No. 21

Beaders of the JOURNAL, and especially requested to pena 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 organgation of new Societies or the condition of old ones; ovements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incldents of spirit communion, and well authenticated ac-counts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. HEAVEN REVISED

AND A VOICE/SAID UNTO ME, "WRITE."

'It Shall be Given You in That Same Hour What Ye Shall Speak."

MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

CHAPTER I.

I am a traveler, and having passed the first stage of my journey, and being now fairly set out upon my second, the impulse seizes me, as it seizes upon all who have left dear write them a letter, telling of the new things I have seen, the strange experiences encount-ered. One of earth's famous poets has spoken of that land in which I am journeying as the "bourne from whence no traveler re-turns." That is true in a certain sense. We That is true in a certain sense. We cannot return to take up our old lives again, to resume our old relations, and assume our old duties. We have struck our tents and passed on-into the inevitable future which awaits us. You may not even behold us, until you, too, join us, the first stage of your journey left behind. But we may send you messages; we may impress your minds with pictures of ourselves, both as we have been and as we are, which shall be so vivid, that you may be excused for mistaking them for realities. But they are, after all, only faint images of the real living personalities which still exist, and amid their changed conditions

still preserve their identity.
We may, too, write you letters; for in this nineteenth century a postal system has been established between the here and there, the is and the was, which makes communication possible. That which for ages has seemed the greatest difficulty-how to send a letter —has been conquered, only to find a still greater one rising up behind it—how to write a letter which shall be intelligible; how to transcribe conditions and translate ideas into a language which shall be com-

prehensible to you.

Alas! my dear friends, I shall, I fear, be able only to give you a shadowy idea of this newly-discovered country, which is, after all, the real, while your earth is but the shadow and prototype. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive of that which is in this

land beyond the grave.
In looking back from where I now stand, I cannot but wonder that the earth-life assumed such importance. The perspective is entirely changed. Much of that which, in the first stage of my journey, seemed of the greatest magnitude, has strangely dwindled in its proportions; and apparently every thing concerning it has taken on a new col oring and a new meaning. The reason is that now I begin to perceive, from my present position, the true relations of all earthly conditions and happenings. When I was in the midst of them, I gained only narrow and distorted glimpses. Those nearest me were magnified beyond reality; those at a distance dwarfed in like degree. Thus even I who prided myself upon being a close and correct observer, a careful analyzer of all that came under my observation, and a deep and original thinker, have been overwhelmed with astonishment, not to say chagrin, in discovering how little I knew of even the surface life around me—how still less of that deeper and inner life which is the real and actuating power of humanity, but of whose ex-istence there is so little realization until it comes to the surface here.

But I did not set out to either moralize or philosophize in writing this-letter; though I dare say I shall unwittingly do enough of both before I have finished it; otherwise I should not be true to my own character. But I will suppress the impulse for the present,

I will suppress the impulse for the present, and tell you of the first stage of my journey. that stage which you call death.

Of the mere happenings of my earthly life what matters it? What I am is of the only importance; by what means my character was disciplined, my intelligence cultivated, possibly my nature warped in some ways, is of no moment. When you behold a gem, you admire its beauties and deplore its flaws; but it never occurs to you to inquire about the processes by which the lapidary polished it. I am what I am, I shall be somerday—a day so far distant in the unending ages of eternity that it seems no nearer to me than to you, save as a clearer comprehension of the you, save as a clearer comprehension of the fact brings it with fuller force to my mind— united with the great source of power and wisdom and love which overshadows and permeates the universe, my identity lost in all save memory, which shall forever individ-ualize every soul that has lived and suffered. When memory goes, then comes annihilation; and there is no such thing as annihilation

in this vast universe.
I lived, I toiled, I suffered, I loved, I struggled with temptations, and I sometimes sin-ned—the common lot of humanity. In these words may be summed up, not only my earthly existence, but that of most mortals. For those to whom any of these experiences are not given in the earth life, they are re-served in fuller measure in the life into which I have now entered.

I knew that I was standing face to face with death, but I did not tremble nor shrink. The terrors of orthodoxy had long lost their hold upon me, and I was prepared to meet the inevitable change like a philosopher, nay more; I was prepared to watch its approach, and analyze its effect upon myself, with all the enthusiasm of a student who did not wish to miss this one supreme opportunity to gain knowledge which had hitherto eludand note death's approach, step by step. If it were possible to me. I would impart my newly-acquired knowledge to others, and perhaps do mankind a service by robbing this dread hour of its terrors. Earth would fade away, and I seemed to

be floating out into an unknown realm of existence; of all that which I expected to re-member at this hour nothing occurred to There was no review of my life, such as I had read about; no thought of either past or future; only this one feeling, which sprung up in my heart to the exclusion of all else-my loved ones! I had not regarded Reason had been trained to govern all man. my impulses and emotions, and I truly believe my life-work had been better performed in consequence. But in this last hopr love seemed the sum and substance-all that was worth cherishing-of life. Then would suddenly come back to me a remembrance of the task to which I had set myself, and in striving to accomplish it, my will, which was always strong, and was strong even in death, would rally my life-forces, and thus defeat its own object. As I had all my life fought and struggled, and sought to attain the unattainable, so, true to my nature, I would not even allow myself to die in peace, but all unwittingly prolonged and postponed the

At last I became wearied, and fell into a weet sleep, a sleep so restful that in the half consciousness which preceded the moment of complete unconsciousness. I remembered that in all my life I had experienced but one or two as perfect and satisfying. For such a sleep I was contented even to postpone the hour of death.

When I awoke it was with that almost guilty sense of one who feels that he has slept longer than custom or prejudice sanctions; and for the instant I was glad that I was very ill, that such an indiscretion might be forgiven me. The waking even sweeter than the sleeping. I did not care to open my eyes, but lay filled with a sense of peace and rest-peace and rest-such as in the long, weary years of my life I had dreamed of and longed for, but never before experienced How sweet was the rest, how perfect the peace! If it only might endure forever! But I was better; I was not to die after all; and I must-presently submit to the old bondage, and again know the weariness and unquiet of life. Presently I became aware that there was a sound of subdued voices in conversation in an adjoining room. Though I could hear them plainly through the open door, at first I gathered no sense of what they were saying; and then, as I became more fully

awake, I heard a sentence which fixed my attention in an idle way:

"I have no doubt she meant well; but then she was so very peculiar."

The response came: "Yes, very; and very set in her way."

Again the first speaker: "She saw a great deal of trouble, but I have no doubt she brought much of it on herself. You almost brought much of it on herecase." always find that that is the case." always find that that is the case." and then

followed a grotesquely distorted narration of certain incidents in my own life.

I was startled. Of whom were they speak-ing? Of me—me? "She was?" What did it all mean? Did they really think me dead? With a guilty consciousness of having played eavesdropper, I hastened to call one speakers by name, to assure her that I was still in the land of the living. They were both neighbors, and I knew them well. She

paid no heed to my voice, and the conversa-tion went on without interruption. Again I spoke louder than before, and still they heeded not. I was now aroused to the fullest mental activity, and utterly forgetful of my supposed enfeebled condition, started up to manifest myself to them in some manner

which should secure their silence, when —— For an instant I seemed frozen with ter-For an instant I seemed frozen with terror, or something akin to it, by a strange object which met my view. What was that in my chamber, my chamber, where I lay so ill—that object lying rigid and white, in the familiar yet ever repulsive attitude of death? There were the outlines of the head, the projection of the arms crossed upon the breast, the extended limbs, and the property of the continued feet. Over all was thrown a white upturned feet. Over all was thrown a white sheet; but with a new experience in vision; as I looked at it my sight seemed to peneas I looked at it my sight seemed to pene-trate beneath the snowy pall, and I recog-nized my own features. My God! was I then really dead? How can I describe to you the emotion which swept through me, and which seemed to shake my whole being to its very center. Then, and not till then, did the past sweep like a wave over me, and all that I had been taught and hoped and feared of the great transition, and the life which was to follow it, seemed to come out in my memto follow it, seemed to come out in my memory with unparalleled distinctness. It was a solemn, an awful moment. The terror passed as soon as it came, but its solemnity impressed itself upon me. Yet you will scarcely believe it that the next sensation was one of mirth. Then I was playing eaves-dropper in spite of myself; and verifying the truth of the adage that listeners never hear any good of themselves, while I wondered in grim humor if the act under the circumstances in which I was placed were as dishonorable as if I were still alive.

As in the earth-life the sublime frequently borders upon the ridiculous, and there is often but a single step from solemnity to mirth, from joy to sorrow, from hope to despair, and all this that our characters may acquire their proper equilibrium; so my first experience in the Spirit-world was of the

I could not silence those babbling women, and so I let them talk, and for the first time in my existence had an opportunity to see myself as others see me. Well, the lesson myself as others see me. Well, the lesson was a good one, and not without its uses, even though I had passed beyond the influences and conditions of earth. It held up an imperfect mirror before my spiritual vis-ion in which my defects of character were brought into greater prominence by distortion; and thus the first lesson was imparted

After a time the impulse seized them to look upon the face of the dead whose characecting so candidi say mercilessly. We were a group of three, although one was invisible to the other two. As they were unconscious of my presence, so I soon forgot theirs, while I looked with a strange wonder upon the form of that which had once been I. As I regarded the pale worn features, and with invisible hand smoothed back the grizzled hair from the forehead, an ineffable pity filled my soul for my old self, which now seemed separated and apart from my present one. In my life had affected to scorn the earthly tenement which imprisoned my soul. But when I gazed upon it dispassionately from an outside standpoint, another feeling overwhelmed me. How wan, how worn it looked! Haw heavy were the lines of care upon brow and cheek! How the hair had whitened! How the body had struggled and suffered, and toiled for the spirit within-always losing-always losing-first youth and beauty and then health and strength, in the service of that spirit; and at last when the soul stood triumphant in a newer and fuller life, a complete victor over body-that body had met its flual and its greatest loss in that it had lost the life which had an mated it. No longer should it love, or suffer, or toil. was completely vanquished, and yielded all that it had to give. With a new-born love and pity for self, which were as unselfish as though they had been expended upon another, and with a reverential feeling as well, I tenderly kissed the cold brow, and in. that moment forgave it all for which I had reproached it in the past: for its weaknesses which had crippled my spirit; its imperfec-tions which had warped it; its limitations which had chained it. Surely in that mo ment of triumph over mortality I could afford to be generous. More difficult still, I could be just. I realized and acknowledged how even through the infirmities of the physical frame my spirit had been strengthened and

Then I was dead! How strange it seemed to be dead, and yet with such superabundant life! How mortals misapprehend the meaning of the word. To be dead means to be alive with a vitality earthly humanity does not know. How long had L been dead? It seemed to be early morning. The watchers were silent, having dozed off to sleep in their arm chairs. The rays of the lamp were pal-ing before the light of the approaching day, which was heralded in the east by scarlet banners flung across the sky. When I had fallen asleep—into that peaceful sleep from which I had wakened in another world—the night had been far spent. I must have passed away at the ebb of the tide, when day was struggling with darkness, and nature itself was at its lowest ebb. I had probably been dead twenty-four hours. I had fallen asleep on earth; I had awakened in the land of

The land of spirits! Strange as it may seem, I for the first time realized this fact.

My thoughts and emotions up to this point are waiting to see and to welcome you, but had all been connected in some way with the world and the life I had left behind me. But where were the spirit forms of the loved ones who had passed on before, and whom I had expected to meet me at the gateway, and to welcome and guide me into the life etern-al? On the threshold of this new life I-felt no fear at my seeming isolation, but a sense of disappointment and loneliness, and of bewilderment also, stole over me. Even as these thoughts passed through my mind, the room and all it contained seemed to dissolve before me. I found myself upon a great plain which gently inclined toward a valley through the depths of which flowed a stream. I can not describe the beauty of the scene. Earth is beautiful, and its beauties found their way to my heart; but the Spirit-world is far more so. The scene seemed strangely familiar. It was so like, and yet so unlike, an earthly valley, where I had spent many happy hours—perhaps the happiest of my life. It seemed indeed the earthly valley happy hours—pernaps the happiess of my life. It seemed, indeed, the earthly valley glorified and spiritualized, as who shall say that it was not? The grass was intensely yet softly green, and starred with myriads of daisies. When last I had beheld the earthly valley, it was still beautiful, but it had the beauty of death, that sent a chill to my heart, and over it there hung a pall of cloud which completely enshrouded its depths. But my valley was resurrected, and was mine my valley was resurrected, and was mine evermore.

I was walking, but strange to say my feet did not touch the ground. I walked along just above the surface of the earth, just as I had done many times in dreams-the realest dreams I ever had. What a strange sensa-tion it was to be freed from the weight of the earthly body—to be released from the phys-ical law of the attraction of gravitation! I felt that I might rise to any height to which I aspired, yet was content for the present to keep near the ground.

But my friends—my spirit friends—where were they? Why was I thus so isolated in my new life? I was not conscious of having uttered a thought aloud, but as if in response to it, I found myself in the presence of two youths whose radiant countenances possess ed more than mortal beauty. Years ago I had laid away with an aching heart and many bitter tears, two beautiful babes, first one and then another; and many times there-after I stretched out my arms with soul-felt longing towards the unknown land whither they had gone, as if to reach to them and bring them back to me. But when I clasped my arms to my breast again, they were always empty. My babes, how I had longed for them, yearned for them! They had always been babes to me in my memory, little ten-der clinging things, finding their whole world vonths beside me, some subtle instinct revealed to me that they were my babes now nearly grown to manhood. I felt neither hesitation nor surprise in the recognition. It was as though I had always expected them to appear thus to me. I only held out my arms with an unutterably glad impulse, cry-ing, "My boys! Mine!", Is there a more coytentful, more blissful

word in our language—in any language— than that word "mine"? Whether we say it of child, friend or lover, home or heaven, we have expressed the supremest emotion of our hearts. It indicates the fullest fruition of our hopes and desires, whether they be worthy ones or unworthy ones. Barren and pitiful indeed is the life of that wretch who can-not say "mine" of some joy, some hope, or some love. It is the first feeling of the infant heart when it begins to realize its possession of motherly tenderness and care, long before it can give the feeling its appro-priate word. It will be the ultimate emotion of the soul, when, having passed through the cycles of eternity, it shall at last have reached the center and source of al!, and shall be able to say of infinite wisdom and love, "mine!"

CHAPTER II.

THE GRAVE AND THE RESURRECTION. My lost ones were in my arms, and for a ime my soul was filled with a bliss too deep for words. At last emotions struggled into utterance.

"Our mother!" were the glad words I heard from lips which had never learned to pronounce them in their brief earth lives, and then there were eager questionings and glad

responses.
"We have been with you, mother," said the elder, "through all these years. Daily we have visited you; we have nestled in arms. You never called us that we did not come. And we spoke to you, and tried to comfort you, but you did not always hear us; and sometimes when our messages reached your heart, you did not comprehend from whom they came. You have been our mother still, our belper and our guide. And we in turn have helped and guided you as far as lay in our power; as we could not have done had we remained with you on earth. As far as we could understand your troubles we have helped you to bear them; when they were beyond our comprehension, as they sometimes were, we were still permitted to give you our sympathy and love, and thus you have been unconsciously soothed and trengthened.

This is the substance of what my boy said to me, though not perhaps the very words. I was in such a tremor of joy my memory may

not have taken exact note of them.

Then my younger boy spoke: "To us was reserved the privilege of first meeting you on your entrance to the Spirit-world. Others

we felt that the first hour ought to be ours.

"My blessed guardian angels!" I exclaimed.
"No, not your guardian angels; only your loving children. Your guardian you will presently see. It is through her kindness and considerateness that we are with you first. She is here even now."

I turned, and saw standing at a little distarned, and saw standing at a little distance a woman of apparently mature years, but with the radiance of heavenly youth and beauty upon her brow. She held out her arms to me exclaiming: "My child!"

I felt impelled towards ber, and yet hesitated for an instant. You are not my mother?" I said, half by way of assertion, held in inputry.

half in inquiry.
"Your spiritual mother, not your earthly one. The ties of the spirit are far more real and enduring than those of the flesh."

Her arms were still extended, and as we mutually advanced, they encircled me, and I felt a deep inward conviction of the truth of her word

"My child," she continued, "the ties which bind us are those of a kindred spiritual na-ture and kindred earthly experiences. My trials on earth were similar to yours; my struggles and even my failures like to yours, only mine more desperate, more complete. only mine more desperate, more complete. When I entered this life, and realized, as I had not done before, the meaning of it all, and saw my own mistakes and failures, and comprehended how I might have avoided many of them. I cried out in agony of spirit that it was unjust that I was not permitted to undo them—to set them right. And then my work was revealed to me, and rebuked and humbled I accepted it. The higher spirits, to whom knowledge is given which is withheld from us who are still so near the earth, pointed out to me a child whose womanly destiny was to be like my own. I must go to her, stay by her, and help her by the light of my experience. Oh, that was so long ago, you were yet a little child. And I have been with you all these years, helping, strengthening, comforting; and it makes me glad and grateful to know that my influence has been felt, and has been in many instances attended by good results. ces attended by good results, so that your life is not the complete failure that mine seemed to be. But remember, only seemed

seemed to be. But remember, only seemed to be, my child. For by my own failures did I know best how to help you. And thus all things have worked together for good."
"But how did you speak to me?" I queried.
"I know some are privileged to hear spirit voices, but I have—had, I mean—not that

There you mistake. There are few mortals to whom some spirits, or class of spirits, cannot speak and make themselves heard. If they draw around them good spirits, then them spiritual strength and wisdom. If through their vices they seek the companionship of evil spirits, then their tendency will be downward. We do not speak in audi-ble words, but our messages are to the heart, and are felt rather than heard. You often heard me, when you imagined it was only your own mind, your own thought speaking. sometimes you repulsed me, and then other spirits, whose influences were not good, came in, and you morally retrograded. But at all times your children could approach you. You never even unconsciously repulsed them; and through their loving agency I would find my way back to you again. My child, I have been with you all these years; I know your heart far better than your own mother could know it, who, strange to say, does not possess that spiritual kinship with you which I possess. I know you far better than you know yourself,"

And again gathering me in a tender em-race, she kissed me gently, I almost fancied pitifully. It was so sweet to be thus offered and to accept the manifestations of affection. A reserved woman on earth, I was thought to be a cold woman as well; and thus, though many respected, and some few felt a genuine friendship for me, the number of those who really loved me was very small.

I have not narrated the conversation of my guide exactly as it occurred. It was more or less interrupted by questions by myself; but I have given the substance of what she said to me.

"My more than mother," I said at length, want to ask you a question about something that perplexes me. I thought our de-parted friends met us at the threshold of the spirit existence. Why was I condemned to pass from one world to another alone?"

"Condemned is not the word, my child," she replied with a bright smile. "Nor were you alone. You were only seemingly so. We and many more stood near you, anxiously watching and eagerly waiting, ready to make ourselves manifest. To many souls the passage from mortality to immortality is a dread one, and they need all the assistance that loving spirit presences can give, to keep them in courage until they become familiar with their surroundings. But you were not one of these. Alone you chose to walk in most things during your earth life; your thoughts and experiences, even your emotions you kept shut within your own soul. You breasted the tide of death with a brave heart, calling for no help. You needed the apparent solitude and iso lation when the new experiences of (spirit life were forced upon you, in order that you might the more fully understand them. When the need came to you for companion-ship, you called for it, and behold how quickly we responded to your call."

I stooped and gathered a cluster of daisies which grew at my feet. They had long been my favorite flowers, so common and yet so (Continued on Eighth Page.)

PSYCHOMETRIC EXPERIENCES.

H. W. MURRAY AYNSLEY.

Some regard to the science of psychical research as treading upon dangerous ground; are they not confounding the unknown with the unknowable? The former expression may be held to apply to things which, though not of daily, or of common occurrence, yet, like comets or meteors, follow certain natural laws, whereas the unknowable or the supernatural is hid from mortal ken and,

There are those persons who can walk by faith alone, whilst others, like St. Thomas, need ocular demonstration that there is a power above us, and a world beyond the The veil of the unseen world is sometimes drawn aside for us, in dreams, most commonly; but occasionally a waking pre-science comes to us and tell us things which it is impossible we should know in the ordinary course of events. If we were to question our circle of friends or general acquaintances, we should probably find many who have had such experiences in their own persons, or who could relate them of their friends. This subject is a novel one to some, because till recently those who had felt them, hesitated to speak of them even to relations and intimate friends, but now that the ice is once broken, and it is acknowledged that spiritual manifestations and second sight are within the bounds of possibility, we hear of numerous cases. One of the most ordinary forms is, that at the moment of death, a dying person appears to a dear friend or relation, or within a house or a room which they formerly inhabited.

We may not unreasonably gather from passages in the New Testament, that spirits did appear to men in those days, why then should similar phenomena be impossible now? If then, communication with the spirits of the departed has been, and is sometimes ermitted at the present time to some on this earth, does it seem more unlikely that psychometric or soul-measuring intercourse should establish itself, even between persons at a distance from, and unknown to each other? Kindred minds and thoughts may beat in unison, and the invisible cord of sympathy bind them, so that the one may feel the individuality and know the physi-

cal condition of the other. The how we know not, but it does take place, almost involuntarily on the other side, and without knowledge on the other side,

selves and a perfect stranger.

It has been stated that the French nation are infinitely more susceptible to mesmeric influences than we English people.

that such a connection exists between them-

The citizens of the United States appear to possess a much more highly strung nervous organization than ourselves-Americans were also the first to recognize and draw attention to the new science of Psychometry. Certain of the natives of India, both Hindus and Mahommedans, have for untold genera tions practiced at will a species of waking hypnotism; they attain to a complete state of mental abstraction, and when in this condition, all their bodily functions appear to be suspended, they neither eat, drink, see, hear or feel. (On two occasions the writer has seen men in this state.)

The following legend (Related in "Panjab Notes and Queries," Vol. 16, ii.) would appear to show that the natives of India are not unacquainted with mesmerism, and also recognize a kind of thought transference. "There is a well with steps leading down to it, near a Mahom nedan fagér's takiya, (shrine or cell) at Nurmahal in the Jalandhar district-Panjab-India, which is much rever-enced by Mahommedans and Hjudus. The fager who formerly lived there is said to have taken a great liking to a Hindu boy who used to visit him. The boy's relatives went on a pligrimage to the Ganges leaving him behind, though he would have liked to have gone with them. The fager saw that he was vexed at being left behind and promised to show him something that would please him as much as if he had gone thither. So he took the lad down the steps leading to the well, coming and going, and among them his own friends. On the return of these latter, they began to inquire when the lad had come back as they had met him at Hurdwar after all, whereon the boy told them what had hap-

"This well is still known as Ganga, and is supposed in some way to partake of the

sanctity of the river Ganges." This legend has an obvious resemblance to

the idea that dying persons appear to people or at places at a distance; it proves how wide spread is the belief that a person on their death bed, who has a strong desire to see some friend, or visit some spot once again, is projected thither in some mysterious manner, whether objectively or subjectively we can not tell.

