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ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, NOTES, L. PHILOS., ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

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

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

CONTENTS.

- FIRST PAGE.—The Thirty-Seventh Anniversary.—A Discourse Delivered by Mrs. E. R. Dyer, Before the Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists, in Berkeley Hall, Boston, Mass., March 29th, 1885.
- SECOND PAGE.—Jottings from England. Aid to Earth-Bound Spirits. An Indian Mesmerizer.
- THIRD PAGE.—Woman and the Household. Partial List of Magazines for June Received. Magazines for May not Before Mentioned. Book Reviews. New Books Received. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- FOURTH PAGE.—Do Your Duty! Our Interests are Mutual. Resurrection. The Church Congress. Not "we" but I. Walter Howell at Martin's Hall. Not a Mind or Prayer Cure. A Sermon to Doctors—Shall They Pray? Witchery. Not that Kind of a Temple. Mrs. Dyer's Lecture.
- FIFTH PAGE.—General Items. The Doctor's Laws. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- SIXTH PAGE.—Man and the Aspidian. Why Discouraged? A New Table Tipped.—Villagers Mystified and a Seneca Indian Baited Scared by a Young Woman. Instinct and Reason. Some Notable Traits in Animal and Bird Life. A Removal. When Death is in a House is it Wrong to Eat the Whole Family in Heavy Black? An Excellent Test. Mrs. E. L. Watson's Lecture. Immortality. Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.
- SEVENTH PAGE.—Spirit Hands Slapped His Face.—How James Peardick was Robbed for Laughing in a Haunted House. A Correction. State-Writing. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- EIGHTH PAGE.—The Future of Modern Spiritualism. General News. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

THE ROSTRUM.

The Thirty-Seventh Anniversary.

A Discourse Delivered by Mrs. E. R. Dyer, before the Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists, in Berkeley Hall, Boston, Mass., March 29th, 1885.

INVOCATION.

Thou art the soul close beside us, O Infinite Love. Thou art so tenderly folding us in Thy garments that we, gathered here to-day, though few in number, live again that olden day, that sweet and tender day of Him, who, watching beside those he loved, made them feel that they, being faithful, did more in one short day than they who watched and waited and then scattered, did in long years. We stand beside this beautiful cradle to-day, this cradle of the new light, this beautiful watchword descended from Thee, O Infinite Love, this tender watchword which wraps us in light and tenderness, and more than all, guides us in faithfulness; this watchword of brotherly and sisterly love, delight to gather where hearts are strong and true, where principles are being faithfully trained; where the moral light shines out clear and pure, and where the sunshine itself cannot make deeper or more beautiful lighting and beautifying than that inner and more resplendent sunshine of the spirit. Tender, loving, Infinite One, Thou whose arms reach out like mother arms and fold us closely to Thyself, give us of that sweet, deep power of Thine, which shall make our penetration keener, which shall make our wisdom take up the great light which has been shining forever, but which shall grow brighter as it shines on, which shall make us accept that great trust of Thine that we are spirits, standing between Thyself and those who wear their mortal garments, and which shall make us feel the glow of Thy light shining upon us that we may breathe out our power and our love and our perfect trust both for Thee and for ourselves. We knew, O Father, when Thy hand touched this cradle which Thou hast given into the keeping of mortals; we knew when Thy index finger touched it with a power which made known that within it lay the infant of Thy love, in whose clear, shining eyes mortals, looking down upon it, should see the faces of the angels mirrored there, and in whose first cry, as it went forth into the world, men and women should recognize Thy power and might. This cradle of spiritual light, oh, Father, which Thou hast touched, which Thou hast created and laid there; this beautiful gift which Thou hast given into our keeping! who we stand unclad before Thee and who stand so often invisible before men, thank Thee for. We bless Thee that our hands shall touch it, and we hope with Thee and for all mankind that when the sweeter shining comes upon the upturned face of that little babe, this beautiful new dispensation of light which it shall reveal unto men, their hearts shall catch more of the shining of those upper spheres, that their feet shall walk more pointedly in the light, and their hands shall grasp hold of the promise made so many years ago, and in that grasping, and in that holding, a strength so mighty shall be given unto them that their feet shall not falter by the way, neither shall their hearts be bowed down and heavy with any weight of care or sorrow.

are thy workers; light us nobly along the way that we may be fearless in the truth, gentle in mercy, tender in love; light us bravely along the way, that no discouragements, such as come to the heart of man, can touch our hearts, that no ceasing of others can make us cease, and that no faltering of others can make us falter along the way which Thou hast pointed out to us unto Thee. We touch Thee with our love, even as Thou hast folded us in Thine infinitude; we draw in the breath of Thy spirit, even as Thou hast called upon us to respond to it; we feel the light of Thy kindness round about us as a garment, even as Thou dost, in its tender shining, give grace to every heart.

DISCOURSE.

To-day we meet to celebrate the thirty-seventh anniversary of modern Spiritualism, which, however, does not occur at exactly the present date, for it made its appearance in Germany a year previous to the time you commemorate, and at the same time a movement sprang up spontaneously in France and England of very much the same kind as that which presented itself to you thirty-seven years ago, but some three years earlier. In Russia, also, this same movement began, although in a manner somewhat different and distinct from that which came to you; still the same impulse, the same tidal wave of spirit force, touched Russia, Germany, France, England, Norway, Sweden and America. It would be idle for any one nation to boast that it held all the spiritual power that belonged to the Father when he sent forth his dispensation of love to his children. The sweetest proof of his universal love and tender care is that when he touches one nation, he touches another; that when he gives broad and spontaneous utterance to that might of his, all children belong to him irrespective of nationality, irrespective of race. Germany has indeed, the greater right to boast in this movement, for when this power swept in among her savants, when it touched with its light and power the intelligence of her people, it smote against her materialism with a force that she herself could not withstand. It was not largely known to the world that Germany had thus been seized with a spiritual epidemic; it was not known for some time; it was kept as close as possible; those people hugged it to their bosoms because it was something so unusual among them as metaphysicians and as philosophers to be obliged to take this little babe which the Father had sent, this little infant of spiritual light and power, and hold it to their bosoms of intelligence, hold it to their metaphysical hearts, and feel it leap and throb and beat against them, until neither their philosophy nor their materialism could withstand it.

When the movement broke out upon your shores, an envoy was sent from there to investigate it and prove whether or not that which came to you was the same which came to them; for Germany, like all metaphysical nations, loves dearly to make a science of all things, and when we make a science of anything, every form and manifestation must be in equal concurrence with the others. Therefore, when this envoy returned and reported that the manifestations were very nearly the same, that there was very little difference, perhaps greater freedom and less restraint, that the power and intelligence which exhibited itself came with greater force among the people of America than among themselves, it set them thinking, and they asked themselves why it was so. The answer came in later years to them. When they who dwelt upon its movements knew, when they proved as clearly to themselves as you have proved to yourselves, that this great and beautiful light is a fact, something that may be taken hold of, something that may be held, something that will help and protect and shield them, when they came to study its laws, and understand more fully what it meant, then they knew that the genius of your climate, the great power that comes out from your hearts, the freedom of your country, its great national enthusiasm, its great openness of soul, its great, throbbing, beating, warm, true heart ringing its songs of liberty for all, and reaping for itself the sweetest liberty of spiritual truth, made it more possible for you than for them. Germany to-day keeps not so largely as yourselves the public anniversary of this great event, but Germany to-day holds close within her heart that which she has gained, and which has proved a leaven that has run through that heavy lump of metaphysical and intellectual learning, and made their hearts lighter and their souls stronger.

When this wave struck the shores of England, it made there an entrance so deep and profound that all the ecclesiasticalism of the Church was not able to withstand it. Crowned heads bowed before it; the peasant in his cottage lighted his lamp by its glow; the spirit within him shone outside because of it; and little children there to-day feel the enthusiasm of that power within their souls. If it were possible for man to see that this movement of modern Spiritualism needed any justification for being, that the light from heaven, shining so clear with the immortal truth of immortality, should need any justification for being here upon your shores to-day, how fine a sarcasm against the intelligence of the present age we spirits might point out to you! That any, leaning out of the window of the narrow soul of their own intelligence, should need to ask of any neighbor or friend, "What of this light? How clear is the shining? What does it mean? What good has it done? What power does it hold?" is necessary for by the fact that man is not sufficiently spiritual, or sufficiently intelligent, to recognize

glory of the light which streams out from this home of ours, and feel how deep and true and lasting are the rays thereof.

To-day, we as spirits gathered here, have not come merely to recognize a birthday, to note down that thirty-seven years ago this beautiful infant stepped inside a humble door, reaching out its hands so sweetly and tenderly, its heart filled with a love that embraced all this continent, but to celebrate a double birthday. We have come with tender longing to speak our eulogies over the past, and we have also come with more light, with stronger convictions, with mightier power, to reach forward and take into our hands the new dispensation of the now.

What have we as spirits been doing in your midst for the past thirty-seven years? What have you done with this little infant that we placed among you? What power did we give its tender voice in speaking? What did we bid it say? Why, that little infant was so small it seemed as if your hands must let it drop; you could not hold it! What did it tell the world? With a voice of thunder it hurled its bolts against the doors of superstition and skepticism; with a great power and might it tore and hurled down the pointed steeples of the past; with a great eloquence it persuaded hearts to come to itself, and when hearts came, it closed its little waxen lids, and with its softest breath, it said to fathers and mothers, to brothers and sisters, "Behold me! I am the mirror; I, this little infant that shows the faces of your loved ones." And what fell down upon it? Tears of blessing, great drops from the eyes of men whose hearts had been contracted with the sorrow of the loss of their little ones, and tears of joy from the eyes of mothers. That infant face smiled, those waxen lids opened slowly, those little eyes looked into the faces of those fathers and mothers and it said, "Behold I not only seem to be, but I am." What did it do to those whose hearts were stronger than their intellectual powers, whose tender, loving emotions, as they welled up from their hearts, held in their keeping experiences so deep, so sad, so bitter, that life itself took on the hues of despair and discouragement? It caused the hearts of those who looked down into its little face to grow glad and hopeful and strong and tender, thus proving that this wave of modern Spiritualism, touching your shores as it did, gave consolation, courage and hope to hearts grown weary, sad and fearful along the way.

When men of letters, roused by the thunder, which came pealing even from this little child, turned and gazed upon it, what did they do? Strove with all the force of opposition, with all the might within them, to slay this infant, as it lay in that cradle, and had it not been placed there by angel hands, had not that cradle been made in heaven and placed here in your midst, and protected by us, these strong assaults would have crushed it, and not a shadow would have remained of what it was. But when they attacked it, lo! from that shining face there went out a power so strong, an eloquence so mighty, a tone so deep, that all their assaults were turned back upon themselves, and they who lingered long enough to look upon the face of that little one, turned back, thoughtful and careful, and grown wiser for the lesson they had learned. When our friend, the Church, turned her stern face toward this little one, her children, coming out with eager faces no further than the door, reached out their hands to see if aught came from that cradle that they could touch, but never in one instance, as we have looked down, have we seen a strong, earnest, true, brave man come forth from the church door to bend with love over the cradle of our little one. Fearless and dauntless it stood, with hands upraised, and when they ventured out a little further, and saw that that cradle bore the impress of an angel, and that the infant sleeping there wore the tender look of him who was sent and who was slain, they shrank back within themselves, and barred their doors against the glory and the light which streamed from the upturned face of that little sleeper, for so far this little child has been sleeping, so far it has only sent out power enough for the world to come forward and be drawn to it, some close beside it, who had hearts spiritual enough, others afar off, who had intellects quickened enough, and others still peering back because there were not proofs enough, or because they feared to learn that that which they had beheld so long in the Church did not rest there, but rested outside their doors. The sleeping infant in its cradle has had only power enough to draw these people sufficiently close that they might see why it is here. It has had its eyes closed by the Father, that the light, shining from them need not paralyze the minds of those who came to gaze. Little by little it has drawn them out, and yet it sleeps; little by little it has aroused the full intelligence of the country in many ways, and yet it sleeps; little by little it has drawn the full battery of opposition against it, and yet it sleeps; little by little, crowned heads and brave hearts and great lights have softly come forward to look upon it, and yet it sleeps. And it sleeps for this reason: That the world as it stood could not bear its greater waking. It sleeps, but in that trance of slumber, what power it holds within itself! What eloquence of silence, which, without speech, has drawn the world to look upon it. And what may it do when he who rules o'er us all gives it voice and utterance? If, sleeping, it has awakened the thunder tones of opposition; if, sleeping, it has roused nation after nation to look to it; if, sleeping, it has broken the trance of that death-like stupor of superstition, ignorance and prejudice; if, sleeping, it

has called forth men and women, who, for its sake, have borne the taunts and scoffs of others, and boldly proclaimed that that little child is within their homes; that they have touched its cradle, looked into its face, and felt the power from it; if, sleeping, it has done these things, wrenched from thrones themselves, the power to not know themselves, wrenched from the Church herself, this great proof of immortality—if, sleeping, it has done these things, waking and walking in your midst, what may it not do? Under the old dispensation of Spiritualism it has caused men and women, whether they would or not, for the sake of this little child which was placed, sleeping, in your midst, and which must not be swept out of existence, to come forward and stand boldly in front of the church-door and make their presence felt, and in the most unwelcome manner they have been used as battering rams, oftentimes against their will, to sweep with iconoclastic power and fury everything before them, even assaulting the very altar itself, and, with seeming profaneness, crying out that it must be heard; and all the time these men and women have been tearing into shreds and tatters these creeds and dogmas, and hurling them, in bold defiance, in the face of the Church, the little infant lay sleeping, no quiver of its eye-lids to prove that it ever would wake from that trance. Oh, what power is there in silence! Oh, what magic is there in a trance like this—a little form, so timid and shrinking, lying in a cradle in your midst, and from it coming forth this of which we have spoken.

Where stands the Church, to-day? While these early pioneers were thundering at her doors, and sweeping through them, throwing down her images, crying out against what she was doing, and hurling her curses back into her teeth, making them feel that the very gate of Hades was open for them; while this necessary work of the old dispensation of Spiritualism was moving on, the power sent forth from this little cradle gave yet another direction to its little hand, and hearts awoke spontaneously in Germany, in England, in France, in America and in Russia. They quivered and beat with a new life; they thrilled with a new power, and in the silence of their homes through the association of their souls, the light that streamed from them stole like a shadow after those who were sent to demolish—and tear down and beat against; stole with wondrous power, with deep hush, with soft palpitating love, upon the spirits that were quivering in terror and indignation against what had been done. The hearts that stood up in anger and hurled their anathemas against them, who had hurled their battering-rams against the door, felt, but did not speak, the subtle influence which the little child sent forth, sleeping. It made its way into the beautiful hearts in quiet homes, and the priest from the altar, the minister from the pulpit, entering there, soon knew that the little child's influence had preceded them. When death, so called, smote with heavy hand the loved ones, and left the mourning hearts quaking with terror and anguish, inspired by the devastating power displayed, the Church came to console, to comfort and to cheer; but, lo! the angels of consolation and hope had superseded her. Mothers had felt the power from those little hands; fathers had felt the strength emanating from the sleeping child, and when the priest came to console, he went away earnest and thoughtful, for consolation had preceded him. And yet, the little child slept, and is sleeping.

