.cars no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a bearing.

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

CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE -The "Lost Continent." Stone Throwing

SECOND PAGE.-Honors to a "Witch." Science and Sciolism. Sensible Thoughts A Profane Man Converted-Three Young Ladles. Spiritualism at Home

THIED PAGE.-Woman and the Household. Hypnotism.-Remarkable Medical Experiments at Nancy, France. New Rooks Received. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

FOURTH PAGE. The Editor in Yackee Land. Short Lives tion Condemned. The Iconoclast an Essential Factor in

FIFTH PAGE.-General Rems. Our Friends Unseen.-Au Advanced View from an Orthodox Stand-point, Miscellancous Advertisements.

SIXTH PAGE.—The Soul's Farewell to the Body. A Distin-guished Member of the Society of Friends Passes to Spirit-Life. The Summer School of Philosophy. Mediumship. Esychometric Delineation of Gen. U. S. Grant, May 10, 1885. The Gift of Healing. A Strange Story. What a Higher Education Means. A Clerical Error. Pertinent Questions. Some Account of the Weird Inmates of Glamis Castle-Mysterious Sights and Sounds. A Spirit Returns. The Mysterleus Appearance of a Bird. Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

SEVENTH PAGE -The Miserly Descon. Ingersol's Conversion. Miscellancous Advertisements.

MGHTH PAGE.--Gen. U. S. Grant. Notes from Ouset. Cassadaga Camp Meeting. Letter from Mrs. E. L. Watson, Miscellancous Advertisements.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal. THE "LOST CONTINENT."

The Golden Age of Pre-Historic Times.

Exhumation of Treasures from the Indian Ocean.

Through the Mediumship of Abram James. Reported and Edited by E. Whipple.

LECTURE THIRD.

MODES OF TRANSIT ON THE LOST CONTINENT There were three principal modes of travel and transportation in our country. First water-transit. This mode of internal communication was limited to the two principal rivers and the Bay of Alabria. Motive power was applied to water craft which we shall reserve for description to a future time. Second, a mode similar to your modern railways but which was also applied to paved roads. The horse was unknown in our country, and white elephants were used only on state occasions. Hence the use of vehicles was dependent on a motive agent. The form of mechanism to which this agent was applied is among the "lost arts," to be revived in the present age. Third, aerial navigation.

Our people enjoyed a safe and rapid means of transit in air-ships. They were under perfect control and could be made to accomplish journeys of prodigious extent in a few hours. This mode was under the exclusive control of the Patriarchal Order. An air-ship was called by our people Areopades. In its construction the best mechanical skill was brought into requisition. The car was lifted in the air by an elliptical shaped gas-receiver, which was about eight feet across the axis and from eighteen to twenty feet in length. This receiver was constructed of very finely wrought cloth, from a hemp grown in our country. This was woven very close and then exposed to the action of the elements, until it became fulled up and impervious to water and nearly impervious to air and the gases. This cloth was then made into proper shape and stretched upon a frame made of steel and copper wire and whalebone. Next the gas receiver was thoroughly coated with a compound prepared from four substances, one of which exuded from a certain tree. They were mixed and triturated until they were reduced to the consistency of thin paste. With this the receiver was thoroughly coated inside and out. When dry it was both hard and elastic. The canvas was next painted and ornamented according to the taste of the

The gas used for lifting the air-ship was composed of three substances, two of which are known, and one unknown at the present

day.

The machinery by which the Areopades was guided and controlled in the air was quite complex. It was attached to the gas receiver in such a manner that the forward part of the stem could be turned up or down, to the right or left, with perfect ease, according to the will of the operator.

The motive power employed to propel the air ships will be explained in due time; suffice to say for the present, a complete and perfect mechanism for navigating the air was known and utilized on the home-land

of the lost continent. The Areopades of average capacity was capable of carrying from three to seven persons, while one could easily manage the machine in almost any position.

There were particular days when members of the Patriarchal Order were in the habit of

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to ferent directions. On these occasions the patriarchs and nobles visited the various Provinces to inspect the condition of the crops, the state of the buildings and plantations, together with the order and thrift of the people who had been entrusted with the lands and flocks. Those agents of the government who were especially entrusted with the care of Provinces, went in this way on periodical excursions. And the people generally took good care to present a favorable

showing to their fathers, the patriarchs.

The wives and daughters of the nobles were often expert in the management of the Areopades, and frequently made excursions unaccompanied by their male companions. Seated in their beautifully ornamented vehicles they traversed the air in joyous free-

We will now describe one of those aerial journeys we were accustomed to take in that gratefully remembered past. We will speak URTH PAGE.—The Editor in Yaukee Land. Short Lived Theosophicis. International Medical Congress—Vaccination Condemned. The Iconoclast an Essential Factor in perionces which will live forever in our thought.

We are now comfortably seated in our Are-opades. We are at a great height directly over the northwestern portion of the continent, above the highest summits of the Azalial mountains. We will take a hasty view of this part of the country. The rocky wastes we behold are several thousand feet above the ocean level. Here the mountains are rugged and wild in the extreme. They look like the moss-covered ruins of some city of the past. Farther down, and skirting these old weather heaten rocks, we can see stunted old weather beaten rocks, we can see stunted forms of vegetation, while below this the vendure from our elevation looks like a carpet of velvet green. The scene spread out out fore us is grand beyond describing. We are now about 2,500 feet above the tops of the mountains. It is a season in which the air is very pure, and with the assistance of an excellent glass; the vision sweeps a wide extent of country. We move north-westerly. crew to gain a footing upon the land. This portion of the country is hence perfectly secure from the approach of strangers. Among the greater elevations the rocks assume a dark gray color. Lower down the aspect becomes lighter.

Now we are moving in a more northerly direction, keeping directly over the highest mountains. To the left of this mountain axis we behold the sea, and to the right a broad sweep of country extending down the southeastern slope. We come now to a sudden depression where the mountains break off and trend toward the east, forming a bend like a horse-shoe. Here a valley opens cutting the mountain ridge in two, thus admitting the waters of the Dobreda to the plains of the south-eastern slope. To this point the Azaliel

and Morena ranges converge. Our Areopades at the height we are suspended in the air, is apparently motionless, but we are moving at the rate of 50 miles an hour. Our possible speed is not less than 100 miles an hour. Moreover, this noiseless journey through the air is most delightful to the sensations.

As we move northward the rocky waste assumes a darker hue. Upon the short slope to-ward the ocean, there is but a scanty vegetation. There is no indentation of the land by the sea along this northern coast, while bold precipices impose a limit to the incursion of the waves. The rocky surfaces in this region present a reddish hue. We are approaching a metalliferous region. This portion is of an iron formation. All the mountain rills in this vicinity receive a reddish tinge from the presence of iron oxide or red hematite. This iron belt is very extensive. But we soon pass beyond this belt, for our flight is more rapid than a railway train. Now the elevated sum-mits are black. Examining these rocky wastes with a good glass, we perceive that volcanoes have written their history with a pen of fire. Farther down the greenish hue of the rocks denotes the presence of hornblende and rich metallic veins,

We are now at a point directly north of the central portion of the continent. What a grand view opens before us! By the aid of our glass we can make out the details of objects in the distance. Clouds of mist rise from the surges that roll against the northern coast. Away to the east we behold the lofty summits sparkling with frosty crowns; while down their declivities helts of pine and fire down their declivities belts of pine and fir wave their banners of green. Running streams wind like silver threads among the hills, while away to the south broad plains stretch their gentle undulations. Domes and spires sparkle from hundreds of towns, and fields of waving grain betoken the rich and populous country that is embraced within the field of vision. Human beings we cannot lisceru, as we are directly over the uninhabited mountain region, while the plains and villages are many leagues away. From our height all the rough points seem smoothed down in a manner. Distance truly lends enchantment to the view.

Returning from this wide survey, we turn our attention to the rocks underneath our air-ship. A belt of quartz is brought into view. This extends north-east and southwest with a width of about twenty miles. It is exceedingly rich in precious metals. Here is a volcanic district. We behold hun-

taking aerial excursions. Hundreds of the dreds of extinct craters. We select what apair-ships might then be seen moving in dif-

peer with our glass into the black pit. The sight of the awful chasm almost bewilders the senses. The mouth of the crater is about 2,500 feet in diameter. According to the re-cord of our country it has not been active for several centuries. Moraneta is its name. It is the loftiest summit in the Morena range. [After reporting the above, the scribe consulted an ocean map and found to his surprise that "Compton Rocks" are laid down at the precise point where Moraneta was placed on the map of the lost continent drawn by Mr. James.]

We are now moving in a porth-aasterly discontinuation.

We are now moving in a north-easterly direction. We have our compass and an instrument called *Odeometer*, with which we measure the distance we travel. With this instrument we also gage our altitude and rate of speed. Much of the north-eastern portion of the country has this volcanic character. It may also be designated a mineral producing region. It presents the appearance of having been riddled through and through by volcanic activity. Our course is over the axis or highest range which now trends two points more to the eastward. We trends two points more to the eastward. We are now going due east. Directly under our air-ship is a peculiar appearance. It looks as though a mighty earthquake had turned the mountain over, or burst it asunder and driven it in three different directions. The vast pit resulting from this upheaval is apparently bottomless. With the best glass we cannot penetrate through the deep darkness. The most fearful commotions have transpired in this region. in this region.

Now we approach a point where the mountain is cut off; where it is suddenly depressed to a lower level. We are over the north-eastern portion of the continent. The ocean on

Now we will change our course and pass up the Dobreda valley. In the mean time we descend to within 500 feet of the ground, that we may obtain a near view of the objects beneath us. We traverse a space of 300 miles, and retain the objects we have noted for future reference. We pause over the eastern portion of Onanatta—the Parent City.

This city is very extensive and divided into sections, where the industries, arts, education and governmental functions are localized in special centers. The Governmental or Parent City is inhabited chiefly by the "Mountain People" or patriarchal race. This race is not an idle or indolent people. On the contrary they recognize the dignity of labor and hold it a sacred duty to engage in some useful employment. Moreover, they are an intellectual, moral and a cultured people. To them alone belong the science, philosophy and high arts that are known in our country.

We will remind you that our present point of observation is over the eastern portion of the city. This is termed the "artisans' quar-ter." A wisdom is displayed in locating the manufactures in the lower or eastern quarter of the city, inasmuch as all the debris is carried off by the stream while the waters are left pure and sweet in the central and upper

There are very extensive manufactories, as many kinds of goods used by the whole nation are exclusively made here. The localization of manufactories in great centers is a feature of manufactories or from the content of the content feature incidental to our form of society, where all great enterprises in which the whole population have an interest, by virtue of their common necessities, are carried on for the benefit of the people and not for private gain.

We see below us immense buildings for the manufacture and coloring of fine cloths, and acres of land devoted to the drying of the same. Here too, are extensive potteries and iron mills and steel works, and crucibles for the annealing of metals and formation of amalgame. But we reserve the details for a future occasion. For the present we afford only a bird's eye view of the forms and movements which we behold. We observe while passing that this artisans' quarter alone contains a sufficient population for a large city.

Now as we linger over the eastern quarter a great number of air-ships are coming to meet us. You understand our position: We are seated in one of the royal air-ships; we are hailed as a royal party. Each ship has a particular color, and its ensigns flying denote the rank in the Patriarchal Brotherhood to which it belongs. The color of ours is royal purple; and as we come into view, our people approach to do us homage. We will now hold a fixed position in the air until they ar rive; for we can halt at any point in the atmosphere, except when we are in the rapid currents of the upper stratum.

Our friends are now around us. We are surrounded by about 500 of these aerial vehicles. Some of them are occupied by women. It is a great pleasure to them to meet and greet us. We will now move in a body, and as we pass along note some observations by the way.

This city, as we said, is extensive. It is divided and classified into distinct departments, yet it presents the appearance of one great city. Every part is provided with easy locomotion. Now we are looking down on the Treasure Building. How grand that over-

arching dome shining with silver! And there is the familiar walk of Epranetus. Yonder is Silona Avenue with its magnificent structures and parks and stately trees. In the center of this grandeur, suspended like an island in the air, is that "Hanging Garden!" Its temple, its arbors and flowers and foun-tains and statues, all blend in a form of glorious beauty that seems impossible for the mortal to realize.

Now we see the people gazing upon us as we hover over their city in mid-air. It appears as though millions had assembled to witness our movements. We will issue an order to those who accompany us to recognize their salutations. We have the means of holding communication with our friends in different parts of the country by the dis-play of signals. We attach a wire to a small machine, and turn a little crank, when a number of purple-colored stars issue forth from a metallic tube. Upon seeing our signal-token our friends all join in the display. The signal from each ship is colored according to the group or order to which it belong. Some are yellow, some blue, some violet, oth-ers fiery red, and still others combinations of these. These burning emblems are now being discharged in showers from each of the 500 air-ships. A more magnificent display of fireworks is seldom seen. The people below wave their banners and sing their national

that is the country of the Dobreda valley—that is the country of the Dobreda valley—there is a population of at least 5,000,000. A great number are assembled from the surrounding country, for it is a day of national celebration. The flower of the nation dwell in this valley—the "Mountain People," the members of the secret and sacred Orders. members of the secret and sacred Orders. Here is the center of art and philosophy and eulture. Here are the priests, the seers and prophets who wield the mightiest influence over the civilized world.

As we previously observed, the importance of industrial activity is strictly enjoined upon all as an essential to the welfare of the comments and the health and harminess of

Nevertheless distinctions are recognized, both as regards grades of individual activity, and the qualities or aptitudes of mind necessary to the discharge of certain social functions. The people and their labors are distributed in groups and series, like notes in music, according to their fitness for special duties. Yet withal, each participates in the life of the whole, while he is predominantly series in the series of the series inantly active in his own peculiar sphere. It is a maxim with us that any work which needs to be done, should be well done, and he is considered a master who attains to high performance in the work to which he is call-

ed, be that work ever so humble. We once more put our Areopades in motion and direct our course to the country of the foot hills, north-west from the city. Fields of waving grain and other fields being prepared for the seed, come in view. Below us we perceive an individual with a machine oreaking up the ground. No animals are attached to this machine, but in front we perceive a large drum, within which is concealed the motive power. To this drum are attached a number of cultivators which thoroughly pulverize the soil. One individual prepares several acres of this ground for the seed in a single day with this machine. All kinds of industry are carried on by machinery. Here the immortal mind moves all things.

Now we behold on the uplands flocks of animals that resemble goats. They are tended by shepherds and shepherdesses. They are covered with white fleeces, more like hair than wool, yet fine as silk, from which fabrics are woven which take the richest and most durable colors. Their eyes are soft and sympathetic, with an almost human expression. They love their shepherds and are very obedient to them. Yonder we see a flock grazing, and with them a portable shepherd's house, constructed of willow and provided with a motor. A banner is emblazoned with an emblem of the keepers—the name of the shepherd and shepherdess of the flock—and floats from a staff over the center of the pavilion; and upon the forehead of each animal is fastened a gold plate with this emblem of their keepers. When individuals from the fold stray far away, the shepherd gives a call which all understand, and they run like a brood of chickens to the parent hen.

So we are passing over the country of the shepherds. Thousands of herds are scattered over these mountains and foot-hills. Now we are over the valley of Alinda, through which flows a beautiful stream, a tributary of the Dobreda. This is a most charming valley. The scenery is delightful and the air is pure. We are directly above the estates of Arazo, a beloved patriarch who was born and spent a part of his long and useful life in this valley. In passing we will note some recollection of this good man's career.

Arazo was one of the children of the noble patriarchs, and at the age of twenty was sent abroad as a messenger to other lands. He carried with him a familiar knowledge of the laws, arts, sciences and industries of his native country. His mission was to that section of the globe now called Africa. His noble bearing and goodness of heart won him the admiration and reverence of the peo-ple. He established schools and introduced new forms of art and industry in the coun tries he visited, devoting himself in all regards to the raising up of the people's lives. The fame of his deeds spread over many

lands. Arazo'pher he was called—the good, the bright, the shining sun. A noble station was given him, and a palace of ivory, ornamented with gold and silver, was constructed for his dwelling place. The most beautiful maiden in all the land was brought to ful maiden in all the land was brought to him by the natives for a companion. Moreover, Arazo brought great wealth with him from his own country which he devoted freely to the spread of learning and the founding of various public institutions. But the real secret of Arazo's influence was his love, which sprang from a deep fountain of spirituality. The people among whom he sojourned, though skilled in those arts and sciences which minister to havney, lacked the deeper which minister to luxury, lacked the deeper spiritual quality which belonged to our people. When Arazo spoke to the multitude he magnetized them with his power and swayed them like a reed bent by a mighty wind. He remained in Africa about fifty years teaching the laws and customs of his own country. So this land became famous for its culture and prosperity. At that time Africa teemed with intelligent and prosperous nations. Great cities flourished that sent down tions. Great cities flourished that sent down no records to the later historic periods, but whose buried treasures will become accessible to the new age that is now dawning.

Finally, while Arazo yet sojourned in the country, great commotions arose in the interior which rendered his stay dangerous. Accordingly he took his family, repaired to his ship, and got away in secret. The people marveled at his sudden disappearance, and at they would sain people to the market has a class to the market has a cl and as they could gain no clue to the man-ner of his departure, they became confirmed in the conviction that he was taken bodily

up to heaven. After Arazo had served well the people of his own and other nations, he returned to the Alinda valley to spend his declining days. Here he had charge of vast estates where a great variety of productions were raised. A flax was produced here from which large quantities of linen were manufactured. Fruits and cereals were also produced in abundance. The Parent City drew many of

abundance. The Parent City drew many of its supplies from these estates. Finally Ara-Where the land touches the sea perpendicular walls of rock tower to a great height along the whole extent of coast. In many places to the ocean. The appearance the lofty acclivities hang over the sea and no where would it seem possible for a ship's bounded by perpendicular walls of rock.

In the land touches the sea perpendicular in this many places to the wentare of the community, and the health and happiness of its supplies from these estates. Finally Arathe individual. Labor being esteemed as noble, is thoroughly organized. To each inhere we will remind you that the life of man dividual in the community is apportioned a proper share at once of labor, luxury and the period of written history began. From 200 to 250 years was the average term allotted to the members of the patriarchal race.

But we pass beyond the estates of Arazo to other scenes and other reflections. We approach the Morena Mountains toward the north-west, in the vicinity of the tributaries of the Dobreda. There are evidences here of a less numerous population. The people gather in little communities as they believe in the unity and universality of life. In the Aluta valley may be seen little nests of villages where the population gather in associ-ative life. Off to the right we catch a view of sceneries that suggest the most tender and sacred memories—the Valley of the Foun-tains slumbering in beauty behind terraces of mountains. Here is one of the secret openngs from this valley, and at its exit a palatial building. Here we complete our journey which has occupied us several days, in which we have traversed a distance of more than 2,000 miles. In other lectures we shall present features pertaining to the social life and the intellectual and moral status of our people.

To be continued.

Stone Throwing Spirits.

The rumbling sounds and the rising of hot team from crevices in the earth over in Chester and Fairfield counties, S. C., about a year ago will not compare to the rain of rocks which is now creating such a sensation near Lancaster. In tenant houses on the plantation of R. T. Dunlap, about six miles from town, live Quarter Reese and Reese Posey. They are quiet, good negroes, and have never, so far as known, done anything to provoke the Almighty's wrath or the wrath of their neighbors, but nevertheless the very rocks of the earth seem to rise up to fall on them and their houses. This wonderful phenomenon of rocks falling has been going on in that lo-cality, at intervals, for more than ten days, and people from five to ten and fifteen miles around gather there to witness it. The rocks are flint, and vary from the size of an egg to the size of one's head. A peculiarity about them is that they have fallen upon several persons without making a wound or giving pain to them. Numbers of white men who hooted at the idea have visited the place and come away convinced that the rocks do fall. At first the negroes thought that it was someody rocking their houses, and would run to thicket near by, but they could see no one. At last they concluded to put out sentinels, but finding that the rocks dropped all the time, they reported it to people in the neighborhood, and now most any time you go to the place you can find a large crowd of negroes and a few whites gathered to see them fall. A number of gentlemen rode out to see the phenomenon. They found about thirty or forty negroes assembled near the house, wonder-struck at what they had seen. They were not there long before a sound on the shingles notified them that a rock had fallen. It was picked up and found to be quite hot It resembled flint, and had something on it which resembled soot. The people marveled. very honest-looking old darky told the par ty that he saw the rock rise up from near a peach tree and go straight up into the air and fall down. They are taken away by visitors about as fast as they fall. The negroes get them and will not part with them.— Ha.

Aree Thought.

HONORS TO A "WITCH."

Witches in Ancient and Modern Times.

An Incidental Allusion to Spiritualism. BY JOHN F. PROCTER.