It has been for many years a puzzle to all, by what means, during the Indian mutiny of 857, the natives managed to convey news from one place to another. Intelligence was received by them more rapidly than our swiftest dak. (or post) runners or mounted men could take it. No pains were spared to ascertain how this was done, in order to circumvent their machinations. A suggestion has been recently thrown out that it was done by a system of thought transference. This is not improbable, for it is an undoubted fact, that in some things Asiatics are in advance of us, and what we deem new dis-coveries, as for example, the ordinary (not the electric) telephone was known to them, and used by them for generations as a means of communication. An instance of this came under the observation of the writer when in India, at a time when the telephone was first beginning to be spoken of in England.

In order that my readers may understand how I came to be interested in the subject of Psychometry, and was led (through the courtesy of persons unknown to me except by let-ters) to join the following experiments, it is-necessary here to state, that for many years past I have been aware that I possessed at times a power which was completely apart from my ordinary self; I could not define it, or give it a name, but I knew that when very anxious about a friend's state of health or some other subject, I had frequently asked myself questions and received replies out of my inner consciousness as it were, and that when an answer came (which was not in-

variably the case) it was always correct. About Christmas, 1885, I sent an article to the manager of Mind in Nature headed "Mind and Will Cures versus Faith Cures," which afterwards appeared in the April num-ber of that journal. That gentleman sent me a letter dated January 19, in which was the following passage: "Pardon me for asking what may be an impertinent question, but I wish to know if your health is uniform-ly good—I will explain why when I receive

In another letter dated April 24, he says:

have been experimenting with a private Psy-chometer; she has often startled me with information of which she was unable to tell me the source, saying it was her impression. I have handed her letters from persons entire strangers to her, which after holding a few moments in her hand would make vivid mental impressions, and enable her sometimes to describe the person, but more often the mental condition of the person. I handed her one of yours, enclosed in a plain envelope. In a few moments she became overpowered with a desire to sleep, although it was early in the evening, and this was so strong, she was not able entirely to shake off the condition, and had to retire an hour earlier than usual. She then desired to know, who and what you were, said you were either an invalid, or a person of strong mesmeric power. You will understand from this why I asked you the previous questions in regard to yourself.

On receipt of your reply to mine of Jan. 19th, without letting the Psychometer (whom we will call Mrs. N.) know that I had had a letter from you, I enclosed this in another envelope and handed it to her. In a very few moments she was again in the same condition as when she held your former let-ter. The Psychometer merely holds the letter in her hand; she professes herself not always able to obtain 'impressions; many of them she described as cold and chilly, others warm, etc.; the sensation being the same to her as though she held the hand of the person instead of merely a letter from them; she says that the individuality of a person is in the letter."

It will easily be imagined that this communication was a startling one to me, though the inquiries made in the letter of Jan. 19th, had in some measure prepared me for it; still at first it was difficult to realize the possibility that a letter sent several thousand miles across the ocean, and of which the writer, the hand-writing, and its substance were unknown to the percipient, should influence her in that manner.

With the view of testing the powers claimed by this American lady, I put myself in direct communication with her. In a letter dated June 19, 1886, she tells me that she found out quite accidentally that she could read character by holding- a closed letter carelessly in her hand; a friend once handed her a letter and requested her to read it. As an interesting conversation was going on she delayed opening it, but she speedily felt a chilly trembling sensation.

Without any conscious effort on her part, she then began to describe the peculiar tem-perament of the writer, herself amazed at what she felt and saw in her mind's eye (for she did not read the letter with her visual organs). She goes on to say, "it makes no difference what the letter contains, it is the individuality of the person that comes to me. I never know the contents of the letter, nor do my impressions relate to it, but only to the character or condition of the writer,

Mrs. Nalso related that on another occasion her daughter having received a letter from a young friend at a distance, who was personally unknown to her mother, requested this latter to hold it, and see what impression she could obtain from it. The elder lady did so, and at once began to feel, as she expressed it, almost disabled, and compelled to recline in an invalid chair; she began to suffer both in mind and body, became almost hysterical, it was sometime before she returned to her normal state. This letter was merely a note the young lady had written to decline an invitation to visit them.

Some months later Mrs. N. met the writer of the letter, and then learned for the first time that the young lady was in very bad health, and had been compelled for some menths to use an invalid chair. This was apparently not a case of simple thought ransference from the daughter to the mother, for though the former knew that her friend was in poor health, she was not aware now grave her malady had been (hip disease).

The same Psychometer goes on to say "that any letters or papers in the handwriting of the writer of this article affect her when holding them in her hands. At first she beand put him to sleep. The boy then saw in a gins to feel light as air, and is very happy, vision the Ganges at Hurdwar, and pilgrims then there comes a wave of light in billows with a pink or a rosy tint" (she tells me she remains perfectly conscious always.) "Then she begins to feel so easy, sleepy and overcome with a desire to sleep that she has had on such occasions to give up an evening with books and retire to rest; all the while not knowing who had written, or the contents of the papers." She adds, "My greatest im-pressions have been with persons, and not with letters. I think I have made about a dozen experiments with letters, the writers of them being unknown to me like yourself."
In another place Mrs. N. says, "I have never attended a scance, and have kept clear of

professional Spiritualists, and whilst I have never seen spirits, I have seen symbolic lights, the dark room will be illumined so that I can see the pictures on the walls, and everything in the room. I have often been onscious of an invisible presence.

Mrs. N.'s account of her feelings and her experiments was intensely interesting to me, nevertheless I was desirous to have some additional proofs of her Psychometric powers, and to this end, about the end of July, I prepared and sent to America, under cover, to the manager of Mind in Nature, some small envelopes of thick paper, each containing a scrap of the handwriting of persons known to me. The envelopes were numbered 1, 2, 3, and 4, and closely fastened.

I received a letter from him dated Sept.

22d, giving an account of the result of the experiment he had made with them, through another American lady—a Mrs. P.—who mentioned to him one day that she had been making trials of her Psychometric powers. The envelopes were given to Mrs. P. in the following order—3, 4, 2, 1. To use his words, 'She sat in a room beneath a lighted gas jet, no one being present except her husband and the manager, who wrote down het impressions as she spoke them. Mrs. P. was all the time in her normal state-no trance or clairvoyant condition. She held each envelope in her hand fastened as I received them, her

hand resting upon her lap."

I will now proceed to give a faithful tran scription of these papers, accompanied by my own remarks on the accuracy or mistakes in the delineations of character made by Mrs.

No. 3. "By this envelope I come in contact with a woman of sunny nature, who has had clouds in her life, but whose buoyancy of spirit surmounts all obstacles—a woman of rare executive ability. A brilliant conver-sationalist, though not any great depth of learning—one whose endurance for pleasure is inexhaustible, fond of the luxuries of life, though not depressed if she does not attain them. I find a weakness in I think the right leg; it seems like a lameness. I come so closely en rapport with the lady that she seems to say -that is sufficient. She does not wish to be lauded."

"Have you read 'Psychometry' published re-cently by Professor Buchanan of Boston? I perfect judge of human character, and did

she know No. 3 intimately, she could not have given a more accurate description of this lady than the above; it is exact in every particular, except perhaps the weakness in the leg, but of this I can not speak posi-

tively.
Of No. 4 Mrs. P. says: "This brings me in contact with a large, dark man, about whom there is something which leads me to think him a physician. He is profound in his reasoning, and often misses a point which would be gained through simplicity. He would not like to be termed an assuming man, nevertheless he is quite conscious of his own ability. He is versed in languages, of great dignity of character, and not at all domestic. If this latter point were left to himself, he would refute the statement, but his wife would coincide. He is not affec-His intellectuality predominates over spiritual and physical nature.'

Observations on No. 4. This envelope contained a small unimportant piece of the handwriting of a man, dark but short-a man who has made his mark in the literary world. He writes and studies much, and when sitting, appears much taller than he really is. The rest of the description is very just.

Concerning No. 2 Mrs. P. says: "I can not get anything from this envelope-either the nature of the person is blank to me or the envelope contains only a piece of blank pa-

This same envelope was some time after wards given to Mrs. N. She says of it:
"I find no warmth in it—feels as though

my hands were in water-cannot get any-Observations on No. 2. The writer of the fragment enclosed in No. 2 has been known

to me for many years. It describes the individual exactly—a cold, heartless being.

Of No. 1 Mrs. P. says: "The impression which comes to me by holding this envelope,

is of a younger person than either of the others, and I think a woman, partially an invalid, certainly not strong, inclined to be irresolute, is not self-reliant, is of a childlike and clinging nature. One so sensitive as she could be crushed by a word. She is like a tropical plant, requires much sunlight and warmth in her social and domestic life to enable her to lives. She has the same gift I am now trying to demonstrate. Su-perabundance of patience, but very strong when driven to assert herself, not from choice, but only in self defense.'

Observations on No. 1. In some respects we have here the most interesting of the experiments made by Mrs. P., for it illustrates a point alluded to by Dr. Buchanan in his work on Psychometry, viz.: that a piece of paper written upon by one person, and kept for a time in the pocket of another, acquires the individuality of the latter, instead of retaining that of the one who wrote upon it; a thing which seemed so incredible that I re solved to test it in the following manner:

In this envelope I placed a scrap of paper on which were a few lines written by a gentleman, but which had been kept some two or three weeks in the pocket of a lady to whom the letter had been sent.

Mrs. P. was mistaken in saying that the character was that of a younger person than any of the preceding ones; the reverse is the case. But in every other particular, as far as I am able to judge, she has exactly described the lady who received and carried the letter about with her for some time.

In the month of October I made one more experiment. I sent a lock of hair (cut from the head of a little girl of five years old) to Mrs. P., under the same conditions and through the same channel as before. This child's state of health and bodily development has caused her relatives much anxi

In a letter dated Nov. 23, I received Mrs. P.'s report in this case. She has not been so successful in this as in the former ones. She does not seem to have seized the identity of this child. She describes this little girl's character as that of a person whose intellect is fully developed; but her observations on the physical condition of this subject would appear to be valuable. She speaks of irritation at the base of the brain and down the spine, both highly possible, as this little girl has not grown in height since she was two years old, and her limbs are too weak to bear the weight of her body, which is large in proportion to her age and much distendwhich fact she seems also to have real-

ized, as she hints at torpidity of the liver.
It would appear to be true from these experiments that some persons possess the gift of psychometry or soul-measuring; many more, perhaps, have it also, though they are unconscious of it. One of its most important and obvious uses may be to serve to counteract the materialistic spirit of our day, and lead our thoughts from nature to nature's God.

Woman's Work and Wages.

The following yery sensible paragraphs on the subject of "Womans Work and Wages," which we take from an exchange, are well worth reading and consideration:

While within the last few years many new avenues have opened up for woman, and her choice when thrown upon her own resources is no longer limited to the needle or to teaching, it is a sad fact that practically her pros-pects as money-maker seem but little im-proved. Why is this? It is not our purpose at present to enter upon the vexed question of the increasing disinclination for domestic service and the preference shown for under-paid work in stores and factories further tt an as it in itself emphasizes the necessity of convincing women how largely the exist-ing conditions are dependent upon them-

For it is a strange and pregnant fact that, even in the field of domestic service which women are refusing to enter, men, when they embrace it, either as cooks or waiters, command higher wages. And this question of comparative remuneration is not confined to any one branch of trade or business, but en ters into every position where woman as a worker is employed either in private families, stores, factories, or the business world.

This is in itself discouraging, but would scarcely call for a remark, being as it is so universally acknowledged and deplored, were it not for the fact that there is another side to the shield which is rarely brought for-ward, and which in our opinion is now worthy of serious consideration. For while it is true that in fields of employed labor woman is

TOO OFTEN UNDERPAID,

it is no longer the case when she becomes herself a producer, when instead of working for others, she enters the lists with them, and on her own account makes, manufactures, or ffers the result of her own labor to the pub-

Inquiry on this subject has elicited some curious facts. Thus, as a clerk, a woman commands less than a man; as an agent her commission is the same; as a copyist she takes less per folio; as an author she receives equal remuneration; as hack writer her value is depreciated; as reporter she is on an equal footing; as clerk in a large office, underpaid; as stenographer, on an independent footing, paid by time as man is; employed in a store she is engaged at the lowest possible rate; but as store-keeper herself, nothing but incapacity limits her opportunity. In all the professions she commands, if she chooses, equal fees-as minister, doctor, lawyer, dentist, it is her own fault and not man's tyranny which lowers her price.

The same is true in regard to all work brought to the open market. No woman is underpaid for eggs, butter, fruit or flowers, poultry, pork, or bacon. She receives the market price, subject to precisely the same trade conditions as man; and moreover, in spite of all assertion to the contrary, she never fails of finding a market if her goods are of first-rate quality. There never was a day yet when too many fresh eggs entered the market, or too many of the finest kinds of any fruit or vegetable. Mediocrity may flood the market, but excellence has never yet done it in the productive field.

TESTIMONY ON THIS POINT

is unanimous. Every dealer in the large markets will assure us that he can not get enough of the best quality of any produce, be it butter, mushrooms, poultry, eggs, or what not. Luxuries always command price. So does all good individual work. If it is not secured it is for one or two reasons: Either because it is offered in the wrong market, or because it is not really as good as it appears to be. Public taste is fickle, but trustworthy. Fashion changes, but appreciation of the rarely excellent always remains. This is the reason for devoting all one's energy to a special production as little as possible like that another is working upon. Unfortunately there is a decided tendency in human nature to copy. As soon as one woman succeeds in any undertaking a dozen others set out to do the same, and glut the market if they can, instead of individualizing their energies and striving to succeed in producing something suitable to their own

Even in cities where the contest is animated and conditions hard, the woman who, in-stead of looking for employment under others, resolutely and persistently produces for herself, has the best chance, as the girl who goes into families to sew by the day is (if she is competent) always in demand, whereas when employed in a store she is needed only when work is brisk.

But the real solution of this vexed question of underpaid work lies in the direction indicated. As a producer and independent worker, woman will always command the actual value of her work, neither more nor less than it is worth at the market value, and it should not be forgotten in earnest consideration of the question that woman has not infrequently received more than a fair valuation for her work, on the score of her sex and out of

SYMPATHY FOR MISFORTUNES.

Now sentiment has no place whatever in the business world, and the woman who has not mastered that fact will never succeed in any field until she realizes that her work will be paid liberally, not because the purchaser is sorry for her, but because it is wanted, whether her claim to consideration is a valid one or not.

If a woman places on the market a good novel or a good pie, and earns a character for excellence in either, her work will command fair price. People will read her book or eat her pie, and remain perfectly indifferent as to her sex.

Excellence in production has nothing to fear from competition, while excellence in work which every one can do, has everything to dread, for the field is already full to overflowing. The moral of which in regard to woman's work is plain and simple. Let her strive to produce an excellent article of one kind, seek the best market for it, which can always be found by diligent seeking, and accept the fair market value for it, expecting no less and desiring no more. If she fulfills these conditions she will have, not light or easy work and good pay for it, but a fair which is all she has any right to ask. She will soon realize not only that there is a field open to her, but that there is a public desirous of obtaining all that she can offer that is excellent in quality and punctually brought to the right market.

INDIAN CHOST CHARMS.

Queer Superstitions and Beliefs.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: The superstition that prevails now, and has prevailed in the past, is a fruitful theme for consideration by the student of mystic lore. A Hindoo, writing in the London Graphic, gives a very interesting account of some Eastern superstitions. The dread of ghosts: he says, is common to all the aboriginal races of India, from whom it has been very generally adopted by their Aryan conquerors and even by the lower classes of Mohammedans. All ghosts are believed to be mischievous, and some of them bitterly malicious and the only means employed to oppose their rancor is to build shrines for them, and to make them offerings of a fowl, a pig, or, on grand occasions, of a buffalo. Any severe illness, and more especially an epidemic disease, such as small-pox or cholera, is attributed to the malignity of certain of these spirits, who must be propitiated accordingly. The man tiger is, perhaps, the most dreaded of all these demon ghosts; for when a tiger has killed a man the tiger is considered safe from harm, as the spirit of the man rides upon his head, and guides him clear of danger. Accordingly, it is believed that the conly sure method of destroying a tiger who has killed many people is to begin by making offerings to the spirits of its victims, thereby depriving him of their valuable services." The ghosts most propitiated are of those who have met a violent or untimely death, whether by design or by accident, in-cluding poison and disease. All these deified spirits are often distinguished by some term denoting the manner of their death; thus, the "toddy ghost," the ghost of a man who was killed by falling from a toddy (palm) tree; the "tiger ghost," the ghost of a man who was killed by a tiger; the "lightning ghost," the ghost of a man who was killed by light-ning; the "snake ghost," and so on. Most of the deceased persons whose spirits are now worshiped were the ancestors of some of the aborigines; and as General Cunningham, the head of the archæological survey of India, says, their worship is generally local and confined to the limits occupied by the respective tribes to which they belonged. The ceremonies observed in propitiating the ghosts consist mainly of the offerings of goats, fowls or pigs, as well as flowers and fruits, and of the recitation of prayers and of the singing of certain mantras or charms, the last being the most important of all. These charms, which are always sung by men at the different shrines, are of two different kinds-the "Sabara 'charms" (Sabara being the name of one of the aboriginal tribes) and the "mythical incantations." The former are addressed to the deified ghosts of the dead, the performances being generally carried out in the country, or the place where the corpse was burned, and the latter are used for the purpose of compelling spirits to appear and receive the orders of the performer. The following are the translation of a few of the Indian ghost charms of either kind:

Hail! Glory to the demon Aglya Birj Down in the sevent's hell, 'Mid flames of fire, Sitting on Brahma's head! With fish, and dung of kites we come,
With yellow are nic and gum,
All these we bring - if you come not,
May Mother Kali curse you!

"Aglya Bir" is the Demon of Fire; "Brahma" is the Supreme Divinity; "Kali," one of the bloodthirsty Hindoo goddesses; the gum mentioned is the bdellium, a fragrant gum, which is much used in carrying out any of these The offerings do not seem very inviting, but they are quite as presentable as 'eye of newt and toe of frog" of the witches of Macbeth.

Hail to Hanuman! An urchin twelve years old, With sweetmeats in his band, And in his mouth a Pan. Hooting come, Baba Hanuman!

"Baba Hanuman" is baby; "Hanuman," the name of a dead child; "Pan." betel, chewed by the natives of India and adjacent countries. This charm must be begun on the first Tuesday of a month, fasting and wearing red clothes. Red lead mixed with oil should be rubbed over the image of Hanuman, and a lamp should be placed in front with some lighted fragrant gum or incense. A large wheaten cake, covered with clarified butter and coarse sugar, should be offered to the image, and the charm recited 1,100 times daily, counting the beets of a coral neck-lace. On the fortieth day the ghost Hanuman will appear before the charmer and take his orders. Here is a direction for raising a spirit or fairy: When new moon falls on a Thursday prepare some rice and milk to eat and select a solitary clean house for the performance. Bring some sweet-smelling flowers, some sweetmeats, some incenseyielding gum and the scented root agar. Draw a circle with a piece of red lead and put in eight cloves, eight beteluuts and a new lamp lighted with clarified butter. Next put all the sweetmeats and flowers inside the circle and then, first, pronouncing the prayer for safety (a prayer generally repeated by Brahmins every morning), begin reciting the charm:

Hazrat Jinnon aur Parlyon ki. Tara-turi-swaha.

This is to be repeated 5,000 times a day for several successive days. The performer must change the flowers and sweetmeats daily, but not the lamp; he must wear colored clothes, and keep himself pure and clean. The spirit or fairy will then appear to receive the charmer's orders.

Bismiliab, ar-rahman, ar-rahim! With chains of bells upon his feet, Dances Muhammada Bir. After a hearty breakfast, With a ninety-pounder bow, and a ninety-pounder arrow, Sports Muhammada Bir.

Shouting beat! beat! he comes Should be demon, bind she-devil!
Bind she-demon, bind she-devil!
Bind the witch, the ghost, the spirit!
Bind the nine man-lions,
Bind the two-and-fifty Bherons, Bind the nine different kinds of ghosts, Bind weak and strong and quarrelsome! Bind the red and bind the yellow, Bind the blue and bind the green. Bind the blue and bind the green.
Bind the white and bind the black, bind, bind, bind!

Close their wells and springs of water, Stop their sleeping, stop their sitting, Stop their drinkings stop their eating, stop, stop! Stop their sleeping, stop their cooking, stop, stop, Quickly stop. From the thigh of Iman Huse draw near!

From Lady Fatima's foot appear; Stay them no!! May the milk of mother's breast be forbidden!

I appeal to the throne of Suliman! This tremendous incantation must be be-

gun on an evening when the new moon falls on a Thursday. Place a ghee (clarified but-ter) lamp in front and burn some incense, and repeat the charm 108 times, at the same time making an offering of sweets. The charm must be repeated thirty-one successive Thursdays, which will compel the ghost to appear and obey the orders of the charmer. I shall conclude with the following song sung by men to conciliate Yankshas, a particular kind of demon, for the safety of their

As we call, one and all,
Brother Jahks, attend our call,
Flowers, sweetmeats, cocoanuts we bring,
With flags and pigs as our offering. As we call, etc.

goats and fowls and black cotton seed. With cowries six before you spread-As we call, etc.

Money and wine, with our bare-feet, And everything for worship meet; As we call, etc.

Preserve our children safe and sound.
Our prayer is as we circle round—
As we call one and all, Brother Jahks, attend our call.

Emperor Frederick shorfly before his death ave audience to a little English boy 6 years old who had undergone the operation of tracheotomy about a year ago. The boy had not only survived the operation but had grown strong and healthy. Emperor Frederick heard of his case and, desiring to see him, paid his expenses from London to Pots-dam. He examined the child's throat and heard him talk, while the Empress Victoria plied him with bonbons that he might show how well he could swallow.

Uncle William Clark of Clarksville, Pa., who is still alive at the age of 95, was present at the conference between Gen. William H. Harrison and Tecumseh, which occurred near Vincenues, Ind., seventy-eight years ago, just before the battle of Tippecanoe, at which the Indian Chief was killed.

Col. Ellott Shurtz of Marshalltown, Ia., filed a claim of \$75 with the War Department in 1848 for the loss of a horse in the Mexican war. Last week he received notice that his claim had been allowed.

Oscar Lepine, a planter of Raceland, La., had two spans of zebra horses which were considered a great curiosity and which he would not part with for any money. Last week all four animals died of sunstroke.

