No. 26

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to eng in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the 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 organcation of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated acpounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

#### CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.-Heaven Revised.-And a Voice said unt me "Write."

SECOND PAGE .- Mrs. F. O. Hyzer's Experiences with He Daughter in Spirit-Life. Spirit Robert Dale Owen or Socialism. A Highland Serr and Scotch Superstitions. Spiritual Speculation on the Great Misty Question Whether Ghosts Have Really Been Seen.

THIRD PAGE.-Book Reviews. Partial List of Magazine for August. New Books Received. Miscellaneous Advertisements

FOURTH PAGE .- Evil Effects of Governmental Paternal sm. Another Encyclical from the Pope. Samples of Religion, General Sheridan.

FIFTH PAGE.-General Items, Cassadaga Camp Meeting Materialism in Sunday Schools, General News, Birth of the Butterfly. Miscellaneous Advertisements

SIXTH PAGE.—The Inclination to Religious thought. Re markable Appearances. Spiritualism in Washington D. C. The Effect of Spirit Presence, A Rattlesnake Bite Cured. Evidence of Spirit Power. An Inquiry. It it Imagination or Inspiration? Gold Discovered in a Dream. Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects SEVENTH PAGE.-Shesidan's Ride, Miscellaneous Adver

EIGHTH PAGE Vitality and Intelligence Working Up-ward, Dr. Joseph Boals, Cripples and Crutches, Graphic Description of Mrs. Van Cott's Elequence, Miscella

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 VII.

BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.

I cannot tell how long it was after this, but probably not long, that Margaret came and said a new lesson was prepared for me if I was ready to receive it. Thirsting for knowledge, I eagerly assented. A mortal was just crossing to the hither side of the River of Death, and it should be my privilege to be one of those who should welcome her, and give her the first instructions concerning the spirit land. ' It was a task which I longed yet dreaded to accept. I thought it must be rarely sweet to help dispel the terrors with which most mortals, trained in an erroneous theology, are sometimes beset upon their first entrance into the life unknown. But I myself felt so ignorant, so inadequate to what seemed required of me, Margaret reassured me, and told me the needs of the moment would suggest what I should say and do. Moreover I was not to go alone. Others would accompany me, and a large band of spirits would wait to welcome the pilgrim as she reached the spirit sphere.

I had but one companion, a man apparently in the prime of life, whose countenance bore the traces of a noble nature. We found the dead—the newly born—still in the deep unconsciousness which in the case of many accompanies the passage of one life to the other. She was a woman well advanced in years, but even in the sleep of death, with all the traces of the cares and sorrows and the sins of life, (for who are there without sin? and in spite of the gray hair and furrowed cheek and brow, there was a look of divine peace upon her face—a look which seemed so habitual that it had softened the lines and wrinkles, and rested in the curve of the lips. "Surely this was a saint upon earth!" I

exclaimed reverently as we stood beside her.
"You speak truly," was my companion's
response; and as I glanced at him when he uttered these words, I detected a resemblance between the two, therefore I was not sur-

prised when, bending over the sleeping form, he uttered the word, "Mother!" The sleeper opened her eyes, and a joyful light shone in them as they fell upon her son. She stretched out her arms exclaiming. "At last! at last!"

turned aside and left mother and son to this their first interview, after having been severed, and then united, by death. Then when they needed me I returned, and bý kind words and necessary explanations sought to make the woman understand that she was at last really free from the earthly bondage. Then we half led, half bore her away from earth, and as we approached the spirit land, lol a great throng came out to meet us, and gathering around, they welcomed her with terms of love and gratitude, as one would welcome a friend and savior. Each had some story to tell of a kindness done, of a word spoken in season, of sympathy accorded when most needed, of faults gently reproved—in brief, of work which an angel might de and be proud of, but which had been done by a weak, an erring woman (for are we not all weak and erring in the earth-

I felt my heart go out in a sudden gush of

affection towards this woman, and I fancied that one of the greatest privileges the Spirit-world could bestow would be to give me her sincere friendship. She seemed one among a thousand, and instead of teaching her I might learn from her.

"You shall not lose sight of her," said Mar-garet, to whom I expressed this wish. "But I have something to tell you regarding her. If these very ones who have so eagerly welcomed her here to-day, and who have so gratefully acknowledged the benefits she has conferred upon them, had, while still in their mortal existence, known her true history, they would have turned from her as from a woman accursed." woman accursed.

"Would they have been just in so doing?"

I asked in wonder.

"Oh, earthly vision is one thing, and spiritual vision is another. Does her face bear the stamp of the blessing or the curse of heaven?

"Its blessing, assuredly."
"Then let not what I have told you lead you to prejudge and misjudge. Wait until you know her full history, which shall presently be revealed to you, and then we shall be able to measure your suitable progression." be able to measure your spiritual progress by the judgment which you accord this woman. Meantime there is one place with-in your reach which you have not visited.

Will you do so now?"

The direction that we took I remember not, nor the time occupied in reaching our destination. The air grew chilly, and the sky took a steely blue. The light was dazzling, and the scene one of rare beauty, but so cold, and the scene one of rare beauty, but so cold, oh, so cold. Dishivered as the breath of winter fell upon me. I then recalled what Mary, the ministering angel, had said about the domain of winter. In the distance snow-crowned mountains gleamed and glittered in the sunlight, and giant icebergs, carved in a thousand beautiful and fantastic shapes, reflected all the colors of the prism. Rivers of ice wound their way through the land-scape, dazzling in the light, but currentless. The trees were cased in crystals, reflecting The trees were cased in crystals, reflecting the light from a thousand points, while the flowers and shrubbery were seemingly of con-gealed vapor, as fantastically beautiful as gealed vapor, as rantastically beautiful as the frost-tracery upon earthly windows. Silver and crystal everywhere—pearls and diamonds; but no warmth of color, no warmth of light—beautiful and cold. The very houses were ice palaces or ice cottages, more radiant than marble.

I saw many people who seemed for the most part perfectly content with their climate, as though they had never wished for perhaps known any other. or perhaps known any other. Only I noticed that now and then one shivered slightly, as

if unconsciously.

A strange object met my view here. As carried upon his back a sort of sack. He was seeking here and there for rubbish of any and every sort, which, when found, he gathered up and put in his bag with an eagerness that amounted almost to greed. He shivered continually, and now and then muttered to himself: "I am so cold! Will I never be warm again?" When he met a passer by he held out his hand as if asking

"Are there then beggars and tramps in the

Spirit-world?"
"Yes, many," was the reply of my companien. "They are found principally in this and the lower spheres, though they occasion-ally wander even into higher ones. They belong nowhere, as they have no home. You are astonished and want an explanation. Well, I will tell you what this man was, which will account for what he is:

"In earth-life there was once a merchant prince whose name was a power in the finan-cial world. Rising from poverty and obscurity, he reached the topmost round of the financial ladder. He was strictly honest as the world counts honesty. He told no busi-ness lies. He met all his obligations promptly and fully. But he was selfish to his heart's core. He oppressed the poor. He paid his employes the lowest wages for which he could get men and women to work, and when old age overtook them, he turned them off to linger on and finally to die in destitution, and put younger ones in their places. If he ever gave to charity, he did it blowing a trumpet before him, so that the might reap a sevenfold advantage in his business. There was not one man or woman in all the world, outside his own family, who could say that they had ever known him to speak a genuinely kind word or do an un-selfish act. In his veins seemed to flow ice selfish act. In his veins seemed to now ice instead of blood. At last he passed away, and not one human being was the better for his having lived, save those who inherited his money. He had heaped up wealth on earth, but he could not take a penny of it with him; and, though he belonged to an aristocratic and exclusive church, he had utterly neglected to lay up treasures in heaven. He had not even builded himself a house. Therefore you behold him homeless, friendless, destitute, begging of those whom he once oppressed. It is the old story of Dives and Lazarus revised. True to the instinct of greed which governed him on earth, he must accumulate something, and as his accumulations there were utterly worthless when gauged by the standard of eternity, so he goes on gathering worthless rubbish.

This story gave me much to think about; but I put it aside for the present, in the absorbing interest which the scene

awakens. "But what strange place is this." I asked.

