

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY  
HOLY BIBLE  
ZENON'S MASTER

THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE

VOTED TO  
GENERAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

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

VOL. XXXIX. CHICAGO, AUGUST 29, 1885. No. 1

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

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## SPIRITUAL DEMOCRACY. AN INSPIRATIONAL LECTURE.

Delivered at Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting, Aug. 9, 1885,  
By J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

It affords me great pleasure to meet you here, especially so, inasmuch as we are here with a common interest. Life is a strange thing; and, when seen in its totality, the strangest of all; but we never see life in its totality. We only see it phenomenally. You are here to-day; you will be elsewhere tomorrow. Life is change, and changes have come. Episodes have passed away since we last saw you here two years ago.

To-day the Nation mourns. A great tragic drama has been completed. Democracy has put the top-stone upon the heroism of union and liberty. Death, the last scene, has come, and the hero of the hour lies sleeping enshrouded in the love of a liberalized thought throughout the world. Strange things happen. They are strange because the constitution of them is unknown. I feel pleased to meet you this morning, not because that event has happened, but because to-day is a mingling together of the spiritual forces which are unseen to you. There are modes of being. There are intelligences—personalities outside of your sensations. Man in all ages has been trying to understand these intelligences, to comprehend these forces, and each hypothesis or idea has formed a dispensation. Each dispensation has defined a civilization. Civilizations like men, like nations, come and go. Beneath all civilization there is a sentiment, and it is a religious one. The history of the development of the thought of immortality, would be a history of civilization. The history of the religious world is a history of civilization; and when we know the religion of a man, we can sum up his work to mankind. When a man has a religion or no religion, we know him. We can measure him and his worth to the world. When a Nation has a religious idea we know the worth of that Nation to civilization. Its power, its genius, its creative energy, its constitutional vigor, its political justice we know. The religious idea is the central idea of civilization.

I want this morning to put the question, have you as spiritual philosophers, a religious idea which is calculated to be a centre, a primal idea around which the genius of humanity can centre? which can be an inspiration to poetry, to art, to literature and to science? Have you something that can stir the heart of mankind? that can provoke the enthusiasm of veneration, and cause the civilization, the justice, the liberty of the past to fade? If you have no such sentiment, you have no business here. Civilization does not want you. If you have not something valuable to contribute to the knowledge, to the power, to the ruling capacity of this world, you have no business here. If you are not better, if you have no thought which is higher, if you have no truth which is dearer to mankind than any idea the world has had before, you have no right here. [Applause.] There is only one right I know of, and that is the right of the highest. A man rules by the superiority of his ideas. Tyrants, represent no idea. Democracy, the belief in humanity, is an idea. Do you represent humanity in its totality, the humanity of earth and the humanity of heaven—the whole of it? Have you found a sentiment which covers the whole of it? Are you ready to concede to every man the dignity, the glory, the individual sovereignty which belongs to

personality? If yea, you are in advance of the world. If you have not this humanitarian sentiment, you have no business to pretend to be leading the progressive idea of the world.

**A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW.**

I aver that modern Spiritualism is in advance of anything which has touched the world in the past. But before I elaborate that idea, I will make a retrospect to some of the great, leading ideas which have made the civilizations of the past. I will commence my retrospect within the confines of authentic history, when settled forms of government, jurisprudence, literature and art had found a place of recognition. In surveying the beautiful and classic civilization of Greece there is at its basis a religious thought, and it is this: That there is in the affairs of men an interference by divine agency. The thought was divided up in polytheism, yet behind the civilization which arose upon it. What a magnificent thing in a thousand years it grew to be. It made an inspiration that touches the ideal of beauty to-day. It takes a thousand years to make a Homer, and the scintillations of that genius are felt over the hill tops of time to-day. Where can you find an imagination, an ideal, a sublimity, to surpass the classic inspirations of antiquity? It arose on polytheism. It twined itself around the devotion of ancient thought. Around the temples dedicated to the ideal of the time arose the ethical system which controlled the valor, the enthusiasm and sociology of those ancient days. The orator swelled with the sentiment of liberty and justice, touched the heart-strings of men, as justice touches the heart-strings of men to-day. The fidelity of oratory was as complete under the regime of those times as now. That civilization in the law of growth shot up, and the military hero, always the companion of the ecclesiastic and of the theological order, made other possibilities for philosophical and religious advancement. Polytheism can never come again in this world. It is finished. It is done. Civilization never retires. It wanders. It rolls around the world, but it is never to be extinct in this world any more. When ideas have had their day they are thrown on one side, and can never be taken up as civilizing agents any more.

So that there came a time when polytheism must die, and that time is expressed in the reformation which is known to you as Christianity. Christianity had a mission: it was a reformation. But there can never come a time again in this world when men can believe that a god can be incarnated. The day is past. Were a god to come to-morrow and proclaim his incarnation in the streets of Boston, he would be denounced as an impostor and a fraud. [Laughter.] There can never be a civilization in the future based upon a divine incarnation. That idea is eternally finished. You have a civilization based upon that reformation, and to some extent a dying civilization it is. It has lived for 2,000 years. It passed its aggressive period long ago. Its period of unity died with the coming of the reformation, and with its period of unity died its period of despotism. There never was in the history of humanity so dark a period as that which extended from the 5th to the 14th century. It was the night of civilization. It was the triumph of monotheism. One god had all the power in this world for a period of almost 1,000 years. The Church stood above the king. The priest was greater than the magistrate. He was the delegate of the supreme being, and if ever the Church had an opportunity and resources for building up a civilization, those 900 years presented the opportunity. Nine hundred years! Those 900 years are not marked by the birth of any superlative genius. No god-illumined mind lighted up the dark night of superstition and ignorance. No philosophical aspiration disturbed the dark, superstitious calm into which humanity had fallen. The classic civilization of antiquity was dead. Ancient learning lay buried. The fine thoughts of the ancients were no more revered. The sacred cloister, the hallucinations of religious frenzy, the monasticism of 900 years brought an interdict upon the intellect of mankind, swamped liberty in the ocean of darkness, destroyed the beautiful civilization of the Roman world, and in the anarchy of death and despotism came the beautiful spirit of the reformation.

If God, the theologian, had ever a chance to be a blessing to the world, he had it then. But the god of the Dark Ages was a curse. Let me explain. I do not mean that the beautiful and sublime power of Nature is a curse. I do not mean that that power which lies behind that tree, and which is the effusion of consciousness. I do not mean the seraphic and divine presence in Nature was a curse; but I mean that despotism which stood behind the papacy; that despotism which stood behind the ignorance and the superstition of the Dark Ages is a curse to-day, and was a curse then. [Applause.] With the coming of the reformation Christianity was reformed. The period of unity had come to an end.

**THINKING ALIKE.**

There can never come a time in the intellectual life of this world when men will think alike; when men come to a period that they think alike, the intellectual machinery of this universe will have lost its equilibrium. Men can never be dragged to think alike. It would be death. When men can differ there is growth. There is no growth without friction. There is no growth without a contest. Life is a battle. Nature is a

slaughter-house, and without that great friction, that great struggle, you could not grow. To get away from the follies perpetrated by the colonists in the early history of this country in supplying the labor by imported slaves, they laid a condition which required the cold blade of the soldier to cut out and remove. The soldier has a mission, and your great General just gone to heaven had a mission. He has gone to heaven with a soldier's glory. I do not like it. I would change conditions if I could, but Nature means that man should be a fighter.

**HAPPINESS.**

There never ought to come a time in this great universe when man will be happy. If ever man becomes happy in this world, it is time he committed spiritual suicide. [Applause.] As soon as ever you have become happy, what will you do after that? What empires will you have to conquer? What despots will you have to kill? Oh, no! The ideal is not happiness. Look what it led to in the Dark Ages. Heaven was, according to men's way of thinking then, a place of happiness and glory. God was going to make the world happy. Jesus Christ was going to make the world happy. It destroyed the dignity and the energy of civilization. It was at war with the law of natural evolution and spiritual development. It cannot be, and every time a nice little pie of happiness was cooked it was smashed to pieces and knocked from the lips of humanity.

When you attain an Alpine height, you will see another when you have crossed one ocean of spirit life you will have to cross another. When you have made one triumph over imperfection, you will have to make another. When you have made one triumph more over your intellectual inability, you will have to fight again. It is on and on and on and on, into the kingdom of the endless. [Applause.]

**IMMORTALITY, GOD, MOHAMMED.**

Immortality is a thought too large for me. The soul of a man is a thing too big for my thought. I am going to live. I can not die. Nature says so. My immortality does not depend upon a god; not upon a church. I am an immortal being, even though the Pope of Rome happens to commit suicide. The church can not make me mortal. The church is the concentrated epitome of the decaying civilizations of the past. [Applause.] Its ideas are not for you. You have no compromises to make with it. You have no compromises to make with superstition. Spiritualism, if it be anything, is a science, not a revelation. [Applause.]

And a consequence of this is: You are placed outside of all the God-written books of the world. [Applause.] A civilization based upon a book supposed to have been written by a god is a false civilization. God never wrote a book. He couldn't. [Applause.] The onus of proof lies with those who allege he can. In the 6th century, in 570, came Mohammed, the possibility of his time, the epitome of his age. Mohammed could never come again, any more than Jesus. There can never be a prophet again in this world who can speak by the authority of God. He was the last. Martin Luther claimed to be a reformer. Had he lived in the 7th century he would have claimed to be a prophet; but prophets are dead now. Their age can never return. The revolutions of the wheel of nature has sent the prophet down to tophet. [Laughter.] He will have no resurrection, labeled as a bottle, which can never more be taken down in the apothecary's shop of nature. Yes, the day of disintegration came. Unity of thought was split by the reformation; and what do you see to-day? You see this little church and that little church and the other little church. God is a Baptist. God is a Wesleyan. God is an Episcopalian. God is a Unitarian. I do not know what God really is when I look at the civilization of the 19th century. In its ideas it is rapidly changing. There is not the permanency of thought to-day that there was in the 11th century. Then the church had peace and unity. Then monotheism or the despotic character of the god-idea was finished and complete.

**THE REFORMATION AND DEMOCRACY.**

With the reformation came disintegration; God split up; God dying. You can't help it. These are truths which can not be controverted by the student of philosophy and history. I am giving you these rapid generalizations because I want to come to something else. The god-idea is splitting up in the civilization of your day. And what is to take its place? I will tell you. In 1776 there happened a great event in this western world. The men of England and of Europe did not understand what was meant by that tremendous evolution of inspiration. The separation of these colonies from the mother country meant something in civilization; meant more than the wars of Alexander; more than the Norman Conquest; more than the death of Sparta; more than the swamping of the Roman world; more than the infusion of Scandinavian civilization into the thought of Europe. It meant the re-formation of a gigantic character. It meant a re-formation for humanity, which represented democracy. The contests and the controversies of to-day are not by the religious orders, are not between the Baptist and Wesleyan; not about baptism; not about the trinity. Who cares for these controversies now? They talked about these things in the last century. The theological literature of the last century was made up of these things. No more of them. You can never have another Butler or another Warburton. The theologians of that time are dead and

gone, like the Jesus, like the Mohammed of the past, like the weird theologians of Puritan times. There can never be another Puritan in this world. He has filled his niche and gone. Then when the possibilities of the philosophical revolution came to France, there was a wonderful epoch in the history of the evolution of thought. It culminated in that fire and tornado of blood which deluged the streets of Paris; but before that revolution phenomenal came the revolution philosophical. That which touched the brain of the immortal Voltaire, that which swelled and inspired the genius of Victor Hugo [Applause] was felt in this country, and the spirit of Jeffersonian democracy rolled over the minds of the men of this land. The brain which is ever to grow more beautiful, the rugged, grand brain of Thomas Paine [Applause] quivered for a moment, but in the full richness of its humanity dashed its liberty-loving power upon the intellects of men, and democracy was born. What did democracy say? To put it strong and plain, these men of America, your forefathers, said we stand on this great continent; these mighty forests of pine, these majestic rivers, these tremendous hills portray the scene of the great civilization of the future. This was an ideal. It was a dream. It could not yet be realized; but they felt it, that they must be free, and they spoke wiser than they thought. They said all men are created equal and endowed with the inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Did they know what they said or meant? Do you? Have you measured that phrase? It is something more than a mere rhetorical turn of a beautiful sentence. It has a meaning and it will have a meaning as the ages roll on. It meant that your forefathers thought that they were strong enough; that they were wise enough; that they were great enough to rule this country without the assistance of God. [Applause.] That is democracy. If I were called upon to define democracy I should say that it meant the people had within themselves the power, the ability, the intelligence to govern themselves. It repudiated the divine right of kings; and when your forefathers denied God place or mention in the constitution and denied the divine right of kings, they denied the divine right of priests. They denied the divine right of power, as it lay in the sacerdotal conditions of the old world. And what did that mean? It meant the disestablishment and disenfranchisement of the God-idea from the social condition of the people of this continent.

That is where you are to-day. You have under these federal republican institutions a principle which is the first principle of civilization now. The divine right of kings was the first principle in the medieval and ancient world. That principle, like the Jesus, like the Mohammed the prophet, like the religious reformer of the Middle Ages, that divine right of kings can never again in this world make a man a slave. It can never make a king without the choice of the people.

**DEMOCRACY AND SPIRITUALISM.**

And we have attained this in the revolutionary year of 1848. When we attained this its pulse was felt beating in the heart of enslaved Italy. It was felt in Poland. It was felt in England, and it was felt in the throbbing, excited brain of Ireland. It has been felt throughout the world. The waves of thought roll over humanity. Some brains can catch them. They take them up and become the heroic men of the time, become the men of history. History is but the epitome of its great men. 1848 saw the birth of modern Spiritualism. Did you ever remark the connection—Spiritualism fitted for democracy, democracy fitted to Spiritualism? Think of the idea of a man claiming the power to control himself, to make his own laws, to appoint his own magistrates, his own governors and his own president—appoint his own king? Why such a thing had never happened in the world before 1776, a race of men for the first time consecrating to freedom the soil upon which you live. It has taken these centuries to make it possible for me to articulate these words to-day; to make it possible for you to be heard. This is but the birth of a great civilization. In that old civilization the arts and sciences and literature all are entwined. Around the genius of your painters which dedicated itself to art in the church's medieval times you find that the divine artist depicted scenes connected with the religious thought. Your best paintings, your finest specimens of art belong to the religious thought, and your finest poems, your grandest emanations of genius are dedicated to the same theological idea.

