

RELIGION JOURNAL

PHILOSOPHICAL

SCIENCE, LITERATURE

NOTED
L PHILOS

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

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

VOL. XXXVII.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 30, 1884.

No. 1

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

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For the Religious-Philosophical Journal. PHENOMENAL.

A Spirit Appears and Points out Its Remains.—The Spirit Leaves the Body, and Visits the Spirit-world.—Interesting Narratives.

In the early part of 1883, the story of a haunted house, and the apparition of a ghost to a lady and her two daughters residing therein, appeared in one of the Denver morning papers, which excited a good deal of comment at the time. By the great majority of people the article was regarded as purely sensational, while many implicitly believed in its candor and truthfulness—especially those who were acquainted with the family occupying the dwelling. The house is the property of one Dr. Williamson, a resident of this city, who has not occupied it for a number of years, and although not an old building, it has for a very long time had rather an uncanny reputation—families moving in and out in rapid succession, averring that they could not stay in it on account of singular noises and unusual disturbances. It has been asserted that the Doctor has at times offered free rental for a year to anyone who would occupy the house, saying that he could not get any one to stay in it; but I do not care to vouch for this.

Unaware of the unsavory odor connected with the place, a Mrs. Perry took possession of it as being convenient and in a good locality for a boarding house. Her family consisted of herself, two daughters and a couple of grandchildren, and they were not long in finding out that there was something wrong about the premises. Often during the daytime they would simultaneously hear noises in the upper rooms as if a heavy trunk were being rolled over the floor or ponderous furniture dragged about, or chairs thrown around and upset, and on hastening to the scene of disturbance, they would sometimes find things in *statu quo*, and at others would discover small furniture piled upon the bed and freaks of a varied and chaotic nature enacted. The unmistakable rustling of a lady's dress and the sound of footsteps going up and down the stairs, was a matter of common occurrence, but the climax was reached by the apparition of a man seen in broad daylight, which was the subject of the ghost story already alluded to.

At intervals during the past few months, having met with a number of people personally acquainted with Mrs. Perry—who by the way no longer tenanted the haunted house—persons who invariably spoke in high terms of the lady, I resolved to make her acquaintance and have a personal interview at the first opportunity. This presented itself a few evenings since, when in company with some friends I was conducted to the lady's residence, and introduced to her and her family.

Mrs. Perry is of French parentage, though born in the State of New York. Her maiden patronymic was La Montagne, which was half anglicized into La Mountain, by which surname her brothers are still known. She is a sister of the late Prof. J. La Mountain, the well-known aeronaut, who entertained the theory of upper currents of air, by which the ocean might be traversed in balloons, and the attempt he made to do this will also be remembered. Setting out from St. Louis in company with Prof. Wise and two newspaper reporters he expected to cross the Atlantic; but meeting with some accident the balloon came down somewhere on the shore of Lake Ontario, and two of the number got out, but the remainder struck again, and

finally came down within five or six miles of Watertown, N. Y. Another brother of Mrs. Perry was also an aeronaut—Prof. Edw. La Mountain—who it will be recollected fell from his balloon a few years ago over Ionia, Michigan, three-fourths of a mile, and was dashed in pieces. These circumstances, which are pretty well known, will the better serve to introduce Mrs. Perry to the readers of the JOURNAL.

The family being assembled in her little parlor, together with two other brothers, Charles and Frank La Mountain, who have just arrived here from the East on a visit to their sister, I said:

"Mrs. Perry, I had the pleasure of reading the so-called ghost story in one of our morning papers a few months ago, and as I understand that it had its foundation in truth I would like to hear its corroboration from your lips."

"The story," she replied, "as set forth in that journal at the time, was true in every particular. It can, however, be told in fewer words, and the facts are these: We were keeping boarders at the time and the last one had taken his breakfast and gone about his affairs. My two daughters and myself had seated ourselves at the table to take our morning repast at something past 9 o'clock. We were busily engaged in conversation, about what I do not remember, but possibly the girls were commenting on the latest style of bonnet or dress, or other matters of feminine interest, when all at once we were astonished by seeing a man standing at the foot of the table; it was a long extension table. We had not observed his entrance nor heard a footstep, but there he stood, mutely looking at us. His countenance was not an unpleasant one; he was becomingly attired; but as he had come in unbidden and unobserved I was fairly indignant at the intrusion. Making no attempt at apology, nor at any utterance whatever, I demanded:

"What do you want, sir?"

"I want you, ladies," he replied, "to take care of my body that's down cellar," and he was gone.

All three of us saw him at once, and all heard alike. None of us saw him leave through the door—he simply disappeared. We were dazed and confounded as well as awe-stricken. If only one of us had seen the man we could have attributed it to the imagination or optical illusion of the seer, but there was no chance for an escape from the fact that we had all seen and heard a possible spirit from the other world.

We all knew that there was an excavation beneath the floor of the room in which we were sitting, but we had never dignified it with the name of a cellar, nor used it as such. A trap door leading thereto was covered with a strip of carpeting and we had never had any curiosity to interview it. But recovered a little from our consternation, one of my daughters a little more brave than the rest of us, proposed that we enter the cellar and investigate affairs, and, thereupon, we moved the table to one side, tore up the strip of carpeting, opened the trap door, and two of us descended by a ladder we there found, to the bottom of the excavation. With light in hand we searched the place and found nothing; but peering through an opening beneath another room of the house, we saw a box that afterward proved to be three feet long by two feet in width. With a garden hoe we reached in and turned it over, when a most horrible stench proceeded therefrom. We sent for assistance and had it brought to light, and found it to contain the partly decomposed remains of a human being."

"I have heard it suggested, Mrs. Perry, that it was a skeleton such as physicians are accustomed to have about their premises," I interrupted.

"I cannot call it a skeleton in the sense that medical science understands it. The flesh still remained on the frame and the finger-nails had grown to an extraordinary length, and while I do not suspect any foul play, it was far from being a well regulated and articulated skeleton, but rather the remains of a subject for dissection. But I do not doubt now, but that the apparition we saw once tenanted the remains."

The brothers who are now on a visit to Mrs. Perry had never heard of this affair until since their arrival here, and at the conclusion of the above recital, one of them exclaimed: "Well, that was certainly a very strange thing!" and turning to us callers he asked:

"Did you, gentlemen, ever witness anything approximating to that, or did you ever see or experience anything weird or mysterious in your lives that you could not explain away or account for in some manner half satisfactory, perhaps, to yourselves?" and we had to return a negative answer.

"I have experienced many strange things," he continued, "in the course of my life, for which, after a fashion, I could conjure up explanations, but there is one thing that happened to me in Mexico once, that twist or turn as I will, I have never been able to explain satisfactorily to myself."

"To premise my story I will say that my father was a very powerful man, weighing something over 300 pounds. He could easily lift a man of 200 pounds by his coat collar, and while we boys were yet under his control he had a way of lifting us up by the nape of the neck and chucking us to the ground, when in anger, that is even now as vivid a remembrance as it was then a reality."

"During the latter part of the French occupation of Mexico in the vain endeavor to establish Maximilian upon the throne, I was in Texas, and, desiring, to assist the Mexi-

cans against the invaders, I, together with other Americans, crossed the Rio Grande equipped with horses and ammunition, and offered them our services. A band of guerrillas had been spreading terror and consternation all over that part of the country and our party had had the good fortune to capture 15 or 20 of the rascals whom we disposed of without mercy, by shooting, for we fought under the black flag, neither asking nor giving quarter. The leader of the guerrillas was so enraged at this *contre-temps* that he swore by all that was sacred and holy, that he would take no rest until he had bagged the last one of us, and we knew that he was an enemy not to be despised. One morning while we were in a corral and watering our animals, an alarm came that the formidable guerrillas were at a point not far away, and all was hurry and bustle, preparing for an encounter. An American by the name of Madison was by my side, and at the first command he was in his saddle and away at hot speed to join our men. I mounted my horse at the same time—and here is where the strange part comes in. I had grasped my reins to follow my companion when—quick as a flash of lightning I found myself prostrate on my back upon the ground! I was not hurt—I scarcely felt the fall. The horse had not thrown me, for there he stood peaceable and quiet. To say that I was dazed and discomfited would not express my feelings. That I felt foolish and somewhat irritated would, perhaps, come close to the truth. I picked myself up, brushed off the dust a little, mounted my horse again and was about to gallop away—when whack! I lay sprawling upon my back the second time quicker than the blink of an eyelid! There was no jar, no bruises or contusions—I was simply flat on my back and the blue sky above me. Could it be that paralysis, or apoplexy, or a thunderbolt had tumbled me? Preposterous! I would not so soon recover. Was I drunk? I had not been drinking. As I reflected, it did seem as though each time I mounted my horse I lost for a certain my consciousness. Could it be possible that any one in concealment could instantly wrench a man weighing 220 pounds, from his saddle? A high adobe wall stood near, and with pistol in hand I ran around it to see if any one were there, but—nobody! All this while there was a Mexican hostler present, and he stood grinning at me. In broken Spanish I asked him if he had seen anybody throw me from the saddle and he answered no, that he had only seen me falling out both times. But I was losing time—my company were all off for the fray. I did not wish to be held as a coward nor ridiculed as an unskilful horseman, for I was conscious of not being the first, and I had acquired the reputation among the Texans of being a very good equestrian, and so for a third time I scrambled into my saddle and planted my feet in those big wooden stirrups of the Mexicans in which one feels as firm as though standing upon the solid ground, when whiz—down I went next to the earth for a third time in a twinkling. It was more like an electric shock than anything I can think of, and with it came the thought or impression—'FATHER!' And like a shock also came the feeling, 'DON'T GO—GET AWAY!'—and my very hair seemed to stand on end. I was thoroughly horrified now, and the perspiration poured from me like rain. I did not stop to reflect longer, but obeying a sudden impulse I sprang into my saddle, headed my horse for the Rio Grande, sunk my spurs into his sides and reached the ferry in brief time, when putting my pistol to the Mexican ferryman's head I commanded him to take me across to the other shore or I would blow out his brains. With a grim smile he obeyed, but it was against orders to take a deserter across the river to the American side, and possibly his life paid the penalty for doing so if it was ever found out. I went to Brownsville, and in a few days the news came that the company I was in had come in contact with the guerrillas and was overpowered by numbers, and out of 300 men only 55 were left alive. Poor Madison was taken and shot, and I was saved only by the miraculous intervention of—what?

"I have always been skeptical—what you may call a naturalist, and while much that is strange and unusual has come under my observation, I have never been inclined to be superstitious about it, or attribute it to the supernatural. I have never known much about what is termed modern Spiritualism, and while I will not say it is a delusion, I am not satisfied as to its absolute truth. There may be a life hereafter, but to me it is problematical."

"Why, Charley," interposed Mrs. Perry, "how can you talk that way after that beautiful and thrilling experience of yours in South Bend, Indiana?"

"O well, I don't attach much importance to that, for I was under a great deal of mental strain and suffering at the time, and threatened with a fever besides."

"But what was that experience, Mr. La Mountain?" I asked, "I am quite anxious to hear it," and I was seconded by others. After some hesitancy he proceeded as follows:

"One of the happiest experiences of my life was at South Bend, Indiana, in the year 1876. It occurred shortly after the death of a lovely and beloved niece, who after a long and painful illness from typhoid pneumonia expired in my arms. She was a married woman with two bright and interesting children, but her married life had been a very unhappy one, and during her last sickness her husband rarely came near with any professed kindness or sympathy. For seven weeks I was almost constantly at her bedside, both

night and day; she was very much attached to me and seemed more pleased to have me near her than any one else. Day by day she grew weaker and at times it seemed as though she were struggling to say something to me, but for some reason failed to do so until it was too late. But just before expiring she murmured the names of her children, which afterwards I interpreted to mean that she would have me take them and care for them. But I reproached myself for not having urged her to express her wishes while she was yet strong enough to do so, and the thought that I had not done so grew into deeper and deeper regret after her dear lips and her beautiful eyelids were forever closed. While watching with her I had scarcely thought it possible that she would pass away, and hence my thoughtlessness as to what she would have done for her in case of what was to me so sorrowful an issue, and now that she was gone, too late I longed to tell her that her darling children should be cared for, for this thought, it seemed to me, must have been weighing upon her mind at the last moment of her life."

"Soon, all that was mortal of my idolized niece was committed to the earth. Her home was left desolate and her little children motherless. Their father was a dissolute, disagreeable man, and I more than divined that he would prefer that he should never be their custodian, and I resolved that whatever might happen I would be their faithful protector. How well I carried out my resolution would take too long to recount, and as it does not pertain particularly to my story I will merely say that the youngest soon followed its mother, and that the other after years of perilous struggle is now in safe keeping, and being educated in a manner proper and befitting for the duties of life."

"After my niece was laid away I went to the home of a sister, who was then residing in the same city. I sorrowed with an earthly and disconsolate sorrow for the loss of one for I loved the girl dearer than my own life. I sought rest and sleep, but so long had I slumbered been a stranger to my bedside from some cause which I do not know, that I was to my relief, and I paced the floor in agony of spirit the night through. The second evening after her burial I was sitting on the piazza in front of the house and my sister, Mrs. Perry, was by my side. It was a bright, moonlight evening, and oppressed with inconsolable grief I exclaimed: 'This beautiful moonlight illumines the grave, also, of our darling Julia. Ah! she is gone—gone forever!' for I felt at the moment as though the grave held all there was of her. But my sister, more spiritual than I, said: 'O brother, do not think of our dear niece as limited to the narrow confines of the tomb; she is not there—she still lives. It is only the casket that lies buried; the jewel still shines more brightly than ever in the land of souls.'

"Then," said I, "if it be true that she still lives in spirit, I will seek her in the churchyard. If the spirits of the departed ever appear to mortals, she will appear to me," and I wended my way to the city of the dead and sought among the many silent sleepers the newly constructed mound above the remains of the one so dear to me. I called her by name and asked her to show herself to me if such a thing were possible, but there came no response—no vision of the lovely form, and after the vain endeavor I reluctantly retired from the sacred spot. Then I betook myself to the home so recently occupied by her and closed since her burial. 'Here, if anywhere, thought I, 'the spirit of Julia will meet me. Everything is hushed and still, and the small hours of night are propitious.' I entered the dwelling. Every object that met my view reminded me of the absent one; a little hanging basket of trailing vines that was cherished by her was withering for the want of care, but Julia's presence seemed almost palpable. Said I, 'Julia, if you are here in spirit, appear to me,' and although thrice I repeated the request with an earnestness of expectation which you cannot realize, she came not. I retired to the most gloomy parts of the building—to the darkness of the basement, ever repeating the request that she show herself to me, but she remained concealed from my sight."

"Leaving the house I once more sought the rooms at my sister's, but not to sleep. I was a victim of insomnia, and morning found me in a feverish condition and temples throbbing with pain. Sister came to me and, anxious for my health and welfare, implored me to lie down and try to sleep. I got upon the bed, stretched myself out upon my back, and with my hands I pressed my aching head. Sister laid a wet cloth over my forehead and retired, saying she would try and keep everything quiet in the house, and hoped I would make an effort to compose myself and sleep. For a moment I seemed to lose consciousness and then I thought, 'Since Julia will not come to me I must go to her,' and the first thing I knew I was getting outside of my body. The door of my sleeping-room stood ajar, and as I went to pass through it I turned and looked upon my prostrate form upon the bed. The mouth was open, the hands thrown up over the head and a white cloth over it just as it had been placed a moment before! All pain was gone and I felt a freedom—a buoyancy that I had never felt before. I passed into the parlor. The doors were closed but a window being open I gilded through it into the open air and regained the street. There seemed to be a power behind me bearing me on. I did not walk, but arose lightly and floated away up the street passing over the many familiar places. I looked down and saw the city gliding under me as it were;

noted people and teams passing along the busy streets; sailed along over the old 'goose pasture,' so-called, where once was our family home long years before; passed over suburban places and country houses; saw and heard the water dashing along against the rocks in the river beds; heard the lowing of cattle, the singing of birds and other familiar sounds as onward and upward I glided, when a cloudy mist seemed to shut me in. This soon cleared away, and I found myself floating along over the most beautiful world that mortal can conceive of. Everywhere grew the most exquisite shrubbery and flowers, and whichever way I looked the most enchanting landscapes met my vision; there was no deformity anywhere but everything lovely to look upon, trees, sylvan lakes, purling rivers, and all with such gorgeous hues and colorings as no human tongue can describe. The morning, the noontide and the sunset interblended, and the radiance, balminess and joyousness of all about me was simply overwhelming. After gaining a great height, as if on the summit of a range of mountains, I was placed upon a projecting rock from which I could view the immensity of space spread out before me, and here I caught the notes of such ravishing music as I had never before heard. It was like instrumental music—as though all the bands and musical instruments of the whole earth were combined in one grand, all-permeating chorus. Before me I saw a tremendous canyon stretching away into the distance, and the music seemed to proceed from thence. All this time I was still conscious of an intelligent power behind me that bore me on or checked me up as occasion required. When I seemed too anxious to press forward, the power held me back. It now seemed to me that I had to go through this canyon before I could see Julia, and I seemed to know that I was to see her. I moved forward, and as I threaded my way on and up through the winding and beautiful gorge, the strains of music grew more and more delightful and entrancing until as I drew near the end, it seemed to be a chorus of voices—millions upon millions—mingled in the grandest of anthems such as mortals can only appreciate. I have no language to describe the melody and grandeur of those celestial strains—they were such as we can never hear on this mundane sphere, though the singers of every clime and of all the centuries since the world began were gathered together into one place and joined in one universal ecstatic shout of praise."

"The power behind then raised me up, when there burst upon my vision a scene so glorious, so ineffably sublime, so unutterably magnificent, that had I the tongue of an angel I could never describe it. But there, not far away, sitting upon a throne as of crystal was my beautiful and glorified Julia, radiant and happy. She had just been crowned by attendant multitudes of glorious beings; countless and beautiful children floated before her in the ambient air, coming and going in graceful movement as if in harmony with the divine and heavenly chorus. And all this was for a welcome to her, and I was permitted to witness it. I saw her quite near but could not seem to catch her eye. I would have approached and spoken with her but was withheld. I had a parchment with me upon which I had written her a message. I wanted her to know that I would care for her children left behind. I was given to understand that I could leave the message, and that she would get it, but that I could go no further and must now return to my earthly body."

"Then down I went over the same path I had traveled; back through the wonderful canyon to the projecting rock upon which I had been placed before—the chorus and music receding the while; back over the flowery vales and celestial fields; down through the mists and clouds to earth; back to the busy city over bridges and housetops—over familiar places and the heads of market men driving along with wagons laden with produce from the country. And I thought: 'I must make haste to reach my body for if my sister should find it there lying stark and breathless, she will be in great distress and think me dead.' So I hurried to the house, passed in as I came out and into the room where I saw my form lying as I had just left it. 'I am back just in time,' I said. And seeing the mouth agape I thought I must go in at that opening, and in I went. And then my aching head and throbbing temples told me too truly that I was sure enough back in my weary frame again. Just then my sister entered and found me in tears. I was almost too full for utterance, but I said: 'Dear sister, I have been to the Spirit-world and seen our darling Julia.'

"From that hour I never sorrowed for her again. I was glad that she had passed from earth. This may have been all a hallucination, but never did any thing seem more real to me, and it will forever remain indelibly fixed in my memory. And, O the joy, the peace, the wondrous relief and exaltation I felt while out and away from my mortal body, transcends all my powers of description. If this experience is any thing like what we feel at the hour of dissolution, you may none of you ever dread that hour, but rather look forward to it with pleasure. At any rate, somehow, I have never since that time had any dread of what we call death, and felt willing to depart at any moment. I often think that I would be willing to give ten years of my life for another experience of the same kind."

ESTD.
Denver, Col., Aug. 7, 1884.

Hammocks are knotty, but they are also

THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant. 1 Cor. xii. 7.