"where winter seems to reign perpetually?"
"This," Margaret responded, "is the realm
of pure intellect and of self. Truth sheds its light here, but the beams of love which light-en and vivify the sphere from which we came, never descend, never melt the perpetual ice and snow of this fairy-like scene; never warm human hearts. Here those who lived pure-ly intellectual lives find their congenial home men who were given up wholly to scientific and business pursuits, and never cultivated the affections; men who were honest and upright from pride-or instinct; but who never knew the meaning of the word charity; men who sought to be just but not merciful; men who were never stirred by kindly or affec-tionate impulses toward their own sex, and tionate impulses toward their own sex, and who knew not the higher meaning of the word love in their association with each other. Here some of the so-called wisest men and the brightest geniuses of earth have found themselves upon their first entrance to the Spirit-world. But as truth may and does enter here, it furnishes an open door through which they may pass, if they will, to the warmer spheres beyond."

It was a very curious scene to me. I watched its inhabitants one after another as they were busy at their work, for they, too, were

were busy at their work, for they, too, were all busy. Margaret at last directed my at-tention towards one man, and told me to study him well. I did so, and this was the story that was gradually revealed to my intelligence:

I seemed to see a young boy possessing a warring nature, irreconcilable with itself, growing up in poverty and obscurity, and compelled to fight the battle of life against heavy odds. He was a strange boy, not si-lent but uncommunicative, and nobody un-derstood him; and as he grew up and peculiar inherited traits developed themselves, he became a strange man, and people under-stood him still less,—though few ever real-

ized the fact. Surrounded in all the years from early youth up to the prime of manhood by adverse circumstances of diverse character, beset by temptations to which he yielded, and giving way to weaknesses of a character which seemed to continually clog his progress there was some subtile power which guided and protected him, and which, while he con-stantly struggled with the circumstances of his life and his own inherent weaknesses,and almost as constantly failed, and thus seemed to be continually descending,—yet constantly urged him upward and onward in a moral and intellectual progress which he himself comprehended quite as little as any one else. Yet this progress seemed almost wholly objective, and only stamped the outside of his nature, not entering into it deep-A strange object met my view here. As strange as was everything about me, this object, being found anywhere in the spirit world, seemed out of place. It was a man who were only the scantlest of rags, and the surroundings of his life, with its temptations, and its absence of opportunities for development in who were only the scantlest of rags, and who were only the scantlest of rags, and the should have descended the talisman of spiritual vision and heaveuntil he found his level with the ignorant and the degraded.

But his subjective development was pure ly intellectual. He seemed a man almost without moral perceptions when judged inwardly, though his outward character had won the respect of all. He was a sort of faun, if we may imagine that the progress of intelligence and civilization for two thousand years should destroy in that mythical creature something of its old simple spontaneity, and put intellect in its place, while he still retained his close sympathy and as sociation with nature. In the truest meaning of the term he was a selfish man. That is, as a philosopher his views of life were centred in self. He believed that self was all that existence held for any one. Springing out of this selfish philosophy were terrible consequences to others. Outwardly cold in his demeanor, and passing in the estimation of his acquaintances as incapable of emotion, at times there surged through his being tidal waves of passion which swept him off his feet, and when they receded, left on each occasion a fresh victim wrecked and stranded on the beach. I will do him the justice to say that he struggled against these almost periodical tides—struggled as few men ever struggle; but they seemed as resistless as the ocean tides, and at last he came to regard resistance as useless, and saying "it is fate," yielded himself up to them. When they had passed, humiliated, he would flee from the society of men, and especially from that of women, leading the life of a recluse, no one but himself knowing the thoughts and feelings of his heart. For the thoughts and feelings of his heart. For his victims he felt a sort of tender, romantic pity,—nothing more; and as time wore on and took them further and further away from his presence, all the pain of the pity died out, and the remembrance came to pleasurable. It was impossible that his feelings should reach out so far from self as to enter into their shame, their agony, their remerse, possibly their degradation.

He had won himself a name before the world, for he was gifted with a marvellous imagination. Whether in describing scenes, narrating events or depleting passion, he displayed the master hand, and men read and admired; women read and worshiped. The love of such a man was something to be sought, and to be proud of when attained. Therefore unusual temptations beset him temptations from which he fled in his wiser moments, to which he succumbed in his

weaker ones. At last, when he had reached middle life, he met a woman toward whom he was for some reason attracted. She was no longer in the flush of youth, and her beauty had aded. To her innocent woman's nature, totally ignorant of his character, this man's

friendship seemed something to be prized. It was the old story of Francesco de Rimini and Polo. They read together some tale of wild and passionate romance, until at last "their lips all trembling kissed." "The book and writer both were love's pur-

In its leaves that day they read no

And now the scene changed, and I seemed see the woman's story, and it was this: Marrying early and unfortunately, she had suffered untold agonies in her married life. Though she was a mother, and her maternal instincts had been stirred to their depths, she knew nothing of that conjugal devotion which recognizes maternity as its highest manifestation. Her life had been barren and cold, and when the heel of this man's passion came suddenly upon her, it took her una-wares, and with all the innocence of an undeveloped nature she did not at first under-stand it. When at length its meaning dawn-ed upon her, she realized at the same time that he had become very dear to her. But she did not yield without a struggle. She passed sleepless nights and fasting days You will say that there ought to have been no doubt, no hesitation in her mind—that the way of right doing was very clear. But you know not, no, not one of you, what your own conduct might be under like circumstances, a like trial. It is possible you might vield without a struggle

yield without a struggle.

As suddenly as he had come to her, did her lover desert her. The gust of passion was past, and he had never known the spiritual phase of love. When he came to himself, he elt the old humiliation at his weaknese, the old remorse, not for the sir, but that he had not better mastered himself; and penning her a brief note, in which he expressed this her a brief note, in which he expressed this humiliation and remorse, and telling her his only safety was in flight, he had her farewell forever. She was stunned. The blow was so sudden and so severe, it seemed more than she could bear. But when the first poignancy had passed, its effect was to cause her to idolize her lover still more than she had done in the past. He had surely she had done in the past. He had surely loved her, but had sacrificed that love to his sense of right and duty. Was he not to be revered? And thus she told herself that she ought to feel glad that he had sacrificed her and retrieved his sin. Coming to a consciousness of her great error, and humbled in spir-it, she resolved that her whole future life should become an atonement, and thus that became to her a sacrament which was to him sin. She had wandered unwittingly from the beaten path, and retracing her steps, she went on to the end of her life-journey, inding herself, through her very mistake, stronger and wiser, and better prepared to help others. en's peace entered her heart, and wrote itself upon her features, so that It was still traced upon her soul after it had quitted the body, as I myself had witnessed. Oh! my dear friends, there are many modern Saint Mary Magdalenes, of whom the world has no

knowledge!

Now this was my saint, whose very garments I had in my ignorance felt like touching reverently! Where was I? What was I to think? I seemed to be losing all my old "Well, what is your judgment?" at last

Margaret asked. "I know not," I replied. "I need your

help."
"Then answer me: Was this woman blessed or cursed by this unlawful love?"
"Surely she seemed to be blessed," was my hesitating reply. "Were others blessed or cursed because of

it through her?' "Undoubtedly they were blessed, for did I not see the almost innumerable multitude who came to welcome her, and who bore testimony to her good deeds?"

"I draw no conclusions for you," returned Margaret; "You must draw them for yourself. But when will mortals realize their own hort-sightedness, and learn to suspend their judgment concerning the conduct of others! They cannot look into one another's souls and perceive actuating motives; and in judging superficially they often judge unjustly. They do not realize that sometimes our very sins may become stepping stones to a higher spiritual life and bring us nearer heaven."

"But did this woman never learn the real cause of her lover's desertion?"

No; she has idealized him until this day. and even now she is hoping the hope she has cherished for years of meeting and being united with him in this world where it will be no sin. He came to the Spirit-world years ago. His fierce passions and his mental struggles burnt out his life, and he died pre-maturely. This woman was his last victim, and he, who never knew what real love is, nor believed in it, but who lived a purely intellectual life, save when scorched by a brief simoon of passion, has found his home in this winter land, where he must remain until the last of his victims has progressed out of the degradation for which he is responsible. See, he shivers. Some of the in-habitants are impervious to cold, but he is not. During all the years since his death he has not been permitted to gain a trace this woman, and he knows not whether the consequences of his action upon her life the results to himself for he has not yet learned to think of her—of others. Nor has he yet been willing to hasten the day of his deliverance by descending to the darker

spheres and helping to lead out those whom his own weaknesses and sins have helped to

"But why is it that he himself is not con-demned to those darker spheres, like that wretch whom I saw in the Valley of the Shadow of Death?"

