CHICAGO, OCTOBER 9, 1886.

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

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PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.

From the Standpoint of the Mystics.

A Scries of Papers Prepared for the Religio-Philosophical Journal from a MS. Work, Designed as an Encyclopedia of Mysticism.

No. 8

BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD, OF THE ASTOR LIBRARY, N. Y.

MOTTO:

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

-Tennuson. THE SUBSTANCE OF MYSTICISM IS THE PER

SONAL.

We are in receipt of a letter from an unknown person relative to THE PERSONAL as defined in the second number of this series. Our unnamed correspondent wants more information about THE PERSONAL, than already given, and, in particular, he (or she) wants to know the bearing of our teachings upon the subject of MIND CURE. Regarding the last query we refer to the August September number of "The Occult Word,"—(Rochester, N. Y.), where we defined that subject from the stand-point of the Mystics. To-day we shall enter more fully upon "The Personal."

We suppose that persona is borrowed from a personando, from personating or counterfeiting, and suppose it first to have signified a mask, by reason, says Boethius, in larva concava sonus volvatur, whence also the actor- who appeared masked on the stage, were sometimes called larvati, and sometimes personati. Boethius says further, that as the several actors represented each their single individual person, viz. Oedipus, or Chremes, or Hecuba, or Medea; for this reason, other people, who were also distinguished by something in their form, character, etc., whereby they might be known, came also to be called by the Latins, personae; and, by the Greeks, prosopa. Again, as these actors rarely represented any but great and illustrious characters, the word came, at length, to import the mind as being a thing of the greatest regard and dignity among human matters. And thus men. angels, and even God, were called persons. Things merely corporeal, as a stone, a plant, or a horse, were called by them hypostases, or supposita, but never persons. Thus far

As Hypostasis means substancé or essence. we can readily understand its equivalent, THE PERSONAL, to be the immanent causality working in and through the human individuality, as the omnipresent life and energy of the soul of man.

If then Hypostasis means substance, "that which stands under," the human individuality consequently becomes a dependent upon THE PERSONAL. The same relationship exists between The Personal and human individuality as between "The Soul of the World" and "The World." Where we in defining "The Soul of the World" use physical attributes such as the Upanishads do-we for THE PER-SONAL substitute psychic and ethic.

THE PERSONAL DESCRIBED BY EMERSON.

If all that which is indefinite in Emerson's essay, The Over-Soul be removed, we shall have left very good characteristic of THE PERSONAL. Such would be: The Personal is "that common heart, of which all sincere conversation is worship; to which all right action is submission; that overpowering reality which confutes our tricks and talents, and constrains every one to pass for what he is, and to speak from his character, and not from his tongue, and which evermore tends to pass into our thought and hand, and become wisdom, and virtue, and power, and beauty." The Personal "within man is the

soul of the whole; the wise slience; the universal beauty, to which every part and parversal beauty, to which every part and par-ticle is equally related; the eternal ONE." The Personal "is not an organ, not a func-tion, not a faculty, it is the background of our being—an immensity not possessed and that cannot be possessed." The Personal "when it breathes through his intellect, it is genius; when it breathes through his will, it is vir-tue; when it flows through his affection, it is love." "The heart, which abandons itself to love." "The heart which abandons itself to

(The Personal) finds itself related to all its works, and will travel a royal road to par-ticular knowledge and powers." The Per-sonal "is the perceiver and revealer of truth." We can, however, not use the term Over-Soul for our purpose. It is too impersonal and too general. We can no more use it, than we can use "The Self" of the Upanishads, though this conception is the objective form of The Personal. We consider it too vague for a model, too indefinite for an ethical standard. We might use the term The Human; for all the good, the true and the noble that lies in this term is included in The Personal, but we must reject it, because our own term implies more genius (spirit) than is usually attributed to the purely human, and it is preferable because it individualizes more, it singles out the one from among the many, the one, who has attained to the state where he can pronounce his own name "I AM." And as said in an other paper THE PERSONAL and Personality have a direct and distinct

meaning of an impersonation of the gods; a sense, never given to the word HUMAN.

THE HISTORY OF THE PERSONAL. The Orient is too near Nature to emancipate itself, hence, as its mind is less system-matically trained, we find here no clear psychological or ethical formulation of The Personal. It does not rise above "The Self" of the Upanishads, and this conception is purely naturalistic. The Orient has, however, beautiful glimpses of "The Personal" when it st sense. The Egyptian spainx: half a brute with a human head we look upon as the very emblem of Asia: only one part of THE PER-SONAL'S life has become manifest: only one half of its brute nature has the human being put off. As it is in the Sphinx, so it is in all the representations of the Asiatic God-notions, they are half human only. But when we come to Greece the God is cut out of Nature's bosom as a perfect man. The mind is clear and the heart is strong and self-reliant, hence the gods are represented in ideal human figures. Manliness is the prevalent conception of The Personal.

A close study of the classical idea of manliness soon reveals its defect; it will be found incompetent to effect a radical spiritual change of man, impotent to raise him "beyond himself." Why? The cause will be found to be the same as the one that blinds the eye of the Oriental: Nature's charms.

The freedom of spirit is not yet come.

But Asia died and the Classical age passed Though the people live, "The kingdom" has been taken from them. History has continued its course and The Personal has appeared before another race and found a better representation.

The Christian age, because it is so thoroughly human responded better than any past age to the wants of the universal soul, seeking for a medium in which to manifest itself. The medium offered it is the conception of

the God-Man, the Man-God. THE PERSONAL cannot manifest itself fully in the abstract or the impersonal; it can only reveal itself in its own image. But neither the oriental nor the classical people offered it its own image; man as a proper medium. They could not, because they did not possess themselves. They were unfree, like children But after ages of suffering and ages of restless search for an ideal that would satisfy i. e. satiate) the human heart and mind, man at last tore himself free from mother-nature's embrace and proclaimed himself a god and went and made gods and man in his own image. It cost him Prometheic sufferings for 'the making of man" and "the blood on Calvary" for the proclamation of the God-

head of man, but man was freed and is free. Prometheus, a Titan, created man from spite against the gods, hence this purely natural motive was to be purged from its un-personal nature before his creative act could be considered a true expression of his godlike nature. According to the inherent law of life the punishment for a treepass falls exactly where the trespass has been committed. Rage and hatred have their physiological basis in the liver, therefore the legend very consistently locates Prometheus' suffering in the liver. There his purification was to take place. Curiously enough in Swedenborg's correspondential philosophy it is declared that the liver denotes interior purifi-

cation of the good of the natural man. Prometheus suffered and was purifiedthough he himself did not understand—as little as ever does the natural man—the reason of his sufferings, for he cursed Zeus for them, and swore that he suffered innocently. However, he suffered and was purified and the validity of man's creation was recognized.

Prometheus will ever be a demonstration of the law of life, that whatever may taint its origin, however natural may be the origin of a human creature, the purifying pro-

us see the meaning of "salvation by blood." It was declared of old, that the blood was the life of man, hence blood or life was to be given as a ransom for life. No man, before Jesus, had offered as a martyr to give his blood in exchange for the personal idea, or shown in his own individuality how THE Personal can manifest itself as a Personality. Jesus did it. He proclaimed it as an actual fact that Man was God, and died for the idea, and his death proved the Phœnixlike nature of man: the old Nature Phoenix died, the man Spirit Phoenix was born. Man had grown so old that he had forgotten the time when

To Deucalion's race from realms of air
The great Immortals still came down;
—When 'tween Heroes, Deities and Men,
Was a beauteous bond by Grostwin'd.
But in Jesus the recollection was revived,

and mankind once more assumed its true attitude to the lower powers of the universe. Rapidly, wonderfully rapidly, the stone images of The Personal gave way for the living image. Mankind's mystic vein was once more filled with a "fire from above" and a new Phoenix swung itself out of the ashes—too soon only to grow ald again in the fort

(too soon only to grow old again in the foul air of the priestly dogma).

The new age was ushered in. Its ideal was to represent THE PERSONAL in a living

individuality, or expressed mystically, to live out the God-Man, the Man-God idea.

To many Mystics the individuality of the first man who realized the idea, comes too prominently into view, and they lose hold of THE PERSONAL and become idolators as of old. But to those who in spirit live through the age of Asia and that of the Classics; those who give up the old Phonix life to burn, they are re-generated and in them THE PERSONAL manifests itself.

In the sense in which we now have spoken of Jesus as a reviver of the God-Man, the Man-God idea, we point to him as a pattern, as an embodiment of The Personal, not as an absolute but as an historic embodiment. He is a sharper conception. The Greek is the full born man—though not free born in the high-est sense. The Egyptian sphints helf a land will remain for many the Mediator; they cannot do without. Before they have passed the historic and psychic degree which the histo developments in THE PERSONAL.

PERSONALITY AND INDIVIDUALITY.

Individuality simply means monadic existence. Individuus from the time of Cicero denotes that which cannot be further dissected. Dividuus, from the beginning, was employed as its opposite. Leaving out, for the present, the historic modifications of the word, we stand by the root and define individuality as monadic existence, the being a

Personality on the other hand is the fornal appearance of THE PERSONAL. THE PER-SONAL exists as a Personality in an Individuality. Says J. Freeman Clarke: "Personality in man is the highest spiritual fact of which we have knowledge. We mean by it that wonderful unity of thought, love and will, out of which center influence radiates in all directions. (The glorious distinction of the human soul is that its action is combined with its knowledge and desire, that it puts forth its power deliberately, sustained by all its knowledge, and all its hope.)"

PERSONALITY, THE MANIFESTATION OF THE PERSONAL.

THE PERSONAL manifests itself as PERSON-ALITY, but personality in this sense has more of the limitations of that form of human existence, which generally goes by that name. In the common acceptance of personality the word relates to existence, but not to being. Personality as the form of The Personal is true being, concrete and spiritual at the same time. It alone is original being. It is not limited.

Says J. Frohschammer (Contemp. Rev. Jan.

1873): "The assertion that the notion of 'Person ality' implies limitation, and is applicable only to what is finite and relative, but not to the absolute, is taken from Fichte; but it is by no means correct. This will be clearly shown by a deeper consideration of the essential elements of Personality. These areexistence, consciousness of this existence,

and control over it. "Distinction from, and therefore limitation by others, is not an essential element of Personality, but an accidental sign of relative personality. An absolute Personality cannot therefore be said to be impossible; for it may find in itself, in the constituent elements of its existence, without the necessity of any other being, the distinctions necessa

ry for personal consciousness. 'And as distinction from others and limi tation by them, is not one of the essential elements of Personality, neither is Personality essentially subject to limitation in regard to action. Personality, self-conscionsness, and freedom of the will, is rather the power of breaking through the narrow limits of relative monadic existence, of expanding into the infinite by consciousness and will, of rising above itself, and on the other hand of receiving the infinite into its own conscious-

In the same manner Elisha Mulford ex-

presses himself in "The Nation": "Personality does not involve limitation Personality has not its ground in the difference of the me and the not-me, but in the realization of the me. It has not its ground external to itself as in the limitation of the me by the not-me, but it has its grounds with-

gods.

This then is the meaning of human despair
and our "Prometheic sufferings." Now let "1881x.

In 1881x.

"Personality in man exists among limits—
tions of the finite, but it has not its ground in these limitations. It is not prescribed and determined by physical conditions. It is "Malcoim."

"Must not be measured by his worth, it hat no end.
Siward. Had he his hurts before?
Ay, on the front.
Why, then, God's soldier be he!
And so, his knell is knoll'd.
Walcoim. He's worth more sorrow,

not the consequent of its circumjacent condition—and this, among finite forms, would make it only a contingency. It is not the result of certain potencies in a physical sequence; this would leave it in their operation merely as a residuum. It has not its end in a determination or dissolution into the elements of the physical process.

The personality of man in its realization tends to overcome the limitations of the fi nite. It does: this in the assertion of its own being, its own self-determination, its own freedom. It recognizes these limitations,

"Muddy vesture of decay."
That doth so grossly close us in."

It does not here and now exist beyond these limitations, but it exists in them in a life which is self-determined, and may not be determined by them.

"Personality in man is impaired in the same measure in which it is determined from without. It suffers, then, the mutations which exist in the necessary process of the world, but it does not carry through them a clear and increasing purpose, and does not transmute them into freedom.

"Human Personality is real. It has the strength of the free spirit. It moves along the fleeting forms and fading images of the finite, where shadow pursues shadow, but it is not of them. In the accident of time it is conscious of a life—

Builded far from accident." This last thought Mulford possesses in ac-

cordance with Lotze, who expressed himself thus: "Personality is real; it is most real. It is not some pale outline, some dim semblance. In its advance, even, it is not, to use Shakespeare's phrase, merely a similar of virtue." When it is said that in man there is only a week imitation of personality the word, in. weak imitation of personality, the words involve a contradiction, as in a weak imitation personality is not realized but impaired.

"Personality is real. It is free and enters into the freedom of God. It advances in its moral being, but this is in the life with God.

"It advances through relations, but its relations are not to God as to something external; it is not simply an external relationship. Lotze says truly 'the relation of a being to another being is not between them but in them.' The relation, in human life, of a father and a son, which is but imperfect as the expression of the relation of the human personality to the divine personality, is yet

not merely an external relation.

Elisha Mulford in "The Republic of God'

'There is in personality the highest that is within the knowledge of man. It is the steepest, loftiest summit toward which we move In our attainment.

The germ and growth of grains and plants the ebb and flow of waters, the rise and change of winds, the results of the most recent inquiry into the constitution of the suns, have not the worth and significance of

personality. In the course of human life, the relations of man as a person and with persons are deeper than his relations with that which is impersonal. That which is impersonal, in so far as it comes within the scope of our knowledge, exists in subjection to conditions of necessity, and has no power to transmute them in its process, and does not pass beyond them. It has no self-determination; it is not

determined from within, whatever be its re-

lations to that which is without.

From that which is personal, and the expression of its life, have come the arts and laws and literatures of the world. This appears in the highest forms of human thought, in some single phase, in the writings of Æschylus and of Shakespeare, and there the personality of Æschylus and Shakespeare is greater than their works, while their works give forms of thought which, in their elements of freedom through their ethical life and conflict, are other and higher than those which subsist in the necessary process of the physical world."

Shakespeare has a representation of life as phenomenal, where all personality is gone, but it is portrayed as a consequence of evil courses, it is the issue of a life, the steps of whose advancement have been through falsehood and murder, it is the issue of a course of awful crime, until at last the energy of the free spirit has failed, and the consciousness of its divine relation has gone. In the closing scenes of the play of Macbeth, the death of Lady Macbeth is announced, with the comment on it.

Macbeth. Wherefore was that cry?
Seyton. The Queen, my lord, is dead.
Macbeth. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such word.

word.
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time.
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candie! Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player That struts and frets his hour upon the stage And then is heard no more; it is a tale Told by an idlot, full of sound and fury,

signifying nothing. But this portrayal of life as merely phenomenal, with no ground for personality and with no realization of divine and eternal relations, is given with the contrasts of another life. In these closing scenes, there is the

announcement of another death. Your son, my lord, has paid a seldler's debt: de only lived but till he was a man;.... Then he is dead? Then he is dead?

Ay, and brought off the field; your cause of

Must not be measured by his worth, for then

and that I'll spend for him He's worth no more: They say he parted well, and paid his score; And so, God be with him!

This life is with God. This life, that is not that of fribble or of crime, is not ephemeral, it has a worth that hath no end.

[To be Continued]

FAKIRISM.

(Translated from the Paris Figure of Sept. 4th, for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.)

This is not a French word, but it will soon become one. A scholar of good reputation is about to group together under this term all psychical facts which, whether instinctive or inspired, resemble the strange practices of the fakirs. It is indeed known that the latter, by the simple force of their will, cause objects to move, raise them up and perform other wonders. Has any one of them ever been more powerful than Succi, who caused himself to be buried alive and on being exhumed ten months afterward merely com-plained of a violent eadache?

There are to-day among our physicians a large number who are giving serious attention to magnetism in all its bearings. It is no longer necessary for examples, to insist on the phenomena as a fact, for they may be witnessed daily under the manipulations of

There arrived yesterday, in Paris, for the second time, an American, whom Dr. Paul Gibier, an attaché of the museum, calls a fakir, because of the resemblance of his doings

to those of the fakirs of India.

Yesterday Dr. Gibier invited a physician of the hospitals of Paris, also an electrician and the author of these lines, to attend a scance of fakirism. I came away astonished and stupefied, asking myself if I had truly passed the evening in this world of reality.

Mr. Slade, the American fakir, is a large, strong, middle aged man, with a Creole cast

of countenance.
It will be well, here, to make prominent the fact that the whole of Mr. Slade's right le nas deem daraiyzeu. of his legs in walking, and has not the free use of his right arm. Between this and his left arm there is a difference of twelve degrees of temperature as shown by the ther-

All idea of trickery is therefore dissipated. It is impossible to believe that we have to do with a skillful prestidigitateur performing feats that seem inexplicable, but which are very simple when the sleight or machinery by which they are accomplished are explained.

It is 8 o'clock. Mr. Slade says he has need of human electricity, and requests the five persons present to be seated around a table and to join hands. He takes a slate upon which there is a pencil, and he holds it against the table. The sound of a pencil is heard writing very distinctly, and soon a vi-olent blow announces that the work is done. Upon the slate is found written in French. in English, in German and in Greek, a phrase which is in response to a remark that had just been made by one of the sitters.

Dr. Gibier, who wishes to keep the slates written on, as evidences of the phenomena. had procured several of them, such as children use at school, that is, those having wooden frames:

Mr. Slade placed two of them together after having dropped a piece of pencil between them. He then hands them to one of our number who places it under his arm. The scratching is heard as before, and when concluded he takes them apart. The crumbs of pencil bear evidence of having been used. and on one of the slates we read: "Etes-vous convaincus, maintenant?" (Are you con-

The American next holds one of the slates in his hands, and without making the slightest movement the slate silently glides of itself into the hands of one of those present. Between Mr. Slade and that person there has been perceived a lively current of air, and

The same American fakir places a chair at distance of some ten paces from the table. and calls attention to the fact that there is not even a thread between him and it by which to draw it. At his command the chair moves and gently places itself in front of

He does many other things, but yesterday, at the very hour in which he arrived at Dr. Gibier's, a storm set in, and it appears that the natural electricity deprived him of some of his powers.

After a while the slate said ,Good-bye, which means "Adieu" in our language. Slade was tired out.

I do not wish to appear a gobeur (swallow-er). I will repeat, then, that the experiences above related took place in the presence of two physicians and at the house of one who took notes in view of a report to the Académie and for a work that is soon to be pub-C. CHINCHOLLE. lished.

The story is current in London that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's visit has given rise to a small tempest in the Congregational Church. The Rev. John Hunter, of Hull, one of his friends, airs the scandal, which is to the effect that the committee of the Congregational Union which meets next week at Norwich, refused to invite Mr. Beecher to speak before that body on the ground that his religious views were not orthodox. The Rev. Edward White, chairman, declared himself ready to resign rather than to receive Mr. Beecher on the platform.

The Spiritualism Before "Modern" Spiritualism.

BY THOS. HARDING.

Ng. 4. ENGLAND CONTINUED.

"Arial spirits by great Jove designed,
To be on earth the guardians of mankind,
Invisible to mortal eye they go,
And mark our actions, good or bad, below.
Th' immortal spirits, with watchful care preside
And thrice 10,000 round their charges glide.
They gen reward with others or with cold: They can reward with clory or with gold; A power they by Divine permission hold — —Hesiodus (B. C.).