Rebekah Nourse, an aged woman of excellent character, was one of the victims of the witchcraft craze at Salem. Mass., in 1692. Not one of the sufferers was condemned with less evidence against her, or rather, more in defiance of all evidence. She was acquitted on her first trial. The Judge, nevertheless, sent the jury out again, reminding them that she had used the expression, "They came among us," in reference to certain witnesses against her who had confessed their own guilt. The prisoner explained that she had only intended by the words those who had been in prison with her. The Judge, however, and the jury after him, contended that she had admitted being present at a witch orgy. Mr. Parris minister of the church at Salem village, now Danvers, and her own pastor, Mr. Noyes, of the First Church, Salem, were strong against her, and the latter excommunicated her. Their united opposition prevented the Governor from pardoning her, and she went to the scaffold. Twenty years later Mr. Noyes virtually admitted his fearful mistake by withdrawing the excommunication, and thus relieving her of a post-mortem stigma.

The many descendants of this martyr-including some well known Cincinnatianshave united in erecting a monument over her grave at Danvers, which will be dedicated on the 30th of this month, the one hundred and ninety-third anniversary of her execution. By way of reparation for the misdeeds of their predecessors, the present ministers of the Danvers and Salem churches will officiate on the occasion. The old Nourse homestead, which is still standing, will also be opened to the visitors. It would be an appropriate addition to the demonstration were some members of the Crocker family, of Taunton, Mass., to join in the exercises. Curiously enough, they are descendants on one side from Cotton Mather, one of the chief clerical leaders of the inquisition against the witches, and on the other, through Isaiah Thomas, famed in the annals of printing, of the Rev. George Burroughs, at whose execution as wizard Mather was present on horseback. This line is also prominently represented in Cincinnati.

Deplorable as was the outbreak of supersti-tion in which Rebekah Nourse perished, it must be remembered that only twenty human beings and two dogs were hanged. No witches were ever burned in New England, while twenty-five years earlier, eighty-sight witches, including fifteen children, were executed in one neighborhood in Sweden. In the days of the Long Parliament there were more than one hundred executions for witchcraft in the English counties of Essex and Sussex, and in 1649, the year of the decapitation of Charles I., fourteen alleged witches were burned in a single British village. Thou sands perished in the same way in the lifteenth and sixteenth centuries in Germany and Italy, and Chief Justice Hale, as a hundred years later Sir William Blackstone, affirmed entire belief in the reality of demoniacal possession. The New Englanders, while in 1692 sharing in the all but universal belief of their time, showed their rapid growth in intelligence, by annulling in 1712 the coners, and by making pecuniary grants to their proof than the appearance was offered. This descendants. The Old World remained much precaution, which would have saved all or longer attached to its delusions. In 1701, seven | nearly all the twenty victims, was rejected, | mountains is due to the cold stratum of the In 1750 Renate Senger, prioress of the Convent of Unterzel, in Wuerzberg, was beheaded and burned as a witch. In 1753 a girl of thirteen years was decapitated for the same crime in Bavaria, and in 1783 Anna Goeldlin was burned as a witch at Glarus, in Switzerland. Mary Bateman, who was hanged for murder in Yorkshire in 1809, was noted among her neighbors as a witch, and by the profession of magical art was enabled to get control of the woman whom she poisoned. It will thus be seen that the widespread belief in the reality of witchcraft has prevailed to a recent day. More than this, it is wider spread now than sixty years ago. in spite of our boasted progress in scientific knowledge, for the disciples of Spiritualism, "Esoteric Buddhism," etc., maintain old theories under a slightly modified form.

Though two or three centuries ago the command of Moses. "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." was not regarded as a mere prohibition against the tolerance of one of the many heathen abominations forbidden the Hebrews but as involving a recognition of the reality of the black art, there is no longer any ground for the mistaken interpretation. The belief in witches never had much place among the orthodox Jews. The writers of the Psalms do not include witchcraft among the evils from which they pray deliverance, and the prophets mention magical practices only to denounce them as other wicked manifestations of heathenism. The ancient Romans were be-lievers in witchcraft, but the early Christian Church was far more skeptical. The Lombard code of Rotharis, the great Charlemagne, in the ninth century, and the Council of Treves, 1310, all treated it as a delusion. The smoldering embers of the old heathenism were fanned into a flame toward the end of the fifteenth century, by Sprenger, the Dominican inquisitor, and author of that most mischievous volume "The Witches' Hammer. Thenceforward, for a century or two, persecution reigned, and in Protestant as well as Catholic States. In 1578 nine women were burned at Hort, in the Black Forest, for having caused a hail-storm. At Quédlinburg in 1580, 133 witches were burned in one day. At Hildeshelm in 1615 a boy was burned for having transformed himself into a cat. In 1651, 102 persons, including some little children, said to be offspring of the devil, were burned at Zucknantel, in Silesia.

Coming nearer to our own times, we find the modern, like the primitive church, largely emancipated from ancient heathenism. The most ardent believers in magic have latterly been those who cherished least faith in Christianity. D'Argens and La Mettrie, the chief materialistic lights of the court of Frederick the Great, were tremblingly afraid of sleeping in the dark or of sitting at a table where there were thirteen guests. Serious efforts to induce the devil to present himself in bodily shape were made at the same court. At Dresden, a few years later, Shoepper, the original of Schiller's "Ghost Seer," actually tried to make the ghost of the Chevaller Saxe, —one of the three hundred and fifty illegitimate sons of Augustus the Strong—tell where he had hid his money. He drew a magic circle and uttered incantations. He and his accomplices were greatly scared by the appearance of the dead man in a ball of fire. At least, the gossiping Mr. Wroxall tells us this, an apparently high authority. It is quite pertain, we believe, that Schoepper, like many weaker mediums, went crasy, and committed

suicide under the belief that he was haunted by spirits. Caglicetro, idealized in Dumas' "Memoirs of a Physician," and Mesmer resped rich harvests from the atheistical philosophers of France, and in our own generation most of the adepts in Spiritualism are persous who have reacted from general unbelief in the supernatural to that of Isaac Vossius, of whom Charles II. said that he believed ev-

erything but the Bible. It is easy to pronounce witchcraft an entire delusion, so far as the theory on which its op-ponents acted is concerned. It is doubtless true that many of the confessions of convicted witches were extorted by torture or through a desire of conciliating the Judges. Others may have emanated from maniacs. There was much lying also among witnesses. Still when all this is said, there remained, as in regard to mesmerism and Spiritualism, a class of facts which must be referred to some law as yet undetermined, but little in accord with ordinary influences. There may be a great deal more smoke than fire, but there must be fire before smoke can be started. Our ancestors committed the error of building deplorable conclusions on utterly insufficient data. Great also is the faith of the Spiritualist who credits a supposed voice to the deceased person, who pretends to utter it, especially as the speaker seldom if ever tells anything of importance, and often seems to have lost his wits in crossing the river. With all this, the men and women of the past were not mere credulous fools, imagining wonders where none existed. Neither were they so malig-nant that whole circles would perjure themselves to bring their neighbors to the gallows. Yet this was the case at Salem, if Mr. Upham's carefully prepared account of the events of 1692 be trusted for its theory, as well as for many of its details. We are to believe, according to it, that foolish children told, a great many astounding lies, and made their elders credit them; that church and family troubles suggested no end of incriminating falsehoods, and that finally there was no more need for a moral epidemic than there would have been elsewhere. Cotton Mather and the other clergy are set down as a crowd of semi-

There is no doubt that they, as well as every one else, believed in the existence and satanic origin of witcheraft, but it is incredible that they should have better aroused unless real phenomena which they were unable to explain had occurred. Of this occurrence there is abundant proof. Granting that Mather was credulous and jumped to unwarrantable conclusions in ascribing to the devil what was simply abnormal, he was still a man of vast learning and unimpeachable probity. Robert Calef, who had an angry controversy with him, and who brought his weak points into marked, perhaps undue prominence, can not be held to have impeached his testimony as to what he professes to have seen with his own eyes. A careful reader of his account of the alleged bewitchment of the Goodwin children in Boston, and of some of the occurrences at Salem, will detect a similarity to the so-called spiritualistic phenomena of our own century; at all events the existence of other influences than mere imposture. His mistake was in jumping at the inference that diabolical influences were

The clergy were more conservative and prudent than the magistrates. Certain persons who fancied that they were bewitched declared that they saw respectable people tor-menting them. The ministers, remembering the text that Satan often puts on the garb of an angel of light, urged that no reputable invictions and attainders of the Salem suffer- dividual should be condemned unless other th deplorable results. Had the opposite course been taken Rebekah Nourse would have required no special monument.

The men of 1692 erred, but they were not sinners above all other sinners, nor were they given to a superstition which no longer has any votaries. Indeed, modern Spiritualists have rewritten the story of the Salem tragedy in order to gain a broader basis for their own doctrines. There is a middle path between a simple reference to fraud and malice and a supposition of extra-mundane influence. This we have not attempted to trace, but the work may be performed by the societies of Psychical Inquiry, which are now exploring the border land between the seen and the unseen. All sides will hope for their success.

Science and Sciolism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It is exceedingly desirable at this time to keep Spiritualism in the sphere of common sense and vigorous thought, as well as moral respectability. The disposition of our opponents to sneer at everything spiritual as the offspring of credulity and ignorance makes it especially important to give no encouragement to the fanciful notions and crude, unscientific speculations which sometimes appear in spiritual literature.

As the JOURNAL has been endeavoring to promote these views, I would regret especial ly to see in its columns any species of sciolism or crude speculation. In the issue of July 25th, I find a long article criticising current notions of solar physics, embodying a num-ber of crudities which are occasionally found in the writings of those lacking in elementary

scientific education. It is true as the writer suggests, that the problems of solar physics are not yet solved, and it is easy to suggest objections to the current hypotheses, but his own hypotheses are still more crude, and incapable of demonstration; and what he offers as science is imag-

The assertion that heat does not come from the sun, but originates in our atmosphere, because the interplanetary spaces are cold, and snow does not melt in the sun on mountains that are very high, is so entirely puerile and groundless, that I am not aware that any respectable scientist, has ever thought it worth while to notice it, or expose its fallacy. But when such theories are diffused in newspapers, pamphiets and even books, uncorrected, they are supposed by many to be as well based as any other scientific doctrines, and they may infer that physical science is in many respects a chaos of contradictory opinions, instead of being as it is, a mass of established truth, verified by thousands, with all the certainty of mathematics, in its well established and recognized propositions.

It is utterly untrue that there is no caloric in the sun's rays until they strike the atmosphere of the earth. Such a proposition would not be considered worthy of discussion or even of notice in any group of gentlemen, who have a respectable education in physical science. The discussion of such a proposition excites a feeling of the ludicrous, such as we experience in speaking of the doctrine of the colored brother, the Rev. Mr. Jasper of Richmond, that "the sun do move."

Your correspondent says: "The sun has no power where there are no aqueous vapors in they should no longer be allowed so to do the atmosphere to act upon the rays from the men and women to whom religion is real a sun and produce the amount of refraction not a thing of forms, shreds and patches."

that is necessary for the development of heat."

This gives his whole theory, or rather his delusion, which needs only a statement of familiar facts for its rectification. Refraction. tion has nothing to do with the development of heat—neither increasing nor diminishing it. Simple refraction, as by a prism, separates slightly the rays of heat and rays of light, neither increasing nor diminishing the total amount of heat. Refraction by a convex lens simply concentrates both heat and light to a central spot or focus, which is hotter and brighter, because the amount of heat and light diffused through the area of a cir-cle as large as the lens is concentrated to a focus, which may not be more than a tenth of an inch in diameter. On the other hand, refraction by a concave lens, dispersing light and heat, reduces both the temperature and brilliancy. The sunshine passing through a concave lens, three inches in diameter, and dispersed thereby over a circle nine inches in diameter, would have only one-ninth as much warmth and illumination for any given area as the sunshine would give before such refraction. There is just the same quantity of heat in the sunlight after as before refraction, but concentrated in a small space by a convex lens, and scattered over a large space

produces it. The fact that we have perpetual cold on mountain tops has no relation to the effect of the sun's rays; for they are actually more heating on a mountain top than in the valley. The moisture in the air serves to intercept a portion of the heat, and when sufficient to form clouds, intercepts a large part, produc-

by a concave lens. The writer might as well argue that refraction destroys heat, as that it

ing a great relief in hot weather. The coldness on high mountains is due to the different conditions of the atmosphere as to pressure. At the height of eighteen thousand feet, the atmospheric pressure is reduced to one half, and consequently the same amount of air is twice as bulky or occupies twice as much space as at the surface of the earth. As the air thus expands, its heat becomes latent, like the caloric which is absorbed in generating steam, as has been determined by Maniotte, Dulong, and others The loss of heat by expansion is very well displayed when air under heavy pressure is discharged from the cylinders which contain it. The intense cold produces an immediate

precipitation of frost. The expansion of air is one of the well known methods of manufacturing ice. At the height of 18,000 feet, the air which is at 60° on the surface of the earth, would be thirty-five degrees below zero, and the same air brought back to the surface of the earth, would recover by pressure the temperature of sixty degrees, if there were no interfering causes.

To reduce our summer air at 90° to the freezing temperature, we need only ascend high enough for the air to expand one-third. These results of the law of expansion, however, are modified by the tendency of hot air to ascend by its expansion and lightness. Hence, as the hottest air goes to the upper regions, it checks the mechanical reduction of temperature due to elevation by giving the air of high localities more than an equal share of caloric, and if the cold air of snowcovered mountains were forced down into the valleys, it would become warmer than the valley air.

For these reasons we do not lose 95° in ascending 18,000 feet as thermo-dynamic laws would indicate, and the lowering of temperature on mountains averages about 30° per ten thousand feet, but varies considerably in different climates, according to the amount of hot air ascending from valleys and heated plains.

It is thus apparent that the coldness of high ficiency of solar radiation, which actually imparts more heat on the mountains than in the valleys.

The atmosphere with its watery vapor originates no heat, but intercepts a great deal, coming from the sun, and also intercepts a great deal escaping from the earth at night, thus moderating the heat of day and coldness of the night.

If lofty mountains bear perpetual snow, there must be an intense cold from gaseous expansion in the highest regions of the 'atmosphere, and a still greater degree of cold beyond the atmosphere, where there is no matter to retain caloric. The sun's rays cannot impart heat where there is no body to receive it, and hence their heat comes undiminished to the earth, intercepted slightly by the atmosphere. This interception by the atmosphere is very obvious at sunrise and sunset when the sun's rays pass through a much greater extent of atmosphere.

If moisture in the atmosphere were the source of heat, as your correspondent imagines, the dry desert of Sahara would be comparatively cool, and the London fogs intolerably warm. These matters are thoroughly understood by scientists, without any difference of opinion, and cannot be regarded as debatable questions; although it may be true that they know nothing of the origin of solar heat, and have but a purblind view of the universe, when they ignore the Divine Power, and assume to calculate by the laws of mechanics, when the mighty machine will come to an end. Such speculations are only a pretentious sciolism, which your correspondent does well to rebuke. Neither physical science nor psychometry can grasp the infinite.

Jos. Rodes Buchanan.

Boston, 29 Fort Ave., July 29.

Sensible Thoughts.

The New York Tribune says: "The whole of this tendency to debase into pettiness and vulgarize the awful truths of the Christian faith is the outgrowth of the prevailing modern love of show and pretentious glitter. We betray in our whole lives the disposition to be satisfied with forms and appearances which impress the public rather than the realities which satisfy our own souls. The young man is more anxious to make a dashing display among his fellows from day to day than to lay a solid foundation in money, knowledge or character for his future. He does not marry the girl of his heart because he can not live without her; he makes an alliance with a young woman of fortune because he can not live without her money; they do not offer their friends in the true sweet old sense the hospitality of their home, however poor it may be; they gather them into case or hotel and pay for a meal for them. And so on through life. Every man must choose for himself. If he prefers the good effect of to-day and the applause of his little public to the realities of life, no one can hinder him. He has his reward now; and can hinder him. He has his reward now; and it is certain he will find only realities in that world to which he must step out some day naked and alone. But neither he nor his congeners have a right to degrade and make tawdry the thoughts and forms through which earnest souls come nearer to their God: and they should no longer be allowed so to do by men and women to whom religion is real and

THE HOME CIRCLE.

In this column will be published original accounts of spirit presence, and psychical phenomens 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 snontaneous phenomena, and those resulting from systematic effort in the way of circles and sittings for the development of medial power, experiments in thought-transference, and manifestations of supernormal sental action.

The value of this column will depend wholly on the active co-operation 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.

A Profane Man Converted .- Three Young Ladies.

An unprofessional medium in Indiana who makes no charge for her services relates the following experience as having occurred in her own home:

"When living in Sandusky, Ohio, I was one day called upon by a Mr. Barney Cline, whose only child by his first wife had recently died. He almost idolized that girl. She was about 18 when she was removed, and he desired to receive a communication. I was controlled in the presence of Mr. Cline. I was made to set with my back to the table, my head thrown back and with my hand resting on the table, behind my back, I wrote a communication from his daughter, which gave him much satisfaction. What seemed curious about it was that every paragraph was enclosed in a square as though composing a block of solid matter, and all the t's were crossed and the i's were dotted, and every mark in its right place, although my hand rested almost on its back, and, of course, I could not see what I was doing as it was done behind.

"Previously and at the time of Mr. Cline's visit, he was a very profane man; he could scarcely speak without swearing, but that message from his daughter had such an effeet upon him that he was convinced of the existence of a future life and of the immortality of the soul; from that time he was a changed man and continued to be a thought-Inl and moral person until his death, which ccurred some years afterwards.'

The above was stated to me by Mrs. Jackson of Ontario, Indiana, in the presence of her aunt, Mrs. Lamson, whose home is in Indiana also. Both these ladies are rather extensively known, and are to my own knowledge respectable people, quite above stating anything which was not perfectly true.

THE UNEXPECTED EXPERIENCE OF THREE

YOUNG LADIES. I recently paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Reed at their home near the village of Mongo, Indiana. Mr. Reed has been township Trustee for several years. He is a Materialist in belief, and he and his family are well known respectable people. Their only child is Miss Libbie, aged 23. I also made the acquaintance of Miss Emma Nichols. The Nichols family are equally respectable and reliable. The following chapter of events was given to me by Miss Reed, as-isted by her mother. I give it in her own words as nearly as possible:

"About three years ago Emma Nichols taught in one of the departments of the village school of Mongo. I and another young lady named Miss Hattie Notestein, were attending school at the time, in Mongo. (three) lived and occupied a room in the village. One night while lying in bed we observed what appeared to be a ball of fire floating in the air, and when it seemed to touch the door, we heard a rap, and the ball of light vanished; then came raps on the head of the bedstead; some strange noises on the walls

and other strange things occurred. We questioned and the raps answered intelligently. On the evening following, the news having gone abroad, a crowd of persons came to the house, many of whom also questioned the raps and got correct answers. The raps told the ages of several persons present, and replied to various inquiries. This continued five evenings. On one of those even ings when we were all standing before the open bed-room door, some one called out, 'Move the pillows if you can.' At once the pillows on the bed began to dance, as it were, and were finally flung out upon the floor, in the presence of the visitors and ourselves. After this we resolved to move, and we took our bed to another lady's room, and made it on the floor, but the manifestations followed even there; but we three girls made fun of the event, and asked the influence if it could put us out of bed. Immediately one side of the bed was lifted with considerable force, and we were spilled out upon the floor. Again when we lay down the pillows were pulled out from under our heads and thrown around. These facts becoming so public, Miss Nichols began to fear that her influence as a teacher might suffer and she requested the control ling influence to go away and not return. Then the manifestations immediately ceased and we have had none since."

In Mrs. Reed's neighborhood the people are well aware of the above facts and it is still a subject of conversation in and around Mongo I have frequently heard the story told substantially as above, and have not the slightest doubt of its truth in every particular, nor has any one in that locality as far as I am aware. Mr. Reed himself does not doubt the occurrence, but he attributes it to some unfathomed power in nature, or to "psychic force" or something equally indescribable; but for my part I can't understand how a mere "force" could answer questions and do as requested, unless there was intelligence and comprehension back of it. Sturgis, Mich. THOS. HARDING.

Spiritualism at Home.

BY J. WM. LLOYD.

(The Free Thinkers' Magazine) Elmina and Peter Annett have been troubling the waters of Spiritualism lately with evidently but little affirmative results. As I too, have been fishing in the same pool, with more "luck," perhaps the readers of the Magazine would enjoy my experience.

In the fall of '84, we, that is my wife and I and our two children, broke up our quiet little home in Tennessee, and moved to the "new reform settlement, Waldena." I wish I could pause to tell of the pleasures of the Florida climate, but I must proceed to the main point.