"Because there are extenuating circumstances. Because, in fact he has fought the battle of life against heavy odds; and though he continually failed in many ways, his failures count for him more than many anfailures count for him more than many another man's successes, because he struggled more than most. His sentence is to wait loveless and alone until the consequences of his past errors are undone and he has learned the existence, and come to feel the need of that love which is as far above that passion by which he blasted so many lives, as the higher spheres are above the spheres of darkness and terror, and of oblivion. In darkness and terror, and of oblivion. In brief, he must learn to forget self in the thought of other selves, before he will be free from the fetters of ice which now en-

chain his soul."
"But the woman who loves him—who has loved him so faithfully all these years, and who looks forward to meeting with him—

who looks forward to meeting with him—will not the disappointment crush her?"

"It might if it came upon her too suddenly. But the knowledge will not come as a disappointment when she is properly prepared to receive it. Their souls are not mates, and she will presently realize that fact, and will be reconciled."

In my eagerness to fully master the subject-which had been presented to my mind by the experiences just narrated. I talked with others who were endowed with greater

with others who were endowed with greater wisdom than I, and the following is the substance of what they said to me:

In most other matters which concern human welfare, whether political, social or religious, the world has seen many changes. Human thought has been revolutionized many times. Old orders of things have been overturned and annihilated, in spite of the croakings of that large class of conservatives which has existed in all agree and which dewhich has existed in -all ages, and which alwhich has existed in all ages, and which always turns its eyes admiringly towards the past, deplores the present, and predicts evil for the future. Chaos has sometimes seemed to result, yet in the end each succeeding condition has shown itself an improvement upon its predecessor. But in the relations of the sexes there has been little inherent change. The forms and ceremonies of marriage have varied with different pations and different pations and different pations. varied with different nations and different races; sometimes a wife was stolen, sometimes purchased, sometimes assumed the re-lation by her own free consent. But the idea of wifehood in the mind of the husband of today is substantially the same as that in the comprehension of the tent dwellers who first rudely organized society; that is, that a wife is something which a husband owns or possesses. More than that, the idea of the conjugal union,-conceived when man was wholly on a material plane, and knew nothing whatever of his spiritual nature, and founded on the flercest instinct of humanity, and the most debasing when it is not held in check by reason, and modified by spiritual development,—is still entertained by the multitude. Still further, the world does not yet comprehend that it is love, not law, that creates true marriage. Law recognizes it but does not and can not make it. It is right that it should be recognized and regulated by law for the good of society, the preservation of homes, the protection of wives, and the maintenance of the rights of children. Love without marriage is to be condemned for many reasons, but marriage without love is equally accursed.

To those whose hearts are pure, love, even under the most unfortunate circumstances, may become a blessing and a sacrament; they will cast off the evil and retain only the good; but to those in whose hearts impurity dwells, though ten thousand priests should solemnize the bonds, and ten thousand legal documents ratify them, marriage can bring only sin and degradation.

If there is a paradise on earth, it is a home where husband and wife truly love each other, and seek through their marriage a development of their spiritual natures, nor are such marriages impossible, or even infrequent. Happy homes are the bulwarks of a nation's prosperity.

Men and women can not belong to one another, save as they have freely bestowed and freely received their mutual affections. No man or woman can stand between wife or husband and heaven, acting as mediator or mentor. Each must be responsible directly to God and his or her own conscience; and as a broader knowledge concerning humanity will lead us to dictate less to others what they shall do, and judge more rarely what they have done, so the same knowledge will recognize the need of greater freedom for husbands and wives; greater confidence and less unworthy suspicion; and as a sure result, a greater sense of personal responsibility on the part of each.

There is much more I wish I might say to you on this subject, but I have already sermonized too long, and it may be have already said too much, for so few of you have ever dared think upon this subject, the most important to humanity, that it may be possible you have entirely misapprehended me. A majority of you entertain the same horror of free thought and fearless investigation in regard to social matters, that before the advent of modern Spiritualism was entertained toward the same liberality of thought and investigation in regard to theology. But I lived upon earth long enough to see the terrible prejudice

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

planet.

#### Mrs. F. O. Hyzer's Experiences with her Daughter in Spirit-Life.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal In compliance with your request, I send you a few extracts from my daily communings with my daughter who passed to the rarer atmosphere on the morning of the 27th of September, 1887. If any tribute of my gleanings from the harvest-fields of eternal life can soothe and cheer one tearful, yearning lingerer at the mystic gates through which their best beloved have passed into the Silence, most willingly do I offer it. For many years, with tongue and pen have I sought to bring not only philosophical and scientific, but personal affirmations in reply to the ever recurring question of humanity, "If a man die shall he live again?" Nor do I expect that I shall discontinue this most useful and, to me, congenial labor, even when I shall have laid aside my external form; but in this special offering to the readers of the JOURNAL, I wish to dispense with the primary and rudimental exercises of our school as far as tests of the truth of what I affirm may be involved, and allow myself for once the very pleasant privilege of addressing them as fellow graduates, not initiates of the alphabetical classes in the grand educational organization of universal nature. Were my daughter still in the flesh, travelling in Enrope, and I desired to inform my friends and hers of her tourist experiences, I should not reflect upon their intelligence and acquirements as to endeavor to prove to them that there was a direct through-line of steamers connecting the American and European continents, or that through a current of lightning playing deep down under the sea, she and I could at any time discuss the most important or most common-place events of our daily life from the opposite sides of a

The little child at my knee might naturally "How do you know Genie is in Europe? and it would surely be very becoming my head and heart to explain in the most simple and direct manner the means and methods of Trans-Atlantic travel. With the boundless sudjectiveness and objectiveness of the uni-verse, pealing like the eternal thunders of the deep into my ears this truth, "Thou livest forever!" I shrink more and more from the repetitions of rudimental evidences of our immortal existence. So self-evident has it become to my understanding, that there is none other than immortal existence, the mental effort to give logical demonstration of it seems almost like a trifling with, if not a mockery of truth as far as my mental associ-ations with the intelligent men and women of the 19th century are concerned. I by no means underestimate the value of the com-mon schools. On the contrary my apprecia-tion of the need of a still broader and more thorough system of education is constantly intensifying. I think at this time of earth's development we are comparatively in greater need of education than of learning, however. The mental garners of our humanity are becoming overcrowded with harvests of knowledge, not applied or wrought to the service of wisdom. So intense and over-stimulated has become the zeal or desire to accumulate, that such possessions of knowledge as they have, from being somewhat pre-maturely harvested, over-packed in the garn-ers, and too long kept from the free action upon them of pure inspirational atmosphere, have become so malarial in their effects upon the brains of their possessors as to prompt them to the insane desire to put the breaks of dogina upon the wheels of evolution, reverse the action of the grand engine, Mind, and to apply its immortal motive power, aspiration for the highest truth and wisdom, to the work of speeding humanity down grade to that mental state in which they can accept the theory of the fall of man from the the infinite grace of original sin through the

disobedient act of eating an apple, or of the equally delirious theory of man having once upon a time been only an apple himself.

I think the grand universal school of object teaching, by which man can be daily taught that the most common life is a yet untranslated poem or song of eternal harmony that lies all around him, awaiting his akening to the joyous, proud consciousnes of his divine right of pupilship therein to its countless voiceful and voiceless teachers, is that for which the modern Spiritualist should. of all living on earth show a most practical appreciation. Surely the prevailing idea among those who claim to be Spiritualists, that the putting aside of a few pounds of flesh at once transforms an unenlightened, undisciplined soul into an angel of light, capable of being our guardian and teacher, is but little, if at all, more rational than the theories of earth's elder children which they so emphatically condemn. These were my daughter's views before she left the fiesh, and with me she realized our great requirement for a more practical appreciation of the great privileges of daily communion with those who, having awakened to the realities of exist-ence through their rarer opportunitiess of super-mortal light, can far better ald us in find-ing ourselves. She often congratulated me and herself, that neither of us in putting off the flesh would have to delay the re-establish-ment of conscious communion with each other from a necessity of hunting for proofs, either of our immortality or our identity, since no tempests and cyclones of temporal life had ever had the effect of disorganizing the persistent I, and the bond of love's attraction between us having only grown the stronger under the strain of the pressure of the tides and under-tows of earth's outer con-vulsions. "I do not fear," she often said, "that it will part in twain under the mirror bosom of the calm sunlit seas of immortal peace." She was a medium of remarkable peace." She was a medium of remarkable character in the production of both occult phenomena and her adaptation to poetical, artistic and philosophical inspiration. In "Art Magic" I read of no more wonderful manifestations of the relations of spirit and matter than were at times given through her. Those demonstrations were of that delicate and rare character that rendered them wholly unfitted for the conditions of public circles or scances; therefore we never in-troduced the subject of her peculiar mediumship to our associates generally, and as we were persuaded that she could follow the developement of those powers further without pera to her physical life, we wholly discon-tinued our investigations in that direction, and turned our minds to the study and application to the demands of our daily life of the beautiful philosophy and the knowledge of the science of communion of worlds.

