No. 4

Readers of the Journal, are especially requested to seno in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will the 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 nossible.

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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 Manhansett 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, 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 day interest to me. The passage agrees 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 Osprey 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, af-forded a rapid succession of objects of interest. The sea view was alive with sailing crafts, and steamers, fishing smacks, trim yachts, ships coming up from the great sea, and others going down, made a picture never to be forgoiten. 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 erem 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 worldwide intercourse the people have a remarka-ble 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 of right 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 over since, and meetings have been held once each week. All the people belong to it, and there has never been a valuon in the town. It carnishes one at this best com-

mentaries on intemperance, and is a grand example for the imitation of other towns. 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 seacaptain 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 greater home comforts, and the vast capital invested in commerce. Otherwise it would have been drank 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 ceders, and walled in with huge boulders, moss-grown, and gray with lichers. 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 the

ology of the time:
"Here lies Elizabeth, once Samuel Beebee's 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

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, 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 wom-en 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 Alladin's lamp and the impossible achievements of the genii it evoked, but genii have been called into being, such as no Arabian fable ever described; a conti nent 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 vege-tables 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 be-yond, 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 exhibitanting. Then it seemed that at some remote time, so remote it was dimly remembered as a half recalled 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

I presume those who accept the doctrine of pre-existence will claim this in evidence, but 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 continually speaking of his old home, and continually in the delirium of fever, which (most of whom came to me several times

came with every returning autumn he would during each scance), and put characteristic wildly describe, and call out to be taken back words in their mouths in the use of family 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.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

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 foose 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 confiding 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 per-plexed with the occurrences. He did not un-

plexed 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 mediamship and its various phases of menifests. umship and its various phases of manifestathe 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 scances 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 scances, 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 accus-

tomed 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 exer-

cises were fairly commenced.

How gladly, Mr. Editor, would I lead your readers through a whole scance 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. Moti 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 laundried shirt fronts, collars and robes. Instead of the conversation between us and the spirits being stereotyped vague, commonplace and conventional, ap plying 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 ad-

their followers. The lexicographers, however, prefer to consider the term a Persian one. The Chela Aleddin, author of the Mesnavi, always read such literature and thought such thoughts with exquisite delight. The Sufi esteems no visible rites when placed in conmitted, on the supposition that any was needed; but, as to that, however, Mr. Mott might have had an outside door to the cabievery aspiration. net, and a dozen "Katie Kings"housed in bolster cases about the premises, a choice of "The Love, the Loved one and the lover, All three are only one:-discover." all the masks there are and all the storeclothes in Memphis, with a corresponding number of tricksters to assist in fitting up the

Philosophy under Adrian and the Antonines was the ruling principle of the Boman

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 medi-

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 in-strument 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 with-in 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 disperse the influences and make void any good results. Munger, in his "Freedom of Faith" says: "The eternal world, 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 of art have conspired to demonstrate that the Spiritworld now ceases to be "the bourne whence no 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. Rabia, the Sufi Saint.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

"The real saint, absorbed in what he loves and knows, Forgets alike caresees, 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 Moammedanism has generally been esteemed, it has not proved too much so to permit the growth of Philosophy, as well as of its invariable 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 ecstatics 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

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 Bosporus it is the hand book of all Suffs, the law-book and ritual of all Mystics." Having myself an attraction and decided preference for mysticism over all formulated faiths, let alone the un-knowing school of non-philosophers, I have trast 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

"God in my nature is involved,
As I in the divine;
I help to make his being up
As much as he does mine."—Silestus.

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.

Rabia 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 be comes 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 Rabia, little remains to be told little remains to be told.

A plous friend one day of Rabia 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

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."

Some evil upon Rabia 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;
I had extended Fancy's flights
Through all that region of delights—
Had counted till the numbers failed.
The pleasures on the blast entitled. The pleasures on the blest entailed— 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,"

When Rabia 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 tempest-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, weak 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!"

Round holy Rabia'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: 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 Kubels, the genetrix or metra. It typifies, as all sanctuaries of the Great Mother auciently did, the womb of the universe, phusis or natura. The Black Stone was formerly the symbol of the goddess Al Huza or Alitta, the Arabian Isis. Black and metaoric or mergentic stones. of the goddess Al Huza or Alita, the Aradian Isis Black and meteoric or magnetic stones were revered as the symbol of the Mother of a thousand names—of Kybelé in Plegia of Astarté at Tyre, of Venus-Apheadite 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 Sabhath.

Letter from Omro, Wisconsin.

To the Editor of the Heligio-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 phe-nomena 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 Con-cert Troupe, which gave universal satisfac-tion. 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 Challener, 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 disc a key to the Axtee writings. He will pub-lish a book about it.

From Puritanism to Spiritualism. 1817-1884.

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 venal 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; was there for the same purpose the next see sion, 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 tree government is a failure and we had best go back to kingcraft; 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

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

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 legisla-tion 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, fling 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

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 bad enough Sometimes they succeed, oftener they fail. 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 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 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 \$50,000 000 of the yearly internal revenue taxes, and this great step was followed by further re-

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

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

In Congressional legislation, as in all huan affairs, the limitations and frailties of anily are to be guarded against, but this glidies repetition of the ery of demans. that Congressmen and other officials repetit that for sails, and that only paid is benefit themselves that they may buy a few Machington on Congressional and it a demandial sequentity in its seciety where one mosts noted persons from all over the land, is both pieneant and instructive. One evening I was at a literary reunion at the hose of Horatic 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, piain and flat,
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 mes-senger 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 "aunty" 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 dollarsnot 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!"

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

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 dawning, that we could view our surroundings. We found ourselves in a huge twowheeled 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 placessome 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 . 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 lacteal 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 Cordereno, where we laid up for the rest of the day. Here there was an abundthe 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 age the havarro brothers, two or these in humber, went to Cathershus to come that fortune,

much as possile 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 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 rest-

less 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 sodahot 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 Naverro 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 hoggishness, and so I sat bolt upright nearly every night to "give the boys a chance" to

sleep. EIGHTH DAY.—Towards morning, 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 "abomi-nation of desolation." At about noon we en-tered 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 Hibernian 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 telt as though she could naver get away. She had not forgotten the English tongue in all these years, though making ever soming in counts; with English ascentag people.

Right as usual, but the head muleteer got drunk, and it was 5 A. H., 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 auother, 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 haciendo 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 overseparately. 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 corrais are constructed of stones or adobes, and houses for employes are also built. Sometimes these employes or peones number up off than slaves. They are paid from 12½ to 50 cents daily, and are obliged to take their necessity for which they are charged exhorbitant prices. They get into 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

[To be continued.]

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

HEBREW MANUSCRIPTS.

were impossible.

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

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. Hark-avy'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 receiv ed 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 Tifflis two years earlier. A letter accompanying them stated, that they be-longed to two follow townsmen of the sender, and that one of the owners had also sent another fragment to the editor of a Jewish pa per in St. Petersburg. Upon Dr. Harkavy un dertaking 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 combin ed 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 subsequent ly many more fragments in various handwritings 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, 1883, the owner Z-entered a wine cellar or restaurant in his native town. south Russian seaport, and there fell in with a sailor who spoke to him in Hebrew. The sailor invited Z—on board his yessel, and showed him some fragments of the manuscripts in question. These old scrolis seemed to be regarded by the seaman as possessing some lucky charm, but after some bargaining in the luckycharm, but after some bargaining in the luckycharm.

ments in exchange for an oil painting. The sailor seen left for another port in the Black see, and Z——, who was eager to acquire the -, who was eager to acquire the whole collection of parchments, followed him up, and succeeded in obtaining nine more fragments. Uttimately, on the telegraphic advice of Dr. Harkavy, Z—again soughtout 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 Johanniterschlosse, in 1856. 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 devot-

ed 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 ob-scured by a kind of mildew. Some of the skins are greased 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 injur-ing 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, Phonician, 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 let-ters, 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 alphahet used by a people among whom these Jews lived; and an investigation of this fact by experts, may possibly help to determine the into the hundreds and are but a little better | date and origin of the Harkavy parchments.

