

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

VOL. XXXVIII.

CHICAGO, JULY 25, 1885.

No. 2^d

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SOLAR PHYSICS.

A Lecture Delivered by Adam Miller, M. D., before the Chicago Philosophical Society.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

I hesitate not to say, in the opening sentence of my lecture before the Philosophical Society of Chicago, that if we were as destitute of the light we receive from the sun as we are ignorant of its origin, source, and the mode of its operation, we would now be in total darkness. If we were as destitute of the heat we receive through the agency of the sun as we are ignorant of the cause which produces it, and the means through which the supply is kept up for thousands of years in succession, we would now be suffering the rigors of an arctic winter, and the desolations of a perpetual polar night. This assertion may be startling to some who are in the habit of taking for granted all they read in books, especially if the author of a book has gained a notoriety for having a thorough acquaintance with the subject on which he writes. But in all philosophic and sober thinking minds there will arise doubts, where different persons of equal pretensions to knowledge, write on the same subject, and make very different and conflicting statements, as the result of their scientific investigations.

If a commission of twelve scientific men were appointed by the authorities of a government to examine the mechanical construction and operations of some new machinery, and each one claiming to be an expert in mechanics, it would be reasonably expected that there would be harmony, or at least a general agreement in their report as the result of their examination; but how would the matter stand if we found, on examining the reports of the different individuals of such commissions, that there was a divergence of opinions, and that many of the statements of these pretended experts were not only in conflict, one with the other, but were in direct conflict with some of the known and well established laws of physical science? In such a case we would not only be inclined to doubt the truth of their statements, but to reject them altogether as having no scientific value to us.

Now, let us apply this to the subject under consideration. We have not requested any one to examine the construction and operations of our solar system; but men claiming the highest scientific knowledge, after years of arduous toil and diligent research in the department of solar physics, have voluntarily given us the result of their investigations. Their reports are before us, submitted to us for our examination, and we may well ask the question, What have we, and how much do we know on this subject? We know that the sun shines, and that some days are much warmer or colder than the average temperature even in the same latitude and the same season of the year. Our great ancestors knew the same thing. The wild savage that roams through the forest or over the prairie, knows the same thing without the knowledge of letters or oral instruction. In this knowledge we stand on a common level with the whole human race.

If it be true that great progress has been made in the past fifty years in the department of instrumental astronomy as well as in other departments of knowledge. There are, however, some things now claimed as fundamental truths in science and classed among the boasted discoveries of the past half century, that will finally have to yield to the pressure of a more rational philosophy and more enlightened reason. A heavy burden is being laid upon the shoulders of modern science.

any one who, with independent thought dares to attack old and long cherished theories, and will not only raise its hand to strike down new theories, but often aims its heaviest blows at the one who has the temerity to offer them to the public.

There are two theories which I shall oppose in this discussion; they have been asserted and maintained by leading scientists until they have become dogmas in science. The one is the so-called correlation and conservation of energies or forces; and the other is the direct radiation of heat from the sun. Neither of these can be proven by arguments based on solid and well established facts. Since our knowledge is so exceedingly limited in the commonest things in nature, we should build our theories on what we know to be true, for there are truths in nature that we know, as well as mysteries that we cannot comprehend. Theories built upon the solid foundation of truth will stand; those built on hypothetical speculations are liable to go down with the thousands of old and long cherished theories that have gone in the same way. Mr. Grove, himself one of the strongest advocates of the correlation and conservation of forces, says:

"There are so many circumstances of difficulty attending cosmical speculations that but little reliance can be placed upon the most profound. We know not the origin and source of terrestrial heat; still less that of solar heat. We know not whether or not systems of planets may be so constituted as to communicate forces, so that forces which have hitherto escaped detection may be in a continuous or recurring state of interchange."

It is well stated by this author, that "we know not whether this interchange of forces does exist." Here is the shifting sand upon which a great part of the superstructure of correlation and conservation of forces is built, which claims for its basis the invariable quantitative relation between motion and heat, or the mechanical equivalents of heat. The ever recurring doubts expressed, and the contradictory statements of different authors indicate very clearly that these theories are not established on the solid rock of well proven facts.

We claim that a partial acquaintance with some of the known and well established laws of physical science will afford us a sufficient ground for an argument against theories that come in direct conflict with these laws. Another ground for an argument against many of the untenable speculations of astronomers and philosophers is the fact already referred to: the divergence of opinions between different writers of equal opportunities for observation in the department of solar physics. Prof. C. A. Young, of Dartmouth College, in his published lecture on the sun, says:

"Some facts, indeed, can be stated with confident certainty, but to a very great extent our ideas regarding the solar constitution and the modes of action are based upon mere hypotheses of a greater or less plausibility, and I am free to confess that my own studies, for the past few years have done quite as much to unsettle for me old beliefs, as to establish new ones."

The one branch of solar physics which demands our especial attention on this occasion is solar radiation, including light and heat, in reference to which two subjects there have been the most fanciful and extravagant speculations of any subject connected with celestial dynamics.

Dr. Henry Raymond Rogers, in an article published in the *Chicago Tribune* some time since, gave a summary of the different explanations of science of the cause of light and heat from the sun. He notices four theories:

1. Combustion of cosmical substances falling into the sun.
2. Arrest of motion of such cosmical substances.
3. Contraction of the solar mass.
4. Dissociation of compound bodies in the sun's substance.

Dr. Rogers urges strong objections against the foregoing hypotheses, and principally because "they stand in direct opposition," as he says, "to the inexorable laws of the correlation and conservation of forces." Dr. Rogers is one among many who sees that the commonly received theories in solar physics cannot be reconciled with the dogma of correlation and conservation of energies, and the mechanical equivalents of heat. The one or the other must be abandoned.

The late and much lamented Prof. Mitchell, one of the brightest names in the history of our country, in his popular astronomy says:

"We are compelled to acknowledge that up to the present time science has rendered no satisfactory account of solar light and heat. Whence comes the exhaustless supply scattered so lavishly into space in every direction we know not. Doubtless the time will come when these phenomena will be explained. Persevering and well directed observation will in the end triumph; but these are matters that must be consigned to the recesses of posterity."

Similar sentiments, as already stated, have frequently been expressed by distinguished astronomers, while various theories which at first appeared to be plausible, have been abandoned from a want of sufficient proof to defend them against just criticism. One thing is undoubtedly true, and this is, that the theory of the correlation and conservation of forces cannot be reconciled with the present theories of solar radiation. In the commonest sense, the sun is a waste of energies and

no loss of force, while in the latter the same science sees, or pretends to see, the impending doom of worlds from an exhaustion of the store of energy by which they are kept in motion. Scientists are already singing the funeral dirge of our own planet, and have determined on a time when the last man shall burn, or freeze to death, or be drowned in a mighty flood. Alexander Winchell, who is high authority in scientific circles, says:

"There is a gradual disturbing force which is destined to interrupt the existence of the present terrestrial and cosmical harmony. The earth is destined to fall upon the sun, and the same destiny awaits every planet; and the time must arrive when all the matter of the solar system will be aggregated in one cold dark mass."

Mr. Winchell further says: "The course of nature is tending toward an end. The final aggregation will be a stage of total equilibrium and stagnation of all forces of matter. No heat, no light, no motion, no life, no change,—but the eternal death of a cosmical organism."

What harmony is there between such a fearful picture of an impending doom of worlds and the correlation of forces which contends for the mechanical equivalents between heat and motion throughout a cosmical universe? There is absolutely none. Science must finally abandon the one or the other, or strike a happy medium between these two extremes and recognize an infinite mind and controlling power and will in the universe.

Spectroscopic analysis claims to give us some light on the solar constitution, and indicates the presence, in the sun, of some of the metals and minerals found on our earth. These, it is contended, must be in an incandescent state in consequence of the extreme degree of heat in the sun; but in reference to the cause and extent of this heat science has failed to give us a satisfactory answer. The estimates that have been made of the intensity of the sun's temperature range from 3,000° (Fahrenheit) to 50,000 and 100,000; several have estimated from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000, while the astronomer Seeche contends for 18,000,000 of degrees.

It has been estimated by a celebrated French astronomer that if the total quantity of heat emitted by the sun were exclusively employed to melt a layer of ice closely surrounding the solar globe, that quantity of heat would be sufficient to melt in one day a layer of ice ten and one-half miles thick. Prof. Tyndall says:

"The heat emitted by the sun in one hour is equal to that which would be produced by the combustion of a seam of coal sixteen miles thick."

Prof. Young estimates that to produce a sufficient heat for the sun to melt its way out from a layer of ice closely enveloping it at the rate of forty feet per minute, would require the combustion of a layer of coal thirteen feet thick to be consumed every hour over the whole surface of the sun. Another astronomer estimates that "to keep up the present rate of solar heat, according to the ordinary laws of combustion, it would require a layer of coal ten feet thick extending over the whole surface of the sun to feed his flames a single hour." Bishop Warren says in his "Recreations in Astronomy," the sun would melt 257,300,000 cubic miles per second. He is a fine scholar and a great preacher, but excuse me from taking his astronomy.

In reference to the brilliancy of the sun, astronomers are still further apart in their estimates. Huggins estimates the light of the sun to be at least equal to 765,000,000 times that of the bright star Sirius. Walleston calculates it to be equal to 20,000,000 the light of said star. Bouguer, the first inventor of the heliometer for measuring the surface of the sun, on comparing the light of the sun to that of the full moon, draws the conclusion that the illuminating power of the sun is equal to 300,000 that of the disc of our satellite, while Walleston found the illuminating power of the sun to that of the moon as 801,072 is to 1. That all these extravagant estimates are uncertain and unreliable may be inferred from the difference between these results. Gulleman says: "The difference is so enormous that we are unable to explain it; it is an estimate that should be made over again," or as we sometimes say, "Guess again."

Now, so long as these estimates are based upon the assumed hypothesis that the sun is in a state of combustion consuming cosmical matter, so long will these extravagant and widely different statements be made, which can be of no scientific value to any one seeking for truth. No experiment can be made to verify any of these statements. We must regard them as mere conjectures or guessing in the name of science. This destroys our confidence in other statements on other subjects without sufficient evidence to establish them as facts in science. The dogma of the indestructibility of force and the conservation of energies must be classed under this head of guessing that it is true without proof.

It is astonishing to see how a popular assembly of people will listen to, and applaud the statements of, a lecturer while he contradicts himself and runs riot on common sense and reason. Prof. R. A. Proctor, the astronomer, who has written a number of books, and uniformly condemns in his last book what he had given in his former works, stated in his lecture, which was highly applauded, as reported in the *New York Tribune*, June 9th, 1874:

"The actual emission of solar light and heat corresponds to what would be obtained if on every square yard of the sun's surface

six tons of coal were consumed every hour. The great centre of our system gives out every second the same amount of heat that would be obtained by burning about eight times the whole supply of coal supposed to exist on this earth."

Again Mr. Proctor says: "The hideous groanings of the earthquake are surpassed a million fold by the disturbance of every square mile on this inflamed sea. This is no idle dream. This great centre of our solar system, the central heart pulsates with life, and will continue to do so till the fuel is exhausted."

He asks this question, "How does the sun maintain this fire?" and answers by noticing two theories that have found strong advocates among scientific men. The one is by the downfall of meteoric matter, and the other by the contraction of the substance of the sun by which his heat is maintained. Mr. Proctor evidently inclines to support the first theory, but utters the fearful prediction that in any case there is certainly a time in the far future when the sun's heat will be exhausted; but suggests a way in which the perennial supply may be continued. He says:

"Our sun is travelling along through space, carrying with him the planets and the comets that circle around him as he sweeps onward, and it may be that he comes to new regions of meteoric matter; or as it were to fresh fields and pastures new where the supply may be renewed."

Again he adds: "There is this process of exhaustion which will one day come to an end."

Prof. S. P. Langley, whose distinguished services in the department of solar physics are highly spoken of in scientific circles, published an article in *Appleton's Journal* some years ago, in which he said that "a column of ice forty-five miles in diameter, and reaching out into space to the lunar orb, so as to make a bridge to the moon, would, by the full force of solar heat, be melted and dissipated into vapor in less than a second of time; and that all the coal fields of Pennsylvania would last considerably less than the one thousandth part of a second to keep up the present rate of emission of solar heat."

This same Prof. Langley, in the last December number of *The Century*, under the head of "The New Astronomy," has the following:

"Let us suppose that we could sweep up from the earth all the ice and snow on its surface, and gather in the accumulations which lie on its arctic and antarctic poles, commence building with it a tower, greater than that of Babel, fifteen miles in diameter, and so high as to exhaust our stores. Imagine that it could be preserved untouched by the sun's rays while we built on with the accumulation of successive winters until it stretched out 240,000 miles into space, and formed an ice bridge to the moon, and that then we could concentrate the sun's whole radiation, neither more nor less than that which goes on every moment. In one second the whole would be gone, melted, boiled and dissipated in vapor; and this is the rate at which solar heat is wasted."

Now, I see no difference in this new astronomy from the old published some years ago, save this. In the former estimate he had a bridge of ice forty-five miles in diameter reaching to the moon, and said it would melt in less than a second of time. In the new astronomy he estimates a bridge fifteen miles in diameter and says it would melt in one second of time. Now, in all soberness and seriousness, do these writers think they can indulge in such flights of rhetoric and contradictions of well known physical laws, as well as contradict themselves, and make us take it in as "the latest discoveries in science?" Does not Professor Langley know that the sun's rays will not melt ice nor snow on high mountains. Even in tropical climates there are mountains covered with the snow and ice of many years' accumulation. And why? Simply because the sun has no power where there are no aqueous vapors in the atmosphere to act upon the rays from the sun, and produce the amount of refraction that is necessary for the development of heat. Here is the whole secret of solar heat on the different planets of the solar system. It increases or diminishes with the refracting or non-refracting power of the atmosphere of the different planets. This is a matter of absolute demonstration. The aqueous vapor of the atmosphere, so far from absorbing the heat from the sun's rays, as Tyndall, Proctor & Co. tell us, actually increases the heat. This can be demonstrated by an ice cold water lens—concave convex—in the form of our atmosphere. I have passed sunbeams through eight inches of cold water, and kindled a fire from these rays, with a lens of my own construction without perceptibly changing the temperature of the water. Professor Tyndall's experiment before his audience of passing heat through ice was nothing more than this action of a lens on the rays of light. Interplanetary space is cold and dark beyond any of our conceptions of cold on this earth, and the sun's rays passing through this cold space only become heated in their passage through the atmosphere of the planets. The light from the sun is undoubtedly electric, and the planets are so many dynamos planted in space, rotating with an immense force, generating an amount of electricity that cannot be expressed by human figures nor comprehended by human thought. The sun holds the planets and comets by the tremendous grasp of his attraction, and pushes them from their perihelion by the power of his repulsive and so evenly balanced forces of holding and driving, of pushing and pulling through electric conditions, negative or positive,

will make these harmonious systems run their perpetual rounds.

