. It seemed impossible that it should

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 all my real property, or my personal property or my shares in so-and-so, or my jewels, or so forth, to--whoever 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 vellowed with age, but fine: the veins 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 desire of it."

have the doing of it." "Whenever you please, my dear lady-whenever you please. Such a thing cannot be done an hour too soon. Shall I take your instructions now?"

instructions now?" Lady Mary laughed, and said. "You were always a keen man for business. I remember your father used to say, Robert would never neglect an opening." "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

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. No-body 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

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 "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. Furni-val'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 servants." It miled 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 felded down the paper so that noither can folded down the paper, so that neither saw what it was.

No. 8

"Now I will go to bed," Lady Mary said, when Brown had left the room. "And Jer-

when Brown had left the room. "And Jer-vis, 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 pleas-ant 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 Inxury, exquisite softness of comfort and Inxury. 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

[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 gen eral 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, accord-ing to the unfailing 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 spites 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 death-beds, and followed her best-beloved to the grave, often, 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

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 i woman wanted to abandon the peaceful life which was thus supported and carried on 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, 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 god-child when you die." But he told her story after story, many of them pitcous enough.

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

"I dare say," said Lady Mary, "it is un-pleasant 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 thinking how she would steal a march on

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 fragile 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 hor ror 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 mo-tive at all, and imagined Lady Mary, the kindest of women, to be of purpose and in-tention risking the future of the girl whom 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 dressinggown, 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-eightpences he pretended to think so much of. It would be still more amusing, next time the subject of her will was recurred to, to give his arm a little tap with her fan. and say, "Oh, that is all settled, months ago." She langhed to herself at this, and took ont 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 (every-body knew but Lady Mary, who never sus-pected it) the death of their mistress to set up a lodging-house in Jermyn 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,

If she had died that night! The little sheet of paper that meant so much lay openly, 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 inight. 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 downstairs 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. She 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 necessaries 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 noth-ing 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 d on Michih Phote

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 suddenness of its stroke. Two singular deaths from this cause have been recently recorded. A lady at Ann Arbor, at a meeting in the church, while kneeling in prayer, fell forward and died on the spot. At Belfontaine, a man while digging a grave, expired in the exca-vation. According to the theory of special providence, it is the blasphemons sinners and infidels who die suddenly, and the pions providence, it is the blasphemous sinners and infidels .who die suddenly, and the pious church goers and good little children who es-cape. But the past year has furnished dam-aging record against that theory for churches have suffered most from flood, winds and lightning. In one instance a church was de-molished by a cyclone, and a groggery by its side was left unharmed. A good woman on her knees is struck down, while a dozen sin-ners in the same church go home unscathed. ners in the same church go home unscathed. If the people who speculate about "provi-dence," and believe, or pretend to believe, in what they know nothing about, would pause to think they would understand that the what they know nothing about, would pause to think, they would understand that the course of things is inevitable, and a high church with a tall steeple is more in the way of the wind than a less ambitious building. and also more exposed to lightning, and providence is neither a wind-break nor a lightning rod. Addiseased heart is just as liable to cease its beating during a prayer as at any other time.

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!" com-

manded the nurse.

"I don't want to," replied the child. "Yer don't. Den I'se 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 mabbee carry yer off to the hot place. Nothin' could suit him better. He cotched a little girl just 'tother day, and no body has heard of her sense." The child covered her head with the cover-

let, scarcely daring to breathe; she was so still the nurse thought her asleep. Her wakeful-ness presaged a fever, which was heightened by her fright, and the morning found her deoy ner Iright, and the morning found her de-lirious, and rapidly the end approached, and in a paroxysm of fear, calling on her father and mother to keep her, she died. A glory came to her pale face, with the sweetness of a flower, and in tears they mourned her loss.

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. If they did not believe and act as the priest commanded, they were threatened with the commanded, they were threatened with the devil, a monster roaming up and down the earth, seeking whom he might devour, and a hell of molten fire, wherein, if sinful, they would burn forever and ever. They were frightened into a delirious fever, the symp-toms of which began to appear in the times of Constantine, and gave little indication of breaking until the latter day of the seven-tanth century. The fever from this devilteenth century. The fever from this devil-scare lasted fifteen hundred years, during which long period humanity, tortured by de-lirious dreams, cried for the pure waters of truth, and received therefor the narcotizing draughts of history.

REMARKABLE DREAMS.

The Strangest on Record-A Tinker's Troubles-Lord Lyttleton's Dream.

Among the most remarkable dreams on re cord the following will always have their

places: Breakfasting with some ladies on Wednes-day, Nov. 25, 1779, at his house on Hill street, London, Thomas, Lord Lyttleton, 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 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. He was then well, and, as he laughingly said, did not look like a man so near death. On the Saturday, also, he told the same ladies that he felt perfectly well, and believed he should "bilk the ghost."

Some hours afterward he went with Mr. Fortescue and Captain Wolsely to Pitt place, For source and Captain worsery to ritt piace, Epson, ate for supper an egg, went cheerful-ly and talkatively to bed, hoped he should have good rolls for breakfast, and suddenly expired while Stuckey, his servant, was as-sisting him to remove his under waistcoat. This story has been told in various ways. The above account is that given by Lord Westcote, Lord Lyttleton's uncle.

John Aubrey tells that a poor cloth work-er's wife living in Gilford, named Abbot, dreamed that if she would eat a jack her son. who was about to be born, would grow up and who was about to be born, would grow up and become atgreat man. Early next morning she went to the river for water and caught in her pail a fine jack, which she cooked and ate —all or nearly all. The child was born, grew up, became a scholar in the town, and finally became Archbishop of Canterbury—of course, through his mother eating the fish, or so thought John Anbrew F. R. S. thought John Aubrey F. R. S.

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. The story of it runs as follows:

of it runs as follows: About three hundred or more years ago the above named ancient town in Norfolk, re-markable of old for its healthiness and beau-ty, had among its inhabitants an industri-ous, hard-working tinker named John Chap-man, traditionally said to have been the be-neficent builder of the north aisle of Swaffham Church. Cartain it is that in that north aisle Church. Certain it is that in that north aisle there are various devices of a peddler and his dog and of a shop-keeper or Chapman, which seems like a rebus upon the traditional name,

seems like a rebus upon the traditional name, a species of conceit prevalent in ancient times. Certain, also, is it that in 1462 the name of one of the church wardens was Chap-man, and that in each of the original win-dows of this aisle was a painting of the tink-er, his wife, and three children. One night the tinker dreamed that if he went to Loudon and stood on London Bridge

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. Dearly invested by this drawn he weary wanderings over initiand date in search of work. Deeply impressed by this dream, he spoke of it in the morning to his wife so seri-ously and with such an evident belief in it that she both scolded and laughed at what she called his folly. Strangely enough, as the tinker thought, the dream, which had haunted his mind all day, was repeated on the next

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 exist-ence 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.

Day.

great the array of reasons supporting science

But your correspondent above named does not carry his ideas far enough. He only

speaks of "large foundry works, great facto-ries, etc." What is to be done with the small

ones? I ask; and where is the line to be drawn

ones? I ask; and where is the fine to be drawn between what is a large and what is a small industrial establishment? Supposing the large ones were "controlled by the people,"

but the small ones not, how great, I want to know, must the increase of the small ones be

ought to apply to every size of industrial es-

by individuals, but by the nation, which is

neither more nor less than communism. 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 com-

munism, pure and simple. Is he prepared to

I am. Not that I am able to see any thing

fascinating or lovely in the idea, but I cannot help myself. Seeing the incredible mischief

worked by the accumulated means of labor,

accept that conclusion?

may be.

the globe.

tablishment.

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 in-habit the vast Indian Empire, but familiar even to European ears. Many of us saw him during his stay in England in 1870, listened to him, admired and loved him, and not a few to him, admired and loved him, and hot a tot have ever since remained united with him by the bonds of a real friendship. If we look around for true greatness, not only in En-gland or Europe, but in the whole civilized world, and if we try to measure such greatness, not by mere success or popularity, but honestly, and, so to say, historically, taking into account the character of the work done the "Labor Question." Whether the expres-sion of "Labor Versus Capital" and vice versa, and similar ones, are scientifically sound or contradictory to the principles of economic theories, does not matter much. I think the main issue is being given by facts, independ-eut of science, by the undeniable existence of strikes on the labor side, and forcible re-ductions of wages on the capitalist side. Be these phenomena of the labor-market ever so illogical, they are stubborn facts, and the and the spirit in which it was done, few, I believe, would deny that it was given to Keshub Chunder Sen to perform one of the greatest works in our generation, and that he perform-ed it nobly and well. Like all great men, he had warm friends and bitter enemies. He himself was proud of both, and though fully aware of the greatness of the work commit-ted to him, and quite conscious of his own worth and dignity, he far more frequently protested against exaggerated praise than against unmerited blame. illogical, they are stubborn facts, and the "logic of facts" is sure in the end to carry the day against any scientific logic, however

against unmerited blame. 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-In-dian education at Calcutta, and, with an hon-est mind like his, such an education sufficed to make a belief in the popular religion of his friends and countrymen impossible to him. He soon broke with idolatry and caste; but, his mind being deeply religious, he sought help and light from the friends and followers of Rammohun Rov. Rammohun Rov was the may be. Now, I was very glad that your correspond-ent, J. H. White, in your issue of Feb. 16th, tried to grapple with facts as they really are. His idea that "railroads, telegraphs and great factories of all kinds should be controlled by the people," I entirely agree with, believing, as he does, that such a system would greatly advance human well-being and, in time, in-augurate the reign of peace and plenty all over the globe. of Rammohun Roy. Rammohun Roy was the representative of that great religious reform which was the natural result of the contact between Christianity, Hinduism, and Mahom-etanism in India. As men of education and etanism in india. As men of editation and refinement, Rammohun Roy and his friends shrank almost instinctively from all that was grossly idolatrous in the religious system by which they found themselves surrounded, and they had the courage to renounce openly all that was simply repulsive in the religion of their countrymen. But beyond that he and know, must the increase of the small ones be until they, too, musb be controlled by the people? Or, if the principle of "control by the people" be correct, I maintain that it is an error to distinguish between great and small establishments, and that the principle his immediate followers declined to go. Much as they admired Christianity, they would not embrace a religion that came to them as the religion of foreigners, and presented itself to their eyes in the lives of their new conquerors and rulers as not always superior to their own code of religion and morality. They In other words, control by the people, if correct any where, must apply to all the means by which industry and commerce are were satisfied with a reform of their own national religion, and in order to carry that through, they boldly took their stand on their own old sacred books, the Vedas. For them they claimed, and for a time claimed success-fully, the same revealed character which the missionaries claimed for the Old Testament means by which industry and commerce are kept going, or, as the socialists express it, private property in the means of labor must cease, must give place to rational proprietor-ship, which is only another word for the "con-trol by the people." Henry George demands that the land should be the common proper-ty of all men. The Socialists say, not only land, but capital as well, must not be owned by individuals but by the nation, which is and the New.

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. It was chiefly supported, so far as its material wants were concerned, by Dvarkanath Tagore, who, like Rammohun Roy, died in England, and lies burled in Kensal Green. More important support however, sal Green. More important support however, came to the Brahma-Somaj from the son of Dvarkanath Tagore, Debendranath Tagore (born in 1818). He, being a young man of great wealth, suddenly, at the age of twenty, perceived the vanity of all earthly pleasures, and devoted the rest of his life to a search in-to his own being, and its relation to the Di-vine. He became the founder of the Tattvab-odhni Sabha, the Truth-teaching Society, and became a member, and soon the recognized pecame a member, and sou leader, of the Brahma-Somaj. It was through his influence chiefly that the members of the New Church surrendered their belief in the revealed character of the Vedas. This was an enormous step in advance. The Brahma-Somaj then found itself a church without a Bible, and Debendranath Tagore, having noth-ing now between himself and his God, felt himself inspired with new life, full of new hopes and higher aspirations. Young men gathered round him, and among them the most eminent was Keshub Chunder Sen. He soon became the intimate friend of Debendranath Tagore, who, being fond of solitude and retirement, left the management of the society and of its journal to Keshub Chunder Sen and his young companions. The young wine, however, proved too strong for the old bottles. Keshub Chunder Sen became more and more intolerant of all that partook of the old leaven, and at last even his old friend Debendranath Tagore, had to break with his over-zealous pupil. The conservative members of the Brahma-Somaj were willing to give up all that was idolatrous and pernicions, but they would not surrender all their national customs. In spite of many efforts at reconciliation, the break came in 1866. Keshub Chunder Sen became the head of the new society, called the Brahma-Somaj of India, while the Debendranath Tagore remained the leader of what was now called the Adi-Bra-mah-Somaj-namely, the First Bramah-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. They built a new prayer hall, and their vigorous leader, by his marvelous eloquence, not only in Bengali but in English, won thousands of hearts for his cause. New journals were started, new schools opened, and great efforts made to raise the women of India so as to make them fit fellow-laborers in the cause of religious and social reform. Lastly, in 1870, came Keshub Chunder Sen's triumphant journey to England, where he won the respect and love of hundreds and thousands from the highest to the lowest. His success was extraordinary; his speeches, as outbursts of religious fervor, were quite as extraordinary as those of Kossuth's as specimens of political eloquence. What is called a new schism has taken place, and a more advanced society has been formed, called the Sadharan Somaj, or the Catholic Somaj. At present these three Somajes are naturally opposed to each other, but to my mind they seem only branches of one vigor ous tree-the tree that was planted by Rammohun Roy. In different ways they all serve the same purpose, and tend to realize the dream of a new religion for India and for the whole world, a religion freed from the corruptions of the past, call them idolatry or caste or verbal inspiration or priestcraft, and founded on a belief in one God, the same in the Vedas, the same in the Old, the same in the New Testament, the same in the Koran, the same also in the hearts of those who have no longer any Vedas between themselves and their God.