Thanks to Voltaire, thanks to Victor Hugo, who brought into the world another idea, who brought into the world the idea of humanity, who depicted men and women as they live to-day, with throbbing hearts and earnest minds and loving souls. That is something new. It came with the democratic idea. The inspiration of the broad democratic idea rolled through the convolutions of the brain of Charles Dickens. It swelled in the soul of George Eliot. It rolled out of the imagination of Thackeray; and greatest of all in the French nation in Voltaire. So to-day we stand between these tremendous, surging forces of thought.

I ask you whether the materialism of science shall triumph over the Spiritualism of humanitarian progress? To which party do we belong? There is death anyhow to the motor of the civilization of the past. The conservative element may hesitate; but this power in civilization stands right here piercing the darkness with its science, reaching into the

unknown, trying to get hold, trying to master it, trying to adjust it and make it the best anchorage of mankind for the future.

Is it strange when modern Spiritualism came there should have come Charles Darwin? When the effusions of that evolutionary thought shall be fairly comprehended and fairly digested by the people of this country, what a strange manifestation of growth will be seen. Then the old creative idea will lie discarded. It will lie like the ancients supposed the old moons lay, in unutterable confusion at the end of the world. There will lie the debris of past civilizations, and the creative idea will be one. The evolutionary ideal will be the ideal of the future. The ideal of inspiration, the ideal of civilization, of social growth, the ideal everywhere, that is a grand and noble thing in the human soul.

**SPIRITUALISM, PSYCHOLOGY, SOCIOLOGY.**

There never was an age like this. There never was a century which had so many great men rushed in, thrown in; and it seems sometimes as we look with the unobscured eye that these men stand in isolation. Herbert Spencer stands shoulder to shoulder with Darwin. These two are apostles of a new civilization, the one the apostle of physical evolution, the other the apostle of psychology and sociology.

And if Spiritualism is to maintain its greatness and the holiness of its mission, you must have a correct psychology. This is the great point for you to consider. Have you formed a correct psychology? Do you understand and know how to define the human mind in relation to organization and not in relation to organization? You need to see the transitional point between a physical and a spiritual science. What a theme there! What a mighty problem there! What a mystery lies in this law of evolution. The evolution of human consciousness I mean. Why, some day men will be talking and trying to reason upon the origin of the soul. We can not talk about that question yet; we are not ready. We are not ready to speculate and dogmatize where we do not know. There is mystery there immersed and buried for a while until the analytical faculties shall be retrospective in intensity and prospective in energy. We can wait for that.

There are present questions for solution to-day; and one is the rendering of a correct spiritual sociology to the men and women of our time. Now upon this sociology will lie this great civilization of democracy to which I have just referred, a sociology which recognizes the sovereignty of the individual; which recognizes the immutability of the laws of nature; which recognizes law and cause in everything; which recognizes the present to be the epitome of its antecedents; which recognizes that man by his antecedents is making higher and grander conditions. In this new sociology there will be a complete foundation laid for a progressive system of ethics in harmony with immortality, progressive justice, and liberty.

That sociology will make a correct distinction between the One and the Many and the Many and the One. It will be ever subject to revision and change in consequence of the changing conditions and situations in which man is placed, so that it will adjust itself by the law of experience. It will come at the proper time. The inspiration will be here when it is needed, just as the great man comes out of the necessities of his epoch. There are some men great in themselves, who make their times and circumstances. There are some great in their circumstances, floated into power and into grandeur. Every man is called when he is required. It takes a while to find him. It took a while to find Gen. Grant. Circumstances found him. Heaven had made him before, and the sword of the victorious soldier did its work for liberty and humanity. [Applause.] So in its own time will come the inspiration fitted to the intellectual and the social necessities of your time. Then this scientific Spiritualism will have a real and foundational, progressive philosophy.

It will also have a sentiment. Spiritualism is not a mere matter of intellect alone. It is not merely a thing for the laboratory, but it is a sentiment; and sentiments are always more powerful in the long run in civilization than any other psychological agent. There is a sentiment in human nature wherever I look over the broad field of mankind. When I see him in his diversified conditions in all countries I find that there is a religious sentiment. I define a sentiment to be that which impels the intellect without giving a definite thought and tendency. A sentiment is a tendency, and in the mind of man there is a tendency to worship. A man must worship the ideal, the Christ ideal, the Christ that never has and never can be made flesh; and worshiping that ideal the venerable faculty is provoked to its highest. How can we provoke in modern Spiritualism the highest manifestation that is possible in the human organization of the devotional faculty? In all the civilization of the past that devotional faculty has been placed upon God. But when you have God taken away in your democracy, you can no longer place it upon him. You have a democracy, and democracy is antagonistic to the god-thought of all ages. You can not have both. You can not have your god and your republican institutions. You can not have your god and your intellect developed by reason. Will this ideal of the beautiful be the sentiment that shall provoke your veneration? It will enter into it. A religion is but your highest conception of the beautiful. Beauty is religion, and religion is beauty.

Continued on Eighth Page.

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 FOURTH.

THE MOTHER'S FOUNTAIN.

We wish to acquaint you to-day with a peculiar feature in nature, which existed in our country. Toward the north-western extremity of the continent, among the secondary elevations of Morena, and on the head waters of the Dobra, was a beautiful valley comprising about 3,000 acres. It was surrounded on all sides by high but gracefully sloping hills. A bland air swept over the undulating plain, and a divine charm seemed to rest upon everything which came within view of the beholder. The stream which traversed this natural park, made its exit into the narrow valley of Alinda, from a narrow vale which was bounded on either side by overhanging precipices. The Alinda in turn opened into the valley of Dobra, the principal river in that part of the continent. This enchanted spot was known as the valley of the fountains.

Toward the northern extremity of this basin were seven springs, of a very peculiar character. The first was a boiling spring, which threw a column of water 70 feet in height. In close proximity to this was a fountain of very cool water. The five remaining springs also possessed marked peculiarities. One was charged with sulphur. Two were chalybeate, and very invigorating. One was strongly magnetic, readily imparting its property to steel and other metals.

The hot water from the geyser fountain did not fall upon the ground, but into an artificial basin, constructed of marble and cemented with alabaster. From this an underground passage conveyed the water to the Fountain City. Abundance of water was also supplied from a beautiful little lake that reposed among the hills 300 feet above the site of the town. Its name was Loveta.

The water from the seven fountains was conveyed to a select location in the valley, where a temple was erected, called the "Temple of the Fountains." This magnificent structure was built and occupied by members of the Patriarchal Order. A very considerable town also existed here, called Eonak. Its population consisted almost exclusively of members of the sacred orders. The fountain constructed from the seven springs, was accessible to that class only, that was invested with sacred functions. Contact with the waters was supposed to impart special powers.

We have before intimated to you that this land was occupied with two races—the mountain people, and the people of the low lands. The former was the governing class. Now, this governing class systematized all departments of life, so the greatest degree of reciprocity and interchange existed between the various industries and professions. The candidates for each profession were trained by their predecessors to the greatest proficiency possible to attain.

This beautiful mountain town, this Fountain City, differed from other towns and cities in our country. The people lived in groups. The dwellings were all circular and one story in height; but that story was quite elevated. They were built from a line grained, cream-colored sand stone, which abounded in the neighboring mountains. The stone was all quarried and cut in accordance with an architectural plan before they were transported to the site of the edifice. These group dwellings were provided with a circular bell-shaped roof, which was covered with slate of diverse colors, and disposed in various figures. A gilded pole rose from the summit of the roof, from which floated a golden emblem with the name and character of the group. The rooms were disposed in the same general form as the exterior of the building; they were all circular. The cooking of food and cleansing of garments were carried on in separate buildings. An immense dining hall, was beautifully located at the center of the town, surrounded with lawns and fountains. The interior was tastefully ornamented and completely equipped with all that was essential to both luxury and economy. The labor in this establishment was thoroughly classified and organized. The form of the building was elliptical. The kitchen was placed in the center, above which was a dome that received and conveyed into the upper airs the odors that accumulated incidental to cooking. Convenient machinery was provided to convey the food from the kitchen to the banqueting department.

This valley of Aluta was never subjected to a chilly winter, while it yet enjoyed the pure, invigorating influence of the mountain air. The landscape was one of the most beautiful anywhere presented by nature—a basin surrounded by mountains, whose sides were planted with orchards and vineyards, and whose summits were clothed with perpetual verdure. Nature and art vied to make this one of the most charming spots on earth. It was indeed a site for a Holy City, for a Fountain Temple, for the mingling of sacred waters! A persuasion existed among the patriarchs, that all worthy persons who entered this basin of the gods, should receive holy baptisms, that they would become endowed with added powers, that they would become the recipients of a higher spiritual development. In truth, conditions were realized in this valley and its consecrated temple, which exerted a mighty influence over the whole people.

The temple of the fountains was constructed in octagonal form. The first main building was about 400 feet square, and seven stories high. The first story was built of the cream colored sand stone, previously described. Each stone was cut and fitted before it left the quarry. The faces of the walls were disposed in squares, and upon each square a diversity of figures were cut. Upon some the figures of birds and quadrupeds; upon others the figures of grains and grasses. The building stone, moreover, was stained with a kind of coloring matter, known in our country, which was impervious to the action of the elements. This coloring material was also used for pictorial representation upon the walls of the temple, and upon stone tablets. The most important movements of the people—their passovers, sacred festivals, etc., were represented in this manner.

The first story of the temple was about 21 feet in height, and built entirely of stone. Each succeeding story was less massive, but more ornamental than those below. Above the first story wood and metal were much employed. Successive series of marble pillars rose from the foundation through each story; the first series terminating at the top of the second story; the second series at the top of the third story; and so on to the last series, which rose to the top of the seventh story. Moreover, the walls of each successive story,

were carried in, so as to form a series of terraces. The pillars passed up through the inner termini of these terraces and stood outside against the walls. They were elaborately carved, colored and ornamented, which contributed much to the splendor of the temple. No windows were placed in the walls, as an admirable mode was employed in those days of lighting from above. In the center a massive column arose from foundation to dome. Around this was placed a curiously wrought circular car or elevator moved by noiseless machinery. In this car people were conveyed to the different stories of the building. Its movement was automatic, seemingly obedient to the will of the operator.

The upper stories were disposed in chambers and sleeping apartments and sumptuously furnished. The highest of all—the seventh story—was consecrated to a very special office. But first we will explain the purpose of the whole community in the valley of the fountains.

This sacred retreat; this paradise of a valley, so secure that nothing unclean could enter, was the home of noble mothers. The Fountain of Motherhood of the Patriarchal Order, was here established. Prospective mothers were here brought into the most holy states. Motherhood was revered as a divine, a holy condition. When a prospective mother was about to bring forth a child, she became an object of public sympathy, solicitude and reverence. All wealths of art and of mind were placed at her disposal. Her function was esteemed as a privilege vouchsafed by the gods. Hence this golden basin among the hills became the special care of artists rather than of agriculturists. Instead of grain-fields, the grounds were occupied with parks, lawns, fountains and flowers. The most noble thoughts were constantly inspired by scenes, beautiful and suggestive. Boys and girls bathed together in the fountain of the temple, under the eyes of the priest and priestess. Then they were anointed and received the blessing of these guardian lives. Those children of love, born into that atmosphere of purity, and trained by wise and sympathetic teachers, could not do otherwise than grow up with healthy bodies and pure spirits.

This valley was the home of the Vestal Virgins. They were educated in the temple for the divine office of maternity, which they were expected to fill. Once a month the daughters of the nobles were brought here from the Parent City and region of the Dobra valley, and such as were selected, were initiated into the sacred sisterhood, and educated for their future office of motherhood. In this manner an accession was made every month to the Vestals from the families of the nobles.

The guardians of the temple understood most clearly all the conditions incident to the office of motherhood, and hence observed great care in selecting from the noble daughters that came each month for promotion to the sacred sisterhood of Vestals. Only those who were the select of their sex were chosen. Admission to this sisterhood was regarded the highest possible honor, which the Patriarchal Order could bestow. The selections were made at a comparatively early age, and the candidates for the maternal office were conducted through a long course of discipline, enhancing their natural fitness by culture and art. In this manner the ranks of motherhood were filled with daughters from the noble families. Boys were similarly selected and disciplined in all knowledge pertaining to fatherhood.

These children—boys and girls—were brought up together. No distinction was known in the days of their youth. They went together, under the eyes of wise guardians, to their baths and to the swimming fountains. They sported together in glee and spontaneity. From their infancy they were made so familiar with the symbols of sex that no morbid imaginations could find a soil in which to take root. Physical education was considered an essential to perfection of development; hence physiology and all that relates to physical growth, was taught in such a manner by the priest and priestess, that they could not absorb thoughts of an impure character. Nothing relating to the human form divine suggested aught that was indecent or impure, because the people themselves were pure in body, pure in spirit and aspiration. To the priest and priestess, both flesh and spirit were beautiful and sacred, commanding as they did with holy angels and beholding the order of the celestial courts.

At the age of ripeness, when the physical attributes were blossoming into womanhood, the Vestals were introduced by their teachers more especially into the society of young men. Not far from the temple was a series of buildings, constructed in the most beautiful style of architecture, which were called "homes of the social relations." Reception room, halls, arbors, were all decorated with the most beautiful colors. The whole interior was furnished in the highest style of art and luxury. The ceilings looked like one gorgeous bed of flowers. Delicious perfumes were wafted through all the rooms. Every sense was agreeably appealed to. Every sentiment that lifts the soul was delicately fed. Even the water in the vases and fountains was variously colored to resemble emerald, opal and amber, and all perfumed. In the midst of such environments the young men and young women met in society, to awaken the affections, to mold in symmetry their loves. All these beautiful things were placed in artistic order, in relation to the senses of these young people. Surrounded by all this grandeur the loves came forth like the rhythm of song, and kindred souls met and recognized each other as by inspiration.