Matthew Arnold had a son who possessed all the propensities of a millionaire's off-spring without a millionaire's bank account behind him. The continuous effort to pay off the debts of this scapegrace was the reason why Mr. Arnold died poor,

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Wifth of Endor.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

The unfortunate are always superstitions; just in proportion as the calamities of life impair the freedom of the human mind, do impair the freedom of the numan mind, do the elements of the dark and the mysterious gather about it. The past has been embittered by care and disappointment; and, in the words of scripture, their "way is hedged up;" there is no hopeful vista to relieve the gloom of the present, and they appeal to omens, predictions, and the rude superstitions current among the yulgar in hope to tions current am ong the vulgar, in hope to

divine the future.

Too fee ble to toldly enter the precincts of Tru th, grasping with a strong faith the very horns of the aitar, and thus learn how the temporary yields to that which is eternal, and how the partial is lost in that which is universal, they linger about the threshold, perplexing themselves with dim shadows and faint intimations. They pause in the vestibule where Superstition sits portress, rather than enter to worship Truth herself.
It is the error of their destiny more than

their own. The light that is in them has become darkness. The clearness and vigor of perception are lost under the pressure of circumstances, in which human wisdom would seem to be of no avail, and they yield

at length as to an irresistible fate.

This history of Saul, the first King of Israel, is an affecting record of this kind. Raised to the dignity of royal power by no ambition of his own, but by Divine appointment, in compliance with the will of a people weary of their Theocracy, we look upon him from the first as an instrument-a being impelled

rather than impelling.
Painful, indeed, is the contrast of the proud and handsome youth commencing his kingly career in the freshness and freedom of early manhood, when life presented but a long perspective of sunshine and verdure, to that of the stricken man, weighed down by cal-amities, bereft of hope bereft of faith, for-saken of God, forsaken of his people, yet marching manfully to that fatal battle field,

where death only had been promised him.

From the commencement of his career the "choice young man and goodly" seems to have a leaning to the occult, a willingness to avail himself of mysterious power, rather than to reach results through ordinary, recognized channels. We find him commissioned by his father, going forth in quest of three stray asses, which he seeks, not by the hillsides and pastures of Israel, but by consulting the Seer Samuel. The holy man hails him king, and gently rebukes him as to the object of his visit, saying, "Set not thy mind upon the asses which were lost three days ago, for they are found."

Ardent and impulsive, he now goeth up and down in the spirit of prophecy, with the weird men who expound mysteries; and anon he sendeth the bloody tokens to the tribes of Israel, rousing them from the yoke of oppres-

Generous and heroic, he repels the foes of his people and loads the chivairic David with princely favors; yet beneath all this splendor of action and magnanimity of mind, like hidden waters, heard but unseen, lurked a dark and gloomy mysticism that embittered even his proudest and brightest hours. An evil spirit troubled him, which only the melody of the sweet Psalmist of Israel would beguile. Moses had been familiar with all the forms

of Egyptian worship, and all their many sources of knowledge; but as the agent of Divine nower and the promulgator of a new and holier faith, he wished to wean his people from the corruptions of heathenism im-bibed by their years of bondage, and from those subtilties of divination common to the Pagan world, and teach them a direct and simple reliance upon Him who alone "knoweth the end from the beginning." No insight to the future is needed by the strong in faith and strong in action. Hence the divinely appointed Legislator prohibited all intercourse with those who dealt in this forbidden lore forbidden as subgraphs of human hore. lore—forbidden as subversive of human hope and human happiness. The mind loses its tone when once impressed with the belief that the shadows of coming events have fallen upon it.

The impetuous and vacillating Saul, impelled by an irresistible instinct to this species of knowledge, sought to protect himself from its influence by removing the adepts in it from his kingdom, for it is thus that the weak in purpose hope to escape the snares of their own unstable conscience by removing a temptation which they are incapable of resisting. Thus the unhappy Saul had put in force the severe enactments of Moses against dealers in what were termed "familiar spirits," "wizards that peep," and "sorcerers" of every grade. We have thus the testimony to the jufirmity of his manhood, in the fact, that in secret he dwelt upon a lore which he

that in secret he dwelt upon a lore which he had in public denounced.

Vain and superstitious, unbelieving and pretentious, oh! "choice young man and goodly," thou wert no match for the chivalric David, with his earnest faith in God; the warrior Poet; the kingly Minstrel; the man of many crimes, yet redeeming all by the fervency of his penitence, and his unfaltering trust in the Highest; in Him who had led from the first the armies of Israel. Yet the ing trust in the Highest; in Him who had led from the first the armies of Israel. Yet the noble and heroic did not quite desert thee, oh, Saul! even when thou didst implore the holy prophet to honor thee in the presence of "the Elders of the people," and he turned and worshiped with thee. A kingly pageant when the sceptre was departing from thee!

Disheartened by intestine troubles, appalled by foreign invasion the split of the whenty

by foreign invasion, the spirit of the unhappy king forsook him, and it is said, "his heart greatly trembled." Samuel, the stern, uncompromising revealer of the truth, was no more. Unsustained by a hearty reliance upon divine things, Saul was like a reed cast upon the waters, in this his hour of trial and per-

"When Saul inquired of the Lord; the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams nor by prophets." Unhappy man! thy prayers were those of doubt, not of faith, and how could they enter that which is within the veil? In the utterness of his despair he consults the Woman of Endor. She might not control events, but she could foresee and foretell them. Perilous and appalling as his destiny threat-ened to be, he would yet know the worst. There was majesty in thee, oh Saul! even in There was majesty in thee, oh Saul! even in thy disguise and agony, as thou didst confront thy stern counselor brought from the land of shadows—"the old man covered with a mantle." When Samuel demands: "Why hast thou disquieted me?" we share in the desolateness and sorrow which the answer implies: "God is departed from me, and answer the me, and answer the stern the stern that t answereth me no more, neither by prophets nor by dreams; therefore have I called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what

The Woman of Endor! That is a strange perversion of taste that would represent her hideous in aspect. To me she seems all that

is genial and lovely in womanhood. So great has been the suffering of Saul that he had fasted all that day and night, and at the terrible doom announced by the Seer, his strength utterly forsook him, and

Now cometh the gentle ministry of the Woman of Endor. "Behold, thou hast prevailed with me to hearken to thy voice, even at the peril of my life, now, also, I pray thee to hearken to the voice of thy handmaid, and let me let me set a morsel of bread before thee, and eat, that thou mayst have strength."

Can aught be more beautiful, more touching or womanly in its appeal? Aught more foreign from a cruel and treacherous nature, aloof from human sympathies, and dealing with dangerous and unholy knowledge?

To the Jew, trained to seek counsel only from Jehovah, the Woman of Endor was a dealer with spirits of evil. With us, who imbibe truth through a thousand channels, made turbid by prejudice and error, she is a distorted being allied to the hags of a wild and fatal delusion. She has neither grace nor comeliness. We confound her with the witches of Macbeth, cruel, misleading, and repulsive, with the victims of Salem, or the Moll Pitchers of modern days. Such is not the Woman of Endor. We have

adopted the superstition of Monk and Priest through the longera of darkness and bigotry, and every age has lent its shadow to the picture. Let us separate her from all others, and behold her as she stands alone, grand. statuesque-projected from the past-more ancient than Hypatia, but like her a noble representative of what Paganism had done

"Hearken to the voice of thy handmaid, and let me set a morsel of bread before thee." Beautiful picture of primitive and genial hospitality! The Woman of Endor riseth before me in every attitude of her kind, earn-est entreaty. The braids of her dark hair mingle with the folds of her turban; her Oriental robes spread from beneath the rich girdle, and the bust swells with her impassioned appeal. I behold the proud contour of her features, the deep, spiritual eye, the chiseled nostril, and the lip shaming the ruby. The cold, haughty grace, becoming a daughter of the Magi, has given place to the teaderness of her woman's heart.

Woman of Endor! thou hast gathered the sacred lotus for the worship of Isis; thou hast smoothed the dark-winged Ibis in the temple of the gods; thou art familiar with the mysteries of the Pyramids; thou hast quaffed the sweet waters of the Nile, even where they well up in the cavernous vaults. The ancient Cheops; thou hast watched the stars and learned their names and courses; thou art familiar with the sweet influences of the Plejads, and the bands of Orion. Thy teacher was a reverent worshiper of nature, and thou a meek and earnest pupil. Thou didst hold a more intimate communion with nature than we of a later and more worldly age. Thou didst work with her in her laboratory, creating the pearl and the gen, and all things whatsoever into which the breath of life entereth not.

There was neither falsehood nor diabolical

power in all this. Men were nearer the primitive man; nearer the freshness of crea-tion, and they, who patiently and religiously dwelt in the temple of nature, learned her secrets, and acquired a power hidden from the vulgar, even as the learned do now in their dim libraries, and amid their musty

. Thus was it with the Woman of Endor. She was learned in all the wisdom of the East. She had studied the religion of Egypt; had listened to the sages of Brahma, and studied philosophy in those most ancient schools, to which the accomplished Greek afterwards resorted for truth and lofty aspiration; yet in all these did the daughter of the Magi feel truth unattained, and she went onward in the search.

She had heard of a new faith-that of Israel—a wondrous people who had at one time sojourned in Egypt, gorgeous temples strewn Egypt, and yet had struggled forth, led by a strange, invincible power, to other lands and a new faith. Hither had come the Woman of Endor in the humble spirit of inquiry to learn something more of those great truths for which the human soul yearns with an undying thirst. Hence it was that her learning and her beauty separated her from the dealers in forbidden arts, whom Saul had pursued to exile and death. He respected her as a Sibyl, a Priestess, who had left the tripod, searching for higher inspiration. She was no trifler with the fears and credulities of the vulgar, but a patient dealer in the best truth which the Pagan genius had been able to evolve. But prejudice was against her, and she suffered the ban of interdict. All night had she watched the stars, and firmly did she believe that human events were shadowed forth in their silent movements. She compounded rare fluids, and produced creations of wondrous beauty.

There were angles described in the vast mechanism of nature: in the passage of the heavenly bodies; in the congealing of fluids, and the formation of gems, which were of stupendous power when used in conjunction with certain words of mystic meaning, derived from the vocabulary of spirits; spirits, who once familiarly visited our earth, and left there symbols of their power behind them. These angles and these words, the learned, who did so in the spirit of truth and greedness were able to use and greet was goodness, were able to use, and great, mar-vellous, were the results. This was the knowledge which Solomon in his turn imbibed from his pagan wives, and it may be from the Queen of Sheba, who came to teach and to learn also.

Such was the wisdom, such was the faith of the Woman of Endor, the wise, beautiful daughter of the Magi. She was yet young and lovely; not the child, nor the girl, but the full, intellectual and glorious woman.

Willing to relieve the unhappy king she had used a spell of great power in his behalf, unknowing the rank of her visitor, for she seems only to have pitied his misery, and thus had compelled the visible presence of one of the devoted servants of the Most High God, and she was appalled at beholding the earth gods whom she worked descending the earth-gods, whom she evoked, descending before the "old man covered with a mantle."

before the "old man covered with a mantle."

The fate of Saul would have been the same had not the prophet from the dead pronounced that fearful doom, "To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be as I am," not where I am, but dead. The same, but till the last he might have realized that vague comfort to be found in the uncertainty of fate, and in the faint incitements of hope. Fancy might have painted plains beyond the mountains of Gilboa, where the dread issues of battle were to be tried, and he would have been spared that period of agony when the been spared that period of agony when the strong man was bowed to the earth at the certainty of doom.

Saul and the Woman of Endor, ages on ages since, fulfilled their earthly mission, leaving behind this simple record to testify to the identity of human emotions in all times and all places. We cease to regret the sufferings of Saul in view of an enlarged humanity, for had he been other than he was the world would have been unblessed with this gorgeous representative of Pagan learning, this episode of woman's grace and woman's tenderness, in the person of the Woman of Endor.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at. of can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PRIL-SOPHOICAL JOURSAL.

PHALLIC WORSHIP, An Outline of the History and Symbology of the Worship of the Generative Organs, as Being, or as Representing, the Divine Creator, with Suggestions as to the Influence of the Phallic Idea on Religious Creeds, Ceremonies, Customs and Symbolism—Past and Present, Iliustrated by over 200 Engravings. By Robert Allen Camptell, C. E. Price, on paper of extra size, weight and quality, \$15; full morocco, full calf, full Russia gilt top, \$25; regular edition, cloth binding, \$7.50.

This is undoubtedly a valuable work, the aim of the author being to present a popular sketch of the history, customs, and symbolism of Phallic worship —past and present—written in plain English. With-out using quotation marks, or announcing special credits in detail, the author states that he has quoted a truth, colled a fact, borrowed an illustration, and adopted an interpretation wherever found or by whomsoever before stated—and often in nearly, by whomsoever before stated—and often in nearly, or even exactly, the words of the early writers. Those who are familiar with Higgins' Anacalypsis and his Celtic Druids, Payne Knight's Worship of Priapus and his Symbolic Language, Furlong's Rivers of Life, Inman's Ancient Faiths, and his bither kindred works, Lajard's Culte de Venus, Du-Laure's Divinités Génératrices chez les Anciens et les Modernes, Hargrave Jenning's Rosecrucians, and his Phallicism, etc., will readily recognize the sources from which much in this work has been called.

As to the importance and dignity of the theme and hence the propriety of its treatment—which some may question—and as to its purity, which many will question—the author simply quotes Hargrave Jennings, whose extensive and patient study of this and kindred subjects renders his opinion

valuable. He says:

"It may be boldly asserted that there is not a religion that does not spring from the sexual distinction. There is not a form, an idea, a grace, a sentiment, a felicity in art which is not owing in one form or another to Phallicism, and its means of indication, which, at one time, in the monuments-statutesque or architectural-covered, the whole earth. All this has been ignored—averted from-carefully concealed (together with the philosophy which went with it) because it was judged indecent. As if anything seriously resting in nature, and being notoriously everything in nature and art (everything, at least, that is grand and beaufiful), could be-apart from the mind making it so-inde

From a casual examination of the work we judge that it will prove of great value to the ordinary bus-iness or professional man, and be the means of illuminating his mind with facts that will give him a far clearer, more comprehensive view of religion as a factor in the world during the misty ages of the past, as well as in the ever active present, and lead bim to conclusions which can not fail to give him a better conception of those curious processes of evo-lution through which man has passed in order to reach his present standard of excellence. In olden times man personified the dawn and twilight, designating the former as Oki and the lat-

ter as Cammerick.—their father being Ukko, the sky. The same practice existed also with reference to the wind, clouds, rain, whirlwinds, waterspouts, lightning, thunder, echoes and mirage—each one represented as a living being acting an important represented as a living being acting an important part in those events constantly transpiring in the natural world. Such being the case it is not strange that man originally adopted a peculiar system of worship as succinctly laid down by Mr. Campbell; it was one of the peculiar processes of evolution, and a thorough acquaintance with the facts he has collated will tend to clear the atmosphere surrounding the origin of religious, and give man a clearer conception of the agent that has acted a prominent part ception of the agent that has acted a prominent part in shaping the religious aspect of the world.

GNES SURRIAGE. By Edwin Lassetter Bynner. Fourth edition. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Pp. 418.

This volume is appropriate at the present season when our coasts are througed with 'yacht men' and pleasure seekers. Through its pages the waters of Massachusetts Bay sparkle in the sunshine. It aims to portray New England Colonial life in the form of a novel. The Boston of older times is reproduced with a fidelity which makes the book apart from its interest as a story, of historical value.

NO. 19 STATE STREET, By David Graham Adee. New York: Cassell and Company, Limited; Chi-cago: S. A. Maxwell & Co., Pp. 339. Price, 50

This story is somewhat in the style of Rider Hagin it as snake worshipers. On keeping from the po-lice and public, knowledge of the possession of a buge serpent brought to this country and kept at their home, haugs the interest of the story.

A PURE-SOULED LIAR. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. 1888. Pp. 191. Price, 50 cents.

The author of "A Pure Souled Liar" draws the characters of the story from the students of a modern Art Institute. The style is entertaining, and there is a life-like naturainess in the incidents of the work, especially in the earlier chapters. The merit of the novel is more in its literary style than in its plot, or than in any moral lesson it conveys.

Partial List of July Magazines Received.

The Century Magazine. (New York.) The opening article by Edward L. Wilson is on Sinai and the Wilderness. Appropriate to the Gettysburg Reunion are the poems by a Northern and a Southern soldier, Colonel Higginson and Will H. Thompson. George L. Kilmer in an article entitled A Note of Peace, gives an account of the reunions of the Blue and the Gray. A supplementary paper in the War Series deals with the career of the Confederate ram Albemania. The Life of Lincoln, and Kennan's Albemarie. The Life of Lincoin, and Kennan's Siberian Papers, are continued in this number. Rev. Dr. Buckley has an essay on Dreams, Nightmare, and Somnambulism. The frontispiece is a portrait of Pasteur and is in connection with a timely article on Disease Germs, and How to Combat Them

on Disease Germs, and How to Combat Them.

The New Princeton Review. (New York.) The Study of the Elghteenth Century Literature is a striking discussion by Edmund Gosse; M. G. Maspero, the eminent French Egyptologist, gives the result of his original investigations in Egyptian Souls and their Worlds; The Hou. Eugene Schupler concludes A Political Frankenstein; Prof. Alexander Johnston advances some novel views on the character and necessity of political Machines, and The American Party Convention; H. Marquand, Esq., speaks from personal experience of The Duty on Works of Art. In Humanistic Religion, Prof. A. T. Ormond argues against the validity of the Positivist creeds, and Madame Cavazza gives another of her sketches of Calabrian peasant life. Criticisms, notes and reviews are varied and timely.

St. Nicholas. (New York.) This number can

and reviews are varied and timely.

St. Nicholas. (New York.) This number can well be called a patriotic number for the Fourth of July is well represented. The frontispiece rings in the day we celebrate and an appropriate story on the subject follows. Two chapters of Two Little Confederates is given, and Tom and Maggie Tulliver is centinued. In Dogs of noted Americans we find much that is amusing. Drill and Recollections of the Naval Academy will interest the boys. Several pretty poems with diustrations are given and the young readers will find much to amuse their through their vacation days. their vacation days.

Woman. (New York.) In looking over this new literary enterprise we find much that is unique and valuable. Its contributors comprise many of the leading writers and its pages are embellished with engravings of high merit. Club Life has been widely discussed. In Helen Campbell's thrilling account of Prisoners of Poverty Abroad, the hard experiences of the London working poor are graphi-

The English Illustrated Magazine. (New York.)
The continued stories furnish their usual chapters
and are followed by William Hutton, and A Hamshire Hamlet. The frontispiece is a picture of Dr.
Samuel Johnson, from the portrait by Sir Joshua

The American Magazine. (New York.) The July number is particularly interesting. Wilfred Patterson has a well-written and finely illustrated article on the famous Walters Art Collections; Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton contributes a paper on Spritualism and Like Delusions; a feature is a story of Southern life, entitled Tother Miss Norie, by Marah Ellis, a young writer who makes her first bow before the literary public. A stroke of enterprise is a fore the literary public. A stroke of enterprise is a discussion by eminent American authors, of the Chace International Copyright Bill; Ecuador and her Cities, brings out much information of that part of South America which is not generally known.

The Chicago Law Times. (Chicago.) A portrait and biographical ske'ch of Morrison R. Waite, late Chief Justice of the United States is the initial article and will be read by many true friends of this tru:-hearted man; there is also a sketch of Melville W. Fuller, lately appointed to fill the vacancy left by Chief Justice Waite. Labor, Capital and Land; Law Reform in Civil Cases; Suffrage in Washington Territory: Marriages in the frage in Washington Territory; Marriages in the Middle German Ages; Representative Members of the Chicago Bar, comprise some of the leading arti-

cies.

The Kindergarten. (Chicago.) The July number of this new monthly is ready and has an attractive appearance. Mrs. Mary B. Willard contributes Some Distinctive features of the German Kindergarten, and Mrs. Alice H. Putnam gives some typical lessons. The publishers, Alice B. Stockham & Co., 161 Lasalle St., aim to have every number contain lessons and stories adapted to home and school, with kindergarten methods for primary teachers. teachers.

The Homiletic Review. (New York.) With the July number opens the sixteenth volume of this monthly. All the departments are up to the high standard maintained by this Review, and furnish a varied amount of material in the way of thought, fact, and discussion, that cannot fail to inform and inspire the readers of the Review.

Lucifer. (London, Eng.) Theosophy or Jesuit-ism opens the June issue of this monthly, and is fol-lowed by such good reading as: Leylet-En-Nuktah; The Romantic Story of Genhis Khan; The Woman in the Stone Tower; The Sraddha; Karmic Vis

Buchanan's Journal of Man. (Boston.) Becel-ent articles fill the July number of this sterling monthly. Also:

The Manifesto, Canterbury, N. H. The Unitarian, Ann Arbor, Mich. The Senson, New York. Mental Science, Chicago, Ills. Our Little Ones and the Nursery, Boston. L' Autore, Paris, France.

Sphinx, Munich, Bavaria.

New Books Received.

Temperance and Prohibition. By G. H. Stockbam, M. D. Oakland, Cal.: Published by the author. The Growth of Religious Thought. By Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant. Unity Pulpit. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. Price, 5 cents.

Works Treating Upon the Spiritual Philosophy and the Spirit World.

Book on Mediums; or Guide for Mediums and In-Book on Mediums; or Guide for Mediums and invocators: containing the special instructions of the spirits on the theory of all kinds of manifestations; the development of mediumship, and the means of communicating with the invisible world. By Allen Kardec. Also, The Spirits' Book, by the same author, containing the principles of spiritist doctrine on the immortality of the soul and the future life. Price, \$1.60. each.

Spirit Workers in the Home Circle. By Morell Theobald, F. C. A. An autobiographic narrative of psychic phenomena in family daily life extending over a period of twenty years, and told in a most delightful and interesting manner. Price, \$2.40. The Spirit World, its inhabitants, nature and phi-losophy. By Eugene Crowell. Price, \$1.00.

Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism, by the same author, Vol. II. The volumes of this work are independent of each other and since Vol. I, is entirely out of print. Vol. II is selling at \$1.20.

The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism. By Epes Sargent. As the title indicates this work is a scien-tific exposition of a stupendous subject and should be read by all Spiritualists and investigators. Price,

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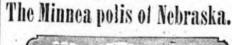
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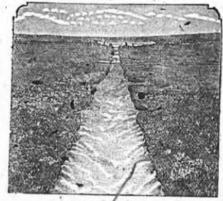
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From the Old to the New.

The present is remarkable as a period of transition from old to new ideas and methods. In religious thought the change is very marked. During the last twenty years "the decay of faith" has been a subject of a vast amount of comment and discussion from every point of view. Herculean efforts have been made to turn the tide, but these efforts have apparently served only to strengthen and extend doubt and disbelief.