Let us claim for modern Spiritualism of the past its full due; let us claim for it its God-given origin; let us claim for it all it has done, and modern Spiritualism of the old dispensation has sent to the world at large three things which we have proven unto you—Immortality; the existence, and how they exist, of spirits; the effect of spirits in another world upon life in this. If the child sleeping has had power to do this for this world of yours, the child waking will have power, oh, what power, to do what? Wake the spirit into life and strength exultant, and, waking it, touch its intellect. So far, it has but knocked at the door; but when it wakes fully and leaps from its cradle, it will walk boldly forth among you, and if in the garb of a man, stand proudly erect, saying, "Behold me," or if in the garb of a woman, trail its beautiful garments far behind it, saying, "Feel me, acknowledge me." All these things will the new dispensation do. In the silent, solemn watches, while men and women sleep, this little infant will step forth from its cradle, and the old dispensation, waking up some beautiful morning and rushing towards the shrine from which it has gained its power, will look into the empty cradle. It will see the little garment of faith folded up and lying there as the garments were found folded up and lying in the tomb so long ago. It will mark how deep is the impress upon the pillow of trust where the little child has lain. It will longingly bend over it to catch what power and strength and life may linger there, for it will feel that all the old dispensation has done is old. It will clasp this little cradle in its arms as men and women love to clasp, for the last embrace, the forms of those they love, when life has stamped the spirit with sense and power, and death has kindly rocked the body into sleep. It will long for the voice that spoke from within it; it will list for its welcome sound; but the babe was only sleeping; it has waked now and fled, and the lesson that empty cradle will teach the old dispensation will be this: We held no little of the full truth; we thought we held it all. Did it not have the power to

do all these things for us, and did we not grow strong? The old dispensation will say, "How strong we grew while we battled and tore down! How we laughed and exulted over the ruins; how glad we were that falsehood and error had been swept away; and, oh, the exultation of having done these things ourselves! We grew upon that which we had demolished, and we grew luxuriantly. We stood beside the cradle and its sleeping babe, and grew aristocratic in a sense of spiritual power. We knew we held the little golden key of life and death for which the Church had long been searching, and in our pride we said: 'We have no fear of death; Hades has lost its terrors for us; death has lost its sting, for we know that we shall live again.'"

The infant is gone; it has awakened and stepped forth, leaving only the empty cradle; only this husk of by-gone times, for any new revelation, beating against the walls of heaven, and sending its power down to pierce through the darkness and the sorrow that surrounds mankind, gives first unto those who look at it, proof, material proof, phenomenal proof. The sunset, the glory of the sky, its beautiful colors are but proofs themselves that the sun was there, and through the daylight while it shone so brightly, how proud and glad was the heart of man, and how firmly he trod, for he had proof, demonstrated proof, that the sun was there. So, Spiritualism, the old dispensation, came and gave to mankind proof, regular proof, phenomenal proof, physical proof—the cradle, only the cradle; the infant lay sleeping, sleeping.

Who shall find this infant? Let all Spiritualists, let all modern thinkers, let all who are deeply intent upon reading the signs of the times, let all, who hold the welfare of mankind most at heart, let the philosopher, the scholar, the sophist, let earnest men and women everywhere awake to this; that to-day, even to-day, and in your midst, the little child hath risen from the cradle, and that which marks the anniversary of to-day is the bending of modern Spiritualism over the empty cradle. Every man and woman, every Spiritualist, every one, who has spiritual light, whether in the Church or out of it, must now rise, gird their loins, put on their beautiful garments and start out in search of the little child. And as you search here and there you will feel when its little garments have been; you will know by the influence left behind that it trailed a long white robe; you will feel, down in the very deepest chambers of your souls, that the little child is,—and that you must search for it. They who now love to hold the empty cradle to their bosoms may sit down to-day and multiply it a thousand times, they may take a spiritual photograph of it, press it to their hearts, and say to it, "Thou art phenomena, thou art physical science," still it is an empty cradle. Old dispensation, thou art like the winter or the night; thou hast by many things thou hast done by thy ice-bound phenomena, chilled the blood of true spiritual life, thou hast taken the courage from many hearts, even while thou hast proven immortality. Oh, old dispensation, thou wilt sit and listen yet awhile longer to the echoes; thou wilt multiply to thyself the thunder of the past; thou wilt laugh again at that great, strong, powerful, devastating teacher who came into the midst of men but so little time ago, and who woke the echoes all along from every cradle which he touched, who made the Church quail, and who made Spiritualists stand still and look and see. He doeth the work of this dispensation of ours, and yet he is not among us. And with the memory of this strong presence fresh upon it, the old dispensation looks down again into that empty cradle, and feels that the little one that slept there is gone.

Let us bid farewell to the cradle now. Let us with gladness and thanksgiving turn toward that battered door of old theology, and reach out our hands and our hearts to the frightened ones within; and let us step into the gloaming that rests upon them, and leave there the impress of love and mercy and tenderness. Let us with skillful hands bind up the wounds of them that bleed, and pour ointment upon the heads of them that weep. Let us first do these things, that we may fit our spirits to move on in the way the little child is leading while we search for it.

We who prepared and inaugurated this movement, that swept over all the nations, more than forty years ago; we who carried it on to greater blossoming, and to a more perfect fruitage, know that the old dispensation has done its full work. To the spirits, who yet thrill with exultant joy; who are yet eager to rush into every battle; who, like the soldiers in your late civil war, have become so imbued with the spirit of battle, that they have come to love fighting; to those who will stand as scouts and sentinels upon the verge of this beautiful new dispensation, ready to battle with the foe, we would say, "There is none there." Approach the church doors and enter. That stream of life that went forth from that sleeping infant, into the hearts of men and women, flowed also into the church, and made its power felt. Nay, nay, there is no longer anything to tear down there, for the doors have been opened by men and women, who have made a passage for this mighty spiritual current to sweep through like a great ocean, and which, like a current that is once set running in the right direction, cannot be stopped, until it has spent its full force. All honor to those men and women for their perseverance, courage, might and strength, and if they feel this impulse, to battle yet awhile longer, why, then, they must, until the pulse is no longer beating, and the spirit is no longer there.

Journal from England.

BY E. W. WALLIS.

Some two years ago in a letter to you I stated the impression "that there are strong indications of a coming better time" for the cause here, which impression has been fully justified by subsequent events. Quietly but steadily and unmistakably the "leaven" has been spreading, a much more generous spirit is becoming manifest towards Spiritualism by the general public, but above all, a greater unity of purpose and harmony of aim exists amongst Spiritualists themselves. It is curious to note the development of mediumship. A few years since, eight or ten, we were inundated with sensational reports of marvelous materializations, etc., but since then we have learned a few lessons; first, to preserve these remarkable phenomena from promiscuity, to take care not to "cast the pearls" before unprepared and egotistic skeptics, "lest they turn again and rend us;" next, to select sitters and observe strict conditions, and lastly the published reports are written in a less partisan spirit, consequently what they lose in sensationalism and picturesque dressing, by their judicious tone they gain in value and force for their evident moderation and accuracy. But, during the last two years the clairvoyant and healing phases of mediumship have, so to speak, burst upon us, and quite a number of mediums, publicly and privately, are using their powers in this way with remarkable effect.

The society efforts throughout the kingdom have been more successful, so much so that many of the meeting places have been found too small, and new ones have had to be found or built.

A very hopeful sign of the times is the growing interest in Progressive Lyceums; a movement in this direction has sprung up in Yorkshire, which bids fair to be permanent. The want of mediums of all kinds has been sadly felt, but never more than now. Good reliable test mediums, clairvoyants, and impersonating mediums through whom "personal" matters can be given, messages from spirit friends accompanied by evidences of identity; such as these find more work than they can do and the demand grows daily stronger and stronger. The development of new mediums is a phase of practical work in Spiritualism, which has been sadly neglected here, but I think more attention will be given in future to this necessary work. How is it possible for Spiritualism to spread unless we co-operate with the Spirit-world and work for the development of new mediums?

It gave me great pleasure to see that the questions which were addressed by me to mediums and their inspirers were approved by you and replied to by some of your readers and their "guides." Those questions arose out of some correspondence in our Medium, when W. H. Harrison stated that Mr. Morse, under influence, during a public discourse, gave him (Harrison) back his own thoughts, which had no connection with the subject supposed to be dealt with, and asked if this was not a case of "thought transference." Mr. Morse stated that Mr. Harrison had entered the hall after the lecture had commenced, and as Mr. Morse speaks with closed eyes in the trance state, he was ignorant of Mr. H.'s presence. The editorial comments upon this interesting experience were in the direction of "brain-picking," that the truth about trance mediumship was not yet fully known; that "a class of spirits pander to their audiences," and "retain truths that would not go down with their audiences." These statements seemed to me so serious, that, admitting our general ignorance regarding the nature, methods, and origin of trance oratory, I felt it necessary, that some effort should be made to "get at" the truth, if possible, hence the questions, also the "tone" of some of them, which was somewhat resented. I crave indulgence and forgiveness for the same, but readers of the questions could see the objectionable phrases were not mine; they were quoted. The promised tabulation of the answers, Mr. Editor, you never gave us (at least I did not see it) for which I am sorry. The responses hardly came up to what I had hoped for; perhaps the publication was to be of personal experience, autobiographical sketches of mediums, in the Medium here may shed some light. Mediumship is so obscure a subject, the phenomena so fugitive, especially those of a mental nature; it is so difficult for a medium even to draw the line as to how much is his own mental activity, and how much spirit impression or influence, that any earnest well-meant and kindly-intentioned effort to throw light on the subject and help towards a true estimate of the nature and value of trance phenomena should, I think, be welcomed and encouraged by all trance mediums. It is only by careful, impartial and full study of the facts that we shall arrive at satisfactory conclusions, and hasty generalizations are to be deplored.

Since last writing you, I have been introduced to a new field of labor, and have made my home in Glasgow, the second city of the Empire, where after six months work for the society, Mrs. Wallis and I have been re-engaged as permanent mediums and speakers for a further six months. We have a Sunday morning service for answers to questions, advice on mediumship and health, clairvoyant descriptions of spirits and psychometric delineations. Public lecture Sunday evenings and séances on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays, besides home visits for healing, etc., when desired. We commence a mutual improvement discussion class next week. The Lyceum remains in abeyance at present, owing to the difficulty to rally the children and find leaders. Quite a number of new members have gathered round us, and sympathy and harmony prevail.

We recently received a visit from Mr. J. J. Morse, who is, I may say, esteemed and loved for his own sake as well as admired for his remarkable oratorical gifts. As a speaker, Bro. Morse is phenomenal; his discourse on "Man, why he made," was a masterpiece, and held the audience spell-bound for an hour and a half. Logical, incisive, fluent and chaste in delivery and language, the argument was built up stage by stage until in a most beautiful, poetic and glowing peroration, the answer was given to the question. We deeply regret that we shall lose him; personally I shall lose a friend and brother. For ten years Bro. Morse and I have worked in the ranks of the movement, for good or ill. We have been kept by the unseen inspirers of the cause in harness and active service, through good and ill report, often with weary hearts and pain-racked frames, sad and despondent, eye, well nigh despairing at times; there has ever been a bright spot in the darkness, an oasis in the desert of our pilgrimage, and that has been the cordial sympathy extending between us, and the mutual helpfulness in times of trial, whereby we have been enabled to strengthen, comfort and encourage each other. Personally the younger in the field, for many years I have been indebted to Bro. Morse for many kindnesses, much wise counsel and cheerful advice, also for many

work, which I am conscious of and constantly grateful for. But I shall miss him more than I can tell, when he leaves us for your hospitable shores. Knowing Bro. Morse through these years of constant intimacy, traveling through the country with him and after him, I can safely say that his record has been clean and bright; although not perfect (who is?) his has been a consistent, earnest, and faithful endeavor to serve the cause truly and well, and to be himself a worthy representative of a healthy, rational and moral Spiritualism. It was, therefore, with considerable pain that I read of the apparent disposition on the part of some, to remember and bring against him the fault and folly of ten years ago, when under strong psychological influences his better judgment was captured and himself temporarily submerged.

Surely candid confession and public avowal of error and repentance, ten years of noble and upright and self-sacrificing service and atonement, should cancel monetary folly and failure under temptation. If not, who is there amongst us who is blameless? I know whereof I speak when I say that Bro. Morse has only once regretted the folly of ten years ago, and that has been all the time. He has no more sympathy with free love than I have, but a hearty detestation of it, and his home life has been true, happy, and worthy. He will be accompanied by his good wife and interesting daughter, for whom, together with himself, permit me to bespeak the hearty and kindly sympathy and appreciative support of all true American Spiritualists. As a worker for Spiritualism, a trance speaker unsurpassed for eloquence, rational, clear, and sound advocacy of progressive Spiritualism, I am perfectly sure he needs only to be heard and known to be appreciated and supported.

I see you have been agitating for a Psychical Research Society, with some success. No doubt these are good in their way, but it has been a considerable disappointment to many sanguine Spiritualists in this country to find that the English body is unwilling to touch, even with gloves, the phenomena called spiritual. It is really amusing to note the shifts, devices and expedients whereby these "learned" gentlemen dodge the consideration of psychical soul-spirit phenomena. They coin phrases and juggle with them, ring the changes on terms, anything and everything, but admit the remotest possibility of a spirit origin for visions, dreams, or trances. They are so rigidly accurate in definitions, they would choke a poor ghost, and leave him never a ghost of a chance of recognition; are so critically, hyper-critically careful that they shut the door in the face of the unseen and flout the spirits for their inability. So coldly and captiously cautious are they that their intellectual atmosphere is a veritable North Pole; and after making manifestations impossible they wonder they get no proofs or phenomena. Heigho-ho! God help them; such soullessness is not likely to win sympathy or draw round them minds with power to bless. No doubt they are doing a good and useful work, but Spiritualism will have little to thank them for in the long run. Rigidly respectable, captiously critical, unemotional and unsympathetic, they constitute an ostrich association of the most approved pattern; but Spiritualism can live and work its mission without their patronage; its phenomena need not go begging for the favor of such self-constituted judicial pontiffs, and if American societies are to be a hunting ground for professors to dabble with the subject in a similar manner, then Spiritualists will do well to let them severely alone. Honest skepticism and earnest inquiry are worthy of all respect and consideration, but the credulity of incredulity is pitiable and analogous to shutting our eyes and declaring, because the eye does not see the sun, no such body exists or can exist.