ÅPRIL 19, 1884.

Wor the Helirio Philosophical Journal. Anthood versus Manhood.

BY DR. C. D. GRIMES.

The lecture of Charles Dawbarn in the JOURNAL of Feb. 16th contains more thoughtgerms than we often see in one lecture. The tey-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; such as: 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 anthood? Notwithstanding it is onlie impossible for man in his present status to fathom 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 Marigolä closes its flowers on the approach of rain, at the time when the spider refuses to spread its net for game, and while the hen 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 Linnæus arranged his floral time-piece, with flowers that would only bloom at a given hour of the day, thus affording one for each hour un-til 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 10,-000 years, or more, and then come out alive and kicking. The cow rejects 218 plants and vegetables, the goat 126, sheep 141, and the horse.212, as unit for their organisms, while man will kill himself with adulterated tobacco and forty-rod whisky, and sell his broth-er 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 con-

It is difficult to name any invention or con-struction 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 are supported 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, hanl 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 culti-

vation of cereals and their preservation, of herding, dairying, and tunneling, as well as modes of warfare; of punishing cowards, rethe order of march. grades of otheers and warding 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. 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, automatons 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 phe-nomena-a world of spiritual energies, in search of the nature and source of existence, to the very fountains of spirituality.

The Producers of Wealth-Danger of the To the Editor of the Beligio-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." Whether the expres-

"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. In reading these books the Spiritualist is at a loss to know why the facts and philosophy which he accepts are passed by for these dreams, wherein the truth is warped and distorted by dogmatic religious prejudices, until scarcely discernible! Is it because in this guise the fundamental ideas of Spiritualism can be accepted without open acknowledgment? There is a daintiness of language in the "Little Pilgrim," exceedingly charming, and the supernal scenes are drawn with wonderful truthfulness. "Beyond the Gates" is only an imitation, and at times the ridiculous and sublime are brought close together. Instead of closing the book, as one does the former, with the feeling that it may be all true, and that it is blessed, if true, there comes disappointment, if not disgust. The author demolishes her cloud-castle. It is only fever-wrought fancies 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, and to the weary mourner seeking for a staff on which to lean in the hour of affliction, nothing can be more unsubstantial or unsatisfying. The asseverations that the author had written the book before seeing "The Little Pilgrim," to the critic will need a large amount of collateral evidence. It is clearly the outgrowth of that work, every way inferior, and having the effect of destroying any light and comfort one may gain from its pe-

THE NEW CREED.

The orthodox Congregationalists have, under the pressure of growing humanity, re-vised 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, which will rapidly carry the com-promisers forward to still more advanced grounds. That it has good qualities, is indi-cated by Joseph Cook not liking it. He snorts like a war horse, because it allows of "second probation." If he does not repent and ask forgiveness for his shameless misrepresentation of Zöllner, he may be glad to have a "second probation " after death!

The New Creed surrenders the black cita-del of "election," which the sect has defend-ed with heroic efforts. With that go the horrid doctrines of "infant damnation," "total depravity," and the " atonement," and the "Trinity" and the " Bible " are left in an uncertain, nebulous state, to be made much or little of, so as not to hamper any one. " The world do move."

JUDGE NOT.

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 ours, no one can enter or com-bend this much as applied to our own sphere, but fail in applying it to that of others. To make the application broad as human life, is about a submit of the second seco charity, and warms our hearts with love.

his neighbors, the tinker set out to travel all he reached the end of his journey, slept at an inn, and, early in the morning, stationed himself on London Bridge at a spot which he re-membered was that pointed out to him in his dream. And there he remained all day, eyed curiously by the passers by and suspiciously by the shopkeepers who lived on the bridge and by the keepers of its gates, which closed at a certain regular hour to guard the city from evil characters, on which the Bankside and other parts of Southwark had a larger share than was good for its reputation. Nothing was, however, said to him that appeared to be in any way connected with his dream.

THE SECOND AND THIRD DAY. The experiment was repeated on the second day with no other result than that of intenday with no other result than that of inten sifying the curiosity and suspicion which he had provoked on the first day. But after he had passed a third day on the bridge, and the evening gloom, which warned him of the closing gates, was again upon him, one of the shop-keepers, who had eyed him wonderingly on each previous occasion, ventured to ask him what possible reason he could have for standing there every day and all day long. The tinker confessed that he had been in-The tinker contessed that he had been in duced to make a fool of himself by a very singular dream. The stranger laughed at him heartily. "If I had been as credulous as you are," said he, "I should just be on such another fool's errand; for three nights this week I dreamed the same dream, and in it I was told to go to a place called Swaffham, which I find is ninety odd miles away. I thought in my dream that under an apple tree in an orchard on the north side of town I was told to dig, and that there I should dis-cover a box full of money."

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. et out early the next morning for home. One of the first things he did on reaching it was to visit the orchard indicated by the stranger's dream. He recognized it at once by cer-tain peculiarities of the tree he had asked the London dreamer to describe, and, digging under it, soon laid bare the top of an iron box. To unearth this and convey it to his house unobserved was his next task, and, this accomplished, it was opened and found o be full of money. Imagine his triumphand

delight! On the outside of the box were some words, which, being unable to read, he did not know the meaning of. Afraid to make his secret known or arouse the suspicion, which might lead to unpleasant circumstances, he hit upon a plan for find-ing out what the words said. This was to place the box at the door of the grammar school, so that its inscription might be read by the boys as they came out and while he stood by, as if by accident. The boys soon gathered round the box, and one, scraping the dirt and rust from the inscription, read, doubtless among much laughter, the appar ent meaningless lines:

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.

the tools producing wealth being held as pri-vate property by the few, I am logically bound to accept the opposite principle, of land and the entreaties of his wife, and the ridicule of | capital being made the common property o all, as the only means to retrieve the mass of the way afoot. The distance of not less than ninety miles. At the close of the third day he reached the end of his journey, slept at an now wallowing. That is why I wish "God speed" to the idea of "control by the peo-

Read John Swinton's paper. That will give you clear ideas upon every subject of reform A. H. H. and progress. Chicago, March, 1884.

Anniversary Exercises at Grand Rapids, Mich.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The occasion was pleasant and profitable. The exercises were varied, and the talent at hand used to the best advantage. Saturday was devoted to business, resolutions, conference, etc. Saturday evening a fine audience greeted us. Mrs. Rich recited an original poem, "Only a girl," which I would like to see in the JOURNAL. It was spicy, sarcastic, and rich in sentiment. Mrs. Denslow sang original pieces with good effect. Indeed, every song was a sermon, and impressively rendered. Her voice is very clear and quite magnetic. The effect was excellent, and all who heard her must have been made better, as the finer feelings were touched. She blends sense. sentiment and music with inspiring emotion, and who could feel sensual or cruel while under the impress of such spirituality? Mrs. Graves, a veteran in the cause, widely known and appreciated in Michigan, gave out her earnest thought and positive magnetism, and was a tonic to those who faint by the way. Many were disappointed at not seeing Bro. A. B. Spinney with us, but we had talent enough to make it a success.

Sunday was a lovely day, and the meetings were largely attended, nearly filling Science Hall in the evening. Intense interest was manifested. There was a goodly number from a distance, and all seemed to feel well paid for coming. Mrs. Rich gave a short poem from her own experience, tender and touch-ing. Sentiments that reach the heart often accomplish more than the deepest logic or most learned discourses. The feelings that are awakened and the sphere of sweet sym-pathy and spiritual presence that falls into the heart from the lives thus enriched and attuned, bear fruit for the "Healing of the nations.

The Gospel Temperance meeting under the auspices of the Good Templars, was held, as usual, at 4 P. M. Mrs. Graves made some acceptable remarks, criticising the law that licenses men to commit crime for a fee (a la incenses men to commit crime for a fee (a la "indulgences" from the Pope), and the Gos-pel Temperance people railied around her with cordial greetings and congratulations. These Temperance meetings in Science Hall are largely attended, and are doing good work. The mediums' meeting at 3:30 P. M., called out "experiences" and testimonies as usual.

The society seem well pleased with the way the 36th suniversary was celebrated here and the outlook is bright for the coming year. Walter Howell is to speak here this month, April, and Nellie J. T. Brigham in May. Bro. Tompkins, President, seems quite satisfied and sanguine of the success of the society; he is devoted to it, and is sustained in his efforts by his good wife, who, though silent, may do as much as he. The JOURNAL was introduced and commended, as it ought to be every where by all who have the cause of Spiritualism at heart. The Bonner and other papers were also noticed. LYMAN C. HOWE. also noticed.

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

"The soul has no pocket."

Sturgis, Mich.

Dr. Bjornstrom, superintendent of a lunaic asylum at Stockholm, introduced a printing press and some type into the establish-ment 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 Congrega-lonalists 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 fleshly ear or eye can recognize; No curiosity can compass or surprise, The secret of that intercourse divine Which God permits, ordains, across the line, The changeless line which bars Our earth from other stars.

But they do come and go continually, Our bleesed angels, no less ours than his; The blessed angels whom we think we miss; Whose empty graves we weep to name or see, And vainly watch, as once in Galilee One, weeping, watched in vain, Where her lost Christ had lain.

Whenever in some bitter grief we find, All unawares, a deep, mysterious sense Of hidden comfort come, we know not whence When suddenly we see, where we were blind; Where we had struggled, are content, resigned; Are strong where we were weak-And no more strive or seek-

Then we may know that from the far, glad skies, To note our need, the watchful God has bent, And for our instant help has called and sent, Of all our loving angels, the most wise And tender one, to point to us where lies The path that will be best, The path of peace and rest. -Anon.

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 1853. 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. She is the author of the best book on Ceramics published in this country.

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, and she does much writing, guiding her hand by the sense of feeling only. She spends her time in writing to members of Congress regarding the condition of the Piute Indians, having become much interest-ed in the story of their wrongs through "Bright Eyes." Miss Peabody first introduc-ed the kindergarten system into this country.

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 com-plete success. It is a practical recognition of a woman's abilities and claims, without approaching the issue of co-education. Pres-ident Nott was the first to introduce a liberal spirit into the management of the Union.

*

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. Her first husband ridiculed and opposed her tastes; poverty and the care of children obtruded many

following question: "What are the results of the admission of women upon the studies, the discipline, and upon the conduct of the other students?" There has been complete unanimity in the verdict that their admis-sion has occasioned no inconvenience whatever, and several have declared that it has had a favorable influence, thus confirming the facts observed in England and America.

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 Oc-tavia 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 philan-throphy. It is well known that dwellings for workingmen can be provided so as to give them a clean, comfortable home at a very moderate price, and yet return a fair income on the capital invested. But the process of providing these does little or nothing to improve the condition of the inhabitants of the rookeries which make up so large a part of the slums of a great city. What Miss Hill undertook was to elevate and improve this wretched class in the very rookeries in which they dwelt—to force them to become clean, orderly and thrifty. She accordingly took three of the worst courts in London, the inhabitants of which were only one remove above vagrants and paupers. The houses were vile and the place from cellar to roof was alive with wretched, filthy human beings On this unpromising material Miss Hill went to work, on principles the exact opposite of those which fashionable charity generally inculcates. The first thing she did was to collect the rent. The rent of places of this sort is always in arrears, and is collected with great difficulty. But Miss Hill constitu-ted herself the landlord of these unfortunate people by the purchase of the houses, and then went to work to purify and improve the place through the purification and improvement of the lives of the inhabitants. Those who paid their rent regularly were treated with kindness, and given work to do in the care of buildings, etc.; those who earned no money, and were eating the bread of idleness, she for itself, and Miss Hill was enabled to pull

turned into the street. The experiment paid down the old rookeries and put up the new St. Christopher's building instead, which now 'profitably houses as many happy people who pay no more than in the old slums.'" Prof. Felix Adler is beginning a movement

in New York, somewhat similar. He proposes to build a model tenement house, in order to prepare the way for others, and is accordingly raising the money through appeals to phi-lanthropic people. Already the \$40,000 need-ed are nearly subscribed. This is good work, but is it the best?

BRIGHT WOMEN.

The above is the heading of the Buffalo Courier in describing the mid-year confer-ence of the Association for the Advancement of women, which was held in that city during the latter days of March. The object of the conference was to arrange the topics and papers for the twelfth annual congress of the association to be held in October, and to decide upon the city where the congress shall convene.

"The members of the conference were called to order by the president of the association, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe of Boston. Miss Ella C. Lapham of Fredonia, secretary of the association, being at her post. Nineteen officers and directors of the association responded to the roll-call. Among other busines . was the report of the committee on topics and papers. The following comprise the list of the former:

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

-Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine for April.

Niceties.

When one considers the perfunctory 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. When, in the Bank of England, I see a wondrously delicate machine for testing sovereigns—a shrewd, implacable little steel Rhadamanthus that, once the coins are delivered up to it, lifts and balances each in turn for the fraction of an instant, finds it wanting or sufficient, and dismisses it to the right or left with rigorous justice; when I am told of micrometers and thermopiles and tasimeters which deal physically with the in-visible, the impalpable, and the unimaginable; of cunning wires and wheels and point-ing needles which will register your and my quickness so as to exclude flattering opinion; of a machine for drawing the right conclu-sion, which will doubtless by-and-by be improved into an automaton for finding true premises; of a microphone which detects the cadence of the fly's foot on the ceiling, and may be expected presently to discriminate the noises of our various follies as they so liloquize or converse in our brains-my mind seeming too small for these things. I get a little out of it, like an unfortunate savage too suddenly brought face to face with civiliza-

How to rear and manage poultry.

