

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

SCIENCE, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

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

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

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From Lake Pleasant to Orient.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

After leaving you at Lake Pleasant, and saying good-by to the many friends, old and new, which is the saddest part of all, we accepted the invitation of Capt. D. B. Edwards, and in company came to New London, where the beautiful little excursion steamer *Manhattan* awaited to carry us over to Greenport, L. Island. As I told you I scarcely knew how to go off from the line of travel on my return, but the opportunity was too good to be lost. Capt. Edwards resides on the farm my ancestor, John Tutthill, purchased of the Indians in 1642. The well that was then made, which has supplied nine generations with water, is still useful, and, of course, the place has deep interest to me. The passage across the Sound was delightful. From New London to the mouth of the Thames, the banks of the river afford one of the finest series of landscapes on the American coast. Spreading lawns, magnificent villas, palatial hotels, line the banks to Opey Beach. The wind was fresh, and the swift steamer caught the swell on her bow, scattering the sparkling foam, and it seemed to fly from wave to wave. The sea-air was exhilarating as wine, and the different islands, shoals and reefs, where the tide was dashed into foaming ridges, afforded a rapid succession of objects of interest. The sea view was alive with sailing craft, and steamers, fishing smacks, trim yachts, ships coming up from the great sea, and others going down, made a picture never to be forgotten. On reaching Greenport a carriage awaited, to take us to Orient, which is situated on the north branch of the island, and was the original landing place of the vessel which brought over the first twelve families in 1642. These families by intermarriage became so closely related that it would seem the whole people are related to each other, and the result is a brotherly union, such as is rarely or never found in the West, and which is truly delightful.

The village of Orient presents a strange contrast of buildings one hundred and one hundred and fifty years old, side by side with pretentious villas of the latest "old English" style. Once it sent out whalers to the Pacific seas, and now its population are largely engaged in fishing and sailing. Its many attractions draw crowds from the city, and aside from the many boarding places, every house is invaded and overrun by boarders. City ways have been thus introduced, and mingle with, and overlay, the quiet manners of the old time.

A large number of coasting and ocean craft are owned here, and captain appears to be more common than mister. These vessels sail between distant ports, and are officered by residents. In consequence of this world-wide intercourse the people have a remarkable geographical knowledge, and broad views of matters and things. An unusual amount of wealth is also represented in the fine residences, beautiful grounds, and farms these sea-kings cultivate. There are two fine churches, said to surpass in finish and beauty of interior decoration any other like edifice east of Brooklyn, and two commodious school buildings. There is another element of prosperity I ought to mention first, and that is the temperance society to which the town owes a greater share of its prosperity. It was organized forty-two years ago, and has flourished ever since, and meetings have been held once each week. All the people belong to it, and there has never been a saloon in the town. It furnishes one of the best

mentaries on intemperance, and is a grand example for the imitation of other towns. Other places, side by side, have remained still, or sank in decay, while it has constantly increased in prosperity. There is not a sea-captain or fisherman sailing from its port, who drinks, or allows any form of alcoholic beverage on ship board. Crime among the citizens is almost unknown, and thrift and abundance is the rule. During these forty-two years it is safe to say millions of dollars have been saved by this temperance movement to the town, and is represented in the greater home comforts, and the vast capital invested in commerce. Otherwise it would have been drunk up and gone, and nothing have remained but the ruin of manhood and the black record of shame and crime. By special request, Mrs. Tuttle and myself lectured Saturday evening before this society, and were greeted by a large audience.

In company with Captain Edwards and the venerable Captain Rackett, whose memory appears to reach back several generations, we strolled through the first cemetery, where the earliest settlers were buried. It is a narrow ground, a sort of rocky depression, near the high swell which faces the Sound, sombre with scraggy, storm-beaten cedars, and walled in with huge boulders, moss-grown, and grey with lichens. The headstones are nearly all of black slate, and so enduring is this stone that the lines and chisel marks are as fresh as though made yesterday; some, of a micaceous slate, and a stone said to have been brought from England, are almost crumbled down. Well that they were not marble, for had they been, nothing would now remain of them.

It produced a strange sensation to read 1699, and 1700 on these dark slabs, dating the death of those who came in the first ship. The slabs are small, quite alike; a winged angel's head or a winged skull is at the top, and the bare dates are given, for in that stern age of trial they had no time for compliments even in epitaphs. On only two or three is there any thing but dates. One of these is peculiar, as shadowing the grim theology of the time:

"Here lies Elizabeth, once Samuel Deebes's wife, who once was made a living soul, but now deprived of life; yet firmly did believe that at her Lord's return, she would be made a living soul in his own shape and form. Lived four and thirty years as wife; was aged fifty-seven. Has now laid down her mortal soul, in hopes to live in Heaven. June 10th 1716."

The oldest date is on the headstone of Mr. Gideon Young, 1699. The ages recorded, show that the average life was shorter than at present. The rude life, great privations suffered, and malaria soon exhausted the vital energies. As we stood there under the sombre evergreens, and the low monotone of the waves murmuring in the air, my mind went back across the two centuries which intervene, and as a shadow I saw the funeral procession wind through the new cut path, with the rude coffin, bearing the remains of the dearly loved. In silence they gather around the grave, grim and stern men, patient women with suppressed sobs, and in the back ground, in the shadow of the tall pines, the dusky Red Man, wondering at the strange people whose ways were so different from his own. Death must have had new terrors to these people, who could not but have repined at the hardships of the new land, and in homesickness sighed for the English homes.

What wonderful changes have been wrought since those sad days. We are amused by the fantastic tales of Aladdin's lamp and the impossible achievements of the genie it evoked, but genie have been called into being, such as no Arabian fable ever described; a continent has been subdued and peopled with the most active and energetic race the sun ever shown upon; great cities have arisen and become world-centers of commerce, and in the glare of the present we forget the solemn old time when our ancestors endured so much that this rich heritage might be ours.

We were placed under great obligations to Mr. J. S. Young, who gave a dinner party, and afterwards invited in a number of friends with whom an afternoon was passed, which will long be remembered.

Mr. Young has a beautiful home, surrounded by a wide lawn and shadowed by grand old trees. He has two acres devoted to vegetables which for thrift and luxuriance show what culture can accomplish.

From the first and during my stay I was subject to a strange psychological illusion, if I may so designate it. I sat at twilight on the porch overlooking the sedge meadow beyond, which the wharf darkly extended into the restful waters of the bay, across which gleamed the red beacon on Shelter Island. To the left the tall windmill, the fish houses, reels for the nets, and glistening sands; on the right the boats at anchor, like water-birds at rest; over all, the full moon, fringed with soft clouds, was reflected in a long reach of sparkling waters. The cool wind was odorous of the sea, tonic and exhilarating. Then it seemed that at some remote time, so remote it was dimly remembered as a half-remembered dream, I had resided there. Every detail of the landscape was strangely familiar, and a sense of having after a long pilgrimage returned home, came over me, like a dream of peace and rest.

I presume those who accept the doctrine of pre-existence will claim this in evidence, but I refer it rather to the fact that in my earliest years my father who had removed from Long Island to the then wilds of Ohio, was continually speaking of his old home, and especially in the delirium of fever, which

came with every returning autumn he would wildly describe, and call out to be taken back to the old place. Sea, bay, sand and land were pictured by imagination in most real light. These memories, revived by the scene before me, produced a most pleasing double consciousness.

The Mediumship of J. H. Mott.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In view of Mr. J. Harvey Mott's removal from Memphis, Mo., to Kansas City, at an early day, I would like to cut loose from past and present moorings, and sail out into open space, as though nothing heretofore had been said, with testimony in regard to his development as a medium, and the increase of his powers in the last ten years; and also to offset the many rumors in connection with his name, of exposures of tricks, the finding of masks and clothing as accessories in the appearance of the "forms" in the cabinet, reverting to my early and recent experiences in seeing and talking with spirits in Mr. Mott's cabinet.

My first visit to Mr. Mott was in 1874. He was then thirty-two years of age, with light complexion and clear blue eyes. He had a fresh, vigorous spirit, a confident nature, an intelligent and expressive face, and pleasing address, and he inspired one with confidence on sight. It was on one occasion, about four years since, that Mr. Mott began to see unusual forms dressed throughout in bluish-grey clothes, faces always veiled or otherwise shielded from sight. He saw these forms in cloudy days, never in sunshine. During these four years he was frequently brought home from his place of business insensible; that is, in trance, and he was greatly perplexed with the occurrences. He did not understand their meaning. His wife wept and wondered; his own brother thought and said: "Harv. ought to be killed." People generally about his home thought him a natural born fool, and his final chosen place of residence was totally unsympathetic in its attitude. None of these persons at that time were familiar with the conditions of mediumship and its various phases of manifestation, and it was by the force of circumstances only that Mr. Mott finally accepted the situation, turned his power to advantage, made its use a regular business, received throngs of visitors, sat in from five to seven sances per week, aroused the prejudices of unbelievers and non-investigators, and gave joy to thousands by answering satisfactorily the question: "If a man die shall he live again?"

On the occasion of this first experience in Mr. Mott's sances, he was not sewed up in a sack and tacked to the floor, tied with hard ropes, hand-cuffed or fixed otherwise, but there were witnesses present to prove that he had been tested by all these contrivances, and abundant testimony was forthcoming to show the action of his uninterrupted power, and that it was not necessary for the medium to move from his chair for the accustomed exhibitions to appear in his presence.

The circle formed and in position, about four or five minutes of quiet, harmony, music and darkness sufficed to show a luminous appearance about the size of a human face behind the curtain of the aperture in the cabinet, which was the signal for Mrs. Mott, the conductor of the circle, to go up and ask who the spirit wished to see, and then the exercises were fairly commenced.

How gladly, Mr. Editor, would I lead your readers through a whole sance but for the space taken for such details, and which should be experienced to test their quality truly. During a recent visit to Memphis in 1884, the atmospheric pressure of the place was found to be entirely different. There was much more friendliness shown Mr. Mott by the best of the citizens. His additional ten years sat lightly upon him, and the manifestations in his presence were very superior. His control by the spirits is accomplished in about one minute from the time of entering the cabinet. As to the forms shown in the cabinet, while formerly they were more shadowy and evanescent, they are now wonderfully substantial and strong. Great taste is displayed in the simulation of textile fabrics for costuming, especially as shown in elaborately laundered shirt fronts, collars and robes. Instead of the conversation between us and the spirits being stereotyped, vague, commonplace and conventional, applying equally well to any loved one "gone before" or remaining behind, as is the case with so many undeveloped mediums, it was in this instance, personal and pertinent. While in the previous visits, the tones of the voices were uniform and rather monotonous in range, they are now graded, modulated and generally quick and responsive. It is not necessary to describe Mr. Mott's present cabinet, since cabinets have so often been described, further than to say it is of convenient size for the purpose intended—a small, stationary screened opening near the bottom, say three by six inches, and a sort of auger hole in the ceiling to admit air to the medium. It is seen by the size of these openings, that a very small confederate could be admitted, on the supposition that any was needed; but, as to that, however, Mr. Mott might have had an outside door to the cabinet, and a dozen "Katie Kings" housed in bolster cases about the premises, a choice of all the masks there are and all the store-clothes in Memphis, with a corresponding number of tricksters to assist in fitting up the apparitions, and then he could not by any possibility simulate the likeness and speech of the young and old, male and female friends (most of whom came to me several times

during each sance), and put characteristic words in their mouths in the use of family expressions concerning matters and things which were understood by myself alone.

I cordially concede to the other members of the circle the same credit for truth and candor in stating what they saw, that is claimed for myself. There were from thirty to forty spirit faces shown each evening in the average circle, and it could hardly be imagined what skillful manipulation it would require to have words and faces fit all the differing cases, if it could be thought of for a moment in the light of an arbitrary exhibition of the prestidigitator's art. There is no adequate explanation of these phenomena, except upon the principles of mediumship.

Mediumship is a fundamental fact of individual existence, and is an important agent of civilization. It helps to form the middle links between the human and the divine, and unifies the whole process of life. Mr. Mott is a medium by natural constitution, and, therefore, by divine right, he is an instrument in the hands of the higher powers for harmonizing and connecting things natural and things spiritual; or, to define it more simply, a medium has a material within his organic structure, which when thrown off, and aided by music and the magnetism obtained from the circle, spirits can use to condense a vapor on their faces in simulation of features, and also forms and costumes, whereby they are rendered visible to mortal sight. But notwithstanding this remarkable power possessed by Mr. Mott, its manifestation depends largely on the character of the circle. There must be conditions of passivity, harmony, oneness of purpose, and sincerity of aim. One disorderly person may disperse the influences and make void any good results. Munger, in his "Freedom of Faith" says: "The eternal word, though near, is not visible, nor has it a voice always to be heard amidst the clamor of this world. Its tones are low, its movements are fine and delicate like the touch of spirits; its rewards and satisfactions are parts of a wide circling system, the full force and results of which we do not yet experience."

Since the powers of nature and art have conspired to demonstrate that the Spirit-world now ceases to be "the bourne without traveler returns," and the means to communicate with it are within our reach, is it not eminently fitting that we should approach this threshold of eternity, this border land of the invisible, with reverent feelings?

In conclusion, may Kansas City afford the conditions under which true mediumship may accomplish its legitimate mission, and may Mr. Mott in his new abode, continue the good work of keeping open communication between those in the earth life and the denizens of the world of spirit.

AUNT BIDDIE.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Rabiha, the Sufi Saint.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

"The real saint, absorbed in what he loves and knows,
Forgets alike caresses, spurns and gifts and blows;
The lover of the Lord, when blessed to see his face,
The dealings of his hand will never care to trace."

Heavy and arid as the atmosphere of Mohammedanism has generally been esteemed, it has not proved too much so to permit the growth of Philosophy, as well as of its invaluable antecedent, mysticism. Professor Tholuck revealed to us that a century had barely passed by since the flight of the Apostle of Islam, when there sprung up among the Persians a class of mystics and perhaps ecstasies who made the utterances and displayed the marvels peculiar to an exalted spiritual condition. They naturally enough, however, claimed the whole body of Oriental sages, poets and pietists of all the preceding ages as virtual members of the mystic fraternity. Their name is somewhat in question. When the Roman Christian Emperors placed Philosophy under the ban of the Empire, the philosophers escaped to Persia, and remained there many years. Their designation of *sophi* or sages may, therefore, have become the title of their followers. The lexicographers, however, prefer to consider the term a Persian one.

The Chela Aladdin, author of the *Menavi*, and founder of one order of Dervises, seems to have been their principal exponent; and his famous poem is described by Alger: "From the banks of the Ganges to the Bosphorus it is the hand book of all Sufis, the law-book and ritual of all Mystics." Having myself an attraction and decided preference for mysticism over all formulated faiths, let alone the unknown school of non-philosophers, I have always read such literature and thought such thoughts with exquisite delight. The Sufi esteems no visible rites when placed in contrast with the interior life; when the knowledge of the Supreme has been attained there is no need for ceremonies. While the distinction of God and Man is eternal, yet the necessity, the attraction of each for the converse is intense, and to become one is the goal of every aspiration.

"The Love, the Loved one and the lover,
All three are only one—discover."
"God in my nature is involved,
As I in the divine;
I help to make his being up
As much as he does mine."—*Silvestus*.
Philosophy under Adrian and the Antonines was the ruling principle of the Roman

Empire. Sufism had a like opportunity in Persia. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the descendants of a Sufi occupied the throne. They governed, however, very much like other worldly rulers. Plutarch has sought to exhibit Alexander of Macedonia as a practical philosopher; yet it is no easy task to harmonize philosophy with politics. Religion has always died in the embrace; at least undergone metamorphosis.

Rabiha belongs to the earlier period, the next century after the Hajira. Her story is narrated in Milne's Poems, and expresses the whole idea of Sufism and Persian philosophy;—a union with God so intimate that it becomes identity;—in which thought is an involuntary intuitive grasp and fruition of universal truth, and feeling a dissolving and ecstasy full of the perfect calm of unfathomable bliss. After reading the tale of Rabiha, little remains to be told.

RABIHA.

A pious friend one day of Rabiha asked:
How she had learned the truth of Allah wholly?
By what instructions was her memory tasked?
How was her heart estranged from this world's folly?

She answered: "Thou who knowest God in parts
Thy spirit's moods and processes can tell;
I only know that in my heart of hearts,
I have despised myself and loved Him well!"

II.