For criticism of the text or the history of the Hebrew text of several of the Old Testapay in store goods-articles of the greatest | ment 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. Unfortunely 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 Januai, 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.

R. A. D.

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 them-selves: 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 lmes, do not belong to any exclusive or lost tribes or families who would be likely to possess anything unforseen 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 dysepsia and nervous diseases, and as a drink during the decline and convalescence of lingering levers. It has the unanimous approval of our medical staff."

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 opes those gates elysian.

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, theams 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 lesses of this! Day by day, nay, hour by hour, many a beautiful spirit drops its encumbering garment of clay, and dons its royal robe for the better life. With woof 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 perfeetly natural in all its parts, and is govern-ed 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

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 avelage of strangers. eycles of eternity?

It is well, sometimes, to think of our beloved, who have gone within the vail, as happy learners of heavenly-lore, 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 prin-

But we may be certain that all this learn ing, 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 trans-lated to the world of causes love none the is they are nearer the of Love and Life, they receive more directly the rays of that effulgent centre which men glibly name with the irreverence of ignor-

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 Frederika 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 SWISSHELM.

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 pedi-gree back to Lady Jane Grey who was behead-

ed three centuries ago. She was an ardent by a white man. Startled by his pale face abolitionist, when abolitionism meant ostraland long black gown, the natives took him cism 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 mark better along that the mark better along the m 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 o 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 the state of the st ject. She also wrote works on geology, history and ethics. At the age of eighty-five, she wrote a paper on the Infidel 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 facul-ties. 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 evo-lution 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 Carribean 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, de struction 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 temiporal 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 Nootha Indian preparing for war: "Great Quahootze let me live, not be sick, find 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 incan tation 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 aggry-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 Æschylus's "Seven against Thebes," where Eteokles implores Zeus, the earth and the tutelar 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

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 Manito. We give thee to smoke. The Naudowessles 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 Manito, 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 Manito, 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

The Polynesian missionary, Turner, says: "The Samoans offer this prayer the same as we say grace at meal time. In taking their 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 sailing gods (storm gods). Do not you, O sailing 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.

> For the Religio Philosophical Journal. 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 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 outsearching and powerful as its instrument grows more refined, but will always be limited to the expression possible through matter. So the lirst 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 soulpower. 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 rea-son 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 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 contempt uous disregard of matter and its conditions with a loud cry for exhibition of spirit power, which is the position taken by the zeal-

ous 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.

ITO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Religio-Phillesophical 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 than 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 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 sullen, bent on consigning her to eternal perdi-tion 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 drivel? I write this in all reverence for the beliefs of others, but with feelings of indignation against the terripe of processor. 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 trans gressions and attain peace with her God? Not in all the inspired page is there anything more positively set forth, than the immutable law of Jehovali, 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 RAIL-WAY, or Stories of the Lo comotive in Every Land. By Wm. Sloane Kennedy. Chicago: S. C. Griggs

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 Macter" "The Track and The Train." motive 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 mechanicians has exercised itself in the excogitation of a good many fan-tastic 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 Hendricke. By Deshler Welch. Price, paper cover, 20 cents. OVER THE SUMMER SEA. By John Harrison and Margaret Compton. Price, paper cover, 20

Our Newspapers.

According to Edwin Alden & Bro.'s (Cincinnati) American Newspaper Catalogue for 1884, there 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, 1,357; Tri-weeklies, 71; Semi-weeklies, 168; Sundays, 295; Weeklies, 10,-975; Bi-weeklies, 39; Monthlies, 1,502; Bi-monthlies, 26; Quarterlies, 83; showing an increase over the publications of 1883 of 1,594. The greatest increase has been among the weekly newspapers of a politi-cal character (?) while it has been least among the class publications. The book is very handsomely gotten up and contains some S50 pages, printed on heavy book paper, elegantly bound in cloth. It will be sent to any address, prepaid, on receipt of \$1.50.

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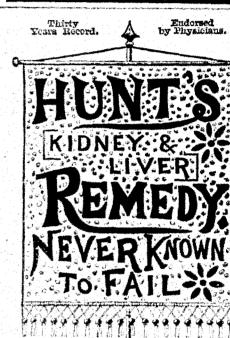
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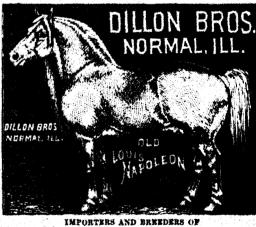
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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, September 20, 1884.

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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 sufferer be led by slow steps toward the point greater desideratum than ever before. The JOURNAL will be kept up to the highest standard possible with the facilities of the publisher and editor, and he hopes for the hearty and continuous patronage of the better and more intelligent class of the great public, both within and without the Spiritualist ranks.

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 ancy of her grief, or willingness to die was a thousand miles away from his office. | for her dear one, stay the fatal effects? No 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 Carrier Dove speaks of the communication as the "pretended message" and criticises it justly and none too severely.

The Journal agrees with its Pacific cotemporary 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 withal to nature itself, that we deem it wrong for any Spiritualist journal to publish it without contradiction." The following characteristic passage from the

" message" sustains the criticism: "I knew exactly all that took piece around me a the time that I separated from my body. I saw weeping and sorrowing friends and heard the re-marks 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 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 it cut my earth-life short. This ienement-house body of mine could not stand the strain I put it to, and the spirit fied to this piace, 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 may reaming, contented and happy, exclaiming, 'Oh, Death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory?" is thy victory?"

The one thing of all others which the philosephy 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 miler the natural penalty for his vices; that no vicarious atonement and no death-bed remake him "contented and ppy"; that he must work out his own sala and be purified by suffering and an-. Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten and mediums have described the sufferings neh spirits, as seen and heard by them. e as chilling and terrible as anywar pertrayed.

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 vications 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 moulded his spirit so that God himself cannot suddenly change its constitution.

Unfortunately for Spiritualism as an ism too many whilom 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, everactive forces behind it will still persist in all their strength; and under their resistless, never ceasing impulse each succeeding generation will mark a degree higher than its predecessor on the moral and spiritual regis-

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 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 poignthe 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 spirit-

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.

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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

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 rough 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 iail 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 Praudulent

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 griend 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 trick-ery 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

The truthfulness of our mediums has always been in important factor in the progress of our principles: for what truth is there that will not surely be hinder ed by falseness? 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 fraud, 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. BRITTAN." 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 indescend to trickery, or allowed themselves to be the instruments of it, and trying to show them of what a monstrous wrong they were guilty. Dr. B.

"The thing cannot be done in a quiet way. The iniquity 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 it something could not be done on his side toward suppressing fraudulent mediums by ob-structing their deceiful 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 truths 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 pro-fess to represent our cause. It is this abominable treachery to the truth within our ranks that all lovers of truth have a common interest in suppres

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 this ultimately but reproach and disaster? Its charitable judgment is of course due as much to mediums as to all our other fellow-creatures. But in its warfare on known frauds I know of no reason to think it behind any other journal or individual. It feels on this point as deeply as Dr. Brit-

So I wish to take occasion of this communication of the Doctor to invite it to a consideration of the great evil which so distresses him-of its magnitude and the best means of suppressing it. Our friends all over the world are evidently alive to it, as their

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 failed to conceal his crime, and the failed to conceal his crime, and the failed to conceal his crime, and the failed to conceal h to take them?

