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 sena 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 "eat it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organfization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incldents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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THE RELIGION OF BEAUTY.

A Trance Address by the Control of Mr. J. Clegg Wright.

Delivered at the Hall, Eighth and Spring Garden Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

The noble Roman said that "beauty consisted in the combination of multitude in unity," and this view of it was sanctioned by the excellent Coloridge. The skeleton out-line of a building is not beautiful. The anatomy of a picture is not beautiful. Beauty consists in the putting in of the proper light and shade in fit and agreeable unity. When Sir Joshua Reynolds had limued the outlines of a beautiful face, secured the graceful curves and angles, the expression of the eye, the silent pose of the lips, his picture was not beautiful. Beauty had to come after in the gentle touches, putting in the colors and rounding out the form. In his time there was real and fashionable beauty, consisting of spoiling the delicate graces of nature by caricatures. Gentlemen wore their wigs and ladies of quality put dots upon their faces. Maids of honor would have died if they could not have put on their dots; and gold laced gentlemen in waiting would have thought the world was coming to an end if they could not have had their wigs. Their follies have gone their way and given place to other whims and absurdities, which will have their day, then die, too. But these ridiculous practices did not add to the charms of nature Beauty consisted not in these things.

Nature is the elernal standard of the essence and quality of beauty. When we depart from nature we go wrong. Nature is the final authority. But all men do not see nature from the same plane of sight; and, indeed, how can we all see the same things in nature. Organization, association and education have the controlling power in regulating our perception of beauty. Thomas Carlyle has made use of a saying like this, "that what the eye sees in an object the eye brings to it." Ladies of America wear rings upon their dapper fingers, but some ladies, in different parts of the world, put them in their noses. The ebony children of Africa adore thick lips, but the esthetic dude of London and New York worships thin ones. It is the same with intellectual beauty. One scholar will fly off into ecstacies with the sublime poetry of Tennyson; another with caustic sarcasm will pronounce the same production execrable rubbish. Few young men at twenty will like the subtle poetry of Shelley, but at 50 the standard of beauty will have changed, and Shelley will be read with pleasure.

Old men, ripe with the experiences of life can appreciate the sublime thoughts set forth in the ancient psalms of David. Before such works as these can be appreciated at all the eye must bring something to them of a like nature. Moore is the poet of love. A man can read Moore with a relish when he is in the hay-time of his courtship. Our circumstances effect our perception of beauty. Beauty in religion is under the same laws. How we sometimes condemn and denounce a religion which differs from our own. Out standard we apply to another whose eye has other things in it and sees other things and necessities in it which we see not. Millions of men cannot spiritually stand the work of this world without the religious props to support them. They must have something to lean upon. The weakest men want a Savior and a God to help them through this world. The intellectual and strong minded men can go themselves with the help of the least illusion. Beauty is illusion. When that illusion is destroyed the beauty is gone. We have seen young men and women marry. The

rapture and transport have been great. When the illusion of love is over, then have they and their poor affairs been hurled into chaes fatally? That is a poor, pitiable soul, when the illusion of love has fled from it. Better let a man die truly than live when the illu-sions of life have fled. What are that man's religion and faith worth in the pulpit when his illusion of spiritual beauty is gone? As soon as a man finds a hole in his faith he is not worth much after that as a teacher of it. A man pursuing the subject of Spiritualism and thinking of fraud all the time will never feel that angels are hovering round. There is no beauty higher than that of an angel, no illusion more sublime. The footsteps of a loving angel are sacred. A hostile critic cannot see beauty there; he does not feel the illusion.

I have seen men with stout nerves weep when the spirit of a mother has come to them. Tears of sincerity are holy. When Lloyd Garrison felt the illusion of liberty, he had no doubt; doubt would have killed him. When a young man sees the pimple upon the nose of the one he loves, young man, thy love is in a sickly condition, go and hang thyself forthwith. The critic is in thee, and thou wilt lose soon verily all that love which thou hast. Get out of it and save thy happiness. Thou unbelieving Spiritualist, thy condition is not a good condition. The critic is in thee; the illusion must come, and then thou wilt he happy and the circle room will he a heaven be happy and the circle room will be a heaven.

Why does the Church of Rome grow so fast in the earth? It puts down its roots deep into the soil of humanity. Religion is the illusion of beauty. A Roman Catholic never allows a child to doubt. He feeds the illusion. He never argues. Why did William Pitt say that Butler's Analogy of Religion had raised more doubt than it had settled? Because it appealed to reason, and reason breaks the illusion of faith. Reason and religion kill each other. A logical parson is of no use. A Salvation Army captain is the man. Moody can do more for God than 1,000 logicians, trained in the profound dialectics of theology. He feeds the illusion and debate stirs the waters of the intellect. The power of Methodism is its feeling. God is

The painter, the warrior, and the ruler have their own illusions. The power of the czar of Russia is not formed of soldiers' bayonets-not of strong, fortified places, guns and skilled officers; he has a power more subtle and dominant than these. Were these all he had he would not be much. There is that power which is known as prestige; the power of success; the reverence of victory which often in the emergencies of progress has led the nations on to success. The name of a statesman will sometimes provoke the enthusiasm of the people so that any national effort can be accomplished, any victory made secure, and any undertaking, however exacting and arduous, conducted with success. This is the effect of the illusion of genius and worship.

The memorable splendor of Roman Catho lic worship inherited from the pagan piety of antiquity, transmitted with little change to this day, appeals to the imagination of the faithful with the irresistible demand of a divine power. Poetry, music, painting and sculpture combine to enlarge and exalt the sentiment of devotion. The senses are led captive; the mind is awakened to the sublimest spiritual emotion, and the logical faculty is swallowed up in the fireworks of devotion and faith. The power of the priest becomes primal and supreme, and the affairs of religion the first considerations of life. That religion of which he is the custodian and the anointed ambassador is from God; the voice of God is heard in the worship of the church; seen in Christian devotion, acts of charity and self-denial. It is blasphemy of the deepest kind to deny his power. This power extends over the personal life to such a degree that the most interior and private affairs come within the cognizance of the priest. The allurements of the spiritual world usurp the entire thought of the Christian; he belongs not to this world. Countries which have been long subject to the sway of the Roman Catholic Church show symptoms of material backwardness and decay, while the Protestant nations have made great progress in trade, commerce and agriculture. Roman Catholic countries have been steadily treading in the footsteps of antiquity, and have successfully kept back the spirit of progress. This is a terrible indict-ment to lay down at the door of the oldest Christian Church in the world, yet such is the fact; and the danger of the present is that this church may yet reconquer these Protestant nations and again enthrone the faith of darkness.

That the high culture of the nineteenth century is not safe is a thought that fills the mind with dread and alarm. History does not always accurately repeat itself, yet we see that the brilliant civilizations of the past have decayed; that the sword of the usurper, the religion of the conqueror, the manners of a victorious nation, and an inferior civilization have proved too strong for the refined and elegant forms of more advanced and cultured peoples. Brutality and force have often ridden down the gentle and more conscientious peoples. The coarser texture of Roman power subdued the classic spirit of Greece: the barbarians of the northern tribes pierced successfully the demarcations of the Roman world and subverted the greatest em-

remoter ages. While the form of nations changed and revolutions destroyed much of the contemporary thought and genius, enough has survived to cover them with glory as they set in the western sky of time. The beauty of the antique lives in art, literature, philosophy and religion. It stands powerful in the spirit of time. Old institutions are put aside with difficulty. We loathe to part with that which has grown up with our greatness, even though it may have retarded the growth, put back the consummation of liberty, and sustained for years the rigors and corruptions of earlier times. The hand of the reformer is raised to destroy and up-root, and plant the seeds of better ideas and institutions. He does not destroy the power and unity of time, but he adjusts the growth of the exterior to the interior development. Geographical changes in the earth's form, the constant rise and fall of nations, the rise of commerce and inventions, and the onwar! march of the human race, must mean the readjustment of the equilibrium of mental power. It may be for a time at Athens, Rome, Paris, London or Chicago; it ever regulates its focus according to the existing conditions. The permanency of the beautiful is sustained. This persistency of the illusion is the most remarkable thing about the whole of human progress. At one time it is Democracy; then it is Monarchy; then it is Federal Republicanism. These forms of liberty and justice men are pursuing as keenly as ever. The beautiful never dies. But it has not by any means always the same power over men. There are times when it rises to a grandour beyond expression, which we call the heroic. The lover has the widescape. er becomes Romeo; the philosopher becomes Rousseau, and the fanatic becomes Peter the hermit. All are the subjects of illusion; but

intoxication of victory. It meant something to those people of France. Napoleon thought it meant something. There was something else in it beside the brutality of murder. Men fought for some supreme earnestness, some attainable happiness,—what you at this day, under these environments, but dimly guess at. France was not France after the charm of her magician had left her. St. Helena was the falling of the curtain on the drama of Feudalism. The oligarchy of Louis IV. has forever vanished; the beauty of old France had departed, and a new France had been born. The France of the nineteenth is unlike the France of the eighteenth century.
The ideal of beauty has changed. Who in those chaotic times could tell the character of the work they were doing? Who could see the end of it? They were all of them in the dark, but they were in earnest; they believed: earnestness and belief can make a hero, a

martyr, and a Savior. Those legions of France under the magnet ism of their Captain, saw some illusion be-fore them. When that grand army was encamped on the heights of Bologne Sur Mer was intoxicated with some ideal powersubjective vigor trying to get an expression. If those men had had their souls aglow with justice, reason and love, they would not have been there; they would have been at other work than that of following the great chieftain of the age. On those heights they stood and with open eyes looked toward England. The masons were at work building forts of defence to that shallow and difficult port at each side of the entrance to the harbor; men were drilling; the shrill voice of the officer was resonnding in the ears of a brave army. The glory of the French arms was gathered there under the eye of the great General, a galaxy of military genius! A sorry time for the world when it sees the like again. These men had all some sort of ideal—the thought of the beautiful stirring them. It might be the looting of the City of London, or the plunder and conquest of England. It was a complex idea in unity which stirred the men there. The magic of the name of Napoleon was never more powerful. Before him was the white cliffs of England, at his feet the great flotilla; around him his grand army, he himself the fountain of honor. Was ever illusion greater than this? So long as that illusion was perfect, who could touch Napoleon? Who could make him tremble? Two hundred thousand hearts would have leaped to do him service. When that illusion was broken he could be carried away to St. Helena to die. His power and ideal had lost beauty; devotion, of course, followed, and he was left alone, the chagrined child of law, to mourn —to die. In Napoleon himself there had been no change perceptible. Who and what was Napoleon? Napoleon at Austerlitz was voicing the power of human affairs. St. Helena saw Napoleon. A corporal then would hard-

illusion had gone. In the time of Geoffrey Chancer, the Christian church had some sort of unity and repose. The great ecclesiastical houses had the admiration and love of the people. The monkish orders were respected and were powerful. The monasteries provoked the awe of

ly admit him greater than himself. The

work destroying the walls which had stood for centuries, and his pen confiscated their lands. A century earlier had this been done, who would have suffered it? That illusion of beauty is gone, and they are not any long-er tolerable on the face of merry England. Men saw the folly of such institutions; light bad come, and the riddance of droges was highly desirable. When those monastic walls had fallen down the people stood nearer to God than they had ever stood before. Liber-ty often makes a tyrant her servant. One illusion had gone, and another had come. Will no truth stand forever? That problem is greater than man. Are we not prone to make our little illusions eternal; but a blast suddenly comes and where are they?

The illusion of religious beauty stood at its highest point when the Roman Catholic.

its highest point when the Roman Catholic Church had conquered all its foes and plant-ed its foot upon the neck of every state. That illusion was the greatest the world has ever had in the reign of history. The belief in an eternal Creator of the universe exalted faith to its highest point. It could never get high-er than that. It could never get further away from Democracy. A supreme God put to death in faith other gods. God is the perfect illusion. A religion must have some sort of god. He must be to it, its fountain of honor. The church of the Dark Ages put him at the head of human affairs. The church represented him through its priesthood. He ruled the intellects and hearts of men. Who could find any fault with the rule of a perfect authority, so infinitely wise and so infinitely good? If God came and was selected by some American caucus and nominated for President, the opposite party would vote against him to a man. It was not so in those Dark Ages. Men believed in God. He was the unbroken illusion. The world wanted a they are in earnest, all of them.

A religion is powerful when it is believed. It need not be essentially true; it may be false; it will be a power if men believe it. That is beautiful which we think is so. We are all right so long as we are there under that illusion. What an illusion was that which Napoleon threw upon France! The glory of the soldier, the tented field, the ratile of artillery, the powder-begrimmed tinsel, broken accouterments, fields of dead, and the intoxication of victory. It meant something When God was the head of the spiritual and political powers of Europe, never was justice worse administered and the principles of liberty so imperfect. All good students of

history know that.

Take this illusion, and for a moment think of it,—tuat a king was appointed a ruler by God. He held authority by the unassailable tenure of Divine right. To oppose him meant punishment in this description and damnation in the next—a double despotism made firm under the lash of abject devotion. That illusion is as dead as negro slavery. There is another illusion which haunts some minds amongst our friends. They are working for the cause of humanity now to be paid for it in the Spirit-world. Their spiritual ethics is a perfect ledger account, audited and balanced. It appears in the idea of future re-wards and punishments, "If you will be good you shall go into a high sphere at death;" such teaching is as illusive as that of the doctrine of heaven and hell believed in by Christians. The idea of master and servan pervades the spirit of these thoughts. God is master, man is servant. Man is not the servant of God, because he cannot know him. He cannot ever know his master. They never meet to make a contract. Man can only come into contact with nature. "That man who makes the most of his stewardship, will get the highest reward in the Spirit-world. is simply perpetuating Christianity in anoth er form. Then there is the illusion of moral responsibility to the Divine power. This is a great and powerful belief yet—"the moral power of God." I must admit here that, under certain conditions, this old belief is effective, and on the whole tends to keep the undeveloped mind in subjection to the wise restraints of religion, though it may be impossible to give a scientific reason for teaching that there is a moral Governor of this universe. In the course of human affairs it has often made life more tolerable, tempered with generosity the despot's brutalized nature, and enforced patience upon downtrodden peoples who have been taught by their faith to look upon the possibilities; of compensation for the wrongs and sufferings in this world in the personal exaltation and glory in the world which is to come. This specula-tion helps the weak and unfortunate. Yet, a strong intellect feels that nature shows no such moral ruler. Wrongs are not always righted; poverty is more prevalent than riches; suffering than pleasure. There are more diseased bodies than healthy ones. The laws of nature are more broken than observed. Man comes into the world ignorant and has not always suitable conditions for getting knowledge. Some are conditioned in ignorance, and become a prey to the cunning and ability of their superiors. This world does not give an equal chance to all; yet the be-lief that there is an infinitely good parent at the head of this world's affairs has put consolation into many a bitter fortune. We would like to believe this to be the fact, but scientifically we can find no such tender parent and sympathetic guardian of the world.

The people have been taught that God is good; priests and nobles know that he is so. Behind the noble has stood the church. Behind the church has stood the God, and under pire the sun ever went down upon. Yet even in the glory of arms and brilliant deeds in ity. The arms of God hovered about them; the field, the eloquence of the senate and the philosophy of the schools for a time feebly philosophy of the schools for a time feebly departed. The engines of Henry were at crushed by its bigotry. Faith has tended to

fear and weakness. Under the mild and char itable influence of piety the enterprise of virtue has been neglected, statesmanship converted into hypocrisy, and schools of speculative divinity have usurped the place of schools of useful and solid learning. Agriculture has been neglected and dwindled down to the lowest stage, and liberty itself has hardly been visible in the state. Lock at Spain lowest stage, and inserty itself has hardly been visible in the state. Look at Spain, Italy and Ireland. In these countries religion has been the irrepressible pestilence. In them can be found the purest devotion. The people follow the dictates of the church. The priest is omnipotent. Piety nowhere in the world has more accomplished subjects. In those countries where liberty and free thought exist the reverse of this state of

thought exist, the reverse of this state of things is seen. The Protestant nations are in the van because they have more liberty and less church. America with its republican institutions marches at the head of human progress. In those countries where the church has been supreme, God has given them the fewest blessings of life. There the people have dragged on a weary existence without the true glory of manhood. Faith and piety have done it all. This picture is not overdrawn; it is not a caricature; it is not a malevolent grouping of the passions of history. I have not saturated my eloquence with the invectives of the age of Elizabeth. I sum up the epitome of the law of cause and effect as shown in history. Faith takes from man the light and use of reason, and chains

his understanding.

That phase of religious beauty and power seen in pure moral culture and refined sympathy of the heart, is too important to pass without a word. Gentleness and love, devotion and holiness, benevolence and humanity, are looked upon as weaknesses in a state of society little removed from brutality. India idleness and discontent. Virtue without courage is like a man without a backbone. Courage without religion and virtue is brutal. The man and the nation must go to the wall without courage.

The religion of beauty requires the courage of Oliver Cromwell, the philanthropy of Peter Cooper, the devotion of Saint Hilda, the elevated temperament of Melancthon, the justice of Lucretia Mott, the love of David and Jonathan, and the sublime heroism of Servetus. If we could extract all the weaknesses out of these persons and roll them into

one we could incarnate the religion of beauty.

The religion of beauty has nothing in common with the religion founded upon myth. It aims at wisdom as the highest power; it glorifies that. Wisdom comprehends the eternal fitness of things. The man who is the wisest is the truly great man in humanity. Not the man at the head of the church, not the President of the United States; even these men are not by any means the greatest men in the world to day. The wisest man walking this earth may have no badge, no gilt lace, and no office, may be the least man troubling the active thought of the world in this era. The wisest man is the voice of God. He is better than all mankind put together. The united capacity of humanity put together could not produce a Shakespeare. He was overtopping humanity then when he was sending on their way such ideals as Hamlet. The voice of God is the voice of the wisest

The religion of beauty is complete when experience and inspiration have revealed all the operations of natural law. The Spiritworld will then be known to man.

Without perfect wisdom man will have an ache, a void, a want. The dead live. It is enough. I can be conrageous, charitable, magnanimous, devoted, loving and honest, because the dawn of another existence has come untainted with sin from behind the hills, of the spiritual East. It voices with sublime energy the awful silence of the van-ished ages. Immortal man, a mystery, a God! The religion of beauty is the sum of man's progressive accomplishments in all worlds, past and present. Enter into it. Wisdom is its door, its savior, and its God.

A Curious Mound.

On the crest of the eastern bank at Woolfolk's Bend, on the Chattahochee River, in Georgia, one of those curious mounds left by the mound builders stands. There has just been taken from it, beside the human remains, by a Columbus, Ga., antiquarian, some fine samples of pottery, most of which is of unique design, with some attempt at decoration. The largest perfect vessel is, in shape, something like a carboy, with shorter neck and mouth more flaring. Though the base is globular, it is so fashioned or weighted that. turn it as you will, right side up with care it bobs serenely. On one side of the smaller pots a copper disk was snugly fitted as a cover, and in it were a number of beads, suggesting the possibility that it had once served some ancient belie of aucient days as a jewelry case. Other pieces in design resemble the modern cuspidor, and others still are shaped as the regulation pot of this day. He also secured several Indian pipes, four stone fishers, two stone axes or wedges, medicine stone and innumerable arrow heads, etc.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Brief Replies to Queries, Criticisms, etc.

The Mythical Adam and Eve. - Biblical Monogamy Muhammadan Legends of Adam. - Astrology a De funct Pseudo-Science. - Alleged Derivation of Knowl edge from Encyclopadias,-" Vituperation" versus Truth .- Justice to Theological Opponents.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

1. In reply to the query whether I believe that Adam and Eve were a veritable man and woman, the first human pair on the earth, I would state that I am an evolutionist and cannot possibly accept the truth of the biblical narrative on this and many other points; and I fail to see wherein, in my article on the Adam and Eve legends, I implied my belief in the Genesaical narrative. I simply stated the evident meaning of the Bible story, without, however, endorsing its truth, the same as I should have done had the legend been found in the Veda, the Quran. or the Book of Mormon. The entire book of Genesis is legendary and mythical, almost if not completely destitute of what may properly be termed historical verity; and in the four remaining books ascribed to Moses, and in the book of Joshua, there is really very little genuine history. In the book of Judges we find some ancient fragments of historical tradition, and in the books of Samuel we stand upon solid historical ground, to some extent; though even here a large portion of the narratives is unreliable and legendary. Such are the demonstrations of the historicocritical biblical science of to-day, as expounded by Kuenen, Wellhausen, Robertson Smith, Tiele, and the other masters in rational biblical criticism and research.