The electricity generated by the planets is conducted through interstellar ether to the sun, and in this way this great torch of the worlds is sustained and fed by his own children, and in turn is abundantly able to supply all the wants of his large family of worlds for all coming time, without shrinking, wasting or decaying. Can we not see a beauty and a harmony here immeasurably above the fanciful speculations of men who, in the name of science are determined to have the sun burn out, or burn up every thing else or shrink upon itself in its effort to give us light and heat, and finally die of old age, a shrivelled mass of useless slag, to float off into the unknown depths of space. But I wish to say a few things more about Professor Langley's ice bridge to the moon. Since space beyond the range of our atmosphere is inconceivably cold, it is very evident this bridge would not melt at all, unless it were surrounded with a proper atmosphere to focalize the rays of the sun and in this way produce heat. A good skater might take a trip to the moon on such an ice bridge, without the least fear of its melting during his trip. At the rate of fifty miles per day he would get there in 4,800 days or in about thirteen years. The return trip might be made much sooner on the principle of coasting or sliding down hill. But it must be confessed that there are several difficulties in the way of such a trip, and it will not likely be undertaken during our present mode of existence. The thing would be as impracticable as the building an ice bridge to the moon on Professor Langley's plan. To assume that the sun is a burning mass, consuming cosmical matter; or producing heat by contraction or expansion; and that the identical heat produced on the sun by any of these processes, passes through interstellar space, decreasing inversely with the increase of the square of the distance, would imply an enormous waste of energies; and yet the men who advocate these theories are among the strongest advocates of the indestructibility of force. The cause of this confusion of ideas and different speculations on a subject of such deep interest to us is an effort on the part of science to commence somewhere this side of a primordial power, to which we trace the premium mobile of a cosmical universe. Natural phenomena, science thinks, must be accounted for. All things come from force. Force is eternal and never dies, and yet it is wavering and running down to a state of equilibrium and death, they tell us.

I cannot believe this. All force depends upon a power behind it. Power may exist without force; but force never without power. One force may be closely related to another; but not co-related or correlated, as the books have it, unless the static power remains unchanged.

The laws governing the stupendous movements of a cosmical universe are the constant expressions of an infinite mind and will, working every where from one divine purpose, from the floating atom, the grain of sand, the tiny fire fly that flashes out its little light in the stillness and darkness of night, up to the rolling and moving worlds that shine in the celestial vault, like a million torches lighted by omnipotent power, "all gay with life, all eloquent with bliss."

I cannot believe Professor Proctor when he tells us that the hideous groanings of the earthquake are surpassed a million fold on every square mile on this inflamed sea. I cannot believe that the sun's flames are fed with young comets and meteoric showers that may chance to fall in his way as he sweeps onward through space. This would leave us in a rather precarious condition about our supply of light and heat.

I do not believe Professor Langley when he says the sun could take down into his rapacious maw all the coal fields in Pennsylvania in considerable less than the one thousandth part of a second. We know something about the thousandth part of a day or an hour, or even a minute, but when we come to the thousandth part of a second we are bewildered; but a considerable less than the thousandth part of a second must come very near being less than no time. It is also very difficult to believe the statement of Sir Wm. Thomson, that if the planet Jupiter were to fall into the sun it would evolve heat enough to keep up the supply at the present rates for 32,240 years. But now comes the most horrible picture, drawn by a master hand in the realms of the sublime, closely bordering on the ridiculous. Professor Alexander Winchell in his sketches of creation says:

"Yonder sun is slowly waning, and the very earth is wearily plodding through the mire of ether, and we can foresee the time when, with all her energies wasted, the fire of her youth extinguished, her blood curdled in her veins, her sister planets in their graves, or hurrying toward them, she herself shall plunge again into the bosom of her parent sun, whence unnumbered ages since she whirled forth with all the gaiety of a youthful bride.... Then no more sun, no more planet, no more satellite, no more comet or meteorite or zodiacal luminosity, but winter and the silence of death and the darkness of nature's midnight—a solitary grave upon a distant plain in the midst of the howling desolations of an arctic winter."

Of the last survivors of the human race this same Professor says:

"The two last men will gaze upon the tombs of the human family. Two men will stand petrified at the sight of, perhaps, a hundred thousand corpses [the perhaps here is

Swedenborgism vs. Spiritualism.

BY W. H. CHANEY.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I read with interest your remarks in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of June 27th, 1885, on the sermon of Rev. Samuel C. Eby, of St. Louis, who is a Swedenborgian. I lay it down as an axiom that whoever has an ism or hobby to support is incapable of reasoning clearly and impartially upon any subject with which the hobby is in conflict.

As a man of intellect, there were many directions in which Swedenborg was without a peer. His mind was of that gigantic order that it seemed capable, even when he was a youth of grasping almost any problem in science. But as man is born with the germs of what will develop into worms and devour his flesh after the spirit deserts it, so this great philosopher and scientist was born with the germ of epilepsy and insanity. In later years this germ slowly developed, attended by a degeneracy of the whole nervous system.

Among the early symptoms of a degeneracy of the gray tissue of the nerves and ganglia, may be mentioned the development of inordinate self-esteem. The victim to the insidious disease fancies that he has a great work to do. He has a mission which God has called him to perform, and he feels the weight of his responsibility. The disease increasing his senses are affected. He hears voices which no one else can hear; sees objects which no one else can see. These marked changes appear in the physical as well as the mental.

After having dined heartily, one night in London, the vital forces being taxed to accomplish the work of digestion, a kind of mist came before his eyes, the sensory nerves failed in the performance of their functions and the floor of his room seemed covered with serpents, toads and other hideous reptiles. The man in delirium tremens often experiences a similar sensation, although from a different cause. To Swedenborg this was a reality—a "materialization." Here is his description of the marvellous scene, written in apparently great sincerity:

"I was astonished, having all my wits about me, and being perfectly conscious. The darkness attained its height and then passed away. I now saw a man sitting in the corner of the chamber. As I had thought myself entirely alone, I was greatly frightened when he said to me, 'eat not so much.' My sight again became dim, and when I recovered I found myself alone in the room. On the following night the manifestations were repeated. I was this time not at all alarmed. The man said to me, 'I am God, the Lord, the Creator and Redeemer of the world. I have chosen thee to unfold to men the spiritual sense of the Holy Scripture. I will myself dictate to thee what thou shalt write.'"

There are three theories upon which to explain this "wonderful manifestation," namely: 1. That God actually appeared to him as described (I can believe this as readily as I can that he appeared to Moses and promised to show him his "back parts." See Ex. xxxiii., 23). 2. It was nightmare, the result of indigestion and an overloaded stomach. 3. It was a hallucination, caused by disease of the brain and nerves. I deem the first so silly that I will leave its discussion to the divine fossils of the dark ages. The second theory will account for the phenomenon and might satisfy me without further investigation, were it not for the fact that in 1858 a Diary which he kept between 1743 and 1744 was discovered and purchased for the Royal Library at Stockholm. It contains stupid and tedious records of his nightly dreams and the spiritual interpretations which he gave them.

"I went to bed... Half an hour after I heard a tumbling noise under my head. I thought it was the Tompter going away. Immediately a violent trembling came over me from head to foot with a great noise. This happened several times. I then fell asleep and about twelve, one or two, the tremblings and the noise were repeated indescribably. I was prostrated on my face, and at that moment I became wide awake and perceived that I was thrown down, and wondered what was the meaning. I spoke as if awake, but felt as if these words were put into my mouth: 'Thou Almighty Jesus Christ, who by Thy great mercy designs to come to so great a sinner, make me worthy of Thy grace.'"

"I kept my hands together in prayer, and then a hand came forward and firmly pressed mine. I continued my prayer, saying: 'Thou hast promised to have mercy on all sinners; Thou canst not but keep Thy word.' At that moment I sat in his bosom and saw him face to face. It was a face of holy men and altogether indescribable, and he smiled so that I believe his face had indeed been like this when he lived on earth. ... 'So I concluded it was the Son of God himself, who came down with the noise like thunder, who prostrated me on the ground, and who called forth the prayer.'"

No impartial physiologist can for a moment doubt that the reason of this wonderful man was tottering upon its throne. Yet an ignorant devotee of Christianity would see in this only a special providence whereby

Jesus revealed himself to one of his chosen servants. Probably Mr. Eby takes some such a view of the case, else he would not look to Swedenborg as authority in matters spiritual. Then there are others who would hazard the opinion that this was a genuine case of materialization. The poor epileptic declares that he was "wide awake." If he was not awake, then the scenes described were the mere vapors of a diseased mind while in slumber, and no more deserving of a serious thought than the story of "Jack, the Giant Killer." But if awake, on the Hazard theory, we have the evidence of three of the five senses, seeing, hearing and feeling, to prove a materialization, and if the evidence of the senses is to be rejected, how can we be sure of anything? Such is a specimen of the sophistry put forth by the believers in materialization. Swedenborg saw a hand come forward and felt it firmly press his own hands. No stronger testimony of a materialization can be given than this, yet I deny that it ever was, or ever can be true. In saying this I do not mean to impeach the honesty or truthfulness of the hundreds who solemnly affirm that they have "seen and handled spirits." Swedenborg was equally honest in declaring that there were serpents, toads, etc., on the floor of his room. I will explain.

This singular phenomenon may be the result of different causes, such as degeneracy of the gray tissue of the brain and nerves, delirium tremens, etc. Or it may result from one person psychologizing another, or from a spirit psychologizing a mortal. I have witnessed all these, and therefore know that scientists err when they deny the phenomenon. But there is an excuse for them. They are asked to investigate a "spiritual materialization." As well ask a geometrician to investigate a "square circle" or "triangular parallelogram." Such a contradiction of terms would only inspire his contempt. Agassiz could not spare time to get rich; then why expect a scientist to investigate something that is an absurdity on its very face? I never could find the least evidence, even by analogy, that spirit and matter would unite, any more than oil and water. Honest Spiritualists (and I concede there are many) who believe in spirit materialization, do so from one of two causes, namely: 1. They have been deceived by the fraudulent mediums, (most of these frauds have medium powers); 2. They are psychologized by spirits or mortals and see a "spirit apparition," not materialization.

His mental faculties continuing to break down, the victim of epilepsy fails to distinguish between the real and the unreal. A celebrated artist required but a single sitting for a picture, because he could at any time see his patron just as he appeared at the first sitting. At first this apparent materialization of his patron did not deceive him in the least, but his mental disorder continuing, he was unable to distinguish between the real and shadowy. He often passed his friends without noticing them, supposing they were but the apparitions of his mind; at other times he would address the apparitions and inquire about their health. He finally died in a mad-house. During a fever I have been visited by apparitions, and no doubt many of my readers have had a similar experience. But the disease in such cases is not constitutional, and hence the result is perfect recovery. But with Swedenborg the disease was constitutional, transmitted from his father in an intensified form. His father's father was a copper smelter and an oddity. He was very pious, and after dinner would say: "Thank you, my children, for dinner! I have dined with you and not you with me. God has given me food for your sake." His son Jasper was the father of Emanuel, more of an oddity than his father. Jasper was educated for the church and became Bishop of Skara. He was a bustling, turbulent, egotistical man. Here is what Jasper says of himself:

"I can scarcely believe that anybody in Sweden has written so much as I have done; since I think ten carts would scarcely carry away what I have written and printed at my own expense, yet there is as much, verily, there is nearly as much, not printed."

Writing to his son Emanuel he, says: "You write well; you reckon well; and, thank God, you are not married. See that you get a good wife and something with her. Pray God to lead you in his holy way."

This mixture of finance and piety reminds one of Oliver Cromwell who charged his soldiers to "trust in providence, but keep your powder dry." There was evidently an obliquity and enthusiasm, if not actual disease in Jasper's mental organization. He firmly believed that God had called him to a great work and especially endowed him with wisdom and supernatural power. His egotism even led him to believe that he could perform miracles, such as were ascribed to Jesus. Hear him:

"There was brought to me at Starbo a maid-servant named Kerstin, possessed with devils in mind and body. I caused her to kneel down with me and pray, and then I read over her; and she arose well and hearty and quite delivered."

On another occasion this hysterical servant lay senseless and half suffocated, when he called in a loud voice: "Wake up and arise, in the name of Jesus Christ!" Immediately she recovered consciousness, arose and began to talk. Another servant was suffering severely with such a pain in her elbow that she could not sleep for days, but went moaning about continually. He thus relates the manner in which he performed her miraculous cure:

"At midnight she came to the room where I was lying asleep with my beloved wife, and prayed that I would, for the sake of Christ, take away her pain, or she must go and kill herself. I rose, touched her arm, and commanded the pain in the name of Jesus Christ to depart, and in a moment the one arm was as well as the other. Glory to God alone."

In the line of the Swedenborgs, we can trace the evolution of mental disorder, from its source, for three generations. We find the first a common miner, made suddenly wealthy. Being religiously inclined, he ascribes it all to God as a mark of the high esteem in which God holds him. This flatters his self-esteem and slightly disturbs his mental equilibrium. Jasper inherits in an intensified form, these traits that sprang into existence in his father, in consequence of being suddenly elevated from poverty to wealth. Many a mind has been unsettled for less cause. It was not disease, but disturbance, or slight derangement. With him the mental disturbance was a germ, that partially developed in Jasper as disease. Transmitted to Emanuel, it flourished like trichina in the human stomach and muscle. Nor was his powerful intellect any more protection against the insidious disease, than the frame of a giant against the trichina spirals.

strangely mixed up. Mental action was ceasing to be controlled by the will.

At this moment in the city where I am writing, is the case of a distinguished jurist who is thus afflicted. His sons have recently attempted to have him placed under guardianship, and the daily papers have published full particulars, or I would not mention his name. I allude to Judge Strong. One son is a physician and two are lawyers, all in high standing, personally and professionally. Judge Strong defended himself with a degree of shrewdness that was surprising, and finally defeated the attempt. Still he is an epileptic, liable at any moment to become insane. The Judge admitted that during one of his attacks he tried to write a business letter to a gentleman living at Mt. Ida, but his hand wrote: "My Dear Miss Ida." He knew this was wrong and tried again, but with the same result. The will was powerless to control the mental.

Long ago Spinoza observed that the scenes of a dream linger for a time, after awakening like a hallucination, causing a helplessness, trembling and even terror. No doubt the experience of the reader will corroborate the observations of Spinoza. Physiologists hold that dreams are temporary insanity, while insanity is a waking dream, and that there is a border land in which they become so confounded that they are no longer distinguishable. This theory appears to be sustained by the experiences of Emanuel, as recorded in his Diary. I quote:

"I had horrible dreams; how an executioner roasted the heads which he had struck off, and hid them, one after another, in an oven, which was never filled. It was said to be food. He was a big woman, who laughed, and had a little girl with her."

Here are specimens of his dreams, and his mode of interpreting them, showing that like Joseph, when troubled because Mary had acted naughtily, he considered dreams in the light of Divine Revelation:

"April 26 and 27.—I had a pleasant sleep for eleven hours, with various representations. A married woman persecuted me, but I escaped. It signifies that the Lord saves me from persecution and temptation.

"A married woman desired to possess me, but I preferred an unmarried. She was angry and chafed me, but I got hold of the one I liked. I was with her and loved her. Perhaps it signifies my thoughts.

"I nevertheless could not refrain from going after women."

Like Paul, Emanuel never married, yet at the age of 52 he kept a mistress in Italy, as he had formerly done in Sweden. I might occupy columns of the JOURNAL in showing that Swedenborg was either an insane man, or entirely unworthy of confidence. But I deem it needless. Only a lunatic, or one of feeble intellect, who knows and thoroughly understands his history, could think him of sound mind, much less, rely upon his mad efforts as of divine authority; yet there are nearly 100 congregations and about 5,000 members of the New Church in this country who believe that his "sacred disease" made him as much inspired as Lot, the father of his own grand-children, or David, the debaucher, or Solomon, the bigamist. And they are right about it, for Swedenborg was better than the whole contemptible squad.