In view of the fact that the majority of the public lack opportunity for personal investigation of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, their only information upon that widely-discussed subject reaching them through the medium of press and pulpit, I venture to present a few thoughts which may prove of interest to your readers. Upon mention of this subject, two questions naturally arise in the inquiring mind: First, "What is it?" and second, "What of it?" To answer the first is the province of science. Philosophy must deal with the second. Sir John Herschell says:

"The perfect observer in any department of science will have his eyes, as it were, opened, that they may be struck at once by any occurrence, which, according to received theories, ought not to happen; for these are the facts which serve as clues to new discoveries. . . . Before experience itself can be used with advantage, there is one preliminary step to make which depends wholly on ourselves; it is the absolute dismissal and clearing the mind of all prejudice, and the determination to stand or fall by the result of a direct appeal to facts in the first instance, and of strict logical deduction from them afterwards."

I have neither time nor space to enumerate the various phenomena upon which the superstructure of the spiritualistic philosophy is erected. Suffice it to say that they are innumerable in variety, from the common physical manifestation of objects moving without human contact, to the higher phases of vision and inspiration. These phenomena have been occurring under the name of modern Spiritualism for thirty-six years, and during that time have been investigated by eminent scientists, literary men, members of the legal and medical professions, scholars, statesmen, and thousands of intelligent people from the humbler walks of life; and every case of honest and continued study has resulted in the belief of their superhuman origin. Alfred R. Wallace, fellow of the Royal Society of England (sufficient evidence of his scientific standing) says in his "Defense of Modern Spiritualism," that the reality of these phenomena "were confirmed by the first chemist in America, Prof. Robt. Hare, . . . and by the elaborate and persevering inquiries of one of the first of American lawyers, Judge Edmunds," (Judge of the Supreme Court, and of the Court of Appeals, of New York). Then by another good chemist, Prof. Mages. He then mentions several eminent French scientists, and a number of well known English scholars who testified to the same truth. Up to the present day, scores of learned men, whose names it is unnecessary to mention here, have, after careful investigation, declared that immortality has been brought to light by actual demonstration under strict scientific conditions. But as the faith of the believer cannot be strengthened, nor the unbelief of the skeptic overcome by mere argument or the presentation of written testimony, I will only ask that before an adverse opinion is formulated, the following sound advice from Mr. Wallace's "Defense," be thoughtfully entertained:

To "consider the long roll of men of ability who, commencing the inquiry as skeptics, left it as believers, and to give these men credit for not having overlooked, during years of patient inquiry, difficulties which at once occur to themselves." Those who desire to read upon this subject may find useful information in such books as "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," by Epes Sargent, Ed. "Harper's Ency. of Poetry," Zöllner's "Transcendental Physics," "Debatable Land," by Robt. Dale Owen; and Judge Edmunds's "Spiritualism," as well as many others which I have not space to mention.

Many theories have been invented to explain these phenomena, by those who never took the trouble to study into the facts. Self-conceited persons who have heard of such things as tables being moved, and messages being written by means of a wooden instrument called a planchette, have laboriously constructed explanations of the "tricks" and forthwith set up a shout of triumph at the supposed extinguishment of this "modern superstition." Other phenomena coming to their notice only brought forth more learned theories, and when the theories wouldn't fit the facts, the facts were made to fit the theories. The inquisitors of the medieval church used to take a heretic and put him into an iron cage; if the man was too long they cut him off, and if too short they stretched him to the required length—but they always got him in! The phenomena of Spiritualism have received much the same treatment from modern enemies of truth. Grave and learned men have propounded vague and abstruse theories, most of which are ten times more incredible than the phenomena which they profess to explain. To avoid the conclusion that there is at least a scientific proof of immortality, men have discoursed darkly of such theories as "expectant attention," "odid force," and "unconscious cerebration." Like the war correspondent who sits in his library and writes grave letters of advice to the Generals in the field, and fills the columns of the press with criticisms upon the plan of the latest campaign, the self-satisfied materialist sits in his study, and, reading a newspaper account of some "exposure" of Spiritualism, complacently manufactures a tedious article upon the "methods of mediums," and has it printed in the leading review. Let us see how some of these theories fit the facts. Not long ago, in Bond's Hall, a man by name of Watkins, gave an exhibition of the phenomenon of slate-writing. Two citizens, selected because of their skepticism in regard to spiritual phenomena, procured two slates, and brought them upon the stage. They stated to the audience that they had washed the slates clean, and tied them securely, in the absence of Mr. Watkins. The slates were then laid upon a table, in good light, and in plain view of the entire audience. The three men sat around the table, and in a moment one of the committee declared that he heard the sound of writing within the slates—the medium's hands being in plain sight of all. Mr. Watkins then stepped back and directed the committee to untie the slates, which they did—and the inside of one was found to be covered with writing. Now, what theory will cover this case? Did "expectant attention" on the part of the audience (many of whom expected that it would not happen) produce writing on the inside of the slate? Did "unconscious cerebration" produce a communication on a surface covered from physical contact? Was it "Odid force?"—(Whatever that may be). Nothing could be more certain than the fact that trickery on the part of the medium, or self-deception on the part of the audience, did not produce the writing. What was it? Was it a force of some kind, and what kind of a force can exhibit intelligence, and possess a thought in written language, unless it is directed by an intelligence? Did the mind of the medium do it? But communication frequently embody facts not known

to the medium or any person present, such facts being afterward verified.

Scores of other phenomena occur, to which these manufactured theories are equally inapplicable. Because one or two may be apparently reproduced by the aid of special apparatus, which it would be impossible for a medium to employ without detection, does not prove that all are fraudulent. Frauds do exist, and always will, as long as honor is subjugated to the desire for money; but no more prove the falsity of Spiritualism than counterfeit money proves the worthlessness of all money.

Now, a few words as to the philosophy deduced from the admitted facts of Spiritualism. We hear a great deal of the immoral tendency of Spiritualism, of its degrading influence, of its harmful teachings. It is said that it is the grossest materialism; that it appeals to the physical, rather than to the spiritual; that spirits embody themselves in matter to prove their existence. As to immortality, have the Christian shepherds no black sheep in their flocks? How often do we read of a crime committed by some one standing high in the church? Do these things exist as the result of, or in spite of the teaching of the church? We would be just, and say that human nature is frail. To err is human, and Spiritualism, as well as the church, embraces only human beings, and besides has no Holy Ghost to deliver its followers from evil. In regard to morals, Spiritualists compare very favorably with the rest of humanity; but even if immortality prevailed, it could not detract from the pure moral tone of their teachings. In appealing to the physical senses, it employs the only method of reaching the soul. The soul communicates with the external world through the medium of the senses, and through them gains all knowledge and experience. We cannot read the scriptures without employing our physical sense of sight, and to read writing upon a slate is no more material in its tendency than to read the printed page of a book. There is the best of evidence that the disembodied soul can form for itself, out of available material, a temporary form, and thus make itself manifest to human eyes; but we are told that this is the grossest materialism, degrading in its effects. Was the post-mortem appearance of Jesus regarded as degrading to either himself or disciples? He had a gross physical body, and ate some gross physical food!

Why should writing upon a slate be regarded as degrading, and the "writing upon the wall," at Belshazzar's feast, be considered as a highly moral occurrence? Why is it degrading to heal the sick by laying on of hands in the nineteenth century, but highly proper to have done it in the first? Why is it vulgar to "speak with tongues" to-day, when Paul, a few centuries ago, considered it a highly desirable spiritual gift? Why is prophecy or inspirational speaking discreditable to-day, when the best parts of the bible consist of such productions? Why is it degrading to believe that a person of to-day can rise in the air without physical support, but highly spiritualizing to believe that nearly nineteen hundred years ago Jesus and Peter were sustained and enabled to walk upon the sea? Why are ancient visions so much more spiritual than modern ones? The unbeliever may say that these modern phenomena are not genuine; but it is asserted by the church that even if their spiritual origin could be proven, they are degrading in their tendency. Is not this feeling mere prejudice? We should seek the truth by all means; and if any of God's truths are degrading in their tendency, we shall find it out. If Spiritualism is true, as its defenders claim, can we not see the use of it? The tendency of the present age is toward skepticism. The course of science is materialistic. Science deals with the material, with the external manifestations of nature, and in her investigations she frequently mistakes causes for effects. She shows the workings of the brain, and asserts that intelligence is merely the result of molecular vibration; that mind is but a manifestation of organized matter, and that when the material organism is dissolved in death, consciousness ceases and the bright lamp of life goes out in eternal darkness.

The church is powerless to check the tide of materialism. She has no proof which can satisfy the skeptical mind. Man dies, and the skeptic points to the grass growing from the mouldering mound of flesh. He asks: "Where is the life that animated this heap of dust? I see the body in the waving grass and the rustling leaves of trees; but where is the intelligence that directed that mortal frame?" The church points to her bible, wherein is recorded the resurrection of the son of God. He declares that a God can never die, but man is not a God. She tells him that resurrection is promised to man. He points to the errors and contradictions, which have crept into the divine book, and declares that in the absence of evidence he must doubt the promise. What shall we think, then, of one who can say to him: "Your friend died, but he lives again. Through a beneficent law of God he can transmit his thought through my physical organism, and convince you that he lives and loves you still." Shall we not bless that goodness which permits mortal man to commune with his risen brother? Shall we not cast aside all prejudice and walk in the light of that blessed truth?

As to the religious teachings of Spiritualism, a candid thinker must admit them to be an improvement upon many of the doctrines called Orthodox. Orthodoxy teaches the resurrection of the physical body, basing its belief upon the resurrection of Jesus, whose body was placed in a sepulchre, and three days afterward found to be gone, but afterwards appearing to his disciples. Spiritualism, in harmony with science and reason, shows that at dissolution the constituents of the body are returned to the elemental wealth of nature, and gradually absorbed by vegetation, to pass through still further forms of life, in an endless cycle of material existence; but that the soul, a pure spiritual essence, casting aside the body as a worn-out garment, enters upon another and a higher life, like the butterfly that emerges from the body of a worm. It teaches that character is the result of slow growth, and continued personal effort in the direction of good; that this character is unaffected by the dissolution of the body; that the future condition is dependent wholly upon that character, and not upon the belief of any particular doctrine; that man is a creature of progression, and that he will continue to increase in knowledge and wisdom through all the lapse of future ages. According to this belief, no dark-souled criminal can on the day of his execution fit himself for association with the pure and wise of the higher life, by accepting a certain formula of faith; nor will the man of pure heart and unstained character be condemned to eternal punishment, because his mental constitution has prevented him from accepting a doctrine unsupported by sufficient evidence to produce conviction. The future world is a higher school of life, and man is ever a pupil. A. R. Wallace well-says: "The Spiritualist who, by daily experience, gets accurate

knowledge of these facts regarding the future state—who knows that, just in proportion as he indulges in passion or selfishness, or the exclusive pursuit of wealth, and neglect to cultivate the affections and the varied powers of his mind, so does he inevitably prepare for himself misery in a world where there are no physical wants to be provided for, no sensual enjoyments except those directly associated with the affections and sympathies, no occupations but those having for their object social and intellectual progress—is impelled toward a pure, a sympathetic, and an intellectual life by motives far stronger than any which, either religion or philosophy can supply." I cannot do better, in closing, than to quote the sentiments of two highly spiritual minds, honored wherever the English language is read: Harriet Beecher Stowe says, in speaking of guardian angels:

"May we not look among the band of ministering spirits for our own departed ones? Whom would God be more likely to send us? Have we in heaven a friend who knew us to the heart's core, a friend to whom we have unfolded our soul in its secret recesses, to whom we have confessed our weaknesses, and deplored our griefs? If we are to have a ministering spirit, who better adapted? . . . Why do the children of the pious mother, whose grave has grown green and smooth with years, seem often to walk through perils and dangers fearful and imminent as the crossing of Mohammed's fiery gulf on the edge of a drawn sword, yet walk unhurt? Ah! Could we see that attendant form, that face where the angel conceals not the mother, our question would be answered." Washington Irving writes: "What could be more consoling than the idea that the souls of those whom we once loved were permitted to return and watch over our welfare—that affectionate and guardian spirits sat by our pillows when we slept, keeping a vigil over our most helpless hours—that beauty and innocence, which had languished into the tomb, yet smiled unheeded around us, revealing themselves in those blessed dreams, wherein we live over again the hours of past endearment? A belief of this kind would, I think, be a new incentive to virtue, rendering us circumspect—even in our secret moments—from the idea that those we once loved were invisible witnesses of all our actions." GRAPHO.

The Judge's Strange Story.

Interviewed by a Dead Man—How Did the Reporter Get the Judgment Without Leaving the House Where he Sat Dead?

(The London Spectator.)

Mr. E. Gurney and Mr. F. W. H. Myers publish a further instalment of the strange stories they are collecting, the most remarkable by far being one related by Sir E. Hornby, late Chief Judge of the Consular Court of China and Japan, and a man not of undoubted truthfulness, but of strong rough sense. He was accustomed to allow reporters to call at his house for his written judgments: "They generally availed themselves of the opportunity, especially one reporter, who was also the editor of an evening paper. He was a peculiar man, reticent about himself, and I imagine had a history. In appearance he was also peculiar. I only knew him as a reporter and had no other relations with him. On the day when the event occurred, in 1870 or 1876, I went to my study an hour or two after dinner, and wrote out my judgment. It was then about half past eleven. I rang for the butler, gave him the envelope and told him to give it to the reporter who should call for it. I was in bed before twelve. I am a very light sleeper, and my wife a very heavy one. Indeed, it is difficult to rouse her out of her first sleep. The bed—a French one—faced the fireplace; on the mantelpiece was a clock, and the gas in the chandelier was turned down, and only so low as to admit of my seeing the time at any time of the night, for—waking easily and frequently—I often smoked a cigarette before I went to sleep again, and always desired to know the hour. I had gone to sleep, when I was awakened by hearing a tap at the study door, but thinking it might be the butler—looking in to see if the fire were safe and the gas turned off—I turned over with the view of getting to sleep again. Before I did so, I heard a tap at my bedroom door. Still thinking it might be the butler, who might have something to say, I said, 'Come in.' The door opened, and to my surprise, in walked Mr. —. I sat up and said: 'You have mistaken the door; but the butler has the judgment, so go and get it.' Instead of leaving the room he came to the foot-edge of the bed. I said: 'Mr. —, you forget yourself! Have the goodness to walk out directly.' This is rather an abuse of my favor." He looked deadly pale, but was dressed in his usual dress, and was certainly quite sober, and said: "I know I am guilty of an unwarrantable intrusion, but finding that you were not in your study I have ventured to come here." I was losing my temper, but something in the man's manner disinclined me to jump out of bed to eject him by force. So I said simply: "This is too bad, really; pray leave the room at once." Instead of doing so he put one hand on the footrail, and gently, and as if in pain, sat down on the foot of the bed. I glanced at the clock and saw that it was about 1:20. I said 'The butler has had the judgment since 11:30; go and get it.' He said: 'Pray, forgive me; if you knew all the circumstances you would. Time presses. Pray give me a précis of your judgment and I will take a note in my book of it,' drawing his reporter's book out of his breast-pocket. I said 'I will do nothing of the kind. Go down stairs, and the butler, and don't disturb me—you will wake my wife; otherwise I shall have to put you out.' He slightly moved his hand. I said: 'Who let you in?' He answered: 'No one.' 'Confound it!' I said, 'what the devil do you mean? Are you drunk?' He replied quietly: 'No, and never shall be again; but I pray your lordship give me your decision, for my time is short.' I said: 'You don't seem to care about my time, and this is the last time I shall ever allow a reporter in my house.' He stopped me short, saying: 'This is the last time I shall ever see you anywhere.'

"Well, fearful that this commotion might arouse and frighten my wife, I shortly gave him the gist of my judgment in as few words as I could. He seemed to be taking it down in shorthand; it might have been two or three minutes. When I finished, he rose, thanked me for excusing his intrusion and for the consideration I had always shown him and his colleagues, opened the door and went away. I looked at the clock; it was on the stroke of 1:30. (Lady Hornby now awakes, thinking she had heard talking; and her husband told her what had happened, and repeated the account when dressing next morning.) I went to the court a little before ten. The usher came in to my room to robe me, when he said: 'A sad thing happened last night, sir. Poor — was found dead in his room. I said: 'Bless my soul! dear me! What did he die of, and when?' Well, sir, it appears he went up to his room as usual at ten to work at his papers. His wife went up about twelve to ask him when

he would be ready for bed. He said: 'I have only the judge's judgment to get ready and then I have finished.' As he did not come she went up again about a quarter to one to his room and peeped in, and thought she saw him writing, but she did not disturb him. At half-past one she again went to him and spoke to him at the door. As he did not answer she thought he had fallen asleep, so she went up to arouse him. To her horror he was dead. On the door was his note-book, which I have brought away. She sent for the doctor, who arrived a little after two, and said he had been dead, he concluded, about an hour. I looked at the note-book. There was the usual heading: 'In the Supreme Court, before the chief judge, — vs. —.' The chief judge gave judgment this morning in this case to the following effect:—and then followed a few lines of indecipherable shorthand." The reporter, it should be added, neither had nor could have left his house. We confess we do not see how Mr. Myers's theory of thought transference explains that story at all. The reporter never thought of sitting at the foot of Sir E. Hornby's bed.

Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis in his own Defense.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have just accidentally learned that in your paper of June 21st, Dr. A. B. Spinney of Detroit, published a private letter of mine, without my knowledge or consent, and that it was a letter calculated to bring ridicule upon me and do injury to my business. Upon obtaining a copy of said paper, I find that this letter of mine was written five years ago. My memory fails to yield me any reminiscences of this special letter; but I will remember the season to which it refers. I had been doing the work of two men all winter. For seven or eight months in fact, I had been wrestling with some of the most formidable diseases flesh is heir to. I had had two cases of cancer of the stomach, and two each of mammary and uterine cancer; one formidable case of Bright's disease, and two equally formidable cases of locomotor-ataxy, and several other most difficult and complicated cases in my local practice in Boston, besides my extensive correspondence, and I had returned to my summer home worn out, as the letter indicates.

I had made no examinations for more than two weeks. I remember well the pile of letters that had accumulated, and the feeling of nervous dread and desperation with which I attacked them after the fatigue of the journey was a little passed. Is the inference a very absurd one that under these conditions there might have been a mistake made?

Fortunately, I have a stronger defense than that of inference alone. I have for many years kept a record of every examination made, and on turning to the record of June 26th, 1879, I find the letter printed in Dr. Spinney's article *verbatim*, and it is addressed to Mrs. H. H. Taintor, Chicago, Ill., and on the opposite page a totally different diagnosis addressed to H. H. Taylor, Dowagiac, Mich. Evidently in some way a blunder was made in copying.

Both parties were requested to inform me if the examination was correct. I am sure that neither of them reported the apparent blunder as to sex, for in all the thirty years that I have examined disease in this way, I was never accused of blundering in that respect, and I am positive that had it been done in either of these cases, I should most certainly have remembered it.

Both parties might have written me that the diagnosis was unsatisfactory; but this alone would in all probability have called forth from me merely an emphatic expression of confidence in my powers, which thousands of people can testify that I have a right to cherish; whereas a simple allusion to the fact that a mistake had been made as to sex, would have sent me at once to my record and a full explanation would have been given at the time, and it would not have been left to be brought up against me in this unjust, ungenerous manner after the lapse of five years.

I do not know Dr. Spinney. I infer that he is a Spiritualist. If so, then his Spiritualism is of a different type from that upon whose altar, twenty-seven years ago, I sacrificed health, friends, position, brilliant prospects—all that a young man holds dearest in life. A cardinal principle of my Spiritualism is, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." For thirty years I have faithfully tried to square my life by that principle;—with what success my life must testify. But before I would have published a private letter of Dr. Spinney that had come into my possession, calculated to throw distrust upon one of the grandest powers of the human soul, bring ridicule upon his name and do injury to his business, without first consulting him and seeking his explanation regarding it, I would have cut my right hand off.