Our relations by her recent birth have only been interrupted in so far as they pertain to ponderable matter. The habits of sense-life, cherished and cultivated to the utmost during many years, can not be overcome soon even by the most faithful ministry of the head to the heart. But we were not left for an hour to wander in the chaotic mindrealms of faith and unfaith,hope and despair, assurance and denial. We had known and still know. Above the sighing and the moaning of the waves and billows of the left the outer form, that I do not write for large and seed.

Is prophecy, or germ and seed of all results we e'er acquire
In earth or heaven, in thought or deed.

"I've but awakened from a dream of passing o'er a shadowed plane
By summer morning's golden beam Glowing on my immortal brain,
Finding surroundings wholly reai
That in the past we've deemed ideal."

I will not at this time appropriate further of the valuable columns of the JOURNAL, though the day has never passed since she left the outer form, that I do not write for their daughters before the highest bidder or large in the profits of his labor, which is his undoubted right, so that it is impossible for one man to heap up riches to himself; consequently there can be no failures.

"Socialism is the death-blow to those nuisances which occur in families, and have to be settled in the divorce court, because in though the day has never passed since she left the outer form, that I do not write for

convulsed sea of human emotion arose to the ear of my soul the sweet assuring voice of my darling, saying: "I am the resurrection and the life; I, the unbeginning, unending. I hold within my own being the power to re-deem myself, eternal spirit, from all relation to matter, that the laws of self-perpetuating being involve. The universe is my form and the system of its infinite government my Sovereign, to whose necessity of self-exist-ence the indestructible factor, the personal conscious I, must remain tributary andloyal forevermore as in the eternal past

"In leaving my outer form I did not go away from earth, or from you, my mother. Cumbered with ponderable substance we were never so near to each other as now. Still in the flesh, you must fulfill the laws that govern the flesh, but you will pass onward with me into my rarer conditions of unfoldment and cultivation, thereby becoming both mentally and physically stronger in your ministry of normal and inspirational thought, to those who still bow in anguish over the golden bowl broken at the fountain of their dearest hopes by the hand of the reaper. I need your care and mother-service as much to-day as when I was first laid in your mortal arms for protection and nurture. Your relation to the objective plane provides for me the legitimate and natural conditions which I require for my yet unfulfilled relations to the sphere of outer life, which the lesh I put off afforded me the means of outworking. I have not 'gone to the Spirit-world,' the Spirit-world environs the immortal spirit of individuality at all times and in all places. By laying off the flesh, the soul atmosphere or aura which was thereby and therein secreted, becomes our external medium of light, even as to you is still the at-mospheric air, and according to the density or rarity, the purity or impurity of that surrounding aura, does the objective plane of ex-istence in which we have all the time been living, appear to us when we awaken from the brief or prolonged trance or dream called the transition from earth to the Spirit-world.

"Hence there are thousands of people who are supposed by their sorrowing friends in the flesh to have risen to states of heavenly rest and happiness, whose dense atmosphere reflects the mundane sphere and the dwellers in outer form in a manner so unchanged to their percentions. to their perceptions, they cannot for a long time understand that they have been divest-ed of the external form, and grieve that their familiar and dearest friends do not recog-nize them longer. Truly spake the Judean seer, 'The kingdom of heaven is within you.' So also is the kingdom of sorrow, disappointment and despair. We are the universe to ourselves, forever and ever. I breathe the air of my own engendering, though in common with all of my plane of unfoldment with which it commingles, constituting to our perceptions and senses the common atmos-phere of our planet, as the commingling of individual aura around physical bodies con-

stifutes what to the mundane sense and perception is called atmospheric air.

"My dear mother, deeper into your soul responsiveness and brain perceptiveness than the thrill of the message, 'Genie has passed on,' that was borne to you by quivering, hissing lightning through the still twilight of the early appropriate morning, may the of the early autumnal morning, may the message, 'Genie has come home,' penetrate your consciousness and powers of realization; for I have come out of the darkness into the radiant beauty of what to us both was the ideal. Now in my newly expanded atmosphere I see you, dear mother, as you are not as you appeared in the denser atmosphere to which I was related by flesh. Now I see the real earth as it is, reflecting beauty where in the shadows it seemed deformity, and I see our humanity striving for the higher and nobler life where through the clouds enveloping my vision in the clay, I only saw them indifferent to the good and the true. Thus existence to us becomes a joy and a glory through our own unfolding by self-searching, self-finding and self-findilling, not by change of locality or outward advantages of associalocality or outward advantages of associa-tion. No trials of our earth-life, dear mother, striving as we ever did through all to attain the highest and truest good, were borne in vain. Through the self-overcomings wrought through the stern experiences temporal existence, we all lay up the wealth that may well be called 'treasures in heaven.' To so much of such wealth as we have accumulated do we owe our precious privileges of uninterrupted communion with each other, even while you are still connect-ed by flesh with the outmost flame of the ob-jective existence. While, as when I dwelt with you in the outer form your home life is mine even as then, I follow my own ideals and live out, as we ever did, each our individual existence.

"I'm not a specter, wan and weak, Or fitting phantom of the brain. Having no power to think or speak Dwelling upon no real plane.

"I'm not a saint with harp and crown, Singing an endless jubilee, Floating mid-ether, up and down, Praiseful to God for saving me,

"While countless millions of my race Send up from the dark realms below The pealing, never-ending base Of ceaseless agony and woe.

"Nor am I a lost, wandering soul, Unconscious of all hopes or fears, With neither will or self-control---An intermediate of spheres.

"Eternity, 'tis very true,
I've not explored and cannot say.
What yet may break upon my view
As I move on my upward way;

"But if one soul as small as mine, Unto the Infinite were lost, Omniscience and omnipotence Could neither find nor pay the cost.

Therefore I little speculate Regarding what eternity
May show me of my soul estate,
Since I am rich enough to be.

'I have not lost my love of Art— I strive to make love's gladdest strain Upon the lyre-chords of your heart, And the thought-vibrant nerves of brain.

"I love to sketch upon your mind
The soulscapes of the universe,
And show their truths of life divine
In colorings of rhythmic verse,
"I have not left my work undone
As I have heard you sadly say;
I must unfold one after one,
Those aspirations day by day,

"Since all immortal soul-desire
Is prophecy, or germ and seed
Of all results we e'er acquire
In earth or heaven, in thought or deed.

her the messages she so gladly and faithfully brings me, messages as fresh and sparkling from her newly found clime as the spring flowers cuiled dew-laden from the June-gardens of our own plane of outer light and air. She reveals to me nothing marvelous or wonderful. She by her sweet fidelities of love communion renders more familiar and practicable that which we both have long known to be vitally and fundamentally true. I see her by my side upon the rostrum. She travels with me in my journeyings. She hovers near me on every occasion, as in the past, when I need her care, and while she cannot minister to my needs of flesh with mortal hands, she can so cheer my spirit and soothe my mind as to enable me all the sooner and more effectually to resist pain and all physical inharmonies of my often exhaused external organization. Her divestment of the outer form has rendered her capable of entering further into the realm of my soul life, thereby so intensifying my realization of really living in the so-called Spirit-world, that I fear I shall seem further up in the clouds than ever to those who have mistaken the great simplicity and practicality of my normal and inspired thought for trans-cendent transcendentalism. That we are al-ready in the Spirit-world as much as we ever shall be save as we all through our efforts and fidelities to the laws of individual being unfold the summer-clime of our own immortal spirits, seems to many a very disappointing and wearying view of the future. Especially is it so to those whose great temporal advantages for mental leisure and physical repose on earth have induced them believe that a state of happiness and unlaborious existence really awaits them as soon as they leave the mortal form. For such disappointment, growing out of such a delusive interpretation of universal truth, I am in no wise responsible, though unto such truth I am most earnestly and unceasingly responsive... On awakening from the dream-state of their birth from flesh, thousands of such indolent "One world at a time" mor-tals, will for the first time realize the truth uttered by the martyr seer, "The first shall be last and the last shall be first," and that the great symbolist who asserted that only "to him that overcometh shall be given to eat of the hidden manna," spoke both with the spirit and the understanding. I in the mean time have only to work on, continuing to break the best bread of life I can find or make to hungering humanity, willingly bearing the name "transcendentalist" so far as the word applies to the labor of trying to induce my fellow mortals to cease "gazing upward into heaven," since the only sign that shall ever be given that there shall ever be a heaven for

us must be sought and found within. Ravenna, Ohio. F. O. HYZER.

