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

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

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF DEATH.

Death not Regarded as an Event to be Shunned.

Interesting Incidents in Connection with the Change from Earth to Spirit Life.

[The following article on "Death," from the pen of Dr. Eugene Crowell, was originally published in that excellent paper, *The Two Worlds*. It is very entertaining and instructive, and should be carefully perused by every Christian as well as by Spiritualists.]

Modern Spiritualism teaches, as was taught by primitive Christianity, that "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body," and it further teaches that there is a soul, or essence, and thus man is a trinity. The revelations of Modern Spiritualism have also made clear to our understanding that the spiritual body is organized like the physical, and co-exists with it, is unaffected by death, being indestructible, and serves the same purposes in the next stage of existence that the physical body does in this, being in all respects, excepting that of gross materiality, the counterpart of that.

This spiritual body, animated by the divine essence of soul, constitutes the spiritual man, and as death is the means of liberating and introducing this spiritual man to the next and final state of existence, it is desirable that we should at the outset acquire a correct general understanding of its real nature and purpose. To the Angel of Death we shall all sooner or later become indebted for services rendered.

There are few subjects which have been more distorted by ignorance, more misunderstood, and misrepresented, than death, and the fear it inspires is so general that to speak of it on ordinary occasions, or in social gatherings, is regarded as an offence against good-breeding, and so far from religion having conquered it, it is the conqueror of religion. The antiquated and false opinions of the majority of the Old Testament writers regarding death, have permeated and corrupted the Christian religion, and the modern Christian dreads death far more than the ancient pagan did, or than modern pagans and even modern unbelievers do. Few Christians will admit the fact, but their fears frequently testify that they are nearly as hopeless of the future as was Job, when he exclaimed: "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away so he that goeth down to the grave shall come no more." And it is not only the fear of annihilation that haunts the minds of so many intelligent persons in our day, but apprehensions, more or less vivid, of eternal suffering render multitudes even more unhappy.

"It were," said Martin Luther, in his Table Talk, "a light and easy thing for a Christian to suffer and overcome death if he knew not that it were God's wrath." In other words, if men's minds were not corrupted by false teachings, they would not regard death with fear and trembling, as the majority now do. In the same vein was the remark of an old, decrepid, half-starved pauper in the Schenck County, N. Y., Poor House, to a visitor. "It is," said he, "a pity to live, but my excuse is that it's more terrible to die."

DEATH RARELY PAINFUL.

Death is simply the separation of the spiritual body from the physical, and in itself is rarely painful. All observant physicians testify to this fact, and as to the fear that the dying are supposed to have of death, this, as a rule, is more imaginary than real. A writer in the *Galaxy*, some time since, confirmed the results of my own observation so fully, and expressed my own views of this subject so clearly, that I am induced to quote his words. He said: "It has so happened that I have seen many men and women die. I have very many times

been present when sick persons were ebbing to eternity. I have seen men and women, young and old, cultivated and ignorant, orthodox and heterodox, in their last moments; and as a rule, all of them passed away, if not without regret, at least with entire resignation. None of them showed dread of the future. Their thoughts were fixed on what they were quitting; not on what they were going to. I observed that some of them were troubled, perhaps distressed, when they first thought they could not recover, but that, the nearer their end came, the less apprehensive and the calmer they grew. Having once banished hope, tranquillity seemed to descend upon them as a substitute, and afterward, if free from physical pain, there was unruffled peace. If encouraged to believe they might get well, or if they had a favorable turn, the old anxiety, with something of the former apprehension, reappeared; proving that their mental disquietude was born of their expectation of life, not of their fear of death. Thus was established a clear analogy between material and spiritual anguish under the same circumstances. As we have seen, they who are badly hurt, or seriously ill, experience suffering in going back to life, while the downward path to death, both for the body and the soul, is paved with smoothness and serenity.

"Beyond the merely instinctive desire to 'exist,'" says Dr. Spencer, "the dread of death is a matter of education. Never does the child forget his first sight of a corpse, the darkened chamber, the storm of grief, the white face and rigid features, all combine to form an indelible impression on the mind." And Dr. Warren says:

"When the blood ceases to be oxygenated, physical sensibility is destroyed, and the oxygenation of the blood being accomplished by the lungs, if these organs are obstructed, a proportionate privation of sensibility will necessarily be the result. The lungs are the weakest of all the great vital organs; they ordinarily begin to die sooner than other parts, and their function is actually suspended before that of other organs. Thence it follows that the oxygenation of the blood being gradually suspended, the privation of nervous sensibility immediately ensues, and there can be no suffering. These theoretical notions are supported by facts. So far as my experience goes, if a dying man be asked whether he suffers pain, he will, in the greater number of instances, answer in the negative; yet there may be at the same time a frightful appearance of distress.

"My opinion, therefore, founded on a great number of observations of the character above mentioned, is that death is not generally painful, and that nature, like a kind mother, while she surrounds its idea with imaginary terrors, has contrived the animal organization in such way as to produce a natural anodyne in depriving the blood of oxygen. There will be found, no doubt, exceptions in chronic diseases already alluded to, as arising from physical causes, and there will be another class of exceptions of a different nature from moral causes, such as the recollection of a bad life."

The testimony of Dr. Madden, Physician to the State prison, at Sing Sing, is, that "the prisoners die on the cots where they are sick, in the main room of the hospital, surrounded by their sick fellow prisoners. Death-bed scenes there are not very different from those elsewhere. My experience has been," he says, "that all persons when they come to die are in nearly the same condition of indifference. The time when they have the horrors is when they are afraid they are going to be sick enough to die; and then I don't think convicts are more horrified at the thought of death than other persons are."

Of the multitudes of those who have been hanged, many have returned to consciousness, and at least the majority of these have testified to the same effect as did John Burns, an old citizen of St. Louis County, Mo., whose character for truthfulness was vouched for by a writer in the *St. Louis Republican*. "Some time during the war of the rebellion, some ruffians, who desired to be thought bushwhackers, came upon Mr. Burns at his house, intending to compel him to give up some money that he was supposed to have. Burns had none, and told them so. They did not believe him, and their next move was to cut a cord out of a bedstead, tie one end around Burns's neck, throw the other over a joist overhead, and pull him up till his feet were clear of the floor. This they did four times, questioning him between whiles.

Burns says that he lost consciousness every time as soon as his feet left the floor, that he felt no pain at any time, that after the second hoist he meant to sham continued insensibility when they let him drop again, but it was beyond his power. His first consciousness was that he had raised his body to a sitting position, on the floor, which put shamming out of the question. He experienced no pain when the rope tightened, nor while he was suspended, nor after he was released, except the soreness caused on the skin by the chafing of the rope.

Another correspondent of the same journal had a more extended experience of the feelings of the dying, for at one time he was nearly drowned, and at another nearly frozen to death. He says:

"I was crossing a bridge over a wide but shallow stream, in a lonely place, and accidentally fell off. When I say shallow, I mean for such a wide body of water. It was over my head by two or three feet. I saw nobody near me and could not swim a stroke. I knew how deep the water was, and gave myself up for lost. The quickness of the senses when sudden death seems impending has frequent-

ly been noted, but still, without experience, no one can realize it. It is as if one's whole life were spread out in a panorama before him, every minute detail of things long forgotten, and which when they happened were no impression on the memory, stand out in sharp and bold outline. I remembered, for instance, a game of marbles, played when I was a boy, and a futile attempt I once made to transmit a 'common' into a 'white' alley by greasing it with lard, wrapping it in a rag, and roasting it in the fire. I remembered how the marble burst in the operation, and how a piece of it struck and cut into the cheek of the boy who had beguiled me into the experiment, and the satisfaction I experienced at the retributive justice. It seemed as if everything I had ever done, suffered, or thought, was presented to my memory at a single flash.

"Then I struck the water, where a sound, which I have since learned to liken to the roar of the Niagara, burst on my ears and stunned me with its overwhelming volume. I remembered a brief instant of struggling and clutching, and then a sense of sinking—sinking—until I had reached a depth of thousands of fathoms. I neither suffered pain nor felt alarmed, but had a vague feeling of being irresistibly borne to some catastrophe, the climax to which would be terrible. Suddenly I found myself possessed of the power of floating or wafting myself along by mere volition. With a delicious feeling of languid indifference I suffered myself to float about—in the air, but in the air—skimming over the surface of the ground in whatever direction I chose, either and thither, as a windward fancy led. I was conscious that it was a new power, and I exulted in its possession and reasoned on its nature. I found that my body was as light as the air in which it moved, and imagined that a thistle down would feel as I did. If possessed of consciousness, then I was in the water again, and everything around me had a roseate hue, which speedily changed to green, then to violet, and finally to utter darkness, and then all was blank.

"As I subsequently learned, some men in a skiff a half a mile away had seen me fall into the water and hurried to my assistance, but I had disappeared long before they reached the spot. Many minutes elapsed before they found me, and full half an hour afterwards before the physicians, who had been summoned, arrived. They pronounced me dead, and that they made any attempt to resuscitate me was due solely to the persistence of an intimate friend of mine who had accompanied them.

"Nearly a dozen years after the above experience I became a citizen of the West, and commenced opening a new farm in a sparsely settled country. The place was about ten miles from the nearest town, and one pleasant day near the last of December I went to the latter in a light spring wagon to get some supplies for Christmas festivities. The day was so mild that I did not even wear an overcoat. About the time I started home, which was a little after sundown, it began to grow suddenly cold and presently a storm almost amounting to a hurricane broke from the north, bringing with it the temperature of Nova Zembla. In this region of marked climatic vicissitudes I never before or since knew any so great. The mercury fell in an hour to forty degrees below zero. Under ordinary circumstances I could easily have made the ride home in that time, but I was going in the teeth of the wind, so that I could make but little over half the usual speed. I suffered severely from the cold but more than I had many a time before and have many a time since, but as you may imagine was anxious to get home as quickly as possible. When I had got within a couple of miles of there, I found the weather growing pleasant again. My ears, that had stung and smarted with the cold, no longer troubled me. My hands, though stiff and numb, had a firm grip of the lines, and seated in the bottom of the wagon with my back and shoulders resting on the seat, I would have been quite comfortable, except that I was so drowsy that I could scarcely keep awake. I comforted myself with the reflection that I would soon be at home snugly tucked in bed, where I could sleep to my heart's content. While indulging in this pleasing reverie I dropped asleep, and what followed I only learned from my family.

"They had concluded that finding the sudden change in temperature I had either determined to spend the night in town, or had returned there for that purpose in case I had started home before the cold began. At eight o'clock, having given me up, they retired to bed and to sleep. About nine o'clock my wife was awakened by the repeated whinnying of a horse in front of the house. She never suspected that it was ours, but took it for a stray, and from motives of humanity called upon one of the men and ordered it to be put in the stable. When the man went out and found that it was our own horse, and that it was in the wagon apparently dead and frozen stiff, he made an outcry that soon brought out the household. Fortunately my wife had recently been reading of the proper mode of treating persons partially frozen, and therefore knew that I must not be taken into a warm room, but must be rubbed with snow. Plenty of snow had fallen, and I was stripped and well rubbed with it until I began to show signs of animation. Then frictions with coarse cloths were used until I was sufficiently restored to scream with the torture they were putting me to. Every portion of my body seemed as sensitive as a boil. I felt

as if I had been stung all over with wasps or hornets until I was swollen pulp, ready to burst at any point like an over-ripe cherry. The joints of my fingers, toes, ankles, and wrists seemed as if screwed in red hot vices till the blood was ready to ooze out from the extremities, and I could scarcely persuade myself that my finger and toe nails were not being forced off by the pressure. I soon became delirious and a raging fever set in; from which I did not recover for weeks. But when I did recover my physical condition was better than ever before. I had been slim and almost puny before, but now I became hearty and robust as you see me now, so that at sixty I am strong and active as most men are at forty. I attribute it to my having been frozen to the verge of death.

Death by freezing is a gradual process, and as vitality decreases the connecting bonds between spirit and body are weakened. The moment death has accomplished its work the spirit is liberated and even if no spirit-friends are near to conduct it to its spirit-home, its own instinctive desire to escape from its uncomfortable surroundings will, ordinarily, guide it unerringly to its proper destination.

In December, 1878, the editor of *The Gardiner Journal*, Maine, had a narrow escape from death, his horse running away as he hung in the wheel. He thus describes his sensations and thoughts:

"Oh, can't some of my spirit-friends do something to help me out of this scrape?—beeseeching I said or thought. It was a prayer not laid down in the books, and perhaps the form was not staid nor formal. Short as it was, it did me good. I saw then crowds of spirits around me—part of whom I knew. I do not see what they can do, I thought, and as they seemed to hover round the front part of the wagon, and over the horse, I wondered how they kept up with him. Then I thought perhaps they will take the old horse's strength away, but I couldn't see very clearly how they were to do this for old Robin was a hard customer to dematerialize. I probably should have lived but a few seconds longer. The reins had worn off upon the wheels just when my strength was all gone. Had I died, people would pityingly have said it was a horrible death—but really I suffered very little. All the pain I had up to now had not been equal to what I suffered last summer in one day from the bite of an insect. The shock was such that my nerves of sensation were benumbed. My feet, in fact, were as a physical sort of feeling that it was a bundle about three feet long with a sort of handle to it (which was my left leg probably), that was bouncing along over the ground, which I was trying to untangle. Then there was another self who had to take care of the wheel, untangle the rein, talk to old Robin, yell to the dog, and attend to matters generally; while the third self seemed to do the thinking, and I kind of liked that one the best. I had often heard that in such crises as these one's whole life passes in review before him, and I thought of that fact, but I had no such experience. I had only one regret for deeds done or left undone, and that was that I had neglected my usual custom of taking accident tickets, and this regret I felt ashamed of. My only thought was of my wife. The knowledge that I have faced death unflinchingly is not without satisfaction to me, and there is a something that I feel which I cannot describe, that assures me that there were more powerful influences than my own aiding, comforting and sustaining me. My religious friends will say it was the God Father, and it matters not what we call it, the feeling is the same. I do not feel of sufficient consequence to merit God's special providence, but that loving friends from the other sphere may have comforted and sustained me is not repugnant to my common sense, and does not lessen my idea of the goodness and greatness of the Creator.

Every intelligent Spiritualist knows that the writer of the above is fully justified in believing that spirit-friends were present with him, intensely, even painfully interested in his situation, and laboring to rescue him from danger, and it is quite possible that to their efforts he is wholly or partially indebted for his escape.

In view of similar accidents, and accidents in a thousand other forms to which we are subject from infancy to old age, it is a perpetual wonder to all-reflective minds how a human being can live to reach maturity. It truly is

"Strange that a harp of a thousand strings Should keep in tune so long!"

and especially when we consider the rough usage to which it is subjected. Were it not for the watchful care of guardian angels, earth's population would decrease more rapidly than it now increases.

Among those who narrowly escaped death at the destruction of the Brooklyn Theatre, by fire, in December, 1876, were Mr. and Mrs. Niles, of that city. With the latter I had an interview two days after the calamity, and in relating to me her experience on that night, she stated that in attempting to escape by the stairs they were both thrown down and trampled upon, and soon others were heaped on them, until from the pressure and want of air they were suffocated, and in this state of insensibility they were removed in time to save them from death by burning.

Mrs. Niles soon recovered, but her husband remained insensible for a considerable time after being rescued. I questioned the lady upon her thoughts and sensations during the time that elapsed from her first attempt to escape until she had become restored to con-

sciousness, and she stated that when she found herself prostrate and helpless beside her husband, and felt the increasing pressure of other bodies upon her own, her thoughts were not so much of themselves as of the painful effect of the news of their tragic fate upon the minds of their friends; but soon she experienced the sensations of suffocation, these continuing a brief time, when insensibility supervened. She further said that many times previously in her life she had experienced at least equal physical suffering, and that the suffering of the mind exceeded that of the body. In this respect the experience of her husband—so she assured me—was similar to her own.

Thus the testimony of those who are qualified to testify in relation to the sufferings of the dying is overwhelmingly in the negative. That some do suffer while dying is beyond question, but that their sufferings are dependent upon their dying cannot be admitted, for it is probable that these same persons suffered quite as much in the stage of disease preceding the dying period, as they did while dying, probably more, and every physician knows that the majority of his patients suffer more in the first stages of disease than in the later stages. There are few persons who have passed through a serious illness who did not suffer as much in their illness as they would have suffered had it terminated fatally, and where the sufferings attendant upon gradual recovery are super-added, the aggregate of suffering of those who are ill and recover far exceeds that of those who do not recover.

While these remarks apply to the majority of mankind, to the aged death becomes a want, like sleep, and they submit to its embrace as the infant does to that of its mother. They literally fall asleep in the arms of death, and awake, those who have earned this happiness, no longer decrepid and worn, but youthful and vigorous, and radiant with joy and hope. Death, to the virtuous, is the sole and sure remedy for all earthly ills. Thank God that

"The river of death so dark and cold, Is now spanned by a radiant bow, which those whose minds are enlightened with spiritual truth plainly perceive. Such can exclaim with Mrs. Hemans:

"Let others trembling bow, Angel of death, before thee, not to those Whose spirits with eternal truth repose Art thou a fearful show."

The aspect of death is not revolting to the virtuous, intelligent Spiritualist, for he knows that "Life is the joyous death the angel sent to draw the unwilling bolts and set us free." He knows that death is not only the cessation of physical life, but the commencement of the true and never-ending life of the liberated spiritual man. That in that land of beauty and gladness,

"Everlasting spring abides, And never withering flowers; Death, like a narrow sea divides This heavenly land from ours.

"But tumorous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea, And linger shivering on the brink And fear to launch away."

He knows that "there is no conqueror but God and in a spirit of thankfulness can say that if but for sin there would be no death, then thank God for sin.

DEATH DOES NOT CHANGE THE CHARACTER.