Whenever it was discovered by the guardians, who were ever near and observant, that two true souls were united, they were at once rewarded by the presentation of a crown of flowers each, and a home was pointed out to them, a beautiful arbored cottage, which embraced the physical essentials to their happiness. Into this home they were initiated by a series of ceremonies too lengthy to repeat here. Once joined their conjugal relations were never interfered with by any outside party or influence. In this beautiful home the mated pair remained until the period had arrived for the removal of the prospective mother to the temple—to the sacred chamber of maternity.

When first received into Aluta valley, the Vestals were clad in white garments. After their initiation into certain mysteries, certain colors were added to the borders of their garments. Later they were habited in garments variously colored and ornamented. When prepared for motherhood they assumed the robes appropriate to their sacred office. How they were revered, protected, honored then! And how beautiful they were, upon whom the graces sat like a crown of glory. We behold a group of these Vestals in the halls of memory. Their long waving tresses are full of magnetic life. Their glances denote both sweetness and power. Their forms are the perfection of grace and symmetry. Their faces are blooming like the roses. Their motions are eloquent, like unto poetry and song.

The circumstances and surroundings incident to the advent of the infant life we will now detail. We return to the description of those "upper chambers" in the temple. When the mother was prepared, the time arrived to give birth to her child, she was conveyed to one of these upper chambers. The apartments were richly adorned. The walls were covered with soft and blended hues. Strains of music came floating through the halls which vibrated to the melody of instruments tuned in the distance. Tapestry and furniture were disposed in forms pleasing to the eye and suggestive of repose. An ottoman or couch rested on a column and turned on a pivot, in a position compatible with freedom of motion and the ministrations of attendants. The walls were alive with beauty. Grateful odors and sweet sounds soothed and entranced the occupant. Here the mother gave birth to her child. In this paradise the little immortal was welcomed into earthly airs. A scene like this transpired when that lovely, angelic being realized the glory of motherhood; nor was it a task on her part, for each week and month antecedent to this crowning joy was occupied with loving preparation. She had been bathed and baptized in those sacred fountains; she had taken healthful exercise; she had partaken of pure food; she had breathed inspiring airs; and withal, she received the protection and sympathy, and enjoyed the honor and reverence of her people. It was in the midst of such surroundings she brought forth; not in sorrow, but with joy. In this birth-chamber, away above the world, where all was private and sacred, the mother experienced sensations of gladness and pleasure in bringing forth her child, which, as soon as received, was properly bathed and perfumed.

At the expiration of nine days, the couch on which the mother rested was gently lifted into a car, and she was conveyed to a chamber in the sixth story. Here, too, were pictures and music and statuary. The various objects were disposed in manner to make an agreeable appeal to the senses, and all betokened a more outwardly joyous aspect. At successive intervals the mother was conveyed to the lower stories of the temple, until at the expiration of six weeks, she reached the second story above the ground. The Vestals attended the mother through all these transitions.

On the ninth day, in the second chamber, the father met the mother and child. There they tenderly embraced each other, mutually kissed their child, and thanked God for their priceless treasure.

Now, this was their child, yet also the child of the people. A child was not desired alone to gratify the love of the parents, but it was desired still more that it might become an intelligent unit in the social aggregate, a personal force in the State. Society felt quite as much solicitude for the character and welfare of the child, as did the parents, and hence the State provided for its education.

When the child reached the lower floor of the temple baths and physical exercises were provided, which a number of children participated in together. It was then for the first time taken out to the external air. It was now taken to the first group-life and placed with other children, in charge of a Vestal virgin. The mother continued to spend all the time with her child which inclination prompted; yet she was relieved from care, as she knew her child was under the protection of nurses, teachers and guardians, who were at once intelligent and loving, and that all their actions toward her soul-treasure would be dictated and guided by the highest wisdom of the Brotherhood.

The child was next brought into the group-life proper, and there taught games, physical exercises and familiarity with such objects as were adapted to the child-life. At a little distance, and distributed all round the temple, were quite a number of small buildings of another kind. These were six-sided, constructed like a honey comb, and devoted to the use of the children. Here the appointed mother of a group took charge, in connection with the natural mothers.

There was a custom or law of the land, according to which it was expected that each mother in the Fountain-Temple would limit her issue to two children—a boy and a girl—and the laws of generation being understood, children were born only when desired, and of the sex desired, and when born were always welcome. If by accident a child was defective or deformed, the mother never saw it, and at the expiration of three months it was removed to a distant part of the country, where it was cared for and educated. None but perfect children were brought up in the Valley of the Fountains, for this was a consecrated domain and devoted to sacred functions.

The processes of maternity were so regulated that births usually occurred on the 1st of the month. At this season the priests engaged in special exercises and observed certain sacred ceremonies in the interest of the mothers, invoking the presence of celestial visitants to attend at the births.

After giving birth to two children, each mother was endowed with the Regalia of Motherhood. This consisted of a beautiful bracelet, worn upon the left arm, formed of white and yellow metal, ornamented with diamond and precious stones, and engraved with emblems signifying her functions of motherhood. This position endowed her with certain special powers and privileges in the nation. She was ever after exempt from all onerous duties, for had she not already rendered a transcendent service to the race? Nevertheless, she voluntarily assumed various labors, for she had been taught from childhood that the most worthy life is one devoted to the common welfare. After receiving the regalia, the mothers usually departed from the fountain valley, and took up their residence in different parts of the country, but most frequently in the Parent City.

But it should not be supposed that the birth of nobly endowed children was confined to the mothers in the fountain temple, for in truth many great and good men and women were born to noble families in different parts of the country. The laws of artistic maternity were generally understood, and its conditions frequently realized; but in the fountain temple it was the effort to realize these conditions in their completeness. It was there that special aptitudes were wrought in the offspring, so they were qualified by inheritance to discharge distinct functions in the public service. The members of the priesthood, and those who filled high stations in the sacred orders, usually had their birth in the Fountain Temple. Being born of such mothers, and into such an environment, their bodies were endowed with a vigor and elasticity capable of marvelous endurance. Their nerves were tempered like steel, yet responsive to the finest ethereal waves. Their mental endowments were in happy balance. There was no sordid ambition, no selfish greed, no passionate grossness, but an active sympathy with all that was good and noble—a consecration of life and labor to the public good.

[To be continued.]

Whitefish are said to be growing scarcer in Lake Michigan.

## The Boston Spiritual Temple as a Work of Art.

The Boston Transcript under the head of "Art Notes," treats of Mr. Ayer's Spiritual Temple at considerable length. The article cannot fail to prove of interest to the JOURNAL's readers and it is given below in full:

The "First Spiritual Temple," on the corner of Boylston and Exeter Streets, is one of the very few buildings of Boston—or of America, for that matter—which fifty years hence will still be looked upon as a work of genuine, living art, emanating from the present century. Trinity and the tower of the First Baptist Church on Commonwealth Avenue are the only structures which can claim artistic superiority in the city. The Spiritual Temple, the architects of which are Messrs. Hartwell & Richardson, is a welcome evidence of young but genuine vitality in American architecture, of the receptivity of American architects, and of their willingness to recognize and follow competent leadership. It is a most satisfactory example of the fast developing American style of architecture in its growth and modification from the Romanesque and Byzantine styles discovered by Mr. H. H. Richardson, and introduced here at first almost pure, afterwards changed and individualized by his own artistic personality. If it is less successful in point of poetic feeling than is Trinity, the Albany City Hall and the Quincy Library, this is owing only to the necessary process of nationalization which makes from the fascinating but medieval Romanesque a logical, organic, local system of architecture. As in all true art the individuality of the artist governs in great measure the artistic result, and that the Spiritual Temple is essentially different from the North Easton town hall is only an added proof of the intrinsic value of the new style, and of the power and reason of the men who are working in it. We are a long distance yet from a perfect or even a wholly admirable system of architecture, and every building for the next quarter of a century will be faulty in many respects; if its faults lie no deeper than do those of the Spiritual Temple, it will be far more than can with any reason be expected.

The building is distinctly original, and herein lies its first quality of good. It is no mechanical copy of a dead style, for the use of which all convenience is sacrificed, as well as all consideration of expense. The shape, proportion and arrangement of parts are organically dependent upon the utilitarian requirements, nor is it a senseless patchwork of ill-comprehended systems of ornamentation slavishly copied line for line and illogically hurled together. The feeling of Byzantine Romanesque is felt firmly and penetratingly, but there is less bigoted copying of rude and effective detail, less affectation of old and imperfect styles, than is to be found in many of the recent evidences of the adoption by other architects of the new style, or even in the works of Mr. Richardson himself. The decoration is bold, powerful and effective, but rarely affectedly rude or clumsy. The simplicity is admirable. Here is a building perfectly square, with but one projection, and that almost unnoticeable. The roof is as simple as possible, considering the requirements, the gables and dormers few and absolutely necessary. No wall room, no needless towers and gables and projections; a solid, dignified, massive building. When we come to consider the church opposite, we shall see how invaluable a virtue is this quality of simplicity. The proportion of the building as a whole is singularly good; the heavy, dark basement, manifestly a supporting member, the space of simple wall above and the frieze-like band of windows at the top, where nearly all the lightness and ornament are concentrated, have a certain classical feeling of repose and reason, they are composed in so scholarly a manner. It is true, the roof is unfortunate, being somewhat lacking in the simplicity which characterizes the rest of the building. But this was evidently unavoidable, as must also have been the *fleche*, which jabs badly with the remainder of the design. The firm, vigorous lines are masterly, horizontal bands reaching quite around the building and binding it all together, while the perpendicular lines of the corner pieces and of the great windows add the counteracting effect of loftiness and support. These few firm, unbroken lines are what give to a design its power of organic life, since they are its skeleton. A small but significant detail is the frank use of the conductor lines; a less reasoning architect would have painted them brown and tried to conceal them, being ashamed of their utilitarian aspect, and knowing how helpless he was to do anything with them, since in his copies were to be found no conductors at all, only gargoyles.

It must be admitted that the main entrance is not all it should be. The absence of any steps is greatly to be regretted, but doubtless was unavoidable. But the arch itself is certainly weak; the *noussoirs* should have been at least a foot deeper, and the side piers supporting them widened in proportion. This would surely have removed the weakness and possibly have removed the dryness that now is plainly felt. Again, the little corner-twisted pilasters on the main piers are altogether too small, and quite out of proportion. In other respects this central feature is very good. Some fault might be found with the masses of carving in the gable, that they were a little illogical; and with the quarry-faced shafts that run the entire height of the building, that they were affectedly rude, and too small for such rough treatment; also, that the bands of carving were carried round them in a rather clumsy manner; but these are all minor defects, and do not destroy at all the breadth and excellence of the whole. The central feature of the south side is particularly good. The three great windows continuing up into the large dormers above are bold, broad, and simply treated. The dormers themselves are not wholly good in proportion; the lower range of windows should have been smaller or the upper range larger, to avoid the two parts conflicting. The little porch is certainly not very good in proportion, charming as it is. The admirable frieze is too heavy for the rest of the composition, and the little corbel does not half support the lintel. There seems no logical reason for thus dividing the space. It may be questioned if, after all, the porch is not an excrescence, and even if it were better tied in than it now is, it would still not seem a little out of place. However, it is a most interesting bit of design, and quite original.

There are many other details of the building that might be criticised unfavorably as well as favorably, and that the building could bear so much adverse criticism and yet remain, as it does, one of the four finest buildings in Boston, is sufficient proof of its essential value. There remains but one question to be raised touching its artistic value, and that is its scholasticism. It will seem rather a singular name to give to a building designed in so eminently untrammelled and un-scholastic a style as is free Romanesque;

nevertheless there is a certain something dry and uninspired about the design; it lacks poetry, enthusiasm, romance. How far these qualities are desirable in architecture is a disputed question, since all classic work was devoid of them wholly; but the charm that is so seductive in Trinity or the public buildings of North Easton is wanting here to a great extent. The Spiritual Temple succeeds precisely in the direction in which Trinity fails—proportion and reasonableness. Trinity is unreasonable, badly proportioned, violating every canon of design, but one of the most truly noble buildings in America, since it is living with poetry and inspiration; while the Spiritual Temple is finely drawn, thoroughly reasonable, admirably proportioned, and a little, only a little, dry and wanting in inspiration.

## THE HOME CIRCLE.

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

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

## Open Vision.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Julia Brown Dykes is the daughter of Isham Dykes, who lives fifteen miles southeast of McMinnville, Tenn., in the edge of Grundy county, on the road to Beersheba. She is an uncommonly pious, sensible and intelligent girl. She tells her own story with much candor and honesty depicted in her face, that one can not hear her tell it without feeling fully convinced that her story is every word true. She tells me that when she was about ten years of age, she was afflicted for two or three years or more. She had some kind of fits, or, as her folks said, "spells." But she was never, as I could learn, out of her right mind.

After she had been afflicted a year or more, and was, perhaps, a little convalescent, phenomena occurred that caused greater excitement than any thing that ever took place in that vicinity. She was noticed at one time to be looking up very earnestly, as if she was deeply interested. Those around her asked her what she saw. Said she, "Don't you see them?" wondering that they did not see what she did. She saw "a vast crowd of angels, dressed in white." She saw her grandfather; he was sitting in his arm-chair reading his Bible. When he saw her coming, he rose up to meet her, and said: "Well, my little girl, have you come so soon?" She saw quite a number of her departed friends, and knew them well. She had these visions every day for a month or more, sometimes several times a day. She thought, sometimes, that they had come after her. Then she would call her friends around her and bid them good-by, and beg them to meet her in heaven. At one time she said: "All you that expect to meet me in heaven, give me your hand." At another time she said: "I know just how many of you are God's children, and how many are the devil's children." When asked how she knew, she said: "God tells me." So here was not only a heaven of angels all around her, but God's presence was seen and felt as well.

During the time this was going on, many hundreds of people, doctors, ministers, farmers, every body came to see her from all parts of the country. The house and yard were full nearly all the time, day and night, and no one that I ever saw doubted her veracity. A few may have attributed all to enthusiasm, or, perhaps, the result of a trance state; but this could not have been; it continued too long. She has looked on it ever since as a reality; and very few of those that saw her would think any thing else. I asked her if she really did think that she saw her grandfather, and others of her departed friends. She looked at me firmly, but kindly, and said: "Think so? I know it. I know it as well as I know any other part of the history of my life." J. R. H.