As to whether the sick can be safely treated by an educated or uneducated clairvoyant physician at a distance, I can furnish to any one desiring it, an overwhelming amount of proof from my own practice that they can be.

During the past thirty years I have had patients in nearly every State and Territory in the Union, throughout the Canadas and British Provinces, in the Sandwich Islands and Australia, New Zealand and China, and in many parts of England, France, Germany and Italy.

The records of my examinations have been read with astonishment by scores of physicians who knew that I specially request that not so much as a hint be given me by any applicant as to symptoms previous to the examination.

Since my return from Europe in 1870, I have had fourteen physicians of different schools of practice, under my care as patients, in different parts of the country, and I have the pleasure of numbering among my warm personal friends many physicians of eminence and position, both in this country and abroad, who know of my clairvoyant and psychometric powers, and who have tested them in counsel with me upon obscure cases.

For more than twenty years my practice has been made up, the larger part of it, of cases that have applied to me as a forlorn hope; and I can give abundant proof to any one desiring it, that I have cured hundreds of desperate cases all over the country, patients who to this day have never looked upon the face of their physician. Why, Mr. Editor, without exaggeration, I can fill the advertising columns of your paper for months with testimonials as to the accuracy of my examinations, and the wonder of my cures; and I challenge any physician not a clairvoyant, or psychometrist, or magnetizer, to show results that can compare with what I can demonstrate that I have achieved during the time that I have been before the public as a healer.

And yet I do not claim for clairvoyance, or for psychometry, a place among the exact sciences. We understand as yet but comparatively little about them. They have not yet been reduced to a science, and perhaps may never be from the extreme delicacy of the forces involved. But this I do know, that as a means for accurately diagnosing disease,

they are as superior to the blundering system of the average regular practitioner, as the modern telescope is superior to the first crude prophesy of it that was invented in the days of Galileo.

I speak by the card in reference to this matter, for I am an educated physician myself. I have been connected with the Faculty of two chartered Medical Colleges as Professor of *Materia Medica*. I have an extensive acquaintance among physicians, and have belonged to, and am still connected with, different Medical Associations.

I can furnish Dr. Spinney with a number of cases from my own experience, in which educated and eminent physicians have disputed my diagnosis, and with lofty scorn have pronounced clairvoyance a humbug, and denounced me as an impostor and a fool, and a *post mortem* examination has triumphantly demonstrated the accuracy of my clear sight. If this is not enough, I will furnish him with an overwhelming amount of proof of the utter unreliability of diplomaed ignorance, as laid before the Massachusetts Legislature every winter for the past seven years, and which has thus far effectually prevented in that enlightened State, the passage of a law for the regulation of medical practice similar to those which disgrace the statute books of several of our States.

From this testimony it will not be difficult to see where the weightiest proof of inaccuracy lies, and where the greatest danger to suffering humanity comes in; whether from "educated or uneducated clairvoyants healing at a distance," or from educated regulars.

I cannot close my letter without expressing my warm thanks to my dear friend and brother, Lyman C. Howe, for his generous words in your columns in my behalf while I was in utter ignorance that an attack had been made upon me—for under the circumstances I cannot characterize it as anything else but an attack. Such spontaneous deeds as brother Howe's, keep up one's faith in humanity and verify the proverb: "A world fifty spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." FRED. L. H. WILLIS.

Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y., Aug. 18, 1884.

The Ostrich Symposium.

REV. J. D. HULL TO DR. BUCHANAN.

Let me thank you for your excellent article in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Aug. 16th on the recent "Ostrich Symposium" at Concord. Surely when men aspiring to be leaders of thought can spend day after day in offering to the public as philosophy so much obscure jargon as the press reports of these "sages," it is time for some one who can speak after the intelligible manner of ordinary, sensible people to free his mind as plainly as you have done. Familiarity with the phraseology of certain dim speculations, is not the same thing as wisdom; and your just satire will find an echo in thousands of discriminating and well disciplined minds.

For one I do not care to object very strenuously to the nearly harmless glorification for a week, of a writer whose merits and demerits seem to me so well high balanced, but whose fame appears to a class of literary people, to be identified with the renown of "the Hub" itself and of all recent New England thought. Inasmuch as a venturesome Englishman has lately dared to criticize their idol very plainly to their faces, they might be allowed to indulge their patriotism as well as their philosophy with a little ovation. It may relieve their wounded pride to weave some of their fine-spun and glistening cobwebs into garlands for his brow.

But when they undertake a very different matter—a subject no less momentous than our immortality—let us not be offered cobwebs. Here they are grossly out of place. If nothing substantial can be added to the old-time-worn discussions, let it so be said frankly. But if anything really new can be given us, let it take a shape in language that can be apprehended by all well trained minds. Pray, do not let multitudes of thoughtful people be provoked by it to cry, "Boosh!"

The popular effect of such tenuous disquisitions—so far as they have any effect—is certainly most unhappy. "If that is all you have to offer," a plain man, but no fool, will say: "I cannot believe in Immortality. If such a thing awaits us all personally and with anything of the nature of award in it for our course in this life (which is the chief element in it of practical moment to us now) some better proof of it than reasonings so incomprehensible to mankind should be given us." And in so saying he is right. What do these philosophers after all publish to the world in effect except their doubts? But these not only have no value, but on a matter of such immense importance to human welfare, they are simply pernicious. One thing only they would seem to make plain respecting a future life; namely, the extreme difficulty of proving it.

And this, when the most decisive proof is at hand, capable of being apprehended and verified by every one. Never has the world been left long or widely without its repeated presentation as the "History of the supernatural in all Ages," not only in William Howitt's book, but in many another, fully shows. And to-day ten thousand impressive awe-inspiring facts, known to multitudes, and singularly multiplied upon us in this age of speculation from the old beliefs into the widest speculative doubts, constitute the overwhelming body of this evidence. The ablest minds have been compelled on faithful investigation to acknowledge it. Very easy indeed, is it to shut one's eyes against it, to refuse even to look at it, or to deal with it only unfairly and delisively. This is no new thing for even "philosophers" to do. But still the facts are here. They are here in force, and cannot be waived out of sight. As Mr. Bundy well said at Concord: "They have come to stay!"

Now is it, indeed, Philosophy, or is it only the veriest Bigotry of Prejudice, in the Concord school or in any other school, to ignore the facts which constitute the evidence of immortality as it is now presented to the world? Yours very truly, JOSEPH D. HULL.

3 Copeland Place, Boston.

A Canadian has a new method of fishing. Instead of taking a net and fishing he has a flock of thirty geese. To the legs of these fowl he has a line and baited hooks attached. The flock are driven into the water and are followed by Drulliard's two sons, who drive them up stream, thus making them troll. As soon as a goose gets a bite it becomes frightened and, with a great flapping of wings and squawking, flies to the shore, where the fish is taken from the hook.

Hersford's Acid Phosphate.

FOR WAKEFULNESS.

Dr. Wm. P. CLOTHIER, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I prescribed it for a Catholic priest, who was a hard student, for wakefulness, extreme nervousness, etc. He reports great benefit."

Woman and the Household

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

SWEET GIRL GRADUATES.

Sweet, as sweeter, in their season than the lily or the laurel, Than the pansy poet worshiped, or the lovely wild wood-sorel, Sweeter than all the flower treasures, be they culled in mount or valley, Are our girls whose summer's bugles to the glad commencement rally, With their honors thick upon them, worn so gracefully and gayly, Bright eyes shining only brighter after Butler, Blair and Foley, Troop they round their alma maters, answering their calls at muster, Quiet-mannered, grave and earnest, though the smiles and dimples cluster. Oh, what hours o'er conic sections, oh, what strife with Greek and Latin, Have they known, these dainty maidens, ivory-browed, with cheeks of satin! With what resolute endeavor at relentless Logic grasping, With what matchless merit learning secrets of the Muse's clasping! In their liquid silvery voices they have tripped through conjugation, Skipped along the swift declensions, scanned the lore of many nations; And to-day, for home's fair kingdom, or for some benign profession, They are eager, brave and willing, woman's work their prized possession. Some with ease shall scale Parnassus; some will sculpture wood, or painting; Some, with nerves controlled and steady, bind up wounds in scorn of fainting; Some evoke the spells of music, touched and thrilled with sacred fire; Some in deeds that lift the lowly find fulfillment of desire. Blessings on you, jewel-maidens! In this time of sweet transition, Childhood's mystic morn behind you, upward springs the heart's petition That you pass to loving service, highest ministry of woman, Star-like, on earth's night of sorrow, beaming ever to illumine. [Margaret E. Sanister.]

The Sweet Girl Graduate has been at home long enough to rest from the nervous strain of the closing college days and is doubtless now enjoying a visit with some friend or a trip for recreation. Already she is facing the coming year, wondering, pondering, deciding what shall be her future. Ah! that future! How it stretches out to the far horizon. What may she not do, or become. How many visions arise of the possibilities.

She has a vantage ground which would have taken away her mother's breath only to contemplate at her age. Every profession is open to her, and many a career which, at that time, was closed to her sex. But, with the added opportunity, is increased responsibility and a higher standard of attainment. Twenty years ago a young woman who could mispronounce a few French phrases, play a few tunes on the piano, and copy fairly in water colors or oil, was called accomplished, and considered her education finished. Every year has shown the need of more thorough training, as co-education has revealed how more systematic and profound was the preparation given to her brother. Indeed, if co-education had no other value, it would be priceless in that one regard. There is more attention and respect for the intellectual capacity and reasoning power of woman, due only to the fact that she has opportunity to train and exercise those faculties which were formerly dormant. And the world will expect much more of succeeding generations, when heredity has increased those powers which are inherent in all.

First of all may it be remembered that with power comes responsibility, and that all cultivation is worse than vain, unless the moral nature keeps pace with the intellect. Social life needs to feel in every department the saving sweetness of woman's purity and her intuitive ethical perception. The girl graduate should set a high value upon the character of her young associates. Let her show by every action that she frowns upon those of doubtful morals—upon the tippler, the libertine, the immoral in any respect. The future of the nation is in the hands of the boys and girls growing up at our firesides, who are to-day imbibing those principles which are to decide the weal or woe of coming generations. Men and women must rise or sink together; they cannot live on two levels. Virtue is of both sexes—it is as needful to the one as to the other. While the youth of one sex has the stronger temptations, he should be made to recognize that he has also the greater responsibility and sense of power. He who has the masterful will has little excuse for failure, if he is duly taught to exercise it early in life, and all exercise strengthens. Let the boy be taught as well as the girl, the dignity of self-control and purity. Manhood should stand for just as much as womanhood in all that concerns the individual, and the girl graduate should hold the young men with whom she associates, to an accountability as strict as she does her girl friends. The boys are just as much to be the fathers of the race as the girls are to be the mothers, and to both the same sterling characteristics are necessary.

MISCELLANEOUS. Miss Mary F. Seymour has been recently appointed commissioner of deeds for New Jersey, by Governor Abbott. She is the first woman who ever took testimony in a New Jersey court.

At the fifteenth annual commencement of the Normal College in New York, there were two hundred and thirty-nine young women graduates. The diploma is equivalent to a successful examination of candidates for a teacher's position in the public schools, which are all supplied from this college. They are first required to pass through a course of teaching at the training school connected with the college, where they are subjected to a rigid course of suggestion and criticism.

Under the civil-service rules a worthy woman has just been promoted to a fourth-class clerkship, where the pay is \$1,800 a year. She is Miss Mary Van Vrauken, of the Internal Revenue Bureau. The appointment gives general satisfaction in the Treasury Department, because the lady is so thoroughly capable and business-like. For many years she was in the office of the Solicitor of Internal Revenue, where she discharged important duties with "great tact and good judgment."

A contemporary says: The Woman's Christian Temperance Union have accomplished one great good. Through their efforts laws have been passed in four States, New York, New Hampshire, Vermont and Michigan, requiring that pupils of the public schools shall

be instructed in the physiological effects of alcohol, tobacco, and other narcotics. Miss Cynthia Ceree, a young school teacher from Illinois, went to Dakota three years ago and took up a farm. She built a shanty and lived in it, planted corn and vegetables, and made money. She now writes to a local paper: "I own 320 acres of land worth \$2,000 good money. This is the product of my own labor for three years. If any one of my sister teachers in the East will come to Dakota, not be afraid of a little exposure, and work for their own interest, I am sure they will be happier, richer and wiser."

Mrs. Leonowens, former governess to the King of Siam, in a recent interview with the Siamese Prince, now on a mission to the United States Government, was received with great expressions of cordiality and gratitude. He says that he would hardly recognize the Siam of to-day comparing it with that of fifteen years ago, and he attributes the great regeneration that has taken place largely to her influence on the King and the young Princes committed to her care, of whom he is one, and all of whom are now occupying high positions. Slavery has been abolished, as well as the imprisonment of children for the debts of their fathers, the system of jurisprudence has been reformed, postoffices have been established, public schools endowed where the European languages are taught, and the system of prostration which required all persons to enter the presence of a superior on their hands and feet entirely done away with.

Madame De Long, it is announced, is about to introduce into England the metal cutting machinery of her invention which has for some time been in use in France. She has now perfected machinery, worked by steam power, which cuts with the utmost precision the hardest and softest metals, in any design. By it she can cut a gold lace pin or a steel castle portulais from the solid metal, without any moulding or filing. In recognition of her services to art and industry, Madame De Long received in 1867 two medals at the Paris Exposition, the great gold medal at the Paris Exposition of 1878, the gold medal of the Paris Artistic Exposition of 1880, numerous other gold and silver medals, and, finally, the first laureate crown ever offered to one of her sex by the Society of French Architects in Paris.

Joseph F. Potter, our Consul at Crefeld, Germany, has been making investigations in regard to a matter of great interest to our fair countrywomen. He has been inquiring into the results of marriages between American girls and German nobles, and what he tells us is most startling.

In thirty-three marriages cited there has not only not been a single happy union, but either a divorce or abandonment has speedily followed the wedding. He finds the reason for this unhappy state of affairs to be that the American wives have in every instance been brutally treated, and in some cases absolute violence has been used. The brides were expected to perform the most menial offices. In one case the wife was compelled to clean her husband's boots. The truth is that such marriages are generally made out of desire for a title, and not from affection, and do not deserve happiness.

Spirit Teachings.

A work bearing the above title is of great value to the cause of Spiritualism. It treats the subject of spirit communications with candor and in a masterly manner. In a former work, "Psychography," this author presents positive proof of spirit communications. In Spirit Teachings there is really nothing that can be used to convince a skeptic of the reality of this important fact. It is simply what its name implies, "Spirit Teachings," which are of a very high order and on a variety of important subjects. In his preface the author says:

"The communications which form the bulk of this volume, were received by the process known as automatic or passive writing. This is to be distinguished from psychography. In the former case, the psychic holds the pen or pencil, or places his hand upon the planchette, and the message is written, without the conscious intervention of the mind. In the latter case the writing is direct, or obtained without the use of the hand of the psychic, and sometimes without the aid of pen or planchette."

The body of the book is made up of communications received through the mediumship of M. A. Oxon by what he terms "automatic or passive writing."

It claims to be a veritable revelation from the messengers of God to man. The value of this claim, of course, depends upon the intrinsic value of the "teachings." It treats of God, his character and wherein his character has been misunderstood by the religious teachers of the past; of man, his future life, a life of progressive development, commencing in spirit life where it left off on earth—"its tastes, its predilections, its habits, its antipathies, they are with it still." It teaches that the growth of the soul, intellectually and morally, is daily and hourly accomplished, not by belief in any particular dogma, but by right acting and thinking and living up to its highest conceptions of duty. The communicating intelligence says:

"We know nothing of the election of a favored few. The elect are they who work out for themselves a salvation according to the laws which regulate their being. We know nothing of the potency of blind faith or credulity. We know, indeed, the value of a trustful, receptive spirit, free from the fiftiness of perpetual suspicion. Such is God-like, and draws down angel guidance. But we abjure and denounce that most destructive doctrine that faith, belief and assent to dogmatic statements have power to erase the traces of transgression; that an earth life of vice, sloth and sin can be wiped away, and the spirit stand purified by a blind acceptance of a belief, of an idea, of a fancy, of a creed. Such teachings have debased more souls than any thing else to which we can point."

"We do not believe that truth is the perquisite of any creed. We know exalted intelligence, who stand high in spirit-life, who were enabled to progress in spite of the creed which they professed on earth. We value only the earnest seeker after truth. The theology of the spirit is simple and confined to knowledge. We deal with religion as it affects us and you. Man, an immortal spirit, as we believe, placed in earth life as a school for training, has simple duties to perform, and in performing them, he is prepared for a more advanced and progressive work. He is governed by immutable laws, which, if he transgresses them, work for him misery and loss, which, also, if respected, secure him advancement and satisfaction."

"Spirit Teachings, by M. A. Oxon, author of 'Psychography,' 'Spirit Identity,' 'Higher Aspects of Spirit,' 'The Mediumship of the Living Dead,' 'The Mediumship of the Dead,' 'The Mediumship of the Living Dead,' 'The Mediumship of the Dead,' 'The Mediumship of the Living Dead,' etc. London: The Theosophical Press Association.

"He is the recipient of guidance from spirits who have trod the path before him, and who are commissioned to guide him if he will avail himself of their guidance. He has within him a standard of right which will direct him to the truth, if he will allow himself to be guided, to keep it and protect it from injury. If he refuses these helps he falls into transgressions and deteriorations."

"He is thrown back and finds misery in place of joy. His sins punish themselves. Of his duties he knows by the instinct of his spirit as well as by the teachings of his guardians. The performance of these duties brings progress and happiness. The spirit grows, and gains newer and fuller views of that which makes for perfect, satisfying joy and peace."

"This mortal existence is but a fragment of life. Its deeds and their results remain after the body is dead. The ramifications of willful sin have to be followed out, and its results remedied in sorrow and shame."

Let us pause a moment that we may get a clearer conception of the import of the last sentence. The language is clear and distinct; there is no mistaking its meaning. Then what of the drunkard who, in his passion for drink, brutalizes himself, transmits to his children an unsound body and mind, abuses his family and keeps them in want, misery and shame; whose children, in consequence of his neglect or brutal treatment, grow up to a life of crime and debauchery. Who can follow out the pernicious results of such conduct in its various ramifications? or where is it to stop? Certainly not for many generations. What of those who habitually bring temptation in the way of the weak and inexperienced? or what of any willful wrong doing, for who can trace its results in the coming future? On the other hand our author says:

"The consequences of deeds of good are similarly permanent, and precedes the pure soul, and draw around it influences which welcome and aid it in the spheres. Life we teach you is one and indivisible; one in progressive development, and one in the effect of all alike of the eternal laws by which it is regulated. None are excused as favorites; none are punished mercilessly for error which they were unable to avoid. Eternal justice is the correlation of eternal love. Mercy is no divine attribute. It is needless, for mercy involves remission of a penalty inflicted, and no such remission can be made, save where the results have been purged away. We preach the religion of work, of prayer, of adoration. We tell you of your duty to God, to your brother, to yourself, soul and body alike. Give no blind adherence to any teachings that are not commended by reason. The revelation of God is progressive, bounded by no time, confined to no people."

If the import of such teachings were thoroughly understood and appreciated by the mass of mankind, in a short time there would be such an advance in spiritual growth as the world never saw. Men would cease to do wrong, if for no other reason than they could not afford to; even man's own selfishness would deter him. When men learn that they will as surely be punished for an infringement of a moral as of a physical law, they will cease to do wrong for the same reason that a child will cease to handle fire. Of prayer he says:

"You know not in your cold earth atmosphere, so chilling, so repellent to spirit life, how the magnetic rapport between your spirit and the guides who wait to hear its petition upward is fostered by prayer. It is as though the bond were tightened by frequent use; as though the intimacy ripened by mutual association. You would pray more did you know how rich a spiritual blessing prayer brings. . . . Angel messengers hover around ready to help the spirit that cries to its God. The very cry of the burdened spirit shot forth into the void—a cry wrung out by bitter sorrow—is an unknown relief. You know not why; but could you see as we see, the guardians laboring to pour into the sorrow-laden soul the balm of sympathy and consolation, you would know whence comes that strange peace which steals over the spirit, and assures it of a sympathizing and consoling God. The prayer has done its work, for it has drawn down an angel friend, and the bursting heart, crushed with its load of care and sorrow, is comforted by angel sympathy. Under no other influences can the full blessedness of spirit intercourse be realized."