H. H. Stoddard,

tion, and I exclaim: "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 approximativeness and self-defeating inaccuracy?"-George Eliot.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

DORE GALLERY OF BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS and Stories. Including 52 carbons, and a portrait of Doré. New and finer edition, large quarto, fine cloth, richly ornamented. Price reduced from \$5,00 to \$2.00. New York: John B. Alden. The unrivaled carbons of the most widely famous artist of modern times; the most graphic illustrations of the sublime events and truths of the Bible, ever drawn by an artist? a noreil

drawn by an artist's pencil. The battles of *The Literary Revolution* have been

lought principally in the interests of choice literature for the masses. It is proposed to win also for them the best works of the great masters illustrating literature.

HEALTH BY EXERCISE. By George H. Taylor, M. D. New York: John B. Alden. Large 12mo., 462 pages, with numerous illustrations. Cloth, 50 cents.

A new, enlarged edition of this greatest authority on the topics treated. A book for both healthy peo-ple and invalids--adapted to home use as well as for the skillful physician. What specific exercise Is appropriate for specific ailments, how to prevent and cure disease, are the practical questions solved.

Books Received.

NINETEEN BEAUTIFUL YEARS; Sketches of a Girl's Life. By Frances E. Willard, New York: Harper Bros.

ARE THE ALLEGED PHENOMENA OF MODERN Spiritualism Worthy of Serious Investigation? A Paper read by John A. Wills, before the Fortnightly Society of Washington, Penn.



WARNER BROTHERS

cares But sue nat unwavering health, and a quiet perseverance which are the best elements in the battle of life. Shedid not labor for fame, but for love of science, but it was just that fame should come as a reward. Her Physical Geography won commendation from the front rank of cientists, and her summary of Laplace's Me-

inique Celeste, and her book on the Connecon of the Physical Sciences, were equally deserving. If the words science and woman were disconnected in the eyes of the world before that time, Mary Somerville served to unite them, and Caroline Herschel still fur-ther assisted in the union. As a character, Mrs. Somerville was delightful. Calm, well poised, cheerful, concentrated on whatever she had in hand, a loving mother, a devoted wife, a beautiful woman, she made a fresh and sunny picture in the history of the women of England. As old age approached, she continued serene and intellectual, even long beyond the years commonly allotted to man. "The blue-peter has long been flying at my foremast, and now I am in my ninety-second year, I must soon expect the signal for sailing," were her words, when she was still pursuing scientific studies and revising some of her own works.

The Tribune gives a resume of the statistics of President Warren of the Boston University, regarding university education for women. Only Germany, Austria and Spain are retrograding in Continental Europe. In Portugal the doors will soon be open to women. "Even in Russia there is something of progress. 'In all the other countries of occidental Europe women are admitted to the university and examination.' In Italy wo-men are in attendance at Turin, Pavia, Padua, Bologna and Rome. In the Swiss universities, fifty-two were in attendance at Geneva, thirty-six at Berne, and twenty at Zurich. In Paris the Faculty of Science and Letters has already promoted one hundred and thir-teen to degrees and special diplomas; the Faculty of Medicine has conferred twentytwo diplomas and has at present fifty other etudiantes under instruction. The zeal of the Republic in establishing new secondary schools for girls will in a short time greatly increase the number prepared for university studies. In the University of Copenhagen, six women were admitted last year. At Up-sala, one was promoted to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, the first in the history of that kingdom. 'The brilliant manner in which this girl of twenty years sustained the discussion of her thesis, excited great admi-ration. The session was closed with an allocution by the rector, who set forth the high importance of the occasion for the civilization of Sweden and for the future of woman in that country.' In Holland, the status of the universities was as follows: Amsterdam, men 539, women 18 ; Groningen, men 347, women 11; Leyden, men 485, women 4; Utrecht, men 450, women 7. The University of Ley-den admitted women last year for the first time. In the Belgium universities the num-ber of young women attending upon the instruction is rapidly increasing. The University of Ghent admitted both sexes last year for the first time. The universities of Brussels and Liege have been open to women but a year longer, and at the latter of these the attendance of young women the current year is three times as great, lacking one, as last year. M. Trasensler, rector of the University of Liege, from whom these notes are derived. says: "I have submitted to the authorities of the universities open to young women, the

"Education and training of Indian women. "Reform in Journalism."

"How to broaden society women, including advice to young women.

- "Our kitchen interests.
- "The utility of science.
- "Merits of women as educators.
- "Reformatory prison work for women.

"The meteorological and astronomical phenomena of the last few years. "Temperance training of the young.

- "Specialism in education.
- "Business world of to-day.
- A study of Hegel.

"Preventive work for children as relates to their incarceration in asylums, etc.

"Social forces, or the associated home or social influence of women.

"The Bramo-Somaj movement and its relation to the State."

The next full meeting will be held at In-dianapolis 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, under the auspices of Sorosis, and with Mrs. C. B. Wilbour as President, in New York City, October, 1873.

Some Quaint Epitaphs.

The oldest stone in this place is that of Jo-seph 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. Some are biographies on a small scale. James Minot, who died in 1735, a doctor, who also preached, and was justice of the peace, is described on his stone as "An excelling grammarian, enriched with ye gift of prayer and preaching, a commanding officer, a physician of great value, a great lover of peace as well as of justice, and, which was his greatest glory, a gen-tleman of distinguished virtue and goodness, happy in a virtuous posterity, and living re-ligiously, died comfortably." One person is described as of "Serious piety and abounding charity," and of a child, aged 11, it was said that "She was very excellent for reading and soberness." One epitaph says of a woman, modestly: "Her exemplary life was better known to her friends than can be described on this monument." Those were days when the family circle was not a small handful, and when a man, to be old, must live more than sixty years. Of a deacon, father of Col. John Buttrick, commander in the battle at Concord bridge, it is recorded on his stone, that he was 'followed to his grave by his aged widow and thirteen well instructed children." An old gentleman, dying at the age of 91, "was considered by survivors as coming to ye grave in a full age, as a shock of corn cometh in. in his season." There was a disposition shown in other days to remind the visitors to the graveyard of what was inevitably before them. The reminders were very plain and direct:

Death is a debt to nature due, Which I have paid, and so must you.

This also appears:

Behold! ye youth, as ye pass by, As ye are now, so once was I; As I am now, you soon must be; Prepare for death and follow me. This appears several times.somewhat varied: Retire, my friends, dry up your tears, Here I must lie till Christ appears.

SHAKER SERMONS: Scripto-Rational. Shaker Theology, together with Replies and Criticisms Logically and Clearly set forth. By Bishop H. L. Eads.

HEALTH BY EXERCISE, Showing what Exercises to Take. By George H. Taylor, M. D. New York: John B. Alden.

THE DORE GALLERY OF BIBLE STORIES. By Josephine Pollard. New York: John B. Alden. THE WIFE OF MONTE-CRISTO. Being the continuation of Alexander Dumas's celebrated Novel

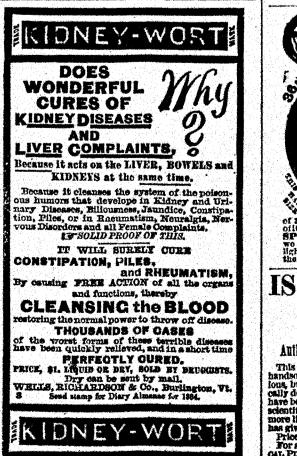
of The Count of Monte-Cristo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Price, paper cover, 75 cents.

Magazines for April not before Mentioned.

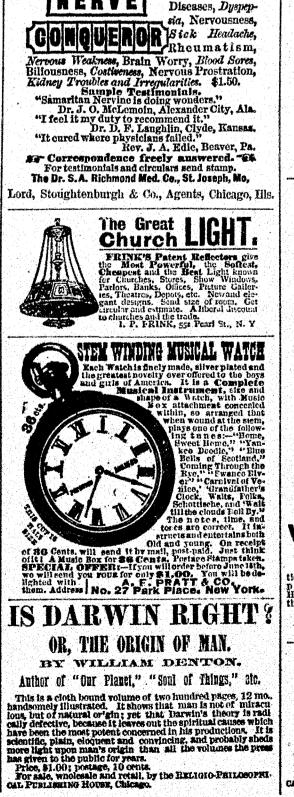
THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (Mac Millan & Co., New York.) Contents: The Lizard Lights by Night; Changes at Charing Cross; An Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall; The Belfry of Bruges; A Herald of Spring; Paul Vargas; Bygones; How I became a War Correspondent; The Armorer's Prentices.

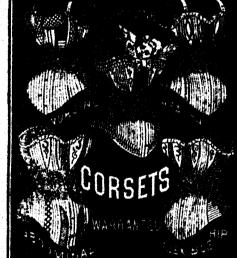
THE ART UNION. (The American Art Union. New York.) Contents: Some Illustrations; The Coming Academy Exhibition; Frauds in Art; Art in Princeton College; The Old Art Union; Communications; Editorials, Etc. This number contains several fine illustrations by well known artists and will be found to be interesting 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 Scance with Mr. Eglinton; Cremation; "Interferenc-es with the Known Laws of Nature;" On the Attitude of Men of Science towards Spiritualism; My Guardian Angel; Editorial Notes.



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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 th liting at Mrs. Jencken's, which you kindly published i Sufficient of the space, because it raises a question in which all statistics are specified as a sufficient of the space of the sufficient in the space of the specified as a sufficient of the space of the sufficient of the space of the specified of the space of the sufficient of the space of the specified of the space of the sufficient of the space of the specified of the space of the space of the sufficient of the space of the specified of the space of th

With the space, because it raises a question in which an Spiritualists are interested. No test conditions were applied, and I should be glad if no test conditions were ever applied, for this reason: suspicion, fear of fraud, antagonism of any description, make a sphere wherein suspicious, fraudulent and dis-intermiting evidences in proceeding when the new thing we are trying to avoid; we put into the keeping of these undeveloped ones the weapons they wish to use, and shut cut 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 passiv patience, purity of thought and motive, and above all things, a sympathetic kindliness for every member of the circle, and for the medium especially. Unless the spirits of those in the fiesh are knit together in the bond of a common brotherhood, it is impossible for the un-seen workers to form a connected sphere, and so long as the chain links are separated, the highest uses of Spir-itualism cannot be made apparent. When we learn that old, old sentence, "Love one an-other," no loophole will remain by which tricking spir-its can enter, and our mediums will no longer be the helpless victims which they now often become. Are there any do are so therity scaled, any hands so se-Are there any do rs so tightly scaled, any hands so se curely tied, as to shut out the presence of a cold-blooded marderer, who has been hurled into eternity before his time, stepping from a scaffold into the unseen world with a heart full of revenge? If we search every crevice, can we thus exorcise so aggressive a presence? We do and realize that we are in far more danger from such spirits than from a helplessly controlled medium, and that the only test condition which will exclude these un fortunate ones, until such time as they are ready to re pent, is a pure atmosphere in whose rarefied essence they coment because they canno it breathe I fear that even in this age of the world our treatmen of mediums is almost barbarous; I say "our" because was guile as thoughtless as others before I came to real has a spiritu ize the harm i was doing. Every man has a spiritu body, and that body has eyes and ears; when he is su ficiently developed those eyes and ears will be open and he will become clairyorant and clairaudient. Unt that time comes he is forced to hear and see throug the spiritual eyes and ears of sensitives, thereby forch the spiritual eyes and ears of sensitives, thereby forcing a strain of work upon them, a strain so great that some of these martyrs fail, losing their equilibrium in various ways; and then we look upon them with pity, patroniz-ing pity. I am afraid it is, sometimes. Many forget that it is they themselves who are blind and deaf, and not the sensitive. It may be that they cannot help their infirmities, but at any rate they can surround the one from whom they seek light with an atmosphere of trust and kindness, so that the task shall be made as easy as possible. If a medium have no means of support, money and kindless, so that the task shah be made as easy at possible. If a medium have no means of support, money is due for time given, but we must not imagine that we have canceled our debt by a piece of gold. We canno repay the one who has convinced us of immortality, at we do our butcher and baker, with a binknote. 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 as yet have no conception of the future of Spiritualism, and that if we in the flesh will aid, instead of hindering, our Link if we in the next will add, instead of hindering, our spirit friends, the most skeptical must 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 so loud as to attract the attention of the passers ... Yours dimension the passers. -- Yours sincerely,

bound to respect, and the lack of such respect, growing out of ignorance and prejudice, often prevents success in scances, 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 houest spirits do respectrights 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 or 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 rarefled essence they cannot breathe," must exclude their unwholesome presence, but that atmosphere is purest where love and wisdom join in fair test conditions, which help honest

spirits and honest mediums. The experiments of Zöllner with Henry Slade will illustrate this. At his own house in Leipsic, with his own selected implements and furniture, this eminent scientist with critical care and delicate yet thorough test conditions, held their scances 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 scances; 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 lamentthat they could not be exposed and pun ished."

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 jurors, 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 terrrible 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 not justice to the laboring man. Therefore, we are striving to bring about what may fairly be called 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

"As to that, history teaches us that the privilegeo classes have never given up their privileges without a struggle which involved violence. It is more than prob-able that the revolution we are working for will also in-volve 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 rlots show that the people are chafing under the vicious government of their polit ical and capitalistic rulers. The recent trouble at Cin-cinnati will awaken thought and action throughout the ical and capitalistic rulers. The recent trouble at Cin-chinati 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 some-body ahead."

True, the Socialist Labor Party held a large meeting in New York on the 5th. and repudiated all sympathy with mob law. But, lef 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 flerce 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 fail 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.

Power of Minorities.

Trained as Americans have been, majori ties 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 undoubt ed 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 allonly 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 searned, hecause "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 work with the speed of 1,000,000 revolutions attack Spiritualism do so chiefly because

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 ; Oueen City Park, Aug. 17th, 19th, 20th and 22nd. Date at Sunapee not fixed. He is open to engagements, Sundays, May 11th, June Sth, 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 ner minute. The product of this labor 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 manufacbegging 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 cotemporary, 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 outburst 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.

Rosamond Dalle 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 kindliness 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.

