

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

L. O. Draper

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE

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

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

**CONTENTS.**

- FIRST PAGE.—Modifying Influences of Spiritualism. A Reply to "Spiritualism in the Churches." Cassadaga Camp Meeting.
- SECOND PAGE.—Spirit Materialization. Memory.
- THIRD PAGE.—Evolution the Basis of Political Economy Total Dependence. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- FOURTH PAGE.—On the Scientific Spirit. The Chatsworth Calamity. The Wrong Growler. Photographed by Lightning. General Items.
- FIFTH PAGE.—"Parson" Wilson. Repudiated. Beyond. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- SIXTH PAGE.—"Under the Daisies." Is Spiritualism Proceeding? The Cause in Florida. A few Thoughts Suggested by the Report of the Seibert Commission. Tessa. Haunted by Fire. Impression vs. Unconscious Cerebration. Solar History. Decease of Jennie Collins. Notes and Extracts on Alice-Honour Subjects.
- SEVENTH PAGE.—The Boy's Dilemma. A Ghostly Bell in the Canyon. Come to Conclusions. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- EIGHTH PAGE.—Notes from Lake Pleasant. Notes from Onset. Hasket Park Camp Meeting. Parkland Camp Meeting. Woman in the Household. Who or Where are the Spiritualists? Miscellaneous Advertisements.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

**Modifying Influences of Spiritualism.**

Any one who has reflected upon the great difference between the teachings of Spiritualism and the doctrines of life that were most in vogue previous to the advent of Spiritualism, can not help but realize that the newer mode of thought is destined to early bring about many and radical changes for the better. No custom is ever modified without a previous skepticism as to its utility or propriety. So long as there is complete faith that what has been done is the proper thing to do, no variation of custom will be admissible. The teachings of Spiritualism differ so widely and are so antagonistic to the tenets of religion so long cherished by those who dominated social opinion, that an acceptance of these teachings by a great number of people must soon be followed by new social regulations that are more in accordance with the spirit of the new doctrines. Indications of such modifications are already becoming obvious. It is now noted and will soon become more prominent that the thorough believer in Spiritualism entertains different views of his personal relation to society than those who espouse the creeds of the past. The new doctrine compels him to understand that spiritual advancement depends upon the merit of conduct and action, and that it is impossible to separate one's destiny from the rest of humanity; that spiritual preferment cannot be obtained by any juggling, bargaining or purchase; that the methods for peace and soul exaltation are fixed and immutable as the law of gravitation. The way to rise is by lifting another. The chief purpose of life must not be to use society but to aid in its betterment. Integrity, charity, fair dealing and justice is the wealth to strive for, and he who passes out of the conflict with these largely to his credit will be millionaire indeed, with the advantage that he can carry his possessions with him. It is true that much of this theory of life-service is found in the teachings of Christ. But the teachings of Christ have been one thing, and the creeds by which religionists are measured and stand or fall, have been quite another. Even in the most enlightened society the preaching has been far below the plane of Christ's life and doctrines. Reduced to the simplest form the burden of all the so-called orthodox sermons of the day is: "Accept Jesus as your mediator and the price of your salvation or be damned and roast in eternal hell." Most notably the so-called evangelists dwell with unctious upon the poetry of this arrangement, and turn it over and over as most delightful to contemplate. Such a barbarous and cowardly construction of one's obligations and responsibilities in life, and his duties toward his fellow men, is repugnant and atrocious to every benevolent mind; and seriously thought of it awakens the strongest feelings of pity for those beclouded and cowering devotees who kneel in constant fear beseeching mercy under a merciless belief.

One of the earliest results of spiritual enlightenment will be to dissipate this horrible fog, and emancipate the minds of the people to an extent that they may look about them and see salvation in present duty. The throwing of dice for the raiment of Christ did not cease at the crucifixion, for the gambling of the churches for the external coverings of faith still goes forward. But the effect of the teachings of high and enlightened spirits is becoming apparent, as they call a halt to this wild scramble to take a chance in a lottery so ingeniously arranged that all the blanks and suffering shall be drawn by a proxy, while the millions of other shareholders shall each enjoy a prize. It

overwhelms the reason to claim that the final destinies of men can only be settled by declaring the universe insolvent, and then place it in the hands of a receiver who is not able to make enough out of the assets to liquidate any but preferred claims.

But I do not care to dwell on this special subject. I wish to say that one of the themes that will presently receive attention in consequence of spirit teachings, will be our one-sided, inconsistent and unnatural methods of education. I know of no more abused or misconstrued word in use to-day than education. It is nearly universally employed as a synonym for instruction. Our schools instead of educating, chiefly inform; and there is a very wide difference between the two. It will some day, it is hoped, come into the comprehension of our pedagogues that a person may be very well instructed and thoroughly informed and yet be most wretchedly educated. It may be that it is necessary to first pass through the materialistic preparatory stages for this work, before the real essential of it can be perceived; somewhat as it is necessary to capture a hare before it can be served. If we inquire anything about education the majority of people point with pride to the palatial school-houses as evidence that it is not being neglected; and if you want further testimony there is displayed the educational tax roll and the salary schedule of a regiment of teachers. In the magnitude of these they have a complacent assurance that their duty to youth is gloriously discharged. How zealously but erroneously much of the effort in this direction is performed. There is nothing that the people can seriously inquire into of more significance or that will pay a larger interest for the investigation. It is the record of history that reforms rarely come inside of a system already established. They are pressed upon it from the outside. In the national assemblage of teachers recently held in Chicago there was very little original suggestive matter, and such could hardly be looked for among a class of people who are themselves but poorly educated, however well they may be informed.

The methods of educating in the Spirit-world vary widely from those in vogue in our earth systems and are more—possibly wholly—true to nature. The schools there are very extensive, and furnish employment to many who are drawn to that kind of effort and who find a pleasure in it. When the time comes that the advice of high and illuminated spirits is sought on this subject, and is considered of sufficient importance to respect and inquire into, they will be ready to offer suggestions that will greatly modify the treatment that the tender minds receive in our schools. How much benevolent spirits may aid in unfolding the mind in earth life, is apparent in numerous instances where wholly illiterate persons have been developed and educated to an extent that has placed them on a level with the best culture of the age. It is not to be inferred that this kind of power can be transferred to terrestrial instructors, or that they are to be supplanted by heavenly agents; but when they—our teachers—are less conceited and earnestly desire wisdom from high sources it will be bestowed upon them. To this some conscientious teachers may reply: "Why, we pray every day." So does the African to his fetish. It is one thing to pray and another to discern spiritual truth; and until the soul is released from fear and bondage and ceases to wrap itself in starched sanctity, the prayers will be like the mirage of a desert, leading on by illusion to more barren wastes.

There is one greatly needed reform that all thorough Spiritualists should combine to place before the world without delay, and put in practice in their own families. They should bring about more sensible methods of disposing of dead bodies and more consistent practices in conducting funerals. It is time to recognize the fact that no person is ever buried. The shell that the spirit throws off at transition is only so much gross material. It is simply dirt and no more worthy to be mourned over than so many pounds of any other dirt. Certainly Spiritualists cannot believe that the mouldering form before them is their friend. The great respect paid to dead bodies by the Christian church originated in the gross superstition that the spirit would again return to earth at some indefinite time and re-clothe itself in this diseased and worn out matter. This is one of the most absurd, repugnant and vile fictions that has ever been imposed on credulous man. Among the cultured ministry it is a doctrine very much neglected. It is too irrational to throw at well read audiences, and might result in antagonizing the pulpit revenues. But death and funerals have ever been made imposing in the church, for as the preachers could not console the afflicted by assuring them what had become of the soul of the dead, they could not neglect the advantage such an occasion furnished them to terrorize the living and convert their sorrow into dread. But the new light shed on death and futurity by Spiritualism, removes the motive for great grief and great funeral displays. Spirits have protested again and again against the deep gloom and frenzied grief of their friends at their demise, alleging that it works them—the spirits—great injury, weighs them down to earth and closes around them like a dense cloud, from which they are unable to escape.

If there are any of your friends that you think very highly of, do not wait until they are dead to show your good will and respect; but bestow what kindness and favor you can on them now, and when they are borne to

spirit-life transfer your efforts and means to other living subjects. This is the world to work in, while we are here, and one living, struggling, suffering mortal is of more importance than a whole catacomb of corpses. Christ performed his first miracle at a wedding but he is no where pictured as attending burials, nor is it recorded that he ever preached a funeral sermon. Processions, pageants and celebrations for the dead are vulgar barbarisms originating in superstition and perpetuated by vanity. It is difficult to tell by the character of some of the funeral displays whether we are sorry or glad that the person is deceased.

It would be better for the health of the living if all bodies should be cremated; but as this is at present impracticable they should be plainly buried within twenty hours after death. The body should be taken leave of either at the residence or at the church, and not accompanied to the place of interment. There are valid reasons for such a course. The friends of the deceased are generally exhausted from watching and anxiety. The burial often occurs in very inclement weather and the exposure incident to it by accompanying the body to the grave and standing upon wet ground often results fatally to some one of the living. It is within the experience of nearly every one that he can detail one or more deaths that were the immediate effect of attending funerals. All Spiritualists should arrange for their funerals and request that no one shall attend at the grave but those necessarily employed in the service; and thus inaugurate a much needed reform. Again, it is inconsistent with the teachings of Spiritualism to indulge in the vanity and folly of placing expensive and pretentious monuments over dead bodies, and to make these the posting places of absurd and erroneous notions. Many grave stones have the falsehood on them of "here rests," or "here lies," so and so; whereas Spiritualists know this impossible. On some are illustrations of broken arches, broken vases, trees blown down, idiotic looking sheep, nestless doves, composite angels that are part fowl, etc. In a Colorado cemetery surmounting one grave is a life-size horse hewn from solid marble. All these may be regarded as symbols, but what they indicate more than all else is a want of faith in God, or a lack of sense and taste. This stone horse, for instance, cost the price of a dozen good live horses. How much better it would have been—and more to the peace of the translated, I believe—to have bought the dozen live horses and given them to twelve poor men of large families and said, here are aids to enable you to make a better living. And so in any case where there is a disposition to erect a gaudy monument, employ the amount you are willing to so disburse in some useful and vital manner for the improvement and elevation of the living. The dead will care for the dead and the living should ameliorate the world they are abiding in.

Rev. Van Ness, the Unitarian minister of this city, gave some most sensible advice in a sermon he preached relative to decoration day. Recognizing the fact that decoration services were extending beyond the original purpose of remembering only soldiers, and becoming general by leaving a floral tribute on that day at the graves of all deceased friends, he mentioned the propriety of commemorating the dead by doing some loving service for the living. If a mother had parted from a dear child, the memory of whom awakened renewed affection, let not this revived love wither and die barren of results; but in the memory of her lost child bestow some gift or kindness upon a living child that is needing care or hungering for sympathy. And so for each friend that has gone before, specialize some service and dedicate it in his name to the needs of living people that will rejoice in the loving kindness of such a benefaction. The sermon was eloquent in suggestion and indicated how noble people may become in converting sterile griefs into potential goodness. This is the true way.

"Out of our stony griefs  
Altars to raise."

No sensible Spiritualist will fail to appreciate the example set by Henry Ward Beecher in requesting his family to desist from putting on any black or signal of mourning. The mourning-wearing custom should be left to those who do not know what becomes of their friends at death, for it pitifully signals the darkness of the mind and the destitution of hope. If at the time of death—if in a town or city—it is desired to inform the friends or public that at that house one has passed to the higher life, fasten a wreath of white roses on the door, and let these indicate the spirit birth of him who has gone on before.

In all these affairs I have mentioned, Spiritualists have duties to fulfill to bring about a better sentiment, a more hopeful condition of man, an appreciation of a higher destiny than the world has yet realized.

Denver, Col. C. H. M.

Philip Hensen, of Corinth, Miss., is very proud of his big gray beard, which he thinks is the longest in the world. Hensen is sixty years old, six feet two inches tall, and when he stands erect his beard touches the ground. It has not been cut for eleven years, and is still growing.

William Smith, a cowboy in the Staked Plains, Texas, was shot in the head some months ago and has recovered with the exception that he is unable to connect spoken words. He can write with perfect ease.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Reply to "Spiritualism in the Churches."

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

I have been much interested in an article under above title by the well known musical medium, Jesse Shepard, but his plaint over the death in life of many of our societies, and the unspiritual Spiritualism of hosts of believers, whilst true to the eye, seems to me utterly false to the soul of our mighty truth. Mr. Shepard makes the old and common mistake of counting evidence of spirit return as a new religion. He says "the Spiritualists themselves are to blame for the manner in which we are looked upon to-day, after 40 years of convert making and a success unknown in the history of previous religions." (Italics are mine).

Suppose that for a moment we drop all thought of "spirit return" and study the effect of a sudden introduction of some of our modern discoveries to a nation very religious and living in the pious ignorance of its ancestors. A teacher appears and begins to lecture, evincing almost supernatural knowledge and power to his uncultured audience. From the rostrum he opens their minds to wondrous truths of nature, and presently shows them a Bible in the rocks and clays that contradict their old teachings and beliefs. In darkened rooms his chemical experiments evoke wonder and admiration; whilst the brilliant colors of his spectro-scope fascinate the audience. At midnight scenes he discourses on other worlds, and through his telescope teaches the magnitude of the universe, and the insignificance of the planet earth.

No wonder the people grow excited as they watch and listen. Teachers multiply, and societies for investigation and experiment spring up all over the land. At last comes a cry of dismay. "This contradicts the teachings of our holy religion," is shouted from every pulpit. "It is demoralizing to humanity. Watch the conduct of these teachers and believers. You find as many of them law-breakers as in the churches. People seem going mad. They used to come regularly to meeting, and place the religious dollar in the collection box. Now they have grown stingy even to their new teachers, and say they are quite content so long as the old heaven and the old hell have been proved impossible."

The wail is true, and the plaint founded on fact, so it is well to watch the effect of another step forward in this life history. The novelty wears off. It is hard work for many listening to ideas and watching experiments that demand thought. Moreover most of the teachers keep going over the old ground, taking no pains to qualify themselves to meet a growing intelligence. A microscope with the same slide—a telescope with the same star—a brain with the same old fossil, presently grows monotonous. At last some of these teachers are caught fixing up false phenomena to draw a crowd; then thoroughly disgusted many of the audience listen to the skeptic and the preacher who declare "the movement is not as respectable as it ought to be."

In the meantime the enthusiasm has been such that spare hours and spare dollars have been given to the quest, with no time for the old church pew. But the preachers—if I may so express it—at last "catch on," and begin to teach the same truths from their pulpits that had proved so attractive to the rostrum, and persuade the people to come back to church, and once more become respectable members of society.

What is called "a reaction" sets in, but the new truth is there all the same, although it is now consecrated to the old religion, and a place is found for it before the old altar. And as an additional attraction, no questions are asked and no objection is offered to the church member going on with his new studies in his own family circle. So the crowded meeting is presently forgotten, and the rostrum becomes silent. The public teacher is told to go to school and acquire the culture of the 19th century before he again aspires to rival the pulpit.

But all the same a great work has been accomplished. The nation has gained new thoughts, that have forced the old religions to acknowledge much of the old creed as untrue; and the wanderer, though back in his old pew, is not the same man that he was before. He has discovered a truth outside the church; a truth that makes the preacher tremble before the independence of his congregation, and compels him to smother the old god, the old hell, and the old Adam. Let a congregation of the most bigoted Calvinists once take a course of the new philosophy, and it demands a liberal preacher and a silence towards the old doctrine.

An old name has a charm for many, but if its life be gone, its power has vanished. Many a church that to-day peals its old bell, and listens to its old choir, would utterly refuse to hearken to the old sermon. To a considerable degree the audience has changed. The faces are not those you once knew, for many are stopping outside, spilt for any form of religion based upon—"As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." The new teachings have shown them that Adam never fell, but has been traveling on and up from a very humble beginning. So there is neither room nor necessity for a Messiah to remove the curse brought upon us by Adam, since there never was any such curse. The miraculous conception of a godly savior be-

comes impossible under the reign of "universal law;" and the loudly proclaimed Fatherhood of God is destroyed by the discovery that he is no more "Our Father who art in Heaven," than he is father of every insect, bird and beast.

There are those who have learned from these new teachings that man grows mainly by his own effort and in no other way; that the weakest die in the battle of life; and that never has God helped man or child out of a ditch; yea, he offers a poison berry to the child lost in the woods as readily as he gives him food to keep him alive. The church cannot worship a God, nor think of a God except as a personality; and the moment these men and women discovered the reign of "universal law," the old conception of God became impossible.

Such men and women are waiting for new teachers who shall bring to them a higher truth, and are seeking to learn the lessons of the past by patient study and continued investigation. There are, of course, thousands of others whose mental strength is unequal to standing alone. They grow faint-hearted at the loss of their old faith, and make the echoes resound with piteous cries for a "new religion." But as neither rock, star, protoplasm nor spectro-scope furnishes the right material, their wail arouses only derision or wins contempt.

If Mr. Shepard and the many who like himself grow faint-hearted because their "new religion" is a failure, will let the foregoing illustration teach them its truth they will perceive that the natural facts of spirit return and human immortality contain no religious element whatever. Albeit they are pregnant of self-cultivation, self-respect and unfoldment of manhood's highest conception of truth and justice toward itself and its fellows. Consequently the failure to turn such facts of nature into a "new religion" must follow as a matter of course.

Mr. Shepard and his friends should also mark that a new truth never dies; and that whether they creep into the church or stay outside in independent quest after knowledge, the effect of the old enthusiasm is not lost. Just as conservation of force permits a change of its manifestation, but no destruction, so truth has its conservation too. It can never die. Though man clothe it in the old surplice, and smother it with smoke from the burning censor, it is only himself who grows blind. His child will behold it in its full brilliancy.

We know from sad experience that societies live and die as believers and skeptics come and go. But desire for a higher truth has become well nigh universal. Let our rostrums glow with thoughts worthy of the 19th century, and they will not lack hearers. Public phenomena, if fairly good, will draw a crowd to-day, and sometimes dimes may count by the thousand at such exhibitions; but the foundation of prosperity can only be an intelligent presentation of truth, as well said by Mr. Shepard, "derived from a judicious perusal of the very best books, and a development which springs from conversational intimacy with polished and cultivated intellects."