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk tho earth Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

"Spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both."
—Millon (A. D. 1608).

"Sweet souls around us watch us still,
Press neaver to our side:
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping guide."
— Harriet Beccher Stows.

"God" "The Limo resterday, to-day and forever." —Bible.

I design, by giving the above quotations from representative poets, to show that the underlying principles of what is understood as Spiritualism, had been the same from time immemorial. The first extract, taken from Works and Days" by Hesiod (Hesiodus, Latin form) was written some time in the 8th century "Before Christ." Hesiod was a cele-brated Greek poet and philosopher of that far distant day, and the quotation above given, although written nearly 3.000 years ago, is remarkably similar to the inspiration of teachings of the present day. Milton, who wrote also nearly 300 years ago, is not dissimilar from more ancient teaching, or that of the present time, which last I exemplify by four lines from Mrs. H. B. Stowe; and yet not one of the three is an admitted "Spiritualist;" surely there is but little in a name, and "a rose by any other name would smell as

If there is any one general lesson which Spiritualism teaches above another, it is that our business is not with "God," but with our fellow men; and further, we gather also inferentially, that the business of departed spirits is with their fellow spirits and with us. Not one spirit in the Spirit-world sup-poses that he can "come up to the help of God," but every spirit and every mortal knows that he can, or may, help his fellows or those who occupy a sphere of existence or of happiness inferior to his own. The private does not assist the colonel to command the regiment; he is simply the creature of obedience. The colonel commands and the private obeys. Officious prayer, praise and exhortation, under the absurd supposition that we may thereby assist sinners to "come nigh to God," or assist God to come nigh to sinners, could have originated only in childish vanity and an overweening and ridiculous self esteem. The Infinite alone knows how near the finite can or does approach infinity; but we don't know anything about it, nor should we try to know until we have learned the first letters of the spiritual alphabet. "Wisdom is justified of her children," but not of fools who have not yet discovered their folly. It will be time enough to expatiate upon the drapery within, when we shall have passed the vestibule of the temple. Modern Spiritualism teaches that spirits

who are the natural "guardians of mankind" are not a special creation for the purpose, as Hesiod seemed to suppose, but that they are spirits of men, women and children whose hest interests are spherved by their kindiv care of those who yet remain in this sublunary sphere. This constitutes the principal difference between this ancient Greek and us. Modern Spiritualism simplifies the subject immensely, and thus brings the question within the range of the common mind, hence its adaptation to meet the desires and needs of common mortals, and upon this feature of this modern philosophy we build the hope of

its future universality.

But when mortals leave their legitimate business of caring for themselves, their families and their fellow mortals and gratui tonsly devote themselves to the care of God's business instead, they soon descend to the extreme of absurdity, and sometimes of cruelty and injustice. Societies of Spiritualists even are no exceptions to the rule. As long as a society attends strictly and devotedly to its own business, it is prosperous; but when it descends to courting the favors of churches and priests, thus selling its birth-right and trying to put its new wine into old bottles in hopes of obtaining orthodox approval at once its members become cold, and disagreement, perhaps dismemberment. ensues. It is said that God helps those who help themselves, but it is nowhere said that he will

help those who gratuitously lay aside their legitimate business to attend to his. If God is, he is God; and whether he is or not, man should be man, exercising all that nobility of character and development which the

term man implies.

The belief in witchcraft and the inhuman cruelty to supposed witches was the natural outcome of such superstition; a superstition based on an ignorance, which has ever been fostered by priests, who have ever been but too willing to sacrifice everything noble and good in humanity to their own ease and aggrandizement. No class of men on "the footstool" has more reason to feel ashamed of their profession than priests; although judging from their deportment in public and private, they seem to be of all men the least aware of that fact; and the English priest is no exception, although to do justice to indi-viduals L'shall add that many a man wears priestly vestments who is not a priest at

Her laws relating to witchcraft are among the deepest stains upon the escutcheon of old England. The barbarous injunction, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," was a poor excuse for the crime of murder; the belief in such monstrosities threw open wide the door for malicious spirits—if there be such—to work their wills upon the unwary, and shut out for a time the sunlight of truth and progress. Old England and her child, New England, have shed many a tear in expiation of their crimes against spirits' mediums; let us hope that both, perceiving their past follies, will henceforth do "works meet for repen-

The use of "charms" and incantations was deemed sufficient evidence to convict of the erime of witchcraft, according to ancient English law which related thereto; and this without regard to the end sought to be accomplished by the supposed witch; for instance, if the operator desires to do good by healing disease, relieving pain, or doing some other good service, he or she was deemed equally guilty with those who sought to do harm by bewitchment. Just as on recent occasions in England, they convicted or sought to convict mediums without regard to the good or evil results to accrue from the

se of the mediumistic gift. Sir Mathew Hale, Lord chief justice of England, lived in those days when mediums

were frequently denominated witches, and burned at the stake when found guilty. He was a man of giant intellect, and like all really intelligent persons, he possessed the quality of mercy to the erring, and though as Judge he had to pass sentence according to law, he nevertheless exercised his power of clemency where he could consistently do so. He believed in the Bible doctrine that a witch should not be permitted to live (at least in the earlier part of his career he did), in fact, like people in general during those ages of semi-darkness, his morality was molded by such ideas as he obtained from the letter of the Jewish, rather than the Christian Scriptures. In reviewing the character of the historical personages of those earlier days, we must take into account that society, thought and custom had to accommodate themselves to Scripture models, and the style of their language even was so biblical that in these days we should denominate it as unmitigated cant. Therefore let us not judge our fathers too harshly.

When Mathew Hale was a boy he lived with

his uncle, a wealthy wine merchant, and like the boys of his age and class, he was gay and romantic. At one time he and the other young lads of his class came to the resolution that they would "seek their fortunes" (a term then, and long after in common use). As they were all the children of wealthy parents or guardians, each resolved to pos-sess himself of a horse and as much money as he could get, and meet at a point indicated, from whence they were to start forth in quest of adventures. They met accordingly, and started on their journey without the knowledge of their friends; in other words, they ran away from home.

After traveling for several days, putting up at roadside inns and taverns, they found their money was running low, and they consulted together as to what was best to be done, and decided to club purses, and then make an equal division of the money among them, after which they agreed to separate, each one to take a separate road; each indi-vidual started in his turn on a separate cross

road, and pursued his adventures alone. Young Hale soon found himself entirely penniless, yet one evening he put up at a roadside inn, although he had no money to pay his bill. When morning came he was puzzled to know how he could get away, and while pondering the matter in a state of great anxiety, he heard a commotion in the hall below, and he soon ascertained that the landlord's daughter, his only child, had fallen in a fit. "Now is my time," thought Mathew, "to get myself out of this fix"; sotaking the father of the girl aside he told him that he could cure his child if he would promise never to tell on him, as he was a wizard and by using charms, rendered him-self liable to death under the witchcraft laws. The rather solemnly promised to keep his secret, and Hale commenced operations. He took a piece of paper from his pocket, wrote the initials of his name, and the date on it; then he folded it up neatly and scaled it with scaling wax and stamped it with his ring. This "charm" he hang around the little girl's neck, muttering some absurd gibberish as he did so. The superstitions father and mother looked on very solemnly and treated Mathem with the proper reverges. treated Mathew with the utmost reverence. They requested "his worship" to stay through alien: for thou art an holy people unto the another night with them, as the child got Lord thy God. Thou shalt not see the a kid her worst convulsions at night. He consenting his mother's milk." her worst convulsions at night. He consent-ed; if he had not he would have had his bill to pay. Next morning the parents met him with great rejoicing; their child hadn't had a fit during the night. Now is my time, thought Hale, and he asked for his bill. What!" said they, "do you think we could charge you anything after curing our child? Not a penny! not a penny!" So Mathew went on his way rejoicing.

Nearly lifty years afterward, Sir Mathew Hale sat on the bench as Lord Chief Justice of England. One day a poor old woman was on her trial before him for witchcraft. The evidence for the prosecution went to show that she was in the habit of hanging a 'charm" around the necks of those who had fits, and that she had no other way of getting her living. The evidence against her was conclusive. Before the judge began his charge to the jury, he commanded that the "charm" which had been produced in court should be handed up to him. He took out his pen knife and ripped off the outside, dirty old rags, and then to his surprise, he found a folded paper sealed with his own seal. This paper he cut open, and there, behold! were his own initials and the date which he had

written nearly fifty years ago. On questioning the prisoner he found that she was the identical child-now an old woman, on whose neck he had hung that "charm." "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, as he handed the papers and seal up to the jury box, "I request you to examine this charm." When they did so he related the whole story such as I have to the readers of the Journal. "Gentlemen," he continued, "soon after I left that roadside inn, I returned a repentant boy to my uncle's house. He forgave my folly, and I commenced the study of law and became finally the Lord Chief Justice of England. Now, gentlemen, you cannot in all justice and equity find this old woman guilty without placing me on my trial for the same crime; if you do so, I shall have to plead guilty for I am the original culprit. What say you, gentlemen of the jury, is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?" They returned a verdict of "Not Guilty" without leaving the box, and it was said that the discountered had been a continued as the said that the discountered had been according. said that this circumstance had henceforth a serious influence on his judicial life. That old woman, through her mediumship: was the means of healing so many that her reputation as a healer had gone abroad, and she was enabled to obtain a living thereby. Those spirits who watch and wait to do good, availed themselves of the opportunity which she afforded, poor and despised as she was; it was

hearers at little cost. Sturgis, Mich. [To be continued.]

Whatever the world may say, there are some mortal sorrows, and our lives ebb away less through our blood than through our tears.—P. Juillerat.

like the musician who produces fine music

from a cheap instrument, and charms his

Paradise is open to all kind hearts. God welcomes whoever has dried tears, either under the crown of the martyrs or under wreaths of flowers.—Beranger.

There are some moral conditions in which Death smiles upon us, as smiles a silent and peaceful night upon the exhausted laborer. -Alfred Mercier.

The power of words is immense. A wellchosen word bas often sufficed to stop a flying army, to change defeat into victory, and to save an empire.—B. de Girardin.

Youth is like those verdant forests tormented by winds; it agitates at every side the abundant gifts of nature, and some profound murmur always reigns in its foliage. — M. de Guerin.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. WASIT A SPECIAL JUDGMENT?

BY WM. C. WATERS.

An orthodox gentleman speaking of the damage to Charleston by the earthquake, said to me: "I am afraid it was a judgment upon them." I replied that "no free thinker would admit that." But from the orthodox doubtless bech matters, great numbers will deplay as the idea of highests. doubtless harbor the idea of Divine displeasure in the affair. The fact of that city and State being foremost in firing the first gan against our national flag, could only be regarded as circumstantial evidence, and too weak to weigh much, if anything, except with minds fettered by superstitious fears. If His Serene Highness had desired to manifest displeasure concerning that civil war, it does not seem probable that He would have delayed action for over a quarter of a century -leaving it uncertain what His proceeding was intended to teach. To this I know it might be replied that in the matter of Amalek, several hundred years after the offence. in 1 Samuel, 15 c., it is recorded: "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, I remember that which Amalek did to Israel, how he laid wait for him in the way, when he came up from Egypt. Now go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have and spare them not; but slay both man and woman infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass."

If we turn to Deut. 28 c., out of 68 verses in the chapter, 44 are devoted to stating the divers kind of curses that God will bring upon a nation that displeases Him. So far as bible statements are concerned the orthodox man can point to them in abundance, in proof that the most High deals in special providences towards both nations and individnals.

But can these Scripture statements settle the matter? Are they to be accepted as in-fallible evidence? If a witness in court makes many statements that are palpably untrue, and the judge, the jury and all pres ent know to be untrue, would not the court set aside all the witness said as worthless? A distinguished member of the English Parliament was somewhat recently in court, charged with yielding to the "captivating impulses of nature, with less reluctance than virtue requires." On the stand he testified vigorously in his own favor. But the proof. direct and circumstantial, was so strong against him, that the judge directed the jury to set aside his evidence. The Hon. gentleman might have told some truth, but mixed it up with so much untruth that confidence was destroyed. The Scripture is before us as a witness touching past events, and many of its statements we would not think of doubting—they are self-evident facts to our consciousness. But there is much written in the sacred Book that we must set aside as untrue, or ignore our reason, our intuitions, and our highest sense of justice, touching both the honor of God and humanity. In chapter 14 of Deut. we find this statement: "Ye shall not eat of anything that dieth of itself; thou shalt give it unto the stranger that is in thy gates, that he may eat it; or thou mayest sell it unto an

To almost any extent, one might select passages as absurd and immoral as this; and why should any sane man, so far abdicate his individuality or common sense as to say ler of the universe ever imposed upon humanity such rules of action. It were more rational not to believe in a God, than to accept one capable of giving such counsel.

Bible statements at variance with the most simple rules of justice and propriety of ac-tion between man and his fellow-man, or between man and Deity, could never have emanated from the universal soul. They are the product of finite souls, groping and stumbling in the dark. No doubt the people of the South felt sadly grieved that the anti-slavery agitators would not accept their plain Scripture texts in favor of human slavery. There it is set down in the word of God! why should they doubt it?—Leviticus 25: 45, and 46, it reads: "Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you; which they begat in your land: and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bond-men forever; but over your brethren the children of Israel, ye shall not rule one over another with rigor."

Whoever really believes this to be the word of God, should hardly be consured for believing in slavery. The book will sustain him and so it will sustain the polygamist. He has only to point to David and Solomon— David in his life, being patterned after God's own heart. "And God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart, even as the sand that is on the sea-shore. And Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the east country, and all the wisdom of

Egypt." If the anarchists desired a Scripture apology for plundering the rich, they would only have to point to Exodus 3 c., 21 and 22: "And I will give this people favor in the sight of the Egyptians; and it shall come to pass that when ye go ye shall not go empty. But every woman shall borrow of her neighbor, and of her that sojourneth in her house, jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment: and ye shall put them upon your sons, and upon your daughters; and ye shall

spoil the Egyptians." If any man desire to justify himself in ly ing, he has only to turn to 1 Kings 22:21 to 23: "And there came forth a spirit and stood before the Lord and said I will persuade him. And the Lord said unto him wherewith? And he said, I will go forth, and will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets. And he said thou shalt persuade him, and prevail also: go forth and do so. Now therefore behold the Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of all these thy prophets, and the Lord hath spoken evil concerning thee." If it be thought desirable to prove that "auld Sootle" is the author of all bar-room and saloon literature; that he gets up all the songs and fights that come from a barrel of whisky and that he deals in scrofula, carbuncles and boils, then let the first chapter in the book of Job take the stand as

A book so abounding with errors and mythological statemente can never be accepted by independent thinkers as evidence that God, as a special providence, sent an earthquake to destroy Charleston. If this were admitted, we lift the flood-gates of super-stition. We turn our backs to the light of the present century, and gaze back into the grim darkness of the past. Bordentown N. J.

THE MAGICAL FOUNTAIN.

Remarkable Cures By The Waters Of Lourdes.

A young Woman on the Brink of the Grave Almost Instantaneously Restored to Health -Plunging Invalids Into the Ice-Cold Waters of the Fountain-Evidence of a Countess and an Abbe-A Shrine Visited by Thousands

Lourdes Letter in San Francisco Chronicle: The feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel, Friday, July 16, 1886, was the twenty-eighth anniversary of the eighteenth and last apparition in the grotto of the rocks of Massabielle of the Virgin Mary to Bernadette, the poor peasant child of Lourdes. The wonderful and interesting legand of the contractions of the contraction derful and interesting legend of the apparitions of Lourdes has so long passed into histoy, and is so widely and universally known throughout Christendom, that he who has not heard of the fountain of the grotto of Lourdes, in the Pyrenees, and its reaf or supposed miraculous cures, must most assuredly have been leading a Rip Van Winkle existence in some backwood forest during the last quarter of a century. I shall not linger therefore, to enter into any details regarding its origin, but proceed at once to give your readers a short account of a most remarkable care effected by the use of its waters the 16th of July, and of which I, with hundreds of others, was a witness. Since my arrival at Lourdes I have been much impressed by the remarkable evidences to be seen of the intense faith of thousands of people in the supernatural origin of the fountain and the miraculous cures worked by its waters. Being on the spot I was extremely anxious to witness some clear proof, as it is but natural one should desire, in such matters to see and vouch for one's self. But I certainly had no idea that my wish would so soon be gratified. Though the weather had been very wet and unpropitious for several days past, still the anniversary feast had attracted, as is usual on that day, hundreds of pilgrims and visitors from near and far to the now world-famous grotto. Among the many arrivals on that eventful morning my attention was quickly drawn to a group who had driven up close to the grotto in a carriage containing a sick person lying at full length on a mattress. She proved to be a young woman, 25 years of age, though looking much younger.

I have seen many sick persons in my life-time, but I can truthfully say that I do not remember ever seeing one more corpse-like in appearance. She was lifted gently from the carriage and carried into one of the bathrooms adjoining the grotto. The water from the fountain is led into them through an iron pipe, and they are so arranged that sick persons can be easily immersed in the water in its natural state and temperature, which is icy cold. It was about two o'clock in the atternoon when she was carried, helpless and apparently almost lifeless, into the bathroom, and in less than an hour afterward she was able to walk unaided from the baths to the Grotto, a distance of a couple hundred feet. Though able to stand and walk, she was still evidently very weak, and was placed sitting in a hand-carriage in front of the statue of the Virgin in the niche over the grotto. She remained there for over two hours, hundreds of persons continually circling and pressing round to see and question her. She kept her eyes fixed on the statue and seemed full of joy and gratitude for her release from a life of pain and agony, and for home I shall never forget the deep look affection and gratitude in those large, dark eyes as, with the tears streaming down her thin, wan cheeks, she gave one last, long gaze upward to the beautiful face of the Virgin. There was something painful in the sight—it seemed so like the tearing away of a loving child from her mother's arms. When she reached the carriage in which she had arrived, and in which still lay the mattress on which she had lain during her journey to the grotto, one of the fathers asked her if she still felt cured and able to walk. "Yes, certainly, father," she smilingly answered, and immediately got up out of the invalid's chair in which she was sitting and in presence of the large crowd of people assembled to see her off, walked and moved easily to and fro. and, unaided, climbed up into the carriage "This is undoubtedly a most remarkable and miraculous cure," said a gentleman standing near. "It is certainly a very wonderful and instantaneous cure," replied the priest, "but before it can be pronounced upon as a miraculous cure it will have to be submitted to the medical tests and examinations usual in such cases, and the testimony of the physicians who have attended the case and other

witnesses will have to be procured." I shall now let the Countess de Puy, an En glish lady married to a French nobleman, and who has for years devoted herself wholly to the care and service of the sick brought to bathe in the water of the grotto, relate in her own words what took place on this occasion in the bathroom. As this devoted lady has had great experience in the baths, it is left to her judgment in a great measure whether it be prudent or not to allow the sick person to enter the water. "The sudden shock," she said, in reply to my question, "is certainly yery trying, as the water is so cold. Still I have never known of any accident occurring in the baths, although I have seen persons afflicted with almost every ailment our poor humanity is heir to placed in them. But this young woman seemed in such a dying condition that I was afraid to allow her to be placed in the bath, so we simply sponged her body over with the water. We had hardly finished doing so when she said she felt that she could stand by herself. I told her to try, and she immediately stood erect without support, and asked to be dressed, as she felt she was able to walk. We did not know how to comply with her wishes, as she had been brought without shoes or stockings or any other article of clothing except the long white gown in which she had lain in the carriage, wrapped up in blankets. Fortunately we had a pair of slippers in the room, and some kind friends ran quickly and brought the other necessary articles of clothing. She was no sooner dressed than she walked into the adjoining room, and said she felt hungry and would like something to eat. In the meantime her uncle and brother, both priests, had been sent for, and when they saw that she was able to walk they burst into tears and were so completely overcome with emotion that they were unable to join in and recite the customary prayers of thanksgiving.' "You have no doubt seen many wonderful

cures, madame, during the years you have waited here upon the sick?" I asked. "Yes, sir." she replied, "I have seen strange things happen here, especially during the grand national pilgrimages, when we some-

times have as many as 500 and 600 sick per-

sons to bathe, and have to continue on through the whole night. I have seen at

those times persons placed in the bath, one putrid mass of sores from head to feet, some

out completely healed, with scarcely a trace upon their skin. I have seen persons suffering from the most frightful looking ulcers and cancers come out of the bath instantaneously cared."
"But all the cures are not so sudden and

remarkable?" 'O, no, sir. The greater number are gradusl, and many are not cured until after repeated baths, while others do not experience any relief at all. But I have never known of any case having grown worse through the use of the baths. On the contrary, they seem, if not cured, to gain at least greater courage and resignation to bear their cross cheerfully for love of their divine model and master."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal "How Are the Spirits Getting Along ?"