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 he says that Preacher Campbell's prayer at the unveilng of the Albert statue in Aberdeen was too long. A scotch religious journal has investigated, and found hat it did not last more than five minutes. The "loyal Highlanders" would like to know what the Queen me 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

We are glad to hear that Mr. A. J. Davis has so far recovered his health, that he will Mediums have rights which all persons are | resume his Sunday lectures this month.

Joseph Schwemberger of Cincinnati, a medium for independent slate writing and spirit voices, spent a day last week in Chicago velopment of medial power, he was an active 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 truth of Spiritualism. This is a good result for only about one year's public work.

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 | turer's head is entirely turned. She is now 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 arrearages act passed, a second effort was made. While the 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 on a visit to friends. At the time of his de- found who was willing under the circumstances to become a bride and widow in quick member of the Catholic church, singing in | 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 Mr. S. has been the means of convincing death. This did not prevent the completion hundreds of his fellow religionists of the of the plot; the woman was hurriedly taken to the chamber where Robbins ay dead, and the horrible mockery of a marriage ceremony Light, London, Eng., March 29th, 1884.

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. wish him continued success. We are in full sympathy with the aim he has in view,---

Spiritual Anniversary in Orange Land.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Spiritualism flourishes in every clime, from the snow covered and ice-bound north to the land of perpetual summer in the sunny south. Here, among the palms and pines of Florida. it is at home, and likely to flourish till its influence shall be felt in every neighborhood and hamlet. On Sunday, the 30th day of March, the Spiritualists of Spirit Lake and vicinity commemorated the 36th Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, by fitting exercises, held at the residence of Mr. T. D. Giddings, five miles east of Orange City, Volusia Co., Fla. The meeting was organized with W.H. Caven, M. D., of Enterprise, as Chairman, and G. W. Webster, of Spirit Lake, Secretary. At a conference held in the forenoon remarks were made by G. P. Colby, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Giddings and G. W. Webster, all of Spirit Lake. After conference, a basket-picnic dinner, music and social converse, beguiled the time till two o'clock, when Geo. P. Colby, un-der control, delivered one of his interesting lectures, which are always full of food for thought and suggestions for the good of humanity. He referred to the great progress made by Spiritualism in thirty-six years. When commerce is established between two nations, the weaker is strengthened and built up by it; so in the spiritual commerce established between the two spheres of life, those on earth have received the greater benefit. This commerce was unsought by the people in earth-life; it came in the only way that would be likely to be comprehended, but the manner adopted to secure a mutual interchange of thought by calling the alphabet or otherwise, was largely the device of earth people. The benefit derived from this spiritual commerce is not confined to earth life. Those on the spirit side of life also share in its advantages. Many suppose that when the spirit is freed from its physical form, it has only to wish for knowledge and, presto! it comes at once without further effort, making progress sure and rapid. Such is not the case. The desire to know is not enough. The spirit is subject to its environments and cannot make progress without effort. It needs to learn many things, and must surmount dif-ficulties for itself. It unfolds gradually ac-cording to the universal law of growth, and finds it necessary to associate with earth life and unlearn much of error, at the same time that it receives new lessons with new meanings.

Spiritualism comes teaching the grand lesson of progress, of love, wisdom and justice. Greater evidences of spirit return are near at hand. It has a work to do in spiritualizing the people, and especially in spiritualizing and educating Spiritualists themselves, to keep them from growing into a state of inactivity. They should beware of depending fipon spirits too much, but rather learn to work out their own salvation. They will need all the knowledge and experience they can get in earth life, and if they do not im-prove their opportunities for learning and for usefulness, they will be obliged to come back and do the work they should have done in the body, and learn through contact with physical life. Spiritualism teaches that they are in every way responsible, not only for their awn acts, but also for the influence which they exert, or fail to exert, upon others by teaching or example. Spiritualism has enlarged heaven till it has room enough to hold every human soul. There is opportunity for the most ignorant and degraded, through the law of progress, for gradual unfoldment, that shall bring them through struggle and suf-fering to the highest joys of the wise and good. The religious phase of Spiritualism must appear before it can fully realize its

to,

tended. The evening exercises were opened with singing. Dr. Willis followed, reading an original poem by a lady whose name was not announced (understood to be the daughter of Dr. Willis). The Doctor gave a long and eloquent address, on the spiritualistic manifestations, the proofs of their genuine-ness, the important truths they taught. Recitations and singing, and a slate-writing se ance followed, the latter by Mr. Keeler, in which he claimed to have succeeded in obtaining a communication from the departed spirit of Gen. Joseph' Warren, the Revolutionary hero. The exercises closed with a spirit address by Mrs. Abbie Burnham.of Boston. Then followed a promanade concert and so-cial hop, for which Herrick's orchestra furnished excellent music, and the time passed quickly and pleasantly until the hour for departure arrived.

CURRENT ITEMS.

Dr. Hovey writes that Jesse Shepard is to pay Springfield, Mo., a visit.

Edward Noyes' little boys were "playing hang" at Sullivan, Me., and one of them was choked to death.

All Persians shave their heads from forehead to the back of the neck, leaving a long gray tuft dangling on each side over the ears.

A Japanese traveler says that certain classes of murders in that country are pun-ishable with the death of the murderer, all his family and his schoolmaster.

Shep Tucker, a noted Pennsylvania thief who during his life stole over four hundred horses and who knew the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Homer, and Byron by heart has just died.

A woman's achievements are to receive recognition in the May Popular Science Monthly; that magazine publishes in each issue a sketch and a portrait of some one who has attained eminence in science, and the subject of the next sketch is Mrs. Somerville.

A Bible printed in the Russian language was found in Castle Garden the other day, in which was a slip bearing a number of strange devices, such as knives, pistols, a cow's head, and a blood-red cross and heart. The owner is supposed to be a Socialist priest.

In theatres in Japan, holding all day, food and drink are brought the spectators. The use of a cloth, wet in hot water, with which to wash the face and hands after eating, is also sold. One cloth generally serves to scrub a hundred or more faces and hands.

The body of Paul C. V. Thilly, a prominent citizen of Cincinnati, arrived at Washington, Pa., April 12th, on the morning train, accompanied by two sons and a sister of the deceased. The corpse was taken to the Le Moyne Crematory, where its incineration was soon accomplished.

Some idea of the beer-drinking propensity some near of the beer-urinking propensity of the people in this country may be gather-ed from the following statistics: In New York City, 3,239,000 barrels were brewed in 1883; in Philadelphia, 1,033,000; in Milwaukee, 986,309; in St. Louis, 943,000; in Brooklyn, 836,000; in Chicago, 676,000.—Alpha.

Chickens are now hatched out by the aid of electricity. The nest or basket is filled with fine hay, upon which the eggs are laid. The cover is a thick layer of soft down attached to a round box containing coils of wire. These are heated by an electric current, whose temperature is regulated by a thermometer placed on the cover. When the heat becomes too great the rise of the mercury cuts the coils out of circuit and allows them to cool. All the attention required is to sprinkle and turn the eggs once a day. At the final meeting at Wandsworth (Eng.), Mr. Moody, with an ignorant sneer at science, said: "Christianity has dispelled more darkness in five minutes for man than all the modern philosophers could do in 500 years.' Then he asked, "What could the geologist tell us about the rock of ages?" Undoubtedly to the majority of his audience this onestion was apparently a good conundrum, which, like most good conundrums, was given up. But the humble student of geology, not being desirous of emulating the Christian example, begs to offer his opinion concerning the age and structure of that remarkable formation. The ancient Romans, whom we call heathens, celebrated the approach of spring by religious festivities. When the cheerful notes of the thrush, the cooing of the dove, the bright blossoms of the crocus and the pure white snowdrop, told that stern winter was passing away, and were a forecast of the future abundance and beauty of summer, they held feasts in honor of Pan, the allgiver, and Juno the beautiful. They rejoiced in the beneficence and stability of nature; they felt that God in the annual workings of Natural Providence was repeating the promise which he is said in Genesis to have given to Noah-"While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." An English gentleman with a faith in hard, unromantic statistics, has carefully studied the causes of pauperism among 254 cases sheltered by the workhouses of Manchester. Old age, he found, had brought thither nearly one-eighth; disease and accident one-seventh; idleness, free from drink or crime, not a case; drunkenness in men, one fourth; drunkenness in women, one-twentieth. The widows and children of drunkards numbered one-fifth of all paupers. And the cold proof from these facts is that the liquor fraffic breeds fifty-two per cent. of the pauperism of Manchester. Is it probable that similar investigation in this country would show any less activity in beer and whisky as producing agents? Who says that saloons add nothing to the country? Joseph Saulsbury, a ship-carpenter about sixty years of age, and a resident of Wheel-ing, W. Virginia, has not slept an hour at a time, nor more than ten hours in all, since January 1st. Otherwise he seems sound and healthy, and works every day at his trade. When these facts first became known his acquaintances doubted his statements, thinking that the matter was a dodge to gain notoriety. But when Joseph Saulsbury and his family persisted that such was the case, it was determined that two persons should watch with him every night after his work was done for five nights in succession. This was done, and it was found that he manifested no desire for sleep, spending the night reading and smoking, and going to his work in the morning apparently as fresh and invigorated as though he has just risen from a sound night's sleep. Since this test was made others have watched him closely, among them several physicians, who are at a loss to account for this remarkable phenomenon.

A postal card (so beautifully written that it looks almost like copper plate) by the hand of our old friend, Geo. White, of Washington, D. C., now in the eighty-seventh year of his age, is just received. We quote from it as follows: "I am sick with nervous prostration and unfit for business. I am reduced to the verge of the grave. Your course as editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, is approved by every honest inquirer after truth, and will succeed. Do with my MS. as you think for the best. This may be my last, and if truth is not sophistry and reason false, I am safe in my belief."

A mountebank by the name of Dr. Hiltz, is now exhibiting his stale tricks in Kansas, and with which he pretends to "expose" Spiritualism. Spiritualists should treat such exhibitions with silent contempt. The "Doctor" is on his way now to California, and if Spiritualists do not patronize him "just out of curiosity," he will certainly starve on the way. No genuine medium ever advertises with flaming cuts, representing what the spirits propose to do.

Gerald Massey's lecture on "The Mystery of Evil." the first of the course, was delivered in the Church of the Unity, in Cleveland. O., on April 8th. The Cleveland News says that the audience was large and unusually appreciative.

Mr. A. Hamilton, in renewing his subscription, kindly inclosed \$2.50 for the poor fund. Mr. E. D. Hammond also sent \$200 for the same purpose. Who will be the next prompted in the same direction?

A careful Comparison of Dr. Price's Special Flavor-ing Extracts with other flavoring extracts in the market, will convince any person that for strength and delicacy of flavor, Dr. Price's is far superior. While the other flavorings have a disagreeable, tur-pentiny taste and odor. Dr. Price's is as natural as the fruits from which they are made.

Thomas Hughes M. P. will contribute to the May Century an important paper on "Trades-Unionism in England,"

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has written for the May St. Mcholas a short paper entitled "Supporting Her-self," which will be a concise statement of the obli-gations which she considers all girls are under to support themselves, and of the means of doing so.

Two new serials will begin in the May St. Nicholas, one by Maurice Thompson, entitled "Marvin and his Boy Hunters," in which the author will endeavor to treat the question of guile for small boys; and the other, "The Scariet Tanager," by J. T. Trowbridge, story of the adventures of a young naturalist in his efforts to accurate a specimen of this rate bird efforts to secure a specimen of this rare bird.

Henry James's new story, "Lady Barbarina," will be begun in the May Century. The hero is a wealthy young American, who goes by the title of Doctor, though his "practice" is more a form of having something to do in the world than a reality. The story concerns his courtship of the second daughter of an English marquis, and also the domestic prob-lems growing out of their marriage.

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The Spiritualists Conference and Test Meeting will be con-ducted by the Spiritual Light Seekers every Sunday at 3 P. M., in Lester's Academy, 619 W. Lake St. Lecture in the evening at 7:45.

Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. will hold Meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at the Supreme Court Room, Town Hall; also on the first Mon-day and Tuesday evenings of each month, at which Mrs, Nellie J. T. Brigham will officiate. H. Y. HOEN, Brea-E. HENLING, Sec. H. J. HORN, Pres.

Kansas City, Mo.

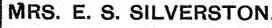
The First Spiritual Society of Kansas City, Mo., meets every Sunday evening at 7:30, in Pythian Hall, corner 11th and Main Street, Br. E. G.Granville, President; A. J Colby, Secretary lecretary,

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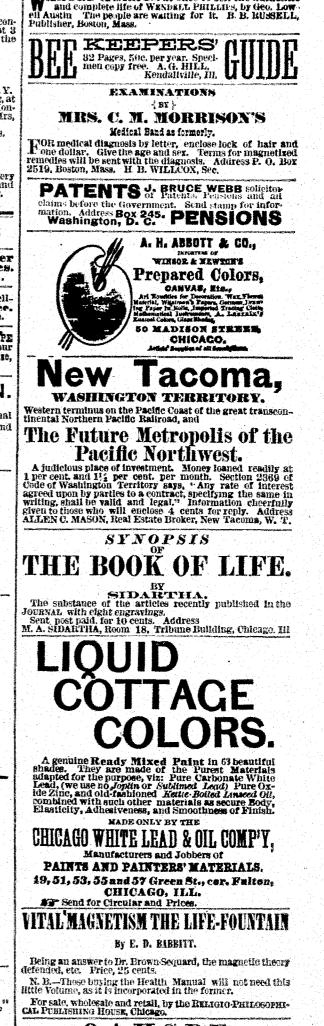
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highest work. It must banish the doctrine of atonement, which is greatly in the way of human progress. This doctrine really offers a premium upon vice and immorality. The increase of crime in the last few years is to be largely attributed to the idea often taught in the church, that crime and sin are no hindrance to future happiness, provided the sin-ner repent and seek the forgiveness of Jesus through the church.