By "reasonably suspected" the Doctor of course 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 experienced students of the subject, who are also of candid disposition. 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 lenounce and has denounced willful deception and proven fraud wherever found. Mere personal doubts of the opinions of inexperienced and some-times prejudiced theorists it has ever refused to receive as evidence. It has always insisted, and will continue so to do, that owing to the intricate condi-tions surrounding mediumship—conditions quite as often produced by the sitter himself as by any other 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 proved guilty! This course is pursued in all jury trials toward those brought up 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 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 de-nounce the Spiritualist mediums unheard; but the Banner of Lique, itself established by spirit-intelligences, intends that while it goes 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 re publishes 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

Will the Banner jog the memory of its readers by naming instances where it has denounced "willful deception and proven 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. "Propen fraud" indeed! there is no possible way of proving fraud to the Banner. The evidence finds it better.

of honorable men and wemen, whose veracity is above suspicion, supplemented with the masks, muslin, glass diamonds, and tinsel taken from the tricky mediums, goes 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 deprayed. 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 way, 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 Colum-

bus, 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 ad-

dress 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 toperform 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. fraud"? Even a single instance would be called at the office last week to tell the Jourrefreshing. True, it has made occasional | NAL 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-

Sauford 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; ilnally 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 its 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.

ness" 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 infre-

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 expounders 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 Bal timore 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 archor 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 associates, 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 puss 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 its inconsolable mistress and a large contingent of family mourners followed the remains. Priests chanting a solemn litany met the bier, and eccorted it to its grave. Another defunct feline is commemorated by a hand-come monument at the gate of the cometery just entitle Tokio. AN AWFUL LESSON.

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

Our knowledge of the writ-r justifies us in commending the following narrative to the Journal's readers as undoubtedly touthful.—Ed. JOURNAL'S

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 to morality. Some go so far as to denounce it unsparingly 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 calumnies 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. chooses to use such weapons.

There are, however, fairer-minded persons who would scorn 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 number of perfect misery on the 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.

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 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 hearly 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 indisay. It plainly presents and powerfully indi-cates 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 impres-sive and undeniable. Whether its doctrine be a "weak" one, the facts, as in great numbers attested, must show.

bers 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 righteous and the suprame value of another's

quently "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 not to adorn highly his religious profession-he was ordained pastor of an orthodox church in a floorishing 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 undeserved 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 writ-ing medium, a lady in private life only, but offine 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 -. Humiliation and suffer-

ing. 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 distrested conditions of the medium re-appeared and continued during the writing of the following terrible self arraign-

THE MINISTER'S CONFESSION. "I have a confession to make before I can | Magazine sent one year for \$3.50.

Never can I get away from earth till I make it. My earthly life was a prolonged gratification of the onses. My ambition satisfied by the position attained. I sought not to lift my people into higher and broader thoughts, 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 ence as to my body. My early inclinations l 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 gamopen association with women and the gaming table would not be allowed by my exceedingly proper people. So hypocrisy of ontward 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

tirely.
"Thus grew up intellectual and moral hypocrisy. When finally the death of the body came, and I, after some time, roused up from came, and I, after some time, roused up from the lethargy re sulting from my peculiar dis-ease, 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, non-Low. 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

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." 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 basely one carried the same to be a some thing the same to be a 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, in adequate. 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 forego-

"That communication from C— is marvel ous. 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 was ever 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 so impossible as this is needed to add horror to the picture. What ages of "humiliation and suf-fering." 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 en tirely 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 an everlasting, hopeless hellwill any theology ever move him to a virtu-

ous life? In effect perhaps no preaching is really weaker than this, which some think so neces

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.

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Lies within the grasp of the young men who secure the Best Business Education. To secure this educa-tion we would recommend the Grand Rapids Business College, which is under the control of Prof. (G. Swensberg—a successful business man and thorough educator. Young men with ambition to secure the best practical knowledge of business should put emselves in communication with this institution

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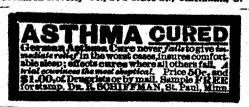
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By order of the Committee of Arrangements: Mrs. Dr. Schlessinger, Editor Garrier Dove, Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. F. A. Logan, speaker and healer, Long Branch, Alameda, Cal.; Mrs. M. Miller, test medium and speaker, 106 7th street, San Francisco, Cal.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. We Shall Knew.

BY A. T. LANPHERE.

We shall know when in the future Death shall roll the mists away, Hiding from our earthly vision Glimpses of the coming day; When the shadows o'er us passing
Shali be merged in joyous light,
And earth's sombre colored garments
Shali be changed for spotless white.

We shall know when in the morning We awake to clearer light, Freed from all the doubts and darkness That environ us at night; When the sunshine of our being Shines in splendor o'er the hills, And the beauty of existence All our joyous being fills.

We shall know, ah! golden vision, When life's weary watch is o'er, Why our barques are rudely driven Ere they reach the quiet shore; Why the storms of passion raging Throw their shadows o'er our way, Ere the night of sin and sorrow Ripens into perfect day.

We shall know why death bath veiled us From the presence of our own; Why our dearest ones have left us In this world of care, alone: Why these partings, and these longings For the dear ones gone before; Why we ford the stream of sorrow Ere we reach the further shore.

We shall know why the Eternal In his wisdom placed us here.

Why we pass through earthly shadows

Fre we reach life's golden sphere;

Why the sunshine follows darkness—

Why the morning follows night—

Why the darkest hour in passing Ushers in the morning light.

We shall know, ah! blest assurance, More than mortal mind can know; We shall roam where crystal fountains O'er the sands of knowledge flow; All our sorrows will be banished. By the joys of love divine, While the light from God's eternal Throne, shall round about us shine. Coldwater, Mich.

Mediums.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: It is sometimes said and believed that the majority of mediums are somewhat lacking in weight of character, in knowledge of practical affairs, or in that proper balance of mental forces that insures a healthy action of the mind. If the readers of the Journal could have been at the Lausing Camp for the ten days of the meeting, they at least would have had evidence before them tending to disprove it. The first thing that attracted me as I entered the grove and took a seat, was the vision on the platform of four well-known women of substantial presence of four well-known women of substantial presence and character, whose faces express goodness, cultivation of the moral powers, a command of these powers, and marked earnestness of purpose. I knew them personally, three of them well: I know many friends of the fourth, and believe her life is

many friends of the fourth, and believe her life is full of good service to mankind.

These are all good wives and mothers, and industrious, practical and orderly housekeepers. Most of their time is spent in their homes. Three of them are farmers' wives. One is a healing and clairvoyant physician of this city. One is an artist through this power, and has also for years engaged in soothing and healing the sick. It is a blessing to look into her motherly and, at the same time, beaming and dimpled face. She is full of sunshine, but I can say nearly this of the other two whom I know well. One of these personates in her home, a very well. One of these personates in her home, a very graceful Indian girl, and then it is surprising to see the vivacity and gayety of her manners and move-ments, for she, though so genial, is a thoughtful matron. The other is truly the commanding as well as idolized, spirit of her home, but she is also a speaker, commanding on the platform, too, because there is always a strong woman behind her words; be-hind her expressed faith, behind her summons to a

true life.