Miss R. D. Owen when here, recently surprised our folks by declaring herself a Christian of three years standing, a believer in the Immaculate Conception, Vicarious Atonement, Kingship of Christ, etc. Upon further conversation it was found that she did not accept these dogmas in the same sense as the orthodox, but interpreted them in her own way, the result being an erroneous impression conveyed to her hearers by employing the "catch-words" of orthodoxy. But the worst feature of the whole affair was the scrupulous care with which these views of hers were kept in the background; not the slightest suspicion of them until the denouncement came. The method employed to gain a hearing was felt to have been unworthy and Jesuitical, especially as she had been hinting at the true object of her mission. It is somewhat significant as a "sign of the times," that Mr. J. Burn in a recent number of the Medium, states his intention not to assist the promoters of a projected series of London lectures by Mrs. Richmond, on the ground that "as an instrument for the dissemination of Christian dogmas amongst Spiritualists, we have no sympathy with her and do not desire to be recognized as the organ of her work."

PEACE OR WAR. We are in the midst of a struggle, the termination of which it is difficult to foresee. Peace or war, is the question uppermost in every mind. Day after day we are held in weary suspense, but we have a consolation in the knowledge that we have a man at the head of affairs, who is to be trusted to bring about peace, if it is at all possible so to do with honor and justice. A discourse reprinted in the Medium of April 3rd, by Mrs. Richmond, said to be under control of George Thompson, is so remarkable in its allusions that I should like to reproduce a part of it:

"If Mr. Gladstone were not the greatest statesman of earth, he could manage the English Government, but he is too great, and like the lion in the fable he is captured in the intricate meshes of British diplomacy, and there is not even a little political mouse that will condescend to come and disenthrall him. There he is bound head and foot, with Ireland on the one side and with these wars in the East on the other, with the total detestation of the most liberal branch of his own party, and the absolute hatred and opposition from the extreme Conservatives, and with no steady middle support to bear him anywhere; with the Parnellites in Parliament, carrying conviction to all thinking minds, that they are neither in league with assassins nor those who seek anarchy, but only seeking the rights of a native land where Home Rule is coveted; with an opposing party from the extreme Liberals (John Bright and others) who see neither sense nor honor in waging war against an innocent people, or in making it possible for this revolt to have occurred in Egypt; and with another party, bound to sneer at everything, throwing obstacles in the way forever, the party that is out of power composing forever the obstructionists to the party that is in power;—there he stands, the "grand old man," bound head and foot, knowing well enough what is right, just as well as you or I know it, knowing as well what must come, as you or I know it, what stand afar off, you in your world, I in mine; we know that sooner or later the Government of Ireland must be met,

or there will be revolution and death. We know that all this territory must, in the East, finally be given up to the three-fold powers of Western Europe until they touch the real civilization of China and Japan, and then the serpent will recoil and sting the oppressors, and you will feel the reverberation even on the Western Coast of America, cross in silent electric sparks of civilization."

A gentleman who was personally acquainted with George Thompson, assured me that he could not believe that his spirit ever inspired such utterances; but apart altogether from the alleged source, the statements are by no means accurate; for instance, that Mr. Gladstone "has the total detestation of the most liberal branch of his own party," "An opposing party from the extreme Liberals," etc., is so great a misrepresentation that it could not be farther from the truth, the fact being that it is because of the confidence, esteem, and devotion (not detestation) in the ranks of the radical party (the most liberal branch) for Mr. Gladstone, that they have for his sake refrained from hampering his efforts, and protesting against a policy which rightly or wrongly, they believe to be due to Whig influence (moderate liberals), and no doubt, the next parliament will see a coalition between the Conservatives and Whigs; a progressive, or radical, liberal, party opposing them.

The Radicals have such confidence in the intentions and power of Mr. Gladstone, that they have determined to "bear the ills they know not of" and with the new franchise and redistribution bills, feel they are in a better position than ever. Never were the Liberals more thankful for Gladstone's influence and supremacy than now; in spite of the soundings of war-like men, he has kept a steady course and definite policy; and if war should unhappily break out, it will not be because he has not tried again and again to secure peace. John Bright is not opposed to Mr. Gladstone, and only a few days since declared his confidence in him; he left the ministry because his scruples would not allow him to consent to certain acts, but neither by word or deed has he been an opponent.

The following passages are equally untrue: "Mr. Gladstone will die, or pass from his present position, under the double ignominy of having disappointed his most zealous friends, and of having given his enemies their most powerful weapons. He will pass into history as the grandest statesman of this age, but perfectly powerless to cope with the political toils and governmental complications that ever move around the throne of Great Britain, and make the greatest statesman littleness itself. He will pass out, I say, under the double ignominy, with the added humiliation of having violated that which in his own conscience he believed to be right, having offered certainly no indications of a permanent policy; without the respect of Ireland, without the good will of his own party, and without the strength of any new party that can possibly arise in England;—the great, good and wonderful man, looking to heaven for guidance, but unable to follow the voice of heaven, will pass into the council of souls to meet his errors there."

I do not profess to prophetic vision, but when the history of these troublesome times comes to be written it will be found that Gladstone has guided the ship bravely, firmly and in harmony with his permanent policy of doing what his conscience has taught him to be right. Mistaken or not, he stands out pre-eminently a man of principles, of moral force; a man who believes in trusting nations as well as individuals, and the bitterest trial he has experienced, possibly in all his long public life, is the duplicity practiced by Russia and her agents.

Who would wish to change places with this poor old man, heavy laden, indeed, with years and cares. The following will live in history. On Monday night, April 27th, memorable because of possibly the grandest and at the same time most momentous oration ever delivered in his time, only an hour or two before its delivery and while a discussion was transpiring, bearing upon the Sudan, "he set out the discussion, but appeared to take little or no interest in it. His mind was evidently full of other and weightier matters, and it was painful to see him for many minutes together, his elbows upon his knees, his head clasped in his hands, rocking his body to and fro, in complete disregard of his surroundings, and apparently a prey to the saddest thoughts and feelings." Who can think of this man with his fifty odd years of public service without a pang of pity and kindest sympathy? Only a short time afterwards, the tide of his thoughts found vent, and then he "kept the house spell-bound by a torrent of eloquence." "Taken as a whole, the speech was a magnificent vindication before the country, before Europe, of the justice of the British cause. It showed how much Britain had had to endure and how determined she was, even in the eleventh hour to lose no chance of preserving peace, if that could be done consistently with honor and justice. But beyond and above all this was the virtual confession—not expressed in many words, but pervading the whole speech like an animating spirit; that Russia was no longer to be trusted, that she had broken faith and would go on breaking it, and that there was no longer anything to appeal to but the last arbitrament of the sword. True, words of hope were there, but there was no hopeful spirit, and the flood of eloquence which so submerged the House that it could scarcely even cheer was of that kind which springs not from a sanguine forecast of the future, but from a stern sense of outraged justice, and a resolute determination that it shall be outraged no longer. It was clear Mr. Gladstone recognized the great historic importance of the occasion, and was addressing not the United Kingdom alone or Russia, but the whole world. But it was when he came to the Russian difficulty that he opened his floodgates, and loosed the torrent of his eloquence full upon the House. A more impressive address than the last portion of his speech has seldom, perhaps never been heard, and it secured a triumph which is probably unequalled, and which was alike worthy of the man and of the Parliament to which he spoke. When he sat down, amid a burst of ringing cheers, the question was put, and without so much as a word or even a whisper of criticism, the vote was at once agreed to. The right honorable gentleman was again cheered as he rose and quitted the House, and the rest of the night was spent over the ordinary business of voting supplies."

This is what the Editor of the Medium says of this remarkable discourse.

"Mrs. Richmond's Discourse was delivered a year ago. Readers will be able to judge of the forecast it affords, as far as the time has gone. No doubt the warrior (Christian) era is passing away, after a crisis, but the countries of all of us will still remain. The tone of the discourse in some respects appears to be under the control of "Yankee Doodle." All governments must maintain their prestige, as the North did over the South, in the American civil war, and as may be necessary

again; as no country is more likely to fall to pieces in due course than America, whose Presidents are quite as liable to assassination as European Monarchs. How have the States treated the Red Man? With no improvement on the worst of Britain's examples. "Commerce" is the best form of international intercourse, if it be not in bad rum and whiskey; the control's allusion to this is a meaningless sneer. India and other countries have been better off under British rule than previously, the croaking of the control notwithstanding. English and Scotch are as much "conquered" peoples as the Irish, and labor under the same disabilities, only they are not Irishmen. Has race and Papal supremacy not much to do with the condition of Ireland? Britain has made the Colonies, and given institutions to millions who stood in need of a change; and when her mission has been performed, a new era power will come on the scene; but, just now, where is the hopeful alternative for Egypt, South Africa, India or Ireland? African rulers and slave-dealers kill more than the war. A higher power than Monarchs and their ministers control the destinies of peoples; and though on a certain plane much suffering accompanies changes, yet it grieves the control not in the least to anticipate dire horror in the future, seeing that Britain is to be the recipient of them. Nothing would be a greater blessing to Britain than for all her dependencies to be in such a state of development as to be able to assume substantial self-government, with kindly reciprocities towards the British Isles; as is the case with the most enlightened of American citizens."

Whatever may be the outcome of the present difficulties, I am certain it will not be ignominy for Gladstone, and but for him and his influence, patience, and care, we should have been already in the midst of war. I do not believe in peace at any price. Britain will fulfill her obligations and mission, and if war is necessary, she will fight in a just cause this time.

I find I have got into the region of politics, but even Spiritualists are interested in the great questions of governmental reform. I sometimes think we might do more than we do in this direction.

Unfortunately this war cloud is likely to postpone the consideration of pressing home reforms, and turn attention abroad, but no doubt the next parliament will be asked to deal with important matters, such as the abolition of the oath, disestablishment of the church, free education, local option, land nationalization or reform in that direction, and anti-vaccination, abolishing the compulsory act. There is a growing feeling in favor of local self government for Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and large centres in England. By 1900 we shall have experienced many great changes, not the least amongst them being, I hope, a growth towards religion, a way from creeds and unities to natural religion founded on the knowledge of continued existence and expressed in righteousness, justice and love, individually and nationally. No doubt Spiritualism will help to that end.

Aids to Earth-bound Spirits.

Through the Mediumship of Mrs. H. Whittier, of Boston—Prepared for the Religio-Philosophical Journal from a Record of the Séances, by Herman Snow.

INTRODUCTORY—NUMBER ONE.

Doubtless there are readers of the JOURNAL who will remember my contributions to its columns some time ago, whilst I was still in San Francisco, contributions which in their general features were much like those I now propose to give. Mrs. Anna D. Loucks being then my co-working medium. What I now propose to publish will, I think, be of no less interest than the former articles, and when taken in connection with all that I have given to the public of this character, will form a somewhat unique and valuable contribution to the literature of our modern Spiritualism.

I am not, however, so unreasonable as to suppose that all who read these contributions will be able to regard them with the same degree of realistic faith as myself; but it is not unreasonable to think that all may be able so far to satisfy themselves of the capacity and good faith of the parties employed, as to regard my reports as reliable accounts of recent psychical phenomena, and to make use of them accordingly.

I will now give a brief statement of the methods of my present work, and of its connection with the former at San Francisco, this being somewhat important to a full understanding of what is to follow. Some three or four years before leaving San Francisco, this change had been clearly foreshadowed through Mrs. Loucks's mediumship, although at the time I had no serious thoughts of removing back to the East—at least not before my active earthly work should be finished. With the lapse of time, however, the seeming prophecy was repeated at times with increased positiveness, and my future work at the East more clearly indicated. It was insisted by my invisible helpers that I had still much to do of the kind of work assigned me, but that this was to be done in some Eastern city. I was also assured that I should in due time, find a suitable helper in my work to take the place of the one I was to leave in San Francisco. And so it turned out; my affairs finally took such a turn that I was impelled to remove to the East; and, at length, I became established in Boston. Not long after this, I was, in rather a significant manner, brought into happy and well adapted relations with my present co-worker; and what was to me of special interest and significance, it soon became apparent that some of my former band of spirit co-workers were with me here, ready to renew with earnest interest our old work of giving relief in certain exceptional cases, wherein earthly forces and entanglements were keeping the spirit in an earth-bound, unprogressive condition.

I will now add a few explanatory words, also of well-deserved commendation of the excellent medium capacity of Mrs. Whittier, through whose unselfish readiness, seconded by the intelligent co-operation of her special spirit guide and helper, I have been enabled thus to resume my work. Mrs. Whittier has for some years been favorably known in this community as a medium of more than ordinary excellence, particularly of the trance and test-description. She has been used mainly, while in an unconscious condition, under the most careful guardian control of an experienced spirit, who himself gives the test names and facts of the present surroundings; also such communications as may be desired. But since my connection with her, a new phase of her mediumship has been developed; when sitting with me, she generally retains her individual consciousness and recollection, entering into, and describing with enthusiastic interest, all that is intended to be given me. But her descriptions are so full and graphic that in my reports I do not attempt to give in full what she said by her, but

am obliged largely to condense, and often into my own language, what, if recorded fully, would occupy at least three times the space occupied by my abstracts. But I am conscientiously careful to give correctly the substance of what is seen and described. Subsequently this report is reviewed, and when necessary, corrected in the presence of our spirit guides and helpers.

Owing, as I suppose, to the especial fitness of Mrs. Whittier's mediumship for test purposes, a few of the first visions of the series, assumed somewhat of a test character; but I do not lay much stress upon results of this kind. However, from some slight effort made in this direction, I am inclined to think that had my investigations been thoroughly carried out, some interesting results of a corroborative character might have been obtained. Should any of my readers seem to discover a clue to the true places and persons indicated, I should be happy to impart to them such further information as I may be able to give.

The first vision given us was of A BATTLE-FIELD AND THE WOUNDED DRUMMER-BOY.