## Where is a Fine Trance Speaker Wanted?

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Mrs. A. L. Lull has concluded her engagement with the society here, and will go to the camp meeting at Delphos, Ottawa County, where she will remain during this month. Letters addressed to her at 725 Mississippi St., Lawrence, Kansas, in care of Mrs. A. R. Simmons, will always reach her. The society here is made up of all grades of people, mental, social and financial, and, as usual, those most able to donate toward keeping up the expenses of the society, give the least—when they give anything. The society, however, gave Mrs. Lull a most flattering testimonial as a lady and as a speaker and medium for spirit communications generally, whether in public or at her home, and from all I have seen and heard when I have been here during the past few months, the testimonial is most richly deserved. Some of Mrs. Lull's platform tests are very fine, and I congratulate any society in want of a speaker, on the possibility of securing her, whom I regard as the peer of Mrs. Bullene, Mrs. Lillie or Mrs. Brigham.

The camp meeting at Delphos may be expected to be a pleasant and profitable one, as the Spiritualists out in that section have continued sufficiently harmonious for several years to agree to meet about in different sections from time to time, to accommodate one another. To the shame of professing Spiritualists, how seldom this can be truthfully said of a society! Is it not nearly time to show unselfishness and a desire to do some practical good to each other, or take down the sign of Spiritualism? CARROLL. Topeka, Kansas.

The wealthy merchants of London are discussing the advisability of private subscriptions toward the defense of that city against assault by war ships. They fear that in the event of war with a foreign country, equipped with a powerful navy, a fleet might make its way up the Thames and enforce an enormous ransom for sparing the town.

## Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

FOR ALCOHOLISM.

Dr. C. S. ELLIS, Wabash, Ind., says: "I prescribed it for a man who had used intoxicants to excess for fifteen years, but during the last two years has entirely abstained. He thinks the Acid Phosphate is of much benefit to him."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. [106 West 20th Street, New York.]

A BOON.

God give me the gracious boon Of flowers that sow their fragrant seeds Beneath a full-orbed tropic moon, Sweet thoughts that ripen into deeds.

As sailors of the Spanish Main Breathe orange gales far out at sea, Some drifting soul through me regain The long-lost way, dear Lord, to thee! —Helen L. Rich.

A SUMMER VACATION.

Away from the city for two months—months all too short, away from its hurry and clatter, from its greed and selfishness, from its mighty magnetic power, fascinating, masterful; away from its libraries and museums and all the grand centers of thought and research; away from its broad charities and its tender sympathies, seems a long time, in the very heart of the summer.

Our way is up the historic Hudson, an idyllic poem, fresh from the hand of Nature with a loveliness heightened by the cunning fingers of Art. Then across to the famous springs which were frequented by the Indians centuries before Sir Phillip Johnston was carried in the arms of his dusky allies to drink and be cured by the water of the High Rock Spring.

During the latter part of June, the visitors in Saratoga were those who came for rest and recuperation, not fashion, the race-course, or display. And no more pleasant, peaceful or beautiful spot can be found in a village, than there where grand, primeval pines and lofty elms shade long miles of quiet streets and shelter lovely homes, the centres of comfort and culture. There, too, mine host of the Irving House, who takes the JOURNAL, and is the most genial, kind and considerate of landlords, with his noble wife, made our stay doubly pleasant. Then there were Doctor and Mrs. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Horn, Mr. Huling (of the Standard) and his wife, and Mr. Johnson (of the Eagle) with his wife, General and Mrs. Bullard, and others who do read the JOURNAL, and others who do not—these all added much by their hospitality or friendliness to our stay.

An early visit to the Hathorn or Empire Springs, which are the scenes of friendly greetings, a kind of social exchange; breakfast; a walk along shaded pathways among luxurious homes; then a long morning's work at the desk or in reading, and afterwards devoted to recuperation or to the hundred things which absorb a busy woman's attention,—these are the ways in which the hours fly all too quickly.

One perfect day, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Van Horn of New York, we spend in viewing the glorious panorama of Lake George; another at Lake Luzerne. There are no words with which to describe the former, especially; glorious scenery itself is enhanced in beauty when seen in congenial and appreciative company.

This leads me to think of the gregariousness of human beings. As birds and animals go in flocks and herds, so do people congregate together by strong and mutual attraction. We are magnets to each other, and heart answers to heart, soul to soul, spirit to spirit. It is a common observation that people will herd together in dirt, squalor, discomfort and privation in cities, rather than best in solitary families over the face of the country which waits to be tilled. The earth would yield comfort in comparative solitude; they prefer discomfort in a crowd. It is a tendency which, to a limited extent, is healthful, but it is carried to a deplorable extent. To wish to be with others always, shows a great poverty of nature. One can have few resources, who must constantly depend upon another. Then how can he take his bearings in the moral universe; how know where he is steering, or become conscious of the infinite depths of being, above and beyond his bark. How can he listen either to the still small voice within him, or those which come from "beyond the sunrise," how study those celestial charts which open up a pathway into the limitless hereafter? how hear angelic whispers from those fortunate ones who have already gained the port of Heavenly Peace, and would fain give us cheer when the way seems long and dark?

This impossibility of the majority of people to live somewhat upon their own interior resources, is becoming a perplexing problem. I write this from a broad and beautiful plateau, between the Green Mountains of Vermont and Lake Champlain, one of the most beautiful spots upon the face of the earth. Industry, thrift and economy are needed here, as they are every where, but the land is fertile, and rewards as abundantly the efforts of the husbandman as it does in the West. Yet the population is dwindling in the country, all over this little State, only to be increased in a few towns and villages. The school house under yonder hill where fifty scholars used to gather every winter, is either closed altogether or has a baker's dozen of little ones within its roomy enclosure. Something is at fault.

But it is not altogether that people do not like to be alone; it is partly due to the scant opportunity for culture and amusement which the farmer and his family can find. There are no gathering places for all ages, save at church, and that sombre meeting can hardly be called a festive occasion. I have already fully described the sad lot of the farmer's wife, who is a drudge of all work, despoiled of her birthright of cheerfulness and health long before she reaches middle age. Where every thing is done under one roof, her work can not be lessened, but I, for one, do believe this is unnecessary and will be changed. Why should she make her flour into bread any more than she should grind it, or why do the family washing, when a neighborhood bakery and laundry can do both, far easier and cheaper? Why, indeed, has it not been done before, save that woman's work is not worth any thing?

I believe there must be a social reformation in order to make the country attractive the year round. There might be meetings for recreation, mental and physical pastimes, lectures, plays and musical festivals, where young and old would meet and take part during the winter season. The tired housewife would have a chance to gain vivacity, and a new set of faculties would be called into action in contributing her share to the general fund of interest. She would get the magnetism of her fellows, and, perhaps, bestow full as much as she received. Is it not probable that her want of life and joy, through the monotonous years, stamps itself upon her progeny, and makes them hate the country? Does not the reaction from her silent overwork drive them to herd together like pigs in tenement houses?

The causes of this fear of solitude, this poverty of the mental and spiritual nature, are no doubt complicated. It belongs to a low or vitiated development, as the poor of our

large cities attest. A higher civilization will see that every human being has the chance for his own individual development. How shall we help bring it about?

In the forest stretching to the west, I see every tree crowding itself away up into the blue sky for air and light. The shafts of maple, elm, oak and pine, lose their distinctness and crowd together in one blended mass. But the trees of the field, set solitary, become each a rounded and symmetrical growth; spreading its broad arms in its own peculiar way, and becoming a magnificent example of creative thought. So should it be with each child of earth.

"For Christ's Sake."

A recent contributor to the columns of the Register makes an excellent and indeed an important point in objecting to "this form of words at the close of our prayers," which he thinks is "still used in some of our churches." The implication of the phrase in this connection cannot be less than this,—that our prayers can be accepted only on Christ's account. Not by virtue of the initiate's Father's own benevolence and tender sympathy for his creatures, nor by reason of their penitence, humility, gratitude, or any other neat mental state for his blessing, but simply out of God's special regard for this son of his love above all the others, the many whom he is bringing to glory. Certainly, less than this cannot be understood from it.

That the Divine Purify has a special complacency in all good men is quite believable; that their prayers come up to him the more readily and acceptably according to the degree in which their hearts are conformed to his image; and that thus their intercessions may often be heard for others, who in this way are blessed "for their sake,"—need not be called in question by those who believe in prayer at all. And as Christ is recorded to have prayed for "all who should believe on him," it may be that, in this large sense, his intercessions, like all the prayers of saints, represented to be "as golden vials full of odors," are specially acceptable and availing. Thus regarded, he is but the eminent one among myriads of praying brethren in all the ages, to whom the Lord has inclined his ear, and "for whose sake" we may actually receive blessings. Yet this would scarcely prompt or warrant us to ask for their sake, for St. Paul's sake, St. Luther's sake, or St. Channing's sake.

The use of the phrase in this way thus implies a view of Christ which cannot be taken of any other man. To hear these as the closing words of a prayer, regularly and formally attached to it perhaps, like the seal to an official document, and apparently with much the same idea of establishing its validity, what must one think? The lesson thus taught is unavoidably this,—that God will, for Christ's sake, do for us what he would not for his own nor for ours. And, if so, what mind can help instantly reverting to the supposed ground for this in the old theory, whose traditions have not yet perished out of our churches, of the great and inexhaustible storehouse of merit purchased for us by the obedience and sufferings of Christ, and laid up for us by him that we may draw on it in our need? Historically, indeed, this utterly unethical, indefensible, and legitimately demoralizing dogma is the mother of this pet phrase in Christian prayer. No example of its similar use occurs in the New Testament, though many are there recorded. No direction of the Master or an apostle supports it, even by implication. It is simply the outgrowth of the absurd theology, which, absurd as it is, has held its place, and a very prominent one, in the Church for centuries, and has no means lost its yet,—that praisings Christ's merits as the only ground of the sinner's forgiveness, or of any divine favor, and prates of his righteousness as imputed to us. Some recognition of this monstrous dogma, more or less vague or definite according to his knowledge of what has been called Christian theology, must suggest itself to every worshiper, who hears his minister supplicating the All-Father for his blessing "for Christ's sake." That the echoes of this dogma still resound from thousands of pulpits is all the more reason why they should not float forth from those of a more intelligent faith.

But some one may inquire, "Did not Christ himself encourage us to ask in his name?" Yes, repeatedly and emphatically. The power of his name was plainly a thing he, for some reason, did not undervalue, as his references to it show,—a matter we may well study. It is in his name that we are to be gathered together. If we would plead for the presence of his spirit; in his name to receive a little child; in his name to testify his truth; in his name to suffer, if need be; and other things. And so in his name to pray. It is as his disciples, bearing and honoring his sacred name, and representing his cause in the world, that we are to do all things. But to ask for blessings in his name and to ask them for his sake are not the same thing. The former is to ask as those who have identified themselves peculiarly with him, have imbibed something of his spirit and principles, try to pattern their lives after his lessons, and "to fill up that which is behind" of his work in the world. To ask "for his sake" is to base our request on a widely different ground. How vague and indefinite soever we may make it or however ingeniously defend it, it will still mean something else, and almost necessarily be understood to point to Christ's work or sufferings for us as the ground of all divine favor.

The late Dr. Bellows, who, as all know, was remarkably happy in his devotional services, had a habit almost uniform of closing his prayer with words like these: "And these things we humbly ask in the name and as the disciples of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ." Never did the writer, his friend and frequent hearer for many years, know him to use instead the phrase "for Christ's sake." And very seldom, if ever, he is persuaded, will be heard from the more eminent and thoughtful ministers of the Unitarian faith.

The writer whose contribution to the Register has suggested these thoughts heads his article "Christ as a Mediator." But this character may surely be allowed the Master in a most ample sense without giving any color for the use of the phrase to which so much reasonable objection may be taken. He who, on the one hand, as the Light of the world brings us an untold wealth of spiritual knowledge and inspiring hopes from the Father whom he so beautifully revealed, and on the other recalls us to Him as his dear children in responsive love and trust, surely he fulfills the office of a Mediator. So we need not hesitate to say, with the great apostle to the Gentile world, "There is one God and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."—J. D. H. in Christian Register.

It only costs \$2 to dress a family in Porto Rico for a whole year. It is expended mostly in hats.

Magazines for August not before Mentioned.

WIDE AWAKE. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) The August Wide Awake opens with a fanciful frontispiece, entitled "In the Sweet of the Year." There is also a full page drawing of Highland Mary, the eighth in the series of the Heroines of the Poets. There are many good short stories, and the serials still keep up their interest. The first part is also given of the Hawaiian adventure, How the Roofjims went down the Crater. Among the many poems is a fine illustrated Ballad by Susan Coolidge. There are also articles on English, French and American History, Temperance, Art and American Literature.

THE BAY STATE MONTHLY. (43 Mills St., Boston.) A steel plate portrait of Gov. John A. Andrew adorns this number with a sketch of his life. Other articles are: The City of Worcester; Abraham Lincoln; Nantasket Beach; The Grimké Sisters; Ten Days in Nantucket; Elizabeth; etc., etc.

THE JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, for July. (Published by the Society, Westminster, London, Eng.) This number contains Reports of Meetings, Conference, and also articles on Psychical Research.

THE INDEPENDENT PULPIT. (Waco, Tex.) Contents: Personal Freedom vs. Theological Dogma; That Discussion; A Doubting Thomas Gives Away Some of His Opinions; Lambert's Notes on Ingersoll; A Square Backdown.

THE MIND-CURE. (Prof. A. J. Swarts, Chicago.) Contents: Pain and its Cure; The Manufacture of Success; Rosierine Musings; No Sphere of Miracles; Space and Time; Man is Spirit and Invisible, etc.

THE DREAM INVESTIGATOR. (James Monroe, Peoria, Ill.) The articles in the current issue are devoted to Mental Philosophy, Science, Religion, Self-Improvement and General Reform.

NEW YORK FASHION BAZAR. (Geo. Munro, New York.) The latest fashions are intermingled with illustrations, stories, poems, etc.

JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN AKADEME. (Alexander Wilder, M. D., Newark, N. J.) February and March numbers contain interesting articles.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL MAGAZINE. (L. N. Fowler, London, Eng.) Contents: Lord Randolph Churchill; Utility of Phrenology; The Hydeborough Mystery; Facts and Gossip, etc.

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

THE SHORTHAND WRITER. (D. Kimball, Chicago.) A monthly devoted to the interests of Takigraphy and its writers.