The grandeur of modern Spiritualism consists in the possibility it offers of mortal intimacy with spiritual and supernal wisdom, for which the first step must ever be the purification of one's own soul. No cabinet séance or dark circle will ever open this avenue to truth. It must be sought earnestly and patiently, perhaps for years, and in the solemn silence of soul aspiration.

The world is demanding something more than a phenomenal exhibition of natural laws, and if we would keep alive the name of modern Spiritualism, it is full time that we began to show the world just where and how the spiritual makes its appearance in our philosophy.

463 West 23rd St., New York.

Cassadaga Camp Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The writer wishes to give thanks for your advice in recommending Cassadaga to him. Inspiration seems to abound, and to emanate from the natural surroundings of the place. God seems to have put forth the best efforts to make Cassadaga what it is. Its people are good and hospitable, and receive a stranger with a generosity truly spiritual. The grounds are crowded, and every face bears the imprint of peace and happiness. Mediocrity in all its phases is represented here, and Spiritualism seems to be gathering greater forces with which to flood the world in a sea of glory and truth. The camp is doing a noble work for our philosophy, and people leave here with a higher conception of life and its nobler objects. Truth seems to speak to every heart, saying:

"A noble deed, a noble word, a motive pure and high,  
The throbbing of a great, warm heart can never, never die."

"THE BOY MEDIUM."

Professor Elisha Gray's new discovery is called auto-telegraphy, and it is claimed that it will be possible with its use to write upon a sheet of paper and have an autographic fac-simile of the writing reproduced by telegraph 300 miles away, and probably a much greater distance.

In digging wells in Kimball, Neb., a fossil stratum is encountered and quite interesting specimens have been dug up at a depth of from forty-five to fifty feet.

Spirit Materialization.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I had recently concluded to write no more on this subject because it seemed to me that I was only making myself disliked, and doing no good. Aside from what acquaintances say to me, I frequently receive ungrammatical letters calling me hard names for opposing what the writers know to be true. But to-day I received one written in such a different spirit that all the hardness which had been growing up in me instantly melted away, and as it proposed a query which no doubt many of the readers of the JOURNAL would like to hear answered, I will copy an extract from it and append my reply:

"DEAR MR. CHANEY: I am a little girl not quite fifteen. My papa and mamma belong to church and they think Spiritualism is very wicked, for they say the devil causes all noise and fuss at circles. I used to think so, but one of my schoolmates last winter told me that she was a medium, but her folks did not know it, and she made me promise that I would keep it a secret. She has a cousin in Chicago who is a Spiritualist and he sends her the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and she lets me have it to read, but we keep all this a secret. We have read your articles against materialization and we don't know what to think about it, for sometimes the spirits say that it is true and sometimes they say it is not true. What makes them tell different stories? If I was a spirit I should not dare to tell anything but the truth.

"But this is not what I want to ask you about. In the JOURNAL of July 9th, which has one of your articles, you say that 'materialization is scientifically impossible' and in the same paper is a beautiful story by Mary H. Gardner about the way Clarence (a spirit I suppose) moved things about in Mrs. Maud E. Lord's room, opened doors, went around with a banjo and played and sung. Now how do you explain that? Did Mrs. Gardner make that up, or did Mrs. Lord go around and sing and say it was a spirit? The spirits through my friend tell different stories at different times about it just the same as you and others contradict about it and I would really like to know the truth. But I am afraid to let you know who I am for fear my folks would find it out. My papa is a very good man, but he is very strict and my mamma is afraid of ghosts, but I am not one bit afraid, and sometimes in the night when I wake up it seems to me that I feel as though my dear sister was in bed with me just as she used to be, but if I move she is gone. Now Mr. Chaney will you not explain these things in the JOURNAL? Don't say what State I live in, and you may call me Mary, but that is not my name."

In the beautiful fiction of the "Banished Peri" it is related that an old man, hardened in crime, was so touched at beholding an infant in all its innocence that he let fall a tear which the Peri caught and carried to the keeper of the gate of Paradise as the most precious of all offerings. I am not a criminal, but my life has been a very sad one, at times forcing me upon the verge of melancholy, and now, wifeless, childless and almost friendless, the prattle of this innocent child, so confiding and so earnest to know the truth, has enabled me to understand, as I never did before, how the freshness and purity of youth may soften the heart of age. But with the delicious pain which her letter has given me, is a torturing pain. She has a secret which she keeps from her parents. I have always maintained that a young girl should have no secret from her mother, yet here seems to be an exception. How can she tell her parents? How can she abjure our beautiful philosophy? How can she become hard and positive against her spirit sister? I cannot answer these questions but hope that some of the correspondents of the JOURNAL will. She is very intelligent, but not educated in proportion to her natural intelligence, for I made several corrections while copying from her letter. I catch a spirit aura from her language beyond what she says, and no doubt the reader who is impressionable will do the same. However, I must turn to the answering of her queries.

Why do spirits tell different stories? Because they are finite; that is, their knowledge and all their powers are limited, the same as with us. They would have to be perfect, or infinite, to know all things and never make mistakes. If perfect, they could make no advance, for perfection is the end of progression. We have very learned men who are distinguished as Naturalists, and yet how often they differ and contradict each other. There are probably thousands of different species of Zoophytes. (Greek, *zoon*, an animal; *phyton*, a plant—"animal plant.") They are the connecting links between the plant and the animal, and sometimes they are so exactly half-and-half that one geologist has classed them with plants and another with animals. These wise men contradicted from want of knowledge, which is equivalent to saying on account of their ignorance. And my dear Mary, if you will observe carefully you will discover that nine-tenths of all the disagreements, contradictions and fightings result from ignorance.

No, I believe all that Mrs. Gardner writes, [Gardner is such a good name; Dr. Gardner, of Boston, was one of the dearest friends I ever had.] I believe that Mrs. Lord was in her bed all the time these wonderful manifestations were going on. And now for the explanation. Here is my major premise:

A spirit in the body, working with matter, can do nothing chemically or mechanically, which a spirit out of the body cannot do, working with spirit forces. As a logician I should prove this premise before proceeding to make deductions, but as that proof would occupy more space than can be allotted to this entire communication, I must omit it for the present. Besides, I feel confident that intelligent Spiritualists have often had the proof in their own experiences. Electricity is a spirit force, because not even one of the five senses can take cognizance of it; like all spirits, we gain a knowledge of it only through its manifestations. The spirits of our loved ones have discovered that by employing electricity they can produce more manifestations than in any other way. I want my little Mary to understand this and so will explain the phenomena of lightning and thunder, for we see the flash before hearing the clap. Some clouds are charged with electricity, some are not, or are negative. Opposite currents of air drive a positive and negative cloud towards each other and when within range of attraction the electricity darts from the positive to the negative. The current of electricity passes so swiftly that the air is heated to a red heat by the friction. This is "lightning" and we see it, but we do not see the electricity, only its manifestation. Furthermore, the swift passage of the electricity opens a vacuum, like a long tunnel, through the atmosphere. The air presses down towards the center, but in all directions

has passed, the walls of the vacuum are instantly brought together, like clapping your hands; this causes the clap of thunder. So you see that neither the lightning nor the thunder is electricity, but its manifestations. The spirit rap, the A of the spirit alphabet, is a beautiful illustration of electro-spirit manifestation. As a mortal can by an electrical machine, generate and project electricity imitating lightning and thunder, although miniature in dimensions, so also can a spirit. With a quantity stored for use, as in a positive cloud, a spirit projects a tiny current against a table, or any other solid. The friction on the air is not sufficient to heat it; therefore we see no flash, but hear the clap, and that clap is the rap. A band of spirits, under favorable conditions, can project a current with sufficient force to heat the air, and then we see a spirit light. This may be accompanied by a slight report, like the snapping of a wood fire, or it may be steady, like an electric light. Fraudulent mediums sometimes imitate the steady light by putting phosphorus into a vial containing a volatile oil, but a scientist would detect the fraud as readily as an expert in the United States treasury detects a counterfeit.

Mortals can compress the air and then regulate its escape in a manner to produce a power to move a car. The spirit rap may also be produced in this manner, for there are often many methods for bringing about the same result. The air gun is an illustration of the power of compressed air. Compressed air allowed to escape under a table would be sure to raise it; if against the side of the table, to either move it or wrench it into fragments. Two magazines of compressed air, one under each side, the air allowed to escape from each alternately, would cause the piano to rock like a cradle. In Washington, D. C., I saw a piano weighing nearly half a ton, rock in this manner, the only contact being the medium's foot upon the pedal and her fingers upon the keys. It came down as softly as though it was cork, and did not weigh a hundred pounds. Why? Because when the current had raised that side a certain height, the current was "cut off," like steam in an engine; then gravity brought the piano down, but before the legs touched the floor, to cause a heavy jar, the current was turned on and the legs came down as softly as if upon a cushion.

With these explanations it is easy to understand how doors may be unlocked and opened, furniture be moved about, or even thrown with violence, the medium carried through the air, etc. Next comes the banjo music and singing. Both are merely sound, inarticulate and articulate. Sounds are of many different kinds, according to the conditions under which they are produced, but all depend upon the presence of atmosphere. Without air there can be no sound. A simple sound is inarticulate, but an articulate sound is complex. There must be organs of speech, among mortals, in order to form an articulate sound. These may be natural, as in the human voice, or artificial, as in the case of an automaton. Not many years ago an Englishman named Faber constructed an automaton which he exhibited in Edinburgh and other places that attracted much attention. By the means of certain keys the artificial man would articulate simple words and sentences quite intelligibly. Other persons have constructed similar "talking machines," but I cannot now recall their names. We thus perceive that sound, articulate or inarticulate, depends entirely upon the *modus operandi* of forcing the atmosphere in a way to produce the sound. The small and large pipes of an organ afford an illustration of inarticulate sounds; the male trachea is larger than the female, and therefore his voice is base while hers is soprano.

Provided my major-premise is true, spirits can construct a spirit automaton and project a voice of any desired tone from any part of the room. Thus, step by step, we have arrived at that point where we can readily understand how Clarence and his co-workers produced all that wonderful phenomena without the aid of matter. And to me it is far more sublime and beautiful than to suppose that the means employed were material or a materialization.

Having explained in detail, without any conflict with science or natural law, just how a spirit voice may be produced, I call upon my opponents, spirits as well as mortals, to explain in similar detail exactly how they materialize a human body; how they form the organs of speech, and finally, when this materialized form speaks, why it is not a material voice, instead of a spiritual. If they will undertake this I will guarantee to pick their theory all in pieces and show its utter absurdity. On the other hand, I challenge them to criticize my theory in the same manner. And I challenge all, spirits, mediums and lecturers, to meet me in public debate on the question. My will was opposed to writing this last challenge, for as I feel now, I shall never write or speak another word upon the subject of Spiritualism, pro or con. I am misunderstood, and no good comes from it; I make enemies among the enemies of Spiritualism, while many Spiritualists revile me. Perhaps I have outlived my usefulness in this sphere, and if so, the sooner my voice and pen are silenced the better for Spiritualism and the better for myself.

New Orleans, La. W. H. CHANEY.

P. S.—I closed the foregoing in a very singular frame of mind, and on reading it over resolved to rewrite the last page. All the way through I had held my combativeness in check until it broke out at last in a spirit of defiance against those who differ from me, and the singular part of it was my extremely passive state of mind. I felt indifferent to everything—even life itself. In this mental condition I leaned in my chair and closed my eyes. All seemed dark as Erebus, but presently I saw a soft light not larger than a pea. I watched it increase in size and brilliancy until it extended over a space of several yards in diameter. Then within four feet of me appeared a dark spot which quickly developed into the form of a very large man, as low as the hips. He seemed balanced in space, having no contact with matter. The forehead was very high and broad, the front of the head bald and the hair white as the driven snow. My first thought was of Elisha and the Hebrew hoodlums. Instantly my melancholy vanished and so strongly a sense of the ludicrous came over me that I laughed aloud, quoting involuntarily: "Go up, thou bald-head! Go up, thou bald-head!" But he did not go up; he smiled rather quizzically and said:

"Do not change what you have written, and do not flatter yourself that you are the sole author. You were growing indifferent, not to say hostile, toward Spiritualism and Spiritualists. To arouse you I influenced that young girl to write as she did. Her letter brought you into that passive condition in which I could impress my thoughts upon your mind. You recorded them as your own. The language is yours and so are the details, but the original ideas are from the spirit who appeared to you."

in such a way that you thought them your own, the same as Edison flatters himself that his original ideas are conceived by himself, whereas we give him a first thought, and the end that may be achieved; then he works and experiments until success crowns his labors. You will understand by this comparison how it was that you wrote your communication. I have tried for years to entrance you, and cannot. Yet I have often given you ideas and shall continue to do so; I will furnish the plots and you can work them up in your own way. This is the first time I have been able to make you understand words; heretofore I could only impress you with ideas, and sometimes you entirely misunderstood my meaning, as often happens in such cases.

"Then why do you not go to persons whom you can entrance?" I inquired.

"Because their gifts lie in other directions and I can no more give utterance to my ideas through them, than I can entrance you."

I give this dialogue as I recall the impressions made by it upon my mind, and so of course the language is my own. There was much more that passed between us, but I am exceeding my allotted space and must omit it. He declined having anything to say at present regarding materialization. What he cared most for was to correct the popular error that spirits could not speak and make themselves understood unless they had an artificial body. He had tried to make it plain that a spirit voice could not come from a materialized body—it must then be a human voice—but I was becoming weary and worried lest my article should be too lengthy, and these things destroyed the conditions for impressing me. I opened my eyes before the vision had begun to fade, half expecting to see the old philosopher still before me, but like Mary's spirit sister, all "was gone." As I now view it, that vision is like an ordinary dream, and I think I must have fallen asleep, for I gave up years ago, that aside from occasional impressions, I possessed no medium powers whatever. But was it not a curious dream? "Go up, thou bald-head!" W. H. C.

MEMORY: Its Philosophy, Culture, and Traditional Trustworthiness

BY SAMUEL EADON, M. A., M. D., PH.D.

The soul, or spirit, is the thinking entity of man. This *Ego* is conscious that it exists. Bodily it is a thing of bones and flesh; of blood and nerves; the two together, constitute him—MAN. With the brain, and the five physical inlets of perception, the soul, or spirit-man, manifests itself by means of a refined medium, termed the Od force. When spirit, and intermediate force, and cerebral organs, act in concert, there is harmony of action; when not, abnormal manifestation shows itself, in some way or other.

Matter, *per se*, cannot think. This is the function of soul alone; but soul can use cerebral matter as an instrument to think with. In this way the five senses become the inlets of knowledge from without. This is called *sensuous* perception, and is first seen in infancy. In due time, instinctive perception gradually comes into play; things are compared, differences noted, and the first inklings of reason begin to show themselves. This is the early dawn of mind. In infancy there is soul, but no mind; for mind has to grow by the acquisition of knowledge. The more knowledge a man gains, the more *mind* he has. Mind is not soul. It is not an existing entity, but a condition—a mode of soul-acquisition. Confronting the two words has rendered metaphysics an unfruitful study. Soul is the spiritual essence of man; mind, an acquired something that the soul thinks about and uses. Soul and mind, though distinct, yet, when once united, become inseparable. The word, intelligence, might express their united action. Still, soul is not mind, neither is mind soul.

The knowledge which the human soul acquires, in its totality, is its mind, or memory, or remembrance, or recollection; for they are all synonymous in meaning, the three last being merely a set of Anglo-Latin-English words to express the Saxon meaning of the former word, mind (*mynd*, *mynd*, *i. e.*, mind), "which is something, anything, remembered." The first fact acquired by the soul's action in life's drama is the first streak of mind on the spirit horizon; a bit of mind, a bit of memory, a bit of remembrance (better, *remembrance*); and when a number of these memories (sensations collected together again) follow in sequence, the term "recollection" is made use of rather than any of the other words. Mind, then, is something, anything, added to the soul, and this condition, so-called, grows through life, as fact after fact is added thereto. If we could annihilate memory it would be tantamount to the annihilation of mind (but not soul)—mind being the totality of all human remembrances. In such a case, were this to happen, the intelligence of a man would become wholly oblivious; but the intelligent principle itself, the thinking, conscious entity—the glorious human soul—would still remain intact and unimpaired in all its potentialities of action.

When mind, or acquired knowledge, is in harmony with the laws of nature, and sanctioned by sensuous and instinctive perception, it is called, Truth; if not in harmony, it is, error. From true knowledge correct convictions spring; from false knowledge, erroneous ones. From the former, right actions take their rise; from the latter, wrong ones. Whatever real fact, or positive truth, the human soul perceives, either sensuously, or instinctively, or by correct analytical or synthetic elaboration, that impression is forever retained, whether we are aware of it or not; and this innate power of permanent spiritual impression, which is a part of the soul's nature, is what is meant by the memory of that fact or truth. The soul has also an inherent power of abstraction, as it can fix itself on the consideration of any one subject, and, for a time, purposely forget all other topics. Without this innate power, man could neither analyze complex ideas, nor ascend from generals to particulars. Forgetfulness, then, is not, as is generally thought, a huge mental defect, but merely abstraction exercised at a wrong time, and, perhaps, not on the most fitting occasions.

Such is the soul of man; indivisible spirit, acting through a number of material organs, or cerebral corpuses, in order to make known, in this life, its inborn and transcendent powers.

Matter, as we have stated before, cannot think. Brain may be used by a something that thinks, but it cannot think itself. If it could, its ever constant change and renewal of nervous corpuses would eventuate in an incoherency of thought which would border on insanity or madness. And yet, in this life, the brain is the soul's instrument in the production of thought. What makes the difference between one man and another?