I am impressed to give a few thoughts owing to having met a friend to-day, an educated Irish Catholic gentleman, who inquired. " How are the spirits getting along?" [General Edwards follows with a statement

to the effect that he placed in the hands of his Irish friend a newspaper containing an account of phenomena and asked him what he thought of it and then continues:]
Our Irish Catholic friend returned the paper containing the foregoing experience and

remarked: "God would never allow mortals to do or witness such things. That under no circumstances would be investigate the phe-nomena of Spiritualism." Of course the outside world understands that. They go to the priest for their cue. The Rev. John Chester, D. D., of this city, a

Presbyterian minister, has just issued from the press a book against Spiritualism, which can be summed up in a nut shell: "There is something in it, but it is the work of the in nothing else, they agree on one point, and that is, "Spiritualism is the work of the devil."

Mr. Editor, experienced Spiritualists who have investigated Spiritualism, know it to be true. They no longer walk by a blind speculating faith, but in the light of actual knowledge as to the future state, hence the devil, death and the grave are no longer any terror for them. Their individual personal experiences are more satisfactory to them than the ipse dixit of ten thousand priests and ministers held in ecclesiastical bondage by fron-clad creeds.

Spiritualists teach that there is good and evil, but do not believe in a personal devil. Now, as our Christian neighbors make free to couple Spiritualism with the devil as in-fluencing and directing it, we trust it will not be out of place for us to inquire who is the devil, and where did he come from? And has he, as, the father of liars and evil doers, any connection with the operations of our Catholic and Presbyterian Christian friends?

The Master in his Sermon on the Mount preached peace and good will to men; but Christians have been quarrelling and lashing each other ever since. The persecution of Christians by Nero, pales before the bloody massacre of St. Bartholomew, by the Catholies of the Huguenots of France. Did the devil command the Catholics on that occasion? Then view the Crusaders under the banner of the cross, marching through Europe leaving a track behind them covered over with slime. We have not the space to particularize the

many bloody Christian wars. It is reported that when Martin Luther was with pen in hand, denouncing the practice of the Roman Church in selling indulgences for sin, the devil appeared, when Lu-ther threw his inkstand at him.

It is claimed by Catholics and Presbyterians that the first account we have of the devil, was in the Garden of Eden, endeavoring to frustrate God in the act of creation. Here it is claimed that the devil appeared in the form of a serpent, and beguiled Mother Eve, but that account of a snake holding a conversation with Eve, did not seem reasonable to as learned a man as Adam Clark, the commentator, so he says it was an ourang-outang which walked erect. This commentator unwittingly instains the Darwinian theory of evolution in placing the ourang outang as the conflecting link with man, the highest intelligence below him. But it is all of no consequence, because the Garden story is a myth—no such persons as Adam and Eve ever existed. • Science has settled that point, and no learned man to-day outside of the

priesthood believes the story.

The murder of Servetus at the instigation of John Calvin, in the slow, torturing mode used, was as diabolical as the killing of Jesus of Nazareth. Whether the devil instigated Calvin or not we do not know certainly, "but there is something in it." Well, Calvin was the father of the Presbyterians, and we know what they did under Cromwell against the Catholics, and how they persecuted the Bap-tists and Quakers, and hung and burnt witches, while the last episode recorded in history between Catholics and Presbyterians, took place recently at Belfast, Ireland. If the devil took a hand in the fight at Belfast, Spiritualists don't know, "but there is something in it." We do know, however, that the most withering sarcasm that ever proceeded from the lips of man, was uttered by the Master against the hypocritical Pharisees who made long prayers and put on long, solemn

Out of the twelve disciples, one denied and the other betrayed their Lord and Master. Among Spiritual Mediums the good and true are of no larger percentage. We are sorry for it, and we are doing the best we can to rid the spiritual ship of the barnacles; and all honor to the Religio-Philosophical Journal for its great assistance in that direction. The very nature of things in pre-senting the manifestations, is such that the conditions necessary in order to give the genuine, open the facilities to better enable the presentation of the counterfeit. I have been listening to sermons for sixty years, delivered from Catholic and Presbyterian pulolts. It has always been the same dull and monotonous "ding dong" and "sing song."

The Catholic Church tabooed the invention

of the art of printing, and stigmatized it as the work of the devil. The priesthood could see that if general intelligence and knowledge were disseminated the pew would soon know as much as the pulpit.

Spiritualism is born of heaven and is here to stay. It works harmoniously under natural law, and will grow more plain and palpable as we advance. People leave this world, and enter the next just as they lived here—no more, no less (excepting in parting with the physical). The avenues between the two worlds are increasing in number. and all grades of spirits come and go on those highways, from our long absent rainted mothers down to the lowest undeveloped spirits. "There is something in Spiritualism" and the right kind of something to those who will venture to give it a patient

and candid investigation. Washington, D. C. JOHN EDWARDS.

It is a great obstacle to happiness to expect too much .- Fontenelle.

stoman and the Rousehold.

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

"Get work,

'Tis the best thing you can do." —Mrs. Browning. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH. LOUISA M. ALCOTT

Among the foremost of our living women writers, is Louisa May Alcott, well known as the author of "Little Women," and a dozen other books. Every child in the country loves that first named work, and many an adult has hung delighted over its charming trans-cription of healthy life and its development. Miss Alcott is a striking example of the in-

fluence of heredity. The daughter of A. Bronson Alcott and of the sister of Rev. Samuel May, the subject of this sketch came of a long line of intellectual and religious ancestors. She could not help thinking and writing. Though she deals more with the actual and real life of the individual than of her forefath. ers, she is always informed by a noble purpose, always progressive in the best sense of the word, always sympathizing with the effort to do better and be better, which ought to under-lie all experiences. Her mind is eminently healthy, practical and cheerful. She sympath-

not by his own mandates. The children were appealed to in regard to any delinquency; they were encouraged to decide in whatever way seemed to them right. They meted out rewards and rebukes, and submitted meekly to their own rules.

Mr. and Mrs. Alcott were devoted to "plain living and high thinking." She was the right hand of her husband; a noble, loving, steadfast woman. Long after their marriage, he wrote of Mrs. Alcott in this strain:

"Mean are all titles of nobility
And kings poor spendthrifts, while I do compare
The wealth she daily lavishes on me
Of love,—the noble kingdom that I share."

Louisa Alcott was born in the year 1830, while her father was teaching in Penn., and early became a pupil under his care. The father addressed himself to the spiritual nature of the children. They were led on by incitements to goodness, rather than emulation. He taught them to be goodle kind levtion. He taught them to be gentle, kind, loving and merciful.

Mr. Alcott left school to go into a community at Harvard. Mass., where the like-minded with himself went in an idyllic way, to live on fruits and grains and give themselves up to communion on high themes. They failed.—as all will, no matter how high their aims, who are not sufficiently practical to recognize the necessities of this life, as well as its limitations. From there the family removed to Concord, where they soon made an important factor of the intellectual life of

peace, Raiph Waldo Emerson, who was always friend as well as neighbor. On the other, but ing and auxiously expecting the pleasure of the Little Master. By J. T. Trowbridge. a little distance, was the dictures one cottage a re-union.

Beston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago; A. C. McClurg & . 8 little distance, was the picturesque cottage | a re-union. of Hawthorne, shy, dreamy, yet powerfully seized upon by his own creations,-three of the most marked men of the age. Here the girl of eight began her literary career by writing verses, though she was a healthy active child, fond of chasing her hoop and playing ball, and sharing the plays and romps of boys. And it is a good thing that in all her stories, Miss Alcott describes healthy human youth. They have all the foibles and diverse attractions and moods that human beings naturally inherit. They are no goody-goody children, reading Sunday school books, sending their money to the heathen and dying early. No, they have temptations which they battle, difficulties which they conquer, just as we do in real life. The good thing is that her young readers are taught to know that they can conquer, they must not yield, to the selfish, to the immoral, the enervating. She tells the truth in a simple, frank way, and so appeals to the comprehension, experience and good sense of her readers.

Miss Alcott's first child's story was written for Emerson's oldest daughter, but at sixteen she began teaching. The only thing she enjoyed in this avocation, was the telling of stories to the children, but she kept to work in this calling for fifteen years. During this time she had a few short stories accepted by the Boston papers, and finally she packed a little trunk with her few clothes, and went into that city to earn her living away from home. There she taught, wrote and sewed, sharing her modest gains with the younger children at home.

She counted the best thing in Boston was to know Theodore Parker. There were frequent evenings spent in his house, where the host gave her welcome and sympathy, and she has described him in her book called " Work," under the name of Mr. Power, while

she, herself, figures as "Christie." There Miss Alcott toiled on till the war broke out. In 1862 she was an enthusiastic volunteer for hospital service, and did valiant work among the sick and wounded volunteers near Washington. She was an augel of mercy for many months, till, stricken down with fever, she was brought home a mere wreck. to be nursed back to convalescence through weary months and years. Her strength was broken; from a perfectly well woman, she has ever since been very frail.

It was two years after before her Hospital Sketches was published, and in 1868 her first successful book, "Little Women," was launched upon the public. Then, she awoke one morning and found herself famous. She had written ont of her own life, and what came from the heart, touched the heart. As 'Joe," she gives her own character and many of her own escapades. She had amusing and touching letters from little people all over

This was swiftly followed by other books, all good, and sweet in tone, but none approaching in interest, the first. Among them are "Little Men," and nearly a score of others. In fact, no other author of juvenile literature ever achieved any such success. Her books have been translated into French and German, and prosperity has been hers ever

Miss Alcott has bought the house where Thoreau died, for the home of herself and a widowed sister and her children, together with that father to whom she is a devoted daughter and companion. The filial affection of the author is something rare, touching and beautiful. She counts it the greatest happiness and good of success that she can provide the failing years of her parents with

every comfort, and the mother who had been her guide, inspirer and friend, died in the arms of the child who loved her best. The father is tenderly nursed by her now, and she has the care of her artist sister's child, the Amy of Little Women, who gave her babe to the loving sister when she found herself about to die

self about to die.

Thus the author has missed nothing of womanly tenderness. A devoted friend of woman suffrage and the advancement of woman, she is no mere cold abstraction. Louisa Alcott has all a mother's tenderness for her little nice, and is the best of aunts, sisters, daughters and friends. The life of such a woman is better than all she bas written.

. Not Gloomy.

(The Enterprise, Searcy, Arkaneae,) A friend of ours, of the spiritual persua-sion, in alluding to death, gave us his views regarding it, which, though not orthodox, we print, believing that they will be read with interest, especially by the bereaved. Early education forms a bias in our minds which it is almost impossible to eradicate, and, he thinks, causes unnecessary pain in contom-plating the inexorable laws of nature. He says: If I were an artist and wanted to

A PICTURE OF DEATH,

ie all experiences. Her mana is all experiences with fun and frolic, with earnest work, with a square tussle with hardship and fate, and a determination to conquer for noble onds. She is much more practical than her fathor, who is one of the transcendental leaders of New England thought. Mr. Alcott has all the habilaments of awe and terror; he is made to look as hideous as it is possible for the human imagination to conceive. They have him elothed in the habilaments of awe and terror; he is made to look as hideous as it is possible for the human imagination to conceive. They have him elothed in the habilaments of awe and terror; he is made to look as hideous as it is possible for the human imagination to conceive. They have him elothed in the human imagination to conceive. They have him elothed in the habilaments of awe and terror; he is made to look as hideous as it is possible for the human imagination to conceive. They have him elothed in the habilaments of awe and terror; he is made to look as hideous as it is possible for the human imagination to conceive. They have him elothed in the habilaments of awe and terror; he is made to look as hideous as it is possible for the human imagination to conceive. They have him elothed in the habilaments of awe and terror; he is made to look as hideous as it is possible for the human imagination to conceive. Bradley; Goldwin Smith's paper on the Capanata and the mother from her weeping the lumination is discussed by A. G. Bradley; Goldwin Smith's paper on the Capanata and the mother from her weeping the lumination is discussed by A. G. Bradley; Goldwin Smith's paper on the Capanata and the mother from her weeping the lumination is discussed by A. G. Bradley; Goldwin Smith's paper on the Capanata and the mother from her weeping the lumination is discussed by A. G. Bradley; Goldwin Smith's paper on the Capanata and the mother from her weeping the lumination is discussed by A. G. Bradley; Goldwin Smith's paper on the Capanata and the mother from her weeping the lumination "DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE,"

which he had seen); this hell is represented by hideous monsters on horseback, riding with demonical fury over ghastly people, dead and dying, amid scenes of despair; these demons are painted with the wings of bats, claws of lions, with mouth and eyes emitting fire, and all the horrid furies of his fertile imagination.

This is not such a picture of death as either the good or the bad see when dying; they both alike look on him as a friend, and would represent him as such, clothed in the garments of celestial light, with a countenance radiant with love, and feelings of the utmost tenderness, sent on a mission of mercy, and not of wrath, to bring the worn out or diseased one to a brighter and better home and into the society of congenial spirits, fully imbued with love for humanity.

I would paint "death" as a

GENTLE AND CAREFUL ANGEL,

with countenance beaming with benevolence; a heart full of sympathy and love, and hands as tender as those of a mother nursing a helpless infant; overjoyed to know that his message was one that brought good and not important factor of the intellectual life of that remarkable town.

On one side of them, lived in serenity and peace, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was always who had preceded him, and were fondly wait-

I would represent him as surrounded by a convoy of celestials, clothed in habilaments the brightest and most beautiful that I could conceive, with countenances radiant with the expectation of embracing an absent friend whom they were expecting, and rejoicing to know that another soul was to exchange the livery of earth for those of light; the cold, bleak disappointments of a care-worn world, for a bright and happy Summer-land; the fruits procured by labor and sorrow, for ambrosial fruits gathered from the ever-blooming and ripening trees of life; the conversation, opinions and groping ideas of men, for the advanced experience of spirits; infirmities and old age for vigorous youth; maimed and diseased bodies for fresh and healthy ones; prisons for palaces; restricted and circomscribed experience for the vast expanse of ever increasing knowledge.

HELL FOLLOWING IN THE TRAIN I WOULD EXCHANGE FOR ANGELS,

enfolding in their arms the joyful burden of released souls from prison, made happy and being carried to realms of delight, newly born into the ethereal world as infants are into this, to advance and progress forever.

He says: Death is not the enemy, but the friend of man; if death had never been known on earth, and the race had multiplied in geometrical progression, doubling in every generation of recorded history, that the inhabitants would have been so numerous that there would not have been space for them; they would have been more crowded than the stalks of wheat standing in a field.

By nature's law it is just as necessary for man to die as for him to be born: his passing out of the earthly life should be no dread thim or his friends. The fear of paia and n withdrawing from it is natural to all animated life; but I seriously doubt that the fear of the change of our existence from earth life to spirit life is met with as much apprehension as our education has taught us to believe. Outside the desire for our name and person to be remembered by the living, death has not the terror that disease or pain has.

It is the observation and, experience of physicians of the largest practice, and hospital nurses, that death comes as a relieving friend, and is generally met with an indifference as to the future state.

. For years past I have stood at the OPEN GRAVES OF FRIENDS

who were being buried, some supposed to be within the pale of salvation, others not, without feeling any apprehension as to their future life, but as bidding good-by to one who had received a message from some other country, to come and enjoy a heritage, and was then starting on a journey, but leaving friends to mourn their temporary absence, and perhaps the inconvenience of living without them. To my mind it is a cruel educa-tion that teaches us to believe that the best friend of humanity is a grim monster arrayed in all the habilaments of horror, with terror depicted in every feature; with scythe in hand slashing right and left, as if wreaking

vengeance on an enemy.
If there be rejoicing when a child is born into this life, there should be, and is, a rejoicing in the Spirit-world when a friend has been released from the prison of the flesh and born into a world of light and glory.

Early Magazines for Uctober Received.

THE PANSY. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) The usual good stories and illustrations fill this

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. (D. Appel ton & Co., New York.) Mr. Chas. S. 4 hleg. in the October Popular Science Monthly disuss-es the conditions which favor the acquirement of great fortunes; The address of Professor Newton on Meteorites, Meteors and Shoeting-Stars is published in full; Some Outlines from the History of Education is devoted to the educational systems of the middle ages; A valuable article is Microbes of Animal Diseases; and a curious one is Psychological Study of Fear. Other good articles are: Some peculiar habits of the Cray-Fish: Universal Time: Life on a Caral Island. Fish; Universal Time; Life on a Coral Island; A Bald and Toothless Future, etc. A biographical sketch and portrait are given of General John Newton, engineer of the Hell-Gate excavations. The subject of Frand and its Victims, and The Recent Buffalo Meether of the American. Association are tracted ng of the American Association are treated n the Editor's Table.

iST. NICHOLAS. (New York. City.) This is the last number of the present volume and contains the concluding chapters of Little Lord Fauntleroy; George Washington; The Kelp-Gatherers; Nan's Revolt and Wonders of the Alphabet. After glancing at the prospectus for the coming year we find that the magazine will not fall off in interest. Many attractive features are promised for the coming volume. The usual short stories and sketches of natural history and anecdotes of the days of knights and abjuster with the

historian Ranke. Vernon Lee, under the head of Perigot, contributes interesting notes on the dramatic in literature and art, and the author of John Halifax, Gentleman. has something to say on the always suggestive subject of money.

THE FORUM. (New York.) The October number of this monthly is filled with interesting and timely articles as the following shows: The Convalescence of Faith by W. H. Mallack; Americanisms in England, by Bishop A. C. Coxe; The Heart of Speculation; Confes-sions of a Unitarian; How I was Educated; Shall Sunday be preserved; The Tramp and the Law, and, Are Women Fairly Paid?

New Books Received.

EPUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY. A Treatise for Parents and Educators. By Louisa Parsons Hop-kins. Boston: Lee & Shephard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

MILTON'S EARLIER POEMS. Cassell's National Library. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, 10 cents. SIMPLICITY AND FASCINATION. By Anne Beale.

Boston: Lee and Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg THE BOOK OF ELOQUENCE.—A-Collection of Ex-

tracts in Prose and Verso from the most famous Orators and Poets. By Chas. Dudley Warner, Bes-ton: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg &

STUDY OF THE ENGLISH CLASSICS. By A. F. Blaisdell, A. M. Buston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

TWEED'S GRAMMAR FOR COMMON SCHOOLS. By B. F. Tweed, A. M. Boston: Leo & Shopard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE CHILD'S BOOK OF HEALTH. By B. F. Blaisdell, A. M. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. ADDRESS TO THE CLERGY, and Skepticism and Divine Revelation. By John Ellis, M. D. New York: Published by the author.