The above is only a brief and imperfect synopsis of the lecture given by Mr. Colby. After the lecture he gave quite a number of tests to members of the audience, describing spirits and places, and giving names. Nearly all of the tests were recognized by parties present. There appeared to be a general good feeling among all parties, and every one seemed pleased with the result of the meeting. The day was one of Florida's best, neither too cold nor too warm. The company could sit in the house or in the shade of the orange grove where the cheerful hum of the Secretary's Italian bees could be heard among the fragrant orange blossoms.

G. W. WEBSTER. Orange City, Fla.

Anniversary Day in Providence, R. I.

The Rhode Island Spiritual Association celebrated the Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism at their hall in Providence, on March 30th. Floral decorations were abundant and tasteful, and the archway over the speaker's desk was artistically trimmed with white lace and entwined with smilax. After an invocation by Mr. A. C. Whipple, of Providence, and singing by a fine choir, Mrs. Lizzie M. Goodell was controlled and delivered an address upon the theme, "I know that my Re-deemer liveth," pointing out that there had been many saviors in the world, showing the error of the current belief in the atonement of Jesus, and closing with an earnest exhortation to her hearers to open their souls to the sweet voices of nature, to live charitable lives, speaking gently of the imperfec-tions of others. In the evening the audience was much larger. Miss Lizzle Goodell opened the exercises with an invocation, and then a recitation, and singing by the quartette, with piano accompaniment. Mr. A. J. Whipple then spoke on the building up of life, and the processes which aid in its perfecting. He urged the development of a Christian manhood, strong and gentle, giving many pertinent illustrations. After a brief address by the President, thanking all who had helped to make the celebration a success, the meeting adjourned to the adjoining parlors for supper, where the festivities continued to a late hour.

The Providence Spiritualist Association met in Slade's Hall, Providence, on March 31st. Dr. F. L. H. Willis recited a poem, and then spoke on Spiritualism's triumph over death. He urged the doubting ones to accept plain truths and be convinced. Mr. Keever, the materializing and musical medium, made a brief address, tracing the wonderful growth of Spiritualism in the last thirty-six years. Mrs. Burnham, of Boston, detailed instances of bigoted opposition to Spiritualism. Dr. Willis was recalled and spoke of the unrecog-nized work of Spiritualism, in modifying-human thought every where. After more music and recitations, Mrs. Burnham gave several tests, and at the conclusion of the

Eminent Chemists who have analyzed Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder use it now, and have used it for years in their own families in preference to any several tests, and at the conclusion of the services a social test was enjoyed. Mr. Kee-ver and Mrs. Burnham each had scances in some of the small rooms, which were well at-

The figures showing the enormous yearly sales of Kidney-Wort, demonstrate its value as a medicine beyond dispute. It is a purely vegetable compound of certain roots, leaves and berries known to have special value in Kidney troubles. Combined with these are remedies acting directly on the Liver and Bowels. It is because of this combined action that Kidney-Wort has proved such an unequalled remedy n all diseases of these organs.

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MRS. EMMA HABDINGE-BRITTEN will make a final and farewell tour through the United States to California, leaving England about the middle of April of this year. Spiritualist societies desiring to engage her services for Sunday and week evening lectures will please apply to her residence, The Limes, Hum-phrey St., Cheetham Hill, Manchester, England, up to the end of March. After then in care of RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, Chicago, Ill.

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Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York.

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

CHURCH OF THE NEW SPIRITUAL DISPENSATION, 18% Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Public services every Sunday at 8 and 7:80 p. M. Lyceum for young and old, Sundays at 10:80 a. M. Abra-ham J. Kipp, Superintendent. Ladice Aid and Mutual Relief Fraternity, Wednesday, at 2:80.

Church Social every second and fourth Wednesday, in each

month. at 8 P. M. Psychic Fraternity for development of mediums, every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, sharp. Mrs. T. B. Stryker, President.

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

Secretary and Treasurer. The Brooklyn Spiritual Conference meets at Everett Hall, S98 Fulton Street, every Saturday orening at 8 o'clock. Capt. J. David, President; W. J. Cushing, Secretary and Treasurer The Brooklyn Spiritual Fratemity will meet at 16 Smith St., two deors from Fulton, in the hall of Union for Christian Work every Thursday evening, S P. M. April 24th.-Lecture by John Jeffreys May 1st.-Lecture by Prof. Heaty Riddle. S. B. NiCHOLS, President, John Jeffreys, Secretary. A. G. Kupp, Treasurer.

At Stock Hall, No. 11 East 14th Street, near Fifth Avenue New York Hail, No. 11 East 140 Street, near Finit Arring, New York Uity the Harmonial Association, Andrew Jackson Davis, President and regular speaker, hold a public meeting every Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, to which everybody is most cordially invited. These meetings continue without in-termission until June 11th, 1884. Services commence and metude with music.

New York City Ladies Spiritualist Aid Society, meet every Wednesday, at S P. M., at 171 East 59th Street MRS. S. A. MCUR & TCHEN, Secretary.

'The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York (Siy, convents every Sunday at 2:50 P. M and 7:80 evening, in Froblaher Hall, No. 28 East 14th St., near Union Square.

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condition of the patient, whether present or at a distance, and Dr. Rush treats the case with a scientific skill which has

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Seedling, Dummore, \$2.50 per Darrel; \$1.00 per Dumore, \$2.50 per Darrel; \$1.00 per Dumore, \$2.50 per basel; 50 cents per peck. Boston Market, and Early Ohio, \$3.00 per barrel; \$1.50 per bushel; 50 cents per peck. Vick's Improved Peachblow, and Early Gem, \$6.00 per bar-rel; \$3.00 per bushel; \$1.00 per peck. Vick's Extra Early, the Earliest Potato known, price, \$2.00 per pound; 5 pounds, \$7.00. Two or three varieties can be packed in one barrel, if de-stred, without extra cost. We pack and deliver at freight and express offices at above prices. JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

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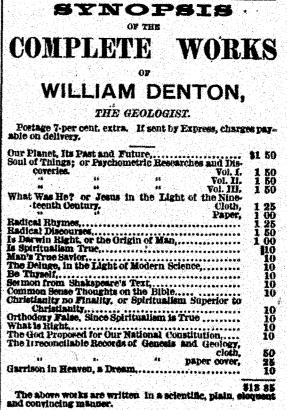


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The Golden Side.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

There may be a rest in the road of life, If we only would stop to take it: And many a tone from the better land, If the querulous heart would make it. To the sunny soul, that is full of hope, And whose beautiful trust ne'er falleth,

The grass is green and the flowers are bright, Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low, And to keep the eyes still lifted; For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through, When the ominous clouds are rifted. There was never a night without a day, Or an evening without a morning; And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes, Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life, Which we pass in our idle pleasure, That is richer far than the jeweler's crown, Or the miner's hoarded treasure. It may be the love of a little child, Or a mother's prayer to heaven; Or only a beggar's grateful thanks Ear a cup of water given.

For a cup of water given.

Better to weave, in the web of life, A bright and golden filling, And to do God's will with a ready heart

And hands that are swift and willing, Than to snap the delicate, minute threads Of our curious lives asunder, And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,

And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

A Dying Boy's Story.

A youthful soldier had a presentiment that he should die on a certain day of the year, because it was the anniversary of the drowning of his sister. He was taken sick, and as the day drew near he grew rapidly worse. The doctor and nurse pooh-poohed his fears as absurd, but he said all the same he should die on a certain night. The day came and he was very low. About 8 o'clock he called a com-rade to his bedside and sail: "It is almost time, Billy. Good-by. In an hour I shall be with my sister, and we will be looking at our mother."

our mother."

our mother." "Nonsense," said his comrade, "if you were with your dead sister how could you be looking at your mother, who is living and well?" "It's a strange story," he said, feebly, " but if you don't mind it I will tell it to you; it will make the time shorter."

time shorter.

"It was three years ago my sister Jessie was drowned at nine o'clock at night. She was engaged to be married, and on her birthday, three months be-fore her wedding, mother gave us all a party. On the evening of that party mother cried bitterly be-cause it was the last birthday she would have sister cause it was the last birthday she would have sister

the evening of that party mother cried bitterly be-cause it was the last birthday she would have sister with us. My sister ran to her, and, throwing her arms about mother's neck, said: "Never mind, dear mother, I will be with you al-ways on my birthday, whether dead or alive." It was a rash speech, and our good folks shook their heads gravely, for they did not like it. "We are Scotch people, you know, and very sup-erstitions. People said Jessie had bound herself body and soul." He paused, exhausted, and, having rested a little, proceeded more slowly: "My sister was married and she and her husband went away to live. In a few months we heard she had been drowned while crossing a swollen stream in a buggy with her husband. It was a bitter blow to all of us. Mother fretted a good deal, and father, although he said nothing, looked old and haggard, and we all knew he was grieving his heart for sister. The an-miversary of sister's birthday drew near, and mother frettel more than ever and father looked older and older. The night came, and we knew sister would her one bouw and her husbard we had been retten more than ever and rather looked older and older. The night came, and we knew sister would keep her promise and be there. We sat in the room, waiting for the first sound of her footsteps. I heard her first coming up the walk, and the water was running from her garments. She came to the open window and looked in. It was only for a moment, and then the way one and we knew we should see

L. B. S.

Her Report of the Anniversary Exercises of the New York Alliance.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: A meeting of the Alliance was held on the evening of Sunday, the 30th, in commemorations of the 36th Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. Instrumental and vocal music added its persuasive eloquence to the general harmony. The Board of Directors oc-cupied the platform, and each had a good word to speak concerning the subject which was before the meeting. The President, Judge Cross, reviewed some circumstances in the early history of the Fox girls, showing how their spirit friends persevered and convinced the committees of the city of Rochest-er that there was no fraud connected with the rap-pings, which were so freely heard by persons in their company. Mr. Capron, formerly of Bochester, who was their protector at that early time, was pres-ent, and responded to the recital of Judge Cross. Mr. Maynard read one of the invocations given through Mrs. Conant, purporting to come from Starr King, which was inspiring in its devotional spirit and very appropriate.

appropriate. Henry J. Newton said people were asking Spirit-ualists: "What actual work have you done?" "What institutions have you founded?" The truth is, we have done more in our thirty-six years of ex-istence, to enlighten the world, than the early Chris-tians did in eight hundred. To be sure, we must take into account the difference in the time of birth of each religion, but after all, it will be seen that we have not been idle. appropriate. have not been idle.

mave not been luie. Mrs. Mary Abby Newton took up a thought which was thrown out at a previous meeting, and not fully disposed of. She feared from the light way in which the "lake of fire and brimstone" was dismissed by said speaker, that some would conclude that Spiritu-alism faught there is no punishment for sin. It is not so. You are building the houses you are to ocnot so. You are building the houses you are to oc-cupy, and weaving the clothes you are to wear. Your sins are not forgiven, but you must make restitution in some way to all whom you have wronged, in or-der to progress. There are agonies of remorse that outdo the hottest fire. The history of the Fox girls recalled to her mind writing which was given inde-pendently, in their presence, years ago, wherein these doctrines were enunciated emphatically. Mr. Benny, a director, said it was very certain that those who avowed themselves Spiritualists, were really such, and were sincere, which could not be

really such, and were sincere, which could not be said of all who avowed themselves Christians, for other incentives might present themselves to attract people to a popular belief. The world is no more than ready even now for the bold truths of Spiritu-

alism, and it came into this world none too late. Mrs. Nellie T. Brigham was unexpectedly called from the audience, and responded kindly, as usual. She said:

"It seems to-day and to-night as though the seeds which have been dropped from the higher life upon your mortal soil, had taken root and grown, and show their fruit through those who have been speak-ing to you. Truth is better than knowledge, and that is what the spiritual world brings to this.

is what the spiritual world prings to this. "A comparison occurs to me. When winter is wearing away, there are now and then days when it seems as if its cold heart were growing tender toward this frozen earth. We have had such days this spring when the buds of the crocus have raised their beau-gifted heards and emiled up into our forces, and we this frozen earth. We have had such days this spring when the buds of the crocus have raised their beau-tiful heads and smilled up into our faces, and we greeted them with joy as harbingers of the good to come. Last night the winds awoke suddenly in wrath, and the trees moaned, and the people shiver-ed and hurried on their homeward way. but the lit-tle crocuses still kept on blooming and offering us their guarantee of pleasant times to come; and in this day, when the wind is blowing and the wintry elements are asserting that their reign is hardly yet over, you are not at all discouraged, for you know the sun has crossed the line, and there is no return of winter; it is spring to which we are arriving; just as we, as Spiritualists, know that we have come out of the winter of superstition, and are entering upon the reign of truth with its eternal howers. We should not be discouraged at little oppositions and contra-dictions; we shall go on just as truly as April will melt into May, and May into the roses of June. The sun has crossed the line with Spiritualism, and noth-ing can drift us back from its magnetic warmth and healing.

healing. "Did you think of the mariner last night when the winds blew furiously, and of their longing for the cottage and the wife, as the ship flew over the waters? By and by, perore the land 15 something that stirs their hearts, and sends the tear of joy to their eye. It is a breath of the land breezes, or joy to their eye, it is a breath of the land breezes, coming over the waters to meet them with promise that the land is there. They see or hear nought but the waters. What rejoices them? Something that they cannot see or touch—breezes from the shore—and in a short time they reach land, their homes. The prophetic breezes told them true. You are usaring the short, you dream of home and of are nearing the shore; you dream of home and of those who have gone before. Soon you will receive the best of welcomes, welcome home. The ship of life goes dancing on, and our hearts are glad; soon we shall sail through the narrows of death, and hear the voices that of yore became still. Daily and hourly we are learning to see and hear clearer, and the voices even now, softly greet us from that shore, and when the clouds are lowering over us, these voices often breathe to us the tones of Heaven."