If the rhetoric and grammar of any of these is not as faultless as that of some young women, it is because not even the privileges of the best grammar schools could be freely enjoyed by them, in the early, and the privileges with a property of schools are life. or pioneer life of school-days. But how this woman held her audience on Sunday, August 17th! They leaned forward and listened intently to all the earnest arguments, and in closing, when she dwelt in an especially beautiful and convincing way on reunion with our precious friends, they were filled with joy and meltel into tears with their tender memories. Men and women alike, with the brown hair of youth, or the silver of later years, were leaning forward with bedewed eyes and with that subdued yet lifted attitude which betokens a holy faith and peace. Detroit, Mich. CATH. A. F. STEBBINS.

The Best and Purest Element of Spiritualism.

There is no truth more patent than that the speculation as to our future state beyond this life is an allabsorbing topic, and one that affects all classes, ages sexes and races. In the early dawn of history we find the human mind then, as now, reaching out from the general darkness in search of some solution of the awful mystery of our origin and our destiny. The questions: Whence came we? Why are we here? and Whither are we bound? always have enthrailed the minds of may and always will do a white the the minds of men, and always will do so while the breath of life remains. The mystery of our birth and death has been the means of causing mankind ceaseless woe and misery. The fear and trepidation in which men always have stood when brought face to face with the great leveler, death, has been taken advantage of by those stronger minded, and priest-craft once instituted through this weakness, has fastened itself upon men in every age and clime, and each succeeding year witnessed its increasing strength and influence until it not only claimed spiritual but temporal authority as well, which in time caused strong men to revolt and each instituted sect after sect until now there is no such thing as a unity of religious belief. The last half century has witnessed a wide-spread change in religious belief. Liberal ideas now are largely dominant, and it is safe to say that this change will endure. The fact that for centuries no new light at all satisfactory as to our hereafter has dawned upon the minds of men, per-haps is the strongest reason why old tenets are rehaps is the strongest reason why old tenets are renounced for the new ones that appeal more closely
to the natural longings and instincts of men. Men
are loth to believe that death ends all, and that perhaps is why the new teaching technically denominated Spiritualism, is so rapidly growing, and is said
to aiready number fully 10,000,000 believers in the
United States, a larger number of adherents than
any other belief can boast, and one that embraces all
classes and grades of society from the late President
Garfield down to the humblest citizen. The growth
of this belief is wonderful, dating back as it does
only to the year 1832, and its strength is on the gain.
One of the most important factors in producing this One of the most important factors in producing this wonderful growth of Spiritualism, is the able, con-sistent, straightforward manner in which its chief dvocate, the Religio-Philosophical Journal, of Chicago, has been conducted. Its able editor, Col. Jno. C. Bundy, represents the best and purest element of Spiritualism faithfully and well. Freeloveism and charlatanism receive no favor or mercy from his powerful, trenchant pen. Those who wish to learn of the latest and best teaching regarding the life beyond, should subscribe for the JOURNAL.— Pioneer, Scranton, Dakota.

An odd amusement for a Sunday-school picnic was devised by some Scotch Sunday-school teachers, who, on their way home from a day's pleasure, persuaded the parish elergyman to perform the marriage coremony in the reliway carriage three times, for the benefit of three couples, mated at hapharard. He consequed, and now there is the usual complaint benefits the jokes find themselves really married.

It is proported that Lieutement Meiville will com-send mellier studie excludition, to be a private enter-ted the studies of the Meny Lock Locks (Int) are ex-sense to format the proper.

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-loveism, Spiritualism and biasphemy, should keep away from the meetings held at Cassadaga. The reporter of the Express is our authority as to the character of the stuff which is sent from that hot-bed of infidelity. Some of the speakers would banish home, the Bible, and God from the universe. The further we are from such sacrilege the better for us."—Fredonta Presbyterian.

will the Presbyterian.

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 out by a dash of dogmatic assumption. The meetings at Cassadaga are not characterized by such "stuff" as the Presbyterian would have us believe, as thousands who have been there will bear witness; and such libelous attacks and contemptible flings do such libelous attacks and contemptible flings do poor credit to the character and "religion" of the Presbyterian. "Free-loveism, Spiritualism and blaspheny" are classed together as the staple "sent forth from that hot-bed of infidelity." The charge of free-loveism comes with a poor grace from one whose social morals are inspired by the examples of Abraham, David and Solomon. The "infidelity" at Cassadaga consists in a denial of the divinity and authority of relevanty, slavery, incest, murder. Infinite thority of polygamy, slavery, incest, murder, Infinite vengeance, and Divine debauchery portrayed in the vengeance, and nivine department portrayed if the Record which the Presbyterian worships as authority, and demands us to obey! Of course, the only hope left to superstition is to frighten the ignorant and "smirch" the character of all who venture into forbidden fields of discovery. This has been the coward policy of intolerant Theology through all the dock are of history. It is the same spirit that imdark ages of history. It is the same spirit that imprisoned and tortured heretics in the bloody days of the inquisition. The same feeling compelled Galithe inquisition. The same feeling compelled Galileo to renounce the truth of his scientific discoveries
upon pain of death. The same that burned Bruno,
and murdered and mutilated the body of the beautiful and accomplished Hypatia at Alexandria. It is
blind bigotry and theological despotism that has
elouded the reason of the world and branded all
deviations from stereotyped creeds as Infidelity, and
hunted the disciples of science and progressive
thought with vergence armed with poisoned arthought with vengeance, armed with poisoned arrows of slander and the sword of persecution. I challenge the *Presbyterian* for the proof that "some of the speakers (at Cassadaga) would banish home, the Bible, and God from the universe." No class of people express more exalted sentiments of home than those who represent the thought and religion than those who represent the thought and religion at Cassadaga. They may criticise the Bible, and so do the best Christian scholars of the age. No Spiritualist can express more blasphemous words of God than are found in the Presbyterian creed, and if we must have such a god or none, the best minds will prefer none. But because we repudiate the Presbyterian god it does not follow that we would banish the Call of patters the Infinite Deity, from the unithe God of nature, the Infinite Deity, from the universe. But suppose we would, is it likely God would

verse. But suppose we would, is it likely God would suffer for our puny negation?

At Cassadaga thousands find evidence of immortality which the Presbyterian cannot give. Is that the cause of our offending? Is that "infidelity and blasphemy?" Cassadaga can show a record for moral fidelity quite as clear and high as the churches of Fredonia. We do not claim perfection, but there is room and time for all to grow. We could present a list of several hundred clergymen proven guilty of immorality and crime, and some of them more discusting and horrible than any which has been comimmorality and crime, and some of them more dis-gusting and horrible than any which has been com-mitted by any Spiritualist. I knew a case that came within this neighborhood, the history of which eclipsed any and all the immorality and crime ever discovered among professed Spiritualists. The rev-erend sinner may have drawn his inspiration and authority from the Bible, but he could not have found it in Spiritualism. I have in mind one who remains unquestioned in the Church to-day, although the Pastor has been repeatedly informed of her con-duct, whose doings would "smirch" the name of duct, whose doings would "smirch" the name of Spiritualism, and if she belonged with the Society at Cassadaga, it might feel disgraced. Indeed the Society of Spiritualists there would not peaceably tolerate such conduct; and, though they might tolerate the person, and say, "Go and sin no more," they would not conspire to protect from just discipline one who persistently violated the clearest ideas of

purity and fidelity. 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 press has confounded with the sentiments of the orator and thus been shocked with the "filth of free-loveism."