Was Swedenborg a medium? He might have been, but in studying him I fail to find the least shadow of proof of his mediumship. Epilepsy is no evidence of mediumship, any more than it is of Divine inspiration. On the other hand epilepsy does not disprove mediumship any more than salt water disproves the existence of fresh water. The phenomena of epilepsy bear a close resemblance to the phenomena of mediumship, and this led Dr. Francis Gerry Fairfield into the error of declaring them the same. Scientists often make similar mistakes. There are several species of zoophytes that have been classed with plants, and afterwards, upon more careful investigation, it has been found that their true place was in the animal kingdom. And so I think if Dr. Fairfield will examine the phenomena of mediumship with more care, he will discover a marked difference between it and epilepsy. The doctor knows all about epilepsy, and finding many symptoms in mediumship the same, dogmatically rushes to the conclusion that the causes are the same. Doctors are noted for diagnosing by the symptoms, instead of tracing out the causes. A part of the body may suffer severely from some sympathetic ailment, and judging alone by the symptoms the doctor locates the disease there. One of the most remarkable blunders, of the most eminent physicians in the country, occurred in the case of General Garfield. The symptoms indicated the direction of the assassin's bullet. To make assurance doubly sure a very delicate instrument was invented to find the bullet. (I wonder they did not send for a water-witch with his forked stick to hunt for the stray bullet.) Well, the little joker pointed out exactly the spot where science, judging by symptoms, had already located it. What a wonderful coincidence! What a triumph for medical science! Since the days of Adams and Leverrier, who calculated so exactly where the planet Neptune should be, and where it was actually found by Dr. Galle of Berlin, no such coincidence had occurred. So they forced a probe, a foot and a half through the solid muscle! So much for judging by symptoms.

If epilepsy and mediumship are the same, because the patient and medium manifest an involuntary movement of the muscles, then galvanism, electricity, fever and ague, etc., must be nothing but different forms of epilepsy, for they cause an involuntary movement of the muscles. I have no patience to combat such sophistry.

I incline to the opinion that Swedenborg was a clairvoyant, but there was such a mixture and confusion of his perceptive faculties that he was wholly unreliable. I admit that his spirit might have been extended hundreds of miles from his body and have seen a great conflagration, but that only proves the fact of clairvoyance, not its reliability. He gives vivid descriptions of the planets, yet adds nothing to what was already known. What a splendid opportunity he missed! He was a very competent astronomer in his younger years, capable of calculating an eclipse. Neither Uranus, Neptune nor the moons of Mars had been discovered at the time of his death. Had he been a reliable medium or clairvoyant, or had he been appointed to a "great work," how natural it would have been for him to discover these planets, calculate their elements and leave the record for posterity. I fancy Mr. Eby replying to this proposition by saying that "God had a work of more importance for him than gazing at the stars," for I am frequently answered in that way. To this I reply that Swedenborg spent months writing a work about the heavenly bodies which was utterly worthless to science, instead of devoting a few days to enrich it with the information that Mars had moons, that there were two primary planets beyond the orbit of Saturn and that there were hundreds of planetoids. Had he done this, his name

would now be immortalized. But he missed the opportunity as God did at the great Chicago fire, when he allowed the churches to be consumed but spared the houses for gambling and prostitution, glory to his great and holy name.

All the analogies in nature prove the existence of invisible and immaterial forces, which forces must be spirit. Attraction is a spirit property of matter. Its limits are unknown to science; that is, it is not known to be limited in its manifestations to any particular form of matter, and therefore cannot be denied to man. This is one form of spirit, but since matter has its thousand forms, it is not logical to deny that spirit has a thousand forms. Intelligence is a form of spirit and takes as many forms as matter. Adapted to its conditions, intelligence is as perfect in a twilight monad as in a Baron Von Humboldt. And we must conclude that spirit is indestructible since we know of no force or agent that can destroy it. It can exist independent of every form of matter, but no form of matter can be persistent without the aid of spirit. Like fire, it is either good or evil, according to the conditions under which it manifests. I have never been able to find either fixed good or fixed evil, any more than I can find a positive "up" or positive "down" in space. The terms are merely relative.

And now in conclusion I will pay my respects to Mr. Eby. I have been pecking away at the foundation, from which I understand he uttered his oracles, till it seems to me he has nothing left on which to stand. I have shown that Swedenborg could not have been inspired; that he was, on the contrary, mentally diseased; that he was unable to distinguish between the real and unreal, and that goodness is not a fixed factor. His theory, then, that good spirits do not communicate with mortals, is nothing but a huge negative, about on a par with the murderous negative that burned Bruno and imprisoned Galileo. He experiences no difficulty in accepting and preaching a religion based upon the ravings of a madman, but is unable to accept of facts founded in science and philosophy. Verily, it seems to me that with all his intellect, like Swedenborg, his mind is out of balance, and instead of heaping upon him reproaches, I will close by offering him my warmest sympathy.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Mr. Beecher's Sermon On Design In Creation.

This sermon, delivered June 28th, was largely taken up with the doctrine of special providences. It appears to be a kind of stepping backward to bring himself more in line with those who he must have greatly out-distanced in his previous discourses on evolution. There is considerable tact displayed to make evolution and special providences walk harmoniously together as loving twin sisters. Mr. Beecher is reported as saying:

"Next it has been thought that science, by introducing the doctrine of natural law and giving it a larger and more definite field of operation, has destroyed all possibility of teaching that there is any special providence of God over men and events. If the theistic doctrine of general providence, a supervision of the machinery of the universe, or the Christian doctrine of special providences were to be overthrown by science, it would make a very great breach in our faith in the New Testament or in the divinity of Christ. One of the things that makes life endurable is the thought that we are not so many stones being worn in the brooks and rattled down by booming torrents, but that we are grouped together in families and communities under a beneficent supervision of God himself. If this world is a vast machine, left to nothing but the guidance of natural laws, I get very little quiet. I admit the uniformity of great laws. God works through laws or force. But there is a mistaken idea about laws that they are unchangeable and cannot be controlled. The irresistibility of natural law is an illusion. Nothing is gentler. Once obey a natural law and it becomes your servant. Everywhere throughout the world you can make a compromise with them. You can put law against law. The very fundamental quality of civilization is that at last large communities have gained such a knowledge of natural laws that they harness them and drive them. I can use the laws of nature so that they will be a providence to me and to my family. And if a man can do that God ought to be able to do at least as much as that by the wiser use of natural law. What is civilization itself but a wise subjugation of natural laws by means of intelligence directed by the human will, and if God cannot create a providence by using—not abusing or violating—natural laws, then he cannot do what the meanest creatures on earth can do in some measure and degree. That there are special providences which would make a premium on laziness I do not believe, but that there is a special watch over communities and individuals I most fervently believe. Nor do I see anything in the scientific revelations of our times that compels me to set it aside.

"In considering the scheme of God upon human life, his providence and direction, we are to bear in mind that we are simply planted here to await transplanting through resurrection, and that which will seem a neglect of God will reveal itself as being a watchful, tender, careful providence. And so, brethren, be not in haste to cast away by the instruction of science, in many of its respects as yet crude, the faith of your fathers, and that which should be the joy, and the courage of all right-minded men. God's eye is on me and mine. He cares, he guides, he defends, and will bring me safely through life to life eternal."

To any one who can feel assured of being under the tutelage, guidance and protection of a Supreme Power at all times, it must be a very great consolation; but it must seem to the average mind, that an individual so directed, should be quite free from mistakes and imperfections. If Mr. Beecher is so abundantly protected, and specially so by the All-Father, then all men should be, the high and the low, for God we are told in the Scriptures is no respecter of persons. We are not to suppose that particular guidance would be extended to a man so illuminated as Mr. Beecher and denied to those standing on the shady side of the tree of human life. Then, does Mr. Beecher's life, or that of any other man, furnish evidence of omniscient directing? On the same day the sermon above mentioned was preached, Rev. C. E. Laughlin, and sister, of Lenox, Iowa, were drowned on their way to church. If Mr. Beecher had been exposed to like danger, would a special providence have intervened to save him? Is there a man of intelligence in this nation believes that such a miracle would have taken place? It is not long since that a very intelligent clergyman came in to see me. In speaking of miracles, he said:

"During President Garfield's sickness I did not encourage my congregation in getting up

prayer meetings for his recovery, for I consider the day of miracles is past."

How many thousand times have we been told since spiritual manifestations commenced by the Fox family. "It must be a fraud for all miracles ceased with the death of the apostles." Spiritualists do not regard such manifestations as miracles, but most of the church people have done so. Some years since, in one of the South American States, not far from three thousand people were attending church. The interior of the building was ornamented with light drapery for a great occasion. The people were on their knees in prayer. The drapery took fire, and the building burnt so rapidly that over one thousand Christians were burnt up. If God does not interfere to save devout worshippers on bended knees and let them be destroyed by the thousand, then where should we look for such a suspension of law as Mr. Beecher talks about. If he could give us one clearly authenticated case, in his own behalf, or that of any one else, it would be worth any amount of theorizing sermons. No one can point to any edict suspensions of law, except far back into the past, where proof is out of the question. Learned men of science, in peering into the past, can find no proof that any law of God has been changed or set aside. Their consolation and delight is in the stability of law. They can't be frightened by any amount of theological guessing or ranting, because they have unflinching trust in the divine purpose expressed in the permanence of laws that are the "same yesterday and to-day and forever."

Mr. Beecher thinks he could get but very little quiet, were it not for his faith in special providences. I think most persons would feel more restful assurance, under the protection of unalterable principles, than to be subject to the changes of mood that might come to a personal divinity, not subject to the rule of inexorable and infallible law. A man, idolized by his own congregation, is liable to fall into the belief that God thinks very much about him as his earthly friends do.

When I was traveling in the Eastern States some twenty years since, I called upon a lady medium, to whom I was an entire stranger.

A brother-in-law, who in the body was an Episcopalian clergyman, made himself known to me very clearly. Among other things he told me that in spirit-life he was much disappointed in not occupying some privilege or position of distinction, from the fact that he had been a clergyman; but he found that "his rights and those of drunken Jo, were just the same." That is just what every informed Spiritualist will expect to find. The law knows nothing about smiling on favorites; but those who learn the law and obey its demands, they have joy and peace.

Mr. Beecher's idea about subjugating laws, and making servants of them, may be viewed in more than one way. A man may purchase a horse, and make a servant of it, but special regard must be had to the law pertaining to, and governing horses, or the servant will die. Should even as pious a man as Mr. Beecher purchase a sail-boat and go out into deep water, the law relating to sail-boats, would have to be carefully respected, or his servant—the boat—would throw him into the sea. He would find that law is always master—not servant. It is by being humble servants to law, that we can avail ourselves of its blessings.

We can hold to no independence—the law must take its own mode of procedure. Mr. Beecher may think he has subjugated, and controls the animating law of Plymouth Church, and thereby obtains from his servant, the church, about twenty thousand dollars annually; but he finds it necessary to balance, forward and back, and turn a summersault now and then, to keep on the right side of the law of mental growth, ruling in his church. The freedom of action, which he so much enjoyed during the past year, took about seven thousand dollars from his church income. We may not know how much his sermons on evolution will cost him, until the pews in his church are again sold. He may have correctly estimated the progress of intelligence in his congregation; if not, there may be another falling off in the sale of pews. It does not appear that he has subjugated or can drive the law of his church. He is himself a servant to that law, and must obey or some one will take his place. Those persons could not accept Mr. Beecher's view, who claim that God is the soul of the universe, the laws of the universe his mind, will and mode of action. They do not claim that God is a servant, but rather that matter in all its forms, and all finite personalities are servants to him—instrumentalities, to carry out an omnipotent purpose. If we cautiously, humbly, and faithfully observe and carry out his will, expressed in law, we are made happy in so doing. But if we are careless, indolent, indifferent, or perverse as servants of the Most High, we must labor under disadvantages—suffer disappointment, degradation, pain and misery, until we learn to move and act in rounded harmony with the requirements of law. We may not subjugate or dominate principles, but divine principles are our masters, guides, and friendly counselors. The more we know about them, the more perfectly we comprehend and appropriate their blessings in action, the nearer we stand related to God as obedient children and servants.

Victor Hugo.

This great poet, who, for sixty years, excited the admiration of France and the world, while touching the noblest chords of the human soul, has gone from among us at the ripe age of eighty-three. From the first day of his illness, in May, he spoke of the coming close of his career with the composure to be expected of one of his faith. His convictions had long assumed a religious character in him, and he seemed to live partly in the Spirit-world. It is for his grieving family to remember his words: "Those whom we mourn are not absent, only invisible." Victor Hugo was one of the first who, in 1853, when certain savants distinguished themselves by venturing a mechanical explanation of movements and telegraphing, at séances in Jersey, with his friends Madame de Girardin, Auguste Vacquerie, and others, the account of which is given in Vacquerie's *Mémoires de l'Histoire*. In his will Victor Hugo bequeaths 50,000 fr. to the poor; desires to be borne to the grave in their hearse; and declines the services of any church; he concludes by declaring his belief in God, and asks a prayer of all souls. The death of the great poet is a national loss to be expressed in becoming national obsequies, before the final interment of his remains according to his will.—*Le Messager*.

An old traveler says he has been to the remotest parts of the earth, and he never yet found a place without beautiful women and whisky.

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Woman and the Household.

BY HENRY M. POOLE. [106 West 29th Street, New York.]

HARVEST.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, Is the wind's song, As it whistles about the wild wheat...

MRS CLEVELAND'S NEW BOOK—GEORGE ELIOT'S POETRY AND OTHER STUDIES.

We have, in this volume, coin from the mint of a woman's brain, some of which deserves to pass current along with the gold of Emerson.

It is something new for the "Lady of the White House" to write a book, and the public will naturally be critical of any thing coming from such a source.

Miss Cleveland has proved herself to belong to the advanced school of thought, and is a fit type of the best culture of the age.

We welcome these studies as a noble contribution to the few choice books which one would wish to have always at hand.

Nothing in the book is better than the fine discrimination which Miss Cleveland makes between the poetry of George Eliot and Mrs. Browning.

"George Eliot, with brain surcharged with richest thought and choicest, carefullest culture, with heart to hold all humanity, if that could save; with tongue of men and angels to tell the knowledge of her intellect, the charity of her heart—yet, having not faith, becomes, for all of satisfaction that she gives the soul, but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal!"

And then the author goes on to define the scope of poetry: "It is the necessity of the poet, his raison d'etre, to meet and join the moving of men's minds toward the hereafter."

Some of Miss Cleveland's prose is poetry in essence, if not in form. And because her sense of literary form is so accurate, her thoughts so clear and her fervor so sustained, sentences after sentences are poured forth elegant, rhythmic and full of virile strength.

"For human history is nothing but one ceaseless flow of cause into effect, and of effect into cause. There is nothing but which is consequent. You and I are nothing but the consequents of a vast tangle of antecedents in all time before."

Again: "I exhort you to the exercise of altruistic faith in the concrete. Easy to you, believe in somebody—somebody in particular. An abstract altruism is good; but if it ripens not into the concrete, there is something wrong. The noble soul would choose rather not to be, than not to be somebody in particular."