HAPPY MOMENTS. A Book of Songs. For Public Schools. Seminaries, Normat Schools and Juvenile Classes. By S. W. Straub. Chicago: S. W. Straub.

Price, 50 cents. EVER NEW. A Song Book. By S. W. Straub and W. F. Werschkul. Chicago: S. W. Straub. Price,

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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the fournal, 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, October 9, 1886.

The Unitarian Conference.

The National Unitarian Conference held its, biennial session in Saratoga from the 20th to the 26th of September. Only a cursory glance was needed to convince an observ er that it was a notable gathering. There were nobly shaped heads, high in the crown and broad in the intellectual region. There were faces striking and attractive, which in dicated scholarship, dignity and benevolence and a distinctive expression which might be called the Unitarian look. It is strong, selfcontained, cultured and benignant. Yet there is a tinge of reserve and superiority, united with a critical and distant air, as though having found a "coign of vantage" outside the teiling world, they had risen above its gauds and weaknesses. The atmosphere of the conference was charged with that peculiar quality of mental power which an assembly of cultivated people is sure to pro-

Among the 1500 to 3000 persons who gathered at the regular sessions were the foremost men of the denomination, with few exceptions. The opening religious services were by the Rev. John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn, the closing by the Rev. John Snyder of St. Louis. Between the appearance of these two representatives of the East and West were orations, rather than sermons, delivered by men remarkable for brilliance of intellect, critical acumen or religious devotion.

An air of cheerfulness pervaded the sessions, which is refreshing as it is inspiring. The members of the conference meet on a high plane, but they meet cordially, almost affectionately. The traditional coldness of the Unitarians melted in the intervals between the speaking. . The sight of so many happy faces and the sound of so many cordial voices, were pleasant even to strangers. There long parted friends met again and families reunited; and there new friendships were made and cemented. It was testimony not only to the fraternal and cheerful spirit which animated the clergy and laymen, but to that hopeful religion which believes much, trusts much and loves much.

What is the purpose of the Unitarian conference, which, established twenty-one years ago, has just held its twelfth session?

On that point let the Christian Register the Eastern representative of Unitarianism,

"It is our largest representative body. It fifly and fairly represents the purposes, the plaus, the tend-encies, and the great hopes of those who make up this constituency. More than that, we may believe, it stands as the representative to-day of that which is best in the religious thought and feeling of the progressive part of the American nation. Rushing at no headlong speed, making its way carefully cautiously, with generous purpose of hospitality al-ways at the front, it is carrying with it the best thought and religious life of the American people.It still does represent, it does keep pace with, while a little in advance of, the best thought and

"Its opportunities are national, its purposes are inclusive, its policy magnanimous....Its one great purpose from the beginning, that which has in-spired its leaders and shaped its action, has been to proclaim to the people of America's cheerful doc-trine of the providence of God. It was the convic-tion of its founders, it is the conviction of those who carry on its work, that human life finds its motive its ideal, its crowning happiness in the belief that all the incidents of human life are included in the life the purpose, and the Good Will which make this universe to be a home.

feeling in all contemporaneous churches."

"It gathers into its wide intention every form of benevolence, every method of reform, every incentive to righteousness. Its main purpose is to work. It has no use for beliefs which do not help its work, and it lays no stress upon beliefs of any kind which do not help its main purpose,—to raise the standard of human condition and aspiration. Its progress has been steadily in one direction,—toward the hearty union of all men and women in its ranks who care to work for man, who believe that human fortunes depend largely, here and now, upon the hopes which inspire men and incite them to action."

We would like to see incorporated in this declaration, a clear out affirmation of the continuity of life beyond the grave and of the world of progress and development which awalte mertals. But saids them this detect, on the jury that indicted Jeff Davis.

no broader or sublimer platform for a religious association can well be conceived or adopted. But the success of Unitarianism in carrying out the objects in view will depend, not on outward aggrandizement or numbers or even scholarship and intellectual superiority. It will rest on the spiritual life of its members, and that, in turn, depends solely on spiritual illumination. The danger will lie in the tendency to crystallize or harden into a sect, and in its failure to touch the hearts of the masses.

But, if Unitarianism be hampered with an organization, it is also helped. It introduces a liberal religion into regions darkened with the smoke of an eternally burning hell, through missionary enterprises planned and carried out in these conferences. Noblehearted and clear-brained men and women are penetrating the wilds of the West, carrying the flag of freedom from bigotry to plant upon the ramparts of civilization. How much self-denial and heroism they show can only be understood by those who know what homes of refinement and culture they have left, and how different the circumstances under which they make new habitations. That the inciting cause of this work is the love of their fellows and their belief in the final triumph of good, is amply proven by the spirit manifested in all the meetings of the conference.

As a body, the Unitarian is a rich denomination, and the members give freely and in proportion to their riches. To help rebuild the church in Charleston injured by the earthquake, \$12,000 dollars were pledged in a very short time. And this was only one of several objects for which money was prompt-Iv raised at this conference.

It may be questionable if the Unitarians have always been a "little in advance of the best thought and policy" of the time, even if they have been of the "contemporaneous churches." But the conference just passed will be signally memorable in proving this statement in regard to the present. Witness the address by Rev. Minot J. Savage on "Immortality and Modern Thought." It was heard with that rapt attention that showed the interest of the audience in the topic. Some of the reverend gentlemen sat still as statues, neither moving nor turning their eyes from the speaker. The silence, at times was absolutely painful, especially when Mr. Savage related his experiences in the Society for Psychical Research. And yet there was nothing marvellous in his simple story; the remarkable thing was that that august body should need, at this late day, to have it fold at all. But it remained for this candid and earnest clergyman to break the ice of conventionality and introduce a subject vital to their faith in the future.

Mr. Savage's address was fair and courageous; it could not be, on such an occasion. minute or exhaustive. The thing to do was just what he did: deprecate prejudice and dilettanteism and bespeak an earnest, thorough and impartial examination of the facts of modern Spiritualism, the most important movement the world has ever witnessed.

The discourses at the conference, outside of those devoted to the work of the denomination, were marked by variety of subject and breadth of treatment. There was a grappling of the questions of the day more than is usual in the annals of the church. There were two papers on "Religion in its Relation to Labor and Capital," the first, relating to "Arbitration in its Relation to Strikes," by William B. Weeden of Providence, which it was generally conceded as not worthy the occasion nor the audience. But the "Present Actual Condition of the Working Man," by the Hon. Caroll D. Wright of Massachusetts, was by far the most important of those given on this topic. Mr. Wright's able work in the Bureau of Labor Statistics is well known. No one understands the laboring class better or has more sympathetic insight into their needs. He advocated mutual forbearance between employers and the employed, and believed in the final adjustment of difficulties. The discussions were generally spirited and fall as interesting as the papers which evoked them.

There were also two papers on the "Use and Abuse of Alcohol and Tobacco," one explaining the "Attitude of the church toward the Dram-shop," by Judge Robert C. Pitman, of Massachusetts, the other, "A Medical view of the Subject," by Francis Minot, M. D., of Boston, which deserves to be printed and have a wide circulation. And finally, the influences of the home were eloquently portrayed by Rev. Joseph May of Philadelphia, who gave the household its deserved, but too frequently ignored prominence. A paper upon the influences of the public schools; by James MacAllister, Superintendent of Public Schools of Philadelphia, and four essavs upon music and religion, closed the public services of the conference.

What Unitarians most need is precisely what the facts of Spiritualism could give them, -a knowledge of continuous individual life after death. And Spiritualists have to learn of them an essential, not vital, lesson. It is coherence, dignity and elevation of life among the mass of its teachers and believers, and a philosophic spirit which is willing to study the relation of spiritual laws to development and progress.

Judge E. S. Holbrook has returned from his Eastern trip, looking hale and hearty, He visited the various camp meetings and had a good time generally among Spiritual ists and his New England friends.

Burnham Wardwell, a well known prison reformer, died at his home in Boston, Oct. 30. Mr. Wardwell was 68 years old. He served

Wanderings in the Northwest Wheat Country.

PRELUDE.

Nature is prompt in changing the fashion of her dress to suit the season. On this hazy, mellow September day away up here in the forests of northern Michigan my eyes tell me a change is already at hand. I know from this that my scance with Nature is nearly at an end. I am satisfied with the manifestations. The phenomena are marvelous none the less striking for having been seen elsewhere in other years. Were I a poet might sing something like this:

"I love to wander through the woodlands heary In the soft light of an autumnal day, When Summer gathers up her robes of glory, And like a dream of beauty glides away."

But I am not a poet; so the best I can do is to sit contentedly on a great pine log and hold a wordless lovefeast with the world seen and

Then, coming wholly back to earth again, am reminded that if the touch of Jack Frost has left crimson blotches on the maple trees, it has also given hope to seven hundred sneezing sojourners down there on the Bay that the vermillion hue of their noses will soon fade away, and they may depart southward with joy and comfort. This thought throws me off my log and I trudge back to the village and breakfast, thankful that I am not as (some) other men are. No, indeed! with all my trials it is not my lot to pay tribute to Hay Fever. My peace of mind is, however, somewhat disturbed by the ever present consciousness that I have not quite filled the expectations held out to my constituency on the eve of my departure from Lake Minne tonka.

It is a month since the Journal's readers were led to expect they might hear further from its editorial party the following week. My intentions were good, but exigencies of travel and more imperative duties have claimed attention; and now I would fain keep quiet but for many inquiries of friends who like to keep track of us. How close and strong grow the bonds of friendship and personal interest between an editor and his readers, only one who knows from experience can appreciate. Everywhere, be it in city or town, in the forests of Michigan, the prairies of the vast Northwest, the gorges of the Arkansas and the Colorado, the grand canyons of the Rocky Mountains, and wherever men do meet on land or water from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, from Boston to San Francisco and across the Atlantic, I encounter warm friends, who, with sparkling eye and warm grasp, bid me welcome and Godspeed. God bless them all! And, too, God bless those whom in the line of my duty I have had to antagonize and to defeat. May the struggles and trials through which either ignorance, superstition, lack of moral sense, avarice or ambition, has respectively led them, be a discipline and a benefit; and, at last, when for each "the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken" and we have all entered the Great Hereafter, may the Grand Master pronounce the final work of each to be good work, such work as is needed to complete a happy home, eternal and in the

On the afternoon of August 20th huge banks of black, angry clouds rolled up from the West, the waters of Minnetonka sympathized with the spirits of the air, and the scene had was to transport the to Wayzata in the evening. Leastwise, thus thought Mrs. Bundy who enjoys being in the midst of Nature's tumults, we boarded the Belle of Minnetonka whose safety could not be questioned, and with more than three hours on our hands beup. The storm passed over without fullfilling its threats, and Curtis with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, but with sober countenance, naively inquired: "Are you not glad you hurried over, instead of remaining to tea at the St. Louis Hotel, with the opportunity of coming across later on the natty little yacht with the genial Crawford for company?" Mrs. Bundy was heard to reply in an under tone something that sounded like, "it might have been an awful storm," etc. I press my opinion of his remark by a look intended to be loaded with asperity. I think I must have failed to load, as I could not detect the desired wet-blanket expression on

the questioner's countenance. I call a truce, and we seat ourselves on the shore of Wayzata Bay to while away the hours. The sun goes behind the fringe of ferest, shadows gather on the water, fishermen come around the point light or laden. as luck has frowned or smiled on them, heading for the shore and supper. A train from-Minneapolis and St. Paul thunders up to the station, drops a score of business men and dashes on to the Hotel Lafayette with the remainder of its load. Row and sail boats await to carry their owners across the bay to pretty cottages along the shore; before the train is out of sight the passengers dropped here are on the water and making the home stretch. In the distance we see happy wives and gleesome children signatting welcome to each boat as it heads toward its respective landing. Lights begin to twinkle in the fringe of green that dresses the pebbled shore. All is tranquil, restful, blissful. Each of and care of the busy city is banished. The tired man of business forgets his fatigue as he listens to the sweet voice of his wife and the gleeful prattle of his children. The wa-

their voices with the winds singing through somewhat this year but the quality is perthe scented forest; a hymn of thanksgiving and praise echoes along the shore. And in the gloaming, we three tramps sit and give thanks for this scene of joy and rest.

As we walk leisurely to the station, little do we dream of the terrible transformation scene to be enacted here before another sun goes down. The next afternoon, as if repenting the mildness of the day previous, the wind seizes huge trees and uses them for whips, piles wave on wave in the little inlet, drives the huge Belle of Minnetonka on to the beach and sends to the bottom of the lake four of the men whom we had seen rowing from the station to their summer homes the night before. But this cruel work was not done without due warning. There was risk in putting human skill and strength against the unseen but mighty force. These men took the risk-and lost. O! the broken hearts. the wrecked hopes, the changed lives of those who stood on the bank and saw this dreadful work go on to the finish. They are the ones who need our sympathy. Late the next night, away up in Northern Dakota, the wire brought us news of the disaster. It was now my opportunity: I turned to Curtis: "Now don't you think our caution justified?" Somehow he didn't seem to hear, and I had no heart to press the matter.

The great railroad system known as the St Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway, offers the traveler a choice of lines from St. Paul to and through the entire length of the famous Red River Valley and north to the line of Queen Victoria's dominions, one on either side of the Red River of the North. By the advice of an experienced friend, our party has arranged to go one way and back the other. Taking the train at Wayzata in the evening, we are soon comfortably stowed away for a night's rest in one of the company's palatial sleeping cars. The next l realize is that the train has stopped in a thriving town and daylight has come again. While lying in my section looking out of the window, the train begins to back up, it continues to back, and I begin to wonder why. Then we back some more, across a long bridge. Then I get up and find we have backed out of Minnesota into Dakota and are now at Wahneton on the west side of the Red River of the North. When a small schoolboy I used to look on the map and trace this river northward to Winnipez and picture a horribly cold, inhospitable country that must always remain a wilderness, fit only for Indians and the half-wild trapper. Had any one told the kind-hearted spinster who acted as my teacher and sometimes wrapped me in her apron and carried me home—a good halfmile-over a dusty road and under a broiling sun, that her seven-year-old pupil would be carried across this stream from one flourishing city to another, in a beautiful car worth more than any three houses in our village, that person would have been pronounced insane or an emissary of the devil. by the good woman. And she would have had the public with her, by a large majority. But stranger things have come about since those far-off days of chills and fever, quinine and calomel.

A brief stop at Wahpeton and the train pulls across the river again; its general direction during the night has been northwest, now it heads northeast. At 6:30 c'clock we too cyclonic an aspect to warrant our party strike Barnesville, breakfast, and the eastrisking passage in the little yacht which ern trunk of the road. The breakfast is disappointing in quality but bewildering in variety: stewed codfish, fried ham, fried steak, and I. So, against the protests of Curtis, stewed prairie chicken, fried mutton, boiled, stewed, fried and baked potatoes, fried and boiled eggs, baked beans, etc., etc., all served on side dishes, leaving no room to handle at five o'clock found ourselves at Wayzata one's self, and sickening the appetite; not a well cooked dish in the whole lot. Why fore the train for Devile Lake would pick us | will country eating houses and taverns try to imitate first-class city hotels? The attempt is always a miserable failure. Let the Barnesville cateror cut down his variety seventy-five per cent., and serve the remainder in clean, wholesome style and his patrons will bless his name.

The topography of the country is a surprise to me. Before daylight we passed the "divide," and now there is an imperceptible fall toward the north. One vast, level prairie stretches in every direction to the horizon. deigned no answer, but endeavored to ex- A narrow belt of timber is always in sight in some quarter and marks one of the numerous streams flowing into Red River. The Red River of the North is the boundary line between Minnesota and Dakota from its head in Lake Traverse, two hundred miles west and north of St. Paul, to the Manitoba line. On the Minnesota side the small streams flow west bearing north, while on the Dakota side they run eastward with a bearing to the north. Red River drains a vast country, capable of supporting a dense population. Not a foot of untiliable land can be seen. There is need of systematic and concerted effort at drainage in some localities. I am told however that steps are being taken to this end. I do not mean to convey the idea that swamps prevail for they do not to any extent, but the quality of the soll over considerable areas would be improved by ditching. As we run north to Croekston immense wheat fields margin the track on either side, broken by long stretches of virgin prairie, and every few miles by thrifty villages with big elevators for storing wheat. The season has been unusually dry; here and there a trace of alkali is seen and the drinking water suggests it. these points of light marks the center of a But the alkali is not counted an objection or family circle from which the whirl, turmoil | a drawback to the country. Some who claim to be experts assert that its presence is one of several essential requisites for the production of the phenomenally fine quality of wheat which has made the Red River valley ters gently lap the white beach and mingle | famous. The drouth has reduced the yield

fect. Those who are posted assert there is not a bushel of wheat in all the millions waiting the thresher that will fall below the grade of "No. 1 hard." Reaping is practically over, though here and there a small field still stands and I see now and then a "selfbinder" dropping a row of sheaves behindin one instance the machine drawn by three oxen abreast and managed by a woman, with not a man in sight. Every few miles one sees a cluster of fine buildings that leads him to think a well-to-do village is in view, but he is told it is only an aggregation of buildings belonging to some big farm.

As we approach Rolette, 277 miles from St. Paul, the "Lockhart farm" comes into view. While there are many bigger farms, this is not so very small, comprising as it does 5,000 acres all under cultivation or improvement. The staple crop is, of course, wheat, which covers more than half the place, but oats, barley, potatoes and "garden truck" are raised in huge quantities. Good artesian wells furnish a bountiful supply of water free from alkali. One of them, having a depth of only 130 feet. flows 65,000 gallons per day. This farm like many others in the valley is under the charge of a skilled superintendent and has its own blacksmith and carpenters' shops, and storehouses of supplies, ice house, oil house, feed grinding mill, boarding houses, and several granaries, each with capacity for 10,000 bushels of wheat.

At 10 o'clock we reach Crookston and are again astonished; indeed astonishment has now come to be our normal condition. One or the other of the party is constantly observing something worthy the attention of all. Crookston seems to me the most promising place we have yet seen on the read. Situated near the centre of the largest county in the State, and on the banks of a river affording a tremendous and never failing water power, with plenty of timber easily obtained and an unsurpassed farming county lying all about, this city has a splendid future. This county of Polk is capable of supporting and making well-to-do a larger population than the entire State can now claim. Crookston has about 6,000 inhabitants and all the accessories and equipments of a city. No one who has enterprise and fair health can make a mistake in settling here—or anywhere else in the State for that matter. One of the largest and best sawmills in the Northwest is at Crookston. As a point for lumber manufacturing, the place . is bound to be second only in importance to Minneapolis, if indeed it does not surpass it within the next ten years. The Red Lake Indian reservation of six thousand square miles has great quantities of excellent timber, and the Thief and Red Lake Rivers fornish a water way for it to Crookston. This vast reservation is held by a little body of Indians numbering only about ten hundred including bucks, squaws and pappooses, as they say in the West, or men, women and children, as people in the East prefer to call them. This reservation should be opened to the white man for development; and it can be done without injustice to the Indians. It is a sin for such a magnificent body of land to remain a wilderness when its development would add so much to the welfare and happiness of thousands. Twice have attempts been made to throw it open to the public, but the crafty opposition of certain lumber monopolists who have commercial relations with the Indians has defeated these efforts. Another year will undoubtedly bring a pressure too great for these lumber kings to withstand and the poor but enterprising pioneers will have a chance.* Only eight years have passed since the settlement of Polk county began, and though but sparsely settled now, the crop of grain for this year will probably exceed five millions of bushels. And all raised in a strip of country most of which is in sight from the line of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway.