Some evil upon Rabiha fell;
And one who knew and loved her well
Murmured that God with pain undue,
Should strike a child so fond and true.
But she replied: "Believe and trust
That all I suffer is most just;
I had in contemplation striven
To realize the joys of Heaven's bliss;
I had extended fancy's flights
Through all that region of delights—
Had counted till the numbers failed,
The pleasures on the blest entitled—
Had sounded the ecstatic rest
I should enjoy on Allah's breast—
And for these thoughts I now atone,
That were something of my own,
And were not thoughts of him alone."

III.

When Rabiha unto Mekka came,
She stood awhile apart, alone;
Nor joined the crowd with hearts on flame
Collected round the Sacred Stone.

She like the rest with toil had crossed
The wastes of water, rock and sand,
And now, as one long tempt-tossed,
Beheld the Kaabeh's Promised Land.

Yet in her eyes no transport glistened;
She seemed with shame and sorrow bowed;
To shouts of prayer she hardly listened,
But beat her breast and cried aloud:

"Oh! heart, break follower of the weak!
That thou shouldst traverse land and sea,
In this far place that God to seek
Who, long ago, had come to thee!"

IV.

Round holy Rabiha's suffering bed
The wise men gathered, gazing gravely;
"Daughter of God!" the younger said:
"Endure thy Father's chastening bravely;
They who have steeped their souls in prayer
Can every anguish calmly bear."

She answered not, and turned aside;
Though not reproachfully nor sadly:
"Daughter of God!" the eldest cried:
"Endure thy Father's chastening gladly;
They who have learned to pray aright,
From Pain's dark well draw up delight."

Then she spoke out: "Your words are fair;
But O, the truth lies deeper still;
I know not, when absorbed in prayer,
Pleasure or pain, or good or ill;
They who God's face can understand,
Feel not the motions of his hand."

* The Kaabeh is the sacellum of the Temple at Mekka. The name signifies a cave or alcove, and is from the same root as *Kabele*, the genitrix or *metra*. It typifies, as all sanctuaries of the Great Mother anciently did, the womb of the universe, *physis* or *natura*. The Black Stone was formerly the symbol of the goddess Al Huza or Alitta, the Arabian Isis. Black and meteoric or magnetic stones were revered as the symbol of the Mother of a thousand names—of Kybele in Plegia of Astarte at Tyre, of Venus-heaude at Paphos. Mohammed, perhaps, for some mystic reason adopted the worship of the Black Stone, placed the crescent or female symbol on his banners and made Friday, the day of Venus, the Moslem Sabbath.

Letter from Omro, Wisconsin.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The meeting just held in this place was a marked success in every respect; indeed, with Mrs. H. S. Lake and A. B. French no meeting could be a failure. The philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism and the practicalities of life were thoroughly discussed. One of the excellent features of the meeting was the fine music furnished by the Cross Concert Troupe, which gave universal satisfaction. The selection of officers for the ensuing year resulted in the re-election of Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood of Ripon, for President; the writer hereof as Secretary; Mrs. M. J. Pratt, Vice-President and John Challoner, Treasurer.

The next meeting will undoubtedly be held in Milwaukee, the first of December next, due notice of which will be given.

DR. J. C. PHILLIPS,
Sec'y Wis. State Association of Spiritualists.

The theory that animals don't mind being killed is questioned in London, where an abattoir society is about to set up a painless death chamber.

A Mexican priest claims to have discovered a key to the Aztec writings. He will publish a book about it.

From Puritanism to Spiritualism.

1817-1864.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER V.

WASHINGTON—A STRANGE POPULAR ERROR. O, for the faith to read the signs aright, And from the angle of a perfect sight, See truth's white banner floating on before; And the good cause, despite of real friends, And base expedients, move to noble ends."

In the winter of 1867-8 I spent some months in Washington, on business connected with the reduction of internal revenue taxation; and there for the same purpose the next session, and have made several shorter visits to the capital city. Many who ought to know better, speak of the Congressman as of course corrupt, and his price known or found out by some lobbyist; that the knaves outside and inside may agree, and the bills those knaves get pay for become laws. If this be true a free government is a failure and we had best go back to kinglycraft; for one despot is better than a horde of knaves or fools. But it is not true. Such things sometimes occur for men in public, as in private life, are of all grades in morals, but a republic is better than a monarchy; more legislation in Congress and elsewhere is effected by fair means than by foul, and there are many men in such bodies whom no knaves dare approach.

We must bear in mind that governments in which the people are the source of power, are purer and better than constitutional monarchies or despotisms. Evils and perils we have, iniquity in high places can be found, but greater evils and perils, and more flagrant iniquities are in the courts of kings and the assemblies of titled aristocrats. This senseless talk about all legislators being open to bribes, and all who approach them bearing gifts, is demoralizing, and tends to destroy all faith and hope in free republics. That faith we must hold firm, and strengthen it by wise legislation, making our freedom still more impartial.

As to efforts to affect congressional action from outside, or to inform members of Congress, these are of two kinds:

1. Men of character and ability want some legislation, which they think right, and for the public good, on which members want information, and for which they rely only on fair means. They send a delegation to Washington to give facts and reasons for the action they ask for, using no bribes and appealing to no corrupt motives.

2. A company of men want some legislation which would be largely for their private gain, and perhaps in some small degree for the public good. They send shrewd men, with large promises and full purses, to Washington, who gravitate toward their like, are lavish in promises, sling away more money outside of Congress than inside, pull wires everywhere, and so sometimes gain their ends.

The first kind of effort wins respect and influence, valuable information is given to the best men in Congress, and much important and useful legislation is effected, with no stain on the character of men acting in this way.

The second kind of effort makes up what may properly be called "the lobby,"—the numbers and influence of which are exaggerated, while the plain truth is had enough. Sometimes they succeed, oftener they fail. A known lobbyist has small influence with leading Congressmen—the mark of Cain is on him. As a matter of policy, saying nothing of principle, I would sooner send one honest man to Washington than a score of these notorious persons. "Honesty is the best policy," as the old saying goes; but, as some one has wittily said, "It needs honesty to find that out." One great Congressional measure will illustrate the first kind of effort. After the close of the civil war a time came when it was best to reduce the heavy internal revenue taxes. All parties wished the reduction, but the method was not so easy. A large National Convention of business men, manufacturers and others, met in Cleveland, Ohio, in Dec., 1867. Other meetings followed in the East, and it was decided to start a strong move for tax-reduction, to be accomplished in such way as not to injure the government and to make the decrease fair on all branches of industry; not relieving one at the expense of another, but using great care to recognize their interdependence and to grade the proposed relief to the needs of each and all. A committee of eight persons, each representing some large industry which he understood practically, was chosen to visit Washington and state their views to the Ways and Means Committee of the House and the Finance Committee of the Senate. These men could not stay there and it was seen that daily information might be wanted. So a secretary was chosen to remain, to send for the Committee members when necessary, and to forward the matter and give information which Congress might need. I was made the Secretary, spent all the session in Washington, and also a large part of the next until the matter was decided. The smaller branches of industry all over the land, sent their statements to me; almost daily. I had some such paper to hand in to the Ways and Means Committee, often with brief verbal explanation. Occasionally a member of the Committee or a delegation, would come. For instance, I well remember a week's stay of a highly intelligent company of Massachusetts boot and shoe manufacturers, who gave facts much wanted, and whose company I greatly enjoyed. Without such information, carefully gained from all sections and occupations, Congress could not have been just to the many interests involved; with it they passed an Act wisely framed. In March, 1869, the Senate vote (the house having passed the bill previously) abolished over \$10,000,000 of the yearly internal revenue taxes, and this great step was followed by further reductions.

Most of the newspapers mentioned this with but little comment; for it is the mean work and the knavish efforts that are noised abroad, while the fair work goes on quietly and with small recognition. One of the worst prevalent evils is the giving in sensational detail the crime and depravity of public and private life by many of our journals, while acts of honor and kindness are recorded briefly, if at all. This miserable practice stimulates a morbid appetite, which "grows by what it feeds on."

With great respect and pleasure I keep in mind men in Congress, and other official persons, whose friendship I enjoyed in Washington. Others I knew who had crawled up like snakes to high places, from whence they could hiss on nobler men beneath.

In Congressional legislation, as in all human affairs, the limitations and frailties of humanity are to be guarded against, but this does not mean repetition of the cry of demagogues, that Congressmen and other officials are corrupt and for sale, and that only paid members of Congress can be trusted.

in its society where one meets noted persons from all over the land, is both pleasant and instructive. One evening I was at a literary reunion at the house of Horatio King, Assistant Post Master General in 1866, and Grace Greenwood was reading Lowell's witty poem on the Mexican war. Gen. Grant, before his Presidential days, came in late and found a seat in his quiet way, the reader glancing up to see who it was, but going on with her verse. She had reached the lines—

"As for war, I call it murder, There you have it, plain and fat, And you needn't go no further, Than your Testament for that—"

when the great commander sat down. I watched him and could see a cheery twinkle in his eyes at these words.

This calls to mind an interview in his first Presidential term. Sojourner Truth came to the city, and I called to see her. She said: "Well child, de Lord sent you, I think. I want to see de President and you can get me there." I answered that I would try, and in a week or so went with her to the White House, my wife and her father with us. Sending in our names to the office, word came back to the sitting room in a half hour that we could be admitted. Following the messenger we found the President sitting at the end of a long table in the centre of the room, and just parting with some business visitors. I introduced Sojourner and the rest, and for a moment it was a little stiff and cool. She had met President Lincoln in that same room and his hearty ways and familiarity with southern life had led him to call her "auntie" with warm and cordial feeling. The quiet reticence of Grant was unlike Lincoln, and she felt it. Fortunately she thought of some Act of Congress signed by the President just before and inspired by a sense of justice to the colored people. For this she thanked him and the thin ice was broken. In the kindest and simplest manner he said he was glad to do it, and then followed ten minutes of easy and pleasant talk. She said: "I have a little book here which I call my book of life. Some good men and women have put their names in it. Here is a spot, just under Abraham Lincoln's name, I have kept for you. Here, too, is my photograph which I want you to have. I shall be glad to think that you have it." He cheerfully signed his name, selected a picture, passed her five dollars—not asked for—and as we left rose from his seat to take her hand with an air of respect and sincerity pleasant to see. It is almost needless to say that in the brief interview some words of hers were full of weight and wisdom.

Soon after I took her to the capitol and to the Senate reception room in the north-eastern part of the great building near the Senate chamber. She stood in the middle of the room and looked around on its walls, beautifully painted and gilded, and up to its vaulted ceiling with its wealth of color and artistic designs, and was silent for a brief time, taking in the whole in her usual indescribable way. Then she said: "Well, child, this is like what dey read in de book, about de painted chambers of de New Jerusalem." She then stepped to the window, and could see in the distance some wretched huts where the poor freedmen stayed. With that depth of meaning which sometimes gave her words strange significance she said, pointing to the huts: "But dey don't have them over there!"

FROM DENVER, COL., TO THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Overland and Return.

SECOND DAY.—We were off before day break. We had clambered into a nondescript vehicle in the darkness, and it was not until the gray of dawn, that we could view our surroundings. We found ourselves in a huge two-wheeled cart covered with gunny-sacking. It was a clumsy, awkward thing, half-filled with sacks of corn, trunks and boxes; the prospect before us was anything, but cheering, though somewhat spiced with novelty. Besides Barton and myself, there was an old gentleman and lady who were to accompany us for a hundred miles or so; Don Manuel, a young man who had been in Chihuahua for six years, and was returning to see the "old folks at home," in one of the Southern States of the Republic, and Don Jacinto, nephew of the owner of the train, who was doing duty as mayor domo or overseer. At about nine o'clock (and at about the same hour every day thereafter) the train halted for breakfast and for feeding the animals. Several of the muleteers had their wives along with them, who immediately on stopping, lighted fires and cooked all the meals. Those who had no wives boarded with those who did have. Barton and I had a pretty rough time of it as to grub all the way. We counted on getting food at our stopping places, but found this to be a mistake. We could have messed with the muleteers on tortillas and questionable dishes of meat, but from first to last we stood aloof from all such allurements. Our day's ride was a tedious one over rough and dusty roads, but a few hours of sleep in the jolting cart helped to shorten the journey somewhat, and at four P. M. we arrived at an hacienda called La Reforma. An "hacienda" is a large tract of country owned by one person, and the peones or employes on the estate are provided with adobe dwellings at a central point where there are corrals for cattle and other necessities for community living. The most of our halts were made at such places—some larger and some smaller, some richer and some poorer. La Reforma was not a very inviting place. The carts were drawn up into a circle forming an enclosure to confine the mules, who were provided with portable eating troughs stretched along through the center, made of gunny sacks. Their fodder was chopped straw and corn mixed. As darkness came on we spread our blankets on the ground beside the cart. The mules tramped, and munched, and snorted the night through, and to make it still worse the wind blew towards us from the animals and the stench was horrible, and so we passed the second night without sleep.

THIRD DAY.—We were up and away at three A. M., but before doing so I boiled some coffee in the darkness by one of the camp fires. It was coffee of American preparation that I happened to have among my effects, and I found the draught refreshing. We had a cold, disagreeable morning ride, and at eight A. M. we reached a small hacienda where some cows were being milked. We bought for a trifle a good quantity of the lactical fluid, and crumbling some dry bread into it we had a most sumptuous repast. Moving on we arrived at eleven A. M. at an hacienda known as Cordero, where we laid up for the rest of the day. Here there was an abundance of good water, and here the owner of the train, Don Benigno Navarro, overtook us. We left him at Santa Rosalia with his mother, sister-in-law and a little girl eight years of age, who were all bound for their old home in Guadalajara. Several years ago the Navarro brothers, two or three in number, went to California to seek their fortune,

much as people from the East of the United States used to go West for the same purpose. In course of time they became well off and brought their mother to their new home; and now she had set out on a journey of from thirty to thirty-five days to revisit her native city—a great undertaking for an old lady. At this place we had cleaner ground to sleep on and sweeter air to breathe, and yet I could not sleep. I could not rid myself of my timidity, nor get used to the noises of the restless animals.

FOURTH DAY.—At three o'clock in the morning we were en route, for a long day's journey was before us, and the mules travel faster in the cool of the day. They average about one league or three Spanish miles per hour. A Spanish league is a trifle more than two and six-tenths or 2.636 English miles. Toward eleven o'clock the sun poured down with great fierceness, but a smart breeze tempered the heat considerably, and it was four P. M., before we reached La Canya, our stopping place, and the worst one we had yet seen. Water was scarce and impure. Here we procured some milk, strangely enough, for the Mexicans make a practice of milking only in the morning, and we were up and away before milking time. The name of Don Benigno's sister-in-law is Benita. The little girl is her adopted daughter, whose name is Margarita. They all rode in an ambulance wagon and slept in it at night—that is, the female portion of the family did. The whole family were Spiritists of the Allan Kardec School, and long controversies were at intervals held on the subject. Margarita had been learning to read English in Chihuahua, and having her book along with her she daily wished to show me her proficiency in reading. I had with me a small book of Evangelical hymns, such as are sung in Protestant Churches in the United States. These hymns were translations from the English and adapted to American and English tunes. On this evening I undertook the task of teaching the party some of these tunes, and before we reached our journey's end they could sing them very nicely. We all retired early, and I got my first night's good sleep. Tired nature yielded at last.

FIFTH DAY.—On the march again at three P. M., and at ten o'clock we reached the hacienda known as Remedios, where we halted and passed the rest of the day. The trains make it a point to stop where there is water, and so some of the jornadas or days' journeys are shorter than others. At this place water is abundant, but so strongly impregnated with soda that people do not drink it. The poor, thirsty animals can do no better. Water for domestic purposes is brought many miles, and therefore scarce. There is a soda-hot spring in the vicinity, which is a resort for bathing purposes, and is supposed to have healing properties. The day was oppressively warm, and although the whole of our swarthy and grimy crowd betook themselves beneath a scorching sun to its limpid waters, we did not venture until toward evening, when making our way over fields whitened with soda, and half way up a steep hill, we came upon a deep cavern at the bottom of which was the healing pool. With some difficulty we descended to it, disrobed ourselves and entered the water, which at first we found so hot as to be almost unbearable, but becoming accustomed by degrees we had a most luxurious bath, that left us several degrees whiter than when we entered it. We made the mistake of taking soap along, and tried to shampoo our heads. The effect was to stick our hair together so firmly that we could not get our combs through it for a week after. The Mexicans told us that they used the soda around the edge of the spring for washing their heads, but the information came too late. The bath was refreshing. We rested well all day—retired early and slept profoundly.