### Spirit Robert Dale Owen on Socialism,

The article recently published in this jour-nal on "Home Colonization" has called forth comments and contributions enough to fill up about two entire numbers of this little paper Though most of these writings are sug gestive, and all in strong sympathy with the article referred to above, we have only space for a portion of one, sent by that "grand old man," Rees Lewis of Cardiff, who, at seventy-nine years of age takes the trouble to write out in a hand as beautiful as the finest copperplate, a communication purporting to come from the spirit of R. D. Owen on "Soci-We regret that we cannot find room for all Mr. Lewis's remarks, but we commend to every thoughtful reader his description of the circle and its mode of conduct, in which the communication was received. Would that all who invoke the presence of their spirit friends imitated the excellent methods

The Cardiff Circle of Light, of which Mr. Spriggs was the medium, and which was held at my house, I may boldly say stood preeminently above any other gatherings of a similar kind held in England. Why was it so? Because the strictest attention was paid to conditions. We were prohibited eating animal food, indulging in narcotics, stimulants, or smoking. Bathing was enjoined, and each scance opened with invocations and

Mr. Lewis then goes on to describe the grand and wonderful materializations and other phenomena vouchsafed to this purely harmonious circle, nearly all of which descrip tions have been before published in other papers. After dwelling emphatically on the order and decorum observed in the Cardiff circles, and the feeling of reverence with which each member entered the "holy of holies"-the scance room-he gives a copy of Robert Dale Owen's communication on the subject of socialism, one that Mr. Rees Lewis, who transcribed it from the trance address of Mr. Spriggs, was deeply interested in. It reads thus:

Given at the Cardiff Circle of Light; Medi-

um, Geo. Spriggs; Recorder, Rees Lewis. "Good evening, friends. I have been invited by a friend to come this evening and give my ideas on Socialism. The very word has an attraction for me, and means social and friendly. I know socialism, the same as other truths, has been distorted, and considered to be an epidemic eruption from diseased minds. Others look upon it more with skeptical views, and stand rather at a distance until they see its working in society at large.

"There are also the intellectual and the

ignorant, who have selfish ends to gain, who try to crush its growth; but with all its foes, it is an inevitable necessity, that, as mind advances and realizes the grand sentiment of that noble orator, Thomas Paine—The world is my country, and to do good my religion'-must be ultimately accepted. Socialism, looking at it from my standpoint, is a universal savior from poverty and distress. It is the death-blow to poor laws, crowned heads and aristocracy, both in the political and social worlds.

"Socialism only recognizes the aristocracy of goodness, mind and intellect; not that o men whose selfish aim is to gather gold, and extort it from poor working man; to gather around themselves all the wealth they can, yet not using it for good or blessing to others.

"Socialism is the death-blow to intemper-

socialism is the death-blow to finencial distance, because it provides intellectual pursuits for all classes of mind. They meet together on one platform, and recognize each other as brothers.

"Socialism is the death-blow to financial distance of the provided in the company of the company o

difficulties—'unity is strength.' Each mem-ber working in community receives his share in the profits of his labor, which is his undoubted right, so that it is impossible for one man to heap up riches to himself; consequently there can be no failures.

the most exalted title; neither will riches marry titles only, and beauty be sold for

"Socialism teaches all to think for them-selves. It has the tendency to teach cach individual to become more intelligent, and

to develop his own inherent powers.
"Socialism must eventually take the place of monarchy, although now, it is only a despised truth. I have known individuals on earth who have been striving to maintain their families and to hold a respectable posi-tion in the world, but because they thought differently from the man who was receiving his thousands a year for the advocacy of theology, they must be tabcoed, crushed and

"Socialism is for the future. It means the education of the people, placing each mind in its proper sphere and order. It will place the merchant and the working man each on an advantageous ground. The working man having profit and advantage in his labor, it would be an incentive to him to take greater interest in the labor he produces. Society as it stands to-day is corrupt and diseased; med-ical attendance is not efficient in the art to heal her. The cry will have to go forth again, Unto us a child is born." "This child must be Socialism, in harmony

with natural laws and with man's nature Look at the prevailing distress, especially at the winter season of the year, and ask what is the cause of all this but aggrandizement and selfishness. The distribution of wealth among all classes justly would soon drive

poverty away.
"Socialism would have a better form of government. She would have counter.attractions to offer versus the public house. She would teach the laws of affinity of mind, and by such means kindred minds, being attracted together, would educate each other in different sciences and art. To my mind so-cialism means harmony—harmony with nat-ural and spiritual laws, harmony with all the laws of the universe.

"ROBERT DALE OWEN." [We have given the above communication —not because it represents in full the senti-ments with which we look forward to the good time coming, but in deep respect for the fidelity of the venerable gentleman, Rees Lewis, who was the recorder of the famous "Cardiff Circle of Light;" also in the full conviction that the circle in question was so admirably conducted that we may have hoped to receive from the medium, faithful and genuine manifestations of spirit power and presence. Whether Mr. Spriggs' trance mediumship equalled his wonderful physical endowments, we are not prepared to say. The sentiments expressed above are certainly characteristic of Mr. Owen's opinions, nevertheless we may supplement them by saying that we believe true socialism is true naturalism-justice, law, order and degree. In this sense it should level up rather than pull down, and whilst ever preserving all the varieties of the race, will range them all into such harmony as will give to each his due share of human rights and the means of pro-moting human happiness. Have not the noble founders of the Familistiere at Guise, M. Godin; M. Mance at Tours, and many others, begun to solve the great social problem by making all their employes part proprietors, and giving to each, from the least to the greatest in the establishment, a share in the profits the laborers have helped to create? thers of whom we shall write hereafter, are following the same grandly just lines of ac-tion. Who shall say then that the work of the reformers, both in the natural and spiritual worlds, has been in vain, and that the day has not already begun to dawn, when we all may cry:

"And ever the right comes uppermost, And ever is justice done." -Two Worlds, Manchester, Eng.

A Highland Seer and Scotch Superstitions.

One of the most interesting figures in Scotch history of prophecy and second-sight was Kenneth Mackenzie, better known as Coinneach Odhar, examples of whose remarkable utterences have been known throughout the Highlands for over one hundred and fifty ears. The Mackenzle of Scotland had from time immemorial been a mediumistic race. Much that occurred in their lives greatly influenced the people to believe in their infall-bility; and though the reliance in what these seers claim to know of the present and predict of the future—entertained by all classes, from peasant to prince—is pronounced "superstition," there unquestionably was a large percentage of truth from a high spiritual plane, often clouded with the ignorance of the channel through which it was transmitted, or the credulousness and misunderstanding of those who received it. Be-liefs like the following, almost universally held, must have had other than a mythical foundation: "Among the Mackenzies the death candle was always said to appear before the death of any leading member of any branch. A large light appeared at some dis-tance in the sky, sailing slowly till it arrived above the place where the person whose death it predicted lived; when it would slowly disappear in a brilliant coruscation of light. In Tulloch Castle a cold hand was always said to be laid on the face of the person whose death it foretold. In another family a white owl always appeared when any member was going to die, and in another a black dog; while on the west coast of the Highlands an old woman, commonly called the 'Gruagach,' appeared to foretell the death some important member of the family to

which she belonged. Similar beliefs and so-called surerstitions have existed not alone in Scotland but in all other countries, and it would be an interesting study to trace them to their origin and to the events and conditions in which they had their rise.