At Crookston we leave the sleeper, as it continues north to Winnipeg, and take a train on another branch of the same railway for Devils Lake, Dakota. The surface of the country about Crookston is somewhat rolling, and more pleasing to Eastern eyes than the flat prairie. We leave the main line to the right and bear off toward Red River. As the new train conductor enters our car Curtis exclaims, "What a splendid figure, he would do for a model of Apollo." And, indeed, he is a fine specimen; over six feet tall, perfect in proportion, a full beard covering his rosy cheeks which are lighted up by a pair of large.dark eyes expressing great benevolence and determination. He looks as though he would think it a small task to throw a car full of tramps out of the window, or pick up a derailed coach and place it in position. He comes our way, stops to pat on the head and give a pleasant word to a bright little negro boy whose genteel appearing mother smiles with pleasure at the attention; then he takes our tickets, reads the name and asks. "Do you know John Pirnie's family?" "If you mean Mr. and Mrs. Pirnie of Cleveland and Chicago," I reply, "Mrs. Sarah Pirnie, the

* Since the above was written the Northwest Indian Commission, composed of Hon. John V. Wright of Tennessee, Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, and Major Larrabee of the U. S. Indian Bureau, has negotiated a treaty with the various Indian tribes of Minnesota, whereby over 3,000,000 acres of land will be opened for settlement. The intention under the be opened for settlement. The intention under the stipulations of the proposed treaty is to settle all these Indians, except those of the Red Lake band, upon the White Earth Reservation, the Red Lake band being now excellently situated. It may be that some of the more wandering bands will be removed, if it be their choice, to Wisconsin, as the Government gives them their option. The total number of acres held by the Indians prior to this treaty was 4.756,716. All this will be opened except the White Earth Reservation which contains 706,672 acres and about one-fourth of the Red Lake Reservation. Before next spring this treaty will ne deubt be ratified. Bishop Whitppie is a well tried and fathful friend of the Indians and will not them fairly dealt with.

excellent medium and healer, I certainly do, Of the truth of this. I cannot judge, but am | days were consumed and thirteen teams therand esteem them highly; why?" "My wife is their daughter," replies the conductor, "and my name is Copeland." Next to unexpectedly meeting our old friends the Pirnies, it seems good to meet their son-in-law. I immediately fire a few dozen questions at him, concerning the country, its products, prospects, people, climate, etc., all of which he answers in due time, with great deliberation and exactness. That he has to call out stations, collect fares, take care of his train and answer other people before I have pumped him enough, don't seem to affect the flow of information or disturb his good nature. He used to railroad it in Ohio, but has been here some years and much prefers this country; says it is far pleasanter and easier work in the winter here than farther south and east. By the way, I've tried my best to get some one in Minnesota to say the winters are harder to bear than those in Illinois and the eastern States, but my attempts have all been signal failures. I don't believe there is a man or woman in Minnesota or Dakota who will not make oath that the winters are "delightful." "Cold, it is true;" they say, 66 but then the air is so dry and bracing, one doesn't feel the cold; and then, too, there is comething about this country that fills one so full of life and vigor that one hardly netices 40° below zero in winter or 100° above in summer—as we sometimes get it." The first few hundred times I got this answer, I doubted its truthfulness, and put it in the list with some of the California stories I've laid away for future working, but after having it dinged into my ears by everybody, including some whom I personally know to be truth-loving people, I am reluctantly forced to admit that what they all affirm is probably true. Indeed I have some confirmation of it to-day, for with the thermometer above 90° I do not feel uncomfortably warm and Mrs. Bundy is standing the journey much better than could be expected. Curtis is always comfortable, no extreme of heat or cold has the slightest effect on him, so I count him out in looking for collateral evidence to corroborate the statements of residents. While I am spinning of the mercury, the train spins along the valley of Red Lake River, which furnishes Crookston with its water power and after draining and beautifying twenty miles more of rolling prairie helps to swell the volume of the Red River of the North at the point where our train crosses into Dakota. "Grand Forks," sings out Copeland, and here we are in the second largest city of this rightful claimant to the dignity of . Statehood. My old friend Col. Gil. Pierce, ought, and no doubt does, feel very proud of this noble Territory over which he governs. While his office doesn't bring him in as many dollars as did the editorship of the Inter Ocean, the deficit is more than made up by the liberal supply of climate, ozone and enterprise so boundfully furnished to all who enter Dakota; and the Colonel is fond of them. especially of ozone. Then, too, the Governor has a generous, honest heart, and takes pleasure in smoothing the path of the settler in so far as lies in his power: I hope he will stick to this country; and Dakotians will

Grand Forks is an old, old city; it has been in existence twelve years. No wonder it forks out in all directions over the prairie and covers ground enough to give a lot to every human being resident in the Territory. Looking northward, I see a large brick structure at some distance from any other building, and am told it is a Roman Catholic school. Further to the west and two and a half miles from the centre of the town, stands an imposing edifice which I learn is the beginning of the University of North Dakota and one of a pile of splendid buildings to cost nearly a million dollors.

never do better, than to stick to him.

School houses and churches abound through the western country. From the Manitoba line to Mexico one cannot travel far in any inhabited section without seeing a school house; and it is more likely to be the finest structure in its district than otherwise. Speculators and non-resident land holders often groan over, the school tax which settlers manage to levy; but nobody pities these non-producing speculators. If they want the benefit of the improvements making by noor, hardworking settlers, let them be made to pay roundly for all public improvements. They have no option and must do it, or give way to those who will turn the sod of these unbroken acres and make homes for the homeless and grow wheat for the millions who want it. The Indian has some show of justification for holding vast tracts in a state of nature, but the speculator has none. He must go! and his trail will be followed before it is cold by the big ranchmen and cattle kings. Huge monopolies of the soil will not be endured very long in this country.

Leaving Grand Forks to double its wealth and population every three years we push on toward our destination. As we get away from the Red River valley, evidences of the severe drouth become more marked, the shocks of grain are farther apart,-nearly all the wheat is still in the shock; we have seen but few stacks during the day—the sod is brown and dry, the streams run shallow. Here and there is an 80-acre field covered thick with granite boulders,-marks of the glacial period; the soil grows lighter in color and less in depth. To a stranger the country is not so promising for agricultural purposes-as that over which we have traveled that, one year with another, they can raise as profitable crops as the farmers in the Red warmer soil than can be found further east. | over a lower level than its mate. Thirteen

have got to work out the problem. At Arvilla, 43 miles west of Crookston and 342 miles from St. Paul, we halt for dinner. And a good, well cooked, well served meal it is. The dining room is genteel, and a general air of refinement pervades the house, very refreshing to find, and all the more so, as wholly unlooked for. The hotel is owned by Mr. Hersey of Stillwater, Minnesota, who also owns a large farm near the station, and in the shooting season entertains a host of | land, which is greatly coveted by settlers. friends, invited guests, who come out to enjoy the hunt and the generous hospitality of their host.

The next point of importance is Larimore, where we cross another arm of the giant St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway. This is a bustling, thriving little city, with an attractive farming country to support it. As we draw nearer to Devils Lake, Conductor Copeland invites me to remain with him and go on to the end of the road, a point some 65 miles west of the lake and contiguous to the Mouse River country, where he promises the finest of grouse shooting. When, in answer to my precautionary inquiries, he tells me the road is not yet well ballasted, the time of arrival likely to be near midnight and the accommodations such as the shovelers who are throwing up the track can furnish, and that if Sunday is as hot as to-day, the sport will have plenty of fatigue attending. I politely but very firmly decline.

At five o'clock, Saturday afternoon, the train reaches Devils Lake City, 409 miles from St. Paul, about 60 miles from the Manitoba line and in latitude 48° north, longitude 99° west from Greenwich. The first view of Devils Lake and the little city which stands on its north shore is rather disappointing; but evidently we are not observing it under the most favorable conditions. A twenty-one hours' ride which lands one at a station where the mercury neeps above the mark of the ninety-fourth degree and with a diabolical leer reaches for the next step upward, is not calculated to show nature at her best. And when, as now, over all is thrown a funereal curtain of smoke from far western prairie fires, I can imagine that a traveler with oldfashioned notions of theology might be led to reflect upon his past life, to ponder over the name of the locality, and if sufficiently orthodox, to snuff for a scent of sulphur. We step out upon the platform of the station and are informed by a coatless, colored gentleman of suave manner, that a "free bus" will transport us to the Benham House. We act upon his information and are driven to the hotel by the man for jumping whose land claim the Ward brothers were shot to death only a few years ago; and I learn that we passed very near the scene of the tragedy as murder, and that the prevailing sentiment of against the Ward boys; though the U.S. Land Commissioner awarded the claim to their heirs—on a technicality, it is said, and not on the merits of the case. Major Benham, the host, is an old soldier who served his country gallantly in a Michigan regiment, came out here poor and has materially aided in preparing Dakota for admission into

the sisterhood of States. I find many Chicago and Eastern people here, and without exception they speak well of the country. Here is located the most important Government Land Office in the country, and it is only three years since land in this section was thrown open for entry. I am told there is now no good government land to be had within twenty-five miles of the office. Investigation increases my respect for the character and resources of this region; I am sure that hereabouts and further west in the Mouse River country the seeker for a home cannot go wrong.

It is Sunday morning and the day promises to be a scorcher. Curtis suggests that we take the steamer and cross the lake to Fort Totten. I agree to this, and all the more readily as I have become satisfied this is no place for a hay fever patient now, whatever it may have been in other years, and intend to start on the return trip when Copeland comes along to-morrow morning with his train and grouse.

Devils Lake is a body of brackish water, fiftyfive miles in length, with a shore line nearly as extended and irregular as Minnetonka, but less attractive. Marvellous tales are told of the cures wrought by bathing in its waters. I have interviewed those who claim to have been permanently benefited, and who dilate with enthusiasm upon its remedial properties. But until better facilities for bathing and the care of invalids are to be had I cannot advise the sick to come here to experiment.

The steamer which takes us to the fort was built by Capt. Ed. Heerman who navigates her, and was ready for business on the day the first passenger train entered Devils Lake City. The boat was built in 1883, and Capt. H's story of his difficulties in completing the craft gives an example of the pluck and perseverance which characterize these hardy pioneers. When it came time to put in the boilers and engine they were at the nearest railroad station nearly sixty miles distant; it was in the midst of winter with deep snow and the thermometer ranging from 35° to 40° degrees below zero. He loaded the outduring the day. Though the settlers claim | fit on a sled; and to prevent capelzing, constructed a V of timbers which when inverted and placed over the load brought the ends River valley; for the reason that they can down on either side to the snow. Securely work the ground two weeks earlier in the fastened to the load, this device kept it from spring, as much later in the fall, and have a careening when the runner on one side slid

glad to hear such testimony from those who loughly exhausted in accomplishing the fourney, but the Captain avers most emphatically that he did not suffer with the cold.

> Fort Totten occupies a commanding position on the bluffs overlooking the lake and surrounding country. The buildings are of brick, manufactured on the other side of the lake. The fort was established some eighteen years ago, the site being selected by General Terry. The Fort Totton Reservation embraces. I am told, 200,000 acres of excellent

> Here is an Indian school where the childron from the Indian Reservation are educated under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church. The school is in charge of four Sisters of the order of Gray Nuns. Our party is escorted to the school building by Mr. Frank Palmer, the Indian trader, and introduced to the sisters, by whom we are shown over the school building and chapel. It is now vacation and only eight children-orphans-are in the building. The U.S. Government pays the nuns \$108 per year for each little Indian whose soul they strive to save and whose intellect they, with patience and skill, endeavor to cultivate. The system of farming out to leading religious sects the religious and educational work among the Indians was inaugurated, I believe, by General Grant and seems to have satisfied sectarian leaders. Whether the Indians are the better for it I am not qualified by observation to fidge. An intelligent gentleman who has lived for

the past twenty years at different reservations in the Northwest and who is of Presbyterian stock, says the Catholics have the best success with the Indians; that with the Protestant sects if the government funds are not promptly forthcoming the school is abandonod: and that they never acquire equal influonce with the Catholic missionaries. He bears witness to the greater devotion to the work on the part of the Catholics and has more respect for their sincerity of purpose, though no sympathy with their theology. He further states as the result of twenty years' careful observation, that the matured Indian is never honest in his professions of Christianity, and that the children seldom become permanently Christlanized. This testimony is supported by others who seem to speak wholly unbiased and in strict accordance with their observations. They claim the Indian is only a Christian when he thinks it will help him to rations and clothes, or in some way make life easier. One of these witnesses married a half-breed and all of them seemed to have no race prejudice to blind their judgment. Some things however are plain to the most casual observer. Wherever the white man comes in contact with the Indian, the latter rapidly deteriorates, physically and morally, grows a little weaker each we came into town. I may here mention in | succeeding generation, his blood is poisoned passing that no one was convicted of the | by a nameless disease; scrofula abounds and helps to hasten the day when the red man the community after this lapse of time is shall only be a tradition. Schools for religious and intellectual training may lengthen out the struggle but the end is inevitable. There is no hope for the Indian this side of the grave. Only in the next world is there any show for him. And Spiritualism offers the only rational hope that the Indian's heaven is a region of growth and improvement.

But let us get away, the steamer is coming round the promontory, her whistle warns us to go to the wharf: a corporal's guard files out from the fort and marches to the landing-this is about the only military duty devolving upon the command, that of guarding the landing when the steamer arrives, to protect the Indian and post traders from stray peddlors who would invade their preserves, I

Good-by, Gray Nune! I reject your theology, but respect your devotion, and admire your self-sacrificing spirits and pure lives. I recognize the fact that Romanism has had its part to play in carrying the race forward and that when its work is done it will, like the Indian, fade away. Good-by, Sisters. Your sweet faces and contented air while environed by all that is repellent to your refined and cultured natures teach me a lesson of patience and of fortitude. Good-by! God bless you!

As we steam along, Captain Heerman points out a deserted eagle's nest in the forks of a huge tree which stands out alone as if ashamed of its pigmy companions. This eagle used to come back each year to raise its young in the old nest, built before the white man's gun echoed through the forest. But this season she failed to return. Though her rights had been respected, no attempt made to jump her claim and no gun pointed at her brooding place, yet she could not brook the white man's intrusion and has gone further west.

We have heard much about the fishing in Devils Lake, but inquiry upon the spot develope the information that pickerel are the only game that comes to one's hook here, and they are neither gamey nor fine of flavor. It is said, however, there are plenty of bass and trout in the streams and fresh water lakes which abound in this region.

It is not in the nature of things that Devils Lake should be without its weird stories: and several of them we had at first hand. The phantom ship is the favorite here, not the oldfashioned kind, with all sails set, but a modern steamer. Mr. Frank Palmer who is a cool-headed unimaginative man of excellent business qualifications, and director in a National bank, told me a story, which I wish I could put on paper as well as he tells it. He did not volunteer its relation and at first seemed reluctant, but under Captain Heerman's orging he gave it to me substantially as follows: One day three years ago, Mr. Palmer and twelve other men, eleven of them (Continued on Bighth Page.)

The Rev. J M. Buckley, D. D. editor of the Christian. Advocate, and author of the article recently published in *The Contury* on "Faith-Healing and Kindred Phenomena," will contribute to the same magazine a teries of articles on the subject of Dreams, Presentiments, Astrology, Clairvoyance, and Spiritualism, of which he has made a life-long study.

Mrs. Oliphant is writing a series of articles to appear in *The Century* during the coming year, describing some of the celebrated men and women of Queen Anne's reign, including the Queen, the Duchess Sarah, Dean Swift, and Daniel Defoe. Mrs. Van Rensselaer, who has recently written about American Architecture, in *The Century*, will contribute to he same magazine a series of papers on some of the typical English cathedrals, to be illustrated by Mr. oseph Pennell.

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MRS. CHARLOTTE LISLE, OF CHICAGO, Well known to the Western press, ascribes the cure of a dangerons cough, accompanied by bleeding at the lungs, to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. "My cough," she says. "threatened to suffect ome " " " but the remedy has removed it."

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

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Rev. As a Warreu of Waterloo, Iowa, after almost seventy-seven years of earth-life, with a full share of its labors, disappointments and trials, not unmixed with much sunshine and joy, ascended to his long wished for home in the higher and better life, on Sunday morning, Sept. 19th. [JAbout thirty years since when Spiritualism was young and unpopular he received convincing proof of its truth and with characteristic frankness at once allied himself with its

with characteristic frankness at once allied himself with its advocates and became an eloquent, popular and efficient lecturer. His addresses were always earnest, logical and convincing. He had long suffered severe illness, but his last sickness was dysentery and after a few days of acute pain, he gladly ascended to his longed for home.

He was buried from his home in Waterloo, Sept. 20th, 1886. Dr. J. Whittemore conducted the funeral services.



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The Message.

I sat one night alone, On rock-ribbed barriers of the sea, And watched the ripples break and flee With hushed and measured moan. It seemed as if the waters knew My thoughts and all I wished to do.

A rush of memories came, And filled my hot and fevered brain. My childhood days came back again,— My every hope and aim; And all the ghosts of faded years Brought sad, sad tales and bitter tears.

An angel saw me there. And soothed my brow and calmed my mind: "Don't seek the shadows. Leave behind Your sorrows, looking where The path of life is bright as day, And grief unseen will pass away."

I smiled once more, and sought To write the words where all might read, And thus to sow my little seed For harvests, not for naught. I wrote them in the waysea, But seen they all were gone from mo.

I penned them in the sand, Ent wind and wintry sea came by, And sald my precious words must die, For they controlled the land. One place remained for them alone,-I carved them deep upon a store.

But cruel time disdained My work, and wore it all away. In teare, disconsolate I lay; It seemed no hope remained.
"At least," I said, a soul must live,—
The message to some babe I'll give!"

I've told it to a child. To carry to posterity: For God, I know, will let it be, If one is reconciled To see the happler side as right, And turn the shadows into light. —Charles K. Bolton in Christian Register.

In the Arms of Her Old Slave.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: The following story illustrates the fact that there

are noble souls among the colored people; those that are willing to care for a suffering soul in the hour of adversity. Go and do likewise. A few days ago several weeping colored women followed a plain pine coffin in Baltimore, Md., up the shady lane of St. Paul's Episcopal Church graveyard and saw deposited in the grave the remains of a woman who was once a reigning Virginia belle, and whose charms were extelled throughout all Southern society. Born in affluence and raised in luxury, she died in obscurity and abject poverty, almost starving to death. Fiction writers seldom tell a more romantic story than the narrative of Sarah Beach's manne story than the narrative of Satan Beach's life. Thirty years ago, when she was about seventeen years old, she was the acknowledged belle of Accomac County, Virginia. She was then being educated at a fashionable boarding-school in New York State. She was possessed of a lovely face and figure, which, as she grew older, brought many suitors for her hand. Her father, William Beach, was one of the cartery should be accounted. the wealthiest men on the eastern shore of Virginia. He owned thousands of acres and scores of slaves. Her vacations were spent at the family mansion, where her slightest wish was law. After leaving school, she entered society, and spent seasons in Richmond and other leading cities of the South. She referred a cases in scolety. Finally, when about reigned a queen in society. Finally, when about twenty-one years old, she married a dashing New-Norker named Thomas Bailey. When the news of her marriage reached her father he was greatly in-censed and refused to see his daughter again. The newly-married couple had but little means, but struggled along happily for a few years, when the husband died, leaving his widow almost penuliess, when the Past," as noted in the Bible, showing it to be husband died, leaving his widow almost penuliess, when the Past, as noted in the Bible, showing it to be husband died, leaving his widow almost penuliess, unwise for any to ignore the Bible, for it was full of the best of Spiritualism. This lecture was well recame to Baltimore with the hope of returning to her Virginia home, but the War had broken out, and the family had become scattered, and she was unable to locate them. One of her father's slaves, Emma, a girl about her own age, had married, however, and was living in Baltimore, and Sarah found her. Through their united exertions the widow found some employment at teaching dressmaking, when her boy died and was buried in St. Paul's graveyard. The daughter grew up, married Mr. Charles Baughman of Philadelphia, and removed to that city with her husband, where, it is said, she still resides.