. 2. Not only does the Bible teach the descent of the human race from an original monogamous pair, but it the second time derives all humanity from monogamous relations in its narrative of the deluge. It asserts that the whole human family is the offspring of Noah and his one wife, and of Noah's three sons and their three wives. four monogamous unions. Genesis vii. 13, says that Noah and his three sons, and Noah' wife, and the three wives of his sons, entered the ark. Verses 14-16 also tell us that two and two of all flesh on the earth, in the animal kingdom, male and female, went into the ark. Therefore, according to this writer or these writers (there being more than one hand discoverable in the composition of the narratives of the deluge), all the animals on the earth, including man, are the offspring of monogamous unions,—of matings in pairs.

3. As all authorities assert that all the legends connecting Adam with Ceylon are

Muhammadan in origin, with which the Hindus and Singhalese have no connection, it is clear that these Arabic legends dating only from the Middle Ages, and based primarily upon the Hebrew Bible narratives, which Muhammad accepted as true and incorporated in his religion, can lend no weight to the alleged story of a Hindu or Singhalese Adam and Eve. Adam's Peak and Adam's Bridge were first so-called by the Arabs and were so named in honor of the Hebrew Adam, whom the Arabs accept as the father of mankind,there being no such thing as a Hindu or Singhalese Adam. It was unnecessary for me to speak of all the Arabic legends about Adam in Coylon, such as his standing on one foot a thousand years, and the so-called Adam's Bridge, which the Arabs so named because, in their legend, it was used by Adam to cross to the continent after his expulsion from Ceylon. Had I named them, my position would have been strengthened thereby, as they are all Arabic, not Hindu in origin, and totally foreign to the Hindu Scriptures.

trology has been settled for all time by the concurrent voice of the scientific wisdom of the world. It flourished during the Dark Ages, when ignorance and superstition held sovereign sway; but the assured truths of modern astronomical science, together with the growth of common sense and enlightened reason in the world, have killed it; and it has been quietly laid away in the thicklycrowded mausoleum entombing the exploded superstitions, fables, follies, and pseudo-sciences of past ages. There astrology peace fully sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. Never more on this planet can its vagaries and assumptions engage the attention of the intelligent or the wise. The dead shall not

be disturbed. Requiescat in pace! To seriously debate the truth or falsity of astrology in the nineteenth century would be about as great an anachronism as to debate the truth of the old Chaldean mythology, from which astrology sprang and upon which it was based. The fundamental conclusions and the basic principles of astrology are derived from the theories entertained by the ancient Akkadians concerning the nature and attributes of some of their principal gols,—imaginary beings, with imaginary at-tributes; and upon these imaginary charac-teristics of imaginary beings was the imaginary science of astrology reared. And in this age of the world it would be as pertinent and of as much utility to debate the truth of Akkadian mythology as a whole, as the truth of that part of the said mythology which has been called astrology. I doubt if a single scientific mind in this world would sectionally consider the idea of holding a debate, with a professional astrologer, on the truth of astrology. The idea would be laughed at, held in derision. It is useless to further kill (so to speak) that which is already dead, dead, dead! For me to engage in de-bate on this question, with a professional astrologist—with one who gains a livelihood, in part at least, by casting horoscopes, and who is regarded, whether rightly or wrongly by virtually the whole of the enlightened world, as living by charlatanry (this is not "vituperation," but a self-evident fact),—for me to thus debate would render me the laughing-stock of nearly everybody cogniz-ant of the matter, and I should be generally thought to have lost what little common sense I might at one time have possessed. have never made any claims to great scholarship, and in comparison with the really learned men and women of our time, I regard myself as only a "smatterer." The lit-tle knowledge I may have acquired by study and research is as nothing compared with the vast ocean of intelligence over which] have not sailed. As for the scanty scraps of knowledge I may possess, I think my various writings sufficiently attest their verity, and I think that it is not necessary to debate on such a subject of astrology (a spurious science (?) not taught in any school in Christendom I believe, and a knowledge of which is not considered a necessary part of our education) in order to demonstrate the extent of my scholastic acquirements. I readily admit that professional astrologers know much more than I do of the technicalities and minutise of the collection of jargon and rub**bish** by which they earn a subsistence. These details form no part of true learning, and I have never claimed to have any extended knowledge thereof. It is a uscless expenditure of time and brain-labor to load up the mind with such worthless refuse.

5. The several times repeated insinuation, that the facts contained in my writings are derived principally from encyclopædias, is unjust, and, it would seem to me, that to any careful reader of my articles, it is manifestly erroneous. Upon examination it will be found, that only an extremely small part of what I write is based on encyclopædias; and in almost if not quite every case, that which I quote from such works is merely confirmatory of information or facts derived from other sources, which other sources I state as well. As we often find encyclopædias an epitomized or condensed statement of that which is given at length in other books, I sometimes quote the condensed statements from the former, as being more suitable for a newspaper article than the fuller accounts in other works,—at the same time referring to the other books, as I did in the matter of Adam's Peak. I hardly think it necessary to orally debate astrology to prove that I am not dependent on encyclopædias for my knowledge. For several years I orally debated at nearly every session of the Leavenworth, Ka: sas, Academy of Science, with clergy-men, doctors, lawyers, and scientists of vari-ous kinds; and at the termination of my connection with the Academy it passed resolutions in which it "most cordially" recommended me "to scientific and literary persons everywhere as an able thinker, a ripe scholar, and an earnest, studious, and industrions worker." The Leavenworth Daily Times also said: "The removal of Prof. Coleman will be a serious loss to literary and scientific circles in Leavenworth. He is an active thinker, an able and fluent writer, and a man of broad and varied information. His absence will be a serious loss to the Academy of Science." As I have nearly 3,000 volumes in my private library, besides access to the public libraries of San Francisco, it is unlikely that I should be largely dependent

upon encyclopædias. 6. The "vituperation" found many times in my writings is as a rule the simple truth somewhat plainly and forcibly expressed. When parties garble or otherwise misrepresent facts, I usually so assert in unmistakable language; at the same time demonstrating the truth of what I say by verbatim, accurate citations from the garbler, etc., and from the best authorities. And yet, because I tell the truth concerning these misrepresentations and literary forgeries, I am severely criticised as vituperative and abusive. Falshood and misrepresentation merit censure and exposure, in order that the truth may be subserved and the right established. If a person knowingly misrepresents, he is the one to be blamed, not the lover of truth. who exposes his falsehood in its true colors. The only true policy is to be straightforward, upright and downright, to speak and defend the truth, and oppose and expose error and falsehood, at all times. Above all things else in the universe, be true to the truth!

However, owing to the remonstrances of both friends and foes, in deprecation of the severity of criticism in which I indulge in my expositions of error and untruth, I shall hereafter endeavor to modify my style of criticism,-write in a milder and softer key, avoiding the too free use of superlatives and other epithets. Though, in so doing, there will doubtless be an improvement as regards the style of expression, yet I fear that thereby a suppression of portions of the truth will be necessitated; that is, provided the future subjects of criticism be of a similar character to those of the past, which, let us hope, may not be the case.

7. It is a little surprising that, because I essay to be just to the bible, Jesus, and Christianity, and defend them from false attacks. I should be continually criticised as T were sh olthonox christish d finase who know that I am not a Christian in any sense. Is it an impossibility for these extreme anti-Christians to conceive of such a thing as justice to an opponent? I have been for nearly 30 years an opponent and critic of Christianity; nevertheless I am charged with trying to make the bible the oldest book in the world (although it is known that I proved in my controversy with Dr. J. P. Newman that the bible is not the oldest of books). I am charged with believing the trnth of the bible accounts of creation, including the "rib story," (although I have repeatedly stated my utter disbelief in the biblical legends). I am charged with trying to bolster up the Bible God (although the title of one of my tracts is "The Bible God Disproved by Nature"), and I am charged with Jesus-wor-ship (although I have often freely criticised the defects, mistakes, etc., of Jesus, and have written a whole book against Christian Spiritualism). What I shall ever oppose, and what every honest person should oppose, is the use of falsehood and unjust criticism against Christianity, Jesus, the Jews, and the Bible. I do not believe in attacking error by error and falsehood. Use facts and fair, legitimate criticism or else keep silent. What I have written has been in the interest of historical truth, not in favor of the Christian religion in which I do not believe, nor of the Bible, which I regard as an imperfect, fallible human production, like other books, nor of Jesus, of whom I am not a follower, and the doctrines of whom I look upon as a mixture of truth and error, like those of other men. Although I am what is called an infidel in theology, I am not infidel to truth and justice as regards Jesus, the Jews, the Bible, and Christianity; and I shall al-ways defend them as readily from false attacks as I do freethinking, Spiritualism, Buddhism, or any other "ism." The truth about the Jews or the Bible is just as precious as that about the movements of the heavenly bodies or about the phenomena of clairvoyance, psychography, etc. Truth is impersonal. Truth is truth, everywhere and on all sub-

Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

Significance of the Psychic Wave.

These Forces Little Understood. That analagous conditions, corresponding to the physical, exist, and are the true causes of the physical, will not be denied when the mind and body are properly unfolded. Those whose experiences and life-work have been confined entirely to the side of the universe reflected through the senses, do not perceive that there is another universe, and that which they have been studying is but its counterpart. The schools and colleges give instructions only upon one side of the universe, and intimate that there is another side, hence when one speaks of "psychic waves," "psychic force," the words convey no ideas because not understood. One becomes open to unjust criticism, such as "cranky," "crazy," etc., from the one-sided culture which is termed education. These waves of unseen force would continue to move without discovery, if the conservatism of schools and colleges could prevent.

A DESIRE TO "ADD. KNOWLEDGE TO FAITH." I will assume that my readers are of that class who desire to learn and, therefore, I

shall endeavor to present what thoughts I have, as I am only on the threshold of the doorway entering into a vast field of unknown knowledge. It is well known that there exist "hot and cold" waves sweeping down upon us in the various seasons of the year. We are made aware of their approach twenty-four hours in advance. These physical waves of temperature are susceptible of a general classification into "cold and hot." they also can be accounted for as to causes and from whence they come very accurately. That these waves of varying temperature have existed since the advent of our globe cannot be doubted. It is, however, but a short time since the mind possessed any definite knowledge of them. Meteorological science is an infant awaiting teachers to unfold it. First the physical, then the spiritual; that is, the knowledge of the physical comes first, and as the mind expands the spiritual opens up to view.

Psychic waves of force exist as surely as the heat waves, the cold waves, the electrical or magnetic waves. They are as susceptible of classification as the physical. They have their origins, their lines of movement and rate of speed, varied by environment. They have effects which are beneficial or injurious to the inhabitants of earth. Their advent from supernal spheres will be predicted as our knowledge of them increases. The methods by which they are generated are already known to those who have studied psychic science.

CLASSIFICATION.

In the attempt at classification, crudeness will mark the effort. A general division may consist of two classes founded upon the source from which these psychic waves come —terrestrial and celestial psychic waves. A further subdivision may be made based upon the effects produced in intense action. Since the essence of all force is invisible, there must be a third division denominated the Over-Soul" psychic wave.

THE PROOF OF THEIR EXISTENCE.

The proof should have preceded logically the classification, but I assume their exist ence, and as I proceed in the unfolding of the topic, the proof will become apparent to all, who can or may know of the truth or falsity of my theme. Since the brain of man is a double organ, having a double function, physical and psychic, it, therefore, generates psychic waves of force, so I denominate that the terrestrial. Again, celestial psychic waves have their origin in the great reser voir of disembodied-life (assuming that death does not end all), and now you have my reasons for so classifying. EFFECTS OF THESE PSYCHIC WAVES OF FORCE

The effects are modified by health, disease temperament and education. The susceptibility of persons to heat and cold varies in finitely, so, too, the susceptibility of receiving or resisting the psychic waves of force, varies in different persons. The power is increased in intensity as the number of persons increase, who come under the psychic influence. Instance a general election for President in our own country—how intense and widespread the psychic interest taken; often reason and judgment are lost sight o entirely. Revival meetings illustrate the intensity of the psychic force, and also its transferableness, the whole community being "converted" for a time, at least.

All reform movements have their psychic origin in celestial spheres, and as these waves proceed earthward they influence the most susceptible and worthy, who at once act; by whom the force is transferred to the community, thence to the nation. Instance the abolition of slavery in the United States.

The great spiritualistic mover reform wave, reached earth's inhabitants through purity and innocence—a sacred lesson for us all. Another great wave from celestial sources manifests itself in the curing of the seemingly incurable. Evidence the facts that have been evolved within a period of a year or two, whereby the attention of medical men and others have been drawn to the remarkable cures which have been done under various names-"Faith Cure," "Prayer Cure," etc.

...I deplore my lack of knowledge of these psychic forces, for I believe that in them will be found a solution for many questions now

In the physical world we have cyclones tornadoes and whirlwinds accompanied by lightning and thunder. These displays of the elements often do vast and serious damage to life and property. We will find like states in the psychic world. Anger repre-sents the flash of lightning and the thunder tone. These psychic states are transferable hence many a home is not fit to live in Murder is often the effect of intense psychic force subordinating all others. A mob re flects the tornado in its destructive effects 'Strikes" indicate what concerted plans can do in disseminating the psychic force over vast territories.

KNOWLEDGDE OF THESE PSYCHIC FORCES ESSENTIAL.

Why? We have reached a period in growth when it will be impossible for any further progress towards stability in government education, medicine, sociology, and religion unless a knowledge of these forces is reached Our government is at a period of great danger, which will not be bridged over unless more light is used by those who control the various departments of the same. has this to do with psychic waves of force Let me see if I can get clearly before you what I mean and the relations you and I sustain to the earth. The earth, with the solar system is constantly undergoing refining processes. These refinements toward a higher civilization are not attained without great sacrifice of human life. These potent in fluences of civilization have changed the temperaments, and thereby the sensitiveness of earth's dwellers has increased, making all more susceptible to terrestrial and celestial influences. Diseases have changed type remedies formerly used have no beneficial effects; the solution is found as above. Now "strikes" and political corruptions have their psychic influences predominating in our country, which must result disastrously. Again, as the struggle through which the masses must go for subsistence grows more desperate, greater will be the confusion and dauger. It should be understood, then, that all political gatherings or legislative assemblage not controlled by harmonic states, should quietly disband. Why? A continued warfare to carry corrupt measures generates discordant psychic, waves of force, which do not cease to act so long as the causes exist which gave them activity. The danger is in the transfer law, upon the principle that, to poison the source of the stream the same is diffused throughout the whole length and breadth of the same, becoming destructive to every living thing. The remedy will be found for our defective, half-educating system of education when the other side of the I can to direct man to it.
L. EMERICK. universe is looked into. I desire to do what

OUT WITH THE TIDE.

The Ebb which Sets in and "Takes a Soul."

One of the most striking and dramatic death-bed scenes ever sketched by the master hand of Charles Dickens is that of the old Bludderstone carrier, Barkis, in "David Copperfield," which, if not the most powerful of Dickens' creations, and occasionally a little garrulous, undoubtedly possesses a Rembrandt perspective and a felicity of imaginative touch exceeded by no other. From a boy of ten my remembrance of the picture of the rough old Yarmouth fisherman, whispering behind his huge, horny, caloused, uncouth hand: "He's going out with the tide," has possessed the peculiar reality of something actually remembered from visual contact, instead of the mere vividness that inheres to the remembrance of scenes more or less graphically described. If physiologists are correct in ascribing to the retina of the eye a memory of its own, independent of the mere cerebral recollections of impressions, the explanation of this fact is obvious. Recollections of scenes, faces or situations, which date from previous visual impression, and depend upon the faculty of the retina for reproducing images, are necessarily imbued with a certain photographic vividness and fidelity, to which the recollection of ideal pictures produced by reflex action but dimly approximates. Biographers say that Goethe and Shelley were gifted with a rare faculty of secondary vision, not shared by any common humanity, which enables them at will, by mere effort of the memory to reproduce upon the retina of the eye impressions that had once been projected upon that delicate membrane, and thence transmitted to the brain—a faculty whose influence can be traced in their literature, in a certain pictorial quality imparted to scenes purely imaginary, as well as in a certain graphic tone of imagery and description.

Not many handlers of the pen, however, poets or mere romancers, gifted with secondary vision or not, have ever acquired the wizardry of touching their descriptions with the simple and direct reality of optical impression. Such magic of the pen pertains only to masters, and to them only in their highest moods-moments of supreme command of plastic materials such as the reader may wade through pages of common-place to discover in the best writers. All the works of Dickens contain scarcely a score of such passages; and no other British writer, except Mr. Charles Kingsley in "Alton Locke," and George Eliot in "Silas Marner," the least of her creations in bulk, the finest and most artistic in reality, has ever touched, in evanescent glimpses even, this supreme summit of descriptive excellence.

The simple, direct, artistic picturesqueness that appears in the narrative of the death of Barkis—as if the writer were describing from life—is thus, then, probably due to his familiarity with a superstition common to maritime population, that the souls of dying men pass away with the tide-out-out-far out to sea. The touch of mystery with which the superstition is imbued, was of a kind to quicken the active, sympathetic imagination of Dickens; and the result appears in the wizard death-bed picture evoked by that conjurer with the pen.

But is this weird belief about the souls of lying men going out with the tide—which I find as deep-seated and strong with the shrewd, hard-headed, horny-handed farmerfishermen of this old New England town (Madison, Conn.) as Dickens did. no doubt. with the bloaters of old Yarmouth-merely a groundless, but very natural, superstition of sea going races, or is it a fact that for ome reason not yet fathomed by science, the sick, old and enfeebled are more apt to die at ebb-tide than when the tide is rising? I remember, apropos of the foregoing, the medical superintendent of one of the largest and finest asylums for the insane in this country once remarked to me, speaking of the ancient notion of the moon exercising a potent influ-ence on the nervous system of man, that the cycle of recurrent phases through which the mind of a madman periodically passes seldom or never varies from the limit of one month -that is, coincides substantially with the moon's aspects. The learned expert did not pretend to explain why or how this coincidence occurs—only that such is the fact, and that the ancients denoted it in their derivation of the word lunatic. In a similar manner, speaking with a prominent physician in this section of the State of Connecticut, whose practice embraces the three-shore towns of Guilford, Madison and Clinton, with a large fishing and coast population, the old whim that men are prone to die at ebb-tide than at other hours of the day crops out from a source that entitles it to consideration.

"For more than thirty years," said the gray-bearded old doctor, who gravely made this statement, as the result of his own personal observation, "I have lived and observed among the rough, hardy souls hereabout; and for more than fifty, my father before me gathered facts and wisdom from practice. I often ride thirty miles of a day along the coast; and I have stood by huffdreds of deathbeds of fishermen and farmers, old and young, during the last quarter of a century; but I can hardly recall a single instance of a person dying of disease who did not pass away while the tide was ebblng. It is a fact that, in critical cases, I never feel concerned about leaving the patient for an hour or two when the tide is coming in; but when it is receding, and particularly in the later stages of the ebb, I always stay by, if I can, until the turn comes. You'll scarcely credit it, perhaps; but the daily record of the tides is the most important part of the almanac to me in my practice. If a patient who is very low lives to see the current turn from ebb to flow, I know the case is safe till the ebb sets in again. Then, take care!—for death wins, You remember the old saw in rhyme:

"When the tide comes in, death waits for dole; When the tide ebbs, it takes the soul." "Well, it has also proved so in my prac-

Of course, the weather-beaten old practi loner did not wish to be understood as imagining that the tidal movement itself is in any way concerned in this tendency to fatalty. Nor was he in possession of any definite theory, his own, or generally accepted by the profession, of the cause or causes to whose agency the observed fatality of ebb-tide is

"It is simply a fact of my experience," he said, "that patients die at ebb tide; and that the remaining hours of the day are hours of comparative immunity from death, except by accident. The tower of Siloam is liable to fall at any hour of the day, high tide or low. One fact I may give you that possibly bears upon the scientific solution of the question; and that is that the barometrical pres sure varies rhythmically with the ebb and flow of the tide. But the relation of the two phenomena is as yet undetermined. Indeed. am not sure that any observer but myself has noticed its existence.

By way of illustrating his subject, the old

doctor went on to tell a story in some particulars parallel to that of Barkis. This young man was very skeptical as to the basis in fact of the ancient notion, and so addressed himself for three years to the verification of the alleged relation, by ascertaining the hour and minute of every death that came under his notice, and comparing this datum with the tidal movement. Some four years ago the young skeptic commenced his record with a view to verify or disprove the world-old hypothesis. During three years of careful observation and inquiry he amassed a record of fifty-one deaths. Only two of these occurred when the tide was rising, and these two were deaths from fatal accident. At the age of twenty-four, the young scientist himself was stricken down by typhoid fever, and eventually succumbed to the disease, after lying for many days on the very verge of dissolution.