Of mediumship, much is taught that ought to be more generally known. Some mediums are selected for the mere manifestation of physical phenomena, and are not influenced mentally, or if so influenced, they are unreliable. Such is a necessary phase of mediumship, as it is through physical phenomena that we have proof of spirit communication. For correct and reliable information the medium must be a "capable, earnest, truth-seeking, unselfish and loving spirit. Further it must be surrounded by pure and unselfish influences and protected from anxiety and care. Much more might be said of the value of this work. Enough to call the attention of your many readers to its merits is all that is desired. E. W. KING, Ukiah, Cal.

Books Received.

THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. New York: John B. Alden. Price, full Russia, gilt edges, \$1.00. SEVEN HUNDRED ALBUM VERSES. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co. Price, paper cover, 15 cents. MRS. HURD'S NIECE. By Ella Farman. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, paper cover, 25 cents. THE HISTORY OF FRANCE. By M. Guizot and Mme. Guizot De Witt. Vols. V. to VIII. inclusive. New York: John B. Alden. Price, 88 cents per vol., \$7.00 for the set.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. New York: John B. Alden. Full Russia, gilt edges, price \$1.00. This is an interesting volume and will be found as wise and helpful as it is interesting, to that class of readers who appreciate what is noble in literature. It is issued in the convenient Elzevir edition, neatly bound in Russia, which is something new in book binding.

THE HISTORY OF FRANCE. By M. Guizot and Madame Guizot De Witt. New York: John B. Alden. Price, per vol., 8 vols., 88 cents or \$7.00 per set.

We have received vols. V. to VIII. of this History, which completes the most interesting History of France. These volumes carry us from 1715 to the year 1848, and will be found of the greatest interest throughout. The opportunity is now offered to get this celebrated History at a very low price, and all readers should avail themselves of it. The paper, press-work and binding are good. The type clear and the illustrations, which are many, are fine.

MRS. HURD'S NIECE. By Ella Farman. The Young Folk's Library. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price 25 cents. This story is one of the best from the author's pen. The character of Lois Gladstone is clearly and effec-

tively drawn, and the story of her experiences in the Hurd household, with the changes brought about in it through her quiet but persistent influence, is told with skill and feeling.

Magazines for September Received.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. (New York City.) Among the articles in the North American Review for September, three in particular merit the consideration of every one who studies the tendencies of our government. The leading one is by Bishop J. Lancaster Spalding, who insists that the only sure "Basis of Popular Government" is morality, not culture, of the intellect, nor universal suffrage, nor the development of material resources. The policy of "The Exclusion of the Chinese" is advocated by John H. Durst. Four distinguished writers on political economy, namely, David A. Wells, Thomas G. Sherman, J. B. Sargent and Prof. W. G. Sumner, set forth the "Evils of the Tariff System," and it is announced that in the Review for October, several writers of no less distinction will exhibit the "Benefits of the Tariff System." The other articles are: "The Demand of the Industrial Spirit," by Charles Dudley Warner; Inspiration and Infallibility," by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Rylance; "The Need of Liberal Divorce Laws," by Elizabeth Cady Stanton; "Our Remote Ancestry," by Prof. Alexander Winchell.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) Contents: In War Time; Medieval and Modern Punishment; Silence; Old Salem Shops; The Anatomizing of William Shakespeare; Under the Maples; A Legend of Inverawe; The Piping Shepherd; Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham; The Lakes of Upper Italy; The Story of the English Magazines; The Despotism of Party; The Volcanic Eruption of Krakatoa; Elizabeth; Not Mute, but Inglorious; To . . . ; A Literary Curiosity; Recent Fiction; A Biographical Rarity; The Contributor's Club; Books of the Month. This number has variety and interest enough to please the most exacting readers.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART. (Cassell & Co., New York.) Contents: "A Field Hand-Maiden;" Brabant; Current Art; Diderot's "Salons;" The Ship before Steam; "A Serenader;" The Inns of Chancery; Old Church Plate; "St. Agnes' Eve;" Derby China; Past and Present; Vittore Carpaccio; "Arthur in Avalon;" A Painter on Composition; A Gossip about the Paris Opera; The Chronicle of Art; American Art Notes.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE. (Cassell & Co., New York.) Many interesting articles will be found in this issue, of which the following are some: "Whin the Clasp; What shall it be? England's Heritage in the West; The Queen's State Robes; Sights and Scenes of the New World.

CHOICE LITERATURE. (John B. Alden, New York.) Contents: R uge's Notes of a Naturalist's Visit to Egypt; Indian Fables; An Ancient Lake Bottom; Salvini's Othello; Arthur, the Mythic King; The Federal States of the World, etc.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. (J. H. Haulenbeck & Co., Philadelphia.) A Journal of Fashion containing much to entertain and instruct.

BABYLAND. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) A magazine for the youngest readers.

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Religio-Philosophical Journal

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 26 LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO

By JOHN C. BUNDY.

Terms of Subscription in Advance. One Copy, one year, \$2.50

" " 6 months, \$1.25

SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS. FREIGHT NOT PAID.

Remittances should be made by United States Postal Money Order, American Express Company's Money Order, Registered Letter or Draft on either New York or Chicago.

All letters and communications should be addressed, and all remittances made payable to JOHN C. BUNDY, CHICAGO, ILL.

Advertising Rates, 20 cents per Agate line. Reading Notice, 40 cents per line.

Entered at the postoffice in Chicago, Ill., as second class matter.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith.

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

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 30, 1884.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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

Summer Campaign.

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

The rapid increase of interest in Spiritualism among the educated, both inside and outside the various religious denominations, makes the need of an unsectarian, independent, fearless, candid and high-class paper a greater desideratum than ever before.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Friday has come around once more and with it the time to send the JOURNAL something; but this is easier said than done in such a busy place as this. Time speeds in such unexpected ways and with such increasing rapidity as the Camp season approaches its zenith, that only inexorable necessity impels even newspaper men to write.

Last week's notes were cut short, though probably long enough, as readers may remember, by the dedication at Judge Dailey's new quarters. The affair was an earnest tribute from friends who have summered and wintered the Judge as a Spiritualist, gentleman and neighbor, and their remarks had none of the hollow sound.

and his charming wife; leastwise, I am in possession, and if, possibly, the Judge's proverbial forethought and consideration for his friends is remembered, it may lessen confidence in my oratory, but let us get at the facts, whoever may suffer thereby.

Sunday morning the 17th inst., opened clear and hot; at an early hour excursion trains of twelve and fifteen cars began to arrive and before noon over ten thousand people were swarming over the grounds and overflowing the auditorium. Anthony Higgins spoke in the morning, taking for his subject, The difference between Fetichism and Spiritualism.

At the start he assumes the very matters as "settled," which are in doubt—a poor way to reach the skeptic, and a priestly fault not to be atoned for by "glittering generalities" set in fine words. He says: Christ speaking in his easy, conversational way of things too deep for intellect to fathom, dropping parenthetical expressions wiser than we can grasp.

The most important event of the week was the annual election of officers and committees of Lake Pleasant Camp for the ensuing year, which occurred on Monday last. As was foreshadowed in my last letter, every thing passed off quietly, the old management being re-elected without opposition.

Changes in the constitution and by-laws were made as follows: Article eighth of the Constitution upon the subject of membership is hereby amended by striking out the last clause and substituting in the place thereof the following, to wit: No person shall be entitled to vote or take any part in the proceedings of this Association who is not a member thereof and has been such member for one year next preceding, and the name of any member in arrears for dues shall be the clerk be stricken from the roll of members and such membership shall cease and determine.

At an annual meeting of the Association any member may be expelled by a two-thirds vote of the members present for any cause deemed sufficient by the Association. The importance of the first change will be noted when it is seen that it prevents any combination from swooping down upon the Camp and gaining control by rushing in squads of new members on the eve of election.

One small yellow hornet, such as may be found every Spring in the field, and who has used his feeble stinger industriously, but vainly, in an attempt to injure the Camp, has been effectually pinched by a resolution of the Board of Directors, declining to furnish a place for his nest; he is now a most humble bee, but never again can he here a hornet be.

Hudson and Emma Tuttle are expected tonight, and hundreds who have for years read their writings are anxiously waiting to give them hearty welcome; a number having lengthened their stay solely for this purpose. The annual visit of the hay fever fiend has begun in the Bundy household, and next week may drive them to Bethlehem, not the place we read of in the Bible, but a safe retreat among the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

J. C. B. Lake Pleasant Camp, Mass., Aug. 22nd.

Brick Pomeroy's new paper, The United States Democrat, just started in New York City, says: "Miss Lulu Hurst, a spirit medium from Georgia, has been giving evidences of her control in New York to theatrical audiences who were astonished. The same things have been going on in this city for years at the rooms of Dr. Slade and other mediums, and to Spiritualists are common as sunshine. Such manifestations are primary indications of spirit control of mortal muscles. The manifestations of Miss Hurst are mysterious only to those who do not understand why and by what power or agency she is thus able to overcome the strength of two or more strong men. Of herself, she is no more than any other mortal."

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

"Can Men Outgrow the Bible?"

Was the subject of a sermon by Bishop Warren, in the Grand Opera House at Denver, a short time ago. A large audience heard it, and the Denver Tribune gave a full report, from which we copy. Our answer would be that men cannot outgrow the truth in the Bible, any more than in any other book; its errors, and the false and injurious estimate of it they will outgrow. But of this more in due time, after some extracts from the discourse and a few comments on them.

The Bishop's language is fine, his rhetoric elegant, as this opening sentence shows: Macaulay says of the Baconian philosophy: "Its law is progress; a point which yesterday was invisible is its goal to-day, and will be its starting post to-morrow." Tennyson shouts: "Forward, forward let us range; Let the great world spin forever, down the ringing grooves of change."

Progress is the watchword of poetry, philosophy, utility and Christianity. How shall it be achieved? Not by staving off, but going on. The youth on the face of the cliff at the Natural Bridge could not go back without falling. He had to surmount the top or die. The man who made the greatest progress in the world said: "When I became a man, I put away childish things. Leaving the things that are behind, I press toward the mark of the prize of my high calling in Christ Jesus."

These students have successively left behind the primer, first reader, mental arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, calculus, etc. They learn to estimate their progress by the size of the libraries they have left behind. Hence men are apt to think that the Bible may be outgrown; that the primer of morals they learned at their mother's knee is to be left behind; that the bright and morning star that heralded the day is to be lost in the glory of the sun. That is the question we desire to consider to-day.

Whether the Bible history is true, its miracles actual, its prophecies real predictions, has long been settled. At the start he assumes the very matters as "settled," which are in doubt—a poor way to reach the skeptic, and a priestly fault not to be atoned for by "glittering generalities" set in fine words. He says:

Christ speaking in his easy, conversational way of things too deep for intellect to fathom, dropping parenthetical expressions wiser than we can grasp.

Jesus here puts forth for His word the claim of perpetuity. He has been sketching a rapidly changing panorama. Delusions, pestilences, earthquakes, famines, armies, battles, sieges, flights, betrayals, captures, nationalities pass. He glances beyond the endurance of temple foundation to the end of the solid earth, the long enduring stars, and closing the picture, says: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." A breath that dies outside the solid rock. It is sublime. Believe, or disbelieve it, it is sublime.

It is no new assertion concerning God's word. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever." In varying forms of words, God constantly reiterates this unvarying idea.

Here is another assumption,—that the Bible is God's word.

But again we are told:

There are difficulties in the way of allowing the claims of the Bible. It is very old, and antiquity affects credibility. Respect for what is ancient is not a distinguishing characteristic of this age, and with good reason. Besides, the Bible makes the largest demands for reverence and obedience. It seems with doctrines extremely distasteful to the natural heart, denounces things men love, and humiliates man's pride to a degree attempted by no other book. Hence, men are eager to reject its claims, and cast off its authority. Such men are not fit witnesses. They are retained advocates on the other side. That they have succeeded in picking flaws in its indications, cross-questioning its witnesses into confusion and antagonizing it to another law written in their own hearts, and constraining a jury like-minded and interested, to bring in a verdict of "not proven," is not in the least surprising. The contrary would amaze us.

To this dire emergency God has not been indifferent. He has brought up fresh witnesses; old stone tablets could not be stared out of countenance; monuments that could not be broken, and agreements of testimony that would be gainsaid. Of Egypt, Nineveh, Babylon—names suggestive of death—you never lived to so grand a purpose as today; you authenticate God's revelation; you reaffirm God's authority. God has gathered up authentications from the very borders of the chaos of the primal world; from the graves of perished empires; from the strata of the earth, and from the stars in their courses, and to-day declares as never before, "I am God, the Bible is my revelation and law for man."

There are answers that have satisfied every doubt in men of pure lives and clearest heads; answers that grow fuller and more complete. Lines of proof run in, like light to a blazing center, from fulfilled prophecy; from the historic confirmations of the nations named above; from incidental coincidences, and from the amazing fields of science and history yet to be explored, discrepancies unharmonized questions of enemies answered by the friends of the Bible. But these difficulties are but spots on the sun, seen only by telescopic or microscopic criticism; many of them defects in the glass, while the sun blazes with ineffable light, and vivifies a vast creation. We accept the sun; we accept the Bible.

This shameful fling at "retained advocates on the other side," as doubting the Bible because they would throw off moral restraint, is simply contemptible. The average morals and manners of those the church calls infidels are quite as good as those of the church and its reverend clergy, and it comes with ill grace for a salaried preacher to talk of "retained advocates." To pay him in his own coin we might say: "Your salary is your retaining fee as attorney in defense of your creed." The statement about proofs is ex parte. It is true that later researches, such as he mentions in a general way (for all through he avoids giving specific facts) do confirm parts of Bible history and prophecy; but it is still more plain and equally true, that other equally reliable later researches disprove other parts of that history and prophecy—showing that it is not infallibly correct.

The preacher waxes positive as follows: But let me say about the difficulties that have been the Bible, it is quite the reverse. Did you hear that? It ought to have brought an answering shout. Hear it again. Hear it, bold infidel, prophesying the downfall of Christianity. Hear it, priest of Baal, uttering things against the truth of God. Hear it, earnest students, desiring the truth, that the truth may make you free. Hear it, timid believer, fearing that the bold words of Christ's enemies may be grounded on fact. Hear it, firm believer, in Christ's word, that the Scripture cannot be broken. No new obstacles to the reception of the Bible, as God's word, have been discovered in a century.

The closing statement is especially absurd, for within that century of which he speaks criticism has thoroughly disproved the Bible infallibility dogma. Theodora Parker's writings alone on that subject no man can refute and Parker was no materialistic scoffer, but loved and revered the spiritual truths in some parts of the collection of writings called the Bible, while he stoutly assailed the

harmful error that this collection was one infallible book—all of it God's word.

In the next statement we give, the zealous Bishop gets into a glass house while he throws stones at heretics:

The Bible is the best science of the life that now is. Of the 322 heaviest taxpayers in the city of Worcester, Massachusetts, 87 per cent. are members of its Christian churches. And of the directors of its eleven banks, but two are neglectors of religion. I do not remember that a bank has failed there for twenty years. Defaulters, absconding treasurers, and the exhortations of illegal fees, have outgrown its principles of honesty. And where are they? Some of them in prison, and the rest ought to be. We want none of that growth. It is hunched and not straight.

We are glad of the honesty of religious men in Worcester, and would respect sincerity and integrity in all, of whatever creed, but when it comes to defaulters and knaves the pitiful fact is that Bible belief is a poor defense, a cloak that gets sadly rent.

Against pious integrity in Worcester, we put pious or impious rascality in Fall River by which devout Bible men swindled those who trusted them out of millions, "and for a pretense made long prayers."

The Bishop gives suggestions as to the agreements of the Bible with science, some of which are good, and the discourse closes as follows:

We shall never outgrow the Bible in this world. Perhaps when faith is changed to sight, hope to fruition, sensuous conception to spiritual revelations, inspirations of things seen to inspirations by the manifested glory of God, and we ourselves changed from glory to exceeding glory by the transcendent power of God, perhaps then the slow spelling of syllables, the half grasp of words imperfectly significant, may be changed, and while we do not outgrow the principles, we shall outgrow the methods of revelation. Oh, for the more perfect revelation, the quicker intuitions, the swifter acquisitions. But the best success in the high school of eternal life depends on the thoroughness in the primary school of the life that now is. Mastery of modes of revelation there depend on familiarity of modes of revelation here. Lord, open thou our eyes to behold wondrous things out of Thy law. Holy Spirit, guide us into all truth.

We give some space to parts of this discourse, because it is a labored effort by an able dignitary in the pulpit, to uphold and strengthen the old doctrine of Bible infallibility, and of that collection of writings as God's word.

The idea of the Bible which he upholds is, that it is a revelation—one only and final—of the divine will and the way and means of salvation for man; that it is of miraculous origin, and that, having given it, God will reveal himself no more, and that such inspiration as the Bible contains the record of can never come to human souls again. This idea is being outgrown; for facts, fair criticism and earnest thought, show it to be untenable, false and injurious.

In past ages bloody tyrants have gone out to outrage human rights with their banners consecrated by Bible-believing priests. In our own day an English archbishop consecrated the banner that went out to Hindostan, and under which the soldiers of "her most Christian majesty" smote rebellious sepoys to the death.

In our own country, but yesterday the stroke of the auctioneer's hammer was heard giving over the purity of daughters to the highest bidder, while their slave-holding fathers were told by hireling priests that the Bible—God's word—sanctioned chattel slavery. That, infallible Bible men can outgrow, and they will.

The Bible—as a collection of books—written by men more or less inspired, valuable as history, as records of trances and visions and other spiritual experiences, as giving us the noblest thoughts and highest inspirations of reformers and seers and prophets (or mediums), as well as the cruder views and barbarous errors of other writers—will always be valuable but not infallible—and men will not outgrow it, but will cherish its truths and cast aside its errors. "Like the idle wind which they regard not."

As between the bibliolatry which Bishop Warren so zealously defends, and the materialistic method and spirit, which would make large parts of these writings, myth or miracle, without significance or value, the rational and intuitive Spiritualist can get the most value from them, because he has a key to their real meaning, yet holds the soul to be greater than the book.

God's Orphans.

A reporter of the Chicago Tribune gives a detailed account of a new sect—God's Orphans—that has lately found lodgement in this city. The headquarters of this new ism was found heavy with disgusting odors and alive with all sorts of vermin. The remnants of clothing lay around the floor where the occupants had thrown them in the dirtiest condition imaginable. The four sleeping apartments of the house contained three or four beds each. The walls were hung with mottoes of a high moral tone and with texts of Scripture cut in skeleton letters. These texts were made by the children and distributed among the neighbors, and in return for them the inmates of the asylum said they expected the food which God had promised to provide, and their faith must have been exceptionally strong, as all the neighbors say that not one of them has done a stroke of work since their arrival in Chicago.

No stolen property was found in possession of God's Orphans, but the body of an infant for more than ten days dead was discovered, and the inmates were forced to bury it. About the same time five babies arrived at the place from an Indiana branch, as they styled it. These babies were all illegitimate, the women of the house said, and all but one died within a few weeks. Two of the bodies were kept for eight days, and were then nailed up in a pine box and driven away in a buggy by one of the men of the institution. In none of the above cases was any physician called. The women said God was the best doctor, and if He saw fit He would take them. None

of the adults would ever do the slightest thing about the house except as moved by the spirit, as they said. A service of song was held before each meal. The children, when behaving well, were allowed the privileges of the house, but when disobedient had their hands tied together for days at a time, and were fed crusts, with water.