SIXTH DAY.—The mules were hitched into the carts at one o'clock this morning and the train was set in motion. The air was cool, and we slept well as we rode along. Before noon a hot, driving wind sprang up, and at one P. M., we arrived in Jarral, a very large and flourishing hacienda. Here we found good water, but it was a desolate place without a particle of shade. The wind blew a hurricane all the rest of the day, and the dust was stifling. We were obliged to confine ourselves to the cart for shelter, and the only thing we saw of interest was a party of American surveyors in the employ of the Mexican Central Railroad Company.

SEVENTH DAY.—Left at midnight. Slept a little on the road, and at noon we arrived at Jarral Chico, a much better camping place than that of the day before. Water in abundance and less wind and dust. Dona Benita sent us a nice breakfast from her larder, which was highly appreciated. We left this place at eleven P. M. The old lady and gentleman who started out with us left us at the end of the second day, and up to the present only three of us had been occupants of the cart, which gave us room to stretch out and ride in more comfortable misery; but our company was to be henceforth re-enforced by a big, fat Mexican, who up to that time had been riding in the ambulance with the Navarro family. Barton, who couldn't understand a word of Spanish, stretched himself out regardless of anybody's comfort, and growl as the Mexicans might, he was oblivious to it all. Somebody had to keep up the reputation for American courtesy as well as hogghishness, and so I sat bolt upright nearly every night to "give the boys a chance" to sleep.

EIGHTH DAY.—Towards morning, the weather which had been very warm grew cooler. The traveling had been growing abominably rough, and we had been shaken and jolted without mercy for hours. We had been rising to a higher altitude and at about eleven o'clock, A. M., we drew in sight of the town of Mapimi. The scenery for some hours had been growing better and we now passed along through clumps of trees and greenery of different kinds. This was very noticeable, for the whole region that we had traversed, was a howling wilderness—the very "abomination of desolation." At about noon we entered the village. It was Sunday and the church bells were ringing. But very few Americans had ever been seen in the place, and we two were objects of great curiosity to the inhabitants. We took a stroll over the town and procured the first good square meal we had had for a week. An American company had recently purchased a mine in the vicinity and erected smelting works. There were evidences all about of great activity in former days in mining and in reduction, and we found several Mexican smelters in operation during our wanderings. We came across a Hiernian lady, the mistress of a grocery store, who had been living in that isolated place for thirty or forty years. She and her husband went there when young. The latter died and she was left with children who grew up and became Mexicanized, and identified with the country, and so she felt as though she could never get away. She had not forgotten the English language in all these years, though rarely ever coming in contact with English speaking people.

NINTH DAY.—We had expected to leave at night as usual, but the head muleteer got drunk, and it was 5 A. M., before we got started. This was the hardest day of all for my fellow traveler and myself, and the outlook was anything but cheering. Don Benigno wanted more cotton to haul, and he informed us that he wanted the cart we had been riding in for that purpose. There was another empty cart besides, and during the previous day the cotton bales of one loaded team were distributed among the others, and thus three carts were left for taking on more cotton. We were informed that if we proceeded further we would have to ride on top of the cotton bales. This was not according to our understanding and agreement. We felt it an outrage, but there was nothing to do but submit. Choosing, each of us, the team upon which we would ride, we clambered 20 feet up in the air and suffered ourselves to be lashed to the cotton bales to avoid the accident of being thrown off. It was a moment of humiliation for us, for we did not expect anything of the kind. We had had the promise of traveling with some little degree of comfort, but up to the present time we had seen nothing but hardship, and the prospect of greater hardship seemed evident. The train separated and moved on, the laden carts in one direction and the empty ones in another, for they were to go to a place called Lerdo for their cotton. We were to proceed to La Loma, and there wait for them to overtake us. The sun was hot but the breeze was cool, and after awhile I rather began to enjoy my position. The scenery was fine, and if I had had a shade over my head to protect me from the sun it would not have been a bad exchange. The muletero, who was kindly disposed, said that if it should be definitely determined that I must ride in that way (for there was some doubt as to Don Benigno's getting cotton to haul) he would rig me up a seat and a shade to protect me from the sun. For thirteen hours we rode thus. The men lost their way, and made a longer journey than was necessary to the hacienda of La Goma—the prettiest place we had yet seen. I was terribly sun-burnt and covered with dust, and my companion in distress suffered even more than I did, and he resolved that he would not proceed another day in that way, but would go to Lerdo and there take his chances for finding transportation for the south. After repairing to a small stream of water and making our ablutions we retired to rest.

TENTH DAY.—At 6:30 A. M., we again mounted to our lofty perches and started on. We passed through long avenues of trees on our way to the Nazas river which had to be crossed by fording, but before reaching it we encountered great difficulty in the way of sand beds, requiring all the mules of all the teams to draw each cart over separately. This was finally accomplished. The river was forded without accident, and at 9 A. M., we arrived at La Loma where we were to await the arrival of Don Benigno. La Loma is a very large hacienda and, like all of the kind, is owned by one person. Being in the valley of a river the land is moist and fertile, and for foliage and scenery was the most attractive place we had yet seen. And now I will tell what I have found out about haciendas. A sitio of land contains over 4,200 of our acres—a tract that would satisfy the average ambition of any farmer in the United States, but not so here. An hacienda comprises from 10 to 20 and 100 sitios oftentimes. Immense corrals are constructed of stones or adobes, and houses for employes are also built. Sometimes these employes or peones number up into the hundreds and are but a little better off than slaves. They are paid from 12 1/2 to 50 cents daily, and are obliged to take their pay in store goods—articles of the greatest necessity for which they are charged exorbitant prices. They get info debt deeper and deeper, as their wages are not sufficient to satisfy their most ordinary necessities. They cannot get away and so they are in bondage almost as hopeless as the slaves of the South used to be. I saw and conversed with men far advanced in years who had thus been held from youth up. They chafe under the yoke but have no remedy. In this particular, Mexico seems more like a despotism than a republic. The heat at La Loma was intense, but shade trees were plentiful and we rested long and well beneath their sheltering branches. Toward evening Don Benigno came with his three carts empty, and secretly we rejoiced at his bad luck. The cotton bales were re-distributed among the several teams and at 10 o'clock the same evening we started on our way. We had a terrible night of it. The roads were rough, and we were threshed about so violently that rest or sleep were impossible.

(To be continued.)

HEBREW MANUSCRIPTS.

A Description of Those Recently Discovered in Russia—Curious Story of How They Were Found.

A Correspondent of the London Times writes from St. Petersburg an account of the results of Dr. Harkavy's examination of the newly found Hebrew manuscripts of several books of the Old Testament. This account is drawn from the proof-sheets of Dr. Harkavy's report which has now been communicated to the Imperial Russian Academy of Sciences. The first chapter of the report explains how the discovery was made.

In September last year, Dr. Harkavy received several fragments of these parchment rolls from a member of a Jewish society in south Russia, whose acquaintance he had made during a visit to Bifits two years earlier. A letter accompanying them stated, that they belonged to two fellow townsmen of the sender, and that one of the owners had also sent another fragment to the editor of a Jewish paper in St. Petersburg. Upon Dr. Harkavy undertaking to examine the manuscripts the Jewish editor referred to was requested to hand over to him the other fragment; but owing to the absence of the editor abroad some little delay ensued. In the meantime, Dr. Harkavy found the examination of the four fragments sent to him direct extremely difficult, and several circumstances combined to rouse his suspicions. These suspicions, however, were gradually removed. He received the other fragment from the Jewish editor, which contained the second half of the "Lamentations of Jeremiah," with the writing much more distinct, and subsequently many more fragments in various hand-writings and different states of preservation were sent to him from the south. The following account is from one of the owners, written to Dr. Harkavy in Hebrew: In the month of May, 1863, the owner Z— entered a wine cellar or restaurant in his native town, a south Russian seaport, and there fell in with a sailor who spoke to him in Hebrew. The sailor invited Z— on board his vessel, and showed him some fragments of the manuscripts in question. These old scrolls seemed to be regarded by the seaman as possessing some lucky charm, but after some bargaining he was induced to part with a couple of frag-

ments in exchange for an oil painting. The sailor soon left for another port in the Black sea, and Z—, who was eager to acquire the whole collection of parchments, followed him up, and succeeded in obtaining nine more fragments. Ultimately, on the telegraphic advice of Dr. Harkavy, Z— again sought out the man on his return to the port and purchased the remaining thirty rolls. There are altogether fifty-one pieces of these parchments in the hands of Dr. Harkavy. With regard to the history of these manuscripts, the sailor stated that about thirty years ago the rolls were found by his father at Rhodes, in the island of that name, after a destructive fire which occurred there. This fire may very probably have been the result of the great powder explosion in the Johanner-schloesse, in 1536. The sailor knew very little more concerning the origin of the documents. He was unable to say whether they had belonged to a synagogue or a private person; whether those in his possession formed the whole collection, or whether they had been discovered on the same spot. His father was dead, and at the time the parchments were found he was only ten years of age.

The second chapter of the treatise is devoted to a description of the fifty-one rolls:

Some of them are well, and others badly, prepared skins of parchment, or leather written on one side only. The characters are written with some peculiar fluid, which has now turned a faint color with a reddish or brownish tint. Many of the fragments are badly damaged, while others are in a good state of preservation, and have a comparatively fresh appearance. The writing, however, has suffered severely. On some of the skins it is perceptible only when they are held up to the light, and on others it is obscured by a kind of mildew. Some of the skins are gressed through so as considerably to hinder their perusal. It is very possible that the employment of strong re-agents would render legible much of the text which at present can not be deciphered, but the Professor has refrained from having recourse to any of these means, through fear of injuring the parchments. Dr. Harkavy thinks the date and origin of the manuscripts may, perhaps, be determined by their condition and the writing fluid employed. This question, however, he leaves experts to decide. A few of the skins have punctured edges, showing that they were bound together.

As to the pallographical characteristics, or peculiar forms of Hebrew letters:

Dr. Harkavy refers to letters of a similar formation, in Egyptian, Phœnician, Etruscan, old Grecian, and other ancient Alphabets, and suggests comparison in order that experts may, perhaps, arrive at the origin of the obsolete lettering in these manuscripts. Some of the letters are undoubtedly of a very ancient form, while others are of a form which Dr. Harkavy considers to be wholly unknown. The old shape of some of the letters, and the original forms of others, point to the conclusion that the alphabet of the manuscripts must have sprung from the primitive Semitic stem, and early separating from it, have gone on its own way prior to the complete development of the square Hebrew characters. It must, also, therefore, have belonged to Jews who were living in isolation, and who developed an alphabet of their own. Religious and traditional considerations also lead to this conclusion. Many of the peculiarities of the letters may be traceable to the influence of some foreign alphabet used by a people among whom these Jews lived; and an investigation of this fact by experts, may possibly help to determine the date and origin of the Harkavy parchments.

For criticism of the text or the history of the Hebrew text of several of the Old Testament books, the manuscript will not be without interest and importance. Two examples only are for the present given by Dr. Harkavy, to show the differences between the accepted rendering of the manuscripts. In Esther, chapter ii, verse 21, and in Lamentations of Jeremiah, chapter ii, verses 3, 4, and 6.

The Lamentations are followed by a new biblical elegy on the downfall of Jerusalem, written in another hand with different ink. The author's name, Jacob ben Isaac, is given in acrostics. Unfortunately the greater part of the poem is quite illegible. The Professor has been enabled to decipher only nine lines. As far as he can learn, this elegy is not found in any known collection. The language is pure Hebrew, and the expressions are, for the most part, borrowed from the preceding lamentations. As it is in rhyme and the name of the author is acrostically given, a manner of signing which, the Professor states is first found in the new Hebrew poetry of Janna, the teacher of Eliezer Kalir, about the second half of the eighth or the beginning of the ninth century, the author, in all probability, lived somewhat later.

The third chapter of the treatise deals with the question of the genuineness of the manuscripts.

Dr. Harkavy does not consider himself as competent to arrive at a definite decision in the matter, as a varied technical knowledge is requisite for this purpose. He is desirous merely of placing the pro and con of the question impartially before his critics, and he hopes that some explanation may thereby be found for a certain amount of doubt which still lingers in his mind. He admits that, with all the facts at present to hand, there still remains much that is very doubtful, if not suspicious, in the circumstances. He, therefore, in the first place, points out what is strange and remarkable in the circumstances of the discovery, and then endeavors to find an explanation for the inner difficulties of the manuscripts. The following considerations then suggest themselves: First, the sailor's story of the father having found the MSS. during a fire is rather romantic, and inclines one to suspect an intentional design to remove all control over the facts. 2: It is incomprehensible why the sailor, according to his own account, kept the matter secret for nearly thirty years, and only disclosed it last year, and that in south Russia, and not in his own country. 3: The discovery of the manuscripts on the island of Rhodes, in the city of the same name, gives rise to the reflection that this island is by no means a remote, out-of-the-way retreat; and therefore the existence there of any hitherto unknown orthographical art is very improbable. Besides this, the Jews of this island, which has been known as a Jewish colony from early down to the most modern times, do not belong to any exclusive or lost tribes or families who would be likely to possess anything unforeseen by or unknown to scholars.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. UNANIMOUS APPROVAL OF MEDICAL STAFF. Dr. T. G. COMSTOCK, Physician of Good Samaritan Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., says: "For years we have used it in this hospital, in dyspepsia and nervous diseases, and as a drink during the decline and convalescence of lingering fevers. It has the unanimous approval of our medical staff."

Woman and the Household.

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

BEYOND THESE CHILLING WINDS.

Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies, Beyond death's solemn portal, There is a land where beauty never dies And love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade, Whose fields are ever vernal, Where nothing beautiful can ever fade, But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet the balmy air, How bright and fair its flowers, We may not hear the songs that echo there, Through those enchanted bowers.

That city's shining towers we may not see With our dim earthly vision, For death, the silent warden, keeps the key That opens those gates eternal.

But sometimes when adown the western sky The fiery sunset lingers, Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly, Unlocked by silent fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar, Gleams from the inner glory Stream brightly through the azure vault afar, And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine! Father all-wise, eternal, Guide, guide these wandering feet of mine Into those pastures vernal! —Nancy Amelia Priest.

How rich the other world is growing from the losses of this! Day by day, hour by hour, many a beautiful spirit drops its encumbering garment of clay, and dons its royal robe for the better life. With wool distilled from essences of matter and warp of spiritual emanations, it is clothed for that life where all things are of a corresponding degree of refinement—the world of causes—the wondrous Summer-Land.

It is wondrous to us here, but we are assured by intuition and analogy, that it is perfectly natural in all its parts, and is governed by the same unchanging laws that govern us to-day. Justice and truth and love and beauty are the same here and hereafter. There cannot be two sets of laws; the same find their application through both matter and spirit.

Therefore, they who have obeyed the deepest attractions of their natures, who have been true to truth, who have loved goodness and tried to become a centre of pure influences—who have been patient and benevolent and loving and merciful—can there be any thing but happiness remaining as the portion of such? Must they not continue to progress in all true wisdom, to grow in grace and the knowledge of Deity, through all the cycles of eternity?

It is well, sometimes, to think of our beloved, who have gone within the veil, as happy learners of heavenly-love, as well as their watchfulness over us. What stupendous fields of research and exploration lie before them! What opportunities to benefit the unprogressed; what incentives to outgrow their own defects, what explorations into divine principles!

But we may be certain that all this learning, all the researches of the ages, will not permit them to outgrow the truth, understood by the simplest child of earth, that Love is the life of all things, the inspirer of all that lives and breathes. He who loves most, exhibits the most God-like qualities, if it be wisely manifested. And they who are translated to the world of causes love none the less, but more. As they are nearer the source of Love and Life, they receive more directly the rays of that effulgent centre which men gibberly name with the irreverence of ignorance, God.

GONE BEFORE.

Among those who have been translated within a short time, is Mary Howitt Watts of London, the second daughter of Mary and William Howitt. She was always of a most sensitive, refined and retiring disposition, and inherited much of the literary talent of both parents. Her first book, "Art Studies in Munich," is the best description written of life in that old German town. Another book, "A Winter in Stockholm," is a charming account of some months spent with Fredrika Bremer in Sweden, giving insight into domestic and social life in that quaint country. Mary Howitt had translated Miss Bremer's novels, thus bringing the Scandinavian writer into close relations with the pleasant English authoress and her family.