But a little preliminary and explanatory egotism must first be excused. My wife and are both Agnostics, and, at the time of our migration, inclined strongly to radical materialism. She is a New Englander, an Emerson, and as practical, business-like and "common sensible" a little woman as ever lived. Few women are so free from fear or superstition of any kind or degree. She never (previous to coming here) attended a scance or cared for spiritualistic lore. I ramember that just before leaving Tennessee she re-

marked: "Now we are going down there among Spiritualists, and I don't want you to let them make you one." We indeed found many Spiritualists at Waldena, the founder, Mr. L. Blodgett, being of that persuasion, though a very sensible man. Circles, or "spook parties," as I irreverently called them, were rather frequent, and we of course attended. "Spirit manifestations" were common, but to us, at least, not convincing. But a change came. My wife surprised me one week by asserting that she was feeling the presence of some young lady's spirit, whom she could indistinctly see. But at the next "circle" she saw, with perfect distinctness, a very kind and intelligent looking Indian standing with his hand on my shoulder, and the spirit of the young lady between us. This was amusing, for we had specially ridiculed Indian manifestations. From this time forth my wife rapidly developed into the powers and potency of a clairvoyant and clairaudiant medium. Here was a glorious chance for an investigator. I knew my wife was rigidly truthful and radically skeptical. Being at home I could study the manifestations at my

It is my intention in this article to give a brief and impartial account of my observations, observations not made on my wife only, but on a number of other mediums also, including one who is a radical materialist. These observations and conclusions are: 1st. That darkness is not essential. My wife has had most vivid visions in the full blaze of a Florida noon. 2, Circles are not essential. Her best visions are when alone, or accompanied only by myself, or by a few friends. This disposes of a once favorite theory of mine that spirit vision was the work of a magnetic intoxication, generated by a circle and felt by the sensitives. 3, Faith is nonessential. Skeptics can be good mediums. 4, Being a physician I know that my wife never had better health than for some time before, at the time, and since her first spirit vision. Her health is better than the average woman's. If not feeling well she has poor success. This combats a favorite theory, with some, that spirit phenomena are due to nervous disease. Her pulse is normal during the seance. There is always, I think, a slight dilitation of the pupil of the eye, but no trance, or nervous twitching. She feels at the time and afterwards, as though she had been under mesmeric influence, and is generally left with a feeling of added strength. 5. The spirits manifest great individuality. Some talk hesitatingly, some fluently; some in pure, some in broken, some in impure English; some have a foreign accent. One spirit renders my wife unconscious to external relations while under control; the others seldom or never. Some spirits cannot control: some cannot make my wife hear them; others cannot make themselves visible, or only partly so. These differences are as constant and remarkable as in mortals. 6, It is objected that a medium receives nothing outside the range of her mental powers. This is a hard point to prove, or disprove. But my experience tends to overthrow it. My wife tried writing a poem once in her life, and only once. It was a miserable failure, never re-peated. She has received from the spirits two finished little poems of real merit, and other verses of less merit. She is no theorist; yet some of the spirits who converse with me, through her, are real philosophers, discussing the most profound subjects with ability. One spirit talks only on social, governmental and financial reforms, about which I am certain she had no knowledge. They often con-tradict and oppose her favorite doctrines and views. Previously without clear or connected ideas, almost without curiosity, concerning the spirit land, she now has visions that rival Swedenborg's for beauty, and one of our spirits will talk by the hour concerning laws, conditions, and scenery; and I can find no flaw in the consistency of his philosophy or descriptions. She has seen and accurately described spirits that as mortals she never saw or heard of. 7. She sees the spirits of people now living, but cannot converse with them, neither do they control her. 8, She sometimes sees spirits as seen by other mediums, and our little boy, (five years old) has seen spirits and described their words and actions, my wife at the same time seeing and corroborating. This proves identity of influ-ence. This child is by no means "spiritual" in his ways, but as noisy and rough as the average. 9, If mental (unspoken) questions are asked my wife she instantly sees symbols in answer. Some of these are very beautiful and curious, some ludicrous; some seem very appropriate, others not. This power is possessed by five or six other persons here, at least two of whom are unbelievers. It is remarkable that with all these symbol-seers a repetition of the question, which is of courseunknown to them, will usually be answered by the same symbol as before, or the same modified, or by a symbol of like import. Here is proof of intelligence. These phenomena are certainly wonderful,

and I shall probably be harshly judged by many Spiritualists for my doubts, or at least the lukewarmness of my convictions, in the face of such evidence. But there is another side to this question, and in a subsequent paper, if the editor permits, I may relate events which militate against spirit existence, or at least against spirits possessing such infallible and mysterious knowledge as s commonly ascribed to them. I am pursuaded that faith in spirit guides is a most pernicious error. I am not sure but most of the so-called spirit phenomena could be explained on the theory of unconscious mental action. Is it not possible that some part of the mental mechanism may do intricate and elaborate work without the ordinary observation of the consciousness; and that the results of this work, becoming at times and under certain conditions, apparent to the consciousness, may seem the work of an outside intelligence; or as "Wheelborrow "puts it, may not Spiritualism be "a trick which some of our faculties play upon the others?" That this is not altogether improbable, witness the wonders of "double consciousness," somnambulism, dreams, etc. Nevertheless I am forced to admit that there are some points on which this theory throws no light and which greatly invalidate it.

A naval cadet when at sea receives a salary of \$950 a year. On shore duty he receives \$500. Senior lieutenants, at sea, receive \$2,400 annually for the first five years and \$2,600 afterward. Junior grade lieutenants receive \$1,800, and \$2,000 according to length of service in the same way.

From California comes an account of a mountain of pure honey, estimated to be 150feet deep by twenty feet wide, and to contain 500 barrels of pure honey. It is located at San Bernardino County, on a peak called Old

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. VALUABLE IN INDIGESTION. Dr. Daniel F. Nelson, Chicago, says: 'I find it a pleasant and valuable remedy in

indigestion, particularly in overworked men."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. [106 West 29th Street, New York.] DE MORTUIS.

This friend now-a month or so only Ago and you smiled in his smile; And when he grew weary or lonely. You jested, to cheer him the while. He prized the sweet solace you proffered, When for gloom you gave laughter instead; You are glad of the gift that you offered,

And because he is dead shall we gather The humanest relics there be, (All tenderer, dearer, the rather!) And pile up a pagan suttee?
Shall we speak of him, brows bending lowly?
Shall we whisper his name under breath? Is not life, in its living, as holy And solemn as death?

As death? What is death, but the ending Of all that the mortal can claim? The drop of the mantle descending From the soul's mounting charlot of flame!
Who wept for the prophet when guerdon
So grand was requiting all loss?

Only grief for the left! with the Jordan
Of trial to cross!

IV.

Ab! surely the angels who love us, Must yearn with an ache of desire, To point us the pathway above us, Still bright with the trail of the fire— Must burn with compassion to urge us, As hopeless we gaze on the tide, To smite, till the faith-smitten surges Of doubt shall divide.

So—speak of our friend who is walking In his chorister-garments of white, With the calm that would mellow your talking, If he sat in your presence to-night;
Yea, name him with gladder elation,
With prouder contentment—and shred
No brightness from out the narration, Lecause he is dead.

-Margaret J. Preston . A LAST SIGHT OF GEN. GRANT.

The last train to ascend Mt. McGregor on Monday, July 20th, bore an unusually large number of passengers. The National Association of Teachers had closed its session the preceding Saturday, and many of its members had remained in Saratoga on purpose to make the ascent. It was a sultry day, but one of exceeding beauty. The distant views were veiled in softest mist, which showed like glimpses of some enchanted land be-tween the stately trunks of sombre pines. The height is not so great as to make the lowland seem like one monotonous plain, and we could easily trace the door-yards of peace ful homes, nestling at the foot of the mountain range, and detect every dimple upon the smiling face of nature. Fields of ripened grain were falling beneath the sickles of the reaper, but the foliage was untarnished by the first breath of autumn. It was just at

the mid-hour of the year. We reached the summit at 4:30 P. M., when the shadows were lengthening over the plain. From Glen's Falls on the extreme left, down the winding valley of the Hudson, by the lofty monument of Schuylersville, over Saratoga Lake and the billowy forests of the southern slope, there drifted cloud-shadows like dreams, and all was hushed, save the song of the wood-thrush, whose keen notes cleft the air like a scimeter, and the robin. singing to his latest brood.

Silently we left the cars, and defiled alon the pathway by the Drexel cottage. What was that bundle wrapped in gray upon the east piazza? All stopped simultaneously, upon reaching the nearest corner, recognizing in that unshapely mass, the presence of the Hero. Resting against pillows, swathed in his dressing-gown, and covered with blankets, his form was undistinguishable, but the pale, pinched face, marked by lines of suffering, was that which is so familiar to the people of all the country which he has saved —wasted and weary, bearing in every line the signs of a life-struggle, the same rugged strength marked the grim, stern features of the dying warrior. And yet there brooded over the face an ineffable and unfamiliar softness, a touch of an unearthly calm, above the ordinary expression which life gives even to the saintliest. It was as if the heroic soul had risen as high above the passions of mortality as the mountain where we stood towered above the plain. The cares of common life were far below, and only the sanctity of eternal peace threw its holy veil over the departing soul.

The eyes of the sick man were closed and his head rested upon his breast. Beside him stood Harrison, the dark-hued nurse, watching his master with the affection of his faithful race. He seemed like a tall pine beside a grand, but prone and decaying oak. How still he was! Had consciousness already left the noble tree? Would he ever quiver with emotion again? A few moments passed, while the silence was absolutely painful. Suddenly the old General looked up, with a dull, stolid glance. He caught sight of an old man, perhaps a soldier who once bore arms under him. The veteran stood, hat in hand, his features convulsed with emotion. watching the motionless figure on which all eyes were fixed. At once a gleam like that of a sunset ray, shot over the stoild features of the sick man, the form straightened itself with an air of kingly command, and his eagle glance ranged over the crowd which stood motionless as if transfixed by some electric shaft of sympathy. His face absolutely glowed with expression, as he raised his right hand once and then again, in military salute.

Then his strength relaxed, his features resumed their ordinary immobility, the hand fell nerveless by his side, and the head bowed low upon the scarce-heaving cheet. The commander gave way to the sufferer, and we silently defiled along the mountain side, leaving him to his own.

The hush of those few moments could not leave us all that bright afternoon. None could forget the awful struggle with pain which was going on at the cottage below, while we were drinking in the beauty of that sylvan scene. We knew, too,—the faithful orderly had told us,—that he was then weary on returning from that unwonted exercise on returning from that unwonted exercise around the mountain-top, which afterward proved to be the beginning of the end. But, instead of taking needed rest, he sat down upon the piazza, in order that the excursion ists might have a glimpse of him to whom all owe so much. "He is greatly touched by the sympathy of his countrymen," said one who was very near him, "and desire that all who wish should see him. In fact, he lately who wish, should see him. In fact, he lately wrote on his pad that he had been kept alive by the strong sympathy of the people.'

It was 7:30 P.M. when we started to return. On passing by the path at a greater distance from the cottage than we had taken on our ascent, we had a last look at the motionless

form. He sat with back against the house, facing the procession. The eyes were shut, the head thrown back, the mouth mournful and firm set, and the whole form bearing the same indescribable impression of solemn peace and patience. There was upon the strong face, the seal of resignation. The con-queror was unvanquished still, though con-fronted by the mightiest of foes. And though Death could not prevent the venom of his dart, he sheathed his face while giving the fatal blow.

To some of us, the figure seemed not unlike the famous cast of Napoleon at St. Helena. We saw the same attitude, the same sad, hopewe saw the same attitude, the same sad, hopeless, introspective look, and a surprising similarity of features. Does not great generalship imply that the body be cast in the same square-built, solid mould? Then Napoleon and Grant were both waiting for the buglecall to pass from the field of struggle with slow, incurable disease, up into the camp of the Immortals. There the similitude ceased. One man was the torch-bearer of revolution. One man was the torch-bearer of revolution, the other of peace.

That occasion was the last on which the public had a sight of its beloved commander and President. He never recovered from the and President. He never recovered from the fatigue of his short journey in the invalid-carriage, to the "East look-out," during which he walked some twenty feet. He was very anxious to take it, and only after his earnest solicitation did physicians and friends consent, but it proved too much for his fastfailing strength. Sixty hours later, and he was at rest

From a woman's stand-point, the way in which the remains of Gen. Grant have been deified, border upon the absurd. It suits neither republicanism nor common sense to surround the funeral ceremony with pomp and display. Refinement of feeling and deep affection would keep the crowd at a distance, and allow the family of the departed to lay away the poor body according to their own rites. Processions and pageants can not fitly celebrate the translation of the spirit from this to the other, the better life, which is consummated in perfect silence and peace. It is irreligious and unphilosophic to mark that supreme moment, by ceremonies which would rather seem to belong to the grade of painted savages. They argue an astonishing ignorance of that beautiful change of Death which ushers the spirit to a higher plane and makes the gauds and pomps of life seem like child-

There never could be a better opportunity to express real gratitude for the work of a

hero,—and that is forever lost. Gen. Grant was a man of great military genius, brave, affectionate and sincere; but he had also great weaknesses. Many a humble hero goes to his or her couch, unhonored and unsung, and the world knows it not. But while some men are psychologized by the frenzy of the hour, and others have something to gain, the great mass are truly grateful for his services in the rebellion, and are willing to give the commander more than his due meed of praise.

Hypnotism.

Remarkable Medical Experiments at Nancy, France.

In the Revista Contemporanca for July, published at Madrid, there is an article on hypnotism containing some extraordinary statements concerning the recent medical use made of the hypnotic or mesmeric slumber. For some time past, it is stated, mesmerism has been used in Paris to save from inanition those demented ones who refused to take any nourishment. The patients are mesmerized and then commanded to eat. Those who would not have touched food under any other cir cumstances while in the mesmeric state eat

whatever is given them. It is in Nancy, however, that most surprising results have been obtained. Mr. Focachon, a pharmacist in Chormes-sur-Moselle, after having studied in the clinic of Dr. Liebault in Nancy, devoted himself for more than two years to a series of continuous and methodical experiments of various kinds. There is one of these which deserves particular attention. Elise N—, 39 years old, had been suffering since the age of 15 from attacks of hysterical epilepsy, which recurred from three to five times a month. Mr. Focachon succeeded in subjecting her to somnambulism, and, by means of simple passes, caused the attacks to become less frequent, and finally disappear altogether. In gratitude for her radical cure Elise consented to submit herself to various experiments in the interest of science. Focachon devoted himself to the investigation of the problem whether, with the aid of mesmerism, the physical condition of a person might be modified, and to discover direct ma-

terial proofs of the influence. During the slumber into which Elise was thrown, Mr. Focachon, by the power of his will, succeeded in affecting the action of the heart, diminishing by six the number of pulsations in a minute, and augmenting them by more than twenty. Dr. Beaunis, Professor of Physiology, made this observation by means of the esphygniograph in the laboratory of the medical faculty at Nancy, in the presence of Messrs. Liebault, Liegeois, and Rene, the last being chief of the physiological department. This curious observation was communicated to the Biological Society last year

by Mr. Beaunis. But here is what is truly marvelous. The same person, Elise N-, having complained of an acute pain in her side, Mr. Focachon decided to make her imagine that, in order to cure her, a plaster was to be applied. "A plaster will be applied to the spot where the pain is," said Focachon, "do not touch it. It will burn you a little and produce blisters, but to-morrow you will feel no more pain there." As a matter of fact, nothing at all was applied, and the plaster was fictitious. But, notwithstanding, the following day, on the spot where the plaster was said to be applied, there was to be seen a thick blister full

of matter; and the pain had disappeared.

A short time afterward the ingenious experimenter resorted to the same proceeding to relieve his subject of a neuralgic pain in the right clavicular region. By means of a simple verbal affirmation made during the slumber burns were produced exactly corresponding to those which would have been caused by the application of a pair of incandescent pincers. These burns left real scari-

fications. These facts having been communicated to Dr. Liebault and other experimenters, they manifested to Focachon their desire to witness the same under conditions which would offer the greatest possible guarantee of exactness and ready demonstration. Focachon decided to take his subject to Nancy, where Dr. Liebault resided. Dr. Bernheim selected as the place for the production of the blister a spot on the shoulder which the patient could not easily touch with her hands. The experiment was delayed on account of Dr. Bernheim having to pass all the morning in the hospital, so that on the same day the effects could not be attained. Foesehon and Liebault watched the sleep of the subject un-

til 5:30 in the afternoon, not taking their eyes from her for a single moment. During the day the mesmeric process was often repeated. At 5:30 they proceeded to the verifi-cation of the effects in the presence of Messrs. Bernheim, Liégeois, and Dumont, the latter at the head of the department of physics in the medical faculty. A reddish tint was ob-served surrounding the spot previously se-lected, and at various points there was a darker color. Elise complained of a burning sensation, and attempted to rub her shoulder against the furniture, but was prevented. This experiment was interrupted on account of Focachon having to return to Charmes This not being entirely convincing, it was desired to repeat it under better conditions. Notwithstanding, on the following day Dr. Liebault received a telegram from Focachon, followed by a letter containing a certificate from Dr. Chevreux of Charmes, affirming the existence of a vesiculous spot on the shoulder of the subject. The spot was sensitive to the touch, which caused pain, and the part of the garment in contact with the place contained a purulent liquid. It would have been taken for a small burn for a small burn.

The somnambulist not having been watched during the night of her return to Charmes, it was decided to make a new test. There, the 12th of last May, Focachon took his subject to Nancy again. Elise was put to sleep at 11 o'clock in the morning. Several pieces of thin paper were affixed securely to her shoulder. This was done by Mr. Liegeois with the chief of firing the street of the with the object of fixing the attention of the subject more completely on the idea of a plaster, and to avoid all pretext of a fraud. During the slumber three mesmeric operations were performed, each of a few minutes' duration. Elise spent the night in a habitation prepared for the purpose. On the fol-lowing day, the paper, which had remained intact, was removed in the presence of vari-ous persons interested in the experiment. The following document was drawn up by Dr. Beaunis, Professor of Physiology at Nancy: "May 12, 1885, at 11 in the morning, Mr bault, etc. During the slumber eight little squares of gummed paper were affixed to the shoulder, under the pretense that it was a plaster. The paper was sustained with diachylon and a compress. Elise was left in this state all the day, being awakened at the time necessary for eating. She was watched all the time. At night Mr. Focachon im-pressed her that she was not to awaken until 7 the next morning, which she did. The following day, at 8:15, Mr. Focachon removed the papers in presence of Messrs. Beaunis, Bernheim, Liebault, Liégeois, etc. We noted that the papers had not been disturbed. On being removed the place presented the following aspect: A rectangular space of four by five centimetres was seen with the epidermis thickened and presenting a yellowish white color; the epidermis was not broken, and there was no blister; it presented, in a word, the aspect and character of the period immediately preceding the blister proper. This region was surrounded by a zone of intense red, inflamed; it was a centimetre wide. These facts being ascertained, a dry compress was put on the place, that the skip might be was put on the place, that the skin might be examined later. At 1:30 of the same day it had the same aspect as in the morning." This document was signed by Prof. Beaunis. Bernheim, Liebault, Liégeois, Simon, Laurent, and Brulard. Two days afterward Focachon announced to Liebault that on his return to Charmes, the same day in which the document was signed, he observed and photographed at 4 in the afternoon, on the same place where it was observed that a blister was forming, five pustules. The 13th a thick and milky matter exuded. This ended the experiment. A copy of the photograph was sent to each of the experimenters in Nancy.

New Books Received.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By Edward W. Wallis-London: James Burns. Price, pamphlet form, 10

AFTER ALL. By Lillian Spencer. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price, cloth bound, 50 cents.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING The World. Dedicated by the Sculptor, F. A. Bar-tholdi. New York: The North American Review. Published for the Benefit of the Pedestal Fund. Price, 75 cents.

RELIGION AND RUM, or The Influence of Religion on the Use of Alcoholic Liquors as a Beverage. By E. Stevenson, M. D. Victoria, B. C.: Cohen & Salmon. Price, pamphlet form, 25 cents.



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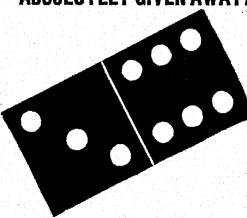


IVE times a day one may see a throng of travelers gathered within the walls of the Michligan Central Passenger Station, at the foot of Lake street, in Chicago, as the hour approaches for one of the finely appointed express trains of this favorite line to pull out on its rapid journey to the rising sun. All classes of the population are found there, and representatives of every nation and every people of the globe; but, in the summer time, from the first appearance of every nation and every people of the globe; but, in the summer tourist-spinet, well dressed, intelligent knowing the best places to go to, and the last means of getting there. For the American, man or woman, is a traveler and linear lite two derived and inding himself or larself at that wooderful center of tectuing life and industry, the Garden Sty of the Lake a goes central of the first wooderful center of tectuing life and industry, the Garden Sty of the Lake a goes central and subjects of hadral feauty and subjective, of hadron, of larguage apidly disappears in the gentals of the capacions haggage car; the uniferial constretor shouts a Air abound The iron force shouts as he leads to about all the Mountains and the sea; and Oil we go.