Mrs. Bailey remained in Baltimore until about two years ago, when by the death of an aunt she inherited a couple of thousand dollars. The daughter urg-ed her mother to go to Philadelphia, which she did, and there opened a large boarding-house. The venture did not meet with success, and they were compelled to move into a smaller house, where failure again met them, until finally all the inheritance was expended, the furniture sold, and Mrs. Balley was again destitute. Then she was taken ill and remov ed to the hospital, where she occupied a hed in the charity ward. Feeling that she would like to see her old friends in Baltimore, and being sufficiently recovered to travel, she came to this city three weeks ago. The trip was, however, too much for her, and she arrived here sick and penniless. She called upon one or two of her old friends, but they were unwilling to take her in. She then thought of her old colored playmate and slave, Emma Bloxam, and with the aid of two little colored girls hunted her up. Emma did not at first recognize her, but invited her in, when she fell, fainting from hunger and fatigue, upon a sofa in the modest little parlor. As soon as Emma found who she was she lavished every possible attention upon her, but death had set its mark upon her and she gradually became weaker, and died in the arms of the former old slave who had been her nurse in infancy. Baltimore, Md.

Jottings.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It is a long time since I have written a word for the JOURNAL. At present our little band of true and energetic Spiritualists are quiet but firm. The many who spent August on Fern Island at Cassadaga, are chanting the praises of the seventh annual camp meeting held at that place. Every day of the meeting was full of interest to campers and visitors. Great harmony prevailed and a glorious time socially. The financial success was sufficient to warrant great improvements next year. Many families from the cities intend to spend the whole of next season at their nice cottages on the island. The high location, pure atmosphere and clear waters of the little lakes, make it a desirable place to rest from care and labor and recuperate soul and body.
J. Madleon Allen and wife, of Philadelphia, spent

a day here last week, calling on Spiritualist friends with a view of laboring in the vineyard. Their guides told them they had a work to do in this place, but they found the harvest time over as the laborers had been plenty, and the fruits already garnered in the storehouse of knowledge.

We hold little circles when convenient, and en-

gage lecturers and mediums to visit us occasionally, but have long since passed the era of keeping a beggars' hotel for spiritual tramps who seek to heal by the laying on of hands for a big sum of money in

We do not depend on "rubber-mediums" rubber mediums I mean those who rub to cure) for physical health or would-be lecturers for mental food, well knowing that the God-given power of healing exists in all to a greater or less degree. I consider the magnetic system very dangerous unless rightly understood, as we are liable to receive dis-case as carried from one to another by the hands or magnetism of the professional healer.

The highest system of healing consists of the clairvoyant diagnosis of aliments, and a prescription of potent medicines therefor, whether it be sunlight, pure air, bathing, certain kinds of food, exercise, rest, roots, herbs, minerals, or whatever the needs may be, only that the prescription is made with wis-dom or unerring inspiration.

Brother Allen and ledy claimed the hospitalities of Henry L. Rowe and wife for a day and night, and then journeyed on, seeking vineyards where the crops are a little lates, or where "the harvest is ripe and the inhorars few."

Obsumbus, Pa. Mrs. N. M. Ewar.

The Delphos, Kansas, Camp Meeting.

To the Falter of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The first day, Sept. 3rd, found our camp grounds in a fair way of preparation for the accommodation of the many visitors expected, and in the evening we held an interesting meeting, as P. C. Mills and Mrs. A. L. Lull of Lawrence, Kausas, and the President of our society, A. P. Ballou, M. D., from Colorado, had arrived on the evening train. Saturday found us in good working order, harmony prevailed, and the friends began to come from almost every State in the Union—not coming for a summer recetion in the Union-not coming for a summer vacation, nor a resort for holiday pastime, but for earnest work, teaching and being taught the principles of ar harmonial philosophy. Pleasant faces, an atmosphere of good-will and a feeling of joyousness greeted us from all sides, and when from the rostrum came the grand inspirational "song of greeting," sung by J. M. Watterman and family, all felt that they were truly welcome to the feast of spiritudinal truly welcome to the spiritudinal t

ality that was being spread for our partaking, both by this and the angel sphere.

This morning the opening address was by the President, Dr. Ballou, in which the general outline of the work done during the past year and plans for the future were concisely and appropriately given. The Vice-President, J. N. Blanchard, followed, giv-ing the "Rules of the Camp," and many valuable euggestions to campers.

A committee on "programme and speakers" was appointed, consisting of P. T. McNair of Jewell Co., Kas.; Wm Bickle of Beloit, Kas.; J. N. Blanchard of Delphos; Mrs. C. A. Morley of Clyde, Kas.; Mrs. A. French of Topeka, and Mr. H. O. Benedict of Benefictor Kes. nington, Kas. Conference occupied the remainder of the afternoon in which the speakers, Mills, Lull, Loh Mueller, Lewis, Dickson, Ballou, Blanchard and others took part in discussing the following subjects: "The Beauties of Soul and Spirit Development as Compared with the Physical;" "The Power of United and Concentrated Action;" "The Relation we Hold to Each Other;" "The Contrast Between Pleasant and Unpleasant Surroundings;" "The Importance and Uses of all Classes. Tribes and People, in ance and Uses of all Classes, Tribes and People, in the Great Economy and Harmony of the Universe." Personal experiences were given, and the spiritual songs, "Wait and Murmur Not," and "Progress of Spiritualism," by Watterman, closed the exercises of The afternoon.

The first Sunday found a crowd of earnest people on the grounds, who in conference listened to words of wisdom from our active workers, and in the aftermoon, the subject, "What do Spiritualists believe?" was ably explained by J. N. Blanchard, after which Mrs. Lull gave convincing tests from the rostrum, both of clairvoyance and clairaudience. The evening was pleasant, and an audience of two thousand listened to Mrs. Luli while she answered the question, "What is your belief as Spiritualists concerning the divinity of Christ?" The thoughts given were grand, and elicited marked attention and respect; and when the song, "Beautiful Home of the Angels, floated through the grove, a feeling of harmony and spirituality seemed to pervade all, and heaven was

brought very near us. During the week the number of permanent camp-ers was greater than last year, but owing to rains making traveling, difficult, the outside attendance

was not as large as last year. One thing was quite noticeable, the cheerfulness and entire absence of grumbling when the rain fell in torrente, making it very uncomfortable; all seemed to be of one mind "to have a good time anyhow; and song and laughter cheered us through this other-

wise gloomy time. It was a lesson to be remembered, that instead of "prayers to have the rain averted," all seemed to agree that it was "just right" and in the "great economy of nature" it became necessary; therefore selfishness must give way to a broader and grander thought, so all was made sunshine to the spirit, and no complaining was heard. Meetings were kept up nearly to the regular programme during the weekconference during forenoon, lecture at 2 P. M., and lecture in evening, closing with song and music, after listening to inspirational and improvised poems given through the mediumship of Mrs. Lull on subjects furnished by the audience; such as "Mother Love," "Education," "Salvation," "Our Future," "Tobacco," "Gambling," "Music," etc.

Mr. C. L. Lewis of Salem, Kas., gave a profitable lecture on "Spirit Unfoldment and Manifestation in the Past," as noted in the Bible, showing it to be unwise for any to gapage the Bible, for it was full of

Texas, was a favorite with the audience, giving in his rapid manner and rush of condensed thought, enough mental food in a few moments to last weeks

in its digestion and assimilation.
P. C. Mills in his flowing and logical way, could always be depended on to say good and profitable things. The conferences were the most interesting of all our meetings, but to give even an outline of the subjects discussed would require too long an article. Our last Sunday was pleasant, and an audience of fifteen hundred people greeted us at 2 P. M., and listened to a discourse on "Spiritualism and Progress" by Mr. Mills.

The last evening was cloudless and cool, and the faces of two thousand people were turned to greet Loh Mueller, the first speaker, who in a thirty minutes address, told us, among other good things, our mission was not to tear down, but to build up and lift up." He exhorted all to investigate and not become worse but better citizens. Mrs. Waisbroker of Iowa, spoke on the subject of "Prayer," and in her forcible manner gave utterance to many good thoughts. Mrs. Lull then gave beautiful ideas on "Creeds and Dogmas," "The Value of Mediumship," and "The Progress of Our Faith Among the Nations of the Earth." The closing remarks were made by the President, in a few well chosen words of thanks to all who had so cheerfully contributed to make our meeting successful. He exhorted all to "prove all things and hold fast that which was good." thanked the vast audience for their quiet behavior, attention and good order, and the meeting closed by the audience joining in singing the "Sweet By and

Thus has closed, probably, one of the most profit able gatherings of Spiritualists ever held in this region. There were more earnest seekers after the truth, a greater demand for our literature, and the rapid passing away of the piles of Journals each day as they were offered from the table showed the tendency of thought. Thus we perceive that each year brings larger crowds, more enthusiasm, more knowledge, a greater range of visitors, until from New England to California, from Michigan to Texas, they come to the spiritual feast. Next year, on more extensive grounds, with better accommodations, and with more experience, we hope to give a joyful greeting to all our friends, and all their friends from all over the land.

GEO. KNOWLES, Secretary.

The Hallucination of a Woman who was Cured by Sugar Water.

Ab. well. Sickness is, in a great many cases, only a hallucination. Everybody knows that and has

"Do you believe in the mind cure?", I asked Dr. Swan.

"Well, the mind cure is adopted very often by the medical profession, and it is a very valuable aid to doctors sometimes. I had a patient once, a lady of nervous temperament, who had for a long time suffered from restlessness, nervousness, sleeplessness and many other lessnesses. There was nothing really the matter with her; her trouble was in the imagination. I could not cure her at all. At last one evening I said to her: 'Now, I never like to give morphine or any form of oplum. It is exceesively dangerous and only as a last resource do I administer it. I have decided to administer it to you. I am a little nervous about the result and you must be careful about using it.' And I went to the faucet and drew a glass of water and compounded with great care and serioneness a slightly colored mixture of which I had brought the materials. 'Here, take this teaspoonful,' I said. 'Now, if you don't get to sleep in half an hour, take another teaspoonful; if that does not work walt an hour and try another, but don't take any more for two hours, because this is cumulative, and there's enough in this to kill the family. Please be very, very careful, and I left her. Next day I called.

""'Oh, Doctor,' she said, 'I am so much better. The first teaspoonful did no good, so I took another, and that worked like a charm. I slept beautifully and got up feeling infinitely better.

"'I'm glad,' I said. 'You've had enough. I wil throw the rest away, for it is excessively dangerous.'
It was after a couple of years of good health I confessed to her that all in the world she had taken was a teaspoonful of brown sugar and water. She was so mad that she almost fell sick again."—San Francisco Chronicia.

The Healing Power.

Ours, we say, is the age of intellect, and mind holds the reins over the fast flying steeds of material progress. Even in the realm of bodily disease there is now a more general belief than ever before that "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."
Coleridge says: "In the treatment of nervous diseases he is the best physician who is the most ingenious inspirer of hope."
Dr. Oswald, reversing the proposition, declares that "lost hope is a fatal though silent disease."
"Pain," says the Scientific American, "is chiefly mental, and the severity of it would be comparatively alight, did we not give ourselves up to it. Anti-

mental, and the severity of it would be comparatively slight, did we not give ourselves up to it. Animals suffer less than men. A horse will feed after breaking a leg, while a man would lie and moan."

From innumerable sources we find emphasis of the idea that the spirit controls the body. "To retain or recover health," says one writer, "persons should be relieved from anxiety concerning disease. The mind has power over the body—for a person to think he has a disease will often produce that disease. This we see effected when the mind is intensely concentrated upon the disease of another. We have seen a person seasick, in anticipat on of a voyage, before reaching the vessel. People have died of cancer in the stomach, when they had no cancer in the stomach or any other mortal disease. cancer in the stomach or any other mortal disease. Therefore persons should have their minds diverted as much as possible from themselves. If he wills not to die, a man can often live in spite of disease; and, if he has little or no attachment to life, he will slip away as easily as a child will fall asleep. Men live by their minds as well as by their bodies. Their bodies have no life of themselves; they are only receptacles of life—tenements for their minds—and the will has much to do in continuing the physical

In a pamphlet recently published, we find the following statements which no fair-minded person will question: Many chronic invalids are simply the victims of a chronic mode of thought; they have formed the habit of being sick, and they could if they would, or rather if they knew how, form the habit of being well. So many believe that they cannot thelp being weak, nervous, alling, and miserable, and they live year after year bound with the fetters which they have forged for themselves. Many a woman frets herself sick, and many a man has lost his life from an overtaxed mind, which has brought

occupancy or giving it up."

corresponding disease to the body.

"How often does it happen that a physician who has practiced a specialty for a number of years becomes at last a victim to the very disease which he has labored so long to overcome in others. It has been a picture before his mental vision which at last finds outward expression upon his body."

The Rev. C. E. Mann, in the New Church Messenger, writes lu inspired strain on the "Healing of the Body through the Soul." We have space only for brief extracts.

"Apart from spirit, man's body is an utterly powerless collection of substances that will quickly be resolved into their original elements. The body has no power to be anything or to do anything, except it be given of the soul. How transcendently important it is, then, if we would be blessed with that healing of the body which the powers of spiritual life can bring us, that we recognize the reality and the power of spiritual things; that we refuse to give material forces control over us by believing in them; that we come under the dominion of the great flowing river of life and of strength which comes down through heaven and the spiritual world into our souls from the Lord. The very existence of the ma-terial universe is as dependent upon the spiritual universe as the shadow is dependent upon the light that casts it. And yet we turn our backs upon the that casts it. And yet we turn our backs upon the infinite power and reality within, and resolutely fix our eyes upon the shadow, giving it our allegance, having faith in it, trusting it, and worshiping it; thus by the very action of our thoughts in reference to it, closing our souls to the current of the descending actual life from above.

"We must, then, if we would realize the true benefit in the health of our bodies which can come from

efit in the health of our bodies which can come from the spiritual power of heaven, believe in that power. We must accept the doctrine that in spiritual life is all true life, that in spiritual power is the only power, and that in spiritual reality is the only substance

"If in your conversation you treat the sickness with which you are afflicted as though they were really enemies of your body, possessing an actual self-existent nature, you thereby give them a hold upon you which they would otherwise not posses. forever thinking of this ache or that discomfort analyzing all the strange or peculiar sensations that may come to you, and discussing such matters with others—all such conduct gives a basis in your mind for the presence of evil thoughts to aggravate and maintain your allments. Such methods of thought and conversation are among the things that most do hinder the presence and the efficiency of the health-

giving influx of heaven. "Yet it seems as if the dominant habits of polite society made such topics as these the leading sub-jects of auxious inquiry and discussion. It is the very method in the law of spiritual doctrine that

would most successfully fasten disease upon us, and it makes the spiritual cure of our sickness impossible. "Let our association with each other be healthful. All our conversation, thoughts we cherish, the sphere of our affections, should go forth to help all with whom we are associated, to strengthen them against sickness, to weaken the hold of the disease-producing influences upon them. Rather live in your health and turn your back upon your sickness, and be not anxious as to the result. Anxiety and fears open the doors for the admission of disease."—Laws

Sleep.

Another, knowing my genius for sleep, says, "You cannot be in health and sleep as you do on the slightest provocation." This, too, is an ancestral tendency, My grandfather made Sunday a day of rest. After feeding his cattle and taking a bird's eye view of his farm, he slept until dinner, and after a frugal repast, again until tea, and as soon as the sun went down he retired and slept all night. My father, conforming rather more to the demands of a progressive civilization, solaced himself with a few short naps, both at church and at home. He has been known, in our old Scotch Presbyterian church, to sleep standing all through the long prayer, and on a few occasions to maintain the perpendicular after all the congrega-tion were seated, much to his own mortification and the amusement of his calldren. Yet as a judge and a lawyer he was always awake to the interests of his clients and the sophistries of the advocates in his court. He was the oldest judge that ever sat on a bench in this country, resigning at the age of 84. When as a child I was disappointed in any anticipated pleasure, punished, or suffered injustice, I hur-ried to my room and went to sleep.

In the palmy days of Theodore Parker's populari-

ty, I attended his ministrations regularly. As it involved a long walk, and I reached his place of worship very tired, I made it a rule to sleep through all the preliminary services that I might be wide awake for the sermon, a friend near by rousing me at the right moment. Just so in going to a ball, party or dinner. I felt a short nap was an important factor in my toilet, as nothing could make me so attractive as the color and look of repose that follows sleep. No rouge or stimulant equal to it. If from no higher motive than vanity, I say to all girls in society, sleep. Cosmetics, laces and flowers cannot conceal a weary, laded look, nor a chronic condition of diseatisfaction I have emphasized this point because most people seem to think that sleep is disreputable, that there is great virtue in being forever on the watch-tower. This is one doctrine in the gospel of health that I have preached to nervous men and women in all my

travels from Maine to Texas. Occasionally you will meet a crotchety man or woman who has some theory about early rising, and not satisfied to get up themselves to see the sun rise, they will waken a whole household, pulling young children out of their nests, making them cross all day. The insane asylums are full of people whose sweet morning slumbers have been rudely broken by some ignorant theorist. One of the most painful sights I recall in my Western travels was a breakfast table surrounded with children under ten years of age, eating bacon and buckwheat cakes by candle-light, the thin, nervous tired mother during the day ight, the thin, nervous tired mother during the day utilizing the time she had stolen from sleep in hearming haif a dozen yards of ruffling for a pillow-sham. Seeing her continually yawning and stretching, I said, "Why do you not lie down and take a nap?" "Ah." she replied, "I have too much to do to waste an hour in alceping." Why not dispense with the

an hour in alcoping," way not unpossed with pillow-shame and refresh the woman in view of her comparative importance in domestic life? is a quantion any one of common sense would put to a mother under such circumstances. Bliscobik Cody Stane ion in the Herald of Health.

Wm. Emmette Coleman and his Critics.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I have always read with much interest and profit the articles by your scholarly correspondent, Mr. Wm. E. Coleman, and I am sorry for the cause of advanced thought that he felt obliged, in your issue advanced thought that he felt obliged, in your issue of Sept. 11th, to make a defence of his methods for the benefit of those neophytes in learning who, having filled themselves with the husks of literary adventurers, seem to think there is no good, wholesome food upon which they might thrive and thereby grow fat and sleek. It is to be hoped that, by and by they will get discussed with their low disc and by, they will get disgusted with their low diet, and resolve, like the "prodigal son," to arise and go to their "father's house."