The rapidity with which doctrines, once firmly fixed in the popular mind, have, during the last two decades especially, lost their hold upon the masses is, on so large a scale, without precedent either in the ancient or modern world. The spread of skepticism in regard to the Pagan faith when Christianity was making its early conquests and preparing to assume imperial control, affords no parallel to the present rapid diffusion of skepticism as to the essential theological dogmas of Christianity.

The facility with which ideas can now be widely and quickly spread, puts into the possession of millions at once, arguments and utterances, which if published a few years ago, supposing even that they had not been suppressed by the authorities, would have reached but a comparatively few. Now not simply business and news dispatches, but the opinions of eminent thinkers, sermons by famous preachers, speeches, lectures and essays by men who are attracting attention, chapters from, or the leading thought of, the latest important books are telegraphed from one community, from one country to another. In proportion to the intelligence of the people or their capacity to understand or assimilate the thought which is "in the air" do they profit by this rapid transmission. of ideas and this diffusion of literature

throughout the civilized world. It is only a question of time that the agitation of thought induced by modern agencies and the habit of making facts the data of beliefs, and proofs the test of their validity, will cause the mass of people to become discriminating, as the few are now, and make reason prevail over authority and science triumph over superstition.

During the transition from the old to the new thought, there is sure to be a great deal that is inconsistent and anomalous. The desire to accept the new and yet to retain the old, results in some very grotesque combinations of thought. Human nature does not take on an entirely new mood at once. It does not break with the past suddenly and forever, but gradually. An extensive stroke of mental and moral evolution will have to be undergone even by the most enlightened minds before they can assume the Phrygian cap of perfect moral and intellectual freedom. If this is true of the most advanced class of thinkers, how difficult it must be for the average mind with its more limited knowledge and with its inherited predispositions to discard old beliefs and adopt new ones. Reverence for ancestral faith and practices and attachment to religious associations and observances, together with the difficulty of finding anything to take the place of the dog'matism of the promises, of the prayers and hymns which have afforded to millions consolation through life and in the solemn hour of death, blur his perception of the absurdities of theology, and make him slow to accept anything thought to be in conflict with long cherished beliefs. He will naturally try to retain as much of the old faith and to adopt as little of the

Beligio-Philosophical Journal influenced by his feelings, will permit; and such inconsistencies and stultifications as are seen, for instance, in the views of those who are trying to satisfy themselves with

'progressive orthodoxy," are the result. The hideousness of the doctrine of eternal torment with no chance for repentance and reform after death, is seen and a progressive step is taken by admitting first that there may be, and then that there is, according to the scripture, "probation after death." Joseph Cook is not up to this point, but he says that the soul remains in the body a short time after breathing has ceased, and between that time and actual death there is a chance for conversion and salvation! So while there is no probation after death there

is probation after breath! The absurdity of the doctrine that all who having heard of Christ die without belief in his saviorship, will be forever damned, is conceded unwittingly and unwillingly, by those who say that the actual condition of salvation is belief only in the "essential Christ," the "Christ principles," which need not include belief in the "historic Christ." It was in this the way that the Independent a few years ago assured the world that Monteflore and Victor Hugo were among the redeemed. With many the fallibility of the Bible was first conceded by admitting, as Dean Stanley did, that science contradicts Genesis and that the mosaic cosmogony, so-called, is mere legend and superstition.

In this period of transition there are occupants of Christian pulpits, men educated for the ministry, who have outgrown all the essential theological elements of Christianity, men who are without belief in "the fall of man," or "Salvation through Christ," without faith even in the more general doctrines held as indubitable in pagan nations, such as the immortality of the soul. On the other hand among the advocates of "free thought" are ex-preachers of orthodox sects, men who have broken loose from the churches, but who in many cases are saturated with orthodox bigotry; and prejudice, and with whom declamation takes the place of argument, and ignorant assertion the place of proof. They appeal to "infidels" like themselves, men who know enough to be dissatisfled with their old beliefs, but who have neither the intellectual freedom and flexibility necessary to enable them to rise above the parrowing influences of their old faith, nor the education and knowledge to understand the best modern thought. They'expend their force in denouncing the form of theology, while they are as thoroughly dominated by its spirit as they were when they were preaching its dogmas.

The terms "free thought," "liberalism." "materialism," "infidelity," etc., are indefinite labels which denote opposition to theological beliefs, together with a mass of indiscriminating or undigested thought on philosophical, social and moral questions, The JOURNAL appreciates the "infidelity" of Voltaire and Paine and of all other independent and courageous thinkers who have opposed popular error in times that tried men's souls. But it distinguishes between men of this character and clerical pretenders on the one hand and infidel ex-preachers on the other, without character or real moral purpose, who substitute cheap declamation for argument and appeal to the ignorance of their hearers and seek to skin the liberal public "along the line of the least resistance."

During transitional periods, like the present, there is much incidental to progress which is offensive to refined and conscientions minds. It must be endured where it cannot be avoided, but it should never be approved. It will neither drive the wise reformer from his purpose nor make him the tool of demagogues in the field of reformatory

In the old systems of philosophy and faith there is a vast amount of precious truth. He who can, while rejecting the errors of these systems, hold fast to the great truths they teach and add to them the best thought of to-day is the man who will find no difficulty in adjusting himself to the changes of this transitional period.

"Good all Throngh."-

An editorial writer for one of the most influential dailies and an author of national reputation, who is a spiritually minded man. though not technically a Spiritualist, in a letter to a friend says: "The RELIGIO PHILO-SOPHICAL JOURNAL is really capital; good all. through. What is more, it is honest to convictions-which I do not believe is true of more than two or three religious journals in the United States. They know they are defending the unprovable and often the disproved.'

Do the regular subscribers to the JOURNAL realize the cost and the sacrifices necessary to make a paper that secures such voluntary and unsolicited approval from people in every that the Lord would not only appoint the way qualified to express an opinion? We fear not. If they did they would never rest until they had lightened our burdens and strengthened our hands:

Mr. A. E. Carpenter, one of the most experienced of Spiritualists and known in nearly every city and large town in the country as an expert mesmerist, has an interesting letter on another page. It is high time of the devil and a relic of the superstition of he and hundreds of other rational spiritualists in Boston should join in an organized effort to regulate the public practice of mediumship in that fraud-ridden city. The plained, was the result of much reading and Banner of Light has shown its sympathy with swindlers and has condoned the offenses of incorrigible scamps so long that it out many counties have already been apcannot now have any reformatory influence prised of the new prophet and the news is

Frightful Theology.

The New York Sun gives this report written by a missionary in Japan,on the effect of

the orthodox gospel on the natives: The orthodox gospel on the natives:

They grieve over the fate of their departed children, parents and relatives, and often show their grief by tears. They ask us if there is any hope, any way to free them by prayer from that eternal misery, and I am obliged to answer there is absolutely none. Their grief at this affects and torments them wonderfully; they almost pine away with sorrow. They often ask if God can not take their father out of heil, and why their punishment must never have an end. I can hardly restrain my tears at seeing men's odear to my heart suffer such intense pain. Such thoughts, I imagine, have risen in the hearts of all missionaries, in all churches.

Yet this man feels bound to teach these people a horrid and unjust dogma which fills their souls with grief.

The question arises, why not let the pagans alone rather than fill their poor hearts with such hellish fancies of a wrathful God? A great many difficulties lie in the path of the missionary, but the greatest are those in his own creed, and in what those he would convert learn about Christian countries. In Africa the natives are far more readily converted by Mohammedan than by Christian missionaries, because vile oaths and trade in men and gunpowder are associated in their miads with the English language, while all they know of the Arabic is as a sacred dialect. Forty years ago our missionaries among the Kurens in Burmah had a great stumbling block in their way, the natives having found out that American Christians bought and sold each other as slaves, and frankly saying they were afraid to be Christians and perhaps be sold on the auction block. Mozoomdar wittily said that if the British should evacuate Hindostan they could leave behind, as their monument, a pyramid of champagne bottles ornamented with cigar stubs. With greater ease of travel the pagans know us better, and our task is so to act that they will respect us more.

H. Marquand has a good article in the New Princeton Review for July, showing the folly of imposing customs duties upon works of art. The words of the Secretary of State are appropriately quoted: "I would call your attention to the fact that no nation claiming to be civilized imposes duties upon works of art at all commensurate with those levied under the tariff of the United States." France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Denmark, Greece, Italy, the Netherlands, Sweden, Great Britain, India, New South Wales and Victoria, are among the nations or colonies that admit works of art free of duty. American artists at home and abroad who are especially interested in cultivating the taste for art among their countrymen, have done their best to have the duties removed from foreign paintings and statuary. It is in their supposed interests that the Government imposes duties upon works of art, but they are the very persons who are the most dissatisfied with the present conditions. The way to encourage what is so much needed in this new country, the love of art, is to make it as easy as possible to obtain the best works, and give American artists the opportunity they ask to enter the market in competition, unprotected, with European artists. Mr. Marquand justly observes: "The picture buying habit grows with indulgence, and the man who once buys even the product of the pauper studios of Europe, is much more likely to patronize, American art than he who has never been led into temptation."

The work of a party convention is not complete in these days until it includes the adoption of resolutions extending sympathy to the Irish people, in their efforts to secure home rule. Sympathy is a good thing when it is with the right, and its expression is always gratifying to the victims of injustice when there are no selfish motives or unworthy purpose behind it. The sentiment in this country in regard to Ireland is strongly in favor of home rule, and this sentiment is not confined to any political party. But everybody knows that these resolutions passed at party conventions are designed to catch votes. There is a large number of Irish voters in the United States and both parties want as many of their votes as they can get. Hence these tears. Hence this "taffy." The people-the intelligent Irishmen in this country, indee. now very well that no party has a corner on American sympathy with the Irish home rulers, and the political tricksters who resort to the tactics mentioned, are not likely to gain much by employing them. Whichever party is successful it will make no difference to the cause of home rule in Ireland.

A New York Herald correspondent draws a very vivid picture of Rev. Giles Moss, the black El Mahdi, living near Rochester, Ky. His influence over his colored brethren is supreme. While being questioned by the Herald correspondent, his voice was low, cheerful, and distinct, and he exhibited no concern as to the credulity or incredulity of his hearer. In answer to queries he said time, but the manner in which his black children would be conveyed back to the ancient home of Ham. They would possibly spread ever the entire continent in missionary bands and would find no trouble in converting their brethren to the true God. He was ready with an intelligent reply to every question, and when "voodooism" was suggested he denounced it as the machination the barbaric Arabs, who still practice it under the name of "sufism." His knowledge of many subjects was wonderful, which, he exreflection. Indeed, he is a puzzle to those who have visited him. The negroes throughnew truth as the demands of his intellect, even if it had the sense and courage to try. spreading everywhere, creating excitement steady power as intoxicating drink."

and even consternation, as the belief is general that his followers already number thousands. Many of these are bastily arranging their affairs and making preparations to depart at any moment their leader may command. Moss is holding religious services every night, closing each sermon with the warning to be prepared for the pilgrimage at any moment.

A dispatch from New York to Chicago failies states that in the neighborhood of New Rochelle, just to the northward of the town, there is a ghostly animation among the residents. There are hundreds up there who believe that the apparition of Thomas Paine, the great infidel, appears every few nights. Paine was buried under what has become a very large walnut tree, in a sloping hayfield. Subsequently friends removed the remains to some higher ground a short distance away. The former site of his resting place still retains four posts that were the corners of an inclosure, but new-mown hay just now encumbers the ground, and there is nothing of the old mound visible. The monument erected to Paine considerably later was planned to stand on the original spot, hence the ashes of Paine were to be removed, but the owner of the land had a horror of infidelity, and would neither give away nor sell a square foot to be devoted to honoring his memory. Therefore the stone was placed over the spot where the remains had been reinterred. It is considerably chipped, the sacrilege having been committed in part by relic hunters and in part by opponents of the dead man's disbelief. Some of the dwellers in the neighborhood are now saying that they have seen a white ghost flitting at night between these two spots, sometimes rising high in the air like a cloud and sometimes seeming to tread the ground with a light step.

Influential representatives of the druggists the milk and lemonade dealers and fruit stand proprietors of Pittsburgh, Pa., have effected an organization, the object of which is to make parts of "Blue Laws" of 1794 so obnoxious that objectionable parts will be legislated out of existence. A committee of five have lately employed an ex-city official who will secure evidence and make informations in cases of worldly labor performed on the Sabbath day. Solid financial backing has been secured and counsel has been retained. Prosecutions will begin next week. Street car companies will probably be the first to answer in the courts. The publishers of newspapers will be called to account through the arrest of employes who work on Sunday. The uniformed liverymen who drive their employers to church on Sunday will be called upon. In fact prosecutions are to be entered wherever possible to do so, and the new organization hopes to make the public so hostile to the laws of 1794 that amendment or epeal will follow.

"Our party," said a political speaker the other day, "demands equality for all." His speech aimed to show that if his party triumphed by the election of its Presidential candidate, next November, it would see equality established and all wrongs righted. When the word "equality" is used it should be with some definite meaning. It is not those who by superior talent legitimately acquire advantages of wealth, education or under which each may attain his full stature, achieve the full possibilities of his being. An equality of opportunity for success is the only equality that reasonable men can expect or desire. Humanity requires that the unfortunate shall be encouraged, and when necessary, aided in the "struggle for life;" but the successful men, the men of intellectual power, of energy and commanding influence must not be crippled in order that the "inequality" between them and the weaker men may be lessened.

The statement that Lowell and Holmes are disgusted with the honors the Bostoni ans are lavishing upon Sullivan, the returned slugger, is probably true, but the report that they have decided to move to Chicago where the higher forms of literature and art are held in greater regard than slugging, needs confirmation. There is little doubt that if these distinguished writers were young men, the decadence of the modern Athens and the growing literary importance of this great commercial metropolis would make them decide to come out west and "grow up with the country." A literary gentleman, a Bostonian, writing in the freedom of private correspondence, and with some exaggeration we believe, says: "Boston is now chiefly known as the city of the Irish Gorilla Sullivan who has just returned from Europe, where he made a pugilistic failure. Chicago, in spite of its hog and hominy and dressed beef, is more of a literary centre than Boston."

These words of Cardinal Manning may be commended to the framers and supporters of the political free-whisky platform. His eminence says: "For thirty-five years I have been priest and bishop in London; and now I approach my 80th year I have learned some lessons, and the first thing is this: The chief bar to the working of the holy spirit of God in the souls of men and women is intoxicating drink. I know no antagonist to that | good spirit more direct, more subtle, more stealthy, more ubiquitous, than intoxicating drink. Though I have known men and women destroyed for all manner of reasons, yet I know of no cause that affects man, woman, child, and home with such universality and

The counting room, book store and editorial rooms of the JOURNAL will close at one o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays during July and August. City patrons and country visitors will please remember this and avoid disappointment. The JOURNAL desires that its faithful helpers who have served so diligently through the year shall have at least a half-holiday every week during the summer. Those who have never been shut up in a city office year in and year out cannot appreciate what a boon a half-holiday is during the hot summer season. Help the Jour-NAL to practice its humanitarian teachings by transacting your business with it so as not to infringe upon the Saturday half-holiday of its employes.

GENERAL ITEMS.

The Journal's photographic collection has been still further enriched the past week by fine pictures of Mr. Charles Dawbarn, the lecturer, and Mr. E. M. Jones of Philadelphia.

Mr. Cyrus Buckman of Oregon, writes that the cause of Spiritualism is steadily making progress in Oregon, and it is of a healthy

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Drake returned to Chicago on Friday of last week, and departed the next day for Lake Pleasant, Mass. Mrs. Drake's friends will be glad to learn that her health is much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shepard, the parents of Jesse Shepard, arrived from London, Eng., June 26th, and are stopping at Villa Montezuma. They were accompanied by Miss Letitia A. Shepard, their daughter.

The New England Camp Meeting Circular is ready for applicants. At gives full particulars in detail. Callers at this office can get one. Those at a distance can address J. Milton Young Lake Pleasant, Mass.

The many friends of Rachel Walcott, the eloquent trance speaker of Baltimore, will regret to learn that she is lying critically ill at her residence, \$17, N. Fremont Ave., Baltimore.

G. H. Brooks writes from Mapleton, Iowa, July 2nd .: "The grove meeting passed off finely. There were about five hundred people present and much interest was manifested. I speak in Belding, Mich., the third Sunday in July, and go to the southern part of this State for next Sunday."

J. M. Allen has finished his third month at Peoria, Ill., and will probably resume his labors there after the heated term is past. He reports a high degree of interest among the thoughtful people of that city in the cause of Spiritualism, as a result of his public and private work. Peoria address, 607 Hamilton St.; St. Louis address, 1217 Washington Ave.

After six weeks' successful ministrations on the Pacific coast, and while on their way to the Eastern camp meetings, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, inspirational speaker, Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, seer and test medium, assisted by Mr. J. T. Lillie, composer and vocalist, will hold two public meetings and scances, at the Princess Opera House, 558 West Madison St., On Sunday, July 15th, at 3 and 7:45 P. M-Admission 25 cents.

There will be a ratification meeting of the National Prohibition Party at Battery D, Chicago, Friday, July 13th, at 7:30 P. M. Speakers: Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, candidate for President; John A. Brooks, candidate for influence. What society should strive to Vice-President; Hon. D. H. Harts, Candidate equalize as far as possible is the conditions for Governor; Hon. J. L. Whitlock, candidate for Lieutenant-Governor; Geo. W. Bain, Kentucky; and Miss Frances E. Willard, Evans-

> July 2nd was the forty-fourth day since John Seachar, the Caledonia farmer, partook of nourishment and fifteen days since he took medicine. He was in good condition until the afternoon, when he became very sick, and it is believed that he cannot live many days. When first taken ill he weighed one hundred and eighty pounds; now his weight is less than one hundred pounds. Physicians report it the most remarkable case of the kind on record, for the reason that Seachar has been up and about during the entire fast.

> Mrs. Maria Woodworth, the faith cure evangelist, is conducting a tent meeting at Oak Ridge Park, Springfield, Ill., and setting the populace wild with the alleged remarkable cures occurring there daily. It is said that people come from a distance and camp in the woods to attend the meetings, and persons coming on crutches are reported as going away without them, perfectly cured. Among certain classes of people the excitement has become intense, and the meetings are expected to continue as long as the excitement lasts.

> Lauville Combs, a boy not yet eleven years old, will shortly be put on trial at Jackson, Ky., for a most fiendish murder. Last spring he crushed his sister's skull with a hammer, then threw the body in the fire, and piled on the wood. The attempt to cremate the remains proving unsuccessful, the young fiend took them to the creek near by and threw the body in the water. It being too shallow for his purpose, the murderer again moved the body and buried it in the sand. The boy is a regular tough, chews and drinks, takes his arrest coolly, and says the only thing that worries him is that his sister comes back at night and won't let him sleep.

> "Fortunate it is," says, the Lewistown, Me., Journal, "that the days of belief in witches are over,else the stories yow going the rounds of the Maine papers might make it dangerous for somebody. The latest marvel, thus far, as chronicled by the Dexter Gazette, is a barn door that opens without .hands. A Dexter man who drove into a yard in Cambridge, after trying the barn door and find

ing it fast, hitched his horse to the side of the barn. While the man was in the house, the horse broke loose and started for home, but became frightened by some men at work with a road machine, turned back and rushed for the barn, the doors of which obligingly opened to let him in, closing behind him. When the dozen men who witnessed the affair reached the barn, no one was to be seen, and the door stuck so badly that it was opened with difficulty."

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, whom we announced as having returned from an extended visit to Australia, will start east from San Francisco in a few days, and will visit her children in Kansas and Michigan, and in the mean time answer calls to lecture. Some eighteen years ago Mrs. Ballon was quite a favorite with Chicago Spiritualists as a speaker, and we have no doubt that with her large and varied experience since then, she will be able to more than sustain her former reputation. For the next two weeks she can be addressed at Delphos, Ottowa Co., Kan-

Leon Bouland, in an excellent article on 'Romanism and the Republic," in The Forum for July says: "The Roman Catholic vote has already become so important an element in politics as to decide the fate of parties. Every Roman Catholic is in duty bound to enter politics as a Roman Catholic, not as an American citizen. The press of this country understands perfectly well that if it would have the support of the Roman Catholics, it must say nothing in criticism, but everything in praise, of the Roman Church; so that even now there is a practical restraint, if not a positive check, upon the freedom of the press."

Transition of Will Watson.

One-day last week the Angel of Death made another visit to Sunny Brae, the flower-bedecked and vine-clad home of Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson. This time he took away with him the beloved teacher's only son. Between this mother and son existed the most beautiful relations of confidence and affection; each knew the other's innermost thoughts and each turned to the other in every emergency and trial of life. It was our good fortune to know this young man in his own home and to study him day by day as he quietly and manfully did the duty that lay nearest. Of a refined and gentle nature, fond of music and art, an excellent musician, a genius in painting, and with cultivated esthetic tastes, he went about the homely and rugged duties of ranche life cheerfully and without repining. At night after doing a laboring man's task it was his invariable custom to lay off the garb and mien of the field laborer and with his sister devote himself to study or to assisting in entertaining, with all the grace of a cultivated gentleman. At the early age of twentyfour years his summons came, and the Spiritworld is now the richer for his going. At the time of going to press we have no particulars of the parting, only a brief telegram from the afflicted mother announcing the sad event and that she would conduct the funer-

Hail and farewell, friend Will! In the life that now is for you, the relations between you and your beloved will be all the closer; in the sweet home at Sunny Brae and with your mother in her public work your gentle updifting influence will be the greater. Mother fand sister, we know you will not mourn the son and brother as lost to you; that great as is the blow you will bear it with the courage and assurance which can come only to those possessed of similar knowledge of the world that lies beyond the grave.

Orthodoxy vs. Spiritualism.

Orthodoxy versus Spiritualism, is an answer to the sermon of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage against Spiritualism, by Hon. A. H. Dailey. Although this was delivered in May, 1884, it is especially appropriate at this time, after the tirade of Talmage delivered April 29th, on the same subject. Judge Dailey is a fairminded believer in Spiritualism, and states facts and truths that cannot be gainsaid. Thousands of copies of this tract should be distributed to vindicate the cause so dear to many hearts. Price only five cents. For sale at this office.

- The Report of the Seybert Commission should be read by all fair-minded thinkers, price, \$1; and this should be followed by A. B. Richmond's able Reply to the Seybert Commissioners, showing how unfair and narrow the experiments were carried on of which this is a report. Price, \$1.25. For sale at this office.

The June number of Lucifer, published in London, Eng., is received. It is an attractive number, and has a good table of contents. Price, 35 cents a copy. For sale at this office.