Mrs. Watts's last work, published in the London "Psychical Magazine," is entitled, "The Mystical Death." It is informed with a remarkably sweet and elevated spiritual tone, seeming, indeed, to emanate, as it has proved, from one on the border of the heavenly world. The chief narrative is concerned with the passing away of her father, William Howitt, and contained an account of his mystic and prophetic utterances. They show the sensitiveness of the family to influences from the sphere of spirit and their deeply religious natures. Mrs. Watts developed as a medium in the privacy of family life against the prejudices and opposition of her father, which were eventually overcome by the beautiful messages which she received from his translated friends. Mrs. Watts was too finely organized to permit of a long life here. She has rejoined her father, leaving a mother aged and almost alone, since her sons reside in Australia, but consoled by a philosophy which has neither weakness nor doubts.

Mary Clemmer, formerly known as Mrs. Ames, was greatly admired by a host of friends who never looked upon her face. For a long series of years she was the Washington correspondent of the Independent, and as such she wielded a most trenchant and fascinating pen. Her word-pictures have seldom been equalled, and many of us think of a multitude of public men only as she described them. Her work upon the press helped to purify, uplift and dignify American journalism, as, be it said to their honor, the work of women has almost always done. Mrs. Clemmer was eloquent, poetic and witty by turns, and had marvellous power in the use of words. Her "Ten years in Washington," a subscription book, is widely popular, though not her best work, and a number of novels, show a good analysis of character. She wrote excellent verse, and not long since published a volume, but she was pre-eminently a journalist. With industry and economy, Mrs. Clemmer amassed a competence, besides supporting her parents in their old age. Her home in Washington was a literary centre and its mistress will long be missed.

JANE SWISSELM.

The recent death of Mrs. Swisshelm, recalls the vigorous and picturesque personality of one who was the first woman correspondent of a daily paper known to this or any country. Mrs. Swisshelm was fond of tracing her pedigree back to Lady Jane Grey who was behead-

ed three centuries ago. She was an ardent abolitionist, when abolitionism meant ostracism and sometimes danger. She edited two or three newspapers in Minneapolis and Pittsburg, and her trenchant, vigorous pen made its daily thrusts at many shams for a long number of years. Her autobiography is a racy piece of writing. Mrs. Swisshelm could work better alone than with others, and her characteristics were those of a free lance.

Almira Lincoln Phelps, who recently passed from earth on her 91st birthday, in Baltimore, Md., was one of two sisters remarkable for energy and literary and business ability. Emma, the elder, became noted as Mrs. Willard, the principal of a girl's school at Troy, N. Y., the first of its kind in this country. Mrs. Lincoln was associated with her sister in the school at Troy, during which time she published "Lincoln's Botany," which was for many years a leading text book on that subject. She also wrote works on geology, history and ethics. At the age of eighty-five, she wrote a paper on the Lucretian Tendencies of modern Science, which was read and discussed before the American Scientific Association. For many years Mrs. Phelps was principal of the Patapsco Female Institute of Ellicott City, Md. She possessed great dignity and culture, and was widely esteemed at a time when such women were rarely known. A diary kept by her, from the age of sixteen till nearly the day of her death, will be extracted from and published, by some of her descendants, it is said, making a transcript of the times of much interest. Mrs. Phelps is an example of the fact that a love of science and literature is preservative of the faculties. All her life she had been an enthusiastic student, and almost to the last was as keen, eager and interested as a person in the flush of youth. The soul which is in close and wholesome contact with the best thought of the age, best keeps the freshness of the body unimpaired. The bright eye, the elastic step, belongs to her who lives in the lives of others, and in the communion with the noble and the wise.

Evolution in Prayer.

BY BERT STEWART.

"Prayer," says Novalis, "is in religion what thought is in philosophy. The religious sense prays as the reason thinks."

Perhaps the least deceptive standard by which to measure man's idea of divinity is prayer. Whatever a man may tell us of his ideas of Deity, we never feel so assured as when we hear him address that Deity in supplication. The essence of his religious views will be revealed in his prayer. The evolution of man's conception of Deity could, therefore, be traced from the crudest conceptions of animism to the sublimest ideal of a developed theology by studying the corresponding evolution in prayer. Without attempting anything so systematic as this, I have jotted down from time to time such authentic prayers of savage tribes as I have met with in books, illustrative of that idea.

Primitive prayers are solely for temporal good. Oldendorf says of the negroes of the Caribbean Islands: "Their concerns which they lay before God in their prayers, even on their knees, have reference only to the body, to health, to fine weather, a good harvest, destruction of their enemies, and increase of their tribe." This is true of the prayers of all peoples in the first dawning of the religious sense. It is the gradual spiritualization of prayer that marks religious growth. What an immeasurable interval between the Zulu "song-prayer" and the "Father, forgive them," of Jesus. In the Lord's Prayer are seven petitions, only one of which is for temporal good, and this is the very least we could ask for, "our daily bread." Compare the religious development signified by that prayer with that marked by the prayer of the Nootka Indian preparing for war: "Great Quahootze let me live, not be sick, and the enemy, not fear him, find him asleep, and kill a great many of him."

Rev. Mr. Callaway gives a specimen of the lowest type of prayer, which is little more than an incantation, or an attempt to conjure the gods. There are various forms of incantation used for different things. He says: "In their song-prayer or incantation used in bringing rain, the Zulu chief, in a most musical voice begins: 'I ya wu; a wu; o ye; i ye; a yo; when the tribe, bowing their heads, sing in response, 'I ya woo; ya he; ya wo; ya hi.' These words mean nothing in the language of the people using them. But they seem to be as productive of good as the prayer of the Hebrew prophet, for the Zulus affirm this song invariably brings rain."

The Aht prays to the moon with a simple "teech, teech," or health, health; and it is said the savages of Brazil had prayers as rudimentary as these. In a certain African tribe, the men go each morning to the river and splashing the water in their faces, whisper softly the word "Eksuvias," then pray, "Give me to-day rice and yams, gold and aggr-beads, slaves, riches and health, make me active and strong." The cry for bread is universal. The Bushman in a low, imploring tone, prays: "O Cagu, Cagu, are we not your children? Do you not see our hunger? Give us food; give us both hands full." The Khonds pray that their "herds may be so numerous they cannot be housed, and children so numerous that many hands must care for them"; or "that swine shall be so plentiful that their rooting snouts shall plow the land." In a Zulu village, at the sacrifice of a bullock to the spirits of their ancestors, the priest was heard to pray "for cattle that they may fill this pen. I pray for corn that many people may come to this village and make a noise and gratify you. I also ask for children that the village may have a large population, and that your name may never come to an end." The last clause, suggestive of the commercial relationship between gods and men, calls to mind the prayer in Eschylus's "Seven against Thebes," where Eteocles implores Zeus, the earth and the tutelary deities to protect Thebes, and as a motive for compliance, adds, "And I trust that what I say is for our common advantage, since a prosperous city honors the gods!" In the morning twilight of religious concepts, the gods are considered amenable to such influences as affect man himself. Prayers abound with appeals to the pride, honor, gratitude, pity, passions of the deities implored. Promises of remuneration are held forth as special inducement to the granting of a favor. Instance the bargain Jacob offered Jehovah (Gen. xxviii, 20-22), the conditions being that if God would give him food and clothing and see him safely home, in return he would build him a house and give him one-tenth of all he had. A similar mental state prompted the prayer of the Huron Indian, overheard by Brebeuf in 1636: "Oki, thou who dwellest in this spot, I offer thee tobacco! Help us, save us from shipwreck, defend us from our enemies, give us a good trade, bring us back safe and sound to our wigwams and I will give thee much tobacco!" In 1670 Father Allouez penetrated the forests to an Algonkin village never before visited

by a white man. Startled by his pale face and long black gown, the natives took him to be a divinity. The old men gathered in a circle around him, and one with a double handful of tobacco advanced and addressed him thus: "This, indeed, is well, Blackrobe, that thou dost visit us. Have mercy upon us. Thou art a Manitou. We give thee to smoke. The Naudowessies and Iroquois are devouring us. Have mercy upon us. We are often sick; our children die; we are hungry. Have mercy upon us. Hear us, O Manitou, I give thee to smoke. Let the earth yield us corn, the rivers give us fish, sickness not slay us, nor hunger so torment us. Hear us, O Manitou, I give thee to smoke." Is there not something touching in this sad cry of oppression? Prayer is a confession of our weakness made to one from whom we hope for aid.

The Polynesian missionary, Turner, says: "The Samoans offer this prayer the same as we say grace at meal time. In taking their evening cup of ava, the eldest one present lifts a well-filled cup aloft and says, 'Here is ava for you, O gods! Look kindly toward this family, let it prosper and increase, and let us all be kept in health. Let our plantations be productive, let fruit grow, don't blast it, but let there be an abundance of food for us your creatures. Here is ava for you, O soothing gods (storm gods). Do not come on shore at this place; but be pleased to depart along the ocean to some other land.'" Star and Covenant.

The Gospel of True Manhood.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN. No. 2.

The human soul is ever in motion. Unlike the pulpit divinity, who labors six days and then takes "a day off" for rest, the divine human soul never seeks repose. We find but two modes of motion, but two methods of manifesting the activity and individuality of the soul. One is its action upon and through matter. The scientist tells us that the reasoning power is the result of motion amongst the molecules of the human brain. Yes; but the player upon that superb instrument, he who although invisible has his fingers on every key, is the individualized human soul.

There is a universe of ideas just as there is a universe of matter. The thinker suddenly encounters an idea that is new to him, and manhood's energy starts into new life. The brain moves; that is thought, and just to the extent of the power of that brain will the human soul add thought to thought till reason is evolved. As an ultimate we see the proud, cold scientist of to-day, who rejoices in the fact that he is the embodiment of human reason. This is the action of the human soul upon matter and through reason. It may and will grow more out-reaching and powerful as its instrument grows more refined, but will always be limited to the expression possible through matter. So the first and prominent manifestation of soul to soul in this mortal life is through reason. But there is a second mode of motion that inheres to the human soul. The soul can reach its desired end and grasp an existing fact by other means than the moving of molecules of matter in the mortal brain. We call it "intuition" or the "psychometric faculty," which is but another name for soul-power. To reason it is unexplainable; to reason it is folly, but with life as a race course, it will bear you to the goal ere reason has laboriously gathered its atoms for the start.

How easy it is to become one-sided. The budding intellect of a child would expand in every direction were it not spoiled by a false training like the small foot of a Chinese lady. To the Materialist all is matter, whilst we often find amongst Spiritualists a tendency to believe and assert that all is spirit; on the one hand a rejection of every idea that cannot be elaborated thought by thought through matter; that is scientific Materialism. On the other hand, there is an almost contemptuous disregard of matter and its conditions, with a loud cry for exhibition of spirit power, which is the position taken by the zealous Spiritualist of to-day.

My position is that man comprehends and compasses the boundless whole. Not one scientific thought, investigation or discovery can I afford to forego; but if I would advance toward full manhood, right wing, left wing, and centre must all be kept within striking distance of the common enemy, "Ignorance."

To use but one arm is to grow weak with the other, and that is the tendency of man on earth. It is either all matter or all spirit with him. The scientist of to-day knows that instead of a Bible-Adam, moulded to perfection by the clay-soiled fingers of an almighty God, man's powers of body and of mind have evolved slowly and surely, demanding ages for each step of real advance. But manhood is intelligence peeping out through matter, under conditions which are subject to law, and the thought we have to grasp, is that "law" is as absolute on the invisible side of life as it is with the material form we see and handle.

My object in these articles is to try and trace the operations of laws that directly concern man, in the realm of the invisible. Whilst I claim for the soul of man its own inherent divinity and an existence to which time past, time present, and time to come can set no limit, I point you to the co-existent fact that the soul is dependent upon matter for its power to manifest itself to another soul. Whether that matter be in the crude and evanescent molecules of this life, or sublimated for the use of one who has climbed the arch-angelic throne, it is yet matter; and it colors every ray of intelligence just as the sun's white ray is tinted to the blush upon a maiden's cheek.

Matter is alive with the universal life, but the soul breathes upon its divine individuality; yet ever remember that the matter of which the soul would make use, has received and registered an eternity of impressions. No writing upon unwritten paper is possible to the human soul.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Making Peace with Her Maker.

BY W. WHITWORTH.

One of the supremest evidences of human weakness and folly, grows out of a belief in an implacable, revengeful God. It shuts the soul from the joys of attainable peace and happiness in the present, in gloomy forebodings of evil in the possible future. This thought was especially pressed upon my mind a few days ago, from the remark of a friend in regard to the recent death of his wife. Said he, after speaking in the saddest tones of his great loss, in parting from a wife who had been so good, as she had been: "But I feel greatly consoled by the assurance that at last she made peace with her Maker." What greater absurdity can we conceive

does this? What sort of a supreme being does this set up the Maker to be? An infinite being imbued with revengeful feelings against so weak a creature as one of his own finite creations! Nay, more, a being who has himself placed it on record in his inspired page, that he is the same to-day, yesterday and forever, without shadow of turning, permitting himself to be swayed by the passion of anger, and again changed to feelings of mercy for the appeal of a few uttered words; and this towards a creature so weak that he can make and unmake, in and out of existence, at a breath!

In our finite dealings with each other, it is ever accounted both unmanly and mean to harbor feelings of revenge, while Jesus of Nazareth taught the grand doctrine of universal good will contained in the command, that we should love our enemies, and when smitten on one cheek, meekly turn the other in quest of peace rather than resent our injuries in revengeful strife. Are we to suppose that the heavenly Father of Jesus is less loving than the son he especially sent into the world to teach his laws for our guidance? But the absurdity of this foolishness does not end here. For what reason was it necessary that this weak woman, after three years of suffering, bringing her to the agony of parting from husband and children, in her thirtieth year, when all should be full of buoyant happiness, should find it necessary to make peace with her Maker? Was she confronted, in that supreme hour of torture, when all she held dear were fading forever from her sight, with an infinite being, angry and sulken, bent on consigning her to eternal perdition unless—what?—she acknowledged her manifold sinfulness in being born with soul and body too weak to withstand the temptations and trials by which he had surrounded her, and begged to be forgiven? Are we to suppose that the poor terrified creature cried: "Oh! Father, because Adam and Eve so many thousands of years ago were not strong enough to withstand the serpent thou didst let loose upon them, I am a great sinner, and need to appease thy wrath?"

Can the human mind conceive any more pitiful drive? I write this in all reverence for the beliefs of others, but with feelings of indignation against the torture of poor suffering creatures in the agony of death, caused by such terrifying superstition. But look a moment farther into this absurdity. Granting that the infinite father can descend to the finite weakness of anger and revenge, against a woman for sins committed in her short span of life, by what process was she, at the last moment, to wipe out her transgressions and attain peace with her God? Not all the inspired page is there anything more positively set forth, than the immutable law of Jehovah, that no sin shall go unpunished; that we must be judged and pay the penalty for every deed done in the body. Every sin committed is a wrong against some one.

How could she, in her dying hours, helpless and weak to dissolution, make reparation to those she might have wronged by any mere appeal to her Maker? If in reality she was confronted by the vision of an angry Maker, demanding the appeasement of his wrath, might she not well have exclaimed, as she saw her loved ones clustered in grief about her dying bed: "I came into the world without my own knowledge or consent, weighted with such weaknesses of body and spirit as I inherited from my parents; if I have not been strong enough to do thy will, who is to blame? Everything seems very dark to me, and I do not feel as if I have either reason to feel thankful that I was born, or glad at the thought that I am leaving all I love behind." Cleveland, Ohio.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

WONDERS AND CURIOSITIES OF THE RAILWAY, or Stories of the Locomotive in Every Land. By Wm. Stearns Kennedy. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co., 1884.

The author, under the head of "Beginnings in Europe," "The First American Railroads," "The Banding of the Continent," "The Locomotive in Slippers," "A Mosaic of Travel," "A Handful of Curiosities," "Mountain Railways," "A Vertical Railway," "The Lightning Harnessed," "The Functions of the Railway in War," "The Luxury of Travel," "The Locomotive and its Master," "The Track and the Train," gives an interesting account of the beginning, progress, peculiarities, etc. etc. of the railway. The work is profusely illustrated and is very interesting throughout. Speaking of a "Handful of Curiosities," the author says:

"The inventive genius of mechanics has exercised itself in the excogitation of a good many fantastic and daring plans for railroads and locomotives. There have been not only railroads under the ground and in the air, but railroads in the clouds, railroads among the tree-tops, and railroads on the ice, and the models of even a submarine railway have been constructed and exhibited. And there have been flying locomotives, locomotives with sails, locomotives on sled-runners, and bicycle locomotives."

The work is really an encyclopedia of facts with reference to railroads, and will be read with more interest than an ordinary novel.