Heaven. Herein consists that which so much fascinates and so much misleads, in the dogmas of Buddhism... The Eastern mystic does well on his plane. His choice is noble, since he has no more to choose from; he admits no better than the best.

Emerson divides mankind into two sects, materialists and idealists. Our author, as we have shown, belongs to the latter class. Her mind is open, ever, to a new influx of light and power; the sublime and daring awaken her generous sympathies; to her the drama of history is the drama of an unfolding humanity.

In an age which so completely worships material success, it is a noteworthy event to hear a voice so brave and clear and withal so sweet, soaring like a lark above the clamor of the crowd, in praise of the ideal life.

"I reduce all the miracle and marvel and mystery of Joan's history to the extraordinary development of one human capacity—love; the extraordinary exercise of one human capacity—faith..."

"The women have much to do with this great wrong. It is society—society does so and so—and some people will go to hell with society. There is not a society woman in Chattanooga who doesn't know that she has got to get out of society before she can get to heaven."

"If there is one man I despise it is the dancing master. He comes often from the chain gang to teach the children of church-going parents how to attend a ball. A mother who is a church member, and who sends her child to a dancing school, is a hypocrite of the deepest dye. I have got more respect for a bartender than a dancing master."

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THE HOMILETIC REVIEW. (Funk & Wagnalls, New York.) The July number of this monthly begins a new volume and all the departments are full, varied and instructive.

CHAUTAQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) A monthly designed for Reading Clubs, Schools and Homes.

THE MIND-CURE. (Prof. A. J. Swarts, Chicago.) The usual amount of good reading is found in this issue.

GOLDEN DAYS. (James Elverson, Philadelphia.) A popular weekly for boys and girls.

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

PSYCHOMETRY; or Soul Measure. And Rules for Development, and Proofs of its Power. By Mrs. L. A. Coffin. Boston, 1885.

This pamphlet of sixteen pages details the experiences of the author in psychometry, and illustrates the nature and power of that wonderful faculty.

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell, The reason why, I cannot tell." It has often been wondered at, the bad odor this off-quoted doctor was in.

SAM JONES, REVIVALIST. The Kind of Talk He is Giving His Congregations.

Sam Jones was once conducting a revival in Atlanta. For a full week he addressed himself to the members of the church.

"The great trouble with preachers in this good day is that they are so elegant that they always refer to hell as the 'burnt district'.

"Some say this book is not the word of God. I've never seen a town yet that didn't have a 'smiling infidel'.

"The women have much to do with this great wrong. It is society—society does so and so—and some people will go to hell with society.

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Beware of Scrofula

Scrofula is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, pustular eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, etc.

I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and for over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and consider myself cured.

William Spies, Myria, O., suffered greatly from erysipelas and salt rheum, caused by handling tobacco.

"My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the calves of his legs. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured."

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WE WARRANT AYER'S AGUE CURE to cure every case of Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Malaria, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint caused by malaria.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

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Shoulder Brace And Suspender Combined. Patent, Imp. 1883.

Express that the brace and suspender Free 12-14-16-18-20-22-24-26-28-30-32-34-36-38-40-42-44-46-48-50-52-54-56-58-60-62-64-66-68-70-72-74-76-78-80-82-84-86-88-90-92-94-96-98-100-102-104-106-108-110-112-114-116-118-120-122-124-126-128-130-132-134-136-138-140-142-144-146-148-150-152-154-156-158-160-162-164-166-168-170-172-174-176-178-180-182-184-186-188-190-192-194-196-198-200-202-204-206-208-210-212-214-216-218-220-222-224-226-228-230-232-234-236-238-240-242-244-246-248-250-252-254-256-258-260-262-264-266-268-270-272-274-276-278-280-282-284-286-288-290-292-294-296-298-300-302-304-306-308-310-312-314-316-318-320-322-324-326-328-330-332-334-336-338-340-342-344-346-348-350-352-354-356-358-360-362-364-366-368-370-372-374-376-378-380-382-384-386-388-390-392-394-396-398-400-402-404-406-408-410-412-414-416-418-420-422-424-426-428-430-432-434-436-438-440-442-444-446-448-450-452-454-456-458-460-462-464-466-468-470-472-474-476-478-480-482-484-486-488-490-492-494-496-498-500-502-504-506-508-510-512-514-516-518-520-522-524-526-528-530-532-534-536-538-540-542-544-546-548-550-552-554-556-558-560-562-564-566-568-570-572-574-576-578-580-582-584-586-588-590-592-594-596-598-600-602-604-606-608-610-612-614-616-618-620-622-624-626-628-630-632-634-636-638-640-642-644-646-648-650-652-654-656-658-660-662-664-666-668-670-672-674-676-678-680-682-684-686-688-690-692-694-696-698-700-702-704-706-708-710-712-714-716-718-720-722-724-726-728-730-732-734-736-738-740-742-744-746-748-750-752-754-756-758-760-762-764-766-768-770-772-774-776-778-780-782-784-786-788-790-792-794-796-798-800-802-804-806-808-810-812-814-816-818-820-822-824-826-828-830-832-834-836-838-840-842-844-846-848-850-852-854-856-858-860-862-864-866-868-870-872-874-876-878-880-882-884-886-888-890-892-894-896-898-900-902-904-906-908-910-912-914-916-918-920-922-924-926-928-930-932-934-936-938-940-942-944-946-948-950-952-954-956-958-960-962-964-966-968-970-972-974-976-978-980-982-984-986-988-990-992-994-996-998-1000-1002-1004-1006-1008-1010-1012-1014-1016-1018-1020-1022-1024-1026-1028-1030-1032-1034-1036-1038-1040-1042-1044-1046-1048-1050-1052-1054-1056-1058-1060-1062-1064-1066-1068-1070-1072-1074-1076-1078-1080-1082-1084-1086-1088-1090-1092-1094-1096-1098-1100-1102-1104-1106-1108-1110-1112-1114-1116-1118-1120-1122-1124-1126-1128-1130-1132-1134-1136-1138-1140-1142-1144-1146-1148-1150-1152-1154-1156-1158-1160-1162-1164-1166-1168-1170-1172-1174-1176-1178-1180-1182-1184-1186-1188-1190-1192-1194-1196-1198-1200-1202-1204-1206-1208-1210-1212-1214-1216-1218-1220-1222-1224-1226-1228-1230-1232-1234-1236-1238-1240-1242-1244-1246-1248-1250-1252-1254-1256-1258-1260-1262-1264-1266-1268-1270-1272-1274-1276-1278-1280-1282-1284-1286-1288-1290-1292-1294-1296-1298-1300-1302-1304-1306-1308-1310-1312-1314-1316-1318-1320-1322-1324-1326-1328-1330-1332-1334-1336-1338-1340-1342-1344-1346-1348-1350-1352-1354-1356-1358-1360-1362-1364-1366-1368-1370-1372-1374-1376-1378-1380-1382-1384-1386-1388-1390-1392-1394-1396-1398-1400-1402-1404-1406-1408-1410-1412-1414-1416-1418-1420-1422-1424-1426-1428-1430-1432-1434-1436-1438-1440-1442-1444-1446-1448-1450-1452-1454-1456-1458-1460-1462-1464-1466-1468-1470-1472-1474-1476-1478-1480-1482-1484-1486-1488-1490-1492-1494-1496-1498-1500-1502-1504-1506-1508-1510-1512-1514-1516-1518-1520-1522-1524-1526-1528-1530-1532-1534-1536-1538-1540-1542-1544-1546-1548-1550-1552-1554-1556-1558-1560-1562-1564-1566-1568-1570-1572-1574-1576-1578-1580-1582-1584-1586-1588-1590-1592-1594-1596-1598-1600-1602-1604-1606-1608-1610-1612-1614-1616-1618-1620-1622-1624-1626-1628-1630-1632-1634-1636-1638-1640-1642-1644-1646-1648-1650-1652-1654-1656-1658-1660-1662-1664-1666-1668-1670-1672-1674-1676-1678-1680-1682-1684-1686-1688-1690-1692-1694-1696-1698-1700-1702-1704-1706-1708-1710-1712-1714-1716-1718-1720-1722-1724-1726-1728-1730-1732-1734-1736-1738-1740-1742-1744-1746-1748-1750-1752-1754-1756-1758-1760-1762-1764-1766-1768-1770-1772-1774-1776-1778-1780-1782-1784-1786-1788-1790-1792-1794-1796-1798-1800-1802-1804-1806-1808-1810-1812-1814-1816-1818-1820-1822-1824-1826-1828-1830-1832-1834-1836-1838-1840-1842-1844-1846-1848-1850-1852-1854-1856-1858-1860-1862-1864-1866-1868-1870-1872-1874-1876-1878-1880-1882-1884-1886-1888-1890-1892-1894-1896-1898-1900-1902-1904-1906-1908-1910-1912-1914-1916-1918-1920-1922-1924-1926-1928-1930-1932-1934-1936-1938-1940-1942-1944-1946-1948-1950-1952-1954-1956-1958-1960-1962-1964-1966-1968-1970-1972-1974-1976-1978-1980-1982-1984-1986-1988-1990-1992-1994-1996-1998-2000-2002-2004-2006-2008-2010-2012-2014-2016-2018-2020-2022-2024-2026-2028-2030-2032-2034-2036-2038-2040-2042-2044-2046-2048-2050-2052-2054-2056-2058-2060-2062-2064-2066-2068-2070-2072-2074-2076-2078-2080-2082-2084-2086-2088-2090-2092-2094-2096-2098-2100-2102-2104-2106-2108-2110-2112-2114-2116-2118-2120-2122-2124-2126-2128-2130-2132-2134-2136-2138-2140-2142-2144-2146-2148-2150-2152-2154-2156-2158-2160-2162-2164-2166-2168-2170-2172-2174-2176-2178-2180-2182-2184-2186-2188-2190-2192-2194-2196-2198-2200-2202-2204-2206-2208-2210-2212-2214-2216-2218-2220-2222-2224-2226-2228-2230-2232-2234-2236-2238-2240-2242-2244-2246-2248-2250-2252-2254-2256-2258-2260-2262-2264-2266-2268-2270-2272-2274-2276-2278-2280-2282-2284-2286-2288-2290-2292-2294-2296-2298-2300-2302-2304-2306-2308-2310-2312-2314-2316-2318-2320-2322-2324-2326-2328-2330-2332-2334-2336-2338-2340-2342-2344-2346-2348-2350-2352-2354-2356-2358-2360-2362-2364-2366-2368-2370-2372-2374-2376-2378-2380-2382-2384-2386-2388-2390-2392-2394-2396-2398-2400-2402-2404-2406-2408-2410-2412-2414-2416-2418-2420-2422-2424-2426-2428-2430-2432-2434-2436-2438-2440-2442-2444-2446-2448-2450-2452-2454-2456-2458-2460-2462-2464-2466-2468-2470-2472-2474-2476-2478-2480-2482-2484-2486-2488-2490-2492-2494-2496-2498-2500-2502-2504-2506-2508-2510-2512-2514-2516-2518-2520-2522-2524-2526-2528-2530-2532-2534-2536-2538-2540-2542-2544-2546-2548-2550-2552-2554-2556-2558-2560-2562-2564-2566-2568-2570-2572-2574-2576-2578-2580-2582-2584-2586-2588-2590-2592-2594-2596-2598-2600-2602-2604-2606-2608-2610-2612-2614-2616-2618-2620-2622-2624-2626-2628-2630-2632-2634-2636-2638-2640-2642-2644-2646-2648-2650-2652-2654-2656-2658-2660-2662-2664-2666-2668-2670-2672-2674-2676-2678-2680-2682-2684-2686-2688-2690-2692-2694-2696-2698-2700-2702-2704-2706-2708-2710-2712-2714-2716-2718-2720-2722-2724-2726-2728-2730-2732-2734-2736-2738-2740-2742-2744-2746-2748-2750-2752-2754-2756-2758-2760-2762-2764-2766-2768-2770-2772-2774-2776-2778-2780-2782-2784-2786-2788-2790-2792-2794-2796-2798-2800-2802-2804-2806-2808-2810-2812-2814-2816-2818-2820-2822-2824-2826-2828-2830-2832-2834-2836-2838-2840-2842-2844-2846-2848-2850-2852-2854-2856-2858-2860-2862-2864-2866-2868-2870-2872-2874-2876-2878-2880-2882-2884-2886-2888-2890-2892-2894-2896-2898-2900-2902-2904-2906-2908-2910-2912-2914-2916-2918-2920-2922-2924-2926-2928-2930-2932-2934-2936-2938-2940-2942-2944-2946-2948-2950-2952-2954-2956-2958-2960-2962-2964-2966-2968-2970-2972-2974-2976-2978-2980-2982-2984-2986-2988-2990-2992-2994-2996-2998-3000-3002-3004-3006-3008-3010-3012-3014-3016-3018-3020-3022-3024-3026-3028-3030-3032-3034-3036-3038-3040-3042-3044-3046-3048-3050-3052-3054-3056-3058-3060-3062-3064-3066-3068-3070-3072-3074-3076-3078-3080-3082-3084-3086-3088-3090-3092-3094-3096-3098-3100-3102-3104-3106-3108-3110-3112-3114-3116-3118-3120-3122-3124-3126-3128-3130-3132-3134-3136-3138-3140-3142-3144-3146-3148-3150-3152-3154-3156-3158-3160-3162-3164-3166-3168-3170-3172-3174-3176-3178-3180

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, July 25 1885.

Higher Possibilities—George Eliot.

George Eliot said: "There are higher possibilities than the Catholic Church, or any other church, has yet presented." Educated in an Evangelical home, her parents devoted and sincere believers and of excellent personal conduct and character, she became a religious devotee in her girlhood—an earnest believer in the doctrines of the orthodox English dissenters. Going out into the world, forming acquaintances with persons of different views, reading the scientific books of the day, thinking of all she heard and read with that depth of power and sincerity, which ever marked her character, she gave up the dogmas of her theological education and avowed the renunciation with her accustomed frankness and fidelity, yet with tender regard for the feelings of her family and old friends.

Hers was a representative case. Losing her faith in the old dogmas, she lost her spiritual basis, her hold on great realities, which lie at the very foundation of things. She was ever after a doubter of immortality; fortunately she never doubted the sacredness of daily duty and personal affection, and her life was full of good deeds done in most kindly spirit and from a solemn sense of duty. She never scoffed or sneered at any sincere faith, and in this was unlike many doubters—of a higher spirit and clearer view than those "who read to doubt and read to scorn." She was a reverent doubter, an earnest seeker for some loftier inspiration to a higher life on earth. Of her it might well be said that she "hungered and thirsted after righteousness"—a deep heart hunger was hers, and it was never satisfied. All her life there was an aching void within, if we may judge by her own words all through her wondrous stories, so full of self revelation, yet not of selfish egotism. Rich as they are in thought as well as description, there is still a sense of chill and incompleteness, a lack of appreciation of the deeper spiritual motives and incentives to action, the undying well-springs of a rich and abiding inner life. She never regained what she lost in her girlhood. At that early day in putting aside the narrow creed of her father, she also put aside the faith that gave men a poor creed, its vitality, the ideal of man as a spiritual being and a sure heir of immortality, and of the Over Soul in all and guiding all forever.