The Esoteric for July is at hand and has a good table of contents. This monthly has rapidly come into favor with the reading public, and is early called for each month. Price, 15 cents a number. For sale at this

Buchanan's Journal of Man is now ready for the July readers. To say that Dr. J. Rodes Buchanan is the editor is sufficient to insure.a large sale. His writings are always popular and widely circulated. We are prepared to furnish any number of copies. Price,

Mrs. Harrison, wife of the Republican candidate, is witty as well as handsome. When she appeared to an unknown caller the other. day he said: "Mrs. Harrison, I conclude, from the woodcut seen in the Journal?" "Yes." she replied, "the unkindest cut of all."

Exhibitions of Tricks as Demonstrations of Spirit Power.

the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I take up my pen to write from a sense of duty, feeling compelled to say something that ought to be said better than I shall be able to say it, and about which I shall be unable to say it, and about which I shall be unable to express myself as strongly as I feel. Well do I appreciate the brave and sincere efforts that you have made to drag into the light and expose the vile impositions that have been practiced upon the public in the name of mediumship. Your fearless efforts in this direction are beyond praise, and outfolt to have called to your rid every housest. ought to have called to your aid every honest and conscientious believer in spirit com-munion in the land. What are known as physical manifestations and materializations have furnished a fertile field for unscrupulous tricksters and deceivers to work. have flourished and increased until their name has become legion. I think that it is safe to say that nearly all of the public ex-hibitions of so-called physical mediumship are nothing but tricks and most of them have not even the merit of being good tricks. A professional magician of any note would scorn to use many of the flimsy methods that are employed by these mediums (?) to de-ceive the people. Fifteen years ago a me-dium here in Boston, one of the first ma-terializers, exhibited a bundle of rags draped in an old white skirt with a wire mask face at the top, as a spirit baby. A young man stopping at my house grabbed it out of her arms at the expense of being knocked down. It was captured, however, and we had it on exhibition for some time. Previous to this some ladies found concealed under the skirts of the same medium, two or three masks, a quantity of black jute that had figured as the long hair of an Indian maiden. These facts were published in the Boston papers at the time. The medium said that the rag baby had been brought there by her enemies, and carried away again. It was unfortunate for her, however, that the white skirt used to drape the baby was marked in indelible ink with the name of a friend who gave it to her.

The most remarkable part of it was that notwithstanding this exposure, she went on giving scances for years, and those who comthe expose lost caste among her credulous followers. Later Gordon exhibited ma-terializations in New York City, for nearly a year, exciting a great interest, until finally two level-headed Spiritualists sprang over the table which separated him from the audience and he threw down his draped image, "the spirit bride," and ran. On searching about they found two poorly constructed images dressed, one in male and the other in

Gordon had them so arranged that he could remove their heads and change them for others. Something like a half-barrel of these were found at hand ready to be changed as occasion required. He had a stock company of spirits limited to the num-ber of heads. It is a notable fact that most materializers are limited in the same way to a few devices for changes such as they may have at hand. Lately we heard of a medium who marched out of the cabinet, followed by a spirit who kept just behind her, and seemed to move as she moved. Some close investigator discovered that she had a draped stick attached to her bustle; the present fashion of large bustles being especially convenient for such an arrangement. The dim light that pervades these scances makes it possible for these poor tricks to have the appearance of reality.

Then we must not forget that the minds of the observers are usually dominated with the idea that they are going to see a spirit. A state of mental expectancy may change in a poor light almost any object into a ghost. We are told that these conditions are absolutely necessary. Now no one is more con-scious of the necessity of proper conditions for success than myself; but if the conditions are of such a character as to make accurate observation impossible, then the experiment becomes valueless. Until materializations can be presented under positive test condi-tions, it is but a waste of time to attend such scances. This statement, it seems to me, must commend itself to every intelligent

person. Let us look this matter squarely in the face. What we want to know is the truth, and knowing the truth we need not fear but it will lead us to the very best conclusions. I am confident that the majority of these fraudulent mediums are not even Spiritualists. They have no idea of what Spiritualism means in its best sense. They take up mediumship as a business, learn a few stale tricks, get the necessary equipments, and ad-vertise. The more extraordinary and extravagant their claims the greater their success in drawing a crowd. I was talking with one of these wonder-workers a few days ago. I asked him how he came to be a medium. He quite frankly said: "Being out of a job I thought I would try the medium business, and so took it up as a profession." We shall find that this is true of nearly all of these people whose exposes fill the columns of the daily press. They see an opening to make money, and being without principle they do not hesitate to "coin our tears into dollars," as the New York Herald remarks in commenting on the Dis Debar trial.

The early mediums had a different history. They were developed in private home circles where members of the family gathered and a few neighbors came in and reverently sat together to invite the communion of their de-parted loved ones. Some one of the company peculiarly gifted proves to be a medium, and unexpectedly becomes the object of interest to all. With no thought of deception and no motive to deceive, her development goes on, and through her ministrations much joy is carried to sorrowing hearts. Many come to her until her time and strength is taxed to that extent that she is finally compelled to charge pay or cease to use her gifts. It is proper and right that she should do so. This is the history of true mediumship. It comes insought and oftentimes has proved a source of poverty and martyrdom to its possessors. The record of the lives of our early mediums is a sad story of trial and persecution, and yet an imitation of the prenomena that occurred in their presence, and the confidence and faith which their honesty built up, has been the stock in trade of these vile impostors that have sprung up on every hand and tors that have sprung up on every hand and flourished for a time "like a green bay tree."

Honest mediumship has been at a discount because of its modesty of claiming only what is true, while the blatant deceiver and trickster, claiming everything and do-ing nothing, wears broadcloth, silks and satins, and is covered with diamonds. Sometimes they meet with their deserts like the

Dis Debars. How do you suppose they regard the honest people who patronize them, and who often with tears and sobs, recognize their masks and images in the darkness as some loved friend whose body has been laid away. They laugh in their sleeves, do these wretches while they spend the money of those whose

"te ars they have coined into dollars." They say, "What precious idiots these people are." And those who endeavor to apologize and explain away the evidence of their fraudulent practices, instead of exciting their grat-itude, become still more the subjects of their contempt and ridicule. They brutally and recklessly rlay with the most sacred feelings of the human heart for paltry gain. To what depths of depravity have such beings sunk, and who can imagine a punishment

superior to their deserts.

The end will be as the RELIGIO PHILOSOPH-ICAL JOURNAL has predicted: that the law (Continued on Eighth Page.)

Excellent Books for Sale at this Office.

The Art of Forgetting. By Prentice Mulford. This pamphlet was issued in the White Cross Library series and has been widely circulated. It is full of suggestions and hints for those who feel depressed and heart sick. It is comforting and just what they ought to read. Price, 15 cents.

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Lassed to Spirit-Life.

On June 16th, 1888, our sister, Mrs. J. C. Morgan, passed on to the higher life. She leaves a husband and three children to mourn her loss. She has eyer been a good, true woman, and will be imiged by all who had learned her true worth. She was a friend to progress and died in the belief of a glorious immortality. She is with us no more in body, but we trust that her influence will long be with us, through spirit power, in helping on the progressive thought of the time.

Her funeral was attented by a large, concourse of sympathizing neighbors and friends. Services were conducted by the Newton Union Lyceum, Sunday, June 17th, at four o'clock. The choirsang, "There's a Home beyond the River." Mr. Adunger read Bulwer Lytton's poem, "There is no Deathy after which father Samuel Saylor made some very appropriate act gorsoling remarks. The choir sang again and then we tellowed the body to the grave where an invocation and sense needed the beautiful service.

From his home in Utica Illinois on the 2nd inst., Mr. Jame From his nome in Cuck lineage on the Zinc line, are James G. Clark passed to spirit life, aged seventy seven years, after an illness of two months. The funeral took place on the 5th first. Mr Clark was at the head of the Utica Hydraulic Cement Co. and well known in Chicago and the west. A man of large means and generous impulses, a devoted Spiritualist, and a public spirited citizen he will be greatly missed.

Charles N. Johnson, of Deflance, Ohlo, agred 19 years, 9 months and 17 days, passed into the higher life at Toledo, Ohno on Wednerday morning, June 13, of Bright's disease, Charley, as every one loved to call him, was a young man of more than ordinary ability and intelligence, one who bade fair to five a life of great usefulness. He was left an orphan at the age of tweive and west to live with an uncle, who early induced him to unite with the Methodist church, but he imbibed Spb tunilistic ideas from his mother, and in his 18th year he espoused its cause. He was one who never hid his light under a bushel, and never gave offence. He thought of death as but the birth into that life which God, the Supreme Intelligence, has provided for all his children.

Toledo Ohlo.

A. W. C.

General News.

At Nicholasville, Ky., Ed. Sparks shot Charles Myers, inflicting a fatal wound.—The loss by the Haverhill fire will not exceed \$50,-000. The Opera House will be rebuilt.— Jacob Robb stabbed and killed Constable Jacob Medsker near Shelbyville, Ind.—A good flow of natural gas is said to have been ob-tained near Wabash, Ind.—It is thought the well will produce 2,000,000 feet per day.—
While attempting to rescue a servant from
a burning building at Deer Lake, Mich., one
morning lately, Mrs. Joshua Hodgkins was
fatally burned.—A man killed by the cars
near Vandalia, Ill., had in his pocket \$50 and
a letter addressed to J. Kaltenbach. Raden a letter addressed to J. Kaltenbach, Baden, Germany, postmarked, Highland, Ill.-The marble and stone works of Peter & Burghard in Louisville, Ky., were burned out. Loss, \$40,000.—Two children of Mrs. William Brocklehank of Lynn, Mass., were drowned in the lake at Laconia, N. H. A frightened carriage borse backed into the water with a carriage horse backed into the water with a load of women and children .- Mr. William Reese of Bolivar, Pa., aged 101 years, au-nounces his purpose to vote for Harrison.— Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun. will be the orator at the annual meeting of the Wisconsin Press Association this month. Belva Lockwood is a Presidential candidate for revenue only. She intends to stump the country and will charge an admission fee to her meetings.—The Rev. David Swing was a fellow-graduate with Ben. Harrison at Miami University, Oxford, O., in 1852. The graduating class numbered sixteen.—Wil-liam O'Brien has injected the term "bloody shirt" into English politics. He used it against the British Government's cry of crime in Ireland as a justification of coercion. —Simon Bolivar Buckner, Governor of Kentucky, is a candidate for United States Senator to succeed Joe Blackburn. Rev. F. J. Kennedy, a young priest of Phil-

adelphia, is the new vice rector of the American College in Rome.—Before he discovered the cholera microbe, Robt Koch was known simply as Dr. Koch. Now he is Herr Geheim-er Medicinal-Rath Professor Robert Koch.— Rev. Peter Hauermans, of Troy, is said to be the sole survivor of the 200 Roman Catholic priests who were on the mission in this country when he came over in 1838. He has been a priest fifty-eight years.—Mark Twain, in acknowledging the degree of M. A. confer-red upon him by Yale, whose grave and reverend pundits evidently know a good thing when they see it, assures the university authey see it, assures the university authorities that he is quite as much gratified over the honor as if he deserved it.—T.M. Wells has completed a clay model of the bronze statue of James W.* Marshall, to be erected on the spot where gold was, first discovered in California. It is of colossal size and represents Marshall clad in a miner's dress, holding a nugget in his right hand and with his left pointing to the spot whence it was taken.—John Niemann, aged 71, was killed at Reinbeck, Iowa, while walking on the railway track.—William C. Mitchell, the well-known theatrical manager of St. Louis, fell between a grip-car and a coach and was instantly killed.—A 2-year-old child of Harry Slate, of Racine, Wis., was fatally injured by the person in charge tossing it up, its head coming in contact with a hanging lamp.— Near Janesville, Wis., Harry Kelly, a 12-yearold boy, fell under the sickle bar of a mower and was maimed for life.—The blunder of a train dispatcher caused a wreck on the Pennsylvania railroad near Nanticoke, Pa.-A farm-house belonging to George Dobbs, locat-ed about seven miles from Sault Ste Marie, Mich., on the Canadian side of the river, was destroyed by fire causing the death of four persons.

Four Chinamen united with the First Congregational Church in this city.—Rev. P. W. Longfellow, of Granville, O., has accepted a The Mormons, through their agents, have contracted for the purchase of 400,000 acres in the State of Chinauhua in Mexico. The Roman Catholic church will now for the first time have to cope with this immoral and aggressive heresy.—It is said that the cost in dollars of the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church in New York was \$75,000,—\$20,000 more than the church collections footed up, the difference having to be provided for by the book concern as a loan.—Rev. A. H. Strong, president of Rochester Theological Seminary, predicts that before the next annual convention assembles fore the next annual convention assembles the Baptists of this country will exceed three millions, and that in a few years they will pass the Methodists and constitute the largest evangelical body in the land .- Grover Cleveland is the son of a Presbyterian cler gyman, Benjamin Harrison is a Presbyterian lder, Clinton B. Fisk is a Methodist, Chester Arthur was an Episcopalian, James A. Gar-field a Campbellite, U. S. Grant a Methodist, Andrew Johnson a Methodist, and Abraham incoln a devout non-sectarian .- A number of volunteer sisters of charity from Syracuse, N. Y., will soon go the Island of Molokai to take charge of the female lepers of Hawaii.

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Voices from the People. INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal PATIENCE.

Patience is needed all through life, Patience for pleasure, patience for strife. Patience to make the mountain grow, Patience to make the mountain grow,
Patience an evil to o'erthrow.
Atom by atom, the buman form grows,
Leaf by leaf blooms the lovely rose.
One by one, barriers are overthrown,
Little by little our ills are outgrown.
One word at a time our thoughts are expressed.
From age to age the power of God is witnessed.
Patience and perseverance, twin faculties of the soul.
By virtue of both, we reach the goa!.
The hope that sustains by patience is guarded.
In the end, perseverance 4s finally rewarded.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Materialization of Thought.(?)

Spiritualists seem to assume the theory that all works of art are first conceived and then presented, or formed objectively. Against this view I begleave to protest. My consistions are that no original conception was ever formed in any human mind, and that, as a consequence, the material fabric is not the materialization of a precursory mental effort. However, agreeious may be the arror effort. However egregious may be the error of commit in this course of thought, it will be magnified in the reader's mind when it is remember. bered that it has been revolved over and over in mine for twenty-five-years or longer, and now for the first time placed on paper (by the writer at

I cannot expect that a full discussion of the subject would find space in the JOHNEL, and I shall, therefore, be brief. Not only has all observation lead to the conclusion that we learn objectively, but the object method has so far as possible preceded the abstract in all of our institutions of education. The thought is really carried to the extreme by the teaching of what we believe to be incarnate persons. The first acts of a child are those which we choose to call intuition. Then by hearing, it is taught to atter sound by seeing, to know the form of objects, and by experience to gain a knowledge of the utility of their combinations. We first get a hint from the universally conceded truth, that no man ever inveited a perfect or even complete instrument, when nothing of the kind existed previously. It would be absured to think of any one having invented a sewing machine, untN by a tedious course I cannot expect that a full discussion of the subtwould be absirt to think of any one naving it would be absirt to think of any one naving it wented a sewing machine, until by a tedious course of compilicated experiences its necessity began to be felt. A similar statement may be made of all necessary works of art. It is safe to venture the suggestion that the harmonious blending of lights and shades in rature gradually created the love of the beautiful in art. All of these things are resultant evolutions. Man cannot conceive of an object which is absolutely and in all its parts original. We must speak of it in terms of the cognizant. He has no cognition of a thing of which he has never had experience or for which he has never felt a necessity; in

short we cannot originate an idea.

How absurd, hee, to point to a fine architectural structure and exclaim, "Behold the materialization of a human thought!"

Every step of the way to this colossal piece

of architecture was presented by some object lesson or some previously known necessity. Caves, rocks and trees (formed the rudiments; clouds, flowers,

and trees formed the rudiments; clouds, flowers, plants, air and water were suggestive of its successive steps. The close reasoner will thus observe that each addition to all our works was suggested by some object already known.

Before my office window where I am writing, loom up the beautiful forms of a fine court house, a school house, churches and various other buildings; but the architect drew his models from other buildings; like them. Suppose now he should add some. ings like them. Suppose now he should add some new device of beauty or utility, could he possibly conceive of it if he had never seen anything like it in either nature or att? Thus little by little-of the material; then a reflected image of it in the brain; and finally the evoluted objects combined in one (it may be) are presented before us. But it is no men-tal conception, only a copy of what existed long be-B. R. ANDERSON.

Concordia, Kansas.

A HORRIBLE DREAM.

A Railroad Man Quits the Road to Avoid Killing His Wife.

I began to dream, and L'thought I was a boy again climbing the bills of my father's farin in Lancaster county with my little brother's hand in mine. Then gradually the subtle essence which inspires the tangled labyrinths of fancy took possession of my mind. I was again on my engine, throttle in hand, careering through the country at lightning speed. The telegraph poles flew by until I became dizzy. I thought I heard the wild birds shriek and the moan of the winds above the noise made by the oan of the winds above the noise made by the made the blood in my veins tingle. But the night made the blood in my veins tingle. But the night grew darker; the stars which had a moment before lit up the heavens with their luster paled and disappeared in the gathering dusk. Darker and darker grew the night. Suddenly I peered curiously ahead. The sight that in my dream met my gaze turned my blood cold and sent it back with a sickening sensation to my heart. I tried to scream with fright, but could not utter a sound. Just ahead—not more than fere hundred feet distant coming from the direct five hundred feet distant—coming from the direc-tion in which my train was going was the headlight of an engine approaching with what to me seemed almost lightning speed. I reversed my engine, but a collision was inevitable. The crash came, and although I felt myself being hurled through the air, I could not see. I heard cries and moans and wild shrieks, as of women in terrible agony. I clutched at something and awoke.

I was standing on the bed, and bad my faithful

are twas standing on the bed, and had my interfar wife by the throat. She was black in the face and almost strangled. Horror-stricken, I loosened my hold, and she rolled helpiessly to the floor, limp and aimost lifeless. I applied such restoratives as I had at hand, and when she at last opened her eyes and looked at me with a wild stare I fell upon my knees

and begged pitcously for pardon.
"You meant to murder me!" she gasped.

I tried to explain that it was all a dream, and after talking to her for almost an hour the truth began to dawn upon her senses. Even with the terrible marks where my fingers had clutched her throat standing out to condemn me, a smile over-spread her pretty face, and with tears streaming down her cheeks she asked me to give up railroad-ing. I promised her, and now you know why I am running a stationary engine.—Philadelphia News

She Was a Somnambulist.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journan

No one can demonstrate what somnambulism really is. Hundreds of speculations are affoat with reference to it, but no explanation as yet has been reference to it, but no explanation as yet has been in all respects satisfactory. To the subject, it is a new existence, a new life in all respects, and the normal condition is not recognized. It appears from a Chicago daily that Officer John Ahern of the Stanton Avenue Police Station was traveling his beat early on the morning of June 29th past the corner of Thirty-sixth street and Prairie avenue. A miserable drizzling rain was falling and the officer had met few pedestrians during the night. No wonder that he was startled when he looked up and suddenly saw before him a light, alry female figure, dressed all in white. It was a young woman clad de seed all in white. It was a young woman clad only in her nightdress. She was a petite blonde. Her head and feet were bare, and she was walking steadily along with the unconsciousness of her sur-roundings which at once indicated the somnambul-ist. The astonished officer interrupted the fair ap-parition. She awoke with a start, and recovering her presence of mind refused to tell the officer her name. Ahern led his capture to the patrol box and called the wagon. She was taken at once to the armory and cared for by Matron Hieland. In the morning, having had several hours of good rest, the young lady looked at the matter differently and conyoung lady looked at the matter differently and concluded to tell her name. She said she was Miss Farley, and that her father, Daniel A. Farley, solicitor, lived at No. 3938 Prairie avenue. Miss Farley is a book-keeper for a South Water street firm, and is said to be subject to somnambulistic fits. Mr. Farley took his daughter home, and the case was atricken from Justice Lyon's docket without trial:

INQUIRER.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

What Is Said to Have Happened in an. Ohio Community of Shakers.

The following report of experiences is from the records of the Shaker Community of North Union, in Northern Ohio. The point of interest in it is the evidence of the vanity in the direction of the forces the manifestations in New York and Ohio being strikingly similar. (Evidences of a most positive character of unity in direction of forces evolved in universal soul-communion are now coming in from all parts of the world); "It was the year 1838, in the latter part of sum-

mer, some young sisters were walking together on the bank of the creek, not far from the hemlock grove, west of what is called the Mill Family, when

grove, west of what is called the Mill Family, when they beard some beautiful singing, which seemed to be in the air just above their heads. "They were taken by surprise, listened with ad-mitation, and then hastened home to report the phenomenor. Some of them afterward were chosen mediums for the 'spirits'. We had been informed, by letter, that there was a maryelous work gains on mediums for the 'spirits.' We had been informed, by letter, that there was a marvelous work going on in some of the Eastern societies, particularly at Mount Lebanon, New York and Watervliet, near Albany. And when it reached us in the West we should all know it, and we did know it; in the progress of the work every individual, from the least to the greatest, did know that there was a heart-searching God in Israel, who ruled in the armies of heaven, and will yet rule among the inhabitants of

earth.

'It commenced among the little girls in the children's order, who were assembled in an upper room, the doors being shut, holding a meeting by themselves, when the invisibles began to make themselves known. It was on the Sabbath day, while engaged in our usual exercises, that a messenger came in and informed the elders in great haste that there was something uncommon going on in the girls' department. The elders brought our meeting to a close as soon as circumstances would admit, and went over to witness the singular and strange

When we entered the apartment we saw that the girls were under the influence of a power not their own—they were burried round the room, back and forth, as swiftly as if driven by the wind—and no one could stop them. If any attempts were made in that direction it was found impossible, showing conclusively that they were under a controlling in-fluence that was irresistible. Suddenly they were prostrated upon the floor, apparently unconscious of what was going on around them. With their eyes closed, muscles strained, joints stiff, they were taken

up and laid upon beds, mattresses, etc.
"They then began holding converse with their guardian spirits and others, some of whom they guardian spirits and others, some of whom they once knew in the form, making graceful motions with their hands--taiking audibly so all in the room could hear and understand, and form some idea of their whereabouts in the spirit realms they were explacting in the least of second Thile. ploring in the land of sculs. This was only the beginning of a series of spirit manifestations, the most
remarkable we ever expected to witness on the
earth. One prominent feature of these manifestations was the gift of songs, hymns and anthems,
new, heavenly and melodious. The first inspired
song we ever heard from the 'Spirit-world,' with
words attached, was the following, sung by one of
the young girls, while in vision; with great power
apd demonstration of the spirit, a juvenile hymn,
called by the invisible: ploring in the land of sculs. This was only the be-

"THE SONG OF A HERALD. "Prepare, O ye faithful, To fight the good fight; Sing, O ye redeemed, Who walk in the light; Come low, O ye haughty, Come down and repent: Disperse, O ye naughty, Who will not relent."