Some speaker may have criticised the doings 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. Some radical at Cassadag: may have had the effrontery to express a doubt that the Infinite God ever falled in his plans, or "repent ed" of a work that did not turn out as he expected and intended it should, and this doubt and its expression would, of course, be "blasphemy" to our Presbyterian neighbor. But the intelligent thinker will regard it blasphemy to accuse God of such imwill regard it blasphemy to accuse God of such im-becility, incompetence and boy'splay. If it is blas-phemy to vindicate the character of God against the charges of murder, vengeance, and infinite cruelty and debauchery, some of the speakers at Cassadaga may plead guilty to the charge. If it is "sacrilege" to trust in the love of God, and study him in his works, and vindicate the moral nature of man against the debasing againstions and blastherms against the debasing assumptions and blasphemous dogmas of the old, but fast-fading theology, then we may be sacrilegious. The spiritual meetings at Cassadaga are closed for this season; but the Free Caseadaga are closed for this season; but the Free thinkers are now holding forth on these grounds. Many Spiritualists will attend and participate in the exercises; but it is not a Spiritualist meeting. Spiritualists are Free thinkers, but they are something more, while the ruling element in this convention is Materialism, Spiritualists are about the only class of believers who dare meet the "Giauts of Negation," and discuss the ingress hattyrous scientific Materialism. and discuss the issues between scientific Materialism and discuss the issues between scientific materialism and the claims of religion based on immortality. The Christian clergy armed with the learning of the schools, the Bible, and religious history caunot an swer the objections and reasonings of the Agnostics. The Spiritualist cau and does meet them with "stubborn facts" and a philosophy more complete than Materialism can give. We do not care to convert them until the fosts and reasonings of Spiritualism. them until the facts and reasonings of Spiritualism compel them to believe. We have no use for vile epithets against the honest doubter, nor care to frighten the ignorant into confessions of faith. We know that free thought and fair investigation are sure to bring them all to the spiritual gospel sooner or later, and a cry of "blasphemy, filth of free-loveism, and infidelity," against those who cannot see as we do, would be a revelation of our own conscious weakness and moral corruption, and a confession of our inability to cope with "these Giants of Nega-tion." I seldom refer to the moral turpitude manifested in the churches, for I realize they are human and no faith or conversion can change them in

day to immaculate saints. 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 blasphomy and infidelity, and doctrines taught, which, in their very nature must weaken moral integrity and lower the standard of virtue, justice, and worship, will therefore "smirch" the name of all who go to church. Because harlots are honored with the "Holy Eucharist," and have a free ticket to heaven, endorsed by the Church; and because clergymen convicted of seduction and theft are retained in the pulpit, I do not imagine that the large class of men and women who assemble at Chautauqua or at the various camp meetings where more or less of the do-ings of David and Abraham are imitated (with no angels to follow the deserted mistress into the wil-derness and minister to her) are "smirched," and that all who attend their meetings will be "smirch-ed" with the filth of free-loveism, as illustrated by the book they worship. But we may thank the Presbuterian for a free advertisement, and intelligent people will prefer the evidence of their senses to the insane ravings of dogmatic bigotry. It is not to my taste to indulge in these reflections, but when a great body of intelligent, virtuous, and honest people are insulted and outraged by a public attack from the "hot-bed" of superstition and shasphemy, a public attack are necessary in the interests. lic rebuke seems necessary in the interests of truth and morality.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

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

Curious Incidents Ellustrating 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 be out of place to mention two instances of "presentiments"—or, to use parhaps a better word, mind telegraphy—the accuracy and bona fides of which can be vouched for.

The wife of the writer has a cousin a lady of ex-

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 vis-ible. Indeed, except the husband of my wife's cousin and a lad who did odd jobs about the house, there was not one of the male sex upon the premises. For some weeks no untoward incident of any kind happened; the season progressed merrily, and my wife's relatives, whom I may call Mr. and Mrs. W. (I believe they were upon their honeymoon, or, at all events, in the early and enthusiastic stage of matrimony), enjoyed the round of London gayeties without stint. One evening, however, Mrs. W. was dressing to go to the opera. She was alone in the chamber—her husband having, with the superior celerity that pertains to the masculine tollet, completely that pertains to the masculine tollet, completely that pertains to the masculine tollet, completely that pertains to the masculine tollet. pleted his attire and descended to the drawing room—when, to use her own words, "a strange sensation of terror came over me. For some moments I could not define the feeling; by degrees it appeared to assume shape and concentration. I rushed to the door, and opening it, called loudly down the stairs for my husband. He came up in alarm.

'Alfred,' I cried, as I re-entered the bed-room upon seeing him approach, 'boit the door; quick, quick!'

'Why, my dear!' What is the matter!' was his very natural question.

'Bolt the door; see 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 pleted his attire and descended to the drawing room

"Note is a manman 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. But although soothed by my husband's presence, I was not to be ridiculed out of the intense and yield consciousness which out of the intense and vivid consciousness which seemed to possess me, that there was in very truth a

Innatic beneath the same roof as myself.

"We went to the opera, and returned in due course. No tragedy occurred, nor was there any episode of an unusual nature. But the next morning I heard a cab drive to the door, and saw that it was entered by a gentleman whom I had never seen better. I select one of the domestics who the gray. before. I asked one of the domestics who the gentleman was, and then learned that our landlady was not a widow, but that her husband was in Asylum. From time to time, during lucid intervals, he was permitted to return home for a brief visit of a day or so's duration, and he had paid such a visit the previous afternoon!"

Years afterward the same lady, Mrs. W. (now a widow), was residing in a suburb of Liverpool, my wife happening to be staying at the time I am about to mention, under the same roof. It was an autumn morning, and the family and guests were at breakfast, when Mrs. W. related a dream she had had in the night. Briefly, it was that Miss T., a young lady neighbor, on the eve of being married, had met with a terrible contretemps. She had quarrelled with her brother, who, being exasperated beyond control, so far forgot himself as to strike her a blow upon the face, which greatly disfigured her.

Within half an hour the servant came over from the house of the T.7s with a message; "Will Mrs. W. kindly come over to see Miss T. at once? Miss T. has had a bad accident."

My wite's cousin at once went over to the house, and found things in terrible confusion. It was the 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 braise upon her face served at once to bring to Mrs. W.'s mind the episode of which she had dreamed. It soon transpired that a quarrel had taken place between the brother and elster—who were foreigners, and perhaps lacked the power of restraint which the cooler-blooded Briton is supposed to possess—in which the young lady had sustained the injury to her face. Her allegation was that her brother had her face. Her allegation was that her brother had

against the chimney-piece.

At all events, Mrs. W.'s dream was strangely fulfilled. To complete the story, however, I should mention that the bride's face was judiciously " made up," and a double vell maneuvered with such dexterity that the wedding ceremony, although delayed, was completed, and the loving pair joined in one without any outsider becoming one whit the wiser as to the contretemps of the morning.—Inter-Ocean.

Spirits Seeing Matter.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: 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 differ-ence between seeing and perceiving, and the Jour-NAL is the prime motive center of this mental agita-NAL is the prime motive center of this mental agita-tion. Thirty years of inquiry and investigation had removed all possible doubt from the mind of the present writer on this question, and this through ob-servations extending over every grand division of the earth, and of every possible variety. It pleased me to learn that your New York correspondent had learned from his own experiments that spirits can not perceive the material forms that go to make our earth life what it is. By the way, has not our good brother carried the proposition a little too far? I hardly think he means to say that spirits can not perceive the earthly forms, but am inclined to think

he meant to say, "see." A moment's reflection will point out the distinction. I can perceive that a pin is sticking into my flesh, while I may not see it.