THE FLORAL CABINET. (22 Vesey St., New York.) A Magazine of Floriculture and Domestic Art.

THE PANSY. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) The usual amount of reading matter and illustrations are found in this issue.

A Partial List of Magazines for September Received.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART. (Cassell & Co., New York.) Mr. L. Alma Tadema contributes the frontispiece to this number. The picture is from the original and portrays the classic maiden of ancient Greece. Other page pictures are: Unvalued Liberty, from the original by Kaulbach, and The Secret by E. Blair Leighton. A paper on the Bart, a river whose picturesqueness we are enjoying. Austin Dobson has a paper on the Polish etcher painter, David Chelowiecki, illustrated with reproductions from his copper-plates. On the Calais Sands, is an illustrated poem. In the Romance of Art, we are introduced to a convent room at Parma, decorated by Correggio. From this we turn to The Book of Rembrandt, a clever review, and Old London, the doorway on Drawing in Elementary Schools, and the editor contributes a paper on current art, with illustrations.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. (New York.) The discussion, Grant's Memorial: What Shall it be? in this number will attract wide attention at this time when the desire is so general to erect a monument to Grant, that shall be worthy of the man and the Nation. Shall our National Banking System be Abolished? by Geo. S. Boutwell and others, is timely. "Ouida" contributes an essay on The Tendencies of English Fiction, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps writes on The Great Psychological Opportunity. A readable article is Reminiscences of Famous Americans, which is a series of anecdotes about the famous war Senators.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) Henry James contributes Book first of The Princess Casanovissa for this issue, and W. D. Howells The Laureate of Death. Other good articles are: A Country Gentleman; A Diplomatic Episode; The New Portfolio; Mondamin; Childhood in English Literature and Art; Mining for Mastodon; On Horseback; Ancient and Modern Greek; The Poetic Element in the Medieval Drama; General Gordon at Kartoum; McMaster's Second Volume, and Central Asia. Maurice Thompson and Julia C. Rorr add poems, and with the Contributor's Club and Books for the Month we find a most excellent number.

THE QUIVER. (Cassell & Co., New York.) Side Paths and Quiet Retreats is the initial article. By way of descriptive articles is one on Gargoyles. A Day with the Dock Laborers of London; The Anatomy of Self-Conceit; The Mount of the Lord; Some of the King's Servants and The Beloved Disciple, together with short stories and poems, make up an attractive number.

THE SEASON. (The International News Co., New York.) The latest Paris fashions and the most elegant designs in all kinds of needle work will be found in this monthly.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. (H. Haulenbeck, Philadelphia.) This issue is full of attractions consisting of Stories, Poems, Fashions and Illustrations.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 29, 1885.

## LAKE PLEASANT NOTES.

The past week has been one of great importance to the future of this Camp. Each year has witnessed some improvement in the methods of management, but at no time has there been such progress as during the present season; not so much in actually consummated work as in planning for seasons yet to come. The annual meeting of the Association, Monday, the 17th, passed off pleasantly. A body of earnest men and women met together to elect officers and committees for the ensuing year and to discuss ways and means. A debt of some \$2,000 was hanging over the concern, being the remnant of nearly \$12,000 indebtedness which has been steadily reduced. This year an effort was made to raise money by donations to wipe out the remainder. At a meeting held after the lecture on the 15th, over \$1,000 was pledged in less than an hour and this was swelled to about \$1,350 by further contributions. Before the season is over the entire amount will be provided for. With the sure prospect of extinguishing the debt, the members at their annual meeting discussed ways to increase the revenue in future. Heretofore no admission fee to the grounds has been charged. Revenue to support the enterprise has been depended on from membership fees, ground rent, sale of privileges and percentage on railroad tickets. This is found to be insufficient to meet the constantly increasing yearly outlay. There are practical measures of revenue and of reform in expenditure that will be worked out before another year by the able Board of Managers.

Mr. M. V. Lincoln of Boston, who has long been one of the directors and the treasurer of the Association, retires from office owing to continued ill-health. Mr. Lincoln goes out with the hearty thanks of the Association for his faithful services. Resolutions of respect offered by Judge Dailey, were unanimously and enthusiastically adopted at the annual meeting and after being beautifully engrossed by Mr. T. W. Coburn, were presented to Mr. Lincoln who now lies ill in his cottage. Mr. W. R. Tice, of Brooklyn, was elected treasurer, and Mr. E. Terry, of New York City, director, to fill the vacancies caused by Mr. Lincoln's retirement. These were the only important changes made in the personnel of the management.

Among the various improvements in contemplation I may name a fence around the central part of the Camp—this in order to render it possible to collect a toll from the vast throngs who visit the grounds on Sundays,—and a fine auditorium. While the splendid amphitheatre furnished by nature has done good service, yet it is not the best place either for lectures or listeners even in fair weather, and on stormy days is useless. The increasing interest in philosophical and ethical questions requires a suitable hall and this Camp will have to meet the demand promptly in order to keep its prestige as the leading Spiritualist Camp of the world. Already Onset and Cassadaga have provided fine structures. Lake Pleasant must have one another year without fail.

The days of wonder-mongering are numbered; already are there unmistakable evidences of decline in the show business. The pursuit of phenomena is rapidly becoming a matter of careful, cold blooded research by scientific methods, rather than a mere panacea for soul-pain. Investigators are looking into the matter from a broader and higher standpoint with less of mere selfish, personal interest. Spiritualists are growing more and more critical every day. But while more critical they are not less confident of their position. Posited upon an immovable basis of carefully ascertained facts they freely invite the attention of scientists, theologians, metaphysicians and psychologists. Nowhere

in the world is there a more earnest and confident body of Spiritualists than at Lake Pleasant, but as a whole they are now demanding that those offering phenomena for their inspection and judgment shall permit observation under conditions such as shall enable the investigator to eliminate every source of error, deception and delusion. To say that the camp is free from frauds would not be true; there are some still here, and it is an extremely delicate and difficult matter to wholly remedy. Officers of the camp may be morally certain, for instance, that the Hough-Stoddard-Gray combination is largely fraudulent; they may be equally sure that the burly "Bill" Eddy personates spirits of all ages and times from Pontius Pilate to E. V. Wilson, and "old mother Eaton," but the next thing is to prove it. That these and other shows can be proven to be deceptive is more than probable. But the better way is to make such regulations concerning the presence of mediums upon the grounds as shall encourage the attendance of those who are honest and reputable and preclude the possibility of the continued presence of tricksters. There are many noble, pure-minded mediums on the grounds who should unite with the management in formulating rules and regulations calculated to protect mediumship and give those who practice it a standing and character before the camp which they do not now have. Under existing custom all mediums and pseudo-mediums are classed together in one indiscriminate, heterogeneous mass. The honorable have to bear the contumely brought upon mediumship by tricksters and barefaced charlatans.

All physical manifestations can and should be exhibited under such conditions as preclude the possibility of deception. By making good character one of the requirements for permission to exercise mediumship upon the grounds, the mental phenomena will be free from deleterious influence, even though it is at present impossible to accurately determine what proportion is the manifestation of returning spirits and how much is to be accounted for on other grounds. A spirit in the flesh, either of the sensitive or sitter, is as much a spirit as it ever will be, and the study of mental action is interesting and instructive, whether it be of this world or the next. The differentiations are yet to be scientifically determined, and in this work the various psychical societies will eventually afford important assistance. In the meantime let all honest mediums join hands with camp managers who desire to elevate mediumship to its legitimate place, not only upon camp grounds but everywhere. Let the proper steps be taken at Lake Pleasant and it will not be long before the example will be followed elsewhere.

There needs to be more study of the rationale of the subject, of the scientific side of Spiritualism; and this is gradually coming, as I have before said. At present the treatment of spirit phenomena by Spiritualists is largely empirical. This need not be so, and it should not long thus continue. If Spiritualists, as a body, do not produce men who will bring order out of confusion and formulate a psychic science, it will be done just the same. If Spiritualists only make toys of the wondrous material at their disposal, if they but use the spiritual influx as an intoxicant, valuing it only for its physio-psychological effects, it will be wrested from them by nobler hands; for it must be made to do the service which the angel-world desires accomplished. All this is realized more or less by thousands of Spiritualists. But they need to be doubly active and to emulate the zeal of believers in Christian and pagan dogmas who annually raise millions of treasure to further the interests of their respective beliefs.

Messrs. Howell, Wright and Tisdale, and Mrs. Byrnes, Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith and Miss A. M. Beecher have given lectures during the week past. Mr. Tisdale is a new speaker of much promise and is sure to be better known before another season. The other speakers are already well known to the Spiritualist public. Mr. Merrill of Hartford, has given many tests from the platform, pronounced excellent by those receiving them. Mr. J. Frank Baxter arrived a few days since and his platform tests are declared to be superior to those of previous years. Such is the verdict of numbers who have known him for a long time. Some of the most remarkable incidents in the pursuit of phenomena by visitors will hereafter appear in the JOURNAL.

Among the numerous visitors from all parts of this country and from abroad, none have been more cordially welcomed than Gopal Vinayak Joshee of Bombay, and Rev. Cephas B. Lynn. Last year, Mr. Lynn retired from the Spiritualist itinerancy and affiliated with the Universalists. He is still in spirit communion, but thinks he can do a better work in his new field. He is now a student in the theological department of Tufts College, and will graduate after another year's study. He has certainly grown during the past year, and Spiritualists should wish him only good will and success, and always feel an interest in his work. No narrow creed will hold him; his must be a broad, rational platform on which he can give expression to the highest convictions of a well balanced and disciplined mind.

Mr. Joshee is an acute observer, a man of much native wit and a keen sense of humor. He has very good command of English, and spoke several times upon invitation to considerable audiences, answering questions upon various topics relating to India, and his impressions of America.

I should like to write more but have reached the limits of composure. On my right a

big bass drum is thundering away supported by twenty wind instruments blown by stalwart fellows; on my left a portable organ is under manipulation by an enthusiast who imagines he can drown the brass band, while in front of my tent are several impromptu gatherings each with a different subject under discussion. All this results in a symposium calculated to inspire a writer with a desire to complete his work under the shelter of "a lodge in some vast wilderness," where theology, musical instruments, vegetable vendors, newsboys, time-killers, etc., are unknown. Should these notes take on somewhat of the environment of him who scribbles them, it is to be hoped the patient reader will bring them into harmony—discord skillfully handled are said to make harmony. J. C. B.

Lake Pleasant, August 21st, 1885.

## The Microscope as a Factor in Diagnosing Disease.

The microscope is beginning to play a prominent part in litigation, in the examination of adulterated food, in the detection of crime, in the diagnosing of disease, and in determining the specific character of the animalcule that frequent water, and which are invisible to the naked eye. At a late meeting of the American Society of Microscopists at Cleveland, Ohio, it appears from the report given, that among the prominent microscopists present were Prof. Delmar of Chicago, Dr. C. H. Stowell, Professor of Microscopy in the University of Michigan, and Prof. Kellicott of the Buffalo public schools. The best known enthusiast on the subject—best known to the general public—is a commercial traveler, E. H. Griffith, who constantly carries his microscope with him. R. N. Reynolds of Detroit, agent for the Grand Trunk Railway, is another prominent member. He showed the astonished visitors millions of bacteria in a little drop of scourgings from their teeth. He was astonished to find that the bacteria in one man's mouth were dead. It transpired that the man had just taken a drink of whisky. Specimens of mosquitoes from about Detroit showed that they are grievously afflicted with lice. Papers were read on "Some Improvements in Accessory Microscopical Apparatus" by E. H. Griffith, and on "The Improved Methods of Manipulation" by R. N. Reynolds. Prof. Gage of Cornell University made an address on "Notes on the Blood Corpuscles of Necturus" and "Notes on the Epithelium of the Mouth of the Octopus." "Two Cases of Tumor in the Mammary Glands of the Lower Animal" was the subject of an address by Prof. A. H. Tuttle of Columbus. A working meeting was held. It was devoted to the illustration of recent experiments in microscopy and was of great interest. A committee was appointed to examine into the adulteration of butter, lard, and other fats. It consists of H. F. Detmer, M. D., of Champaign, Ill., George T. Fell of Buffalo, C. M. Vorie of Cleveland, Lester Curtis, M. D., of Chicago, and H. T. Atwood of Rochester, N. Y. This committee will report to the society and to the United States Commissioner of Agriculture. The annual soirée was given, and was attended by about 3,000 people.

It is in the medical profession that the microscope is destined to assume special importance, in view of the fact that the physical organism is sometimes the receptacle of vast hordes of parasitic existences, which prove very destructive to human life, and which abound in the food some eat, water they drink or air they breathe. Learned societies are constantly astounding the world with their remarkable revelations, made through the instrumentality of the microscope, demonstrating that "a poisonous growth in many cases covers our choicest fruits. It has also been used to disclose the fungoid growth on meat, fish, and various articles of cooked food. More recently we have been taught that the seeds of disease and death abound sometimes in the water we drink, food we eat, and the very air we breathe. Some of the papers read and discussed at the meeting of the British Association at Montreal and at the meeting of the American Association at Philadelphia pertained to the deleterious substances "in the air."

Prof. W. Paine, of Philadelphia, whose researches through the aid of the microscope have enabled him to form an entirely new system for the treatment of disease, has obtained spores from the blood, and other secretions of the body and propagated them upon other structures. For instance, he took a little matter from a cancer of the breast, inoculated it into a growing maple leaf, which produced a fungus disease of the leaf. Some of the fur from the tongue of a patient was inoculated into a pea vine, and the structure that is known as the pea mould was immediately developed. Then again he has observed that the *comomyces*, or germ dust of the *mucedo*, produces one of the most aggravated forms of sore throat, cough and catarrh. In the case of a gentleman who had been afflicted with this disease for a long time and had been frequently cured, but on a return to his office the disease would invariably develop again, it was discovered on removing the paper from the wall that in the paste a growth was found that formed an entire mass of mould or fungus throughout the room, the spores of which could be detected by swinging a piece of glass, moistened with glycerine, through the air. Prof. Paine also has demonstrated through the aid of the microscope, that grayness, baldness, falling of the hair, and dandruff, are produced by a formidable-looking parasite, and that catarrh is caused by the growth of microscopic spores of some form of fungi, or mould on the mucous surface, which is always liable to take

place when the vitality of the system is low, and the surrounding circumstances are such as to favor the growth of those cryptogamous plants, the spores or seeds of which are always floating in great quantities in the air, and only require the proper condition for their development. These plants are filled with the germs of small animalcules. The Professor states that in the fibril may be noticed the germs of the *Achorion Schonghii*, which will hatch and become a living parasite producing catarrh. In bad cases a powerful microscope will reveal thousands of these living creatures in the matter, after it is discharged, moving and feeding upon these microscopic plants. Huge nests of these parasites and plants are sometimes discharged by forcibly blowing the nose.