On this occasion, Mrs. W. seemed to be borne away to an uncertain distance, describing to me what she saw on the passage. At length she came to what was evidently a burial-ground upon the borders of a battle-field, on which besides the outlines of graves she saw various fragments of war weapons. Immediately beyond she sees a deep ravine with a running stream of water at the bottom. By the side of this is seen a noble looking war-horse panting and covered with sweat and foam. A saddle and other accoutrements are upon the horse, one of whose hind legs is wounded seemingly with a rifle ball. Now the seer follows the horse back to the battle-field; here she sees a dismounted field-piece, a broken drum and other battle-relics. Then—still following the almost human intelligence of the horse—she comes to a dead body dressed in the Confederate gray, the overcoat being especially conspicuous. The body must have lain here some days as marks of decay are seen upon it. The horse lingers near, uttering at times almost human cries of distress; and now not far off is seen the emaciated form of a boy dressed in the national blue. He is about 15 years old; is badly wounded and has but just succeeded in raising himself up so as to be visible to the seer. He is a drummer boy, the owner of the broken drum; and the dead Confederate officer was an uncle of whom he had known but little until they had met upon this battle-field. But the uncle had in some way recognized the nephew, and it was in an effort to save the boy from fatal danger that he had lost his own life. This boy was the only son of a brother at the North, whose name and address as subsequently given, were C. W. Hastings, Laconia, N. H.

Now three soldiers of the Northern army are seen approaching; they come near the boy and finding him to be still alive, they construct a rude stretcher, and putting upon it their overcoats, two of them carry the boy upon it whilst the other leads the horse on in the direction of their camp. But all at once the thought of the dead officer occurs to them and they say: "Let us go back and bury the poor fellow." This they finally accomplish, though imperfectly owing to the want of the needed tools to work with. I now see them at their camp. They have deposited the wounded boy upon a bed made up largely of their overcoats, and a guard is now seen pacing to and fro in front of the rough building now used as their barrack. Apparently, some days elapse; and now, when the vision is resumed, the seer, on looking in at a broken window at the back of the cabin, sees only the remnants of the bed, the body of the boy having disappeared from it. But on passing around to the front, there is seen a man of about sixty years of age, in citizens' dress, sitting in sad grief whilst the soldiers and others are busy enclosing in a rough box the casket in which the remains of his son have been enclosed, to be taken back to the northern home. The seer is enabled to read the address as marked upon the box at the railroad station whither her vision still follows the course of events; and it was thus that she came to the knowledge of the name and residence of the father of the boy. For a time, she is conscious of something like a troubled feeling as she continues her attendance upon this body; but at length, whilst it was lying in the railroad warehouse, she sees the spirit form of the boy emerge from its confinement and, taking on expressions of beauty and joyfulness, the freed spirit passes away to the home of its natural belongings.

[To be continued.]

An Indian Mesmerizer.

Strange stories reach us from India of the feats performed by a native mesmerizer named Buni, whose magnetic power would appear to be found quite irresistible by the lower animals, upon which he exclusively exerts it. He gives séances to which the public are invited to bring all manner of ferocious and untamable wild beasts, and, like the Ancient Mariner, holds them with his glittering eye. In a few seconds they subside into a condition of cataleptic stiffness, from which they can only be revived by certain "passes" which he solemnly executes with his right hand. An account of one of these séances states that a snake in a state of violent irritation was brought to Buni by a menagerie proprietor, inclosed in a wooden cage. When deposited on the platform it was writhing and hissing fiercely. Buni bent over the cage, and fixed his eyes upon its occupant, gently waving his hand over the serpent's restless head. In less than a minute the snake stretched itself out, stiffened, and lay apparently dead. Buni took it up, and thrust several needles into its body, but it gave no signs of life. A few "passes" then restored it to its former angry activity. Subsequently a savage dog, held in a leash by its owner, was brought in, and, at Buni's command, let loose upon him. As it was rushing toward him, bristling with fury, he raised his hand, and in a second the fierce brute dropped upon its belly as though stricken by lightning. It seemed absolutely paralyzed by some unknown agency, and was unable to move a muscle until released from the magnetizer's spell by a majestic wave of his hand.—London Telegraph.

Leo Hartman tells James Redpath that of 3,000 men and women whom he knew personally, enrolled with him as Nihilists between 1876 and 1878, only two are alive. "By alive," he explained, "I mean free—not in prison." Revolutionists once in a Russian prison are the same as dead.

Hersford's Acid Phosphate.

A REMARKABLE ARTICLE. Dr. E. CUTLER, Boston, Mass., says: "I found it to realize the expectations raised, and regard it as a reliable article."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. [105 West 24th Street, New York.]

IN SPACE.

If the sad old world should jump a cog Some time in its busy spinning...

As round the sun with a curving sweep It hurries, and runs, and races...

With never a sigh or a sad good-bye To loved ones left behind us...

No dark, damp tomb, and no mourner's gloom— No tolling bell in the steeple...

To pass away from this life for aye, With never a dear tie sundered...

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mme. St. Julien, the superior of the Sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul...

"One Minnesota Woman writes of another, to the Woman's Journal in this way: 'Miss Carter, who some years ago...

"I tried again and again," said the superintendent, "to catch that woman off duty, before I gave her the place, on Sundays and all sorts of odd hours...

Mrs. Duniway of the New Northwest, in her visit to the Insane Asylum of W. T., makes this statement in her paper...

"It is noticeable that at least ninety per cent. of the women are insane through overwork and maladies incident thereto...

"The wisest physicians say you may trace out the ante-natal development of any crazy man, and you will find the remote cause of his malady hidden away in the recesses of the wronged and outraged motherhood...

From a Southern paper we learn that Mlle Leona Queyrouze is a native and resident of New Orleans. Miss Queyrouze is young and very handsome. And her womanliness is enriched by the fact that she is the fluent, ready speaker of five or six languages...

An exhibition similar to the Woman's Department of the New Orleans Exposition, has lately been opened in Bristol, England. No amateur work is allowed. There are specimens from the London School of Wood Carving; of Art Pottery, and china painting; from Gillett's steel pen manufactory, made by women; exquisite knitting by the peasants of Shetland, lace, hosiery and diagrams from ship-yards. All these show avocations open to our sex.

Sidney Smith made the following notes concerning the results of defects in woman's education: 'Men rise in character often as they increase in years; they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart; but women, from their unfortunate style of education, hazard everything upon one cast of the die; when youth is gone, all is gone. Every human being must put up with the coldest civility, who has neither the charms of youth nor the wisdom of age. Neither is there the slightest commiseration for decayed accomplishments; no man mourns over the fragments of a dancer, or drops a tear on the relics of musical skill. They are flowers destined to perish; but the decay of great talents is always the subject of solemn pity; and even when the last memorial is over, their ruined vestiges are regarded with pious affection. We should try to give girls as well as boys resources that will endure as long as life endures, habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy—occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less dreaded.'

The following story is told by a contemporary. How different is this country and its opportunities from England, as told in the succeeding paragraph:

"Mrs. Harriet Smith of Tuckertown, Florida, has proved that a woman can run a saw mill successfully and profitably. 'She did not enter upon the business from choice. She lent money to others to start a saw mill. They failed, and the mill came into her hands. She placed it in charge of her son-in-law, but he, too, failed to make a success of it. Mrs. Smith then undertook the business herself. She moved the mill a distance of twenty miles, fording the Hillsboro...

rough River, and placed it near her own house. In a few days she had every thing in good running order. She has her own teams and carts, takes timber from her own lands, employs only the best hands, and makes money. 'Mrs. Smith has been twice married, and has had nine children, seven of whom are living. Several of the elder ones are in business for themselves, but still come to their mother for advice, and it is said, are always sorry afterwards if they fail to follow it. 'Mrs. Smith was born in Florida, and was brought up in the days when bookkeeping, especially for girls, was not thought of. Her success, therefore, can only be due to her own energy and native talent for business.' These few facts concerning her are gleaned from a letter written by her to the North-Western Lumberman, and reprinted by the Scientific American because of the valuable suggestions it contains.

WANT IN ENGLAND.

The following tells its own story: 'The door is opened by a woman of from five to eight and twenty. Want is clearly stamped on her face. The room holds her loom and her husband's, a bedstead on the unmade bed of which lie a baby and a cat a table, two or three chairs, a few clothes hung upon a string to dry—and very little else inanimate. The eldest of five children, born in six years, has trotted off to school in dread of the school board officers. Baby's predecessor died in fits. Two pleasant-faced but sadly pesty-faced toddlers, wonderfully clean and neat, stare at the stranger. When a mite is offered to the mites and they are asked if they know how to spend it, the mother answers for them gratefully but bitterly, 'it will buy them something to eat.'

"Yes, I work," she says, "when I've time—when I've done up the place and dressed the children, or when they're a-bed. But it isn't much I can do with a baby, and them two so little. Perhaps I may earn 85d. (17 cents) a day, sometimes. Beside waiting at the master's, we lose about a quarter of our time doing work for which we get no pay. It will take me two hours and a half to get this ready," she explains as she fingers the blue, flimsy threads stretching along her loom.

The husband then comes forward in his shirt-sleeves. He is a stubby-bearded, prematurely aged man, of about three or four and thirty, with stooping shoulders, hollow cheeks and deeply sunken eyes. He is civil and pleasant to speak to, but not so hopelessly resigned to his lot as the older men.

"Hear the husband's story: 'Yes, they're nice little 'uns,' he says, 'and it's hard for a man to see his children dragged up this fashion and not to be able to better it. Working twelve to thirteen hours, perhaps, I may make 2s. 6d. (50 cents) a day. If you were to come in at nine to-night you would find me at work. I don't believe I make more than £20 (\$36) last year. Live, sir? We don't live—only just muddle to keep off dying. When people talk to me about the price of meat, I often say that it wouldn't matter to me if there wasn't no meat at all. We never get none—cept, perhaps, now and then half-a-pound of bullock's liver between the six of us.'

Partial List of Magazines for June Received.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) The June Atlantic is a pleasant number. One of the most entertaining articles in it is called Dime Museums; from a Naturalist's Point of View, by Rev. J. G. Wood; Kate Gannett Wells gives a picturesque description of Passamaquoddy Island and its hermit; there is an account of six months spent at Astrakhan, by Mr. Edmund Noble, and a paper on Modern Vandalism, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. A statement as to government by committee at Washington, by J. Laurence Laughlin and the Forests and the Census by Francis Parkman, will interest students of politics. Mrs. Oliphant's Country Gentleman, Miss Jewett's Marsh Island, and Charles Egbert Craddock's Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains, are all continued. Dr. Holmes's New Portfolio is also as bright as ever. The literary papers of the number are of sterling worth, and there are reviews of Baird's Hugenot Emigration, Allen's Religious Aspects of Philosophy, and recent novels. Celia Thaxter contributes a poem, and there is also some other good verse, together with the usual departments.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. (New York City.) The North American Review concludes its seventeenth year with its June number. It never had so large a circulation, nor greater influence, nor a more brilliant staff of contributors. This number discusses seven topics of public interest by no less than fourteen eminent writers, not including the short contributions in Comments. Shall Silver be demonetized? is answered, pro and con, by Sumner, Laughlin and Walker. The Tardiness of Justice is discussed by Judge W. L. Learned, and Prohibition in Politics by Gail Hamilton; The Swearing Habit by E. P. Whipple, and French Spoilation Claims by Edward Everett. The policy of the Roman Catholic hierarchy toward our Public Schools is assailed by a new polemic, Mr. M. C. O'Byrne, of North Carolina, and defended by Bishop Keane, of Virginia. How Shall Women Dress? is answered by Charles Dudley Warner, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Dr. W. A. Hammond, Dr. Kate J. Jackson, and Mrs. E. M. King, the English leader of the dress reform movement.

THE QUIVER. (Cassell & Co., New York.) This issue opens with a May-flower poem. A paper on After the Honey-Moon, follows, in which the Rev. E. L. Hardy tells some homely truths about that interesting period. In A Mission Underground, Anne Beale gives a graphic account of the work carried on at St. Philip's Church, London. An interesting paper is on the Graven Records of Bunhill Field. In his series on Popular American Prose, Dr. L. D. Bevan gives sketches of Henry Ward Beecher, Richard S. Storrs, and T. Dewitt Talmage, with portraits of each. The Beloved Disciple, by the Rev. Alexander Roberts; The Furnace and the Lamp, by the Rev. Wm. Burnet; Temptation: its Sources and Issues, by Dr. Henry Allon; and Not Done in a Corner, by Dr. Fredk. Trestrail are good Sunday readings. Prof. Blaikie continues his Bi-centenary Sketches. There is an unusual amount of fiction and poetry in this number and the illustrations are numerous.

GODBY'S LADY'S BOOK. (J. H. Haulenbeck & Co., Philadelphia.) This number has the usual amount of good stories, fashion notes, illustrations, embracing fashion plates and elaborate drawings.

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

Magazines for May not Before Mentioned.

THE VACCINATION INQUIRER. (London, Eng.) The organ of the London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination.

BABYHOOD. (18 Spruce Street, New York.) Marion Harland contributes Mrs. Camp in the Nursery, and Nursery Desserts; C. L. Franklin, The Infant's Earliest Development; G. H. Fox, M. D., Diseases of the Scalp, and W. P. Gerhard, C. E., Country Houses and their Surroundings. Other good articles are: Nursery Literature; Baby's Wardrobe; The Mother's Parliament and Note Book; Nursery Helps and Novelties and Topics of the Day.

JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN AKADEME. (Alexander Wilder, M. D., Newark, N. J.) Contents for October and November: Salutary; The Gayatri; Man: Spirit, Soul and Body; The Antediluvian Babylonian Kings; The Akademe: History and Report to Present Time; What is Nature? The Invocation of Sokrates; The Righteousness of the Nemesis; The Hypothesis of Evolution.

THE MIND-CURE AND SCIENCE OF LIFE. (Prof. A. J. Swarts, Chicago.) Contents: Rosicrucian Musings; The Mental-Cure; The Manufacture of Success; Thoughts on the Idealism of Berkeley; Hints on Mind-Cure; Intelligence in the Spirit-world; Imagination; Life; Science of Being, or One Spirit; Book Reviews, etc.

THE SIDERAL MESSENGER. (W. W. Payne, Northfield, Minn.) Contents: The Instruments and Work of Astronomy; The Star of Bethlehem; Recently Discovered Asteroids; The Red Spot in Jupiter; Editorial Notes.

THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN ORTHOEPY. (Ringos, N. J.) From the title page of this magazine we find it is devoted to Phonetic Spelling, Euphonic Words and fitness of Words.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND QUERIES. (Manchester, N. H.) A monthly magazine with Answers to Notes and Queries in all Departments of Literature.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

AMERICAN MEN OF LETTERS. Ed. Charles Dudley Warner. Nathaniel Parker Willis, by Henry A. Beers. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25.