The writer can hardly be persuaded that spirits can not perceive earthly forms (that is realize their presence); yet he fully indorses your New York correspondent's position as he understands it, with the receiption of the possible meaning of the word perexception of the possible meaning of the word per-ceive. His (Mr. D.'s) illustration of the spirit, think-ing she rocked the chair and handled his fingers, was

very neat illustration. It would be a grand test for skeptics could spirits really see matter. For instance, Brown attends a scance and desires to be sure the answer does not come from the medium. He asks the spirit to count the number of balls in a sealed box under his arm. At once the spirit replies, "seven." Two or three such experiments satisfy B. that the phenomena are, at least, not fraudulent. He requests: "Follow me home to-night, and tell me now many ears of corn I feed my cow." This could be done if the spirit country the many large the corn. can see the man and his corn, or even perceive them. The writer is glad to learn that many experiments are resulting from the query.

R. B. Anderson.

Death of the Founder of the Scientific American.

Rufus Porter, the original founder of the Scientific American, died recently at New Haven, Ct., in the ninety-third year of his age. His school life began at the age of four, and closed when he was twelve years old. He early showed a taste for me-chanics. He followed a variety of occupations cobbling shoes in 1807; painting gunboats in 1812; taking portraits with a camera obscura of his own make in 1820; and afterwards painting landscapes on the walls of houses as a substitute for croamental papers. He invented a revolving rife which he subscapes that the following rife which he subscapes the state of the form one hundred deligrations. sequently sold to Col. Colt for one hundred dollars. Later in life his inventions were very numerous. He began publishing the Scientific American with a cash capital of one hundred dollars and a contemplated indebtedness of a few hundred more. The first number bears date August 28, 1845.

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. "Their behavior," he says, "was intensely human, exhibiting all the usual manifestations of jolly good-fellowship, including that advanced stage, where a group were rolling over each other and granting affectionately in tones that were very distinctly impressive of swearing good fellowship all around. The reeling and staggering and the expression of their features all hidlested that alcohol had the same effect on page as on men; that under its influence both stood precisely on the same noological level."—Popular Edence Monthly.

An Excellent Clairveyant Physician.

Sometime ago, under the guise of a "sucker," I had occasion to inspect several maledorous 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 or the suspicion of a fraud; and yet his name as a medium has never to my knowledge appeared in public print. He is Charles E. Phelps, a clairvoyant physician of this place.

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 bedside 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; while sorrowing friends went to order shroud and coffin. As soon as the new Doctor entered the sickroom, the drugs with which the sufferer had for weeks been dosed went flying out the window. The remedies then put in use were few and simple. The remedies then put in use were few and simple. The attendants were amazed at seeing an uneducated farm lad with closed eyes going through such a performance, all the while speaking au unknown language. So they offered no resistance. As the patient had been given up to die the Doctor could at most do no harm, they thought. But the patient is alive and well to-day, the mother of a large family at Kingston. Wis.

The first manifestations which took place through him were regarded by his brothers and sisters with terror; by his orthodox parents, as "the work of the devil," and they forthwith proceeded to whip it out that the control of the devil. of the incorrigible. The exhibition of total depravity however, continued at irregular intervals. At the time of his first professional visit above noted the Doctor had never seen the inside of a medical work; yet from that day to this he has, with hardly an interruption, followed the calling of a physician. He has often tried to read medical books, but at every attempt some unseen power would snatch the book out of his hand and sight. To enumerate the many marvellous cures the Doctor has wrought would require the space of a good-sized volume. A large proportion are cases the "regulars" have confessed themselves unable to help, and have resigned. In one case which has come to my knowledge, an incorrect diagnosis followed by the standard prescriptions well-nigh resulted fatally. The patient was laid out as dead before Doctor P. took him in hand; and notwithstanding the violent protestations of the family against further treatment a complete recovery

But I am unable to make this brief sketch of any particular value as furnishing data, for the reason the Doctor persistently refuses to give me any details, and is opposed to anything having the semblance of an advertisement. I hope, however, to get the Doc-tor some day to change his determination, that I may give medical science the benefit of some experi-ences which have occurred in the practice of an "irregular."

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 and his mission now is to make amends for the mischief he then unwittingly committed. To hear him describe Bonaparte's passage of the Alps is a red-letter event in the calendar of one's life-time. For many years the Old Doctor, as his control is call-ed, could correctly diagnose a disease at a point far distant from his medium; but at lets the effort is to distant from his medium; but of late the effort is too much for the nerves of the latter. I can say that I have yet to learn of the first case which he has failed

to diagnose rightly, whether the medium was present by, or removed from, the patient.

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. The post mortem reveals it at rest. One may study the mechanical construction of a lecomotive standing idle. How much better a concep-tion do you get to view it at work! It is well to know the condition of one's physical organization as indicated by symptoms. How much more satisfactory if one sees every disturbance of functions, concealed or patent, and the operation of every part in motion. To hear the Old Doctor thus describe the actions going on within us, noting each movement, its nature and cause, whether mental or physical, I regard as one of the most entertaining as well as instructive lectures I ever listened to.

He spends no time in giving tests. His mission is solely to alleviate the pains and sufferings of humanity. Many have gone to him seeking a sign; but they invariably come away disappointed His advice and information sometimes volunteered on outside mat-ters is always good, and I have often found it of suf-ficient value to employ it. But the Old Doctor does not control his medium for a past-time nor for the

gratification of idle curiosity.

Without disparagement of any of the many mediums who are laboring faithfully and honestly to confer upon mortals what blessings our spiritual friends can impart to us, I desire to state that in my opinion Dr. Phelps is the most perfect medium and his control the most reliable, of any it has been my pleasure to meet.

Now, I wish to propound a query. Assuming the facts to be as I have stated them (and I will vouch for their accuracy), on what hypothesis will the sci-entific savants explain the phenomena? Is Dr. Phelpe's practice of the healing art the "work of the devil," or "mind reading," or "unconscious cerebra-tion," or "hallucination," or "willful imposture"? Perhaps some may look wise and express grave doubts whether such a person exists at all. Now, don't all speak at once, gentlemen. To my mind simple and rational theory is amply sufficient. Still, there be they amongst the Doctor's neighbors who like their prototypes of old, would not "be persuaded though one rose from the dead." Rather than consult him, they would prefer to die in good, orthodox fashion, and be buried with all the "pride, pomp and circumstance" a genuine Pharisee is entitled to JAMES ABBOTT.

For the Religic-Philosophical Journal. Cranks.

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. Re-ligious crankism has always been so common that it needs no comment. Political crankism will suffi-ciently illustrate itself between now and next election. There ought not to be, but there are, scientific cranks—nay, more: science in the aggregate has be come crankish in refusing for thirty-five years to in vestigate modern Spiritualism, and to give the world some definite explanation of spiritual phenomena. The occultists of India develop phenomena very similar to that of our Spiritualists, but do not claim any reference to spirits of another world—indeed, they deny this explanation. It would be in vain to assure a scientific crank that forty-five years ago I witnessed very extraordinary specimens of what was then called "second sight." It would be in vain, I suppose, to tell a scientific crank that later, I have seen mind reading unmixed with jugglery; and, lastly, it would be in vain to assure him I have seen the form of one who had been dead four years, and spoken with it. The scientist will now turn upon me and say I am the crank. The retort would not abolish or explain the phenomena, nor blot out the recollec-tion. I am no pletlet, nor scientist, nor Spiritualist, but protest against scientists who throw contempt on phenomena that are too well attested to deserve mere contempt. The pietists, defective in morals, wrong in phys-

ics, historically in error, leave us no rational hope of an after-life. The materialists, ditto, as to the hope The Spiritualists alone save that torch of hope from eing quite extinguished in eternal night.