Neither the intellectual, moral or affectional nature of men are changed by death. It is only a step in life, and the man himself, the spiritual man, all that constituted the man before death, is identically the same after death. He has not for a moment ceased to exist; he has simply entered on another phase of existence, under more favorable conditions and circumstances, and if he has lived a true life here, he has only been translated from the dull and cheerless regions of earth to the clear sunshine and glorious atmosphere of a better world. It is only through death that man finds freedom and happiness.

"O change! O wondrous change! Burst are the prison bars; This moment he so low So agonized—ah now Beyond the stars! O change! stupendous change! There lies the soulless clod; The sun eternal breaks— The new immortal wakes— Wakes with his God!"

THE PROCESS.

In common with most investigators of the spiritual philosophy, the writer has always felt a strong desire to obtain specific information relative to the process of being "born again," and will here present some of the results of his inquiries into this subject, and in doing so will speak in the first person.

During the time I had been engaged in investigating the facts of Spiritualism, through the mediumship of Dr. Charles B. Keeney, now more than nine years, a number of my relations and most intimate friends have crossed the rainbow bridge to the other shore, and in some instances some of my spirit-friends were present at the separation of the spirit from the body, and we have had frequent and protracted conversations upon the subject, in which they have freely and minutely described the circumstances attendant upon each case, and in all these cases the processes, in the main, were similar, although they differed in unimportant details.

In a majority of these instances the spirit emerged from the body immediately upon the cessation of respiration, and suddenly appeared amidst the attendant spirits. But in

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

COMMENTS ON THE COMMENTATORS.

Superfluous Criticism Examined.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Politeness, I suppose, would require that I should take some notice of the personal allusions to myself in the JOURNAL by Mr. Coleman and Mr. Hart, in which my grave offenses against lofty principles have been fully set forth and emphatically rebuked.

I have no hesitation in distinctly pleading guilty to the indictment and relying on the mercy of the court. The lamentable offense as charged, is that I have not been as close a reader of the JOURNAL as I should have been, and consequently have overlooked a certain essay by the zealous and industrious Mr. Coleman, which illustrates especially the truth about Krishna.

I acknowledge that the entire contents of the JOURNAL are worthy of perusal by all its readers, and I should never have failed to perform this duty if I were not bankrupt in time. But I cannot possibly read one-tenth of the books that I both desire and need to read; and I never find time to read any newspaper thoroughly. Nevertheless, as I carefully file the JOURNAL, I expect some day to perform a neglected duty and learn all about Krishna that Mr. Coleman has published, and thus receive his pardon!

Meantime with profound respect for the gravity and dignity of the occasion, permit me to say that I do not care three straws for the grave questions concerned, which have been treated with so much solemnity. Whether Krishna lived 1,000 or 3,000 years ago—whether Jacolliot is worthy of any credence—whether Kersey Graves is anywhere near the truth, are questions in which I feel very little interest and which I have not examined.

I am not a historian or teacher of history (which I think of little importance in comparison with science). I merely referred to some current assertions and opinions, as an illustration of an argument, attaching no importance to their accuracy, and not treating my references as matters of positive or accurate knowledge. A very large portion of our ancient history, especially that connected with religion is so mixed with error, fable and fabrication that no one but a historian who gives his life to the subject can feel any positive certainty concerning a single chapter of ancient history on such subjects. Nevertheless we all accept and repeat what is handed down.

Throughout Christendom all the clergy and the great mass of the literati and the respectability of society are habitually repeating the statements of the New Testament, written a hundred and fifty or two hundred years after the events occurred, and therefore morally certain to be destitute of historical accuracy. Those who criticize Dr. Buchanan so vigorously should administer still stronger rebukes to the entire republic of letters and the whole of Christendom, and Mr. H. might end by rebuking himself.

What I do maintain, and what I endeavored to show in my lecture, is that the religious sentiment in man develops itself on certain lines, alike in all ages,—that superior men become the christi of their people, and subsequently become partially or entirely deified in the popular mind. In illustrating this by Krishna and Quetzalcoatl I referred to current opinions and traditions as is the custom of authors, without affirming their literal historical correctness, though I did affirm the wonderful analogies in the Mexican and Roman religions, and when I am arraigned for making such reference I fail to perceive the justice of the arraignment. It is a matter of indifference to me if Mr. Coleman should show any current opinions on such subjects to be erroneous—but the students of history may think him. I see nothing in my lecture which is not quite proper even if Mr. Coleman's views are entirely correct, as to Asia, except the inaccuracy of naming twenty centuries instead of fourteen—in connection with the name of Muller. But a single century was sufficient for my argument as twenty.

The characters of Krishna and Quetzalcoatl as I know them psychometrically justify my comments upon them, and show that there was a real and meritorious basis for the fictions which have gathered around their names. Hereafter I expect to speak of them psychometrically. I have never looked at Graves' "Sixteen Crucified Saviors," nor supposed it to be an accurate historical work, but it is very well known that there was nearly an equal amount of fiction clustered around the history of each of the three Christs; but the Christian fictions associated with Jesus and the Madonna during the first five centuries have generally been dissipated, at least among Protestants, by the light of modern civilization; and the amaroic influence of modern skepticism even in the church where it has entered, threatens ultimately to degrade the reputation of Jesus so low that the aid of modern Spiritualism and of psychometry will be required to maintain his place in the Pantheon of the illustrious.

As to Quetzalcoatl, historically speaking, and the ancient religion of Mexico, so strangely resembling Christianity, I expressly stated that my views were based entirely on the researches of a friend who is familiar with the Spanish language and who has probably spent more time in the investigation than Mr. Coleman and may have had access to other sources of information. I do not believe that he has been deceived; but different opinions on historical questions have ever been maintained by persons of equal intelligence.

When a conservator of old opinions like Mr. Hart undertakes, upon the facts I have mentioned, to read a homily upon the importance of truth to one whose whole life has been a sacrifice to its pursuit, I fail to discover the modesty and good taste of such a performance.

Now, to change the theme, I would say that I heartily agree with Mr. Coleman's comments upon the strange charity for fraud and the severe censure upon those who honestly perform a duty to the public by telling the truth. The truth ought to be told; and Mr. Coleman has done some good service in that way which would have been more beneficial in its effect and been better appreciated, if he had been a little more moderate in language, and more willing to "give the devil his due," as well as his merited punishment. A criticism to be effective should be appreciative and fair to its subject, but in his recent essay the spirit of controversy leads him to present me to his readers in the way that I do not present myself. My hearers and readers do not regard me as a fervent Christian devotee in direct communion with Jesus, as such expressions are commonly understood—nor as one claiming infallibility. But there are some things in which most men would consider themselves infallible—as for example the proposition that two and two make four; and I have maintained not only for myself but for all men of clear intelligence and sound judgment that upon the most important questions and principles of

life and duty we can form a positive judgment and adhere to it with consistency. I am not conscious of any very material change of opinions in half a century, except in the enlargement of knowledge, and in matters of progressive science no one should consider his opinions a finality; but a changeling who has no fixed opinions and vibrates between Christianity, infidelity, materialism, Spiritualism, theosophy, etc., does not command our respect, and certainly we should be firm in adhering not only to the fundamental truths of Spiritualism, but to the indispensable principles of honesty and fair dealing, a doctrine which needs sometimes to be preached among Spiritualists.

We cannot afford to tolerate any counterfeiting and consequent discrediting of those evidences upon which we rely as the vindication of our faith and the basis of the noblest truth. The spiritual garden at present needs the hoe and the pruning knife to remove its weeds and excrescences. We need in this country more of the spirit of scientific investigation, and it is gratifying to observe that in England there has been a more wise and providential care to maintain the scientific honor of our cause.

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Sufficient Unto the Day is the Evil Thereof.

Synopsis of a Lecture Delivered in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Cal., by Mrs. E. L. Watson.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal by John H. Cummings.)

No man has a right to fear, if he believes in God or in himself, nor to think of the future except with hope. Our condition to-day cannot be understood until seen in the light of to-morrow. We lose sight of the vast beauty which is beyond our limited sphere, and we cannot see how our little block will fit in the grand temple which humanity is building, so we grow impatient and dissatisfied with life. Recently we tried to show you the bright side of things, and we pointed out the harmony of the physical world. There is a bright side to human nature also. How dare we in this light desecrate harmony outside in the lesser, and lose sight of it in man? The man of science, in the midst of this, cries out in awe and admiration. He alone is an infidel who does not see this beauty. If we turn our thoughts to human nature, we find that the physical is but the symbol of the spiritual. The physical is only the body, but human life is thought and feeling, the spirit and the essence.

When Robert Ingersoll was asked how this world could be bettered, he said: "I would make health catching." He might as well have said, I would have mountains without shadows. Health is already catching, the same as disease. That law which lets the mother transmit to her child disease and deformity, also communicates beauty and harmony. We cannot have one without the other. The angel of darkness and the angel of light ever walk side by side; but the bright side is by far the larger part of life. Are good acts not more numerous than bad ones? Is love not more powerful and more prevalent than hate?

When the physical is out of tune, life seems hardly worth living, and you enter into a tirade against human nature. But count the criminals, and see what a small minority they are. Dwell on the bright side, and the brightness extends. Faith in yourself begets faith in your neighbor. There is more good thinking than bad; more good acts than bad ones, and more courage than cowardice. Doubt, except when it is a key to open the way to further light, is a weakness. Fear saps our courage, and leaves us helpless and disheartened on life's battle-field. Existing religions are to be blamed for our fear, for we have been taught to run from the devil, instead of leaning on God. We have been told by our religious teachers that the devil goes up and down the world like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour; that he has worsted God in the struggle for human souls; and that we are children of darkness, in whom there is nothing worthy of God's consideration, which if we get, comes by a special grace, for we cannot earn it. What a capital total depravity has been with the priests!

Human nature, stripped of the rays of error and superstition, is noble. There is no human being on earth but might reveal an angel in embryo, and not a savage but possess a sleeping divinity within. Knock with faith and the door will open. If you are doing your best to better your condition, you have no right to distrust the outcome. To doubt the result of righteous action is to lose faith in God. Though you may stand alone, the moral side of the universe is with you. You are now merely laying the foundation, and you cannot see the progress of your work, but you should be satisfied for a master mind is directing all, and the majority of people are committed to goodness and truth.

If we questioned every department of nature, we would find that God is present there, and that those things we fear do not exist. The greatest danger is within ourselves, and is caused by ignorance and prejudice. Much of our knowledge we will unlearn in the future, for a great deal of it is high-sounding ignorance; and much of religion is false. We need to realize the beauty of life in its fragmentary forms; and we should regard our work with love, devoting ourselves to today's task as though angels were working with us. Thus shall we be filled with great content.

But many are out of place and in a fever to change. Discontent is God-like if it does not bring us discouragement. Hope has no room for failure. How much more would we accomplish if we did not yield to doubts and fears! We magnify the faults of our associates, but this is a revelation of our yearning for perfection, for we cannot bear to see our friends fall below what we consider the proper standard. If we would measure each other with more love, we would take on a new courage and would feel greater safety in facing the future. No man can properly correctly unless his desire is for good. This being true, how foolish it is to dwell on imaginary ills. If we have suffered but little, that we will suffer more in the future is pretty certain. But if we have suffered much in the past, it is almost a guarantee that our future sufferings will be less.

So sure as we are here for wise and noble purposes, God needs us, and for no ignoble task. No one has a right to predicate on the past a dismal future. There is no form but what was once a monstrosity, and the human embryo is only a tadpole. Who could foretell its wonderful future? Victor Hugo, at birth, was an immense disappointment. He seemed to be scarcely worth preserving, and his parents said: "He is not what we prayed for." How little could they foresee that future, which was filled with loving labor for all humanity, and whose works will live so

long; as hearts can burn for the oppressed! How different it would have been if his parents' desires had been fulfilled. What a loss to the world! Let us look on every tadpole as the promise of a winged seraph. When ignorance prays how well it is that it cannot answer its prayer, but that wisdom answers with what is good.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. If you are suffering pain, it is a warning to preserve you from danger. If you have slipped into sin, and feel the sting of remorse, it may be your future safety. You may never again be caught, because always on guard. When Demosthenes was driven from the rostrum by the jeers of his fellow-citizens he was driven to a grand future. His failure was a guarantee that his innate eloquence would yet gain control of men's minds. So it is everywhere. What matters it that yesterday was dark? We have no right to extract disheartening lessons from darkness. If there are found in life spots of solitude so awful as to lead to despair, God's method is to treat with great resolve and kindness. How often is it that he who is down is kept down by our hatred and loss of faith. We turn our back on him and the evil spreads. Instead of that, pour the balm of tenderness upon the wounds and every moral leper can be cleansed.

Look back at Christ's life and see what act has struck home and has left the deepest impress. Was it when he headed a multitude of devoted followers, when a shout of approval greeted his entry into Jerusalem, or was it when he raised Lazarus from the dead? No, oh no, but it was at that moment when he prayed that the cup might pass from him. Patient, forbearing, full of prayer—that moment stands preëminent. Who understood the man of the agony of that hour? Not one. We have waited many centuries to receive the right interpretation. Though Jesus was called the only-begotten son of God, there have been many Christs since then.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. If now you are in the midst of evil let the star of hope shine and reveal the possibility of better times, for happiness is to be the heritage of all. There is always a probability of a better future, because the good is always within compass, and no one can go outside of its domain. What work love has performed! Would you have us believe that the number of good men is lessened? Nay! Or that courage has decreased? Nay! In order that the divinity within man may be developed, men must suffer. That good may be evolved, we must have its opposite; and that life may be made manifest, there must be death, which is but another name for life. Count on discovering buried treasure, upon making pleasant acquaintances, and on enjoying a large measure of sympathy. Let us feel each other of our happiness and of the good acts of others. There are many acts of saviors which have never been written, and there exist unknown heroes in countless numbers. Every day in many places may be met such self-sacrificing beings as Florence Nightingale. Great courage is shown by many in fighting the battle of life in the privacy of home. There are many opportunities for doing good without carrying a cross; and there are many crosses borne as beautiful as that to which the Master was nailed. Think of the arms of motherhood, which have been thrown around all humanity, and how, through the untold agony and the unselfish devotion of that sacred motherhood, we are here. In your own neighborhood you can find obscure heroes and heroines and thereby gain courage and a deeper respect for our humanity, as well as a larger hope for the time to be.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Personality Versus the Omnipresence of Deity.

BY J. M. KENNEDY.

NO 6. When we reflect that the prevailing philosophy of creation teaches that the universe is composed of innumerable suns and systems successively born in nature, and that creation still unfinished involves in the future an increased multiplication thereof, it is difficult to satisfy our reason whence the material atoms embraced therein are to be derived, unless we accept this theory of their origin, or concede that suns and earths die as well as plants, animals and man; and I refer to the reason of my reader to determine which of these alternatives seems to be most probable.

Thus accounting for the existence of "the original atoms," I will now consider their character and relations to the self-existent sources of their being. According to the theory it is clear that the atom would be composed of two distinct substances, which we may term spirit and matter. It is equally clear that spirit being in essence and condition the projected will power or creative energy of Deity thus isolated as an entity, its capacities and character would be measured and determined by the devised method for governing its action in attaining the end for which it was projected into active being. If this is correct, we may infer that the aspirations prompting it, and the powers and intelligence manifested by it in accomplishing its assigned mission, were endowed rather than inherited, inasmuch as it would owe its origin and activity of being to the exerted will power of Deity, and not to the economy of reproduction, hence it would as a life-entity be finite) while if it originated through the economy of reproduction, the inference is it would inherit immortality as an entity from the source of its being—Deity.

We are told there is an animal life and a divine life in man, the first finite and mortal, the last immortal and the child of Deity. If this is true, and I freely accept it is, we may regard the animal life as being individualized will power or creative energy of Deity, and therefore the same in essence as spirit embodied in the granite rock, or in an atom of imponderable matter, and thus see the sense, and only sense, in which we should regard it an animal man as the child and ultimate of nature. How, when and where the divine, and the human or animal life, in man are united, is a problem I will not now seek to solve, though I feel it is worthy of most careful thought. Leaving for the present the question of the origin and character of "the original atoms," let us examine their relation to the source of their being. It is clear that if they thus originated they would when created exist intermediates between Deity and co-existing unchanged matter; hence we may assume they would constitute a connecting medium between the two co-existing sources of their being, and thus infer that their first unions were induced by the continued exertion of power to act on and govern the same. If this is correct, and we accept that the continued unions of atoms resulted in the organization of a sun and solar system, the conclusion will follow that the solar system was external to Deity, and was intermediate between Him and co-existing and external unchanged matter, and if

this is true, analogy will teach that all future organized suns and systems would be alike external and intermediate, and thus logically conclude that Deity literally dwells localized as the central sun of the universe or physical creation; and that the universe being an organized structure or unit composed of many parts, is bounded on all sides by unparticled matter in its unchanged self-existent condition. It is, I submit, also clear to any candid thinker that if the power of Deity is inexhaustible, as it is generally affirmed, and co-existent unparticled matter is unlimited in volume or co-extensive with endless space, as this theory claims, then the process of creating atoms as germs of organized suns and earths can be continued forever, and each sun and earth be exempt from death or dissolution; but he who accepts this conclusion must recognize that God exists localized, but is not omnipresent, and being the localized source of life, consciousness and power, we may and must regard Him as an organized entity—a spirit personality. Philadelpia, Pa.

INVESTIGATIONS IN SPIRITUALISM.

Will you allow me space for a word or two in reference to the subject of Spiritualism, suggested by a letter from "H." of Halifax, N. S.? My object in writing is more for the purpose of drawing attention to this subject than of commenting on the articles mentioned, except that both appear to me to be written in a more fair and impartial spirit than is usual in questions of this nature when dealt with by the secular press. As your Nova Scotia correspondent in his interesting and valuable letter says that his attention has only been drawn seriously to this important subject for the last few months, and does not give any detailed account of any séance, I will in the first place relate one out of many experiences of my own which may be interesting to your readers.