Far warmer and happier her life would have been, could she but have seen and felt the supremacy and permanence of the spiritual life, the destiny of man as a being, made for eternal growth and culture. What a great flood of light would have come to her noble soul, making her life warmer and larger, and her insight more perfect, if she could have had one single and sure proof of the real presence of a dear departed friend! What uplifting and transfiguration would have come to her! All this she has now, but we earnestly desire that the broad and enduring foundations of a spiritual philosophy should be laid in this earthly life, and that these transcendent experiences should come here. To her, as to many others, they did not come because they were not sought. "Ask and ye shall receive"—the seeking and receptive mood is a great help. The lesson of her life is that those "higher possibilities" for which she longed, as do many, will come, not from agnosticism or materialism, but from Spiritualism.

The Living Church, a paper published in this city, says: "Whatever may be said, and whatever may be feared from the encroachments of the Roman Church in this country, is it putting it too strongly to say that there is more to be feared from that loose form of Protestantism that takes capricious fancy or opinion for the law of its development?"

A Defense of the Public Schools.

The Rev. Chas. Stanley Lester, a prominent Episcopal clergyman of Milwaukee, Wis., preached a sermon lately in that city wherein he took strong grounds in favor of the public schools. A summary of his advanced position will prove valuable to our readers. He asks the question: How is the present generation to discharge its responsibilities to the rising generation by supplying the best methods for the attainment of wisdom? In other words, How shall we train our children that they may be thoroughly furnished for the work of life? He then assumes the position that the family and the church are the two agencies which are to cooperate for the child's moral and religious training. But, side by side with its moral nature, the child has an intellectual nature, upon the proper training of which depends its equipment for the work of life. It is to participate in the accumulated treasures of human knowledge, and receive that stimulus which shall unfold its perceptive and reasoning powers. The agent for doing this work is the school, and the question constantly forced upon the attention of parents is—What school? The consensus of all civilized nations has established free public schools, for which the whole community is taxed, and which profit continually by the mutual interchange of experiences as to the best methods of obtaining results. Nor can the name Christian be properly applied to education when the proper work of the school only is meant, for there is no such thing as a Christian alphabet. The alphabet is entirely pagan. We teach the children to count in Arabic numbers. We teach them Arabic algebra, Greek geometry and Latin grammar. These things are all entirely pagan, and by no possibility could we Christianize them. The only suggestion ever made towards a Christianizing of education was that the boys in the high schools should read the bad Latin and Greek of the church fathers, instead of the good Latin and Greek of the pagan orators and poets, but it was only a suggestion. The Christianizing process has not gone so far. In view of the facts, the term Christian education, as it is used in religious newspapers and conventions becomes an absurdity. But it is not only Christian institutions, as such, which bid for the support of the country. Every church and every denomination is multiplying schools of its own and recommending its own superior form of Christian education. One would think there ought to be a special Baptist arithmetic, a superior Roman Catholic geography, a Presbyterian history, a Quaker Latin, a Protestant Episcopal chemistry. The perfect folly of all this is apparent on the face of it. Therefore, why must so many millions of dollars be spent to establish these sectarian schools as rivals to the public schools of the land? When one examines into it he finds the real object to be that children may be drilled into a certain ritual, or taught some special form of dogmatic theology. These sectarian schools, therefore, are established for the avowed purpose of widening and strengthening the differences between Christians, of prejudicing growing minds, of intensifying bigotry; and this narrowing of the intellect is called Christian education.

The public schools are called Godless. Of course they are, and ought to be. The church is the institution whose duty it is to remind the children of their duties to their heavenly Father, and it is a confession of weakness if the church claims to invade the precincts of the school. The alphabet, the multiplication table, geography, spelling, are all secular things, with which religion has nothing to do; and as for history, it is so easy to color it, to suppress part of it, under the specious pretext of the glory of God, that no church in Christendom may be safely trusted to teach it. Those countries in Europe which have had long experience with ecclesiastical supervision of education are taking it resolutely out of the hands of the church. We in this country caught by the glamor of prospectuses and fascinated by the grateful sound of piety are in danger of falling into the same old trap. It is time to take warning. The danger is not from Catholic schools alone, but from every school which professes to supply Christian education.

Curious Manifestations.

An account of strange visitations at the bedside of a sick mother and over a cradle in which her child had died quite suddenly, comes from Hartford City, Ind. The supernatural manifestations come in forms—often as bright lights that hover over the head of the sick lady and about her bed; and their visitations are not confined to night, but appear in the daytime, and have been witnessed by several persons living in the vicinity of the afflicted. On one occasion an object like a dove came in at the window at twilight, hovered for a moment over the crib in which the babe died, then about the corner of the room in which the little form reposed in its tiny coffin, then flew about the bed of the sick and heart-broken mother, and for a few moments hovered over her head, then vanished through the window and was seen no more. Rappings and other manifestations are constantly occurring, together with strange, weird sounds indescribable in their character, and have served to confuse the imaginations of the otherwise skeptically inclined to a degree that was never witnessed before. Many of the watchers who have been witnesses of these peculiar and, to them, inexplicable manifestations, are loath to go near the dwelling of the sick lady. These occurrences are vouched for by any number of responsible persons living in the neighborhood.

Canadian Superstition.

A Montreal (Ca.) correspondent of the New York Evening Post gives a graphic account of the fanaticism and superstition of the Canadians, as manifested when the body of Archbishop Bourget lay robed in his sacerdotal vestments exposed, not only to the view, but also to the touch of tens of thousands who flocked from all parts of the province to visit, and apparently, to worship the dust of one whom they believed was inspired with supernatural, if not divine, power. In another sanctuary, that of Notre Dame de Pitie, were exposed the remains of the predecessor of the Archbishop, who had been interred in its vaults nearly fifty years previously. The Sisters of the Congregation, with the approval of Mgr. Fabre, the present Bishop, secured one of the dead prelate's feet as a relic to be deposited in a special altar and venerated each year on the anniversary of his death. It appears from the account given that a French paper, describing the scenes, related that immediately after the Archbishop closed his eyes in death, which took place in the presence of about three hundred people, the room being thrown open to all the faithful, two priests and three nuns were placed around the body to direct those who came to touch the prelate's hands and vestments with their beads and other pious objects, and to preserve them as talismans. Millions of articles were in this way brought into contact. A few minutes after the Archbishop had breathed his last a fashionably dressed lady drove up in her carriage, and with a sick child in her arms knelt reverently, and clasping the hands not yet cold in death, cried in the most piteous manner: "Oh, Monseigneur, you cured one of my children; will you do as much for another?" The body lay on a high catafalque, around which four priests were busily engaged receiving books, beads, crucifixes, and even children to be placed in contact with the body. Others were doing a rushing trade in disposing of rosaries which had been sanctified by contact. During these proceedings a procession of priests, headed by ten Bishops, entered to sing the last libera prior to laying the remains in the vault. The body of the Archbishop was taken from the catafalque and removed from the wooden casket to one of metal. A rush was made for the discarded coffin, and so indecent became the scene that the police had to be called in order to keep the fanatical multitude from injuring each other in their attempts to capture the lining and trimmings. Finally, order was restored. Then the priests commenced breaking up the coffin, and distributed it to the people in small pieces. The Post correspondent states that the Archbishop was throughout his whole life an unbending, uncompromising Ultramontane. He forbade Catholics to have social intercourse with Protestants, and refused to recognize a law passed by the Dominion Parliament to prevent undue clerical influence in electoral contests. The Jesuits, who had been expelled from Canada after the conquest by the British, and had their property confiscated, were in 1842 by him invited to return to the Province, which they were not slow in doing, in company with the Oblate Fathers and a number of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. He also imported the Christian Brothers from France, gave them funds to erect schools, and during his lifetime supported and nourished a system of education by these Brothers, the result of which to-day is too plainly revealed in the ignorance of the great mass of the male Catholic population who have been educated under their training. He forbade his flock from attending other scholastic institutions, even if under the direction of lay members, of his communion.

One of Plymouth's Noted Characters Passes Away.

We learn from an exchange that the death of Clement Bates, or as he was more generally and familiarly called, Sexton Bates, occurred July 13th, at Plymouth, Mass. His death removes from Plymouth one of the oldest and best known residents, who held a firm place in public regard and who will be missed by all classes of citizens. Mr. Bates was born in October, 1792, and therefore, at the time of his decease had nearly completed his 93rd year. In 1831 he was elected town sexton, and for fifty-two years held that position, and faithfully executed its duties, burying in the time 3,250, and ringing the bell four times daily, as well as for Sabbath sermons, funerals and fires. He was twice married, and fourteen children, thirteen grand-children, and twelve great-grand children have been numbered among his descendants. In religious belief Mr. Bates was an ardent Spiritualist, and his firm faith in the realities of the future added greatly to the comfort and happiness of his declining years. He claimed to see and to hold converse with departed friends, by whom he was surrounded, and who aided him materially in many ways. His physical and mental faculties were retained to an unusual degree up to the time of his final illness, his memory being so clear and reliable that he was frequently consulted in matters of importance pertaining to the past. Few persons in the community would be more generally mourned, and none will be held in kinder remembrance than the venerable town sexton.

Mr. W. Wilson of Cleveland called at the JOURNAL office last week and left a curious bit of manuscript which a medium of his city was impelled to write. It is thought by Mr. W. from what little he is able to learn that the language is very ancient. An effort will be made to have it deciphered.

Victor Hugo's Spiritual Views.

Confirming what we have said of the experiences and views of Victor Hugo as a Spiritualist, a late number of Light reports his conversations with friends, and quotes from one of his poems as follows:

"We do not die altogether," he would say; "our individuality survives; and, while I am talking to you, I am certain that all around me are the souls of all the dear ones that I have lost and who hear me." He could never quite reconcile himself to the fact that his favorite daughter, who was drowned, was really dead. He often thought he heard her footsteps in the house and her hand on the handle of the door:

Tenez! voici le bruit de sa main sur la clé!
Attendez! elle vient. Laissez-moi que j'écoute;
Car elle est quelque part dans la maison, sans doute!"

Imperfectly rendered in our tongue these lines read:

"Silence! she speaks!
There! Her hand is on the door knob!
Wait! she is coming. Let me listen;
She is doubtless in the house somewhere!"

Surely all this is the clear and beautiful expression, the deep feeling of the fact of spirit presence.

The great Frenchman, so widely honored and loved, was a Spiritualist.

GENERAL ITEMS.

G. B. Stebbins will speak at Freeville, Tompkins County, New York, Sunday August 2nd. Lyman C. Howe will go to Cassadaga, Aug. 1st, where he is to take the place of Mr. Kellogg as chairman of the camp meeting.

Subscribers will please bear in mind that it costs as much to publish the JOURNAL in summer as at any other season, and that the publisher needs the money due from those in arrears.

The ideal Christian community would seem to be in Iowa, where under one pastor, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, are harmoniously working together. The Sunday school superintendent and two of the Bible-class teachers are Baptists, one of the Elders is a Congregationalist, and another is a Lutheran.

A girl at Harvard, Miss Brown of the Annex, has led the entire college in all its departments. She passed the examinations to enter on an equal footing with her brothers, has taken instructions from the same professors, though at separate recitations, and heads them all in rank. She cannot take a diploma, but she can have a certificate of testimony of what she has done.

Cholera is said to have been carried to every country on the globe, except the islands of the South Pacific, Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, the islands of the North Atlantic, and the western coast of South America—all separated from India by a wide expanse of ocean and having no commercial intercourse with that country.

A correspondent writes: "Mrs. E. L. Watson lectured in the Unitarian church, Troy, N. Y., Sunday, July 12th, morning and evening, to large audiences. It was quite an event, as this pulpit had never been occupied by a Spiritualist before. She has met grand audiences, good, inspiring influences, cordial, even enthusiastic, receptions wherever she has lectured during her Eastern tour."

The JOURNAL is daily in receipt of commendatory letters from all sections of the country. For these we are grateful; but we would strongly impress it upon the minds of all who believe the JOURNAL the best representative of Spiritualism, to actively engage in extending its circulation. During the camping season hundreds can be induced to become permanent readers by a little effort in calling attention to the paper.

The daughter of a peasant farmer, at Matska, Finland, has suddenly shown singular mediumistic faculties. She falls into a kind of fit; then, becoming calm, she addresses those about her in choice and fluent language, very logically, and without repetitions. What comes from her lips is marked by pure morality without any allusion to the dogmas or doctrines in which she has been brought up. People come and listen to what she says with wonder. Spiritism is unknown there even by name.—Le Spiritisme.

A reunion of the Ohio and Western Pennsylvania posts of the Salvation Army was held in Halcyon Hall, Cleveland, Ohio, a short time ago. A member of the army, Flora Dunn, of East Liverpool, Ohio, became very much excited and was so affected by the heat of the room that she fainted. She was laid out on a row of chairs and no efforts made to revive her. This occurred at nine o'clock in the morning, and when a reporter called at three in the afternoon, the woman was still in a stupor, and surrounded by a throng of men and women, singing, shouting and praying. When the reporter offered to call a physician, he was threatened with personal violence if he should do so. They said the woman was holding communion with the Lord. She remained unconscious until seven o'clock this evening, when she revived, but was so weak as to be unable to communicate with the fanatics who refused to aid her.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer in a letter from Montpelier, Vermont, enclosing the name of a new subscriber, says: "I leave no home without having borne my most emphatic testimony in favor of the JOURNAL and the noble stand it takes in support of true mediumship, honest mediums and an elevated spiritual philosophy."

"I am speaking every Sunday and very much enjoying my drives and rambles over the hills and through the valleys of this beautiful mountain State; I hope to derive great physical benefit by the change from my long confinement in the city atmosphere."

Dr. E. A. Smith of Brandon, Vermont, has secured very favorable excursion rates, enabling visitors to visit four camps for eight dollars, and good until September 30th. He has also other tickets at low rates for his camp at Burlington. Parties interested can address him. He will also be at the different camps on certain days in the interest of his excursions.

The Chicago Herald says that "scientists and theologians are studying the case of the young lady in Central New York, who took the gold medal at her graduation for reading the best essay, a production which was afterward found to have been stolen bodily from a magazine. She returned the medal as soon as her dishonesty was exposed, and expressed great penitence for her act. The point which the wise men are now debating is, whether she would have repented if she had not been found out, and, if so, when? The discussion promises to lap over into the fall season to some extent."

A fine crowd attended the Spiritualists' grove meeting at Island Park recently, and the verdict of every one is that they were treated to a most satisfactory meeting. Prof. A. B. French made what was considered by all present to be one of the most eloquent efforts they ever listened to. Mrs. Isa W. Porter's character readings were simply wonderful, while Howell, the blind boy, gave some remarkable exhibitions of trance speaking. The evening meeting was held on the boat as it slowly floated down the stream to this city. The managers and every one are highly pleased with the success of the meeting.—South Bend Times.

Dr. Joseph Beals passed through Chicago last week on his way home from Zacatecas, Mexico, where he has been for the past eight months. As President of the N. E. Spiritualists Camp Meeting Association, Dr. Beals has presided over the Camp at Lake Pleasant during the eleven seasons past, and on all hands it is conceded that he is the best man to continue in charge, hence his long journey home. The Doctor reports the mining interests in which he is concerned in Mexico as in a most promising condition. He looks hale and hearty, and is as vivacious and hopeful as ever. Despite his long contact with Spanish speaking people he is still able to talk good English and is apparently proof against the cholera.