Osceola, Iowa, Aug. 30, 1884.

Athens.

Agamemnon and Andromache are the names of the two children in the family of Dr. Schileman, the verifier of Greek history. The learned doctor and verifier of Greek history. The learned doctor and his wife and children are passing the summer in Germany. Their new dwelling in Athens is about the best modern house in the city. It is an imposing square mansion of the best Pentellic marble, crowned with marble statues of the whole Olympic host in groups of two and three. The front has a deep portion set into each story, while the plain molding between the two steries contains in large Greek letters the inscription, "fliou lifelathron." The interior consists of lotis, spacious rooms with marble floors, and ceilings freeseed richly with illustrations from the Greekan invitalogy. Part of the collection of antiquities exhaused at Tray is within this marble mansion, the remainder being in Germany.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellancous Subjects.

Professor Tyndall, 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

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 Broadbil-bin, 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 mephetic can cer in its center."

Anti-Jewish riots have broken out afresh in West-ern Russia at a village called Dubrovitza. Many Jewish houses were wrecked, twenty persons were wounded, and one woman killed by an anti-Semitic mob.

An anti-rust rail will become a necessity if electric railways ever come into general use. It was demonstrated at the recent forestry exhibition in Edinburgh that the electric railway there would not work on rusty rails.

At the electric exhibition in Philadelphia an organist plays a Roosevelt organ 130 feet away from his instrument. This makes playing much more pleasant for the organist, thinks the New Orleans

A singular custom prevails in France of taking the body of an executed criminal to the gate of a cemetery as though to make believe that interment was to take place, and then transporting it to the dissecting-room.

German physicians are claimed by many to be the most skillful in the world. They study thirteen years, in an ordinary college for five years, then attend a medical school six years, and end up with two works a kenyitation. years in a hospital.

By selling her jewels the sister of the King of Sweden founded a hospital, and when, one day, the tears of one of the patients, filled with gratitude, fell upon her hands, the Princess said: "Now I have my jewels back again."

Many people buy tea from Chinese dealers on account of its being packed in quaint little boxes. The package is no proof that the article is genuine, as the wrappers are made and the tea packed by a New York firm on Water street. South of Long Island, six fathoms beneath the At-

lautic, are the remains of a vast marsh. In very clear water roots of great trees can be seen from a boat, and in stormy weather masses of decayed wood and peat are thrown upon the shore.

A Chinese merchant in Mott street, New York, seems to have a clear idea of the trouble between France and China. He said to a reporter: "It likee this: I come to your door and lickee you and I wantee you to pay money to the for I lickee you. You think that light? What kind a ligion that?" Alonzo Moore of Cumberland, Pa., put on an old

pair of summer trousers the other day. Finding one of the pockets rather heavy he put in his hand to draw out a possibly forgotten flask, but drew out instead a lively black snake. Seeing which Mr. Moore danced a hornpipe while the snake executed

It may not be generally known that soft shell crabs are caught and then systematically fattened. As an old crabber said, "Crabs, like most folks, can't live on nothin, and so we mashes up some clams, some fish, or some meat, or horse feed, or almost anything we get right handy. If we don't feed 'em, they'll eat one another up." That a town in Vermont should have been cap-

That a town in evermont should have been cap-tured by the rebels during the late war seems strange but it is true. A band of refugees in Canada came across the border, rode into St. Albans, raided the banks, and retired with their spoil, which, however, was restored afterward by the British Government.

Long articles have been written about the cholera bacillus, but a medical writer says our real knowledge of it may be summed up by saying that it is shaped like a comma, that 40,000 to 60,000 of them placed lengthwise would make an inch, that it in-fests impure drinking water, favors the human in-testines as an abode, and is supposed to cause chol-

A simple sunshine recorder is made by Prof. H. Macleod by placing a globular bottle of water before a camera in such a position that the focussed ray falls on a sheet of sensitized paper in the camera box. As the sun makes its daily journey it produces a curved white line on paper, and when alouds cross the sun the line at the camera box. clouds cross the sun the line stops.—Dayton Jour-

The newly-found Hebrew MSS. of several books of the Old Testament have been carefully examined and deciphered by Dr. Harkavy of St. Petersburg, who declares them genuine. He was at first in-clined to be skeptical as to their genuineness, having the frauds of the Shapira manuscripts vividly in mind, but he has at present no doubts concerning their authenticity.

About two months ago Miss Inez Seely, of Centra-lia, Ill., while visiting at Vandalia, Ill., was attacked with sharp pains in her eyes, followed by total blindness. Skilled oculists pronounced her case incura-ble. A few days ago she regained her sight as aud-denly as it left her. The restoration of vision, like its less, was accompanied with intense pain in the head for a brief period.

France is literally one garden. Every inch of soil is cultivated. In riding from Paris to Dijon, 150 miles, we counted only thirty cattle. We saw no sheep or hogs. The farms have usually from one to ten acres. Some farms have half an acre, and some have as many as twenty acres. They are usually from thirty to 300 feet wide and from 1,500 to 2,000 feet long. There are no fences between them.

"Secretary and Mrs. Frelinghuysen," says a Long Brauch correspondent, "are of the kind known as old-fashioned people. He, quiet, sagacious, kindly, with a shrewd eye, and not a tithe the importance of the head-waiter; she, a dear old lady in black, with full puffs of soft gray hair on either side of a motherly face, a beaming smile, a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses, and a gentle voice."

Mrs. Weldon, whom her sex must look up to with pride, having alone and unaided defeated a host of English lawyers and M. D.'s, and proved a distinct conspiracy to entrap her into a lunatic asylum, posseeses remarkable eloquence. Her arguments, as read, are close and crushing, and she is described as having a wondrous charm of expression. She is not prolix, but excessively concise. She is energetic, full of animal life. Her nervous and intellectual organ-ization is intense. When she speaks, fire seems to flash from her.

The action of the Chinese sallors at Foo Chow in jumping overboard in preference to surrendering, revives the stories of the extraordinary ways these Celestials have destroyed themselves in former campaigns. Sometimes a whole garrison swallows gold-leaf. At other times their commander has them all beheaded. At Chinhai, in 1858, 1,500 of them threw themselves into the water and were drowned. When Gordon entered Soochow, during the Taeping re-bellion, be found the heads of all the Wangs of the townsstuck upon poles over a triumphal arch.

Twenty-five years ago the 28th of August last petroleum was discovered in Pennsylvania. The article had been used for centuries in Persta and Afghanistan, but it was unknown in this country. The first oil well ever drilled was put down near Titus-ville. From the old Indian days petroleum, known as Seneca oil, had existed in the vicinity. Large quantities floating on Oil Creek had been gathered for medicinal purposes. From 1854 to 1858 producing operations of a crude nature were earried on. Trenches were dag into which oil cossed, and was afterward pumped into vats. The Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company was formed and Colume Drake engaged to sink a well on the actedian principle. Work was commenced in May, 1898, and the first vois of oil was struck Aug. 28, at a depth of structure and one-half feet.

Poor, Tired Mother.