The above work is the ninth volume in a series of short biographies of representative leaders in American letters, which has elicited much popular commendation. The name and fame of Willis, poet and man of fashion, whom Holmes characterized as something between a remembrance of Count d'Orsay, and an anticipation of Oscar Wilde, is becoming a dim, though pleasing, tradition to the present generation. These scriptural poems, once so popular like Jephthah's Daughter, Lazarus and Mary, and Absalom, are seldom heard from now-a-days, unless at the Friday afternoon exercises of some country school house, though they show, as the present biographer says, "remarkably mature work for a college boy, and are pure in taste, delicate and correct in execution."

Mr. Beers has accomplished his work with good taste and in a manner which bears evidence to his ability as a writer and critic. Neither the poetical nor prose writings of Mr. Willis have that intrinsic merit which would command lasting honor and fame for the author, apart from the associations of his particular age. As a traveler and writer of his journeys in foreign countries, his reputation equalled, for that period of time and the early formative era of our national literature, that achieved by Bayard Taylor a generation later. He lived to reach his sixty-first birthday, and to witness the rise of a new and more powerful class of writers, whose fame was destined to quite eclipse his own. The obituary notice, says Mr. Beers, bore a reminiscent tone, showing that the poet had, in a measure, outlived his own fame, and were addressed to an age that knew not Joseph.

UNITY SONGS RESUNG. Compiled by C. H. K. Chicago: The Colgrove Book Company. Price \$1.25. A neat little volume of 150 pages bound in muslin, with gilt ends. It contains a choice selection of the poems published in Unity during the five years last past.

CHINESE GORDON. A Succinct Record of his Life. By Archibald Forbes. New York: John B. Alden. This work gives a graphic account of a remarkable man from birth, but especially from the time he was engaged in the Crimean campaign, the British operations in China to his death at Khartoum.

THEOLOGY OF NATURE AND REVELATION. By an Amateur Theologian. New York: O. Hutchinson. A pamphlet of 55 pages, terse and well written, presenting a progressive theology in clear and definite language.

LIBRARY OF THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH. Confessions of St. Augustine. By Rev. E. B. Pusey, D. D. New York: J. Fitzgerald.

To those who have a great admiration for the "Fathers of the Church," this new venture will prove of great value. It is to be issued twice a month.

New Books Received.

CAMP-FIRE, MEMORIAL-DAY and Other Poems. By Kate Brownlee Sherwood. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.00.

UNITY SONGS RESUNG. Compiled by C. H. K. Chicago: The Colgrove Book Co. Price, \$1.25.

UNITY LEAFLETS, No. 10. The Study of Politics in Unity Clubs and Classes. By George L. Fox. Chicago: The Colgrove Book Co. Price, 10 cents.

WAYMARKS OR SOLA IN EUROPE. By Josephine Tyler. Chicago, New York and Washington: Brentano Bros.

"Orthodoxy versus Spiritualism." An answer to the sermon of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage against Spiritualism, delivered by Hon. A. H. Dalley. Only five cents per copy. For sale at this office.

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Hardened Liver. Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism. Since then I have been unable to do about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water. All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has worked a miracle in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave. J. W. Mowbray, Buffalo Oct. 1, 1881.

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I had a valuable horse taken with Pinkettes, resulting in blood poison. After nine months of doctoring I despaired of a cure. His right hind leg was as large as a man's body, and had on it forty running sores. I used 15 bottles S. S. S., and all symptoms of the disease disappeared, and there have been no signs of a return. JAS. L. FLEMING, Augusta, Ga. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., or 159 W. 23d St. N. Y.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Eclectic-Philosophical Journal desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the Eclectic-Philosophical Journal, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

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

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

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 30, 1885.

Do Your Duty! Our Interests are Mutual.

To all Spiritualists, as contra-distinguished from mere Spiritists; to all earnest men and women who love the truth for its own sake and who are strong enough to bear it even when it runs counter to preconceived opinions; to all who aspire for a higher, sweeter, more perfect life, both here and hereafter, the JOURNAL directly appeals.

The JOURNAL'S path is no easy road; the average individual will readily and generously pay to be amused or to have his emotional nature wrought upon; but with gingerly touch and a tightened grip upon his purse-strings does he take the instruction and discipline necessary for true soul-growth.

BEGIN NOW and see how soon you will acquire the habit of increasing the JOURNAL'S strength and circulation.

Resurrection.

At all times the wonderful processes of nature are full of marvel and of beauty. Perhaps this marvel and beauty are never more manifest than in the change from what seems the cold and lifeless sleep of winter to the warmth, the charm, the brightness, the throbbing life of spring.

The fierce grip of winter is fastened on all the land; snow covers hill and valley, and icy bands are on every stream; no sweet trill of bird comes from the leafless wood, no soothing hum of busy bee is borne from buried fields of clover.

upon every tree and shrub the bursting buds palpate with life, along the brooks the willows put forth their delicate catkins, and the returning birds chirp with the old familiar voices.

This yearly change in nature has made such an impression on the human mind, that in nearly every religion, resurrection plays an important part. This is especially true of the Christian religion. The resurrection of the crucified Nazarene was the real beginning of Christianity.

To Spiritualists the lesson of resurrection as it is taught by the flush life of returning spring, and as it is taught, also, in the rising up to the higher life of the man of Nazareth, is full of significance and power.

The Church Congress.

"A Church Congress," an assemblage of eminent divines who entertain widely divergent ideas on subjects pertaining to religion, can not easily fail to have a beneficial influence on the public generally, especially if its deliberations are calm, dignified and thoughtful.

Of course it will be exceedingly difficult to harmonize the different views of the various churches and establish a common ground on which all can stand and worship God.

Notwithstanding the secular press of this country is not distinguished to a very great extent for its piety, yet Rev. Washington Gladden, a member of the Church Congress, pays it a high compliment, as follows:

"The increase of attention to religious matters by the secular press is due to better comprehension of the scope and function of the newspaper. Its reports of religious utterances are generally intelligent and accurate.

Rev. Julius H. Ward, a clergyman-journalist of Boston, also presented his views on the influence of the secular press. He claimed that its editors discuss religious topics more fairly, as a rule, than very many religious journals, which are wrapped up in denominational partisanship.

United States Senator Hawley made a brilliant address, portraying the very great value of the secular press to religion, and the increasing space which the daily and weekly press alike allot to subjects of that character.

This assemblage, composed of eminent divines, certainly indicates the awakening of a more liberal feeling in the religious world, and although the good accomplished may not be seen at once, yet what seems now as insignificant will expand at no distant day into a movement that will bring into closer and more fraternal relationship all the churches, and render them more susceptible to the truths of Spiritualism.

Not "we" but I.

In his lecture in this city, speaking of immortality, Col. Ingersoll is reported as saying:

"I say honestly, we do not know; we cannot say. We cannot say whether death is a wall or a door; the beginning or the end of a day; the spreading of pinions to soar or the folding of wings forever."

This may be his own mood of mind and range of experience. We take his word that it is. But why does he speak for others? Does he not know that from remotest ages to our own time a countless multitude have said that death was but the opening of a higher life?

Surely to say, "I do not know," instead of using the inclusive "we," would be more in accord with the frank fairness which marks so many of his utterances.

After talking of Christian duty in the Plymouth Church prayer-meeting lately, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher told the congregation why he broke off his connection with the New York and Brooklyn Congregational Association.

Walter Howell at Martine's Hall.

Walter Howell, the English medium, lectured at Martine's Hall last Sunday morning and evening, to highly appreciative audiences. Mr. Howell was blind at his birth, but since then, several difficult surgical operations have been performed upon his eyes, and he now sees sufficiently to enable him to get around the city without much difficulty.

Of course no bigoted Methodist could tolerate for a single moment such an innovation, hence the young preacher was expelled from that organization for heresy, and thereafter he was attracted naturally to the ranks of Spiritualism where he is capable of doing an effective work.

His lecture last Sunday morning was on "The New Birth," and he handled the subject in an able manner, attracting the close attention of those present. He alluded to the natural birth, to the deific, procreative principle that permeated all nature, and to the necessity of people generally having a more correct knowledge with reference to the rearing and culture of offspring.

The lecture throughout was interesting and attracted the close attention of those present.

Not a Mind or Prayer Cure.

It appears from our exchanges that an achievement of surgical science, amounting to almost a miracle, is reported from the State Institution for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind at Romney, Hampshire County, W. Va. Henry McRea, blind from his birth in 1870, has been a pupil of the Institution from Pocahontas County for the last three years.

Walter Howell, lately from England, will lecture before the People's Society of Spiritualists in Martine's Hall, Ada St., near Madison, next Sunday evening at 7:45.

David Bruce, one of the contributors to the JOURNAL, and now 83 years of age, is quite sick at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Sermon to Doctors—Shall They Pray?

It is not often that a minister of the Gospel ventures to preach a sermon devoted exclusively to the benefit of the doctors. The Rev. Thomas E. Green of the Eighth Presbyterian Church, however, had the boldness to do so last Sunday. He said:

"God bless the doctors!" Memorial windows in many a church keep green the memory of the martyrs of the Christian religion, but those who have sacrificed their lives for humanity at the sick bed, in the hospital, and wherever duty calls the professor of the art of medicine, are just as truly martyrs.

The Greeks were the first nation to attempt to systematize the science of healing. Since then there had been improvements made in every department of knowledge, but progress in medicine did not appear to have kept pace with the advance in other departments of science.

Witchery.

The report comes from Wabash, Ind., that Pleasant Township is all agog over the discovery that a number of its residents are believers in "witchery." A Mrs. Ohm, who professes to cast out devils and perform other feats commonly regarded as superhuman, resides near Laketon, and, it is said, is regularly consulted by persons who believe themselves under the influence of a malign spirit, and by the sense of her power of "divination," has been enabled to amass quite a snug fortune.

Not that Kind of a Temple.

A correspondent calls the JOURNAL'S attention to a lecture delivered by the ex-convict Susie Webster-Willis-Fletcher, before the "First Spiritual Temple Society" of Boston, as reported in the Banner of Light, and inquires, if that is the society spoken of in the editor's notes and for which Mr. Ayer is building the splendid structure.

Mrs. Dyar's Lecture.

We publish this week an eloquent address delivered by Mrs. Dyar under spirit control; it is well worth careful reading. Too many anniversary addresses take on the character of Fourth-of-July glorification, hence we are glad to note the marked departure from this custom in the present instance.

Mrs. Tom Thumb, or rather the "Countess" Magri, wears a No. 5 child's shoe, her husband a No. 8.

GENERAL ITEMS.

The editor-in-chief reached home on Monday morning last. The editor hopes to find time to give his readers further "Notes of Travel" next week. W. Harry Powell, the slate-writing medium of Philadelphia, has been of late in Corry, Pa. Miss Rosamond Dale Owen is open to lecture engagements in the United States after the 1st of July next. Abram James, the medium, is not dead as formerly reported in the JOURNAL, but is living at Conant, Sumpter Co., Florida. Messrs. Jansen, McClurg & Co. are soon to issue a volume of poems by the gifted sisters, Mrs. Helen E. Starrett and Mrs. Allison. The Woman's Tribune, published at Beatrix, Neb., is a very new paper. All interested in woman suffrage [and who is not] should send for it; \$1.00 per year. Dr. D. P. Kayner, who appears to be having excellent success as a clairvoyant physician and healer, is still located at 96 W. Madison St. Mrs. E. L. Watson has cancelled her engagement to speak at a camp meeting advertised as under the management of one C. Fred Farlin. We congratulate Mrs. Watson. In the "Copy of the Deed of Trust," as published in the JOURNAL last week, on the 8th page, a typographical error occurred in the last word of "Declaration of Principles." It should be "fraternity," instead of "paternity." Samuel C. Nutt, a religious enthusiast of Farmer City, Ill., died May 21st, from the effects of a forty days' fast, which he imagined the Lord had commanded him to make. Nutt was the editor of a paper called Spirit of the Truth. One of the first copies of the revised Bible was presented to the Prince of Wales, who found on examining the commandments that it is going to be just as hard for a Prince to get along without striking against rough corners as it ever was. Col. T. W. Higginson finds it necessary to deny that he ever said of George Eliot that "if she had ever held a dead baby in her arms she would have wanted something better to console her than the philosophy of Herbert Spencer." M. Hugo bequeathed \$10,000 to the poor. He left a request that his body should be conveyed to the grave in a pauper hearse, without any religious rites. In the document containing this request Hugo affirms his belief in God. The Rev. Humphrey Duling, colored, of Dallas, Texas, has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment for stealing seventeen hens from Prof. Jones of the female college. The hens were found on the preacher's back tied up in two sacks. One of the changes made in the new version of the Old Testament is in II. Kings, xxii., 14, where the expression "college" is now given "second ward." It is possible, in explanation of the error, that all returns from this ward were not in when the King James translators did their work. Bob Ingersoll may be an infidel, and he may be going to hell when he leaves terrestrial scenes; but there are several thousand Christian men in the world whose wives would be far more happy were their husbands half as decent as Col. Bob.—Grit, Hanover, Kan. We have sometimes made frank but friendly criticism of the Christian Register. Commendation is the fair balance of criticism, if both be just, and we take pleasure in mentioning that the Register has published an article by G. B. Stebbins on the Affirmation of Spiritual Realities, and one by Herman Snow on Spiritualism; both clear and cogent, and filled with the light of the spiritual philosophy. It is said that subscriptions are rapidly pouring in from every part of the country for the miniature statuettes of "Liberty Enlightening the World," which are being sent to every person who subscribes \$1.00, proving that appeals to the patriotism of our people are never made in vain. All subscriptions for statuettes should be addressed to Richard Butler, Secretary, 33 Mercer Street, New York City. The new version of the Old Testament will render some of the printed sermons useless. Suppose, for instance, a sermon preached from the text: "The way of the transgressor is hard." The new version gives it: "The way of the treacherous is rugged." The signification, it will be seen, is changed entirely. A sermon from the old text is a sermon from no inspired sentiment and not justified by biblical authority. What will the clergymen do with these unjustified discourses? Religious meetings on the Common in Boston, Mass., have been held for years past. This spring the Salvation Army began to hold services on the prohibited ground, and Sunday, May 17th, services were also held on the Common by the Young Men's Christian Association. A few days afterwards the Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon, pastor of the Clarendon Street Baptist Church; the Rev. M. R. Deming, General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association; the Rev. W. F. Davis, a missionary, and formerly superintendent of the North End Mission; H. I. Hastings, a publisher on Cornhill and editor of the Christian; and Capt. Annie Shirley, and about a dozen other members of the Salvation Army were summoned to appear in court and answer to the charge of violating a city ordinance by preaching on the Common. Each defendant was fined ten dollars and costs, and each appealed to