On his death-bed he sent for his brother in New York City, but the latter was, unfortunately, so circumstanced that it was impossible to respond immediately to the summons, and delayed a day after the receipt of the message. On the closing afternoon of his life, hour after hour, till the last incoming wave had deposited its riddles of the sea, the dying man waited in patience, exclaiming now and then, or rather sighing, as the tall, old-fashioned clock in the corner of the room, like a gigantic coffin with figures and hands, told off the seconds with a monotonous ticktack, tick-tack of its tribe:

"I'm afraid Walley won't get here till after the tide turns! Mother, what time is it?" And still the tall, old clock, whose exactly circular, silver frosted dial resembled one of the cyclopean faces in some old Hellenic basrelief, went on telling of the seconds with the same relentless tick-tack that Hawthorne has described with such symbolical significance in the "Scarlet Letter;" the last incoming wave broke on the lonesome sands of the sound shore; and the ebb set in that "takes a soul." The dying man lost hope as the fated moment went by and Walley did

not come.
"Walley won't get here, mother, till I'm gone," he murmured, wearily. "L shall be dead before the tide turns again!"

The prediction was verified. He went out with the tide, as Barkis did in the wonderful etching of Dickens, and as the souls of many more have done before and since. The long-ed-and-waited-for Walley arrived less than an hour after the last outgoing wave had receded-but too late. The tide of life had ebbed forever; its last pulsating wave had receded from the enfeebled brain.

So ended the old doctor's story whose parallel I have listened to many times in the folk-lore of this primitive community-stories of the old and young, the grave and gay, whose souls, like that of Barkis, had gone

out with the tide.

"Mind you," reiterated the grim old practitioner, "I proffer no explanation of the fact. But fact it is, sir, and no superstitious fancy of sea-going population, that the pulses of the living human heart rise and fall with the tidal movement of the sea. Form your own theory of the phenomenon. Within the last five years, in a district embracing sixty square miles or so by the sea, I have noted the hour and minute of no less than ninety-three demises in my own immediate practice, and every soul of them has all gone out with the tide, save four who died suddenly by fatal accident. It is a riddle—a mystery. But I who have sat with my fingers on the wrist of many a feeble patient, and notice the pulse rise and strengthen, or sink and banish with the turning of the tide, know that it is fact."—Francis Gerry Fairfield, in Albany Argus.

Fairy Lore.

I have been to some pains, says a writer in the Philadelphia News, to gather from various sources the names by which the fairies have been known in various countries and at various times. The extent of the list may surprise you. I will repeat it to you: Fairies, elves, ellefolks, fays, urchins, ouphes, ell-maids, ell-women, dwarfs, trolls, norns, nisses, kobolds, duende, brownies, necks, stromkarls, fates, little wights, undines, nixes, salamanders, goblins, hob-goblins, ponkes, banshees, kelpies, pixies, moss people, good people, good neighbors, men of peace, wild women, white ladies, perls, djinns, genii, and gnomes. You notice, of course, that I use the word fairy in its broadest sense, placing in this category all presumably dispossessed spirits which once inhabited human bodies, but are not yet considered meet to dwell with the "saints in light." In nurses' tales the fairy is almost invariably a personification of Providence, but in the wider domain of romantic literature the term is applicable to a Targe class of mythological spirits known by the various names I have mentioned.

Dwarfs and elves were little people who figure much in Scandinavian literature, the former being often violent and malignant and the latter sportive, mischievous, but useful and visible only to children born on Sundays. The kobolds were the domestic fairles of Germany, similar to the kelpies of Scotland and the nisses of Norway. They were all skilled in music and dancing, and were fond of frolicing by moonlight. Necks and stromkarls inhabited the rivers and lakes of Northern Europe, and were similar to the mermen and mermaids of a less remote superstition. The nixles are also of this class, and figure largely in German folk-lore. Previous to the death of a person by drowning they can be seen—so the legends say—dancing on the face of the water. The female bears the semblance of a beautiful maiden, and she convevs mortals to a beautiful subaqueous abode where they meet the male, who has green teeth and always wears a green hat. Fatos are Italian fairies. The duende, or trasgo, is the most frequently mentioned Spanish fairy. The "white ladies" were Norman fairles.

. Here is an ancient description of the dress of the fairles: "They wear a red conical cap: a mantle of green cloth inlaid with wild flowers; green pantaloons, buttoned with bobs of silk, and silver shoon. They carry quivers of arrow-slough, and bows made of the ribs of a man buried where 'three lairds' lands meet;' their arrows are made of bogreed, tipped with white flints and dipped in the dew of hemlock; they ride on steeds whose hoofs would not 'dash the dew from the cup of a harebell."

Polish is easily added if the foundations are strong; but no amount of gilding will be of use if your timber is not sound .- L. M. Alcott.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate,

A GOOD THING.

Dr. Adam Miller, Chicago, Ill., says: "It is one of the very few really valuable preparations now offered to the afflicted. In a prac-tice of thirty-five years, I have found a few good things, and this is one of them."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. 106 West 29th Street, New York.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE. O warring nations set apart By rivalries of gain and greed,
Once more the stars sing in the sky
The song you soon or late must heed.
Peace and good will again it rings

From snowy steppe to tropic sea, Sheathe-stubborn swords, and live henceforth In love and peace and unity.

O clashing factions in the State,
The time comes round that sounds recall;
Lay by your battered arms, and seek
Good in the common good of all.
Let poverty, oppression, wrong,
Be heard, be seen, above your jars;
The Right will live, though parties die,
And Truth will stand, though fall the stars.

O hostile sects of Christ's own Church, Let wars of creeds and rituals die, Sing peace; and lot a waiting world Will foin the inspiring symphony. Stretch forth thy hands of blessings where The poor, the sick, the sinning need All help and comfort; to the word And the immeasurable deed.
—Hettle Tyng Griswold.

The following extract from The Sybil a magazine published at Elmira College, N.Y. tells its own story in regard to industries for women:

"The greatest obstacle woman has to encounter in her efforts to be self-supporting, is public opinion. The so-called genteel occupations are crowded at starvation wages, while many fields in which woman is eminently fitted to shine, are left with little or no competited to shine, are left with little or no competi-tion, for the sole reason that polite (?) society withholds its sanction. This popular preju-dice, which makes the position of a sensitive and refined working woman so painful, might be in a great degree removed, if women of means and social position would give the right hand of fellowship to respectable wo-men who are striving by honest means to gain a livelihood....
"Insurance business is another in which

women have been known to be very successful, and there is no reason why women should not engage in it, especially as it does not require as much previous preparation as many

Many women have been very successful in the culinary department, acquiring a wide reputation for their skill and often establishing a prosperous business. Several instances in Elmira, Williamsport, Canisteo, and vicinity, were cited by the girls as having come within the circle of their observation. An anecdote was related of a young woman who, by canning fruit for sale, earned sufficient money to send her brother through college. Women may be very successful as florists or as gardeners, in raising early vegetables for market; in raising chickens with the aid of the incubator, and in selling eggs; in dairy work and in similar occupations.

An incident was told of a young lady whose father had been president of a coal mine, and who, after his death; carried on the business of the mine with entire success. The question was asked, 'Why are not women oftener employed in buying goods for mer-cantile houses? They are certainly acknowledged to have superior taste in selection."

AN OPENING FOR ENTERPRISING YOUNG WOMEN.

The Sun says: "There are a great many physicians and surgeons from the United States in South America, and they usually, if worthy, have a more extensive clientage than the natives. There is an excellent field for female physicians here, and it is at present unoccupied. In most of the countries a physician is not permitted to see a lady patient except in the presence of her husband, and many women die for lack of atttention. The social laws are inflexible in this respect, and many women will suffer torments rather than expose themselves to criticism by receiving treatment from male practitioners. No woman, except she be of the common laboring class, will visit the office of a physician, and as fees for attendance at their homes are very high, many suffer and die from neglect based upon motives of modesty and economy. There is only one lady physician in South America that I know of, and she is practising with great success in Guatimala. Others might secure equal advantages in Venezuela, Colombia, Peru, Chili, Argentine, Uruguay and Brazil: but it would be necessary for them to acquire a thorough knowledge of the Spanish language and secure favorable introductions before hanging out their shingles.

"These introductions might be obtained through the American consuls and legations, or from merchants of social and commercial standing. There is a strong prejudice against the professional employment of native women, but the American ladies who have come to South America as teachers have not only been cordially received, but in many cases have been lionized. In many of the aristocratic families American girls are employed as governesses, and are treated with great deference. Mrs. Barrios, the widow of the late president of Guatimala, had three New York ladies in her family, one as a compan-ion for herself and the other two employed in the nursery. In Peru, Chili. Argentine, and other countries French and English governesses are very common, and in fact there are none other employed, as the native girls will not accept such positions, and would not be employed because of their lack of educa-

"Ex-President Sarmiento, the founder of the public school system in the Argentine Republic, is the leading advocate of the higher education of women in South America having gained his advanced ideas while Minister to the United States. He is an intimate friend and regular correspondent of Mrs. Horace Mann, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and other prominent women in the United States, and has imbibed from them the theories of the equality of sex which their lives have been spent in demonstrating. Through his instrumentality some forty American girls, graduates, of Vassar, Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke, and other institutions, have been employed under ten years' contracts by the Argentine Government, in the normal schools and female seminaries of this country, and their success has been phenom-

"These teachers receive salaries varying from one hundred dollars to one hundred and sixty dollars per month and are placed in positions, social as well as profes donal, which they could not hope to acquire at home. In every instance they have conducted themselves with the most commendable dignity, and although some of the economists in Congress and in the newspapers are grumbling over the large salaries they receive, they are treated with the greatest distinction, and are entertained by the Government in a manner that our own educational authorities might well imitate.

"Not long ago the Papal Nuncio, the Ambassador of the Holy See to the Argentine Republic, attempted to interfere with the management of a school over which a New England girl presided, accusing her of instilling Protestant ideas in the minds of her punils. She declined to be dictated to by him, and he denounced her from the pulpit of the cathedral. The school ma'am brought the matter to the attention of the Minister of Education, who made an investigation of the case, which resulted in the Papal Nuncio receiving his passport, with a polite but firm invitation to leave the country. He resisted, and attempted to bulldoze the Government, but his attitude only hastened his departure, and now the Holy See is not represented at the capital of Argentine."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

That excellent periodical, The Woman's Magazine, edited by Esther T. Housh of Brattleboro, Vt., has, in a late number, a sketch of the life of Rev. Clara M. Bisbee, under the life of the life of Rev. Clara M. Bisbee, under the life of title of "A Teacher of Ethical Culture."

Clara Babcock was the daughter of a liberal Unitarian minister, who lived near Boston at the time of her birth, at which place she devoted herself to missionary work before she was ten years of age. After that she studied music for several years, but as her highest attraction was for ethical growth and the perfecting of human life, the ministry seemed to be her recetion. try seemed to be her socation. Accordingly she entered Harvard Divinity school in 1878, and passed through the regular course, including the final examination. As no degree can be conferred on a woman, she lacked that seal of successful study. During her last year there, thirty fellow students petitioned that Miss Babcock should be allowed all the privilors of the school reliable ways of the school reliable leges of the school which were open to them,a petition which was vetoed by Pres. Eliot. The students, however, were most kind and courteous, despite the red-tape which kept their peer from her rightful position. Hebrew was an optional study; all declined to pursue it except Miss Babcock, who continued it

She soon after sailed for Europe, where she became the wife of the Rev. Herman Bisbee, a Universalist minister of Minnesota. She sometimes occupied the pulpit with him. before his death in 1879. Soon after this affliction. Mrs. Bisbee became a regularly ordained paster of as ociety at Dorchester, Mass., by acouncil of Unitarians.

"She subsequently founded a Free Religious Society, disconnected with any other denomination, and out of this grew the Society for Ethical Culture, in connection with which her name is best known. She has been sustained by such radical clergymen as Rev. M. J. Savage and Rev. K. Applebee, whose status as leaders of advenced the gent is well known. as leaders of advanced thought is well known to readers of the Journal. Here her ministrations have been eminently successful and

inspiring.

A short time ago, Mrs. Bisbee opened a small day school in Dorchester, in which is introduced all newer and better methods of educating the young. Music is made of great importance in school training, and moral development occupies a great deal of time and thought an the part of the teacher. and thought on the part of the teacher.

Mrs. Bisbee is apparently a noble example of woman's work in ethics, exhibited in a practical and conscientious manner.

Late September Magazines.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. (The Century Co., New York.) It is due to accident that the two full-page portraits of Liszt and the account of A Summer with Liszt in Weimar. should appear in the Century so soon after his death. Amateur Ballooning, and The Balloon Experiences of a Timid Photographer. are curious and amusing. Two illustrated articles of artistic and scientific interest are, A glance at the Arts of Persia, and The Zoological Station at Naples. The Minister's Charge; The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, and A Pistol-shot, are entertaining. In the War Series a fertile subject is introduced by General Alfred Pleasonton's Successes and Failures of Chancellorsville. and prominent officers write upon various other subjects of the war. Poems and illustrations add much to complete a most excellent number.

WIDE AWAKE. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) The frontispiece for September illustrates a Mexican poem, which accompanies it, entitled Los Companeros. The story, When Book Meets Book, can be read by both children and parents with good effect. Hon. S. S. Cox, U. S. Minister to Turkey, contributes an article upon L' Enfant Terrible Turk. Following is a dainty Irish ballad. Some Indian Children is another interesting article on travel. Mrs. Sherwood writes of Royal Girls and Royal Courts, and Mrs. Fremont relates pleasant incidents of the Austrian Empress and the Tyrol. There is much more to interest the reader in the serials, poems, short stories and fine illustrations.

THE FORUM. (New York.) The September number of this popular monthly opens with an article entitled Industrial War, by Prof. W. J. Sumner. This is followed by Confessions of a Baptist; How I was Educated, by President S. C. Bartlett; The Waste by Fire, by Clifford Thomson: Civilization and Suicide; The New York Alderman; Is Life Worth Saving? by Dr. Chas. L. Dana; Modern Smuggling; The Turning of the Worm; Jay Gould, by George Alfred Townsend, and The Temperance Trilemme, by Dr. Felix L. Oswald.

ST. LOUIS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (St. Louis, Mo.) Contents: Toward Sunset: Coming Home; Woman, the Moulder of Man's Destiny; Frontier Retribution; Summer Poems; The Model Wife; Publisher's Department, Etc.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY. (Boston.) The children will find many short stories and illustrations to amuse them this month.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH. (New York.) The usual amount of useful and timely articles are found in the August issue of this monthly.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or canbe ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILO-SOPHICAL JOURSAL.]

THE CAROL. A Collection of Religious Songs for the Sunday School and the Home. By Chas. W. Wendte, D. D. Cincinnati, Ohio: The John Church Co. Price, 35 cents.

This work is well calculated to fill the place for which it is designed, as stated in its title. For Sunday schools and religious gatherings it is a good selection set to suitable music. While the author shows a commendable touch of liberality in his selections, he does not introduce enough of our finest spiritual compositions to meet the wants or tastes of a large class of Spiritualist believers, who cannot longer endouse the views of orthodox theology even in sacred songs. However, it is a meritorious work and will doubtiess find a large sale and exactly fill the niche for which it is designed.

CELESTIAL SONNETS. A Collection of New and Original Songs and Hymns of Peace and Progress. Designed for Public Gatherings, Home Circles, Religious, Spiritual, Temperance, Social and Camp Meetings, etc. By B. M. Lawrence, M. D. Hartford, Ct. Published by the Author. Price, 50 cents.

This is a book of 128 pages of song and music. The measure and rythm of the original words is smooth and beautiful, and the music fluent and melodious. It should be in the hands of children in all their gatherings as well as in the assemblies of those of maturer years. It will bear close and long ac-

KANT'S ETHICS. A Critical Exposition. By Neah Porter, President of Yale College. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price, \$1.25.

Griggs & Co. Price, \$1.25.

This work constitutes one of Griggs' Series of Philosophical Classics and affords one of the best expositions of Kant's Ethics it would be possible to present in so concise a form. While not exhaustive in every detail it is sufficiently comprehensive to grasp his system as a whole and forcibly present a critical view of the ideas of the author. We fully concur with Dr. Porter in his conclusions with regard to Kant's philosophy, "That the critical philosophy, in order to exert its best influence, needs to be theroughly interpreted, and critically discerned." In the book before us this work has been well done.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

Where are the Builders?

BY C. W. COOK.

Behold! I saw, in my vision, an angel of heaven clad in white, with a white staff in her hand. In her countenance, in her actions, in her whole person there was written unutterable sadness, but not despair. She was walking about the ruins of what was once a great temple, but had now scarcely "one stone left upon another." The ruined temple was the religions of the past of Authority, crumbling to decay. In sadness, she searched, testing here and there as stone with her staff, to see if it could be used in the rebuilding. Now and then, as she went along, she exclaimed in a yearning voice that moved my soul to its very depths: "Where are the builders?" But no builders came. One after another, the soundest and fairest looking stones were rejected after a careful testing by her white staff (Truth), until she had completed the tour of the ruin. Sadly, she shook her head as she mused and perceived that of it all nothing was worthy to be rebuilt. The temple for the "worship of imaginary beings" has falled. of it all nothing was worthy to be rebuilt. The temple for the "worship of imaginary beings" has failen. It will never be rebuilt. It is going to decay. The temple wherein will be ceaseless "Work, for Humanity" must be built. In the words of the augel, "Where are the builders?" Science and Philosophy are deiving in the ample fields of nature for the materials. E'en the angel-world sends forth its workers for their discovery. Much has already been found, which, when tested by the white staff of truth, proves to be "such as is fitted for the temple." Where are the builders?

The corn crop of Kansas this year is very much less than that of last year. And yet, says the Topeka, Capital, the yield is estimated at 120,000,000 bushels, or 12,000,000 ears of corn, each measuring twelve inches in length. This crop, if strung upon a twine in the manner that beads are strung upon a thread, would make a string of corn 2,272,727 miles in length, and would encircle the earth ninety-one times. If laid side by side this string would make a solid floor 2½ inches in thickness and 225 feet wide, running entirely around the earth at the equator.

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At a recent meeting of the Montana Bar Association a paper was read by a leading attorney on "The Revolver as a Means of Making Difficult Collections"—Excelling (D. T.) Bell.

DYSPEPSIA

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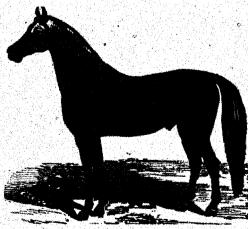
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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, Santember 11, 1886.

Woman's Hour-The Spiritual Era.

Not by chance or accident is this great up rising of womanhood. With the dawn of a higher epiritual disponsation comes an awakening of the best women to a new and highor sense of duty and responsibility, such as was hardly possible in the past. We all Exich the first breath of a new atmosphere. more ethereal than of old; quickening and uplifting spiritual influences are felt; there

"Angels on the clanting rays, Voices from the opening chics."

Woman'o fine nature, subtle and recentive rich in spiritual wealth, cannot but be enlarged and stirred to new life. She fools the power of her own personality and aspires to do more and to be more. She would not lose any wealth of affection, but would be largernatured and more colf-poised. So college doors are open for her culture and a quickening influence stirs the dull faculties of her brother students, while their miserable selfconceit is taken away. Work and self-help open to her on every side; her first steps in new paths are sometimes tottering and uncertain, but she soon walks with firm and buoyant tread. A sense of duty and responsibility grows, a feeling deepens that she must halp in the world's work, and that it will be imperfect without her help. A sense of justice grows tog. If she suffers the penalty of the law, she must help to frame that law, and shape its penalty, hence the call for woman suffrage. She has taken her place in our literature and weeded out its coarse vulgarity, while enriching and increasing its value and power. The best women begin to see, with the best men, that it is not good for man to be alone, but that men and women must act together, and that the world needs the inspiring spiritual influence of woman.

Spiritualism is an opening and a culture of the spiritual faculties to all who thoughtfully take it up; it is a pulsing tide of spiritual life from the open gates of heaven. Hence it follows that woman takes her place with man in that field to act and speak as his equal co-worker, without any discussion or agitation—none were needed, for intuition is deeper then argument. The great spiritual movement is for woman; its genius and spirit open all doors for her. All the world breathes the new air, and so help comes to her from every quarter, and, best of all, she is inspired to help herself as never before. No reports of any society of cultivated men in our land are so rich in wise thought, couched in strong and fine words, as are the annual reports of the meetings of the Society for the Advancement of Women, which gives us the addresses at their annual congress.