A Dream Forgetion and Remembered in Boing Fulfilled-A Sense of Spirit Presence.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

On one occasion Mrs. S—ff, of this city, an ac-compliated and amiable lady, a devout member of the Episcopal church and my next door neighbor for years, called me into her parlor to see a beautiful silk banner she was working in silk for the use of a class on Faster. After a fast working in reference in the

banner she was working in silk for the use of a class on Easter. After a few words in reference to the design of it, the lady said, substantially: "Do you know that years ago I dreamed of mak-ing this banner, and that I dreamed of having a dif-ference of opinion with my husband about the mak-ing of the letter B here? Well, I did. I had forgot-ten all about the dream until in needle-working the letters, I came to the B, and he and I talked of the proper manner of joining the ends of the curves to the upright stem. Then, all at once, my dream came to me-the making of the banner, the difference with my husband about the letter, --all came as plain as could be." could be."

I assured her it was odd, and quietly said: "Per-haps you only thought that you dreamed of making

haps you only thought that you dreamed of making the banner." "Oh! no; I am quite certain I dreamed it," said she. I know the lady so well that I am ready to say that either falsehood or mistake is impossible. She knew not that, in my heavy affliction, I have for the past year been making an attempt to ascertain more fully the facts which prove teyond all doubt our im-mortality. I hence remarked to her that I had been pretty well assured of many very strange things; that the most excellent people in the world had told me similar things, even to affirming that they had seen, talked with and felt spirits, and that to be mistaken about it they declared to be impossible.

taiked with and felt spirits, and that to be instance about it they declared to be impossible. The lady then looked at me, and her lips trembled with emotion. No word on this subject had ever passed between us; both of us are members of ortho-dox churches in good standing. I saw she was agi-tated and desired to speak, and I encouraged her to proceed, and she did so (the tears rolling from her eyes, and from mine too), as follows: "Evense me. I have often wished to tell you some-

"Excuse me. I have often wished to tell you some-thing, but feared to increase your heavy sorrows, and I would speak of it now if you wish to hear it."

I would speak of it now if you wish to hear it." I assured her I should, and she proceeded: "During the illness of your wife I had my books of devotion in my room, and often and fervently pray-ed for her recovery, and my little girl here, heard me, and she, too, would pray for her recovery. I had pray-ed much on the day, in the carly night of which from my window I heard the sobs of grief that told me all was over. We wept also. After retiring to bed I lay thinking over the calamity to your home in the loss of so noble a wife and mother. As I lay thus, I became aware that there were persons present in the room, though I could see no one. I soon knew that became aware that there were persons present in the room, though I could see no one. I soon knew that there were two, and that both were spirita. I soon knew also that one was your wife so recently gone hence, and the other one a lady whom I did not rec-ognize. After a little time your wife stooped over me as it to kiss me, and I screamed out, * Oh, please not now--not now? She withdrew, seeing me fright-ened and helt laft the your." ened, and both left the room."

In reply to my question how she knew there were spirits in the room, and how she knew one was my wife, she said that she could not tell how she knew; but it seemed to produce an inquestioned impression and as perfectly reliable as sight. "It was a sensa-tion like that which the coming of the Holy Ghost might produce 2 and the with a sensa-

might produce," said she with emphasis. We need not repeat the lady's perfect sincerity and We need not repeat the lady's perfect sincerity and reliableness. She is one of the best of neighbors and most devoted of wives and mothers. I left the house with a thankful, devotional feeling, sweet as the touch of love to a sorrowing heart. And as I mused I said: "How many such witnesses God hath in this world, he alone can know." Were their tastimour agrafulty actioned and multiched. The retestimony carefully gathered and published, the re-sult would be light to millions of souls that now see no hope after death, and comfort to thousands who weep as if death separates forever. GOLDWIN RAY, how the Danville, Ill.

Signal Telegraphing.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journah

Since the day that rappings were first heard at Hydesville, I have been a Spiritualist, with my ban-ner hanging on the outer wall. I do not claim to be a medium, but I have seen with other eyes and heard with other cars. I have had intelligent com-munications from an unseen source. More than it more than a construction of the thought initiations from an infect solution into the thought of popularizing Signal Telegraphing. The idea came to stay. It has been with me during all these years. If I would put it away for a time, it would return with renewed force. The hints we receive from our spirit friends are not always well defined; it is only with our better judgment. I found it necessary in with our better judgment. I found to increase of a order to popularize Signal Telegraphing, to invest a new code, for the thing was not possible with any of the systems then in use. Chambers, in his Ency-clopedia, says: "There is probably no department in practical science, in which progress has been alower; practical science, in which progress has been atower, and every so-called system of signals has been dis-tinctly without any system whatever." I have in-vented a new code, in which the leading idea has been to simplify it so as to be readily understood and practiced, even by children. It has been pronounc-table the superior to induce to be superior to ed by those competent to judge, to be superior to anything now in use. For the purpose of experimenting I have purchased the summit of Mt. Pisgah, a spur of the Appalach-lan range, twenty-five hundred feet above tide water, the highest point in the State of Pennsylvania, over howing a vast area of densely populated country. I have built a tower, and fully tested every principle involved, and I have no doubt that, when once demonstrated, it will be found of as great utility as the telegraph or the telephone. I now wish to place an electric light on the tower, but am short of funds. Now, if Spiritualists want to answer the question so often asked, "If it is true, what good will result from it?" let them put forth a helping hand and forever ilence that battery. I submit this matter to you. If you regard it as worthy of consideration, any suggestion you may make to encourage the enterprise, will be thankfully received. I would call your attention to the fact that when the magnet was first discovered, it was that when the magnet was hist discovered, it was only regarded as a very amusing toy; its intrinsic value was discovered later. The electric telegraph went begging for years before its worth was recog-nized. It seems that whatever the Father has sent into the world to bless and save humanity, has been "cradled in a manger," treated with stolid indiffer-ence, and been compelled to fight its way into the In this short communication I have been only able to hint at possibilities. I confess myself a little superstitious, and will ask you to read in Revelations 14th chapter, 6th verse. I would simply add that Mt. Pisgah is situated four miles N. E. of Troy, Brad-ford County, Pa. My invention is patented both in the United States and England. When you commenced exposing frauds, I thought you a little severe; from your stand-point, you dis-covered the danger before I did. In spite of all the frauds, I rejoice to know that truth is triumphing. We are having no more frauds than we ought to expect, considering the school that the people have been educated in. A million hearts will bless you for the noble stand you have taken. M. GUSTIN. Troy, Pa.

In Detense of Theosophy.

To the Rditor of the Beligio-Philosophical Journal:

To the Editor of the Beligio-Philosophical Journal: From time to time I have read the slurs and innu-endoes that have been cast on our beloved and rever-ed Masters, the holy Mahatmas or living adepts in the occult sciences in India, and have hereoforce kept sllent, hoping that some far worthler Theosoph-ical pen than mine would answer these attacks. But it is not always wise to keep sllent, and so I have taken up the cudgel on behalf of Theosophy and in their defense; knowing full well that the adepts do not need it, but I desire to set the impartial public right about them and Theosophy, as far as I can, as an humble member of said society. I have as proof palpable of their existence and the wondrous powers they posses, as I have of my own existence, and whose powers as far transcend those of any medi-um, as the light of the sun does that of a tallow candle; and my experience with the mediums of the public and private life of most of our public me-diums; they would not been sight. Compare the lives of the adepts are asspiritual and un-selfish as it is possible for mortal man to live, while, I am sorry to say, the lives of most of our public and private mediums, with a few bright exceptions, will here no close accutiny at all. Have the writer, who

I am sorry to say, the lives of most of our public and private mediums, with a few bright exceptions, will bear no close scrutiny at all. Have the writers, who have attacked Theosophy and its teachers, the adepts, ever been in communication with them? Have they led the life necessary to communicate with them? In fact, have they ever tried to prove their existence as I have, and the powers they sometimes exhibit? When they do this, perhaps they will not write as glibly as they do now about something they do not understand nor ever investigated. One of your most noted public mediums, Mr. Eglinton, has proved their existence, and given public testimony to that their existence, and given public testimony to that effect. I quote now from "Hints on Esoteric Theosophy.

"The adepts are wholly unlike any mediums I have ever heard of. To-day one traveling in India meets you in the flesh; a few months later, when he is in you in the flesh; a few months later, when he is in Germany, Kashmir or Thibet, he suddenly appears beside you in a closed room, in his astral form, and gives you instructions, or he drops a letter on your table and you reply. As soon as written and ready, it disappears and duly reaches him, and that, mind, when there is no other person in the house knowing anything of the matter; and poor Madam Blavatsky and Col. Olcott, those betes noirs of the incredulous, ore beth a thousand miles or more away from where are both a thousand miles or more away from where you are, and have, perhaps, never even heard of the particular adept dealing with you." This power of entirely separating the more spirit-

ual portion of our nature from our grosser physical body; of separating, in fact, ourselves from the earthly garment in which we here normally appear, carony garment in which we here normally appear, and of traversing the world at will and with the rapidity of thought, unencumbered with our cor-poreal frame,—is one, to the acquisition of which soul-culture is especially directed.

soul-culture is especially directed. Let us now turn our attention to Theosophy. In its exoteric aspect, its cardinal tenets are: An un-selfish love for all God's creatures, for our fellow men especially, and the entire devotion of the mind and soul to their highest conceptions of wisdom, goodness and love. Hence Theosophy insists on the most deaduct and the entire devotion to the mind most absolute purity of deed, word and thought, and and all the fundamental teachings of exoteric Theoand an the fundamental teachings of exoteric Theo-sophy are essentially the same as those on which the Master said: "hang all the law and the proph-ets." "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself." And, indeed, these have been the cardinal tenets of all religions, worthy of the name, since the world began, and this is the universal platform on which we ask all men to meet in brotherhood, without reference to their peculiar form of faith or creed, and, despite all other differences, to become one in the light of universal charity and love. S. B. S., a Chicago Theosophist.

A Prominent Spiritualist Passes to

Spirit-Life.

A. B. French Officiates at the Funeral, Assisted by two Orthodox Ministers.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

On the 25th of March, Mr. E. Clapp, an old and wealthy Spiritualist, passed to the higher life from his home in Mansfield, Ohio. His funeral services were so varied and trateri

Notes and Extracts.

Youth sucks the sugar-coating and old age chews the bitter pill of life.

A twice-convicted felon has been chosen Speaker of the Queensland Parliament.

The Salvation Army, with two weeks effort, have rescued over 300 brands from the burning at Schenectady.

The Post Office Department uses every year \$80,-00 worth of wrapping twine and \$11,000 worth of ink for stamping and canceling letters.

Susan B. Anthony denies that she owns a dog, and says the report that she pets a poolle is the meanest thing the newspapers ever said about her.

Miss Fannie Curtle, the Stratford, Conn., lady cured of years of rheumatic helplessness by faith and prayer, is going to open her house to the afflicted as a prayer house

Dr. Johnson once dreamed that he was worsted in an argument, and the chagrin awoke him. He was much disturbed until calmed by the reflection that he had himself furnished both sides of the argument.

Alfred Chadwick yoked his wife to a plow with a steer, for which Judge Jameson, of Detroit, gave her a divorce. He insisted that he only followed the general usage among the market gardeners of Western Canada.

Miss Maud Stewart, who has been playing the part of the blind girl in "Young Mrs. Winthrop," is lia-ble to be a blind girl in fact. Being very sensitive and impressible the simulated condition became real, and she is now under the care of an qculist.

Prof. Miles claims that he can make washed wool weigh more than unwashed. Wash the sheep, put them in a warm stable, and keep them over night, and there will oil enough exude from the sheep into the wool to weigh more than the dirt.

The light gleaming at night from the cracks of a family tomb in a Providence cemetery, gave rise to strange thoughts until it was found that a tramp had adopted the place as a home and ate and slept in the cosy and peaceful abode.

At Auburn, N. Y., some boys, for sport, hung their dogs, left them suspended for fifteen minutes, and then buried them under two feet of earth. When the lads returned from school they were surprised to find the dogs alive and on hand to receive them.

In answer to a question as to what is the best grain food for milch cows, Prof. Arnold recommends four parts of bran, two parts of cornneal and one part of linseed meal, as having given him the best results in proportion to cost, of any dry food that he had ever used.

The Salvation army announces, when it invades a town, that it wants no good people at its meetings; that it has no use at all for Christians, and that nothing but roughs, toughs, unbelievers and sots are called for. The person who attends gives himself away beautifully, doesn't he?

Burdette: No, young man, it doesn't hurt you a particle to sow your wild oats. Go ahead and sow as you wish. But it's the gathering in of the crop that will make you howl. And you have to gather it too. If you don't, it gathers you in, and one is a great deal worse than the other great deal worse than the other.

It is reported by a recent traveler that when the Indians of Chili desire rain, they plant a sacred tree into which a sorcerer climbs to pray, while the oth-ers dance around and how. Then they all get drunk. If it does not rain they get drunk again and remain drinking until they fetch a shower.