Often, when I have expressed my pleasure at some of the passages of the Hebrew and Jewish scriptures, have I been rebuked by overzealous orthodox people on account of such statement, and have been denied the right to any interest in them, because, nied the right to any interest in them, because, forsooth, I would not accept these writings as special divine truth. Equally have I, with your correspondent, been rebuked by self-styled "liberalists" and charged by them with being orthodox—a believer in the current popular theology, because I have commended some beautiful passages of "holy writ." Thus do Herod and Pilate join forces to obtain the new horn child—True Idiberalism.

strangle the new born child—True Liberalism.

There seems to be a lack of the sense of justice in the composition of these "dabblers in science." They appear to think the only safe course is to strike at all the cherished beliefs of the past, and they heeltate not to involve the good and bad alike, in one universal edict of destruction. Nothing they could do, so effectually expresses their ignorance as this iconoclastic method. They have neither the learning nor the fairness to call the good from the sail nor nor the fairness to cull the good from the evil, nor the critical ability to discover the true amid the false. Starting out with wrong premises, their reasoning (when they do reason, though they generally assert) reaches a conclusion at variance with the findings of competent scholarship.

Listening crowds hang upon their oracular utter-ances, and their deluded followers go forth to repeat, with more or less accuracy, their words of wisdom. The wildest statements are received with openmouthed wonder. The more mysterious and the more incapable of verification, the greater the avid-

ity with which they are accepted. The result is, that "liberalism," chaperoned by such declaimers, meets from fairly cultured ortho-doxy the contempt which it deserves.

What "liberalism" needs to day more than anything else is an honest presentation of its claims from the public platform, by men who have no hobbles to air, no sectarian interests to serve; but who, filled with the knowledge of real facts, have also the ability to present them in a clear and convincing man-

ner to an inquiring constituency willing to be led.

Much of the "advanced thought" of the day conists in a repetition of the ideas of Thomas Paine, who valuable as has been his work in the interest of free dom and the "rights of man," had not the learning requisite to weigh and measure the facts upon which rests a rational theology. He did good service, perhaps, at a time when theological superstition had not been illuminated with the light of scientific re-search brought to view only within the last half

Is it the brilliancy of to-day's light which so dazzles the eyes of these critics that they prefer to re-main in the twilight of the past rather than accustom their eyes to the greater brightness?

It requires brain-intellect-to master the new re lations of things, made necessary by the discoveries of the nineteenth century, and constant repetitions of the opinions of a hundred years ago will not make men free. On the contrary they will become more narrow and bigoted than the faith they are laboring so hard to overthrow. This conclusion is verified by their efforts to meet solid arguments based upon facts, with scorn, and to abuse the efforts of conservative scholarship, as in the case of Mr. Coleman.

The day will come when a scientific theology will

prevail, though its speedy advent is made less hopeful by the united effort of pseudo-scientific teachers, and the influence of an effete and decaying faith.

Why will men hall with joy the unvertitable ut-terance of an abnormally excited declaimer, whose eason is held in abeyance, or is under the control and at the mercy of any spirit who may desire to take possession? It seems to be supposed by many that these spirits have knowledge superior to that possessed by men in the flesh, and the only reason that can be assigned for the opinion is the lofty To be continually looking into the ill feelings of style and grandlloquent manner of the sentiment your body, always examining your pulse, as it were, advanced. No matter whether there be any scientific value in it or not; no matter whether there be any sense in it according to highest canons of human knowledge,—"The gods have spoken and we should bend the knee.

In view of the recognized want of ecientific teachers, grounded in the principles of ascertained truths, I would urge our friend Coleman to go on bravely in the good work of sound enlightenment, and be influenced to give over, neither by bigoted orthodoxy on the one hand, nor by equally narrow and unscientific heterodoxy on the other. His reward will yet be garnered from a growing class of sympa-

thizing students, eager for the truth. F. H STEVENS. Worcester, Mass.

Chow Ju Tien.

The First Buddhist Priest to Visit New York.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Mott street was thronged yesterday afternoon, says The New York Sun of Sept. 13, principally with Chinamen, though there were a good many white faces in the crowd, and the rich native accent ming-led with the melodious wheezing and grunting of the language of the land of flowers. The mob was particularly dense in front of Kwong Hing Lungs basement store, and a reporter asked a young man

in bell-bottom trousers what was the rumpus.
"What's the rumpus?" said the young man. "O, nothin'; just one of the howlinest swells you ever see, that's all. Hain't got a button on his clothes,

and his petticute are a rainbow. Lung, the proprietor of the store, was found eated on a bench sucking a queer long pipe, and apparently deriving comfort from blowing the smoke through a piece of bamboo. Lung is fat and sleek, and in his appearance suggested no reason for his pulmonary name. He was attired in a gorgeous blouse and a pair of breezy trousers, made of bed-ticking. His pigtail was wound up in a bunch on the top of his head, and his diagonal eyes squinted shrewdly at the intruder. Two of his friends sat on tea-boxee, whining and gurgling to each other, and one of them lit a joss-stick in an abstracted way as soon as the foreign devil got within the door and showed symptoms of having come to stay. Lung was uncommunicative about the swell, though he admitted in his artices little Chinese way that there was a rather heavy piece of theological ar-

But it was only a very feeble little person when after a good deal of persuasion, he stood revealed. He sat in what might have been a tidy little linen closet in the rear of the store, and which would have been as dark as a pocket but for the gas let which burned brilliantly over a little table. On the table was an open book, and poring over the book was Rev. Chow Ju Tien, the first Buddhist priest who was visiting in New York. He is a slight, weszened little man, with his head shaven closely, and he wore a loose, any toga of white coarse cloth, which hung in graceful folds about him. The "rainbow petticut" was nowhere visible, and in fact, belonged to one of the attaches of the Chinese embasey who dropped in on Lung during the afternoon to see the pricet.

The priest was smiling and courteous; and he produced cigars and lit a precautionary joes-stick while Lung told about him. He had been in India some time ago, but did not come directly from there. He lived in San Francisco for nine years, and would return there after he had spent a week in looking after the theological interests of Mott street. He is a learned man, speaking and writ-ing Sanskrit, and reading with case several of the modern languages of Europe, though he speaks none of the latter. He lived in India some eight years, and it was while there that he received from the grand lame of Tien Sun, in western China, the degree of "feo."

To be a "foo" is to win the reverent admiration of all Mottetreet, and the fact that Lung had a foo on the premises had more to do with bringing Mott street out of doors yesterday than did the moon-cake feast

which also raged.

Chow Ju Tien, besides being a priest, is also a theological doctor, and heals the sick by burning bits of paper and killing poultry. He will look after the physical as well as the spiritual ills of Mott street while he is here. There was such a crowd about Lungs' store on Saturday that he had to drive them away, but yesterday he quietly accepted the situation and let the

crowd have its own way, and until long after dark the street was almost blocked with Chinamen, who seemed never to tire of peering into Lungs' dings' hasement.

Inspiration.

The Bible is not a set of divinely inspired documents. It is absolutely impossible that it should be such. Verbal inspiration is not possible. If we consider that the man spoke face to face with God, then we must say that the memory of those who heard him report it, and in their turn report it to the interest. peat it, and in their turn repeated it to their children, were also inspired. We must say that the writer who long afterward put it down in writing. was inspired. And again, when, in the course of time, printing was invented, the printers were in-spired. Yes, the printer's devil was inspired, and spired. Yes, the printer's devil was inspired, and every one in the whole printing establishment was inspired. This is impossible. The Bible has suffered from its friends. And the doctrine originated to give authority to an infallible Pope. Verbal inspiration has done more harm than all the other doctrines pretending to have their authority from the Bible. The Bible is not infallible. It is simply the progressive history of the way in which man received his ideas of what God may be. If you take the Bible is deas of what God may be. If you take the Bible in this broad, historical, common-sense ground, you can keep what is valuable in it and answer all questions of the scoffers. In Genesis we find the natural ideal of God held by primitive people. You and I do not believe that God walked in the Garden of Eden in the afternoon because the noonday sun was too-hot to be comfortable. These people conceived of him only as a man of greater power than themselves. We do not believe that when a sacrifice was made God came down because he smelt roast beef. These ideas are a part of the ideas of the age. Man is imperfect; he must be dealt with through imperfect mediums. And the historical pre-eminence of the Bible towers in the ages. With the New Testament it is the earthen vessel, cracked and mildewed, in which the treasure is kept. Christ's sayings lived in the memory of those he loved. They were scattered abroad by his disciples. Later the sayings were collected and written down. These anecdotes of Christ were, of course, many of them spurious,—Rev. H. R. Hawets, in Haward College Chapel.

Mrs. O. A. Benjamin writes: I have just finished reading that grand lecture by Prof. J. B. Buchanan, and it filled my soul with gladness. I fully endorse his ideas. Would that we had more of such teachings among us. The time has fully arrived when we can dispense with cranks and their

Alex Torrie, of Australia, writes: Let me tell you, I would not be without your valuable paper on any account. It is really a "feast of reason and a flow of soul."

Notes and Extracts on Miscellancous Subjects.

Geromino's blood is Mexican, they say, not Indian. A panther is reported to be roaming around in the woods near DuBois, Pa.

A Florida newspaper brought out its biggest rooster to celebrate the victory of the Mayflower.

Eight million dollars has been paid out for pensions at the New York Sub-Treasury during the past quarter.

An Egyptian mummy on exhibition at the Iowa State Fair has been seized by a landlord in payment of the owner's board bill.

Three hundred million dollars is a low estimate of the direct cost to the people of this country of fires that occur in a year.

The Foreign Fruit Exchange, of New York, is arranging for the daily "calls" of foreign fruits, which will begin a week from to-day. Among the treasures of Orange County, exhibited at its recent fair was a parrot which is known to be

at least eighty-six years old. A drunken man at a Canadian camp meeting bet \$5 that he'd go on the platform and sit through the

services between two ministers. He won. A boy fifteen years old, who was a witness in the

York County, Pennsylvania, Court recently, admitted that he had never seen a Bible nor heard of God. As for "Le Pere Mustache," who died in Algeria

old no one knows, but he helped to build the Arache bridge in 1769.

Gus Clark, of Syracuse, applied patent corn medi-cine to one of his toes a few days ago, and now gangrene has set in and the foot must come off if the patient would live.

A newly formed church among the Zulus has the following among its regulations: "No member shall be permitted to drink the white man's grog or native beer, nor to touch it with his lips."

A potato and carrot firmly grown together, so that it is impossible to tell where the potato begins and the carrot ends, is one of the vegetable freaks exhibited by a St. Joseph County, Ind., farmer. Little Rosa Eckert, four years old, fell out of a

third story window at Logansport, struck the pave-ment, remained unconscious for a few minutes, and then resumed her interrupted play quite unharmed. Two Atlanta lovers went to Westminster, S. C., were married and returned to Atlanta the same evening. The marriage is " not to take effect" for two

years, and all concerned in it are bound to secrecy. An Iowa man bought a tree claim in Kansas, and supposing from the name that his property was covered with old trees and stumps, he took a stump-puller along when he went to see his purchase. Discoyering his mistake, he sent back home for some wil-low sprouts to plant on his claim.

A convict in the fail at Athens, Ga., stripped the iron hoops from his cell tub, made them into saw blades, sawed through an iron bar an inch square, making a hole in the window fourteen inches square, scaped his naked body, and thus slipped through it, and was then detected by the Sheriff. He said that he had to get out of his dark cell.

A Key West, Fla., newspaper, as a joke, nominated General Abe Sawyer for Mayor. The General, who stands 20 inches high and weighs 28½ pounds, writes to the paper a full-sized letter, in which he says: "If the people of Key West would elect me Mayor I would be nobody's fool, and I would show the people what a good Mayor would do."

Irish members are so intensely patriotic that they will not pair. The other night a Tory member suggested to a Parnellite that, as they would generally be on opposite sides, they might pair for the rest of the session. "Sor," replied the gentleman in question, "an Oirishman never pairs." "What; not even on Irish questions?" "All questions are Oirish questions?" "All questions are Oirish questions." will not pair. The other night a Tory member sugquestions," was the reply of the patriot.

Lieutenant Governor Robinson, of Ontario, was recently on a visit in the Algonia district. On the banks of the Kaministiquia he renewed an acquaintance of ten years' standing with an ancient chief, whose people dwell on the banks of the six syllabled creek. It seems the grand council of this tribe meets about every other day, and its members talk from sunrise to sunset. The venerable sachem above mentioned had just returned to his reserve from an extended trip up the country the day the Lieuteneric Governor met him. "What were you doing up the country?" asked the Lieutenant Governor. "Hunt," replied the chief. "Is there any more game up there than here?" asked his Honor. "No." said Mr. Lo, "but I want get rest from talk, talk, talk in council house," From which it appears the poor savage is not exempt from some of the more refined cruelties of civilization.

Marshall P. Wilder, who recently returned from London, speaks of Lady Wilde as being even more eccentric than her two sons. Her receptions are atlended by the most prominent people in London, and tended by the most prominent people in London, and are much sought after. She receives her guests seated upon a throne, with Oscar on her right hand and Willie on her left. Every now and then, in imploring tones, Willie will address his mother, "Mother, do you love me?" Then Oscar takes ap the strain, "Mother do you love your Oscar?" Then they will shake hands all round. Lady Wilde, though quite advanced in years, will insist upon wearing her dresses very decollete and pinned at the breast with a brooch containing the picture of her lamented husband. This brooch, the day Mr. Wilder dined with them, would insist upon falling into the inmented husband. This brooch, the day Mr. Wilder dined with them, would insist upon failing into the soup. Oscar Wilde's dining-room is most peculiar in the design of-its decoration. The entire floor is made of glass, to represent water, the walls being decorated in the same style, and the table is set upon an island in the middle of the room. The glass and china are equally unique, the dishes and plate representing various faites, and the glasses shells. The tables are waited upon by young gtris in peachast accounts.

A Train Dispatcher's Story.

Several years ago I was employed as train dispatcher on a Southwestern American railroad. As usual there were three of us in the office. I had what is called the "second trick," my hours of duty being from 4 P. M. to 12 P. M. The third man, Charlie Burns, who came on at midnight and worked till 8 A. M., was a particular friend of mine. He was a young man of high character, a fine dispatcher, and very popular; and when, during the burning days of July, it became known among the men that he was confined to his room by a severe attack of ma-

was confined to his room by a severe attack of malignant fever, many were the expressions of regret and of hope for his speedy recovery.

During the trying days of Charlie's illness I spentall the time I could spare by his side, but on account of his absence from the office it was necessary for the remaining two of us to "double up"—that is, work twelve hours each my watch haing from 8 P. work twelve hours each, my watch being from 8 P. M., to 8 A. M.

I came on duty one evening feeling very bad. The weather was so warm I could not sleep well in the daytime; besides, I had spent a considerable part of the day with Charlie, whose illness had now reached a critical stage and seemed to show little prospect of improvement.

Hence, as you may imagine, I was not at all pleased to find that I was likely to have a busy night of it. A wreck on the road during the day had thrown all the regular trains off time, and besides the usual number of special freights there was a special passenger train to leave Linwood, the eastern terminus of our division, at 11 P. M., with a large party of excursion-ists returning from a picnic. For several hours I had my hands full. There was a special train of live stock bound east which had to be kept moving, but was being delayed by hot journals; nevertheless I hoped to get them into Linwood before the excursion train started west.

As usually happens in such cases, the excursion-train did not get ready to leave on time, and it was 11:40 P. M., when they reported for orders at Linwood. I fixed up their orders, got the report of their departure from Linwood at 11:45 and entered it at the first time. their departure from Linwood at 11:45 and entered it on the train-sheet. Then, having for the first time that night a few minutes' breathing time, I rose from the table and went over and seated myself by the window, where it was cooler than under the heated gas jets over the table. I was alone in the office, and as I sat there enjoying the cool breeze which come in through the open window a neighboring church clock rang out the hour of 12. From force of habit I glanced at the door almost expecting to hear Charlie's light footstep on the stair and see the door open to admit him as of old.

"Poor fellow," I thought, "it will be a long time before he enters that door again, if he ever does." Just at the last stroke of 12, and while my eyes were still fixed on the door, it opened and Charlie Burns entered. My astonishment may be imagined better

entered: My astonishment may be imagined better than I can describe it. My first thought was that in the delirium of fever he had escaped from his nurses and made his way to the office, but when I left him a few hours I could not have believed that he had strength to get out of hed. I sat and watched him in speechless surprise, which was increased by his

strange manner.
Instead of his usual hearty greeting he took no no-tice of me at all, but walked directly to the table and sice of me at all, but walked directly to the table and sat down. Placing his hand upon the key he began calling "Q," which was the signal for Elm Grove, the first station, six miles west of Linwood. "I, I, Q," came the response. "Put out signal for special passenger west and copy." "Ro," "Ro," "Ds," rang out the sounder with Charlie's nimble fingers upon the key. "Ro" was the call for Rosedale, the second station from Linwood, eight miles west of Elm Grove. "I, I, Ro," came back the answer. "Is special east coming? Ds."

Grove. "I, I, Ro," came back the answer.
"Is special east coming? Ds."
Then as I sat by the window as one paralyzed the awful truth flashed across my mind. I had overlooked the stock-train, thundering eastward twenty miles an hour, and made no provision for its meeting the excursion-train. My blood seemed turned to see as I heard the reply:

ice as I heard the reply:

"They are at the switch. Ro."

Another minute and it would have been too late.

Still apparently oblivious of my presence Charlie reached for the order-book with his left hand, while his right continued to manipulate the sounder click:

"Out signal and copy Ds.
"Order No. 734.
"To C. and E. Eng. 34 Ro.
C. and E. Eng. 19 O.;
"Special east eng. 34 will take siding and meet special west eng. 19 at Rosedale.
"12 J. W. M."

"12 J. W. M." Quick as a flash came back the response from each station, and in less time than it takes me to write it the order had been repeated and signed by the conductor and engineer of each train, while Charlie copied it into the order-book and returned his "O. K."

Then, as I realized that I was saved and a great disaster averted the revulsion of feeling was too much for my overstrained nerves and I lost consciousness.

An hour after I was awakened by a familiar voice and looked up to find Frank Dwyer, one of our conductors, who had volunteered to watch that night with Charlie, standing over me. "Wake up, old man," said he, "I have been news for you. Charlie died just as the clock was striking 12."

I roused myself and went to the table. There on the order book was the order just as I had heard it clicked out by the sounder, and "Ro" was calling me to report the two trains safely by. Had I been dreaming and sent the order in my sleep, or had my friend redeemed his promise?

The writing in the order book was in his hand,

and I never have been able to account for it. -Detroit Free Press.

Horstord's Acid Phosphate. Unequaled.

Dr. R. M. ALEXANDER, Faunettsburg, Pa., says: "I think Horsford's Acid Phosphate is not equaled in any other preparation of phosphorus."

The story comes from White Sulphur Springs, Va. that at a champagne party there a young married lady of fashion pulled off her slipper and filling it with champagne, gave it to a young lawyer in the party and he quaffed it down.

A "Pointer."

When Col. Sellers gives you a "pointer" in stocks my friends, leave them severe ly alone, but when your own feelings tell you that you have palpitation of the heart, asthma, bronchitis or catarrh which unless checked are apt to run into consumption, heed the admonition before it is too late. All the diseases enumerated, and others, arise from impure blood Put the liver in action, the largest gland in the human body, and you will speedily regain your lost health, and your bad feelings will disappear. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will accomplish the work speedily and certainly. Of your drug-

All the graveyards in Paris are filled. It is said that death-furnaces are a necessity there, and that cremation is daily practiced.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deatness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these dis-cases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and sustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulatand whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafuses 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

Archduke Joseph of Austria has written a grammar of the language of the grosies. It bears the taking title of "Remanocelbakeroeziklasibe," and the manuscript consists of 289 folio pages, exclusive

An African of the genuine original type is said to be living in Gloucester County, Virginia. He was brought over to this country from Africa in 1791.