- Everywhere women, are thinking with new and contagious earnestness, and their thoughts are going out to be read. A late number of the Forum has an article on "Woman's duty to Woman" by Ella C. Lapham,-a young lady so situated that she could, if she chose, lead a life of elegant and superficial idleness and selfish ease. But she has the precious heritage of good blood, reaching back to her Quaker grandparents who shared the inspiration of Spiritualism, and she has breathed the new atmosphere, so that larger opportunity means to her more duty. If she has received much she must give much, and writes in this spirit. Of the mother's duty to the daughter she says: "The love is short-sighted which sends the daughter to a school where she learns a little of many things but much of nothing. The tenderness is unwise which shields the daughter from all household cares, under the plea that it will be time enough when she has a home of her own. Thousands of dollars may be lavished on her. But, after all, has she acquired a trade, a profession?" Be useful and self-reliant rather than a lovely toy and a Irail dependent, is the lesson.

scholars who will study for the love of learning, who will create an atmosphere in which low literature will die, and who will develop in others the love of the grand and the beautiful, for scientists who will follow nature into her inmost laboratories, and grasp her secrets for the alleviation of suffering and the progress of man; for large-brained philanthrophists who will turn the light of science and philosophy upon the unsolved problems of labor, charities and reform. Whoever hopes to do any good in this world must look up and reach up. Between the worker who prepares the daily food and the worker who opens to her larger opportunities, will arise a better understanding and a bond of sympathy and trust."

These words from this educated young woman show how women are thinking today. She would wed wisdom and philanthrophy, would have life full of high aims diligently pursued, and not purposeless and aimless, elegantly frivolous for the rich and weakly silly for the poor.

The more such fruit the ripening age brings us the better.

The Earthquake-Capers on the Rall.

An associated press dispatch from Charleston gives an account of the experiences on a passenger train during the earthquake. The graphic writer says the rails in places were bent "in reverse curves, most of them taking the shape of a single and others of a double letter S placed longitudinally." The train, says the dispatch, was filled with hundreds of exensionists returning from the mountains. They were all gay and happy, laughing, when all of a sudden the frightful shock came. The reporter then gives the particulars "in the language of one of the excursionists." Here is a part of it:

The utmost confusion prevailed; women and children shricked with dismay, and the bravest hearts qualled in momentary expectation of a more terrible catastrophe. Rev. Ellison Capers chanced to be on board and he lost no time in conveying, as best he could in the agony of the moment, the best advice and counsel he could offer. The train was then taken back in the direction of Jedburg, and on the way back the work of the carthquake was terribly patent. The train had actually passed over one of those serpentine curves already described, and it is the simple truth to state that every soul on board was saved solely through the interposition of a divine Providence.

It is quite apparent from the above that Rev. Capers was not so exhausted by his efforts as to render him incapable of supplying the reporter with a history of the inci-

This is the only instance the Journal has noticed in accounts from the stricken region, where "divine Providence" interposed a cav-

Is it not comownat singular that while the great earthquake of August 31st, was busy shaking up matters at a fearful rate in South Carolina, the solitary case of interposition of Divine Providence should be where | life, as being a firm believer in spirit comthe "Rev. Ellison Capers" was on board a munion. It says that "one of his marked train when the shock reached it?

the more singular it becomes. One is forced to inquire what mysterious influence brought about this special interposition? Was it because the Rev. Ellison Capers was on the train? Or, was it on account of the unusual piety of the telegraphic news reporter? Or did the gaiety, laughter and happiness of the excursionists contribute to that end? It is. of vital importance that the solution of this question be reached in order that hereafter people may know how to shape matters to have "interposition of divine Providence," whenever occasions occur where such interference would serve their convenience.

And as the problem becomes more complex we are compelled to ask, who is this "divine Providence" who so readily interposed to save this special train and its favored ocenpants? Was it the same "Providence" who quietly folded his arms and stood listlessly by in Charleston, while the city was being destroyed, many of its inhabitants killed, and many more bruised, mutilated and maimed, and over one-half its population rendered homeless? Was it the "Providence" who formerly taught the people to "buy bondmen and bondmaids of the heathon," to be servants unto them and their children forever? Was it the "Providence" who thus permitted the daughter to be ruthlessly torn from her mother's arms and sold upon the auction block for any use or purpose? Was it the same "Providence" to whom Confederates prayed for success in their frantic effort to destroy the Union in order to uphold the "sacred institution" of slavery, and who turned a deaf ear to their entreaties and gave assistance to the side that could muster the largest battalions and the heaviest artillery? Was it the same "divine Providence" who kills the innocent babe in its mother's lap, and saves the wicked wretch for a long life of crime? Who was this "divine Providence" so glibly spoken of by the "associated press reporter"? We have searched in vain to find him. The inexorable law of cause and effect has entirely failed to reveal him. Is he some Rip Van Winkle who only wakes up at long intervals to listen to the sweet talk of the Rev. Ellison Capers and by his presence at the "meeting" mysteriously saves the train from being wrecked? Was it the best advice and counsel the Rev. Ellison Capers could offer, which he was "conveying as best he could in the agony of the moment" that kept this "divine Providence" on the train to "interpose" for its safety, while frantic mothers, frightened children, and struggling men in Charleston, were shrieking from fright, or grouning from injury and imploring his aid unheard or unheeded by him? Was this the same "divine Providence" whom the sacred poet tells us "rides upon the storm" and guides his opelonic

Miss Lapham says: "The times cry out for | chariot to the destruction of towns and hamlets and the slaughter of their inhabitants; who lashes, with his stormy whip, old ocean into fury and sends the goodly ship freighted with human souls to the bottom?

> The Bible tells us, "God is no respecter of persons." This, then, would do away with the idea that it was He who "interposed" to save this special train on account of "Rev. Ellison Capers being aboard;" while entirely unprotected by this particular "divine Providence," mothers in Charleston were ruthlessly torn from their nursing babes and hurled to destruction, and fathers enatched by death from their dependent and disconsolate families. If this "divine Providence" is such a repecter of persons as represented in the press dispatch, is he not some pagan god who stepped in at that particular time to show what he could do in one place and leave undone in another?

In this particular case one is in the same predicament as a party similarly situated in Bible times, who exclaimed—"The ways of Providence are inscrutable and past finding

After all, the "old lady" has perhaps expressed the idea as tersely as possible. "I was taught," said she, "to 'trust in Providence' and I allers did till one day when I was goin' down hill with the old mare and the wagon, when the breechin' broke and I found that Providence wouldn't take care of me, so I jumped out and took care of myself." The ancient proverb truly says, "The gods help those who help themselves."

While the best science and skill cannot al ways prevent a catastrophe, it will go very far in that direction, and is certain to accomplish more than all blind trust in the fanatical idea of "special interposition of divine Providence."

The Journal has profound faith in a wise beneficent, Sapreme Intelligence, called God; it would on no account appear irréverent or treat so stupendous a thome otherwise than soberly. But the Journal has no respect for a préacher who will advertise his own prowess and his favorable standing with his God as does Rev. Capers.

Had a Spiritualist been on board the train and reported that a band of powerful spirits, foreseeing the effect of the earthquake, had combined to save the passengers and keep the wheels on the track, the statement would have been hooted by Capers, Talmage & Co., and denounced as "impossible, or if possible, then a diabolical interference with an act of God." Yet the Spiritualist's statement would have been vastly more probable, on scientific grounds, then the assertion that "divine Providence interposed."

The Rev. Calvin E. Stowe.

The Hartford (Ct.) Times speaks of Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, who lately passed to spiritcharacteristics was his strong faith in the But the more one investigates this subject | life hereafter. It was in his case something more than faith: it was knowledge. And it was knowledg, derived from actual personal experience. He was aware of the reality of the Spirit-world, and of its nearness to the earth-life, through his own experience. His Christian faith derived a vital and important support from what he personally saw and knew. To him, the veil was often withdrawn, and he was permitted to see and hold communion with those who had gone before. To indiscriminate companies he never talked of these things, and those of his friends to whom he ever mentioned the subject were few indeed; but it is known that he was entirely actisfied that he often saw, and conversed with, in the privacy and quiet of his own home, those who were no longer the occupants of earthly bodies, and that this gift of spiritual clairvoyance and clairaudience was potent to take away much of the sense of bereavement, and to fix his thought, like Paul's, habitually on the higher realities."

It is very difficult to believe that such a man-brave in many respects in fighting the errors of this age, should be such an arrant coward when brought face to face with Spiritualism. There is a tinge of hypocrisy in the life of such a man, that the grave can not conceal, nor a glowing epitaph hide, nor the dazzle of prominent connections destroy. nor an obituary veil, which will stand forth prominently for many years to come. It spirit communion added so much to his hap piness, bringing him nearer to God and the angels, it is to be deeply deplored that he neglected to publicly proclaim his convictions. His failure to do so constitutes a 'sin of omission," over which he no doubt feels badly at the present time. The species of moral cowardice so signally prominent in his life, permeates hundreds of eminent divines and leading men in this country, impelling them, to a certain extent, to live a lie and unfurl false colors in their intercourse with the world. Had the Rev. Stowe publicly proclaimed the grand truths of Spiritualism, instead of secretly holding them, he could then have had the great satisfaction of knowing that he had been true to himself, true to God and the angels, and a dispense of a light so much needed in the world.

Rev. N. F. Ravlin-Ex-Baptist.

This eccentric chameleonized crank has it seems, switched off from the Baptists, hobbled his Chinese hobby and now essays fresh notoriety by attempting to stand erect on the front platform of the Spiritualist car. Before the Golden Gate opens its doors to expreachers, the keeper should first examine the credentials of the applicant. If Bavlin is a suitable teacher of Spiritualist philosophy and ethics, he must have progressed most astonishingly since he left Chicago.

Clairvoyant Seership.

The following facts come from a reliable eye witness of the clairvoyant experiences, to understand which some detail of previous events is needed.

On July 19th, Milo Brass disappeared from his home on a farm sixteen miles from Lake City, the county seat of Missaukee county, in Northern Michigan, and had not been seen or heard of on Monday, August 23rd. On the evening of that day, in a hall on the Fair Grounds at a camp meeting of Spiritualists, Mrs. Sarah Cartwright of Detroit, was describing spirits seen by her clairvoyantly. She only knew of this Brass cass that Mrs. Brass and a man named Crafts, were in the jail on suspicion of violence done to the husband, and were being held in confinement until he should return or be heard from. It was suspicion from circumstances, but without fact to verify it, and officers were searching for evidence to acquit or punish these persons.

No mention was made of them at the meeting, nor was she asked to try and see Brass. or any one else, but was left to her usual course—that is, to simply tell what she saw. After describing several others, whose spirit forms, as she said, came before her or near some one present, some being recognized and others not, she gave the dress and personal aspect of a man, one side of whose skull was broken as by a heavy blow, and who said he had suffered violence and wanted justice. Intelligent persons present recognized Mr. Brass, and said the description was good. On Wednesday night news came that the body was found buried in a root-cellar near the house, and the next morning came the statement that his skull was found broken in on one side, as seen by her on Monday night.

Later in the week she described the birthplace in Scotland, of a man named Thompson, aged seventy years, an intelligent veteran soldier, and an honest man-the house, hillside and striking landmarks being portrayed accurately, as he said. He was not a Spiritualist, but said that this put him on the high road that way.

Mrs. Cartwright is a well-known magnetic physician in Detroit, enjoying the respect and confidence of many excellent ladies who are her patients, and seldom does anything in public. In the presence of Mr. Udell and others, in the same hall, she laughingly described a barn, house, porch, etc., and said the air was full of dust from eleaning beans in the barn. She also described a woman in the house. Mr. Udell recognized a scene on his farm near Manistee years ago, and said he raised a large crop of beans which were cleaned as described.

At what dim date in the fature will some of our psychic research societies and some such facts, and make due report thereon to a patiently, waiting public?

Cremations at Pere la Chaise.

It appears from the London Daily News that next month the Parisians will be able to burn their dead in four crematory furnaces, which have just been finished at Pere la Chaise. These furuaces were begun last November, and have been hurried on to com pletion, so that by the end of Sept. at lat est, those who, in dying, express the wish to be cremated can be there reduced to ashes. There will be no first, second and third class cremations. Poor and rich will be on a footing of absolute equality. The price charged to those who can afford to pay for the burning of a corpse will be 15f .- or say 12s. The furnaces were constructed on plans by MM. Barrett and Formice. A large portico is in front of a dome, beneath which are placed the crematory furnaces. They have the anpearance of very elegant ovens. Three hundred and fifty thousand francs was the price they cost. They are according to the Corini system, in use in Rome and Milan. It was found that the heat of the Siemens furnace was too intense. Instead of reducing the corpse to ashes, it subjected it to a kind of vitrification. The cost, too, would be 200f., instead of 15f., to cremate with a Siemens furnace. The unclaimed bodies at the hospitals which are not used for anatomical purposes will be taken to the crematory at Pere la Chaise. Sculptors, goldsmiths and bronze casters are already busy designing urns, of which an assortment in marble, bronze, gold, silver, zinc or lead will be kept at an office of the crematory. The relatives of the cremated dead can buy these vessels, and cause them to be removed to family vaults or to a building which the city of Paris is to erect. There could be no greater boon to a large city with overcrowded cometeries than the furnaces of Pere la Chaise. The writer concludes by saying that "I cannot conceive anything more disrespectful to the dead than the way their remains are treated here, even when a first-class burial can be provided, if there is not a family vault in which to place them. Buying a grave is no simple matter. The delays are endless, and the application for one must go through many bureaus before official consent is given. Then there are other formalities to be gone through. Meanwhile the corpse is in a charnel house, called a provisional vault, at a cost of 1f. a day. The removal thence to the grave, which must be in masonry at the sides, is a cause of danger to the public health."

Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds receives a five column, illustrated advertisement on the first page of the San Francisco Examiner for the 26th uit. It is a detailed account of an exposure in which Crindle-Reynolds is caught personating a spirit. The JOURNAL waits with patience for some of its opposing conparagraph: "A religious meeting disturbed pressed.

by the enemies of Spiritualism! A poor medium's life endangered while entranced and being used to illustrate the transcendently beautiful and wonderful phenomenon of transfiguration!" etc., etc. Let the sympathetic pot boil! Let Prof. Kiddle, get out his single-string fiddle and play his old favorite, Persecution! Let the Beste squad ring the changes on "martyr," "poor persecuted," etc. Let this all be done quickly ere it is too late; for, verily, the day of these cabinet workers is nearly gone. The fool-killer has repaired his machine and attached an automatic grave digger. The cemetery is now ready that will contain the remains of the hucksters of bogus spirit wares; and there is room enough in it for those who have helned on the trade—it is a big one.

Premonition of Death.

Madison Wynn, a well known colored man who resided on King street, Chattanooga, Tenn.. died suddenly one night lately. There are said to be some most remarkable circumstances connected with his death. About four o'clock in the evening, while laughing and talking with some friends, Wynn suddenly turned to walk away, remarking in a serious tone, "Well, I am going to die before midnight, so I had better go home." His companions laughed at what seemed a ridiculous assertion and called him back, but the man warned them that they should not make light of such a serious matter. When Wynn reached home he told his family that he had a premonition and that he would be dead in a few hours. He was in excellent health and at times in the best of spirits, which led his family to believe he was trying to frighten them. After eating a large supper, Wynn said: "That supper did not agree with me, but it is my last."—He retired about eleven o'clock and soon became very ill. His wife summoned a physician, but Wynn told her it' was usoless, and five minutes later he was a corpse. His prediction had been fulfilled. Coronor Carey was summoned and held an inquest. A postmortem examination revealed the fact that his death was caused by heartdisease, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with these facts.

GENERAL ITEMS.

August sixth, W. G. Hooker, a prominent Spiritualist of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, passed to Spirit life.

We have received The Sanitorium of Dansville. N. Y. This pamphlet gives a full description of the Sanitorium, its mades of treatment, etc.

There is to be a Metaphysical Convention held at the Church of the Redeemer. Chicago. commencing September eighth, and continuing to the twelfth.

The Salvation Army announced as speakers at Cohoes, N. Y., for Sunday last: " Ashbarrel Jimmy," "The Saved Weed-Eater." and 'The Converted Cowboy."

The society of Spiritualists which meets at Apollo Hall, No. 2730, State street, J. W. Bailey President, has resolved itself into a liberal society. All topies of the day of every nature are discussed on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock.

A Spiritualist writes: "The Vicksburgh. Mich., camp meeting has advertised nearly all the prominent mediums to be in attendance, many of whom we know have not the slightest intention of attending. This may be the means of salting many to the camp this season, but we fear will be a great injury to next year's session."

The society of Spiritualists who meet at Twenty-Second street and Indiana avenue, under the management of Dr. J. B. Warn, are progressing finely. The meetings are well attended and great interest is manifested. The Children's Progressive Lyceum connected with this society, established in the spring, is a success, constantly increasing in numbers. They had a picnic Saturday, September 4th, at Garfield Park.

A remarkable faith-cure is reported from Anderson, a country town near Indianapolis; Ind. The subject, Albert Wampler, thus relates his experience: "About five years ago I was stricken with pains in my limbs. The doctors pronounced it rheumatism and I was treated for the same, but I failed to receive any relief whatever and continually grew worse. All at once during a season of prayer held for my special benefit, I arose, laid aside my crutches, and walked unaided. The disease had deformed me so that I was unaable to straighten up; but now, thank God. I am as straight as any one."

Advices from Ching-Too-Foo, the chief city of the Province of Sechuen, China, state that the natives of the eastern part of that province and those of Northern Cochin-China, have risen against the Christians and are massacring them and destroying their property. This active persecution is attributed to the imprudence of English and American missionaries. In Cochin-China fifty Christians have been killed, their homes burned, and their farms destroyed. In Sechuen a general massacre of Christians is reported to be in progress, and they are killed wherever found. It is said that whole villages occupied by Christians have been destroyed and that all lands occupied by the professors of that faith are being devastated. The Apostolic Vicar's residence in Sechuen has been burned to the ground. Not a piece of furniture, nor a book nor a paper was saved. The foreign consuls barely escaped from Sechuen with their lives. No effort had been made up to the latest reports to quell the disorder, and. temperaries to republish their stereotyped so far as now known, it continues unsup-

An Electrical Wonder.

The first announcement that an invention had been perfected for telegraphing to and from moving railroad trains was received with incredulity by the public. An extended trial during the first week of last February upon the Staten Island Railway, proved conclusively the truth of the assertion. Managers of various great roads were eager to make experimental trials on their lines with a view to adopting the system, but the Chicago. Milwankee & St. Paul Railway was selected by the Railway Tolegraph & Telephone Company as the line on which the system should be inaugurated. After some menths of practical application the system has apparently been perfected for business purposes, as the announcement is made in press dispatches from Milwankee that the Chicago. Milwaukee and St. Paul road has made arrangements to place Edison's system of communicating with moving trains on the Council Bluffs division of the road. Of all the marvels of electricity this invention is in many respects the most wonderful.

It should be understood that the inductive system does not interfere or do away with or in any way reduce the telegraph facilities enjoyed under the present system.

The operation of the system involves no intricate or delicate apparatus, all the parts being familiarly known to telegraph operators and consist of a Morse key, a phonetic receiver, an ordinary electro-magnet and a battery. A small corner in the baggage car on passenger trains, and in the cabin car on freights, is all the space required to operate the system. All of this apparatus can be moved at will and adjusted to another car in a few minutes. It does not require a special | these and all other churches. wire between or along the tracks, but is operated on the regular wires without change and without interference with the transmission of other business on the same wires, or in general, other operators do not know of the existence of this system by reason of any effect it has on their work.

To introduce the system it is first necessa Ty to select such wires from those in use as the local situation recommends, and attach them to the apparatus at the fixed station. A continuous musical note is formed of electric waves following each other at the rate of five hundred per second and passing over all the Morse wires connected with the apparatus. This continuous musical note, by means of the key, is broken up into long and short sounds, forming dots and dashes, as in the ordinary Morse system. The electric waves which form these vibrations jump from the wires to the metallic roofs of the cars of the moving train, or in case there are no metallic roofs, to a wire stretched on the roofs. and all the receiving surface being connected together to a single wire, the whole of the electricity passes to this wire, thence through the phonetic sounder to the earth through the wheels and track.

The transmission from the train is similar. The waves of electricity pass from the apparatus to all the roofs of the cars, then jump to the telegraph wires and along them to the distant station.

For the moving of trains, railroad business, and indeed, all transactions requiring the prompt use of telegraph this system seems likely to fill an important want.