In making experiments from time to time I have done so with the desire of ascertaining in an impartial spirit whatever there might be of truth, error or fraud in the phenomena, not being, I believe, biased in any way. While in Washington, D. C., in 1881, I had an opportunity of observing some of the occurrences that usually take place in the presence of Dr. Henry Slade, of New York, the well-known slate writing and test medium. In company with two friends the séance took place in the sitting room of his apartments on 1st street. When seated at a small table with folding leaves, which we previously examined and found to be an ordinary one, Slade took an ordinary frame school slate, and laying a crumb of slate pencil on it requested us to ask any questions. Several queries were put and answered rapidly when the slate was held partially under the table, the hand holding it being visible to all, and his other on the table in full view. On requesting a message, two slates were taken by the medium, rubbed on both sides with a damp sponge, and handed to us for inspection. They appeared to have perfectly smooth surfaces, without scratch or blemish of any kind. A piece of slate pencil about the size of a grain of wheat was then laid on one slate, which was covered by the other. Slade held them together with one hand, by the corner, and rested the opposite edge of the pair on my shoulder. We then placed our hands in contact upon the table as we sat around it, and at once the sound of the pencil was heard and a varying pressure upon the slate was distinctly felt by me till the writing ceased. While the writing was in progress I raised the finger laid on my companion's hand, by way of experiment, and the writing instantly ceased, but was resumed on the finger being replaced. The words on the slate, which latter I have preserved, are written in a business like, legible hand, they are now before me, and the following is a copy:

"MY DEAR FRIENDS.—Not until man is properly educated, not until the forged chain of slavish bigotry is cut asunder and the struggling ones arise from the dark valley and shadow of death to the glorious dawn of perfect liberty of body, mind and spirit, will a change be perceived in the present age and inner life. Let the present age be one of thought. This truth must and will demand the attention of thinking minds. Spiritualism will in time redeem the world of its selfishness and error. I am, E. B. W.—"

The name was that of a well-known and wealthy American, who had died in Detroit a few years previously. While the writing was in progress the mind of the medium did not appear to be concentrated upon what was taking place, as he made one or two remarks irrelevant to the subject. The slates were not out of my sight for an instant.

During this séance heavy objects were raised without apparent contact and moved from place to place. The semblance of a hand with moving fingers was momentarily shown, and the instrument being played upon an accord, the instrument being in full view of all and held by the medium by one hand only. An inspection of the instrument showed nothing unusual inside or out. During the whole of the séance the room was well lighted by a pair of gas jets, every object in it being plainly visible.

At a subsequent experiment with the same medium in a partially darkened room I had other convincing proofs of some invisible power, apart from this singular man. The moonlight shining into the windows revealed as plainly as possible in such a light an object which appeared like a human hand floating through the room, carrying a cane belonging to the medium with which it would tap us occasionally. At times a number of invisible hands would be apparently laid upon me at once, the furniture was shaken and loud raps were heard on the walls. Dr. Slade and I were alone on this occasion, and he was not out of my sight at any time.

At the risk of being tedious I have described what are but ordinary exhibitions of independent slate-writing and other physical phenomena, taking place every day in the presence of many such mediums, with more minuteness than would be ordinarily desirable, so that the conditions under which they were held may be readily understood. Slate-writing appears to be less open to the charge of fraud than other occurrences of a spiritualistic nature. Communications are sometimes written in languages of which mediums and sitters are alike ignorant. The mesmeric theory of accounting for trance or inspirational mediumship is that held by most Spiritualists, the mesmerizer or controller of the unconscious medium or inspirer of the conscious one being an incarnated spirit, while the mesmerizers on our public platforms are but incarnated ones. Both Carpenter and Caldwell, American mesmerists, hold this view.

As to many of the objective phenomena, such as slate-writing, levitation of heavy bodies, materialization, etc., the suspicion of imposture can surely be allayed by precautions taken with no more stringency than one exercises in his every day life for his own protection.

The subjective phenomena are harder matters to deal with, but when they show intelligence and no possible connection with the minds of the sitters, and when they consist of communications on subjects known only to a person and his deceased friend—as I am told they frequently do—we can hardly call the Spiritualist a superstitious dreamer for believing in spirit communion.

I think there are many in Toronto who would like to see a Psychical Research Society formed here; some organized effort could then be made to find the true and erroneous parts of this important subject.

Toronto, Canada. INVESTIGATOR.

The Angels Approve of Such Beneficent Work.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

In order to inaugurate a heaven on earth, beneficent works are essential. The following from Light, London, Eng., should be read by every Spiritualist in the United States, and then institutions formed of a similar nature:

"A few charitable persons, rather more than a year ago, started a home for little cripples, with the object of curing them, when possible, by magnetic rubbing under spiritual guidance. A lady, Mrs. Duncan, who is endowed with unusual healing powers, herself one of the founders, performs in a true Christian spirit the necessary ministrations. We paid a visit to the Home (7 Somerset Terrace, Carlton Road, Maid Vale), on Friday, October 30th, and were conducted over it by Mrs. Duncan, and by Mrs. Marshall, the matron. A very interesting case was first shown us, that of a middle-aged woman, at the Home under exceptional circumstances. She had been a patient in the wards of St. Bartholomew's Hospital for a long period, suffering from a contraction of the muscles of the legs. Attempts had been made there to straighten them by the application of heavy weights, which, while to a certain extent successful, had unfortunately the ulterior effect of still further weakening them. This particular affection was no doubt but one of several disorders of which the patient was the victim, and she was finally regarded as a hopeless case. Singularly enough, thereupon the assistance of Mrs. Duncan was sought, who attended continuously in the wards, and gave her best efforts to improve the patient's condition. Much progress was made, in spite of some difficulties, when it was prematurely decided that the patient should be dismissed as incurable. The poor woman had no home to go to but the workhouse, and the committee decided that she ought not to be abandoned to conditions so depressing, but that she should be brought to the Home. From the time of her arrival a great improvement has manifested itself. The legs, which were before little but skin and bone, are now gathering flesh, and at the same time the knees becoming more flexible. The general health is better, and the utterance, previously difficult and hesitating, has now become almost normal. The kindness with which the patient is treated, and the best of nourishment which she receives, must have their due share in the merits of her gradual recovery. We had now an opportunity of observing the process of rubbing. Mrs. Duncan passes the tips of her fingers lightly down the affected member, and occasionally presses it softly with the entire palm of her hand. The patient immediately feels a warm tingling sensation, and in a brief time begins to move the limb more easily. One of us asked that he might himself experience the influence, and extending his hand was struck with the genial warmth which seemed to enter it. Mrs. Duncan's hand has always this genial warmth. He was much surprised, however, to learn that Mrs. Duncan herself felt a healing influence from his hand, and he had the unexpected felicity of curing her arm of a slight rheumatic affection by a few downward passes of his fingers.

We next ascended the stairs, and as we did so were greeted from an upper chamber with a babble of infantine voices, and upon entering beheld a group of about nine children, boys and girls, some standing, leaning on their crutches, some sitting on low chairs, and some on the floor, all engaged in a kind of serious happy conversation. We were introduced to the little elders and, taking them upon our knees, learnt the troublesome histories which, while not helping, had softened the merry vivacity of their childish faces with something of the patient serenity of age. Imperfect nourishment, resulting in rickety and otherwise diseased bones, seemed in most of them to be the cause of their misfortune. One was a little founding, taken from a workhouse, with a weak hip-joint; another, a boy with the large head of rickets and with limbs which had been the despair of the surgeons, but now so improved as to startle the most orthodox; another, a little girl whose leg had been cut off close to the high joint; pieces of bone still kept working to the surface, but inflammation and collection of matter seem to be prevented by the magnetic stroking. It must be mentioned that if any serious symptoms manifest themselves medical assistance is always sought, nor is the aid of medicine, in the daily routine, altogether dispensed with. It is not sought to rival the Peculiar People by any fanatical exclusive adhesion to one idea. A fourth child was a little girl who owes her affection primarily to a fall. She has a curved spine and protruding chest. She is rubbed, but assistance is also sought from a close-fitting leather jacket. The bright, intelligent child, however, evidently preferred the first to the second method of treatment. The description of these few cases will be sufficient to enable our readers to understand the beneficent work that is being done."

St. Louis, Mo. A. G. L.

Some months ago John Quick of Rupert, Pa., took Kowzeh, a fifteen-year-old Indian boy, from the school at Carlisle under indentures. The lad didn't take kindly to farm work and civilization, and was so homesick, and pined so for Western life that Mr. Quick decided to take him back to Carlisle. Kowzeh didn't want to go back to the school, but the farmer insisted, and the two went to the depot. When the train rolled in the boy plunged from the platform to the rails, and was crushed to death by the locomotive.

"The Pilgrim's Progress" has been published in Canton in Chinese characters, and illustrated by Chinese artists. All the characters are Chinese. The scene is laid in China, and Apollonius is as fine a specimen of a Chinese dragon as one could wish to see.

Eighteen million pounds of licorice root were imported by this country last month.

Herford's Acid Phosphate, A VALUABLE NERVE TONIC. Dr. C. C. OLMSTEAD, Milwaukee, Wis., says: "I have used it in my practice ten years, and consider it a valuable nerve tonic."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

[106 West 29th Street, New York.]

ONE FAITH, IN MANY FORMS.

What is His name? What name will all express Him. The mighty Whole, of whom we are but part.

Then answers one: "God is an endless sequence, Incapable of either break or flaw, Which we discern but dimly, and in fragments; God is unchanging Law."

"Nay," saith another, "Law is but His method, Look back, behind the sequence, to its source; Behind all phases and all changes seek him! God is the primal Force."

"Yea, these are great, but God himself is greater: A living harmony; no dead-cold rule," Saith one who in sweet sounds and forms of beauty Hath found his soul's best school.

"Law, force and beauty are but vague abstractions, Too unconnected with the life of Man," One answers: "Man hath neither time nor power Such mighty thoughts to scan."

"But here upon the earth we find him living, And though in little time he fall and pass, And all his faiths and hopes, and thoughts die with him Surely as ripened grass:

"Yet Man the race—man as he may be, will be Once he has reached to his full-grown height; Calm, wise, large-hearted, and large-souled will triumph In self-renewing might.

"Who will not own, even now, with slight prophetic Life is divested in its human dress, And bend before it with a yearning reverence, And strong desire to bless?"

Yea! Worship chiefly Love, but also Beauty, Wisdom, and Force; for they are all divine; But God includes them, as some great cathedral Includes each separate shrine.

So, Brothers, bow's'er we apprehend Him, Surely 'tis God himself we all adore; Life of all life, Soul of all souls, the Highest, Heart of all hearts, and more.

—M. A. Jacon.

THE WORKINGWOMEN—CONTINUED.

Domestic service, then, as we have seen, needs a better understanding between employer and employed. Greater intelligence in the latter class, and greater consideration on the part of the former class, would at once elevate the condition of the workingwoman in service, and make her position most desirable.

What we need to realize, it seems to me, is: First, the dignity of labor. Second, the necessity of simple habits. The man or woman who despises work, is ready to make one of an aristocratic or governing class, which is opposed not only to the genius of our government, but the welfare of the person who holds such sentiments.

and feels that whatever hurts the least of us, hurts all. He sees that difference of development is the cause of varying conditions, but that none can grow alone. He knows that the way to help himself, is to help others; and that selfishness recoils on himself and defeats its own ends.

Thirdly, All should follow their attractions in regard to the kind of work, and should work where they are needed. These are self-evident propositions, and hardly need to be enlarged upon. It is argued by the opponents of the first proposition, that the ignorant will misuse their time, if they are given more. In that case, why not use

EXTRA LABOR AS PUNISHMENT. The second proposition, that "work should be made attractive," is also self-evident. Of course there is drudgery in every pursuit. We should learn to do drudgery cheerfully and well. It is a part of the discipline of life, and no life is successful in any sense, without the strength that comes from discipline.

Who are the weak, the dissipated, the immoral, the sensual, the dangerous? They are the ignorant, the undeveloped, and, above all the undisciplined. We find them among the well educated (so called), the respectable, the rich. They are determined to "have a good time" at all hazards. Such persons destroy the comfort of the family circle; they do not curb their tempers, they impose upon others in every way. An undisciplined nature is selfish, overbearing and destructive. As children, they should be taught to govern themselves,—taught

THE DISCIPLINE OF WORK. without which no human being can be reasonable, healthy, useful, or developed. And he who works, learns to understand the dignity of labor, and feels that fraternity of feeling which makes the whole world kin.

There is the natural cook and milliner, and artist and musician, and writer and sewing woman. So there is the natural dentist and banker and florist and house decorator, and there is no reason, why that natural proclivity should not make itself felt among women as well as men. The main thing is to give freedom and opportunity for each to find his or her own place, and be fitted to fill it. And if society, for self-protection, compels those

to work who are determined to live only by preying upon others, it will soon settle this alarming increase in vice and pauperism, on the one hand, and vice and great riches on the other. In the judicial eye, the latter class are the more to blame, since they sin against greater opportunities than their poorer, fellow-laborers.

That some noble ones among them, unhardened by prosperity, may make haste to establish bureaus by which the poor city work-women may be at least partly trained for household country occupations and then a place found for her, is the hope of the writer. In a former article, the statement was made that health in the body politic, as in the human body, means equilibrium, a balancing of all the forces. The congested portions should be drawn off to fill the depleted portions, and cities are great centres of congestions. That this may be done vitally and not mechanically, it needs that the great, true heart of united wise men and women pour forth its magnetic life-force, and send out the current to carry their surplus portions into every country farm and lonely hamlet.

Boycotting an Agnostic.

It appears from a special dispatch from New Orleans that though the Catholic Church throughout the world is opposed to the spirit of the boycott, and though several of its high dignitaries have officially denounced it as opposed to the Christian religion, the Rev. Father Jaquet of New Iberia, La., recognizes the efficiency of the weapon, and has ordered a religious boycott of a merchant of that town.

There lives in that thriving little town a disciple of Ingersoll named Lewis who is aggressive in his assaults on the Catholic dogmas. Mr. Lewis attended services at a Protestant church. By a singular coincidence the minister had prepared for that Sunday a sermon on infidelity. In the midst of his discourse he made some remark that caused Mr. Lewis to smile sarcastically and contemptuously. Unfortunately the reverend gentleman happened to look in the direction of the agnostic at this moment and saw the curling lip. His indignation got the better of his discretion, and he began to preach directly at the infidel, and wound up by calling upon the Almighty to show his people a sign, to send down a bolt of lightning to blast the infidel, and convince all doubters of the power of his arm, of the certainty that his wrath would seek out all seceders.

The next day New Iberia was the centre of a terrific electric storm. The air was full of darting tongues of flame, and the crashes of thunder followed so close upon the flashes that the women and children were terror-struck and the men began to quake. While the entire population was in this nervous condition those who lived on the main street of the town witnessed a spectacle that almost congealed the blood in their veins. Walking directly up the middle of the street was the infidel with lightning-rods protruding from every part of his body. So thickly were they scattered over him that he looked like a movable cheveu-de-frise. One rod extended sixteen feet above his head and ran half way down his spinal column; two others of half this length were attached to each shoulder, while smaller sections struck out in every direction.

The human porcupine strolled slowly up the street with the lightning playing all around him. He traversed the entire length of the town, finally reaching the residence of the preacher who had denounced him the day previous. Entering the door without the usual pull at the bell he proceeded directly to the gentleman's study. The preacher was naturally a nervous man and the frequent crashes were uncomfortably near him. He tried to concentrate his attention on an open Bible he held in his hand, but each flash caused him to start apprehensively. As he was thus engaged he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and turning quickly was face to face with the infidel. Instantly the significance of Mr. Lewis' yell flashed upon the preacher, and with a yell of terror he sprang through the open door and fled from the house.

This incident provoked a great deal of merriment from the agnostics in New Iberia and caused a great deal of indignation among the religious. The friends of Lewis seemed satisfied with their leader's achievement, and the campaign died out, until a couple of Sundays ago, when the Rev. Father Jaquet, pastor of the Catholic church, preached a sermon on the infallibility of the Pope. The following Tuesday Mr. Julius Koch, a German druggist, who holds the same opinions as Mr. Lewis, placed a large blackboard in front of his store bearing the following inscriptions: "An honest God is the noblest work of man."

"The doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope is an insult to the dignity of human nature. The devil is myth—hell an impossibility. The world has furnished sixteen crucified Saviors and twenty-seven revealed religions, and every one says the other is false."

Around this inscription were allegorical pictures giving the author's ideas of the different ceremonial of heaven and hell. An exact copy was made of this blackboard, which was tacked on the door of the Catholic church by order of Father Jaquet, and underneath was placed a large placard with the following injunction: "Christians of all denominations, boycott that insulter."

Mr. Koch retaliated the next day by adding the following to his blackboard: "The higher we stand in the scale of being the nobler will be our conception of God. We do not believe God commanded Jeremiah to slay women and children. See Jeremiah, xv. chapter." Both the local papers have denounced the placard and advised the freethinkers to yield to public opinion, but Mr. Koch shows no disposition to do so, and it is presumed the boycott ordered by the priest will go on. Those church members who are proceeding so vigorously against these two agnostics, would undoubtedly banish them or whip them as practiced in early days by the Puritans, if they had the power.

London is about to have 3,000 new cabs, including a new kind of "growler," roomy and comfortable, an improved hansom with door at the side, and many well-furnished victorias. The drivers will be dressed in livery, and every fare will have to be deposited in a box, the men, who will have a weekly wage, being also allowed a commission on their takings. Sixpenny fares will be introduced, and books of tickets will be issued, with which or in exact cash the fares must be paid. The present hansom cab driver has on the average to pay about \$4 for his day's hire of cab and horse, and the company who bring out the new vehicles believe that in less than a year they will have the cab stock of London in their hands by forced sales.