All souls must be alike in power of intellectual and moral aptitudes, else God is partial. God is unjust, as man cannot make his own soul. The divine in man must be *egwos* in all human beings; then why the differences we observe around us? May it not arise from a deterioration of the corporeal organism, and a less amount of culture bestowed—might this not make the difference? Man has had to do with the formation of the body; and owing to the infringement of the organic and physical laws for ages—the production of an inferior man would be the result. But this inferiority in manhood cannot explain away, or account for, the difference in the power of calling up past thoughts, or sensations, or conceptions, plus time, and metaphysically known as the faculty of "memory." How is it, that the soul, which knoweth what it knows, forgets what it knows, and needs that something called memory or that artificial contrivance, termed mnemonics, to aid it? Impressions made on the brain, change, fade out, die off, and memory, in due time, if the cause were cerebral, must vanish also, and be lost. But memory is not a thing of matter, a sort of lumber room—in which to store knowledge. Such notions are stagyritic, and beside a spiritual or psychic philosophy. The soul is one, its modes of action, many. A thought, is the soul thinking; a conception, the soul conceiving. How can thoughts, conceptions, spiritual entities, be piled up, and kept ready for use, like goods in a warehouse? The something, the anything stored is *spirit*, and the so-called *storehouse* itself, is *spirit* also. How can indivisible soul be a sort of bowl to hold, contain and keep for man's convenient use invisible thoughts, conceptions and fancies as dynamic and ethereal as itself!

Memory cannot depend on the activity of cerebral corpuses, for these are constantly dying out, and fading away, and new ones taking their place. The cult is of another kind, and of a higher order, viz., dynamic or spiritual; and the process seems to be the following: Suppose one of the five senses to be acted upon, say, that of sight, by means of the perception of a rose. The impression, through the optic nerve, is first conveyed to the brain, and this, again, to the soul, or spirit within, by means of the odic fluid, the ordained medium of action between the spirit and the body in this life. This link of communication may, and does, vary in nearly everybody, in intensity of action, and closeness of relationship. If the action is more on the spiritual side of human nature, the spiritual memory will be more vivid and intense, in action, whilst the cerebral, or material, or body-memory will be more feeble in corresponding proportion. But if, on the other hand, the relation existing between the brain and the odic medium be strong, close and intense, the cerebral or body-memory will be strong and powerful, and by careful culture, capable of marvels of retentive manifestation. The fact is, there are two forms of human memory—one, spiritual, the other, cerebral; and their power of manifestation in the out-goings of life, depends, so to speak, on the adhesiveness or intensity of action of the Od force, either for the one kind or the other. Not that the soul-memory is not *always* strong, intense and everlasting; but the *record* may be dormant—man not being always in the psychic condition to be conscious of it. On the other hand, when the relation between the odic force and the cerebrum is feeble in action and intensity, the cerebral or body-memory will be poor, feeble, incapable of retentiveness, and the owner will be conscious of the defect, as the reflex action on the soul itself would be little felt.

Memory, then, is a *spiritual* operation. It is made up of suggestive ideas, or conceptions, following each other in well regulated sequence, having only a momentary existence whilst we are conscious of their action. Memory depends on a close, or a not close, affinity or relationship existing between the Od force and the spirit-man on the one hand, and that of the Od force and outer or material man, on the other. In the one aspect soul-memory is eternal, changeless and ever ready to tell its tale. Soul-memory never dies, but lasts for ever. The stars may fade away, the sun grow dim with age (as it is now doing), but the soul of man, with its marvellous memories, will continue to live on when the present universes of created things will have passed away and become a part of the invisibilities from which they originally sprang; but the body or cerebral memory is temporary, has to do with this life, fades away, and becomes oblivious, but rises up again as soul-memory, in the higher life, when the shell-body has been cast off.

Metaphysicians and writers on Mnemonics talk about "making impressions," "deepening the impression," etc. On what are these so-called "impressions" or indentations made? If on the brain (who ever saw them?), as the microscopic corpuses are in constant interchange of particle, were even an impression ever made, how long would it last? and what kind of a split-up fragment of a bit of a thing, called memory, would it be the symbol of? The fact is, memory is not a material thing—a result of cerebral impressions; but a spiritual act, the onward, conscious, continuous flow of spiritual suggestions. To bring about (this mental condition, aids may be made use of, such as observation by eye and ear, attention, association of the unknown with the known, linking abstract ideas with sensations, using topical aids, as that of Simonides, so highly appreciated by Cicero and Quintillian. Helps like these undoubtedly tend to bind more closely together the action of the odic medium and the brain, and to bring before the inner man—the spiritual *Ego*—the suggestive kindred trains of thought from the outer world. The larger the cerebral organ, and the finer and more delicate its substance, the greater will be the probability of a more vivid transmission of thought, especially if the odic fluid is in full rapport with it.

It is only rational and philosophic to adopt such means as will bring into constant union and harmonious action the pre-ordained odic medium, and the varied cerebral organs, between which a relationship has been established. The power of the pre-soul-memory is beyond our control. Whatever thought, conception or imagination may, at any time, have affected the spirit-man, it is there for ever, whether we, as humanity, are conscious of it or not. This will appear in its full retentiveness of manifestation in the next and higher form of being. Our object here is to cultivate the human memory (so to speak), in order to bring about its highest powers of retentive action. Memory, recollection or remembrance does not consist in mere brain impressions, as these are ever changing; nor does the power reside in the odic medium, *per se*, as this fluid is only a medium of transmission of thoughts, conceptions and ideas, but in the soul itself—the Being, with whom the memory of things, for ever abides; and the object should be, to bring about such a constantly-acting-suggestive influence, as will intensify the relationship between the Od force and the brain, and thus the last link

in the soul-chain may be as bright as possible.

There have been many noted cases on record, in works of science, where this process seems to have been, with some parties, a *natural condition*; and the power of memory manifested by them seems almost beyond belief. Many of these instances have been alluded to by various writers, so we shall pass them by, and point out the results of what Professor Max Muller says, "memory, when kept under the strictest discipline," can do, and has been able to accomplish.

Had not man been endowed with the power of recalling past felt conceptions and ideas, accompanied with the notion of Time, which, in fact, is Memory, in suggestive sequence, Memory by tradition would have been almost unreliable and most untrustworthy. By us moderns, tradition has been *traced*, by an ignorant unbelief in its power, but we shall have, in future, to turn over a new leaf in our estimate of the correctness of traditional truth. Who could believe, at first thought, that the Iliad of Homer, containing 15,677 lines, could be easily remembered; yet this feat of traditional memory is a fact well-attested by generations of men of the olden times. Yet this great effort of cultured memory pales even in significance beside others we have to mention.

The Rig-veda, with its 1,017 hymns, contains an amount of matter for the memory to retain, four times the length of the Iliad of Homer; yet this has been safely committed to memory, and any line could be called out for recitation as occasion required. For more than 3,000 years the whole of the Vedic literature has been transmitted from generation to generation by word of mouth—Memory.

In our day even there are priests in India, who know, by heart (as the ignorant phrase goes) the whole of the Rig-veda, and its verbal transmission is most faithfully and accurately accurate. Nay, so great is the belief in the oral transmission of the sacred books of India, that, although writing has been known for more than 2,500 years, yet the custodians of the Vedic traditions have never trusted to it, but prefer to rely on the transmission of their sacred knowledge to traditional memory. *Mirabile dictu!* Though the priests have now manuscripts, and even a printed text, yet, says Max Muller, "they do not learn their sacred lore from them, but learn it, as their ancestors learned it thousands of years ago, from the lips of their teachers, in order that the Vedic succession should never be broken." For eight years, in their youth, they are entirely occupied in learning this. They learn a few lines every day, repeat them for hours, so that the whole house resounds with the noise; and they thus strengthen their memory, to that degree, that when their apprenticeship is finished, you can open them, like a book, and find any passage you like, any word, any accent."

The Talmud, in the Rabbinical schools, was gradually mastered in the same way. "All that vast literature," exceeding many times in bulk, Homer, the Vedas, and the Bible itself, all put together, was, until very lately, the work and growth of oral tradition. The Talmud, a sacred Bible, was transmitted though in prose, which is more difficult to remember than poetry; yet, its contents were carried down by oral tradition, century after century, with unerring exactness. This ancient memorizing continued to be adopted in the Oriental schools, long after the sacred books had been committed to writing; and this might have been acquired in another way.

Dr. Gotthell, of New York, had a man, in his study, who knew the entire "Talmud" by heart, and could take up any word that was given him, and go on repeating, word after word, with absolute correctness, for any length of time. From this it is evident that constant and incessant repetition is the soul of memory. It is the golden zone around the waist of Mnemosyne with which, as a tall-man, she can thread her way through the mazes of any dance, on any floor, of art, or science. The ancient priests knew the principle of iteration well, and acted up to it in full faith, or rather belief, feeling sure of accomplishing the marvellous feats of memory we read of.

In the presence of such facts as these, we must be prepared to revise our modern notions of what a long-continued, systematic culture of the memory is capable of accomplishing.

We shall select a verse in order to show the method adopted by these Buddhist priests and very ancient peoples, in handing down their sacred lore to succeeding generations. If not exactly their plan, it is not far from correct, as, according to the laws of intellectual acquirement, there is only one mode of imprinting knowledge on the human soul, and that by constant iteration. Jacobus, a Frenchman—followed the plan of verbal iteration and repetition backwards and forwards in teaching languages, with pre-eminent success. Had two senses been brought into play by the Priests in handing down their sacred knowledge, by oral tradition, it seems, as if less time would have been required in attaining the object. Be that as it may, these marvels of memory were the results of the exercise of *one sense* and of a methodical system of *constant repetition*. Take the following verse as a specimen of the plan:

"When the sea rolled in fathomless billows Across the broad plains of Nebraska,  
When round the North Pole grew bananas and willows,  
And Mastodons fought with Great Armadillos,  
For the pineapples grown in Alaska,

Repeat the first word distinctly four times; then a second word, and repeat that four times along with the first one; next a third word, and repeat it four times; then all three together four times, and so on to the end of the line or sentence; then repeat the whole line backwards and forwards six times and the first line or sentence will have been thoroughly memorized." For instance, When—the sea—when the sea; rolled; when the sea rolled; in fathomless; when the sea rolled in fathomless—billows; when the sea rolled in fathomless billows; this being repeated backwards and forwards six times the line is mastered, and the second and following lines may be treated in the same way, "making the whole house resound," as Max Muller says, "with the noise," till the iteration became a thing of habit, and not of thought.

It was in this way that the ancient scriptures of the Hindu and other peoples, under the name of Vedas, Zend-Avesta, and the Tri-Patahas of the Buddhists, were handed down in unimpaired certainty and correctness for hundreds and thousands of years.

Such is memory; such its utility and such its trustworthiness when "kept under strict discipline."

Since the earliest ages of the world flowers have borne an important part. They were dedicated to the gods. Venus is represented wearing a garland of roses; Juno holds a lily in her hand, and Ceres is adorned with bearded wheat and ears of barley.

For the Helio-Philosophical Journal. Evolut'on on the Basis of Political Economy.

BY LEON.

Number Four.

What am I? or from whence? for that I am I know, because I think; but whence I came, Or how this frame of mine began to be, That other being can disclose to me.

-Dryden.

In order to know where we are bound, we must know what we are; and to determine this we have been enquiring whence and how we came. To avoid the almost universal error of a mistaken starting point, we have followed the phenomena of life back to their source in cosmic evolution where we see worlds built up, with building worlds within them. Beginning with the vital force, life-principle, or God concrete with matter, we follow up the study of life's mysteries, wondering for what end creation's mighty forces are working. Everywhere in the vegetable and animal kingdoms we see constant change; the destruction of one for the upbuilding of another. At one moment the vegetable is full of luxuriant life; in another it is cut off and becomes food for the animal which is soon to be killed, and consumed by man, who will in turn feast, revel and die. The lives of vegetables, animals and men all go out like the snuffing of a candle. At the beginning of the hour they are; at the end they are not. Nature looks like a stupendous despotism; a voracious monster for which all things are food. To the mind of man comes the unwelcome suggestion that he, too, was created for some temporary use, and that at death he is to be annihilated; cut off without even the poor privilege of remembering what he has suffered. Those who are satisfied to build upon the sands of blind faith as a foundation, may never see the blackness of despair that this cloud contains, neither will they ever have the secure feeling of happiness of him who has a reason for the faith that is in him. Reader, have you ever been under that cloud? The writer has been there, and thousands of the more intelligent minds are to-day overshadowed by its gloom. So long as they know nothing better than the homilies of the self-appointed "man of God," and listen weekly to that which is a promise without an assurance, those who have intellect enough to breed a doubt will continue to walk in that shadow. Superstition is the religion of those who cannot think; let them have that refuge. But to the thoughtful, philosophy becomes a religion which gives to the intellect the assurance that all is well.

In our last paper it was claimed that evolution had proved that there was a purpose in creation, and we promised to state that purpose. Nature proclaims her purpose so distinctly that he who runs through her work must read it. Let us return to where the cosmic flux is poured from the crucible of the Absolute into the moulds of His law. We follow the propelling force up through the vegetable into the animal kingdom where we find a higher order of life, sentient and instinctive. From type to type we keep step with animal improvement, noting that each new form has faculties, and organs for their manifestation, not in possession of those below. From the lower monkey there is a step upward to the anthropoid ape, and from him to the lowest African, and, finally, the Caucasian. In these types we recognize a long series of designs all subsidiary to, and culminating in, the one grand purpose of evolving a being capable of self advancement. Can it be doubted that this was the design of the creative forces when we see those forces withdrawn when this end is reached? Can it be doubted that from the beginning man was the intended finality of form evolution, when it is seen that the propelling forces that created him have retired and left him to work out the problem? And that he is capable of intelligently continuing a work of progression laid out and begun by an intelligence incomprehensible to himself? He is the organized result of the first stage of evolution extending through millions of years, and the proximate cause from which proceeds the evolution of the mental world which is the work of the second stage. The mental world, of course, includes the moral and intellectual. This grand world of infinite capacity is to be filled up by evolutions from the human brain. Let it be understood that I mean the mental world and not our physical world. Such being the task given the human mind; a work so prodigious that we cannot conceive of its completion, we have renewed assurance of the soul's immortality. If it has taken millions of years of methodical evolution to produce an exoteric world with the human brain at its head, and it can be shown that this brain is evolving an esoteric world vastly more beautiful and expansive, will any man deny that there was a designer and that His purpose is being outwrought?

Believing that evolution proves beyond a doubt its purpose to be the production of a self-improving creature, capable of gathering from his experiences—and observations simple ideas, evolving the simple into compound and transmitting the whole to his posterity, it seems correct and proper to assume that it is the basis of a true political economy. We also believe that those who generally put themselves forward as leaders are, as a class, superficial in their observations and conclusions, and that man as an individual and society as a whole have lost much, and now suffer much for want of a better understanding of this grand science of evolution, which teaches us that out of an infinite number of elements aggregated in the course of millions of years it has produced the individual as we find him yet incomplete, and that many thousands of years must elapse before a perfect society can be constructed out of such imperfect material. It is idle to dream of absolute perfection in this world or any other. The Absolute is God, and should we ever reach that improbable state our identity as individual spirits shall be lost.

Our mission on earth is, and in Heaven shall be, labor. The orthodox eternal rest in heaven and the Socialists' "Fool's paradise," of a gratification of all desires on earth without labor, are equally impossible. Such a state of things would be offered to the wise man, be rejected as the sum of all calamities. But there is a relative perfection which is attainable and for which we must strive, for upon it the success of civilization depends. This relative perfection consists of the adaptation of each individual in the social fabric to all the others. This adaptation depends very much upon the intelligence and good will of the individual, hence he must be trained to willingly fill the place to which adaptation conducts him. This matter will be further considered in an article on the education of the individual.

Perhaps all religions have been necessary to the times and places out of which they were an evolution. They are but the effort of the soul to grasp its whence and where; but all of these religions have been shaped to suit the caprice or the interest of the priest

who manufactured them from popular superstitions, and the errors and falsehoods incalculable have become a part of us and of our sociology resulting in great evil and danger hereafter to be pointed out.

The chief evil is, perhaps, the dogma of divine revelation. This scheme of getting between the people and their God under pretence of being His special favorite for the reception and delivery of verbal messages, had been in use so long that Moses could not get a patent on it.

This theory that God has appointed certain vicegerents to whom are confided verbally all the facts necessary to direct us in our upward march, has estopped investigation among themselves and caused them to hug the pious delusion; that to receive this revelation, for the truth of which we have the priest's attestations alone, merits salvation. So delusively ignorant has this dogma kept many otherwise fair minds, that the former under its shadow, believes that the bible contains all the science necessary to his calling, and preachers proclaim from the pulpit that were it not for the bible man would not know himself from the horse. It is this kind of blight that we have grown up under to a state of tolerable civilization; but the evidences are that we have about reached the limits of the present system, and if we would not perish and lose the accumulations of ages, we must revise the system.

When shall this revision begin? The answer comes from the depths of philosophy: "Make haste to cast out your dogmas, study the law that produces the individual and socializes him. God speaks only through his works; believe nothing which they do not reveal to you." This would be a safe basis for all our institutions. In this way, let us "put God in the constitution" and it shall remain broad enough to shelter and strong enough to protect all sects, and from their tyranny shield the non-sectarian.

(To be Continued.)

The Quakers' Happier Life.

The Friends, vulgarly called Quakers, are a peculiar people. Their theories of non-resistance, spirit impulses and mutual help are founded on a literal interpretation of Bible language. If it is to these theories they owe their average longevity and enjoyment of life others might find it advantageous to adopt them. But it is more logical to refer this longevity to the rules of life the Friends' Society inculcates. A "Friend" is required to abjure ambition; to be industrious and methodical; to live within his income, whatever it be; to avoid all flaring ostentation in dress or equipage; to seek solid comfort, and avoid indulgence in pleasures that excite the passions. In no sense communists, they support comfortably their poor, and aid those unfortunate in business until it becomes plain that the aid is bestowed on the unworthy or shiftless. By a recent report of the society it appears that of the 229 "Friends" who died last year in Great Britain and Ireland only twenty-two were under five years of age; between five and ten years there were five deaths; between ten and twenty years, nine; from twenty to thirty years the deaths numbered eighteen; from thirty to forty years, sixteen; from forty to fifty years, twenty-two; from fifty to sixty years, twenty-three; from sixty to seventy years, fifty-one; from seventy to eighty years, seventy-four; from eighty to ninety years, sixty-nine, and from ninety to one hundred years, ten.