Dr. Eugene Crowell, a wealthy gentleman of New York City, is President of the Company and is giving it the benefit of his great business talent and executive ability. Dr. Crowell is well known to Spiritualists as a thorough Spiritualist, a careful investigator of spirit phenomena and the author of seve ral valuable publications treating of Spiritnalism and its phenomena. His connection with the Railway Telegraph & Telephone Company is, alone, a guarantee of its success. The editor of the Journal has visited Dr. ell at the office of the Company No. 2

West Fourteenth St.. New York City and seen the evidences of success; he has also talked with those in charge of the practical working of the system, who have the most perfect confidence in it and the greatest enthusiasm as to the value of the invention. There would seem to be no good reason why the shares of this Company should not rise in price with nearly or quite as great rapidity as did the old telephone stock.

It is said that about five weeks ago, a negro man died in the Providence, Ga., neighborhood who has a record that is hardly ever equaled and never excelled. He was seventythree years of age at the time of his death, and left an aged wife who died a few days ago, and who is said to have been seventy years old. This old man was a former slave of J. A. Ward, and his father and he and his wife lived with the Ward family nearly fifty years. He was never heard to swear an oath. never accused of lying or theft, never had a dispute or quarrel with his wife, never had a whipping during slavery, nor was he ever known to take a drink of whisky. Was always faithful and obedient, peaceable and reliable. He and his wife had sixteen children, and they lived to see one hundred and twenty descendants, who are now living. Occasionally heroes are found in the humbler walks of life, and but few can point to a brighter and cleverer record than this unpre tentious old negro who now fills an unmarked grave among the old red hills of Stewart

Hon. Milner Stephen, the Australian heal er, will visit Detroit in a few days. He will also stop for a short time at Buffalo, Syraouse: Albany and New York City, before leaving for England. He has performed some remarkable cures in this city, where he has been for two months.

The New Theology.

An Address Delivered at the Lakewood School of the New Theology, Sunday Afternoon, August 1st, 1886, by J. G. Townsend, D. D.

My Friends: Some of you are aware that he who stands before you now is regarded by many as the most dangerous man in westin New York. It is not long since a good Methodist preacher said that I was doing

more harm than Robert Ingersoll himself. What is my sin? What is my crime? This: That I am a preacher of what is pop-

ularly called the New Theology. From this it would seem as if the New Theology must be an open or a secret infidelity. Is it such? On the contrary, it is devout, reverent, religious. It teaches men to keep their hearts close to the great heart of

But—and this is the real trouble with it in many eyes—it does recognize that there are and must be intellectual differences among men. The Germans say you cannot put two heads under one hat, and certainly all human minds cannot run in the same channel; though there is doubtless a tendency for men to think more nearly alike about matters as they become more really intelligent concerning them.

The New Theology does not attempt to over-throw existing churches, but only to ameli-orate and soften their hard doctrines. The New Theology undertakes to spiritualize the churches, to draw and gather together the oals that are scattered here and there and blow them into a living flame. The New Theology desires to kindle in the churches the spirit of Jesus Christ, which spirit has deserted only too many of the popular congregations of to-day. How true it is that in our large cities the wealthier churches are tied together by social threads, and you will find there very much of artificial life and frivolity. In these churches religion is not so much a realty as a reminiscence. The New Theology attempts, by a new spirit, to revive

The New Theology does not attempt in any secret or open way to disparage the Bible.

It rather aims to reveal the Bible and show you the pearls in its casket. But it does try to tear away the hedge of infallibility that keeps a man from going into the garden of its spiritual delight, beauty and joy. The New Theology attempts to show men the fruits that hang upon the ever-living tree of the Bible spirituality. The New Theology does not say that if you find in this garden a weed you shall declare it a flower! It does not say that you shall lose your honesty when you examine the Bible. It does say that you shall examine the Bible as you examine any other book. And he who does that will find in it a great wealth of divine inspirationinspiration from the same God who wrote his wonderful letters in the glittering points of

suns and of stars. The New Theology believes that Christianity is a divine message in the world. It believes that Christ came into the world to reveal God to man in a special and wonderful sense. You ask the question, "Is Christiani ty a development? Yes, because we must preserve its historic continuity. Christianity is natural in the sense that it grows upon ie root of the past. But it is truly to be called a revelation.

It is the flowing of the spirit of God into the soul. There was One who in the fullness of time had a capacity for spiritual truth, for down to hell I would try to behave myself, inspiration, as no other had. And as God's be a Christian gentleman: I would try to and Mrs. R. S. Lillie, in the afternoon, spoke spirit surrounds this world of ours a great quench some of the fires with my tears, and, at length of those who have arisen to the sea: so into nis la streams flowed and filled it full. And there was in the world a God-filled man whose heart touched the heart of God and became the channel through which the inspiration

flows to the souls of men. Once the blossom lingered in the bud; you see how slowly there was the development in the flower. You see how the lingering bud does not open until by-and-by some shaft from the sun's golden bow cuts the calix through and immediately the blossom comes forth. Christianity was a revelation, for i grew gradually through the ages of the past and blossomed forth in the soul of Jesus Christ. The New Theology does believe in the inspiration of the Bible, but not that God has spoken His last word unto man. The New Theology believes that God speaks to man to-day, that wherever there is a true mind, that thrusts itself with mighty power against the great problems of life and desti-

ny, there God speaks, The New Theology does not come to us as a new religion, a new gospel, a new Christianity. It comes to us simply as a new ex-planation of the old truths, of the spiritual facts of our natures You may ask the question, What is the old theology? The old the ology is the old Mediæval explanation of the facts. The New Theology is the present literary and scientific explanation of the facts The old theology was made many hundred vears ago. Athanasius, Augustine and many other men slowly built the system of the old theology, logically link by link. Do you ask, What is the use of having a new explanation? Because we think the old explanation is not true, not competent, not scientific, not scriptural. Because we believe the old theology to not the theology of Jesus Christ.

The old theology of the churches teaches that God is a Trinity, not a threefold manifestation. He might manifest himself in one way, two ways, three ways, or in three thousand ways. But when it is asserted that there are in the divine nature three beings, three souls, three wills, and yet these three souls are one being, and not three beings, it is impossible for the intelligent human mind to accept such an explanation of God, and certainly such an explanation is not taught in the New Testament scripture. It is not binted at in the Sermon on the Mount.

Then, again, the old theology has its explanation of man; that man is a bankrupt creature, that man looks to his golden age in the past, that man is not what he once was, that man is far below his pristine condition. The first man precipitated himself down by sin and pulled all the human race with him. And every man that comes into this world comes in a bankrupt. The New Theology says that such a view is incredible, foolish

Then take the old theological explanation of punishment. It says man does not get his punishment here, more than in small part but he gets it in mass hereafter; it says that the punishment of sin is everlasting and infinite. Here is a little boy who comes to years of accountability, he understands the difference between what is right and wrong. He dies, he is lost, lost forever. Here is a man who all his life long has done wickedly; the hot breath of his lust withers the fair flowers of virtue and innocence in many a womaniv bosom. Is there a worse man than the seducer? That man goes to the same punishment with the boy, for punishment to one and all is banishment from God, separation from the spirit of God. If any one says

the two do not get the same punishment, reply: You 'cannot make any gradations in that which is infinite and eternal.

It is a horrible doctrine — as degrading to the character of God as it is benumbing to the conscience and best feelings to men. Thank God, the Bible does not teach it. Jesus Christ preached constantly and everlasting Fatherhood of God. If I am on this side the line of death, he is my Father. If I have passed on the other side he is still my Father; eyen if I am a bad man I am still dear to his heart, which can never cease to be that of a Father.

The New Theology does not support itself by the method of the old theology. The old theology is built upon texts. It is a logical system, formulated by John Calvin, Jonathan Edwards and others, who got it from still earlier theologians. But do you know that if you are ingenious enough, you can take the Bible and build any system out of it you choose? I get letters from all over the country, from Maine to California, with tracts marked, and they say, "Please read this Bible text, or this statement, and you will be converted." Those who send these tracts forget that you can make the Bible mean well nigh anything you have a mind to. As a man said, he could justify suicide from the Bible. He took this text, "Judas went out and hanged himself," and this text, "Go thou and do likewise."

The moral basis of the New Theology is the sermon on the mount; its intellectual basis is knowledge. The New Theology is a new statement. I never can cease to thank the Methodist Church for what it taught me of the deep things of the spiritual life. But L have been taught also by Robertson, Martineau, Kant and many others whose intellectual conclusions were nobler and truer.

Some have thought that the New Theology is Universalism or Unitarianism. To such care only to say that the New Theology is a new system. I sought for many years to formulate ideas that I dimly saw. I said to friends, "Christian truth must have a re-statement." But I did not see my way to a formulated statement until the discovery of that broad generalization of science called Evolution. The general principles, not the details, shed a wonderful light upon the question of human nature, regeneration, indeed all the problems of the soul. The New Theology is then a new system, built in a certain true sense upon scientific principles and adopting the scientific method. The Apostle Paul gave us the elemental principle of the New Theology in that far-seeing de-claration of his: "First, that which is nat-ural, and afterward that which is spiritual." The Sermon on the Mount interpreted by the spiritual insight of the truest minds and by modern science gives us the New

I believe in the New Theology because it makes us happier; other things being equal, that system which gives most happiness to the heart is the true system; that system which makes the heart shudder and fear is very likely to be untrue. What is the cause of human sin? One cause is human misery. The miserable are apt to become the vicious and the criminal. One fruitful cause of woman's degradation is woman's sorrow. Make the heart happy and you go far toward making it good. The New Theology is a gospel of gladness.

But some one says to me: Suppose, after all, Mr. Townsend, that your intellectual conclusions are false, and that you are sent down to hell, what then? Well, if I were sent thorns. But if it be that a man, because of certain intellectual conclusions, to which he honestly comes, must be sent down to hell, I would rather be the man that is damned than to be God that damns me.

NOTES ON LAKE PLEASANT.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

The closing days of camp are over-filled with interest. Throngs of local visitors surg ing in and out, fail to distract the attention of the hearers at the auditorium, while the social feeling grows day by day. That is one of the good things to be said about life at Lake Pleasant. You meet with many who help to enlarge the mental horizon; you learn the religious status of various sections of the country; compare notes with persons from east, west, north and south; cultivate friendliness and charity, make the acquaint ance of speakers, and meet, soul to soul, with a few whom to know is a boon and a pleasure. What is so cheering, inspiring and eleyating, as to draw near to a good man or woman, to feel that here is one steadfast and true as the sun overhead! It is the end and aim of life to develop such persons to bring them to the utmost roundness of which this yet crude planet is capable, and then station them as magnets to draw those less unfolded upward and onward.

Albert E. Tisdale, the blind young medium of whom mention has been made, created a very favorable impression at the camp. Less than two years before the public, his hear-ers feel that he is destined for a large field of usefulness. There is a large brain through which inspiration is to find expression, and some of his impersonal influences are of a high order of development, and very eloquent

His last lecture, on "The True Basis of Religious Organization," contained, within strong, epigrammatic sentences, much of special interest. The kind of worship in which man indulges, depends greatly on cli mate, food and external conditions. They who eat oatmeal, drink whisky and breathe mist, like the Scotch, will naturally tend to Presbyterianism; while in warm countries, like the south of Europe, where the diet consists of vegetables and light wines, Roman Catholicism will abound. The expression of religious feeling takes form from the same influences which mould man's temperament, and is therefore elastic. Churches, the speaker continued, should be kept open every day in the week and every hour in the day, for the homeless. Healthy amusements should be instituted within them, in order to keep the poor out of liquor saloons, and minister to their social nature. In conclusion a creed formulated, broad enough to satisfy all who accept the idea of an omnipresent, spiritual essence, individual immortality and that positive power existing in God which causes progression and unfoldment

Frank Baxter, who spoke on Friday afternoon, is too well known and popular to need description here. Combining the attractions of a good singer and dramatic orator, followed by his usual tests and descriptions of spirits, he held his audience two full hours. His topic, "Thoughts in View of the Rapid Progrese of Spiritualism," touched upon the enlightening and enlarging influences of all that is included in that latter word. Spiritualism is in the air, he said. It penetrates even through the thick doors of churches. Here he was interrupted by an influence which demanded to be recognized. Mr. Baxter gave a thrilling description of the cloud voting the prohibition ticket.—The British or vapor before him, which was substantial enough to take form and float to the side of a lady, who, long before his description was finished, was weeping in recognition of her friend. He gave her full name and address. Mr. Baxter finished by a plea for noble man-hood and womanhood, for light and love and earnest work for self-uplifting, for better husbands and wives, brothers, sisters and

That very night, John Slater while giving tests in his tent, seized a newly-arrived stranger by the hand and said:

"I feel as if I had grasped the hand of ar honest man; one thoroughly and entirely conscientious, and his name is Lyman ——." This "honest man," Lyman C. Howe, was the speaker of the last morning of camp life. Services were opened by Judge E. S. Hol-brook of Chicago, who recited an excellent progressive poem to the refrain of "His soul goes marching on." Mr. Howe then announced the subject of his lecture, "Facts and Philosophy and their Practical Application to the Needs of Life." He said that although Principles are eternal all ancient and modern religions are encrusted with superstition in regard to the philosophy or science of phe nomena. The truth is, that back of all facts, is intelligence, and out of intelligence spring science and philosophy. Spiritualism is the science of life, which is the most important of all sciences. During thirty eight years it has had, a wonderfully invigorating effect upon all departments of life, and upon this influence he enlarged in a comprehensive and practical manner. In fact, it was one of the most profound and noble lectures which we have had the good fortune to hear on these or any other grounds. At his pre-ceding lecture on Friday, we had not the

pleasure to be present.

Mr. Baxter's lecture Sunday afternoon, closed the public exercises of the remarkably pleasant and harmonious public sessions of

the thirteenth year at Lake Pleasant.

Take it all in all, it is good to attend such a meeting, to stay till it closes, and hear, see and reflect all the way through. It wakes one up and brings him out of his narrow ruts of thinking and feeling; induces catho-licity of view; informs the judgment upon the mental and moral status of average hu-manity, and kindles a glow of charity and good-will for one and all.

On Monday the 30th, most of the campers made preparations or actually left the grounds. It early began to weep a Scotch mist which increased into a down-pour, and the last we saw of the bluff with its chain of cottages, was through a driving rain. And so ended a month filled with interest, and, let us hope, with good.

Cassadaga Camp Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The camp has broken and folks are flocking out as eagerly as they flocked in: The success this year has been beyond the hopes of the most sanguine. Liberal-minded church members have attended the meetings; coming first from curiosity, they continued to come from a kindled interest in the philosophy, and a desire for further investigation. Spiritualists, feeling somewhat appreciated, have dropped their belligerent attitude toward the orthodox, and a kindly sympathy is drawing all nearer together; and this is as it should be.

Last Saturday, August 28th, was Memorial Day. A. B. French gave a sketch of the life and labors of Wm. Denton, in the morning; and Mrs. R. S. Lillie, in the afternoon, spoke igner lite from this camp

Friday evening, August 27th, the Operetta of Cinderella was repeated to a large audience. The children won and merited much applause in their fairy march and dancing. By their Friday evening entertainments the children more than paid the expenses of-the Lyceum. Mrs. E. W. Tillinghast and her daughter, of Petrolia, Pa., are the composers and managers of these operettas.

Dr. Dickson, of Chicago, has been doing wonders here as a healer. All pronounce him as genuine, and those whose sufferings have been alleviated by the Doctor's treatment, are unstinted in their eulogiums. He has gone to Willoughby, Ohio, where he will

remain for a while.

Last week there was a meeting for sale of stock. About two thousand dollars' worth was taken. Every one is pleased with the result of the meeting, and hopeful for the coming year.

Cassadaga, August 31st. E. W. T.

General News.

Only \$750,000 in 3 per cent, bonds have been presented to the treasury for redemption under the recent offer.—The steel steamship Susquehanna, 322 feet in length, built at a cost of \$225,000, has been launched at Buffalo. She will run to Chicago in the Anchor line.—Sir John Stuart has offered to sell his entire Tyrone estate to the tenants on a twenty-year purchase plan.—While in attendance upon the funeral of Baroness de Rothschild in Paris, M. Leroux, cashier of the great banking-house, fell dead from apoplexy.—Sir Edward Thornton has been recalled from the British mission at Constantinople, to be succeeded by Sir William White. -Silver, the principal export of Mexico, has so depreciated in value that all foreign merchandise in that country has advanced 50 per cent.—General Lloyd Aspinwall, of New York, died on his farm in Rhode Island, from a stroke of apoplexy.—A Vicksburg dispatch states that James Lanier, a white magistrate. Letching Silks, silot which are Pure Dye and fast colors. For sale by all leading dealers.

government has decided to erect barracks in the riotous quarter of Belfast and perman-ently increase the police force by five hun-dred mon.—At the informal reception given to Senator Logan in Chicago, it was remarked that he had now visited every State and Territory in the Union.—Prince Alexander has publicly announced his intention to abdicate, on account of the attitude of the Czar. He will establish a regency before his departure.—Gout is the allment which afflicts Samuel J. Randall. His father and brother were killed by it.—The last warrant for the navment of Alabama claims had been signed. payment of Alabama claims has been signed by Acting Secretary Fairchild, who affixed his signature to 1,052 documents of this

Sick Heamache.—Thousands who have suffered intensely with sick headache say that Hood's Sarsa-parilla has completely cured them. One gentleman thus relieved, writes: "Hood's Sarsaparilla is worth its weight in gold." Reader, if you are a sufferer with sick headache, give Hood's Sarsaparille a trial. It will do you positive good. Made by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists. 100 Doses one Beller.

We are prepared to furnish A Study of Primitive Christianity, by Lewis G. Janes, price \$1.50. Prof. B. F. Underwood, editor of the *Index*, says: \$10 A valuable work, well worthy a place among our best liberal publications.

Rheumatism and the Gout, cease their twinges, if the affected part is daily washed with Glenn's Sulphur Soap, which banishes pain and renders the joints and muscles supple and elastic. It is at the same time a very effective clarifier and beautifier of

Scott's Emulsion of Pure

Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites. In General Debility, Emaciation, Consumption and Wasting in Children,

Is a most valuable food and medicine. It creates an appetite for food, strengthens the nervous system and builds up the body. It is prepared in a palatable form and prescribed universally by Physicians. Take

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best Cough medicine. 25 cts. per botile.

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

Glenn's Sulphur Sompheels and beautifies, 250. GermanCornRemoverkillsCorns, Bunions, 220 Kill's Hair and Whisker Dye—Black & Brown, 52c. Pike's Toothache Drops care in 1 Minute, Esc.

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Enclose lock of hair, with leading symptoms. We will give you a correct diagnosis of your case. Address E. F. Butterfield, M. D., corner Warren and Fayette Streets, Syracuse, New York.

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D. P. KAYNER, M. D., who has been before the public as a reliable clairvoyant physician since 1850, can be consulted at Room 11, No. 175 Jackson St., Chicago; or by addressing bim with postage stamp, full particulars of terms will be given for each case.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets overy Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York.

The People's Spiritual Heeting of New York City, has removed to Spencer Hall, 114 W. 14th St. Services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:45 p. m. No vacation for het weather.

THANK W. JONE, Conductor

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 23rd Street Mrs. T. B Stryker, services Sunday at 11 A.M. Officers: Geo D Carroll, President; Oliver Russell, Vice-President; Dr George H. Pering, Sceretary; F. S. 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. B. MILLS. President. E. J. HULING, Secretary

Is on sale at five cents per copy by the following newsdealers in San Francisco, Cal.: Cooper, 746 Market Street, Goldsmith, 1000% Market Street, and 3 Eddy St.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal

Scott, 22 Third Street, and at Stand corner Market and Kearney Streets. And at the Spiritual Meetings.

At Washington, D. C. S. M. Baldwin & Co., 207 47 St. near corner Pa.



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Our Basement Salesroom will continue an Attractive Shopping Center - containing departments duplicating those on other floors, but showing lower-priced lines of merchandise.

Great Bargains are being constantly offered for sale in that room, and Qualities considered or not, its prices are the lowest.

Voices from the Leople.

INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

The Funeral.

I was walking in Savannah, past a church decayed and dim. there slowly through the window came a

plaintive funeral bymn; And a sympathy awakened, and a wonder quickly Till I found myself environed in a little negro pew. Out at front a colored couple sat in serrow, nearly

On the altar was a coffin, in the coffin was a child. I could picture him when living-curis bair, protruding lip-

I had seen perhaps a thousand in my hurried South-

But no baby ever rested in the soothing arms of death That had fauned more flames of sofrow with his

little fluttering breath; And no funeral ever glistened with more sympathy profound Than was in the chain of teardrops that enclasped those mourners round.