New Books Received.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF BARON TRUCK. Vol. II. Cassell's National Library. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price 10 cents. A WINTER IN CENTRAL AMERICA AND MEXICO. By Helen J. Sanborn. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.50. FORGOTTEN MEANINGS, or An Hour with a Dictionary. By Alfred Waltham. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 50 cents. EXERCISES FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE SENSES FOR YOUNG CHILDREN. By Horace Grant. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 50 cents. DOWN THE WEST BRANCH OF CAMPS AND TRAMPS AROUND KALAHIN. By Capt. Charles A. J. Farrar. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, \$1.25.

A Baptist missionary in China writes home that what an American family throws away in a year would keep a dozen Chinese families; and what a Chinese family throws away in the same time would not feed a mouse.

Isaac Downs of Southampton, Conn., got tired of living and decided to die. So he put grape on the door, and, going to his room, cut his throat. His son happened along just then, saw the corpse, rushed in, and, with the aid of a physician, saved his father's life.

Chinamen in Quincy, Cal., built a big bonfire one night recently during a heavy snow storm, and caught over twenty of the wild geese that swarmed around the bright blaze.

The prisoners in the jail at Helena, M. T., dug out through a brick wall one night, went to a saloon, captured a lot of whisky, returned to the jail, and were found safe in the morning, but all very drunk.

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

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 15, 1886.

The Chicago Bomb.

We Americans are a freedom-loving, easy-going people, and don't easily get scared. Last January a Chicago daily paper produced the cut of a bomb in its columns and described how a certain set of men here were preparing to use it against the authorities some day. It seemed like a sensational newspaper story at the time. Our Mayor sneeringly said: "The Socialists are blatherers. They are not going to organize to blow up anything or shoot anybody." Our Chief of Police said: "Nobody but cranks would think of attempting anything here with bombs and explosives." But Wednesday morning, the 5th inst., the community woke up to learn that just such cranks were here. The night before one of them hurled a bomb into a platoon of police with murderous effect. One man was immediately killed, forty-six were wounded and several of this number have since died at the County Hospital. There had been an excited meeting of Anarchists, inflammatory speeches had been made by Spies, Fielden and Parsons, and at half-past ten the police deemed it time to disperse the crowd, and on giving the order were greeted with the deadly bomb. A crime of such atrocity was never perpetrated in our country before. The community is thoroughly aroused. The villain who threw the bomb has not at this writing been discovered. Parsons, too, has escaped, but Spies, Fielden and an associate, Schwab, are in the County Jail, and will without doubt be indicted by the Grand Jury for murder, and, perhaps, also for treason. The execution of justice will, no doubt, be speedy; it would not be surprising if the bodies of these instigators of murder soon hang in the air.

There could not well be a more calamitous thing for the working classes than such senseless violence on the part of their professed friends. The public mind cannot help being confused. The honest workmen of America owe it to themselves to stigmatize in the most unmistakable manner this wantonness. To their honor, be it said, they are doing so. Powderly, Grand Master of the Knights of Labor, has declared that if any Knights took part in the murderous proceedings of Tuesday night, they should be promptly expelled from the order. Thomas A. Armstrong of the Pittsburgh Labor Tribune, remarked upon the significant fact that the first sentence in one of the Tuesday night speeches was an advice to the men to leave the labor unions. "The rioters knew, he continued, that such work would soon be set down upon by organized labor; labor unions teach men to respect the law." It must have been an affecting sight last Wednesday, on the occasion of a visit by Inspector Bonfield to a meeting of striking freight-handlers, when their spokesman made an appeal to the men to lift their right hands and swear that they had no sympathy with the Socialists who committed the crime of the night before, and would do their level best to keep the peace from being broken, and every man raised his hand and emphasized his answer with a lusty "I will!"

The fact is the mass of working people in the country have no more sympathy with such proceedings as Tuesday night's than the community generally. Spies, Parsons and their followers make a great deal of noise, but they are insignificant numerically. There probably are not more than a few hundred of them in Chicago. But in a time of agitation and excitement like the present they may succeed in gathering quite a crowd upon the street. Several of those shot by the police on Tuesday have testified that they were only lookers-on. The instigators of the riot were not representative workmen, they did not belong to the Knights of Labor, they were

not even Socialists. The genuine Socialists of Chicago recently organized themselves and a part of their proclamation reads, "We declare that as long as we are free to speak and write, to organize and vote, we will not countenance other than peaceful agitation of our ideas." They declared that Socialism was not Communism and was emphatically opposed to Anarchism, and earnestly protested against the indiscriminate use of these names as interchangeable terms, by the press or by public speakers and writers. Spies, Parsons and Fielden do not want to reform the government, they want to abolish it,—they are Anarchists, in the literal meaning of the word, and should so be spoken of. Socialism is the exaltation of the State; it believes that all great enterprises should be managed by the State, that railroads and telegraphs should become public property. Anarchism means the destruction of the State; it believes there should be no property at all.

It is a serious question whether Anarchists should be allowed the free ventilation of their ideas. The line, of course, might and perhaps should be drawn between the propagation of their theory and direct incitement to acts of violence. But such incitement, whether on hand-bills or on a newspaper page or in the mouth of a mob-orator, ought to be eternally forbidden and punished. Spies is reported to have told the McCormick strikers the day before that the only way to gain their point was to murder their oppressors and destroy their property, pointing at the same time to McCormick's factory. He should have been arrested and put in jail then; and was as indictable as for anything he seems to have said Tuesday night. Let a man air the most absurd and revolutionary ideas possible, but the moment he lifts a hand against property or public order, or utters one word urging others to do so, he ought to be locked up, and to remain so till he changes his mind. There ought not to be a moment's parleying with offenders of the sort. The right of free speech does not mean the right to advise pillage and murder. Most's paper, Die Freiheit, comes out a day or two after the riot with "Hurrah for Chicago," "Long live the war", and concludes an editorial article with: "Agitation! Organization! Rebellion! Workingmen, arm! arm!" The paper should not only be suppressed, but the man should be put in prison forthwith, and tried for murder along with Spies and Fielden.

But though we believe in the most energetic dealing with public offenders, we would not ignore the question as to the causes of the vengeful spirit which they show. Men are not ordinarily angry for nothing. If there were no wrongs in the world such outbreaks as we have recently had in Chicago would not be possible. The Pall Mall Gazette, commenting on the riot, says that Europe, having adopted a system of exporting paupers to the United States, is primarily responsible for the troubles. We believe that there is a good deal of truth in this! But it does not touch the bottom of the matter. One of the working girls of Chicago, out last week on a strike, came nearer doing this, in our opinion, when she said with flushed face: "We have worked long enough to make others rich; we must work hard all the time barely to exist." It is an ill-defined sense of this that lays the basis for all the labor-troubles of to-day, we believe. Many working men smart under a sense of wrong, when they see their employers getting rich off their labor, while they themselves get barely enough to keep body and soul together—many more than the handful who think any good would come from assaulting the police and abolishing government. If we want to do away with rioting and social disturbance generally, the quickest way is to see that justice is done in the community. The very Pittsburgh labor paper that says, "the anarchists should be put down with an iron hand," refers to McCormick having given a few years ago \$400,000 in charity and shortly afterwards paying some of his men \$1.00 a week, and adds, "In looking at these troubles people should see the cause."

There is no doubt that enormous wealth is being made in the great cities of this country, and yet those who are indispensable factors in its production often get the merest pittance. It seems to be becoming almost a branch of political economy to figure the lowest workingman can live on and yet be able to work. Mr. Edward Atkinson has lately been engaged in this contemptible business and figures that a man can live on \$12 per annum, \$50 for rent, \$45 for clothing, \$15 for washing, \$10 for heating, \$52 for food. These are the things that exasperate workmen and incline the more hardy and adventurous of them to plot wholesale vengeance against capitalists, and against the police who protect their property. Let us put down violence, but let us also, if we can, banish the slightest shadow of an excuse for violence. If men believed they were brothers and cared for another's interests as well as their own, the use for dynamite would soon be gone.

The Eight-Hour Movement.

It is impossible for any generous-minded man not to sympathize with the efforts of the working-classes to reduce their hours of labor. On the first of May, as our readers know, there was a general demand on the part of the wage-workers in the vicinity of Chicago for a day of eight instead of ten hours. In other large cities a similar demand was made, though apparently nowhere so energetically as here. The movement has been in the main conducted peaceably. A number of employers acceded to the demand and thus gave no occasion for a strike; and where the workmen have struck, there

has only occasionally been any violence. The eight-hour movement has absolutely nothing in common with the dynamite riot. It is a perfectly legitimate demand which these workmen make, namely, that some of the benefits of our progressive civilization should go to them as well as to their employers and the general public, that at least more leisure be given them, which they may employ with their families or use for cultivating their minds. We know there is danger that a bad use will be made of the extra time in some cases, but statistics show that intemperance thrives most among those whose hours are longest and who are paid the least. If we stop to think, this is only natural, since it is physical exhaustion that leads to the excessive use of stimulants, and it is the misery that attends poverty that drives men to seek forgetfulness of it in the intoxicating dram. Some years ago the Massachusetts Labor Bureau sent out inquiries to the workmen of the State as to what the moral effect would be of fixing a day's labor at ten hours instead of eleven and twelve hours, as was then often the case in the factories; and out of 507 answers, 464 were to the effect that a good use would be made of the extra leisure, one man significantly saying that if he did not have any extra gain "in his pockets, he would have it in his bones."

The only serious objection to the eight-hour movement is that owing to the increased cost of production there would be a general increase of prices, and this would be to the disadvantage of the workman as well as the community generally. A temporary effect of this sort might follow, but any one who is acquainted with the trend of industrial history in the last fifty years will question whether the seeming injury will last. English statistics show that though wages have risen on the average fifty per cent. in the last half-century (and a reduction of hours, wages remaining the same, is of course, equivalent to a corresponding rise in wages, as far as the cost of production is concerned), and yet prices have generally remained stationary or even fallen. The only exceptions are meat and house-rent. All that the workman wears and all that he eats, save meat, he gets for the same or cheaper than he used to, and his wages are much higher. English workmen have reduced their hours of labor, too, some twenty per cent.

In our own country, too, a late number of Bradstreet's trade journal shows that prices have been decreasing, while wages were increasing. Workingmen earn twenty-five per cent. more than in 1865, and yet the prices of the principal commodities are fifty-nine per cent. less than at that date. It is evident that something else besides wages determine prices,—and we need not go far to find out what. Machinery cheapens production. It is estimated that the 160,000 persons employed in spinning and weaving in the United States, can produce as much as 16,000,000 would have been required to produce, using the spinning-wheel and hand-loom of olden times. A factory employe might have his hours shortened and be paid two or three times over what he used to be paid, and yet turn out ten times as much with the aid of a machine as he could have years ago without it. The use of machinery lowers prices. Secondly, prices are determined by what the employer demands as profits. And competition between employers tends to lower their profits, so that it is a recognized tenet of political economy that the tendency of profits is towards a minimum.

Now, how can we doubt that there are to be still further improvements in machinery; and no one imagines that profits have reached in this country anything like the minimum which employers will be willing to take rather than go out of business. With full consciousness of the economical bearing of the subject, we yet cannot see why our working-class should not go on shortening their hours and even increasing their wages, without any harm to the community. The success of the eight-hour movement will probably stimulate anew the invention of machinery, and already a large number of employers in Chicago have reduced the hours of their workmen and not reduced their pay. The reduction of the hours of labor is of course only an opportunity for the working-class; and no small measure of responsibility will rest upon them that they use the extra leisure for the best and highest ends.

The Mob's Mayor.

That the fatal bomb which sent death to brave men and disgraced this city last week, was as much the property of Carter Harrison as of the Anarchists who conspired in its explosion, is quite generally believed. In other words, that the political charlatan, the brass-plated demagogue who fills the office of Mayor of Chicago against the wishes of a majority of its citizens, is morally responsible for the slaughter. If it were necessary, in order to arouse the public to a realizing sense of the situation, that European murderers should employ death-dealing dynamite to do the work, then it were better that the bomb should have excavated the vitals of the Mayor, rather than to have killed policemen. True, sympathy with the departed would not have been so universal in the one case as in the other, but the effect on the future course of events might have been equally as good; and certainly it would have relieved the city of a chronic nuisance. Harrison the private citizen, is said to be a decent man and a good neighbor; but Harrison the politician, is a rank demagogue, the co-worker in political schemes with vile creatures whom a republican government graciously permits to ballot, while denying the privilege to millions of educated, virtuous women. That the Mayor

is regarded by the vagabonds of this city as their friend, and that he holds his position by their aid is a notorious fact.

The explosion of the bomb on Randolph Street and the bursting of Harrison's political prospects were synchronous. The blood of the police and innocent lookers-on washed away Harrison's political underpinning; and it behooves the decent people of Chicago to see to it that he does not regain his footing. Let him be carefully preserved in some museum as a typical specimen of the worst class of American politicians, a class likely to become extinct when American citizens rise up in their might and assume and retain the reins of government.

"An Appeal to Men of Wealth."

The above is the heading of a thoughtful article in the National Review, an English periodical, by Lord Brabazon. Such views and convictions of duty do not often come from the privileged and titled class to which this accomplished and conscientious nobleman belongs. They are significant of the growing spirit of humanity which inspires our best literature, and reaches all classes. This gentleman only puts in his fine phrases the spirit of the peasant poet, Robert Burns, who sang:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp. The man's a man for a' that."

That one man owes duties to another, and that the man of wealth should use a fair share of that wealth for the common good is the high lesson he has learned and would teach those who need to learn it. It is a lesson especially needed to-day. We quote from his words:

Such an appeal may perhaps draw forth the remark that men of wealth in England are notoriously generous, and that men of high social position are never wanting to take the lead in works of genuine charity. These remarks are true in one sense, but untrue in another. It is true that large sums of money are always forthcoming on the occasion of any special appeal to the generosity of the British public, and that the voluntary subscriptions annually contributed to works of charity in this country are larger than in any other. It is also true that there is hardly any institution in the kingdom which cannot show its list of aristocratic and often royal supporters. But it would not be in accordance with facts to assert that men of wealth and of social position take as active an interest in works of philanthropy and of charity as they do, for instance, in the pursuit of politics, or of mere luxury or amusement, or that they spend on the former as large a proportion of their income as they do on the latter. Why appeal to wealthy men? What have they to say to us? Why not rather, in these democratic days, descend into the streets, and address your appeal to the masses, with whom now rests the fate of ministries? That is just what I want you rich men to do! I do not so much care that you should increase your subscriptions to charitable objects (though this might often be done with advantage) as that you should use the great influence you possess in the cause of the happiness of the greatest number. I want you to show the poor man, (what I know to be the case) that he is not forgotten by you; that you are alive to his sorrows, that you sympathize with him in his troubles, that you respect him for his honest struggles against poverty and want, that you admire him for his patience, that you willingly acknowledge that moral worth is superior to all social distinction, that you recognize wealth as a talent which has been given you from above, and that your greatest pleasure in life is to use it for the good of your less favored brethren. If wealth descended oftener into the street, there would be less animosity between capital and labor. Sympathy would soon produce love, self-sacrifice, reverence. Let the rich man take for his motto, "Not aims, but a friend."—a friend who should use his wealth and his education, not to pauperize, but to elevate, and encourage, to dissipate prejudice, to soften hatreds, and to bridge the yawning chasms of society; for is it not true that separation begets ignorance, and ignorance hatred? Let the poor man and the rich, the working man and the man of leisure, join hands in works of general utility and philanthropy.

Although especially written for England, all this is equally applicable to our own land. Practical reforms, helping men to help themselves, paying able men for needed work for the common good, helping a higher education as to man's capacity and duty and destiny, and his infinite relations as a spiritual being and an heir of a progressive immortality,—in all these and in other ways, our men of wealth, and our well-to-do middle class, could quadruple their help and yet not be unjust to themselves or their kindred.

The Spiritualists of this country, two millions more or less, are not paupers. They are largely of the good living middle class and count a goodly company of rich men in their ranks. They are fraternal and kindly in spirit to a degree worthy of commendation, but thoughtless, or what the canny Scotchmen call "near," as to financial help. Let them multiply by four their ready and gladly given aid to our literature, our able speakers, our high-souled mediums, and the harvest would be early and abundant and more precious than fine gold. "Now is the accepted time" to begin.

Progress.

The Syracuse, N. Y., Journal, asserts that the Jewish Reformer, in a late issue, did a thing probably without parallel among religious journals. It published in full a Christian sermon delivered in a Christian pulpit, and this, not for the purpose of criticism and censure, but for commendation and praise. The preacher was the Rev. Wilbur E. Crafts, of the First Union Presbyterian church, New York, and the sermon was delivered in his own pulpit. The text was from Esther, the fourth chapter and the last clause of the fourteenth verse. The subject was the agreement of the Jewish and Christian faith. A considerable number of Jews heard the sermon delivered, and a still larger number will now have an opportunity of reading it. The manuscript of the sermon, which was sympathetic in tone and friendly to the Jews, was sent by the preacher to the editor of the Reformer. The latter says: "Sermons of this sort can only foster harmony and good will among the adherents of various sects, for over the differences of dogma the hands and hearts must reach forth toward forming that great brotherhood of man for which Jews and Gentiles crave as children of one and the same Father, the God of Truth and Love."

GENERAL ITEMS.

Dr. J. H. Randall has removed to No. 78 Segley avenue.

Geo. H. Brooks has gone west. His address, until further notice, will be 1139 New Jersey street, Lawrence, Kansas.

Friends of the JOURNAL are reminded that it needs every dollar due, and that these dollars aggregate several thousand.

Judge Joseph J. Coombs, Washington City, D. C., a most estimable man and a Spiritualist, passed to spirit-life on April 29th.

Every friend of the JOURNAL can show his or her interest in no other way so effectively as by obtaining one or more new yearly subscribers.

Mr. T. J. Skidmore, President Cassadaga Lake Camp Meeting, says under date of May 7th: "Every thing looks very encouraging for our Cassadaga Camp the coming season. A number of cottages are occupied this early."