The average age attained among them is thus about fifty-five years, while the average age now reached by the people of Great Britain and America is certainly not above 37.5, and these nations in this respect surpass all others. The viability of a child born in the family of a Friend is therefore 17.5 years greater than that of the children at large. The low rate of infant mortality is especially noticeable here. But nine per cent. of the whole number die under five years. In this city about 54 per cent. will be found the average for a term of years. Chicago is said by its health officer to have an exceptionally low death rate as compared to other large cities. Six children, then, of the people here die where but one of the Friends' children does. In other words, five-sixths of our infant mortality is preventable by our adoption of infant rearing of the regimen of the Friends.

While much depends on the parents, and doubtless a great proportion of this child mortality is owing to ignorance and perhaps even to lack of love for their offspring, yet deficient sanitation is certainly responsible for the vast majority of these deaths. The cause is not far to seek. "There is that withholdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty." Engrossed to a man either in pursuit of wealth or in a ceaseless struggle for existence, we are too busy to reason out the matter. Each of these children so lost would, if reared to the self-supporting age, become a twofold source of wealth. His labor would produce it. His presence on earth here and demand for space to dwell in would raise the value of the land—the city's site. Neglecting the sanitation that would certainly preserve one-half these wasted lives, we dry up by our "economic administration" the source of all wealth.

Three score and ten the Psalmist allots to man as the duration of a useful, pleasurable life. Since he wrote there has been no gain on this by all our boasted civilization. But if the Friends had furnished his standard it would have been longer; 153 of the 226 lived beyond seventy. In Chicago for the years '81 and '82 there were 513 out of the 14,101 dying who reached that age before death. This is but 3.6 per cent. For every person that reached that age here, sixteen persons reached it among the Friends, in an equal population. As long life implies preservation of both mental and physical vigor the old age of these Friends was, as a rule, placid and happy. In all that makes life worth living—"in peace, content and troops of friends"—it is fair to presume that they had sixteen-fold the enjoyment we reap of our vacuous bustle and perilous quest of gew-gaws.—Chicago Herald.

For the Helio-Philosophical Journal.

Total Depravity.

BY GEO. A. SHUFELDT.

This monstrous doctrine is the sheet anchor of the orthodox church. It holds the ship fast beyond the breakers which roll on the shores of infidelity. It is the one dogma without which the ark of religion would be wrecked and perish; and what is it? A fable born of the ignorance and credulity of man; a weak invention of the priest, upon which has been builded a structure such as no world has ever seen and will never see again.

A single human being was made by God, perfect in his nature, character and surroundings. He was forbidden to do a particular thing, but he disobeyed the command and did it. God knew he would do it; knew it when he created him. This was original sin. Adam and all of his posterity were cursed for the deed, and placed under the ban of the Divine displeasure.

God was aware that the descendants of Adam would number hundreds of thousands of millions.

For countless ages yet to come, the world would be peopled by the progeny of Adam, and brought into life without their volition and without their knowledge, and yet condemned before their birth for the sin of a man of whom they had never heard. If any government, power, or puppet of the present day should undertake to punish a child for some wrong committed by his father or grandfather, the whole world would rise up and protest against the gross injustice, and yet this is what God did, and is doing every day—so theology says. It seems utterly trivial and absurd to undertake to demolish such a position as this by argument. No sensible person believes it; no rational person can believe it, and were it not that it is treasured into the plastic minds of children in the Sunday schools and churches there would be no necessity for refuting it.

Evolution and ethnology have demonstrated the fact that there was never any such thing as the creation of the human race in a single pair; that man in his primal life did not exist in a state of wisdom, purity and holiness, and as a consequence there never was such a thing as the fall of man, original sin or total depravity. So far back as there are any records or traditions in human history, the organic differences in the color, characteristics and structure of the human being were just the same as they are to-day. In the hieroglyphics of the Egyptian monuments, 3500 years before Christ, the negro is depicted with the same features and the same skin that he wears now. That he ever descended from the white Adam is one of the fictions of Biblical science. Original sin and total depravity are as cheap delusions of a weak and worthless theology.

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This well attested account of spirit presence created a widespread sensation when first published in the Helio-Philosophical Journal. Over fifty thousand copies were circulated, including the journal's publication and the pamphlet editions, but the demand still continues. "To those familiar with the marvelous story it is NO WONDER the interest continues, for in it on indubitable testimony may be learned how

A Young Girl was Saved from the Mad House.

by the direct assistance of Spirits, through the intelligent interference of Spiritualists, and after months of almost continuous spiritual and medical treatment by Dr. Stevens, was restored to perfect health, to the profound astonishment of all. So far transcending in some respects, all other recorded cases of a similar character, this by common acknowledgment is to be known as

THE WATSEKA WONDER.

Were it not that the history of the case is authenticated by the most reliable of sources, it would be considered as a skillfully prepared work of fiction. As a

MISSIONARY DOCUMENT for general distribution, it is UNEQUALLED; and for this purpose should be distributed industriously, generously, persistently, far and near. The present issue is a superior edition from new stereotyped plates, printed on a fine quality of paper and protected by a "laid" paper covers of the newest patterns.

The publisher has taken advantage of the necessity for new plates, and, with the courteous permission of Harper Brothers, has issued a new edition of "The Watseka Wonder" from Harper's Magazine for May, 1880, entitled

MARY REYNOLDS, Double Consciousness.

This case is frequently referred to by medical authorities, and Mr. Espesgaard makes reference to it in that invaluable, standard work, "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," his latest and best effort. The case of Mary Reynolds does not equal that of Lurancy Venum, but is nevertheless a valuable addition. The two narratives make a

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MEMORIAL EDITION, and that she should receive "from it substantial tokens of the respect in which her husband is held, and of the good wish of the publisher toward one who made it possible for her husband to follow the guidance of the Spirit world. The publisher therefore proposes and hereby binds himself to

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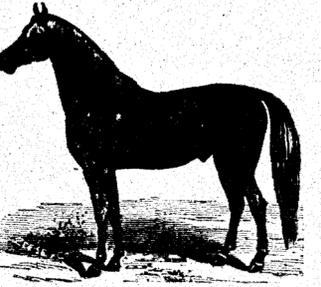
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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 20, 1887.

On the Scientific Spirit.

Many things in Spiritualism are generally conceived to be very extraordinary and wonderful, quite out of the range of all normal processes. "Materialization" seems to be put in this class. By many it is looked as utterly incredible and unworthy of consideration or inquiry. Even many Spiritualists are apparently dubious of it, at least as a cabinet creation, and seem to wish that mediums would withdraw this class of public performances, especially so far as it is only a dark exhibition.

Of course the mediums cannot comply, because they are supposed not to control but to be controlled; and they cannot readily admit the impeachment which the demand or wish implies. They argue that they must allow the spirits freedom to follow their own judgment in the main as to the method of manifestation to mortals, and that spirits know, or should know, their own powers and limitations and the modes and conditions of their manifestation. So long as their intent and character appear on the whole to be good, they should be allowed freedom in their choice of means and methods. They are the most competent judges as to what is the best they can do, and as to what is the wisest course to pursue for widening and clearing the channel of intercourse between them and us; therefore if they say they cannot submit to "test conditions," to discontinue dark seances and to conform to the requirements of the scientific spirit and to its wonted methods of careful scrutiny and rigid and thorough testing and verification, how can mediums be blamed? What can they do but either cease to exercise their powers or use them as the spirits require? Such is the argument.

This is conclusive to those who desire to have it so. To others the logic of it is far from being irresistible. They may reasonably argue that if the spirits know themselves and their world better than we, we know some things of ourselves and our world better than they. We know what is necessary for the satisfaction of minds of scientific training and discipline, and what offends and repels them. It is also clear that spirits who would foster in us an unscientific habit of mind are no benefit to us. Indeed this would be the greatest injury that could be by any means or agency inflicted upon mortals. It is the scientific habit which is redeeming the world from barbarism and from debasing superstitions. This, rigidly preserved, is the only guarantee of future progress, and the strongest barrier against the returning inroad of old time abominations.

If Spiritualism is worth anything to the world, it is owing to its scientific method. It verifies its doctrines instead of calling on men to believe without proof, or from inadequate data. To abandon this method is to forfeit its distinctive characteristic in comparison with ancient religions; and those who favor inductive looseness here, will do the same everywhere; and they are to be counted out of the ranks of the progressive intelligence of the world. Such minds as these, whether belonging to this world or any other, cannot be of much service as guides or teachers or inspiring impulsive forces. These are not to be counted among the "wise and powerful ancient spirits," the Magi of the East or the Magi of any other region. It is supremely silly to represent Franklin

and Faraday, Count Rumford and Arago, Cuvier and Agassiz and all their scientific confreres as utterly reversing all their mental habits as soon as they enter the other world, as becoming divested of all those mental qualities, tastes and attainments which made them patient in inquiry and experiment, careful and circumspect alike in observation and utterance, and rigorous in their exactness of evidence for what they accepted or affirmed. Who but drivellers can receive as the communications of these men oceans of words about things concerning the truth of which from the nature of the case no evidence can be furnished? Who that are not examples of "arrested development" can believe that the great kings of science as soon as they leave our stage of action revert to the pre-scientific condition of jugglers and magicians?

Yet materialization is not to be discounted in advance. Not by the *a priori* method is it to be either proved or disproved. That is not the method and spirit of modern science. It is ancient and medieval. It is good in the sphere of abstract principles, but not as a test of contingent concrete realities. Nor are dark seances to be wholly denounced and disused. They may be subject to scientific determination even though dark. There is a science of the night as well as the day; of the colorless and obscure as well as of the colorful, the bright and conspicuous. Let the spirits, if they wish, shrink, if they must, from garish light as they have been wont to do, but let them favor the arrangement of conditions by which their presence and action can be scientifically tested and verified.

On the other hand, it should not be forgotten that many of the devotees of science and philosophy are conspicuous examples of disproportionate development. Their scientific zeal has in some directions overstepped itself, and left them sprawling in the dirt and fossil tritura of an unscientific prejudice and disgust. They will give faithful and prolonged attention to the most insignificant questions, topics and objects, while they ignore or dismiss with a jeer the loftiest and most important inquiry on which human intelligence has ever entered. In the study of Spiritualism, science has a far grander field than is presented elsewhere; and it seems as if the time were come which had never come before, for the thorough and scientific investigation of Spiritualism. It justly demands and will well repay the earnest and united study of the best trained and most completely equipped minds in the scientific and philosophical world. Some of these have added fresh laurels to their crown of fame by giving to Spiritualism a worthy attention and thence a noble acknowledgment. They will stand at the head of a glorious line which will follow them, as advancing thought shall gain the victory over false conceit, misconceiving conservatism, professional interests and personal vanity.

The Chatsworth Calamity.

Of the horrible railroad disasters in America that of last week was the worst. As all the world knows before this, a double-headed excursion train composed of twenty-two cars drawn by two locomotives, with nearly a thousand people on board, and speeding at forty miles an hour, struck a burning culvert, and in a moment sent scores of souls out of this world. On the broad prairie in the blackness of midnight, amidst crackling flames, unearthly shrieks, wild confusion and horror unspeakable, almost unthinkable, more than four score of human victims met their fate.

And now the president of the road has the cool effrontery to stand up and say that "the accident can only be ascribed to one of those inscrutable acts of Providence which it seems impossible to guard against." He follows the example of more illustrious hypocrites in burdening Providence with the crimes of robbers and murderers. It is a notorious fact that the Toledo, Peoria & Western Railroad, on which the massacre occurred, is one of the properties which railroad wreckers have used to swell their millions. Milked by the Wash system until dry, it was turned out to forage for itself, with no resources and no credit. To raise a little money the present officers have felt obliged to resort to hazardous methods and to run excursions at tempting rates. They could not afford to despatch that monster train by sections, it would cost too much, so a thousand people were huddled together and sent forward to what proved death to many, and worse than death to a larger number.

The JOURNAL does not need to give details of this ghastly affair, the particulars in all their sickening horror have been amply dwelt upon by the daily press. The attempt on the part of the T.P. & W. officials to make the public believe the culvert was fired by train robbers may be dismissed without notice, as wholly improbable. It is quite natural these frightened officers should desire to relieve themselves of blame. While not holding them guiltless, the JOURNAL regards their part in the affair as inconsequential and their offense venial compared with the load of criminality which rests upon those who pauperized the road, stole its assets and left it without power of recuperation or strength for self-protection. And still further back, behind the princely wreckers, the community that bred and trained these money-getting monsters is responsible. These railroad kings and millionaires who hold in hand the fate of millions of people and wide sections of this alleged free country are but concrete expressions of the morals of the community whence they sprang, otherwise they would never have been.

The sickening stench of the Chatsworth charnel house is said to have overcome the strongest; the moral effluvia in the midst of which flourish those responsible for this and other railroad massacres and robberies is infinitely more deadly, only the community has adapted itself to the latter more subtle and dangerous atmosphere, and for the time seems to fatten on it. When this shall become as distasteful to the moral sense of the community as the prairie dead-house, was to the physical sensibilities of those about it, the symptoms may be regarded hopefully. Should the Chatsworth slaughter and holocaust hasten this awakening it will prove a timely and not too great sacrifice, a blessing rather than a calamity to the world.

The Wrong Growler.

The JOURNAL having followed for the first twelve years the practice of giving credit to old subscribers who found it inconvenient to always keep their subscriptions paid in advance, the present publisher has been obliged to pursue the same policy knowing, however, that it is not the best for either himself or his subscribers. With all the care he can exercise the aggregate amount of delinquent subscriptions often reaches a large sum. On the first of August this sum amounted to \$5,000 due from those to whom the paper was going. To a large majority of these delinquent subscribers the paper has been continued on their special request and promise of early payment. The publisher has felt it his duty to press the payment of these arrearages and the use of measures calculated to arrest the attention of those indebted. For doing this he has in a few instances been found fault with by persons whose letters asking credit he now has on file. It is out of the question for him to give personal attention to the work involved in going through thousands of names and directing the method to be pursued with each individual debtor. He aims to be patient, reasonable and just to all and he has a right to expect similar treatment in return. He is confident from data in his possession that very few on his list would be behind in their accounts if they made one-half the effort to pay that he does to give them a trustworthy and interesting paper. He is not to be understood as scolding, but he asks these good people to at once seriously consider their obligations and do what their moral sense tells them is right. If any one is to growl the publisher is that one, but he don't. He frankly asks justice, nothing more, and this he expects to have either in this world or the next.

Photographed by Lightning.

A curious electric phenomenon is reported by telegraph from Fayette Township, Hillsdale County, Mich. One Thursday evening lately a lively thunder shower passed over that region, during which the play of lightning was peculiarly frequent and vivid. Just before the storm broke Amos J. Biggs, a farmer living midway between Hillsdale and Jonesville, who is quite bald, his head being smooth and shiny, went into his back yard to frighten away some cats that were fighting on the woodpile. At the same instant there was a great crash, and the electric bolt struck the woodpile, scattering it and stiffening the cats in an intense rigor mortis. Aside from a prickly sensation and sudden contraction of the muscles, Mr. Briggs experienced no unpleasant effects. The fluid passed down his body, tore the works of his watch to pieces, breaking the cover, ripped his left trousers leg from top to bottom, and burst his left boot, tearing the upper clear from the sole. When he entered the house his wife fainted. Unconscious of the cause the farmer hastened to bring her to. The first words she uttered, "O, Amos, the Devil has set his mark on you," excited his curiosity, and he looked in the glass and found the image of a black cat photographed in silhouette on his bald front. The picture was perfect. It was about five inches from tip to tip and in perfect proportion. The cat's "whiskers," teeth, and even the hairs on its tail were reproduced with exquisite minuteness. Curiosity being satisfied, they tried to remove the obnoxious marking, using such homely remedies as soapsuds, and scouring-brick, vinegar and ashes, etc., but to no purpose. However, in the morning the picture was much faded, and by noon it had quite disappeared.

Lake Pleasant Camp is one of the most charming localities in a country filled with attractive resorts. Good water, excellent drainage, fine facilities for recreation, amusement and instruction make it a popular resort. Like all such places it has pests. In some parts of the ground a mosquito may be seen, heard and felt occasionally, but a gentle expostulation and a reasonable exhibition of charity soon mortifies the tramp and he makes for thick timber; again, the wind will rustle around with a degree of impetuosity not wholly compatible with strict decorum, but this is rare and not worth mentioning; sometimes a sneaking manufacturer of current falsehood for some sensational daily paper is detected, but escapes punishment through his utter insignificance. Once in a while some blatant, bigoted, church missionary spouting for a fight invades the camp, but he is gently though firmly chained to the wrists of some equally fanatical, boisterous and bellicose Spiritualist, and soon subsides thoroughly whipped.

There has been another nuisance infesting the camp for several years, its reputation such as to scandalize the place and make decent people blush. It is an aggressive pest, given to flaunting itself before the

eyes of the people with a perverse persistency most aggravating. Last year a medical man, one Dr. A. B. Smith, administered a dose of gall and wormwood to this unwelcome visitor in the shape of a few words plain and strong. For this timely treatment the female nuisance vowed vengeance on the volunteer pest exterminator, and cited him before the same court at Greenfield to which Jonathan M. Roberts so foolishly called the Board of Directors for giving him what he had invited and deserved. Now this female person is a determined character, a good bluffer, and also reminds one of Caesar's wife--by contrast. But Dr. Smith did not quail, and when the mature and experienced Auburnian discovered this, she offered to withdraw the suit if the alleged slanderer would pay costs, this was declined; then it is said she offered to pay the costs, but this met with no favor. Dr. Smith proposed to justify by establishing the truth of his assertions. Finally when the day of trial came the defendant and fourteen witnesses hid away to Greenfield only to find that the complainant had defaulted and neither appeared in person nor by her attorneys.

If others will only follow the example of Dr. Smith in telling the truth and sticking to it, Lake Pleasant will soon be wholly free from these human pests. It has few now, but there should be none.

GENERAL ITEMS.