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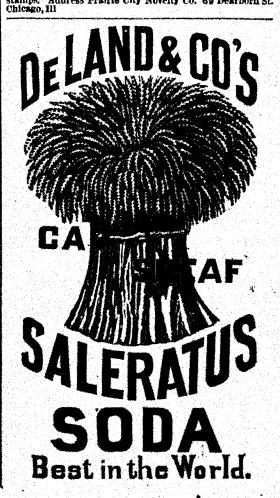
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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 15, 1885.

THE EDITOR IN YANKEE LAND.

After getting our quarters into comfortable shape we ran down to Boston for a couple of days, to see some good friends in that city, and got back to Camp on Saturday night, the 1st inst. I found Dr. J. R. Buchanan hard at work as usual, but he took time to discuss many matters of mutual interest. He appeared greatly chagrined at a communication from J. L. O'Sullivan in the Banner of that week.

THE IRISHMAN AND THE ADVENTURESS.

The aged Irish contleman has a vivid imagination and seemingly a most confiding nature. Mrs. Diss Debar had filled his ears with monstrous falsehoods, which he in turn used to fill more than a column in the Ban-She claims to be the daughter of Lola Montez by her morganatic marriage with the King of | and soulful expression of her language and Bayaria. This is among the least of her pretensions, and has probably less foundation than some of her claims. Mrs. Amanda Spence, the old-time medium and lecturer. knew this Mrs. Debar when the latter was only a child, and laughs at the story of her origin. Dr. Buchanan believes Mrs. Diss Debar to have medial power, but to be a most disreputable and dangerous character, capable of cheating whenever so disposed; her general reputation appears to confirm his opinion. Such stories as O'Sullivan writes, and the Banner readily publishes, are among the heaviest burdens Spiritualism has to carry; they may be good merchandise for traffic the scales at one hundred and sixty-five with the silly, but would never be admitted to the columns of a paper making the least claims to scientific accuracy or general reli-

DR. BUCHANAN'S LABORS. Having launched his latest completed work, "Psychometry," upon the book market, Dr. Buchanan is busy upon other projected books. He also hopes to revive his Journal of Man ere long. Dr. B. is in excellent health, and far more vigorous than most men ten years his junior; he looks forward to the accomplishment of a vast amount of work before he passes from earth Mrs. Buchanan is of great assistance to her husband in his researches and experiments. She is a very superior psychometrist and as such is widely

MB. AYER AND THE SPIRITUAL TEMPLE.

I was auxious to have Mrs. Bundy see the beautiful Spiritual Temple, as she was not likely to be in Boston again very soon. Mr. Ayer kindly left his business and spent several hours in guiding us through the building, which he now thinks will be dedicated and formally opened on one of the last days of September.

Across the street from the Temple stands the new Hollis Street Church, whose trustees were greatly worried when they heard Mr. Ayer was to erect an edifice in such close proximity. They sent a committee to him twice to learn his design and to plead for a building that should be of such noble appearante as to be in harmony with their own. then in process of construction. From an editorial in the Boston Transcript of July 7th, entitled "Architectural Studies," I extract a single paragraph which clearly shows which structure most adorns the aristocratic quar-

"Apart from the intrinsic wrongness of the new Hollis Street Church, the Irony of its po-sition opposite the noble Spiritual Temple courts and even compels a comparison. It was surely by the interposition of an artistic providence mindful of the cause of art in America, that the two buildings should have occupied opposite corners facing each other; the one an example of the best and most vi-tal tendency of American architecture, the other a warning against all that is funda-

mentally wrong and hopeless. The lesson that may be received by standing on the opposite side of Exeter Street and surveying for half an hour the two structures will be more permanently and fixedly valuable than a dozen art lectures.'

A more complete study of the Temple appears in another issue of the Transcript, and I send it home for insertion in the JOURNAL. feeling sure it will interest and instruct.

One engaged in such a unique and stupendous enterprise as Mr. Ayer has in hand, must of necessity be a shining mark for adverse criticism, and he does not escape his portion. While I am unable to share in his confident expectations, I realize that possibly with the same experiences, I might be equally confident. So long as his motives are pure and his enterprise governed by a high moral purpose I join hands with him, feeling that should the future show he has been too sanguine in some directions it will only strengthen him, and that no deviation from the path of rectitude will follow, nor discouragement palsy his purpose. Mr. Ayer is one of those whom Dryden had in mind, with whom "courage from hearts, and not from numbers, grows." He has decision of character sufficient to meet unexpected emergencies, and may safely be left to carry forward the work BACK TO CAMP.

Saturday night found usonce more at Lake Pleasant. During the two days absence, great changes had been wrought, and now the Camp in full blast with brass band, electric lights, and the hum of a thousand voices, had put on its regulation air. Sunday morning the season was formally opened by a brief address from President Beals; singing by the congregation led by Mr. J. T. Lillie and a lecture by Hon. A. H. Dailey. In the afternoon Mrs. Juliette Yeaw of Leominster, Mass., spoke ac ceptably. During the week lectures have been given by the Journal's correspondents, Charles Dawbarn and Prof. J. R. Buchanan also by Mrs. Lillie.

A YOUNG CYCLONE IN CAMP.

On Monday night a somewhat hilarious "North-Easter" shook up the Camp and played havor with tents. The accompanying rain made the scene more realistic as it were, and in the morning some fresh campers wore countenances reminding me of those adorning raw recruits, away back in the "sixties' when I was tramping through Dixie.

A VISIT TO MRS. H. J. T. BRIGHAM. Having found an unsophisticated Yankee who had confidence enough in me to trust me with a good team and a carriage, I started off for a twenty miles' drive to the always delightful home of Mr. and Mrs. Brigham, taking along as an escort or body guard, Mrs. Bundy and Mrs. S. B. Nichols of Brooklyn. Owing to the experience and dexterity of my escort, I succeeded in bringing the team to a ner. Dr. Buchanan, it seems, was the means | halt under the grand oldelm that adorns and of bringing the woman to the notice of protects the entrance to the Brigham farm, O'Sullivan, and naturally felt chagrined at early in the afternoon. To the thousands the way his friend had been gulled by her. | who have listened to Mrs. Nellie Brigham's platform utterances, charmed by the sweet manner, I have only to say that they have missed half the pleasure of her acquaintance who have failed to see her in her own home. She is as much of a success in making currant short-cake and blueberry pie as she is entertaining and instructing an audience. Slender of form and with a delicate organization, she is endowed with phenomenal powers of endurance. The labor, manual and intellectual, which she performs every year would be considered too much for most men: yet she is as bright and supple as a girl, and no one would guess her to be forty-two years old, with a manly son of nineteen who tips

NEW ENGLAND SCENERY .- THEN AND NOW . To Western people the scenery of New England has all the fascination of the beautiful with the additional attraction of being other than an every day, common place thing. The mountains, hills, valleys, swiftrunning water courses, all adorned with variegated foliage and flowers, afford unflagging pleasure to those from the level prairies of the Great West. I am always glad of an opportunity to feast my eyes and strengthen my soul by a visit to this land of splendid scenic effects, the land where my parents first drew breath and from which they emigrated to the then little known West, before the days of railroads and telegraphs. Bless me! what a change forty-six years have wrought. Then these venturesome, ambitious, young people made the long journey to Illinois by cumbersome stage coach, which nearly pulverized the bones in one's body, varied by a ride on the snail-paced canal boat. Two weeks was quick time for the trip. Now, the son of this pioneer couple can take a horse car within a block of his house, ride to the railroad station at an expense of a nickel, take a section in a \$20,000 car, and after an enjoyable ride of two nights and one day, land within a few hundred feet of his camping quarters, rested by the trip and more vigorous than when he turned the key in his door eleven hundred miles away. And all this for much less money than his parents paid for the privilege of being jolted, braised and half-fed for two weeks, less than fiftyyears ago. Then it took a good bit of silver and a half-month's time to send a letter home; now I can communicate by mail with my office for a penny and get a reply the same week. Then, telegraphy was hardly more than a dream: now I can talk with my office associates as readily as though I were in my own house, only a mile away.

The progress in the material world has been marvellous, but the advance in the spiritual and religious has kept pace with it. Today rational thought is supplanting superstition everywhere. Fetichism, both barbarous and refined, is giving way; hell has been before he lays it bare on the rostrum,

transformed into sheol; a dull, monotonous, International Medical Congress-Vaccinapsalm singing heaven has expanded into a world of eternal progress, between which and the people of earth communication is thoroughly established by various methods, and constantly taking place. Philanthropic schemes abound, the love of war declines and the day of "peace on earth and good will to man" steadily and surely comes nearerthough it be yet remote.

CAMP CHIPS.

A number of well known mediums are on the grounds, among them, Mrs. Maud E Lord, Henry Slade, Arthur Hodges, Mrs. Snow, Mrs. Flavia Thrall, Mrs. Carrie Thwing, Mrs. Pasco, Mrs. Cushman, Mrs. Redwitz, formerly Miss Mary Jones, Mrs. Reynolds of Troy, F. A. Heath and others.

Edgar Emerson gives tests of spirit presence each day after the lecture. Most of his descriptions are recognized and admitted to be correct.

Mr. J. T. Lillie is said to be rapidly devel oping in a phase of mediumship similar to that of Mrs. Lord. In connection with Mr. Emerson he is holding a few public séances I hear them well spoken of by some who have attended.

The JOURNAL for August 8th reached camp on Thursday the 6th, less than forty-eight hours after it went to press. I see some errors of punctuation and a lack of perspicuity in my notes of last week; but my readers will, I hope, overlook such defects during the summer campaign in the field.

Mrs. S. F. DeWolf of Chicago so long and favorably known throughout the West as an excellent test medium and trance speaker reached Lake Pleasant on the 7th. Mrs. De-Wolf is an acquisition to the camp and will make many new friends.

Among the annual visitors at camp, none are more gladly welcomed than Major Hale and his nephew, Mr. J. G. Patton, both of Towanda, Penn. They reached camp on Friday evening and though their aggregate weight is not far from five hundred pounds, they needed it all to withstand the friendly onslaught of enthusiastic campers. It appears "the twins," as they are facetiously called in camp, had agreed to meet here at a later date; the astonishment of each as he jumped off the train at Lake Pleasant and saw the other was most comical, particularly when it was found that they had travelled on the same train all the way from Saratoga, each supposing he had left the other behind. It seems Major Hale had communed with himself and concluded that Lake Pleasant was a more enjoyable place than Saratoga, but fearing his little nephew would not agree with him, and not wishing to tear him away from the Springs, had slipped off alone. Mr. Patton, having reached the same opinion, and actuated by a similar motive toward his revered uncle, had taken the same train.

Prof. Joseph Singer of Chicago is spending a few days in Camp.

On Saturday morning Mrs. J. T. Lillie will lead the memorial service in honor of General Grant. In the afternoon Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham lectures, and already, this Friday evening, a number of people from adjoining towns have arrived, drawn here by their desire to listen to their friend. J. C. B. Lake Pleasant, Aug. 7th.

Short Lived Theosophists.

From the Secretary of the American Board of Control of the Theosophical Society, the JOURNAL has received the following extract from the Minutes of a session of said Board, held at Cincinnati, Ohlo, July 4th, 1885:

".... After patient and careful examination "into the charges preferred against them as "Fellows of the Theosophical Society, the following resolution was unanimously passed and entered upon the Records of the Board.

"Resolved: That GEORGE CHAINEY and ANNA KIMBALL be expelled from the Theosophical Society, for cause, and that this action of the Board be published in the pub-'lic prints."

"BY ORDER OF THE BOARD." It has been with profound regret that we have observed the blind infatuation toward a woman of vile reputation which has possessed George Chainey for the past year. From his advent among Spiritualists to the present day, he has been the victim of the adventuress. Anna Kimball. Despite the warnings of friends, he has obstinately persisted in close association with her, and aided her in the futile attempt to foist herself upon the public as a representative of Spiritualism on the

one hand and of Theosophy on the other. When the friends at Cassadaga in August last were exulting in the acquisition of Chainey we wrote a private letter of caution to one of the officers of that camp, advising that Spiritualists summer and winter the constitutional changeling, -hinting that it would be time enough to shout when it should be found that a desirable acquisition had been secured. The past twelve months have shown the pertinency of that caution. The ex-Methodist, ex-Unitarian, ex-Materialist threw himself, metaphorically speaking, into the arms of the siren and now speaks of

her as the "mother of my soul:" What the specific charges were which caused the expulsion of this couple from the Theosophical Society we do not know, but we congratulate the American Board of Control in having relieved the Society of the scandal which every where attached itself to Theosophy so long as Anna Kimball, chaperoned and defended by Don Quixote Chainey, was allowed to represent it. Let Spiritualists learn a lesson from the Theosophists; let them tell this sentimental soft one that he must select a more reputable mother for his soul,

tion Condemned.

An International Medical Congress was lately held at Charlerol, near Brussels, presided over by Dr. Bora, an eminent man, with Prof. Vogt of Berne, a pupil of Leibig and Agassiz, for Vice-President, and delegates from a score of European countries. The Boston Herald correspondent reports the doings of this important meeting, and it appears that vaccination, its risks, defects and advantages, was thoroughly discussed, as becomes a matter of so much importance. The question is greatly agitating the minds of scientific men in Europe, and while all shades of opinion found utterance, it is plain that there was a strong feeling against compulsory vaccination, grave doubts as to its benefits and grave fears of its dangers.

It is certainly creditable to these medical gentlemen that they are ready for such a frank discussion; and are not only ready, but anxious to correct any errors in their practice touching this matter.

It was stated that 5,000 persons are annually imprisoned or fined in England for refusal to have their infants inoculated under the tyrannical so-called "health laws" of that country-a grave fact that should warn us against giving medical men, or any other professionals, arbitrary powers liable to abuse.

Mr. Bedle, a delegate from Leicester, told how his father-in-law had been dragged away from his family to prison, clad in coarse clothes, his head shaved, and made to sleep on a plank covered only with coarse cloth. treated as a felon for refusing to pay a fine under this arbitrary doctor's law. This British way of "preserving the public health" is only going farther in the slavish path some doctors nearer home would have us walk in.

The case of an Irishman named Jacobs was reported, who left Limerick to avoid vaccination and bought land near Philadelphia. At New York he was quarantined and compelled to submit to vaccination, and died from it.

A Spanish lady, the Countess de Noailles, spoke briefly but with great earnestness. She said: "I hope that no one will persuade you to abate your efforts against vaccination. I trust that Spain, even though a new Alva in the person of a Ferran leads, will not tempt you to perpetuate any inoculation experiments. Did not Herbert Spencer write, 'Compulsory vaccination is medical popery '"?

This comparison of Dr. Ferran, a noted and arbitrary practitioner in Spain, with the cruel Duke of Alva is singularly forcible, and all this is very plain talk for a learned body of medical men.

At an evening session Mr. Lebb of London. the fearless editor of the Anti-Vaccination Journal, gave statistics showing that 30 out of 58 recruits in four regiments of Zouaves in Algiers, died after vaccination with impure lymph,—used by regular surgeons of course. It was also stated that compulsory vaccination had been abolished in the army of the Netherlands.

These and other like statements created much feeling, and Dr. Houghton, a London delegate, moved a resolution, seconded by Dr. Taylor from the West Indies, protesting against the quarantine vaccination of the United States as tyrannical and a medical inquisition.

A resolve asking the State of New York to repeal compulsory vaccination of emigrants passed unanimously, and one asking government to make vaccination penal was lost by a large majority.

This compulsory vaccination of emigrants in New York is a part of the "doctor's law" system of the Empire State, and puts money in the purses of certain regular physicians who compel the poor emigrants to submit to their tyrannical methods. They will be surprised at this condemnation of their acts by a great congress of eminent medical men. and the people of that State, and of the whole land, may well find food for thought in the action of this international assemblage.

Between rational regulations sometimes needed for the public health, and such compulsory and evilopractices as the congress fitly condemned, there is a wide difference. We hope this discussion abroad may waken more interest at home, and that needed reform on this vaccination question may be had here.

To see medical tyranny and bigoted ignorance condemned by leading members of the profession is a good sign, which will set all sensible physicians thinking, and lead them to conclude, as many of them have already, that they had better stand fairly on their own merits and not rely on the crutches of any unjust doctor's laws.

A four days' meeting will be held by the First District Association of Spiritualists of Michigan, at Orion on Park Island, from September 10th to the 14th, 1885. The programme will be arranged each day by the executive committee, while the board of managers will oversee the grounds and provide | iconoclastic that his last benevolent acts in for public comfort with guarded care and | life still vibrates in the religious world, causattention. Parties wishing to come earlier ing uneasiness, and inducing the devout rein the week and tent are privileged to do so. The Michigan Central Railway will give half- stitution he erected, is a perpetual reminder can be had at \$1 and less per day. The corps of speakers and mediums comprise the names of G. B. Stebbins and Mrs. E. E. Torrey of Detroit; Mrs. L. A. Pearsall of Disco; J. P. Whiting of Milford; Mrs. S. C. Allen of Flint, and a number of others. J. P. Whiting is President, and Mrs. F. E. Odell, Secretary.

Mrs. Van Duzee, trance-speaker, lately from the South, will make engagements with socleties anywhere in the North or West to lecture. She can be addressed at Gouverneur, The Iconoclast an Essential Factor in all . Progress.

The earnest, enthusiastic religionist, one who is deeply impregnated with a fervent and sincere belief in the tenets of the denomination to which he belongs, does not admire the heroic and adventursome iconoclasm of the fearless and outspoken Spiritualist or Agnostic. An iconoclast is "A destroyer of images, idols and shams of all kinds," and in so doing he often outrages the deep, reverential and religious sentiments of the devout church member. He fearlessly tears down the citadels of Superstition and Ignorance. and hurls to destruction the false gods that have so long deluded the people. The iconoclast seems to be an absolute necessity to the world. Without him there would be no progress. no real advancement in various religious systems.

It would be exceedingly foolish for any sensible person to tacitly excuse the sentiments of bigoted orthodox clergymen, or to genially fraternize with them in their pet belief that there is actually a hell, the sulpherous flames of which were created by God in order to torture and render hopelessly miserable a majority of his children. The following from the pen of Rev. J. Furnis, was published in England, and was designed for the instruction of the young:

"We know how far it is to the center of the earth; it is just 4,000 miles; so if hell is in the middle of the earth, it is 4,000 miles to the horrible prison of hell. Down in this place is a terrible noise. Listen to the tremendous and horrible uproar of millions and millions and millions of tormented creatures, mad with the fury of hell. Oh! the screams of fear, the groans of horror, the yells of rage, the cries of pain, the shouts of agony, the shrieks of despair," etc.

Mr. Furnis was fully wedded to that insane, foolish belief, and who is so lost to al sense of honor, magnanimity and manhood' as to respect the same, fearing that otherwise the feelings of some distinguished minister of the Gospel would be somewhat wounded? In this case, however, the iconoclast steps boldly, fearlessly and unflinchly to the front, and with ridicule, sarcasm, wit, logic and common sense, exhibits the utter absurdity of such a vile, heathenish doctrine. In so doing, he unconsciously offends those who inculcate the loving, kindly. sentiment-"Have a tender respect for the honest opinions of the orthodox!"-and, of course, in so acting, if a man has a hell with myriads of aged sinners burning therein. tenderly and pleasantly tell him that probably some persons need a little of hell. If he worships three Gods in one, lovingly say to him that the more Gods a person sincerely and devotedly worships the more likely he will be to find the true one. If he has a devil with a cloven foot, long horns and flendish expression of countenance, with a voice on your part intoned with tremulous sweet. ness, so that you will not offend him, say to him that there is abundance of evil in the world caused by something. If he has a heaven with high walls, streets paved with gold, where the business of each one is to praise God and play on a harp, mildly tell him that the sweetest music you ever heard emanated from a harp, and that a road paved with gold would not be objectionable. If he has a savior who was crucified. who shed his blood that sinners might live, suggest to him that in so dying it certainly was a good thing for the sinner. If the Salvation Army obstruct your progress, render night hideous with their dolorous psalm-singing and ignorant exposition of Scripture, and confound you with their drum-music, you are expected to acquiesce and gently respect them in their honesty of purpose, however much your feelings or comfort may be outraged. If they tell you that you are destined for hell, being outside of any evangelical church, give a gentle, compassionate smile, and tell them it might be decidedly worse. Thus it is with those who have such an insane, ardent respect for the opinions of others.