Kenneth Mackenzie was born on the island of Lewis. Various traditions as to the means by which he became possessed of the gift of second-sight are told, the most generally accredited one being that, having fallen asleep on a hillside, he upon waking found a small round white stone on his breast, which gave him the power of prophecy; and saved his life in several instances. "He occupied a comparatively humble position, but being a man of some slight education and refinement, was much sought after by the great people who lived in that part of the world, not only for his wonderful knowledge, but for the gentleness and excellence of his life and influence."

Among his prophecies of general interest was the following: "The day will come when long black carriages, without horses, will go through the country, and cross the stance (market place) of the Muir of Ord." This is fulfilled by the Highland Railrand now grown. fulfilled by the Highland Railread, now crossing the spot mentioned. Another: "The country will be crossed from sea to sea by white bands." This was fulfilled by the building of roads after the battle of Culloden by Gen. Wade and his army. An interesting building of roads after the battle of Culloden by Gen. Wade and his army. An interesting corroboration of this was related to the well-known authoress Mary Jeune, by a lady who,

soon after her marriage, made an expedition into Kintail to see the country. "She was," she says, an Englishwoman, and had never heard of Coinneach and his prophecies, and one day was taken to the summit of one of the highest hills in Lochalsh by one of the MacRaes, a family of great antiquity in Rossshire, and one of the subject clans of the Mackenzies. On arriving at the top, she was struck by the curious effect on the scenery of the great reads which intersected the country on all sides, and exclaimed to her companion, 'Oh! Captain MacRae, the country looks as if it were covered by white bands of ribbon!' To her surprise the old man reverently took off his hat, saying softhah reverently took on his hat, saying sortly, 'Eh! my dear, but those are the very words that Coinneach Odhar himself said over a hundred years ago.'" One other prediction was that the day would come when Tomnahurich would be kept under lock and key, and large ships sail round under its shadow, events at that time most improbable. But since then the Inverness people have made a ceme-tery on Tomnahurich, with two gates, which are open only to admit visitors, and the Caledonian Canal now runs below the hill; in these the dual prediction of Coinneach finds

Coinneach was all his life closely related to the family of the Earls of Seaforth, then the great head of the Clan, and one of the most powerful chiefs of his time, and it was most powerful chiefs of his time, and it was through the malignancy of the wife of Lord Seaforth, "a haughty proud woman of violent and jealous temper," that he died the death of a martyr. Lady S. often consulted the seer. Lord Seaforth having-gone to Paris, leaving Lady S. at home in Scotland, the latter became uneasy at his protracted absence.

and summoning Coinneach, demanded that he should tell her where Lord Seaforth was.

"The seer put his white stone to his eyes, and assured Lady Seaforth that her lord was well and happy. 'But,' asked Lady Seaforth, 'where is he?' 'That is not necessary for your ladyship's knowledge,' answered Kenneth, 'be assured he is well.' His assurances only increased the curiosity and anxiety of only increased the curiosity and anxiety of Lady Seaforth, who from persuasion went on to use threats, until Kenneth at last said, Your lord is well and happy, and he is in a fair chamber hung with fine tapestry; there is a bonnie lady with him, and he is on bend-ed knees before her, with her hand pressed to his lips.

At this, the rage of Lady Seaforth knew no ounds. The disclosure became public. She branded the seer as a liar and slanderer, and declared that there and then she would take instant vengeance, and have him burnt as a wizard, for exercising the black arts and disgracing the name of one of the noblest fam-ilies of the North. Mary Jenne says: "No time was allowed for preparation, no

prayers for forgiveness were heard, no opportunity given for intercession, and the seer was led forth to execution. Finding that all hope was gone and he was abondoned, Ken-neth resigned himself to his fate, and on his way to execution, paused before the vindicstone, uttered the prophecy or doom of the family of Seaforth. Having uttered the solemn and terrible prophecy, he threw the stone away from him, and tradition says it fell into a small well alone by from which fell into a small well close by, from which immediately gushed out a large spring of water, which, spreading, formed Lake Ussie. From Brahan, Kenneth was dragged by order of Lady Seaforth, now doubly incensed by his prophecies, to Chanory Point, some twenty miles distant, where he was burnt to death.

Lord Seaforth arrived at Brahan shortly
after, and, hearing of what had occurred,
rode furiously to Fortrose, hoping to avert the doom of the seer, but arrived only in time to see the expiring embers of the fire that had destroyed his devoted vassal."

The same author sums up her narrative thus: "The prophecy regarding the line of Seaforth covered a long period, ending with the time when its broad lands should pass to strangers, and itself be no more; the pre-diction was fulfilled to its minutest detail. The presence of spirits from the unseen world has been generally recognized in the Scotch Highlands, but the character given them was in keeping with the severe doctrines of the church, that appear to have held to a belief that the God of the universe had either voluntarily or by force relegated all his governing and controlling prerogatives to Satan, sofar, at least, as this world was concerned. After describing several of the most promi-nent 'superstitions' and beliefs, our author notes that in all of them a very important part was played by the devil. She then proceeds to narrate events that rival in their diabolic aspects the old days of witchcraft; in which affairs the church seems to have enacted the leading parts, presumedly to coun-teract the disorder; but, however honest and good-intentioned in its motives, it unquestionably, as in the seventeenth century, increased rather than allayed it."—Murray's Magazine.

# SPIRITUAL SPECULATION

On the Great and Misty Question Whether Ghosts Have Really Been Seen.

Few subjects tax more stringently what may be called the scientific conscience than the matter of apparitions:

The student of science recognizes two clear duties in all scientific inquiries. In the first place he must strive to see things as they are; and in the second he must speak of them as he sees them. Against strict obedience to the first duty prejudices of all sorts, shapes, and sizes often oppose themselves; but when he has resisted the temptations thus solicit-ing him to careless or skeptical or unfair inquiry, he is often still harder beset by the temptation to conceal views that he thinks may injure him either among fellow workers

in science or in the lay world. In regard to ghosts and goblins science has traveled along smoothly enough so long as apparitions of particular classes have been in question. The whole subject of hallucinations has been explored by science so thoroughly that no one now is perplexed by sto-ries of visions such as those that troubled Nicolai, Blake, the painter, Mrs. A. (of Brews-ter's "Natural Magic"; and a number of oth-er persons. The vision in such cases is but the blot upon the brain that will show itself without," and science is "not to be overawed by what it cannot but know is a juggle born

f the brain." Nor has science been much concerned about those old-fashioned ghost stories, telling how sheeted forms and unearthly sounds ave affrighted sensitive folk under conditions suitably suggestive. We have learned to understand how readily under such conditions—as the gloom of night, chilly air (starting shivers and tremors, which of themselves suggest unearthly feelings), and so forth—the mind will unconsciously form false images out of dimly seen objects, or

moan of some one in agony. Out in the open air, in gloomy woods, or valleys half hid in mist, sights and sounds that by day would not be noticed are by the active mind chang-

ed to awful appearances or terrible noises.

To this day, for instance, in parts of England, the noises made at night by migrating birds are regarded as the barking and yelping of the Gabriel hounds ("Gabriel is itself a suggestive transformation from "gabble"), which in recent times—I mean somewhere within the last ten or twelve centuries have been found by the foolish country folks to be the souls of unbaptized children; while (since the hounds have never done any harm directly) it has been held reasonable to re-gard them as indicating some approaching

trouble for those who may hear them.

There has not only been no trouble in interpreting the ghosts and goblins of this type, but no difficulty has arisen in consequence of visions and voices which have seemed to simulate the appearance or tones of the dead. Here the argument from coincidence, rather too freely urged about apparitions in general, may be safely used. Undoubtedly fancies of the kind described are so numerous that we may fairly expect some among them to correspond (in the manner characteristic of ghost stories) with the supposed return of the spirit of the dead to his earthly home. E-pecially is this the case when we remember how such fancies are influenced by predominant ideas, and how, therefore, a person whose mind is full of the thought of some dear lost one would be more apt to form a mental picture of the dead friend than of some form or face entirely un-

friend than of some form or face entirely unfamiliar.