The following from John W. Lovell Co., New York: SOCIAL PROBLEMS. By Henry George. Price, paper cover, 20 cents.

LIFE OF GROVER CLEVELAND with a Sketch of Life of Thomas Andrews Hendricks. By Deshler Welch. Price, paper cover, 20 cents.

OVER THE SUMMER SEA. By John Harrison and Margaret Compton. Price, paper cover, 20 cents.

Our Newspapers.

According to Edwin Allen & Bro.'s (Cincinnati O.) American Newspaper Catalogue for 1884, there are 14,867 newspapers and magazines published in the United States and the British Provinces. Total in the United States, 14,176; in the British Provinces, 691; divided as follows: Dailies, 1,957; Tri-weeklies, 71; Semi-weeklies, 108; Sundays, 225; Weeklies, 10,975; Bi-weeklies, 38; Monthlies, 1,502; Bi-monthlies, 26; Quarterlies, 33; showing an increase over the publications of 1883 of 1,594. The greatest increase has been among the weekly newspapers of a political character (?) while it has been least among the class publications. The book is very handsomely gotten up and contains some 520 pages, printed on heavy book paper, elegantly bound in cloth. It will be sent to any address, prepaid, on receipt of \$1.50.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DEATH.

BY EUGENE CROWELL, M. D.

Author of "Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," "The Spirit-World," etc.

Price 10 Cents.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

WHAT WAS HE?

OR JESUS IN THE LIGHT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY WILLIAM DENTON.

This work presents some of the conclusions arrived at by a study of the Gospel accounts of Jesus; and gives a faint outline of what psychometry reveals regarding his parentage, life, and resurrection. Cloth, \$1.50. Paper, \$1.00. Postage, 10 cts. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

AND NOT SOLD by WASHINGTON, D. C. J. E. BRUCE & Co., 29 Day St., N. Y.

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KIDNEY-WORT advertisement with text: DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS. Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time. It cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develop in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Constipation, Dropsy, etc. in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints. IT WILL SURELY CURE CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM, By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby RESTORING THE BLOOD. THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time PERFECTLY CURED. Price, 25c. In 10 or 20c. by Druggists. Day can be sent by mail. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt. Send stamp for Diary Almanac for 1884.

HUNT'S KIDNEY & LIVER REMEDY NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL advertisement with image of a child and text: CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, LIVER, BILIOUSNESS AND URINARY ORGANS. DROPSY, GRAVEL, DIABETES, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, RAIND, THE BACK, LOINS, IN THE SIDE, NERVOUS DISEASES, REPRESSION OR NON-MENTION OF URINE. Send for Pamphlet of Testimonials. HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.

DILLON BROS. NORMAL ILL. advertisement with image of a horse and text: ISAAH DILLON AND SONS. (LEVI DILLON AND SONS.) Send for Pamphlet of Testimonials. HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.

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

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, September 20, 1884.

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Summer Campaign.

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

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

The Carrier Dove Makes a Just Criticism.

In the JOURNAL of the 16th ult., appeared an alleged spirit message purporting to come from spirit John B. Felton, formerly of Oakland, California. At the time of its publication the editor and proprietor of the JOURNAL was a thousand miles away from his office, and he never knew such a message had been published until his attention was called to it by a two-column editorial in the Oakland Carrier Dove, a neat little Spiritualist monthly.

The JOURNAL agrees with its Pacific contemporary in considering the "message" (1) spurious, to the extent of not coming from Felton; (2) that it "contains statements so contrary to the established truths of Spiritualism; so liable to mislead with false hopes, such an encouragement to wrong-doing, and so contrary to the nature itself, that we deem it wrong for any Spiritualist journal to publish it without contradiction."

"I knew exactly all that took place around me at the time that I separated from my body. I saw weeping and sorrowing friends and heard the remarks of many, such as: 'He was an able man; might have been the first man in the State if he had not killed himself with brandy.' 'He was a big joker and a mighty drinker.' 'Well, I did like a nice glass of brandy, a good dinner and a jolly time generally. Can't say that I am any the worse for it now, though. This I do know, that if it cut my earthly life short, this tenement-house body of mine could not stand the strain I put it to, and the spirit fled to this place, shaking off the body in disgust. It is free now from its lusts and appetites, and mine were all rather strong, and I gratified them to the fullest extent of my craving. I put no restraint on them, and in your language, 'they killed me,' and I am glad they did, for the earth is rather an insignificant affair compared to this boundless universe through which I am roaming, contented and happy, exclaiming, 'Oh, Death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory?'"

The one thing of all others which the philosophy of Spiritualism teaches is, that such a man would not be "roaming through this boundless universe contented and happy;" on the contrary, it teaches that he must suffer the natural penalty for his vices; that the vicarious atonement and no death-bed repentance can make him "contented and happy"; that he must work out his own salvation and be purified by suffering and affliction.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britton and other mediums have described the sufferings of the spirits, as seen and heard by them, as being as chilling and terrible as any ever portrayed.

Continuity of life beyond the grave is not more certain than is the persistence of personal responsibility and the impossibility of escape from the unchanging laws of the universe. "As a man sows, so shall he reap," is sound Spiritualist doctrine. No amount of vicarious atonement can mitigate one iota the sufferings of a Felton. A brandy-soaked debauchee is the same man the day after he ceases to poison the air with his foul breath as he was before; he has mounded his spirit so that God himself cannot suddenly change its constitution.

Unfortunately for Spiritualism as an item, too many whitom church members who while believing church dogmas strove to conform to the letter of the law in order to gain a harp and crown and escape everlasting torment, have allowed the "old Adam" full sway when they found out the error of their minister's teachings and came into a superficial knowledge of spirit communion. All the evils with which the Spiritualist cause is handicapped may be traced directly to the errors and falsehoods of "old theology." Could the Spiritualist movement be relieved of the mass of superstition, crasse ignorance and immoral tendencies which a portion of its adherents have brought with them from their several churches, it would indeed be a happy day for the Cause. And that day is coming too! So sure as the law of evolution exists, just so sure will the true philosophy of Spiritualism clear the Movement of all that militates against its perfect purity and efficiency. Probably not in this generation, possibly not in the next, but in good time the spiritual forces underlying and inspiring what is now called Spiritualism will work the regeneration of the world. Modern Spiritualism as a distinctive public movement may pass away in time, but the eternal, ever-active forces behind it will still persist in all their strength; and under their relentless, never ceasing impulse each succeeding generation will mark a degree higher than its predecessor on the moral and spiritual register.

It may be asked by casual readers of the JOURNAL, "According to your philosophy is there to be no assistance given to the Feltons when they pass from mortal life; must they unaided grope their way through ages of darkness before a ray of hope shall warm their hearts and encourage them to strive on." By no means! But before a bright, pure spirit can approach them, before sweet words of sympathy can reach their ears, or soft angelic hands touch their furrowed brows, they must pass through mental anguish and suffering, have reached a point in their career where contrition for the past and an earnest desire to grow better in the future shall have full possession; then will some dear angelic friend be able to approach with words of solace and love; then will the sufferer be led by slow steps toward the point at which he might at first have entered spirit life had he striven for the pure and good while a mortal. "How about heredity," says one, "must a spirit suffer for the manifestation on earth of traits inherited from vicious parents, and for vices and crimes he was irresistibly impelled to by inheritance?" Most emphatically, yes! Is the child born blind or deformed, guilty of any offense against nature that should entail such a life of darkness or suffering? No, but he must endure it, there is no escape until death brings release. By mistake a mother gives a deadly drug to the child whose life she would gladly give her own to save; will the poignancy of her grief, or willingness to die for her dear one, stay the fatal effects? No, the child must suffer the penalty. Spiritualism, the philosophy of life, according to the JOURNAL's understanding, teaches that the same principle which underlies the law of the natural world, obtains with undiminished force in the realms of the moral and spiritual.

The editor of the Carrier Dove has read the JOURNAL to little purpose, if she does not know its unswerving stand for good morals, and right living as a necessary preparation for spirit life. So uncompromising has it been in this direction, so intolerant of persistent laxity in morals and continuous deflections from the strict line of integrity, that it has incurred the vindictive hatred of a class of adventurers and the ill-will of their dupes, together with the active antagonism of some well-meaning, but illogical and superstitious disciples of Spiritualism. We thank the Dove for calling our attention to the Felton message, and for its timely criticism. May the Carrier Dove in its desire to be pacific, never shrink from using its quill in defense of true Spiritualism, which includes good morals; may it spread its wings each month and carry messages of comfort and instruction from continent to continent; may it live long and lead thousands from the Golden Gate on the Pacific to the Golden Gate of the Spirit-world, and through the shining panels give them a glimpse of the ineffable glories beyond.

An Iowa correspondent says he has seen a statement to the effect that the editor of the JOURNAL was arrested at Lake Pleasant on complaint of a Philadelphia crank, and inquires if it is true. No! it is not true. The editor was not arrested, either at the instigation of the aforesaid general-disturbance or any body else.

A philanthropic London lady has bought land in Manitoba of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and is to establish a colony of deaf mutes. She will provide an instructor in farming, and is to expend a considerable sum of money in that experiment.

A Christian's Suicide.

On one of the finest streets of the handsome city of Cleveland lived J. R. Shipperd, in a \$20,000 house filled with all that fine taste and lavish expenditure could supply to render it beautiful. Shipperd had charge of the millinery department of E. M. McGillen & Co.'s large establishment, and was very popular with the lady patrons. He was also a devout Christian. A zealous member of Plymouth Congregational Church, he was generally regarded as an exemplar of piety. About three months ago, McGillen & Co. began to suspect a leak in their finances, and putting a detective on the job, Shipperd was found to be the culprit. He would, it is claimed, sell goods and mark the sales ticket less than the amount received and pocket the difference. He was arrested, confessed his guilt, and received a sentence of \$100.00 fine and ten days in the workhouse, but his lawyers secured a stay of execution. He then settled with his employers and prepared to open business on his own account. Matters stood thus when one morning last week he arose from his bed, went into the garret of his house and hanged himself. The disgrace of being caught in crime was too much for him to endure.

Had this episode occurred in any one of the several prominent Cleveland families who are Spiritualists, what a howl against Spiritualism would have been raised in the churches, their publications and numerous secular papers. Spiritualism and its "diabolical teachings" would have been held responsible for the downfall of the man. The "baneful" influence of what Dr. Bush and other priests call "that wretched delusion," would have been heralded as the cause of the disgrace and suicide of a man who but for this would have lived and died an ornament to society and the Christian religion.

Shipperd believed Jesus died for him and that the Blood of the Lamb would wash away all his sins.

Shipperd believed he could repent at the eleventh hour and be saved from the penalty naturally following a criminal life.

Shipperd believed that "in the twinkling of an eye" he could be transformed from a thief to a pure and holy angel worthy to sit on the right hand of the throne. All his life he had heard repeated the consoling words which Jesus is alleged to have spoken to the repentant thief dying beside him on the cross: "Verily, I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

Accepting all these things as Shipperd did, was he not justified in differentiating morals from religion and in believing that he might at the last moment succeed in escaping punishment when he should meet his God?

According to the Christian plan of salvation did he not have a sure thing, provided he could escape detection while living and have only a moment to repent before passing in his final account?

Having failed to conceal his crime, and in the failure having brought upon himself such disgrace as made this life no longer worth living, what is there inconsistent with sound orthodoxy in asserting that in the few moments of consciousness intervening between the time he kicked the support from under his feet and the stopping of his breath by the tightening of the bed cord about his neck, he fully repented, and after a few spasmodic struggles of his body, at once took his seat in Paradise and forthwith began to wave his palm and play his harp as one of the redeemed?

These questions are soberly put and require serious consideration. The JOURNAL asks its intelligent readers among church people, and it has some, to compare the philosophy of Spiritualism with that of the man-made system of Christianity which passes current in the world. See which philosophy is best calculated to fit men to live upright lives here, and to enter upon the life hereafter.

Shipperd will be denounced by many Christians and some who do not profess Christ, as a hypocrite; they will say he was not religious. Against these charges of hypocrisy and non-religion, the JOURNAL in all charity asks suspension of judgment. The JOURNAL fully believes the man may have been thoroughly honest in his religious professions, and yet have been devoid of moral sense. He had long been taught that a perfectly moral, upright life counted for naught unless he believed the dogmas of the church; that the moral man if not a Christian was more dangerous than the immoral, and more hated by God. He apparently believed with many other professing Christians, that religion is one thing and business another, and they never should be mixed.

It appears that the murder of police officer Fowler in Washington, D. C., lately, by a negro roush in the chaingang, has reminded some superstitious people of the curse of Guiteau. Police officer Fowler was one of the three mounted men who guarded the assassin's van in its trips from the jail to the court house throughout the trial. Guiteau, the night the verdict was brought in, in the dark court room dimly lighted by candles, glaring like a wild beast, invoked a curse upon all who had been connected with the trial. There have been a number of deaths of persons who were so connected, including in their number jurors, doctors, detectives, jailers, police men and attorneys. Within two weeks two covered by Guiteau's curse have died—Dr Woodward of the army, one of Garfield's surgeons, and now officer Fowler.

Rev. N. R. Quackenbush of Benton Harbor, Mich., favored us with a call last week. He had been spending a few days at the meeting at Vicksburg, Mich.

Dr. S. B. Brittan on Alleged Fraudulent Mediums.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Permit me to give you a communication which I have lately received from our earnest and faithful friend of old, Dr. S. B. Brittan. He writes me through an automatic medium of whose accuracy I have had years of proof, as follows:

"My Friend—I am feeling most earnestly the heavy drag on our cause that comes from the trickery of many of our mediums, or their guides; on our cause—I might say our beloved cause—for the advancement of which the best years of my earthly life were given."

The truthfulness of our mediums has always been an important factor in the progress of our principles; for what truth is there that will not surely be hindered by falsehoods? But now, and in the future, as this Philosophy begins to fasten the attention of the more learned and scientific minds, it is of the utmost importance that nothing false should be presented. At present, the mediums or their guides—the mediums on our side—will too many of them, create phenomena when they think they have a market value. Just as soon as they see this cannot be had they will drop all deception, and consequently what powers they have will have increased strength. This end will not be reached until the more intelligent among the Spiritualists demand that there shall be no fraud, or suspicion of it, on the part of mediums."

I feel this with deep conviction, and trust I may make the impression on your mind that I desire. Yours most fervently, S. B. BRITTON."

On reading this I remarked in reply that I felt as he did about it, but my difficulty was to see how the evil could be effectively checked. I had thought of going to some mediums who seemed sometimes to condescend to trickery, or allowed themselves to be entirely alone by those on the part of mediums, and what a monstrous wrong they were guilty. Dr. B. rejoined:

"The thing cannot be done in a quiet way. The inquiry is wide-spread, and must be attacked in a manly, steadfast, public way. No reasoning with a medium would be of use, when he or she found the dollars coming in just as fast. The stand that must be taken is just this: What is without doubt genuine shall be enjoyed and patronized, but any medium who is reasonably suspected of fraud shall be let entirely alone by those in high positions until he is willing to come into truth."

I inquired if something could not be done on his side toward suppressing fraudulent mediums by obstructing their deceitful controls. He replied: "Their controls are very powerful, and we cannot do your work for you."

What intelligent Spiritualist can doubt that Dr. Brittan has here touched upon a point of vital importance to the progress of our faith in the world? If the frauds are "wide-spread," as he says, who of us can be indifferent to such a peril? No more damaging foe to Spiritualism can exist than falsehood and fraud within its own ranks. Outside, all unfairness and misrepresentation would play only a constantly losing game, if there were no deception and knavery to be found within—among those who profess to represent our cause. It is this abominable practice, the placing of our ranks that all lovers of truth have a common interest in suppressing by every legitimate means within their reach.

In the honest purpose to do this, the Banner of Light—whatever representations may be made by any one to the contrary—is as strong, I believe, as any other true Spiritualist. What conceivable inducement has it to cover known fraud? What could be gained by the ultimately best, reproach and disgrace to the truth within our ranks that all lovers of truth have a common interest in suppressing by every legitimate means within their reach.

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Especially would I call attention to Dr. Brittan's position as stated by himself: "What is without doubt genuine shall be enjoyed and patronized." "Any medium who is reasonably suspected of fraud shall be let entirely alone." Are these positions sound, and is it of course the duty of all Spiritualists to take them?

By "reasonably suspected" the Doctor of course does not mean "convicted," nor even suspected to such a degree as to cause a general belief of their fraudulence; but only is there enough about their ways to justify suspicion?—the suspicion, of course, not of the outside world, ignorant largely of the facts and principles of Spiritualism, but of intelligent and expert students of the subject, who are also of candid disposition.