This sect, besides being designated as "God's Orphans," is also regarded as The Tabernacle of God. "You see," said one of the members, "we believe in the Bible, but we also believe that a person should give him self wholly up to God and do whatever the Holy Ghost prompts. Any one, you know, can become possessed of the Holy Ghost. When a person reaches that blessed state, he or she is one of us and at once renounces all worldly possessions and worldly ties."

In conclusion the reporter said: "Altogether it looks as though the 'Homes' were merely places where inconvenient children could be stowed away and where religious cranks could be wheeled out of any superfluous wealth."

GENERAL NOTES.

There are several articles of special interest in this number of the JOURNAL.

Dr. J. A. Marvin gave us a call this week. He was on his way to Sterling, Ill., to attend to professional business.

A subscriber praises highly the late series of articles by Giles B. Stebbins. They were excellent, and Mr. S. is entitled to many thanks for presenting them to the public.

Statistics show that murderers sentenced to prison for life live to an age beyond the average of those who have to work for a living amid the exposures of the outside world.

We have received from the author, Countess of Caithness, two pamphlets: The fourfold constitution modes of Divine "Love and Wisdom," and a letter to the Medium and Daybreak, re-published.

In one of the most prosperous, wealthiest and most intelligent counties of Texas not a drop of ardent spirits has been sold for years, and the jail is without a tenant.

Dr. A. P. Phillips, of Fredonia, N. Y., writes: "How interesting the weekly installment from the facile pen of Mr. Stebbins; his silvery toned voice yet rings in my ears, and to which I listened more than twenty-five years ago. Long and peaceful may his life be."

That most excellent medium and sturdy Spiritualist, D. D. Home, with his family, has left Russia and taken up his residence at number 16 Rue de la Neva, Paris, France. American readers of the JOURNAL, now in Europe will all be glad to call on Brother Home, during their visit in Paris.

Lyman C. Howe spoke at the Neshaminy camp meeting, Aug. 22nd, 24th, 26th, and 28th. He will lecture at the annual meeting of the Friends of Human Progress at North Collins, N. Y., Sept. 5th, 6th and 7th. Mrs. Howe is slowly recovering from a severe and dangerous illness which has confined her to bed nearly four weeks.

Dr. Dio Lewis writes as follows: "I have at length gained possession of my magazine—Dio Lewis's Magazine. Hereafter all communications to its editor or publisher, and all business about my books, must be addressed Dio Lewis, Bible House, New York. Those who have sent money to others for Dio Lewis's Monthly, or his books, and have received nothing in return, will please communicate with me at once."

On a back street in Saratoga is a flat, mean little meeting house for Free Methodists, who aim to be extremely primitive, and who have undertaken to reform the frivolities of fashion as displayed by the summer residents. Every afternoon a small company of women, plainly clad, kneel solemnly in prayer for their sisters who delight in more elaborate clothes. There is thus far no perceptible effect.

A reporter of the Boston Herald gives an account of a radical sermon preached by a Baptist minister at Saratoga Springs, New York. He was so very radical that under some circumstances he thought a person was justified in committing suicide. He related an incident in which a poor girl who had been a Sunday school teacher in his parish figured as heroine. She was, he said, an old maid, one of those blessed self-sacrificing creatures, who supported her aged mother and herself by her needle. A cancer appeared on her face, and, after enduring much pain and the dread of worse suffering, added to the certainty of being deprived of the power of self-maintenance, she took refuge in a dose of poison. While reciting this tale of woe, the preacher seemed quite affected, and concluded by justifying this act of self-destruction, and enlorged the unfortunate woman to the highest degree. If this sentiment seemed rather startling to some of his hearers, it found an echo in the hearts of others, who applauded. But his sermon, which interested by its eloquence and originality, dealt with the gratitude, grandeur, and glory of God. Speaking of creation, he expressed himself in a way that would seem sacrilegious from the lips of any ordinary preacher: "God did not get up Monday morning and go to work, and start out again Tuesday morning, and so on through the week, then sing 'Old Hundred' Saturday night, and keep a solemn Sunday—Sunday is not the seventh part of time, but the sanctification of all time," was an original way of putting it, and it was uttered in a serious and perfectly natural manner, as though he was saying nothing unusual.

The Ramsdell Sisters, now in Chicago, are to go to Denver soon.

EDUCATIONAL.

UNION COLLEGE OF LAW, CHICAGO. The Fall Term will begin Sept. 24th. For circular address H. BOOTH, Chicago, Ill.

LAKE GENEVA SEMINARY. Lake Geneva, Waikoua Co., Wis. A cultured Christian school for young ladies. The house is brick, fire proof, steam heated, lighted, sanitary conditions are unexcelled.

Willard School. Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies. Thorough general education and preparation for any college. Domestic Science, Music and Art. Opens Sept. 17. Chicago, 16 So. Sheldon St. Send for catalogue.

VAN NORMAN INSTITUTE FOR LADIES. FOUNDED 1857. 315 W. 57 St., New York. Reopens Oct. 2. Dr. and Miss Van Norman, Principals.

KNOX COLLEGE. GALESBURG, ILLINOIS. NEWTON BATEMAN, PRESIDENT. Send for catalogue. Fall term opens Sept. 4.

GIRLS' HIGHER SCHOOL, 457 & 459 La Salle Ave., Chicago. Ninth year begins Sept. 15. Full Classical and English courses. Faculty and Day School. MISS R. S. RICE. MRS. K. A. S. COOLEY.

TEACHER. A competent Teacher for a College or advanced school is open for an engagement. Can give the BEST of references. Address WALLSTON, care Lord & Thomas, Chicago.

SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE'S MEDIA ACADEMY, MEDIA, PENN. Thirteen miles from Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. School year 1884-5 opens Tuesday, September 9. Five courses every evening, even books, etc. No extra charge except for Music and Chemicals.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE. By R. F. Westbrook, D. D., LL. B. About all that one need to know of the History, Philosophy and Legal Aspects of Marriage and Divorce. The most complete and reliable work on the subject of the Author's recent work. The Bible—Whence and What? CONTENTS: Preface; Introduction; The True Ideal of Marriage; The Free Love; The History of Marriage; The Old Testament Divorce Law; The New Testament on Divorce; Divorce as a Question of Law and Religion; National Deductions from Established Principles; Objections to Liberal Divorce Laws Answered; Prevention better than Cure; Appendix; The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce by John Milton. Printed good paper and bound in cloth. Price 50 cents.

A NEW BASIS. BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY. BY JOHN S. FARMER. This book was specially mentioned by Canon R. Willberforce at the Church Congress. He said: "The tract position contained in this book is the most valuable of the present, and is set forth ably and eloquently in this work, which I commend to the perusal of my brethren. Cloth, pp. 162. Price 15 cents, postage 8 cents.

THE BHAGAVAD-GITA; OR, A DISCOURSE ON DIVINE MATTERS, BETWEEN KRISHNA AND ARJUNA. A SANSKRIT PHILOSOPHICAL POEM. Translated, with Copious Notes, an Introduction on Sanskrit Philosophy, and other Matter, by J. COCKBURN THOMSON, Member of the Asiatic Society of France, and of the Asiatic Society of Normandy.

MRS. HARDINGE-BRITTEN Will lecture at Washburn Falls, Lake Pleasant, and Onset Bay Camp Meetings in August, and in Boston in September. Mrs. Britten proposes to lecture in Salt Lake City, Utah, and San Francisco, Cal., in October, and any Spiritualist Societies desiring her services can write to the Pacific Coast, can answer her.

DEATH, IN THE LIGHT OF THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY. BY MARY F. DAVIS. A Whole Volume of Philosophical Truth is Condensed into this Little Pamphlet.

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS. "Our family think that's something like the positive and Negative Powers"—so says J. H. Wiggins, of Beaver Dam, Wis., and so says everybody.

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MONUMENTAL EVIDENCE.

The Royal Baking Powder Is "Absolutely Pure." The following certificates from well known chemists and scientists form as strong an array of evidence as was ever given in behalf of any article of human food:

GOVERNMENT CHEMIST'S REPORTS.

Prof. Edward G. Love, the Government chemist, says: "I have tested a package of Royal Baking Powder which I purchased in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a cream of tartar powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum or phosphates or other injurious substances. E. G. LOVE, Ph. D."

Prof. H. A. Mott, Government chemist, says: "It is a scientific fact, that Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure. H. A. MOTT, Ph. D."

W. M. McMurtrie, Prof. of Chemistry, Illinois Industrial University, late Government chemist, Dept. of Agriculture, says: "The Royal Baking Powder has been used in my family for many years, and this practical test, as well as the chemical tests to which I have submitted it, prove it perfectly healthful, of uniform excellent quality, and free from any deleterious substance. WM. McMURTRIE, E. M., Ph. D."

Rush Medical College, Chicago.

Dr. Walter S. Haines, Professor of Chemistry, Rush Medical College, Chicago, says: "I have recently examined a package of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in the open market, and have found it entirely free from adulteration and injurious substances of all kinds. I have several times before tested the Royal Powder, and have always found it just as in my present examination, skillfully compounded and composed of the purest materials. WALTER S. HAINES, M. D."

Dr. H. D. Garrison, Professor of Materia Medica and Toxicology, Chicago College of Pharmacy, says: "I have examined a package of Royal Baking Powder obtained from my grocer and find it to be composed of pure and wholesome materials in correct proportion. It contains no alum or other injurious substance. The purity of the cream of tartar employed in this powder is worthy of special mention, since it does not contain the tartrate of lime usually present in baking powders in which cream of tartar of inferior quality is used. H. D. GARRISON, M. D."

College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago.

Prof. C. B. Gibson, Chemist, College Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, says: "I recently procured a sample of your (Royal) baking powder from the kitchen of a private family in this city, and subjected it to an examination. I found it so different from many of the baking powders advertised as 'strictly' and 'absolutely pure,' and 'so far superior,' that I thought you would be pleased to know it, and might find use for the certificate. "In view of the vast difference and stupendous frauds that are offered to the most 'gullible' people on the face of the earth, it pleases me occasionally to strike an 'honest article.' C. B. GIBSON."

Kentucky State College.

Dr. A. E. Menke, Professor of Chemistry, Kentucky State College, says: "I have very carefully examined a package of Royal Baking Powder, and find it to be a cream of tartar powder of high strength, not containing any terra alba, alum, or other deleterious ingredient, everything being pure and wholesome. ALBERT E. MENKE."

Prof. Henry Morton, president of Stevens Institute of Technology, says: "I have examined a package of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in the market. I find it entirely free from alum, terra alba, or other injurious substance. HENRY MORTON."

Dr. J. H. Wright and Dr. Albert Merrell, analytical chemists, late the firm of Wright & Merrell, St. Louis, each says: "I have made a careful analytical test of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in the open market here, and in the original package. I find it to be a cream of tartar powder of the highest grade of strength, containing nothing but pure, wholesome, and useful ingredients. JUAN H. WRIGHT, M. D. ALBERT MERRELL, M. D."

PACIFIC CAMP MEETING.

The Pacific Association of Spiritualists will hold their first Annual Camp Meeting on their grounds at the mouth of the Columbia River in Washington Territory, three-fourths of a mile east of Ilwaco on Baker Bay, beginning on Thursday, Sept. 4th, and closing Monday, Sept. 16th. The finest views of Ocean, River, Bay and Mountain scenery are presented from the camp grounds, to be found on the Pacific Coast. The Association expect to secure the attendance of some of the most eminent speakers and mediums in the ranks of Spiritualism, to attend this meeting. For list of speakers and mediums to be present, see Oregonian and Territorial papers for the week ending August 16th.

ORDER OF SERVICES ON THE GROUNDS:

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

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from which the sainted Jesus drew his vitality and inspiration.

The speaker here said: Theology has made us exiles. Cleero too was exiled, but the senate voted to recall him. On his return he was received with loud acclamations from the populace.

We also have returned to our home in this beautiful paradise of matter. A marvelous sense of security and restfulness is our. We feel that our beloved dead are in the Father's care. Warren Russell has gone onward to the higher life. We offer affectionate greeting to our risen friend, and we pledge ourselves to cherish in memory his many meritorious qualities. AMEN!

Spiritualism in the Concord School.

[The Index.] In the JOURNAL of the 16th appeared an account, copied from the Index, of an Episode in the Concord Discussion of Immortality. Unfortunately for the Index and country, the article was mangled by scissors, or otherwise, in our composition room, and the first two paragraphs, with a part of the last one omitted in the original. In perfect faith as the account in the JOURNAL, the demand for the article has entirely exhausted the supply, and as many requests still remain unfulfilled, it is now published again as it should have been in its original form.

The discussion on Immortality at the Concord Summer School of Philosophy was opened on Friday morning, the 8th ult., with a paper by Dr. Peabody. During the discussion which followed, Rev. Mr. Bush, an Episcopal minister residing in the village, spoke on the subject, but not on the essay, and during his remarks said:

"I think that wretched delusion called 'Spiritualism' is a failure in its prying into what God has not revealed. Those inquiries of how we shall live and what we shall be in the other state are valueless, in view of the fact that God has not revealed it as his will that we should know."

On the following morning, before Dr. Holland began his essay, Prof. Harris went to Mr. J. C. Bundy, editor and publisher of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and cordially invited him to take part in the conversation of the session. After Dr. Holland had finished and several had spoken, Mr. Bundy took part in the discussion. His remarks, as those of Dr. Bush, were taken down by his own stenographer, and were as follows:

"I have enjoyed, as all present have evidently enjoyed, the splendid essay of the morning. The sincerity and enthusiasm of the speaker delighted me. But I want to inquire, in all candor and earnestness, of what comfort the essay could be to a mother who had lost her darling child, or to a husband standing by the bedside of his dying wife? How much of what has been said in this essay, or during this discussion could they take in that would give them any clear conception or knowledge of a future life? It is my opinion that to a great majority immortality is of interest as a matter of fact and not of philosophical speculation. The very point in the consideration of this subject which should have been brought into this discussion has been studiously avoided, except as it was brought up by a speaker yesterday, for the purpose of assuring the Editor of Concord, upon this historic ground, where was 'fired the shot heard round the world,' there should be moral courage to investigate candidly these phenomena. They are here, and here to stay, and must be met in a spirit of honest inquiry."

"To some philosophers present, this 'wretched delusion,' as it was termed yesterday, seems a most annoying and intolerable thing. Spiritualism, as it is called, I don't like, particularly, because it means those facts which are classed as Spiritualism, are as well attested as any other facts of human experience. I can name hundreds of lawyers, men trained in the rules of evidence, who firmly believe in Spiritualism; judges of the Supreme Court, of the Appellate Court of Illinois, and courts of other States, who have long been believers in spirit return, whose testimony admits of no denial."

"In spite of these phenomena to occur, millions of intelligent men and women affirm, and cannot ignore Spiritualism. It won't be put down; it cannot be sneered out of existence. Scientific men like Crookes, Wallace, Zöllner, and others, after many cautious experiments, long and close observation, testify to the reality of these phenomena. The subject is entitled to attention at your hands in considering the continuity of life beyond the grave. Spiritualism is a genuine fact of well-attested facts, and affords a scientific basis for belief in a future life."

"The statement was made last night by Prof. Fiske that the question of a future life was a question of religion, and not of science. This was a strange remark for a man of science to make. To me, it is a matter of science, and affords a basis on which to build a religion."

"In spite of the vagaries of some Spiritualists, and of the cracks which have attached themselves to Spiritualism, despite the fact that the scientific Spiritualism, which is peddled about the country at prices ranging from a postage-stamp to twenty-five dollars, fifty per cent. of which is fraud, and that twenty-five per cent. more can be accounted for on another hypothesis than that of spirit return,—despite all this, there still remains a large residuum which can be explained in no other way than that of spirit return and manifestation. The whole matter should be considered in its entirety, and judged upon its merits. It has a right to demand that it shall be fairly treated."

"I would like to see here in Concord a Psychological Research Society, either in connection with this School or independent of it, where this subject could be carefully and patiently studied. If it is not undertaken here, it will be elsewhere. A movement is already on foot looking toward the establishment of such an enterprise. It is your duty, as philosophers, to look into these phenomena. If the claims made for them are not true, let us know it. If they are true, add your confirmation to the accumulating testimony in their favor. Truth, and truth alone, is what we want."

REMARKS BY PROF. HARRIS. Prof. Harris then spoke of Mr. Bundy as the editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and a representative of clean Spiritualism. Though he [Harris] did not admit and believe all that was said in the article, yet he thought there was a great deal in Spiritualism to be found out. If a man can manifest himself here, he can, under certain conditions, hereafter. "We are coming," said Prof. Harris, "to an age in which we are going to take it [Spiritualism] up scientifically. It is an age of development and liberty." The Professor commended the work of the London Society for Physical Research, and recommended his hearers to pursue and study it. He encouraged scientific investigation of the phenomena, but said substantially that there were different ways of studying immortality, and each person would follow his own bent. He referred very briefly to obsession and possession, and said he would touch upon Spiritualism in his essay the next morning. He then introduced:

MRS. ISABELLA BECKER HOOKER, a sister of Henry Ward Beecher, who proceeded to give a graphic account of her own experience as a medium. While in Paris, some years before, she had some wonderful manifestations through her own mediumship, receiving at that time and later convincing messages from her father and mother. Samuel Bowles had been the intimate friend of her husband, and often came to them, establishing his identity beyond question.

The Boston Herald of Saturday, the 2nd Inst., in its report of the session, says of Mrs. Hooker, who in the opinion of many seemed more fit for the insane asylum than for the platform, made an earnest, touching, and painfully interesting speech, chiefly concerning her own beliefs and doings as a Spiritualist; but did not go beyond the woman's reason,—her personal experiences. She is a specimen of the diseased individuality that always more or less gathers around any real thing of honest people who are trying to do real thinking in the world.

Of Mr. Bundy, the same report says: "Yesterday, Spiritualism was alluded to as tending to degrade immortality [referring to Rev. Mr. Bush's remarks]; and Mr. Bundy came in to-day all bristling for the fight, as if he had been insulted and most vindictive himself and his cause. He spoke defiantly, and challenged the School, forgetting entirely the proprieties of the place and the character of the discussion."

On the morning of the publication of the Herald's account, Prof. Harris said to Mr. Bundy that he was sorry the reporter had made such a statement, and that it was unwarranted. He disclaimed for the School all thoughts of defiance or impropriety on Mr. Bundy's part. Mr. Bundy is understood to say he received the most courteous and friendly treatment at the hands of the management of the Concord School of Philosophy, as well as from all with whom he came in contact in that delightful village.

MEMORIAL SERVICE In Honor of the Late Warren Russell at Lake Pleasant.

Cephas B. Lynn Pays a Worthy Tribute to a Most Worthy Man, and Thousands of People Assemble to Witness the Exercises—An Interpretation of the Uses and Abuses of the Spiritual Philosophy.

(Condensation from Stenographic Report.)

It is eminently proper that a service should be set apart in memory of Warren Russell, the former leader of the Fitchburg band, who for ten years has discoursed charming music for the thousands upon thousands who have visited Lake Pleasant. The platform here has been subject to many harsh criticisms, some just and many unjust, but Warren Russell's GOSPEL OF MUSIC has in a large sense defied criticism. Thousands of people, indifferent to liberalism or to Spiritualism have come here willing listeners to its ministrations. We shall ever remember Warren Russell as a frank, ingenious man and brilliant musician. We are glad to know that his mantle has fallen upon such a competent person as the present leader, Mr. Patz.

Contemplating the fact of our risen friend's departure, our minds naturally turn to the proposition of "Man as a Spiritual Phenomenon in the Universe." This theme is OLD, YET EVER NEW.

It has always been with the world, but each succeeding age has some offering to bring to the imperial subject. Let us, with prayerful humility, approach so sublime a topic.

Gazing at the splendors of nature, we instinctively exclaim "How Grand! How inspiring!" But we rarely pause to understand the significance of such ejaculations. The secret of the matter is that we sense unexpressed power in nature. It is our spirit responding to the spirit of God.