Even where several persons have seen, or seemed to see, one and the same vision, science is at no loss to explain the illusion, because it is well known that the thought of one mind is suggested readily in such cases to another mind liable to similar impressions. Consider, for instance, the well-known story of the widower who thought he saw in the dusk of evening the form of his late wife (only recently deceased) sitting in a garden (only recently deceased) sitting in a garden chair; he called one of his daughters and asked in awe struck tones whom she saw sitting there. And the daughter saw her mother. Another daughter, being called, was singularly impressed with the thought that her mother sat in the chair which in life she had been wont to occupy; but when, summoning up his resolution, he went forth into the garden to speak to his "late departed saint," lot he found not her in her habit as she lived. but her garden dress, which a maid had placed over the seat. It is obvious that the thoughts filling the mind of the father transformed a dress into an apparition, and it is probable that this thought was conveyed from his mind to his daughters rather than suggested independently to them. In any case, there was no real apparition.

It is when we turn to visions of living per-

sons, or to thoughts and suggestions, relating to living persons at a distance from the per-son affected by the vision or impression, that we find evidence most difficult to deal with and the results not only difficult to explain, but not altogether satisfactory for discussion, because the number of those who welcome the discussion of all such matters with ridicule enormously exceeds the number of the more sensible.

To illustrate the class of cases in question I will take a few very carefully selected examples from among hundreds that might be

In the following case we have the direct evidence of the person affected, who is well known, may even be said to be in some degree eminent—the—Rev. James M. Wilson, Head Master of Clinton College, England, and Senior Wrangler—that is, first in the honor examination for mathematics—in the year 1859. I was at St. John's College, Cambridge, when he was there, taking my degree only one year later. I was Captain of the boat club to which he belonged, and have played in the same games with him at football and cricket. He was a capital wicket keeper, which, though not in itself a proof would not be liable to fanciful notions, will suffice to show every one who knows what cricket is that he was zealous in open air games, since nothing but constant practice will enable any one to keep wicket successfully. The following narrative is in his own words:

"I was at Cambridge, in full health, boating, football playing, and the like, and by no means subject to hallucinations or morbid fancies. One evening I felt extremely ill, trembling, with no apparent cause whatever; nor did it seem to be a physical, illness or chill of any kind. I was frightened. I was totally unable to overcome it. I remember a sort of struggle with myself, resolving that I sort of struggle with myself, resolving that I would go on with my mathematics; but, it was in vain. I became convinced that I was dying. I was in a strange discomfort, but with no symptoms that I can recall except mental discomfort, and the conviction that I should die that night. Toward 11, after some three hours of this, I got better and went up stairs, and got to bed, and after a time to sleen and next morning was quite time to sleep, and next morning was quite well. In the next afternoon came a letter to say that my twin brother had died the evening before in Lincolnshire. I am quite clear of the fact that I never once thought of him, nor was his presence with me even dimly im-

Let this story, in which not only was no apparition seen, but the presence of the rel-ative who died at the time of the strange sensation was not even imagined, be compar ed with the following, which is one of the best authenticated of a class of stories whose

best authenticated of a class of stories whose name is now becoming legion:

In September, 1857, Capt. W. of the Sixth Dragoon Guards left England to join his regiment in India, leaving his wife at Cambridge. On the night between the 14th and 15th of November, 1857, she dreamed that she saw her husband looking very ill, and she thereupon woke in great agitation. When she looked up she saw the same figure standing by her bedside. He appeared in uniform and as if suffering intense pain. He then gradually faded from her view. At first Mrs. W. supposed she must still be asleep, but, rubbing her eyes and listening to the breathing of a child beside her, she convinced herself that what she had seen was no dream. In that what she had seen was no dream. In December, 1857, a telegram from the seat of December, 1857, a telegram from the seat of war appeared in the morning papers stating that Capt. W. had been killed before Lucknow on the 15th of November. The family solicitor applied for further information as to the date of Capt. W.'s death, which Mrs. W. felt sure must have taken place on the 14th, and not on the 15th. But the date given in the telegram was confirmed at the War Office. At this time a singular circumstance came to light. The solicitor chanced to mention the case to a lady, a friend of his, who, according to his account, had a tendency to see visions. Turning to her husband, she said:

"That must have been the same apparition I saw on the evening when we were speaking about India."

They were able to fix the date, by means of a receipt for an amount paid that day, as the

14th of November. The solicitor on this applied to the War Office again, saying that the friends of Capt. W. were persuaded there must be some mistake about the date. The officials stated, however, that there could be no mistake, since the death was referred to in two despatches from Sir Colin Campbell, who, in both cases, gave the date as the 15th. In March, 1858, a letter arrived from a brother officer, giving an account of Capt. W.'s death. This officer, who had been riding be-side Capt. W. when he was killed, stated that death occurred on the 14th of November. Finally, though whether on the strength of this officer's evidence, or through faith in the apparition's truth to time, the date was altered to the 14th.

It seems never to have occurred to any one to consider the difference between Indian and English time. If the time of Capt. W.'s death really coincided, as Mrs. W. then and thereafter firmly believed, with the time of her dream, then, unless she went to bed un-usually early, he was killed on the 15th of November, Indian time. Suppose, for instance, she had her dream at 10 o'clock on the night of November 14th, then at that moment it was 3:24 on the morning of Nov-ember 15th at Lucknow. Supposing it was later, as the account suggests, then we may well suppose that daylight had already broken on the morning of the 15th at Lucknow, at the hour when Mrs. W. had her midnight dream at Cambridge, and her husband met with death.

The theory of brain wave suggested by the editor of the Nineteenth Century several years ago, in reference to a story related by Tennyson about an apparition of the kind we are considering, is simply no explanation at all. It is an attempt to explain obscurum per obscurius. The only path to an explanation that seems worth trying is that on which Prof. Barrett and others have attempted to advance inquiry, namely, as to the influence of mind on mind under test conditions. And, unfortunately, while this path is in-fested by charlatanism and trickery, what has been thus far disclosed with more or les clearness in this direction has been of little promise. Like Sir Isaac Newton's experiments on the action of gravity under test conditions, which gave evidence only as to the nature of the attractive force exerted by matter on matter, but in no sense explained how matter can act on matter instantly over vast distances, so these experiments on the action of the mind on mind within the same room, though useful as indicating the nature of this action, suggest no explanation whatspever of the observed fact that mind can act on mind at a distance, and apparently in an instant of time.—The Cosmopolitan.

BOOK REVIEWS. [All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO -PHI-LOSOPHOAL JURGAL.

THE LIFE OF JEHOSHUA. The Prophet of Nazareth. An Occult study and a Key to the Bible. Containing the history of an Initiate. By Franz Hartmann, M. D., 8 vol., 208-pages, Muslin binding. Boston: Occult Publishing Company. Price, \$2

The publishers have given this work a dress of clear typography, fine paper and neat binding, which must be alike satisfactory to the author and pleasing to the reader.

pleasing to the reader.

The author says in the preface:

"It must be left to the intelligent reader to decide whether the accounts given in this book may be accepted literally as historical facts, or whether they are intended to represent eternal and ever-recurring processes going on within the interior consciousness of man. The only key to the understanding of the truth is the power to perceive it; for the truth teaches itself—not by the light of argumentation,—but by its own light; and it teaches nothing but itself.

The introduction and the conclusion of this interesting book will well repay the careful reading and study of the earnest student; for while they are most appropriately connected with the principal theme of the work, they have an independent and intrinsic value of their own, which to many minds will be instructive, consoling and satisfying,—and this regardless of any opinion concerning the history of Jehoshua Ben-Pandira. The narrative is as to persons simply the silken thread on which is strung the beautifully colored descriptions, the "old sliver" of ancient and less ancient mythical quotations, and the golden beads of mystical suggestion, with now and then a gem of self-interpretating radiance. The introduction and the conclusion of this in-

While this will be a pleasing book to all readers, while this will be a pleasing book to all readers, and an instructive one to most readers,—while it is a work that every student of the Occult will need to read and feel well repaid in reading,—yet it will be to many a book of suggestions rather than a satis-

factory one as to instruction.

As to historical events it makes no pretence. As to initiations into the ancient mysteries, there is a to initiations into the ancient mysteries, there is a beautiful generality of grandeur, glow and severity, which the initiate can readily clothe with the sinews of detail, the fiesh of minutia, and the dress of memory,—so that the imagination will call up in grand review most wonderful scenes that only such can know. To the materialistic reader this will be all nonsense; and to the beginner in mystic lore it will be rather a whetter of the appetite than a satisfactory meal.

will be rather a whetter of the appetite than a satisfactory meal.

