

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

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

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

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THE RELIGION OF BEAUTY.

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

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

(Reprinted 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 Coleridge. The skeleton outline 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 limned 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 eternal 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 ecstasies 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. More 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 affect 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. Our 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 chaos 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 illusions 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 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 illusion.

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 Catholic 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 altarements 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 trading in the footsteps of antiquity, and have successfully kept back the spirit of progress. This is a terrible indictment 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 empire the sun ever went down upon. Yet even in the glory of arms and brilliant deeds in the field, the eloquence of the senate and the philosophy of the schools for a time feebly survived to grow with greater lustre in the

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 uproot, 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 onward 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 Feudalism; 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 grandeur beyond expression, which we call the heroic. The lover becomes Romeo; the philosopher becomes Rousseau, and the fanatic becomes Peter the hermit. All are the subjects of illusion; but 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 rattle of artillery, the powder-begrimed tinsel, broken accoutrements, fields of dead, and the 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.

These legions of France under the magnetism of their Captain, saw some illusion before them. When that grand army was encamped on the heights of Bologne Sur Mer it was intoxicated with some ideal power—subjective 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 resounding 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, or 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 Gullia; 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—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 hardly admit him greater than himself. The illusion had gone.

In the time of Geoffrey Chaucer, 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 the peasant and the veneration of the nobility. The aura of God hovered about them; and their walls were sacred. In the age of Henry the VIII. the awe and veneration had departed. The engines of Henry were at

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 longer tolerable on the face of merry England. Men saw the folly of such institutions; light had come, and the riddance of droves was highly desirable. When those monastic walls had fallen down the people stood nearer to God than they had ever stood before. Liberty often makes a tyrant her servant. One illusion had gone, and another had come. Will it not 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 Church had conquered all its foes and planted 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 higher 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 perfect ruler then, and it needs one just as bad now. But what man amongst you at this time of day will say or attempt to justify the political wisdom of the church at that time. To do the will of the Most High is still the aim of devotion. But in a Republic it is not of much account. Republican government must be atheistic government. Men are trying in this age to make the religion of Christianity and Democracy agree, but it will no more agree than genesis and geology. 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,—that 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 life 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 rewards 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 servant 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 another 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 speculation 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 belief 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 all in abject slavery has lain the people. The church has scathed the education of the people; it has thwarted the high purpose of literature. Science has languished and been crushed by its bigotry. Faith has tended to

fear and weakness. Under the mild and charitable 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. 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 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 malcontent 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 has long had a religion which has exalted all others in the extreme mildness of its virtue and the completeness of its devotion. The people have lived upon rice from necessity, and called it the best food for mortals, and with religious punctiliousness despised the flesh-eating habits of neighboring nations; but India lies overthrown at the feet of a flesh-eating nation. Ireland cannot build Home Rule upon a potato. What is easily produced tends to degeneracy and national 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 man.

The religion of beauty is complete when experience and inspiration have revealed all the operations of natural law. The Spirit-world 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 courageous, charitable, magnanimous, devoted, loving and honest, because the dawn of another existence has come untaunted with sin from behind the hills of the spiritual East. It voices with sublime energy the awful silence of the vanished 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 Chattahoochee 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 belle of ancient 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 stones and innumerable arrow heads, etc.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. [106 West 28th 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...

"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 pupils."

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 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 vocation.

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 pastor of an society at Dorchester, Mass., by appointment of Unitarians.

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.

WIDE AWAKE. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) The frontispiece for September illustrates a Mexican poem, which accompanies it, entitled Los Campaneros. The story, when Book Meets Book, can be read by both children and parents with good effect.

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 Trilemma, 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 can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

THE CAROL. A Collection of Religious Songs for the Sunday School and the Home. By Chas. W. Wendle, 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 selection, 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 endorse the views of orthodox theology even in sacred songs. However, it is a meritorious work and will doubtless 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. By E. 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 rhythm 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 acquaintance.

KANT'S ETHICS. A Critical Exposition. By Nath Porter, President of Yale College. Chicago: S. C. 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 thoroughly interpreted, and critically discerned." In the book before us this work has been well done.

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, and now scarcely "one stone left upon another." The ruined temple was the religion of the past of Authority, crumbling to decay. In sadness, she searched, testing here and there a 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?"

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 12,000,000,000 ears of corn, each measuring twelve inches in length. This crop, if strung upon a twine in the manner that heads of the grain, 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 2 1/2 inches in thickness and 225 feet wide, running entirely around the earth at the equator.

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

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."—Edictino (D. T.) Bell.

DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven just the required remedy in hundreds of cases.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.

Sick Headache

"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all." MRS. E. F. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Mary C. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it the best remedy she ever used.

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

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, September 11, 1886.

Woman's Hour—The Spiritual Era.

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

"Angels on the chimney tops, Voices from the opening skies."

Woman's fine nature, subtle and receptive, rich in spiritual wealth, cannot but be enlarged and stirred to new life. She feels 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 larger-natured and more self-poised. So college doors are open for her culture and a quickening influence stirs the dull faculties of her brother students, while their miserable self-conceit 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 help in the world's work, and that it will be imperfect without her help. A sense of justice grows too. If she suffers the penalty of the law, she must help to frame that law, and shape its penalty, hence the call for woman's suffrage. She has taken her place in our literature and wedded out its coarse vulgarity, while enriching and increasing its value and power. The best woman 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 than 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, touched 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 *Torun* 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 secured a trade, a profession? Be useful and self-reliant rather than a lovely toy and a frail dependent, is the lesson.

Miss Lapham says: "The times cry out for 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 philanthropists 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 philanthropy, would have life fall 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 Rail.

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 excursionists 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 shrieked with dismay, and the bravest hearts quailed in momentary expectation of a more terrible catastrophe. Rev. Ellison Capers happened 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 earthquake 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 incident.

This is the only instance the JOURNAL has noticed in accounts from the stricken region, where "divine Providence" interposed a saving hand.

Is it not somewhat 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 the "Rev. Ellison Capers" was on board a train when the shock reached it?

But the more one investigates this subject 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 occupants? 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 heathen," 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 groaning 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 cyclonic

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 snatched by death from their dependent and disconsolate families. If this "divine Providence" is such a respecter 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 out."

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 always 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, Supreme Intelligence, called God; it would on no account appear irreverent or treat so stupendous a theme otherwise than soberly. But the JOURNAL has no respect for a preacher 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 hoisted 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, than 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 spirit-life, as being a firm believer in spirit communion. It says that "one of his marked characteristics was his strong 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. 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 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 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 his 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. If spirit communion added so much to his happiness, 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 dispenser of a light so much needed in the world.

Rev. N. F. Ravlin—Ex-Baptist.

This eccentric chameleoned crank has, it seems, switched off from the Baptists, hobbled his Chinese hobby and now essays froth notoriety by attempting to stand erect on the front platform of the Spiritualist car. Before the Golden Gate opens its doors to ex-preachers, the keeper should first examine the credentials of the applicant. If Ravlin is a suitable teacher of Spiritualist phrenology 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 case 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 others 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 birth-place 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 cleaning beans in the barn. She also described a woman in the house. Mr. Udell recognized a scene on his farm near Missaukee years ago, and said he raised a large crop of beans which were cleaned as described.

At what time date in the future will some of our psychic research societies find 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 furnaces were begun last November, and have been hurried on to completion, so that by the end of Sept. at latest, 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. Barret and Formica. A large portico is in front of a dome, beneath which are placed the crematory furnaces. They have the appearance 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 cemeteries 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 ult. 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 contemporaries to republish their stereotyped paragraph: "A religious meeting disturbed

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 'trausfiguration'" 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 helped on the trade—it is a big one.

Promonition 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 useless, 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 heart-disease, 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 Danville, N. Y. This pamphlet gives a full description of the Sanitorium, its modes 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: "Ash-barrel Jimmy," "The Saved Weed-Eater," and "The Converted Cowboy."

The society of Spiritualists which meets at Apollo Hall, No. 2730, State street, J. W. Bailoy President, has resolved itself into a liberal society. All topics 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 saving 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 unable to straighten up; but now, thank God, I am as straight as any one."

Advises 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 Cochon-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 Cochon-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, so far as now known, it continues unoppressed.

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.

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.

To introduce the system it is first necessary to select such wires from those in use as the local situation recommends, and attach them to the apparatus at the fixed station.

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.

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.

Hon. Milner Stephen, the Australian healer, will visit Detroit in a few days. He will also stop for a short time at Buffalo, Syracuse, Albany and New York City, before leaving for England.

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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 western New York.

This: That I am a preacher of what is popularly 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.

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 New Theology does not attempt to overthrow existing churches, but only to ameliorate and soften their hard doctrines.

It rather aims to reveal the Bible and show you the pearls in its casket.

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.

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 inspiration, as no other had.

Once the blossom lingered in the bud; you see how slowly there was the development in the flower.