Dennison, the inventor of the convenient and now indispensable tag, died lately in Massachusetts. Over 225,000,000 of his tags are sold annually.

Mr. Gladstone's bit of a book on the Irish question added \$5,000 to the jingling guinees in his purse. man philosophims better than a woman on the man heart, but she reads the hearts of men better a ha.—Roussette.

Chronic

Catarrh destroys the sense of smell and Is usually the result of a neglected "cold taste, consumes the cartilages of the nose, in the head," which causes an inflamand, unless properly treated, hastens its mation of the nincous membrane of the victim into Consumption. It usually in- nose. Unless arrested, this inflammation dicates a scrofulous condition of the sys- produces Catarrh which, when chronic. tem, and should be treated, like chronic becomes very offensive. It is impossible ulcers and eruptions, through the blood, to be otherwise healthy, and, at The most obstinate and dangerous forms same time, afflicted with Catarrh., Wh. of this disagreeable disease

Can be

eured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. **I have always been more or less troubled with Scrofula, but never seriously until the spring of 1882. At that time I took a severe cold in my head, which, notwith standing all efforts to eure grew worse, and finally became a chronic Catarrh. It was accompanied with terrible headaches, deafness, a continual coughing, and with great soreness of the lungs. My throat and stomach were so polluted with the mass of corruption from my head that Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and Emaciation totally unfitted me for business. I tried many of the so-called specifies for this disease, but obtained no relief until I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using two bottles of this medicine. I noticed an improvement in my condition. When I had taken six bottles all traces of Catarrh disappeared, and my health was completely restored. A. B. Cornell, Fairfield; Iowa.

For thoroughly eradicating the poisons

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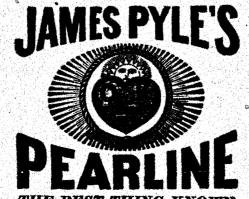
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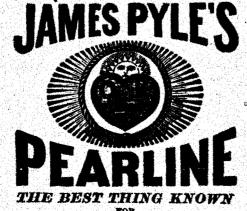
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soldiers, and the other man being the engineer of the little Government steamer belonging to the port, left Fort lotten in the lout with their own opinions touching the morning to cross the lake. They had an old scow fitted up with sails; and the object of the trip was to look after land claims belonging to members of the party. They finished their work and started to return, but the wind dying down the old craft lay motionless in the middle of the lake and some miles from the fort. The soldiers' permits expired at sundown and they were in sore distress at the delay. The sun went down, the boom of the evening gun came faintly across the water, but no wind. Time wore slowly by until state of the heathen who die without hearabout eleven o'clock; suddenly two of the ing of Christ. Those who oppose the Board crewsprang to their feet exclaiming "There is simply claim that the future state of the the steamer's whistle; they are searching for | heathen who die without hearing of Christ us." A moment later and every one of the is uncertain, and that they are unable to thirteen on board the scow heard the shrill | determine anything on this point from the whistle. Again and again, they heard it. At last the sound of the steam exhaust was heard and soon the dim outline of the craft was seen through the gloom. She drew nearer but was headed too far south; her lights showed plainly and the voices of those in charge were distinctly heard. The becalmed crow hallooed long and justily but no attention was paid by those on the steamer.

During this time those in the sail-boat were querying how it was possible for the steamer to have been fired up and despatched on the search when the engineer was away, and, to their knowledge, no competent substitute available. But this questioning did not lessen their efforts to attract attention. The attempt was fruitless and the steamor forged ahead out of sight and sound. With keep disappointment, the boat's crew impatiently waited a breeze: at last it came. and toward morning they made the landing at the fort. To their profound astonishment there lay the little steamer which a few hours before they had seen miles away. There she lay, no steam on, no fire under the boiler, no indication that she had been in service since they left in the morning; yet every man of thom stood ready to make oath to her presenco in the middle of the lake with full steam on, which blowing, lights burning and crew alort. On inquiry, it was found she had not been ared up and had been at the wharf all the time. The only other steamer was Capt. Heerman's, and she was tied up at Devils Lake City. Such is the story, and no one can hear it told as I did and fail to credit the sincerity of him who tells it. What is the explanation? That the phenomena witnessed were purely subjective is hardly to be questioned, yet the incident is none the less curious.

One will not see the bison here; he bade this section adien in 1870, and with the elk and door, headed toward the Rocky Mountoing whose snow white peaks glisten in the sun 550 miles further to the westward; but his bones are to be seen, cords and car loads of them heaped up beside the railroad track. A yankee came along one day and thought it the prairies. It was not sentimentality that inspired this thrifty descendant of the Puritans, he kept that for other uses, but his love of honest gain. His experience taught him there was money in these long neglected bones. He quietly made his arrangements for their disposal and notified the half-breeds he would pay from eight to ten dollars a ton for them. Within three years he has shipped to St. Louis over 500 car loads, where they are used in sugar refining and for fertilizing, making a nice bit of money for himself and helping the gatherers to more money than they ever had before or are likely to ever earn again; this man is entitled to the blue ribbon. These are not sailors' yarns, though told on salt water. The water of Devils Lake ion't salt enough to sustain an apocryphal

And here we are back again at the three-year old city, and a hot Sunday is nearly gone. The same affable African who first welcomed us to the place escorts us from the boat to the hotel. Major Benham greets us with hearty welcome and supper.-Let us respi

The Congregationalist Dilemma. -

"Shall the beathen who never heard of Christ be eternally damned?" This is the supreme question before the Conference at Des Moines this week, and which will again | there. bob up at the National Council of Congregational churches to be held in Chicago October 13th to 20th. The views of the prominent ministers are very conflicting. "I have no sympathy with the Andover hypothesis, socalled," says the Rev. Arthur Little, pastor of the New England Church of this city, "of a continued probation. In its outcome and although he himself had not investigated the issue it is certain to differ very radically from the old faith. Its adherents claim it is only a hypothesis, not a dogma, but it seems to be already taking in the minds the form of a positive affirmation."

Rev. Henry M. Scudder, pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church, admits that his influence will be exerted in behalf of the conservatives.

Prof. Smyth is the Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Andover Seminary, and is regarded by many as the most able exponent of the "Future Probation" doctrine, and the leader of the party which takes issue with the more conservative or those who hold that there is no second probation, and that when a man dies without knowledge of Christ, regardless of his opportunities in this life, that he is absolutely lost. He does not think there will be a rupture in the Congregational Church, and has heard various rumors about changes in the officers of the board, but is not in a position to say in how far they may be regarded as true.

with the exercises to take place? So lately parting with Bro. N. at Lake Pleasant, his being the last hand I clasped on leaying the above named place, and then to learn that our good friend had been called a way without being able in person to express our deep sense of his manly qualities as our friend in deed and thought, or to bear testimony to his unflinching zeal and unremitting labor for our cause, is a source of great sorrow to us all. But our brother is now where he can read hearts and minds, and meet face to face the good and true souls that have so often held converse with him, and, therefore, he knows our hearts are full of a warm esteem and the more conservative or those who hold that

Rev. Dr. P. Goodwin says: "The Andover people are anxious to have a larger liberty. and believe that missionaries should be sent doctrine of probation."

The Rev. Theodore Prudden says that the question is simply as to whether or not men should be compelled to adopt the dogma that all who have not heard of Christ in this world are hopelessly condemned. The Andover professors have claimed the right to hope they would have another opportunity in the hereafter, but have not made it a dogma. The American Board insists that every missionary shall have a dogma with regard to the

Dr. Alden holds that the fate of all men is decided in this life, and that those who do not recognize Christ on earth have no other chance to take advantage of His grace-that is, he rejects entirely the doctrine of probation and holds views of the severest type concerning the disposition of the heathen who have had no opportunity to know of Christ.

The process of liberalizing the Congregationalists has commenced, and nothing can permanently impede its onward march. Ten years from now they will' be unanimous in giving the "heathen" after death an opportunity to acquire a seat in heaven.

Notes from Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The events of interest to your readers which have come to my notice during the last two weeks I will briefly note. On Sunday, the 26th ult., according to the notice previously given, memorial services of the life and work of the late S. B. Nichols were held at Conservatory Hall. The gathering was large and the exercises affecting. The meeting was called to order by A. H. Daily, who nominated Mr. John Jeffrey as chairman,. who was unanimously elected. Upon taking the chair Mr. Jeffrey made a few appropriate remarks, and as there were quite a number present who would address the audience, he requested that the speeches be short. The audience then joined in singing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," after which William C. Bowen was called to the rostrum.

In a few appropriate and eloquent words Mr. Bowen placed before his hearers the glorious fruition of the life and work of Mr. Nichols, and pictured in glowing terms his condition as a risen spirit, who had earned the cordial welcome and greeting with which he was received in the Spirit-world.

Dea. D. M. Cole recounted his first acquaint ance with Mr. Nichols, and said the first address he had ever made was at the Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity, of which Mr. Nichols was President. In that address he made an attack upon Spiritualism, but Mr. Nichols told him he was a medium in the hands of the Spirit-world and would be a Spiritualist for he could not help it. That Mr. Nichols intuitions were correct, is shown by the ful-fillment of his prediction. Mr. Cole dwelt at some length upon the life work of Mr. Nichlife beyond, which sustained him in his work. He said that he had never known a man so intensely active, and that when Brother Nichols saw there was a duty to perform, he never waited to consider if he was equal to the task, but went to work, and his labors were

usually crowned with success. Col. William Hempstreet said that it was only about two weeks before, that he had parted with Mr. Nichols at the steps of his house, where they had been holding a pleasant conference upon questions of interest to themselves; that while he had not been able to accept the doctrines of the Spiritualists through any phenomena he had witnessed yet through a purely scientific and philo-sophical course of study, he had finally solved to his own satisfaction the great problem of lite, and had accepted as possible much which Spiritualists claimed as established by phenomena. He said that at Mr. Nichols's request, he had frequently addressed the Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity, as Mr. Nichols al-ways desired to enliven his meetings with subjects which agitate thought. His home was pure and pleasant, and while we could all rejoice at his attaining a higher sphere of usefulness and happiness, our hearts go out in sympathy to his widow and family in their bereavement.

Mr. James D. Silkman, of New York, addressed the audience at some length. His remarks were listened to with attention and made a deep impression. He had known Mr. Nichols intimately for many years, and valued him highly as a friend and citizen. He was a leader, and had made Spiritualism respected in the city of churches. At his request Mr. Nichols once came to New York City and helped him reorganize the work

A gentleman whose name I did not learn arose and said that he desired to pay a tribute to the memory of his old and valued friend, S. B. Nichols; that he had known him from early life; had been associated with him in business, and as a man of integrity, honor and virtue, he could speak of him in the highest terms. As a spiritual and religious man, he had evidence of his deep sincerity, phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, which had made Mr. Nichols such an active convert

Mr. A. H. Dailey was then called upon, and made a few remarks, referring the audience to what he had written for the JOURNAL, which would be interesting to those who wished to learn more of the life-work of Mr. Nichols. He then read the following letter from Mr. J. J. Morse:

HON. A. H. DAILEY, -My Dear Str and Friend: As, much to my regret, it will be out of my power to be with you on Sunday A. M., to participate in the memorial service in memory of our arisen brother and dear friend, S. B. Nichols (owing to an engagement made over two months since), may I trespase upon your ever cogsiderate courtesy so far as to ask you to express for my controls, myself, and my family, our joint sincere and earnest sympathies in, and with, the exercises to take place? So lately parting

loving remen brance, growing out of our mutual in-tercourse during the past year. Thank God he is not dead, but only gone before! The divine glories illumine his brow, and the land we are tending tow-ards he has gained. For my inspirers, and myself and family, let me say we honor his memory, seeing in it good service generously given to the angels, humanity and the truth. Our loving sympathies go out to his wife and family, whom the good angels and our dear brother, now passed and raised, shall bless and cheer for the years to come.

With much esteem, and sincere respect, I sub-ribe myself, Fraternally yours, scribe myself, J.J. MORSE.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 23rd, 1886.

Mr. John Slater gave some remarkable tests, and among them, he repeated to Judge Dailey the words of Mr. Nichols to him a few moments before his transition. With this the exercises closed.

Mr. John Slater has opened his meetings at Arion Hall, and as usual is attracting large audiences.

Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham will occupy the platform at Conservatory Hall during October. Services will be held Sundays at 11 A. M. and at 7:45 P.M., corner of Fulton and Bedford

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Cause of Buddha's Death.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Some weeks ago, in an article in the Jour-NAL, I stated that Buddha's death was caused by eating pork. A correspondent has written me thereanent as follows: "Did you seriously refer to Buddha dying of eating pork? I suppose you must know that there is no good authority for that." As I did seriously refer to the cause of Buddha's death, and as I knew that there was good authority for my state-ment, I was a little surprised at the receipt of this query. With the kind permission of the editor of the JOURNAL, I shall now succinctly state the facts.

The most trustworthy account of the last days of Buddha is contained in the Mahaparinibbana Sutta or Suttanta, as it is called in Pali, the sacred language of the Southern Buddhists, or Mahaparinirvana Sutra, as it is named in Sanskrit. T. W. Rhys Davids, one of the leading authorities in Buddhism in England, in fact, the chief exponent of Buddhism in that country, in his "Buddhism," page 14, says of the Mahaparinibbana Sutta: This, the oldest and most reliable of all our authorities [concerning the life of Buddha], cannot be dated later than the end of the fourth century, B. C....It exaggerates the events which are said to have happened after the death took place,...but in its main facts the recital bears the impress of truth." Buddha probably died about 480 B. C., though Mr. Davids has invited attention to some facts which indicate that he may have died some 80 or 100 years later,—about 400 or 380 B. C. An English translation of the Mahaparinibbana Sutta by Mr. Davids is contained in Vol. XI of the "Sacred Books of the East." All subsequent narratives of Buddha's death have their root in the account found in this Sutta, which form; a part of the second Pltaka or Sutta Pitaka of the Southern Buddhists' sacred canon. The Tipitika (or Tripitika in Sanskrit), the Bible of the Southern Buddhists, contains no continuous life of Buddha, but accounts of, and references to. portions of his life are scattered about among the many separate books comprising the three

The Mahaparinibbana Sutta, our oldest and best authority, states that Buddha's death was caused by eating pork, and the truth of this statement is generally accepted by the Buddhists themselves, as well as by European Buddhistic scholars and critics generally. Mr. Davids,in "Buddhism," p. 80, in nar-rating the life of Buddha, says, "On reaching Pava he is entertained by a goldsmith of that place named Chunda....who prepares for him a meal of rice and young pork-and it may be noticed in passing how improbable it is that the story of the Buddha's death having been due to such a cause should be a mere invention." It is seen that Mr. Davids accepts the truth of the pork story, and very truthfully remarks how improbable it is that such an account of the death of their beloved Master could have been manufactured by his followers.

In the front ranks of critical Buddhistic scholarship stands Dr. Hermann Oldenberg of the University of Berlin; and I have seen no book upon Buddhism that is comparable, as a whole, to his great work, "Buddha, his Life, his Doctrine, his Order." In it, to use the words of his translator, Dr. Wm. Hoey, he has sifted the legendary elements of Buddhist tradition, and has given the relia-ble residuum of facts concerning Buddha's life." As indicative of his searching, analytical criticism, it may be stated that he discards the universally-accepted tradition of Buddha (Sakyamuin or Gautama) having been a prince, a king's son; and in support of his position, he refers to the absence of any allusion to his father's kingly dignity in the oldest of the Pali sacred writings; indeed, so far as known to him, in the whole Tipitika there is only one reference to his father being a king, and that is in a mythical narra-tive of no authority.

Speaking of the Mahaparinibbana Sutta. Oldenberg says, "The external features of Dr. this harrative bear for the most part, though perhaps not in every particular the stamp of trustworthy tradition" (Buddha, etc., English translation, London, 1882, p. 196). On page 200, Dr. Oldenberg refers to Buddha's death in the following manner: "On the way that sickness, which was to terminate his life. attacked him at Pava. Our text, with a naiveté far removed from modern affectation, has in the course of the narrative of Buddha's last addresses, preserved to us the information that his illness was brought on by eating pork, which Chunda, the son of a goldsmith at Pava, put before him." This language shows that even the critical Oldenberg regards the story of his death being due to pork eating as a reliable tradition; indeed, I know of no eminent Buddhistic scholar who serionely doubts it. If it is without truth, it is difficult to conceive why andhow such a story originated. A narrative which certainly embodied nothing of credit to "the Perfect One," but rather tended to his discredit, would be extremely unlikely to arise in the immediate bosom of the Sangha, the Order or Congregation instituted by him. In fact, in my opinion, the statement concerning the cause of Buddha's death is one of the most trustworthy incidents to be found in the much embellished and largely-mythical life of Buddha. It is one of the narratives most unlikely of fabri-

Being supported by such "good" authority as the oldest and most reliable account of Buddha's last days, and by such "good" authorities as Dr. Oldenberg and Mr. Rhys Da-vids, as well as by Buddhistic scholars and critics generally, I re-assert "seriously " in all probability. Gautama Buddha's last and fatal illness was brought on by eating

Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. J. Anson Shepard, favorably known as a speaker in Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis and elsewhere in the West, has been spend ing some time with Gov. and Mrs. Adams of Carson City, Nev. She is now at the Aldine House, San Francisco. Mrs. Shepard contemplates spending the winter on the Pacific coast, and it is possible she might be induced to lecture. Societies in need of a speaker would do well to correspond with her.

A. Bate, secretary, writes as follows: "The First Society of Progressive Spiritualists of Trov. N. Y., held its annual meeting on Monday evening, September 27th, 1886, in Kernan Hall; room eighteen, when the following officers and trustees were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mr. Elisha Waters; Vice President, Mr. A. M. Whipple; Secretary, Mr. A. Bate; Treasurer, Mr. E. Gernon. Trustees, J. Lodewick, N. Reynolds, J. Carpenter, C. R. Wood, E. M. Cornwell, W. B. Paterson, Wm. B. Sherman, C. Kelsey, and Mrs. Jessie

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Priest have located in Chicago, at 289 Washington Boulevard, and offer their professional services to the public. Mr. Priest is a metaphysical healer and comes with excellent recommendations as to his success in Buffalo and elsewhere. Mrs. Priest is a psychometer and is vonched for by no less competent authority than Prof. J. R. Buchanan, who speaks of her in terms of highest praise. "Mrs. Priest." says Dr. Buchanan, "is one of those who help to make the world better while they live in it, and whose superior endowments in the new healing art make her a valuable citizen in any community."

Mr. W. M. Salter, after a delightful vacation among the hills of New Hampshire, has returned to work. Last Sunday he lectured npon the "Religion of Nature"; next Sunday he speaks on the "Aims of Life." His lectures and work are well worthy of support and the Journal hopes the year just begun will be one of great success for the Ethical Society and its lecturer.

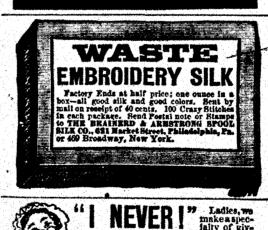
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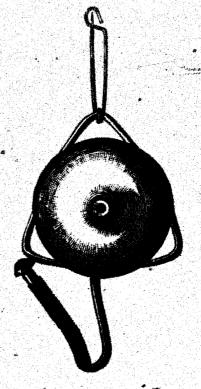
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