That excellent article on 2nd page on "Memory," is from *Light*, London.

Dr. J. K. Bailey has been lecturing at Swohomish, W. T. He will go from there to St. Paul, Minn.

Mrs. Sarah Graves of Grand Rapids, Mich., is now stopping at Thurman, N. Y. She will remain there until September 1st.

A subscriber at Minneapolis, Kan., renews his subscription to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, but fails to sign his name to his letter.

Geo. H. Brooks called at this office last week on his way to fill an engagement at Haslet Park camp meeting, Mich. August 6th, he lectured at Leroy, Minn.

Canon Wilberforce says it would have been impossible to have stamped Ireland under foot if she were not weakened by her whisky. The dram bill of Ireland is £2,250,000 annually, he says, more than the whole rental of the island.

There is an oldtime Methodist preacher on the Etowah circuit in Ga., who has to make his fifteen-mile rounds on foot every Sunday. He has a wife and five children and a salary of two hundred dollars a year. The Atlanta Constitution is trying to raise money enough to buy a horse for him.

Anonymous communications reflecting upon individuals go directly to the waste basket. While the JOURNAL is jealous of the good name of Spiritualism and ready to impeach all who disgrace it, yet it aims never to make a statement that does not come from a responsible and credible source.

On last Sunday evening the Young Peoples' Spiritual Society had the pleasure of listening to a discourse by Mr. Chapman of Sheffield, England. Mr. Chapman was the organizer of the first spiritual society that ever met in Sheffield. He is a trance speaker. His subject for this occasion was "The Benefits of Spiritualism to the World." He will address the society again on Sunday evening next.

Mr. Frank Ward, of Los Angeles, Cal., one of the stirring, thrifty men to whom California owes her unexamined and perennial boom, was at Lake Pleasant last week. He pronounces the place the finest he ever saw for a camp--he a Californian too--and declares he will go there next year and stay through the entire meeting, though he does have to travel more than three thousand miles to reach it.

The dissenting churches have seven hundred places of worship, of all sorts, in London. Three hundred and thirty of these, most of which are quite small, belong to various bodies of Wesleyans; one hundred and twelve to Independents or Congregationalists; ninety-nine to Baptists; sixty-seven to Presbyterians, and eighty or ninety to a variety of smaller sects and to undenominational missions.

Queen Victoria and family cost Great Britain about \$20,000,000 a year. This is a source of adverse comment it is said by many taxpayers of that mighty country. It is evident these critics are small-minded parsimonious and illy informed when they growl about this expense. In this country King Boothe secures not less than \$2,000,000,000 annually and is constantly crying for more.

Joseph Beare, one of the oldest citizens of Chester, Ill., died there of dropsy, aged seventy-two years. He was a native of Switzerland, Canton Berne, and came to this country at the age of twelve years. He was widely known as a medium of remarkable healing power. Several years ago, the daughter of respectable parents, who had been a deaf mute nearly all her life, was taken very ill, and remained ill bad health so long that little hopes were had of her recovery. As a last resort they were persuaded to seek Mr. Joseph Beare's aid. He not only cured her disease, but, under the direction of his spiritual guides, actually restored the gifts of hearing and speaking to the patient. Mr. Beare has also performed other wonderful acts, seemingly with a power not his own, but by supernatural aid. He lived in Chester city since 1845, and was a respectable, prosperous business man.

Prof. Thomas Davidson made a brief stop in Chicago last week. He came west as a representative of the New York *World* and for the sole purpose of interviewing Ignatius Donnelly concerning his forthcoming book devoted to proving that Shakespeare was only a fool and that Bacon was the real author of those wonderful creations which will live as long as man walks the earth. Prof. D. appears greatly impressed with Donnelly's work and the *World's* readers will soon have the result of his trip before them.

The defeat of prohibition at the recent election in Texas, was a surprise to the church. The church had cast the weight of its influence in favor of the measure, and in some sections its prayers were followed by liberal contributions of money, but it now appears that its prayers were of little avail, and that its money simply had the effect to arouse and embolden the opposition. The fact that a temperance campaign in Texas could be carried on at all is a hopeful sign of growth, and the enemies of King Whisky should feel encouraged.

The Andover type of theology is thus lightly spoken of in *The British Weekly*: "There is an unbelief which must be treated with earnest consideration--in speaking of which contemptuous flippancy is unpardonable; but the American new theology we respect little, and fear not at all. Much of it is as easy to manufacture as a summer cooling drink. Take equal parts of Kingsley, Carlyle, the easy bits of Herbert Spencer and *The Nineteenth Century*, flavor with scripture according to taste, and serve up with scraps of Tennyson and Matthew Arnold."

The Nineteenth Annual Report of the Minnesota Editors' Association, including proceedings and addresses of the July (1886) meeting, has been sent the JOURNAL. No better evidence of the prosperity and culture of that imperial commonwealth could be offered than this admirable report. The addresses delivered at that meeting and published in this report are models in their way, full of practical sense, humor and good English. Minnesota editors need not fear to compare their addresses as published in these Proceedings with those of any and all other editorial associations of sister States. The JOURNAL congratulates its Minnesota contemporaries on their honesty of expression, enterprise, courage and prosperity.

It is said that in Jefferson county, Indiana, there exists a religious sect whose belief is that when the body dies the soul enters on a state of sleep, in which it exists until the final resurrection of the body on the day of judgment, when it awakes and again enters the body as it arises from the tomb. This doctrine originated in the East among the Arabians and Armenians. It has been condemned by several councils of the Roman Church, but was adopted by Pope John XXII. The church in Jefferson county has for pastor Pascal Porter, a boy ten years of age, who became inspired about two years ago. He is the son of illiterate parents, and has received no education beyond being taught to read the Bible. It is claimed that his sermons are logical, forcible and in some respects unique.

The daily papers have this curious item from Lansing, Mich.: Charles W. Stoughton and wife were tried, July 29th, for assaulting an old lady, Elizabeth Lee, with darning needles. All the parties are colored, and Stoughton claims to be a practicing attorney and presents a very intelligent appearance. The prisoners' testimony is to the effect that Mrs. Lee bewitched them. Soon after making her acquaintance their house was overrun with loads and slimy lizards. Whenever they saw her they had a great roaring in the head and became deathly sick. Mrs. Stoughton became salivated with greenish slime, and they were terribly oppressed in various ways. In their extremity they sought the Lord in prayer, and he told them their only release was in drawing blood from the witch. Hence the attack. They were convicted and sent to jail for thirty days.

It would be refreshing to have angels visit this mundane sphere without the old orthodox appendage--wings! A Milan, Tenn., paper says that one "Saturday evening lately, at about sundown, on the Sterling Johnson place, two and a half miles southeast of Milan, six angels were seen to fly down into the yard of Mrs. Wood, a widow lady. It seems that Mrs. Wood was very low with sickness, and several ladies were present attending the wants of the sick, when a noise in the yard attracted their attention. Upon looking out of the window they saw an angel, and in a moment more it was joined by five others. They were there only for a few minutes and took their flight, flying straight up until lost to view. They, with the exception of wings, were in the form and shape of man, with clear-cut and finely formed features and were clothed in garments of pure and spotless white, while a halo of heavenly light encircled their heads. The above was told as the truth and can be vouched for by the ladies who were in attendance upon Mrs. Wood. Be that as it may, it has created considerable excitement in that neighborhood."

"Is Romanism overwhelming us?" is a query answered in a decidedly negative way by Rev. Dr. Charles Pomeroy, a Presbyterian of Cleveland, O. He has been looking up the subject carefully, and publishing the results in a church magazine. During the last ten years the increase of Romanism has not been what it was formerly. Though the vast proportion of our Immigration has been Roman Catholic, and this element with its descendants may include nearly half our population; the latest statistics give less than 7,000,000 of Roman Catholics, including men, women

and children. If they had merely held their own, says Dr. Pomeroy, they would have numbered 22,000,000 to-day, instead of less than seven. Dr. Pomeroy makes a very encouraging comparison by giving clerical statistics as follows: From 1850 to 1880, Romish priests increased 5,100; but meanwhile Presbyterian ordained ministers increased 4,256, Baptists 11,426, and Methodists 15,420, to say nothing of a large growth in other denominations. The aggregate increase was 44,315 evangelical ministers, to match about 5,000 Romish. Then estimating the evangelical population by adding only two for each enrolled communicant, it has grown within the past ten years alone more than six times as fast as the Romish population, and the proportion seems to be rising every year.

Of Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple London, whom late rumors have selected as Beecher's successor, Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, writes thus to *The Christian Union*: "He is as much like Beecher as genius can be to any other person. From beginning to close of service there was not a word of cant or pious platitudes, the stock in trade with many preachers. We did not want to see him in surprise, but so little clerical and perfunctory was he that we soon forgot the ungenial vestment. He took no text; his subject was the "Blind Man," to whom we have alluded. There were no firsties or tenthies, nor was there any studied effort at any division of subject. Dr. Parker is a maker of epigrams—and the most expressive part of his sermon is the epigrams—some great truth struck into your soul in changeless English. He suggests a volume of sermons in the one he is preaching. Just as you expect him to enlarge upon some point suggested he puts his microscopic eye on some new word of Christ, and show you that it has a flood of meaning which never occurred to you before. His voice is under perfect control. It can roar like a waterfall or drop like the dew. In gesture he is an artist."

G. B. Carter submits the following to the *Chicago Tribune*: "One of the most beautiful pictures of the New Testament is that of Christ blessing little children. The sacred story does not tell us whether they were of high or low caste, or of what race. They were probably Jewish, which would be sufficient offense to the race of pharisees of this day, and they were doubtless the children of the poor, as it was the 'common people that heard him gladly.' But whoever they were they were representative of the children of all races and conditions of men for all times. Now the question is, Should Christ appear on earth to-day and teach and bless a group of little white and colored children in Georgia would he, under the Glen bill, be sent to the chain-gang?" In answer, the *Tribune* says: "Certainly he would."

Gen. Sherman in his West Point speech to the recent graduates said: "There is an old saying that 'knowledge is power.' This is not true. Action is power, and when guided by knowledge produces the largest measure of results. I have encountered men who know more of the science of war than Grant, Meade or Hancock whom I would not have intrusted with a picket guard."

He died—applied at the gate of paradise for admittance—St. Peter opened the gate: "Who are you?" "A saved soul." "Where are you from?" "From the South Sea Islands." "Who saved you?" "A missionary." "What missionary?" "One from Andover?" "Sit down outside there on that brush pile until the question is settled. We don't know here whether you are saved or not."

The Theosophist for July is at hand, containing the usual amount of varied reading. Price fifty cents. For sale at this office. We can also furnish back numbers at same price.

"Parson" Wilson Repudiated.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The statement has been made in some of the spiritual papers that Mr. H. C. Wilson, of this city, would visit the East and attend the various camp meetings as a representative of the Spiritualists of California. This is inaccurate. Mr. Wilson will not represent the Spiritualists of this State as a whole or as a class; he is a fitting representation of a portion of the California Spiritualists, but so far as the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society of this city, and other Spiritualists of similar character in our State, are concerned, Mr. Wilson is in no sense their representative. The Golden Gate Society desires specially to repudiate the idea that he is or can be in any manner its representative.

WM. EMMETT COLEMAN, Corresponding Sec'y Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, San Francisco, Cal.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Inclosed is a clipping from to-day's *Chronicle* concerning one H. C. Wilson, a Spiritualist. I regret to be obliged to admit the contents true. It is not true that H. C. Wilson has been sent East as a representative of Pacific Coast Spiritualists to visit the camp-meetings. He has been sent by a small clique who believe as he does that Spiritualism "hideth a multitude of sins;" but we cannot afford to carry or endorse such characters, either here or East. Not only is his moral character in bad repute, but he has been one of the upholders and defenders of Elsie Reynolds, one of the worst frauds known.

The cause demands a thorough weeding out. Wheat and tares may grow together; but Spiritualism, charlatanism, frauds, and hypocrites growing together will choke all the morality out of Spiritualism it ever did or could possess. The best class of Spiritualists here, comprising a large majority of the whole number, are indignant that such a report should go before the public, that Wilson had been sent East to visit the various camp meetings as a representative of San Francisco Spiritualists. San Francisco, Aug. 5. E. C. BUTLER.

BEYOND.

The character and history of this book is best explained by the father (the publisher) of the medium through whom the messages were given. He writes as follows: "With the mail I send you a copy of the book 'Beyond,' given through the mediumship of my daughter, who has never taken a dollar for her ministrations. As the book has been published under the direction of her control, without preface or introduction, so that it could do its work more effectually among those who have not tasted of the waters of truth from the fountain of spirit return, it is quite proper that I write you in explanation: "Something like three years ago sorrow came to the home of my daughter in the usual form—death—and removed an only child, a little four year old girl, who had never been happy for an hour at a time in any place except the home nest, and though the mother was a member of an orthodox church, she found in this hour no light streaming from that way to break the darkness that was so dreadful. The constant thought as with thousands of other mothers under the same sorrow, was, 'How is it possible for my child to be happy in the beyond?' "The strange scenes and faces there?" "No ray of comfort came to her until she visited a medium in a neighboring city, when she was informed that there is no death, and that her child is lovingly cared for by a spirit-mother who is very dear to the family in mourning. She was also assured that she was mediumistic, and her spirit friends were anxious for her to devote one hour each day to development; and they would certainly come with the assurance that all was well with the dear one gone before. This request was granted, resulting in her becoming developed as a clairaudient and trance medium, and the first to make her presence known was the foster mother of the child."

Part V. of the book will prove especially interesting. It consists of a communication from the spirit Adelaide, as follows: EDNA'S RECEPTION. Our home was complete before Edna came to us. Her mother's cry of despair was heard by loving angels in the Beyond and I now come with the assurance that they are "ministering angels" to all who mourn for loved ones who have passed into this beautiful home of the soul. There are loving ones on this side waiting and watching to receive all of earth's children and make them happy in this life of loving care and beauty. I saw the cloud hovering over your home and knew that nothing could prevent the sorrow that would so crushingly envelop you who had only this one little darling in the home-nest, and I remained closely by your side, imparting all the strength possible, so that you would not give up in despair, when the dreadful hour came.

Fear not my dear one, all in earth life have guardian angels given unto them and it has been my pleasure to assume that loving care over you and yours. When the time came for your darling to leave the earthly form, I received and carried her lovingly to our home in Heaven, where many little ones from Summer Valley were waiting her coming. They had known for some time that she would come and were anxious to greet her. They had covered our home with perfect white blossoms; the path to the home was also covered with white flowers and my chair was covered with white satin, which fell to the mossy carpet. Over the entrance were the words, "Angel Edna," made of flowers. Part way down the pathway they had erected a beautiful bell, composed of white and pink rosebuds, and at the bell were stationed four little ones, who dropped sprigs of tiny lilies of the valley upon her breast as I passed and then followed, singing "My precious one, come into our bosom."

On entering the home I sat down in my chair and held her close to my bosom, and all waited for her to awake into consciousness. Very soon she opened her beautiful eyes, and looked quietly at me for a long time, then gazed at the group of twenty-five little ones surrounding her. They remained perfectly quiet. Soon she raised her eyes to my face once more, then put her hands up and covered her face, as if she had gazed at the sun. I kissed her and inquired if she would like to go to her grandma, grandpa, papa and mamma? If she did, I would take her to them, for I loved her and would be glad to go with her. I told her that she was so very sick that I had taken her away from home so she could get well again; that I had been by her all the time and would like to have her stay here in my home, if she would like to.

She made no reply to this, then I said, "Shall we take some of these pretty flowers to mamma and all the rest? I will put lot of them in a basket, and you and I will go and show them to grandpa. Shall we darling?" Then, as I feared, she burst out crying as though her heart would break, and said: "I want to go home." Then I took her close to my bosom and she put her arms tight around my neck and thus we returned to her earth home and you were so bowed down with grief at your great loss.

She appeared to feel that I was her friend and was never afraid of me. Oh, if I could have prevented the pang of homesickness the darling felt at that time, how happy would I have been! When we returned, all was quiet in the home, and her little earthly form was laid away among the beautiful flowers to remain forever at rest. As we entered the side door, our little rosebud spoke for the first time after the cry to go home, and said, "There is grandpa." I put her down and she walked directly to grandpa and climbed into his lap and there nestled down for some time before saying anything, then said: "You didn't want me to stay away, did you?" She knew she had been taken away from home in some way, and she was not happy among strangers. After sitting in grandpa's lap some time, she slipped down and went to grandma, and told her that "she saw whole lots of pretty flowers and lots of little girls, but she didn't want to stay." Then she went to mamma and told her that "she saw lots of pretty flowers, and lots of pretty girls, and lots of pretty things, and don't you want to see them?"

As none of you answered, she was surprised, for you had always been so glad to listen and talk with her. She wondered what had happened to all of you. She did not for a moment think that anything had happened to her, for she had on her plush waist and plaid skirt that she and grandma liked so well. I told her that mamma and all of you were not feeling very well just now, which appeared to satisfy her, as she said, "Beyond: A Record of Real Life in the Beautiful Country over the River, and Beyond, St. Paul, Minn.: H. H. Kenyon, publisher, 1887. 141 pp. Price 50 cents. For sale by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago.

When the call is given for you to come, you will review the past and find the blots in the book of time forever erased by the many good deeds you have done. Then it will be our joy to know we have you safe home at last; to have my dear one in my arms once more and feel the fond embrace. Our souls will then view our virtues face to face. The world is dark and you cannot see the gleam of light that is shining there, but oh, how brightly it beams to light and lead you to a brighter sphere! Yes, darling, greet us; we are here. Let all the love your soul has known spring into action at the thought that I am here, all your own; and close beside me stands always your darling child Edna.

Yes, let dread winter's tempests wall and roar; you need not dread the dismal sound. Let your heart sing with joy, full of love, in knowing that we are ever with you. Let this blessed day be as a ray of light to guide you, for now when sorrow bears you down, that sunshine quickly follows after gloom and drives the clouds far away. Look up, my love, and catch the gleam of sunlight as it casts its glow into your soul with purest beam to light you, as on the way you go. We will assist and guide you through the journey of earthly care. We will be the light to lead you on and share your sorrow everywhere. Oh yes! we will know each other then, with love yet stronger grown and our happiness complete at last. Lovingly yours, ADELAIDE.