The closing days of camp are over-filled with interest. Throngs of local visitors surging in and out, fail to distract the attention of the hearers at the auditorium.

Albert E. Tisdale, the blind young medium of whom mention has been made, created a very favorable impression at the camp.

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.

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.

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 womanly bosom.

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 nasal tests and descriptions of spirits.

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 debasing to the conscience and best feelings of men.

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.

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.

Some have thought that the New Theology is Universalism or Unitarianism. To such I care not 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."

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.

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 down to hell I would try to behave myself, be a Christian gentleman; I would try to quench some of the fires with my tears, and, if possible, plant a few roses among the thorns.

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 down to hell I would try to behave myself, be a Christian gentleman; I would try to quench some of the fires with my tears, and, if possible, plant a few roses among the thorns.

Notes on Lake Pleasant.

The closing days of camp are over-filled with interest. Throngs of local visitors surging in and out, fail to distract the attention of the hearers at the auditorium, while the social feeling grows day by day.

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 hearers 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 climate, food and external conditions.

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 nasal tests and descriptions of spirits.

ter gave a thrilling description of the cloud 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.

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 an honest man; one thoroughly and entirely conscientious, and his name is Lyman."

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.

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.

Cassadaga Camp Meeting.

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 kindred interest in the philosophy, and a desire for further investigation.

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. L. S. Lillie, in the afternoon, spoke at length of those who have arisen to the higher life 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.

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, killed an old colored man named Warner for

receiving the prohibition ticket.—The British government has decided to erect barracks in the riotous quarter of Belfast and permanently increase the police force by five hundred men.—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 ailment which afflicted Samuel J. Randall. His father and brother were killed by it.—The last warrant for the payment of Alabama claims has been signed by Acting Secretary Fairchild, who affixed his signature to 1,062 documents of this class.

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

We are prepared to furnish A Study of Primitive Christianity, by Lewis G. Jones, price \$1.50. Prof. E. F. Underwood, editor of the Index, says: "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 of the same time a very effective clarifier and beautifier of the skin.

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 no other.

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

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Race Co. in this issue of our paper. You can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and orders entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention.—St. Louis Free Press, June 19, 1886.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap, 50c. German Corn Remover, 50c. Pills, 50c. Hair and Whisker Lye, 50c. Black & Brown, 50c. Pike's Toothache Drops, 50c.

Business Notices.

SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, No. 1327 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and three Cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular.

Clairvoyant Examinations Free.—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.

Clairvoyant Healer.—D. P. KAYNER, M. D., who has been before the public as a reliable clairvoyant, physician since 1830, can be consulted at Room 11, No. 175 Jackson St., Chicago; or by addressing him with postage stamp, full particulars of terms will be given for each case.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.—The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York. The People's Spiritual Meetings of New York City, are held at Spencer Hall, 114 W. 14th St. Services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:45 P. M. No vacation for hot weather. FRANK W. JONES, Conductor.

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 29th Street. Mrs. A. B. Straker, services Sunday at 11 A. M. Officers: Geo. D. Carroll, President; Oliver Russell, Vice-President; Dr. George H. Peirce, Secretary; F. S. Maynard, Treasurer.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.—The East Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Grand Army Hall. W. B. MILLS, President. E. J. HULLING, Secretary.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal.—Is on sale at five cents per copy by the following newsdealers in San Francisco, Cal.: Cooper, 746 Market Street. Goldsmith, 1090 1/2 Market Street, and 8 Eddy St. 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 1/2 St. near corner Pa. Ave.

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Qualities considered our prices are the lowest.

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HINDU LEGERDEMAIN.

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

When he entered the room he spread a white cloth upon the floor and sat down upon it with his back to the wall...

Then the conjuror ran over the names of several countries, such as France, Germany, Russia, Turkey, and America...

Ring, rise up and go to the rupee." The ring rose, with the seal upmost, and, resting on the hoop...

I have no theory to explain either of these tricks. I should mention, however, that the juggler entirely disclaimed all supernatural power...

Missionary Theology. For some months past the Congregationalists have been vigorously discussing the theology of their missionaries.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever. Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious...

Spiritual Evidence. While our spiritual senses are closed we have no sensible recognition of the spirits and spiritual things around us...

Scrofulous Affections

Humors are caused by a vitiated condition of the blood which carries disease to every tissue and fibre of the body.

Since then, whenever she feels debilitated, she resorts to this medicine, and always with most satisfactory results.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

A few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla say eyes and stomach have a great trouble me, and my health has been restored.

Three years ago I was greatly troubled with my liver and kidneys, and with severe pains in my back.

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