S. Bigelow of Sanford, Fla., wants a copy of T. S. Harris's "Divine Republic." He thinks that is the title. Any one who has a copy to spare should write to Mr. Bigelow, stating condition and price.

Dr. Wm. H. Mather of Suffield, Conn., has been convicted of libelling a dead man, and fined twenty-eight dollars and costs. He wrote letters to Mrs. Ephraim West reflecting on the character of her dead husband.

The JOURNAL is a non-partizan, independent paper. It is devoted to the highest interests of the race, both here and hereafter. Give it all the support within your means and influence.

George B. Higley of Slmsbury, Conn., recently lost his pocketbook and looked in vain for it. That night he dreamed that he had found his book and his spectacles, which as yet he had not missed, under a tree that he had set out the day before. In the morning he dug up the tree and he found the missing property.

Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter, during the last few months, has been engaged in her medumistic labors at New Orleans, Memphis and Indianapolis. She will remain in this city a short time. She will answer calls to give tests and psychometric readings from the platform anywhere in the East. Those desiring her services, can address Mrs. E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Ill.

The JOURNAL has no greater respect for the rights of the poor man than for those of the rich. Both are equally entitled to justice. Unfortunately, it happens that in conflicts between capital and labor, the selfish, unreasonable domineering elements on both sides usually mold and shape the issue. No real progress will be made until both sides are interested in securing justice for all concerned.

A despatch from Urbana, O., says that Joseph V. Longfellow and Rena Norman have just learned through the records of the Judge's office, that they were married in September, 1854. Longfellow has applied for a divorce, alleging that the application for a license to marry, the issue and the return of the same, were fraudulently procured without their knowledge or consent, by one James Randall, then pastor of the Myrtle Creek Baptist church, with intent to procure money from plaintiff.

"He hugged the girls." A despatch from Bedford, Ohio, to the Daily News, says that the Rev. Mr. Wight, the young pastor of the Disciples' church, is being tried by a church committee for improper conduct with the young lady members of his congregation. Judge Ennis, member of the investigation committee, said "Wight acknowledged that while conversing with a married woman upon one occasion he placed his arm around her waist and hugged her slightly. The charge that he placed both arms around the waists of girls and lifted them bodily up by the church steps, was not denied by him. He said that he had hugged the girls, but with no intention to shock their modesty. Many instances were cited where the minister kissed the girls and hugged them." Some of the aggrieved young ladies tell remarkable stories about Wight's actions toward them. This sort of testimony was taken before a committee of mature married women belonging to the church.

Considerable interest attaches to the results attained by various American and foreign scientists in their attempts to ascertain, by careful and prolonged observations, the daily increase of the earth's mass from the falling upon it of meteors and cosmic dust. Briefly, these observations indicate that about four hundred and fifty thousand meteors fall upon the surface of the earth every hour, the average weight of these bodies being about five grains each, the total representing nearly five thousand pounds per hour, or a fraction short of sixty tons every twenty-four hours. It is remarked that such an amount of material falling thus daily is certainly no small increase to the earth's mass, and for this increase the earth's attraction is considered responsible to the extent of twenty per cent.; the balance of eighty per cent., it is alleged, would be increased each hour by a globe the size of the earth, even if it had no attraction.

The Newman, Ga., Herald, says that in the year 1861, when the troops were volunteering for the war, a married man living in Carroll county, having a wife and five children, enlisted in the army as a private soldier. At the battle of Missionary Ridge, near Lookout mountain, in Tennessee, he received a box of supplies and a suit of clothes, which his wife had sent him. He put on the suit, but remarked to his comrades that it was the last suit he would ever put on, as he would be killed to-morrow. His companions, who heard

this strange prediction, told him if he felt so he should not go into the fight, but remain back. This he refused to do, stating that an officer should lead his men whenever duty called them. Next morning, at the head of his company, he entered the fight, and about noon a bullet from the enemy hit him in the heart, killing him almost instantly. In his last moments, while a fellow comrade held his head in his lap, he cried aloud, "My poor wife and five little children—what will become of them?" and expired. On that day about noon his wife was startled by the cry of, "My poor wife and five little children." The voice seemed so familiar to her and so certain was she that it was her husband, that she rushed to the door to meet him. Falling to meet him, she went around the house and looked for him, and then went to one of her neighbors to inquire if they had seen her husband. Just five days after this she received a letter from the soldier, who was with her husband in his dying moments, relating to her the last words that he had uttered, which, as she now claims, were the very words she heard.

Force may subdue, but love gains; and he who forgives first, wins the laurel.

Sunday, May 9th, C. Fannie Allyn lectured at Odd Fellows Hall, Lynn, Mass., morning and evening.

J. Madison Allen lectured in Vineland, N. J., on the Anniversary, and during the month of April, and is re-engaged for a portion of May. His public séances are said to be an interesting feature of his work. Societies desiring to engage his services for the summer may address him at Vineland, N. J., P. O. box 212.

George D. Search, the physical and slate-writing medium, of Wichita, Kansas, has just concluded a series of twenty-six séances in Lawrence, Kansas. The manifestations were of various kinds, the visible production of hands, six to eight feet from the medium; the floating, and playing, of various musical instruments, writing of messages on slates, etc.

According to the calculations made by a scientific writer lately, it requires a prodigious amount of vegetable matter to form a layer of coal, the estimate being that it would really take a million years to form a coal bed 100 feet thick. The United States has an area of between 300,000 and 400,000 square miles of coal fields, 100,000,000 tons of coal being mined from these fields in one year, or enough to run a ring around the earth at the equator five and one-half feet wide and five and one-half thick; the quantity being sufficient to supply the whole world for a period of 1,500 to 2,000 years.

It is related that in a recent conversation with Edwin Booth, E. F. Thorne, the actor, called his friend's attention to the fact that, though America had been discovered years before Shakespeare's time, the great author has not alluded to the New World anywhere in his plays. Mr. Booth said he never had thought of the omission before.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Do Our Departed Friends Recognize Us?
BY ADAM MILLER, M. D.

The mind almost instinctively delights in calling up the scenes of the past. Memory opens her storehouse to the aged, and takes them by the hand and leads them back over the green fields and through the pleasant groves where their youthful feet roamed, and repeats, in whispering to the inner consciousness, the beautiful lessons of love and filial affection that dropped from the lips of parents or friends in other days.

If we do not lose our memories when we depart from this life—and reason and revelation teach that we do not—then we do not retain a knowledge of the past, but we will continue to take a deep interest in what is going on among our friends in earth life, and if angels and the spirits of our departed friends are one and the same class of beings, then we may expect that our friends will come to us and accompany us amid the joys and sorrows that surround us, and, as ministering spirits, they may have an influence over us for good in some way we now, perhaps, cannot understand nor appreciate.

On this subject, I will refer the reader to an able sermon on the Ministry of Angels, by Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., published in an appendix to "Life in Other Worlds." I need not repeat what he has said in language better than I could, in presenting this subject. Some of the ablest and most eloquent preachers of our day believe that angels and the spirits of our departed friends are one and the same class of beings. Bishop Fallows, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, during his ministry in Chicago, preached a very able sermon on the cloud of witnesses that surround the Christian in "running the race set before him." He maintained that angels were "the elder brethren of those who join them from this life, and while there might be different degrees in knowledge and power, there was harmony in their actions; all working together in one great harvest-field of love and kindness to our race."

Rev. Dr. A. E. Kittredge, in a sermon preached on the same subject, in this city, is reported, in one of our daily papers, to have said: "He believed that the dear ones that had gone before were ever around the loved ones of earth, like a great cloud of witnesses, and, though they are not seen, they doubtless see and keep continual watch over us. They are ministering spirits, separated only by a narrow stream, and when we come to the river's edge we shall see them like a great vision of glory. In faith, we see them now. Why, heaven is so close, that when he, as a pastor, stood by the death-beds of others, when the silent shadows were stealing over them and shutting out the things of earth, they had said, rapturously, that they saw waiting angels."

The following is from a work written by the late Rev. D. W. Clark, D. D., one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and may be considered as good authority on this subject:

"But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain, Can those who have loved forget? We call—but they answer not again— Do they love, do they love us yet? We call them far, through the silent night; But they speak not from cave nor hill; We know, we know that their land is bright, But say, do they love there still?"

"We have here an inquiry of touching interest, and one that requires to be treated with great delicacy. We have already shown that the righteous dead are with Christ. To wish that they were constantly with us around us would be as selfish as it is unkind. We delight in the society of those nearly allied to us on earth—their children—and yet we greet them forth from us because we know the great ends of our common being require it. Heaven we know is the home of the angels of God; but we also know that they go forth—nay, even come down to earth as ministering spirits. By this means there is a strange, mysterious intercourse between the ministering angels and living men. They are not always away from heaven, nor would we wish them to be. We would almost fear that something earthly and gross might be contracted by them, and that even their joy might be marred by their too constant intercourse with sinful and sorrowing beings. We would have them return often to heaven, to bathe in its celestial light, to catch anew its holy joy, and thus to come back to us again, to labor with more ardor for our salvation. So should we feel in relation to the dead in Christ—our own beloved dead."

"Among those myriads of angelic messengers it is not possible that there should sometimes be found one who was once an inhabitant of earth? Is it not possible that our departed kindred—our parents, our companions, our dear children that passed from us in the bloom of life, a loved brother or sister—may revisit earth, and come to minister to us in that which is holy and good—to breathe around us influences that will draw us heavenward? If it is possible to revisit earth, then, no doubt, is the glorious mission on which they would desire to come.

"Is such return to earth possible? One, at least, we may claim on Bible authority, has revisited earth, if the spirit of Samuel appeared to Saul after the incantations of the sorceress of Endor. 'Had it been satisfactorily known,' says Bishop Burgess, 'through any other channel than divine revelation, that Saul saw Samuel on the eve of his own fall, and heard his words, "To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me," it would still have been a fact in the history of mankind, and would have proved, as truly as now, the possibility of such apparitions. That there was a real appearance of Samuel is the plainest interpretation of the language, was the belief of the ancient Jews, and has been supposed by the best divines. He came, not through any power of the sorceress, it would seem, but to her utter amazement. Once, therefore, a departed spirit has revisited the earth, and has been seen and heard; and it is worthy of remark that he took the form and aspect in which he might be the best recognized.' But whatever question or room for doubt there may be in relation to this appearance of Samuel, there can be none in relation to the return of Moses and Elias, many centuries after their removal to the world of spirits. They were seen and heard by Peter, James and John upon the Mount of Transfiguration.

"Dr. Adam Clarke expresses it as his opinion that spirits from the invisible world, including also human spirits which have gone there, may intercommune with this world, and even become visible to mortals. They are not brought back into mortal life, but only brought within the sphere of visibility. All along through the Bible, the thing, at least by implication, is again and again recognized. As when Peter, miraculously delivered from prison, appeared at the gate, the frightened disciples exclaimed, 'It is his angel'—or when the Savior appeared walking upon the water, 'they supposed it had been a spirit.'

"We might also cite the universal belief of all ages in not only the possible, but the actual occasional return of the departed from the Spirit-world to revisit the earth.

"Who shall say that there is not, then, a real presence of the dead with the living? Neander speaks of a custom among the early Christians of cherishing the memory of departed friends by celebrating the anniversary of their death in a manner suited to the Christian faith and hope. 'It was usual on this day,' says he, 'to partake of the communion under a sense of the inseparable fellowship of those who had died in the Lord. A gift was laid on the altar in their name, as if they were still living members of the family.' So also, he says, 'the whole church would celebrate the anniversary of those who had died as witnesses of the Lord—the holy martyrs; and the communion was celebrated in the consciousness of the continued fellowship with them.'

"This is a sublime, beautiful ideal! How simple, and yet how deep and earnest, the faith of the early and holy people of God! 'The communion of the saints,' says Dr. Nevin, 'regards not merely Christians on earth, but also the sainted dead; according to the true words of the hymn, "The saints on earth and all the dead but one communion make." There is a pernicious view in the religious world at the present time by which the dead are taken to be so dissociated from the living as to have no part further in the onward movement of Christ's kingdom.' It was the impression of Mr. Wesley concerning Emanuel Swedenborg, whom he knew personally, that the strong impression on his mind of the presence of deceased friends, at particular moments, was produced by their actual but invisible presence. Oberlin, also, for many years, claimed to enjoy intimate communion with the dead. And thousands of Christians have had, at times, as clear and overpowering a consciousness of the spiritual presence of departed friends as of their own self-being. And what is peculiarly to be observed is that this communion has been realized only by those most spiritual in their nature, and peculiarly allied by the power of a living faith to Christ.

"There is one other fact bearing upon this subject which we cannot now forbear. It is the affecting recognition of the presence of the dead in Christ, which is sometimes realized by the dying saint. Parents have recognized departed children as present to welcome them, just at the moment of their own departure; so have children recognized the presence of a sainted father or mother; also, brothers and sisters have thus seemed to meet each other on the dividing line between this world and the next."

Dr. Adam Clarke sums up his belief in the invisible world as follows. He says:

"1. I believe there is a supernatural spiritual world, in which human spirits, both good and bad, live in a state of consciousness.

"2. I believe there is an invisible world in which various orders—spirits, not human—live and act.

"3. I believe that any of these spirits may, according to the order of God, in the laws of their place of residence, have intercourse with this world, and become visible to mortals."

It is, however, proper to state here that Dr. Clarke speaks in strong terms against incantations and conjurers, just as any right-minded man would speak against the pretenders among modern Spiritualists, claiming a

pleasure to calling up departed friends, and getting communications from them. Some of the most intelligent among the Spiritualists themselves denounce these traveling, professional mediums as dishonest tricksters and frauds, unworthy of the confidence of any community where they carry on their deceptions for the sake of gain. We must, however, guard against opposite extremes. While we denounce the deceptions of modern Spiritualists, we must not lose sight of the great truth taught in the Bible and believed by Christians and ministers of the gospel in all ages of the Christian world, that there is a great spiritual world all around us, and only invisible to us because our material organs of vision are not adapted to such existences. There are many instances recorded in the scriptures where the eyes of individuals were opened to see the spirits around them. There is an interesting instance of this kind recorded in II. Kings, vi. 17. When the king of Syria made war against Israel, and came by night and encompassed the city of the Israelites, and when the servant of the prophet Elisha saw their perilous situation, he said: "Alas, my master! how shall we do? And Elisha prayed, and said: 'Lord, I pray Thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.'"

Dr. Adam Clarke, the learned Methodist commentator, says on this verse: "Where is heaven? Is it not above, beneath, around us? And were our eyes opened as were those of the prophet's servant we should see the heavenly host in all directions: The horses and chariots of fire were there before the eyes of Elisha's servant were opened."

The Scripture account is so full and explicit in its reference to the intercourse of angels and our departed spirit friends, and our recognition of them in our spirits' home, that we need not multiply argument on this subject. We may assume it as an established fact, so clearly revealed in the Bible, that to deny the intercourse of angels and the spirits of the departed with those now living on the earth would be to reject the plain teachings of the Scriptures. That they will appear to us in bodily form, so as to be recognized by us, we infer from the appearance of Samuel to Saul, and Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration. They had not then their resurrection bodies, for no one had risen from the grave before Christ arose and became the first fruits of them that slept. If those who appeared on earth assumed such forms as to be recognized by men living in the body, may we not infer that this is a general law of our spiritual existence, and that in heaven we will readily recognize our loved ones with whom we lived on earth? Infants may have advanced to higher condition. The aged and infirm may wear the bloom of youth. Yet, by our superior knowledge in that bright world, we will know the dear ones who are waiting for us on the other shore.

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Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation meets during the month of May, at Justice Bell's parlors, 45 Washington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. J. J. Morse will lecture each Sunday evening at 7:45. All interested in the society and its work cordially invited. John Jeffrey, President; W. J. Cushing, Secretary; A. G. Klipp, Treasurer.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Union holds weekly conferences on Sunday evenings at Fraternity Rooms, corner Bedford Ave. and South Second St. Alpha League meets in same place Sunday afternoons.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock, at 123 West 43rd Street, New York.

The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, convenes every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., and at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M., 55 Miller's Warehouse Hall, 54 Union Square.

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Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 211 West 33rd Street, Mrs. T. S. Stryker, services Sunday at 11 A. M. Officers: Geo. D. Carroll, President; Oliver Russell, Vice President; Dr. George H. Pezise, Secretary; F. W. Maynard, Treasurer.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Grand Army Hall.

W. E. MILLA, President. E. J. HULLING, Secretary.

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Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Credo.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

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

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

Say not my soul is but a cloud, Resultant in body's powers; She plumes her wings to fly to God...

The winter's snows are on my brow, But summer suns more brightly glow, And violets, lilacs, roses now...

As I approach my earthly end, Much plainer can I hear afar Immortal symphonies which blend...

The tomb is not an endless night, It is a thoroughfare—a way That closes in a soft twilight...

Moved by the love of God, I find That must work as did Voltaire, Who loved the world and all mankind...

Our work on earth is just begun; Our monuments will later rise To bathe their summits in the sun...

A Religious Service for Spiritualists.

I feel persuaded that there is but one religious service incumbent on Spiritualists to inaugurate with greater ceremony and fervor...

I ventured to suggest in your journal, as far back as the end of 1881, that this was the real work required to be done by Spiritualists...

The Influence of Mind.

The "metaphysicians" who have graduated under Mrs. Eddy of Boston, claim that the mind is all potent. This influence is often very marked...

A New Use for Electricity.

A variant named Henri Rogot, hailing from Lyons, has a new use for electricity. He has a patent to apply it as a substitute for the cat-o-nine-tails...

B. E. Anderson writes: My own feelings are that the JOURNAL is the true ark of safety for the pure Spiritualist...

Prophetic Dreams.