Rose a sad old colored preacher at the little wooden With a manner grandly awkward, with a counte-

nance grotesque; simplicity and shrewdness on his Ethiopian With With the ignorance and wisdom of a crushed undy-

And he said: "Now don' be weepln' for die pretty bit o' clay— For de little boy who lived dere, he done gone an' run away! He was doin' very finely on he 'preciate your love; But his sure 'auff Eather want him in de large house

"Now He didn't give you dat baby, by a hundred thousand mile He just think you need some sunshine, on' He lent it for awhile!

An' He let you keep an' love it till your heart was bigger grown; An' dese silver terra you're cheddin's just de interest on de lean.

"Here yer oder protty chilrun—don't be makin it appear Dat your love got cort of 'nopolized by dis little fellow bero; Don't pile up too much corrow on der little mental shelved, So's to kind o' cot 'om wonderin' if dey'ro no account

themselves! "Just you think, you poor dear mounahe, croopin" 'long o'er sorrow's way, What à blessed little picnic dis yer baby's got to-day! Your good faders and good moders crowd do little

fellow round in do angel-tended garden of de Big Plantation Ground.

"An' dey ask him, " Was your feet core?' an' take off his little shoes, An' dey wash him. an' dey kisa him, an' dey say, ''Now's what's de news?'

An' de Lawd done cut his tongue leese; den the litfellow say: ·All de folks down in the valley tries to keep de hebbooly way.

" An his eyes dev brightly sparkle at do protty things he view: Den a tear come, an' he whisper: "But I want my

But do Angel Chief Musician teach dat boy a little Says: If only doy be faitful dey will soon be comin

"An' he'll get an education dat will proberbly be

Seberal times as much as any you could buy for him on earth: He'll be in de Lawd's big school-house without no

contempt or fear; While dero's no end to de had tings might have hap pened to him here.

"So, my pocah, dejected mounahs, let your hearts wid Jesus rest, An' don't go to criticish dat ar One wa'at knows de

He have sent us many comforts—He have right to iako away— To de Lawd be praise an' glory now and ever! Let

us pray. -Will Carleton in Harper's Weekly.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

A Story from Ohio with a Decidedly Ghostly Flavor.

Until August 11th this little hamlet, Helena, Ohio was unknown to fame and had scarcely been heard of ontside the limits of its own county. Sandusky but now it has no little notoriety from a series of events which, from the mystery connected with them,

are decidedly startling.

Helena is situated on the Pennsylvania Railroad. about thirty miles from Toledo, and has been during the last week a Mecca for the curlosity-loving persons of Northwestern Ohio. Two miles from the town is a forest, and in that forest, visited last week by the Tribune correspondent, nearly 200 persons were found standing in a circle around something which seemed to cause them great bewilderment. They were gazing at a ring of freshly tramped earth forty-four feet in diameter, with the line of the

circumference about two feet wide.

This, then, was all that had drawn hundreds of people from far and wide for some days—a ring of earth. But how did it come there? Men looked wise and said horses tramped it. Others said "spirits," and the majority gave it up. But there was the ring, as round as a dollar and measuring just twenty-two feet in every direction from the centre. Not a track could be seen inside or outside the circle—it

was true as a die. One of the most intelligent-looking men standing by was asked to tell the story of the mysterious ring as far as known. He said: "Just twenty-eight years ago there came into this vicinity a rich young man from Shellsbury, Pa. He had plenty of money, which he carried in a buckskin belt, and which he exhibited on all occasions. His object, he said, was to buy an entire section of land. He remained around here for some time, and at last mysteriously disappeared. Nothing was ever heard from him afterward, but where what would be the centre of the circle you see here his blood-stained belt was found empty. A ring like this was found then, of the same size. The affair caused a great deal of excitement at the time. His friends came on from the East. Detectives were placed at work, but neither the man nor his body could be found. Three men were suspected of the crime of murdering him, but the evidence was not

sufficient to warrant their arrest. "Well, fourteen years went by and the man and crime were forgotten. Then one of the suspected men died and, for the second time, the ring appear ed. Excitement grew intense, and the thing was talked over the entire county. Now another fourteen years has passed and, Aug. 11th, another of the suspected men died, and that morning the third ring was discovered—the one you see here to-day. And the people are more excited than ever. I tell you nothing like it has ever been heard of before any-I am a good member of the church and

all that, but I can't explain these rings, can you?"
Careful investigation disclosed the fact that the story was true in every respect, and is vouched for by the editor of the Belleville Enterprise, who has de a careful study of the subject in all its aspects. He says in his paper:
"These are strange occurrences, but they are the

veritable truth, as we took great pains to ferret out the correctness of the reports." The story has spread and has grown in proportion to its flight, but only what the best informed and most conservative men in the vicinity say on the

subject is given here.

The people in the neighborhood have commenced an excavation of all the spot inside the circumfermanth the skeleton once of the circle, and hope to unearth the skeleton or some other taugible evidence of the crime. They are in earnest, and think the time has came for

Statuvelism or Artificial Trance.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The members of our Brooklyn Circle, E. D., are somewhat divided on this condition of the human mind, some believing it the result of a highly intensified condition of thought, and others as stoutly believing in the actuality of its portrayals. Be this as it may, our circle recently induced a devout and ancient member to recite his experiences in this direction. "Recently," he remarked, "in one of my wanderings in the suburbs of this place in quest of a particular herb to be used medicinally I rested myself on a large bowlder or water-worn rock in an embowered and shady elevation—a little remote from a highway. The quietude of the spot well prepared the mind for a state meditation. While musing on the variety of shapes, sizes and qualities of these innumerable stones and bowlders surrounded in the control of thought. ing me, I drifted into a geological train of thought. The gaseous and the vitreous periods were considered; the volcanic, the aqueous; then followed other disturbing influences; drifting icebergs transporting immense masses of loose rocks, drifting in various sections of our globe, plowing the earth's surface on their muddy bottoms into bills and valleys, and dropping these shapeless stones in various positions on the earth for future generations to ponder over. The variety of these many shaped stones indicated in age millions of years, and I thought, and thought, and thought; and I involuntarily exclaimed, 'O,

"I must confess there was a wish which had held prominence in my mind for some time past. It was simply this: What are the emotions of spirits on their entrance in the spirit domain; as they must of necessity be very various, as various in their emotions as their conceptions of a future existence while

"So strong has this wish become of late, that in my present meditative mood and surroundings, I my present mentative mood and surroundings. I was soon sensibly aware that I was really in the Spirit-world, vast and gorgeous! Gentleman, I will not attempt a description. I cannot do it! In short it was tracquillity itself, leaving no wish unsatisfied and all earthly regrets unfelt. Emerging into this effulgent cerolean haze which seems to separate the sensual, material world from the ethereal, who should stand before me with outstretched hand but our whilom friend, the Alderman—Alderman Chauncy A. Lay. You may well suppose I was astonished! Seizing my hand he remarked, with his usual smile, Well, old boy, so you are here! How is this for high?'

"The alderman we all know, was ever frank and familiar; but let me say, my friends, I was now taken back. Here was the same stocky, smiling, bonest-faced Alderman, but so joyously different as when seen by me in his last illness; then he was pale in face, painful in body, and in mind mixed and confused.

"Recovering somewhat from my surprise I must say that I somewhat recoiled! Not wishing to be too familiar, however, I remarked to the Alderman: How the members of our circle, Miller, Brown or Chase would beggar themselves just to see what I

now behold!

"All in good time, old boy,' he remarked. 'Don't be in a hurry. Uncle Josy or some other undertaker will tote your form along in a business-like manner, sooner or later; don't be impatient; don't leave school before you are dismissed—you under-

"The Alderman's ancient familiarity of manner encouraged me to ask, 'How about Swedenborg, Chauncy? Have you seen the old seer yet?' We all remember that Swedenborg was the Alderman's favorite enther.

favorite author.

"You bet I have,' quickly replied the Alderman with smiling alacrity. 'Now improve your time. You wished to notice the first emotions of spirits on the first emotion of spirits on the first emotion of the first emotions of spirits on the first emotion of their entrance here? Well, not a bad idea. It would be well for you mortals to come here better prepared. But remember you are still in your earthly tabernacle. You are only enjoying a privilege; in fact, a privilege only allowed to sages of deep penetration and daring thought,'
"In behalf of our circle, gentlemen, I could not

but reverently bow.

"Acting on the Alderman's suggestion in glancing round, I beheld emerging through the prismatic haze, multitudes of happy faces, but they were all in a state of bewilderment. Some evidently disappointed, indexing from their dayed and frontie looks and ed-judging from their dazed and frantic looks and gestures—disappointed at the absence of fiery fiends to whose keeping they deservedly thought they were doomed! They were of all shades in lu-

T became interested in various groups or partie of spirits of clerical bearing, who in their pious fervor made but slow progress upward. Many were of the Ingersollian stamp, mutely contemplating the inexpressible gorgeousness of their surroundings in a kind of idiotic stupor and occasionally pinching their limbs. I even beheld some of earth's despairing outcasts or castaways, embraced and surrounded by groups of unexpected friends and children, at which I marvelled, for somehow I could not surmount the idea of a hell. Amazed at this heart-felt reciprocity of unexpected joy, I fell into a kind of reverie, from which the Alderman, tapping my arm, remarked, 'Improve your time; improve your time, old boy.' Thus aroused I directed my attention to clusters of individuals wandering about apparently objectless, varying their pastime by playing 'Jackstones' with a few gold pieces which they were ossing in the air. There was some loud talking at times among them, and I distinctly heard the words, Water and Stocks.

"There,' said the Alderman, 'that's fine employ ment or pastime for some of your New York mil-lionaires; still stupidly dreaming of their worldly

possessions and Wall street influence! "As the Alderman turned from observing this financial group he drew a long eigh, and remarked: These old mammonists have been these ten years or more in the Spirit-world and are here still, while the souls of the immortal John Brown, old Uncle Abe and ten thousand others have been marching on, and are now perhaps singing in higher spheres. Hark-only listen!....

"But here my condition underwent a sudden change. I found myself prostrate on the ground, and an improvised litter prepared for my trans-portation to a place of shelter, and surrounded by three or four sympathetic strangers. 'Seemingly,' said one, 'an herb doctor, judging from the contents of his basket; here is a large quantity of green tansy.' O. I eee, remarked another one of those crazy Spiritualists,' as his eye caught the heading of the Religio-Philosophical Journal in the bottom of the backet. 'If that's so, away with him! of old Josy Bryan's, the undertaker; he will understand case: be quick about it, too, for I see some signs

At the hazard of violating confidence, Mr. Editor, I send you the above extract from our "Spiritual Diary."

D. Bruce. Brooklyn, E. D.

N. W. Babcock writes: I must say I am highly pleased with your manner of conducting the JOURNAL. I rejoice at your readiness in the defence of honorable mediums; I am also glad to see you so ready to expose all the frauds that are presenting themselves with their chicanery and deceptions, thus stealing from innocent people their money and causing a slow growth in the cause we'so much love, Long since this I became convinced that you are guided and protected by the angel world to so con-duct your paper that it will be an organ of light to benefit mankind; and my prayer is to God bless the editor and all who work on the JOURNAL. I am now nearly seventy-eight, and the JOURNAL is to me more than earthly meat or drink. It assists the mind to reach within the veil and draw the angels close to your side as a daily companion to protect us, if we will be guided by them, from all harm.

J. C. Governey, of Franklin, Ohio, writes:] take the Journal in preference to all other publications occupying the same field, as I consider it the best. Of course every thing published in its columns is not in strict accordance with my views. Your frequent and vigorous assaults upon the liquor traf-fic, in which I am engaged, proves more "irritating than satisfactory." However, I have no complaint to make on that score, as it is purely a matter of opinion, and I care nothing as to your views on that subject. I will endeavor while in the flesh to be just and honest to my fellowman; also do the very et I can for my family and others, dependent on me for support, and teach my children good words and warn them against hypocrisy in every shape; then if I am punished after I arrive in the Spiritworld, I will, in the language of Samuel Weller, try

Chandler R Way writes: I am well pleased with the tone and conduct of the Journal and council de without it. It is the most welcome of any papers and the first to be examined on their

Faith in Things Scon.

One marked characteristic of the Rev. Dr. Stowe was instirong faith in the life hereafter. It was in his case something more than faith; it was knowledge. And it was knowledge derived from actual personal experience. He was aware of the reality of the Spirit-world, and of its nearness to the earth-life, through his own experience. His Christian faith derived a vital and important support from what he personally saw and knew. To him, the veil was often withdrawn, and he was permitted to see and hold communion with those who had "gone before." It is not the prerogative, even of the all-intruding modern journalist, against whose busy pen so few provinces of individual private life are per-mitted to maintain a proper and invulnerable privacy, to invade the domain of the private life of such a man as Professor Stowe, whose experiences in his intercourse with the other world he had a right to hold sacred. To indiscriminate companies he never talked of these things, and those of his friends to whom he ever mentioned the subject were few in-deed; but it is known that he was entirely satisfied that he often saw, and conversed with, in the privacy and quiet of his own home, those who were no longer the occupants of earthly bodies, and that this gift of spiritual clairvoyance and clairaudience was potent to take away much of the sense of bereave-ment, and to fix his thought, like Paul's, habitually on the higher realities. An article in the Hartford Courant, evidently inspired from a source where the facts of the case were known, correctly says of Dr. Stowe that his interest was great at all times "to know what was on the other side." He was radically convinced of the nearness of the other life, for his own almost daily experience for thirty years had revealed to him the possibility, and not only the possibility but the fact, that the so-called "dead" can and do return, and are often (though unseen by most) in very truth close by us; and that the love between parent and child, and husband and wife, is not destroyed, or even obstructed, by the natural process called death, which, Dr. Stowe felt, is but the silent opening of a door that takes the freed ones into another, more refined, and better stage of being. His spiritual visitors were so real, that he sometimes was for a moment at fault in judging whether they were such, or were still, like himself, in the earthly body. No wonder the writer we have referred to

says: says:

"Death to him had no terrors. Indeed he had for a long time been eager to go, and if he exhibited impatience about anything, it was his detention here in this cumbrous body. His Christian faith was that of a child, absolute and unqualified. His deep acquaintance with German speculation had not in the least affected his simple trust. In fact when he was trust all and the order accorded to band his absorbed. most ill, and the end seemed at hand, his cheerfulness always rose, and it was apt to sink a little with returning strength. He was more than ready to go. But last June, when Mr. Gladstone made his experiment, he became so profoundly interested, that he said to the writer one day. I should like to stay here a few weeks longer and see how Gladstone comes out."

To such persons indeed "Death has no terrors." The only danger in their case, is that they may be led to dwell too much upon "the other side," and become too much drawn by the magnetism of the higher life, and the realities of the other world, and thus lose their interest in and desire for the continuance of the life here, with its ties and its duties. It was Mrs. Stowe herself who wrote,—of "The Other World

It lies around us like a cloud, The world we do not see; Yet the sweet closing of an eye May bring us there to be.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat Sweet helping hands are stirred, And paloitates the veil between, With breathings almost heard.

And in the hush of rest they bring. 'Tis easy now to see How lovely and how sweet'a pass The hour of death may be.

This clear faith which is more than faith, no doubt largely beloed to make the effect which the newspaper article already quoted speaks of when it further says, "The Doctor was an optimist."—Hartford (Ct.) Times.

Demise of Doctor Volney P. Slocum.

to the Editor of the Religio Philosophical Jou Dr. Volney P. Slocum passed to the higher life

Tuesday morning, Aug. 17th, aged 60 years, and 10 months. Humanity has lost a tireless worker in its behalf, and Spiritualism a stanch defender. Such is the first impression upon the minds of many surviving friends, quickly followed by the thought, that, on the other side of the silent river, he may be enabled through proper instrumentalities, to carry on his noble work to a grander fruition than he could even dream of here. I knew him well; a man of positive temperament, once physically strong and with great powers of endurance to the last; of a keen and penetrating intellect; of intense convictions and generous impulses; an inveterate hater of shams, and always and everywhere an unflinching advocate of unpopular but wholesome truths. He re-alized the nearness of the world of spirit to the world of matter, and was himself a medium. So utterly incompetent to fill any just conception of an infinite cause of the universe, did he deem all the expressed ideas thereof, including that of his brother Spiritualists, he virtually spelled the names of each and all the Gods, with "g" written small. He has ere this clasped hands with the affectionate wife of his youth and maturer years, upon the "fair banks of everlasting deliverance," and had joyous greeting with loved and loving children passed through the resurrection to immortal life. Four children here in bereavement are blessed by the beneficent light of his life and example, and entertain the glorious hope

For many years, Dr. Slocum was actively engaged in various business enterprises in Northern New York. During the later years of his life, he practiced as an eclectic physician, combining with his practice healing by magnetism. For long and weary months he has been the victim of that fearful scourge, consumption. He had sacrificed himself for the benefit of his fellows. During all his terri-ble ordeal, by day and night, a younger daughter with untiring care and matchless devotion, ministered to his necessities, filial love being her crowning trait. When finally this daughter shall meet him in realms of light and beauty, I am sure the measure of their mutual joy will be full, as they stand crowned with the benediction of an everlasting life and reunion. A large circle of friends gathered at the funeral service held at Dr. Slocum's late residence, on Thursday last. Hon. A. H. Dalley read the beautiful poem entitled "Outward Bound." offered a fervent invocation and made a few well chosen and appropriate remarks, full of the conso lation and inspiration of the spiritual philosophy. Closing remarks were made by the writer. So long as there is crape on the door, and the rattling of the hearse in the street, so long will Spiritualism be the imperative need of humanity. W. C. BOWEN. Brooklyn, N. Y., August 22nd, 1886.

Mrs. Beste.

Miss Susan H. Wixon writes from Onset Bay, to the Investigator, that among the mediums now at that place is the "somewhat noted Mrs. Beste, who was caught 'playing spirits' in Hartford last winter. and strange to say, she is still pursuing the same calling, and finds a following-and much profit. But everything tends to 'materialization' in the Spirit-ual line. The people demand, and will have, 'fall orm materialization' every time, and will be satisfied with nothing else. But how it is that spirits can materialize a body corporeal, with fiesh, sinew, bone, muscle, and moustache and whiskers, and a beating pulse and heart, and good red blood circulating through veins and arteries, passeth my comprehension as yet. How they can make clothing, gowns, sashes, head dresses, brass buttons, epaulettes, soldier cape, etc., and still fall to produce recognizable features in a spirit, is a mystery not yet ex-plained, if explainable at all. The other evening, at seance, some of the sitters went home with daubs of white chaik on nose and cheek, showing that they had either sneezed inside a barrel of flour, or had pressed a spirit face too closely!"--Index.

Wm. H. Thompson writes: I like your plain, straightforward way of doing things. The JOURNAL is almost indispensible.

A Philadelphia optician says that there are more sople wearing giasees in that city than in Boston people wearing glasses is and New York combined.

Notes from Nemoka Camp Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philoso Sunday, August 15th, proved to be a bright day, and brought a large crowd to Nemoka. The conference was opened by the Rev. Mr. Squires, Universalist paster, from Lansing, followed by O. P. Kellogg of Ohle, and others. Another reverend, Mr. Dickerman, of Hillsdale, claimed that he was a representative of the churches minus the orthodox. He also said, "I find one of the weakest places in the churches is the lack of evidence of immortality." We sincerely hope he received conclusive evidence while with us. After conference Mrs. E. C. Woodruff of South Haven, in her beautiful, ethereal way, gave

In the afternoon, O. P. Kellogg, of Ohio, addressed the large audience, estimated at several thousands, upon the subject, "Does Death End All?" He proved very conclusively in his happy, pleasing style that there is no death.

Monday was spent in visiting and resting until atternoon, when there was a pleasant conference, after which the campers were given a free ride on the steamer Lincoln, across the lake to the well-kept grounds of the Hardy Brothers, where those that vished were served to ice cream, etc. On the return voyage, the ship becoming suddenly still, Mr. Kellogg arose and made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion, thanking the Hardy Brothers for their courtesy.

Tuesday forenoon there was conference, and an address by Mr. K, in the afternoon. The evening was very pleasantly spent at the dedication of Mr. Shaw's new boarding house. The exercises were conducted and opened by Mr. K., who always seems to be the right man in the right place. The exercises consisted of remarks by the several speakers present inspirational possess and resistations into present, inspirational poems, and recitations interspersed with most excellent music.