A Dream Verified.

the Editor of the Bellgio-Philosophical Journal It has long been my intention to send you the fol-It has long been my intention to send you the for-lowing account of clairvoyance; but like the good intentions that pave bad roads up to the present it has not been acted on. The subject of this experi-ence is Mr. James E. Farmer, a laboring man 55 years of age, who knows nothing of Spiritualism and who has never had but the one experience. During the late war he was a member of Co. G. 3rd Regt. Indiana Cav., and in his capacity as a soldier was present at the battle of Stone River. I give the subjoined account as nearly as I can in his own

language:
"The night of the last day's fighting found my battalion behind the main line of the infantry, where, tired out, we lay down folded up in our gum blankets in the mud, upon our arms, still holding our horses by a halter-strap wrapped around the left hand. In this position I immediately fell asleep, and soon saw the whole rebel army in great agita-tion and moving away from the field as fast as it could in the darkness of a cloudy night. Just as the first light of dawn appeared in the east, I awoke feeling certain that the enemy had retreated. I went at once to my Captain and asked permission to go out on the usual morning scout to the front (sent out every morning) to find out what changes had taken place in the night. His order to me was to go and see how matters were and get back as soon as possible. I mounted my horse and passed through the infantry line on the road lead-ing from Nashville to Memphis, in front of which a Colonel of infantry was riding, of whom I asked permission to ride out beyond the pickets. His appermission to ride out beyond the pickets. His answer wes, 'You'll' get your d--- head shot off.' My reply was that as it would be only one less it would not amount to any thing; upon which he said, 'Well, go ahead.' As I passed the pickets they cautioned me not to go near a large brick house on the right hand side of the road as it was full of sharp-shooters. Telling them I thought there was no danger, I pushed on and rode directly down the road toward Murfreesboro two halles, finding beyond road toward Murfreesboro two talles, finding beyond a doubt that the enemy had retreated. Then I re-turned as quickly as I could, having failed to see a gray-coat anywhere, and reported to the Colonel whom I had met in passing out, who asked me how I had gotten the idea that the enemy was gone, and I told him of my dream. He said: Do you risk your life on a dream?

'On such a dream as that I would.' "'On such a dream as that I would."
"'I can say that I was as certain when I first woke
that the enemy had gone as if I had seen them go
in broad day-light, and I felt no more fear in riding
down that road than I do in going to breakfast. I
saw them plainer that night than I ever saw them
in daylight. Though about twenty-five years have
passed since then, this is one of the most vivid of my
recollections. I can still use the webboles and one récollections. I can still see the vehicles and animals of all descriptions that they pressed into the service to expedite their retreat, struggling through the mui among the ferreating soldiers. "

I have no reason to doubt the truth of the above,

as Mr. F. is a truthful, sober man and highly re-spected in this community. I have known him for about three years and have found him always truth-Murphrysboro, Ills

The People's Spiritual Society.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical

In the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Mr. Frank C. Algerton closed his eight months or gagement with the People's Spiritual Society. Sunday, June 24th. From Chicago he goes to Hallfax, Nova Scotia, to rest and visit his rejatives, and will return in about two months to the United States, when he will visit Onset Bay, Lake Pleasant and Cassadaga, artiving at the latter place, August 16th, remaining to the close of the camp-meeting. The society has repewed its engagement with Mr. Algerton for next wister. During his absence his place will be filled by local speakers. Mr. Algerton has given general satisfaction to the society and the audiences that have attended the meetings, and is recognized as one of the most promising rostrum speakers.

Mrs. J. A. Clark, Sec. Chicago, Ill. Chicago, Ill.

O. W. Holmes.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I noticed in a late number of your paper, an article which attributed to Mr. Holmes mediumistic powers. Every intelligent American who reads, knows that his inspirations excel all others in the expression of exalted human love. If a biessed angel had not dwelt in the man he never could have sung the heautiful course of Heavest sung the beautiful songs of Heaven in the manner he has done. I never saw him, but I love him for the excellence of his gifts to the world. May loving ones guard him over the dark river! M. O. N.

THE LIFE OF THE OUTCAST.

How It Begins, Develops, and Goes Out In Misery and Sin.

T. De Witt Talmage: A city missionary gives his onversation with one of these outcasts: "Well, my boy, what do you want?"

"A home, please, sir."
"What is your name?"

"Hain't got no name, sir; the boys call me Pick-"Well, Pickety, where do you live?"

"Don't live nowhere, sir." "But where do you stay?"

"Hon't stay nowheres in the daytime, but I sleeps in hay-barges, sir, and sometimes in drygoods box's, and down on the steamgratings in winter, till the M. P.'s came along, and just now a cove has taken me in at the iron bridge at Harlem."

"Iron bridge! What do you mean?"

"Why them boller ten things what health the

"You bridge! What do you mean?"
"Why, them holler iron things what holds the bridge up. He got it first, and he lets me in."
"Pickety, who is your father?"
"vain't got no father, sir, he died afore I knew!"
and me mither she drinked and bate me, and we was put out by the landlord, and she died, and the city-hall buried her!" And something like a shadow came over the grander blue were. came over the cumbing blue eyes.
"Pickety, did you ever hear of God?"

"Yes, sir; I bave heard the fellers swear about him, and I know it's lucky to say something to him when you sleep out in had nights."

"Did you ever go to school, Pickety, or to church?"
"No, sir; I never went to no church nor school. I should-kind o' like to learn something."

My hearers, these unfortunates are all about us. When they got up from their hands and knees to walk their first step was on the road to ruin, and every day since they have been plunging down to lower depths, and wilder despair, and deeper dark-

There are many about us in boyhood and girl-Incre are many, about us in boyhood and gri-hood in comfortable circles that are going to be something good or bad, bright or ignorant, and they will yet make their porents glad with an infinite gladices or pain them with an infinite sorrow. They go bounding through the hall; they shout in the yard; they sing in the school. This activity that now strikes the ball, and runs the race, and rolls the hoop, and files the kite, will soon be ready for the higher game of life, where fortunes are to be made. higher gime of life, where fortunes are to be made and reputations achieved, and temptations com-batted, and sumortal souls jeopardized, and king-

doms of glory won. Call up that child, push back his hair. Shall this face be ever brightened up with benevolence, or scarred, and pinched, and blasted with low excesses? Shall those eyes become more and more intelligent, or shall they acquire the dishonest glance and the servile downcast? Put your hand on that child's heart. Shall it always beat with noble impulses, or will it be a thief's heart, a coward's heart, a traitor's

The Invisible World of Reality.

Dr. Adam Miller, once a prominent minister in the Methodist Church, and still considered in good standing, is a Spiritualist. His contributions have often appeared in the JOURNAL, and created widespread interest. It is surprising to note however, that he succeeded in getting the following on the "Invisible World of Reality" in the Northwestern Christian Advocate:

Is there such a thing as inspiration in our days in reference to discoveries in arts and sciences? Are all the grand inventions that have enlightened and benefited humanity the mere accidents of our physi-cal organism? Or is there a Divine impulse, or in-fluence, through which discoveries come to us in a marvelous and unaccountable manner? John Wes-ley believed, and has published this belief, that our guardian angels have much to do in human affairs: guardian angels have much to do in human affairs; that suggestions or impressions come from these invisible powers and agencies in reference to our temporal as well as spiritual affairs. It may be said that Infinite Power works everywhere, but St. Paul also says: "We then as workers together with him;" and the Psalmist says: "The angel of the Lord encampeth around about them that fear him."

It is the order of Divine Providence traces well-a

It is the order of Divine Providence to accomplish great purposes by apparently inefficient instrumentalities. As our intellectual and spiritual natures stand far above our physical or animal nature, so we may conclude that the kind of providence which provides for the wants of one will not neglect the other. It is not our labor alone that secures to us the common necessaries of life, but labor, with soil and sunshine and showers, that makes our efforts and sunshine and showers, that makes our efforts successful. It is not our devotion to duty that

successful. It is not our devotion to duty that brings the blessings of grace to our higher life, but devotion in accordance with the economy of grace.

It does not seem unreasonable, nor contrary to the teachings of the Bible, to believe that there are constant invisible helps, or influences, around all seekers after truth. Many of our highest conceptions of an Infinite Power may come to us through a kind of inspiration from these uplifting influences; not an inspiration to write infallible truths are did. not an inspiration to write infallible truths, as did the apostles, but an illumination to understand and to express our thoughts clearly and correctly on the great truths of revealed religion, as well as inferior matters pertaining to our temporal affairs and the concerns of our daily lives. These reflections should lead us to cultivate a spirit and feeling of dependence on a higher power and an earnest longing for Divine aid and light on all subjects pertaining to our pres ent and future happiness.

THE DEVIL A MONK WOULD BE.

Mount Athos Swarming with Cossack throats in Cowls.

Salonica Letter: During the last few months immense bodies of Russian pilgrims have been arriv-ing on the promontory with the avowed determina-tion of devoting the remainder of their lives to the tion of devoting the remainder of their lives to the glory of God in the seclusion of the monasteries of the "Holy Mountain." This sudden craze for monastic life on the part of the Muscovites assumes, however a rather suspicious aspect when the personal appearance of the pilgrims is taken into consideration. Instead of being ascetic looking fanatics or men worn and disheartened by the miseries of life, they consist almost exclusively of burly and powerful fellows, whose martial bearing and between they consist almost exclusively of burly and powerful fellows, whose martial bearing and barrack-room language proclaim the undeniable fact that they are well-seasoned and carefully-selected solthey are well-seasoned and carefully-selected sol-diers of the Imperial Russian reserve army. At the present moment there are no less than 15,000 of these so-called monks or the mountains, the major-ity of them being quartered in the monastery of St. Pantelelmon. The entire body are under the orders of Gen. Om Ashim ff, who, under the pretext of pro-viding accommodation for the increasing numbers viding accommodation for the increasing numbers of monks, is executing extensive building operations on the mountain. St. Panteleimon, which occupies the most important position on the promontory from a stragetic point of view, has been surrounded by a series of walls which strangely resemble bastions, and which render the monastery question nothing less than a first-class fortress, while in the immediate neighborhood the heavy and massive granter construction, which the monks and massive granite construction, which the monks allege to be destined to become their new church or chapel, is much more like a powerful fort than a sa-cred edifice. Moreover, vessels are continually arri-ving from Odessa and Sebastopool laden with building materials and huge cases of provisions and of what are declared on the bills of lading to be eccle-siastical furniture." The latter is known to consist of arms, ammunition, and heavy guns, which are "Canons of the Church," but in name. It is true "Cargons of the Church," but in name. It is true there is an unfortunate representative of the Ottoman customs on the promontory. But ill-paid, or rather not paid at all—as is the case with most of the functionaries of the Turkish Government—he has found it advantageous to turn a willing ear to the whispers of "paksheesh" made by Om Ashimoff.

The involves of all this can be gauged by an

the whispers of "baksheesh" made by Om Ashimoff.

The importance of all this can be gauged by an inspection of the map of Turkey, where it will be perceived that Mount Athos commands not only a considerable portion of the Ægean Sea but also in a measure the access to the Dardanelles. When, therefore, the inevitable hostilities break out between Russia and Turkey the latter will discover to her cost that a first-class Russian fortress, fully garrisoned, armed, and provisioned, has been quietly established on one of the most strategically important points of the Sultan's domains.

Two dogs have been decorated for bravery and fidelity by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Paris. One saved its mistress from a burglar and the other its master's child from drowning.

Influence of Planets.

Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, writing on astrology, says: "We are apt to speak of astrology as though it were an altogether contemptible supersti-tion, and to contemplate with pity those who believed in it in old times. Indeed, all other methods of divination of which I have ever heard, are not wordivination of which I have ever heard, are not wor-thy to be mentioned in company with astrology, which, if a delusion, has yet had a foundation in thoughts well worthy of consideration. The heav-enly bodies do rule the fates of men and nations in

enty bodies do rule the fates of men and nations in the most unmistakable manner, seeing that without the controlling and beneficeat inducences of the chief among those orbs—the sun—every living thing on the earth must perish."

Speaking of the influence of the moon on the tides of the ocean, he remarks, "Seeing that two of the orbs are influencing our earth, is it not natural that the other moving bodies should be thought to possess also their special power?" possess also their special power?"

Scientists suggested long ago that from the sug

come coloring rays, heating rays, and actinic, or chemical rays; that each of these produces its own respective line in the spectrum, and that each travels according to a velocity of its own, varying from 458 millions of millions per second for the extreme red ray, to 727 millions of millions for the extreme violet. It is said that sun light will kill some kinds of minute animal life, and that "sun-spots" have some influence on the weather, and, may be, cause potato rot.

Every schoolboy knows something of the magnetic power the sun possesses in its attraction of the planets. Yet how little does science know what secret power is hid behind this "attraction"—this spiritual influence which draws all things. There is a line of communication between us and all the is a line of communication between us and an the visible planets, at least, because light has found the path and comes to tell us that "they are." When we know what light is, in its effects, we will know some things of the message it brings from yonder star, far away on the border of a shoreless

By the rules of scientists, every atom in my body By the rules of scientists, every atom in my body is in sympathy—by the law of attraction—with every atom of this great universe. I am, therefore, in attractive communion with all my surroundings and the product of multiplied millions of millions of factors, all of which are in the heavens.—Hall's Journal of Health.

The appendix hours that planets effected man and

Journal of Health.

The ancients knew that planets affected man, and by some power akin to "natural survival," all well-to-do-almanacs still have signs girding the man-each throwing its ray of influence to some part of his anatomy. This pictorial frontispiece of your almanac is a relic of this ancient science.—G. W. Hunter, in The Frateric ter, in The Esoteric.

An Exciting Experience with a Ghost.

When John Measel of Grosse Pointe, Mich., died,

When John Measel of Grosse Pointe, Alich. died, he was buried in Gratiot cemetery. Laurence Rhuleman was his neighbor, and recently he said: "I was coming home from the city one dark night about two weeks ago, and took the road that branches up from Gratiot road to my place, which runs past Measel's. As I was driving past I felt a sudden jerk, and my whip was drawn out from under my arm. I turned around to see who was there. der my arm. I turned around to see who was there, but nothing was in sight. All at once I felt the seat going. It came right up me and all, and fell into the road beside the wagon. Meanwhile my team was jumping and thrashing around at a great rate, was jumping and thrasning around at a great rate, but I did not let 'ên go. I managed to get 'em into the barn, where my bired man, Fred, Measel, came and helped me. We found the horses outsi le the traces, and on the hip of one of them a spot of hair about as large as my two hands was gone. As we were examining the abrasion, John Measel flitted past and disappeared." The hired man referred to was a grandson of the deceased. He said about the specter: "A week after my grandfather died I was in the barn at Rhuleman's about 5 o'clock in the morning cutting feed for the horses. My little dog was with me, and I was working away, when all of a sudden the dog ran for the barn door. I looked up and saw the old man standing in the door, which was partly open. He looked just as he always did, only his face looked dark. I left my work and started to go up to him, but when I got there he was gone. I looked all around, but no one was in sight. Then I ran for the house as fast as I could go and felt my hair stand up as I went could go, and felt my hair stand up as I went. When there my sister saw my hair standing up, and she was scared too. None of the others had seen anything of grandfather, and I didn't know what to think. Rhuleman laughed at me then, but he don't now, since he got throwed out of the wagon."

Louis Measel, the father of Fred, went over to his father's grane recently and found it worked.

ather's grave recently, and found it sunken in, and large, uneven depressions made in it.

Spirit Visitation.

The following interesting incident is sent the JOURNAL by a friend to whom it was related by the mother of Miss -. The names of all the parties are in our possession.-ED. JOURNAL.

Four years ago, a few weeks before Miss left Waukegan for Caufornia for her health (having had a cough for about a year), she went up stairs to her own room between ten and eleven in the mornroom between ten ar ing of a beautiful sunny day. She did not go about much, being weak, and would not have gone upstales, save that the day was fine. She sat down in her chair and was busy winding her watch, or else looking over a book (she having gone up stairs for one of these purposes, which one is not now remembered). As she sat there at work looking down, she saw a shadow of something that attracted her attention, and she thought some one had come in. She looked up and there, at a distance of about four feet steed way. William here, at a distance of about four feet, stood Mary Willard, her former classmate and friend. She was about four feet distant from Miss ; was dressed in a cream white or light salmon she made the same impression that she did when a school girl, so bright and cheery, and came to school with something pleasant to tell. She remained about ten minutes and Miss — said she smiled and looked exceedingly pleasant; that they comand looked exceedingly pleasant; that they communicated, but not by words, and she never told
what they communicated. Miss —— thought
"How will she go away?" So she watched carefully and Mary "dimmed out" while she looked—faded
from sight without moving from where she stood.
After that Miss —— never seemed to expect to get
well. She always spoke of the occurrence as "when
I saw Mary," but was exceedingly reticent about the
whole subject, never paming it to any one except whole subject, never naming it to any one except her mother and another friend.

The Medium's Home at Haslett Park, Michigan.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I wish once more, through your paper, to make an appeal in behalf of the Home for Mediums to be erected at Haslett Park. It is the desire of the mem-bers of the Medium's Protective Union, to erect a building on a beautiful lot donated by Mr. Haslett, to be used by any one of the mediums during camp, and at other times during the year, rent free; having the building as a home where they can rest and gather those forces so necessary for their work. The building is to cost about \$1,200, and we desire to raise this money by making appeals to the ever generous public. We earnestly ask the friends of mediums to help us in our undertaking. This building is to be used by mediums only. Send your donations to Dr. E. W. Edson, 519 Cedar Street, North Lansing, Mich. We most earnestly hope that enough will respond so that we can begin the building at once and see the work go on during camp. The ladies are to hold a fair on the ground this summer.

G. H. BROOKS.

God's Immutable Laws.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I will give a short manifesto of my convictions and sentiments, after a long and studious investiga-tion: God's laws are natural and immutable, and for all violations thereof, there is a penalty or punishment attached, which is not vindictive nor revengeful, but for a reformatory discipline. To ask God through prayers or supplications to forgive our sins would be asking him to suspend or violate his own just and fixed laws. If we want God's mercy we must live in harmony with his laws and condi-tions, which are meted out to all his children. We make our own conditions by the lives we live; if we do well we will receive the reward of well doing; if we do evil or disobey God's natural laws, we are

justly entitled to punishment for so doing, as a justice inseparably combined. This is not a mere belief, but a fact demonstrated to all students of nature or nature's God. DUTTON MADDEN.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

David Ober, of White Oak, Pa., has had a lead pencil forty years.

Some enterprising Floridans propose to export oranges to France next winter. Large volumes of smoke are seen to issue from the

immit of St. Helen's, Oregon.

More than one million men are employed by the ratious railway lines in the United States. The Zuyder Zee may be drained before long, for the association for that purpose is about to try it. Mrs. Cleveland's collection of diamonds and other recious stones is estimated to be worth \$50,000.

After a hard fight a few days ago near Delta, Pa. rabbit prevented a crow from eating her little

The Burns County, D. T., Commissioners have this ason paid a bounty of 3 cents each on 67,000 gopher

Even the most despised thing may have its uses.

Sparrows are now busily engaged in preparing for the fall reed bird market. A belated passenger at Denison, Tex., emptied his revolver at the train that had not waited for him, and was taken in hand by the police.

A six-ton cab, carrying an electric battery strong

enough to run it forty miles, recently made a satisfactory trip through London. The money spent for drinks in an American city of 200,000 inhabitants is put down at \$25,000 per

week the year round. "Hoodium" comes from the German huddler, meaning a loafer, or idler; so "bummer" from the German bummler, a word of similar import.

A Battle Creek boy turned the hose on the Salva-tion Army, and the court in turn out a damper on the boy in the shape of a fine of \$6.80.

the boy in the shape of a fine of \$0.50.

Walter Cooper, a prominent English gypsy, died recently, and his body was drawn to the churchyard by a favorite mare. The mary was then sacrificed.

An immense swarm of bees took possession of Samuel S. Brown's house in Northpoint, L. I. The family were driven out, and the bees had to be smoked out.

It is said that a taven in Sweden hears the sign, English and American spoken here." Some Englishmen say there is more truth than poetry in the notice.

The London & Northwestern Railway has decided, "in deference to the prejudices of its American customers," to institute the system of checking baggage.

California is going in for silk culture with en-thusiasm. The State Board of Silk Culture sent 16,-000 mulberry trees and cutting to silk cultivators, and this season will put out 50,000 more. The last French rifle, as described has a ball so small that a soldier can carry 220 rounds, shoots with a new smokeless powder, and its builet pierces a brick wall eight inches thick at 500 yards.

Three years ag) Charles Selbe, of Moris Cove, Tenn., saved the daughter of a rich New York banker from drowning. The banker died lately, and left by his will \$10,000 for the Tennesseean.

A California paper says: "Master Frank Boring, of Julien, San Diego-County, shot a huge vulture last Saturday. It measured nine feet from tip to tip, and was sailing away with a full grown sheep."

The Franciscans have bought the ground in the Rue Haxo, Paris, in which the massacre of the hostages took place during the Commune. The historic wall will be destroyed next week to make room for a memorial chapel.

Miss Tosa Jones, aged eighteen, of Argonia, Kan., has this season broken forty-five acres of ground and planted it in corn. and intends to cultivate it berself. She attends to the feeding of a large number of cattle every winter.

Cooks of old were considered a sacred race; even their fingers were consecrated to the deities. The thumb was devoted to Venus, the index finger to Mars, the middle finger to Saturn, the next to the sun and the little one to Mercury.

In the coffin of the dead Emperor ex-Empress Victoria placed a small gold chain, to which three lockets were attached containing miniatures which she had taken during their courtship, and which he had always worn until his last illness.

A sparrow has built a nest on one of the trucks of a Delaware, Lackawanna & Western passenger coach, and makes regular trips to Syracuse and re-turn. The bird is sitting on two eggs, and seems to be undisturbed by the noise and confusion.

A petrified pignut has been found in a coal mine near Wellston, Ohio. It was taken from the slate which covered a coal seam. A mass of rock sixty feet in thickness rested upon the slate. The nul was in the hul!, and the petrifaction was complete.

Belfast, Me., firm recently received a car load of white wood from Fennesse. When the car was opened a hen was found inside nearly dead. After some care biddy came to and is now all right. The car was between two and three weeks in transit.

Men who object to the useful and neat occupation of dusting may be encouraged by the example of Dumas, who frequently has a house cleaning mania. He is very orderly and is often seen, feather duster n hand, dusting his study and changing pieces of

In hand, dusting his stady and solve in hand, dusting his stady and a snake nine feet in have killed seven rabbits and a snake nine feet in length recently white out hunting. He says the snake had the rabbits charmed, and a single load of shot fired into their midst enabled him to bag the

During a late thunderstorm at Mango, Fla., a bolt of lightning entered a house and split a headboard off a bed, and in the next room transformed a refrigerator into kindling wood. Nothing else in the house was injured, and where the lightning entered the healthing entered the building cannot be found.