The following is from the January number of the Psychological Journal: "When a boy I was very credulous and to be convinced of anything only needed to be told it, but years of experience with mankind and the study of human nature have made me very skeptical..."

In 1880 I was in the State of Alabama where I dreamed of being in Utah and travelling up Spanish Fork Canyon on a Narrow Gauge train. When about thirty miles from the mouth we arrived at a small town. I went out and stood upon the platform...

I could relate some dreams more marvelous than the one just related, but it would be encroaching on space. I know there are such things as prophetic dreams...

Sunday Newspapers.

A late number of the Sun of this city contains the following article in reference to Sunday newspapers. It is worthy of careful perusal...

"Nearly every intelligent man reads a Sunday newspaper in these days, for he finds that he cannot let it go unread without positive loss. He can better afford to give up a paper on any other day of the week..."

A Dead Indian Baby for a Pillow.

It is said that the Ojibbwa Indians sometimes wrap their dead bodies, enveloped in birch bark, in wrappers made of hay ropes. This practice gave rise to a rather grim joke...

Edison a Medium.

Rev. A. L. Hatch, Congressional minister of 59 Liberty Street, New York, furnishes the following statement to the New York World: "You know Mr. Edison is a medium, and his great invention of the quadruplex telegraph instrument was revealed to him in a trance state..."

D. W. Hard writes: Accept the thanks and well wishes of one who has taken the JOURNAL since first it announced the glad tidings over the river, that life is immortal...

Mrs. S. Bagley writes: I feel the need of the JOURNAL and could not get along without it.

The Complex Sense of Touch.

All the senses we possess, the sense of touch is at once the most complex and the least understood. Blindness and deafness are only too common, and we can all more or less appreciate the nature and extent of these dire afflictions...

Pressure on a limb—as for instance, when we fall asleep lying on one of our arms,—if continued for some time, makes it more or less numb. It gradually loses the power of transmitting sensations to the brain. According to the observations of M. Herzen, the first sense lost is that of touch, the second that of cold, the third that of pain, the last that of heat...

Fifty Years Ago.

The winter apparel of boys, even fifty years ago would be an interesting subject. We lack the pen of Gen. Oliver to do it justice. The change from the dress of the present is something wonderful. In the days of our fathers, boys' clothes were generally made over from dad's dress coat; trousers were cut down and traveled through successive boys, and finally cut up to patch and piece other clothes...

Cast Upon the Waters.

"We never do ourselves so much good as when we are at least trying to do good to others." Alas! it is too often only "trying," since those who have the best will have not the means, and the will is not always taken for the deed...

A Relic of Moon Worship.

In China, where moon worship largely prevails during the festival of Yoo-Ping, which is held annually during the eighth moon, the cakes are made like the moon, and at full moon the people spread out oblations and make prostrations to the planet. These cakes are moon cakes and veritable offerings to the queen of Heaven...

W. Askins writes: I am not going to do without the JOURNAL so long as you give friends and deadbeats a Hall Columbia.

A Few Notes of a Medium.

In 1854, when I was teacher at Amance (Mourthe), a work on Spiritualism fell in my way; it much attracted me, and I made experiments to ascertain whether I was a medium, but with negative results. After a time I got my assistant teacher Charles N. to join in my seances, and we immediately obtained rapid and movements of the table, and then alphabetical characters...

Charles N. went subsequently to the school at Villeneuve-Veronis. One day in winter, while on his way to attend a conference, he paused to survey the splendid snowy landscape; while gazing at it he felt the writing sensation in his hand, his cane vibrated in his hand, and he wrote on the snow: "Charles, go home; thy father died this morning." He went; it was true; his father had fallen that morning from his granary, and was taken up dead.

After this, Charles N. was appointed to a post in the College of Commerce. One day while out with pupils he drank, while over-heated, freely of cold spring water, and then lay down in the shade. This brought on fever, at the fifth day of which, feeling the writing sensation in his hand, he asked for paper and pencil; the pencil firmly traced the words "Charles, be ready; the day after to-morrow, at three o'clock, thou wilt quit the earth." At that time he breathed his last in the presence of friends, among whom was the Principal of the College, who gave me the best information, showing me the piece of writing, which he carefully keeps.—Dilectio in La Revue Spirite.

Gerald Massey.

The following extract from the Auckland Bell concerning Mr. Massey's lectures in New Zealand, will be of interest: "His lecture was full of relations of incidents which, being true, prove not only immortality and continued individuality after death, but also spirit communication with 'mortals' here on earth. How are we to judge of the truth? The truth is that which is always being corroborated; he said, and the almost daily recurrence of spiritualistic phenomena go to prove the solidity and reality of other facts, which, all taken together, make a grand array and demonstration, such as to make it firm enough to stand on, with an earnest and confident gaze into eternity. To the question 'Is Spiritualism a truth?' Mr. Massey answers an emphatic 'Yes.' In the face of such a lecture as the one delivered last night by such a man as Gerald Massey, one stands almost dumbfounded. That such a man, whose life has been one long fight against popular received opinions, and whose name is known to all, should have won his way to the temple of fame, sword in hand, and compelled recognition and hearing from an unwilling world; that such a man who has deliberately chosen to fight the cause of more than one 'forlorn hope,' and helped to win it, should be a mere hypocrite in his avowals, and be an unbeliever in his own statements, is too absurd a thought to entertain. The question comes in then, has he been for all these years a mere impostor? Has he not, as a poet, has this philosopher, has this thinker been himself deceived? The mere fact that he has won his present eminence, seems to at once stamp such a supposition with denial. We understood him to declare last night that one of the principal objects he had in view when he began his investigations into mythology was to prevent Spiritualism from ever being a religion of the masses, but he has done the very opposite, and to do his part in giving that mental legacy to the world that had been stolen from it in past ages. Wrong or right we can only honor the man who can rise to such a mental grandeur as to lay down his own life to benefit his race—especially when we realize the truth of the pathetic utterance when he said, and it is so hard to make a living by telling the truth."

A Sensational Prayer.

The Rev. Henry Lyons, the Democratic member of the House from Monroe County, Ohio, was called upon on one occasion to officiate in the capacity of chaplain, and created a sensation by the prayer with which he opened the session. It is patterned after similar efforts by the Rev. W. H. Millburn, Chaplain of the National House, on the subject of Ohio taxation, the efforts of Gov. Foraker to bring about an equalization, and the labor troubles of the country, he said: "O Lord, thou most high exalted above principalities and powers, look down from thy high and lofty habitation. We pray and we beseech of Thee to pardon our imperfections and remove from us hardships and sorrows of every kind. We beseech Thee to condescend so low as to claim the earth for Thy nation. We beseech Thee to regard our land and Nation in mercy. We pray that this body will have hearts of sympathy for the suffering, as we find the widow's cry for bread. As the rich manifest a disposition to withhold from the Government the tribute that is justly due, and thus oppress the widows and orphans of the land, we beseech Thee to give them hearts of flesh; that they may not be cursed with hearts of steel so they cannot feel; that they may not be unwilling to submit to the laws of the land; and that they may not be like Hezekiah of old, who rendered unto Thee in proportion to the benefits received. Will Thou not soften the hearts of the rich to enable them to render unto Thee that which is due to him. Bless our rulers, sustain our good Governor in his efforts to bring about equalization in taxation among the rich, that he may be enabled to raise the poor and needy from a state of starvation to peace and prosperity, and that peace, and righteousness, and true holiness may cover the earth as the waters of the great deep. And Thine be the kingdom and glory forever, amen."—Columbus, O. J. R.

A Voice from the Pacific Slope.

I regret that B. Fletcher Gray, M. D., failed to get a sitting with Mr. Mott in 1879, as related in your issue of April 10th. But from my acquaintance with the latter, I am certain that Mr. Mott's explanation of Mr. Gray's refusal is correct. She is here in Santa Ana, and her wife and I are doing all we can for her comfort. If she recovers, as I have strong hopes she will, they will make their home here. We shall be glad to have Mr. Mott here, for even though he makes some bitter enemies, and is unreasonable in certain ways, yet that he is a medium for materialization has been proven many times beyond all doubt, and the amount of good he has done to suffering hearts, and the lives his mediumship has made happier and better, is beyond calculation. Santa Ana, Cal., April 18, '86. D. EMSON SMITH.

The New Psychometry.

M. A. (Oxon) in Light, London, says: In the same number, Mr. W. D. Gunning has some striking remarks on "The New Psychometry;" relating to "opinions uttered years ago by one of the ablest thinkers of the West, now a Professor in Boston University, Dr. Buchanan." It does seem very incredible that a Roman coin or a fragment of Pompeian mosaic put into the hand of a sensitive, should recall to the inner sense scenes long vanished, and images of men whose very existence is forgotten. What is the connection between this material object

and the memories that it calls up? Is it, speculates Mr. Gunning, "that matter and spirit, in the general sense, are so intermingled in the human mind?" One of the New York dailies speaks of that form of matter which science has shown to be "life stuff" as "loathsome jelly." But why? Contemptible! Is it, that the great soul of the writer is affronted by reference to the protoplasmic substance out of which he and all animal life has come: that such a great effect does not excite his indignation? Or is it, that that gross matter, not associated with an effect which so far transcends its potentialities? "Take a bit of steel; give it a proper shape, then hold it near a magnet. Nothing has touched it—nothing that you can see; its weight, hardness, and elasticity are the same. It is the same dull inert matter. Not quite; for if delicately poised, it will point now to the north and now to the south. More than that, if a magnetic storm is raging about the sun, it will quiver and dip and vibrate, as the body of a man trembles under a strong emotion."

J. W. Pille writes: I regard the JOURNAL as one of the best spiritual publications that is printed, and I will support it as long as it keeps in the channel it is now in.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The London Times recently said that the Smithsonian Institution afforded a better course of ethnological teaching, based on primitive relics, than can be had anywhere else in the world.

Charles Wilby, a St. Louis printer, and William Martin, an employe in the St. Louis Post Office, well known in that city as athletes, have been offered large salaries to join a circus and have accepted the offer.

Cartersville, Ga., is proud of Joe, a dog of superior intelligence. He has been known to seize an ear of corn, carry it to a rat hole, shell off a few kernels, back off out of sight, and then pounce upon the rat thus enticed to destruction.

A dense fog, only a few yards in breadth, settled down upon one of the wharves of New Haven at noon one day lately, and remained in that isolated position for two hours or more, while the sun shone brilliantly elsewhere in the vicinity.

It is proposed to cut a canal through Canonicut Island, opposite Newport, so that a steamer can run straight across from Newport to Narragansett Pier, and there connect with the Shore Line Railroad, thus shortening the time to New York by at least an hour.

It is believed in Portsmouth, N. H., that the Government is abandoning the navy yard there. Everything about it, it is said, is going to be sold, and the Navy Department has ordered to be sent to Washington everything not too rotten to be worth the trouble.

A Baltimore housewife found a living frog in a bottle of chow chow the other day. He was too big to get out through the neck of the bottle and must have grown considerably during his confinement in his air tight prison. This story is vouched for by a Baltimore newspaper.

A well-known literary man, when he heard that Mr. Gladstone had undertaken to defend the first book of the Pentateuch from the sacrilegious hands of the scientists, said: "Why in the world is he bothering his head about Genesis? He ought to be thinking of his Exodus."

San Francisco has a Girls' Union, where young women receive board and lodging if unable to pay for it; are put in the way of finding work, and generally watched over. Classes in housekeeping, sewing, dressmaking, and the like are about to be started. There are 400 members of the union.

Experiments have been made for some time in the glass factory of Atterbury Brothers in Pittsburgh to reproduce in glass an exact copy of the famous peach-blossom vase, and on Tuesday a number of vases were blown which are described as being of the pure peach-blossom color, and therefore very beautiful.

Not long ago the floors and other woodwork in the house of John Wilson of Mount Palatine, Ill., began to give way. An examination showed that most of the wood in the house had been fairly honey-combed by white ants and rendered utterly useless. The ants are described as resembling those of Africa.

A tramp walking on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad found a large steer fast in a cattle guard on the track, and about the same time he heard the roar of an approaching express train. He lighted a torch, ran toward the coming train, and succeeded in stopping it. The passengers made up a purse for their preserver.

John Murry of Portland, Me., is 98 years old, but he doesn't act as if he was. He still transacts business with skill and sagacity, and the other day, talking about a piece of land that he owns, said: "The lease runs out in five years, and when it expires I am going to build the handsomest block in Portland on that lot."

The Norristown Herald is responsible for the story that a Western man had applied for a pension on the ground that he was injured by a rebel ram during the war. The facts are, that the man in question was a man of unquestioned integrity and peculiar religious views. He believes that the fast will result in purifying him of all earthly dross and eliminating his inherited sins. He drinks much water and smokes two or three cigars daily.

W. J. Davies, the young man of Harrodsburg, Ky., who on the 7th of April gave a forty days' fast, is said to be a man of unquestioned integrity and peculiar religious views. He believes that the fast will result in purifying him of all earthly dross and eliminating his inherited sins. He drinks much water and smokes two or three cigars daily.

The Laramie (Wyoming) Hoosier has an account of some lakes in the vicinity of that city so full of water with soda that it accumulates in great quantities around the edges, whence it is only necessary to haul it away and work it up into commercial forms. One of the lakes in the immediate vicinity of Laramie has been drained, and the soda is now being worked by a company, but the supply in other parts is practically inexhaustible, and has as yet hardly been touched.

The close watch kept by the authorities in Maine to prevent the sale of short or small lobsters has done good to the industry. Last fall a firm bought a lot of small lobsters and put them in a forty-pound in a cove at Vinal Haven. They were fed liberally through the winter on fish heads and like food and now weigh from two to six pounds each, and bring \$10 a hundred pounds in the Boston market.

Jacob Miller of Fountaindale, Pa., married his first cousin, and between 1850 and 1874 eleven children were born to them. Of these all were of unusual mind, and one daughter by means bright, who is married. Eight others are alive, and five of them are idiots, and the others little better. Mrs. Miller is dead, and her husband, who is a prosperous farmer, lives alone with his unfortunate children. He says that his misfortune is a "stroke of providence."

The oldest man in New England is said to be Chesley Heal of Seabrook, Me., who is 107 years old. It is recorded that he has been married three times, twice to the same woman; that he has chewed tobacco for 100 years and drank New England rum for nearly as long a time; that he voted for Jefferson the first time he was a Presidential candidate, and has been a Democrat from that day to this, and that he can and does read the newspapers without spectacles.

The Minnesota Knights of Labor have purchased 600 acres of land in Crow Wing county, and will establish thereon a co-operative colony. Three families go out at once, and others will follow rapidly. The colony is to be held in common forever, but the profits are to be divided yearly, and five cents are to be paid to the State. As regards the latter feature the community will be unique. A village will be laid out, and each colonist allowed to hold one lot in fee simple. All the land is inalienable. The North Pacific Railroad, from whom the land was bought, have agreed to hold the entire township in reserve for the order for a reasonable time.

Dennis O'Herron of Louisville has had rather an eventful life. In early days he was prosperous in Buffalo. He became a drunkard and then a tramp. He reformed, and went to work in Louisville last October, while handling ties, a big spread-head vicer darted from a pile and buried its fangs in his breast. His companions pulled the snake off and filled Dennis with whiskey. They kept him drunk for a few days, and he never felt any ill effects from the bite. A week later he became a male kicked him twice in two seconds, breaking some ribs, and his collar broke, and while asleep in the shade of a tree, a man drove a buggy over his neck. He apparently wasn't hurt, but a week ago his neck began to pain him, and now he is in a hospital suffering from a general break up of his badly-used system.

The Two Gates.

BY S. S. CONANT IN HARPER'S MONTHLY.

A pilgrim once (so runs an ancient tale), Old, worn, and spent, crept down a shadowed vale: On either hand rose mountains bleak and high; Chill was the gusty air, and dark the sky: The path was rugged, and his feet were late; His faded cheeks were scanned by pain and care; His heavy eyes, on the worn carpet, cast; And every step seemed feebler than the last.

The valley ended where a naked rock Rose sheer from earth to heaven, as if to mock The pilgrim who had crept that toilsome way; But while his dim and weary eyes were To find an outlet in the mountain side A ponderous sculptured brazen door he spied, And tottering toward it with fast falling breath, Above the portal read, "THE GATE OF DEATH."

He could not stay his feet, that led thereto; He yielded to his touch, and passing through, He came into a world all bright and fair; Blue were the heavens, and balmy was the air; And lo! the blood of youth was in his veins, And he was clad in robes that held no stains Of his long pilgrimage. Amazed, he turned: Behold a golden door behind him burned In that fair sunlight, and his wondering eyes, Now lustre and clear as those new skies, Hissed from the mist of age, care, and strife, Above the portal read, "THE GATE OF LIFE."

The Mound Builders.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

What a prolific theme is the above. What a field for explanation by some wise spirit. I wish one of those ancient mound-builders would return and give details of the condition of the people at that time. The reported finding near Elkhart, Ind., as stated in a special to the Chicago Tribune of the 26th ult., of an Indian mound containing twenty-two skulls, the backs of which had been broken in apparently by some blunt instrument, has excited some little interest here from the fact that a similar discovery was recently made at what is known as the Portage site west of Galena and about a mile from the shore of the Mississippi by a party of explorers, including Prof. Crane of Ohio, who has had considerable experience in prehistoric investigations. The mound was about twenty feet in diameter at the base and nearly eight feet high. It stood in the center of a dozen or more small ones, on ground just above high water, although there were evidences that the mound had been used and served to reduce the original size of the mounds at least one-half. One of the largest trees on the Portage, a mammoth oak not less than 200 years old, had grown out of the larger mound, the only one thoroughly explored, standing like a sentinel just inside the southwest edge of the enclosure. The investigation was made by digging a wide trench through the mound, commencing at the base and extending to the center. The remains were supposed to be those of Indians who occupied the Portage as a camping-ground about seventy years ago. Beneath these, resting upon a bed of ashes and blue clay, were found the remarkably well-preserved bones of from eighteen to twenty adults, who had been buried in a circle, in a sitting posture, facing the center of the mound. With the exception of the skulls, several of which were brought to this city, the bones crumbled shortly after exposure to the air, and scarcely a piece of any considerable size was preserved. The skulls were filled with earth, and each one bore evidence of having been crushed in, on the left side, just back of the ear, with a blunt instrument, probably a mallet of stone. In this mound were also found a piece of broken pottery resembling a kettle, three mammoth pearls also perforated. The theory among savants here is that the Portage was once a battle-ground, and that the remains discovered were those of a prehistoric race who were slain in war or were captured and subsequently killed by having their skulls crushed in.