Some definite ground on this matter must be soon taken, one that can be clearly stated and practically applied. Yours fraternally, JOSEPH D. HULL.

3 Copeland Place, Boston.

The Banner of Light has always been ready to denounce and has denounced willful deception and proven fraud wherever found. Mere personal doubts of the opinions of inexperienced and sometimes prejudiced theorists it has ever refused to receive, and has always insisted, and will continue so to do, that owing to the intricate conditions surrounding mediumship—conditions quite as often produced by the sifter himself as by any other cause—the true course to be pursued, whether by private investigator or public writer, is to give the medium the benefit of the doubt in mooted cases: The medium must be regarded innocent until proven guilty. This course is pursued in all jury trials toward the accused for breaking even the merely material laws of the land; how much more should such leniency be exercised toward the passive and sensitive medium for spirit-communion, who is often wrought upon at the same time, both by spirits clothed in the flesh and those outside the domain of physical life.

We would not for a moment be considered as being willing to countenance trickery in mediumship, but we have ever counseled caution in speaking against these instruments; the broadest charity should be exercised where a doubtful case arises, since some after-developed fact or experience may show the suspected party to have been really innocent. Thousands of newspaper columns are open, on the instant, throughout the United States, to denounce the Spiritualist mediums unheard; but the Banner of Light, itself established by spiritual-intelligence that will not go out to the Spiritualists of America, it shall be found, first, last and always, speaking the best words at its command in defense of the medium-agents of the invisible world, without whose presence among men Spiritualism itself would be but a philosophical nullity.—Banner of Light, August 30th.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL republishes the above in its entirety, for the reason that the matter broached by Dr. Brittan transcends in importance at this time all other questions in Spiritualism. Continuous readers of the JOURNAL will readily recognize Dr. Brittan's views as identical with those it has strenuously and aggressively advocated year after year. From the Spirit-world Dr. Brittan now publicly proclaims what he privately believed to a great degree before he passed from mortal life; what he would have as boldly published but for circumstances which need not here be detailed.

Will the Banner jog the memory of its readers by naming instances where it has denounced "willful deception and proven fraud"? Even a single instance would be refreshing. True, it has made occasional ado about several performers who have travelled the country exhibiting in theatres and public halls, but it is not this class to whom Dr. Brittan or the JOURNAL refers, and no one knows this better than the Banner. "Proven fraud" indeed! there is no possible way of proving fraud to the Banner. The evidence

of honorable men and women, whose veracity is above suspicion, supplemented with the mask, muslin, glass diamonds, and tinsel taken from the tricky mediums, goop for naught with the Banner. Aye, more! even the confession of the offender is not credited in the Banner's court. If, perchance, the Banner be forced, through fear, to publish on very rare occasions, communications from veracious and competent correspondents detailing the facts of an exposure, that sheet forthwith assumes the attitude of attorney for the criminal, and by special pleading, sinuous methods and tricks of mental legerdemain, attempts to blind its constituency, and befog the case. The warmest devotion of the Banner is secured by women whose reputation for unchastity is notorious, extending in some cases over two continents; it will commend men known to be liars, swindlers, bigamists and free-lovers. All that seems essential is a claim to mediumship, whether well-founded or not isn't important. If Mr. J. D. Hull, who succeeded in getting Dr. Brittan's views and his own before the Banner's readers, thinks the foregoing a too severe indictment, we shall be most happy to have him turn to the Banner's files for proof that we have not overdrawn the charge or exaggerated the specifications. We promise to sustain each and every assertion before any competent referee or commissioner who shall be jointly agreed upon by Mr. Joseph D. Hull, Dr. Eugene Crowell and Mr. Giles B. Stebbins.

The JOURNAL recognizes the difficulties to be met in dealing with occult forces; it is ready to befriend the ignorant sensitive who may become the unconscious victim of his own ignorance. The intricate and complex nature of the problems in Spiritualism are fully realized, but the JOURNAL does not propose to use these things as a cloak for the vicious and depraved. Neither does it propose to stand with folded hands and despairingly declare there is no way out of the woods.

One well equipped Psychical Research Institution would do more in three years to settle moot questions, elucidate spiritual laws, and place sensitives and mediums in a position of safety and respectability, than all that has been accomplished since the Rochester knockings. Unless Spiritualists speedily take up the matter which furnishes the text of Dr. Brittan's message and regulate it themselves—and they are the only ones competent to supervise the work—it will be done by the State. And in the hands of legislators ignorant of what they are dealing with, it goes without saying, the results will be oppressive to the innocent and temporarily disastrous to the promulgation of truth. It is worse than folly to be dazed by difficulties or to hesitate because a cut and dried specific for the evil is not ready to hand and fully understood by all. Let co operative effort be begun at once in the direction indicated, and gradually all the difficulties will fade away, the good will dominate and the evil become so insignificant as to be harmless in the presence of the accumulated knowledge of the subject and the increased intelligence of the public.

GENERAL NOTES.

Wm. Nicol lectured at Pacific Junction, Sept. 9th.

The Ramsdell sisters desire us to say that they start for Denver, Col., this week.

O. P. Kellogg of Ohio, will speak at Columbus, Warren Co., Pa., Sunday, Sept. 21st.

Lyman C. Howe speaks at Eddyville, N. Y., Sept. 21st, and in Springfield, Mass., during October.

Will Mrs. Maud Lord give us her permanent address? We have inquiries often, and cannot give the information needed.

C. Fannie Allyn lectured in Portland, Me., Sept. 7th and 13th. She will speak in E. Braintree, Oct. 12th and 19th; in Haverhill, Oct. 26th and Nov. 2nd; in Newburyport, Nov. 9th and 23rd; in Cleveland, O., during Dec. Spiritual and Liberal societies, West, desiring her services after December, will please address her soon at Stoneham, Mass.

The list of modern books which are not allowed in the reading rooms and public libraries of Russia, includes translations of works by Agassiz, Bagehot, Huxley, Zola, Lasalle, Lubbock, Leck, Louis Blanc, Lewes, Lyall, Marx, Mill, Reclus, Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, and Theory of Moral Sentiments, and Herbert Spencer's works.

C. Fannie Allyn writes as follows with reference to the Neshaminy Falls camp meeting: "There was a large attendance; the last Sunday, the newspapers reported 10,000 as being present. I took the children in charge, and with the aid of the band I gave two entertainments, which led to the resolve on the officers' part, that the future would see them alive to the interests of the children."

The Michigan Association of Spiritualists has issued a very neat Certificate of Ordination, which will be used in ordaining any acceptable person, as a "Minister, Missionary and Teacher," authorizing him or her "to perform the marriage ceremony, bury the dead, organize Spiritualist associations, and to perform other and fully all the duties and rites usually devolving upon a minister of the Gospel as recognized by law."

August Leroy, a young man living at Springfield, Ill., and a machinist by trade, called at the office last week to tell the JOURNAL of his development as a medium. Mr. Leroy appears to be an honest, sensible man, and with friends he is investigating and developing his mediumship. He gets strong manifestations in the light, and our advice to him is, never sit in the dark; he may have a subdued or colored light, however, if he finds it better.

Sanford B. Perry.

Friday, the 12th, was a perfect September day; now and then clouds obscured the bright sun, but they ever showed a silver lining; finally came a glorious autumn sunset bathing in rays rich and warm vast fields of ripened corn and spraying heavy laden orchards with royal sheen. At this propitious hour Sanford B. Perry was leaving his nobly formed mortal frame, in the autumn of his life. Ripened spirit as he was, he had no further use for the body that had served him so long and well. On Thursday evening he appeared in usual health and sang old hymns and ballads with his wife and younger son. Retiring early, he was seized before midnight with an illness, resulting in paralysis of the heart and dissolution before the next evening.

Mr. Perry was a lawyer by profession and had practiced in this city some twenty-seven years, coming here from Massachusetts. No member of the Chicago Bar was more respected by his associates for sterling integrity; he was an honest as well as an able lawyer. Always liberal in his religious views and a member of Rev. John Pierpont's society in his early manhood, he identified himself with different Unitarian societies during his life in Chicago. A few years ago he and Mrs. Perry came into a knowledge of the phenomena of Spiritualism, since which time both have been devoted, outspoken advocates of the spiritual philosophy. During the past eight years we have known him intimately; he has been our staunch friend in hours of trial, and no one outside his family will miss his splendid form and cheery voice more than will the editor of the JOURNAL and his household. Mr. Perry was a terse, vigorous and convincing writer; some of the clearest articles ever published in the JOURNAL, were over his signature.

During the past year his spiritual growth had been very marked and he was well prepared for the great change, which to him was neither dreaded nor unexpected. A wife and three noble sons remain to represent his name and cherish his memory. On Sunday, the family, assisted by Dr. H. W. Thomas and a few invited friends, paid their last respects to the earthly tenement of the husband, father and friend, and then composedly and hopefully laid the body to rest in Oakwood Cemetery, knowing full well that their beloved was not sleeping; but undoubtedly present as an interested witness of the tender respect and loving ceremony.

Farewell! as a mortal, friend Perry. All hail! as a grand and aspiring spirit with eternal progress before you. May the loving sisters whom a dear one saw float in at your window but a few evenings before your departure, minister to your wants; may your old friend Pierpont early greet you with words of cheer and proffers of guidance and advice.

Dr. J. K. Bailey was at Queen City Park, Vt., Camp Meeting. He spoke there Sept. 6th, with marked success, and excellent satisfaction was manifested.

Mr. Chas. Dawbarn, writing the 12th of September, says: "I go to Hicksville, L. I. to speak on Sunday. The week after I speak at Everett Hall, Brooklyn, and the following Sunday in Williamsburg."

Several Spiritualists in this city, who are deeply interested in the healing art, are about to establish a monthly magazine, to be called *The Mind Cure*. A. J. Swarts, we understand, is to be the editor. His theory, however, of the mind cure is entirely different from that entertained by Mrs. Eddy, one of its prominent exponents in the East. He attributes the success of the so-called mind cure to spirit influence.

Under the head of "Nemesis, or the Coming of the Kingdom," W. M. Connolly is publishing a monthly magazine at 144 West Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. He says: "It will be devoted to the exposure of the falsehood and wickedness of Christianity, and to pointing out the predictions of its end, and of the setting up of the Kingdom of God on earth. It hopes to be a light in a dark place—an archer of hope to many—a magazine true to God and humanity." It is furnished at ten cents per number, or \$1 per year.

Three months ago, Abraham Cuddeback of Damascus, Pa., was struck with paralysis and was rendered entirely helpless in consequence. Later a terrific thunder storm prevailed in the vicinity of his house and the lightning struck near by. The electric fluid came in at the open window, striking him and throwing him violently from his chair. When his wife restored him to consciousness she was delighted to discover that he had regained the use of his limbs, and could talk and walk as naturally as ever.

Sept. 4th, Secretary Folger passed to spirit life at his home in Geneva, N. Y. The only persons present were Mrs. Hart, his deceased wife's sister, Dr. Knapp, law associate, his family physician, Dr. A. B. Smith, and his colored servant James. Dr. Smith and Capt. J. S. Lewis had left him but a few minutes previously. On the 9th, his funeral took place. The President, Secretaries Frelinghuysen, Chandler, and Teller, the Postmaster General, Gov. Cleveland, and other prominent men were present. Flags floated everywhere at half-mast, and black goods were draped from fronts of business blocks and private residences, and grief at his untimely departure was everywhere manifested.

The *Japan Weekly Mail* says the favorite pass of a rich noble lady was lately borne to its last home in a snow-white coffin covered with a gorgeous white silk pall, while his inconsolable mistress and a large contingent of family mourners followed the remains. Priests chanting a solemn litany met the bier, and escorted it to its grave. Another detestable fall is commemorated by a handsome monument at the gate of the cemetery just outside Tokio.

AN AWFUL LESSON.

A Minister of the Gospel Returns to Earth to Confess his Hypocrisy.

(Our knowledge of the writer justifies us in commenting on the following narrative to the JOURNAL'S readers as undoubtedly truthful.—Ed. JOURNAL.)

To the sad facts which constitute this lesson the writer desires to premise a few words: Many persons, and perhaps I should say especially Christian ministers, express their dislike and fear of Spiritualism as an enemy to morality. Some go so far as to denounce it unparaphrasingly as such; as "corrupting, debasing, unprincipled, Godless," and so on through a catalogue of opprobrious epithets, for even in these I have not reached the foul aspersions of an eminent professor of theology at Andover. To such luminaries on a great body of respectable people for the sins of a few, it is enough to say that "orthodoxy" is as justly exposed as Spiritualism,—if one chooses to use such weapons.

There are, however, fairer-minded persons, who would seem to fling slanders, who yet think they see in some of the pronounced teachings of Spiritualism views that must of necessity weaken the great motives that hold men to morality; and they instance, especially, its "weak doctrine" as compared with that of orthodoxy, on our condition in the future world. In dispelling the beliefs of our fathers respecting heaven and hell, as the reward of perfect bliss on the one hand, and the punishment of perfect misery on the other, and both absolutely unending, they charge it with removing the grand incentives to a good life.

One is tempted here into a wide field of argument. But let one or two suggestions suffice. And, first, it is not Spiritualism that is chiefly responsible for the decadence of the old beliefs. They were bound to go any way with the growing intelligence and moral elevation of the people. They are as dead in circles where Spiritualism has no recognized influence as in those which it pervades. It is in the most cultivated minds as a class, that they are the most hopelessly dead, whatever view be taken by such of Spiritualism. Never again will they affect the hopes and fears of men in the future as they have done in the past; not even though the revelations of Spiritualism could all be exploded.

But more than this. In the present state of widely prevailing thought, Spiritualism steps in as positively a conservative influence. In place of the old and nearly powerless doctrines, awakening only contempt and derision, if ever by chance they are preached, and in the midst of widely prevailing unbelief in any retributions of a future life, Spiritualism has something very clear and positive to say. It plainly presents and powerfully indicates the most rational and soul moving views—and it vindicates these not so much by elaborate reasonings, after the manner of the theologians, as by facts the most impressive and undeniable. Whether its doctrine be a "weak" one, the facts, as in great numbers attested, must show.

One thing is certain. Its testimony to the value of a virtuous life here in its bearing upon our next condition is strong, uniform and unqualified. Unlike orthodoxy, it does not neutralize this grand lesson by insisting on the far greater importance of difficult dogmatic beliefs, "the insufficiency of good works," the "filthy rags of our own righteousness," and the supreme value of another's, when "imputed" to us.

Is it strange that men trained to this way of thinking and talking should be not infrequently "weak" in virtue—sometimes grossly so? But it is strange that such should plume themselves on "Orthodoxy" as the grand defense of morality.

The story I am about to relate in illustration of what has now been said, is no fiction. I cannot, of course, publish to the world the name of its unhappy subject; and as even my own would probably lead to his identification that, too, must be withheld; but as a guarantee of good faith it has been given in confidence to the Editor of this journal, with my assurance that my narrative is literally true in every detail.

The Rev. Dr. A. B. C. (not his true initials) was in his youth, fifty years ago, my college classmate, and for a time my intimate personal friend and room-mate. He was a young man of good talents, rather handsome person and captivating manners. In "a revival of religion" during his sophomore year he was "converted," and for a short time appeared to be, indeed, a changed man. After his graduation and a brief course of theological study—during which he was thought by many to adorn highly his religious profession—he was ordained pastor of an orthodox church in a flourishing manufacturing village in Massachusetts. From this he rose through increasingly conspicuous positions till he reached that of pastor of one of our apparently richest and most fashionable metropolitan congregations. After some years of service, during which no scandal, so far as I know, was connected with his name, he died in office. And at his funeral the once handsome earthly body which he had in secret so foully dishonored was borne by venerable and saintly men—at least, so they seemed—into the stately edifice that had been commonly called by his name, and thence, after solemn song and prayer interspersed with undesired and unbecoming eulogy, borne out again, amid a reverent throng, to be consigned to the tomb.

For many years I had known very little about him. Our early friendship had been transient. But the worst that I should have thought of him during his later career was that his work in "the sacred office" must have been to a great degree merely perfunctory. I was not prepared for the revelation that was to follow.

Sitting one evening recently with a writing medium, a lady in private life only, but of fine gifts and the highest personal character, I presently observed in her appearance manifestations of great distress. These continued for some minutes before her hand was controlled to write the name of my former friend: "C—". Humiliation and suffering. Pray for me!