It is said that Dr. Lyman Beecher was some times absent-minded and forgetful. Mrs. Beecher once received a sum of money, and it was the occasion of great rejoicing, because it would enable them to pay a bill for a carpet; so she committed the money to her husband, charging him to attend to the matter immediately. In the evening the Doctor returned from the city in high spirits, and described a missionary meeting he had attended. "Doctor," said Mrs. Beecher, "did you pay for that carpet to-day?" "Carpet! What carpet?" responded the Doctor. "Why, the one I gave you the money to pay for this morning." "There!" said the doctor, "that accounts for it. At the missionary meeting they took up a contribution. When they came to me, I said I had no money to give them—wished I had—at the same time feeling in my pocket, where to my surprise, I found a roll of bills; so I pulled it out and put it in the box, wondering where it had come from, but thinking the Lord had some how provided."

Mrs. E. Adelle Bennett of Syracuse, says she is and has been a Spiritualist for many years. She further affirms that Henry Slade attempted to palm off spurious phenomena in the place of the genuine which she hoped for. John W. Truesdell lives in Syracuse, too, and has given Mrs. Bennett the benefit of his experience and, no doubt, much brotherly advice. John is an excellent adviser—up to a certain point. John is also a shrewd business man and the author of "Bottom Facts," as he calls it. Mrs. B., assisted by John T., told the story in a paper called the New York Sunday News. Of course, it was perfectly proper and natural to mention "Bottom Facts." Result, (1) Mrs. B. relieves her mind, she thinks, and (2) John the smiling banker and book maker, secures a full page advertisement of his work free of charge. Mrs. Bennett should learn that every séance must stand on its own merits, and that were Slade never to give another honest séance, the recorded evidence of many competent observers who have testified to the reality of the phenomena in his presence would not be in the least invalidated.

A telegram from San Francisco, Cal., indicates that Mariana Murietta, widow of the famous bandit, Joaquin Murietta, who styles herself the Prophetess of the Sierras, is likely to soon come before the courts as defendant in a criminal suit. She resides in the Cantua Conon, Fresno County, and last year created much excitement among the Spanish residents of that section, causing them to assemble at a rendezvous in the Coast Range Mountains to await the Judgment-Day, which, according to her prophecies, was close at hand. News reaches here to the effect that Dolphina Carona was on a visit to the residence of the prophetess, with his wife and child, and during their stay Mariana made a prophecy that they would start home and come back crying. They started home shortly afterward, but they had proceeded only a short distance on their journey when their child was taken violently ill and they returned, truly enough in tears, for the child died half an hour afterward. Those who learned of the matter at once assumed that Mariana had poisoned the child in order to establish her reputation as a seeress among the ignorant people. The officials of Fresno County have been notified, and a legal investigation is now in progress.

Mr. John McDougall of New Orleans spent a part of last week in Chicago, and has now gone to northern Wisconsin to remain until October.

Walter Howell has been lecturing lately at De Soto, Mo., Coopersville, Mich., and South Bend, Ind. He has an engagement to speak at Kent, Ohio, and Jamestown, N. Y.

The Lake Pleasant Siftings will this season be under the editorial and business management of Mr. George W. Davies, who conducted it so ably last year.

Buddhism has become so fashionable that Dr. Thomas A. Wise, in his handsome "History of Paganism in Caledonia," just issued by Trubner, London, argues that Great Britain was reached by Buddhist missionaries, who converted the natives from Druidism to Buddhism.

A subscriber in Montana asks the JOURNAL to publish accounts of genuine materializations. This we are always ready and happy to do.

Buffalo's (N. Y.) crematory project is being pushed, and it is probable that the incinerator will be built and in full operation before next winter.

Muscular Christianity is what the citizens of Coldwater, Mich., had an exhibition of a short time ago. During the progress of a Free Methodist camp meeting near that place a respectable lady got the "power" and lay in a trance for several hours.

A Bengalee saint, who advertises remarkable cures, is living inside a "pucca" grave, six feet deep, which is covered over with masonry, keeping only a two-inch hole through which to serve him with his daily food.

The other day a special train bearing railroad officials, made the run over the New York, West Shore and Buffalo Railway, from East Buffalo to New York City, a distance of four hundred and twenty-two miles, in eight hours and seventeen minutes.

Dr. J. R. Buchanan, 29 Fort Avenue, Boston. In just published, a volume of 500 pages. Price \$2.00 and postage 16 cents.

THE MANUAL OF PSYCHOMETRY. In just published, a volume of 500 pages. Price \$2.00 and postage 16 cents.

First Spiritual Temple, Boston. Last Sunday forenoon, by appointment, I met Marcellus L. Ayer of this city and spent an hour with him in going through the new "First Spiritual Temple" which he has built and deeded in trust to the trustees of the Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists.

The temple is a handsome and solid building, of brown stone and gray granite with entrances in front and rear. The basement, partly above ground, light and airy, has a large room for children's meetings, an ample library room, and the heating apparatus.

The temple as it stands cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Mr. Ayer, who paid all this cost himself, is a quiet and unassuming man, engaged in business as the head of a firm in a large wholesale grocery trade, built up from small beginnings by his persistence and sagacity.

Health and Pleasure 'Midst the Pines of Northwest Wisconsin, and of the Shores of Lake Superior, is the title of a pamphlet received. It gives description of the locality mentioned, and will be found of interest by the tourist.

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. SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, No 1827 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and three cents per copy. Money refunded if not answered.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y. The First Society of Spiritualists at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. will hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at the Supreme Court Room, Town Hall, corner 11th and Main Street, Dr. E. G. Granville, President; A. J. Colby, Secretary.

LAKE GENEVA SEMINARY. GENEVA, Walworth County, WIS. A Cultured, Christian School and Home. Unqualified for those desiring true womanhood. Sanitary conditions perfect. Opens Sept. 25.

PSYCHOMETRY. THE MANUAL OF PSYCHOMETRY. In just published, a volume of 500 pages. Price \$2.00 and postage 16 cents.

FLOR MILL, BOX 411, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF PERENOLOGY. Nineteenth Annual Session opens first Tuesday in October.

LAKE GENEVA SEMINARY. GENEVA, Walworth County, WIS. A Cultured, Christian School and Home. Unqualified for those desiring true womanhood. Sanitary conditions perfect. Opens Sept. 25.

rows, refusing to go with the robins.—Scotch shepherd dogs are now employed at the Cape in herding ostriches, a work which they perform with great sagacity. Two men on horseback and one dog will drive a troop of 100 to 150 full-grown birds with as much ease as six or eight men on horseback.—The dairy products of the United States are a potent factor in the agriculture of the country.

Health and Pleasure 'Midst the Pines of Northwest Wisconsin, and of the Shores of Lake Superior, is the title of a pamphlet received. It gives description of the locality mentioned, and will be found of interest by the tourist.

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SUMMER SALE OF BOOKS.

The Flow of Globe, A treatise on the physical formation of the earth. By W. L. S. Erasmu, M. D., and H. W. F. Lyon. This work has been selling for \$2.00. The few in stock are offered at 75 cents each.

Golden Memories of an Earnest Life. Being the Biography of A. B. Whiting. Together with selections from his letters and some prose writings. Compiled by his sister, Spiritualists of Michigan must certainly feel an especial interest in this work.

The Burgess Underwood Debate. Between Prof. O. A. Burgess, President N. W. Christian University, Indianapolis, and Prof. B. E. Underwood. Cloth binding, \$1.00, the remaining few to be sold at 60 cents.

Home: Miscellaneous Poems. By Jesse H. Butler. In this collection of poems will be found beautiful and suggestive lines. Cloth bound, published at \$1.50, now offered at 60 cents each.

Public Test Mediums. Mr. Frank Baxter, Dr. W. B. Mills, Dr. J. W. Mansfield.

THE HOTEL. Under the management of H. L. Barnard, of Greenfield, Mass. For particulars concerning transportation of camp-equipage and baggage, leasing tents and cots, engaging lodgings and board, etc., see annual directory.

WOMAN. A Lecture on the Present Status of Woman, Physically Mentally and Spiritually. The Divine Law of True Harmonical Marriage, Marriage and Divorce.

MAN—WHENCE AND WHITHER. This work is a robust answer to the assumptions of Materialism.

WOMAN. A Lecture on the Present Status of Woman, Physically Mentally and Spiritually. The Divine Law of True Harmonical Marriage, Marriage and Divorce.

THE SPIRIT WORLD: INHABITANTS, NATURE AND PHILOSOPHY. BY "BUCKLE CROWLEY," M. D.

CAMP MEETING.

The Solomon Valley Spiritualist Camp Meeting will be held at Delphos, Ottawa County, O., commencing on Friday, August 21st, and closing Sunday evening, August 31st.

LAKE PLEASANT VISITORS AND CAMPERS ATTENTION! The Best Way to Reach Lake Pleasant from Buffalo and the West and from Points between Buffalo and Albany, is by the "West Shore Route."

CLERGYMEN

and others desirous of adding to their incomes should handle our specialties as advertised. Highest references and testimonials from all parts of the U. S.

Good Agents Wanted

For Excursion Rates from all Points on this Line Refer to Local Agent or Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting Circular.

Certificates OF MALSTERS AND BREWERS.

Nothing succeeds like success. I, Wm. Scott, a master of 20 years' experience—7 years in England and 13 in this country—herby certify that I have made four lots of malt with Wm. Scott's Malt Machine.

THE PIONEERS OF THE SPIRITUAL REFORMATION. LIFE AND WORKS OF DR. JUSTINUS KERNER AND WILLIAM HOWITT.

NERVOUS DISEASES AND MAGNETIC THERAPEUTICS. BY JAMES EDWIN BRIGGS, M. D.

BIAGEN. A Speculation on the Origin and Nature of Life. BY PROF. ELLIOTT COUES.

THE SPIRIT WORLD: INHABITANTS, NATURE AND PHILOSOPHY. BY "BUCKLE CROWLEY," M. D.

Voices from the People, AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

A Patch of White Violets.

By EMMA TUTTLE.

Here in the door-yard, prim and old, A patch of wild white violets grow, Brought hither years, and years ago...

Sense Impressions - Premonitions - Overshadowing of Coming Events.

I am not clairvoyant in my normal condition, and have only had visions on three or four occasions...

The University of Michigan.

The University of Michigan has had its commencement exercises, and eighty-seven young Doctors of Medicine have got their diplomas...

Mrs. A. L. Underhill - The Missing Link.

Mrs. Cora Daniels, a correspondent of the Hartford Times, gives that journal a graphic sketch of an interview with Mrs. Ann Leah Underhill at her home in New York...

"You know our name isn't Fox anyway," said she, after some allusion to the book. "No; it is Voss, and should be Voss now. But you know what the New York State Dutch is? A mongrel language, made up of half German, Hungarian, Dutch, English, and heaven knows what..."

The Mormons.

There are indications that the Mormons think of leaving Utah to establish themselves in the Mexican State of Sonora. A large part of the State is occupied by the Yaqui Indians, who have never been entirely subdued by the Mexican Government...

The Pettibones.

Since the JOURNAL'S exposure of Pettibone and wife, numerous letters have been received giving further particulars of how they perform their tricks. Mr. J. Linegar of Mount City, Illinois, furnishes a lengthy and lucid account of their performances in his city...

Notes from Onset Bay.

The preparatory work for the Ninth Annual Camp-Meeting at Onset, has been pushed forward with all possible haste, and is nearly completed...

The Spirits.

The Queer Manner in which Tables Talk to Cleverancers. A city ball official, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, who has in some degree the strange power of producing table manifestations...

A pleasing disappointment sometimes falls to most of us in our journeying in search of life, and one such seems to have met Dr. Willis in coming to Onset at this time. His health is such as to almost deprive him of active labors during the hot season...

Reading Thoughts.

Emile Deschamps communicates to "Le Monde Musical" of Brussels (1866), the following account of his own experience in psychometry...

Notes from Onset Bay.

Allow me to congratulate you upon your success in detecting H. Pettibone in his fraudulent independent spirit writing. The success of the cause of Spiritualism in the future depends greatly upon the elimination of frauds...

The Spirits.

The Queer Manner in which Tables Talk to Cleverancers. A city ball official, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, who has in some degree the strange power of producing table manifestations...

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

An ordinary polar bear is worth from \$800 to \$1,000. The furms of the United States are worth at least \$1,000,000,000.

The bills of General Grant's doctors are said to already amount to more than \$100,000.

Ten thousand Protestant children are now attending Roman Catholic schools in this country.

A professional wild beast tamer uses electricity to subdue the animals when they are unruly.

The average duration of life in Russia is twenty-six years—the lowest of any European nation.

At some time in their lives Miss Cleveland, Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. Hayes were all school teachers.

The Salvation Army of England is to start an auxiliary branch under the name of the Salvation Navy.

Cotton cloth, the Fall River Herald says, has fallen to three cents a yard—the lowest price ever reached.

The German Government has ordered the preparation of engineering plans to connect the Rhine and Elbe Rivers.

Dom Pedro, of Brazil, is the oldest living sovereign. He is said to be fifty-three years of age, and he was six years old.

Italy and Switzerland are about to undertake the boring of the Simplon tunnel, which will form, when completed, the fourth tunnel route through the Alps.

The tropical castor oil plant is recommended as a cash crop of probable importance in Texas.

A current grape that has no seeds is grown to a very great extent in many parts of Greece...

The Massachusetts State Board of Health, from recent investigations, finds that there is very little pure honey in the State.

One of the present devices of the liquor sellers of Baltimore to demonstrate that "prohibition does not prohibit" is the loading of cocoanuts with whisky...

The medical adviser of the English government has reported against sending a cholera commission to investigate Dr. Ferran's inoculations in Spain.

Montana has over 92,000,000 acres within her boundaries, of which 70,000,000 are fine lands, suitable for agriculture or grazing.

The Santarian says: "Inasmuch as persons who have had cholera are not exempt from its recurrence, we are at a loss to perceive how inoculation, though it be with the true microbe, can have any prophylactic effect, however successfully inoculated persons may pass through the process."

Dr. Chirlet, a French oculist, reports to the Academie de Medicine that having been obliged to remove a diseased eye from a young girl, he replaced it with one taken from a rabbit.

Signs are taxed 5 cents per letter every year in Cuba, and the ingenious Cuban does not put up a sign if he can help it, or else points out an emblem, as a book, a trunk or a cigar.

"The Great American Desert" is a thing of the past. The quadrant which this "desert" once occupied by the State of Michigan, Dakota, Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas to the Indian Territory...

The virtues of the hardy mountaineers of Switzerland are being sapped by drink. In the matter of brandy alone the population—which, all told, including women and children, numbers but 2,500,000—consumes 27,000,000 litres per annum...

A lady of New York City, Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, was adopted by the Senecas at the Catsaraug Reservation last week.

The popular impression that great men's sons are seldom clever does not seem to be borne out by the facts. Senator Ingalls has a son who, it is thought, will be cleverer than his father.

Two valuable colts were lately poisoned in Ohio by white snake root, *Aspidoptera ageratoides*. The disease known formerly as "the trembles" is an affection of cattle, caused by this weed.