If the theories and observation of Dr. Koch (an eminent German physician), Prof. Tyndall, M. Pasteur (the French scientist), Dr. Déclat, Dr. Henry Gradle (Professor of Physiology), and Prof. Paine of Philadelphia (who claims to be the original inventor of the germ theory of disease) be true, then the time is not far distant when, as a matter of necessity, there must be a complete revolution in the diagnosing and treatment of disease.

If the blood has been poisoned through the instrumentality of malaria, the secretions will certainly manifest the deleterious effects of the same, and the true nature thereof can only be accurately determined by the microscope, and thereby proper means more readily devised to disinfect the system and place it in a healthy condition. The blood corpuscles, too, have a tale to unfold in all cases of blood-poisoning, which cannot be learned without the aid of a powerful microscope. The *Scientific Monthly* well says, that "certain germs live and grow at the expense of the substance in which they have been sowed; the substance is thrown out of chemical equilibrium, and we call it, in the case of fruit, 'decayed,' or 'spoiled.' An open wound offers just the nutritious garden-spot suitable for the development of certain germs, which are always in the air; they grow, taking out of the living blood some element necessary to the healthy equilibrium, and the blood becomes diseased." In cases of blood poisoning the microscope is sometimes indispensable.

The microscope has ceased to be a plaything or an agent to satisfy the simple curiosity of the wonder lover, as in times past. The *Amsterdam Algemein Handelsblad* publishes a communication from Prof. E. Cohn, of the University of Breslau, who recapitulates the substance of a correspondence of the celebrated naturalist Leeuwenhoek with Francis Aston, of London, a member of the Royal Society. "Leeuwenhoek, writing from Delft, in 1683, reports that among the debris of food remaining between his teeth he had discovered, with the aid of the microscope, living organisms moving with great activity. He distinguishes various kinds among them, which he describes so precisely that they would be easily recognizable. One, which occurs least frequently, resembles a rod, the bacillus; others, twisting in curves, are bacteria; a third kind, creeping in snake fashion, is the vibrio vulgus; another kind, of extreme minuteness, resembles a swarm of flies rolled up in a ball, and is evidently the micrococcus; its movement cannot be traced with certainty. He says that this species seems to be made up of parallel threads, varying in length, and remaining immovable, while other specks move in and out through the web. Leeuwenhoek marvels that these things could live in his mouth, notwithstanding his systematic habit of cleansing it. He instituted observations which showed that they were also to be found in the mouths of other persons. Some years later he could not discover any traces of those minute organisms, and he was led to attribute their disappearance to the use of hot coffee. But shortly afterward he rediscovered them as lively as ever. In September, 1792, he sent some sketches of them to the Royal Society. Prof. Cohn observes that it would seem from this correspondence that the knowledge concerning those minute entities made no advance for nearly two centuries, and he remarks on the wonderful skill with which Leeuwenhoek used the imperfect instruments of his time."

It is now an established fact that the microscope has disclosed a new world teeming with parasitic life, some of which, however, seem to be promotive of health. Pasteur, the French scientist, has been urging experiments to ascertain if animals can live on absolutely pure food. He is inclined to the belief that the presence of common microbes in the digestive organs is essential to their proper operation. Though his statement may be true, it is also undeniable that disease-breeding, pestilential parasites exist without number as set forth by the *Hahemannian Monthly*, of Philadelphia, which enumerates the following possible cause for many mysterious complaints which baffle the skill of the most experienced physicians to cure, and enough in number to frighten a well person in a nervous fever:

"Commencing at the mouth, the virulence of human saliva seems to have been proved. It is supposed to be due to micrococci. The human mouth is a culture chamber, which is maintained at a constant temperature, and is furnished with a constant supply of pabulum, namely, saliva. These circumstances are highly favorable to the sustenance and multiplication of the micrococci. If, now, it is asked why every man does not suffer from auto-inoculation, it may be answered that micrococci may kill an herbivorous animal, a rabbit for instance; but cannot destroy a carnivorous or omnivorous animal as man. (See Philadelphia *Medical Times* September 9, 1883.) Most earnestly do we urge vegetarians to take timely warning! But what is to become of the genus homo, anyhow? Vibriones tickle his nose into hay fever, the Bacil-

lus typhosus gnaws at his bowels, the micrococcus diptherie swells up his throat or clogs his larynx with fatal croup, sarcinae invade his stomach, and micrococci envenom his saliva. If he eats a bunch of grapes, he must needs crunch the parasitic saccharomyces, adhering to the skin; and if he inadvertently exposes the contents of his pantry to the open air, a blue green mould from the *Penicillium glaucum* spreads itself over the best preserves; bubbles line the glass jars, and wriggling organisms and motionless forms looking like beads on a string, sour his milk. The greed of the yeast plant for oxygen is the cause for the raising of his bread, and the same craving on the part of *Mycoderma vini*, supplies him with wine. But if he does not carefully watch these results of fermentation, mould gathers on one, and the other falls a victim to the spores of the viscidous ferment and becomes thick, ropy, and unpalatable. If he indulges in pork, trichinae nestle easily in his tissues, or the *Cysticercus cellulosus* develops into twenty feet of tania to the discomfort of his alimentary canal. In infancy and childhood, thread worms and lumbricoides disturb his sleep and torture him with colicky pains. Disease germs expose him to whooping cough and mumps, and threaten him with a long line of exanthemata; and when, the gauntlet run, he comes into youth, that fell destroyer, consumption, fed, if Koch is to be believed, by bacilli, leaves him but six out of seven chances of ever reaching the period of maturity."

The extraordinary magnifying power of the microscope was beautifully illustrated by Dr. O. W. Holmes, on one occasion in his Harvard address, wherein he set forth, that "supposing the person under examination to be of short stature, a little more than five feet two inches in height, and weighing 120 pounds. The doctor's microscope, a rather powerful but not extraordinarily powerful one, magnifies 1,000 diameters. This fragment, then, thus magnified, represents an individual just one mile in height. He would ten times overtop the loftiest of the pyramids; twenty times the tallest of our steeples. His breadth and thickness being in proportion to his height, his weight would be 120,000,000,000 pounds, equal to 60,000,000 tons. He could take the State house up as one could lift a paving stone and fling it into the waters beyond Boston lighthouse—cleaning out that palace of the people by a summary process quicker than the pretorian bands of Domitian or Commodus would have cleaned out a Roman senate chamber that dared to have an opinion of its own. Such is the microscopic man as seen in that wonderful instrument. It is the telescope of the microcosm—the master-key to the portals of a new universe, and the student should be carefully taught how to use it."

With the experiences of Dr. Koch, Dr. Klein, Prof. Tyndall, M. Pasteur, Dr. Déclat, Prof. Laveran, M. Richard, Prof. Paine and many others, to afford a basis for future investigation, it does seem that every progressive student of medicine should at once commence investigations with a powerful microscope with reference to disease, its origin, and the character of the parasitic life that seems to be present. It is now a well known fact that this instrument is brought into successful requisition in dentistry. It reveals the cause of decayed teeth, and there are many pioneers in this country and elsewhere, who, in the use of the microscope in that profession, assert that a real revolution is being inaugurated; among whom are Dr. Miller, of Berlin, Prussia, Prof. Mayr and Dr. Stockwell of Springfield, Mass., Dr. Barrett of Buffalo, N. Y., and many others. These men talk very earnestly and confidently concerning their success in preventing the decay of teeth, and which never could have been accomplished without the aid of the microscope.

If cryptogamous plants and microscopic animalcules in the human system, and if they are very prominent in certain diseases, common sense demands that the specific part they act should be accurately ascertained, and thoroughly understood. If one spore of *Torula cerevisia*, or yeast plant, will increase to a large forest of fungi in a few minutes, is it not possible that the germ of cholera may be equally as prolific and vigorous in its action, and instead of being harmless result in the death of those it attacks in a few hours? It is a well known fact that germ growth is exceedingly rapid, as illustrated in the yeast plant. If the *fasciola gastris* is present in dyspepsia; *distoma hamatobium*, in neuralgia; *fasciola hepatica*, in liver complaint; *sclerostoma lymphatica*, in scrofula; *diatoma sibirica* in cancer; *trichina*, in a certain disease arising from eating infected pork; *fasciola miasmatica* in fever and ague, bilious fever, etc.; and other parasitic plants and animalcules in other diseases, does not the circumstances of the case demand a thorough study of their relation to the human system under all conditions, and should the physician confine himself to merely glancing at the tongue with the naked eye? Is not such a method superficial, unsatisfactory, and does it not fail to furnish reliable information? If the tongue is to be examined at all, why not bring into requisition the microscope, and determine the specific character of the fungus growth thereon? That fungus growth may constitute the disease itself which you are striving to overcome, and if you can determine its true nature, you can the more readily suggest a remedy therefor.

M. PASTEUR'S ACHIEVEMENTS WITH THE AID OF A MICROSCOPE.

The August number of the *Fortnightly Review* contains an article upon "M. Pasteur's Life and Labors" (his discoveries among microscopic organisms). Mrs. Lynn Linton says, summing up the result of his experiments in spleen fever:

"The value of Pasteur's discoveries and applications of principles can hardly be exaggerated. To his own country they have already more than sufficed, as Huxley says, 'to cover the war indemnity of ninety-five milliards of francs paid by France to Ger-





A Haunted House in Dublin.

A remarkable case was heard lately in Dublin. Mr. Waldron, a solicitor's clerk, sued his next-door neighbor, who is a mate in the merchant service, named Kiernan, to recover £500 damages for injuries done to his house by, as he alleges, the defendant and his family. Kiernan denied the charges, and asserted that Waldron's house was haunted, and that the acts complained of were done by spirits or some person in plaintiff's place.

Evidence for the plaintiff was to the effect that every night from August to January his hall door was continually being knocked at, and his windows broken with stones which came from the direction of the defendant's premises. Mrs. Waldron swore that one night she saw one of the panes of glass in the window cut through with a diamond, and a white band inserted through the hole so made in the glass. She caught up a billhook and aimed a blow at the band, and the fingers completely off. The hand was then withdrawn, but on her examining the place she could find neither the finger nor any traces of blood.

On another occasion the servant, hearing mysterious knockings, fell down with fright, upsetting a pail of water over herself. Mr. Waldron armed himself with a rifle and pointed it at the door, and a white band inserted through the hole so made in the glass. She caught up a billhook and aimed a blow at the band, and the fingers completely off. The hand was then withdrawn, but on her examining the place she could find neither the finger nor any traces of blood.

Chief Justice Morris said the affair suggested the performances of the Davenport brothers or Maskeyne and Cooke. It was quite inexplicable from the absence of motive, and remained shrouded in the mysterious uncertainty of the fate of the Iron Mask, the authorship of "Junius's Letters," or "Why Anderson Left Dyer's?" The jury found for the defendant.—St. James's Gazette.

"O, Lor" Hit 'Im Again!"

In the early days of Methodism in Scotland, a certain congregation, where there was but one rich man, desired to build a new chapel. A church meeting was held. The old rich Scotchman rose and said: "Brethren, we dinna need a new chapel: I'll give \$5 for repairs."

Just then a bit of plaster falling from the ceiling hit him on the head.

"Brethren, it's worse than I thought; I'll make it 50 pun'."

"O, Lor," exclaimed a devoted brother on a back seat, "hit 'im again!" There are many human tabernacles which are in sore need of radical building over, but we putter and fuss and repair in spots without satisfactory results. It is only when we are personally alarmed at the real danger that we act independently, and do the right thing. Then it is that we most keenly regret because we did not sooner use our judgment, follow the advice born of the experience of others and jump away from our perils.

Thousands of persons who will read this paragraph are in abject misery to-day when they might be in a satisfactory condition. They are weak, lifeless, full of odd aches and pains, and every day they know they are getting worse. The best doctors are patching them in spots. The origin of these aches and pains is the kidneys and liver, and if they would build these all over new with Warner's safe cure as millions have done, and cease investing their money in miserably unsuccessful patch-work, they would be well and happy and would bless the day when they heard the Lord's name and the common-sense course for them to pursue.—London Press.

A Disorderly Parrot in Church.

At a recent "children's day" service in the Methodist Church at Roxford Flats, a lady who had no canary bird but a parrot in her cage, brought the bird along with her to the church among the flowers and other decorations. When a small boy with whom the parrot was familiar began to "speak his piece," the parrot began to mock him and finally screamed out, "Hey, you little devil!" This demoralized the congregation and Polly was hurried out of church in disgrace.

We Caution All Against Them.

The unprecedented success and merit of Ely's Cream Balm—a real cure for catarrh, hay fever and cold in the head—has induced many adventurers to place catarrh medicines bearing some resemblance in appearance, style or name upon the market, in order to trade upon the reputation of Ely's Cream Balm. Many in your immediate locality will testify in highest commendation of it. Don't be deceived. Buy only Ely's Cream Balm. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price fifty cents; of druggists.

San Francisco Chinese are not content with the monopoly of the bundle business of the city, but they control 50-100ths of the pork industry as well.

"No Physis, Sir, in Mine!"

A good story comes from a boys' boarding-school in "Jersey." The diet was monotonous and constipating, and the learned Principal decided to introduce some old-style physic in the apple-sauce, and await the happy results. One bright lad, the smartest in school, discovered the secret mine in his sauce, and pushing back his plate, shouted to the pedagogues, "No physis, sir, in mine. My dad told me to use nuthin' but Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and they are a doing their duty like a charm!" They are anti-bilious, and purely vegetable.

In Plymouth, Mass., an old sexton of the antique school has just died, having dug the graves of 3,250 people during his life.

The Terrible Drain

Which scrofula has upon the system must be arrested, and the blood must be purified, or serious consequences will ensue. For purifying and vitalizing effects, Hood's Sarsaparilla has been found superior to any other preparation. It expels every trace of impurity from the blood, and bestows new life and vigor upon every function of the body, enabling it to entirely overcome disease.