The rest of the week was spent as is usual, confer-The rest of the week was spent as is usual, conferences in the forencome and addresses in the afternoons. Mr. Kellogg made his farewell address Wednesday afternoon, but came back just at night, Thursday, to spend one more night before leaving for good, and was persuaded to speak once more to a large tent full of interested listeners. The next evening the same large tent, the use of which was donated to the Association by the owner, an earnest Spiritualist, was again filled to listen to a Literary and Musical Entertainment, prepared by the young people. Where all was so well rendered it would be impossible to particularize any one part. The singimpossible to particularize any one part. The singing was good, the recitations better, the whole best. Saturday the rain interfered somewhat with the order of the work, but in the afternoon and evening, meetings were held in the large tent and some ex-

cellent addresses made by a number of speakers. Sunday morning, August 22nd, it was still cloudy, but about eight o'clock the clouds cleared away, and the people from the surrounding farms and villages commenced to arrive, and continued to come until there was nearly a thousand in the audience that greeted Dr. C. A. Andrus, who was the first speaker of the morning, and whose subject was, "Who are the Happiest People on the Earth, and Why!" Our pen would fail us were we to try to reproduce any part of it or comment upon it, so we will not. He

ended by giving a splendid poem.

Mrs. Julia M. Walton, of Williamiston, then addressed the meeting. She is a very pleasant, instructive and highly interesting speaker, and brought out many new thoughts and arguments.

At the sound of the bell the audience again assembled and listened to J. H. Burhnam, of Saginaw. His subject was, "Arrested Development." He is particularly gifted, and always seems able to make dry scientific subjects interesting. He was followed by Mrs. S. E. Warner Bishop, who gave the closing address of the afternoon.

Before the audience dispersed, Mrs. Proctor of Saginaw, the Oil Medium, gave an exhibition on the rostrum of her peculiar powers. Mrs. Julia M. Walton, Mrs. Amidon and others gave a number of excellent tests from the rostrum, all of which were

recognized.

The last evening the campers assembled in the tent and Mrs. Bishop, Mr. Kenyou, Mr. Burhuam and Dr. Andrus each made some grand farewell remarks,

Dr. A. pronouncing the benediction.

Altogether the camp meeting has been a success
Our speakers have been exceptionally good; the
weather pleasant most of the time, and we pulled
down our tents and started for home amid pleasant
farewells, hearty handshakes and earnest promises to meet here again next year, feeling as though we had all been amply repaid for coming.

The following acrostic, written by one of the expresses the feeling of all towards No moka:

Nemoka, we love you with your bright shining lake. Every green tree, and the shade that they make. May we ever remember and cherish your name, Often times meet here and find you the same.

Keep wrangling and strife from this grove so dear, And like brothers and sisters we'll always meet here. Rosa S. Thomas,

Corresponding Secretary. Abstract of a Lecture by Mrs. Amanda M. Spence at Lake Pleasant, August

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: This veteran medium, and one of the earliest of our trance speakers, addressed large and intelligent audiences at Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting, on the 22nd and 24th of August. The absence of a regular reporter of the JOURNAL caused the writer to make brief synopsis of her practical, common sense lecture on the afternoon of the 24th. The subject was, 'The First Chapter of the Genesis of the Human Bace." The speaker said that you could not find this record in any Bible of any race, age or clime. 38 years ago a new and more modern chapter in this Genesis was written. It occurred in the presence of two little girls at Hydesville, N. Y., and it was pro-duced by a murdered peddler. The sounds produced in their presence were to cause a vast change in human thought, and in the religious opinions and creeds of the world. In former ages, when reveal-ments had come to men from the other life they claimed to be God's, or were attributed to the devils In this case it was simply a human being who by this means was able to make his identity clear and satisfactory, and when the demand was made, "If you can rap once, rap twice," and so on, and, it was answered, what have you all learned from this, in the past 38 years of modern Spiritualism. It is, that you have gained a knowledge that supersedes all past knowledge, for you have established this great fact of a continued existence. Through and by these raps and sounds we have received intelli-gence. How did it come? Not from Jesus or Paul, but simply from a peddler—it assumed nothing; but from this beginning we have had an outgrowth of theories, hobbles and absurdities. The black art, heosophy, astrology, re-incarnation, private circles for all manner of nonsense, and various utopian enterprises, have dropped out here and there during this period—one party having but recently gone to New Mexico under the direction of instructions given

We have heard much during these years of "evil spirits." But we say to you that there is no such a thing as an evil spirit in the sense of the devil of theology. It has been said that an open confession is good for the soul, and the Catholic church had the right idea, but it has been perverted by the priesthood. You must not talk of being born again, nor wish to be an angel until you are fit to be one. There is no such thing as re-incarnation. The intelligences that produce these phenomena demonstrate a personal conscious human existence by the raps, sounds and physical manifestations, which are the channel of communication, but the easiest, and therefore the most common and general method is entrancement. This entrancement may exist for hree months or a life-time. Many of you are familiar with the case of Lurancy Vennum, where a spirit took possession of her body at Walseka, Ili This entrancement or possession baffled and puzzled the girl's friends. Through the labor, intelligence and mediumship of Dr. Stevens, this most puzzling problem was solved. This spirit was permitted to use her body for a

time for a purpose, and she told her parents when the time came that she had to go back to her spirit home, bade them good-by, and the spirit of the little girl came back to occupy her mortal body thus vacated. There is no law to prevent a spirit occupying a human body for a life-time, if it can do so. While I was lecturing in St. Louis a young man came to see me whose body had been occupied at times by the spirit of a circus performer. The young man was a member of a Freshyterian church, of excemplary habits, and he said that he had been so much annoyed by it that he feared that he should become incape. While in my presence the personne took place. The spirit said that his name was Kelly, that he was

having a good time, and did not know or care that it was a source of misery to the young man; in fact he had not thought of him. He had occupied it for nad not thought of him. He had occupied it for fun. I was influenced to put my hand on the top of his head, and the young man said that he felt as if a cordon of wires from every part of his body and nerves centred under my hand. The possession then ceased. I could see this spirit clairvoyantly, and I begged him to cease troubling the young man, and to interest himself in healing the sick in St. Louis. I instructed the young man to resist the influence I instructed the young man to resist the influence with all his will, power and force when he came. I saw him several months after and he was well and happy, and said that he had not been troubled but happy, and said that he had not been troubled but once since the time relief was brought to him through my medial powers. At first the spirit was vindictive, and said he would get square with me and the young man whom he had no longer the power to trouble. This was a case of extreme selfishness on the part of a spirit, and in the experiences of mediums there are many such. You should have more consideration for row mediums. consideration for your mediums. Do not ask or expect too much from them, but hold the intelligent power back of them responsible. Treat your mediums mercifully. Go to work as investigators of their laws and forces. In the hour allowed to us we have made but a step in this chapter of the Genesis of the human race; it is a long way to the closing chapters of Revelation, but in your 38 years of modern Spiritualism, you have demonstrated that man has an in-dividual conscious existence, and have evolved out of theology, and know that the devil and hell are mythe of past ages of ignorance and superstition. S. B. NICHOLS.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

A Kentucky man has been found dead in a bath

The New York State Lop pickers are to be superseded by a newly invented hop picking machine." There is not as much jewelry in the Treasury

rapits at Washington as some of the correspondents claim.

South Bend, Ind., gets its water supply from six teen artesian wells with acapacity of 0,000,0.0 gal-lons daily. Of the 290,750 miles of railroad in the world, no less than 174,016 or 60 per cent, are in English-

speaking countries. Hunters are slaughtering prairie chickens within short distances of Eau Claire, Wis., by the hundred every day, and the birds were never known to be so plenty and tame.

Los Angeles, Cal., has a new ordinance making it a misdemeanor for minors under eighteen years of age to smoke cigarettes on the streets, and for any

one to sell cigarettes to such minors. Dauphin County, Pa., farmers say that rabbits are very plenty in the country, and are very much afraid that if the coming winter be a hard one the cottontails will dest oy many of their young fruit trees.

A scattered flock of apparently wild pigeons passed over Titusville, Pa., Sunday, flying eastward. Their course was quite a puzzle, at this time of year, to those who regulate the weather by the flight of birds.

A Chinawoman at San Francisco has applied for a divorce from her husband, alleging that he only married her to keep her in a brothel. The Chinese Christian Missionary is the power behind the woman in her application.

The editor of the Georgetown (Nev.) Gazette has turned over the conduct of his paper to his wife, while he uses the pick and shovel in a mine which he is developing. He says coin is scarce, and he wants a grustake.

A York, Pa., man brought a load of water clens from Baltimore. On arriving home one of the mel-ons was found to have a hole in it, and a number of bees had formed a honey comb, with nearly half a pound of honey in the melon.

At an Auburn, N. Y., bot house there is a century plant in full bloom. It is thirty feet high, has thirty-two flowery branches, and over 5,000 buds and bright yellow leaves. The plant is expected to flower until the first part of September.

A cabbage head weighing seventeen pounds and measuring forty-one and a half inches in circumfer-ence, was raised by Samuel Aungst, of East Peters-burg, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, this season. Another of the same patch measures thirty-four inchee,

aper says thai Dening session of the savants in that city Bishop Coxe remarked to a reporter: "I should like to correct the proof-sheet of my prayer. You newspaper men and the printers are so unfamiliar with prayer that you're pretty certain to bungle it up badly.

A citizen of Norwich, Conn., who recently died, had been so paralyzed for twelve years that he could not move a hand or speak. His only means of communication was by having an attendant run through the alphabet, and he would stop him at each letter he wanted until the word was spelled.

A young lady at Beaver Falls, Wis, went fishing and took a number of children with her. In baiting her hook she cast it into the water and instructed the children to cast pebbles in a circle around the line, so that the fish would be frightened toward the bait. And yet she wonders why she didn't catch any "Brooklyn is a city of protracted pastorship," as

the Eagle reminds us. Dr. Storrs will soon cele-

brate his fortieth anniversary. Mr. Beecher's term

is nearly as long. That of Dr. Haskins, of the Eastern District, if recollection servee, is even longer. The Rev. Sylvester Malone completed his two score and two on Sunday. A calf was born on the place of W.S. Taylor, at Langley, Fairfax County, Va., on last Friday night, with a large double head, two distinct mouths, three eyes and no ears. Each mouth was perfect and con-

tained a tongue and a full set of teeth. There was an eye on each side of the head and one in the middle of the forehead. The calf was dead. A botanist has attempted to estimate the number of seed found upon a single specimen of some of the most obnoxious weeds of this country. For shepherd's purse he rakes the number 37,500 per

plant; dandellon, 12,108), wild pepp r grass, 18,400; wheat thief, 7,000; common thistie, 65,366; chamomile, 15,920; bitter weed, 8,587; rag weed, 4,366; common purslane, 383,800; common plaintain, 42,-200; burdock, 38,068. Under the state law forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquor within two miles of an agricultural fair, the W. C. T. U., of Springfield, Ohio, wants to close the saloons of that city during the fair now be-ing held there. Judge White, however, says he will hold to the opinion of his predecessor that the law only applied to temporary saloons. Other courte have construed the law differently, but the question has never been before the Supreme Court.

Liberty, Ill., has two brass bands, and until the Aurora tournament, when one of them brought back the first prize, the rival tooters had been at daggers' points. To such an extent had this rivairy grown that it had crept into every phase of society, and threatened to break out into bloodshed between the friends of the two bands; but on Saturday night a free supper was given to the victorious musicians, in which the rivals and 500 citizens participated. complete reconcilation followed, and the people of Union County are now jubilating over the result.

It is claimed that Topeka, Kan., has some truly wonderful medicinal springs. As an instance of their wonderful curative powers, it is related that, about the 20th of July last, John Beaner, driver on street car No. 12 of the street car line, had a stroke of paralysis, and both his legs, from the knee down, and his feet were dead to all feeling. One-half of each hand was also paralyzed, and a knife run into alther foot or leg caused no neigh. He had tried they either foot or leg caused no pain. He had tried physicians without relief, and, as a last hope, tried these mineral waters, and, after treatment for only three weeks with those baths he was able to resume his labors, having recovered fully the use of all his limbs, while every trace of his paralysis has disappeared.

It was a pitiful sight which Watchman O'Connor It was a pitiful sight which Watchman O'Connor saw, three children huddled together, sleeping peacefully, under the trestle work of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Jersey City. The pillow of the youngest was the bare arm of the eldest, and the scanty rags of the little mother were tucked about the liaby sister to protect her almost naked body from the wind and mosquitoes. They sleet on unconscious of the attacks o' the swarming insects, for they were worn out by a long day's walking. The watchwan provided more constorable shelter for them and they are now being cared for at a public inhibitation. They had been driven from home by drawing parents.

They were aged respectively elseen, six and four years.

HINDU LEGERDEMAIN.

What Mr. S. E. Robinson saw in India.

When he entered the room he spread a white when he entered the room he speak a white cloth upon the floor and sat down upon it with his back to the wall, the door of the room being on his right hand. His spectators were disposed in the fol-lowing fashion: Mr. Smyth sat on a chair nearly in lowing fashion: Mr. Smyth sat on a chair nearly in the middle of the room. I was sitting on a sofa near the door, the Parsee merchant stood in the doorway about arm's length from me. The servants stood about in groups, the largest group being between the door and the conjurer. As soon as he had settled himself he turned to the Parsee and asked for the loan of a rupee. The peddler at first demurred a little, but on being guaranteed against loss he produced the coin. He was going to put it into the conjurer's hand, but the latter refused, and told the Parsee to hand it to Mr. Smyth's bearer. The bearer took it, and at the request of the conjurer, looked took it, and at the request of the conjurer, looked at it and declared it to be really a rupee. The conjurer then told him to hand it to his master. Mr. Smyth took it, and then followed this dialogue: Conjurer—Are you sure that it is a rupee?

Smyth—Yes. Conjurer—Close your hand and hold it tight. Now think of some country in Europe, but do not tell me

Then the conjurer ran over the names of several countries, such as France, Germany, Russia, Turkey, and America—for the native Indian is under the impression that America is in Europe. After a moment's pause Mr. Smyth said he had thought of a

country.

"Then open your hand," said the juggler, "see what you have got, and tell me if it is a coin of the country you thought of."

It was a 5-franc piece and Mr. Smyth had thought of France. He was going to hand the coin to the convey but the letter said.

or France. He was going to hand the com to the conjurer, but the latter said:

"No: pay it to the other sahib."

Mr. Smyth accordingly put the 5-franc piece into my hand. I looked closely at it, then shut my hand and thought of Russia. When I opened it I found not a Russian, but a Turkish silver piece, about the size of the 5-franc piece, or of our own crown piece. This I handed to Mr. Smyth and suggested that he This I handed to Mr. Smyth and suggested that he should name America, which he did, and found a Mexican dollar in his band. The coin, whatever it was, had never been in the conjurer's hand from the time the rupee was borrowed from the Parsee mer-chant. Mr. Smyth and his bearer had both of them closely examined the rupee and Mr. Smyth and I turned over several times the 5-franc piece, the Turkish coin, and the dollar; so the trick did not depend on a reversible coin. Indeed, it could not, for the coin underwent three changes, as has been

seen. I need only add, for the information of readers, who know not India, that a rupee is only about the size of a florin, and therefore about half the weight of a 5-france piece.

He did another trick, almost equally as wonderful. As before, he was seated on a white cloth, which this time, I think, was a tablecloth borrowed from the mess sergeant. He asked some one present to produce a rupee and to lay it down at a remote to produce a rupee and to lay it down at a remote edge of the cloth. The cloth being three or four yards in length, the conjurer could not have touched the coin, and in fact, did not touch it. He then asked for a signet ring. Several were offered him, and he chose out one which had a very large oval seal, projecting well beyond the gold hoop on both sides. This ring he tossed and tumbled several times in his hond, were thereing it into the pir and catching. his hands, now throwing it into the air and catching it, then chaking it between his clasped hands, all the time mumbling half inarticulate words in some Hindestance patois. Then, setting the ring down on the cloth at about half arm's length in front of him, he said slowly and distinctly in good Hindo-

"Ring, rise up and go to the rupee." The ring rose, with the seal uppermost, and, resting on the heop, slowly with a kind of dancing or jerking motion, it passed over the cloth until it came where the rupee was on the remote edge, then it lay down on the coin. The conjurer then said: "Ring, lay hold of the rupee and bring it to me." The projecting edges of the scal seemed to grapple with the edge of the coin; the ring and the rupee rose into a kind of wrestling attitude, and with the same dancing or jerking motion the two returned to within reach of the juggler's hand.

I have no theory to explain either of these tricks. I should mention, however, that the juggler entirely disclaimed all supernatural power, and alleged that he performed his tricks by mere elight of hand. It will be observed that he had no preparation of his surroundings, no machinery, and no confederate. –Boston Herava.

Missionary Theology.

For some months past the Congregationalists have been vigorously discussing the theology of their missionaries. The controversy seems to hingearound these three possibilities: Either all to whom the gosthese three possibilities: Either all to whom the gospel has not been preached will perish eternally; or an opportunity will be afforded them to accept the gospel after they die; or, many will be saved without ever having beard the gospel at all. The practical point at issue is whether missionaries shall be sent out who believe in this possible probation after death. The Christian Union says:

"It is not easy to see how one opinion more than the other cuts the nerve of missions or deadens or destroys evangelical plety. At all events, the exact facts in the case are that few, if any, intelligent Christian men any longer believe in the damnation of the heatter without an offer of a Savier that of the heathen without an offer of a Savior; that some hold that the heathen may be saved without a knowledge of Christ and without faith in him; that others hold that a knowledge of Christ and an op-portunity for exercised faith in him are essential to salvation, and will therefore be afforded hereafter to those to whom such knowledge and opportunity have been denied here; but that neither of these opinions is the part of the message which any earnest Christian minister desires to preach either at home or abroad. Whether the churches shall freely ordain to missionary service men who believe that the heathen can be saved without knowledge of or faith in Christ, and refuse ordination to those who think it not impossible that such knowledge and an opportunity for such faith may be afforded hereafter, because this opinion is not contradicted by the Bible, is one of the questions which the American board and its constituents in the churches have to consider and determine.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Tever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafuess and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H Dixon, & Son, 305 King Street West, Toronto, Canada

Spiritual Evidence.

While our spiritual senses are closed we have no sensible recognition of the spirits and spiritual things around us, and therefore we ought to accept other reliable evidence of their existence, as do those who are born blind and deaf accept various evidences of the existence of light and sound. We do not accept the modern theory of the motions and relations to each other of the heavenly bodies because Copernicus declared it and astronomers since him believe it to be correct; but we are convinced of its correctness by its explanations of our seasons, the phases of the moon, eclipses and the possibility of their prediction, the motion of moons around a the phases. the motion of moons around some of the planets, and from many other things. So are thousands of people now convinced of the truth of what Swedenborg writes concerning the spiritual world and the formation and government of nature from it, as well as of his explanation of the spiritual or internal sense of the Word of God, and the truth of the doctrine of correspondence of natural with spiritual things, not because he says he saw, heard and per-ceived the things he mentions, but by the many proofs that these things must be so, fully compre-hended by themselves.—Mount Joy Herald.

Forty years ago Jonathan West, a well-to-do farmer of New Providence, Clark County, Ind., disappeared without telling his wife or any one where he was going or when he would come back. On Saturday of last week an old man tottered into the above-mentioned town, and an old citizen recognized him as Jonathan West. The wanderer refuses to tell why he left the place or where he has been, but easys he has tramped over a large portion of the earth. Be sure to ask for N. E. Brown's Ess. Jamaica Ginger, and take no other. Recollect the initials.

Scrofulous

blood, and eradientes all traces of the pose Ayer's, Sarsaparilla has always scrosulous taint from the system.

I have used Aver's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly egadiente this terrible disease. I have

Cured

Since then, whenever she feels debilitated, a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla my she resorts to this medicine, and always eyes and stomach have ceased to trouble with most satisfactory results.—Geo. W. me, and my health has been restored.— Fullction, 32 W. Third st., Lowell, Mass.

I was very much afflicted, about a year ago, with Scrofulous Sores on my face and body. I tried several remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I commenced taking Aver's Sarsaparilla. Since using this medicine the sores have all disappeared, and I feel, to-day, like a new man. I am thoroughly restored to health and strength.—Taylor James, Versailles, Ind.

The many remarkable cures which have been effected by the use of

caparilla, furnish convincing evidence of are speedy and permanent. It is the most its wonderful medicinal powers.

Affections

Humors are caused by a vitiated condi- Of the Eyes, Lungs. Stomach, Liver, and tion of the blood which carries disease to Kidneys, indicate the presence of Scrofula every tissue and fibre of the body. Ayer's in the system, and suggest the use of Sarsaparilla purifies and invigorates the a powerful blood purifier. For this purproved itself unequaled.