Timber depredations on public domain are still carried on, with little effort on the part of the authorities to check them. Among others the Chinese in Placer County, California, are said to be cutting large quantities of sugar pine on government land.

Paper made in 1458 was recently examined by a gentleman, who says that it is in the most perfect condition, strong, flexible, of a pearly white color, and on looking through it is seen a water mark, beautiful for its clearness and delicacy.

Near Youngsville, N. Y., a large hawk swooped down upon a poultry yard, and seizing a hen, flew with it to the top of a tree.

A snake, four feet three inches long, was found a few days ago in Boston transferred in a bunch of bananas which he was hauling.

Victor Hugo's Creed.

TRANSLATED BY ROW.

My soul drinks in its future life. Like some green forest thrice cut down...

While sunshine glides my aged head, And bounteous earth supplies my food...

Say not my soul is but a cloud, Resultant of my body's powers...

The winter's snows are on my brow, But summer suns more brightly glow...

As I approach my earthly end Much plainer can I hear afar...

Though marvelous it still is plain! A fairy tale, yet history...

For fifty years my willing pen, In history, drama and romance...

All themes I tried; and yet I know Ten thousand times as much unsaid...

When unto dust we return once more, We can say, "One day's work is done..."

The tomb is not an endless night; It is a thoroughfare—a way...

Moved by the love of God, I find That I must work as did Voltaire...

Our work on earth is just begun; Our monuments will later rise...

THE NIAGARA FALLS PARK.

Since Hennepin first beheld it 203 years ago no natural object in America has been the subject of such deep and constant interest...

When the Cantilever bridge was made to span the gorge below the falls, and the Michigan Central ran its trains over it east and west...

It is not probable the sordid appeals of hackmen and inn-keepers influenced the New York Legislature...

Nothing Made in Vain. We are told that nothing was made in vain; but what can be said of the fashionable girl of the period?

The highest prize at the New Orleans Exposition for oranges was won by Massachusetts men.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is not extolled as a "cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose...

Iowa farmers are offered 7 cents a pound for their butter, provided it is of extra quality.

I have been a periodical sufferer from Hay Fever (a most annoying and loathsome affliction), since the summer of 1874...

An Indiana farmer has a twelve-pound coll, which is perfectly formed and doing well.

Do not waste your money and risk injuring your hair by purchasing useless washes or oils...

The next orange crop of Florida is expected to be worth \$2,000,000.

Rupture, pile tumors, fistule and all diseases of the lower bowel (except cancer), radically cured.

There are no Sunday newspapers in Vienna.

Nota Bene, means Take Notice! That N. K. Brown's Ess. Jamaica Ginger conquers cramps.

President Cleveland prefers hot weather to cold.

Miss Lillie B. Pierce, the noted local elocutionist, uses Pozzoni's Powder.

Americans have \$125,000,000 invested in Mexican railways.

"100 Does One Dollar" is true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is an unanswerable argument as to strength and economy.

Important Discoveries

facts: That the greatest evils have often had their rise from causes which were deemed, originally, of too little importance...

are made by scientists, from time to time, which astonish the world, but there has been no discovery, in science or medicine...

Telegraph Telephone

It is not a more positive proof of the electric current, than are pimples and boils...

is enhanced by the fact that it can be used to order Ayer's Sarsaparilla from your druggist...

Electric Lighting

shock, the pains of Rheumatism dart through the body. Rheumatism is a blood disease, and needs an alternative treatment...

up the faces, and relieving the sufferings of thousands. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has brought happiness to the homes of rich and poor alike...

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

sarsaparilla has had the effect of toning me up. Under its use I am fast gaining color, appetite, and strength.

ECZEMA!

My wife has been sorely afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum from infancy. We tried every known remedy, but to no avail...

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 8, Atlanta, Ga.

ROCKFORD WATCHES

Are unequalled in EXACTING SERVICE. Used by the Chief Mechanician of the U. S. Coast Survey...

JAMES PYLE'S



PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR Washing and Bleaching

In Hard or Soft, Hot or Cold Water. SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY...

REDUCED IN PRICE.

GOSPEL OF NATURE.

M. L. SHERMAN and W. F. LYON. The ideas here embodied were given in a series of lectures through the organism of M. L. Sherman...

HOLLOW GLOBE, which has been before the public since that time, and of which this work is a sort of sequel.

THE FOLLOWING SUBJECTS, WITH OTHERS, ARE TREATED:

- Divisibility of Matter; Human Existence; Spirit Entities; Immateriality; Harmonies; Intelligence in Substance; Animal Intuitions; Soul Essence; Interior Self-Hood; Conflicts in Society; Christian Antinomians; War in Heaven; Materialization; Overt and Religious Intimidation; World Builders; Death not a Mystery; Death a Science; Immortality; Use of Language; Spiritual Organisms; Born Again; The Key; Death and Glory; Personal History; Pure Angels; Thomas Paine; Judgment; Governments; Resurrection; Miracles; Dreams; Thunder, Lightning and Flood.

CLOTH BOUND, 483 PAGES. It has been selling for \$2.00, and well worth the price. We have a few copies in stock...

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A Singer Pattern Machine, perfect in all its parts, iron frame, cover, two drawers and drop leaf...

The same Machine, but with half cabinet case of black walnut, eight drawers and drop leaf...

EVERY MACHINE WARRANTED FOR 5 YEARS.

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Send 10 cents for sample copy and it a pleasant and profitable employment.

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OR,

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By JOHN C. CUNN, M.D., Author of "Cunn's Domestic Medicine,"

ASSISTED BY JOHNSON H. JORDAN, M.D.,

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well put in; there may be a few more or less. These two men will gaze into each other's faces—wan, thin, hungry, shivering, despairing—speech will have deserted them, silent gazing each other into eternity—more dead than living—one of them drops by the feet of the sole survivor of God's intelligent race."

Is not this picture grand? Is it not sublime? Is it not supremely ridiculous? and yet he adds, "These are the conclusions to which science conducts us."

This reminds me of an incident of my boyhood days. There lived in our neighborhood two brothers named Abraham and Samuel. I knew them well. Samuel was of a religious turn of mind, while Abraham was skeptical. Samuel finally joined the church and used his influence with his skeptical brother to do the same thing. He finally consented, but the preacher knowing him to be a skeptic in religious matters, put him to the test of a severe examination. He passed through many of the miracles recorded in the old testament, and every little while Abraham would ask, "Does Sam believe this?" Upon an assurance that Sam did believe it, he said, "I believe it, too, if Sam does." After passing the history of Jonah and the whale he said, with some hesitancy, "If Sam takes that, I take it too." And when they came to the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace, he broke loose from the preacher and said: "Well, I don't care whether Sam believes this or not, I do not, and I have a notion to throw out the fish story also." I mention this not to speak irreverently of Bible narratives, but to illustrate my position with regard to many of the statements of science, whose teachings must be weighed in the scale of reason, without any allowance for the supernatural. I do not, care whether Samuel, Sampson or Solomon believed it, I do not take in all the staff offered to us in the name of science.

"Not to the dome whose crumbling arch and column attest the feebleness of mortal hand, But to that dome, most catholic and solemn, Which God hath planned— To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder, Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply, Its choir the winds, and waves its organ thunder, Its dome the sky."

If I were to indulge in cosmical speculations I would not represent the sun as a monster uttering the hideous groanings of an expiring earthquake; but I would say it could sing as well as shine, we never have music such as mortal ears have never heard. Tyndall says, "the light of all suns and stars is in reality a kind of music propagated through the interstellar air." Kepler, the discoverer of the laws of planetary motion, believed in the music of the spheres. And may there not be music notes and octave bars somewhere in the realms of space between suns and stars where melodious sounds, rich and rare, may fall on ears attuned to celestial strains? Be this as it may, we know that sunshine is the fairest and purest thing in nature. The sun is the most magnificent object that comes within the range of human vision or the contemplation of the human mind. It is all-penetrating power is felt by all living things. It is the source of all terrestrial energies and the cause of all motion, from the floating atom to the rolling and shining worlds held in their orbits by the evenly balanced forces of attraction and repulsion as they are electrically positive or negative to each other.

This new philosophy which finds a balance wheel in electrical conditions between revolving bodies will, as a matter of course, be rejected by the wise men of our times; but the time will come when this will be recognized as the only conservative force in nature. Our earth will then not be regarded rocking upon the sea of its own tomb or plodding through the mire of ether to its certain destruction; but like a grand ship of State riding upon a solar ocean, with sails spread to take the electric currents that flow out from the central magnet, and again return to make the balance of the wondrous machinery complete. These mighty tramways along which planets and their satellites move, are laid with perfect skill by a master hand. All this talk about the running down of nature's forces to a state of equilibrium and death is a reflection upon Infinite wisdom and Infinite power. While we owe much to the sun for our earthly comforts, the sun as a mighty monarch upon his throne receives his revenue from the earth as regularly as the government receives its dues from the custom house officer, and there is no chance for smuggling here.

In conclusion, we will look at some things that the sun does for us. Every wind and storm that sweep over the earth, are caused by the influence of the sun on different parts of the globe. The water is lifted from oceans and rivers by the rays of the sun, and carried to the upper and colder regions of the atmosphere, where it is condensed into vapor, formed into clouds, and on the wings of the wind is carried to the thirsty soil to nourish and sustain the growing vegetation. The power from the sun plows our fields, sows our seeds, reaps our harvests, grinds our grain and prepares all things to our hand for our support and comfort. The immense coal beds stored away in the earth that are now utilized to drive the machinery of the world, and to propel ships across the ocean and drive locomotives over continents have been produced by sunshine in pre-historic ages from immense vegetation, most likely before man could exist; but they were treasures laid up to supply the wants of the coming race. The fire that warms our houses and the gaslights that flash from our chandeliers are but sunshine at second hand without many intermediate links save the vast periods of time that have passed since these deposits were made. What supplies will come to the dwellers on this earth when these stores are exhausted we are not prepared to say. One thing is certain. There is an infinite power above all nature's forces, and an infinite will to control this power, and the grand harmony of revolving worlds in their magnetic and electric relations to each other will be controlled and directed in the future as it has been in the past, and a higher destiny may await all material forms as well as all intelligent beings who are in a state of progression toward a higher order of being and a vaster scope of knowledge.

The tropical gooseberry, which is cultivated in Florida, grows on a handsome tree from ten to fifteen feet in height. The fruit is rather smaller than the Siberian crab apple, and the shape a flattened globe. It contains one hard seed. The fruit is only moderately valuable, but the tree is ornamental.

In Cape Colony, South Africa, there are now 125 postal savings banks, which have a total of \$94,180. The system has been in operation there only eighteen months.

While digging holes for telegraph poles on the plains, seven miles from Merced, Cal., the workmen struck a stream of water within three feet of the surface.

Montreal is to have a botanic garden covering twenty-five acres.

AN ADIRONDACK MYSTERY.

[From the New York Evening Post.]
 "Is there no death for a word once spoken? Was never a deed but left its token Written on tables never broken? Do pictures of all the ages live On nature's infinite negative?" —Whittier.

It is a very prosaic ruin, the crumbling foundation walls of what had once been a large dwelling, in a clearing in the midst of the great Adirondack wilderness miles away from any house. Meadows sloped down the mountain side to a distinctively beautiful lake, even in a region famed for its lovely mountain tarns, and beside it, though in September, hay-makers were curing the scanty mountain harvest. "The ruin has a history, however," said the legal friend who brought it to my notice; and on our return to the city he introduced me to Judge —, one of the most honorable and efficient magistrates on the city bench, the present owner of the estate, who favored me with this most strange eventful history.

"Its early history," he began, "I possess only in fragments. It was built probably seventy-five years ago by Philip Rhyndwood, a member of one of our oldest and wealthiest New York families, whose possessions in the neighborhood covered several square miles. I acquired it some twenty years ago. The simple account of my first visit with a view to purchasing, together with the experiences there one summer, of myself and family, will form the strangest tale you ever listened to. To begin with my first visit. We left the New York Central (Van, the owner, and I) at Amsterdam, and after traveling all day over the divide and along the banks of the romantic Sacondaga, drew up at sundown at Rhinecland. I will not dwell on the beauty of the scene opening up from it, since you are familiar with the region, but I thought it then, as I do now, one of the loveliest and most interesting nooks in the North Woods. Van had a man in charge, and there were cattle and sheep scattered picturesquely over the four hundred acres of clearing. The house without looked very much as it does now, but I confess the interior surprised me. The building, you are aware, is two stories and an attic, forty-two feet wide by thirty deep. Through the center ran a wide hall, on which the drawing room and parlors opened. This hall had a wide cushioned settee near the doors, and its walls were hung with portraits of Knights of Malta, said to have been chiefs of the order, the pictures, it was said, painted from life. The parlors were richly but strangely furnished. The carpet was of soft neutral color. The stiff, straight-backed chairs of mahogany were cushioned in red, as was an ancient sofa whose rich deep pillows were temptingly displayed; but the feature of the room was a large mahogany sideboard in a corner, richly carved, and gleaming with silver. The curtains throughout the house were really tapestry of a curious design, evidently from Saracene looms; and wherever it was necessary to loop them, deers' antlers were employed for the purpose. There were more 'knights' on the parlor walls, and I asked my friend to explain their presence there. 'That makes a curious story,' said he; 'they were the property of a mysterious German baron, who appeared here some years after the original proprietor left the place, purchased it, furnished it in the manner you have seen, and after living here quietly some ten years, disappeared as mysteriously as he came. But come into the chambers. These were all on the second floor, and as they figure largely in what follows, you must allow me a brief description. There were three front chambers, one on the right of the hall and two on the left, and an equal number in the rear, one being at the end of a hall, which we called the bar-room. These were furnished quite as richly as the parlors; the beds struck one for their extreme width and for the rich silken canopies, of the same stuffs as the tapestries that enclosed them. I should have stated that on the curtains, tapestries, and cushions were the richly embroidered arms, the Maltese cross, the pointed hood, and other symbols of the Order of St. John.

"We had a dinner that night worthy of the mountains—trout fresh from the brook, venison, lamb, peas, and crisp lettuce from the garden. Afterward we smoked on the porch, and saw moon and stars climb up over the mountains and mirror themselves in the lake below. When the time for chamber lights came, Van remarked that the maid would show me to my room. 'As for myself,' said he, with a slightly embarrassed air, 'I always take the parlor lounge.' I followed the maid into one of those great front chambers, crept into the huge canopy bed, and slept like Rip Van Winkle all night, not even hearing a mouse squeak. Next morning I came down late. Van was in the breakfast-room; the waitress was behind the urn; a man servant opened the door. All scanned my countenance curiously. 'How did you sleep?' Van ventured. 'Capitally,' I replied, whereupon an expression passed over their faces that puzzled me all day; it was the blank look that follows disappointed expectations.

"Well, I staid several days; we hunted, fished, drove through the woodpath to the village, and I was so well pleased with the place that I told Van as we drove homeward I would buy it. 'Did you hear anything either night you slept in that room?' he answered irrelevantly. 'No,' said I. 'Why?' 'Do you know,' he replied, 'that neither I nor any other person in that house would have occupied the room you did for a dozen Rhineclands?' I slept there once—bah, such noises and people in my room all night. Why, the servants down stairs sat up the night through expecting you to rush in any moment half frightened out of your wits.' 'Well, Van,' said I, 'you interest me, but I think you're joking, or else you want to back out of the sale.' 'I assure you it's the solemn truth,' he replied, 'and you know I want to sell.' 'Then,' said I, 'you've given me the greatest possible inducement to buy; for my family and I have long been looking for a place with real live ghosts to experiment on.' 'You'll find them there,' said he; 'ask the mountaineers. You couldn't hire one of them to sleep on the second floor.'