Out of 200,000 saluon ova recently sent out from England to Tasmania 40,000 hatched and are doing well.

"Hello!" we heard one man say to another, the other day. "I didn't know you at first, why you look ten years younger than you did when I saw you last." "I feel ten years younger," was the reply. "You know I used to be under the weather all the time and gave up expecting to be any better. The doctor said I had consumption. I was terribly weak, had night-sweats, cough, no appetite, and lost flesh. I saw Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' advertised, and thought it would do no harm if it did no good. It has cured me. I am a new man because I am a well one."

In the matter of territory Nevada surpasses New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware combined.

How Women Would Vote.

Were women allowed to vote, every one in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would vote it to be an unfailing remedy for the diseases peculiar to her sex. By druggists.

Lightning is reflected for 150 to 200 miles, and a thunder may be heard for 20 or 25 miles.

The combination, proportion, and process in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla, are peculiar to this medicine, and unknown to others.

Jelly "speckled" with strawberries is the favorite dish for supper after dines in England.

St. Louis girls take the lead for beauty. So does Posson's Complexion Powder. For sale by all druggists.

A TOILET LUXURY.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is the most cleanly of all preparations for toilet use. It is a delightful dressing for the hair, arrests the tendency to baldness, is agreeably perfumed, and is an effective remedy for all diseases of the hair or scalp. Mrs. D. N. Paris, Clio, Mich., writes: "One bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor has entirely restored my hair to its natural color, and given it a beautiful, soft, silky appearance. I am fifty-seven years of age, and was quite gray. By the use of that one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, the original color was perfectly restored, and I now have as fine a head of hair as when I was sixteen."

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Ayer's Hair Vigor prevents the hair from falling out, or if already fallen, will cause a new growth. E. H. Rippey, Andover, N. H., writes: "Ayer's Hair Vigor restores vitality to discolored hair. I have used it with success." W. W. Gibson, Mendon, Ind., writes: "I was entirely bald. One bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor produced a fine growth of hair, which now covers my head."

AYER'S Hair Vigor Restores Vitality.

When the hair begins to fade, grows gray, becomes weak, thin, brittle, and harsh, the vital forces of the organs, on which it depends, may be re-established by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. It will cause a new growth, presenting the luxuriance and color of youth. Every woman who has arrived at the middle age, and who wishes to retain the original beauty of her hair, should use this incomparable remedy. Mrs. O. O. Prescott, 18 Elm st., Charlestown, Mass., writes: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came out. It thinned rapidly, and I was fast growing bald. On using Ayer's Hair Vigor, the falling stopped, a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. My hair has continued to grow, and is now as ample as before it fell." W. W. Wilkins, Windsor, Ill., says that erysipelas in the head left his scalp as bald as an infant's. The use of less than a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor produced a fine growth of new hair, of the original color.

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Len McLeondon has been in the employ of the Ches-Carley Company for some years, and I know the above statements to be true. W. B. CROSS, Manager Ches-Carley Co., Atlanta Divis'n., Atlanta, Ga., April 18, 1885. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. Try Swift's Specific, Co. Drawer, Atlanta, Ga. N. Y., 157 W. 23rd St.

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THE INDEX. A RADICAL WEEKLY JOURNAL. PUBLISHED AT 44 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS. Editors: W. J. POTTER, J. F. UNDERWOOD. CONTRIBUTORS: Prof. Felix Adler, John W. Chadwick, M. J. Savage, E. M. Holland, W. H. Spencer, Mrs. E. H. Cheney, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, Caroline H. Dale, Mrs. Sara A. Underwood, Miss M. A. Hankins.

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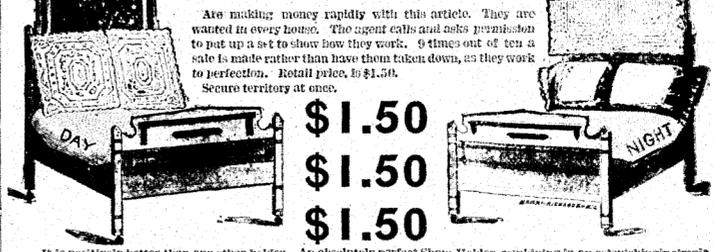
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Author of "Anthropology," "Therapeutic Sarcognomy" and "Moral Education"—Professor of Physiology and Institutes of Medicine in four Medical Colleges successively, from 1845 to 1881—and for five years Dean of the Eclectic Medical Institute, the parent school of American Medical Education—Discoverer of the Impossibility of the Brain—of Psychometry and of Sarcognomy. CONTENTS. Frontispiece—Engraving—Portrait of Mrs. Buchanan. CHAP. 1.—Original Sketch of Psychometry. CHAP. 2.—Original Sketch—continued. CHAP. 3.—Labor Developments. CHAP. 4.—The Psychic Faculties—their location, and social manifestation. CHAP. 5.—Psychometry in Self-Culture, Conjugal Relations and Business. CHAP. 6.—Psychometry in Medical Science and Choice of Professions. 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.

Prophecy of Carotte—Frequency of Provision—Destiny of the 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 OF PSYCHOMETRY—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 anthropological psychometry shows the nature, the scope, and the modus operandi 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, history, paleontology, philosophy, anthropology, medicine, geology, astronomy, theology and universal life and destiny. Granting, as this volume will show, that Psychometry gives us the command of all these sciences, it is apparent that the introduction of Psychometry must prove the dawn of a new era in human philosophy and social progress, more important as to human enlightenment and elevation than all the arts and sciences heretofore known to the skillful and learned."

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Continued from 1st Page

In looking, then, at this sentiment of veneration, how will it express itself in the civilization which will be based upon the recognition of a spiritual communion? In this way: When you have finished a hard day's toil, what can command your veneration and provoke your love more than with the profound sincerity of realization to come to your domestic altar, and there around your table hold one sweet hour's communion with the departed dead? Then that hallowed thought in the majesty of its sincerity becomes the great, moving power of your lives. When you come and have the simple communication given that Harry is here, or John is here, memories of other days will start up in your soul. You will know where you first saw Harry. You will remember the kind words he spoke to you. You will remember the fond, sweet clasp he gave you, and his last look. Eyes mean something. Looks are divine. The tapping on a table revives memories, and stirs your veneration as in a sacred atmosphere.

It encircles your domestic life to think the shade of a mother walks by your side; to think and realize that a father's patriarchal wisdom guides your step; that he knows your sorrow and feels your woe; that he knows your wants, and stands there like a soldier to guard the citadel of your soul. There is a power, there is a circumstance, there is a field for the play of the artist.

Never yet has humanity felt the beauty of spiritual intercommunion; never yet has the illumination of clairvoyance done justice to the beauty of the Spirit-world. You have in the cloister of the cathedral the solemn, majestic strain with its beautiful and ravishing intonations. You have the charm of architectural grace and blending tints of art in the window, but all these sink into insignificance when you have bridged the chasm of death, when the love and wisdom of a father is thrown over the ramparts of nature and you can catch hold and know and feel his presence. Humanity has never pulsated with a grander and holier idea than this. Great as was the ideal of the love of God, great as God was, the love of parentage is the mightiest lever for moving the humanity of a holy and cultured and civilized society. [Applause.] In the development of this ideal it will take time. We have to pass you through the phenomenal stage when doubt and belief are in active antagonism. We have to pass you through that condition until there is made indelible upon your souls a profound scientific conviction. When the objective faculties have taken hold and the reflective faculties have digested these great truths, there will be a hallowed place for them. They will lead out from the darkness of the valley of the shadow of death, and set you on the top of the Mount of Transfiguration. You will see the waves of inspiration beat upon your consciousness. There never was any thing in the world so great as this. Great as was the idea which lay at the bottom of polytheism, which made a Homer and the Grecian civilization with its art, its temples, its literature and its culture; that made Rome with its magnificent temples, its jurisprudence and its mighty literature; which sprang the genius of a Dante, and rolled out the melody of a Milton, there was never in all these inspirations any thing as magnificently grand as that which arises in the thought that you can hold an hour's communion with the mighty dead. [Applause.]

Under this inspiration you will have differentiation. Differentiation is growth. You will never make a united party. Why did I use that word party? Parties have been the curse of the world in all ages. Party first: justice and principle afterward! You are here for Spiritualism—not for any party. You are to listen to the diversified voice of heaven speaking to you. Some of you can feel what I want to say. Your consciousness will feel mine; my own consciousness feels yours. I can not unify the human race. The Spiritualism of differentiation comes to you to make men and women of you, to make the sovereignty of individuality complete. Be a man. Do your own thinking; not blindly but wisely. In humility strive to know; strive to pick up objectively what this world has to teach thee. Try to catch on thine own inspiration what the other world has to teach thee. Listen to the silent voice within. Listen to the tapping on the wall. Listen to thy angel mother. Listen to that little child in the spirit. There are voices all around. Nature is vital at every pore. Being is prolific all around. Learn to be a man. Learn to be a woman in the dignity of thy sovereignty. Learn, above all, wisdom, and in thy wisdom will be found justice. In thy enthusiasm will be found liberty, and in thy earnestness will be the growth of the human race.

We can not afford to trifle with these matters. We belong to humanity, and your declaration has made it, that we are all equal. We are going on together into the domain of nature; no king, no lord, no aristocrat, no rich, no poor—we are together! And in that grand sympathy and symmetry of nature we shall roll up the wisest and best of our own time and condition. Hold yourselves ready for the glories of democracy. We can not afford to be foolish. We can not afford to be wicked. We can not afford to do wrong. Why? Because we are going to live forever. A morality based on immortality is the wisest; and the central thought I wish to lodge in your consciousness this morning is, that it does not pay to be bad. It only pays to be good. Work out in your own life the ideal, the religion of beauty, the religion of communion on a scientific basis, away from superstition and darkness and the dying civilization of the past. [Applause.]

SPIRITUALISTS—JESUS.

In the article quoted by you from your contemporary, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Chicago, the great truth of Spiritualism is said to be "the certain and indissoluble connection of character here with destiny hereafter." This, it is claimed, Spiritualism has evidenced in the reiterations of spirits who communicate to us from the other world. However much the manifesting intelligences differ upon other points they are agreed here, "that character is the only basis of the awards of the life to come, the only parent of destiny." This is an important "fact," the value of which cannot be over-estimated. Admitting the truth of the statement I feel inclined to ask why all this war of words and bitterness of feeling in respect to the ideal or real (historic) Jesus? The Man or mystical "Christ"? Whether real or mystical, historical or symbolical, in any case, the characteristics set forth are identical, viz., the necessity that each one of us should live pure lives, animated by pure and unselfish purposes, and practically emulate the Exemplar by "going about doing good." In the sweet, gentle, earnest, and true love for our ignorant and suffering kind, forgetful of self in the love and sympathy we bear to others. Are we doing this? Are we building such characters by the devoted efforts we make to

practically embody this law of love in our daily lives and zealously aim to achieve the ideal in our own experience?

When I know that I must work out my own salvation, learn patient endurance, and gain strength through effort, and enterprise for the good of my fellows, what matters it to me, whether one or other, the symbolic or historic, view of Jesus be correct? I can neither prove nor disprove, but one way or the other, this I know, I must live my own life, by myself, be held accountable for the motive and "deeds done in the body," go to "my own place," not for what I have believed, or doubted, respecting Jesus, but for the seed sown, the influence exerted by me, the example I have set to my fellows.

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight, His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

Have we as Spiritualists, I ask in all solemn seriousness, and conscious that the answer my own conscience gives is not altogether satisfactory, realized to the full the significance of the demand Spiritualism makes upon us to do practical work for human progress by individual sacrifice of self and united effort? Have we not been trying to get more and more light, looking to our own needs, like the horse leech demanding more and more, without giving in return unstintingly to others around us? Have we preached these glad tidings, gone forth into all the world to tell them to every creature, regardless of discomfit and opposition? St. Paul was a fanatic, perhaps, but he was in earnest, and meant what he said; his philosophy did not cool his ardor for human salvation, he felt he must pluck men "as brands from the burning." "Now was the time," but he went to work at it so successfully that, although persecuted to the death, he made a mark which will live as long as duty is recognized by man.

Have we wiped the tears from the mourner's eye? Have we fed the hungry, clothed the naked, healed the sick, sympathized with the suffering, warned the wayward, helped the weary, and comforted the heavy laden?

"The people die for lack of knowledge." We Spiritualists say we have the knowledge which will and must save, save from ignorance, fear, intemperance, selfishness, and wrong-doing. Why then are we spending our strength and cudgelling our brains, fighting with each other about symbols, interpretations, occult mysticisms, and poring over the wisdom of the ancients, which when interpreted means no more than is found in the spirit of the age, viz., that man is a spiritual being, a moral and responsible agent, that virtue, goodness, and obedience to the promptings of benevolence (self-sacrifice), and a life of purity, justice, and righteousness, bring with them the inevitable reward of growth in spirit, goodness, and power, peace and sweetness? The "blessedness" which is higher than happiness (gratification) comes alone to those who have overcome selfishness, and, in love, lived for others. Exactly so the contrary of these bring consequences of pain and deprivation. The only passport into the higher spheres is that of a rounded character, built up by daily endeavors to know and do the right, to be good and do good, and leave the world sweeter for our having grown and blossomed in it.

How can we practically realize this? Surely not by secluding ourselves from the world, not by talking a language of esoteric jugglery with symbolic expressions that none but Adepts can understand, which serve to obscure and not reveal the truth.

Let us have plain terms for plain facts. Let us overcome indifference by earnestness, hypocrisy by honesty, and faithfulness by fanaticism if need be. Character, not creed; deeds, not words. Empty boasters are we unless we can apply our Spiritualism with its mighty revelations of immortality and destiny to the daily life of humanity. Abstract philosophical disquisitions will not educate the children of the age, will not feed their minds with practical truth, moral culture, or warn them of dangers and vices that beset their paths. Let us not clutch at the shadow of wisdom and lose the substance of truth and duty. Wisdom is justified of her children when they prove themselves hers by wise employment of knowledge, in treading the path of duty, right, and love.

The spirits, with trumpet tongues, tell us over and over again—go to work—sow the seeds—spread the truth—let the light shine—life is for use, not for self, but for humanity and the truth. Learn it, love it, live it!