Mr. Lynn quoted Jesus, Aristotle and Cleantes on the Fatherhood of God. He then asked what is man. He, too, is a spirit. A quotation was then made from the Rig Veda, referring to the intimate relation which the finite sustains to the Infinite.

Man is an incarnation of the Divine, else he never could sense the presence of God in the realm of nature. Now I call this view of things the "Spiritual Idea."

HISTORY HAS A LESSON FOR US in this connection. We must not limit this idea by any narrow definition or arbitrary sectarian bias.

We need to emulate the work of Jesus Christ, who in his day antagonized ceremonial issues and sectarian dogmas. The church has forgotten the work of its Master, and each subdivision of Protestantism has in a general way fallen into the same error.

AN UNTHINKING TRANSFER of our allegiance from sectarianism to physical science as such. The speaker here eulogized the work of eminent physicists of modern days, but he was not willing to surrender the spiritual thesis simply because physical science failed to discover a spirit in man at the point of a dissecting knife.

We have proof of the spirit within us in the fact of our own consciousness. The doctrine of the correlation and conservation of force was then analyzed, and the argument was made that the theory of immortality was consistent with this doctrine—rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Lynn quoted John Chadwick of Brooklyn, on the proposition that a theory of evolution to be rational must start with a spiritual term higher than the highest development of the ascending series. The adherents of physical science must not set themselves up as an infallible priesthood. The "all" has not yet been discovered.

In the last analysis it can be shown that all so-called secular advancement has its root in the spiritual nature of man. The inference then is that MAN AS A SPIRITUAL BEING is the only cosmical theme. All of our utilities, philosophies and theologies, are but poor, feeble approximations to it.

Friends, let us remember our noble endowment; our royal heritage; we are not waits on the sea of life; God's laws gift us, and undying melodies are slumbering in the constitution of our being.

The proudest statement of the ancient Romans was: "I am a Roman citizen." We, too, with equal pride should say, "I am a spiritual being!"

Warren Russell has passed to that phase of being which we call the Spirit-world. Some Spiritualists assume to know a great deal about the next life. I am not among that number, but I believe in immortality and in the fact of spiritual influx. For my own part I do not need outward signs and symbols in order to establish my faith and trust in the goodness of God. The fact of consciousness I consider a guarantee of immortality. Others are not satisfied with this view. To such people, I can say, study the well authenticated statements of clairvoyance and cognate phenomena. We are all familiar with the accounts of spiritual intervention found in the Bible. The modern Spiritualist makes the startling assertion that the so-called miraculous element in history and the Bible is being duplicated. While I believe in the possibility of spiritual communion, I am very far from believing that all that passes under that name is the genuine article. Communion with the spiritual world is dependent upon subtle and complex conditions about which we know but very little. Angel ministry cannot in my humble opinion, be reduced to a cut and dried program. Do Spiritualists as a class appreciate the benefactions that have been showered upon them. Five years ago I stated at a great Spiritualist camp meeting that with the average Spiritualist, inspiration was dirt cheap, and angels were as common as tramps. (Loud applause.) The fact is the theory of SPIRIT COMMUNION HAS BEEN LARGELY OVERTHROWN.

It has been cheapened. Mediumship in some places has been put upon the plane of a county fair or a Saratoga race course. (Loud applause.) Spiritualists have tried to do too much; they have undertaken to reform the whole world in all departments of life. In point of fact, they are specialists with a great truth behind them. They should bend their energies to the work of gaining all possible knowledge of the complex problem of mediumship. Let them make a contribution to the thought of the world on that point, and they will have earned a sufficient amount of glory. The trend of thought in the world to-day is in the direction of a rational spiritual philosophy. The world waits on Spiritualism for its promised blessing. The Spiritualists should cease their internecine strife and attend to the legitimate work at hand. Too much time has been wasted in sneering at the Christian Church; which, let us all remember, is to-day divorcing itself of its superstitious beliefs, and is drawing nearer and nearer to the reservoirs of spiritual power

Voices from the People, AND INFORMATION OF VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Disembodied.

BY FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD.

My body slept. I stood and studied long. The set, white lips. All things to me did seem As unto one who wakens from a dream.

My wife sat weeping by. I bent and kissed Her brow, her golden hair and pallid lips. Her tear-blind eyes, the velvet finger-tips.

They spoke of me as if of one just dead. I saw their shapes as phantoms; and could hear Their murmured tones—as with the inner ear.

All things that real things had been before— Solid—opaque—were now pellucid, and, Like shadows, cleft asunder with the hand.

I whispered in her ear. She started not. Nor seemed to hear me. Were her senses numb With new-made woe? Or was my utterance dumb?

By slow degrees, upon my senses came A world of new realities; and I Saw faces of strange beauty floating by.

A strange, strange impulse through my being stole; I seemed as one who until then had been Enclosed long a cold stone statue in.

Yes, knew! And outer senses heeded not. Soft tones of music seemed to stir and thrill. In vague pulsation through me, yet were still.

Like things of mist were solid rocks and trees; Like things of mist, the shapes of living men. The universe was peopled o'er again.

Bewildered—lost in thought—like one in trance, Or one who, through the night, some lone wood— Vague and uncertain—stood. One like an angel took my hand and said,

Caution.

The following is an extract from a letter to two friends who are sitting for spirit communion. After sitting, quite irregularly, for about three months, they have received some manifestations:

DEAR FRIENDS—We are glad to learn that you are meeting with some encouragement in your sittings. But a growth into a more refined, more spiritual condition, will bring you greater blessings than any mere phenomena of the senses.

This spirit communion has its dark as well as its bright side. In the next world are very many bad or undeveloped spirits. This class are more attracted to earth than to higher spheres of refinement.

There is danger in coming in contact with this subtle force, so little understood, and in allowing one's self to become passive to an invisible influence having such an intelligent power, but whose moral character we do not always know.

Now these low or unwise spirits often appeal to the medium's cupidity, love of gain or love of fame, by making great promises, predicting wonderful things, etc.; this notwithstanding the known fact that all things of true and enduring value require much labor and time for their completion.

So permit me to caution you against the too florid promises of spirits whose appeal to men's selfishness and love of notoriety, has sometimes led mediums astray. On the other hand, be not discouraged at slow progress. "Success is secure unless energy fail."

Again, it is a law of nature that like attracts like. If, therefore, we would be influenced by pure and noble spirits—in a desire, this, not merely in our outward appearance, our words or our deeds, but in our inner spirits, our thoughts, our motives.

Let us be neither Spiritualists nor mediums for wealth, for fame nor yet for personal growth or happiness merely; but that through the help we may here get, we may render the more benefit to our struggling fellow beings, and so aid in the evolving of a higher humanity on earth.

If I have pointed out some dangers, and how to avoid them; concerning spirits and how to secure them, my object is accomplished.

We send you a package of RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNALS. Please read and ponder, and then distribute to others, and bear fruit in the world from the seed which these JOURNALS sown in you.

That Message.

I read in the JOURNAL of August 16th, 1894, what purports to be a communication from John B. Felton, giving his experience of the Spirit-world. It strikes me as a curious thing. He says in the Spirit-world "we retain all faculties, habits, thoughts and desires, only purified." etc. In another place he says, in that world we have no sense of "touch."

How can a habit be retained without the sense of touch—the bad habits of this world? If the Spirit-world is as Mr. Felton says, is it not a ridiculous sort of a place? He says it is just the same there as here, only better and purer, and the spirit can improve. How without sense of touch and with forms "without resisting substance?" The whole statement seems to me to be sheer nonsense.

Mediums on the Pacific Coast. To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Mrs. Clara L. Reid is undoubtedly the best slate-writing medium we have on this coast. She gets very intelligent communications between closed slates, with a plain, legible hand, fine or coarse as the will be, in spirit, male or female. Mrs. Miller, before leaving Los Angeles, gave some of the best materializations we have had on the coast.

It were not genuine materializations, they were a high class of illusions, which is more than can be said of some others. I write this cautiously because I have attended but one séance. I was astonished at what I saw, especially the vanishing of apparent spirits.

Mrs. Mary E. Towser writes: Your paper comes to me each week, a welcome visitor. We do not seem to have any light of it again which we saw in this life. I have a number of the Spirit-world in my hands, and have read some of the best materializations we have had on the coast. It were not genuine materializations, they were a high class of illusions, which is more than can be said of some others. I write this cautiously because I have attended but one séance. I was astonished at what I saw, especially the vanishing of apparent spirits.

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Advanced Thinkers.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: It seems to be a surprise to some of the conductors of our liberal journals—the TRUTH Seeker in particular—that there is such manifest backwardness in Liberals throughout the Union in joining for more decisive action their "Liberal Leagues." For myself, I have long since ceased to wonder at the apathy of certain numbers and masses of our reformers, viz. Spiritualists. We have always had reformers of every shade of mental penetration, but whose zeal could only carry them forward to a certain point of comprehension, and there they seem to be headed off by an insurmountable bulwark of bigotry—some pet idea! With some materialistic reformers—political or religious—this is evidently natural and unavoidable; hence the question arises: Who are the most advanced thinkers?

Perhaps the conductors of this otherwise fearless issue are not aware of it, but as to Spiritualism, it seems to be trifling with a considerable portion of its believers. Advanced liberal thinkers have no difficulty in deciding which of the two classes, Spiritualism or Atheism, is the more advanced and fearless in the domain of thought; and yet this paper, which induced to notice this range of thinking, puts into its columns articles intended to be very offensive to this class of truth seekers—denouncing them as humbugs, tricksters, dreamers and frauds!

Liberal journals should learn—if they do not already understand the fact—that in the cause of reform Spiritualism comprehends minds of almost every conceivable scope of thought; from the boundless range of Darwinism, Faraday, Huxley, Tyndall and Spencer, to the more limited, enthusiastic, but all opposed to theological tyranny—the main obstacle in all radical reformation.

The barrier of church or evangelical sanctity being thrown down by these phenomenal physical, mental and occult manifestations of Spiritualism, each convert must and will shade his or her belief in an immortal future mind in accordance with their early teachings and their ability to absorb truth.

In tracing the history of the development of any scientific fact, we cannot but observe what a monstrous quantity of bigotry it has ever had to confront; but why should it excite our wonder? We see the same repugnance at innovation exhibited even in our day. The Materialist, looking historical-ly backward, wonders at the obtusacy and bigotry of the orthodox church when it denounced the new system of Copernicus and Galileo; the latter fighting for his opinions even at the jeopardy of his life; his priestly tyrants refusing all attempts at demonstration by simply looking through his telescope! It was enough; his system was in conflict with the Holy Bible; and yet materialistic bigotry is now the same in ranor.

But we should not be surprised at this repugnance, this indifference. The thinking world is only, as it were, recovering from a long and hideous period of darkness, and it is not surprising that the latter shudder at a relapse; and yet Galileo and his labors in the direction of astronomy, have outlined the bigotry of his times and the cruel tyranny of the Church, and no sane mind now disputes the truth of his system; and yet how few of us are astronomers! Perhaps not one in a million has gone through Galileo's geometrical and astronomical calculations, or those of Herschel, and why? We as a people take for granted the truth of their statements, the world wisely concluding they could have no motive for deception. They are now self-evident.

The student in chemistry in his crucial and analytical examination of materiality, unfolds the wonders of our physical composition. The most beautiful objects in nature which meet our eye, the damask rose, the Egyptian lotus, even the most heavenly female form whose lips were ever sanctified by the kiss of love, can be shown to be, however symmetrical and perfect, but an organized, struggling, disgusting mass of animalcules. This is as far as his microscope needs go; and yet that Materialist seems to scorn the idea that there is another sublimer realm, an unseen world, whenever he is invited to give it an examination! But let us not wonder at this. In this spiritual domain his crucible, his infinitesimal scales, his retorts, his microscope, his vials for the collection of sublimated atoms, are of no avail.

From the vast collection of communications in my diary, which dates from 1851, I thought it would be interesting to the multitude of readers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL to transcribe the following:

"Brother, attract a high and holy order of spirits around you by pondering and placing your mind upon the things of Deity. I have before impressed you to do this. By Deity I mean to take him as he is—all in all; all light, all wisdom, matter, and that which seems to you inanimate, and all matter which moves and acts from the will and influence of individual spirit. I would have you study and question on these points, for all things that have motion (and there is naught without), moves in Deity, and forms a part of Deity, and you cannot be made in the image of Deity or God, for your individual spirit forms a mite in the great mass of omnipotent matter which is God.

The above was from a beloved sister who had been dead twenty-seven years. Brooklyn, N. Y. D. BRUCE.

When Satan Reigns.

The Calamities that will Assail the World when the Devil Gets the Upper Hand.

Los Angeles has lately been flooded with a little book in pamphlet form entitled "The Book of Knowledge: Satan on Earth; How to Avoid His Snare and Pitfalls." The author is a Minnesota crank, who is said to have quite a following of believers in the East. He opens by stating that this terrestrial world "in which the children of man have had their being for nearly six thousand years, is on the eve of the most tremendous change that has ever taken place since earth was evolved from chaos. Great disasters, misery, and death will prevail throughout the world, and the minds and hearts of all lovers of the human family will be overwhelmed with sorrow.

The writer then goes on to say that to his certain knowledge the evil one is even now on earth in bodily form, and will ere long assume the government of the world. The time that he will begin his reign is clearly fixed during the first months of the year 1886, and not later than the 24th day of June of that year. Satan, in the form of man, that for his evil purposes he now assumes, was conceived in the troubled times that preceded the revolution of 1848, and was born in the first month of that year.

The very moment that he received a bodily existence of thirty-eight years the revolution then existing all over the world will have assumed its largest proportions and the evil one will then start out on his terrible mission. Satan, as before stated, is now somewhere on earth in the shape of a man, who will suddenly be developed into the king of evil or the devil, and whose honor and majesty will be almost omnipotent. The prophet then proceeds to announce the great calamities which will come upon the world. When Satan's reign begins kingdoms will be upset, the world will be full of demons, and every one who accepts his rule will receive a mark upon his forehead. In the United States, during the coming election, Satan will use his influence to prevent the legally elected President from taking his seat at Washington. His design will be to imbuiter political feeling and incite civil war. He will also inaugurate the greatest financial crisis that has ever occurred. During the revolution which will result from the efforts of the legally-elected President to occupy his seat, Satan will appoint one who has been victorious in military service, and is now seeking the position as ruler over this country (presumably Ben Butler). The crank gives full particulars of all the calamities Satan will cause, and evidently designs to found a new sect to oppose the evil one. He states through another source that he will visit Los Angeles next fall and organize a branch of his church.—Los Angeles (Cal.) Times.

S. B. B. writes: Please allow me to make a short excuse for sending remittance at this late day. I am eighty-one years old, and have had to earn every dollar that I have paid for the dear JOURNAL, with my old hands. I have not been able to work half of the time the last year. I call the JOURNAL the best paper in the world.

Mrs. S. B. B. writes: I have not been a subscriber of your JOURNAL very long, but long enough to feel as though I could not get along without it.

E. S. Bishop writes: I cannot afford to let so many papers for my health and money, as the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, so without my support.

An Extraordinary Case of Spirit Power.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I learn through your columns of the death of my old friend, Capt. Richard Arnold, of Toronto. He was a noble-hearted man, generous, and too impulsive to stop and listen to Mrs. Grundy before taking action on anything that aroused either his sympathy or his indignation. Some of his experiences were very marked, and as they were founded upon his own unshakable faith, they were of great interest to his readers. In early life the worthy Captain had commanded a vessel upon the lakes, and through life the rough brusqueness of his manners, both in word and action, showed the effect of his early training. For many years a glass of stiff grog, filled and refilled, was his daily habit, and though never intoxicated he was always comfortably full.

At the time when the event I am about to narrate took place, he had given up the life of a sailor, and an office in the city of Toronto, and in the corner of that office, there stood a demi-john for the use of himself and thirsty friends. Business called him to Buffalo and detained him there over night. The Davenport boys were holding a séance that evening, and he concluded to drop in "just for fun," for he knew nothing of Spiritualism. He was a few minutes late, and the door was closed; but he kept on all the while, and on condition that he remained close to the door, and didn't disturb the circle by seeking a seat. He was no sooner shut in to the darkness than a voice from the cabinet said: "The gentleman who has just come in brings with him a spirit sister who passed away in Australia. That sister says that she drinks more brandy than she can do good for, and she is going to put a stop to it. If her captain had not at that time heard of the death of his sister, and the wickedness of the occurrence sent him home deeply impressed. In the morning, he stroled into the barroom to get his accustomed "eye-opener," having entirely forgotten the spirit prophecy. The decanter and a tumbler were placed on the counter before him when to his horror he could not get his hand within six inches of that decanter. He struggled till the perspiration stood in droplets upon his forehead. At last he gave up in despair, and went to breakfast without his morning "nip."

At breakfast a gentleman by his side had a glass of brandy and water, of which he left a spoonful or two when he rose from the table. My friend Arnold went for that tumbler in furious desperation, and in a moment had it to his mouth; but not one drop could he swallow, and choking with the mixture of brandy and rage, he left the table and took the care of his house. His first business was to send off his office boy to get it refilled. But that was the end of it so far as the worthy Captain was concerned. He looked at the demi-john and the demi-john looked at him, but there was no approach to intimacy or any continuance of the old friendship.

Years rolled by before I had the pleasure of calling the Captain my friend, but he assured me that from the time of that memorable visit to Buffalo he had never permitted to drink anything intoxicating. The Spiritualist will know that this exercise of spirit power was all based upon the mediumship of Capt. Arnold. Many a pleasant hour have I passed listening to intelligences who made use of his entranced organism. One evening the control asked me to tell the medium that his spirit friends saw that he needed a stimulant, and that they wished him for one week to take a tablespoonful of brandy with a lump of sugar in a tumbler of water, before breakfast. "Dawdarn," said the captain when I told him, "they have fooled you. They won't even let me smell it!" However, the next morning he told me it was all right, and the brandy "tasted good as ever." A day or two after he had a lesson to show that his spirit physician kept an eye on his patient at medicine time. When the Captain had exhausted the prescription, there was some of the sugar left in the tumbler. It seemed as though he should have drunk it, but he just took a few drops more brandy and a little more water. But he found the spirit intention was that the dose should be "continued in our next," for he could not raise the tumbler to his lips. At the end of the week, no further medical treatment was deemed a necessity, and he resumed his involuntary totalism. I don't know that there is any necessity for me to write MORAL in capitals and add wise thoughts for my readers to wisp. Use the story as a fair example of what can be done with spirit power when conditions will permit. New York. CHARLES DAWBARN.

An Electro-Magnetic Miss from Pittsburg.

A girl, who promises to create something of a sensation in Chicago, arrived at the Continental Hotel, Chicago, a few days ago. She is known as the electro-magnetic girl, but to her family and friends she is Flora Coyne. She is said to be fifteen years of age, though looking older, and weighs ninety pounds, and at her feats, such as were witnessed at the hotel by a party of invited guests, show her to be the embodiment of a force which might be considered unusual in a man of muscular proportions. "Skill and ingenuity," her manager gives as the explanation, and claims that she is an equal of the famous Georgia magnetic girl.

The electro-magnetic girl is a native of Pittsburg. The implements with which she operates are a chair and two sticks, one about two feet and the other about five feet in length. The short stick was placed in the hands of one of the strongest men in the room, who clasped it in the middle. He was told to hold it firmly and not permit her to move it if he could. She placed the open palm of her hand against the rounded end and after a struggle sent the man swirling around the room. The same was repeated with another. Then two men who stood facing each other were given the longer stick to hold, and the struggle began again. After a few ineffectual passes the girl paused and said that the end of the stick was too sharp and that it cut her hand. A knife was produced and the stick given a better point, after which the performance went on. One or two initiatory pushes were made before she finally put forth all her powers. The result in this case was the same as in the other, the two men, each of whom weighed 200 pounds, were easily carried down and round. The next feat was to place them in a chair and lift the chair, throwing them out. This was done with one, two, three, and four men. The four men weighed together nearly 700 pounds, but all of this weight could not be placed upon the chair, so that what she lifted was certainly nothing like so much, though she must have raised 400 pounds. The lifting was done from the back of the chair, the hands being placed against the posts and not upon the rounds.