-Farmers around Surrey and Blue Hill, Me., are considerably discomforted by the prowling about of a wild animal. Several persons have seen the stranger, and they describe it as gray in color, about the size of the average Newfoundland dog, with short legs and a long, bushy tail.

Versailles is falling into a state of ruln. The statues there are moss grown, water infiltrates into the arches of the orangery from the terrace above, and the southern wing of the palace has so gone to decay that large stones often tumble from the cor-nice, while the roof is hardly a protection from rain.

A large owl flew against one of the windows of a car on a train on the Cumberland Valley Road, near Newville, the other night, breaking the glass and creating some alarm among the passengers, who thought the train was being stoned. Their fears were allayed when the conductor captured the owl and exhibited it to them.

Some of the handsomest old mansions in the country may be seen in Annapolis, Md., where they have stood with but little alteration since the early colonial days. A few of the houses date back to the seventeenth century, but the more imposing of them were built just prior to the revolution, when Annapolis was the seat of a refined and wealthy community.

According to geographical computations the minimum age of the earth since the formations of the primitive soils is 21,000,000 years, allowing 6,700,000 years for the primordial formation, 6,400,000 years for the primary age, 2,300,000 years for the secondary age, 400,000 years for the tertiary age, and 100,000 years since the appearance of man upon the

W. J. Lowns, of Winn Parish, Louisiana, is a de-W. J. Lowns, of Winn Parish, Louisiana, is a defaulter to quite an amount, but strange to say, there is no hard word for him among the people. For years he has been Tax Collector, and in each of the many cases where enforced collection would work hardship he gave a receipt in full, and himself became responsible for the money to the authorities, who will find it hard to convict a delinquent whose feelings so leaned to virtue's side.

feelings so leaned to virtue's side. In the ecclesiastical history we see Christians de-nouncing and exemmunicating one unother for sup-posed error, and every denomination has been pronounced accursed, anathema maranatha, by some portion of the Christian world; so that, were the curses of men to prevail, not one human being would enter heaven .-- Dr. Channing.

THE COMING MAN.

Only a vagrant of the street, Raiment of rags, and bare, soiled feet. "Daily papers!" his constant cry. While the hurrying people passed him by. Diffy, tired and hungry was he; But the of such shall the kingdom be, Nobody thought and nobody cared How the poor child felt or fared. No father's love had the little lad: No mother's kiss to make him glad. No friend or home in this great town: Only the stars in the skies looked down On the childish face, and seemed to shine With the light of a pity and love divine. Down the street, drams beating loud, Came the gayly caparisoned crowd; Banners, badges and golden lace, And many a wrinkled, war-worn face; While the great flog floated overhead, With its stripes of silver, blue and red, And the eagle above; how his feet kept time! How his thoughts with the dusic seemed to chime. Down went the papers; the music swelled strong: The boy was marching with the throng.

What the' his coat was only a rag, He felt like a king beneath that flag. And proud as a king, he marched beside The soldier who bore it in love and pride. Bloomed like a flower the rainbow bars: The blue field glitters with golden stars, And God's stare, gleamed thro' the summer night, And the boy's blue eyes as stars shone bright. The gray-haired veterans around him smiled As they turned to look upon the child, For sturdy he marched, erect and free; Type of our great Democracy.

Under the grime the face was fair; The lights made an aureole round his hair. No voice might chide him or bid him stay: That boy might take their place some day; Fight for the land as they had done; Strive, till victory should be won. In the soul of that boy might wait the part Which, played, should thrill a nation's heart. O, the truly great are the truly wise: The bright tears trembled in their eyes. As ragged and dusty, side by side With them he marched in joy and pride,

With glowing face and kindling eye. And the crowds looked on and wondered when They saw him there with these mighty men, Ragged and unkempt, marching with those Whose famous deads all the ose famous deeds all the great world knows. Given a place of honor, beneath The flag for which they had faced death,

Looking up to the flag on high,

But patiently down the stony street, Plodded the small, tired, shoeless feet; And the young face smiled beneath the grime, . For the heart in his bosom still kept time With the music's triumphant strains. So on, And on, would be go, till the march was done. For the lonely child, so friendless and poor, Had the hero's soul that could dare and endure. And the flag floated free on the winds of the night And the gold stars glittered bravely and bright.

Brother, on life's road be it thus: We are marching, come and go with us. Speed to the best place, and there keep Your-rank, tho' the way be stony and steep. Poor, and weary, and friendless. Yet still, Fate bows down to a dauntless will. To the daring soul shall be given the prize: Out of the depths power will up-rise And find its place. Who so will, can: And of such shall be the coming mau!

- Tricotrin, in Inter-Ocean.

The Psychograph or Dial Planchette is an instru-ment that has been well tested by numerous investi-gators. Our well known contributor, Giles B. Steb-bins, writes:

"Soon after this new and curious instrument for

"Soon after this new and curious instrument for getting spirit messages was made known, I obtained one. Having no gift for its use I was obliged to twait for the right medium. At last I found a reliable person under whose truch on a first trial, the clisk swung to and fro, and the second time was done utill more readily." We are prepared to till any and fall orders. Price, \$1, postpaid.

Beauty Without Paint.

"What makes my skin so dark and muddy? My cheeks were once so smooth and ruddy! I use the best cosmetics made." Is what a lovely maiden said.

"That's not the cure, my charming Miss,"
The doctor said—"remember this:
If you your skin would keep from taint,
Discard the powder and the paint.

"The proper thing for all such ills Is this," remarked the man of pills: "Eurich the blood and make it pure— In this you'll find the only cure.' Dr. Pierce's violden Medical Discovery will do this

without fall. It has no equal. All druggists. Shaker Sermons, Containing the substance of Shaker Theology, together with replies and criticisms. Readers, who are interested in this line of thought can find much to interest them in this work. Cloth bound only 50 cents. For sale at this

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever. Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseares are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic re-search, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formu-lated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.

Farinaceous substances are not proper food for infants, and the indiscriminate use thereof tends largely to augment the excessive mortality among children deprived of a mother's nursing. Mellin's Food, while extremely nutritive, is free from any such objection, and is highly commended by all who have used it.

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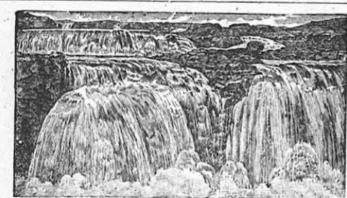
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(Continued from First Page.)

beautiful. As I held them, regarding them with the same admiration I had ever felt for them, a new revelation came to me. The flowers were speaking to me! Not in a word language, but in a soul language which I understood for the first time. How often had been both soothed and perplexed in the earth-life-in the companionship of nature which I had always loved with a passionate devotion. Each tree, each leaflet, each blossom, seemed to have a message for me, but I knew not their language; and I only half gathered their meaning as one from gestures and expression may gather a glimmering of the meaning of a stranger or guest who speaks only in a foreign tongue. I was certain of the message, and I often conjectured what it might be. Sometimes I thought I comprehended it, and the belief was a very pleasant one. But my spirit understood their language, and was glad in consequence. How can I tell you of their message? It was, as I have said, not in words, but was a direct communication of emotions unmeasured and unfettered by language. How shall I trans-late to you a strain of rare melody? How with mathematical precision give the esthetic results of the harmonious blending of colors? How then to your earthly natures convey the sense of perfect peace and joy and hope and faith which these flowers brought to man had which these flowers brought to me, not as a vague, intangible feeling, but as a positive and as-sured possession? This experience gave me my first actual realization of my changed condition—that I was no longer mertal but spirit, freed from the limitations of mortality, and with a spirit's perception and possi-bilities. Heretofore I had been in a maze of wonder—everything was so new and so strange. Emotion had so crowded upon emotion that I had realized nothing, and all my feelings had still been from the earthly standpoint. I seemed to have been a mortal who, by some chance had strayed into the realm of spirits; but the flowers-the daisies which grew in the fields, and are trodden heedlessly under foot—had reminded me of my spiritual birthright, and that I understood them was the surest proof of the truth of their message. "Sweet, perishable things!" I exclaimed as

I pressed them to my bosom; "even you have your lesson for me. How strange it is that I am so slow to comprehend that even the am so slow to comprehend that even the flowers of the field are capable of instructing me. I am bewildered. My intelligence has not yet developed beyond its earthly measure. I do not yet even realize my own privileges and possibilities."

"That is not strange, my child," said my guide. "It would be most strange, indeed, if it were otherwise. How many children of earth realize the possibilities of their spirits while they are yet in the earthly condition? and when they come here, and the horizon is so suddenly widened around them, it takes time for their vision to extend to its utmost limits. But I have something to tell you of the flowers you love so well. They are imperishable here. Death and decay wait not

on them any more than on your own spirit."
"Oh, mother, is that so?" I exclaimed in an ecstasy of delight. "How often on earth it has pained me, pained me inexpressibly, to see these beautiful creations of nature, which have by their beauty administered to the finest and most sensitive needs of our na-tures, droop and fade, and then be cast aside to perish. I could never shake off the feeling that we were guilty of ingratitude in thus trampling them under foot when they

no longer gave us pleasure."
"You must no/longer call me mother," said my companion with a sweet seriousness. Your own mother is waiting to welcome you when you are prepared to see her; to her the belongs, and it would pain her to hear it bestowed upon another. Call me Margaret. I am still your guide as long as you need my assistance: but I shall become daily more and more your companion. We shall present-

ly be sisters, not mother and daughter."
"Margaret, my sister," I said, kissing her hand. "No name could suit you better; no name be sweeter to me to utter. See, I fasten my daisies, my marguerites, upon your breast. You belong each to the other. You each speak the same language to me."

"Yes, they are my flowers, as they are yours," she answered simply; "that proves our spiritual kinship."

I can not tell you all we talked about that beautiful heavenly, morning. There seemed so much to say, both to Margaret and to my children, that for a time I was oblivious of all else. Then the remembrance came to me of the friends I had left behind in earth life. Why had I not thought of them before? Be cause events and experiences had been press-ing on me too fast for any more to crowd themselves in. But a panic suddenly seized me. In their bereavement how overwhelmed with grief they would be! How could they get along without me? I must go to them at once, and seek by some means to make my presence known and felt, and to comfort those stricken ones. But when and how should I find them? I looked around me in dismay. I was in the spirit land; how could I find my way back to earth? How I had left the earth I knew not. I had probably been borne thence by spirit forces, while my spirit was yet weak from its new birth.

No sooner were my wishes spoken than my boys said, "We will show you the way; we have traveled it so often, we know it well."

Immediately the scene around us dissolved until all that remained was a luminous cloud, and we descended, half floating, half walking, until I found myself in the old home I had known so well. How strange it seemed to glide, not like a ghost, but a veritable ghost, silent and unseen through its rooms and passage ways! And they who had been so long used to my presence, and who were even now, mourning the departure of my spirit with sincere and overwhelming grief, if they were but to catch a glimpse of my spirit form as it thus wandered, would be almost paralyzed with terror. I realized as never before how inconsistent is the fear of apparitions.

Eagerly I sought to comfort the mourning ones. And what agony it was even to my newly emancipated and happy spirit, to find that I could not make my presence known. "Oh, what shail I do?" I exclaimed in dis-

"You can do nothing," returned Margaret. "You are yet so new to the Spirit-world, and have so much to learn. Some day you will know how to reach and communicate with your friends; now you must permit me to do the work for you."

Gently she approached the weeping ones, softly laid her hands by turns upon their brows, whispered a few words of comfort in their ears, and to my surprise their tears ceased falling; they became calmer, and their conversation, which had been entirely of their loss, now took a happier and more hope-

ful turn. Margaret beckoned to me, and we left them thus, and were on our way back to the land of spirits, though I fain would have remained

longer.

My tears fell on the coffined form no less waits a year and g
"No," said Margaret, who seemed to divine than those of the mourners. I seemed to be thing over again.

my very thoughts; "you are not able yet to help them; and their grief only pains you." "Yes;" again in answer to my thoughts; "I shall do your work for you, I shall not forget or neglect them.'

"But why can not I do that which I so long to do-that which seems so easy for

"Oh, you have so much to learn!" replied Margaret half smiling. "You have not yet escaped from the limitations of an imperfect nature. You are still under the rule of law and ever will be. You cannot communicate with your friends until you have learned first the proper methods, and next how to use them. Did you think because you had become a spirit, that all things were possible to you? I can reach them because I have so long been familiar with the means of communication, and especially because of my long association with you. I have also been brought en rapport with your children. I have in a certain sense been their spiritual mother as well as yours. But do not be impatient. You have all eternity before you in which to learn."

I will not go into further detail of how the hours passed of that first day in the Spirit-world—how unconsciously I, who have so recently left the earth, drop into the earth language! "There shall be no night there!" and there are consequently no days, as I once measured, and as you still measure time. Time in the Spirit-world is measured only by emotions, events and deeds; counting it thus, how long that day was! When my spirit was strong enough to bear their presence, and my desire had summoned them, my father and mother came to me, and many friends who had preceded me to spirit life. Need I tell you of the joyous greetings, the words of affection, and all the tender confidences which spring up when those long separated are at last united to part to more? I realized that I was indeed in heaven. On this my first day was given a realization of its bright and happy side, and no hint was then imparted of the darker phases of the spirit life, and the trials and severe experiences it held in reserve for me. For spirit-land is not all beautiful. There are dark places and darkened souls, as there are on earth. Nor have our disciplines ended with our mortal existence, but are continued here, and must continue until our souls are entirely purified and refued.

It was probably the next day as you count time that Margaret came to me and said: There is an interesting ceremonial about to take place on earth, at which I think you would like to be present."

I had not thought of it—my funeral! One does not think of one's own funeral as an event of immediate occurrence while one is still alive. And I had not yet been able to realize that I was dead in any sense that

wade a funeral necessary.

We attended, of course. There were the usual outward signs of mourning—the black plumed hearse, the casket covered by a heavy pall, the sombre and cumbersome garments. An intense desire seized me to preach my own funeral sermon. Spirits frequently controlled mortals and spoke through them; why not I? I looked my wish to Margaret, and she smiled and said, "You can try."

Alas! I knew no more how to carry out my purpose than does a child to direct and control a steam engine. So after an impotent Ltook my stand beside the casket and listened to the discourse. How weak it seemed; how utterly inappropriate to the occa-sion! If I could only have spoken, I would have uttered words which should have pour ed a flood of light regarding the spirit life into the minds of the listeners, and comfort and consolation into their hearts, so that their cheeks should be wet with tears of joy instead of sorrow. Oh, how hard it was to remain silent, when there was so much to

For a final hymn they sang: "Nearer, my God, to Thee." It had always been a favorite of mine, and perhaps in remembrance of this it had been selected. I had once sung it weakly and tremulously, with the voice of faith and longing. As it was sung at my funeral it fell upon the air like a wail, so impregnated were the voices with the sorrow of the occasion. But there was one sing-er there to whom all their ears were deaf. Yes, I sang—I sang gloriously; my voice rang out in a glad shout of triumph:

"And when on joyous wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

It was not merely that the hymn revealed itself in a newer and fuller meaning to me; but there was rapturous joy in the discovery of a new possession—a new faculty of ex-pression—I could sing; I could sing even better that I had hoped or wished to sing

To me one of the saddest things of the earth-life had ever been that the spirit was in all directions hindered and curtailed in its expression. Through the weaknesses of the body it must content itself with imper fect, inadequate utterance, or else remain dumb. But freed from the mortal frame, I had acquired a new and a wonderfully expressive language—the language of music.
And so at my own funeral I sang triumphantly, though mortal ears heard me not; and as I sang, lo! a chorus of angels voices far and near, joined in the hymn, which rang from earth to heaven a ladder of divine song, up which it seemed as though all souls might have ascended to the vestibule of para-But though the strains rang out jubilantly in a mighty gush of music, the mortals heard only their own weak, sad wail,

and were deaf to the harmonies of heaven. When the casket was opened, I was the first to gaze upon the face of the dead; so too was I the last. There were numerous and costly flawers, but I was glad they had placed in the folded hands—the thin, velned hands, which, whatever they had found to do had done with their might-not lilies, (few are done with their might—not lilies. (few are worthy to bear them.) but daisies, which brighten by their beauty the highways and by-ways of the common places of life; the daisies she—I—had loved so well. How the persons of the pronouns perplex me; I seem not to know whether I am speaking of myself or some one else. I tried to take one of these daisies as a memento of the occasion, and transplanting it to immortal bowers, see if I could not bestow upon it the gift of immortality. But I was astonished and person to the country of mortality. But I was astonished and per-plexed. Though I could consciously touch it, I could not remove or displace it. So even spirit had its limitations.

Again Margaret smiled, and again she said: "You have so much to learn.".

Then I laid beside the perishable earthly flowers the spirit blossoms I still bore with me, but after a moment snatched them back again. No, I could not condemn the precious spirit treasures to the darkness of an earthly tomb. Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to askes; but spirit to spirit.

taking an eternal farewell of my past self. Thenceforward all connected with my earth. ly life would live only in memory. The thought was an inexpressibly sad one, though there was so much of sorrow in the past, so much that I would naturally be glad to bury forever not only to sight but to memory as

I stood by the open grave as the casket was lowered into it, and a sense of the full meaning of death came over me, as it had never done before—not even since my entrance in-to the Spirit-world. I was done with earth forever, save as my work might temporarily call me thither; and as the clods closed above my cold clay. I was almost overwhelmed with a realization of the solemn future which I now faced with all its responsibilities and its possibilities. I was dead and buried for-evermore to earth: I had been resurrected in the Spirit-world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Exhibitions of Tricks as Demonstrations of Spirit Power.

(Continued from Fifth Page-

will step in and try to protect those who seem to be unable to protect themselves, as in the Dis De Bar case with Mr. Marsh. Finally statutes will be enacted against the practice of mediumship, and then the true as well as the false will be necessarily included.

Credulous old gentleman have been con-tinuously robbed, and some of them utterly ruined by the most shamefaced imposition practiced upon them in the name of medi-

It is a pretty hard condition of things that compels an old-time worker in the field of Spiritualism like myself to make this statement; but it is unfortunately true. The worst of it all is that these bad people force themselves to the front and are supposed by outsiders to be genuine representatives of the spiritualistic movement, while it is true, as I have said, that they do not believe in Spiritualism, know nothing of its philosophy and many of them are on too low a spiritual and intellectual plane to learn anything about it. It is a notable fact that these people never seem to be impressed by the phe nomena that occur in their presence, showing no interest in them, while others work on in a perfect maze of wonder. This is because they know how cheap and ridiculous a trick they have played, and they naturally want to say as little about it as possible. The fact is that they and their tricks really have nothing to do with Spiritualism, nor see and no ing to do with Spiritualism, per se, and no one outside can have the perfect contempt for them that fills the mind of the philo-sophical Spiritualist. Every expose that is made by such men as Kellar and others is an unmixed blessing to the cause, and should be applauded by every sincere and honest believer in spirit intercourse.

The true man has no cause to defend except in the interests of truth, and if there is no foundation to our belief in spirit com-munion except that which rests upon trickery, collusion and delusion, let it go by the board, and the sooner the better. For myself I am a believer in the possibility and reality of spirit communion, based upon facts in my own experience, which were of such a character as to convince the most skeptical per-son living. These exposes of frauds do not disturb my convictions in the least.

The true Spiritualist does not base his faith upon public exhibitions of phenomena, however wonderful they may seem to be He depends upon his own observation of facts occurring among his personal friends and acquaintances, or with mediums that he has every reason to believe are honest. The phenomena that he relies upon are of such a nature as to put all possibility of deception out of the question. The honest mediums are anxious to make every condition possible to relieve the mind of the investigator from suspicion of themselves. The manifestations that occur in their presence may happen at any time and are often as unexpected to themselves as to others who may witness them. Their mediumship is not confined to the paraphernalia and equipment of the scance room or cabinet, nor their communications to a stock company of spirits in constant attendance.

Some of the best things I ever saw came unexpected and unsought. I have had occasion to mention some of these in my communications to the JOURNAL. Many years ago I was visiting at the house of Walter Currier, of Haverhill, Mass. His daughter Mary, then a slight girl eighteen years old, had been developed as a musical medium, and the demonstrations in her presence were of a marked and positive nature. Her father had fitted up a scance room, for the better accommodation of the friends who wished to see the phenomena. In it there were a a piano and various musical instruments. Heavy blinds, when closed, caused a deep twilight to pervade the room even in the day time. Mary was a natural musician and a fine player on the piano. She spent much of her time in playing, and often went into the scance room for that purpose. It not unfre-quently happened that while she thus amused herself, the other musical instruments that were lying about would be taken up and played upon by invisible performers, keeping perfect time with the music she was making. One day while she was thus engaged, and the other instruments had joined in, I quietly approached the door which was standing ajar and looked in. I saw several belis and a tambourine at one end of the piano moving about, and marking time to the tune that was being played. It was a curious sight, full of interest to the observer. I had a chance to see the effect of different degrees of light upon the manipulation of the instruments by the unseen operators. Occasionally the bells would be brought out from the shadows of the piano where the light was stronger, and when it became too strong the bell would drop to the floor. Then it would be pushed back again into the gloom and directly be lifted up and go on ringing as before. The medium went on playing without appearing to notice the efforts of her invisible aids. In this case our attention, is called to the necessity of a certain amount of darkness or absence of light that was required for the handling of

In the presence of this medium, I have often seen one end of the piano rise up and down and mark time to the tune that she was playing upon the keys. Here we have the genuine phenomena, which the impostor fraudulently advertises to draw a crowd to his Sunday night exhibition in some theatre

or hall: "The piano will be lifted and float in the Spirit flowers will be brought. Forms of spirit friends will be seen and plainly recognized in full view of the audience," etc. The crowd gathers, too often enhanced by numerous Spiritualists, and what they see is a few cheap rope tying tricks done in a cabinet. The impostor escapes through the back door and gathers up his ill-gotten gains, and leaves town on the night train. He waits a year and goes back and does the same

Every Spiritualist in the land should give Every Spiritualist in the land should give these people a wide berth, and never attend a theatre or hall exhibition advertised in the name of Spiritualism for they can be sure it is a swindle every time. Of course I am referring now to the physical manifestations. I could go on indefinitely with a record of the tricks and methods of these shameless important but I have said enough leaving the postors, but I have said enough, leaving the subject to the consideration of all honest people, believing that I have rendered some timely aid to the JOURNAL in its noble efforts to drive out frauds from the ranks of Spiritualism. A. E. CARPENTER.

"Growth of Religious Thought in London."