The genuine iconoclast, however, is of a different make up. He is honest and conscientious; bold, defiant and fearless. He inaugurated the Revolutionary war; he freed the slaves in the South; he kept the name of God out of the Constitution of the United States; he opposed the burning of witches; he struggled against the religious intolerance of the Puritan Fathers; he has, step by step, opposed the encroachments of the Catholics in their efforts to get possession of a portion of the school fund. In his sublime unselfishness he endeavors to elevate the masses and destroy the false images of a deluded world, and he lives in history as one of its most resplendent lights.

Paine, the distinguished infidel, whose name stands forth in brilliant letters in the history of this country, was iconoclastic in thought, word and deed. Girard, eminent as a man, brilliant as a financier, grand and noble in his philanthropy, and who expended thousands of dollars in founding a college, which he intended should be a perpetual reproach to all intolerance, was so intensely ligionist to consign his soul to hell. The infare rates, and hotel and boarding-house fare | to the world, of his grand benevolent spirit which conceived a project fraught with so much good to humanity.

. The first tiny raps heard at Hydesville were so intensely iconoclastic that they, it is said, extinguished the sulphurous, incandescent flames of hell, destroyed the arch enemy of God, that distinguished character recognized as satan, and pronounced the whole scheme of salvation as enunciated by the churches, as wickedly and maliciously false. What a glorious change was inaugurated by those mysterious, weird, enchanting raps! How little, how insignificant, yet how grand and

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potent in the iconoclastic spirit they manifested!

The true hero, the noblest of all of God's works, within whose soul are aspirations that reach heavenward, entwining beautifully around every human being, is one who manifests an iconoclastic spirit in the subjugation of self, and who is ceaseless in his efforts to purify his own nature. The true iconoclast is also a RECONSTRUCTIONIST. He demolishes the Temples of Superstition, dashes into a thousand fragments, the man-made Gods-Jupiter, Apollo, Zeus, Neptune, Mars, and million of others equally as uncouth and hideous, and he rears on the smoldering ruins a magnificent structure, which is illuminated with an enlightened reason, and in which an advance is made in all things that pertain to man. Robert Collyer became an iconoclast when his magnanimous spirit stepped from the darkness and crudeness of the Methodist Church into the midday brightness of Unitarianism, for in so doing he extinguished the fires of the Methodists' hell, killed their orthodox devil, and made their heaven a more desirable place, regardless of the feelings of those he left behind in mental and moral darkness. Spiritualism, from the tiny rap to the most profound utterances of the trance and inspirational speaker, is iconoclastic. If not iconoclastic, it is nothing. From the very nature of things it is a perpetual rebuke to all the churches, and is the evangel that is to reform and reconstruct the world.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Dr. W. L. Jack tenders his thanks to friends at Lake Pleasant and Onset, who have kindly remembered him during his protracted ill-

Rev. Cephas B. Lynn. pastor of First Universalist Church of New London, Conn., is taking his vacation and visiting with friends at Sturgis, Mich.

P. C. Mills will answer calls to speak any. where in Nebraska, or Kansas, Missouri or any of the Southern States during the fall and winter.

J. S. Dean, who is represented by Hon. Milton J. Peters and others, as being an excellent healer, formerly of Knox county, this State, is now located at No. 14 Walnut st.

Letters for persons at Neinoka in August, can be addressed to Okemos, Michigan, for Nemoka Camp. Persons going to Nemoka from Detroit, and places on Detroit and Lansing railroad east, can go to Okemos by rail and there get a boat to the camp, two miles

The Saratoga Eagle of August 1st, says: "Col. John C. Bundy of Chicago, editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and a well known liberal speaker and psychical investigator, is visiting Saratoga. He is the guest of Gen. Bullard. Notwithstanding Col. Bun-

An ancient burying ground was recently unearthed in Paris while digging a trench in the Rue Salande. The coffins of stone and plaster found there have been traced to the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries. They were pointed to the east and had crosses inscribed on a circle, symbolical of eternity, and other emblems of Christianity. The coffins were found filled with dirt, their covers having given way.

OUR FRIENDS UNSEEN.

An Advanced View from an Orthodox Stand-point.

That angels have an interest and do actually interfere in the affairs of men on this earth, is a doctrine clearly taught both in the Old and New Testaments. No devout reader of the sacred Scriptures can doubt this for a moment. The belief in the existence of unseen spirits is as old as history. It is a truth, lying at the foundation of many structures of wood, hay, stubble and false hood, which have been erected thereon. But the old truth remains, a truth set forth by men who wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. It is a precious truth and one to which the children of God should turn, in spite of the falsities that have been heaped upon and about it. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to do service for the sake of them who shall inherit salvation?" We are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses. Long before the law was given, the angels of God appeared to men, and spake

Throughout the Old Testament this doctrine is referred to, in almost every book. An angel appears to Abraham; Jacob sees angels in his vision; an angel shut the mouth of the lions when Daniel was in the den. When Elisha and his companion were surrounded by their enemies in Dothan, the prophet declared that there were more on their side than on that of their enemies. In amazement Gehazi asks where; and, in answer to the prayer of Elisha, his eyes are opened and he sees the mountain full of the hosts of God.

When we turn to the New Testament we find more rather than less of the work of angels among men. They sang and shouted at the birth of Christ. They strengthened him in his hour of temptation, and ministered unto him. They comforted him when he was in grief, rolled away the stone from the grave in which his dead body lay, and were present at his resurrection. The Savior referred to them as being ready to help him if necessary, in the hour when all the world turned against him. They continued with the apos tles and the early church. They continue yet

So far from there being any thing in science to disprove this doctrine of revelation, there is much to suggest it as a high probability. The compass of our vision is limited. The microscope opens a new world all about us to which we were before strangers. The telescopes bring within our vision a thousand worlds which our dim eyes saw not before. It is the same with sounds. Professor Tyndall announced years ago as a hypothesis, that there are sounds in nature too high as well as too low for our hearing; that as when the wave-bests striking the ear in a given time fall below a certain number we hear

nothing. So also when these same wave-beats exceed a certain number, beyond that point there is silence to us though the sounds may be louder or sharper than before. He afterwards proved this by his experiments in

the Swiss mountains. It may yet be demonstrated that there is a music of the planets, to which Pythagoras and Plato referred, and which Milton embalms in poetry as a "celestial siren's harmony that sits upon the nine enfolded spheres;" or as Shakespeare has it:

There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest But in his motion like an angel sings, Still 'quiring to the young-eyed cherubim. Such harmony is in immortal souls;

But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay Doth grossly close it in, we can not hear it. We have learned to render aright that passage of Scriptures in the Old Testament which says that God caused the outgoings of the

morning and evening to sing; and there is more than poetry in the expression, that "the morning stars sang together, while all the sons of God shouted for joy." Touching this subject, Prof. Cook of Harvard, says "There may, therefore, be innumerable sounds in nature to which our ears are perfeetly deaf, although they are the sweetest melody to senses more refined. Nay, more. The very air around us may be resounding with the hallelujahs of the heavenly host, while our dull ears hear nothing but the feeble sounds of our broken prayers.

God's people never work alone. No child of his is ever left unaided. A great company which no man can number is sent forth to minister unto those who shall be helrs of salvation. Just what they do or how they help. we may not know; but that they do help and interpose to protect and guide us, we surely believe.

This detracts nothing from the work of the Holy Spirit. If he can use men in the flesh to do his will, how much more may he not manifest his purpose and power through the angels of God. Says Christ, speaking of little children who believed on him, "See that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

But are our departed friends among the number of those engaged in this ministry? Do those who have lived in the flesh, and on this earth, form a part of this great host? fair inference from the Scriptures will, it seems to us, give an affirmative answer to this question. We do not say that this is an authorized doctrine, but such inference is a fair one. No one has authority either from nature or revelation for the assertion that when the good die they cease to have any in-terest in the affairs of this world. The assumption that they never return to the earth is wholly unwarranted. Indeed, no one can be sure that they ever leave its busy scenes. They may simply pass beyond the range of our few senses. That "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns," is good Shakespeare, but it is not Scripture. Two men, at least, who had been numbered with the dead for centuries, were seen again on this earth and recognized. The time was night, and the place on some solitary moun-

tain in flowery Galilee.

Jesus with his three trusted ones, Peter, James and John, was meditating beneath the silent stars. The Son of Man, yet in the flesh, had been grieved and tempted. Withdrawn somewhat from his disciples, two strangers suddenly appeared, talking with him. As the little company realized that the two beings with their Master were none other than Moses and Elias, fear came upon them at first, dy's recondite researches, he is one of the most genial and companionable of men."

An ancient harving ground was recently what is the theme of this lofty discourse? Do these men come from the unseen world to answer foolish questions, and matters concerning the temporary interests of men, or pretend to reveal the secret things of God? No. They speak concerning Christ's death

which he should accomplish at Jerusalem. Their theme was the salvation of the human race. That had most concerned them while living. One, fifteen hundred years before, had proclaimed the law of the Lord, and in-stituted sacrifices for sin and uncleanness; now he speaks of the great sacrifice to be made once for all. The other, seven hundred years before, was a prophet of God to the Jewish nation: now he stands in the presence of the one great Prophet of all nations. Talking with these men, the countenance of Jesus glows with a holy enthusiasm until his face shines as the sun, and even his garments

become white as the light. When John was on the lonely isle of Pat-mos, an angel came and talked with him. Falling to worship at the feet of the heavenly guest, John was forbidden in these words: Do it not. I am a fellow servant with thee. and with thy brethren that hold the testimony of Jesus. Worship God."-The Advance.

General Grant's article on "The Siege of Vickstieneral Grant's article on "The Siege of Vicksburg," in the September Century, will be accompanied by the story of the other side as contained in the diary of a lady who was in the city during the siege. Besides the reproduction of General Grant's original "unconditional surrender" dispatch in this number, there will also be printed a fac-simile of the dispatch to Secretary Stanton, in General Grant's handwrither the surrender of Grant's Local Control Local ing, announcing the surrender of General Lee's army at Appomattox. The original is owned by General Badeau, who gives the following history of the dispatch: "On Sunday afternoon, the 9th of April, 1865, as General Grant was riding to his head-quarters from the farm-house in which he had received the surrender of Lee, it occurred to him that he had made no report of the event to the Govern ment. He halted at once and dismounted, with his staff, in a rough field, within the National lines. Sitting on a stone, he asked for paper. I happened to be near, and offered him my memorandum-book, such as staff-officers often carry for orders or reports in the field. He laid the book on his knee and wrote the dispatch in pencil; he handed it to me and told me to send it to the telegraph operator. I asked him if I might copy the dispatch for the operator and retain the original. He assented and I rewrote the paper, the original of which is in the keeping of The Century Magazine."

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Mr. Stedman's article, "The Twilight of the Poets," in the September Century is to be the closing one of his series. It enumerates most of the poets now active, men and women of the middle and younger generations, but does not, as has been erroneously stated, attempt to weigh and measure them. It is a designedly uncritical summary of what they are doing, followed by the writer's ideas of the present condition of American poetry and its chances in the

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Brace Co., in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and orders intrusted to their care will receive prompt attention.-St. Louis Presbyterian, June 19, 1885.

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CONTENTS.

Frontispiece-Engraving-Pertrait of Mrs Buchanan,

CHAP. 1.—Original Sketch of Psychometry. CHAP. 2.—Original Sketch—continued. CHAP, 2.—Original Sketch—commune, CHAP, 3.—Later Developments. CHAP, 4.—The Psychic Faculties—their location, and acci-dental manifestation.

dental manifestation

Chap. 5.—Psychometry in Self Culture, Conjugal Relations and Business.

Chap. 6.—Psychometry in Medical Science and Choice of Physicians.

Chap. 7.—Psychometry in Politics.

Chap. 8.—Psychometry in Literature.

Chap. 9.—Prophetic Intuition.

Chap. 10.—Psychometry and Anthropology.

Chap. 11.—Future Life and Leaders in Religion,

APPENDIX.

Prophecy of Cazotte-Frequency of Prevision-Destiny of the Young.

Young.

The author, in his preface and introduction, says: "This volume has been prepared to fulfill the promise recently made to the public of a Manual or, Psychometrax—a work to introduce the subject to the general reader—not an elaborate memoir for scientists, which need not be offered until it is called for. As a science and philotophy Psychometry shows the nature, the scope, and the madus operands of those divine powers in man, and the anatomical mechanism through which they are manifested, while as an art it shows the method of utilizing these psychic faculties in the investigation of character, disease, physiology, biography listory, paleontology, philosophy, anthropology, medicine, geology, astronomy, theology and supernal life and destiny. Granting, as this volume will show, that Psychometry gives us the command of all these eciences, it is apparent that the introduction of Psychometry must prove the dawn of a new era in science, philosophy and social progress, more important as to human enlightenment and elevation than all the arts and sciences herefore known to the skillful and learned."

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common to all other Tooth Brus ex. The bristles are inserted in the hand by a patent process, which renders it simply impossible for them to come out in use. In addition to this, the handle of the Brush is made of a newly invented material permanently churned with an electromagnetic current, which acts without any shock immediately upon the nerves and lissues of the mouth and gums. The act of brushing causes this current to flow into the nerve

GREAT

The Solomon Vailer Spiritualist Camp Meeting will be held The Solomon Valley Spiritualist Camp Meeting will be held at Delphos, Ottawa County, Ka sa, commencing on Friday, August 21st, and closing Sunday evening, August 20th. We expect to organize a permanent camp, purchase grounds, and locate the camp. All Spiritualists in the State are requested to be present, if possible. All persons are invited, Good test mediums or singers who can be present are requested to correspond with us at once. This is to be the most important meeting ever held in Central Kansas.

L. N. HLANCHARD, Committee J. N. BLANCHARD, Committee.

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Spiritualist Meeting in Oregon.

The second Annual Grove Meeting of Spiritualists will be held at New Era, Clackamas County Gregon, heginning Thursday, September 3rd, and holding until the 14th Travelling speakers and mediums, and those living at a distance who may always the first the second mediums. who may choose to visit the meeting, will find a hearty welome. The Board of Managers will use reasonable efforts to make

The Board of Managers will use reasonable efforts to make the meeting both attractive and instructive.

Lulian M flunter, of Portland considered by many to be the best organist on the Pacific Coast, will be in intendance to entertain the people with sweet music.

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WM, PHILLIPS, Pres. C. C. B. S. S. Wackar as Gregon Ameritant. Mackau as, Oregon, June 23rd,

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Sixth Annual Camp Meeting, on their camp grounds, at CASSADAGA LAKE, CHAUTAUQUA CO.,

NEW YORK, Commencing Saturday, August 1st, and Closing

Monday, August 31st. SPEAKERS' LIST. Saturday, August 1-Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn.

and Jennie B. Hagan, Mass. Sunday, August 2-Samuel Watson and Elizabeth L. Wat-Monday, August 3-Conference and volunteer speaking.

Tuesday, August 4-Jennie B. Hagan. Wednesday, August 5-Elizabeth L. Watson. Thursday, August 6- Jennie B. Hagan. Friday, August 7-J. Frank Baxter, of Chelsea, Mass. Saturday, August 8-Mrs. H. S. Lake, of Wis., and J. Frank Baxter.

Sunday, August 9-Mrs. H. S. Lake and J. Frank Baxter. Monday, August 10- Conference. Tuesday, August 11 -- Mrs. H. S. Lake. Wednesday, August 12-Lyman C. Howe, of Fredonia, N.Y., Thursday, August 13-Mrs. H. S Lake, Friday, August 14-W. J. Colville, of Boston, Mass. Saturday, August 15-R. S. McCormick, of Franklin, Pa.,

nd Mrs. R. Shephard Lillie, of Philadelphia. Sunday, August 16-Mrs. R. S. Lillie and W. J. Colville. Monday, August 17-Conference. Tuesday, August 18-Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, of Mass. Wednesday, August 19-W. J. Colville. Thursday, August 20-Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham.

Friday, August 21 - Mrs. Nellie J. T Brigham. Saturday, August 22-Mrs. R.S. Lillie and C. P. Kellogg, of Sunday, August 23-0. P. Kellogg and Mrs. R. S. Lillie.

Monday, August 24-Volunteer speaking. Tuesday, August 25-Mrs. R. S. Lillie. Wednesday, August 26-A. B. French, of Ohlo. Thursday, Augu t 27-A. B. French. Friday, August 28-Mrs. Sopbronia E. Bishop, of Indiana. Saturday, August 29-Mrs. R. S. Lillie and A. B. French. Sunday, August 80 - A. B. French and Mrs. R. S Lillie. Monday, August 81 .- "Home Sweet Home."

ANY ONE WISHING FURTHER INFORMATION CAN OBTAIN THE SAME BY WRITING TO THE SECRETARY,

Miss Ida M. Lang, Fredonia, N. Y.

The Soul's Farewell to the Body.

So we must part forever. And although I long have beat my wings and cried to go Free from your narrow limits and control, Forth into space, the true home of the soul;

Yet now, yet now that hour is drawing near, I pause reluctant, finding you so dear. All joys await me in the realm of God; Must you, my comrade, molder in the sod?

I was your captive, yet you were my slave; Your prisoner, yet obedience you gave To all my earnest wishes and commands. Now to the worm I leave those willing hands

That toiled for me, or held the book I read, Those feet that trod where'er I bade them tread, Those arms that clasped my dear ones, and the breast On which one loved and loving heart found rest.

Those lips thro' which my prayers to God have risen, Those eyes that were the windows of my prison, From these, all these, Death's augel bids me sever, Dear Comrade Body, fare you well forever.

I go to my inheritance; and go With joy that only the freed soul can know; Yet, in my spirit journeyings I trust I may sometimes pause near your sacred dust. -Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Distinguished Member of the Society of Friends Passes to Spirit Life.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
Our venerable friend, Sarah T. H. Pearson, a well
known citizen of Chester County, Penn., recently departed this life at the advanced age of 87 years,
and her earthly remains were interred at Longwood
on July 24th, 1885. She was a life-long member of
the fraternity of "Friends," and has been, withal, a
convitable valided mediamicitis women for many spiritually minded, mediumistic woman for many years—an earnest Spiritualist, supporter and subscriber for the Religio-Philosophical Journal, always ready to assist in each good word and work. The one who forwards this brief notice of her passage to the higher life attended her funeral, and, as an appropriate service at the close of her long and eventful life on earth, read the following beautiful lyric by Bonar. It is modified somewhat to suit the more advanced views of Spiritualists in generals in which shape others, it is hoped may find it appropriate on like occasions. These words in italics show wherein he has been so presumptuous as to centure a change it is hoped without seriously detracting from J. G. JACKSON.

"THE MEETING PLACE," BY BONAR. Where the faded flower shall freshen,-Freshen never more to fade; Where the shaded sky shall brighten, Brighten never more to shade; Where the sun-blaze never scorches. Where the star-beams cease to chill, Where no tempest stirs the echoes Of the wood, or wave, or hill: Where the moon shall wake in gladness, And the noon the joy prolong,
Where the daylight dies in fragrance,
'Mid the burst of holy song:
Sister, we shall meet and rest,
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where no shadow shall bewilder Where life's vain parades are o'er, Where the sleep of sin is broken, And the dreamer dreams no more Where the bond is never severed; Partings, claspings, sob and moan, Midnight waking, twilight weeping, Heavy noontide, all are done; Where the child has found its mother, Where the mother finds her child, Where dear families are gathered, That were scattered on the wild: Nisters, we shall meet and rest 'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where the hidden wound is healed Where the blighted life re-blooms, Where the smitten heart the freshness Of its buoyant youth resumes; Where the love that here we lavish On the withering leaves of time. Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on Where we find the joy of loving, As we never loved before,— Loving on unchilled, unhindered, Loving once and evermore: Brothers, sisters, work and rest

'Mid the holy and the blest! Where imperfect worlds shall brighten Underneath a bluef sphere And a softer, gentler sunshine Shed its healing splender here: Where earth's barren vales shall blossom Putting on their robes of green, And a purer, fairer Eden

Be where only wastes have been; Where are Kings and Queens of glory Such as earth has never known, Who shall wield their righteous sceptres, Light and love their only crown: Brothers, sisters, meet and rest 'Mid the hely and the blest!

Please note this high thought, that sin is but a fevered dream from which we awaken in the future. and not the normal condition of the human soul; prone (as old and false theology has it) "to evil as the sparks to fly upward."

The Summer School of Philosophy.

The opening of the Summer School of Philosophy in Concord, recalls the following anecdote, for which Lillian Whiting, one of the staff of the Boston Traveller, is, we believe, responsible:

A current anecdote of Mr. James was that Mr. Alcott was visiting him one day and remarked: "Life is the dispersion of the identities, and the concentration of the diversities." Mr. James gave a different statement, and the two were soon deep in mysticism. Mr. Alcott could not condone the attempt to translate his sayings into common sense, and said abruptly to Mr. James:

You'll continue a sinner to all eternity; you are damaged goods," and claimed that he himself was one with Pythagoras and Jesus. Mr. James pushed his point:

You say you and Jesus are one. Have you ever said, 'I am the resurrection and the life?'