the Superior Court. And it has come to this, that the dispensers of God's word can not preach upon a "common ground," the law preventing. Dr. Slade is contemplating going to New London and Boston at an early day, and then to Onset. Col. Paul Bremond, late of Houston, Texas, after a long and successful business career has passed to spirit-life. Col. Bremond was an enthusiastic and clear-headed Spiritualist of long standing; he was also one of the most prominent business men of Texas and had done much to develop the resources of the Lone Star State. A man of great executive and administrative ability, broad and generous views, indomitable will, splendid health and immense energy he made his mark in whatever he undertook. In looking over his "Notes" as published last week the editor finds that he inadvertently spoke of Mr. Potter as editor-in-chief of The Index, when as a matter of fact he should have styled him senior editor. But for a lapse of memory in the hurry of writing he would have recollected that Messrs. Potter and Underwood are equal in authority as editors, each responsible for his special work. The error may not seem to Mr. Underwood as worth correcting, but accuracy of statement impels it. The Ethical Culture Society of Boston celebrated its anniversary recently by appropriate exercises, and Rev. Annie Shaw (Methodist) said with all her disbelief in free religious thought, she could not remember when she felt herself so happily restored, as now, to the "old class meeting." Should Mrs. Shaw visit such meetings oftener, she would probably find herself in hearty sympathy with most she would hear. The Church Congress, recently held in Hartford, Conn., will have a tendency to broaden all our orthodox friends. England has about the same area as the State of Illinois, and probably less land under cultivation. Her agricultural products are put down at the enormous sum of \$610,000,000, divided as follows: Wheat, \$75,000,000; barley, \$55,000,000; cattle, \$150,000,000; mutton, \$125,000,000; pork, \$30,000,000; wool, \$25,000,000; hops, \$10,000,000; dairy products, \$135,000,000; poultry and eggs, \$15,000,000; potatoes, \$21,000,000; orchard and garden products, \$20,000,000. Prices of products are of course much higher than in the United States, which helps to make valuation much larger, but the product foots up an average of about \$25 per acre. They have some curious divorce laws in Asia. Javanese—If the wife be dissatisfied she can obtain a divorce by paying a certain sum. Thibetans—Divorces are seldom allowed, unless with the consent of both parties, neither of whom can afterwards remarry. Moors—If the wife does not become the mother of a boy she may be divorced, with the consent of the tribe, and she may marry again. Chinese—Divorces are allowed in all cases of criminality, mutual dislike, jealousy, incompatibility of temper, or too much loquacity on the part of the wife. The husband can not sell his wife until she leaves him and becomes a slave to him by action of the law of desertion. A son is bound to divorce his wife if she displeases his parents. The Union Signal says: "Mrs. Livermore in a recent letter to Our Message, the organ of the Massachusetts W. C. T. U. says that in her winter's travels she met an intelligent brewer and held much converse with him regarding the temperance reform. Among other things he said, 'Let me tell you how we stand here in Nebraska. If to-morrow we were compelled to choose between a woman-suffrage or a prohibitory amendment to our constitution, we should take the latter. For you can get around any prohibitory amendment that men can make. With the aid of good lawyers, you can carry your cases up to the higher courts, and delay decisions, you can pick flaws in the evidence, and break down the witnesses, and all the while, if you're smart, you can do business on the sly, until you worry your prosecutors clean out, and they'll give up trying to enforce the law. But when you give women the right to vote, a prohibitory amendment is sure to follow, and women haven't a grain of sense on the temperance question. They are crazy fanatics on that subject, and they wouldn't stop till the whole liquor business was destroyed, root and branch. That is why we shall never give women the ballot in Nebraska.'" It is said that one bright particular star of the Salvation Army of this city is Captain Walsh, the reformed negro minstrel, who carries with him a halloo-luh banjo. Though he has "experienced religion," the scent of the burnt cork hangs to him still. Before singing a hymn at a banquet lately held by the Salvation Army, he tuned his banjo, and as he turned the screws and strummed on the strings, he remarked in a rich, full "Brudder Bones" dialect: "Pra-ise de Lawd! (Tink-a-link.) I'm a sa-a-bed man! (Pink-a-link-punk.) I'm made free from sin! (Pink-a-punk-a-r-rung.) I'm glad I'm alive! (Tink-a-link-crack! string broke.) Bress God! (Screw, screw, screw.) I've been washed as white as a dove! (Tink, tink, tink-a-link.) All ob yo' now seek salvation! (Tink-a-link-a-link, pank-bung-a-lung.) And with the final sweep of his fingers over the strings he commenced his hymn. His enthusiasm grew as he sang, and those about him became infected with it until all were bobbing up and down, waving their arms and keeping time in good old negro fashion, the soloist meanwhile, unable to contain himself, bursting in to regular New Orleans levee shouts and cutting a pigeon wing on the floor with his feet with as much grace and agility as he was wont to exhibit in his unregenerate days.

The Doctor's Laws. To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: The readers of the JOURNAL of May 2nd, understand that Brother Tuttle and I have not yet agreed to agree, on all points. I do wish he would open his large soul, and let everybody plainly know why "the Spiritualist press" should not wage even a "continuously warfare against" wrong, usurpation, nonsense and stupidity wherever found. If I am not mistaken "the Spiritualist press" is being run for the good of man's physical as well as spiritual nature. Inasmuch as the mind corresponds to the condition of the stomach and nerves, how can man's whole interests be respected without properly caring for his whole nature? Our good brother ought to have thought of the importance of trying to turn doctors from the error of their ways: when he wrote: "If a lawyer blunders, it may make a difference of a few dollars, more or less; if a minister preaches wild doctrines, they are neutralized by discussion, but if a physician errs, it is at the expense of life, or a life-time of suffering." I think Mr. Tuttle is mistaken if he supposes that "the Spiritualist press" "deride and sneer at the graduated physician," simply because he is a graduated physician. I do not know of any true and worthy man who is opposed to education; but I do know of those who are opposed to doing as the educated Pharisees did. All who are familiar with the recorded sayings of Jesus, know what opinion he had of false education and pride of opinion. Any collegiate graduates who have not learned the difference between the endurance of a poison and the aiding of nature with drugs that are not dangerous, should not be allowed to dictate laws for everybody. When such have been allowed to so dictate they have proved themselves to be blind guides, binding "heavy burdens and grievous to be borne." Whenever they get a conspicuous case to treat they demonstrate what they are doing in general practice, and show how little they know. General Grant's physicians have plainly said that they do not know any more about prognosis than President Garfield's physicians knew about diagnosis. Does any press "deride and sneer at the graduated physician," by publishing that some aristocratic physicians have been unable to secrete the fact that they do not know the difference between a hole made by probes and caustics and one caused by an assassin's bullet? Is it wrong, at a time when graduated physicians undertake to make a trades union of the medical profession, and have laws passed to protect their monopolies, for lovers of right and proper freedom to notice and tell of it, that some eminent graduates have patients who live many weeks, and perhaps years, after the time for their dying has been fixed by such graduates? When it is believed, on good evidence, by a large number of respectable people, that Gen. Grant's physicians have not done him as much good as the sympathizing and cheering public, who have been honoring the soldier on his birthday and other days, should not such a class of physicians be wound back when they are going too fast? It does seem to me that graduated humbugs ought not to be made a privileged class; in other words, legislatures ought not to encourage young men, poorly qualified by nature, to study medicine. Until all graduated physicians are both honest and intelligent, they should not have unlimited power on account of their graduation. When the profession gets so full that laws are demanded requiring people to employ doctors that they do not want, it must be too full. A member of the New York Legislature told me that an attempt was made last winter to pass a law making it a crime for one neighbor to help another doctor a cow, without specified qualifications. Thus the doctors are continually trying to deprive the people of their God-given liberty; and it is wrong to say that any argument against such a course should be called derision and sneering. I will admit that a report of the ridiculous performances of the Garfield and Grant physicians may appear to them and their friends like ridicule; but which of all is the most ridiculous party? Can a bad person be slandered with the truth? Mr. Tuttle states, in advocacy of his kind of doctors, that "they have no secrets in their profession," and he claims that every purchaser of patent medicine "ought to know what he is buying, and what he is taking into his system." Why should "the manufacturers of every patent medicine" be compelled to state that their medicine is made of "Dilute forty rod whisky, disguised with glucose and flavoring," while Mr. Tuttle's doctors write their prescriptions in Latin? There is not a more secretive set of people on earth than many of the most popular doctors. When one of them is told by a patient not to give mercury, he will say: "I am giving prepared chalk," or use some other deceptive terms. A man is deceived when he supposes a collegiate education will change the nature of rot-gut, which most of doctors are taught in college to prescribe. It will be a thin argument to claim that "the graduated physician" prescribes only pure liquor. Mr. Tuttle asks: "Why is a 'natural healer,' who has never been inside of college walls, more reliable than one who has graduated after years of profound study?" Some conscientious people ought to have the liberty to answer such questions, when the natural doctor is the best, by saying: "Because the natural healer has not learned how to prescribe deadly or dangerous agents;" or, in other words, "Because he does not know too much." The greatest skill of a prescriber of poisons is, in giving doses that will be endured. Mr. Tuttle wants "a State Examining Board, impartially composed, and every one desiring to practice medicine in the State, should be subject to examination, at least once in five years." How can such board be "impartially composed" and properly respect the rights of the honest and intelligent minority, and at the same time keep it out of dirty politics? The examination of a practicing physician every five years is nonsense, because he should be allowed to forget about half that he has learned in college. The best of graduates try to thus forget. Do allow common sense to displace official nonsense. Some professors in college are not practical men and therefore lead their pupils astray. "Regular," in-the-rut, bungling doctors should not be considered as infallible judges of, and arbitrators about, the "ignorance and stupidity" to be found in "irregular practice." It is time, as Mr. Tuttle has stated, that "ministers are held by their church organizations with tight reul," and it is not equally true that each school of medicine subjects its members to a "rigorous examination?" Suppose an attempt should be made to have an impartial "State Examining Board" for ministers (which would be equally sensible as for doctors). Mr. Tuttle ought to know what would be the result and consequence. Too much legislation about truth, conscience and ability will always give unprincipled

pled persons, whose motto is, "beat no matter how," the advantage. Modest, honest and worthy reformers, regardless of where they are classed, should not be hampered with arbitrary laws. While "experiments" are being constantly made "by some with two-edged swords or drugs that are even worse, others should be allowed to experiment so as to allow disease, if necessary, instead of drugs, to kill the sick. Brother Tuttle or any other good man must be a careless observer, or have an imperfect vision, if he does not see that the present doctors' laws were intended for the benefit of medical colleges and doctors, and not for the good of "the dear people." Is it reasonable to suppose that doctors who think more of propriety and patronage than they do of philanthropy, are not selfish? Where is the proof that there is nothing the matter with those men who cannot obtain an honorable and honest employment through merit instead of law? G. W. KING, M. D. Saratoga Springs, N. Y. The Herald of Health has begun to collect a new series of letters from some of the oldest of our brethren concerning their physical habits. Ten years or so ago, Dr. Holbrook published similar letters of great interest from William Cullen Bryant, William Howitt and others. The second of the new series, to appear in the June number of The Herald, will bear the signature—familiar to almost every one who has handled an American greenback—of F. E. Spinner, who is now in his eighty-fourth year. The third is being prepared for the next month's issue by Dr. James Freeman Clarke. These letters should possess much practical value as well as literary interest. The letter of Mr. F. E. Spinner will relate most graphically the very curious and remarkable manner in which he has preserved vigorous health to a very advanced age. DID YOU DO IT? Ask your Grocer for Magnetic Soap. It will be a happy day in the life of every housekeeper, when they make a trial of Magnetic Soap. Think of it, no boiling of clothes, a common sense way of washing clothes. If your Grocer does not keep it, tell him he must get it for you or you will trade with some one else will. It is the best soap made, pure, white, saves clothes, saves time and a great amount of hard work. February and May Nos. of The Mind-Cure, 425 Madison St., Chicago, denying Spirits, and ably arguing a better theory of being, have awakened sharp criticism, inquiry, etc. These Nos. and a good lecture, "The Supernatural Impossible," to any address for 14 cts. in stamps. Clairvoyant Healer. D. P. KAYNER, M. D., the well-known Clairvoyant Physician, has again resumed practice and is located at 96 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill. Send with lock of hair, handed only by the patient, prominent symptoms, and \$3.00 for examination and written prescription. Notice to Subscribers. We particularly request subscribers who renew their subscriptions, to look carefully at the figures on the tag which contains their respective names and if they are not changed in two weeks, let us know with full particulars, as it will save time and trouble. Business Notices. HUDSON TRIBLE lectures on subjects pertaining to general reform and the science of Spiritualism. Attendances free. Telegraphic address, Ceylon, O. P. O. address, Berlin Heights, Ohio. SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, No 1327 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: 2¢ and three 3 cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular. A high mandarin of China, in his letter of thanks to Dr. Ayer for having introduced Ayer's Pills into the Celestial Empire, called them "Sweet Curing Seeds"—a very appropriate name! They are sweet to the eye, and are therefore the most profitable "seeds" a sick man can invest in. NO POISON IN THE PASTRY IF DR. PRICE'S SPECIAL FLAVORING EXTRACTS ARE USED. Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, etc., Saver Cakes, Creams, Puddings, etc., as delicately and naturally as the best when they are made. FOR STRENGTH AND TRUE FRUIT FLAVOR THEY STAND ALONE. PREPARED BY THE Price Baking Powder Co., Chicago, Ill. MAKERS OF St. Louis, Mo. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder —AND— Dr. Price's Lupulin Yeast Gems, Best Dry High Yeast. FOR SALE BY GROCERS. WE MAKE BUT ONE QUALITY. DR. PRICE'S SPECIAL FLAVORING EXTRACTS MOST PERFECT MADE Purest and Finest Natural Fruit Flavors. Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, Almond, Rose, etc., flavor as delicately and naturally as the fruit. PRICE BAKING POWDER CO., CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS. WANTED—Ladies and Misses to Crochet and make Fine Lace. For best patterns and profitable work sent out of the city. WESTERN LACE MFG. CO., 218 State St. THE WAR IN HEAVEN. By BARRIE LYTT. This is founded upon Revelations 12: 7-9, and will be found interesting. Price 10 CENTS. For sale, wholesale and retail, by THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO. THE HARTLEY RECLINING CHAIR CO. We make the BEST Chair in the World for comfort, durability and price. Also Reclining Lounges and Physicians' Chairs. 153 East Superior Street, Chicago, Ill. For New Roof. For Old Roof. ROOFING. Price low; anybody can apply on Steep or Flat surfaces; materials durable. Roofing done by one of our illustrated book. Ind. Paint & Roofing Co., New York.