All this was done without show of excitement, and it was claimed that there was no excitement either of the heart or of the pulse, though this fact was disputed by a doctor present who counted the strokes before and after one of the feats. When she began the struggle the pulse was 120 and at the close it beat 140 to the minute. The latter would indicate that she was suffering from a raging fever. Still her face was not flushed and there was an entire absence of any other signs that the feat had been called for by any exertion. Miss Coyne has the stature of a child, but in development she is a perfect woman. Her features, hands, and feet are small and delicate.

Class J. Henry writes: I embrace this opportunity to express my high appreciation of the JOURNAL as a Spiritualist paper. In my estimation, no other paper approaches within competitive distance to the JOURNAL as an exponent of all that is clean and common sense in the mass of material that is put before the public, labeled "Spiritualism."

Franklin Bevier writes: I saw in a late number of the JOURNAL a splendid article from Mrs. Emma Harding-Britten on the subject: "What shall we do with our Spiritualism?" I do most heartily endorse her views on this subject; they have not been spoken too soon.

H. L. Eades writes: It is not to flatter that I say of all the spiritualistic papers, either in this country or Europe, yours has no superior for fair dealing.

Kentucky's Contribution. A gentleman residing near Cornwell, on the K. & S. A. Railroad, was in the Sun office Saturday, and related that on a farm adjacent to his there is a sycamore tree with a knot-hole about six feet from the ground, out of which constantly flows a stream of water, and occasionally fish have been seen to leap from the tree. Towards the end of the knot-hole, the place to view the unusual current.—The Observer. (Ky.) Sun.

The Funeral of a Chinaman.

Extra Clothes for the Unknown Journey—Coronets at the Grave. The Albany Journal gives the following account of the burial of Wee Kee, a well-to-do Chinaman who was murdered recently by a fellow-countryman of that city. The deceased's corpse was about four feet long, and was prettily braided and coiled about the head. In the casket with the body were deposited an extra Chinese gown, an additional pair of Chinese shoes, and a few other articles, that the dead person might be attired through his journey to the unknown land. The upper part of the body, which was exhibited to view, was attired in ordinary dress—a white shirt and turn-down collar and a black necktie. A neat black coat covered his shoulders, and his hands were clasped upon the breast. The trimming upon the casket consisted of four massive silver-plated coronets, screw-heads, and an engraved plate to correspond bearing the inscription: "Died Aug. 7, 1894; aged 28." In the center were inscribed the Chinese characters representing the name "Wee Kee." There are thirteen Celestials residing at Albany, and most of the time to-day they have been clustered together in small parties at various laundries, engaged in discussing the (to them) all-absorbing sensation. None of them visited the undertaking rooms until the time for the funeral, which occurred at three o'clock precisely. Despite the rush for admittance few were permitted to witness the ceremony. Their leader, whom they called President, Mr. Shaushim, spoke to them in Chinese as they were circled in parlor chairs around the casket. They gave him their strict attention, and after a prayer and while he read a passage of Scripture in their native tongue from John x. 28: "And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." Mr. Shaushim then talked for about fifteen minutes in Chinese.

Before the services began Yut Sing placed a fan in the left hand of the dead man and a pack of Chinese playing-cards in the other. After the concluding prayer the Chinamen marched twice around the casket, but not until after the "president" had directed the removal of a table and candlesticks at the head of the coffin. The officiating Chinaman sang a song in Chinese during this proceeding. The pall-bearers were designated by long pieces of white muslin tied over the shoulders. As the services ended, each Chinaman stepped up to the remains and said what was presumably a prayer. One of the leading participants was so impressed that he attempted to place a roll of greenbacks in the coffin, probably to help the dead man out, but was interfered with, and the money was handed to the nearest relative of the deceased. The articles to be used at the cemetery were carried in a large market-basket.

The funeral procession consisted of the hearse and four carriages, which proceeded to the Rural Cemetery, where a sufficient for one grave had been secured, and the coffin placed in it. After the hearse was deposited, and the Chinese burial ceremony was celebrated. Candles made in their own country and joss-sticks were lighted and stuck about the open grave. Then pieces of paper about a foot in length and seven inches in width, known as "yumpo," a species of Chinese money, were distributed among the Celestials, and each lighted several pieces and held them in his hands until entirely consumed. This was explained as necessary in order to furnish the dead man with funds in his far-away journey to the other land, the burning of the "yumpo" being as essential as the dissolution of the body. The grave was then filled up, and the Chinamen departed, leaving the joss-sticks burning, in order to keep away evil spirits.

Mesmerism in a Den of Lions.

In the supplement to the Theosophist for June, Mr. W. H. Harrison, dating from Lucerne, contributes a story of the kind, under the above heading, which the published report of an exhibition of magnetic power. There is a menagerie at Rheims, exhibited by M. Planet, in which are five or six lions. In the same city M. de Torcy gives lectures on magnetism, illustrated by experiments. Mr. Harrison prefers to call it mesmerism, as also did Dr. Elliotson, after the name of its great reviver. The magnetiser arranged with the lion-tamer to give a public demonstration of his power in the lions' den—a huge barred cage. A great throng assembled.

First, M. Planet entered the den, and showed the audience that the lions were completely under his control. Then M. de Torcy joined him, and through the bars stated his programme to the audience. Then his subject, Mlle. Lucia, was introduced. She is a person of strange beauty, clad in white, and wearing her hair falling about her. M. de Torcy put her into the magnetic sleep to the sound of soft music, to which she obediently listened with rapt attention, without heeding the lions rumbling at their master's orders, round about her. The audience was excited, applauded, and called out, "Enough!" The magnetiser blew upon her forehead, and she awoke.

After a short pause, he put her again into the sleep and then into catalepsy. Then, by the aid of M. Planet, who had to keep one eye upon his lions, he arranged her form, in a state of complete rigidity, between two chairs—her head upon one, her heels upon the other—and the lions were then made to pass and repass between the chairs. Finally two of them were made to stand upon Lucia's rigid form as it rested between the chairs, as described. The audience were more than satisfied, and shouted "Enough! Enough!"

M. de Torcy then brought his part of the exhibition to a close by restoring his subject to the normal state, and expressed himself as satisfied as the audience evidently were, with the successful result of his demonstration.

Transformation Phenomena.

In an old copy of the Spiritual Times (June 3rd, 1895), there is, among other "Remarkable Spiritual Experiences of a Clergyman," the following, which is interesting in the present day when form manifestations are so much more frequent, and when we who view them are so often perplexed as to the exact source to which they are to be referred. The writer has been describing other manifestations of a friend's son, one of our mediums. After these were over the medium wrote: "Mr. K., mark well the medium's actions from his head to his waist, and keep very quiet." The narration proceeds thus: "We heard a great rattle like some electrical machine, and the room began to tremble. The medium stood up, we could see him distinctly; he stood erect, his arms stretched out in the form of a cross; then having saluted them all, he again bowed. Presently he turned to the wall and shook hands, apparently with some one, then he turned right round, and appeared to do the same with some one else, then with another also; then he appeared to embrace a fourth, then shook hands with some one else, and so on for a considerable time, as if he had been meeting with a considerable number of friends, who had all met together for some gladsome occasion. Then, after having saluted them all, he again bowed. We could now see from his head to his waist (quite clearly); the light was clearer. Presently his appearance was changed, and there stood before us a man of about middle age, with a bushy beard of sandy color, broad face, high cheek bones, broad, flat forehead, and benevolent countenance."

Would it not be well worth while for a medium who readily obtains form-manifestations—say Mr. Egleton—to sit for such phenomena? It seems to me that the much light on a subject at present very dark and perplexing, viz. the exact use made, in a given case of form-manifestation, of the medium's body.

A Light in His Ear for a Bug.

Here is a bug story: The other night one of these snapper-bugs flew into the open window and lit on the ear of a gentleman who was asleep. The bug entered the ear and commenced his snapping and tearing at the delicate lining of the ear with its claws. The gentleman, who had the feeling of a thousand sledge-hammers, and the clawing caused almost insupportable pain. The bug was too far in to be pulled out by the fingers, and the gentleman arose as quickly as he could and his wife tried in vain to get it out with a needle and a hairpin. At last he resolved to go to a doctor, and while dressing himself his wife happened to think of the attraction light had for bugs and moths. She placed the lamp near the ear, and in less than half a minute the bug was seen to be flying about the light on a subject at present very dark and perplexing, viz. the exact use made, in a given case of form-manifestation, of the medium's body.

M. A. OXON.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

These boasts of a potato shaped exactly like a human foot, even to the five toes. Chattanooga physicians say that every case of typhoid fever can be traced to drinking well water.

A microscope of two million magnitudes is required to show up the cholera microbe. The germs are colorless and in the shape of coils representing circles and figures 8.

A West Somerset, England, jury is said to have returned the verdict, "Died by the hereditary visitation of God," in the case of a man who had broken his neck when drunk, and whose grandfather had met with a like mishap.

A Maine girl writes that she has been a domestic, for five years and feels as "independent as if she were a school teacher or a tape-measurer." Her savings will enable her to attend the Boston Conservatory of Music next winter.

John S. Sammons, an eccentric farmer of Orange County, New York, has confined his firm friend and companion of many years in an iron casket hermetically sealed, and placed it in state in his house. The friend and companion was his dog.

The religious opposition to cremation is re-enforced by the opposition from the life insurance companies. They claim that it will interfere with the successful contest of policies by destroying the evidences as to the cause of death.

The house where Aaron Burr lived on Reade street New York, is to be torn down to make way for business buildings. It is a two-story brick, with a shingled roof pierced with dormer windows. Burr went from his door to fight the fatal duel with Hamilton.

At Gloucester, N. X., a pear tree is still bearing fruit that was brought in a flower pot from England in 1857 by Captain Samuel Harrison, and planted in his garden. Captain Harrison's father was put to death as one of the regicides, during the reign of Charles II.

The Washington monument has had strange visitors since its erection. A gnat and hungry cat climbed to the top; five rats made the ascent to get the crumbs from the workmen's lunches; wasps built their nests and pigeons roost at night 434 feet above the habitation of man.

Men of science do not hold the popular view that there has been a sufficiency of arctic exploration. It does not matter whether we go a few miles further north or not, but it is important to obtain exact knowledge about the winds, tides, and other physical phenomena of the Northern Hemisphere.

According to California law a man is a vagrant, no matter what his income, if he consorts with criminals and spends his time in idleness. Alfred M. Weger, whose income is \$240 monthly, was lately committed as a vagrant for a hearing at a higher court, and \$500 bail, which he was willing to put up, was refused.

Mrs. Mary E. Douglas, of Newark, N. J., who had been bedridden for years, with a complication of diseases, has been cured by faith. A number of her religious friends gathered about her bed one day last week and prayed for her restoration to health, and for the first time in eight years she got out of bed and stood on her feet.

One of the "fresh air" children at Baldwinville, N. X., on seeing the woman with whom he was stopping, making butter, wanted to know if the butter-fats made it. Another, asking if little pigs were kittens, on being laughed at quickly replied: "If you were in New York I could show you things you would not know."

According to a Paris medical journal Mr. Henry Bergh has addressed a letter to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of that city denouncing M. Pasteur as a " Jenner of France who now crawls to the earth's surface and begins the fiend-like and disgusting work of polluting the bodies and flesh of the lower animals."

Eleven Harlem goats were to have participated in a swimming match in North River, but Henry Bergh said it was cruel to goats and stopped it. The goats were made to swim in a cabbage head for the second goat, a turnip for the third, a double-sheet circus poster for the fourth, and a tomato-can for the fifth.

The authorities of Topeka put two disreputable negroes at work cleaning the streets with a party of male vagabonds, and as one of them showed resistance a ball and chain were attached to her leg. The colored people gathered on Main street by hundreds, showing great excitement, and at night they held a meeting and passed resolutions denouncing the mayor.

From Dublin is reported an extraordinary story of a lioness eating her own tail. One day she removed the tail making butter, wanted to know if the butter-fats made it. Another, asking if little pigs were kittens, on being laughed at quickly replied: "If you were in New York I could show you things you would not know."

Plans have been prepared for a ship canal across Ireland from Dublin to Galway—a distance of 127 miles. The estimated cost for ships of various sizes is as follows: For ships of 1,500 tons, \$40,000,000; for ships of 2,500 tons, \$60,000,000; for ships of 5,000 tons and upward, \$100,000,000. The plans have been prepared by a London engineer assisted by Capt. Eads.

The Mechanical World, of London, says that the United States has the best machinery and tools in the world; and M. Lourdelot, who was recently sent over here by the French Minister of Commerce, says that the superiority of tools used here and the attention to details too often neglected in European elements of danger to European industries.

In the county of Ximenes, Mexico, five large springs of living water have suddenly burst forth on the open plain, where has been a continual drought for ten years, and where a month ago a bird could not find sufficient water to quench its thirst. It is also stated that in the adjoining county a spring which one year ago did not afford sufficient water for a single animal, now satisfies the thirst of 2,000 head of cattle.

Honduras is said to be a perfect paradise for lazy people. Farmers, mechanics and others can earn enough in a few weeks to support them for a year, and as the majority of the inhabitants only care for a mere support, few of them work more than a week or two at a time. The soil is said to be remarkably fertile and the climate ideal. Contented as are the rule, and all the inhabitants live to an advanced age.

Columbia (S. C.) Register: From reliable authority the Register learns that typhoid-fever prevails to a great extent along the track of the cyclone which passed through Fairfield County last spring. Several deaths have occurred in families attacked by the fever, and physicians have noted it as a singular fact that the majority of typhoid-fever cases are confined to the stretch of country visited by the cyclone.

An animated controversy has been carried on for some time in the columns of a London paper as to whether vultures discover their prey by means of sight or smell. No two writers seem to be able to agree upon the point. Many curious instances of the marvelous power of the vulture for discovering carrion are quoted. These birds have been known to travel twenty miles after the carcass of a dead ox buried under a heap of leaves, while after a battle in the open desert the air is full of them.

Ten years ago the saloonkeepers of Springfield, Ohio, chopped down the shade trees in front of the residence of Mother Stewart, the leader of the temperance crusade, and also cut down a young apple tree in her yard, but did not entirely sever it from the stump. Mother Stewart straightened up this tree, banded it carefully, and prayed that it might grow. The tree is now one of the finest examples of luxurious growth ever seen, with branches springing out from the roots like a currant bush.

A child in Leominster, Mass., placed in the garden a small piece of looking-glass in an upright position, and for a week a sparrow has spent three hours each day peering in front of it. It will stand and peck away at its reflected self until it gets thoroughly excited, then run back and forth along the fence, then return to the attack, and continue until it falls exhausted. These birds have been known to travel twenty miles after the carcass of a dead ox buried under a heap of

What Happened at the Brook.

The brook was rippling sweetly
Where the stone steps cross the ford;
I saw the maiden make a splash--
I heard her say, "Oh, Lord!"

She sat a moment thinking,
As the water round her strayed;
Then bravely scorned the stepping stones
Concluding she would wade.

I thought, oh, maiden! such is life;
We step on slippery places--
Our heels fly up--we settle down,
And wonder where our grace is.

And just like that fair maiden--
Who in the water made
A hole to set herself within--
We start again and wade.

How She was Healed.
The Story of Mrs. Wimp's Miraculous Cure Told
by Her Pastor.

Rev. William A. Park, presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for the Gainesville District, Ga., gives an interesting narrative of the miraculous cure of Mrs. Emily J. Wimp, wife of John A. Wimp, which occurred in Norcross a few days ago, while the circuit conference was in session.

A Strange Case of Blindness.
Three months ago Amos Barden, of Barton, near Waverly, N. Y., fell sick with fever. A week afterward he became totally blind.

The Old and the New.
The old-style life! Who does not know
What agony they caused--what woe?
You walked the floor, you groaned, you sighed,
And felt such awful pain inside.

A Fatal Case of Somnambulism.
A singular case of somnambulism with fatal results occurred in Baltimore, Md., recently. The victim was a little girl, twelve years old, named Bettie Hashagen.

The Buddy River
of life is the blood. From it the system receives all its material of growth and repair.

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Lieutenant Emory has brought back to this country a number of Esquimaux dogs. He will try and demonstrate that they can live in this climate as well as in the Arctic.

There is exhibited in Baltimore a curious Australian fish called the goby. It is said to climb out of its aquarium and crawl with great ease for several hours upon terra firma.

No woman can live without some share of physical suffering; but many accept as inevitable a great amount of pain which can be avoided.

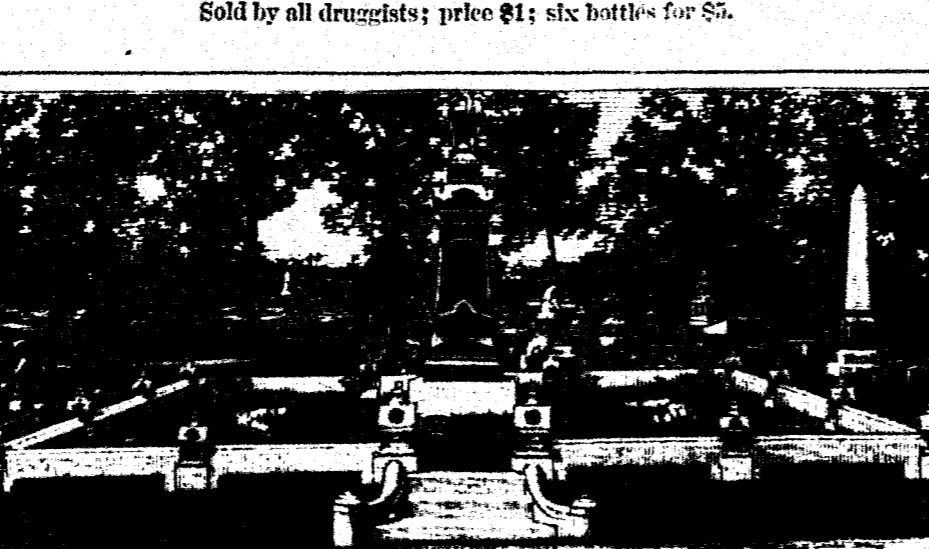
A wren has placed her nest on a street lamp post at Norwich, Conn., and has it full of eggs. The mother bird and lamplighter are on the best of terms and do not disturb each other.

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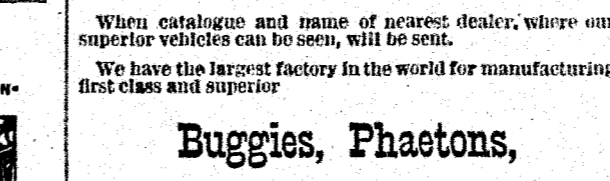
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THE INDEX.
A
RADICAL WEEKLY JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED AT 44 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Editors: S. W. POTTER, J. E. UNDERWOOD.
CONTRIBUTORS:
Moncure D. Conway and George Jacob Holyoake, of London, will write for The Index every month during 1884. Among the other contributors are Prof. Felix Adler, John W. Chadwick, M. J. Savage, F. M. Holland, W. H. Spencer, R. E. D. Cheney, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, Caroline H. Dale, Mrs. Sara A. Underwood, Miss M. A. Handiker.

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"In my flesh shall I see God."

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

In the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL on August 2nd, is a paragraph noticing the Reviewer's commendation of the text: "In my flesh shall I see God." They have changed it, as appears to this phrase: "Yet out of my flesh shall I see God."

Many years ago when endeavoring to explore the foundations for a religious faith, I found it necessary to examine the evidence in regard to this passage as a proof-text of a corporeal resurrection; I say resurrection deliberately, because the terms anastasis and resurrection do not properly signify any operation with the body. The anastasis is the converse of apostasy; the latter being a falling or descent, and the former a standing up again. "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God," Paul says; and "flesh and bones" have no stabler hold without the blood.