Yes, often," was the reply. "Has anyone ever believed you?" The conversation here ended abruptly. A few days later Mr. Emerson arrived in town, and this conversation was duly reported to him. The reply

was to the point: "Mr. Alcott," said Mr. Emerson, "is a man of vanity, but he is the most spiral flame God has ever lighted in these parts."

The incident travelled to England, and reached

Thomas Carlyle. Mr. Alcott, meantime, had visited England with a letter from Mr. Emerson to Carlyle in his pocket, and the Chelsea philosopher had been more than amused by his persistence in eating nothing but strawberries and potatoes, and had written back to Mr. Emerson to call his friend, with his potato gospel," home to America as soon as pos-When Mr. James was next at the Carlyles uncontrollable was the mirth of Carlyle, as he asked in his broadest Scotch accent:

Well, James, have you heard any news of the

Mediumship.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal We have a medium here who first developed as table-tipper. After a while the controls would only give the initial letter of each word, after leaving out the connecting words as "and," "the," "of," etc.; and when the communication was finished, or while and when the communication was mission, or while in progress, the impression would be given, and the communication correctly read. After a time she commenced writing rapidly, every thing written passing through her own mind. This phase has now changed, and she sits isolated from the rest of the circle, places the ends of her fingers together, and the controls give their communications verbally, while the medium is at all times conscious of what whe is never the transfer or forethe is saying, yet says it without any effort or fore-thought on her part. Can any of your readers tell us what kind or phase of mediumship it is?

Psychometric Delineation of Gen. U. S. Grant, May 10, 1885.

"This gives me a headache. I feel brain-weary, as if overtaxed. I think it is a man who studies. He is engaged in some mental work that calls for a great deal of strength, and draws upon his memory of events. I don't know what it is; he does not seem an ordinary literary character—not like the old poets or historians. I get a fresh feeling as if it were just now.

"What an eventful career! It seems to me like s person who had originated humbly—was in ordinary life—with nothing in his early manhood that showed any capacities beyond ordinary men.

"There was some occurrence, some universal agitation, some sudden call for energy and activity,—what can it be,—it seems like war. I am all stirred up; something has called him out, brought out his capacities and ingenuity, and placed him in high position.
"It seems a person of no ordinary power. I feel

as if being braced up by the situation, physically and mentally. He is alive. Some overshadowing con-dition brought out his shrewdness and executive ability, all going in one direction, for one purpose. I

don't yet see what it is.
"Now I see it. He is a military man, a soldier He is not one who would give up a cause he had espeused. He seems almost like a tiger in his strength, he holds on so to his will—his wonderful will-power

and sagacity in military tactics.

"I feel that this man is one of the great successful generals in our late war; not a Confederate, a Union man: but what has that to do with the literary work that I felt at first?
"His popularity did not cease with the close of the

war. It was greater then than ever. He had none before the war. This war brought out and developed characteristics which he did not know existed. Had it not been for the war, this man would have been a common citizen. He had not ambition to go in pursuit of fame."

(What was the nature of his powers?)
"He had an iron will. He was a bold man—had no trepidation-though he did not court personal danger. He was wise in laying his plans, and very adroit in his movements. He has a great deal of in-tuitive power, but it does not display itself in ordi-nary life. In military affairs he took in the whole situation by intuition; he was intuitive in selecting

officers, and in giving orders.

He is a politician, a radical politician. He would stand by his party and his country. He loves power, and his whole military career was a successful period—everything tended to success. He carried the unbounded good wishes of the people with

(To what result?) "I see him holding a very prominent office; I see him traveling. The people had great confidence in him, and wished to give him a position to show their gratitude. They made him President. "Now I think this is Gen. Grant. I see him as

(Tell us of his present condition?)
"At first I felt the pressure on the intellectual faculties from drawing too sharply on his memory. Now that I know who it is, I don't wish to speak of his condition, but he is not going to pass away soon. His will-power will keep him alive, but I do not

wish to speak of it."
What but a marvellous intuition transcending all conceivable laws of mind, could produce such a portrait of Gen. Grant from impressions received only by the touch of a picture unseen. It gave her instantaneously a sympathy with his condition at that moment wearied by the work on his memoirs, and from that perfect sympathy she evolved his whole life, and could, if questioned, have given far more in detail. The remark that he would have been but a common citizen if the war had not called him out, and developed his powers, and that his success was due to an iron will and an intuitive comprehension of the military situation, a comprehension not shown in ordinary business, shows a thorough understanding of the man.—Psychometry, by Joseph Rodes Buchanan, M. D.

The Gift of Healing.

20 the Editor of the Religio Philosophical Journal.

As I stated in a former article, I have had various phases of mediumship. When it was first announc-ed to me that a band of spirit physicians had united to heal and diagnose disease through my organism, I felt extremely skeptical. I was of slender build, weighed less than a hundred; had never been rugged, never had had any experience among the sick or very distrustful of any ability within myself to min-ister to their comfort. I would in case of necessity do for them whatever the attending physician order ed, but if a change for the worse came, I never had any impressions as to what would ease them. I had never felt any interest in reading medical works, and had access to none; therefore, in my own estimation, I felt that any efforts they might make in that direction, would surely result in failure. They directed me to announce myself as a magnetic physician and they would do the rest. It was a long time before I felt that I dare do so, but finally I resolved to trust them. I commenced in my own family, and found that I could take away pain by merely laying my hands upon the head of my companion when it ached badly. I could even relieve my own head when againg. This ways me a little confidence and head. aching. This gave me a little confidence, and by degrees I commenced practicing outside of my own family. My success was a constant wonder to my-

A lady who was attended by a physician, by his advice sent for me to relieve her of neuralgia which she had suffered from for days, and which he had failed through medicine to relieve. After working over her a short time I left her in a profound sleep. Another, having tried the medical skill of several physicians for nervous prostration, became strong and well without the aid of medicine. I shall neve forget the case of a prominent gentleman in this city, who had been attended by several different physicians before he came to me. Though a man of arge frame, he was so weak when he came to me that it was with difficulty he could ascend the long flight of steps which led to, my dwelling. His dis-ease had been pronounced as a tendency to paralysis of the brain. He began to improve almost from the first treatment, until he entirely recovered his health. A case from a distance was sent to me to diagnose. can truly say, the fear of a failure affected me so that it was a long time before I could make myself passive enough for the control of my influences. I watched with fear and trembling to hear from the parties who had sent for the diagnosis, and when the very simple remedy my control had prescribed for the patient was said to have had the desired effect, no one could feel more surprised than myself But my efforts through my guides were not always successful, and when there was a failure, how my faith in my spirit physicians became weak, and a such times I almost felt that I never again would allow myself to be used by them either to heal or diagnose, and yet I was conscious that the cases where they succeeded numbered more than where they falled; so I worked on under their direction.

Not long ago I received a letter from a lady in behalf of her friend who had been ailing for years. She said she could not but have faith that I could cure, as in her own case after being under different doctor's care for years, she had been restored through me, and to-day I have many testimonials to the same effect from parties all the way from Maine to California. I do not take any credit to myself for this I only feel to thank my good spirit-friends, for using this poor organism to do so much good to suffering humanity, and I have so much falth in magnetism, that I believe in cases where my controls falled, had the parties gone to some other magnetic healer, they might have been cured. People are too apt to get discouraged when they are not benefited by a healer, and proposures magnetic healing a humbur when and pronounce magnetic healing a humbug when, perhaps, if they tried another healer they might be cured, as some healers may effect one person and not another. Mrs. C. A. Robinson. 3250 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Geo. Lieberkmecht, who is at present translating "Spirit Teachings" by "M. A." (Oxon) into German, says in writing to this office: "If Spiritualists would study this book as Christians do their Bible (?) oh! how much wiser they would become. The Religio-Philosophical Journal continues to be, in my opinion, the best of Spiritualist papers published."

As a mother the Roman woman had originally no legal inheritance in the property of her minor children; a child dearing to marry need not obtain her consent; the children were not in the family of the mother, but of the father; the mother had no

A Strange Story.

The Secret of a Haunted House Said to Have Been Revealed Through a Spirit Medium.

(Evening Star, Washington, D. C.)

In this city stands, in a weird, lone place, an old maneion called Glen Elvyn, which is said to be haunted. How many years this blot has been upon it I know not; but strange stories have been told by its different occupants of hearing, in the night, carriages drive around the house, rattling as of harness in different rooms, the ringing of all its bells—and they are not a few—and the appearing of a lady in white hefore the impages, who have been startled white before the inmates, who have been startled out of sleepsand caused in their fright to seek rest elsewhere.

This may seem an improbable story in this age: but such is really said to be the fact by former ten-ants, known to the writer of this article, and it is thought that this old mansion—could its walls speak might divulge startling stories of crimes commit-

ted there in days gone by.

A party of seven of us, hearing that the house was standing vacant, except for colored people living in the back part, and possessed with a desire for ad-venture, visited one evening not long since, anxious to see and learn what we could of its horrible secrets, one of our party being also a very recently developed medium. After going through the house, visiting its many fine rooms, we selected the one having a blood stain on the floor, about five feet in length and three feet in width, and being supplied with chairs and a table casted cursulum victors the with chairs and a table seated ourselves, placing the table over the blood stain. In the dark we waited developments, until one of the ladies, after a short time, feeling a hand on her back was compelled to change her seat, and was placed at the side of the realizer who a little later on rehignered that she medium, who a little later on whispered that she felt strangely, and not to let her under any circumstances get on the floor. The medium showed at last signs of going into a trance, and with the deepest interest was her every movement watched, for we then let a little light into the room. She commenced by struggling and exclaiming, "Lord, Massa don't do that to Manda!" "Untie my feet, untie my feet!" and "Oh, take that axe away!" She seemed to go through the whole scene of the murder, wringing her hands and often exclaiming: "Lord have mercy!" and "Massa, don't cut off Manda's head!" and similar expressions. At last her head sunk down with a gurgling sound, as if it really had been severed from the body, and she fell on the shoulder of the lady at her side, who could discover but a slight fluttering pulse.

After remaining in this position a short time the medium sprang up and asked what we were all there for? We said we had come to help her, so she could leave that place and be free to go to a happier

"I cannot go widout my head?" she exclaimed.
"Where is your head?" was asked.
"Burnt up."

"And where is your body?"
"Fed to de dogs."

She thereupon seemed to see some one, and commenced trembling, and in great terror sprang up and would have run from us had she not with great effort been held and assured that she was with friends, who would not harm her. She soon became calm, and commenced praying and thanking God that she was going out of that house with us; shook hands with each, bidding us good-by, and was gone. The medium was afterwards controlled further,

and we learned this story:
Many years ago a slaveholder, tall, of good figure, iron-gray hair and heavy moustache (whose name, though given, I will withhold), had lived there, and one of his slaves, Amanda, being very light-colored, of fine form and face, was looked upon by her master with lust in his eye and a determination to make her his mistress. She was a simple-hearted Chris-tian, and would not give way to his evil designs and passions, whereupon he became enraged and commenced starving her, thinking thus to bring her to consent. He finally gave her one week in which to decide, at the expiration of which time he visited her, and finding her still firm in her resistance of his evil intentions, threw his broad-brimmed hat to the floor and stabbed her. Seeing what he had done, and not wishing to leave anything behind to tell the story against him, he thought best to hide all traces of his crime, bound her feet, cut off her head with an axe, burned it, took the flesh from the bones, fed it to the dogs, and threw the bones in a canal which at that time was in existence near the house. We also were told that this poor soul would go out with us and never wander about there again. When this lady came out of her trance her feet were so twisted that the two gentlemen of the party had to carry her

om the room, and she had difficulty in walking. We left the house feeling that this picture was but one of many that might yet be revealed there. The medium on reaching home and removing her

shoes and stockings found great ridges around her ankles as if they had indeed been tied.

As improbable as this may sound, it was witnessed by those who can vouch for its truth, and I, for one, was fully convinced for the first time in my life of the truth of the trance condition.

AN EYE WITNESS. What a Higher Education Means.

When a "higher education" is demanded, for any case of persons—as women—it means that it has become desirable to train their faculties for more difficult work than that traditionally assigned to them, and also that it is desirable to enable them to get more enjoyment out of any work that they do. The necessary correlative of the possession of pow-The necessary correlative of the possession of powers is the opportunity for their exercise. The existence of a larger class of effectively educated women must increase their demand for a larger share in that part of the world's work which requires trained intelligence. Of this, literature and other art is one and only one portion. The work of the professions, of the upper regions of industry, commerce, and finance, the work of scientific and of political life, is the work appropriate to the intelligences which have proved themselves equal to a course of training at once complex and severe. A person destined to reonce complex and severe. A person destined to receive a superior education is expected to develop more vigorous mental force, to have a larger mental horizon, to handle more complex masses of ideas, than another. From the beginning, therefore, he must not merely receive useful information, but be habituated to perform difficult mental operations, for only in this way can the sum of mental power be increased. The order, arrangement, and sequence of the ideas he acquires must be as carefully planned as is the selection of the ideas themselves, because upon this order and internal proportion his mental horizon depends. He must be trained in feats of sustained attention, and in the collocation and association of elementary ideas into complex combinations. Since ideas are abstractions from sense-per-ceptions, he must be exercised in the acquisition of accurate, rapid, far-reaching, and delicate sense perceptions, in their memorization, and in the reprentative imagination which may recall them at will and be able to abstract from them, more or less re-motely, ideas. Habits of rich association of ideas must be formed, and of pleasure in their contemplation. And very early must be offered to the child problems to be solved, either by purely mental exer-tion, or by that combined with manual labor.—From An Experiment in Primary Education," by Dr. Mary Putnam-Jacobi, in Popular Science Monthly for August.

A Clerical Error.

When a clergyman perverte facts to make them contribute to a sound thesis he injures the good cause in behalf of which he preaches, for those whom he seeks to convince are often repelled from his whole argument if they detect the missatement. This was illustrated a few months ago when the Rev. Mr. Newman, preaching against infidelity, challenged the specification of any great scientist of modern times who was not a Christian. The name of Charles Darwin—not to speak of more—occurred, of course, to every person of ordinary intelligence

who heard the sermon or who read it in print.

The Rev. Mr. Morehouse falls into a blunder of the same kind, according to the report of his sermon on the same subject, when he challenges "the exponents of infidelity" to specify an infidel who has "built hespitals, schools or charitable institutions of any kind." The name of Stephen Girard—not to specify an infidelity who has "built hespitals, schools or charitable institutions of any kind." The name of Stephen Girard—not to specify any property of ordinary ak of more—will occur, to all persons of ordinary intelligence who read Mr. Morebouse's sermon whether they are "exponents of infidelity" or not. whether they are "exponents of infidelity" or not. Girard was an infidel of the blackest dye, but he bequeathed more millions to "hospitals, schools and charitable institutions" in Philadelphia than his Christian contemporaries who were residents of that city did all together. He also displayed the most courageous virtue by personal care of the sick in time of postilence,—New York Herald.

Portinent Questions.

The following extract from an editorial in the New York Graphic, contains some pertinent questions in admirable form:

It's so much easier to take life out than to put it in. Tap the head with a hammer, life is gone. Put poison in the stomach, it is gone. Choke the lungs with water or gas, it is gone. Draw the blood from the body, it is gone. Elevate or depress the temperature about us a few degrees, life files away. Alike depart the strength which in the arm might fell an away and the strength in the hear might fell an away and the strength in the hear might fell an away and the strength in the hear might fell an away and the strength in the hear might fell an away and the strength in the hear might fell an away and the strength in the hear might fell an away and the strength in the hear might fell an away and the strength in the hear might fell an away and the strength in the hear might fell an away and the strength in the large way. ox and the strength in the brain cumling to devise and plan. It's not mind merely which disappears by a ten minutes' process of judicial strangulation, but physical strength, the very essence and result of

And what becomes of all this wonderful combinawhat becomes of an time wonderful combina-tion of force and quality? If to-night a child asks "where is the man hanged to-day?" it will be an-swered by solemn platitude, by mysterious and many words which go all about the subject matter but do not hit it; at least satisfactorily to the child.

Is it any greater wonder that the combination of qualities and capacities we call mind should exist outside the 150 or 200 pounds of matter we call body than that they should exist inside of it? Is it not a great wonder that the thousands on thousands of these bodies which pass and repass us daily in our crowded streets are moved by a force so volatile that a single blow or a few grains of strychnine will drive it out forever? Is it not a wonder that this combination of force and qualities prevents the body

in which it operates from decomposition?

Is there no possibility that matter may exist so refined as to be for our senses intangible and invisible? Is not the quality we term visibility a mere result of certain substances opaque by cause of combination? When one of the heaviest of metals may be dissolved one moment in acid and lost to view, and the next brought to sight again by the introduction of a few drops of salt water, does not this suggest how limited may be our powers of vision? May not every other sense be similarly restricted in its discernment of what may be about us? Are not all these limits as to the possibilities yet to be revealed? Is there necessarily any broad gulf separating the material and the so-called spiritual? May not the one be but the finer outgrowth of the other, as the flower is the final development of the gnarled, rusty, but neces-sary root? Have not all the great discoveries concerning forces and qualities in the elements about us, new to man, been wrought out by studying and following up the faintest and most despised clues? Is there necessarily any interdict that there shall be no cause for veneration, sublimity, devotion and worship, because new and unknown powers, qualities and possibilities may be found in the universe When the development and growth of a single seed and the perpetuation of the life within it is as mysterious now as 3,000 years ago, is not that a very narrow view which places certain metes and bound to what is termed the material and denies it any link with what is termed the spiritual?

Some Account of the Weird Inniates of Glamis Castle-Mysterious Sights and Sounds.

One of the most fearfully tormented castles in England, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is the country seat of Lord Strathmore, Glamis Cas-tle. Although the whole pile of buildings seems to lie under the ban, there is one particular chamber which is especially known as the haunted room. Access to this is now cut off by a stone wall, and nobody is supposed to be acquainted with the locality of the chamber save Lord Strathmore, his eldest son, and the business agent of the estate. The wall was erected some years ago by the late Lord Strathmore, in consequence of certain mysterious sights and ounds which he had both seen and heard.

There is no doubt about the reality of the noises

at Glamis Castle. On one occasion, some years ago, the head of the family, with several companions, de-termined to investigate the cause. One night, when the disturbance was greater and more violent and a'arming than usual—and it should be premised strange, weird and unearthly noises had often been heard, and by many persons, some of them quite un-acquainted with the ill-repute of the castle—his lordship went to the haunted room, opened the door with a key, and dropped back in a dead swoon in the arms of his companions, nor could be ever be induced to open his lips on the subject afterward. A well-known antiquary states that the tradition is that in olden times, during one of the constant fends between the Lindsays and the Ogilvies, a number of the latter clau, flying from their enemies, came to lamis Castle and begged hospitality of the owner. He did not like to deny them the shelter of his castle walls and therefore admitted them, but, on the plea of hiding them, he secured them all in a large outof-the-way chamber—that afterward known as the haunted one—and there left them to starve. Their bones lie there to this day, their bodies never having been removed. It has been suggested that it was the sight of these that so startled Lord Strathmore on entering the room, and which caused him sub-sequently to have it walled up. The scene is believ-ed to have been particularly horrifying, some of the unfortunate captives having died apparently in the act of gnawing the flesh from their arms. So much for the tradition that accounts for the weird disturbances that were in a state of activity not very long ago. Among other strange incidents given of the castle, it is said that a well-known lady and her child were staying there for a few days. The child was asleep in an adjoining room, and the lady, having gone to bed, lay awake for a time. Suddenly a cold blast stole into the room, extinguishing the light by her side, but not affecting the one in the room beyond in which her child had its cot. By that light she saw a tall mailed figure pass into the dressing-room from that in which she was lying. Immediately there was a shrick from the child. Her maternal instinct was aroused, she rushed into the dressing-room and found the child in an agony of fear. It described that it had seen a giant, who came and leaned over its face. A Spirit Returns.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: July 19th, I attended a lecture in the town of Canton, delivered by J. P. Whiting, of Milford, Oakland County. In the course of his remarks, stating how he was converted to Spiritualism and his experience as a lecturer since, he said that a short time ago he was giving a lecture in the town of Rose, where the meetings had been disturbed and broken up by the lisorderly conduct of three young men, and there had been no lecture given there for a long time. There came and stood by his side the spirit of a "making faces" at the time. Pointing her finger at the young man, she said: "I was invited by one of those young men to take a ride. In the course of our ride we met the two others, and the treatment I received from the three caused my death." The young men stood with bowed heads. The fathers of two of them had to mortgage their farms to keep their sons from State Prison. One of the young men after the lecture, at a suitable opportunity, came, and on his knees, begged of him never to mention the incident again. the incident again.

Lavonia, Mich. CYRUS FULLER.