They were talking of the glory of the land beyond the skies.
Of the light and of the gladness to be found in Para-Of the flowers ever-blooming, of the never-ceasing of the wandrings through the golden streets of

happy, white-robed throngs;
And said father, leaning cosily back in his easy-chair

(Father always was a master-hand for comfort everywhere):
"What a joyful thing 'twould be to know that when this life is o'er
One would straightway hear a welcome from the blessed shining shore!"
And 'Isabel, our eldest girl, glanced upwards from the read

the reed

She was painting on a water jug, and murmured, "Yes, indeed." And Marian, the next in age, a moment dropped her

book,
And "Yes indeed!" repeated with a most costatic

But mother, gray-haired mother, who had come to sweep the room, With a patient smile on her thin face, leaned lightly

on her broom— Poor mother! no one ever thought how much she had to do-

And said, "I hope it is not wrong not to agree with But seems to me that when I die, before I join the blest, Pd like just for a little while to lie in my grave and

rest."
--Margaret Eytinge, in Harper's Magazine.

The Jordan Canal.

It seems that the proposed Jordan Canal, the plans for which have appeared in the foreign scientific journals, is not to be, in any proper sense, a canal, but rather a large inland sea, some 300 miles long, with an average of ten to fifteen miles in breadth. with an average of ten to lifteen miles in breadth. The waters of the Dead Sea would be raised from their present level about 1.300 feet, and its area, of course, be largely increased. The River Jordan, the Dead Sea, the Lake Tiberias would all disappear with some square miles of land, principally on the western side of the Jordan Valley as now existing, and in their place would be a vast inland sheet of water, fertilizing the neighboring desert with the rainfall produced by the evaporation from its surface. According to this plan, therefore, there would be, imple canal, a wide onen channel, traversstead of a simple canal, a wide open channel, traversing Palestine from north to south, navigable in every sense of the term, with safe harbors here and there

The great Railway of the West is the CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN, running several through trains daily without change over its lines to Omaha, St. Paul, Watertown, Pierre, Dak.; Marquette, on Lake Superior; Milwaukee, Wis., and, of course, intermediate towns. The Road is well equipped, good time is made, and the connections are close with all roads at junction points.

He Saved His Hay.

Sunday laws are coming to be strictly revived in some parts of the Union. Pennsylvania furnishes the latest case in the person of Mr. James Sampson, an opulent farmer of heterodox views. He had nine acres of hay that was in danger of being destroyed by a threatening storm, so on a recent Sunday he called out his farm hands and set them at work on the hay. The congregation of a neighboring church sent out a delegate of deacons to stop the work. They were received in a jesting manner by Mr. Sampson, who offered each a hay fork or rake, and when they told him to observe the law of the Bible, he said he could find nothing in the book relating to baying in Fairview township. Three hours later the storm Fairview township. Three hours later the storm broke, but Mr. Sampson's hay was saved. Under the Blue Laws an information was made before the Recorder of Eric and a warrant for arrest issued. Sampsen said that if convicted he would prosecute minis-ter,organist, choir and all paid members of the church for working on Sunday.

Smart-Weed, Jamaica Ginger, Camphor Water and best Brandy, as combined in Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed, cures colic or pain in stomach and lowels, diarrhoea, dysentery and cholera morbus, and breaks up colds and inflammations.

The Pope.

The encyclical letter of the Pope admonishing France that the Vatican does not approve of the new divorce laws would have frightened every citizen of the Republic out of his boots a hundred years or so ago. The highly civilized Frenchman of to-day regards the Pope as a foreign princeling and excommunication with indifference. All who avail themselves of the divorce laws are placed under the ban. Pretty much every one nowadays outside of the Vatican is under the excommunicatio lata for not believing in the infallibility of the Pope or for some other such reason; so nobody minds it any more. One is no longer burnt at the stake for his disbelief. The passage of the divorce laws has struck a severe blow at Catholicism in France, for the church has always been bitterly opposed to it.

A Lucky Man.

"A lucky man is rarer than a white crow," says Juvenal, and we think he knew. However, we have heard of thousands of lucky ones and we propose to let their secret out. They were people broken down in health, suffering with liver, blood and skin diseases, scrofula, dropey and consumption, and were lucky enough to hear of and wise enough to use Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the sovereign blood purifier, tonic and alterative of the age.

Twelve petrified clams were found at a depth of 250 feet last week while boring oil at Purissima, California.

Hard to Believe.

It is hard to believe that a man was cured of a Kidney disease after his body was swollen as big as a barrel and he had been given up as incurable and lay at death's door. Yet such a cure was accomplish-ed by Kidney-Wort in the person of M. M. Devereaux of Ionia, Mich., who says: "After thirteen of the best doctors in Detroit had given me up, I was cured by Kidney-Wort. I want every one to know what a boon it is."

The Mormons are systematically colonizing Oneida County, Idaho Territory.

It is a bold statement to say that any medicine is "never known to fail," but it is stated emphatically by the proprieters of Hunt's [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. This medicine is a specific for diseases of the kikneys, liver and bladder, and has a reputation of this transfer. of thirty years standing.

When Webster Was Dying,

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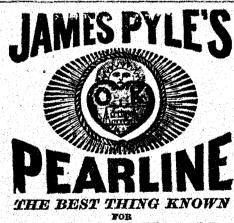


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THE INDEX.

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To the Editor of the Religio-Philosoph

FUNERAL OBSEQUIES

Over the Remains of Julius Alphonso Willard at No. 15 S. Sheldon Street, Chicago, September 11th.

REMARKS BY HIS SON, SAMUEL WILLARD.

My father, Julius Alphonso 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 Stantard Ct. potential in his time as a lard 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 plous 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 graw 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 Almyra Cady, in 1821, he opened a store in Lunenburg, Vt., and was appointed 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 in-stigation 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, prought 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 column - for the utterance of antislavery 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 waived trial, carrying his case to the Supreme Court on the law points only, and losing it there. "Underground Railroad." and agent of the "Underground Rahroad," and often acted very boldly, even at the risk of his life, venturing once 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 churchmembership, 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, busying 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 con-victions. 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 radicalisms 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 re-

lected 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, right-cousness, 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 over all he believed that the face of God is ever 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.

BEMARKS BY DR. THOMAS.

Mr. Willard was followed by Dr. H. W.
Thomas, who alieded to the illustrious an-Thomas, who allined to the injustrious an-cestors of the deceased, spoke of his impres-dive curser among distinguished men, his varied experiences while coding the popula-tion of the country house over and over again living to see showery abelished, the

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

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 Graceland Cemeterv.

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 gath ered from graveyards, but in personal descriptions, items of local interest and historic minutiæ, 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 arrose in the sudience and said he knew him 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. Lillie 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. Lillie and Mr. Baxter furnished music, varied and acceptable. Mr. Hale presided Saturday, and made some appropriate remarks, modest ly 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 Nothing daunted, he continued to be a station | interest, it would seem that the Free Thinkers 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 if but one day, since he had advertised me. He suggested that I speak in the evening. I told him I could not stay 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 my-self. 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

> 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 reward influence with this ualism 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 epiritual fountain, warming and inspiring to larger aims and deeper, higher, nobler purposes and grander lives.

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 scath-

ing rebuke. I hear that Mr. Charles Watts closed the meeting Sunday evening, with a

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 Ostrick Symposium.

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 Philosophizers" 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 agel May it not be said to these disciples of Emerson, as in our late address to the Agnostics generally: "Pride 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

How long will these imitative (I had almost said shallow) philosophers look backward instead of forward to the unturned 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 le-gitimately reach forward on the lines of fact and analogy into 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 num-

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 not 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 revealments, 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 lec-tures have been of a high order. A number of new stockholders have identified them-selves 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 As-sociation 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 with-drew 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 GRAPHO.

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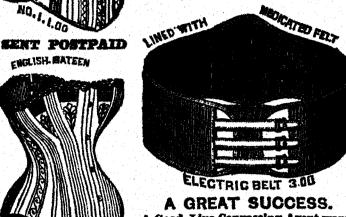
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