A Horrified Cat.

A correspondent writes to Nature: "Last week in connection with a study of Carnivora, I obtained a cat from an acquaintance at a distance, and carefully dissected it in a room above our stable. When I had finished, the cat was, as maybe supposed, hardly to be recognized. I cleaned the scalps, placed them in the case, and took them to the house. No sooner had I put them down than I observed our own cat and sniff all around the case with a peculiar look of intense wonder. I took the instruments away, and thought no more about it; but a short time after I returned to the remains of the dissected cat in order to prepare the skeleton, when I saw our cat standing at a distance of about a foot from the dissection, and presenting an appearance of most fearful terror. She was trembling from head to foot, and in such a condition of evident horror that my presence had no effect upon her. After some moments she noticed me, and then darted away with a scared look such as I have never before seen. She did not return to the house that day—a thing quite unusual; but on the next day she returned and entered the house with a fearful caution, as though realizing the probability that she herself might become a victim to science, and her whole conduct has changed. This singular and curious custom of cats being by the name of cats, as a scare to the like is not entirely unreasonable, and it would be interesting to know whether others have noticed similar effects."

Professional Etiquette

presents some doctors from advertising their skill; but we are bound by no such conventional rules and think that if we make a discovery that is of benefit to our fellow-men, we ought to spread the fact to the whole land. Therefore we cause to be published throughout the land the fact that Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the best known remedy for consumption (scrofula of the lungs) and kindred diseases. Send 10 cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption, with unsurpassed means of self-treatment. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

John C. Hunning, a murderer, confined in the Crawfordville, Ind., jail, says that he has become converted. For a month he has studied his Bible almost constantly, and on Easter Sunday he was baptized by a Methodist minister, who immersed him in a bath tub in the corridor of the jail. Hunning is to be hanged on May 27th, and says that his sins have been forgiven, and that he is prepared to die.

Her complexion is like her name. Why? She uses Pozzoni's Complexion Powder, and is a lily. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers.

An earthen pot filled with gold coin that the cashier of a local bank values at \$12,000 was turned up by the plough a few days ago by a farmer at work in a field at Batesburg, S. C. The coin is old and quaint, and bears evidence of having come from different nationalities. How it found its way into the field or when it was deposited is not conjectured.

"I'd rather have it than a Gov't Bond," in times of sickness, N. K. Brown's Ess. Jamaica Ginger.

Unlike other cathartics, Dr. Pierce's "Pilllets" do not render the bowels costive after operation, but, on the contrary, establish a permanently healthy action. Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using them. By druggists.

John Mosey of Portland, Me., who graduated at Bowdoin College in 1809—seventy-seven years ago—is the oldest surviving graduate. He is now ninety-six years of age, and in excellent health.

A Wisconsin lumberman was caught by a rolling log the other day and held so fast that he was unable to get away. He yelled in vain for help. While lying there a big bear came up to him. He drew his revolver and fired six shots, killing the bear, and his evildoer were heard by a lumberman, who went to see what was going on, and released the prisoner.

The old story of the child and the serpent comes anew from Carterville, Ga. This time the child was the four-year-old daughter of Mrs. Knight. The little one was discovered by her mother having a good time playing with a poisonous snake in the backyard. The snake seemed to be enjoying the fun, but Mrs. Knight killed it, of course, and then nearly went into hysterics.

Gambling has grown to be so common a cause of ruin to respectable towns of Berkshire, Mass.—Pittsfield, Lee, Lenox, North Adams, etc.—that a powerful movement has been begun against the practice

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH For Beauty of Polish, saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability and Cheapness. Unequaled. MORSE BROS., Proprietors, Canton, Mass.

DR. JOS. RODES BUCHANAN 6 James Street, Boston.

Now giving attention to the treatment of chronic diseases, aided by psychometric diagnosis and the use of new remedial discoveries by himself, Dr. Buchanan is in the more elevated, healthy and picturesque location in Boston, and he can receive a few invalids in his family for medical care.

DR. SOMERS' Turkish, Russian, Electric, Sulphur, Mercurial, Roman, and other Medicated Baths, the FINEST in the country, at the GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL, on the corner of Jackson-st., near La Salle, Chicago.

These baths are great luxury and most potent curative agents. Nearly all forms of Disease Rapidly Disappear Under Their Influence when properly administered. All who try them are delighted with the effect. Thousands of our best citizens can testify to their great curative properties. Try them at once and judge for yourself.

SARAH A. DANSKIN, PHYSICIAN OF THE "NEW SCHOOL," Pupils of Dr. Benjamin Rush.

Office: 481 N. Gilmore St., Baltimore, Md. During fifty years past Mrs. DANKIN has been the pupil and medium for the spirit of Dr. Benj. Rush. Many cases pronounced hopeless have been permanently cured through her ministrations.

THE AMERICAN LUNG HEALER Prepared and Magnified by Mrs. Zankin. A new and powerful remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

DICKSON SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION. (170 State St., Chicago.) H. M. DICKSON, PRINCIPAL.

9th YEAR—OVER 200 GRADUATES. Pupils prepared for Dramatic Readers, Teachers, etc. Stammering and all defects of speech successfully treated. Send for Circular.

FREE GIFT! A copy of my Medical Book will be sent to any person afflicted with Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hoarse Throat, or Nasal Catarrh.

LIGHT. A weekly Journal for Spiritualists and other students on occult Philosophy. Published at 16 Craven St., Charing Cross, London, S. W., England. Price, postpaid, 2d per annum, in advance.

LONDON AGENCY OF THE Religio-Philosophical Journal. John S. Farmer, office of Light, 16 Craven St., Charing Cross, London, S. W., Eng.

BUSINESS AND MEDICAL PSYCHOMETRY MRS. FANNIE M. BROWN, 509 W. 6th St., New York City.

A FREE SAMPLE. To introduce the great household remedy, Gordon's King of Pain into every family, I will send a sample free to any person sending address. Agents wanted. Address E. G. Richards, sole proprietor, Toledo, O.

QUICK. Takes the shine from any agency business in this country. Those willing to work one hour daily could invest in a practical and common sense method. Business suitable for grown persons, no boys. Address, Merrill Manufacturing Co. L. K. Chicago.

A MAN WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL GET BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY. By reason of its central position and close relation to all principal lines Eastern, Western, and International, this route constitutes the most important mid-continental link in that system of through transportation which invites and facilitates travel and freight between cities of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts.

The Great Rock Island Route. Guarantees the shortest and most direct route between Chicago and St. Paul, with connections made in Union Depots for all points in the Territories and British Provinces.

The Famous Albert Lea Route. In the direct route between Chicago and St. Paul, with connections made in Union Depots for all points in the Territories and British Provinces.

P. R. CABLE, E. ST. JOHN, Pres't & Gen'l Mgr. Gen'l Tkt & Pass Ag't, CHICAGO.

THE 13 Useless Doctors. In vain, physicians came, with subtle skill, And tried, in turn, prescription, lotion, pill; With saddened looks they viewed her tarry [tongue]. In solemn silence stethoscoped each lung; From moulting head to gut distorted toe, They searched, then said, "Poor woman, 'tis [no go]!"

A WOMAN'S GRATITUDE. Mrs. F. OATS, of Shawang, Ill., writes: "When I had used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription one week, I could walk all over the door-yard, to see my neighbors, and ride two miles out in the door-yard for six months. After using the 'Favorite Prescription' two weeks, I rode in a wagon ten miles; my neighbors were amazed to see me up and going about, and helping to do my housework, after doctoring with thirteen of the best physicians we could get and the last one told my husband that I would never be able to do my housework any more. I am thankful to my God that I wrote to you, for I had suffered from 'Female Weakness' until I had almost given up in despair."

TERRIBLE PAIN. Mrs. F. E. WILCOX, Friendship, N. Y., writes: "For five or six years I had been badly troubled with female weakness and terrible pains across the snare of my back, and pit of the stomach. Three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription acted like a charm, and cured me completely, to my great joy."

DOCTORS FAIL. "Female Weakness" Cured.—Mrs. SARAH A. DANIEL, Greenfield, Adir Co., Iowa, writes: "I, V. Pierce, M. D., Dear Sir:—Having been ill a number of years, and having tried in vain almost every advertised remedy, as well as having paid nearly a hundred dollars to our local physicians, I was finally induced to consult you. You advised me to send for your medicines. I accordingly sent for your 'Medical Adviser,' six bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' your 'Favorite Prescription,' and six vials of your 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' I began using them, and soon found them to be of great benefit. In ninety days I could walk a mile, and do light housework; whilst in six months I was completely cured, and my health has remained perfect ever since. I recommend you and your medicines to my friends, and your 'Medical Adviser' to my friends. Two of our most prominent physicians who have read your great work 'The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser,' pronounce it the best family doctor book they have ever seen."

NOT A "CURE-ALL" or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

EVERY INVALID LADY should send for "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," in which over fifty pages of wood-cuts and colored plates. It will be sent for ten cents in postage stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

LIVER DISEASE. G. W. LITZ, Truthville, La., writes: "For four years I suffered from liver complaint and attacks of bilious fever; loss of appetite, nausea, constipation, sometimes diarrhea, pain in the back of the head, right side and under the shoulder-blades, fullness after eating, general debility, restless nights, tongue coated, etc. After using four bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' I find I am as well as I ever was."

A BAD CASE. SAMANTHA GAINE, Lockport, N. Y., writes: "For six or eight years previous to now, I had been troubled with a severe pain at the small of my back, also across the shoulder-blades, with constant pain in the stomach from wind; was so nervous at times I could hardly sleep; also troubled with dizziness and hard breathing spells. I was induced by my step-daughter, Mrs. Warner, of Union, N. Y., to try the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' The effects were marvelous. After taking three bottles I was entirely cured."

GENERAL DEBILITY. S. L. FISHER, Sidney, Maine, N. Y., writes: "Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y. Dear Sir—My wife suffered for several years from general debility. She had become a confirmed invalid, and her physician, who attended her, failed to help her, and it seemed as if she must die. On reading one of your Memorandum Books, I occurred to me that your 'Golden Medical Discovery' might help her. I procured a bottle, and after using five bottles, she was able to get up, and after using five bottles, she was a well woman. I have recommended it to several, and in every case, it has produced good results. I can never feel too grateful to you for the saving of my wife's life."

ABSCESS OF LIVER. ISAAC GIBSON, Kenosha, Pa., writes: "My wife is getting well fast. When she began to use your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' our best doctors in Indiana County said she would die. They said that she had an abscess on her liver as large as half a loaf of bread. Well, sir, to our surprise, when she began using your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' she commenced spitting up phlegm for two weeks, and then commenced spitting up blood. The blood looked like what comes out of a blood-boil for some ten days. She now has been well for weeks."

Bills and Carbuncles.—J. ADAMS, Esq., Toledo, Ohio, writes: "I have used nine bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and the result is I am to-day free from bills and carbuncles for the first time in many years."

Constipation and Ulcers.—Mrs. A. D. JOHNSON, Georgetown, Ky., writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' relieved me at once of a very bad sore on the back of my left hand. It was cured, and it cured that, as well as constipation and indigestion, from which I was suffering very much."

REDUCED TO A SKELETON. Consumption Cured.—W. J. HARTLEY, York, Ohio, writes: "I met with an old friend of mine not long since, and he told me of the very low state of health he had been in and he applied to our best doctor, but gradually grew worse under his treatment, was reduced to a skeleton, had a fearful cough and was thought to have consumption. While in this low state he made a visit to see his relations, and while in a distant town, he purchased a bottle of medicine called, 'Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,' and took it, and by the time it was used he was as well as he ever had been. When I saw him, he looked to be in the bloom of health. His statement caused a great deal of inquiry, as he is a man of high standing."

Consumption Cured.—J. ANTHONY SWINE, Longola, Ill., writes: "For five years I suffered very much from a terrible cough and debility. More than a year since I commenced to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has completely cured me. I thank you for the splendid health I have since enjoyed."

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MARVELOUS BENEFITS. Rev. SIDNEY C. DAVIS, Galien, Michigan, writes: "I wish, in this letter, to express my gratitude for Mrs. Davis and myself for the great good which has been accomplished in her case by the use of your proprietary medicines. Her case began to take them, in January last, she could not endure the least jar, could walk but a very few steps at a time, and could stay up only about thirty minutes at a time. Now she not only sits almost all day but can walk around, call on her neighbors, two and three blocks away, and not feel any injurious effects at all. When we consider that she had kept her bed the greater part of the time for four or five months, and would lose repeatedly the advance she had made, her progress now seems marvelous. We had almost lost confidence in medical practitioners, and advertised remedies, but 'have found in your Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' the properties needed, and which we believe will bring about a complete and final recovery."

DO LIKEWISE. Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of Newcastle, Lincoln Co., Maine, says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and using the local treatment recommended in your 'Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was perfectly cured, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been improved, and the full particulars to any one writing me for them, and inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the \$1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

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(Continued from 1st Page.)
 one or two instances the released spirit was absolutely helpless, and required the immediate assistance of his spirit friends. In all these cases the new born spirits appeared in perfect form, without any cloudy and misty envelopment, and certain of the spirits present were provided with loose robes with which they immediately clothed the emancipated spiritual bodies. In the case of a brother-in-law, his spirit mother alone at first presented herself, his other friends remaining at a distance, but after he had been clothed, and had recognized and embraced his mother, these other friends approached, one by one, and in turn were also recognized and embraced: In one instance, that of a gentleman, his first wife was present to welcome him, and almost immediately—it was the same in the previous case—they soared upwards to his new home. She also was provided with a robe which she cast over her husband.

Knowing my desire to obtain all possible information relative to this subject, Red Jacket, the spirit-controller of Dr. C. T. Bufum, an hour or two before the death of an acquaintance of his medium, impressed the latter to visit him, and for the first time to be present at a death-bed scene, he having a strong aversion to being present on such occasions. When the last moments of the dying man approached, the medium was impressed to seat himself beside the bed and take his hand, thus placing himself in rapport with him. As the breathing became shorter, the spiritual eyes of the medium were opened, and he perceived the spiritual head of the patient emerging from the natural head, and when entirely free, an attendant spirit supported it with his hands; and when the shoulders were released, two other spirits, one on each side, supported these, and successively the body and limbs, as these were liberated; and then, when the birth was completed, the emancipated spirit was borne upwards and disappeared from the clairvoyant's view.

The course of the spirit whilst emerging from the physical body was through the head and in a direct line with that of the body as it laid extended on the bed, being therefore in a horizontal direction.

My other spirit-friends, through Dr. Kenney, assure me that in all the cases they have witnessed this description will apply. Red Jacket also assured me that he had been present at scores of death-bed scenes, and that in every instance the departing spirit came first into view, as a distinctly and perfectly formed being.

Mr. Owen informed me that when he passed over he was met successively by his mother, father and other friends, and he immediately recognized them. He did not for a moment lose consciousness during his transition, but as the forms of surrounding earthly friends faded from view, and their voices grew less and less distinct, the forms of spirit friends came into clearer view, and he more distinctly heard their voices, and loving words of welcome. He further said the majority of persons lose consciousness during the change, but as the conditions vary to some extent with each case, while some remain in full possession of their faculties, others are unconscious for a brief time, perhaps a few minutes, while others still are so for hours, days, weeks, and in rare instances for months.

IS THE SPIRIT AFFECTED BY THE TREATMENT OF THE BODY?

We will here briefly consider the question of the spirit being affected by the treatment and disposition of its mortal remains.

That in some instances certain relations perhaps of a magnetic character, continue to exist for brief periods of time between departed spirits and their deserted bodies, is beyond question, but in the majority of instances, no such relations continue to exist after the death of the body, and the liberated spirit is not in any degree affected by any treatment or disposition of it.

Yet the fact remains that such relations do continue to exist in certain instances, for greater or less periods of time, and it is difficult, if not impossible, for most persons to know, in particular cases, whether such relations do or do not exist; and where the question is involved in doubt, we should avoid subjecting the remains to unnecessarily harsh treatment. Where such relations are temporarily continued, the liberated spirit is fully conscious of everything that is done to its cast-off body, and is pained by harsh treatment of it, or outrage perpetrated on it, or even insult offered to it, as if it still were inhabiting it, and for this reason, where practicable, none but friendly hands should be permitted to perform the last offices to the mortal remains.

In degree these objections apply to placing the body on ice, but here there is nothing to wound the feelings of the spirit; the worst that can ensue is the infliction, indirectly, of some degree of pain, provided magnetic relations continue to exist; but this cannot be of long continuance, for the effect of the cold would be to destroy the lingering remains of the sensibility of the body, and very soon to sever its relations with the spirit, and thus a desirable object may be attained at the cost of some degree of pain—perhaps only uneasiness—to the spirit. When the application of ice is continued for a reasonable time, surviving friends need have no apprehension of a premature burial.

In the instances mentioned above, post-mortem operations must inflict suffering on the spirit, but as with the great majority of spirits no relations continue to exist with their bodies after death, the objection to such operations applies only to the few, not to the many, but nevertheless only in special cases, and for urgent reasons, should they be permitted.