The Mysterious Appearance of a Bird To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I would like to have the following incident explained. A party had congregated in our parlor for a social time, and a tapping came on the blinds. I opened the window and a little bird flew in. It flew around the room and left a spot of blood in fifty different places on the celling, and then fell. We looked for the bird, but never found it. In a week afterward, I received intelligence of my brother's death. It was in February, when no birds were flying. Where did it come from? and where did it

H. E. England writes: The Journal continues to improve, and is one of the few papers that makes Spiritualism something better than a laugh-ing stock for the world. You are on the right course -do not change it a point either way.

E. W. Walkis, the English medium and speaker, writes as follows from Glasgow, Scotland: I am constantly watching the course of events with you with unabated interest, and like the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL as well as ever; it more nearly than any other paper represents my ideas and views, accordingly I wish you and it every success and a Drosperous career.

It is estimated that over 4,000 persons are annually buried in the potter's field of New York City.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellancous Subjects.

The wine product for 1885 is estimated at 15,000,000

It takes 4,000,000 of false teeth to go round in this country every year.

The El Paso, Texas, butcher shops are compelled to close on Sunday.

Music boxes which cost \$25 twenty years ago can now be purchased for \$5. The prevailing rate of board for pugs in the White Mountains is \$3 a week.

The crown jewels in the Cathedral at Moscow are valued at \$12,000,000.

The most cooling drink, if one will wait for five minutes for the effect, is said to be hot tea.

Horned toads are light feeders. Two house flies will keep one in good order for six months.

Mr. Bessemer's steel process patents have yielded him \$600,000 a year for twenty-one years.

The city mission of Berlin circulates no less than 75,000 printed sermons on Sunday morning. The government pays a man \$60 a month to wind

the clocks in the Interior Department Building. The average annual consumption of coffee in the United States is twelve pounds for each inhabitant. The colored people of Charleston, Va., are building a skating rink in which no white trash will be al-

The thirty-eight States of the Union contain 2.290 counties. Texas leads off with 151, and Georgia follows with 127.

The mortality from swine fever in England has reached a point when about 200 animals perish every week, or 100,000 per year out of 2,000,000 swine .

The majority of literary people now spell the name of the great dramatist, Shakespeare, and the minority are divided up on several different spellings of it. A census of the occupations of Washington citi-

zens shows that the principal branches of industry there are holding office and keeping boarding house. So large a colony of Japanese reside in Vienna that a Buddhist temple is to be erected there. The decorations and furniture will be sent from Japan.

The Rector of St. Savior's, Dartmouth, England, the other day prevented the sexton from ringing the church bell during the interment of a dissenter's

It is roughly calculated that 292,500 tons of ice were lodged on the wharves of Montreal last winter and that 135 tons had to be cleared away by artificial

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., is credited by the Denver Tribune-Republican with threatening to "shoot a reporter full of holes" if his interview was not reported correctly.

The Norwegian stove is a large castellated tower, reaching from floor to ceiling, with less than a foot of chimney-pipe visible. One is placed in every room in the house.

From data of his own the editor of the Montgomery (N. H.) Standard has satisfied himself that the Horseshoe Falls have worn away more than fifteen feet during the past thirteen years. It is said that the Emperor of Japan can trace his

descent for 2,500 years, during all of which time his family have been on the throne. Under a good system of civil service that family would be permitted

It is said that along the southern coast of Mexico people have a habit of incculating themselves with the virus of the rattlesnake or adder, which novel vaccination renders them absolutely safe forever af-terward from the bite or sting of the deadliest rep-

Arsenic is still being used to fight the grasshopper plague on the Pacific coast. The superintendent of a large plantation in Merced, Cal., has used about 400 pounds of the poison, and thinks that about a ton more will save many of his nurseries and vineyards from destruction. Mr. Waldo Thompson, of Lynn, Mass., in his "Historical Sketches of the Town of Swampscott," traces the lineage of John Brown, of Cssawatamie, to Lieu-

tenant Governor John Humphrey, who settled on the shore between Black Will's Cliff and Forest Riv-er two and a half centuries ago. The French Chamber of Deputies has revived the obsolete law of the Revolution giving education and board to the seventh child. The number of seventh children in the Republic is estimated at 50,000, but

lowed to accept of the State's support. The policeman in the City of Mexico is usually a strong, fine-looking young man, wearing a military uniform and openly displaying a six-shooter. His beat is in the middle of the street, where he can see and be seen, and, instead of yielding the way to ve-

hicles, makes them turn out for him. What is supposed to be a white swan was shot the other day at Ludlows Falls, Ohio. The bird measured 8 feet from tip to tip of wings, and from tip of bill to tip of tail, 4 feet 7 inches, and length of limbs 10 inches. The limbs, feet and bill are jet black. It weighs 18 pounds, and is now on exhibition.

The area of New Mexico is estimated at 78,000,000 acres; that 70,000,000 acres are fit only for pasturage, and 20,000,000 of this, by destitution of water, is available only for sheep. This leaves 50,000,000 acres for cattle, but the availability of this is greatly diminished by the spareness of springs and streams.

A novelty among flowers is reported from a small town near Lafayette, Ind. A lady has a rosebush among a number of varieties on which has just appeared a full blown rose of a beautiful green color. A botanist at Lafayette now has the bush, and will attempt to propagate other flowers of the novel tint from it.

A story illustrative of Grant's loyalty to his friends is told by Henry Ward Beecher. When Conkling resigned from the Senate Grant said: "It was a great blunder; it was foolish." "Then why do you stick up for him so stoutly?" was asked. And he replied with a frown: "Why do I stick up for him? Man, when is the time to stand by a friend if it isn't when he's made a great blunder?"

Berlin has an asylum for overworked and disabled horses under the management of a veterinary sur-geon, a cavalry officer and a farmer. The grounds have an extent of nearly one hundred acree, with excellent pasture land, clay and moor patches, water and bathing facilities, etc. In case of need the patients have ambulance wagons sent for them to transfer them to the hospital.

Fifteen years ago a stage coach coming out of Blackfoot, Idaho, was robbed of 500 pounds of gold-dust. The robbers were arrested and sent to the Deer Lodge Penitentiary, but they had succeeded in burying the gold, and no one has since been able to find it. Their sentences will expire in a few weeks, and the inhabitants of the town are said to be watching the prison doors carefully to follow them to the treasure when they get out.

A resident of Augusta, Ga., has an oak tree in his A resident of Augusta, Ga, has an oak tree in his yard that is not unlike others of the oak family in appearance, but instead of growing regulation acorns is filled with miniature formations of a singular nature. The usual cup, which covers half the acorn, and by which it is attached to the limb, is present, but instead of being as large as a thimble is about the size of a pea, and instead of containing a single put or kernel contains four small stands. Divis single nut or kernel contains four small seeds. Birds flock to the tree in great numbers and feast upon these seeds.

The serious increase of cholers in Spain keeps people everywhere looking to their sanitary safeguards. All the foreign papers are flavored in a more or less ghastly degree with the grim subject, but there occasionally appears a reference worthy of note. For example: A French missionary in China claims to have discovered an almost infallible remedy. The remedy is absinthe, and the person who parades the panacea relates that in a case where seventy-eight men were seized with the sickness as many as seventy-five were saved by the free use of

A young man just about attaining his majority was released from the New Jersey State Prison the other day, after serving five of a sentence of fifteen years, for an offense of which it is said he was enyears, for an offense of which it is said he was entirely innocent. He was met at the railroad depot in Newark by his sister, who escorted him to his former home. Upon entering he anxiously inquired for his mother. The sister hesitatingly told him that both mother and father had died, which news so affected him that he recled and fall to the floor in a stupor. By the prompt aid of a physician the grieved man's life was saved, but his reason is so far gone that his incarceration in a hospital for the incane it is thought will be necessary. **Appetite**

Health

Found in

corrective." If your

The Miserly Deacon.

Descon Buggins is a rich old curmudgeon who makes great pretensions to religion, but squeezes a penny almost flat before he drops it into the contribution box. He lives in a little village on the outskirts of the city and pays pew-rent in the village church. He is the solitary occupant of the pew every sunday, none but strangers daring to enter it, for he has an unpleasant way of asking people to

step out.

Last Sunday a brasey young man from the city visited the village and went to church. Having heard of the Deacon's peculiarities, this awful young heard of the Deacon's peculiarities, this awild young man felt it his duty to walk into that particular pew. When the Deacon arrived he glared at the young man and motioned him to come out of the pew.

"That's all right: come in!" said the young man, as if unconscious of the Deacon's meaning.

The latter's anger rose until his eyes bulged out of his head, like a pair of old-fashioned pin-cushions, and he averested his greatisulations.

and he repeated his gesticulations.

"Come on," coaxed the young man. "The old miser who rents this pew won't be here to-day; he's home splitting pennies to put into the contribution

The congregation snickered, and for once in his life the Deacon was embarrassed. He stepped gingerly into the pew and took a seat without paying further attention to the young man. The Deacon has purchased a lock for the door of the pew.—Philodolphia depocation. adelphia American.

Ingersoll's Conversion.

It is Sought by a Committee of Young Men, but the Colonel has no Time to Listen to their Arguments.

Col Robert G. Ingersoll, the agnostic, was in New York City lately as counsel in the big telegraph fight. As usual with him when in New York, he spends an hour or two every day in the gorgeous and garish Stokes barroom. His beverages at these times are not alcoholic, and he never stands up at the bar, but is served while lounging over a newspaper at a secluded table. He was thus engaged when three young men addressed him. They said they were a committee from the Christian believers, which they described as an arguigation of orthoday Pratestants. described as an organization of orthodox Protestants devoted to the battling of unbelief. Their especial object was to convert Ingersoll, and to that end they had collected all his published infidelity, studied it had collected all his published infidelity, studied it carefully, and prepared answers to his arguments. They wished to arrange a series of conferences with him. The Colonel replied that he lacked the time for such proceedings. The spokesman of the committee, Robert Bradbury Hammond, a student in the Union Theological Seminary, appealed strongly to Ingersoll's good nature, to his sense of fairness, and finally to his courage, but without avail, for he declared positively that he could not go into the proposed discussion.—Ex.

"Crossest Man in Alabama."

"De crossest man in Alabama lives dar," said the driver as we approached a way-side home, near Selma, Ala., to ask accommodations for the night. At supper, and after it, "mine host" scowled at

At supper, and after it, "mine host" scowled at every one, found fault with every thing earthly, and I was wondering if he would not growl if the heavenly halo didn't fit him, when incidental mention being made of the comet of 1882, he said: "I didn't like its form, its tail should have been fan shaped!" But, next morning, he appeared half-offended at our offering pay for his hospitality! My companion, however, made him accept as a present a sample from his case of goods.

however, made him accept as a present a sample from his case of goods.

Six weeks later, I drew up at the same house. The planter stepped lithely from the porch, and greeted me cordially. I could scarcely believe that this clear complexioned, bright-eyed, animated fellow, and the morose being of a few weeks back, were the same. He inquired after my companion of the former visit and regretted he was not with me. "Yes," said his wife, "we are both much indebted to him."

"How?" I asked, in surprise.

to him."
"How?" I asked, in surprise.
"For this wonderful change in my husband. Your friend when leaving, handed him a bottle of Warner's safe cure. He took it, and 'two other bottles, and now — " "And now," he broke in, "from an ill-feeling, growling old bear, I am healthy and so cheerful my wife declares she has fallen in love with me again."

It has made over again a thousand love matches.

It has made over again a thousand love matches, and keeps sweet the tempers of the family circle everywhere.—Copyrighted. Used by permission of American Rural Home.

are the records of some of the cures of consumption effected by that most wonderful remedy-Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of grate-ful men and women, who have been snatched almost from the very jaws of death, can testify that con-sumption, in its early stages, is no longer incurable. The Discovery has no equal as a pectoral and alterative, and the most obstinate affections of the throat and lungs yield to its power. All druggists.

Great Britain has 284 lifeboat stations. In the current year there were 3,654 casualities to shipping around the British Isles; 633 lives and 18 vessels were saved, in addition to 189 lives by shore boats and other means, where rewards were given, being a total of 822 lives saved through the agency of the society. During the year lifeboats were launched 252 times, and not one man of their crews was lost.

The Voice of the People.

The people, as a whole, seldom make mistakes, and the unanimous voice of praise which comes from those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, fully justifies the claims of the proprietors of this great medicine. Indeed, these very claims are based en-tirely on what the people say Hood's Sarsaparilla has done. Send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., for book containing statements of many cures.

An old horse with the brand "U. S." on his flanks is pulling a bread cart about the City of Mexico. He was taken down there with Scott's invaders, and has been earning his living ever since.

Ely's Cream Baim was recommended to me by my druggist as a preventive to Hay Fever. Have been using it as directed since the 9th of August and have found it a specific for that much dreaded and loathsome disease. For ten years or more I have been a great sufferer each year, from August 9th till frost, and have tried many alleged remedles for its cure, but Ely's Cream Balm is the only preventive I have ever found. Hay Fever sufferers ought to know of its efficacy. F. B. AINSWORTH, Of F. B. AINSWORTH & CO., Publishers, Indianapolis, Ind.

A long-haired elephant, larger and more perfect than any specimen hitherto secured, is being extricated from the ice at the mouth of the Lena Delta.

"What we learn with pleasure we never forget."

Alfred Mercier. The following is a case in point.
"I pai t out hundreds of dollars without receiving any benefit," says Mrs. Emily Rhoads, of McBrides, "I had female complaints, especially 'dragging down, for over six years. Dr. R. V. Ploroe's favorite Prescription did me more good than any medicine I ever took. I advise every sick lady to take it." And so do we. It never disappoints its patrons. Druggists sell it.

An exchange makes mention of an "aristocratic lady," who refuses to read newspapers, magazines, tracts, and ordinary books, because they are made of

For weak lungs, splitting of blood, shortness of breath, consumption, night-sweats and all lingering coughs, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy. Superior to cod liver oil. By

A congress is to assemble in San Domingo on Sept. 10th to decide whether the remains of Christo-

pher Columbus repose there or in Havana. Pure blood is absolutely necessary in order to enjoy perfect health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and strengthens the system.

Of the 186 men who were graduated at Harvard in 1879 only forty-nine bave married thus far, and these forty-nine have only thirty-four children.

Clara Morris uses Pozzoni's Powder. Clara Louise Kellogg does likewise. For sale by all druggists.

Sixteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-five families in Boston were provided with free soup during the past winter. "Every jobbing and retail druggist in America selis N. K. Brown's Res. Jamaica Ginger." "N. K.'s."

health depends largely on the condition of renders the partaking of needful bodily the liver. This organ is easily affected sustenance a matter of pleasure. Whenbecause of its sluggish circulation. When ever the appetite fails, you may be sure it becomes disordered, stagnant blood the stomach and liver have become deaccumulates in its venous system, causing ranged, and need to be corrected by the it to discharge inert or bad bile. Many use of Ayer's Pills. C. Danly, Belton, forms of disease result from its imperfect Texas, writes: "I have taken Ayer's Pills action, which deranges all the digestive for various affections arising from deand assimilative organs, and, through rangements of the liver and digestive these, impairs almost every function of organs, and find them to be a powerful mind and body. There is no

way to insure the proper action of all is impaired a good cathartic medicine may the apparatus necessary to health, than aid you. Miss M. Boyle, Wilkesbarre, Pa., to aid the stomach and liver by the writes: "I use no other medicine than occasional use of Ayer's Pills. E. A. Ayer's Pills. They are all that any one Robinson, 151 School st., Lowell, Mass., needs." Dr. W. J. Talbot, Sacramento. says: "For a number of years I was Cal., writes: "The curative virtues of stationed in the tropics; and, while there, Ayer's Pills commend them to all judisuffered much from torpidity of the liver cions practitioners." Dr. Charles Alberts, and indigestion. Headaches and nausea Horicon, Wis., writes: "Last year I prodisabled mg for days at a time, and it cured from you the formula of Ayer's was only by the use of Ayer's Pills that I Pills, and have since prescribed them with obtained relief. I know them to be the | decided benefit." No poisonous drugs are

Best

Cathartic Pills. They stimulate the appe- the composition of Ayer's Pills. Dr. tite, assist digestion, and leave the bowels A. A. Hayes, State Assayer, Boston, in a natural condition." John II. Watson, Mass., certifies: "I have made a careful proprietor University Hotel, Chapel Hill, analysis of Ayer's Pills, with the formula N. C., writes: "For twenty years I was of their preparation. They contain the a sufferer with sick headache. I began active principles of well known drugs. taking Ayer's Pills, and quickly found isolated from inert matter, which plan is. relief. I have not had an attack of head- chemically speaking, of great importance ache for years, and attribute my freedom to their usefulness. It insures activity, from it to the use of Ayer's Pills." certainty, and uniformity of effect. Ayer's Jared Agnew, LaCrosse, Wis., writes: Pills contain no metallic or mineral sub-"I was cured of a grievous attack of stance, but the virtues of vegetable reme-Erysipelas by using

Ayer's | Pills,

been most successfully used in treatment filla, have effected thousands of wonderful of obstinute cases of Dropsy.

Pills for twenty days." These Pills have taken in connection with Ayer's Sarsanacures.

dies in skilful combination." Ayer's

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THE INDEX

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catholicity for bigotry, love for hate, humanitarianism for
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His Reception in Spirit Life by the Ilius trious Patriots who had Preceded Him.

And what were the elements of that character, so unique, symmetrical, and now immortal? God had endowed him with an extraordinary intellect. For forty years he was hidden in comparative obscurity, giving no indications of his wondrous capacity; but in those four decades he was maturing, and at the appointed time God lifted the veil of obscurity, called upon him to save a Nation and give a new direction to the civilization of the world. How calm his judgment; how clean, and quick, and accurate his imagination; how vast and tenacious his memory? Reason was his dominant faculty. He was a natural logician. He could descend to the smallest details and rise to the highest generalizations. His wonderful understanding was like the tent in the story; fold it and it was a toy in the hand of a child, spread it and the mighty armies of a republic could repose in the shade. He could comprehend a continent with greater ease than others could master an island. Under his vast and comprehensive plans a continent shook with the tramp of advancing armies. As out of some immensemental reservoir there came a fertility of resources displayed in a hundred battles, in the greatest emergencies and in a threefold campaign, carried forward at the same time without confusion, and each the part of one stupendous whole. His was the genius of common sense, enabling him to contemplate all things in their true relations, judging what is true, useful, proper, expedient, and to adopt the best means to accomplish the largest and a From this came complish the largest ends. From this came his seriousness, thoughtfulness, penetration, discernment, firmness, enthusiasm, triumph... But here in the presence of the dead, whose

ears are forever deaf to our praise or censure, let it be our grateful duty to record that after five years in camp and field he returned to his home without a stain upon his character. Among ancient or modern warriors where shall we find his superior in moral elevation? Given to no excess himself he sternly rebuked it in others. He could speak to every one according to his station, to Generals of their battles, to statesmen of their measures, to travelers of their discoveries, to artisans of their inventions, to Christians of their hopes; and he could be the delightful companion of Kings and Queens, of courtiers chosen friends, never took the name of his Creator in vain, and an impure story never polluted his lips. He assured me, as his pastor, that were he disposed to swear he would be compelled to pause to phrase the

Gentle, true, and kind, gratitude was one of the noblest emotions of his soul. His words were few, but pregnant with grateful recognition. To one who had been a friend in need he declared: "I am glad to say that while there is much unblushing wickedness in the world, yet there is a compensating grandeur of soul. In my case I have not found that republics are ungrateful, nor are the people." And so he had expressed him-self in his speech in New York in 1880: "I am not one of those who cry out against the Republic and charge it with being ungrate-ful. I am sure that, as regards the American people as a Nation, and as individuals, I have every reason under the sun, if any person really has, to be satisfied with their treat-ment of me." When restored to the army as General and retired on full pay he was dec ly touched, and taking the wife of his youth by the hand he read the telegram which announced the fact while, more eloquent than words, tears of gratitude to the Nation he loved moistened those cheeks never blanched

As he was the typical American, should we be surprised to find that his was the typical American home? May we lift the curtain and look upon the holy privacy of that once unbroken household? Of the mutual and reciprocal love of wedded life within those sacred precincts. Husband and wife the happy supplement of each other, their characters blending in sweetest harmony like the blending colors in the bow of promise. He, strength, dignity, and courage; she, gentle-ness, grace, and purity. He, the Doric col-umn to sustain; she, the Corinthian column to beautify. He, the oak to support; she, the ivy to entwine. In their life of deathless love their happiness lay like an ocean of pearls and diamonds in the embrace of the future. He, unhappy without her presence; she, desolate without his society. She, pure, high-minded, discriminating, ardent, loving, intelligent: he confided to her his innermost soul and blessed her with his best and unfailing love. She shared his trials and his triumohs; his sorrows and his joys; his toils and his rewards. How tender was that scene, in the early dawn of that April day, when all thought the long-expected end had come, when he gave her his watch and tenderly caressed her hand. It was all the great soldier had to give to the wife of his youth. And the dying hero whispered: "I did not have von wait upon me because I knew it would distress you; but now the end draws nigh." And out from the "swellings of Jordan" he rush ed back to the shore of life to write this tender message to his son: "Wherever I am búried, promise me that your mother shall be buried by my side." It is all a wife could ask: it is all a husband could wish. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in

their death they shall not be divided."
Side by side they shall sleep in the same tomb, and she shall share with him whatever homage future ages shall pay at his National

And, such was the tenderness of his love and solicitude for her and hers, he surprised her by a letter found after his death. It came as a message to her from him after he had gone. When his spirit had returned to the God who, gave it, there was found secreted in his robe his last letter to her, enveloped, sealed, and addressed. He had written it betimes; written it secretly, and carried the sacred missive day after day during fourteen days, knowing that she would find it at last. In it he poured forth his soul in love for her and solicitude for their children:

"Look after our dear children and direct them in the paths of rectitude. It would distress me far more to think that one of them could depart from an honorable, upright and virtuous life than it would to know that they were prostrated on a bed of sickness, from which they were never to arise alive. They have never given us any cause for alarm on their account, and I earnestly pray they

never will. "With these few injunctions and the knowledge I have of your love and affection, and of the dutiful affection of all our children, I bid you a final farewell, until we meet in another and, I trust, a better world. You

will find this en my person after my demise.