The late Bisnep Bloomfield preserved his passion for bon mots to the last. During his illness he in-quired what had been the subjects of his two Arch-deacons' charges, and was told that the one was on the art of making sermons and the the other on churchyards, "Oh, I see," said the Bishop. "Com-position and decomposition."

position and decomposition." The Independent has been counting up Mr. Van-derbill's wealth, and foots up a grand total of \$201,-\$32,413. His income would amount to \$12,000,000 a year, without any effort on his part. Besides this, he calculates to make \$2,000,000 per year by fortu-nate sales. The Independent reckons his daily in-come at \$28,331,25; his gains every hour at \$1,180,53, and for every minute in the day he makes \$13,67. California fruit-provers have discovered that apply

California fruit-growers have discovered that apricots, bleached with sulphur fumes and then dried in the sun, are superior to those that are dried in any other manner or that are canned. They regard this fact as of great importance to the whole State. It enables every fruit culturist, he vever limited his means and however small the product of his orchards, to dry his own fruit for market, and makes him independent of the canning factories. It is also stated that fruit can be prepared in this manner more cheaply than in any other, that its weight is better preserved, and that it is of superior flavor.

window and looked in. It was only for a moment, and then she was gone, and we knew we should see her no more for a year. Last year she came again, and to-night she will come to our old home and look in at the window, and mother will be watching for her." He closed his eyes and lay still for so long his comrade thought he was dead, but at last he opened them are in a continued. them again, and continued:

"When I enlisted it almost broke poor mother's heart. On the day I left her I told her I would come back to her in the body or in the spirit. She said I never would return. I knew I should die somehow and something told me I should perish on the same day of the year and at the same hour that sister had died. It's almost time," he said, " and I soon must go. Don't you hear her coming and the water dripgo. ping from her dress. See, she is putting roses in her hair. How cold and clammy her hand is, and it grows dark—" With these words he raised up a delphia Press.

Dr. Henry Slade at Nashville, Tenn.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Dr. Henry Slade has just completed a two weeks' engagement at Nashville, Tennessee. In this city of churches and colleges, the people are just as firmly set in their prejudices, doubts and skepticism, in re gard to the possibility of spirits returning to earth with power to make themselves known in a way to be recognized by friends, as the rocks upon which it stands. But all who have the moral courage to witness the astounding phenomena, as given through Dr. Slade, and behold the sincerity that flashes from his kind and manly face, soon discard every doubt and depart from his presence thoroughly convinced that he is all the world claims him to be. Such external manifestations as take place in his

presence, proclaim the necessity of securing har-monious happiness as we advance along the rugged path of human life, so long trodden by the footsteps of the advancing ages. At the very threshold every doubt is shattered, and this in the full blaze of the noonday sun. How gloriously sublime all such manifestations of spirit power, and how completely they disperse these dark delugions so fatal to spiritual progression. Hence Dr. Siade has no need to fear the frowns of skepticism, or court its smiles, for well does he know that it must not only acknowledge the truth of his phenomena, but come into perfect sympathy with the intellectual freedom that ever embodies all that transpires through his wonderful mediumship.

As a lecturer, Dr. Slade is rapidly advancing to the front. As a co-actor with the Spirit-world, he stands without a rival. The spirits come with their own peculiar guise, idiosyncrasics cand native language. That this accessory to bis lectures is not only inter-esting, but of incalculable value, none will deny. Surely it will suffice, if it illustrate truth in all hu-

mility. The writer is in full accord with the course you are pursuing, and hopes you will never relinquish your pen o leave the battle-field of spirit reform, until the last sneaking impostor, who has the cu-dacity to confront an enlightened humanity with his or her spiritual merchandise, has been driven from the field, or buried beneath the frowns of an insulted humanity. Momphis, Tenn.

D. M. MCFALL, M. D.

Prof. Swing's Sermon.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Allow me to express my joyful gratitude for the most excellent sermon by Rev. David Swing, pub-lished in your issue of the 15th ult. A debt of the highest regard is due to you for the enterprise that leads you into the pathway of such "divine light" as comes from the "Deity" through such mediums as Prof. Swing. I can truly say that my cup of joy is full as I take in his beautiful words of wisdom. The Spirit-world is reaching out its hands to scatter To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journals The Spirit-world is reaching out its hands to scatter our darkness. Let us lift up our hearts in praise to God for his love manifested in revealing to his servant things shortly to take place in the enlighten-ment of the world. Kansis City, Mo. S. D. BOWKEB, M. D.

J. M. Friedly, of Bethany, Mo., writes: We are few in number here, but strong in the faith. We are developing several mediums; some for healing the sick; others see, describe spirits and talk. We feel in need of a good trance or inspirational lecturer.

The cholers has appeared in Cochin China. Pre-cautions against its spreading are being taken.

With a benediction from the lips of this inspired friend, the audience was dismissed. LITA BARNEY SAYLES. March 31st, 1884.

ANNIVERSARY AT SARATOGA.

Celebrating the Thirty-sixth Anniversary of the Modern Belief-Addresses, Poems, ctc., Before a Full House.

The many believers in Saratoga in modern Spirit-ualism had a grand rally in the Court of Appeals room, Town Hall, where their regular meetings are held. It was one of Mrs. Brigham's regular appoint-ments to lecture and, falling upon the anniversary of the day, thirty-six years ago, when at Hydesville, VL, it is claimed the manifestations of the denizens of the Spirit-world were first observed and translat-ed, it was made an occasion of extraordinary interest by the gathering, and the exercises lasted from 7:30 nntil 10 o'clock P. M.

The bar of the Court of Appeals room was decked with flowers and plants, a local orchestra was in attendance, and the room was crowded to its utmost capacity with the believers and spectators who came to listen to the exercises.

came to listen to the exercises. Soon after the opening a short address and poem were delivered by Peter Thompson, who was follow-ed by a lengthy address by Henry J. Horn, the Pres-ident of the Society. Then the hymn, "Watchman, tell us of the Night," was sung, and Mrs. Brigham took for her theme a reply to the question implied in the sentiment of the first line of the hymn. She stated that all is well, and then gave a brief histori-cal account of the first discovery of intelligence pro-ceeding from the raps at Hydesville, and of the variety of information gathered from spirit sources. Mrs. J. H. Barton recited "Billy's Rose" and W. B. Mills gave an exhibition of his powers as a seer, naming 'some twenty or thirty spirits who were naming some twenty or thirty spirits who were present, some of them from Vermont and elsewhere. G. D. Merrill of Mechanicville, gave a brief account of his spiritualistic experience, beginning in 1853, in Fon du Lac, Wis., whereby he had been con-verted from materialism to a belief in a life here-

after. A. S. Pease spoke some ten or fifteen minutes upon the progress and spread of Spiritualism, and the effect that a knowledge of the certainty of a continu-ed existence was having upon the human race.

The meeting was opened and closed with the usual religious observances. It was probably the largest and most enthusiastic congregation of Spiritualists

ever collected in this county.-Journal, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dr. Henry Slade.

Yesterday evening, at the conclusion of Dr. Slade's resternay evening, at the conclusion of Dr. Shades lecture, a remark was made from the audience by Rev. Dr. Sweeny of the Christian church, addressed to Dr. Slade, seemingly intended to cast a reflection on that worthy gentleman, who should at least be entitled to all honor and respect, on account of his sincerity and fame as a medium and honorable gen-tleman. The Scimitar does not think that an effort Lieman. The Scimitar does not think that an effort on the part of a minister to "guy" a fellow minister -for Dr. Slade occupies that position in the Spiritu-alists' church—looks Christian-like or courteous. Dr. Slade is a stranger in Memphis, and entitled to due respect and courtesy. The remark of Rev. Dr. Sweeny was severely commented upon by those who heard it. If our preachers forget to be courteous and char-itable what are the people going to do?—The Scimstar, Memphis, Tenn.

New York Independent-A Shadow of the Dark Ages.

In the Sunday School column of the New York Independent is the following piece of plous impudence and nonsense:

"Saul went to battle from consulting a witch Probably there can hardly be any more useless, if not profane, act be done than seriously to consult for-tune-tellers, or spiritual mediums. They are frauds and villains, and are to be let alone. God knows the future, and mediums and fortune-tellers do not They only make a living by deceiving silly people. When Saul's sins ended in his defeat the heathen re-joiced in their idols' temples. When we do what is wrong and suffer for it we may expect to give pleas-

ure to all the worthless elements of society." A few years ago William Lloyd Garrison was a frequent and welcome contributor to the columns of request and weicome contributor to the contains of the *Independent*. I know, from his own lips, that he "seriously" consulted "spiritual mediums," and devotedly believed in spirit communications. Was he one of the "silly peopler" Did that pure hearted and noble reformer, of whom Whittler, in a noble near weat at his function and a summar "God's and noble reformer, of whom whitter, in a holle poem read at his funeral, spoke of as among "God's white angels," give "pleasure to all the worthless elements of society?" Or has the *Independent*, after doing much good work, taken a step back into the dark ages? G. B. STEBBINS. dark ages?

NAL. It had long been his expressed wish that Mr. A. B. French should deliver his funeral address, and he was accordingly called by talenary diress, and the impulse to give them to the readers of the JOURhe was accordingly called by telegraph from this city to attend the funeral at Mansueld on the 23th ult. The daughters of the deceased are members of the Congregational Church, and its pastor, Rev. Russell, was also invited to attend. At the appointed hour the house, yard and street were filled with relhour the house, yard and street were filled with rel-atives and citizens, who came to pay their respects to the worthy citizen and Spiritualist, whom death had "called up higher." Rev. Knapp, of the Meth-odist church, was also present, and Mr. French and Rev. Russell invited him to participate in the ser-vice, the order of which was as follows: Rev. Rus-will a content of the service of the sell read several appropriate passages from the Bible after which Rev. Knapp gave a short and fervent in-vocation. The choir then sang a hymn, and Rev. Russell announced that Mr. French would deliver the funeral address. Mr. French spoke some thirty minutes in his touching and eloquent mannet, so familiar to those who have heard him upon funeral occasions. He referred to the ever present fact of death-the universality of his empire, and the mu-table character of all external things. He also re-ferred to the anxiety of the human race to know. what lies hidden from us all in the secrets of Death's to-morrow, and also pointed out the outward and intuitive evidence which nature offers in favor of the intuitive evidence which nature offers in tayor of the soul's immortality. Referring to the deceased, Mr. French said that his evidence of a future life was more than belief or a dim and undefined intuition. Mr. Clapp had taked with his friends on the other side many times, and that experience was a living

side many times, and that experience was a living reality in his consciousness; hence death had no sting to him, and he had gone cheerfully to a world with which he was not wholly unfamiliar. The skeptic would say that Mr. Clapp was de-ceived and mistaken, but there was no skepticism so much to be deplored as that which undertook to measure the possible in this world by its own limited experience. experience.

After Mr. French's address, Rev. Russell read a brief memorandum of the life of the deceased, and spoke in the kindliget terms of his worth as a man and his belief as a Spiritualist. At the close of Rev. Russell's remarks, Rev. Knapp said that he felt to fraternize with all men who believed in God and had faith in men. He believed our kindred in heaven did sympathize and commune with their kindred on earth, and that this thought had been with the Christian Uhurch in past ages. He also spoke highly of the deceased, and the pleasant evening he had spent at his anniversary a few weeks before.

After another hymn by the choir, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows took charge of the burial according to the usages of the order. Rev. Russell, Rev. Knapp and Mr. French parted with the most frater-nal salutations, and the audience retired after listen-ing to Congregationalist. Methodist and Spiritualist. Each one paid a tribute of respect to a noble Spiritualist. ualist, and eulogized the spiritual philosophy. Surely the good time is coming-cannot be far off-and when Spiritualism, stripped of its frauds and fanat-iclem is presented, the world will be ready to receive

Sealed Letters.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I noticed a communication in a recent number of the JOURNAL, from a correspondent in Wisconsin, in which he states that it is a well known fact that a clairvoyant can read scaled letters, and cites the case ciairvoyant can read scaled letters, and closs the case of a friend of his who sent a letter to R. W. Flint, 1327 Broadway, New York, who returned it because there were no names given. Names being given, the letter was answered in "Words! words!! words!!!" I, too, sent a scaled letter to R. W. Flint, and got a particular average to avery quasilon saked. It was pertinent answer to every question asked. It was securely sealed and stitched all around the flap of the envelope, on a sewing machine, sixteen stitches to the inch. I have offered \$100 to any one who can to the inch. I have offered \$100 to any one who can read, unopened, the letter I sent to Flint. Do you think, Mr. Editor, that I shall have to pay over the \$100 soon? I would be glad to hear from you, or any one who can impart information on the subject. I have been a constant reader of the JOURNAL for the past ten years, and like it more and more each year. You can count on me as a life subscriber, pro-vided the paper maintains its present excellence. Alaska, Mich. R. S. JACKSON.

The Christian Register thus compliments Revloseph Cook:

The ancients had their oracles. There were tweny-two, it is said, for the consultation of Apollo, the most important of which was at Delphi, where Pythia delivered her vague responses over a chasm from which intexicating vapors arose. Then, we must not forget the oracle at Dodona, where responses were given by the movement of leaves and the noise of brazen vessels. Does any one sigh for hese ancient days? Have we not an oracle as infallible as any in the past? May not the seeker after truth be muddled by the fumes from the great pit? Have we not in Boston the noise of the brazen vessel every Monday noon, and the noise of a "million" rustling leaves transmitting from week to week the record of its sonorous vibrations? Does any one wish to know why the moon was made of green cheese, or why Noah's Ark was made smaller than the vast number of animals that entered it? Does some inquisitive reader fail to sleep nights be-cause be cannot solve the riddle of Cain's wife? Does the problem of original sin perplex you? Do you wish to know what happened in the councils of eternity before the world began, and what is going to take place millions of years after it has ended? Why suffer any longer this momentous and harrow-ing curiosity? Write your questions on a postal card, and send them to the Dodona Monday Lectureship. But, alas! we are told that the oracular responses are closed for the season. The brazen vessel will not sound, no phonographic pencil will catch its vibrations, and the leaves of the great oak will not rustle with verbatim reports. The sceptre of infallibility is to be laid down for the summer vaca-tion. What is to become of the world in the mean time?

A. Builtons of Chicopee, Mass., writes: I am well pleased with the JOURNAL as a fearless advo-cate for truth and honesty, and the interest it takes in advertising and denouncing all fraudulent persons calling themselves mediums. Your position as set forth in the JOURNAL of March 22nd, should be the sentiments of all true Spiritualists. Every Spiritualist who wishes to have our beautiful philosophy progress and become more influential, should subscribe for the JOURNAL. Your editorials and Giles B. Stebbins' articles are worth more than the price of the paper every week. I hope to see you at Lake Pleasant this season.