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Voices from the People, AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Man and the Ascidian.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"The ancestor remote of man," Says Darwin, "is the Ascidian. A scanty sort of water bear. That, nearly million years at least before gorillas came to be. Went swimming up and down the sea.

Their ancestors the pious praise, And like to imitate their ways; How, then, does our first parent live, What lesson from his life to give? The Ascidian Tadpole, young and gay, Both life with one bright eye survey. His consciousness has easy play. He's sensitive to grief and pain. Has tall and spine, and bears a brain. And everything that fits the state Of creatures we call vertebrate. But age comes on; with sudden shock He sticks his head against a rock. His tail drops off, and he is dry. His brain's absorbed into his skin. He does not move, nor feel, nor know The tidal waters ebb and flow. But still abides, unstruck, alone, A sucker sticking to a stone.

And we, his children, truly we In youth are, like the Tadpole, free. And when we would we blithely go, Have brains and hearts, and feel and know, Then age comes on! To habit we Affix ourselves and are not free; The Ascidian's rooted to a rock, And we are bound-slaves to a clock; Our rocks are Medicine—Letters—Law, From these our heads we cannot draw; Our loves drop off, our hearts drop in, And daily thicker grows our skin.

Ah, scarce we live, we scarcely know, The wild world's moving ebb and flow, The clanging currents ring and shock; But we are rooted to the rock. And thus are ending of his span. Blind, deaf, and motionless does man Revert to the ascidian.

Why Discouraged?

BY THOS. HARBING.

"I was rather discouraged by your remarks in the JOURNAL when you said, 'We don't know much about the spirit-world.' Why discouraged? Don't we know that whatever it is, it is right? Surely it is very much better than our highest conception could paint it. If we know but little about it intellectually, that little we do know and it is a cyclopaedia of wisdom, compared with what had been known of it previously to the advent of modern Spiritualism. Knowledge or wisdom is a growth. See the orthodox mother bending over the coffin of her child; her hot tears rain down upon the brow of the dead? Then she remembers the words of Jesus, 'Because I live ye shall live also,' and she fondly hopes to meet her little son in heaven. She contemplates the picture of a cherub, with its innocent face revealing contentment and love, and the lower part of the body mysteriously changed into wings, and she cherishes the idea that, in that form her child will appear (part angelic and part human, a sort of half bird and half boy) and when she is told that he will still only be a child, she is discouraged. I thought he would appear like an angel? But some evening, in the quiet of her home, the sober truth, glorious in its very simplicity, is revealed to her astonished eyes; then she becomes clothed, as it were, in the garments of a mother's peace, and exclaims, 'Thank heaven he is still all my own!'

When imperfect conceptions are about to be removed, and replaced by a degree of truth more nearly complete, our old ideas must necessarily be discarded, and for a time there is a ripple on the surface of our contentment, but the outcome is the purer joy of a more enlightened understanding.

The devotee asks, 'Don't you think you were happier when, as a Christian, you could repose all your cares and troubles on the Savior's cross, when life was a series of religious enjoyments, placidity and peace?' It may have been so, but I doubt it. What worthless creature we should be, if the aim of our lives were the happiness of self—the pleasure of sense! The time was when, as little children, we sat on a mother's knee—we knew no cares then; perhaps we have never been as contented since; but would we now go back to that condition, and purchase an ignorant and dependent peace, at the cost of manhood or womanhood; never, never! Let us not regard happiness as the end of all things. Happiness is not the sovereign but the court favorite. It comes when we are conscious of personal rectitude and a higher knowledge.

"The truth against the world for permanent contentment! The brave Spiritualist never hugs an error for the satisfaction it brings; his happiness rests on the bed rock of ascertained fact; and while he is waiting for a new discovery, he consoles himself with the contemplation of a God, infinitely wiser than man, of a heaven higher than the earth, of possibilities greater than mortal conception.

If I have said that I don't know much about the Spirit-world? I must also say that "That does not discourage" me, because I know that it exists and is right." Sturgis, Mich.

A New Table Tipper.

Villagers Mystified and a Seneca Indian Baffled by a Young Woman.

The little village of Steamburg, four miles east of Rome, N. Y., is agog with excitement over the remarkable illuminations of Miss Carrie Nutting, who was recently graduated from the Chamberlain Institute in Randolph with honors. A short time ago as she was sitting at a small table in her father's house, with her hands resting idly upon the edge, suddenly the table began to move, compelling Miss Nutting, as she says, to follow it about the room. It came to a halt directly in front of a picture of her grandfather, who died some years ago. Members of the family were present, and the fact that the spot at which the table stopped was exactly that in which it formerly stood when the old gentleman used it as a writing table.

The next day, at about the same hour, the young woman was gazing out of the window, thinking over the peculiar circumstances of the previous day, when, as she explains it, a gradual lassitude took possession of her, and although she had never been known to sing, she began chanting some weird, sweet melody, which the family say they never heard recalled. As the music died away she began repeating a poem, the words of which none of those present had ever heard. This trance wore off in about half an hour, and the young woman says she has no recollection of doing anything unusual, nor did she experience any fatigue.

By this time the news of the strange behavior of Miss Nutting had spread among the neighbors, and the following afternoon twenty-five or thirty persons had gathered to witness the phenomena, nearly all being skeptical as to the stories set afloat. Shortly after three o'clock, while the sun was shining brightly into the window, the young woman seated herself at the table, looked steadfastly at the picture of her grandfather, and the table soon moved, and was gradually raised from the floor. A lumberman who happened in with the others, thinking there was some trick, seated himself upon the end of the table, but notwithstanding his added weight it continued to rise, and the family say they never heard mysterious way that Myron Silverbeck, a Seneca Indian from the reservation seat at hand, made a break for the door, and did not stop in his mad rush until he had crossed the boundary line of the reservation. The Indians now take a roundabout road rather than pass the home of Miss Nutting.

After the table had ceased its wanderings a gold ring worn by the young woman was mysteriously removed from her finger and dropped upon the window sill, a message that they never heard recalled. As the music died away she began repeating a poem, the words of which none of those present had ever heard. This trance wore off in about half an hour, and the young woman says she has no recollection of doing anything unusual, nor did she experience any fatigue.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Instinct and Reason.

Some Notable Traits in Animal and Bird Life.

It has long been a mooted question whether the instinct of animals does not merge into reason. Without taking definite sides on either side of this question, it is my purpose to offer some pertinent illustrations which have fallen under my own immediate observation. A habit of mind during the winter months, when I went out to feed some poultry, has been to spread bread crumbs for the sparrows. It invariably happened that one, or at most two of the sparrows would first appear amid the tongs of a pear-bush apple tree, or on the fence-top. These seem to be a sort of advance guard on the lookout for provisions; and as soon as a sharp examination of all the surroundings had satisfied them that every thing was serene, they would hop down and take a peck or two at the crumbs, then fly off to carry the good news to the main body of their chums at a distance. A little later some fifty or more would come scolding in a jubilant body, and set to in hungry eagerness to devour the bonanza spread before them. There would be no wrangling, or such greedy pushing and unseemly scrambling as is always seen at a cheap lunch table (and not seldom at tables that are not cheap), but each and all would partake of the feast in complete harmony until the last crumb was enjoyed.

Now this I call pure instinct. There is not an atom of humanity about it. If the case were one in which food was spread out for the gratuitous use of humans, and one chance made as early discovery would be to pile up a host of hungry competitors to come and join in the feast? Not! Here is where the superior sagacity of reason comes into play; and it is unaccountable how Kant failed to give an illustration of so pertinent an example in his "Critique of Pure Reason." In any such case humans would first grope to reptilian, then hoard up the remainder in some safe granary for a "rainy day," and sell to hungry companions at as high a figure as their necessities would compel.

This gives an apt illustration of one marked difference between the workings of instinct and reason. There is one peculiar trait in domestic hens that is very human, whether it has to do with instinct or reason, or not. When they retire to roost, they have an irrepressible desire to get onto the highest perch, and seem to take delight in pecking at those compelled to roost below. Indeed, so determined are they in this, that when the roost is full, they will place already jammed full to reptilian, the desperate resort of flying up and making forcible efforts to wedge in by the process of knocking one or two down will not seldom be made. Can any thing be more human than this! And it does seem as if they experienced the human grandiloquent elation of feeling that comes from being elevated a small notch above lower-down fellows, and that they take the same heartless delight in pecking at those underneath, as the human pecker does at those above.

Does this come from instinct or reason? Or when a human kicks a brother already down still lower, is it a matter of reason with him, or the instincts of a brute?

A number of years ago I had a dog of the black-and-tan terrier species, of the female persuasion. She had an instinctive dislike to a dirty face or shabby clothing, and would bark and snarl at a beggar on sight. Did this spring from the same feeling that impels a woman to a cloth coat to turn up her nose at workman in a cheap blouse? This same dog finally developed by some self-taught process of internal evolution, into the sad disorder of intellect that afflicts so many high-toned ladies—became a confirmed kleptomaniac. I use this word pertaining to lady pilferers advisedly, as the dog had all the symptoms unmistakably. She would steal any thing her teeth could be fastened onto, from small chicks to joints of meat; from salt pork to mackerels, or just bear down and take a cloth coat to turn up her nose at workman in a cheap blouse? 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Continued from First Page.

them; until the war-cry ceases to ring out for them, and until they can see with their own eyes, which are blinded by the smoke of battle that lingers about them, that life, "full immortal life," breathes as tranquilly inside the doors of the church to-day as it does outside, among modern Spiritualists, and it breathes more tranquilly, for there are thousands of noble, warm hearts in the church to-day who are better fitted to take in the full spirit of what that little child has to give, than the phenomenal Spiritualist of the present, who cares only for the cradle in which the infant was rocked. The truth sinks with deep significance into these hearts, and they will be the ones to gird their loins, and, with faces smiling and triumphant, glide softly past the modern Spiritualist, who sits clasping his empty cradle to his bosom, and swiftly speed after the trailing garments of the little child. The true churchman who feels the real spiritual impulse of the Master Spirit, who wraps the church about him as a garment because it strengthens him materially and intellectually, and who chooses to remain with a concourse of people because he can gain greater eloquence from their presence—he who feels this to-day, and senses the spirit of the Master, through it, will be the one to find this little child that has awakened from its sleep and left the cradle empty.

Let us, in a spirit of great gravity and deep earnestness, look our last upon the cradle. Let us be mourners to-day in the sense of those who believe that the spirit lives, and who, when the body is laid aside, do not see the body save to pay to it the respect due to that which bore the spirit so beautifully through those experiences which it was necessary for it to gain, but gazing upon the spirit which has left it, feel only deep thankfulness and joy within their hearts that the one who owned that beautiful tabernacle of clay no longer needs it, for it has touched the shores where its garments shall give it greater freedom, and no longer cumber its feet, and where the light of its being shall gain greater radiance and beauty. Such cheerful mourners as these, with smiling faces and happy hearts, shall watch the spirit as it walks into the light, while down into their hearts will creep this thought: We shall miss that presence in our daily life, and the empty chair will seem empty for a long time, for we cannot see the spirit sitting there or hear its joyous voice in our homes; still, we are cheerful mourners, and our hearts are glad. And after this, in the hush, when the cares of the day have folded themselves softly and seem not to have been, and in that half light, 'twixt that which is past and that which is to come, giving forth a tranquil rest, the spirit will sense its freedom, and as you sit in the spirit glowing of your own home there will come this thought to you: Oh, I am so glad it is all past for them—the sadness, the burden and the warfare—that it is all over. So we sit as mourners around the cradle to-day, thankful that the necessity for the warfare and the burden and the hate has passed away, and drawing ourselves a little ways apart, not because we feel ourselves better than others, but because we recognize the fact that the cradle is empty, and that we must rest awhile and put ourselves in a condition to follow after the little child, we listen to those, who, from the impulse which the battle has given them, still fight on.

Now, farewell, O little cradle! Thou didst serve us faithfully; thou didst stand the battle and the warfare valiantly, and upon thee no one shall find the dent of a bullet, for, as they struck thee, they glanced aside and fell to the ground, just as perfect in thy outer conformity, just as complete in thy symmetry and purity and beauty dost thou stand to-day as when we placed thee here. Even the bullets of immorality and of sharp, rasping discords from Spiritualists themselves aimed against thee have left no dent or mark, but fell where they should fall, at the feet of him or her who sent them. And when the church comes forward, as it will, the beautiful, grand old spirit that believed all the prejudice and superstition represented all the original truth, the blessed old spirit that has been lying beneath that old train of dogma and creed since time began, we will say to it: We love thee, we cherish thee, we welcome thee. There are spirits like ourselves, who, while proclaiming the truth of immortality, have claimed certain things that are false and erroneous, but these were those nearest the earth, who, feeling the pulsation of this light which touched all that was human on this planet, waking into deeper power and intelligence all who were prepared for it, spoke with impulsive power this great, rushing tide of truth. When the waters flood the fields, what is first scattered over the land? Debris, ruin. But what follows after that? The clearing air, the sunshine, the beauty of budding flowers, the sweet warbling of birds, the mingling of all nature in a glad, glorious song. And so man, looking over the battlefield of life, glancing at the ruin and the debris, feels his soul lifted above all these things, and he exclaims! "It was but the empty cradle; I must up and away after the little child."

Good-bye, old cradle; we throw over thee no pall, we leave with thee no regret. We are glad from our hearts to separate thee from ourselves. Good-bye, old phenomena, which, in order to waken the world to a knowledge of immortality, failed to waken the spirit to the demands of that inner life. Good-bye, old physical manifestation, which, when you proved to the world the might and power of spirit life, failed to waken within the heart any echo of what was most earnestly demanded by the human heart itself. Good-bye, little cradle, incomplete as you seem to us now, you served the one mighty and grand purpose of waking a world to life and truth and grand beauty and power.

We must go after the little child. We spirits, and you mortals with your shining faces, looking through your mask, are just prepared to note that the cradle is empty. Withdraw yourselves from the din and turmoil of the old dispensation and place upon the altar of your being two lamps, faith and trust, and keep the oil within them pure and clear. In the lamp of trust keep the oil of beautiful liberty, honor, justice and mercy, that the light may shine so clear that the breath of your being, as you look upon it, the breath of your utter love, may not make it flicker or cause it to grow unsteady in its shining. Place it once upon the altar of your being, and we know God will keep it there. Keep yourselves within yourselves; look at the cradle of phenomena no longer, for you have proved it is a cradle; but, sitting down with the little lamp of faith, hold yourselves quiet with only God's triumphant smile to mark the progress of the life within; let the dark world for one brief space glide away; let the calm and peace of our life steal in upon you, and with it will come the power to find the little child.