"Mount MacGregor, July 9, 1885."

He was a man of prayer. It was Sabbath evening, March 22nd, when alone with Mrs. Grant, that his pastor entered and the Generai. with tenderest appreciation and gratitude, referred to the many prayers offered for him and mentioned societies and little children who had promised to pray for him daily: and then, in answer to his minister's suggestion that we should join that universal prayer, he replied with emphasis. "Yes;" and at the conclusion of our supplication the illustrious invalid responded, "Amen!"....

He was not a bigot. Bigotry was no part of his noble and generous nature. While he demanded religion as the safeguard of a free public, he accorded to all the largest freedom of faith and worship. He was without prejudice; he claimed that public education should be non-sectarian, but not non-religious. His Des Moines public speech on education was not against the Roman Catholic Church, but against ignorance and superstition. The order issued during the War excluding cer-tain Jewish traders from a given military district did not originate with him, but came from higher authority, and was not against the religion of the Jews.

His was the beatitude: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." Strangers might regard him indifferent to the needy; yet the poor will rise up and call him blessed. Many were the pensioners on this kindly bounty. He gave "his goods to feed the poor." While President he heard his pastor on "Active Christianity," and in the discourse mention was made of a soldier's widow, sick and poor, and of a blind man in pressing want. He had just reached the White House when he sent me back this card with the money: "Please give \$10 to the blind man and \$10 to the soldier's widow." On a Christmas-Eve

he wrote me thus:
"EXECUTIVE MANSION, Dec. 24, 1869.—Dear Doctor: Please find inclosed my check for \$100 for distribution among the poor, and don't fouget The Ragged Schools' on the Island. Yours truly, U.S. GRANT. Island. Yours truly, U. S. GRANT.
And where in all the annals of the church

shall we find a dying hour so full of divine repose? His calm faith in a future state was undisturbed by anxious doubt. His suffering and wasted body was but the casket for the resplendent jewel of his soul, and when death ruthlessly broke that precious casket an angel carried the jewel to the skies and lay it at the Savior's feet. In the early light of April 1st, when all thought the end was come, the sufferer said to me: "Doctor, I am

going."
"I hope the prospect of the future is clear and bright," was my response; and the answer came: "Yes, O, yes!" Then followed a scene of infinite tenderness. The honored wife, the precious daughter, the devoted sons and their wives, each in turn approached and he tenderly kissed them. "Do you know me, darling?" was the loving wife's inquiry, and he whispered back: "Certainly I do, and bless you all in my heart." Such love melted the marble heart of death and the "King of Terrors" fled affrighted. The sufferer revived. Heaven added months to a life sodear to us all. When he had recovered sufficiently I asked him: "What was the supreme thought on your mind when eternity seemed

HIS RECEPTION IN SPIRIT LIFE.

"The comfort of the consciousness that had tried to live a good and honorable was the response which revealed the inner life of his soul. Again the angel of death east his shadow over the one a Nation loved. Amid the gathering gloom I said: "You have many awaiting you on the other side."

y would come and long," was the answer of his Christian faith and hope. They came at last. They came to greet him with the kiss of immortality. They came to escort the conqueror over the "last enemy" to a coronation never seen on thrones of earthly power and glory. Who came? His martyred friend Lincoln? His companion in arms McPherson? His faithful Chief of Staff Rawlins? His great predecessor in camp and Cabinet, Washington? And did not all who had died for liberty come? O, calm, brave, heroic soul, sing thou the song of Christian triumph: "O death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory? Thanks

be to God, which giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ, our Lord." And that victory was at hand. From his view Monday at the eastern outlook he was to ascend to behold a grander vision. Tuesday came and went. Night drew on apace, and death seemed imminent. Around his chair we knelt in prayer for some Divine manifestations of comfort. Our prayer was beard. The sufferer revived. Again he wrote messages of love and wisdom. The night wore away. Wednesday dawned on hill and dale. Hope revived. His intellect was clear and his consciousness was supreme. Again he wrote and again he whispered the wishes of his heart. As came the eventide so came his last night. From out of that chair wherein he had sat and suffered, and wrote and prayed, tenderly he was carried to that couch from which he was never to rise. Around him we gathered and bowed in prayer to commend his departing spirit to the love and mercy of Him who gave it. He answered in monosyllables to questions for his comfort. The brain was the last to die. All were watchers on that memorable night. Recognitions were exchanged. A peaceful death and consciousness to the last breath were grateful unto him. The last night had passed.

'Tis morning. The stars have melted into the coming light. The rosy-fringed morn lifts the drapery of the night. The distant mountains stand for h aglow. The soft, pure light of early dawn covers earth and sky. The dewdrop sparkies on the grass and in the daisy's cup. The birds from their sylvan coverts carol the melody of a thousand songs. The world rejoices, and its many minstrels challenge the harpers of the sky. In a humble cottage, prone upon his couch, lies "our old commander." He is dying!

Tis morning, and in the light of that day thousands of earnest faces flash with renewed concern. From many a shaded lane and mountain slope, from many a farmhouse and splendid mansion, eager eyes look toward the mount of suffering and breathe a prayer to God for the one we loved. Alas! He

is dead. 'Tis morning. It is the promise of a bright-er day. The trumpeters of the skies are sounding the reveille. Their notes have reached the earth. Their notes have reached our General's ears. He has gone to join the triumphant hosts. 'Tis morning in Heaven!

A French scientist who has investigated 5.400 shocks of earthquakes attributes them. like the tides, to the influence of the sun and moon. The interior sea of fire, he argues, is subject to the same laws as the surface sea

of water. At Ashland, Pa., and vicinity, water is so scarce that it is sold at eight cents per galNOTES FROM ONSET.

To the Editor of the Religie-Philosophical Journal

The past week has been full of the good things that go to make life enjoyable at all camp meetings. Every train brings new faces to view, seeking for more light or a change from the business walks of life. The hotels are full, and large numbers have to be accommodated in the cottages. The new railroad from the Old Colony station through the Grove is proving the fact that it was a public necessity, not put in operation one minute too soon. The people ride on it rather than walk on the dusty path, or ride in the less than one-half carrying capacity of the coaches. Onset's railroad is without a precedent in this State. It is built wholly on the land of the Association, and for such a case the statutes do not seem to apply. The State authorities have looked at the road and heard all the objections, legal and otherwise, that have been raised, and it appears that they are not overanxious to prevent the road from being operated. In the meantime some who are always found in opposition to progress, are looking about to see how they may foment trouble for the Managers, but as these legal quarrels are always exceedingly costly to those who originate them, it is doubtful if any one will risk the individual damage that might ensue if the attempt to enjoin the road should prove unsuccessful. Nothing is urged against the necessity of the existence of the road or its safety; it is merely objecting for the sake of objecting. August 1st.—A Fact Meeting was held at

the Auditorium Saturday morning at 10 o'clock. Remarks were made by J. W. Mahony (London, England), Mr. Haynes, Kate R. Stiles, Mr. Beals (Portland, Me.), Mrs. Drew (Stoneham, Mass.), Sidney Howe, Mrs. Pennell (Boston), and Mrs. Mills (Brooklyn, N. Y.). All of the speakers were firm believen in materialization as put forth to-day, and all of them speake of each experiences as they have them spoke of such experiences as they have witnessed. One speaker said that he met Jesus at a scance the previous evening, and that Jesus showed him the print of the nails in his hands and the hole in his side. (Credulity worse than confounded!) The careful investigator needs to keep the eye wide open and a close mouth under the present condition of all public scances. The presiding spirit on this occasion (Mr. Whitlock) said that it would be but a very few years before all these materializations would take place in the open device the right on the relations. in the open daylight, right on the platform and in the audience. If I mistake not we read of a prediction that was made by a certain man about eighteen hundred years ago, who had been telling his hearers of wonder who had been telling his hearers of wonderful things that were to take place; "that all these things shall come to pass before this generation shall have passed away."

Rev. J. K. Applebee, of Boston, spoke at 2 P. M., Saturday, August 1st, selecting a text from the Book of Job: "He causeth it to rain on the court where men is and on the wilder.

on the earth where man is, and on the wilderness where man is not." The lecture was a very finely written paper on the impartiality of the God of nature as expressed in all things. He maintained that the only living and true God filling the immensity of space had no favorites. His care for the worm was as pure and great as was His care for man. We are all God's saints and we cannot help it. The universe is a table of dainties for all of God's creatures. Man, animal, bird, beast and worm make up the great catholic church of God. The lecture was listened to with marked attention and warmly applauded.

Sunday, August 2nd.—Mrs. M. S. Wood spoke at 10 A. M., taking for her subject, "Inspiration, Aspiration and Revelation." The lecture turned to a practical talk for a purer manhood and womanhood. At the close of her lecture, Louise Marguerite was introducand presented, first, recitations, etc., from the Opera of Ernani; second, the "Rock of Ages," the music of which was written expressly for her. The exercises closed with psychometric readings by Mrs. Glading, which were declared correct in each instance. Band concert from 1 to 2 P. M.

The sky had been overcast all the morning, and the indications for a rainy afternoon proved only too true. At 2:30 it had begun to rain and the President adjourned the vast audience to the Temple, which very soon became packed to its utmost capacity. The exercises of the afternoon commenced with a selection by the Band, followed by singing by the Onset Choir, in which the audience were requested to join. Rev. J. K. Applebee, was then introduced and spoke upon the "Fact of a demonstrated immortality." He was very positive in his conclusions, and maintained that while Christianity of to-day lived by faith and hoped for immortality, he as a Spiritualist had the demonstrable fact. Scan the spiritual literature as best you can, and no stronger proofs of a continuity of life can be found than that presented by Mr. Applebee on this occasion. At the close of the lecture Louise Marguerite sang by request, "The Last Rose of Summer." D. Stiles then held a scance and in just fortyfive minutes reported 129 full names, nearly all of which were recognized.

The regular Conference and Fact Meetings, have taken their places during the past week and have been well attended. These meetings have much said that is of more interest to the immediate parties than to the general onblic.

Tuesday at 2 P. M., Mrs. Kate R. Stiles was the regular speaker. Many of the late ascend-ed spirits were reported as being present, and having a word to offer. Wednesday, Mrs. W. S. Wood gave one of

her regular talks. Thursday at 2 P. M., A. B. French, of Clyde Ohio, spoke, taking as his subject, "Doubt," maintaining that real progress had as a gen-

eral thing, come from doubting the present and accepted conclusions of the popular state of things. Joseph D. Stiles has followed the lectures during the week with platform tests. If possible for Mr. Stiles to improve, it seems as though he had improved in his power to report

our spirit friends since he came to this camp meeting, so wonderfully accurate are all names presented. Wednesday evening, Aug. 5th, there was a grand musical entertainment at the temple for the benefit of Frank Crane, the organist and director of the Onset Bay Quartette.

We notice among the talent taking part in the exercises, Prof. Church and orchestra, Miss Lucette Webster of Boston, Mrs. L. C. Clapp, Miss Sadi Ballou, Mr. Chas. W. Sullivan, Miss L. L. Pierce, Mr. B. F. Caswell, Mrs. D. M. Wilson and Vice President George Hosmer, with violin solo. It was a feast of music and recitation.

Among the arrivals are Mrs. Ellen C. Blaisdell, Alexander Blaisdell and James Blaisdell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Roberts, Haverhill, Mass.; Josiah Simmons and Mrs. Lizzie H. Simmons, Providence, R. I.; Mr. Walter Wallingford and Mrs. Mary E. Wallingford, Maplewood, Mass.; Rev. Wm. Icrin Gill, Lawrence, Mass.; H. P. Talmage, Boston, Mass.; Mr. Harvey Kimball and wife, New York; A. H. Severance, and C. D. Baker, Newport, R. I.; W. H. Hodges, Pawtucket, R. I.;

U. S. Reed, New York.; B. F. Wade, Washington, D. C.; Stephen A. Morse, Philadelphia, Pa. Memorial services on General Grant will be held at the auditorium this Saturday, P. M.,

A. B. French of Clyde, Ohio, speaker.

The friends of John C. Bundy are disappointed in not seeing him at this meeting. The Religio-Philosophical Journal has made friends and found ready sale at Onset. The venerable editor of the Banner of Light, Luther Colby, and Shadows were at the grove last Sunday. W. W. CURRIER.

the grove last Sunday. Onset, Aug. 8th., 1885.

CASSADAGA CAMP-MEETING.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The meetings here are now in full sway, and the cottages and tents well occupied. The weather Monday and Tuesday being rainy the attendance did not increase much, ilthough a great deal larger than last season. We have been having excellent lectures by Rev. Samuel Watson, Mrs. E. L. Watson, and Jennie B. Hagan, while the poems of the lat-ter have pleased all and confounded skeptics. Hops are held on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, and they are excellently conducted, the best of order prevailing. Mrs. Olie C. Denslow and her little boy and girl furnish excellent vocal music. The children are in charge of Mrs. Spores of Denslik, N. V. A. charge of Mrs. Sperra, of Dunkirk, N. Y. A number of mediums are on the grounds, doing various kinds of work. Skeptics come every day to investigate the claims of Spiritualism, and it is needless to say that many are convinced of their truth. Spiritualism to day is treated with more respect than ever before, and one cause of this is the attitude of Spiritualists themselves. The movement is freeing itself from its imperfections, and coming forth in purity like the lily. It is broadening and deepening, and its tone is more conservative and constructive. For the most of Spiritualists, the phenomena are simply a foundation, and when this is laid, work is begun on the great templeo f philosophic and religious truth.

Humanitarian in its purpose, radical and uncompromising in its methods, Spiritualism embraces in the arms of its love, every reform beneficial to the race. Recognizing the relations of soul and body, it pays heed no less to one than to the other. Heaven is here, angels are all about us, if we are but angelic ourselves. Truth is ours, charity and love dwell among us, and progress is the rule of all. The charms of nature are all about us. and "we find books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."
The cool breeze fans the cheek and whispers the secrets of the fields and woods. The waters of the lake lave its shores, like the kisses of love upon the cheek of childhood. The trees with their canopy of leaves invite us to rest beneath their grateful shade, and become receptive to the sweet inspirations of nature. Every blade of grass prays, every leaf preaches, and the birds offer up anthems of praise. In such a place as this it is fitting that angels should visit the sons of men, baptizing them with the pure waters of heavenly truth and wisdom. In such lovely spots as this was the tongue of the Hebrew prophet moved to divine utterance, and in the beautiful nooks of nature the poetic soul has ever found its highest inspiration.

The practice of holding these meetings in the grand Temple of Nature should never be abandoned. Nature is religious. She exhorts the soul to virtue; she sets examples of purity and perfection, and preaches in every tongue

subject was treated in its physiological and moral phases, and information and counsel of the greatest importance given. By vote of the audience Mrs. Watson was requested to have it reported and published in full or

its next delivery. Last evening a public reception was given Mrs. Watson in the auditorium. Speeches and song, with poems by Miss Hagan, expressed the good will of the Cassadaga peo-ple for the earnest worker who is to return to the Pacific coast from here. In reply, Mrs. Watson delivered one of the most remarkable and eloquent addresses I have ever heard. The inspiration of heaven seemed to flow unhindered through her lips and the power and pathos of her language moved nearly every person in the audience to tears. As a specimen of true eloquence I have never heard it equalled by any woman. To-day Mrs. W. received a telegram announcing the death of her aged mother, and she left this afternoon to attend her funeral. She takes with her

the sympathy and best wishes of all. J. Frank Baxter arrived last night, and today gave a lecture on "The Present Hour.' It was full of vigorous thought. His tests confound skeptics, and gratify believers. The attendance is daily increasing, and a most prosperous season is anticipated.

August 7th. GRAPHO.

The new patent law of Japan appears, like many other recent Japanese laws, to be compiled from similar laws of other countriesa clause from England here, from France there, from Germany in another place, as seemed advisable in the circumstances. The term of protection is fifteen years; "articles that tend to disturb social tranquility, or demoralize customs and fashions, or are injurious to health," and medicines cannot be patented; the inventions must have been publicly applied within two years, and patents will become void when the patented inventions have been imported from abroad and sold.

A prominent physician suggests to occunants of summer houses that a wood fire in the evening, when the moisture in the atmosphere is excessive, prevents many cases of sickness.

Letter from Mrs. E. L. Watson.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

For weeks I have endeavored to find time in which to make a few notes of my travels and labors in the East, in fulfillment of a promise made to my California friends previous to my departure—but in vain—for, with lectures and receptions, visiting among old friends and long journeys to and fro, I have not been able to do one-half I designed. I am now sitting by my dear mother's deathbed, whence I came direct from Philadelphia on Tuesday. For days it has seemed as though the last connecting link between soul and body must break asunder, and, oh! how longingly she looks toward the sweet home seen by clairvoyant eye, now fully prepared for the patient, noble spirit! I can only jot down a few lines now, but feel that these are called for. First, let me say my trip East has been full of pleasant incidents, glad reunions with old, old friends, and the forming of many new fraternal ties. Never shall I forget my welcome at Chicago. I thought I was a total stranger there—I found myself surrounded by warm-hearted, enthusiastic men and women whom I now seem to have known all my life! The meeting with my mother and my tender communings with her since; the radiant faces of life-long friends; the generous hearing I have had everywhere-in several instances Universalist and Unitarian churches have been freely tendered me-and the growth I have seen evidenced among all classes of people everywhere, have all tended to fill my heart with a golden summer-time, corresponding with the beauty and verdure of the outward world in this latitude at this season of the year. The storms of the past five years have left

their scars, but a blessed calm, fresh and nobler hopes, deepening and widening rivers of thought are also here. It is ever thus. The outward world is but a symbol of our interior life. My engagements East close with two lectures at Cassadaga, when I immediately start for California to resume my work at the Temple, September 1st. Of my experiences during these eventful three months I shall write you later on. I wish now to refer to the Grastic a new publication by Gao. W. to the Gnostic, a new publication by Geo. W. Chainey and Anna Kimball. If this is a "sample copy," we must conclude that neither Spiritualism nor the new light (?) of Theosophy has done much more for Mr. Chainey than all the other "religious experiences" through which he has passed during the last dozen years. The first half of the Gnostic is occupied with matter which has been served up many times before—the remainder with a thin broth of Theosophy, bitter personalities and letters of a purely personal character one of which at least, was not intended for publication, and considering Mr. Chainey's

rapid spiritual transit, is quite out of date.

I have never met Mr. C. I entertain no prejudice in regard to him. When I wrote that letter of welcome I supposed, from the lecture delivered at Cassadaga and the otherwise meagre knowledge I had of him, that he was a high-minded gentleman; an enthusiast for truth, who, having become convinced of the verities of the spiritual philosophy, was eager to devote himself to its promulgation. I desired to give him a home-feeling with my people who were eager to receive him. I was not aware that he had already "outgrown" Spiritualism (in less than six months), and had advanced to the "holy ground" of Theosophy; had no idea that he had become so thoroughly conversant with the character of American Spiritualists as to declare (as he

called for, and savoring of a low blackguardism of which he ought to be ashamed. It is to be hoped that the "new light" which has so illumined him will continue to burn until it has consumed the dross which still appears to cumber the fine gold in the composition of

this singular character.
One word more and I must close. The good work that you are doing is manifest on all sides. The vast majority of American Spiritualists are not given over to the husk of phenomenalism—the phenomena are doing a grand work-laying the foundation of a spiritual temple—a scientific religion which shall one day be the religion of humanity. God speed you.

ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON. Meadville, Pa., July 31st, 1885.



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