Harvest Excursions. The Great Rock Island Route (C. R. L. & P. Ry.) will sell Aug. 30, Sept. 20 and Oct. 11, Harvest Excursion tickets at one fare the round trip to principal points in Kansas, Nebraska, Northwestern Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota—limited 30 days from date of sale. For tickets or further information address, E. A. HOLBROOK, Gen. Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

We have received another invoice of one of the most popular works on Spiritualism entitled *Spirit Teachings* by the well known writer "M. A. (Oxon)." This work is constantly attracting a large amount of attention from scholars and thinkers. Many find in its pages much that is valuable to their own experience, as the record is that of the authors own spiritual education. We have only a few copies and shall be pleased to fill orders. Price \$2.50, postage 12 cents extra.

"Well, that is too bad; guess they will feel better pretty soon." Then she went to her sick papa's bedside and laid her head lovingly down by his face and said: "You don't feel very well, do you papa?" As he said nothing, she remarked, "Guess papa is gone to sleep." I saw a cloud of disappointment coming over her face, and knew that I must in some way explain the change that had come to her, and took her in my arms and told her that she had been very sick; that I had taken her to my home where she would never be sick any more; that all of you were feeling so bad just now that you could not see her, but would be very glad to know that she was well again and happy. She did not understand this, as she was only four years old, but appeared to think it must be some such way or I would not have told her so. She had so much confidence in me from the first that my whole soul went out to her.

It took time for her to understand that she had changed, and frequently said: "Mamma Adelaide, I am not changed, at all, only I am well now, and don't cough any more." And so I allowed her to think that you had changed, or were feeling badly about something, but assured her that you would feel better pretty soon. "Pretty soon" is a charming way she has of getting around things she cannot understand—"Well it will be all right pretty soon," and passes on. Edna is never unhappy in my home here in the Beyond, but does not want to remain away from "my home," as she terms your earth home, and I am also very happy in the same earth home, therefore we spend very much of our time there.

All children are not so strongly attached to the earth home as she is, but all, like her long to see their mamma and loved ones, and would be perfectly miserable if they could not return and nestle close up to the dear ones as before the change that carries them into this new life in the Beyond. It was well that you allowed all her playthings to remain as they were when she passed away, for she always looks for them and is happy among them. It is a great mistake to put everything out of sight, for then the home is so changed that the little ones are doubly grieved and sorrowful. They wonder why you do not notice them, and are also grieved because all their toys have gone, both making the dear little angels often weep at the wonderful change that has come over the home.

We gradually lead them to understand that they have become angels; that we on this side are spirits and you are mortals; that some time you will get sick and come to our home as she did; that then you will not feel bad any more; and then you will always remain with them here in this home in the Summer Land. We always teach them that they can return to the earth home and carry these lovely flowers and have nice, happy times there.

Never, in the past nor in the future, will loved ones be taken to punish you for wrong doing. No, never. They leave earth life from lack of strength and health to battle with the vicissitudes of earth life and are transported in a more gentle and beautiful climate of eternal life. Our Saviour has given us a love for our own and here we do not aspire to higher conditions until all our loved ones are once more together. We live for them here in Heaven as below; by loving and protecting our own we are fulfilling and carrying out His command. Edna is ever with me, and when you come to this shore the very first to meet and greet you will be your darling child and myself. Then we will lead you to more beautiful scenes and to a more beautiful home than you can imagine. Mortal eye hath not seen the wonderful beauties of the Beyond. Have no fear for the happiness and well being of your darling little rosebud. She will ever have the loving care of the angels who will bring her to you very often. We will come to you with loving influence and words of comfort to cheer as you pass from duty to duty in earth life, and when your work is done, you will receive a rich reward in your heavenly home with us.

Do not let thoughts of discontent spring into life to trouble thee. Your soul should live content in all its brightness. Do not let your life on earth be one of longing, but know that your "Little Rosebud" and your loved ones will lead and be your guide everywhere. You have the knowledge that we live. The ones you hold so dear are here. We come to make a Heaven of your life as on you sweep with the tide. We will steer your bark with love divine and set the helm to reach that shore where all your earthly woes and troubles will cease, where love and rest will greet you ever more.

When the call is given for you to come, you will review the past and find the blots in the book of time forever erased by the many good deeds you have done. Then it will be our joy to know we have you safe home at last; to have my dear one in my arms once more and feel the fond embrace. Our souls will then view our virtues face to face. The world is dark and you cannot see the gleam of light that is shining there, but oh, how brightly it beams to light and lead you to a brighter sphere! Yes, darling, greet us; we are here. Let all the love your soul has known spring into action at the thought that I am here, all your own; and close beside me stands always your darling child Edna.

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Harvest Excursions. The Great Rock Island Route (C. R. L. & P. Ry.) will sell Aug. 30, Sept. 20 and Oct. 11, Harvest Excursion tickets at one fare the round trip to principal points in Kansas, Nebraska, Northwestern Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota—limited 30 days from date of sale. For tickets or further information address, E. A. HOLBROOK, Gen. Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

We have received another invoice of one of the most popular works on Spiritualism entitled *Spirit Teachings* by the well known writer "M. A. (Oxon)." This work is constantly attracting a large amount of attention from scholars and thinkers. Many find in its pages much that is valuable to their own experience, as the record is that of the authors own spiritual education. We have only a few copies and shall be pleased to fill orders. Price \$2.50, postage 12 cents extra.

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New Lines in Kansas. The Denver, Memphis & Atlantic Division of the Missouri Pacific Railway is now open for traffic between Chetopa and Larned, Kansas, a distance of 272 miles, with a Branch from Lark Junction to Lark, a distance of 5 miles, making a total of 277 miles passing through the towns of Chetopville, Winfield, Belle Plaine, Conway Springs, Kingman, Larned, and intermediate points. This opens up an entire new section of Kansas and will be invaluable to the Merchants and Farmers residing in and adjacent to the promising new towns through which it passes and opening up to Eastern Merchants a new market for their produce.

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Solar Biology: A Scientific method of delineating character; diagnosing disease; determining mental, physical, and business qualifications, etc., from date of birth, by Hiram E. Butler. The author has devoted many years of his life to scientific research and unfoldment of the higher faculties and has had but one idea in view, viz: to be of the greatest service to the world. Students of Solar Biology will be attracted toward this work as will also many others. For sale at this office. Price, with illustrations, \$5.

Spirit Workers in the Home Circle by Morell Theobald is an autobiographic narration of psychic phenomena in the family daily life of the author, extending over a period of twenty years and written in a most entertaining style. The work is lately from the press and is found in every Spiritualist's library. Price, \$2.50. For sale at this office.

The Mystery of the Ages Contained in the Secret Doctrine of all Religions, price, \$3.00; and A Midnight Visit to Holyrood, price, \$1.50; both by Marie, Countess of Calhoun, Duchess de Pomar, are books sought after by readers of the occult and oriental sciences. For sale at this office.

Pimples, boils and other humors are liable to appear when the blood gets heated. To cure them, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

CHICAGO. The Young People's Progressive Society meets every Sunday at Avenue Hall, 150 22nd Street, at 7:00 P. M. The Spiritualists Central Union will meet every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. in Weber Music Hall, corner of Webster Avenue and Jackson Street. Mrs. E. E. Bayliff, President. The South Side Lecture of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon at 1:30 sharp, at Avenue Hall, 150 22nd Street. The Chicago Association of Universal Medical, Progressive Spiritualists and Mediums meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. in the People's Building, 517 1/2 West Madison Street, every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 7:30 P. M. The public cordially invited. Admission 50 cents. Dr. NORMAN MACLEOD, President.

The United Spiritualists meet at 116 7th Ave., at 2:30 P. M., Sunday. Visitors and mediums welcomed. E. B. GEORGE, President. The Young People's Spiritual Society meets every Sunday evening at 7:45 P. M. in Apollo Hall, 2736 State Street. First class speakers always in attendance. Admission free. E. J. MORROW, President.

Spiritual Meetings in New York. The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York. The People's Spiritual Union of New York City has removed to Spencer Hall, 114 W. 14th St. Services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:45 P. M. FRANK W. JONES, Conductor. Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 23rd Street, N. Y. E. Stryker, services Sunday at 11 A. M. Officers: Geo. H. Carroll, President; Fred Russell, Vice President; Dr. George H. Parke, Secretary; F. S. Maynard, Treasurer.

Grand Opera House, 23rd Street and 8th Avenue. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Admission free to each meeting. Spiritual Meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y. Conservatory Hall, corner Fulton Street and Bedford Ave. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Everett Hall, 308 Fulton Street. Conference every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. FRANK W. JONES, Conductor.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y. The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. in the Apollo Room, Town Hall. W. B. MILLS, President. E. J. HULING, Secretary. St. Louis, Mo. Organized August 22nd, 1886. The First Association of Spiritualists meets every Sunday in Grand's Hall, south-west corner of Franklin and Ninth Streets, at the hour of 2:30 P. M. Friends invited to attend and correspondence solicited. ISACS, LEE Cor. Sec. 1422 N. 12th St.

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SPIRITUALIST CAMP MEETING! Fraser's Grove, Vicksburg, Miss. From August 19th to September 15th, 1887. Speakers—Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and W. H. Blair, of Chicago, Sullivan Cook, of Hartford, "The Banner Orator," and others. Music by Mrs. Anna Benson. To parties of five or more the Chicago & Grand Trunk and Grand Rapids & Indiana Railways will sell round-trip tickets at one-half the regular rate. Admission to ground, 10 cents; season tickets, \$1.00.

SPECIAL IMPORTATION. Spirit Workers in the Home Circle HANDSOME DEMY EVO. Being an Autobiographic Narrative of Psychic Phenomena in the Family Circle spread over a period of nearly Twenty Years. By MORELL THEOBALD, F. C. A., of London, England. A limited supply of this new and interesting book is now offered the American public. Having imported it in sheets we are able to offer the work at a sharp reduction on the price at which the English-bound edition can be supplied in America.

TABLE OF CONTENTS. PART I. INTRODUCTION. Spiritualism Defined from a Scientific and Religious Standpoint. The Phenomena Classified. Personal Introduction to them. Recent Investigations. Page 1-14. CHAPTER I. Early Experiences of Mediumship in Family Life, with Children's Mediumship in only Dr. Carpenter's Theatrical Relations. Automatic Writing. Page 17-20. CHAPTER II. Children's Mediumship in the Years 1871 to 1872. Proof of Identity. Family Psychic Phenomena in Daily Life. Page 21-24. CHAPTER III. Children's Mediumship in Daily Life continued: Automatic Writing, etc. Page 25-27. CHAPTER IV. Direct Spirit Voice and Writing: Records of Seances at Home, 1871. Page 28-35. CHAPTER V. Records of a visit to Cornwall arranged by our Spirit-Friends, 1871, and continuous Psychic Phenomena. Psychometry. Page 36-53. CHAPTER VI. In a New Home (1872). Continued Seances. Various Phenomena. School Life Interrupted. Page 54-60. CHAPTER VII. Intermittent Home Seances in 1872 and 1873 and in Holidays. Power declines—Inauguration in Haverham. Page 70-84.

PART II. INTRODUCTION. Psychic Phenomena renewed in Daily Life. Many found to be a Medium: her Development. Some Difficulties occur to the Spirit Workers themselves. Page 85-90. CHAPTER I. November, 1884. Death of Elizabeth. First Impressions and Testimony followed up through many Months until Events are related of Psychic Power and Intelligence. Page 91-112. CHAPTER II. In 1884. Miss Wood's Visit. Materializations and other Phenomena at Home. Page 113-120. CHAPTER III. Daily Psychic Phenomena in the Years 1884-4. Skepticism in the Household and outside. A Series of Phenomena. Facsimiles of Spirit Writing on the Cellings. Page 121-127. CHAPTER IV. Continuous Daily Phenomena in Family Life in 1884-4. Writings Alleged to be by Sarah and Wanda Critchley Examined. Page 128-177. CHAPTER V. In 1884. Continuous Phenomena at Blackheath, with a Record of Several Sunday Evening Seances (April-July). Direct Writings, with Facsimiles of the Ladies Prayer of the 12th Century. Writings in foreign Languages; The Spirits' Benediction on Leaving Home. Page 178-194. CHAPTER VI. Phenomena continued at Haslemere. Writings through the Post. The Home Haunted: we interview the Ghost and invite Him to Progress to a Nobler Life. His History. Page 195-205. CHAPTER VII. Continued Psychic Life and Work at Blackheath and Haslemere in 1884. Materializations. Direct Writings including one in Greek. Summary of Continuous Occult Fire Lightings to the End of 1884. Dramatic Personae. Page 206-221. CHAPTER VIII. A Few Sunday Evening Seances in 1885. Various and Curious Phenomena in Daily Life. Direct Spirit Writings with a few Facsimiles. Page 222-287. CHAPTER IX. Phenomena continuous at Haslemere and Blackheath, in 1885. Writing on Cellings under absolute Test Conditions with a Facsimile. Materializations. Remarkable Direct Writing before My Eyes, with a Facsimile, at Haslemere. Page 288-298. CHAPTER X. A Few Extracts from Spirit Writings and Teachings spread over many Years (1871-1886). Page 299-297. CHAPTER XI. On Tests and Conditions—with a Special Reference to Three Experiments in Home Tests, with Facsimile of Test Envelopes. Methods of Research into Psychic Phenomena, noticing the Methods adopted by the Society for Psychical Research. Page 298-298. CHAPTER XII. A Brief Notice of Phenomena in the Year 1886, with Reference to another Writing in Greek with Facsimile. Conclusion. Time not yet ripe for a general Public Recognition into Psychic Phenomena; their Happier Development in the Family Circle. Signs of Spirit Outpour. Page 299-300.

LIST OF PLATES. Plate 1. Plan of House (Basement Floor) facing page 106. Plate 2. Facsimiles of (some) Writings on Cellings ..... 141. Plate 3. The Same ..... 142. Plate 4. Facsimiles of (some) Direct Spirit Writings ..... 222. Plate 5. The Same ..... 227. Plate 6. The Same (at Haslemere) ..... 245. Plate 7. Facsimile of Test-Envelope Writings—Inside and Outside ..... 279. Plate 8. Fac-simile of Direct Spirit Writing, with Greek Heading ..... 294.

The book is a large 12 mo. of 310 pages, handsomely printed on fine heavy paper from newtype, with fancy initial letters and chapter ornaments. Price \$2.25. Postage 15 cents. A few copies of the Original English Edition for sale at \$3.00. For sale wholesale and retail by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO. JOHN C. BUNDY, Proprietor.

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Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

Under the Daisies.

TO MARY E. VAN HORN, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Our hearts go out to forms laid low In the churchyard gray, beneath the snow, To the darlings laid so long ago Under the daisies.

Our inmost thoughts are of our dead, As we daily toil for our daily bread, How oft we think of a golden head Under the daisies.

The mother's tears in silence flow For baby laid not long ago Beneath the sod, where now doth blow Beautiful daisies.

The father's heart mourns for his boy, Who was his pride and earthly joy, He knows that life hath its alloy Above the daisies.

And so with all that from us go Under the daisies, or the snow; Their spirits dwell within the glow Above the daisies.

Their radiant souls are living now With crowns of glory and the glow, We love them all, we know that now They dwell among the daisies.

J. W. DENNIS, Buffalo, N. Y.

Is Spiritualism Progressing?

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the message department of the Banner of Light printed July 23rd, in reply to a question the controlling spirit says: "We consider existence to be one continued round; there being no beginning we look for no ending." This is self-evident—what had no beginning must necessarily have no ending. It is like a hoop or endless chain; but the logic which establishes the truth of this proposition when applied to human consciousness overthrows the doctrine of immortality. That the consciousness had a definite beginning is the experience of every human soul; that the period will sooner or later arrive when the future condition of that consciousness will become as much of a blank as its present existence, must be equally certain; but it does not by any means follow from this that annihilation of individual consciousness will occur with the death of the physical body.

Science, reality, time and truth, what are they? Mind, soul and spirit must be dependent upon the reply, and believe in real things. No shadows will do for us; we want to get down to hard pan—the absolute, downright bed rock and terra firma. But where shall we find it? We take up the daily paper and read of a great shipwreck. Water is awfully real—it causes wretchedness and woe; it blazes the highest earthly hopes; it severs the beloved; it lacerates affection; by it the accumulations of a life are lost in a moment! Stop! Dip up a gallon of it from that destructive ocean and in a twinkling moment place it upon the fire and when you return from your evening call, where is it? Gone! The analysis of the soul is the true analysis; matter is but the seeming reality—the effect, the subject, the thing acted upon.

Not long since it was the fortune of the writer to listen to a lecture by a well known Spiritualist platform speaker. The name of the control was not given, but as the lecture progressed few of the audience had an identity in following the spirit of Thomas Paine. The address was not without eloquence, yet fiery, violent and denunciatory to the last degree. It was especially severe upon the churches and ministers of the present day, arraigning their bigotry and intolerance in unmeasured terms. Indeed, a listener familiar with the speeches and works of the author of "The Age of Reason" would have discovered no falling off in his vituperative powers, in whatever other respects he might have changed. As applied to the churches and ministers of one hundred years ago, there was doubtless much of truth and justice in the attack, but to the great majority of those of to-day it seemed to me untruthful, not to say wanton and unprovoked.

Providence, R. I. H. H. BOARDMAN.

The Cause in Florida.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Some time has elapsed since I noticed anything in your valuable paper relative to the prosperity of the cause in our section, and as we all ought to be interested in the growth and unfolding of the heaven-born truths of Spiritualism, wherever they may be, I will give your readers a short account of what we are doing "way down South." There are quite a number of Spiritualists and free thinkers in Florida, though considerably scattered, and owing to the untiring efforts of our medium, Geo. P. Colby, others are being constantly added to our ranks. He is receiving invitations continually to visit other portions of our State to lecture, hold seances, etc., and had we a few more good mediums here the cause would be in a more flourishing condition than at present.