"The transfer was made and the next June we went up to pass the summer at our new place. As witnesses and vouchers for the truth of the strange events that followed permit me to introduce the members of my household at that time—my wife, a New England lady, far removed from credulity or superstition; my son and daughter, aged twenty-four and twenty, both having had all the advantages that the best schools could afford, and Frank, at least, much more skeptical than his mother or I could wish. The chambermaid, Hattie, a rosy French Canadian, bold as Cæsar, and Tom, the burly coachman, also shared in our strange experiences.

"My daughter's room, and the room occupied by my wife and me, were in front, on the left of the hall; of the small rooms in the rear, one was empty, the other occupied by Hattie, the maid. Frank's room was opposite ours. Tom, the coachman, slept in the third rear room, at the end of the hall. The first

signs of anything unusual appeared in Hattie. About a week after getting fairly settled, her mistress observed that she did not sing about her work as usual, and was growing pale and nervous. 'Why, Hattie,' said she, 'what's the matter? You don't look well. Are you ill?' 'No,' she replied, 'I'm not ill, but I haven't slept well for two or three nights.' My wife owned that she was startled by something in the girl's look and actions. 'What is it, Hattie?' she said kindly. 'The girl was loth to tell; at last she said with an effort: 'I know it won't hurt me, madam, but there's a lady walking about in my room at night. I can't see her, but I hear the rustle of her silk dress. She goes up to the window and I hear her tearing paper, as it might be a letter, to pieces. Then she goes to the stand and pours water into the basin, and washes her hands. Next I hear the closet-door open and she disappears. I know it can't hurt me, but it keeps me awake and makes me sick.' This girl, you must remember, had not heard that the house was haunted, and probably had never had a thought of ghosts in her simple mind. 'Well,' said my wife, 'you shall change and take the room next me, then you won't feel nervous.' She did so, and next morning declared she had rested undisturbed.

"A few days passed, and Tom, the coachman, was assailed. One July morning, after a long search, I found Tom sitting on a bench by the coach-house door in a musing attitude. 'Tom,' said I, 'what's the matter?' 'Nothing, sir,' said he. 'But there is,' said I; 'you look pale and frightened.' 'Oh,' said he, 'I don't like to tell ye; ye'll laugh at me.' I insisted. 'Oh,' said he, 'I've had such a night; my heart thumps yet. You know, sir, I hadn't taken a drop last night when I went to bed. Well, in the middle of the night I nearly fell dead with fear; my bed rose up and tipped me up. Bein' a clear, moonlight night, I hopped to the window and looked out, thinking some of the boys had played a trick on me, but sure, nothin' could I see. Then I thought I must have been dreamin', and leaped back to bed again, but the next minute the bed rose up higher'n before and threw me, coverin' and all, flat on the floor. Oh, I was scared; my heart beat, and I thought I should faint; but I seized my blanket instead, and ran out for the rest of the night.' We went to Tom's room, but found only the heap of clothes on the floor. As for Tom, nothing would induce him to pass another night in the house; he had his bed made in the coach house, and slept there while we remained at Rhineclands.

"My son occupied a room across the hall. The disturbances seemed to prevail only in the two small rooms in the rear. I asked if he had seen or heard any thing unusual. He said no, and laughed heartily at Tom's predicament, when related to him. But that same night he had the strangest experience of any of us. It was so singular that I asked him to write and sign a plain statement of the phenomena, which he did, as follows:

"It was well on to midnight. I was sitting up in bed reading and smoking. A lamp burned on a little table by the bedside. Dash, the pointer, who slept sometimes in my room, sometimes in father's, was curled up on a rug near the door. Suddenly, without premonition, Dash got up, gazed fixedly at the door, and began slowly retreating from it, cowering, shrinking in terror, his eyes fixed on something that seemed to be advancing into the room. I saw nothing, but I solemnly affirm—and I was wide awake and in full possession of all my faculties—that I distinctly heard the rustle of a woman's dress trailing over the floor. The dog in his retreat reached the bed, sprang upon it, and with a cry of distress nestled down against my body. At the same moment the flame of the lamp was blown out as by human lips. With this the manifestations ceased, though others not so marked, were afterwards observed in the room which I continued to occupy.

"I confess those things startled me somewhat (although as yet neither I, my wife, or my daughter, had personally been annoyed), and I made some private inquiries in the neighborhood as to what others had seen. Dunning, who had been in charge under Van, told me the place had an evil reputation all through the mountains. Summer visitors often drove out from the village, he said, to see the haunted house. His family were never molested on the first floor, but nothing would have induced them to pass the night above. Noises were heard there, footsteps, cries and groans, the crack of a whip, and what was worse there was an indelible presence, whose existence one was conscious of, though it never assumed tangible shape. The mountaineers are naturally superstitious, and they seemed to have a superstitious fear of talking on the subject, especially the French Canadians, of whom there were many. Lou is the most intelligent, as he is easily-chieft of all. I therefore went to him and said, 'Now, Lou, I've heard queer stories about this house. Have you?' He said, 'Of course; I tried it there one night, and wouldn't sleep there again if you'd give me the whole property.' 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'I mean what I say,' he replied; 'I wouldn't sleep in one of those chambers for the whole house.' 'Now, Lou, you're a courageous man. Tell me why. What was it?' 'I ran out and stayed in the woods that night.' 'What did you hear?' 'If there 'a' be'n a coach and four runnin' over the floor, up garret, there couldn't have been more noise.' 'Did you see anything?' 'No; but I heard enough, and nothin' on earth would bring me to sleep above stairs again.' This or something like it was told me by all, old or young, whom I could induce to talk on the subject. As for the special crime that had entailed these ghostly visitations, I could only get vague traditions of a peddler having been murdered there, while some said that in the early days of the mansion a woman had been whipped to death in its chambers.

"From this time the manifestations became more obtrusive and annoying. A new experience befell my wife. She was coming into the upper hall one day just at dusk, when suddenly a whip was cracked violently over her head; a moment later she heard it in the small room opposite, and threw the door quickly open—to find nothing within. My daughter and I escaped the personal manifestations, but we heard the ghostly noises, footsteps, whispers, and the like, which filled the atmosphere of the second floor. At length one August night after we had all retired, pandemonium suddenly broke loose in the garret. At first we thought a heavy farm wagon was being drawn across the floor, then a caannon ball was dropped, and rolled in another direction, which was followed by a crash and clatter as of crockery falling. Of course, the men sprang from their beds and rushed to the garret, but we found nothing there but cob-webs, dust, a strangely-mounted raw-hide whip on a beam, and the red surcoat of the knights, with its silver cross before and behind, which had evidently belonged to our predecessor, the Baron. Next day we examined the garret thoroughly, tore up the floor, the ceiling. There was no mecha-

nism by which such an uproar could have been produced.

"These occurrences were absolute facts, whether they can be explained by natural laws or not. We did not believe in the supernatural origin, but they were so tangible and annoying that we did not care to go back next season, and the house remained untenanted until several years after it mysteriously took fire one day and was consumed."

"On the conclusion of the Judge's narrative I was invited into the parlor and presented to his wife, son and daughter, all of whom vouched for the truth of the tale as it had been related to me."

"I heard a strange tale at the club one night of this same Philip Rhyndwood—a tale hinted at, half told, leaving much to be conjectured—to the effect that, having become intensely jealous of his beautiful young wife, he built this house in the wilderness, furnished it like a palace, and having lured her to it one summer, held her there a prisoner—until she died of grief and despair."

This is a strange story for a nineteenth century audience, but the strangest thing about it is that (saving names) it is in all respects a true one.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

In this column will be published original accounts of spirit presence, and psychical phenomena of every kind, which have been witnessed in the past or that may be observed from time to time in private households, or in the presence of non-professional mediums and sensitives. These accounts may record spontaneous phenomena, and those resulting from systematic effort in the way of circles and sittings for the development of mental power, experiments in thought-transference, and manifestations of supernormal mental action.

The value of this column will depend wholly on the active cooperation of our subscribers, upon whom we must depend for matter to fill it. Stored up in thousands of homes are valuable incidents never yet published which have great value, and others are daily occurring. Let the accounts be as brief as may be and yet sufficiently full to be clearly understood.

Questions not requiring lengthy answers, and bearing upon the accounts detailed may be asked. They will be answered by the editor, or an invitation extended for others to reply.

Tests of Spirit Presence.

Every incident I have or shall relate, connected with my spiritual experience, I not only vouch for myself, but am ready privately to give names of parties, who are cognizant of the same, and whom I doubt not will fully corroborate my statements.

About the time "Spirit Voices" were being published in your valuable paper, I received a very friendly letter from a strange lady living in a town in this State, that I had never been in; the lady told me that she was a Spiritualist, but that her husband was not, although he did not oppose her in her belief. Several letters passed between us, and we were, I think, mutually pleased with each other. Finally she gave me an earnest invitation to visit her, her husband uniting in the invitation which also included my own husband; so one beautiful morning I started to visit my stranger friend, to remain a week, at the end of which time my husband was to come for me. I found the parties very pleasantly situated, occupying a lovely home of their own, surrounded by every comfort and luxury. I was worn out with the arduous labors of my profession (magnetic healing), and I need not tell you how soothing and grateful the quiet of that harmonious home seemed to me. As I was invited there more particularly for rest, I saw but few people at first, but after remaining a few days, and feeling rested somewhat, the evening before I left, my kind hostess wished to invite a few friends in to form my acquaintance, and requested me to allow my controls to use me on the occasion to give them something from spirit-life. All being strangers to me there, I felt fears that this, my first public séance, might prove a failure, but my spirit-guides bade me have no fears, telling me to make myself as passive as I could, and they would do the rest; so I consented.

Our host and his brother were fine musicians and they had also a friend, who was a professor of music. All of them kindly offered their services to enliven the occasion with their music. On the evening appointed, the large parlors were filled with friends, all of whom were either Spiritualists or investigators, and a more refined harmonious company could not have been found. The séances was opened with music, the professor playing the piano, and the brothers accompanying him upon the violin, and I think, flute also. The music, indeed, was entrancing, and it was not long before my controls took possession of me, first giving an address by one of my controls (claiming to be a minister who had passed on from New York City) which the friends pronounced very interesting. After more music, my little Indian control, in her broken language described spirits belonging to the friends present, requesting at each description that the party should say whether the spirit was recognized by them. Nearly every one present received some communication, description or name of friend who had passed on. In passing around the circle, I was made to stop in front of a gentleman, and my little guide described an old lady, seemingly over 80 years, small, and leaning upon a cane; after giving several things peculiar to her character, disposition, etc., the gentleman arose, and said that the description was an accurate one of his mother, but that she was still in the form, he having heard from her only a few days before, and she being then in good health. This to us all seemed very strange, particularly as this little control had never before described any one in the form. I was greatly annoyed by the circumstance, and was almost ready to say I could never again give myself up to spirit control. We had promised to call at this gentleman's house on our way to the cars the next morning, so we started somewhat earlier, stopping there on our way. What was our surprise to find the gentleman

preparing for a journey; they informed us that the night before while they were at the séance, a telegram was brought containing the news of his mother's sudden death. As the house was locked up the message did not reach them till that morning, and he was about to take the next train for his old home. He remarked that he had often conversed with his mother on the subject of spirits returning, she being very skeptical, but assuring him if such a thing were possible, she would surely return. CLARA A. ROBINSON, 3250 Prairie Ave.

Onset Camp Meeting—Birthday Greeting to Mrs. W. W. Currier.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
 On the evening of the 14th of July, some twenty persons met at Old Pan Cottage, with no planning of its inmates, to tender their congratulations to Mrs. Currier on her 55th birthday. At first she took them for chance visitors, but as more came, in their purpose was known. Charles Sullivan called them to order by a few fit words, and Dr. Richardson, Jennie Hagan, G. B. Stebbins, and Col. Crockett gave their testimonials of regard and respect for the life of a woman, ever ready in good works and practical usefulness, and ready too, with wise and kindly words of counsel and sympathy—a help and cheer to many.

Frederick L. H. Willis excused himself on account of hoarseness after the day's effort, yet afterwards spoke briefly. These speeches, rustic and curious tests by J. D. Siles, filled the evening until about ten o'clock, when Mrs. Currier responded in a few words full of feeling and meaning, and the company left. The absence of Mr. Currier was regretted, but it was known that he would soon be here to learn of the gathering, and so enjoy it. They are among the pioneers of Onset, counted on as reliable and useful.

I reached here yesterday, heard an excellent address from F. L. H. Willis, and another to-day from Jennie Hagan, graceful in expression and earnestly thoughtful, and sincere, both in its prose and in its improvised poetic portions. The meeting opens well and the weather is delightful. I sit by an open window looking out on the blue bay and its green islands and rocky hills, and the soft air is cool and fresh as it comes across the water. We stay about a week, and I am to take part in the next Sunday's meetings, when thousands will come by cars and boats if weather favors. Yours truly, G. B. STEBBINS.

Onset, Mass., July 15th.

The "Mad Cure."

An old physician has discovered the wonderful potency in madness when scientifically induced in a patient. He says:

"But the most striking case of my life, was that of a woman who had not left her bed for several years. She ate well, she slept well, her pulse was reasonably regular. But every few days she would send for me in great haste, and I would go and make a slight change in the bread pills on which I was keeping her. Finally I got tired and decided to try heroic treatment. So after hearing her story, I began to laugh heartily. I looked on her and then I began again. I kept this up for a considerable time, and she kept getting more and more angry. She wanted to know what was the matter. I told her that I was laughing at her. The idea was so ridiculous to me that she should lie there day after day and pretend to be sick. 'Why,' said I, 'there is nothing in the world the matter with you but laziness.' I called her every thing I could think of in this line. Finally she became so angered that she sat up in bed. I kept on. She finally reached for her shoe and threw it at me, ordering me to get out of the house. I pretended to get angry at that, but kept on with my abuse. Then she jumped up and seizing the broom she drove me out of doors. She had not been on her feet before for years and of course was somewhat weak, but she was able to walk and she needed some such effort as this to arouse her. She was a well woman from that moment. She never took to her bed again. Can you tell any thing more wonderful than that connected with faith cure?"

A religious enthusiast in Georgia imagines that he is John the Baptist, and insists on having his head returned. An old deacon has volunteered to put a head on him.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

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NEW BLOOD
NEW LIFE
NO PATENT MEDICINE No person with healthy BLOOD is subject to any kind of DISEASE.
 Gain fresh, good blood and save doctor and medicine bills. We do not believe in making money from the sick by selling high priced "patent" or other medicines, but believe it simply the duty of any person, possessing knowledge of a remedy or specific, to make it known, free of charge, to every human being, so that any person can prepare the specific.
 Believing this to be our duty, we will send, on receipt of 20 cents in 2 cent postal stamps (simply to pay the expenses of advertising and postage), a prescription, which can be prepared by any one, and will cost but little. This compound produces in a short time a good quantity of new blood and its natural consequences, "New Health and Life." **THE WILSON MEDICINE CO., 234 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.**