A St. Louis, Mo., correspondent, writes: Mrs. Miller has had rooms full every night, and has made money and given general satisfaction. I think she is an honest medium, and would give better dem-onstrations under suitable conditions. She admits all who pay their dollar, drunk or sober, numbering from fifteen to forty, and I am satisfied that bad or trifling spirits are attracted to her scances, and represent themselves as friends of visitors, when they are in reality impostors.

G. H. Brooks, the lecturer, writes as follows from Wellsville, Kansas: Your paper grows better and better; and best of all, I find many throughout the country who are with you in your endeavor to give the true and pure principles of Spiritualism. am with you heart and soul, and will aid you all I can, but am not the best of canvassers.

A Famous Beligious Brigand. Cipriau La Gala, the ferocious and desperate brigand who has been chained to a massive stone wall on the island of Elba for a number of years, is dead. He had been proven guilty of fifty murders and numerous robberies. He was once a dashing and prominent officer of militia, but the life was too quiet for him, to he took to the road. In 1860 he was chosen chief of a band of 700 malefactors, whom he ruled with ap iron hand and made lots of money. He wore a long black beard, and pretended to be very religious, attended mass and confession whenever his duties permitted. When convicted of so many murders and other helnous crimes he was doomed to death, but a warning from his followers induced the authorities to postpone the execution from year to year, until at last death relieved them of what had proven to bea large white elephant.

Chicago, Ill. To the Editor of the Rollgio Philosophical Journal:

APRIL 19, 1884.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal. Walting.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Mesoeus that o'er my senses steal The sweet aromas of a sphere, Where amaranth and asphodel And roses glow, more bright than here. The hinges of the golden gate Slide backward in their silvery groove, And I by crystel waters wait, As waits athirst the weary dove.

I ask nor figs, nor grapes, nor store Of mellow apples, nor a draught Of nectar from supernal shore Where Augel-lips have only quaffed— I know that somewhere in all space Wave fronded palm-trees to and fro, Where I some time shall find a place, And thus I seek no more to know And thus I seek no more to know.

Dr. Slade 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. She so concealed the name and the written question that it seemed impossible for him to see it. The reporter certainly did not. The name of the deceased had never been mentioned in the presence of the medium; he lived and died in a distant State, the brother of the questioner, who is a married lady. Soon the response come:

Soon the response came: "Yes-I can. I was sitting in the window, and falling asleep, lost my balance, and never knew how I died."

To this the initials of the name were signed. The answer to the question was strictly pertinent and satisfactorily responsive. The family of the dear one had never known (the remains were so man-gled in the fall) whether he had been murdered and the head through from the window or whether the the body thrown from the window, or whether the fall was purely accidental or sudden, or whether (as the reply announced) he had taken a seat in a fourth story window that August night in 1879, and had fallen to the pavement below in unconscious slum-

ber. The reporter then proposed a question to one who died in Virginia in 1862, one of the first who died in behalf of the Confederacy. The response was in every respect as pertinent and remarkable as in the case above fully set forth.—The World, Nashville, Tana Tenn.

A Tonching Incident. A singular exhibi-tion of fidelity on the part of a house dog was wit-nessed in Stapleton, S. I., recently. At 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning of last week Mrs. Walter Odell, wife of a tradeeman in that village, died. A Scotch terrier, named Fido, had been a pet with Mrs. Odell for the past twelve years. During the two months that Mrs. Odell was elck Fido remained continually beside her bed. After her death the dog persisted in lying beside the coffin, and followed the casket to the hearse. When the funeral cortege reached the grave Fido was there, having followed the hearse, and watched the interment of his mistress's remains. After the funeral Fido returned home and took up his position beside the bed that had been occupied by Mrs. Odell. The dog from that time refused to eat A Tonching Incident. A singular exhibihis position beside the bed that had been occupied by Mrs. Odell. The dog from that time refused to eat and gradually grew weak, and was evidently irritat-ed at any efforts to disturb or feed him. At times the animal moaned in a low tone. Two days ago Fido came across a pair of shoes that had belonged to Mrs. Odell and had been thrown out of doors These he carried to his self-assigned post, near the bed, and placing them on the floor laid his paws and head across them. In this position the dog remained several hours. During Monday night Fido roused the household by his whining, and Mr. Odell, who was also very much attached to the animal, went to the room where the dog was. It was apparent that was also very much attached to the animal, went to the room where the dog was. It was apparent that the animal was in great distress, and at 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning, exactly one week to an hour after Mrs. Odell's death. Fido suddenly ceased his whin-ing, looked up, rose to his feet, barked quickly and wagged his tail as if pleased, then instantly dropped his nose on his late mistress's shoes and died.--New Varie Harad York Herald.

A Chinese Notion. The Chinese, so far as can be learned from history, are the oldest nation on the earth. They are, to us of extreme modern ideas, a strange people, and some of their ways and fancies are not to be explained. The most painstaking schol-ars and antiquarians appear to have failed, in many narticulars, to discover the motives that actuate the individuals of this prehistoric race. Yet, doubtless, the ceremonies that we see them going through in mining camps on the Pacific coast are all, to them, as full of meaning as the rites of modern religion are to the believers in Christianity. The Chinese, in some respects, are not unlike the army of the orthodox in the church militant, who believe in a person-al life of the present human frame in the world beyond. The Chinese custom of decapitating their enemies slain in war is explained by the statement that they believe that the appearance of a person in the Spirit-world without a head is prima-facte evidence of having committed some crime, and punishment is awarded accordingly. Hence, the horrible mutilation which took place on the evacuation of Shanghai by the Taipings, when the imperial officers gave orders for the decapitation of every rebel body; and even the coffins containing the remains of prom-inent rebel leaders were broken open and dishonored to insure their punishment hereafter. Hence, also the anxiety displayed by the friends of officers who lost their heads during the rebellion to recover them and stitch them on to the bodies again, as much as £133 having been paid by the officers of the imperial army for the head of a friend.—Eureka (Nev.) Sentinel Bying Large but Young. Joseph Brice at 26 was 7 feet high, and died before he could grow any longer. Henry Blackner was 7 feet 4 inches, and nipped in the bud so to speak. The Yorkshire giant died at 30, 7 feet 8 inches in height, and the Norfolk giant was ten years older at his death. The Saxon giant, 8 feet tail, lived to be 60, but the French giant was only 25. The Bussian, 8 feet 5 inches, found an early grave. The Irish giant was only 20 when he filled his coffin, 8 feet 4 inches in length, inside measurement. Many other cases of premature decease might be cited, but these must suffice, and they are enough to show that though occasionally—like Og, the King of Bashan, who, according to Moses, was 15 feet 9 inches in length, and who is said to have lived 3,000 years—these prodigious folk may attain to such a length of years, as their length of limb might seem to justify, the rule is for the over-sized to be under age.-London Telegraph. **Gid Rings.** Some years ago, Mr. Pepper created some sensation by undertaking to make sugar from old shirts. Sugar is now manufactured in Germany from old rags. The rags are treated with suiphuric acid, and converted into dextrine. This is treated with milk of lime, and is then subjected to a new bath of sulphuric acid, which converts it into glucose. The glucose obtained by this process is identical with that of commerce, and may be used in the same way for confections, ices, etc. When the monufacture has become more abundant, the price the same way for confections, ices, etc. When the manufacture has become more abundant, the price will doubtless be very small. It is known that a large number of substances are capable of transfor-mation into glucose. The cellulose of fibrous tissue of wood, treated with sulphuric acid, is changed into dextrine and glucose; and glucose is industrially pro-duced from starch.—Boston Journal of Chemistry.

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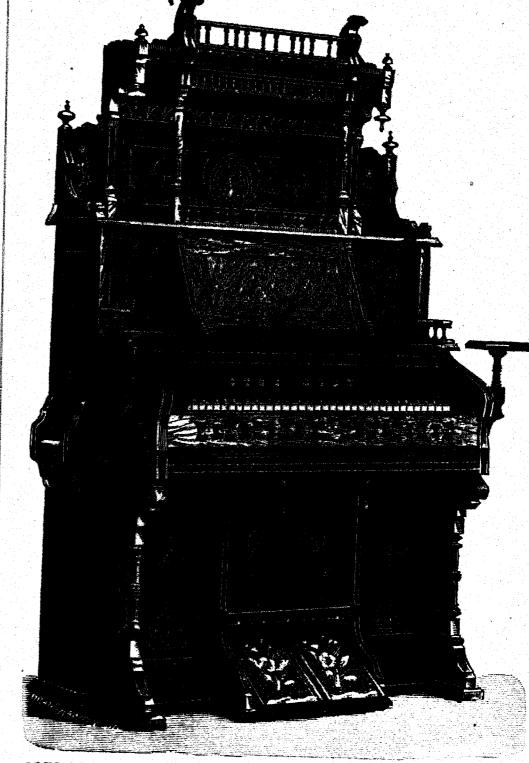
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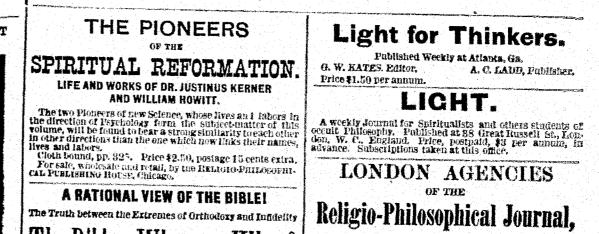
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It is a great thing to be accurate, especially in fi-naucial matters. Dr. A. Clarke quotes some one as estimating Solomon's yearly income at £142,242,034 Se. 7d. We should have had some doubts of the correcinees of this statement had that 7d. been omitted.

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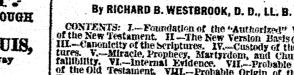
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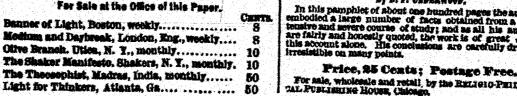
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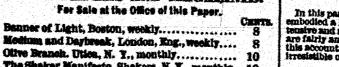
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Continued from First Page.

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 statesmen 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 pre-servation, were proud of Lady Mary; and she was perhaps a little, a very little, delightful-ly, charmingly proud of herself. The doc-tor, beguiled by professional vanity, feeling what a fasther she was in his san duite some what a feather she was in his cap, quite con-fident 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 faught 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 deerease. But the recollection of the bit of paper in the secret drawer of the cabinet, fortified his old client 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 suit-able 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 allow ed 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.

"Oh! no, you are not old-you will do very well," some one said." "Not old!"-Lady Mary felt a little offend-ed in spite of herself. "Perhaps I like flattery as well as my neighbors," she said with dignity, "but then it must be reasonable.

To say I am anything but a very old wom-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 pleaant 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 extrao dinary 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 look, ' 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 haddied."

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 ber on the subject. It gave her now, howev-er, 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 conantly 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 bed-room 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..." It 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 them-selves 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 resent-ment 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 atten-tion 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.'

smile which had "subjugated so many. "I And her thoughts went on in other direc-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." how

"If hosen and shoon thou gavest nane, " The whins shall prick thee indii the bane."

When she saw that her companion heard her. she asked, "Is that true?"

He shook his head a little. "It is too mat-ter of fact," he said, "as I need hardly tell you. Hosen 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 hosen and shoon went, she had abundant means of preparing herself for the pricks of any road. however rough; but she had no time to in-dulge 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 mani-festations 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, andirons and furniture. The owner of the village omnibus, taking advantage of the excitement, placed thereon in glaring letters. "Mysterious Knockings--fare, ten cents." White 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 ten months. Among the strange disclosures were weird images of persons, standing, kneel-ing, reclining and in other postures, con-structed by invisible hands from drapery, sheets and bedding. They were really ghost-like and startling to behold. Written messa-ges dropped from the ceiling or floated across the parlors addressed to Mrs. Phalma a clargythe 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 cut 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 pos-sessed (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 animosi-ties 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."

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, notone 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 minister-ing angels, at times descending and ascend-ing, as hallowed messengers from our loved ones who hask on the other shore ones, who bask on the other shore.

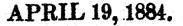
Letter from Lyman C. Howe.

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 4th, stop-ping 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 anxity, for my return. I found them doing well, and ready to greet me with a warm welcome. On Tuesday, the 8th, a few neighbors assem-bled 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 Lake Free Association Camp Meeting; a gold banded 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! Fredonia, N. Y. LYMAN C. HOWE.

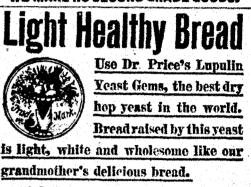
From the edition of Messrs, Geo. P. Rowell & Co's American Newspaper Directory now in press, it appears that the newspapers and periodicals of all kinds at present issued in the United States and Canada reach a grand to tal of 13,402. This is a net gain of precisely 1,600 during the last twelve months, and exhibits an increase of 5,618 over the total number published just ten years since. The in-crease in 1874 over the total for 1873 was 493. During the past year the dailies have in-creased from 1.138 to 1,254; the weeklies from 9,062 to 10,028; and the monthlies from 1,091 to 1,499. 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 5 reported in 1883. Uther 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. Can-ada 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.





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III.

When she woke again it was morning; and her first waking consciousness was, that she must be much better. The choking sensa-tion 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 trinmph, 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 curions 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 ont 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 observances 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

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

This naturally produced an uneasy sensa-tion 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 en-She had always been couraged to find that they were still practica-ble. "It cannot be the-Inferno, that is clear at least," she added with the sprightliness which was one of her characteristics; " per haps-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 significa-There was something so like his old tion." 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.

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 presentiment 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. reached the place in the night, found my brother and family wrapped in midnight slumber. In the morning, while at the break-fast 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 dy-ing 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 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 in-stance, 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.

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 Fails is a colossal mirror, in which the Falls are reflected in such a manner that the guests may admire while they eat

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