For myself, as I go through life I see so much of fear, fraud, and folly, so much of ignorance and wrong, that I feel amazed that people can spend their time bothering over what somebody, who lived (or did not live), somewhere or some time, meant by a phrase, a symbol, or an allegory he is said to have uttered, as though their very existence and the happiness here and hereafter of mankind depended upon getting at the bottom of the mystery, while starvation, disease, degradation, and death abound everywhere around them. Possibly when discovered the teacher meant no more, the truth behind the symbol was none other than the command, "Help, comfort, and bless your fellows, do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God."

Is there not need for "physical salvation" for the suffering, dejected, and degraded men and women, and depraved children around us, deprived because of the vice in which they were begotten? Should not this work be made better, brighter, and happier by right-doing and loving kindness?

Cannot Spiritualism supply a moral force which shall lift humanity upon a higher, holier, and more harmonious plane of thought and life? Is there no practical way in which the golden rule of Spiritualism—"character here the parent of destiny hereafter"—can be applied to the building of a nobler character for ourselves, by self-knowledge, self-culture, and self-conquest, first, that we may become teachers by example and influence as well as by precept from press and platform? These are questions of vital import for us to consider. We may sneer at the zeal of the Salvation Army, but it is doubtful to my mind whether it is not doing a more practical work for human advancement here, and consequently for a more blessed hereafter, than our "dry-as-dust" intellectual and theological Spiritualism. The "head" without the heart is dead, has neither warmth, love, nor soul. We must put the "hearts" of love and sympathy into our Spiritualism, and "go out into the high-way and by-ways and compel them to come in," if we would be alive and even profit by the story of a Jesus, whether real or ideal.—E. W. WALLIS in *Light, England.*

Acting-Mayor Walkup of Emporia, Kas., having died under circumstances showing that he was poisoned, his bride of a month, whom he met in New Orleans under somewhat romantic circumstances, has been held on circumstantial evidence to answer to the charge of causing her husband's death.

Hungary has an insurance company which pays married men from 100 to 500 florins in the event of the elopement of their spouses. A California gold mine has been named the Grover Cleveland.

A New Boston Correspondent.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

As I was sitting this sultry afternoon with one foot out of my north window, and one hand lazily toying with my lead pencil—a weapon with which I have often beguiled my indolent hours, beguiling at the same time a stranger now and then to the perusal of my lucubrations, and possibly entertaining a few, a very few admiring friends of about my own calibre, and it may be boring dreadfully the great body of sensible readers who have not yet learned to skip over what they find under my well known name, it occurred to me that you would like to have a new correspondent from this capital city of notions where more ideas are floating about in the atmosphere probably than over any equal area within the boundaries of our glorious union; not dense and heavy ideas either such as might keep if packed away with care, but light and thin and airy ideas, such as float into the mind without effort and float about in it without friction or injury, and which ought in a wise economy to be bottled up and conveyed for distribution to the less favored parts of our country. Prompted by this benevolent impulse I immediately withdrew my foot from the window, turned about in my pivotal chair—such a chair is indispensable to a philosopher, if he would see on all sides of a subject—stopped idly fooling with my pencil and began the work upon which I am this moment engaged in earnest. It is very refreshing to me—however it may be with my readers—to let my thoughts run off the end of my pencil without effort or order, to seize the impressions which visit me before they can get away—they buzz about my head, coming and going with the alertness of flies, and fix them in an enduring form, where my children can recognize them after I am gone, and posterity at large be instructed by them.

Before, however, introducing the main topics of interest in this letter, let me say something about something else. I am not quite certain what it is or what it ought to be. But I like to approach my subject gradually, and to throw out a skirmish line or two, sometimes even three or four, and see where they will lead me. In this I follow the way of the bee hunters who observe the flight of the burdened toilers on the wing, and pursuing their course, however erratic, finally track them to their

"Home, sweet home, Be it ever so humble," etc.,

and discover great treasures. How much honey I have found in this way and provided for my readers, it is not for me to say. But I've spread it out so thin and over so many columns of newspaper, that I think that sometime and somewhere nearly every one fond of that sort of thing must have had a bite. If any body has had a surfeit, it must be because he has eaten more than was good for him. This is his misfortune and not at all my fault; for I've spread it out, as I said, very thin indeed. I could not have done otherwise, and besides I have allowed a little sand, dead leaves, thistle tops and bits of mud, and (after a visit to Onset) some drops of sea water to mingle with it. These things ought to prevent its making one sick. But if there hadn't been something sickish about him beforehand, I'm sure he would never have eaten so much.

The biggest idea, perhaps, that has floated in the air over the heads of the good and bad people of Boston and vicinity—a wide vicinity, for Boston, like Briareus of old, reaches out its hundred arms a good ways, and is quite remarkably the center of a region all around it (which is true of so few places), variously estimated as from fifty to a hundred miles round it—the biggest idea, as I was saying—except the "mind cure," which is in truth a good many ideas and schools of ideas curiously mixed up with a want of ideas, as I am able to understand their pamphlets and books—the big Boston idea for the last few months (with the exception aforesaid), is materialization. I have been to three materializing sances every week for the last year and a half, and I think I ought to know what I am writing about. There are fifteen or twenty materializing mediums in the city, every one of them reliable, and able to give sances for this wonderful manifestation nearly every evening in the week and most afternoons. And their records are, generally speaking, irreproachable. If any of them have ever been detected in fraud, as is alleged by a body of savage men and women chiefly engaged in hounding down "the poor mediums"—(why don't they try their hand on the good ones?) it is well understood here at least that they were merely the victims of playful and mischievous spirits—we do not like to think that any are really bad—into whose hands they had innocently fallen, and from whom no supposable integrity could have preserved them. This is vindication enough as to the fraud charge. And if any of them have led and still lead scandalous lives, as is rumored, we should first set this down as mere rumor and probably calumny on the part of enemies, of whom the wicked world is full, and, secondly, observe that the matter of moral character is quite distinct from that of genuine and valuable mediumship. Angels of light and purity can undoubtedly, if they choose, speak to us through the foulest lips, and even borrow the material out of which to frame their "counterfeit presentments" from bodies rotten with vice. This should not surprise us. It only shows the depth of angelic condescension, the tenderness of angelic pity for poor creatures who must somehow make a living.

But all this is nearer an argument than I like to come in my pencilings. I prefer to follow my impressions. And these impressions, I must say, are decisively favorable to the claims of the mediums, whatever they may be, whether as to gifts or character. They appear well, talk well, dress well, and will always generously send me a ticket or two if I offer to write up their exhibitions for the public. They are on the whole, I am sure, a pretty good set.

And their work is truly astonishing. I don't wonder people spend night after night in gazing at the heavenly beings who are thus introduced to us, and in listening to their inspiring words—though occasionally the words fall short of the highest inspiration, and a good deal short—and that they pour out their dollars freely for such privileges. I could do it myself; and do it liberally in addition to my free passes. And in this connection let me frankly say, "Give me the phenomena." Let others endeavor to gain a philosophy, a theology, a demonstration of a just theory of life, a vindication of Bible history, or of the Divine government, or what not. These things are subordinate and unimportant. Even the being of a god is an insignificant question, has no practical importance with most men. And if it had, I don't see how it is to be proved. But these phenomena prove something. They prove to a demonstration that your friend of yesterday, who, as you say, "died," still lives and that he is the same fellow exactly; the same in aspect, the same in character, the same in tastes, feelings, habits and pursuits. He is

neither better nor worse for "the great change." He can identify himself to you perfectly by a Masonic grip, by his bald head, by a wart on his nose.

Now this is interesting. This tells us if not what we are, at least what we're going to be. It is a revelation of the unseen and of the future, compared with which all ancient bibles and all modern speculative philosophies are tame and

"Baseless as the visions of a dream."

Some author writes this fine line just quoted. I am not altogether certain who it is.

But this letter is getting too long for a first one. If you want more another time I will do the thing up reasonably. Indeed I shall feel repaid by the wide circulation of my name. Some day I hope to see it in a book—a collection of my best essays. You will, of course, freely advertise it for me and I will repay you with more essays.

I find I have said little of what I meant to, so far as I had any plan, and must defer to future opportunities the thoughts that breathe and the words that burn in my soul as I lay down my pencil.

As my stream, if not deep, runs clear and is very easy to ford I sign myself

SHALLOWS.

CASSADAGA CAMP-MEETING.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Cassadaga Camp is having a good deal of wet weather at present, but it does not seem to affect the attendance very much. Since my last letter we have had lectures by Judge R. S. McCormick, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, J. W. Fletcher and Mrs. Nellie Brigham. Mr. E. W. Emerson has arrived and is giving platform tests. The Gratton Smith family of Painesville, Ohio, furnish excellent singing, and the Lillies give us an occasional duet. The children are progressing finely under the care of Mrs. Spera, and give creditable exhibitions on Friday evenings.

Last night a large and beautiful cottage, lately erected near the hotel, was dedicated. It was built by several families from Erie, Titusville and Pittsburg. Interesting speeches were made by Lyman C. Howe, Wm. Barnsdell, J. W. Fletcher, Mrs. Lillie and Mrs. Brigham. The two latter giving inspirational poems. The Smith family gave us some fine choruses. The Lillies sang a duet, and Damp's Band discoursed sweet music from the top of the veranda. The affair was a very pleasant one, and the cottage was fittingly consecrated to the interest of the cause, being named "The Progressive Union."

The mediums on the grounds are doing pretty well this season, but we are sorry to say there is too much fraud here for the good of the place. In two or three instances the writer has been well satisfied that what he witnessed was mere trickery, and in one instance discovered actual proof of the same; but as the mediums already have the reputation of being deceivers, it would be useless to call further attention to them. We do not believe in requiring mediums to have a diploma from a commission of skeptics before allowing them to practice, but we do think that it would be more just to the public, more helpful to the truth, and more to the advantage of honest mediums, if the managers of camp meetings could endorse or vouch for the honesty of all mediums holding sances on their grounds. When investigators come to a camp meeting they are not supposed to know who are genuine and who are fraudulent mediums. They suppose that all mediums are equally good, if they are practically endorsed by being granted the privilege of holding sances on the grounds of the Association. The management of a camp takes care to present only good speakers, and will not allow cranks and unbalanced characters to represent the cause from the platform. Why should they not be equally careful with reference to the mediums who are to present the phenomena upon which the whole structure rests? These suggestions are called out by what has been personally witnessed. Your correspondent has no plan to offer for remedying the evil, but hopes the proper ones may turn their attention to the matter.

Being just at present in a critical mood, it may be well to speak of another thing. Some of our speakers are not pursuing the best course, if they have the interest of truth at heart. They are not employing the best means of reaching and convincing those who are yet in the shadows of orthodoxy. We hear speakers on the liberal and spiritual platform indulge in ridicule and abuse of the church and theology, and we wonder that we do not convert more of the church people. If we would convince them of the error of their ways, and show them larger and broader truths, we must accomplish it by kindness, not harshness. We need not compromise with error; we need not conceal our convictions or repudiate our principles; but we may and should avoid all indiscriminate abuse, all extreme assertions concerning the church, and aim to look broadly, judge truly, and speak charitably of that which we believe to be error. We must remember that the church has her place in the economy of the universe; and that the intolerance and bigotry which has found expression through that institution, belongs not to the church,

but to humanity. Intolerance finds expression through various channels, of which the church is one, and perhaps the worst, but the way to remedy the evil is not to abuse the church as an institution, but to educate humanity. It is better to speak of corporations than of individuals, but the true philosopher deals only with principles. Not the man, or the church, but the principle, should be the object of our criticism. Intolerance finds a resting place among liberals, as well as among orthodox bodies; and the church is not the only institution that persecutes for opinion's sake. Let us remember these things, and let our dealing with error ever conform to the law of love. Then we shall attract, not repel, and light shall be shed in dark places.

August 21st, 1885.

GRAPHO.

NOTES FROM ONSET.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Sunday, the 16th, Warren Chase was the speaker of the day, the first for the beginning of the supplementary meetings at Onset. His subject in the morning was, "Theories of Past and Present." In the afternoon his subject was, "Who are the Thinkers that Think Out the Thought of the World?"

We had a large attendance for a supplementary meeting, special trains being run from the Cape as well as from Boston and New Bedford.

Many of the mediums have left to attend other camp meetings all along the line, from the State of Maine to the great West; yet we are having some of the very best evening social gatherings of all the season. On Sunday evening, the 16th inst., one of the richest hours for real solid thought was enjoyed at the cottage of Mrs. King. Among those present on this occasion were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. E. Gerry Brown, Mr. and Mrs. W. Currier, Vice-President George Hosmer, Cyrus Peabody, Mrs. J. P. Rieker, Mr. and Mrs. Hare, Mr. and Mrs. Southworth Loring, Mr. and Mrs. J. Morse and daughter, and Warren Chase. Mr. J. Morse consented to have his control take possession and for the hour answer questions. The time was only too short, and we all felt that the evening had been one of much profit.

On Sunday, the 30th, Mr. J. Morse will be the regular speaker, which will close the meetings at Onset for the present season.

The weather is delightful, and the real comfort for the cottagers will be experienced in the month of September after the rush of visitors has passed, and the village of more than 300 cottages and their inhabitants are more by themselves. Then the pleasant days and long evenings will be enjoyed in social gatherings, profitable sances for spirit communion, and all phases of our beautiful and instructive phenomena, and last but not least by any means, recuperation in our physical natures. W. W. CURRIER.

Onset, Mass., Aug. 21, 1885.

Statistics show that the number of suicides in this country varies very little from year to year. Reckoning from the first of March to the end of February, the figures for the last three years are: 1882-3, 1,606; 1883-4, 1,403; 1884-5, 1,608. The ages of those who committed suicide in 1884 ran from eleven to ninety-six years. The chief methods used were, in 531 cases, shooting; in 310, poisoning; in 275, hanging; in 157, cutting the throat; in 127, drowning. Besides these, 37 persons killed themselves by jumping from or standing in front of moving railroad trains, 25 by cutting arteries, 18 by jumping from heights, 11 by stabbing, 8 by burning, and one each by scalding and starving. The suicides were engaged in nearly every kind of occupation, but the great majority were farmers, merchants, and laborers.

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