Several circles are being held regularly with considerable success. Previous to Mr. Colby's departure for Lookout Mountain, where he had been engaged for the camp meeting, we held frequent meetings here and in the vicinity, and upon his return, which will be shortly, they will be continued.

The partisans of Spiritualism in this section have started a subscription to build a house for Mr. Colby, on his homestead at Lake Helen, and which shall be large enough to "throw open," and hold our regular meetings in. When that is accomplished we shall consider ourselves independent. Those of your readers who wish to donate anything to help us, can forward the same to either Mr. Colby or Geo. W. Webster, Lake Helen, Volusia Co., Fla. C. T. E. Lake Helen, Florida.

C. E. Abbott writes: I like the JOURNAL very much, and admire its bold and fearless stand for truth and right in all grades of society, and its outspoken plain talk to Spiritualists as well as church people. The day has come when a man is judged by what he lives and does instead of what he professes. Count me a life subscriber.

Last Sunday, in Helton township, S. C., which is the home of the late General Sherman, on the plantation of B. T. J. Poir, the lightning descended on the two lightning rods attached to his house and filled the house with electricity. An invalid in the house was said to have been restored to her health at the occurrence of this.

A few Thoughts Suggested by the Report of the Seybert Commission.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Mediumship has to do with sentiment, as well as with science, and a sensitive medium is at a disadvantage when brought in contact with the opposition of rank skepticism. I have had many applications to observe the stupefying effects of uncharitableness and ill concealed scorn, the more fatal when they come from supposed friends. Mediumship is frequently paralyzed for the time, and sometimes permanently ruined by the mental disturbance occasioned by a smile of derision, or the conception on the part of the medium that he or she is held under surveillance by parties present at the sitting. It is an undeniable fact that positive unbelievers have been convinced of the truth of spirit communication, even while pulled up with their own self-importance and filled with contempt for the proceedings; yet in all such cases, I am inclined to think there must have been an underlying, though not apparent, willingness to accept the truth when proved. The outer shell, even of the "strong man," becomes thick and hard from long continued contact with an unreasonable and scornful public, and in proportion as it becomes so, the medium is less suitable for the transmission of those finer manifestations which come from the world of soul, if not for those of any kind. If we desire the higher and finer manifestations to continue we must protect mediums from gross surroundings, whether they be apparent or hidden, and coming from the educated or ignorant, genteel or vulgar, but which is always welcome to investigate, but which is never to be believed. There must be spirit fairness or in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred the investigation will be fruitless.

In days gone by I have observed many wonderful things which were done through the mediumship of my wife, but they are done no more, and when I enquire for the reason she does not hesitate to say that her mediumship has been spoiled by criticism, my own included, which set her mind too much on the gains she and destroyed that calmness and placidity of nerve and faith which she once possessed. Many a time while we sat together, not even thinking of spirits, I have seen her chair (an ordinary black walnut rocking chair), set slowly back until it rested on the extreme ends of the rockers, then her legs and arms stretched straight out and unsupported by any visible power, until her feet were nearly on a level with her head, and in that position perfectly still, for probably the space of an hour, and while thus placed, with every law of gravity violated and, apparently, of personal comfort suspended, she would describe her sensations as pleasant, and that streams of some indescribable fluid were passing through every fibre of her body, entering at the crown of her head and passing out through her feet. Her physical health has been restored and her exceedingly delicate nerves soothed and strengthened by such operations, more times than I can mention. I feel safe to think that even my "scientific" scrutiny should have been the partial cause of severing some of those tender connections by which spirit friends were enabled to produce such results, and my fear is, that the time may never come when her mediumship will recover its former excellence.

Science, reality, time and truth, what are they? Mind, soul and spirit must be dependent upon the reply, and believe in real things. No shadows will do for us; we want to get down to hard pan—the absolute, downright bed rock and terra firma. But where shall we find it? We take up the daily paper and read of a great shipwreck. Water is awfully real—it causes wretchedness and woe; it blazes the highest earthly hopes; it severs the beloved; it lacerates affection; by it the accumulations of a life are lost in a moment! Stop! Dip up a gallon of it from that destructive ocean and in a twinkling moment place it upon the fire and when you return from your evening call, where is it? Gone! The analysis of the soul is the true analysis; matter is but the seeming reality—the effect, the subject, the thing acted upon.

Educated ignorance is the most unapproachable. The great danger of a collegiate education is that the knowledge of what other men have worked out and printed in books, may preclude individual thought and discovery, even observation. Thought may be taboored, and the soul be tied up with the red tape of alma mater. Send no boy to college until he gets the courage to essay thought or he may become a "thing." But book learning and brain discipline are valuable for the bravely intelligent, who can use them as friends to assist, and not submit to them as tyrants to enslave.

This is a universe of intelligence; it floats in the air, it works in the soil, it grows in the plant, it glows in the eye, it manifests its presence all the way from the lowest hell to the highest heaven, and from the granite rock to the archangel. Whether shall I go from the spirit of intelligence? Science says, "everywhere except in brain." My friend, Dr. Lyman Packard, a learned physician and scientific man, proclaimed to a large audience recently in my hearing, as a scientific axiom, that there is no intelligence without brain structure, and no intelligence without a brain to place the subject for the object. To prove the truth of his proposition he instanced certain animals who "possessed no brain and consequently no intelligence." But to my primitive mind it seems an impossibility for an animal to live without intelligence; if he had none he should die, because the selection of suitable food is necessary to the prolongation of physical life. The animal perceives a variety of objects around him, and does not preserve his physical existence without the intelligence selecting those which are suitable for his food and rejecting those which are not. Indeed, many of us "lords of creation" do not possess knowledge sufficient to always determine the kind of food and drink best adapted to our constitutions, or the most suitable for the preservation of our health, however scientifically long headed we may be. Were all men as well able and as willing to select as animals are, whether they be brainless or brain full, the doctor would not have as many patients as he has. Be more the brain of a chicken and you will find that she still possesses intelligence sufficient to enable her to preserve her life and select her food. I opine that it will be pretty hard to kill Spiritualism by such hypotheses. Oh! science thou hast much to learn; thou hadst better investigate fairly or "give up the ghost."

By the time the Seybert commission get ready to issue their next report they probably will have received the wisdom of "sawdusting" a little; in that case the second report may not be quite as rank as the first.

THOS. HARDING.

TASSO.

"At a later period of his life, when he was the guest of a friend, Marco, in his gloomy castle of Biandrate, the illustrious pair were seated together after dinner over a desert of Tasso's favorite cherevins and some generous wine, and there he checked his friend by maintaining that he was constantly attended by a guardian spirit who was frequently conversing with him, and, in proof of the same, he invited Marco to listen to their dialogue. The host replenished his glass and announced himself ready. Tasso fell into a kind of rhapsody of mingled sobriety and beauty, occasionally uttering a few words of spirit an opportunity of speaking, but the remarks of this agitated demon were inaudible to all but the ears of the poet."—From Dr. Doran's Table Traits, 1854.

An immense migration movement to Western Siberia of the peasants and farmers of Central Russia is in progress. An agricultural crisis is threatened as a result of the exodus, and the government is about to put a stop to it.

Paris newspapers state that the new Panama Canal loan has already been subscribed in full.

The population of China is 382,000,000 as against 418,000,000 at the time of the last census.

HAUNTED BY FIRE.

Strange Phenomenon in a New Brunswick House.

The Boston Herald of Aug. 7 contains the following dispatch from Woodstock, N. B.:

The people of this town are greatly excited over the strange and inexplicable scenes which for the past twenty-four hours have been enacted in a little two-story frame house on Victoria street, occupied by Reginald C. Hoyt, a picture frame dealer, who does business on Main street, a few doors above the Wilbur house. His family (consisting of his wife, five children and two nieces, are in a state of mental fear, dread and anxiety, and will probably vacate the house to-night. Since 11 o'clock yesterday morning no less than forty fires have broken out in various parts of the house, and bedding, furniture, window shades, clothing and various household articles partially destroyed. Only untiring vigilance has prevented the house and its contents from burning to the ground, and this would also have caused the destruction of other wooden buildings in the vicinity. These fires can be traced to no human agency, and even the scientists are staggered. Without premonition and with no lamps lighted or stoves in use, various articles would burst out into flames. Now it would be a curtain, high up out of reach; then a lamp in another room would begin to smoke and smoulder; and, as if it still further non plus the theorists, a carpet covered lounge was found to be all afire underneath among the jute stretched above the springs. A basket of clothes in the shed burst into flames, and the basket itself was partially consumed. A child's dress hanging on a hook, a feather bed, a straw mattress, no two articles in the same room, were ignited, and would have been consumed but for water copiously poured on them. News spread quickly that

HOYT'S HOUSE WAS HAUNTED, and great crowds flocked there. It was the talk of the town last night, and to-day a visit was made to the premises by Dr. Smith, a leading physician and druggist, whose only theory was that of electrical or gaseous combustion. But the fact that the fires burst forth in rooms, the windows of which were wide open, seems to refute this supposition.

Mr. James S. Olmstead of Olmstead Bros., a prominent merchant who attempted to investigate the mystery, but gave it up as inexplicable. Mr. James Wall, editor of the Carleton Sentinel, the leading newspaper in this town, went to examine into the strange affair, and while standing in the parlor talking with Mrs. Hoyt, was astonished to see a white cotton window curtain burst into flames at a point near the ceiling, and when no one else was present. He rushed to the spot, climbed a chair, and with his hands, while the curtain was burning, extended his arms only to see it break out anew at a point far removed from the original blaze. He came away puzzled and completely nonplussed.

Mr. William S. Jones, of Boston, in company with Mr. Jarvis of the Halifax Banking Company, called at the fire haunted house this morning, and while seated in the front room talking with Mrs. Hoyt and Mr. George Connell, the lawyer, a child's shriek was heard, and the child rushed in, crying, "Look at that! conditions after the fact." Like all the others they came away mystified.

This afternoon a Herald reporter arrived in town, and at once proceeded to

He was accompanied by half a dozen gentlemen, who were detailed to interview members of the family separately and to examine every nook and corner of the house and every article in it. These gentlemen were Mr. A. C. Titus of Newport, R. I.; Mr. Charles M. Raymond, Mr. D. G. Markham of Providence, R. I.; Mr. C. M. Raymond, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. George J. Raymond, Mr. H. C. Anderson and Mr. Max J. Bayne of Boston. The search was being made in the night, and the party rushed in to find a basket of clothes in a blaze. Like all the others they came away mystified.

There was no evidence discovered of human agency in any of these fires, nor could the Herald reporter find any explanation, and the only information tending to clear up the mystery. On the contrary, it was discovered that fire had on one occasion broke out when no one was in the house. Mr. Hoyt returned from a neighbor's, where he had taken his family, to find a bed on fire.

Mr. Hoyt is a sober, industrious man and bears a good reputation. His property is not insured, and he seems greatly agitated over the strange visits of the fire to his home, and literally driven him out of doors. The house is not insured, but is not owned by Mr. Hoyt.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Impression vs. Unconscious Cerebration.

BY A. F. MILCHER.

Much has been said about "unconscious cerebration" as being the cause of information received by writers on subjects wholly foreign to them. The fact is, that unconscious cerebration, so-called, is nothing else but intuition or soul-impression—the action of the soul on the brain, and the result of passivity of the latter. The soul is constantly in motion, as proven by dream, and the soul's motion is an intelligent one. But not everybody is subjected to these unbidden impressions on the brain. It requires a certain amount or development of brain-sensitiveness, and the one who possesses this is a medium, and just as apt to receive spirit impressions, as from his own soul, and not be aware of the difference except by experience. Whether the soul has any knowledge of the conditions of the body, or is generally known to its exterior nature, need neither be denied nor doubted; nor is it absolutely necessary that such should be the case to make unconscious cerebration an established fact. To acknowledge that a soul exists which can store away knowledge is sufficient to prove that if one's own soul can impress its exterior nature, others can do likewise; or if mortals have a soul which is enabled to act in accordance with the conditions of the body, and which is all that Spiritualism is trying to demonstrate to the world.

If unconscious cerebration is to be the philosophy through which to disprove spiritism, it is a dangerous one in that respect; and if investigated far enough, will prove, without the aid of mediums, the existence of a conscious soul possessing intelligence, so-called, or conscious motion, which is the sole cause of these "cerebral" impressions, or very conscious action, and the result of the reading of the same thing which the subject for "reading" may consciously decide the "reader" by the rapid exchange of one thought for another. But as such are also mediums, they are bound to be accessible to spirits, there being nothing to prevent it except an absolutely positive condition of soul-existence, and which very few attain in earth-life; and those that do, will be provided for by the Spirit-world so that they can devote their gifts for higher purposes than mind-reading. But the honest investigator will not deceive the mind-reader, although when caught in the act, it will give direct proof of spirit-intention or spirit aid, for only under these conditions will the mind-reader be enabled to detect the fraud, the subject not being able to deceive the spirit-gifted or abettor in the cause, as he can the mind-reader.

Unconscious cerebration, so-called, is, therefore, nothing but the action of the soul on the brain; intelligence, or conscious motion, on an agency attuned, developed or created for this purpose, and whether it comes from one's own soul, another soul in the flesh, or a soul out of the flesh, a so-called spirit, is indifferent. They are intelligent, conscious, or active impressions on a passive brain. When the latter is in motion or active, unconscious cerebration does not take place; but when in a harmonious circle or in lonely quietude any sensitive person may become the subject of unconscious cerebration, and by practice may develop it to such an art as to make it profitable as a harbinger of light or truth. When this has been accomplished, it may be termed soul-writing, and the one so gifted will have no further brain-labor than to formulate the language necessary to give expression to the thoughts that impress themselves on the brain—the soul's camera obscura, and to the clairvoyant, the soul's mirror, the thought taking an illustrated or panoramic form in the mind-practice may develop it to such an art as to make it profitable as a harbinger of light or truth. When this has been accomplished, it may be termed soul-writing, and the one so gifted will have no further brain-labor than to formulate the language necessary to give expression to the thoughts that impress themselves on the brain—the soul's camera obscura, and to the clairvoyant, the soul's mirror, the thought taking an illustrated or panoramic form in the mind-practice may develop it to such an art as to make it profitable as a harbinger of light or truth.

Phillippe Xavier Pelletier, the distinguished French General and Senator, is dead.

SOLAR BIOLOGY.

A Word in Praise of the Book.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have just read W. H. Chaney's criticism on "Solar Biology," published in the JOURNAL of July 23rd, and feeling that some of his remarks were irrelevant, if not unjust, I would like to say a word to your readers from a different standpoint. The author of Solar Biology, with great modesty and an entire absence of egotism, has come forward with a work embodying his views on the quality of twelve varieties of solar radiation, and the influence of the arcs of the circle corresponding to the twelve signs of the zodiac. In this book the author has worked out a unique system in which he has attempted to interpret the application of planetary laws to human character and conduct. There is scarcely an allusion in the whole book to either modern or ancient astrology, no ungenerous fling toward its professors, nor is there a single trace of an egotistic assumption of knowledge beyond the author's contemporaries. The work is written in a pure, simple style and embodies a lofty moral aim. Its principles are practical, easily understood, and admirably adapted for the use of physicians, parents and guardians in the education and training of the young. Indeed, I do not know of so good a textbook as a guide to the formation of youthful character, and I most heartily recommend it as best filling an urgent and widespread need.

I have applied the principles of this book to scores of persons whom I know, without being able as yet to detect any discrepancies. That Mr. Butler has presented only the germs of this system, that the science is yet limited and incomplete, I readily grant, nor do I deny that there are faulty details in the work; but I do not see why any confusion need arise from Mr. Butler's mode of arranging the planets in his tables according to their heliocentric longitudes, and the moon according to its geocentric longitudes. As the moon has an orbit about the earth its geocentric longitudes were given; but as the planets move in orbit about the sun their heliocentric longitudes were given in the tables. Moreover, the zodiacal signs are given in reverse to designate the heliocentric longitudes from the geocentric, and I must state to understand the distinction. I do not see the wisdom of this classification, but no doubt Mr. Butler had good reasons of his own for making it. I was sorry to detect but rude approximations to correctness of longitudes embraced in his tables, but it is simply ridiculous to assume that the errors have an average of 180 degrees. The superior planets are given nearly correct, while the positions of the swift-moving inferior planets are given from 1 degree to 30 degrees from the positions given in Astrological ephemerides. Of course if the student wishes to read these tables in astrological parlance he must translate them into the opposite signs, as if a planet be given in 18 degrees of Leo he should read it 18 degrees of Aquarius, etc.

For purpose of a detailed delineation of character, with good and evil indications pertaining to past and future, I regard the current system of astrology as superior to Mr. Butler's system in its present immature shape; but for an available treatise in the hands of parents and teachers, as a guide in forming the dispositions of children in accordance with the principles of the normal man, I must pronounce Mr. Butler's work as incomparably superior to any book on Astrology. Its aims, purity and moral tone are certainly in broad contrast with the majority of astrological treatises.

Now I am at a loss to know why Mr. Chaney should approach this modest, unassuming author with war paint and a scalping knife, and apply to him so many opprobrious epithets? One would think that he himself had become wedded to a system and is jealous of a successor. He should remember that the system of astrology which he practices is still very unpopular and its practitioners despised in every civilized society. I am sure, Mr. Chaney, that the most recent textbooks on astrology frequently refer to the "nonsense" that still adheres to the system. Is the zodiac exhausted? And must the man who thinks he has read a new chapter in that wonderful volume, and who modestly submits his reading to the consideration of the world, be set upon by vandals in the name of professed reformers? To say the least that style of criticism is ungenerous and is unjustly directed against the author. I am sure that the zodiac involves the whole science of man, and that to-day have but disjointed fragments of that science. For one, I welcome Mr. Butler's suggestive book, and all pioneers in this branch of research who labor with motives for the benefit of mankind. E. WHIPPLE. Turlock, Cal.

Decease of Jennie Collins.

The workmen of Boston have lost the visible presence and helping hand of one of their best friends and protectors in the demise of Miss Jennie Collins, whose promotion to denser fields of labor occurred on Wednesday last week, July 20th, at Brookline, consumption having rendered the relations of her health for many years.