Of course I was most painfully startled and shocked. The whole truth flashed upon me. This man had gone to a hypocrite's reward; was spiritually in hell. I responded kindly, and awaited his further words. But so painful was his influence upon the medium that she could not bear it, and rose and walked about in the effort to throw it off. After a while she succeeded; and another spirit—a dear young friend often with her—took control and wrote: "He did not wish to let go. He is not nice looking. But some one says his has been a strange experience, and that he desires to tell you himself, when he gains more power; not only for the lesson to be learned from it, but because it will take a load off from him."

On resuming our sitting the next evening the same distressed condition of the medium re-appeared and continued during the writing of the following terrible self arraignment.

THE MINISTER'S CONFESSION.
"I have a confession to make before I can

rise higher, and I will force myself to it. Never can I get away from earth till I make it. My earthly life was a prolonged gratification of the senses. My ambition satisfied by the position attained, I sought not to lift my people into higher and broader thoughts, but allowed their minds to sleep while I encouraged their easy lives of light social duties. My church was not a working one, hardly a live one; and rather than lose my place among them by raising intellectual thoughts and desires I could not gratify, I starved them. So I allowed myself to settle into easy habits of thought and self-indulgence as to my body. My early inclinations I did not subdue; they grew upon me. The only restraint I put upon them was to be quite sure they should be secret, knowing open association with women and the gaming table would not be allowed by my exceedingly proper people. So hypocrisy of outward life grew upon me. And as this was kept up successfully for many years, I came to feel that I was safe even from a righteous Judge; since, if there were one, he would not let me escape punishment so entirely.

"Thus grew up intellectual and moral hypocrisy. When finally the death of the body came, and I, after some time, roused up from the lethargy resulting from my peculiar disease, I desired to rush back to the old habits, not realizing I was out of the body. So I wandered forlorn on earth, tasting the old joys, but finding them hollow, hollow, hollow. Then came a little light into the depths of misery and vice into which I had sunk, and a sense of the awful penalties inflicted by God's righteous laws on all transgressors. Pray, pray, pray."

This was written rapidly, and with much apparent agitation and anguish of feeling. And the medium was greatly distressed and exhausted by it, so as to be, perhaps, a half-hour in recovering far enough to be used again. Then a spirit friend, of very elevated character and always in her approaches bringing a calm, sustaining influence, was able to pencil the following:

"It must seem strange to you that such poor souls should need to make earthly confession in order to progress. But where one is drawn closely to earth, many of the old feelings remain, and as this sufferer had a life-long secret, and wishes now to drop it, he must do what would be a very trying thing, confess to an old friend, and spot the fair fame he had sought to leave on earth."

And presently another—the young spirit friend before mentioned—added:

"It was a peculiar trial for this bad one to come to you; for he always felt you knew something of his life. And now to come and say you were right in what you knew, only you did not know much, was very hard. He was all bowed down when he left, but some bright one came to him; one, a young girl that he hurt in life."

Remembering a story reported in his youth of his breaking a promise of marriage, I asked if that was the "hurt." "More than that," was the response. And the injured one was not any friend of his youth, but "a young girl" now.

All reflections of my own upon such a communication as this seem to me, I confess, inadequate. I will add, however, the words of another. He, too, was the friend and college classmate of the unhappy man, but now enjoys the reward of a good life in the universal respect paid to his legal acquirements and his eminent virtues. On reading the foregoing messages he wrote me:

"That communication from C— is marvelous. I always thought him a man of no genuine piety, but did not suppose he was rotten in his life. But what a lesson! Could all the preaching of hell fire that a sermon as uttered from a pulpit equal such a sermon as this? And yet orthodox people think Spiritualism is eliminating hell out of theology. What more terrible hell can there be? Though it is true there is at least the opportunity for final deliverance."

Yes, very true. The element of absolute hopelessness for eternity is wanting; an element which no finite mind can conceive; much less, truly believe. Nothing impossible as this is needed to add horror to the picture. What ages of "humiliation and suffering" of struggle for the recovery of lost sensibilities and aspirations, for the unwinding of the heavy chains of habit, for the establishment of principles and affections entirely unknown to the soul's experience, may be required, we cannot tell. The man who in addition to these plain prospects, requires the incentive of these everlasting, hopeless hell, will any theology ever move him to a virtuous life?

In effect perhaps no preaching is really weaker than this, which some think so necessary.

To most readers of this story it may seem specially addressed to "false priests" or faithless ministers. Perhaps so; yet hardly less pointedly, is it to every hypocrite, in any degree, in any station. Would that its warning might penetrate every false heart with a conviction it could never escape, that there can be no disguise of our true character when we have passed into the spirit life, and no escape from its legitimate consequences.

VERITAS.

The Wealth of the Nation
Lies within the grasp of the young men who secure the Best Business Education. To secure this education we would recommend the Grand Rapids Business College, which is under the control of Prof. C. G. Swensberg—a successful business man and thorough educator. Young men with ambition to secure the best practical knowledge of business should put themselves in communication with this institution at once.

The Hon. Julius H. Seelye is preparing an article on "Moral Character in Politics," to appear in the next issue of the *North American Review*.

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

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27 PER CENT DIFFERENCE.

The "Royal" the Strongest and Purest Baking Powder.

Our attention has been called to publications from the Price Baking Powder Co., the obvious purpose of which was to rid themselves of the recent exposure of the inferiority or low test of the baking powder manufactured by that house.

As to whether the Price baking powder is equal to the "Royal," the facts are that when the cans were purchased on the open market, and examined by Prof. Chandler, of the New York Board of Health, the report revealed the fact that Price's powder contained twenty-seven per cent. less strength than the "Royal."

When compared in money value, this difference would be as follows:

- One pound can Royal Baking Powder worth 50 cents.
- One pound can Price's worth 36 cents.

The Royal Baking Powder Company has been fighting for years past to break up the practice of substituting Alum, Phosphate, Lime, etc., as cheap substitutes for cream tartar, as well as short weights, and low test in baking powders, and the "stop thief" cry will not deter us from pointing out all who are engaged in the nefarious business of palming upon the public cheap or injurious baking powders at the same price at which a pure and wholesome article is sold.

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Chronic Asthma cured by new method. No medicine. No surgery. No expense. Write for particulars. Dr. R. S. COLEMAN, 101 N. 3rd St., St. Paul, Minn.

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To sell the only authentic Life of Gen. JOHN A. LOGAN.

The most vividly interesting book of the year, selling by thousands where others sell by hundreds. 470 large pages, steel portrait, pictures of Logan, Homestead, etc. in colors of Fifteenth Corps Battle Flag. Sent by mail on receipt of one dollar. Address THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SPIRITUAL CAMP MEETING IN CALIFORNIA.

The first Annual Camp Meeting of California will convene in the large Pavilion on Long Branch bathing grounds, Alameda, Cal., October 1st, to continue twelve days. Good speakers and mediums will be present, and the public is cordially invited. Long Branch is only a few minutes ride from San Francisco by boat and narrow gauge railroad, which passes every half hour. Get off at 3rd station and walk only a block to the large arch gateway where you will be admitted to each session for 10 cents, or \$1.00 for season ticket. Hotels will furnish reduced rates. Bakeries and markets are but a few rods from the grounds. Some undoubtedly will bring their tents, as October is usually a very pleasant season of the year on this coast. A pentecostal season is anticipated.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements: Mrs. Dr. Schlessinger, Editor *Carrier Dove*, Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. E. A. Logan, speaker and leader, Long Branch, Alameda, Cal.; Mrs. M. Miller, seer medium and reader, 106 7th street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Significance, Scope and Mission OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

By Dr. DEAN CLARKE. An Anniversary Oration and Poem. Price, pamphlet form 15 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

THE BASIS OF THE ETHICAL MOVEMENT. THE SOCIAL IDEAL. WHY UNITARIANISM DOES NOT SATISFY US. THE SUCCESS AND FAILURE OF PROTESTANTISM. THE PROBLEM OF POVERTY.

Lectures by W. M. Salter before the Society for Ethical Culture of Chicago. Price 10 Cents Each. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

THE LYCEUM STAGE. A collection of contributed, compiled and original RECITATIONS, DIALOGUES, FAIRY PLAYS. (With full Music Notes), adapted for Lyceum and School Exhibitions. By G. WHITFIELD KATES. Price: Cloth, 50 cents; paper covers, 25 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

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LAKE GENEVA SEMINARY. Lake Geneva, Walworth Co., Wis. A cultured Christian school for young ladies. The house is brick, fire proof, steam heated, gas lighted, sanitary conditions are unequalled. The school hall is equally well appointed. Fall term opens September 17th. Apply for Catalogue.

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

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Is now giving attention to the treatment of chronic diseases, added by psychometric diagnosis and the use of new remedies discovered by himself. His residence is in the most elevated, healthy and picturesque location in Boston, and he can receive a few invalids in his family for medical care. His work on "Therapeutic Sarcosomy" will be issued in September—price two dollars. MRS. BUCHANAN continues the practice of Psychometry.

MRS. HARDINGE-BRITTEN

Will lecture 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 en route from Boston to the Pacific Coast, can address her—BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS.

THE PRESENT OUTLOOK OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY HENRY KIDDLE. This is an able, thoughtful and comprehensive essay, deserving of wide circulation and the earnest consideration of every Spiritualist. Price, 24 pts. Price, 5 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

THE ABSENCE OF DESIGN IN NATURE.

BY PROF. E. D. CARRISON. In this Lecture, which was delivered before the Chicago Philosophical Society, the Author shows that the existence of an "over-ruling Providence" cannot be proven from Nature. Price 10 Cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

MEDIUMSHIP. CHAPTER OF EXPERIENCES.

By MRS. MARIA M. KING. This Pamphlet of 50 pages is a condensed statement of the laws of Mediumship illustrated by the Author's own experiences. It explains the Religious experience of the Christian in connection with spiritual laws and the Spiritual Philosophy. It is valuable to all, especially to the Christian who would know the true philosophy of a "change of heart." It ought to be largely circulated as a tract by Spiritualists. Price 25 per hundred; \$2.50 for 50; \$1 for 15, and 10 cent per single copy. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

Voices from the People, AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

For the Belgio-Philosophical Journal, We Shall Know.

We shall know when in the future Death shall roll the mists away, Hiding from our earthly vision...

We shall know when in the morning We awake to clearer light, Freed from all the doubts and darkness...

We shall know, ah! golden vision, When life's weary watch is o'er, Why our barques are rudely driven...

We shall know why death hath veiled us From the presence of our own; Why our dearest ones have left us...

We shall know why the Eternal In his wisdom pleads us here, Why we gaze through earthly shadows...

We shall know, ah! best assurance, More than mortal mind can know; We shall roam where crystal fountains...

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We shall know why death hath veiled us From the presence of our own; Why our dearest ones have left us...

An Answer. (Advertiser and Union, Fredonia, N. Y.)

"Rev. E. T. Crane and all others who do not want to have their names smirched with the filth of Free-lovelism, Spiritualism and Blasphemy..."

Will the Presbyterian inform us what it means by infidelity and blasphemy? Assertion is cheap; but a great movement, involving the highest interests of life, supported by millions of the best men and women of the world cannot be brushed off by a dogmatic assumption.

At Cassadaga thousands find evidence of immortality which the Presbyterian cannot give. Is that the cause of our offending? Is that "infidelity and blasphemy?"

Will our critic give us some items of what it calls blasphemy? Perhaps some speaker has quoted from the Song of Solomon, which the reporter of the Express has confounded with the sentiments of the orator and thus been shocked with the "filth of free-lovelism."

Some speaker may have criticised the doings of David—the "man after God's own heart"—and of course, a safe example for our Presbyterian devotee, and since David is Divine authority, such criticism would be rank infidelity.

Recognizing much good in the Church, and many noble, pure men and women whose faith I cannot accept, I never imagine that to attend their meetings where, to me, there is much that sounds like blasphemy and infidelity, and doctrines taught, which in their very nature must weaken moral integrity...

There is an old fellow in Hamilton County, Ohio, who is nearly a hundred and two years of age, and he has been chewing tobacco for the last seventy years. Nothing less than strychnine will kill some men.

Curious Incidents Illustrating Mind Telegraphy.

While the disputes between Mr. Irving Bishop and the proprietor of Truth—the singular power of the one in the matter of "thought reading," and the immovable skepticism of the other—have been attracting during the year a certain amount of public interest, it may not out of place to mention two incidents...

The wife of the writer has a cousin, a lady of extremely nervous and excitable nature, who many years ago was staying with her husband for the season in apartments near Hyde Park. The landlady was a middle-aged woman, apparently a widow; at any rate, she dressed in black; and no one who could in any way be regarded as a landlord was ever visible.

"Alfred," I cried, as I re-entered the bed-room upon seeing him approach, "bolt the door; quick, quick!" "Why, my dear? What is the matter?" was his very natural question.

"Bolt the door," said that it is fast? I rejoined, almost fainting with the weight of dread at my heart. "There is a madman in the house!" "Of course Alfred ridiculed my fears, ascribing them to hysteria, over-fatigue, and all the other sources from which I am aware a good many feminine whims take their origin—at all events in the estimation of the sterner sex.

"My wife's cousin at once went over to the house, and found things in terrible confusion. It was the morning of the wedding, and the party was timed to leave the house almost immediately. But the whole family was in a state of excitement; none were attired for the ceremony; the bride herself was sitting in a chair sobbing hysterically, while a severe bruise upon her face served as a clue to the mystery.

"I am glad now that I agitated the question, 'Can Spirits See Matter?' not from feelings prompted by egotism, but because it has started inquiry. Several of our neighbors begin to appreciate the real difference between seeing and perceiving, and the JOURNAL is the prime mover of this mental agitation.

W. Mattieu Williams, who writes so entertainingly on gastronomic science, once witnessed a display of drunkenness among 300 pigs, which had been given a barrel of spoiled elderberry wine all at once with their swill.

An Excellent Clairvoyant Physician.

Sometime ago, under the guise of a "sucker," I had occasion to inspect several malodorous characters who alleged themselves to be mediums. Allow me now through your columns to mention one whom I regard as genuine beyond the shadow of a doubt...

The Doctor took his "degree" some 30 years ago, being "called" by some mysterious agency, he knew not what, and entirely against his inclination, to the best of a sick woman. The attending M. D. said she was "stricken with death," and resigned the case as hopeless and beyond the possibility of recovery.

The control of Dr. Phelps, when on earth, was a surgeon in Napoleon's army. Having been legally authorized to saw bones and prepare pills, he did so to the best of his ability; but he says he killed more than he cured. He is now in the habit of making amends for the mischief he has done by the gift of a book.

As the Old Doctor has truly said, the science of medicine will in the future, more than in the past, be indebted to clairvoyance. The reason is obvious. The clairvoyant can not only discover latent maladies but can see the whole internal mechanism of the body in action.

Now, I wish to propose a query. Assuming the facts to be as I have stated them, and if you will condescend to give me your views upon the scientific validity of the phenomena? Is Dr. Phelps's practice of the healing art the "work of the devil," or "mind reading," or "unconscious cerebration," or "hallucination," or "willful imposture?"

Cranks are fanatical folks whose ideas run in one rut and who seem unable, if not unwilling to get out of the rut. Cranks are crazy in a mild form—just mild enough to keep out of the asylum.

Agamemnon and Andromache are the names of the two children in the family of Dr. Schlemmer, the writer of Greek history. The learned doctor and his wife and children are residing in the summer in Germany. Their new dwelling in Athens is about the best modern house in the city.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Professor Tyndal, one of the most noted of scientists, does not know the year of his birth. An underground stream flows beneath the city of Birmingham, Ala. It is to be used for a sewer.

The Bible mentions 620 places in Palestine, west of the Jordan, and 430 have been identified, 182 by the staff of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

According to a recent authority a Japanese fish known as the fuku is so poisonous that death follows most instantaneously after eating only a small piece of it.

Mrs. Van Cott, the revivalist, has been engaged in her special work for nineteen years. She is now in her fifty-fourth year, and says she is the spiritual mother of 40,000 souls.

The hearing of a woman who was made deaf by a shock from lightning a few weeks ago at Broadbill, Fulton County, N. Y., was restored by another shock that struck a tree near her house last week.

Scientific men now have a theory that animal life originated in the arctic regions. If it attracts attention and provokes discussion the result will doubtless be more scientific expeditions to the land of ice.

According to John Ruskin the modern tendency to city life is an "infectious tendency for centralization, which collects all the vicious elements of any country's life into one mephitic caecum in its center."

FUNERAL OBSEQUIES

Over the Remains of Julius Alphonse Willard at No. 16 S. Sheldon Street, Chicago, September 11th.