I was always afflicted with a Scrofulous Humor, and have been a great sufferer. Lately my lungs have been affected, causeradicate this terrible disease. I have ing much pain and difficulty in breathing, also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an Three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla have alterative, and honestly believe it to be the relieved my lungs, and improved my best blood medicine compounded.—W. F. health generally.—Lucia Cass, 200 Wash-Flower, M. D., D. B., Greenville, Tenn. ington ave., Chelsea, Mass.

For years my daughter was troubled with Scrofulous Humors, Loss of Appetite, and General Debility. She took Ayer's Sarzaparilla, and, in a few months, was

By Taking

E. C. Richmond, East Sangus, Mass.

Three years ago I was greatly troubled with my Liver and Kidneys, and with severe pains in my back. Until I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla I obtained no relief. This medicine has helped me wonderfully. I attribute my improvement entirely to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and gratefully recommend it to all who are troubled as I have been.—Mrs. Celia are troubled as I have been.—Mrs. Celia Nichols, 8 Albion st., Boston, Mass.

The healing, purifying, and vitalizing effects obtained by using Ayer's Sar-

Ayer's Sar saparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. | Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

OLIN-OUTFITS

sacrifice (provided we do not mention their name in the transaction). We wish to dispose of this entire stock as soon as possible, and we offer to send a

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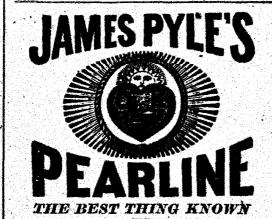
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Woman is the psychical element in humanity, and represents the mystery of nature. In this fact we find the explanation and key to almost all past mysticism. It is feminine and worships the feminine element in creation. It places itself in the attitude of the beloved object to the lover. The Deity is the bridegroom, the soul the bride. The Sufi parable of the moth that dies in the flame is of universal mystic import. This then explains the prevailing reverence for the mothor power in the world. We shall now describo various forms of mystic educeptions in

this direction. Of all mythologies and their underlying philosophies none are more interesting to the Theosophist than the Egyptian. The mystery on one side probably lies in the Sphinxnature of all her deities: half brute, half human being, pointing to our own double nature. On the other side, we are drawn to the Egyptian enigmas because they everywhere seem to teach a cosmosophia, now no more

known—perhaps not even recoverable.
In Egypt" The Mother power of the World' is represented in the bright goddess of intellectual power, wisdom, virtue and passionless motherhood, in Neith or Isis. In the conception of intellect, pervading and ruling the universe, are mysteriously entwined the past, present and future. "There is doubt," eays C. Tiele (History of Egyptian Religion), "that she is a mother goddess, for she is fre-quently called mother of the gods and divine mother. Sometimes, too, she is united with Anka, who signifies the fruitful mother-She is closely related likewise to the Theban Mother of the gods, Mat or Mut, and not unfrequently is she confounded with her: but at the same time Neith is distinguished from Anka and Mut by being a virgin god-dess. This is expressed in the words inscribed on her temple: My garment no one has lifted up, which is immediately followed by, 'The fruit that I have borne is the Sun.' She is thus the virgin-mother of the sun. In Sun here signifies the highest Sun god, as the Creator, who has also created himself without a father. These are all so many attempts of the symbolical mysticism to personify the ever productive, but always pure naturepower whence everything derives its origin."

Ideas similar to the Egyptian we find in all mystic systems, whether of the more active type, such as the great religions of the world, or of a more passive nature, such as all the smaller systems or more limited teachings, that grow in the shade of those larger. Nearly all of them look upon the origin of things as coming from a Virgin-Mother, without a father, and all of them thus represent The Personal as it gushes forth as "Nature." They do not simply "perconify, the powers of nature," as commonly stated. Their efforts have a much deeper root and purport; they spring from what we now are obliged to call an "esoteric" knowledge, since the ordinary understanding has grown" away from it, and has perished in externals.

The Indian world-egg, and Prakrit are well known feminine forms; so is the Scandinavian cow Audhumbla, and the Greek Chaos. In Christianity J. Bohme has added the conception of Maternity as an attribute to the greatest of the gods.

But it is not only in cosmological conceptions that we find the feminine powers of the world so fully represented and elevated so high. The mystics' psychology is permeated by the same spirit. We shall mention some instances of the soul's identity with feminin-

ity. The story of the soul as told in the *Khordah*-Avesta is as follows:

"When the lapse of the third night turns itself to light, then the soul of the pure man goes forward recollecting itself. A wind blows to meet it from the mid-day region, a sweet-scented one, more sweet-scented than the other winds. In that wind comes to meet him his own law (that is, the rule of life to which he has conformed) in the figure of a maiden, one beautiful, shining, with shining arms; one powerful, well-grown, slender, with large breasts, praiseworthy body; one noble, with brilliant face, one of fifteen years, as fair in her growth as the fairest creatures. Then to her (the maiden) speaks the soul of the pure man, asking: 'What maiden art thou whom I have seen here as the fairest of maidens in body?' Then replies to him his own law: 'I am, O youth, thy good thoughts, words and works, thy good law, the law of thine own body. Which would be in reference to thee in greatness, goodness, and beauty, sweet-smelling, victorious, harmless, as thou appearest to me. Thou art like me, O well-speaking, well-thinking, well-acting youth, devoted to the good law, so in greatness, goodness, and beauty as I appear to thee. The maiden, that is, his own conscience, then goes on recounting his good deeds, and it is told how he is conducted to Paradise. Immediately after 'the progress of the soul' of the wicked man is told, once more representing the soul in the shape of a maiden, but this time the maid is 'evil-smel-

ling' and the maiden a 'harlot.' Anicius Manlius Severinus Boethius is a transition step to the mediæval times. The Christians have claimed him, but he was no Christian, he was a true Pagan and drew his best inspirations from Plato and Aristotle. Hence we claim him to some extent as a

De Consolatione Philosophia entitles him to a place in this connection of representative stories. In his meditations came to him the vision of a Woman of reverent countenance, with eyes, glowing beyond the power of or-dinary human eyes and beyond their brilliancy, and of inexhausted strength. Though full of years, she could not be called old. Her stature was difficult to describe, for sometimes she appeared to be within the common human measure, but sometimes she lifted her head so high, that it looked into the very heavens and was lost to the behold-

er. Her garments were of exquisite workmanship, fashioned, as he afterwards learned, by her own hands. Yet there was a look of antiquity, almost of neglect, about them. On the lower skirt of it he saw inscribed a Greek P (Pi) and on the upper part of it a Th Theta). These seemed to be letters between these two, and they rose like the steps of a ladder from the one to the other. But the garment had been torn by violence, it seemed, and some parts of it carried away. In her right hand she held some books, in her left a sceptre. She announced herself as his mistress and directed him to leave all for her sake. Her name is "Philosophy," and she has been the teacher of Anaxagoras and Socrates. She bids him cast away griefs and fears, and let hope and faith go together; he shall then have a clear eye to see the truth. "If thou art master of thyself, thou wilt possess that which neither time nor fortune can take away," his monitress tells him, and a good story besides. A vain man, who wanted to pass for a philosopher asked another man, who insulted him, and whose insults he did not resent: "Do you think that I am a philosopher now?"

"I should have thought so," was the reply,
"if you had held your tongue." But, we must forego the examination of all the books of the "Consolations of Philosophy" and the conversations between their author and his heavenly visitor. Our space will not allow us more room. We advise, however, our readers to make themselves

familiar with this book. It outweighs a cargo of modern books.

We cannot count St. Augustine as a Mystic proper, but the history of Mysticism owes him much, and his own studies in the selemn doctrine was so extensive, that we are justified in placing an extract from his "Coufessions" among similar ones from true Mystics. Augustine was at Ostia together with Monica, a few days before her death, and "confesses" thus: "And when our discourse was brought to that point, that the very highest delight of the earthly senses, in the very purest material light, was, in respect of the sweetness of that life, not only not worthy of comparison, but not even of mention; we raising up ourselves with a more glowing affection towards the "Self-Same" [N. B.—that unchangeable and One [N. B.-that unchangeable and One Nature, which reaching after, he would not err, and reaching to, he would not grieve. (Aug. De vera rel. cap. 21)], did by degrees pass through all things bodily, even the very heaven, whence sun and moon, and stars shine upon the earth; yea, we were soaring higher yet, by inward musing, and discourse, and admiring Thy works; and we came to our own minds, and went beyond them, that we might arrive at that region of never-fail-ing plenty, where Thou feedest Israel for ever with the food of truth, and where life is the Wisdom by whom all these things were made And while we were discoursing and panting after her, we slightly touched on her with the whole effort of our heart; and we sighed, and there we leave bound the first fruits of the Spirit; and returned to vocal expressions of our mouth, where the

word spoken has beginning and end.".... oopma is to Jacod Kohme the THE AIR Maternal Principle in Deity. Sometimes he calls it the "Corporeity of the Holy Ternary; the Delight and Playfellow of the Most High;" sometimes he designated it the "Eternal Mother, the great Mysterium Magnum," and declares that the "Eternal Word breathed itself forth from it into skill or knowledge (i. e., infinity of multiplicity). He also calls this principle "the Substantial Power of the great Love of God" and the "Outflown Word." This Virgin Sophia is not only the eternal Idea and the heavenly Wisdom, who reveals to him the divine secrets, but she is his guardian angel, too, she leads him to God and Christ and brings him consolation in his troubles. It is rather curious to notice how every thing takes the Personal form before Bohme's mind. Once, while walking with his intimate friend, Dr. Kober, the doctor happened to use the word Idea when Bohme immediately burst out: "Ah, I see a heavenly virgin!" Such was the effect upon this sensi tive man of the mere mentioning of the word; so utterly incapable was he of abstract concentions. It was so to Plato, too. It is so to a true Mystic: every thing is Personal, an

abstraction is nothing.

"The sweet Suso" before his twentieth year felt himself secretly drawn, as it were. by a "bright light" to God. This influence soon wrought an entire change in him. He became filled with "an ardent desire to become and to be called a Servant of Eternal Wisiom? So he tells us himself. Finally the Everlasting Wisdom manifested herself to him. He saw her, a maiden, bright as the sun, surrounded by Eternity; her raiment was blessedness, her words sweetness and though she spoke an unknown tongue, he understood her easily. She was distant, yet near. She was high aloft and yet deep below. She was accessible and yet not palpable to the touch. Smilingly she demanded: "My Son, give me thine heart!" And he did give his heart, and from that time forth he dedicated his life to her service, wooed her as his heart's queen and armed his soul as her

It is, however, not the Mystics alone who see their own souls in feminine garb. The Poets do, too. Who does not know Dante's Beatrice, Boccacio's Fiammetta, the lady of Shakespeare's sonnets, Sidney's Stella, etc. these were no mortal women: they were images of the souls of the poets, and Dante for himself declared it expressly. Who was that queen of beauty which we see in all Raphael's and Murilla's work? She was their Virgin Sophia, their own soul! But, where is the explanation to this mystery? May it not be found in PLOTINUS' statement: "Every soul is a Psyche.

All these illustrations on the Mystics' conceptions of the sources of the world and of thought as feminine, we may conclude by quoting from Goethe's Faust, the dialogue between Mephistopheles and Faust on the subject of "The Mothers" to which Faust must descend to gain the powers he is in search of.

It is rather remarkable, that of the almost endless commentaries upon this the poet's last and crowning work, not one has been conducted on theosophic lines. The key to the whole tragedy lies, as we have pointed out years ago in lectures, in that direction. The dialogue, as far as we quote it, is the following:

MEPHISTO.

mystic. His vision of Wisdom as narrated in | Unwilling, I reveal a loftler mystery.-

In solitude are throned the Goddesses, No space around them, Place and Time still Only to speak to them embarrasees.

They are the Mothers.—
Goddesses, unknown to ye, The Mortals-

Delve in the deepest depths must thon, to reach them.

FAUST. Where is the way?

MEPHISTO. No way!-To the Unreachable. Ne'er to be trodden! A way to the Unbeseechable,

Never to be besought!-There are no locks, no latches to be lifted;-Through endless solitudes shalt thou be drifted.

FAUST (sarcastically). I to the Void am sent That Art and Power therein I may augment-In this, thy Nothing, may I find my All! MEPHISTO.

-here take this key-FAUST.

That little thing! MEPHISTO.

The key will scent the true place from all others: Follow it down !- 't will lead thee to the mothers.-

Descend, then !---Escape from the Created To shapeless forms in liberated spaces!-At last a blasing tripod tells thee this, That there the utterly deepest bottom is: Its light to thee will then the Mothers show, Some in their seats, the others stand or go, At their own will:---

Formation, Transformation, The Eternal Mind's eternal re-creation, Forms of all creatures,—there are floating free.---

FAUST.

Here foothold is! Realities here centre-

We might yet refer to Bohme's "Ovellgeist-or." to Paracelsus on "Elements," to Tauler's Ground of the Soul," to Eckard's "Spark of the Soul," to St. Victor's "Eye of Contemplation," and to the fact that all the main deities in Greek mythology and mystery were feminine, but illustrations enough have already been given.

[To be Continued.]

An Abstract of a Discourse on the Career of Professor William Denton.

Delivered by As B. French at Cassadaga Camp Meeting, Aug. 28th.

No man has done so much to make geology a popular science as William Denton. He could dress the frowning Alps with the chisel of a Grecian sculptor, or paint over the world's primitive midnight the rosy tints of coming day. No man could envelop the cold, hard facts of science with a halo of poetry, more successfully than could he. His geological lectures were the hardest adamant of facts made soft and tender by his wondrous eloquence.

After Mr. Denton had completed a course of geological lectures at Chagrin Falls, O., he held a five day's debate,

WITH JAMES A. GARFIELD.

then president of Hiram college. Mr. Garfield, who was then preaching at Chagrin Falls, had been delivering a series of Sunday evening sermons in criticism of Mr. Denton's lectures and out of this grew the discussion. The questions for debate was stated: "Resolved that plants, animals and man came into existence by operation of the laws of spontaneous generation and progressive development, and that there is no evidence on this planet of direct creative energy." The discussion occurred between Christmas and New Year, in the year 1858. This contest absorbed all interests in that section. People came fifty miles to hear it. The mud was frightful, and yet the whole seating capacity of the hall was occupied fully an hour before each session. The contestants had never before met. Garfield was accompanied by a number of clergymen who assisted in taking notes and looking up authorities. Denton had no assistance. Mr Denton opened with a brilliant speech which fascinated the audience. Garfield followed with a less brilliant and more cautious address which indicated great reserve force he did not care to waste for sudden effect. Denton's second address was pronounced by able critics to be the finest oratorical effort they ever heard. But little argument was entered upon the first session. At that time Darwin had not published his Origin of Species and History of Natural Selection, nor had Hæckel, Wallace and others committed themselves in favor of the development theory. About the only book on Denton's side was

the Vestiges of Creation, a small work by an anonymous author. Upon Garfield's side a voluminous literature was already extant. Hitchcock, Hugh Miller and others had labored to reconcile Genesis with advancing geological discovery. Hugh Miller was Garfield's favorite author, and none was more bitter upon the development theory than he. The weight of authority was altogether upon Garfield's side. Denton knew this and he tried to force Garfield upon affirmative ground, assuming that the statement of question involved an affirmative which Garfield was in fairness bound to sustain. He claimed that the terms of the question required proof from Garfield of direct creative energy, as much as it required proof from him of natural selection and spontaneous generation. No effort of Denton's, however, could induce Garfield to defend miraculous creative energy. He claimed that he did not come there to prove anything, he came to see that Denton proved spontaneous generation and progressive development. Garfield was shrewd, cautious and able throughout. Denton was self-possessed and eloquent. He brought forward all the argument the state of knowledge would permit. Indeed he anticipates in this debate all that Darwin and others afterwards proclaimed. He was no doubt disappointed in his effort to defend special creative energy. Garfield went into the discussion with a strong element of advantage, which he turned to good account. Denton entered with a great task which he performed with tact and eloquence. It is rarely if ever, that two great men have met in so long and heated a debate where each won from friends and foes so general praise. The most bitter orthodox did not hesitate to acknowledge the great ability of William Denton, while the most radical freely accorded to Mr. Garfield intellectual strength beyond even the anticipation of his friends. Could those young men, crossing intellectual swords by the waters of the rapidly-falling river, have read their destiny they would not have believed it. Did ever two young men meet for whom the future

held so much of praise and pity? Did ever

two lives hold in their mysterious depths so much to touch the lives of others? Garfield, unconscious to himself, was about to biaze forth like a meteor and light the heavens with glory. Denton had before him years of toil, but in those years of struggle he was to explore a world, the grandeur of which Columbus had never dreamed. Garfield was to climb to the highest summit of fame and look with manly gratitude at the crown a nation laid at his feet. Denton was to push forward like a bold pioneer blazing a track for the legions of progress.

. BOTH MUST DIE.

The one by the sad and solemn sea at Riberon. He dies, however, with a nation weeping over his dying bed. The other must die alone in a foreign land, far from the path of civilization, with no friend to weep by his bedside, no loving hand to wipe the cold death sweat from his brow. Both are buried. The one by the pomp and pageantry of a grand nation. The other in silence and by the hands of strangers. Garfield's inanimate body was placed in a pavilion black as the brow of night, trimmed with its belts of gold. On his costly coffin lay a wreath from England's queen, and about it flowers enough to build a mausoleum for the dead. Denton's body lay in a miserable hovel, with no pillow for its head and no coffin for its final repose. He was buried in a foreign land and far from home. No marble or block of stone guard the grave of William Denton, yet nature is kind. The bird will call its mate and sing its morning song from the fern-fringed jungle near the little mound. The mountain stream will chant his requiem. The same sun which shines over us will warm his grave, and the faithful nightly stars kiss it with their pure sweet heams."

Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I cannot forbear expressing a few words. regarding a week's enjoyment on Lookout Mountain, at the camp meeting of the Southern Association of Spiritualists. Sixteen hundred feet above the valley, and twentyfour hundred above sea level, is a good place to be during August. 82° for a few days, and this only from 10 o'clock A. M. to 4 o'clock P.M., was the highest the thermometer indexed, while the mornings, evenings and nights were delightful. To merely say that my better half and myself enjoyed this locality, with its magnificent scenery and outlook, and these meetings, does not express it. for though the numbers in attendance were lacking as compared with eastern camps, and this because the railroad had not been finished up the mountain side as expected, we had an exceptionally excellent, earnest, zealous, and I may add, jolly lot of Spiritualists. The Association owns 16 acres of land, a large hotel and a number of cottages. The stock, \$12,000, has nearly all been taken, Spiritualists only having the privilege of purchase, and has trebled in value in the three years passed. In ten years I predict that its value, beauty and attractions as a summer resort and camp for the meetings of the Association, will equal any of the east-ern camps, and will be the Mecca of Spiritu-

alism in the South.

Father Watson, that sound, old man, spoke for us Sunday, the 15th, in the morning and evening in Chattanooga. He is now 74 years old, erect and commanding as in youth; his eloquent words burn into your very soul, and rivet the attention of every human being within the sound of his voice. One cannot help but feel that every word he utters is a truth.

Mrs. Tolbert, of Galveston, Texas, one of our oldest and ablest workers, though in the winter of life, was there, sharing the burden and the heat of the day, and in her beautiful simplicity of style and thought carried her audience with her. Mrs. De Wolfe, of Chicago, Miss Baily, of Louisville, and Miss Brown, of Atlanta (with her wonderful improvisation of song and verse), discoursed most excellently. Mrs. Seabrooke, of Charleston, S. C., a new medium of great promise, made her first appearance in public at this meeting.

The Bangs Sisters, of Chicago, were there and gave the best of satisfaction in their dark circles; so, too, Mrs. Wells, materializing medium of New York, for whom a small building in the woods, one hundred yards from the pavilion, had been erected, gave most absolute satisfaction of her genuineness. Ten to lifteen forms appeared each evening, stepping out, conversing with friends, giving their names as a rule, the majority being recognized, and dematerializing in front of the curtain. Three forms appeared to myself and my wife, gave us their names, mentioned our names, and sank out of sight while the raised curtain revealed the medium in her chair. If Mrs. Wells would come to Chicago this winter, it would afford us, who are within a few hours' ride of that city, the privilege of seeing this beautiful phase of spirit power without having to go to New York or Boston.

Next year it is to be hoped Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting will be overrun with Northern and Western Spiritualists.

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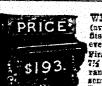
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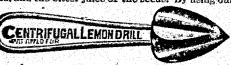
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