The context in the nineteenth chapter, shows that the Idumean patriarch, a prince, was deprecating the harsh and unreasonable judgment of his friends. He sets forth his calamity; that God (Alhca) was afflicting him, breaking him down and rooting up all his hopes. Hence his brethren had become estranged, his bosom-friends were alienated. His weary guests and domestics treated him as a stranger; his servant would not answer his call. His wife turned aside from his breath, when he implored her by their children; the children of the slaves hooted when he stood up. Wemyss thus translates his supplication:

"All my familiar friends abhor me; Those whom I loved rise up against me. My bones protrude through skin and flesh; The skin no longer covers my gums. Fly me, pity me, O my friends, For the hand of God hath smitten me! Why, like God (chamu Al), shall ye persecute me, And not rest satisfied with slandering me?"

"O that my words were recorded— O that they were engraven on a tablet, With an iron graver upon lead, That they were sculptured upon the rock forever! I am sure that my vindicator liveth, And will at length appear upon the earth. And though this skin of mine be thus corroded, Yet in my flesh shall I see God: Whom I shall see on my side, And mine eyes shall behold him not estranged from me. My reins faint with desire of his arrival."

Let me add a few words by way of explanation. The Idumean patriarch is represented as afflicted by loathsome disease, probably elephantiasis. As the animals turn against and ill-treat the sick and injured of their kind, so his kindred and even his wife and servants acted toward him. There he lay; his body festering and melted by ulceration, the very covering eaten from his gums. A mighty affliction—for such is the meaning of the poetic phrase, "the hand of God hath smitten"—was upon him. He plaintively entreates their commiseration and pleads against their brutal persecution. Any one who has experienced the extreme of mental anguish and the peculiar treatment often bestowed at such times, can vividly apprehend the feeling of the sufferer.

He made his appeal; he was pure-handed and upright, and had not been punished for sin. He now, like a moral giant and hero, arose in the majesty of his character. No longer was he yielding and submissive to supercilious utterances from purblind moralists. I admire the sublimity of his manly confidence:

"O that now my words might be recorded; O that they might be written down in a tablet, With an iron graver and lead As if they were permanently hewn on a rock."

Observe the several styles of writing: The book or tablet of papyrus used in Egypt, the iron style on a leaden plate, common in the East, and the sculpture in the rock as at Behistun. For the Idumeans were wise and learned above other peoples; and there is much science as well as higher philosophy in this Book of Job. But let me proceed with the words:

"That I know my Champion, living and yet to come, Who will stand up for me upon the Earth. And though after my skin, this too be smitten Yet in my flesh shall I have the vision of God: Whom I myself shall behold on my side— And my eyes behold, not turned away from me."

Dr. Albert Barnes rendered the word *Ma-bo-ber*, "without my flesh," but I question very seriously whether any such translation is admissible. It simply describes his forlorn condition, his skin corroded by festering ulcers and the flesh beneath it dissolved; yet he is confident that he shall live to realize his vindication. We have but to turn to the last chapter of this Sacred Poem to find this triumphant result:

"Hear, I pray thee, and I myself will speak: I will ask a question, and thou shalt instruct me: By the hearing of the ear I hear thee, And now my eyes behold thee, Wherefore I reject my words And have grieved in dust and ashes."

It is then added that the Lord delivered Job and turned his captivity back; vindicating his integrity, restoring his kindred and children, and doubling his wealth.

This was the fulfillment of the prediction that Job in his flesh or lifetime would see God on his side of the controversy.

The phrase is also often quoted: "If a man die, shall he live again?" There is no word "again" in the Hebrew. The expression may very correctly be rendered:

"O that thou wouldst hide me in Hades, (with the dead) That thou wouldst conceal me till thy anger is over; That thou wouldst set me a lunk, and remember me. When a man (hero) dies will he revive? All the days set for me I am willing to wait Till my exchange shall come."

It must be acknowledged that no confirmation of the doctrine of life after death as it is usually as well as expressed, is here to be found. The very question, "Will he revive?" implies a negative; and the word "till" in the Bible generally means never at all.

The common version of this poem of Job is very faulty. There have been many translations into English since that, more or less meritorious. They may be read with pleasure and profit by intelligent persons. As illustrating the correct views of the period, the work is a valuable one. But as being authority for any dogma or tenet of the Church or any body of religionists, it has no particular value. A quotation from it proves absolutely nothing.

An animal half horse and half greyhound is a curiosity at Mt. Sterling, Ohio.

At the beginning of August wheat was cheaper in England than it had been for 100 years.

The curtain goes up in the Burmese theatres at 9 P. M. and remains up until 5 o'clock the next morning.

Sunday, says a California paper, is devoted to athletic sports at the penitentiary—quoting, running, leaping, and similar acts of worship.

Michigan State Camp Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Yesterday was really the closing day of the ten days' camp meeting on the pleasant Fair Grounds near this capital city, this being a breaking camp, and going home Monday. On Sunday the 10th, eight hundred or more were on the grounds to hear A. B. French, Mrs. Pearsall and G. B. Stebbins in the day sessions, and many attended an evening meeting in the commodious hall where several spoke. All the week there were a hundred or more staying on the grounds; some in tents, most in the large buildings. Each forenoon conferences were held, and lectures each afternoon; Mrs. Pearsall, Mrs. Dunham, Mrs. Conner, Dr. Marvin, J. P. Whiting the President, Dr. Edson, Mrs. Cartwright and others taking part. The clairvoyants and mediums present were Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Conner, of Flint; Mrs. Ammidon, of Richland; Mrs. Curtis, of Greenville; Mr. Barnes, the Bangs sisters and Henry B. Allen, and all found friends and interested patrons. "The Allen boy" of old times, a man of middle age now, gave especial satisfaction by excellent tests.

Yesterday was a time of fearful heat—94° in the shade—yet some 600 or more were present. The day sessions were filled by Dr. Marvin, G. B. Stebbins and Mrs. Pearsall, and at night Mrs. Dunham, Dr. Johnson, of Coldwater, Mr. Whiting and others spoke. All through there seemed to be enjoyment, benefit, good order and good feeling. While most present were from a range of thirty miles around, others came from different parts of the State, and from Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. H. P. Fairfield, who was engaged to attend all through, was kept in New England by the sickness of a brother. The prevalent feeling has been one of satisfaction in the work of the Association so far, and of resolution to help it on, by future camp meetings and otherwise. Sunday afternoon the following resolves were unanimously adopted:

Resolved—That believing alcoholic liquors and tobacco and opiates hurtful to body and soul, and their common use full of evil and degradation, we declare ourselves opposed to ardent spirits as a beverage and to the common use of tobacco and opiates.

Resolved—That since the sins of parents affect their children, even to remote generations, we are under special and sacred obligations to guard well our physical and spiritual life, that we do not fall into bad or injurious practices, that we hold ourselves under perfect control and use all the means in our power for our own best development.

Resolved—That since crime is largely the outgrowth of wrong conditions in communities and families, and in the birth and training of children, for which the criminal is not personally responsible, our penal institutions should be conducted more on educational and reform principles, and capital punishment should never be allowed.

WHEREAS: Justice demands equal rights and responsibilities for all as the common good; therefore

Resolved—That we favor woman suffrage as just and beneficial to humanity.

Resolved—That we advocate the taxation of church property because its exemption grants favors and privileges not in accordance with justice or with entire liberty of conscience.

On Monday evening last, A. B. French gave his lecture on "The Mound Builders" in the hall, which was heard with marked interest and enjoyment. To-day carriages are loaded with people going from the camp ground and the hotels to the cars, to reach home and find rest—which all need. Much more might be said in commendation, something in criticism of this meeting, and interesting incidents and experiences might be given, but meetings are many and your space limited. S. Lansing, Mich., Aug. 18th, '84.

Obsequies Over the Remains of Dr. I. P. Greenleaf.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

To-day the flags here have been at half-mast. Why? Because Dr. I. P. Greenleaf, the veteran Spiritualist, has passed to the higher life? No! but because his well-known form will be with us no more. Never again will we listen to that voice, the accents of which were so cheering to the hearers who never failed while listening to him to be benefited thereby. After a long illness his spirit, which has so long been ripe for the other life, has passed away to the glories of the beyond. At the age of sixty-one years he leaves us for a time, only to return when conditions will permit, to renew the friendship and love for those who worked with him in dispensing the truths of Spiritualism.

The day has been a gloomy one, particularly for the relatives and special friends who have been actively engaged in preparing for the final rites, the closing scene of his life's drama. The noble and faithful work, Mrs. King, aided by her many friends, has carried out to the letter his last wishes, and the consciousness of well-doing is their reward. Contributions of flowers have been numerous; among the most conspicuous was a floral pillow, composed principally of white pinks, on which was worked in purple and golden immortelles the square and compass, which signified that he had been raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason. "I" and "P" were on either side of the Masonic emblem, and the "G" which is so important a letter in the combination, occupied its proper position between these working tools of the craft. This was the work of D. N. Ford, the Onset florist, who, by the way, is located here to ply his avocation, propagate plants and cultivate flowers to supply the want so long felt by the lovers of the beautiful.

The floral decorations dispelled the gloom which otherwise would have been felt in the presence of the dead. Opportunity was offered for all who wished, to view the remains from twelve till two o'clock, and hundreds availed themselves of the opportunity. At 3 P. M., services were held at the pavilion, the cottage where the body laid not being large enough to accommodate those who desired to attend. The building was none too large, as those who repaired thither soon filled every seat. The floral tributes covered a large table in front of the speaker's stand, and their fragrance filled the air. Dr. A. H. Richardson presided, and after making some appropriate remarks, introduced the quartette for the occasion, Mr. C. W. Sullivan, Mrs. A. M. Hansford, Mrs. A. L. Adams and D. N. Ford. They gave a fine selection, "Passing Over," a composition of Prof. Crane's, after which Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles was introduced; she spoke eloquently of the man we all honored, and who was with us now only in spirit. She closed with a poem. The quartette gave another selection, "Gently down the Stream of Life." Miss Lizzie Doten was then introduced. Her remarks, as they always are, were well timed and sweetly appropriate. Her delicate health prevented her from speaking at great length, but the ideas she advanced were condensed and couched in words which expressed all that was neces-

sary to say. The program which concluded her remarks, was "Home Doctor," therefore committal is unnecessary.

Mrs. Townsend Wood was the next speaker, and in our opinion she never spoke more eloquently than on this occasion. She spoke of Mr. Greenleaf as a man whom to know was to respect, for he was known as an honest man, who loved the truth for its own sake, and was always in the front rank in the battle waged against vice and hypocrisy.

Mrs. Kivira Loring, under the influence of Lone Star, spoke briefly of Dr. Greenleaf as the defender of the Red Man, and of suffering manhood generally.

Mrs. M. Houghton Chamberlain, at the request of the Doctor before passing away, read a beautiful poem.

The singing was accompanied on the organ by Prof. Crane, the last selection given being "Old Brattle Street."

After an invocation by Miss Doten the audience dispersed. The remains of Dr. Greenleaf were removed to Haverhill, Mass., for interment. W. W. CURRIER. Old Pan Cottage, Onset, Aug. 13, 1884.

Cassadaga Camp Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The last week has shown a largely increased attendance upon the lectures of this popular resort of Spiritualists. The cool breezes of the grove, the sweet inspirations of nature flowing in upon the soul like the voices of angels, the untrammelled freedom which comes as a welcome relief from the restraints of city life, these are some of the attractions which impel people to leave their homes to spend a few days in the shadow of these forest trees. During the past week we have had lectures from J. F. Baxter, Judge R. S. McCormick, Mrs. R. S. Lillie and O. P. Kellogg, while in the conference meetings old veterans have narrated the experiences of their early days, and younger ones have engaged in discussion of questions bearing upon the future of the cause. Entertainments are given by the Children's Lyceum, in which the young people do credit to themselves and their teachers. Hops are held twice a week, from the pleasure of which no respectable person under ninety-five years of age is excluded. Various phases of mediumship are represented on the grounds, the slate-writing of W. A. Mansfield calling people from a distance of many miles to witness it. The writer feels to speak of the courtesy manifested by several journals in publishing reports sent by him. It is a good evidence of the great revolution which is taking place in public sentiment when such papers as the *Cleveland Herald Leader* and *Plain Dealer*, and the *Buffalo Express*, the *Jamestown Journal*, *Edinboro Tidings* and *Dunkirk Observer*, consider it good policy to publish items of news and synopses of lectures from a Spiritualist camp meeting.

Surely the light of truth is penetrating the mists of bigotry which have so long enveloped the minds of men, and the spirit of intolerance which has ever clogged the wheels of progress is rapidly vanishing into nothing. The writer has condensed into these reports the most essential truths of the spiritual philosophy, and a million tongues of type, have voiced them into ears which have long been accustomed only to the dreary platitudes of orthodoxy. May these little grains of truth sprout and bring forth a healthy growth in the soil upon which they have fallen. The doctrines of the spiritual philosophy are full of a vitality, born of eternal truth, and, once lodged in a fertile mind, cannot be choked out by the weeds of error or torn up by the blasts of orthodox tempests. Stars of truth may be obscured by clouds of ignorance; but when the wind of reason sweeps across the sky of mind, they shine forth with silvery gleam, and light the darkest chambers of the soul. As I write a telegram is received from Thomas Lees, announcing that he is on the way to Cassadaga with sixty Spiritualists. The Children's Lyceum will march to the station to meet the delegation, which is from Cleveland. GRAPHO. Cassadaga, Aug. 23rd.

The sugar consumption of the United States averages forty-five pounds a year to each inhabitant. One-fourth of all the sugar produced in the world is consumed in the United States, where the sweet tooth seems to be in everybody's mouth.

No family or traveler, in a malarial district, should ever be without that sure antidote—Ayer's Ague Cure. Warranted to cure all malarial disorders.

The Rev. Newman Smyth will contribute an article to the forthcoming *Century* on "The Late Dr. Dorner and the 'New Theology'." It will give a sketch of his life and of his theological method, and will contain some personal reminiscences by the writer.



"See What CUTICURA Does for Me!" INFANTILE and Birth Humors, Milk Crust, Scalded Head, Eczema, and every form of Itching, Scaly, Pimples, Scrofulous and inherited Diseases of the Face, Skin and Scalp with Loss of Hair, cured by the CUTICURA REMEDY. Absolutely pure and safe. Outcure, the great Skin Cure, 50 cts.; CUTICURA Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and only Medicinal Baby Soap, 25 cts.; and Outcure's Eucalypt, the new Blood Purifier, \$1. are sold by druggists, Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

Advertisement for Mrs. Pott's Gold Handle Sad Iron, featuring an illustration of the iron and text describing its benefits for ironing clothes.

COME TO JUDGEMENT!

The following have, by request, examined DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER, and report that they find it free from all disreputable drug-taint, free from ammonia, free from lime, free from alum, and composed only of natural food principles. They therefore recommend its use in every family, as a clean, pure and wholesome preparation.

- List of names of various scientists and chemists who examined the baking powder, including Prof. R. Ogden Doremus, M. D., LL. D., College of the City of New York; Prof. H. C. White, State Chemist, University Georgia, Athens, Ga.; Prof. H. C. Kedzie, Michigan State College, Lansing, Mich.; Prof. H. M. Scheffer, St. Louis, Mo.; Prof. Charles S. Boynton, Brandon, Vt.; Prof. Charles E. Dwight, Wheeling, W. Va.; Prof. James F. Babcock, State Assayer, Boston, Mass.; Prof. Elias H. Bartley, B. S., Chemist to the Department of Health, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Prof. Curtis C. Howard, M. Sc. Staling Medical College, Columbus, Ohio; Prof. M. Delafontaine, Chicago, Ill.; Prof. G. A. Harner, Chicago, Ill.; Prof. R. S. G. Paton, Health Department, Chicago, Ill.; Prof. C. B. Gibson, College Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, Ill.; Prof. John M. Ordway, Mass. Inst. of Technology, Boston; Prof. R. A. Witthaus, A. M., M. D., University of Buffalo, N. Y.; Prof. A. H. Sabin, State Chemist, Burlington, Vt.; Prof. Albert E. Menke, Prof. Chemistry Kentucky State College, Lexington, Ky.; Dr. J. Bohlander, Jr., Prof. Chemistry College of Medicine and Surgery, and Chemist of the Health Department, Cincinnati, Ohio; Prof. Austen & Wilber, Butler College, New Brunswick, N. J.; Prof. George E. Barker, Prof. Chemistry University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.; Prof. Peter Collier, Agricultural College, Washington, D. C.; Prof. Keys & Rice, Prof. Chemistry, Ontario School Chemistry and Pharmacy, Toronto, Canada.

THEY FIND

The "Royal Baking Powder" to contain Ammonia, a substance of excrementitious origin, the presence of which in a human food is a barbaric defilement, an offense to nature and an indecent imposition upon domestic confidence. The concealment of this drug, the failure of the "Royal Company" to defend the use of it, would seem to add to the gravity of their offense. Profs. Babcock, Dwight, White and Bohlander give the proportion of this drug in the "Royal" at 5 per cent., the former recommending it to state discipline as "A Crime against the Public Health."

EXPOSURE.

For curiosity's sake, as well as for "valuable information," heat a can of the "Royal" top down on a hot stove, then remove the cover and—smell—see what the human nose, which is given to man as a protection from uncleanness, has to say about the "power" that reposes in the "Royal Baking Powder" advertised as a "Marvel of Purity."

DISHONESTY EXPOSED.

In justice to the distinguished men to whom the "Royal Baking Powder Co." have referred it should be said that four of the most eminent

- Prof. R. C. Kedzie, Michigan State Agricultural College, Lansing, Mich.
Prof. Albert E. Menke, Kentucky State College, Lexington, Ky.
Prof. C. B. Gibson, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago.
Prof. R. S. G. Paton, Late Chemist Health Department, Chicago.

Have since appeared in cards to the public disowning the endorsements attributed to them. When it is known that these gentlemen charge the "Royal Co." with garbling their statements, and making unauthorized use of their names it is but natural that the public look with suspicion upon every evidence offered by them.

When a chemist of world wide fame, ranking among the standard modern authorities in that science, Prof. E. Ogden Doremus, M. D., LL. D., College of the City of New York, authorizes it to be publicly stated that he found the "Royal Baking Powder" to be so heavily charged with *Ammonia* as to taint the bread and biscuits after passing through the baking process; when a physician of the highest standing, president of Rush Medical College, Chicago, Prof. J. Adams Allen, M. D., says that "*Ammonia* is a medicine—if used in baking powder, in bread, its action would be that of a medicine, and so not only void of nutrition, but attended, if long continued, by injury to the stomach;" it should arouse the community of housekeepers who have for years been using this "Royal" tainted cooking preparation to just indignation.

DO NOT TAKE OUR WORD.

Ask your family physician if the manufacturers of

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Could use Common Lime, Glauber Salts, Washing Soda or Potash as maliciously stated by the "Royal Co."

The "Royal" contains the disgusting and poisonous drug *Ammonia.

THEY DARE NOT DENY IT.

HOUSEKEEPERS' PROTECTION.

- 1.- Place a can of "Royal" top down on a hot stove until heated. Remove the cover and smell—*Ammonia*—Hartshorn.
2.- Place two teaspoonfuls of "Royal Powder" in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water; stir, and when cold smell an unspeakable odor—proving the source of *Ammonia*.

*ORIGIN OF AMMONIA.

"It was originally prepared from putrid urine." "A patent was taken out in England for manufacturing it from Guano."—United States Dispensary, page 107.

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Advertisement for SYKES'S SURE CURE, featuring a circular logo and text about its effectiveness.

Advertisement for Hunting, Fishing and Pleasure Boats, with an illustration of a boat and text describing the features.

Advertisement for ABRAHAM LINCOLN, A HISTORICAL ROMANCE, by EYUUS BLANCHARD, with text about the book's content.