As to the effect of subjecting the body to cremation, this must necessarily be, to say the least, very unpleasant to a spirit who yet happens to retain magnetic relations with it, and especially if resorted to soon after death. Dust to dust is the natural way of disposing of the earthly remains of our departed friends. The natural process of decomposition destroys the conditions upon which this affinity depends, and consigning the body to the earth does not interfere with the progress of decomposition, provided it is inclosed in a wooden coffin, and not in one of metal, or stone. Of the propriety of using the latter for such purposes I have serious doubts, and am inclined to believe that in some instances—perhaps rare—where spirits have not yet become liberated from their bodies at the time of burial, they may have been imprisoned until released by certain spirits, who have been able to render this special service.

This is one of the many questions regarding which I have been unable to obtain entirely satisfactory information; but my apprehensions of possible evil arising from this cause are so decided that I would strenuously oppose this mode of disposing of the remains of any of my friends.

DANGER OF KISSING A DEAD BODY.

As relating to the decomposition of the body, I would here, in the most serious manner, caution friends and relatives of the de-

ceased against the too common practice of kissing the dead body, and especially the lips, for the internal fluids are the first to decompose, and, under ordinary circumstances, through fermentation, portions of them, in from six to ten hours, find their way to the lips, and after that event whoever kisses the lips must necessarily be contaminated with putrescent matter. Neither is it always safe to do this, for there are instances recorded where serious illness, and even death, have resulted, as in the case of a Mrs. Bushnell, of Titusville, Pa., who died from the effects of kissing the dead body of her father. He died of erysipelas, and she had a slight sore on her lips, through which her blood was poisoned. And she was not the only sufferer, for her little daughter very nearly lost her life from kissing her mother. These poisonings occurred in June, 1880.

PREMATURE BURIAL.
 The subject of premature burial is one that at times has engaged the attention of all thinking persons, but it is so repulsive that few dwell upon it, and when it is presented most of us are glad to dismiss it from our minds.

External signs of the presence or departure of the spirit are not always reliable. Fortunately these signs in the great majority of cases will determine the question beyond doubt, but still there have occurred where all the usual external indications of death were present, and yet the body was still tenanted by its spirit.

The usual indications of death, as recognized by medical authorities, are cessation of respiration, arrest of the action of the heart, loss of animal heat, rigor mortis, and putrefaction. But all these indications, except the last, are frequently present in cases of hysteria, epilepsy, narcosis, and concussion of the brain, and it is rare that a burial is deferred until indisputable signs of decomposition present themselves.

In France, a dead body must be interred within twenty-four hours after the extinction of life, and therefore it is not surprising that according to official statistics there were, from 1833 to 1855, no fewer than ninety-four persons buried alive, through accident or ignorance, in that country. This number can only include those cases in which the fact of premature burial had been ascertained. How many others met a like fate which was never suspected, God alone knows. Dr. Thouret, of France, while dissecting bodies from a graveyard converted into a public square, observed many skeletons in such strange and difficult postures as to convince him that they had been buried before life was extinct.

If, owing to the indecent haste with which dead bodies are disposed of in France, premature interments are there more frequent than with us, yet they do occur in this country so frequently that they cannot be regarded as rare, as the accounts of individual cases from time to time published testify. These narrations are too horrible to be copied here.

The time is now not distant when in all cases of doubtful death the services of proved and reliable clairvoyants, or trance-mediums, will be called into requisition to solve the question. For this purpose trance-mediums are preferable to natural clairvoyants, as their own opinions upon the subject are less liable to interfere with a correct decision.

MOURNING CUSTOMS.

Regarding the prevalent custom of mourning in black, it is simply a custom, relic of semi-barbarous ages, and is consistent with and symbolical of the erroneous and fearful views of death which formerly prevailed. It doubtless originated in them, and Spiritualists, with their knowledge of the true character and office of death, should on all proper occasions discontinue the custom, and if it be possible, never conform to it. Grief that ostentatiously arrays itself in uniform is always open to suspicion. Many who don the livery of woe, do so with satisfaction, if not pleasure, as a means of attracting the notice of others, and of enhancing their personal attractions. Real sorrow for the dead is too sacred to be thus advertised to the world, and the time is approaching when this solemn mockery of death will no longer be tolerated.

A writer in the *Popular Science Monthly*, some time since, said some sensible things in reference to this custom, which we here quote:

"It is a strange thing in the ceremonialism of life that the frankest of emotions should be of all others bound the most to be conventional, that what is held to be the most sacred of emotions should be compelled to obtrude itself on all beholders and to trick itself out for the common gaze duly intense to the regulation pattern. Sorrow for the dead must be sorrow by the yard; regrets have their measure in the width of a hat band and the depth of a tuck. Other griefs are taught to be patient and obscure, but this flaunts itself in uniform, puts on, as it were, a label. Genuine grief, very decorous, makes its outward garb its advertisement. And the display is avowedly and absolutely under the rules of fashion and etiquette; it has no spontaneous symbolism, no meaning of its own at all. It simply says, 'Look at me; this is how sorry my respectability requires me to be in the present state; my eye and eye. Look at me; my respectability requires me to be so far consoled at this period of my grief; and society accepts the clothes as a formal certificate, and it is understood that, whether there be actual sorrow or no, there is no hypocrisy, since the respectability, not the sorrow, is what the clothes really indicate. The milliner's scales vary somewhat, but each milliner has her definite scale of lamentation in trimming, and the widow and the orphan costume their grief by her dictation. And if any lady, having to show the world that she has suffered a bereavement and is correctly afflicted by it, mistrusts the milliner's or the mourning salesman's authority, these are manuals on the etiquette of mourning to instruct her minutely, to a button or a frill, how to express the exact tribute of regret according to the degree of relationship, and, to a day, exactly how long to go on expressing it. There is no formality with so little feigning in it as the wearing mourning; for a master of form nature is not merely confessed but made its chief claim to polite admiration."

It is an old proverb that "people who cry in velvet (or crape) shed rose-water tears." This is often the case, but when we consider the tyranny of this custom as it heretofore has existed, in compelling women, sometimes sorely against their will, to array themselves in the habiliments of woe, we may readily believe that the tears shed are at least sometimes those of vexation.

"Some persons," said Mr. Beecher, "cover up the pictures and the looking-glass, and hang a streak of night on the door-bell. They feel that an immense duty devolves upon them to be unhappy. Then they want a sexton, who looks like one sent from darkness, a black hearse, and black plumes, and they change their apparel. They have, it is true,

a hope that twenty years hence it may be different, while with the Christian, dying should mean never to die. Light shines into the darkness of Christian homes, and the darkness cannot comprehend it. If they could only stand where their friends stand, and hear the angels shout, that would be 'sowing in incorruption.' . . . Don't be afraid to die. Don't be afraid to let your children die. It is as if the rose-bush should say to its buds: 'Don't blossom; oh! don't blossom.' Dying is blossoming. There is nothing in this life like the life eternal. If I die, don't cry over me. Clap your hands, rather. If I fall and am put away in Greenwood, don't go to my grave saying, 'Here lies Henry Ward Beecher; for, God knows, I won't lie there! If you have been indebted to me for help, plant your feet on my turf, and look up; for I won't hear anybody who don't hold his mouth toward heaven.'"

This advice, given by Mr. Beecher to his congregation, is equally applicable to Spiritualists. Spiritualism assures us that our departed friends are happy—provided they have lived true lives—and that even the vilest shall ultimately attain a state of happiness. We therefore cannot consistently, not to say with strict honesty, adopt a symbol of paganism, and make a parade of feelings which, even if real, would only prove that we were deficient in the spirit of our faith, and the comprehension of its philosophy and teachings.

"Go call for the mourners and raise the lament, Let the tresses be torn and the garments be rent, But weep not for him who is gone to his rest, Nor mourn for the ransomed, nor wall for the blest." E. C.

THE PERPLEXING PROBLEM.

Views of Representative Men.

EGOISM AND ALTRUISM.

Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas delivered an able discourse last Sunday morning, taking for his text:

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—Matt. xxii. 39.

After a philosophical exposition of Egoism and Altruism Dr. Thomas concluded as follows:

We find, then, the facts of self, and not self; self and others; egoism, and altruism, or self love, and benevolence; and what is needed for the best life of the individual, and of society, is, that these two seemingly conflicting sentiments should be harmonized in a proper ego-altruism; or in the just love of self, and of others in this, and in this alone, can be found the rest, the peace—the balance, the harmony of our troubled world. Oh, what a power is love to atone, to reconcile, to make peace, to fill with joy. When Jesus announced the equal love of self and of neighbor, and the love of the whole heart to God, as the sum of religion he declared the great, the final law of that divine harmony that is to rule all worlds.

Our subject, then, is narrowed down to the equal love of self and neighbor; and the first is the measure of the second; that is, we are to love our neighbor as we love ourselves. Self-love, then, is the first duty, and you may be surprised to hear me say that as a rule people do not love themselves enough, nor do they love themselves wisely and well. But such is the case; and it is also true that if one does not love himself he can not love his neighbor; and if he does not love his neighbor he can not love God.

As separate conscious personalities—each one being himself, and not another, and having his own body, and mind and heart, self-love is the first duty. This love should lead each one to provide food and shelter for his body; if each one would do this, there would be no want in the world. Self-love should lead to a proper care for health—to guard against danger and sickness; it should lead each one to cultivate his own mind and heart. Self-love, when analyzed, like love as a sentiment and principle, means self-respect; it means a high sense of justice. Love is more than a mere tenderness—more than sentimentality. Love is height, it is depth, it is royalty, it is dignity; it is greatness and nobility touched and warmed and glorified; love is life attuned to the just harmony of heaven. Oh, if men and women loved themselves aright, loved themselves wisely, they would blush and hide in shame at the thought even of yielding their bodies to intemperance or uncleanness. What! my hands be dishonored; my feet run in the ways of death; my tongue be false, my breast be filled with lust or hate; the name by which I am known be dishonored? Self-love, self-respect, a noble pride of being says no; forever no. I tell you a resurrection of a wise and powerful self-love, would be a resurrection of righteousness, of the nobility of manhood and womanhood in our world. It would not be a false pride; not vanity; but the greatness that comes from self-care, and self-effort, the dignity of worth, and the beauty of humility.

And such an egotism is in itself one form of altruism. It relieves the public from care and burden by making the individual self-supporting and upright. If all who can would take care of themselves the few who from sickness or losses actually need help would not be a tax upon the public. And then, further, the self-love that leads to self-support would by its habits of industry and economy lead on to increasing wealth; to the ability to provide not only for one's self and family but to bear a part in the work of the world.

Society can become strong only as its individual members become strong; and this must begin with a wise love and care for self and family and home. But self-love, as we have seen, is self-sufficient; its fountains must send forth their streams to make up the great rivers and oceans of the larger world—life. This is the law of nature, the law of God. Everything in nature is itself; but everything contributes to and becomes a part of the greater whole. Earth, air, water, clouds, and rain, and sunshine, and life all unite to make a world, and suns and systems unite to make a universe. And so it requires all the industries and the professions; law, medicine, government, religion; thought, reason, art, beauty, song, justice, love, to make up the great world-life of mankind; and the love of self and the love of others as self is the divine law that alone can reconcile conflicting interests and prejudices between the one and the many, between parties and sects and states and nations, and bring all into the universal harmony. To love others as we love ourselves is to work for ourselves that others may not have to work for us; it is to wish for others all that we wish for ourselves—the liberty, the prosperity, the honor, the peace, the rest, the joy of life, and the hope of heaven. Wishing all this for others as for ourselves, we shall hinder none, harm none, "for love worketh no evil; and we shall gladly join hands with the tolling millions of earth in every good cause."

And now, a word of special application to the present condition of our city and coun-

try seems proper. The last few centuries have witnessed a wonderful overflowing and outflowing the great thought and life forces of mankind. Personal liberty, the liberty of speech, and the freedom of the press, and the right of the people to govern themselves have flown out from the few to the many. Such results have not been reached without great cost, long wars, and bloody revolutions. A way has been opened for the larger and more hopeful intercourse of men and nations; and at each step the need and the value of peace have been clearly perceived as a condition of this higher order of progress. And hence reason and right have come to the foreground, and treaties and arbitrations are taking the place of war.

Of all the countries on earth, this land offers to all—to rich and poor, to every language and race—the largest liberty and equality, and the fairest and best opportunities of success. And for this reason the laws of this country should be respected and cheerfully obeyed by all. For much of the development of this land we are indebted to the honest, hard-working men and women who have crossed the sea to make this their home. The genius of our government welcomes them all; they are welcomed by every American; they are Americans now—for this is, must be one country, and one government, and one people.

But some have come here with feelings of bitterness against the institutions of law and religion that they left behind; they have carried these hatreds with them, and, not able to appreciate our larger liberty, they oppose law and religion here. They are ignorant and unreasonable; they are disturbers of the public peace and promoters of trouble. They have been borne with in this and other great cities in the hope that time and experience would correct their folly and madness. That hope has been vain. The tragedy of last Tuesday night, when these anarchists and socialists who have been permitted to arm and parade our streets and carry insulting banners and make revolutionary speeches, attacked the police with dynamite and pistols, has brought on a crisis. They openly defied and attacked the law; they shot down the officers of the law; they aimed a blow at the liberty and protection of every man, woman and child in this city. Mr. Parsons and Mr. Spies will not speak on the lake front this afternoon. And let every one who loves Chicago, who loves law and order and the peace of society, rise up and say that never again shall the red flag disgrace our streets. We owe it to the brave men who were murdered—we do well to give money to their families, but we owe something to the cause in which they lost their lives.

And all this is urged on the principles of the law of love. There is nothing more just than love; there is nothing stronger than love. We love law and order because we love ourselves and our neighbors. We love law and order because we love liberty, and liberty without law is impossible. And let the love of self and the love of others and the love of right come in to regulate the great questions of labor and business; let justice be done in all things and by all men; let all be friends in this land—friends of law, of liberty.

ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS ON ANARCHISM.

At the meeting on Sunday last of the new Church of the Holy Cross in Baltimore, Archbishop Gibbons took advantage of the presence of a large number of foreigners, and spoke forcibly on the signs of anarchism that have recently been developed in America. In his remarks on loyalty to country he said: "The government of the United States is a government for the benefit of the people. Strangers from every part of Europe are welcome to our shores. Like the sun, that shines for all, the government of our country sheds its genial rays upon all classes, without regard to race, nationality, or religion. The glorious banner of our country protects alike the humble and the poor, the mighty and the rich. Every man in the United States has an opportunity for earning for himself an honest livelihood, and may have opportunities of acquiring an independent fortune."

The German population forms an important conservative and influential element, and the same may be said of the Irish population throughout the United States as well as of the other nationality. They contribute largely to the development of the resources of this country and daily augment our material prosperity. But, as the events of the last few days in Chicago have shown, there exists in this country a small, but turbulent element, composed of men who boldly preach the gospel of anarchy, socialism and nihilism. These men are land pirates, preying upon the industry, commerce, and trade of the country. Their favorite weapon is dynamite. Their mission is to destroy rather than build up. Instead of strengthening the hands of the government that upholds and protects them they are bent upon its destruction. Instead of blessing the mother that opens her arms to welcome them, they insult and strike her. If these men had their way industry and trade would be paralyzed, honest labor would be unrewarded, and gaunt poverty would stalk over the land. They have no conception of true liberty. They would retain the lion's share of freedom, leaving to others only a morsel. The citizens of the United States enjoy the amplest liberty, but it is a liberty of law, of order and authority. Liberty without law degenerates into license. We have no standing armies in this country, and I am glad of it, for such armies are a great drain upon the resources of a country, and necessarily condemn a large number of men to a life of forced idleness. The strongest force of a nation lies in the laws of the land, judiciously administered, and these laws are upheld and sustained by a healthy public opinion. The strongest bulwark of a nation is found in the intelligence, virtue, and patriotism of its native and adopted citizens.

So long as they love their country and cherish her institutions and are ready to die for her, if necessary, we will have nothing to fear from anarchism, socialism, and nihilism. Socialism is a foreign plant, a noxious exotic, which grows only in dark places, and withers and decays under the genial sun and atmosphere of the United States.

SWING'S STIRRING SENTENCES.

"Over the graves of our brave policemen," said Prof. Swing last Sunday, "many of us are longing, with Apostle John, for a new Jerusalem. The events of the last week have at last awakened us to a fitting astonishment at the possibility that men born and bred in a great city like this can reach years of maturity without one beam of intelligence or a single gleam of common sense ever crossing their minds. For what else than this can we say of the Anarchists? In the light of recent occurrences we are irresistibly led to ask how far our pride in our great Republic is justified. If men can pass their lives among us thus, never touched by one ray of religious, social or political truth, what can we say of America and what of Chicago? We welcome to our shores all loyal-hearted Irishmen, and Bohemians, and men from the Northland to

partake of our freedom, but we need a careful definition of what that freedom is. If it means the license to proclaim the gospel of disorder, to preach destruction, and scatter the seeds of anarchy and death, the sooner we exchange the Republic for an iron-handed monarchy the better it will be for all of us. The cry which we used to hear that America is for Americans was vicious in its application, but we must adopt a new motto: 'America must be Americanized.' The foreigners who come to our shores must come imbued with sympathy for American institutions. We do not ask for Americans by birth—our citizens may have been born in the ends of the earth—but we must demand that they be Americans in spirit; and surely if the genius of our institutions permits us to exclude the industrious and inoffensive Chinaman, it cannot be powerless to banish the idle preachers of anarchy and blood, though born under European skies. Our Government ought to require of every immigrant an official certificate that he is an industrious farmer or artisan—a man of good character, and not an Anarchist and man of blood. We quarantine against bodily disease, but against the deadliest moral evil we offer no resistance. If freedom is to be more than a name, and liberty is not to become a mockery, we must adopt some safe-guard to keep across the sea those evil-minded men who fear the police of a monarchy and laugh at that of a republic. Let us resolve, over the graves of the policemen who died truly in the defense of American freedom, to do all we can to spread the truth and disseminate the 'spirit of our liberty among those to whom, without some help, a ray of truth never comes.'



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