Let us grow weary along the way, from the curfew law is rigidly enforced in Albany, Ore. Young men under 21 and ladies under 18 must be under cover by nine o'clock at night unless they have legitimate business out.

that which is about you; lest you sink, weary and sad, by the way, let us raise for you the curtain; let us show you that little child as we behold it; let us prove to you how glad you will be that you have searched for it; let us make your hearts feel how sweet a thing it is to have heard the rustling of its garments and seen it even from afar off, enthroned in shining light, clear and beautiful, with its little feet resting in the palm of the Father's outstretched hand, that palm lowered enough for every steadfast soul, faithful to duty, faithful to that which life called upon it to do; faithful in little things, to see its face, and even to see the hand of the Father that holds it. Standing there, and looking toward you with a love ineffable, it will reach forth its little hand and drop into the hearts of those who behold it, pearls, one by one, as fast as those hearts are ready to receive them: First, that pearl which means rest; rest from the outer while the inner waits; second, that beautiful pearl of trust, which makes all those around rise glorified because of that which is above it; third, that little pearl of harmony, linking the life physical to the life spiritual, and which makes of the body a glorious medium between the neighbor here and the love of God there.

They who cling to the empty cradle, and fold it to their bosoms will miss the risen child, whose second coming is now. The spirit of the new dispensation is upon you; the glory of its pathway is revealed to you; the beauty of its presence shines down in your hearts now; but you must wake to receive it, and you must turn your back upon the past and rise and gaze upon this sun which hath already risen. Every prophet of this new time tells you that there comes ringing forth from our home of spirit the cry of a new Savior, a new Master, a new Christ, a new what you will; and spirits, gazing down upon you, hear whispers from above, and they ponder and wonder, even as do yourselves, when they tell you of what they hear rising higher, still above themselves. There comes down through that stratum of life the same beautiful cry we heard, "We know it is so; it is here; it is coming into our midst; it exists; it is born." But that new dispensation is not the old cradle of phenomenal Spiritualism; oh, no; not at all; oh, no! It is not for one voice alone to speak of it; it is not for any one man or woman to proclaim it. The ambitious dreams of mediums and of spirits will never be realized for them, for no one Christ, man or woman, no one medium, man or woman, will be the first to step forward into your midst as the great, echoing mouth-piece of this new dispensation. God, in sending his grandest and best gift for the evolution of the spirit within you is not poverty-stricken in his resources; not at all.

This new dispensation and Christ power is to seize every heart, in the church or out of it, that is ready for it, or that is even clear enough to note that the little child has risen, and that the anniversary we celebrate to-day is two-fold in its nature, one filled with glad song and with glad good-bye to the old cradle which has rocked the little one and kept it in a trance-like slumber in order to give it strength; the other, more glorious, filled with hosannas, glad songs, great restfulness and holy rapture that the little child has risen.

Be ready to take this new dispensation by the hand, and remember what we have so often told you; that it holds in its hands millions of pearls, and that into the heart of every man or woman who is prepared for it, into every heart that is strong and powerful and beautiful in its moral nature and that has awakened to a sense of that which is truest and deepest in life, having done its duty nobly, even though it is sitting by the wayside clad in rags and tatters—into such souls as these, who are oftentimes better prepared than any other, the little child will drop the gift of this new power of showing itself unto mortals. Through those men and women who are the first to hail the light, then the presence of beauty, then the sweet shadow of the sun, and then the golden mist so clear and beautiful that the heart of him who sits in rags and tatters feels its beauty and dreams heaven is on earth, those who gaze shall know that the new dispensation hath come.

The old cradle has lost its occupant, and the old Spiritualist may sit still and wait until the angels shall call him to clearer vision, or he may drop the empty cradle and follow the little child. It makes no difference to us who are working, which he may choose to do, only in this: That he misses so much himself. I cannot give you sweeter revealing of the new birth from the old than this: As soon as hearts and souls are ready to gaze into its face and meet the shining of its eyes, tremulous with the new glory of its baptism when they stand unfolded so much from themselves that they do not feel themselves (and it is a task more easily accomplished than you think), the little child, uplifted now where every one must stand and look upward, and not bend over, since it has awakened from its slumber, will drop down into those hearts the pearl which will shine on and on and on, even here upon your earth, and wake to newer and grander shining there. It will supersede the necessity for us as spirits so long gone from you to return to enforce upon you the full meaning of what moral life and noble courage and great strength of spirit can attain.

The little child, the new dispensation, the risen power from that cradle which was placed here, is in your midst. It will wait for you, it will remain clear and shining until all are ready to receive it. It will grow in greater and newer beauty for every heart that is drawn to it. Yes, it can wait; it loses nothing; it gains everything; for, by its silent waiting it will gain every heart on the face of this beautiful planet of yours, every soul which the Father has created. But can you afford to wait? Can you afford to sit, holding the empty cradle to your bosom when so much is to be done? Sing a new song, for the glory is here; weep a glad tear o'er the cradle, bend over it without a shadow of fear, for that which he hath promised he is able to do and will do. Wait not, tarry not, linger not, but with hearts brave, earnest, true, faithful, loyal, glad, cheerful, come with us and touch the garments of the little child that trail down over the hand that is holding it within the reach of all. But if you touch that garment with unsteady or unfruitful hand a shadow will be where the shining was, yet you will have forged a link so strong in your chain that it can never be broken, and when you come again with steeper hand, stronger purpose, clearer and better endeavor, forgetful of yourself, and lay your hand upon the shadow where you touched before, the light will return, while a ray of the glory that surrounds that little child will enter your own soul.

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The Future of Modern Spiritualism.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

NO. 3.

My last article concluded with the assertion that much of the indifference to Spiritualism manifested by the public, is based on their belief that we take little or no precaution to render fraud impossible. We now wish to go one step further and urge Spiritualists to study carefully the whole subject of conditions, lest in our zeal for truth some great injustice be done to our mediums; and we will do well to remember that the fraud at which the public sneers, may be the work of either medium, spirit control or sitter. I must here take great exception to the recent assertion of a talented lecturer in San Francisco. I quote from the JOURNAL of March 21st, as follows:

"I affirm that mediums may repel evil influences from the Spirit-world even more readily than those of a mundane nature, for the reason that there is no fleshly bond between spirits and mortals."

It is true there is no "fleshly bond"; but if you substitute for that expression "mental sympathy," thousands of sensitives throughout our land not merely recognize it as a fact, but find hours in their lives when they are victims to a force greater than their own.

If neither Mrs. Watson nor her control has yet discovered this law of nature, they will develop much charity for unfortunate mediums by studying somewhat more deeply the philosophy of mediumship. Psychometric sympathy between mortals is not a matter of volition, as the writer knows from personal experience; and since it is not born of the "fleshly form" but of spirit contact, it is just as powerful when one of the parties belongs to the life immortal as when both are yet on earth. It is easy to win applause by denunciations of fraud by cabinet mediums; but quite another matter to examine the subject philosophically and scientifically. Most assuredly the future of modern Spiritualism will demand calm inquiry into the cause that impels one spirit to manifest in earth-life as a deceiving "Truesdell"; and another, born, perhaps, on the same day in the same village to pose as a Sunday school superintendent, or an undetected bank cashier.

The man of the future will examine into the mental phases of our phenomena with even more of care than the physical, since all that he values most highly as spirit instruction, reach him through action upon the mortal brain, from trance to inspiration. It is with sad ease that we can select trashy volumes and volumes of trash from the shelves where lie our spiritual literature; and he has but little experience of circles who has not listened to many communications under names of ancient worthies, which were a transparent attempt to gain a hearing under false pretences. But our surprise is born of the church-teaching of our childhood, which threw a holiness about spirit intercourse that cannot inhere to a world of imperfect humanity. So to us a spirit stands a welcome guest because he is a spirit, and because of the very interesting phenomena through which we make his acquaintance. We have not yet got to the point of determining his real merits, any more than we can determine the character of a foreigner whose command of our language is too imperfect to express his real meaning.

In the future of modern Spiritualism man will understand more of what truth means than he can to-day. The ignorant Salvation Army exhorter accepts as truth that his God is very near; can hear his prayer, and listen whilst he talks; is working miracles every moment and deciding destiny according to a code of civil service redemption rules. The grandson of that same exhorter discovers that truth is deeper, broader and higher than the old zealot ever dreamed, and finds that very much of what was called God, means man every time; and as his manhood develops, his conception of truth must grow as large as the powers of his own soul.

So we may rest assured that much of what we spend our force fighting as fraud to-day, will count as imperfection to the coming Spiritualist, born of a thousand complications of which you and I do not yet dream. But in the future a different standard of perfection of phenomena will become universal. I claim that a very large proportion of what is called fraud springs from the overpowering desire of mortals to have proof of identity of their friends. It is very easy to pass a forged endorsement on a blind man; and remember we are blind men on the question of identity. The whole army of test hunters are in eager search to prove that John is really John, and that Susan is a living reality.

Yet science should teach us that unless the moving atom in the spirit brain can be brought into harmony with the moving atom in the mortal brain, there can be no direct manifestation. So it may be that your spirit friend can make no use of the mortal brain; and yet there may be a spirit standing by whose brain force so assimilates to that of the medium, that he not merely controls without a direct intention of doing so, but is at the same time under the psychological power of your intense desire to talk to Susan. He has the same experience as the subject on the platform who responds to the will of the mesmerizer. You have at once a spurious aunt, sister and cousin, reflecting first your own mind, and next that of the spirit, who was unable to personally control that medium; and many a supposed fraud is born of this mutual ignorance, rather than of wilful deception.

The greater my experience, the more wonderful I find many of the laws that are our master when we seek spirit intercourse. For instance, the clairvoyant sees and converses with spirits who seem almost like a company at a reception, and yet, are often ignorant of one another's presence, and of all that takes place, save, perhaps, such few expressed ideas as may happen to vibrate in harmony with that spirit brain.

Most certainly the coming man will grow weary of "tests." He will welcome an outburst of love and affection as born of unusually favoring conditions; and for the rest will look to spirit intercourse as having two and only two great lasting blessings for humanity. First, the demonstration of our immortality; and, second, the development of our individuality.

If it be that man develops by experience; if it be that progress is founded upon doubt; and that liberty means freedom to make mistakes, then we can forego no experience of to-day, however painful it may be, and we may rest assured that the Spiritualist of the future will have accepted the maxim formulated already by the JOURNAL, that every manifestation or phenomena of any kind must be judged on its own merits; for if the medium be a genuine spirit instrument the conditions that produced fraud yesterday, may be absent at the next sitting.

(To be Continued.)

London has 120,000 foreigners.

General News.

The report that Mr. Gladstone has decided to retire from public life is revived. This time the report is made somewhat credible by circumstances and by the conduct of the prime minister's friends. The Spanish government has presented to the cortes a bill authorizing the Spanish admiralty to expend 26,000,000 pesetas annually for a period of ten years in the construction of first class iron-clads. Austrian protectionists, taking encouragement from the growth of protection in Germany, are now agitating for higher duties in the Austrian tariff. Private letters from Posen and Silesia describe the present expulsion by Germany, at Russia's request, of Russian Poles from their provinces as being attended by the most cruel and heart-rending incidents. Victor Hugo wished that his body be buried beside the remains of his wife and daughter in the little graveyard of the parish church of Ville Euier, on the right bank of the river Seine, half-way between Rouen and Havre. The Indian government proposes, with a loan of \$50,000,000, sanctioned by parliament, to rapidly strengthen the railway system of India in both a commercial and military sense. There will be expended \$10,500,000 in constructing a railway west of the Indus, \$10,000,000 will be laid out in building another railway on the east side of the Indus, including a ferry across that river, \$2,000,000 will be used in the building of a bridge, \$1,000,000 will be spent in the construction of another road on the west side of the Indus, and crossing the Pisseen plateau, and \$1,000,000 will be expended on still another line west of the Indus.

A tornado struck Alton shortly after 6 o'clock last Sunday evening, and was of great fury for a few minutes. Trees and fences were leveled, and buildings were damaged all over the city. Planks were hurled through the air a great distance. Several houses were unroofed. Three Chicago & Alton freight cars were thrown off the track. The German press state that England is desirous of securing the Emperor William as arbitrator of the Afghan dispute between Russia and England. The government officials of Russia are indulging in scornful laughter at the order of the British Government stopping the Guards at Alexandria. Riel, the Northwest rebel, has arrived at Regina, and is now in the barracks there awaiting orders from Ottawa. The sixth annual convention of the American Evangelical Lutheran Immigrant Society opened in Washington last Monday. Commissioner Colman, of the Department of Agriculture, has sent out a circular letter changing the date of the proposed Agricultural College convention in Washington from June 24th to July 8th.

The Parisian papers have lately been stirred up to a degree of enterprise that is truly phenomenal for them by the influence of English and American competition. This was strikingly shown on the afternoon of Victor Hugo's death, when no less than thirty two reporters surrounded the house, each anxious to get the news first, so as to have his paper first on the street with a special edition. No decision has yet been reached at Rome concerning the vacant Catholic bishopric of Dublin. In the face of the determined opposition offered by the Irish prelates, who are

vigorously seconded by the national party, the Pope hesitates to confirm the British nominee. Ex-Minister Lowell is still in London, making a quiet round of visits to literary and artistic friends whom his domestic affliction and the cares of his office have compelled him to neglect somewhat during the past few months. An Egyptian Sergeant who was present at the fall of Khartoum, and who was fortunate enough to be spared in this almost general massacre, has succeeded in escaping from the Mahdi's clutches and reached Assouap. The American man-of-war Marion has left Suakim for Hong Kong. It is certainly a somewhat extraordinary condition in English politics when a Tory leader organizes his followers to join the Radicals and Irish members of the Commons to fight coercion in Ireland. It is difficult in view of all this to withhold admiration from Parnell for the educational effect of his long parliamentary agitation. A good general survey of the political situation would perhaps show that no man in England realizes more thoroughly than does Mr. Gladstone that there is in the present state of British affairs all the elements for a political crisis.

One of the boldest of the French charlatans—the Widow Noel—has lately been fined and imprisoned for trickery. Not content with prescribing nostrums, she used to insist on residing with her patients, whom she thus robbed at her leisure. Her last victim was a man with heart disease. She remained with him for sixty days, and received her board and \$350. Her chief medicament was an "ointment" made by boiling bull pups for nine days in a mixture of red earth, and for this foul stuff she charged four dollars per pot. Strange to say, seven witnesses of good character testified to the efficacy of the woman's remedies.



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