Miss Collins was of New England parentage, and from her fourteenth year was forced to labor for her own maintenance, first engaging in a mill, subsequently in a clothing establishment in this city, and through this experience became acquainted with the wants of working girls. The outbreak of the war found her the leader of the loyal and enthusiastic women in her workshop who devoted all their spare time to the aid of the soldiers. As a result of the great conflict Miss Collins and her equally enthusiastic co-workers supplied many a poor soldier's knapsack with articles of comfort and convenience.

She also enlisted the sympathy of many for and led a movement in aid of the sick and wounded in hospitals. The insight she acquired into business affairs and her knowledge of the world gave her a pre-eminence among her working companions, and she was a public debater in 1868, on social questions, she presented the grievances of the working-woman, advocating the political and social rights of women in a manner which did her great credit. In 1869 she addressed a workmen's convention. In 1871 she was invited to take part in a debate on woman's suffrage, in place of Mrs. Livermore, who had been taken ill. She went, not knowing who her opponents were to be. One was a lawyer and the other an author. She opened the debate, was replied to by each, replied to each in turn, and triumphed over both.

In 1870 she occupied Rev. Mr. Morgan's pulpit, and in the fall often spoke in Rev. Mr. Cudworth's church in East Boston. Early in that year she started a series of meetings on the Common, advocating the providing of cheap and rational amusements for the working-women of Boston. This led to the formation of the grand institution started by Miss Collins, in July, 1870, and known as Boffin's Bower. What the Bower has done for working-women in this city, through Miss Collins, has become a part of history. She gave her whole heart and time to the work, and labored indefatigably to improve the condition of our young women in a practical way. Miss Collins continued in her philanthropy until the last, and after closing seventeen years of incessant labor in behalf of working-women and girls, as one of the grandest champions of her sex in Boston has gone to her reward.

Our personal knowledge of Miss Collins and her work dates back to 1872, at which time she called at our office and introduced herself for the purpose of saying that a sum of money had been bequeathed to her for the furtherance of her self-imposed mission, and a like sum to which with her render assistance to the worthy cause which she might apply to her aid. Miss Collins said she was unquestionably a spirit medium, and was "told by the angels" to enter upon the special mission in which she was engaged; but she did not wish her relations to Spiritualism made known to the world at large, as the fact might, owing to the prejudices of bigotry, retard her in carrying on her work. Her recognition of the earnest cooperation of the Spirit-world in her philanthropic labor was, however, known to her most intimate friends. The wisdom of the course at the time was quite apparent, the sequel confirming the correctness of her position.

The obsequies of Miss Collins were held at the Church of the Messiah on Saturday, July 23rd. At the hour of noon the casket was borne up the main aisle, laden with beautiful floral designs, prominent among them bright scarlet geraniums, her favorite flowers. There was no music but that of the organ; no words of eulogy were pronounced; her life had for over a score of years voiced her eulogy. The whole service was simple and briefly was in her own words: "The spirit that had so long vacated its earthly tenement. At its close the casket was borne to the vestibule of the church, where the lid was lifted, and all had an opportunity of

looking upon her face for the last time. The scenes were full of pathos at times, when some poor girls whom she had befriended burst into uncontrolled expression of grief. The interment was at Walnut Hill Cemetery, Brookline.—Banner of Light.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

A musical prodigy is thought to have been discovered in Saville DeMay, a Belgian lad seven years old, and a cripple, who lives in Clayville, Pa.

Richard Crouch of Jackson county, Michigan, is the owner of a snow-white massasauga. The snake has seven rattles and is quite tame.

Jesse Marks, a colored man of Toledo, Ark., claims to be 118 years old, and members of his old master's family say that the claim is well founded.

At Redwood City Dr. Gamble, a naturalized Canadian, tore down and trampled on the stars and stripes on the Fourth. He was ridden out of town on a three-cornered tail.

A Dear Creek (Mich.) man named Gibson, aged 80 years, pitched dead yesterday and pronounced it rather warm just before he was sunstruck. It was the first time in his life he had to have a doctor.

Near Reno, Cal., railroad ties laid down nineteen years ago when taken up were found to be in a perfect state of preservation. An analysis, to determine what has prevented the wood from rotting, will be made at once.

Judge Henderson of Lebanon county, Pennsylvania, decides that fruit overhanging a fence belongs to the man who owns the ground over which it hangs and that he can cut off the limbs of the tree if he chooses.

Boston has a new club, just organized. It is called the Channing club, is composed entirely of young Unitarian laymen, and the membership is limited to 100. The purpose of the club is to do hearty work for the Unitarian church.

An aged negro blacksmith, who still does good work at the forge in Ozan, Ark., and who is known as Gov. Picketts, is probably the oldest working blacksmith living. He was born in South Carolina, March 7th, 1787, was sold on the block in New Orleans, and taken to Arkansas in 1840.

The Rev. I. C. Bagley, of Camden, N. J., was called upon recently by a stylish looking couple who desired to be wedded. There being no impediment the ceremony was performed in a hall. The groom handed the clergyman a large official envelope marked "A present, with thanks." Upon opening the envelope Mr. Bagley found enclosed the sum of 10 cents.

A party of Japanese have bought 400 acres of land in the foothills near Campo Seco, Calaveras county, Cal., and they propose to irrigate through a mining ditch from the Mokelumne river and convert it into a tea farm. It is said that Japanese have experimented with tea in the vicinity and proved it a success.

A colored Sunday school at Benton Harbor is being shaken from center to circumference by two factious elements. One has developed a chain of dissenting to make it Methodist, the other to keep it independent. One side hid the organ a day or two ago and the sheriff had a long hunt to find it. There promises to be a grand circus before matters are settled.

A rather singular phenomena has manifested itself on the Mississippi river during the last few days. The water has the appearance of a dark-green and the color is more noticeable in the waves created by the passage of a steamboat. It is said that if a quantity of water is placed in a vessel and allowed to remain motionless for a short time that a green scum will form on the surface.

Golden trout are found in but one place in the world—that is in the brooks of Mount Whitney, up near the banks of everlasting snow. They have a golden stripe down each side and are the most beautiful fish that swim. Those who saw the first specimens of these trout that were brought down from the head of Whitney creek thought they were made up for show—that stripes of gold-leaf had been glued to their sides.

John Leatham has found an interesting relic of the times of old Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien. It consists of a twenty-pound ball with a chain attached. It was imbedded in the earth about 150 yards from the site of the old fort. It is thought to have been there found for thirty-five or forty years and used to punish refractory soldiers. It is proposed to send it to Madison to be placed among the relics in the State Historical Rooms.

James Delaney, a trackman on the Santa Fe road, said to some of his companions when a couple of traps were mangled last week: "Boys, I'll be the next man killed on this road." A few days after he was caught between tracks on a trestle by two engines, and in attempting to escape fell head foremost on the rail. He was decapitated instantly, while the body was thrown upon the other track and torn into shreds.

Mrs. Rose Terry Cooks says that if American women wish to be healthy they must learn to live in fresh air. She advises them to open their windows, wear flannel nightgowns, and take a jug of hot water to bed if they are cold, but never to sleep with closed windows, air all their clothes and their room daily, eat simple, wholesome food, wear bonnetless waists, and button their skirts on them, and take the heels off their boots.

J. K. Holcroft of Santa Cruz, Cal., has been engaged to plant a redwood tree on the ranch of J. H. Reynolds, in Blackhawk gulch, about three miles from town. Mr. Holcroft, who is a veteran in the business, says that this is the largest tree he has ever cut down in Santa Cruz county. It stands 250 feet high and is 22 feet in diameter at the base. At the point where the cutting is being done it will measure sixteen feet through.

Mrs. James Brooks, of North Modoc, Conn., is more than ever convinced that there's truth in the adage that "To find a stray dog in the house is a forerunner of good news." On the Fourth of July she found a stray dog under her bed, and before the sun dawned she received the intelligence from her cousin a solicitor at Washington that her petition had been granted and that she would receive \$2,938 as back pay and a monthly allowance of \$12.

More than one million pounds of tin foil are used annually to cover the smoking and chewing tobacco manufactured in the United States alone. The method of making it is interesting. The tin is, of course, first taken out of the mines, the best of which, for this purpose, are in Australia and the Dutch possessions of the East Indies. The metal is found in veins or fissures called lodes, though it is also found in a dispersed form in loose stones, which, when found continuously, are called streams.

Elijah Youngblood, of Coffee county, Ga., ought to be proud of his record as thus set forth in the Augusta Gazette: "Elijah—Youngblood has killed 296 deer. He is one of Coffee's most successful farmers, and lives now on one of the poorest places in the county and makes plenty. It is said that since 1840 eleven families have starved on the place; but he sells corn, potatoes and bacon. He says any man who cannot make a living in this country should not live. He is 61 years old, can walk all day in the woods, and can run a mile to head a deer or wildcat when he hears old 'Atman' bark. He has killed 250 wildcats."

Sabal Johnson, residing a few miles west of Oakland, Fla., and about three-quarters of a mile south of the homestead of Peter Doxatrey, found that an orange tree, 20 years old, in his grove, was not doing well. Remedies were applied in vain, and finally the tree died. Being inclined to investigate the matter, he dug down a distance of six or eight feet to see if the growth of the taproot was impeded in any way. Here the discovery was made of a huge stone coffin or box seven and a half or eight feet long, containing the bones of a Seminole Indian and a variety of aboriginal ornaments. The lid of the coffin or box was in two pieces and similar to the lid of the one now being found in such large quantities near Macotte.

The St. Louis Institute of Christian Science recently applied for incorporation and stated its object to be "to teach a higher sense of moral and spiritual qualifications requisite for harmony and health, thereby elevating mankind mentally, morally, and physically; to establish and maintain a school or institution in Christian science or metaphysics and its application to health, and promote longevity as taught by the Massachusetts Association of Christian Scientists; to establish and maintain a sanitarium for the treatment and healing of diseases as taught of said college." Judge Dillon held that it was shown by the evidence that the association would make a feature of faith cure, and he refused the petition of incorporation.

The Baby's Dilemma.

My four-year-old baby sat on my lap, In the dusk of the fading day...

The eyes met mine with a steadfast look, That showed neither sadness nor fear...

"But Grandma is old and feeble, you know, And not able to care for you; You couldn't stay there..."

"But Auntie has boys of her own, you know, And she wouldn't want any more. No; you couldn't live there..."

"Uncle Tom has no wife nor home, you know, And a man couldn't care for you..."

A GHOSTLY BELL IN THE CANYON. An Uncanny Sound that Drove a Miner Away from His Rich Find.

There is nothing that shatters courage, chills the heart, and paralyzes the nerves as surely as some inexplicable sound...

The Whitchers were a family of strong common sense and indomitable animal courage. One of the sons was a Pinkerton detective...

He was all alone, carrying his pick, shovel, and Winchester, and a good deal of desultory wandering took him finally into a cave...

It was a desolate place, but beautiful in a wild, rugged way. On either side of the valley that formed the bottom of the canyon the mountains sloped up...

There was no human being within 200 miles, and several times he was on the point of abandoning the idea of going to one of them...

Which sprang out of the shaft and stood listening. The sound confused him, and he could not tell exactly from what direction it came...

The next time he heard it was in the afternoon. He started about and the old sense of familiarity returned ten-fold...

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Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition...

Ten Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head..."

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla or of Ayer's Pills...

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

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ALLEN C. MASON, Tacoma, Wash. Ter.



For "worn-out" "run-down" debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, house-keepers, and over-worked women generally...

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THE CLERGY, Their Sermons; THE STUDENT, His Lessons; THE BUSINESS MAN, Items of Business. The author of this work was put to the severest public test, a few days ago, by reporters of all the leading Chicago daily papers...

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NOTES FROM LAKE PLEASANT.

[Special Correspondence.]

Nature has favored us more kindly this week. We anxiously awaited the change in the moon on Wednesday, but even the most sanguine gave up hope and threatened to leave camp.

It seems a significant fact, that while the people at Lake Pleasant are interested in lectures and certain kinds of phenomena, materializing séances are so little patronized that every year we have fewer mediums who are unwilling to submit to test conditions.

The band concerts have been given twice each day, and have been a great source of pleasure to music lovers.

Monday afternoon Rev. P. O. Matthews, an Indian missionary, spoke on the Indian question, and pleaded eloquently for his race, showing by illustration from his own experience how eager the Indians were to avail themselves of civilization once they were aroused from their apathetic state.

Tuesday afternoon, Dr. T. A. Bland, of Washington, D. C., who is called the "Indian's friend," lectured upon the same theme, giving the legal and statistical side of the question, referring particularly to the injustice of the Dawes Land in Severalty Bill, showing that the enforcement of this act would not only be against the spirit of all treaties made with the Indians, but would lead to a great Indian war.

Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith chose for her subject, "The Immortality of the Soul." After showing how strong this belief and thought had always been in human hearts, she proceeded to show how this belief proven by Spiritualism has permeated all creeds and thought till its influence is seen in the new views of death.

Friday afternoon Mr. Albert E. Tisdale gave a fine lecture on "Physical Phenomena, and its Relations to Spiritual Phenomena, or is Mediumship a Necessity?"

There is a conference in the auditorium every morning in the week except Monday. These have been well attended. The topics have been varied and interesting, especially as to every one who desires to do so, is permitted to speak.

Sunday morning the campers and visitors listened to an exceptionally fine lecture from Mrs. Amanda M. Spence.

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was quite a dramatic occurrence. At the close Mr. Slater remarked that the tests that he gave showed that there was something that photographed our deeds and thoughts upon or about us, and that he was a human mirror that reflected every thing that came before him.

In the afternoon Mr. Albert E. Tisdale spoke on "The Comparison of the Natural and so-called Revealed Religions." He said it was a curious fact that what are embodied in so much mystery, give rise to endless controversy. This mystery is necessary in order to preserve a reverence for creeds as they now exist.

Aug. 7th, 1887.

NOTES FROM ONSET.

The regular business of our camp meeting has passed through another week. The most of the regular speaking has been done by Mrs. Juliette Yeaw and J. Clegg Wright, both of whom have given good satisfaction to large audiences.

During the past week the dwellers at Onset have been favored with a variety of excellent entertainments in the Temple, that have been largely attended.

On Aug. 5th Mrs. W. S. Butler, of Boston, as manager, gave a grand entertainment in aid of the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 of Boston.

Aug. 3rd and 4th, A. R. Stover's company presented the world renowned play, Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Aug. 9th, Prof. C. W. Sullivan presented his annual Old Folks' concert, in ancient costumes, to a good audience.

Next Sunday, August 21st, Charles Daborn and Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond will be the regular speakers.

Joseph D. Stiles commenced his engagement for the Onset Camp meeting, Monday, Aug. 8th, and is giving his usual rapid, platform-test communications, reporting scores of names at every séance.

Onset, Mass., Aug. 11, 1887.

Haslett Park Camp Meeting.

The camp meeting on these grounds, formerly known as Nemoka, really began on Sunday, the 7th, the previous days being filled by busy preparations, which, indeed, are still going on.

Sunday morning Bishop Beale spoke and sang, the afternoon was occupied by G. B. Stebbins, some five hundred hearers giving the best attention throughout.

This afternoon there is to be a Memorial Service to the late S. L. Shaw, former owner of the larger part of the grounds, and to other ascending pioneers, and Mrs. Mead of Mason, Michigan, will read a poem of her own as an opening to the exercises, which will be at the stand in the shaded forest.

Aug. 11th, 1887.

Parkland Camp Meeting.

Our camp has been much improved the past few weeks by new cottage-tents, built by private parties; said tents now number about forty.

The Cassadaga camp meeting folks sent us kindly greeting and good wishes for our success, for which Mr. Tyndall moved a vote of thanks, which was unanimously passed by the large audience.

On Wednesday evening, Aug. 3rd, a surprise party of some 250 visited the cottage of Mrs. Benner, the estimable mother of our vice-president, on the occasion of the 40th anniversary of her marriage.

Woman and the Household.

A Suffragist—and More.

I accept the invitation in this week's JOURNAL and offer a few thoughts for public expression. For more than twenty-five years I have had an active and steadily growing interest in the advancement of my sex.

Not being sure that my new ground was tenable, I felt at times very unhappy, fearing that in some way I was growing luke-warm and approaching dangerously near treachery to my sex.

Onset, Mass., Aug. 11, 1887.

Wants a Remedy for a Household Plague.

I am no less a suffragist than in the old days, but I am more of a philanthropist, a better and kinder woman, a more effective agent in spreading knowledge and stimulating the noble qualities of my brother and sister workers for humanity.

New York City, Aug. 13th.

Wants a Remedy for a Household Plague.

I am a woman and a suffragist; I am also a sufferer, and I want the JOURNAL's help. I suffer from the servant girl plague, a scourge that prevails throughout the country, and is not amenable to state or municipal sanitary regulations, and has not yet been grappled with by our State Board of Health.

Chicago, Aug. 11.

Who or Where Are the Spiritualists?

I wish you, or others through your valuable paper, would give some reliable answer to the above question. I have frequently heard the statement made at Spiritualist meetings, of the vast increase of modern Spiritualism, and some Spiritualist papers often speak of the many millions of Spiritualists in this country and of its great advance in other countries.

Every tree is known by its fruit, and what I ask, are the fruits of modern Spiritualism? Here, out of modesty and shame, I will not lift the curtain; but only this will I say: that the fruits of this tree have not been good for those whom I know in this city who have been converted to Spiritualism.

The millions of Spiritualists who have become converted to Spiritualism, not finding any order, system or doctrine in existing spiritual organizations, have either gone back into the churches from whence they emerged, or stand aloof, watching the signs of the times and awaiting the advent of a better day.

Another great mistake is this: Modern Spiritualists look upon Spiritualism as a religion per se. It is nothing of the kind; it merely teaches that there is a Spirit-world and how to communicate with spirits, and has nothing whatever to do with religion.

What is wanted is a spiritual philosophy and spiritual religion.

ALFRED A. GREEN.

327 E. 17th street, N. Y.

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Language of the Press.

"No brief notice would convey a good idea of the worth of this Magazine."—Richmond, (Mo.) Democrat.