REMARKS BY HIS SON, SAMUEL WILLARD.

My father, Julius Alphonse Willard, was born at Meriden, Ct., Feb. 2nd, 1793, and died at Chicago, Sept. 9th, 1884, at the age of 91 years, 7 months and 7 days. He was the son of Rev. John Willard, a Congregational minister, who was the son of Rev. Dr. John Willard of Stratford, Ct., noted in his time as a teacher as well as preacher. Rev. Dr. Willard was son of Rev. Samuel Willard, of Biddeford, Me. Mr. Willard was thus of a line of ministers; and being the only son, his pious mother expected him to continue the line. His father moved from Meriden about 1802, going as a sort of missionary to Northern Vermont, which was then a new country like our Dakota or Montana. Here grew up the boy and youth, until he was sent to an uncle, Dr. Samuel Alden, of Hanover, N. H., to learn the business of a druggist. Of course he taught school, like most New Englanders of his birth and training. Soon after he married Almira Cady, in 1821, he opened a postmaster there. Two years later, he opened a hotel at Franconia, near the foot of the White Mountains; but these ventures proved unsuccessful, and left him stripped of his savings. Having skill as a book-keeper, he went to Boston, into the wholesale store of Daniel Lord. He went to Boston at the instigation of his wife, who hoped that under the preaching of Dr. Lyman Beecher, who was presenting Christianity under a new and milder view, her husband might become a convert and a church member. She was not disappointed; from that time he was an earnest Christian of the new orthodox type. In Newton, Mass., he lost his only daughter. From Boston he emigrated in 1831 to Carrollton, Ill., and found occupation as a teacher and storekeeper. He joined in founding the first Presbyterian church in that town, and was an active member. Here the first onslaught of Asiatic cholera in 1834, brought down every member of his family, and took his second and third sons, leaving him but one child, his oldest son.

Moving to Alton he became a book keeper again in larger establishments, and set up a drug store. But the "hard times" of 1837 left him at the age of 47 to start again. About this time the anti-slavery movement was becoming prominent; and, true to his convictions, he entered the ranks of the foes of slavery. Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy had been driven from St. Louis, and had re-established his paper at Alton, and began to use a portion of its columns for the utterance of anti-slavery doctrines. The pro-slavery sentiment dominant in the country, refused to allow any discussion of slavery, and Lovejoy's paper was repeatedly suppressed by mobs; his person was threatened and his house attacked. His friends rallied to support and defend him, arms in hand. Mr. Willard took his gun and went to defend his personal and intimate friend. He was in St. Louis the night of the killing of Lovejoy; otherwise he would have been in that fight.

Removing to Jacksonville, he carried on a millinery and fancy-goods business successfully. But in 1843, while for the first time assisting a fugitive slave to escape, he was arrested and harshly treated, narrowly escaping the vengeance of the mob. He waited trial, carrying his case to the Supreme Court on the law points only, and losing it there. Nothing daunted, he continued to be a station agent of the "Underground Railroad," and often acted very boldly, even at the risk of his life, venturing only into Missouri to try to recover a fugitive who had been illegally carried off by force. Politically he acted with the forlorn hope that organized the Liberty Party in 1840, precursor of the Free Soil and Republican parties. In 1844 that party put his name on their electoral ticket for Illinois. He became so disgusted with the indifference and opposition of many in the church, that he withdrew from church-membership, and never renewed it.

He removed in 1845 to Quincy, where he found many as zealous as himself. Selling out his business in 1850, he returned to Alton into the employ of Benjamin Godfrey, who was then beginning the Chicago and Alton Railroad. Later he became clerk of the Penitentiary under Buckmaster. Everywhere he had the confidence of his employers, and won the good will of those under him in every grade, by his care for their rights and their convenience and comfort. He was impartially benevolent alike to black and white, native and foreign, male and female.

In 1864 he quit active work and moved to Springfield, buying himself with his garden and his poultry. In 1871 he came to Chicago, and lived with his son till his death. He lost his wife in October, 1875. He had begun to take an interest in the phenomena of Spiritualism at their first appearance, and in his last years was as energetic in Spiritualism as he had been in the church.

Mr. Willard was remarkable for accuracy and precision in everything. He must see clearly, believe strongly, and act on his convictions. To him, "order was heaven's first law," and his life was methodical in the highest degree. In his earlier manhood, his health was poor; but though he never became strong, he had great tenacity of life, and by temperance and regularity enjoyed comfortable health. He lived by reason and by rule. His radicalism were the result of logic rather than of temperament, for he was averse to change by nature. He desired to carry all principles to their extreme results. He rejected half measures.

His reason led him to democratic equality, and his benevolence embraced all alike. Hence he made warm friends everywhere by the spirit of universal serviceableness. But his kindness was not all softness. He was patient with slowness and weakness, but not with false pretense and selfishness. He loved liberty, but neither for himself nor others could liberty mean license. He wished to be liberal, but did not deem liberality to be a mush of concession or an indifference to truth and right opinion. Such men as he are the foundation stones of social and civil order. Of Puritan descent, he carried into life the Puritan spirit of truthfulness, righteousness, sacrifice for others, and steadfast perseverance in all good. While life was a perpetual warfare with evil, it was not cheerless, but full of stern and solemn joys, and of sweet social pleasures. And ever all he believed that the face of God is over turned in love toward the wandering sinning children of men. He passed away full of hope, rejoicing to go, feeling that his warfare was accomplished, and his work done.

REMARKS BY DR. THOMAS. Mr. Willard was followed by Dr. H. W. Thomas, who alluded to the illustrious ancestors of the deceased, spoke of his impressive career among distinguished men, his varied experiences while visiting the population of the country, and over and over again, living to see slavery abolished, the

temperance reform and other reformatory measures advanced. He paid a high tribute of respect to his memory.

THE REMAINS.

The remains, at the request of deceased, were enclosed in a plain coffin, which was literally covered with beautiful bouquets brought there by friends. In the broadest and most comprehensive meaning of the word, he was eminently a good man, and now in his spirit home he can fully realize the beauty and grandeur of the spiritual philosophy. The pall-bearers were Dr. L. Bushnell, H. B. Martin, Holland Richmond and Edward Dolle. The remains were interred in Grace-land Cemetery.

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS.

Twenty-Eight Annual Meeting.

ITEMS FROM THE FREETHINKERS AT CASSADAGA.

The 28th annual meeting of the Friends of Progress at North Collins, N. Y., closed on Sunday, Sept. 7th, and was a decided success. The audiences increased each day until Sunday, when Hemlock Hall was packed with earnest listeners, while a large number remained outside unable to get in. When we consider that the hall is about 40 by 100 feet, we can judge of the numbers inside, and there were probably as many outside as in. Mr. Baxter outdid himself. His tests were the most thorough and varied I have heard him give. They did not consist in simply giving names and dates, which might be gathered from graveyards, but in personal descriptions, items of local interest and historic incidents, which made the theory of obituary and tomb stones and accomplices absurd. He described Benjamin Maynard of Buffalo, who died some 24 years ago, and gave details of his life experiences, different offices he had filled, some strange peculiarities connected with his death and other things, making quite an extended message. He described a soldier minutely, and gave incidents, very marked, and said he felt a sensation of something striking him on one side just through or below the hips, and instantly the same, though in less degree, on the opposite side. Then he saw him fall forward on his face. A man arose in the audience and said he knew him well; was within ten feet of him when he fell and saw it all. He was shot through the thigh, and the ball went through both his legs and he pitched forward on his face and expired. Mr. Baxter's lecture, Saturday, interested me much, for he said it had been written mechanically by his hand under the guidance of one he had never met, but of whom he had heard, viz., Hon. O. H. P. Kinney, of Waverly, N. Y. As I had been long and intimately acquainted with Mr. Kinney and knew his style of thought and expression, I watched with intense interest every sentence; and I can say truly it was strongly marked with Mr. Kinney's mentality, and much of the language was characteristic of his style. Mrs. Lillis did splendidly and treated several subjects presented by the audience in an able and satisfactory manner, and held the vast audience spell bound. Mr. Emerson gave many fine tests and won golden opinions. Mr. Lillis and Mr. Baxter furnished music, varied and acceptable. Mr. Hargis presided Saturday, and made some appropriate remarks, modestly but effectively presented. Geo. W. Taylor presided on Sunday, and he is always a favorite with the people, and his life a safe example for any Christian to follow, though few of them can live to his high standard. Judging from the attendance and manifest interest, it would seem that the Free Thinkers at Cassadaga had not affected Collins much.

I wrote you that I had not engaged to attend the Free Thinkers meeting. In the light of later revelations that statement needs qualifying. Mr. Green wrote me in the spring that he wished to engage and advertise me as one of the speakers. I wrote him on what terms and conditions I would engage. I never heard from him after this until I met him on his way to Cassadaga, Sept. 1st. He then told me he had acted in good faith in advertising me. That he answered my letter in May, accepting my terms, and supposed it was all right. I never got his letter. He urged me to attend it but one day, since he had advertised me. He suggested that I speak in the evening and if I lectured it must be by daylight. I engaged to be there Thursday, and informed him I could stay one day only. I went at quite a sacrifice to myself. But they had no use for me. I have my opinion of this. George Chainey gave a brief sketch of his experience and conversion to Spiritualism in a bold, strong way, apparently with much feeling, and if it be as he states it, he is a great gainer. He made some sharp criticisms on his fellow Liberals who were so inflated with vanity, ignorance and egotism, that what they do not know they ridicule and denounce as superstition and imposture. That he was sound when he was in the dark with them, but now that he had discovered truth beyond their knowledge, he was accounted weak, credulous, superstitious, fanatical or demented. The dogmatic Materialists manifestly winced under his scathing rebuke. I hear that Mr. Charles Watts closed the meeting Sunday evening, with a reply to Chainey's claims, and characterized Spiritualism as a superstition and its followers going back to medieval times in darkness, fanaticism and folly.

It is very clear that these "Free Thinkers" are only free to think in a given direction within the dogmatic limits of their own ignorance, and all who go beyond them in the discovery of truth are fanatics or fools. Of course there are honorable exceptions to this, but the ruling minds that manage these conventions are as sectarian in their way as any of the churches, and their prejudices are as conspicuous as any Christians. The chief difference is they will tolerate free expression, but all who express faith in Spiritualism are adjudged weak, crazy or stupid; but from the numbers in attendance and the interest manifested, we may judge that Spiritualism has power and influence with thinking, growing people when the dogmas of Materialism cannot draw or interest. The contrast between their meeting and the Spiritualist camp meetings at Cassadaga and at Hemlock Hall is a strong witness of the needs of the people and the sentiments that satisfy the soul; and it is not a superstitious class either, who go to church to escape "the wrath to come." It is the thinking, reasoning, growing class, who, finding no attractions in old systems of faith and worship, cannot rest among the icebergs of Materialism or the shadows of Agnostics; and seek the living, vitalizing streams of truth that flow from the spiritual fountain, warming and inspiring to larger aims and deeper, higher, nobler purposes and grander lives.

Fredonia, N. Y. LYMAN C. HOWE.

J. Patrick, of Garfield, Mich., has a two-legged pig eight months old. The little porker is said to be the most thrifty one in a litter of five, and handles himself very nicely on his two fore legs.

The Ostrich Symposium.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have just read Prof. J. R. Buchanan's "Ostrich Symposium," which you had published August 16th. It was overlooked in the pressure of affairs at Lake Pleasant, yet it so fully expresses what must be the criticism of all practical and just thinkers, and is so well and justly written, that little more need be said. I trust the "Concord Philosophers" will see their own likeness in Dr. Buchanan's able critique, and will in due time mend their methods. How extremely impractical and fruitless seems this resuscitation of the philosophy and vain deceit of the olden time; how out of place in this very practical and utilitarian age!

May it not be said to these disciples of Emerson, as in our late address to the Agnostics generally: "Fride of scholasticism has blinded your eyes to the simplicities of truth?" I was glad, Mr. Editor, that you were present at their late discussion, to bear a testimony to the practical side of Spiritualism. Science has vastly enlarged and simplified the fields of thought since the old philosophers, on a more slender basis of positive knowledge, struggled metaphysically to attain the truths much more readily, legitimately and surely found by the patient, inductive questioning of nature.

How long will these imitative (I had almost said shallow) philosophers look backward instead of forward to the untarnished furrow? How long will it be ere they discover that the material and the spiritual, the outer and the inner world, form a grand united law-abiding cosmos; that the chain of nature is never severed, and that science can as legitimately reach forward on the lines of fact and analogy to the latter as in the former? Why will the modern Agnostic live in self-imposed darkness when light so abounds? Deeper and deeper, continually, does science now penetrate into what was the occult to old-time philosophers. Shall we still hide and ignore the treasures she produces, and go on mouthing the old stale thoughts that, whatever they may once have yielded, can now bear little fruitage of good? A hundred such pertinent questions might be asked, but we did not now propose to extend their number.

Worse still, and more benighted than the Concord Philosophers, would appear to be the Rev. Mr. Bush, the Episcopal minister resident at Concord, with whose spirit we trust the School itself is imbued. "I think," he says, "that wretched delusion called Spiritualism is a failure in its prying into what God has not revealed." This sentence gives us at once the measure of his growth. He is evidently in the shadow of ancient superstitions, wrapped around by the darkness of ancient creeds, cramped by narrow and false conceptions of Deity and revelation.

We gather, of course, that he considers the Jewish scriptures (and we mean the whole Bible by that designation) to be the sole revelation of Deity to man; yet it is quite a question whether these very writings, properly corrected and construed, will not yield much the same as this "wretched delusion" of more modern times, which takes in for its basis of deduction, not only modern openings, but the whole history of our race and the whole cosmical philosophy of the universe.

Man has ever been prying to learn of his own nature and his own legitimate hopes and prospects, and it has ever been these narrow and sacerdotal, false construers and false "pryers" into nature's revelations, that have saddled him with so much of error to be out grown.

We gather also from Mr. Bush's talk that he entertains the very narrow thought of God's revelation having been closed for ages. Could the reverend gentleman open his mind to look into this "wretched delusion," and into the infinite oneness of the vast universe surrounding him, as revealed by science, all such false notions would melt from his mind like the mists of the morning. He might then stand redeemed from the darkness and folly which plainly now enclouds him, a teacher of the grand truth that God, as an Infinite Presence, stands ever ready to reveal unto man, upon the basis enunciated by the seer of Nazareth: "Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

J. G. JACKSON.

Cassadaga Camp Meeting.

The season of the Cassadaga Association closed Sunday, August 31st, and has been one of great satisfaction to all concerned. The best of harmony has prevailed, and the lectures have been of a high order. A number of new stockholders have identified themselves with the Association, on the last Sunday stock being taken to the amount of seven hundred dollars. The election of directors and officers for the ensuing year, passed off with the greatest of harmony, and the Association is assured of continued well being and success.

T. J. Skidmore is president, and E. W. Bond, of Ohio, vice-president of the new Board. The Free Thinkers' convention passed off with more harmony than usual, the only serious break being over the election of B. F. Underwood as one of the vice-presidents. He was elected in the afternoon among numerous others, but in the evening the action was reconsidered, and to get rid of him decently a slaughter of the innocents was instituted; all vice-presidents but the six required by the constitution being unceremoniously bundled out of office.

The vote to reconsider was carried by a majority of four only, while in the afternoon only three voted against him, and they withdrew their opposition at request of the chair. George Chainey was nominated for vice-president, which so disgusted an old man, evidently a materialist, that he jumped up and nominated the Devil, Jesus Christ, and God Almighty. The chair held that there was some doubt as to the personality of these latter, so their nomination was rejected; but some thought that in the interest of harmony they ought to be elected. As the chief aim of this convention was to bury the hatchet and unite all discordant elements upon a broad platform of tolerance, their end was in a measure defeated by the conflict between Chainey and Watts, and the difference which arose over the election of Underwood; and perhaps the rejection of the three candidates proposed by the disgusted old gent, signifies an intention to continue the war against them.

A New Departure.

Owing to the unprecedented success attending the sale of Dr. Scott's renowned \$3.00 Corset, and a very general inquiry for Electric Corsets of low price, but possessing the same therapeutic quality and elegance of shape, the Doctor has decided to place upon the market a full line of these beautiful and invaluable articles, which will now retail at \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$3.00; thus bringing them within the reach of all. A great feature about them is that they prevent as well as cure disease; therefore all ladies, who desire enjoying good health, should wear them. We invite you to read his large Catalogue, and to send for one and address him at 111 Broadway, New York.

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