Fo the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journay

"Growth of Religious Thought in London" was the announced subject of a discourse by Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant at Unity Church in Chicago, on a Sunday during her stay there. To know something of the spiritual mood and religious life of that great city is a matter of special interest, for it is the heart and centre of England and stands first of all the cities of the world, not only in trade and finance, but in height and power of life among a large number of its millions of peo-While the vice and degraded misery among its poor are fearful, the comfort of its great middling class, the thoughtfulness of its intelligent and busy workers, and the splendid culture of its scholars and thinkers are well known

To hear of its religious condition from a gifted woman who makes her home, with her husband and children, in its midst, was a rare treat. Mrs. Chant, however, made but brief and general allusion to the subject announced, only enough to imply that there, as elsewhere, thought broadens on these subjects; but made her subject a striking and graphic illustration of the fact that the liberal belief and larger hope taught and held by many active people, in and out of the churches to-day, underlie much of that fresh and strong spirituality which inspires and accomplishes such great and noble religious and educational reforms. She told, as one who could say, "all of which I saw, and part of which I was," of the great movements in London for uplifting the fall-en and protecting the weak and training the untrained to walk in pleasant paths leading npward, and showed how light was growing and even the London world gaining.

This had been won at a great price by faithful and devoted workers, as she might well know from being one of the most de voted, although she did not allude to herself. said that the teaching and practice of that highest Christianity which exalted soul and body together, and would elevate and purify life here as the surest way to attain a fit life hereafter, had cost self sacrifice and provoked persecutions as of old. The story of modern persecution for opinion's sake in England was a terrible one.

The process of development of a new faith was beautifully likened to the growth of a leaf within a sheath. The tender flower leaf would be held gently but firmly by the protecting sheath, which would, at last, deliberately give way that the developed leaf might expand alone, but all this only in fit time. So we must have gentleness, ance, and most of all patience toward those seeking the light. God has taught us, in all nature, the lesson of gradual development and symmetrical growth.

Doctrine and dogma, held without charity

and without allowing growth, have done much to impede and embitter life. Not creed so much as life is essential. The faith and thought that will grow is the valuable force in the world, for growth is the law of life and health.

The dogma of eternal punishment, and 'the equally wretched doctrine of election," were treated as of a "arker day, and "the irritating, idle," and "the utterly valueless doctrinal disputes" over these and like dogmas regretfully alluded to.

The mother learned tender and beautiful daily lessons from her children, and their welfare and growth and safety were her constant and unceasing care. Surely it was not hard to believe that the good God, the giver of all good and beautiful things, was as apeciative and watchful of the growth and final perfection of his children as human parents could be. All could surely rest in that faith as a sheet anchor; all could surely put heart and hope in their daily work in that heavenly light. Her conclusion was that the gain of these larger views and of this nobler charity was making the waste places glad, in London and elsewhere.

This discourse so charitable in spirit, so

broad in thought, so hopeful and helpful to. spiritual growth and devoted daily life, awakened the jealous and narrow bigotry of the Boston Congregationalist, and led its ed itor to sound his little pipe in warning against "imported infidelity." I have given but an imperfect outline of the discourse but enough to show that the inspiring and intuitive thought of this earnest woman reaches up toward the sky and out to the immortal life, and has no chill of agnostic doubt. She is a spiritual thinker, open to all heavenly influences, and strength for her blessed work among the poor and fallen comes from ce-G. B. STEBBINS. lestial sources.

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Continued from First Page.

beautiful. As I held them, regarding them with the same admiration I had ever felt for them, a new revelation came to me. The flowers were speaking to me! Not in a word language, but in a soul language which I understood for the first time. How often had I been both soothed and perplexed in the earth life in the companionship of nature, which I had always loved with a passionate devotion. Each tree, each leaflet, each blossom, seemed to have a message for me, but I knew not their language; and I only half gathered their meaning as one from gestures and expression may gather a glimmering of the meaning of a stranger or guest who speaks only in a foreign tongue. I was certain of the message, and I often conjectured what it might be. Sometimes I thought A comprehended it, and the belief was a very pleasant one. But my spirit understood their lan-guage, and was glad in consequence. How can I tell you of their message? It was, as I have said, not in words, but was a direct communication of emotions unmeasured and communication of emotions unmeasured and unfettered by language. How shall I translate to you a strain of rare melody? How with mathematical precision give the esthetic results of the harmonious blending of colors? How then to your earthly natures convey the sense of perfect peace and joy and hope and faith which these flowers brought to me, not as a vague, intangible feeling, but as a positive and as-sured possession? This experience gave me my first actual realization of my changed condition-that I was no longer mortal but spirit, freed from the limitations of mortal-ity, and with a spirit's perception and possibilities. Heretofore I had been in a maze of wonder—everything was so new and so strange. Emotion had so crowded upon emotion that I had realized nothing, and all my feelings had still been from the earthly standpoint. I seemed to have been a mortal who, by some chance had strayed into the realm of spirits; but the flowers-the daisies which grew in the fields, and are trodden heedlessly under foot—had reminded me of my spiritual birthright, and that I understood them was the surest proof of the truth of their message.
"Sweet, perishable things!" I exclaimed as

I pressed them to my bosom; "even you have your lesson for me. How strange it is that I am so slow to comprehend that even the flowers of the field are capable of instruct-ing me. I am bewildered. My intelligence has not yet developed beyond its earthly measure. I do not yet even realize my own privileges and possibilities."

"That is not strange, my child," said my guide. "It would be most strange, indeed, if it were otherwise. How many children of earth realize the possibilities of their spirits while they are yet in the earthly condition? and when they come here, and the horizon is so suddenly widened around them, it takes time for their vision to extend to its utmost limits. But I have something to tell you of the flowers you love so well. They are im-perishable here. Death and decay wait not on them any more than on your own spirit." "Oh, mother, is that so?" I exclaimed in an ecstasy of delight. "How often on earth it

has pained me, pained me inexpressibly, to see these beautiful creations of nature, which have by their beauty administered to the finest and most sensitive needs of our na-tures, droop and fade, and then be cast aside to perish. I could never shake off the feeling that we were guilty of ingratitude inthus trampling them under foot when they no longer gave us pleasure."

You must no longer call me mother," said my companion with a sweet seriousness. Your own mother is waiting to welcome you when you are prepared to see her; to her the title belongs, and it would pain her to hear it bestowed upon another. Call me Margaret. I am still your guide as long as you/need my assistance; but I shall become daily more and more your companion. We shall present-

ly be sisters, not mother and daughter."
"Margaret, my sister," I said, kissing her 'No name could suit you better; no name be sweeter to me to utter. See, I fast-en my daisies, my marguerites upon your breast. You belong each to the other. You each speak the same language to me.

"Yes, they are my flowers, as they are yours," she answered simply; "that proves our spiritual kinship."

I can not tell you all we talked about that beautiful heavenly morning. There seemed so much to say, both to Margaret and to my children, that for a time I was oblivious of all else. Then the remembrance came to me of the friends I had left behind in earth life. Why had I not thought of them before? Because events and experiences had been pressing on me too fast for any more to crowd themselves in. But a panic suddenly seized ms. In their bereavement how overwhelmed with grief they would be! How could they get along without me? I must go to them at once, and seek by some means to make my presence known and feit, and to comfort those stricken ones. But when and how should I find them? I looked around me in dismay. I

find them? I looked around me in dismay. I was in the spirit land; how could I find my way back to earth? How I had left the earth I knew not. I had probably been borne thence by spirit forces, while my spirit was yet weak from its new birth.

No sooner were my wishes spoken than my boys said, "We will show you the way; we have traveled it so often, we know it well."

Immediately the scene around us dissolved until all that remained was a luminous cloud, and we descended, half floating, half walking, until I found myself in the old home I had known so well. How strange it seemed to glide, not like a ghost, but a veritable ghost, silent and unseen through its able ghost, silent and unseen through its rooms and passage ways! And they who had been so long used to my presence, and who were even now mourning the departure of my spirit with sincere and overwhelming grief, if they were but to catch a glimpse of my spirit form as it thus wandered, would be almost paralyzed with terror. I realized as never before how inconsistent is the fear of

/apparitions.
Eagerly I sought to comfort the mourning ones. And what agony it was even to my newly emancipated and happy spirit, to find at I could not make my presence known.
"Oh, what shall I do?" I exclaimed in dis-

"You can do nothing," returned Margaret. "You are yet so new to the Spirit-world, and have so much to learn. Some day you will know how to reach and communicate with your friends; now you must permit me to do the work for you."

Gently she approached the weeping ones, softly laid her hands by turns upon their brows, whispered a few words of comfort in their ears, and to my surprise their tears' ceased falling; they became calmer, and their conversation, which had been entirely of their loss, now took a happier and more hope-

Margaret beckened to me, and we left them thus, and were on our way back to the land of spirits, though I fain would have remained

longer. "No," said Margaret, who seemed to divine

my very thoughts; "you are not able yet to help them; and their grief only pains you." "Yes;" again in answer to my thoughts; "I shall do your work for you, I shall not forget or neglect them."

But why can not I do that which I so long to do-that which seems so easy for

"Oh, you have so much to learn!" replied Margaret half smiling. "You have not yet escaped from the limitations of an imperfect nature. You are still under the rule of law and ever will be. You cannot communicate with your friends until you have learned first the proper methods, and next howsto use them. Did you think because you had become a spirit, that all things were possible to you? I can reach them because I have so long been familiar with the means of communication, and especially because of my long association with you. I have also been brought en rapport with your children. I have in a certain sense been their spiritual mother as well as yours. But do not be impatient. You have all eternity before you in which to learn.'

I will not go into further detail of how the hours passed of that first day in the Spiritworld—how unconsciously I, who have so re-cently left the earth, drop into the earth language! "There shall be no night there!" and there are consequently no days, as I once measured, and as you still measure time. Time in the Spirit-world is measured only by emotions, events and deeds; counting it thus, how long that day was! When my spirit was strong enough to bear their presence, and my desire had summoned them, my father and mother came to me, and many friends who had preceded me to spirit life. Need I tell you of the joyous greetings, the words of affection, and all the tender confidences which spring up when those long separated are at last united to part to more? I realized that I was indeed in heaven. On this my first day was given a realization of its bright and happy side, and no hint was then imparted of the darker phases of the spirit life, and the trials and severe experiences it held in reserve for me. For spirit-land is not all beautiful. There are dark places and darkened souls, as there are on earth. Nor have our disciplines ended with our mortal existence, but are continued here, and must continue until our souls are entirely purified and refined.

It was probably the next day as you count time that Margaret came to me and said: There is an interesting ceremonial about to take place on earth, at which I think you would like to be present."

I had not thought of it-my funeral! One does not think of one's own funeral as an event of immediate occurrence while one is still alive. And I had not yet been able to realize that I was dead in any sense that

wade a funeral necessary.

We attended, of course. There were the usual outward signs of mourning—the black plumed hearse, the casket covered by a heavy pall, the sombre and cumbersome garments. An intense desire seized me to preach my own funeral sermon. Spirits frequently controlled mortals and spoke through them; why not I? I looked my wish to Margaret, and she smiled and said, "You can try." Alas! I knew no more how to carry out my

purpose than does a child to direct and control a steam engine. So after an impotent effort, I took my stand beside the casket and listened to the discourse. How weak it seemed; how utterly inappropriate to the occa-sion! If I could only have spoken, I would have uttered words which should have pour ed a flood of light regarding the spirit life into the minds of the listeners, and comfort and consolation into their hearts, so that their cheeks should be wet with tears of joy instead of sorrow. Oh, how hard it was to remain silent, when there was so much to

For a final hymn they sang: "Nearer, my God, to Thee." It had always been a favor-ite of mine, and perhaps in remembrance of this it had been selected. I had once sung it weakly and tremulously, with the voice of faith and longing. As it was sung at my funeral it fell upon the air like a wail, so impregnated were the voices with the sor-row of the occasion. But there was one singer there to whom all their ears were deaf. Yes, I sang-I sang gloriously; my voice rang out in a glad shout of triumph:

"And when on joyous wing Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot, Upward I fly, Still all my song shall be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee."

It was not merely that the hymn revealed itself in a newer and fuller meaning to me; but there was rapturous joy in the discovery of a new possession—a new faculty of ex-pression—I could sing; I could sing even better that I had hoped or wished to sing

To me one of the saddest things of the earth-life had ever been that the spirit was in all directions hindered and curtailed in its expression. Through the weaknesses of the body it must content itself with imper fect, inadequate utterance, or else remain dumb. But freed from the mortal-frame, I had acquired a new and a wonderfully ex-pressive language—the language of music. And so at my own funeral I sang trium-phantly, though mortal ears heard me not; and as I sang, lo! a chorus of angels voices far and near joined in the hymn, which rang from earth to heaven a ladder of divine song, up which it seemed as though all souls might have ascended to the vestibule of paradise. But though the strains rang out jubilantly in a mighty gush of music, the mortals heard only their own weak, sad wail, and were deaf to the harmonies of heaven.

When the casket was opened, I was the first to gaze upon the face of the dead; so too was I the last. There were numerons and costly dowers, but I was glad they had placed in the folded hands—the thin, velned hands, which, whatever they had found to do had done with their might-not lilies, (few are done with their might—not lilies. (few are worthy to bear them.) but daisies, which brighten by their beauty the highways and by ways of the common places of life; the daisies she—I—had loved so well. How the persons of the pronouns perplex me; I seem not to know whether I am speaking of myself or some one else. I tried to take one of these daisies as a memento of the occasion, and transplanting it to immortal bowers, see if I could not bestow upon it the gift of immortality. But I was astonished and permortality. But I was astonished and per-plexed. Though I could consciously touch it, I could not remove or displace it. So even spirit had its limitations.

Again Margaret smiled, and again she said: "You have so much to learn." Then I laid beside the perishable earthly flowers the spirit blossoms I still bore with me, but after a moment snatched them back again. No, I could not condemn the precious spirit treasures to the darkness of an earthly tomb. Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to

askes; but spirit to spirit.

My tears fell on the coffined form no less than those of the mourners. I seemed to be thing over again.

taking an eternal farewell of my past self Thenceforward all connected with my earth. ly life would live only in memory. The thought was an inexpressibly sad one, though there was so much of sorrow in the past, so much that I would naturally be glad to bury forever not only to sight but to memory as

I stood by the open grave as the casket was lowered into it, and a sense of the full mean-ing of death came over me, as it had never done before—not even since my entrance in-to the Spirit-world. I was done with earth forever, save as my work might temporarily call me thither; and as the clods closed above my cold clay, I was almost overwhelmed with a realization of the solemn future which I now faced with all its responsibilities and its possibilities. I was dead and buried for-evermore to earth: I had been resurrected in the Spirit-world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Exhibitions of Tricks as Demonstrations of Spirit Power.

(Continued from Fifth Pagewill step in and try to protect those who seem to be unable to protect themselves, as in the Dis De Bar case with Mr. Marsh. nally statutes will be enacted against the practice of mediumship, and then the true as well as the false will be necessarily included.

Credulous old gentleman have been con-tinuously robbed, and some of them utterly ruined by the most shamefaced imposition practiced upon them in the name of medi-

It is a pretty hard condition of things that compels an old-time worker in the field of Spiritualism like myself to make this statement; but it is unfortunately true. The worst of it all is that these bad people force themselves to the front and are supposed by outsiders to be genuine representatives of the spiritualistic movement, while it is true, as I have said, that they do not believe in Spiritualism, know nothing of its philosophy and many of them are on too low a spiritual and intellectual plane to learn anything about it. It is a notable fact that these people never seem to be impressed by the phe nomena that occur in their presence, show ing no interest in them, while others work on in a perfect maze of wonder. This is because they know how cheap and ridiculous a trick they have played, and they naturally want to say as little about it as possible. The fact is that they and their tricks really have nothing to do with Spiritualism, per se, and no one outside can have the perfect contempt for them that fills the mind of the philosophical Spiritualist. Every expose that is made by such men as Kellar and others is an unmixed blessing to the cause, and should be applauded by every sincere and honest be-liever in spirit intercourse.

The true man has no cause to defend except in the interests of truth, and if there is no foundation to our belief in spirit communion except that which rests upon trickery, collusion and delusion, let it go by the board, and the sooner the better. For myself I am a believer in the possibility and reality of spirit communion, based upon facts in my own experience, which were of such a character as to convince the most skeptical per-son living. These exposes of frauds do not disturb my convictions in the least.

The true Spiritualist does not base his faith upon public exhibitions of phenomena, however wonderful they may seem to be. He depends upon his own observation of facts occurring among his personal friends and acquaintances, or with mediums that he has every reason to believe are honest. The phenomena that he relies upon are of such a nature as to put all possibility of deception out of the question. The honest mediums are anxious to make every condition possible to relieve the mind of the investigator from suspicion of themselves. The manifestations that occur in their presence may happen at any time and are often as unexpected to themselves as to others who may witness them. Their mediumship is not confined to the paraphernalia and equipment of the scance room or cabinet, nor their communications to a stock company of spirits in constant attendance.

Some of the best things I ever saw came unexpected and unsought. I have had occaunexpected and unsonght. I have had occasion to mention some of these in my communications to the JOURNAL. Many years ago I was visiting at the house of Walter Currier, of Haverhill, Mass. His daughter Mary, then a slight girl eighteen years old, had been developed as a musical medium, and the demonstrations in her presence were of a marked and positive nature. Her father had fitted up a scance room, for the better accommodation of the friends who wished to see the phenomens. In it there were a a piano and various musical instruments. Heavy blinds, when closed, caused a deep twilight to pervade the room even in the day time. Mary was a natural musician and a fine player on the piano. She spent much of her time in playing, and often went into the scance room for that purpose. It not unfrequently happened that while she thus amused herself, the other musical instruments that were lying about would be taken up and played upon by invisible performers, keeping perfect time with the music she was making. One day while she was thus engaged, and the other instruments had joined in, I quietly approached the door which was standing ajar and looked in. I saw several bells and a tambourine at one end of the piano moving about, and marking time to the tune that was being played. It was a curious sight, full of interest to the observer. I had a change to see the effect of different degrees of light upon the manipulation of the instruments by the unseen operators. Occasionally the bells would be brought out from the shadows of the piano where the light was stronger, and when it became too strong the bell would drop to the floor. Then it would be pushed back again into the gloom and directly be lifted up and go on ringing as before. The medium went on playing without appearing to notice the efforts of her invisible aids. In this case our attention is called to the necessity of a certain amount of darkness or absence of light that was required for the handling of

the instruments. In the presence of this medium, I have often seen one end of the piano rise up and down and mark time to the tune that she was playing upon the keys. Here we have the genuine phenomena, which the impostor fraudulently advertises to draw a crowd to his Sunday night exhibition in some theatre or hall: "The piano will be lifted and float in the

air. Spirit flowers will be brought. Forms of spirit friends will be seen and plainly recognized in full view of the audience," etc.
The crowd gathers, too often enhanced by numerous Spiritualists, and what they see is a few cheap rope tying tricks done in a cabinet. The impostor escapes through the back door and gathers up his ill-gotten gains, and leaves town on the night train. He waits a year and goes back and does the same

Every Spiritualist in the land should give hese people a wide berth, and never attend a theatre or hall exhibition advertised in the a theatre or hall exhibition advertised in the name of Spiritualism for they can be sure it is a swindle every time. Of course I am referring now to the physical manifestations. I could go on indefinitely with a record of the tricks and methods of these shameless impostors, but I have said enough, leaving the subject to the consideration of all honest people, believing that I have rendered some timely aid to the JOURNAL in its noble efforts to drive out frauds from the ranks of Spiritualism. A. E. CARPENTER.

"Growth of Religious Thought in London."

Fo the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

"Growth of Religious Thought in London" was the announced subject of a discourse by Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant at Unity Church in Chicago, on a Sunday during her stay there. To know something of the spiritual mood and religious life of that great city is a matter of special interest, for it is the heart and centre of England and stands first of all the cities of the world, not only in trade and finance, but in height and power of life among a large number of its millions of peo-ple. While the vice and degraded misery among its poor are fearful, the comfort of its great middling class, the thoughtfulness of its intelligent and busy workers, and the splendid culture of its scholars and thinkers

are well known.

To hear of its religious condition from a gifted woman who makes her home, with her husband and children, in its midst, was a rare treat. Mrs. Chant, however, made but brief and general allusion to the subject announced, only enough to imply that there, as elsewhere, thought broadens on these subjects; but made her subject a striking and graphic illustration of the fact that the liberal belief and larger hope taught and held by many active people, in and out of the churches to-day, underlie much of that fresh and strong spirituality which inspires and accomplishes such great and noble religious and educational reforms. She told, as one who could say, "all of which I saw, and part of which I was," of the great movements in London for uplifting the fall-en and protecting the weak and training the untrained to walk in pleasant paths leading upward, and showed how light was growing

and even the London world gaining.

This had been won at a great price by faithful and devoted workers, as she might well know from being one of the most devoted, although she did not allude to herself. She said that the teaching and practice of that highest Christianity which exalted soul and body together, and would elevate and purify life here as the surest way to attain a fit life hereafter, had cost self-sacrifice and provoked persecutions as of old. The story of modern persecution for opinion's sake in England was a terrible one.

The process of development of a new faith was beautifully likened to the growth of a leaf within a sheath. The tender flower leaf would be held gently but firmly by the protecting sheath, which would, at last, delib-erately give way that the developed leaf might expand alone, but all this only in fit time. So we must have gentleness, tolerance, and most of all patience toward those seeking the light. God has taught us, in all nature, the lesson of gradual development

and symmetrical growth.

Doctrine and dogma, held without charity and without allowing growth, have done much to impede and embitter life. Not creed so much as life is essential. The faith and thought that will grow is the valuable force in the world, for growth is the law of life and health.

The dogma of eternal punishment, and 'the equally wretched doctrine of election," were treated as of a "tarker day, and "the ir-ricating idle," and "the utterly valueless doc-trinal disputes" over these and like dogmas

regretfully alluded to.

The mother learned tender and beautiful daily lessons from her children, and their welfare and growth and safety were her constant and unceasing care. Surely it was not hard to believe that the good God, the giver of all good and beautiful things, was as apfinal perfection of his children as human parents could be. All could surely rest in that faith as a sheet anchor; all could surely put heart and hope in their daily work in that heavenly light. Her conclusion was that the gain of these larger views and of this nobler charity was making the waste places glad, in

charity was making the waste places glad, in London and elsewhere.

This discourse so charitable in spirit, so broad in thought, so hopeful and helpful to spiritual growth and devoted daily life, awakened the jealous and narrow bigotry of the Boston Congregationalist, and led its editor to sound his little pipe in warning against "imported infidelity." I have given but an imperfect outline of the discourse but enough to show that the inspiring and intrienough to show that the inspiring and intuitive thought of this earnest woman reaches up toward the sky and out to the immortal life, and has no chill of agnostic doubt. She is a spiritual thinker, open to all heavenly influences, and strength for her blessed work among the poor and fallen comes from celestial sources.

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