Dr. Hartmann says: "The world is full of magic. The magic of low still exercises its influence over the hearts; the magic of imagination still makes men mournful or glad; the will of the strong still controls the mind of the weak by its magic power; but such wonders, like the growth of the tree, does not surprise us, merely because we are accustomed to witness them every day." Of this extract, the wise in magic will think how profound that is; how much it suggests; what transcendent truths it infolds; how wonderful is the beautiful unfolding of this teaching concerning the magic power of Love, Imagination and Will. But the earnest, while less advanced, student will surely think within himself, "Yee, that is true. I know all that, but how I wish the author would tell me an equally grand truth

the author would tell me an equally grand truth that I do not yet know."

"Let all such and all others who do not find in this or other books, the longed for, but uncertain information they are seeking, turn to the preface of this book and read:

this book and read:

"All that the reading of books can possibly accomplish, is to aid us in bridging the truth, which exists within ourselves, to our own understanding, and to drive away the clouds of erron eous conceptant of the property of the control of the tions which may keep us from knowing ourselves."
It is easy to thus silence the objections of the unsatisfied reader, by broadly intimating that he is too satisfied reader, by broadly intimating that he is too dull to perceive, or too little informed to appreciate, the beautiful truths which are so securely valled in the words before him. The reader has, nowever, the right to respond that "an aid in bringing the truth which exists within us to our own understanding," in a case like this, should so describe the ceremonies and drama of the initiations in their exterior movements, and so unfold their meaning for esoteric instruction as to leave no doubt as to which part is sensual activity in the material world, and which part is ideal interpretation in the imagination.

reader will turn with pleasure and profit to the interpretating of the temptation and the unfolding of the esoteric beauties of the Sermon on the Mount, which are every way worthy of these grand themes.

The Doctrine of the Christ Spirit, which is a compilation from, and a consequent partial harmony of, the spirit of the Bhagavad-Giti, the books of Hermes Trismegistus, the Dhammapada, and the New Testament, is a beautiful illustration of that which the author thus states: "The truth exists; it is as free as the air to all who are able to grasp it; it can neither be invented nor monopolized by man. Men may grasp and remodel ideas, and express them in new forms; but the truth is one, universal and eternal, and does not change."

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS, or Travels in Australia, Tasmania, New Z-aland, Samoa, and other Pacific Islands. By Maturin M. Ballou. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

The title alone of this book, would render the work attractive, for, since Von Humboldt's beautiful description of the Southern Cross has been familiar to English readers, the charms of the Southern

to English readers, the charms of the Southern sky have lent an attraction to Southern lands, which only increases as one becomes better acquainted with the striking contrasts and similarities of those countries, literally and figurately our antipodes.

It is not given to every traveler to describe in vivid language the panorama which has been unfolded before his eyes, but Mr. Balion has deservedly earned the name he has gained as an ideal writer of books of travel, in that he records exactly what the reader most wishes to know, leaving out the wearisome details that must be endured by the traveler, but which are an intolerable bore to the reader. The journey is made across the American continent to San Francisco, thence to the Sandwich Islands, South to Samoa, thence to Australis, Tasmanla, and New Zealand.

Aside from the picturesque account of the places

manla, and New Zealand.

Aside from the picturesque account of the places visited, the author notes the fauna and flora of the countries, the development of the natural resources, as also the business prosperity and political conditions. He has no hesitancy in expressing the wish that these countries may be linked with ours in a closer commercial intercourse by admitting their producta, so far as is possible, free of duty into the United States, a wish not exactly in accordance with the sentiment of an English resident doing business in Auckland, who frankly said: "We hope your country will keep up its high tariff; it suits us exactly. If you were to adopt free trade principles in the United States, you would eventually ruin the trade of England in the markets of the world."

C. K. S.

REPORT AND COLLECTIONS of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin for the Years 1883, 1884, and 1885. Vol. X. with a General Index to Vols. I.—X. Madison, Wis.: Democrat Printing Company, State Printers. 1888.

Lyman C. Draper has proved a most efficient secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society. This last volume, compiled through his instrumentality, will be a fitting climax to the vast work he has performed for the benefit of his State, in the direction of preserving valuable historical data. In the instruments he saws

troduction he says:
"Commencing this labor for the Society thirty odd years ago, with no pecuniary resources whatever, with only some fifty volumes, of which all but two were Wisconsin publications, and now exhibiting some one hundred and eighteen thousand books, newspaper files and pamphlets—a collection un-equalled west of the Alleghanies—with a gallery of portraits, and a rare collection of pre-historic and other curiosities, with the Library performing a splendid work in behalf of our literary investigators, s a consummation most gratifying to the people of

"Devoutly trusting that the future may have great prosperity in store for the Society, and that my suc-cessor, Reuben G. Thwaites, may find his hands strengthened, and his heart encouraged, in the great work upon which he has entered with so much spirit and enthusiasm, I retire from the Soclety's service with grateful thanks for the unflag-ging confidence and encouragement I so constantly received from my associates, and the people of Wis-

## Partial List of Magazines for August.

The Forum. (New York.) The August Forum has a stong list of contributors. Judge James M. Love opens with The Trial of Popular Government; Love opens with The Trial of Popular Government; Edward Atkinson asks the question, Must Humanity Starve at Last? The Topography of the Brain is a most interesting paper; What shall the Negro Do? is a characteristic article by Geo. W. Cable; other good articles are: Sources of National Thrift; Shall Railway Pooling be Permitted? Our Barbar-ous Funeral Customs; Church Rule in Utah; The Faith Cure Delusion, etc.

Wide Awake. (Boston.) An attractive number is the August Wide Awake. The stories are all appropriate for the long summer days. A stirring story is, Saved on the Brink, and a delicate poem The English Dalsy follows; Pets in Artist life describes several Dogs and Cats belonging to Artists. The serials continued are full of adventure and the Elephant story and our Asiatic Cousins carry us a long ways from home. The poems, jingles and ll-lustions are irresistible.

The Homiletic Review. (New York;) The leading paper for August is a critique on Dr. John A. Broadus, as a preacher. The second article, on Christian Evidences and Moderp Criticism, by Prof. B. B. Warfield, is worthy of his reputation. A paper, entitled, Should Questions at Issue between Political Parties be Discussed in the Pulpit, will have a reading, and a thoughtful and admirable paper is contributed by an English writer. tributed by an English writer.

The Unitarian Review. (Boston.) Frederic H. Hedge contributes an article upon Athelsm, and James T. Bixby one on the German as a Pattern; Before and After Emancipation is an interesting article by Thomas D. Howard; Dr. Martineau's Church Organization Scheme is criticised by Brooke Herford. There are also other good articles, miscellany, and the Editor's Note-Book.

Buchanan's Journal of Man. (Boston.) The He-Suchanan's Journal of Man. (Boston.) The Heroism of War and the Heroism of Peace opens this month's installment of good reading, and is followed by Glimpses of Religious Conditions; Progress in Portugal; Inspiration in Art, as shown in the past; Composite portrait of the Morbid; Rev. James Freeman Clark, D. D., and Miscellany.

The Esoteric, (Boston.) Hiram E. Butler has a good article for August entitled, Thoughts on Mem-cry; The Higher Breath is a leaf from the tree of Life; Sacred Literature contains many good passages; Boads to Immortality is continued, and a of short articles and notes complete the table of contents.

The Path. (New York.) The Bhagavad-Gita is continued, and many good articles upon Oriental Philosophy, and Occultism by able contributors,

The Season. (New York.) A richly illustrated review of novelties, fashions and designs, comprise this month's issue.

The Sidereal Messesnger, Northfield, Minu. The Freethinkers' Magazine, Buffalo, N. Y.

# New Books Received.

A.Mexican Girl. By Frederick Thickstun. Tick-nor's paper series. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Price, 50 cents. Life is Worth Living. Chicago: Purdy Publish-

Mexico. Picturesque, Political, Progressive. By Mary E. Bliffse and Margaret F. Sullivan. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.25. ing Co. Price, 25 cents.

The Boston Tea Party and other stories of the American Revolution. Revised and adapted from Henry C. Watson. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago, A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, 50 cents.

Christian Paradoxes. By Francis Bacon. New York: Peter Ecklerr Price, 10 cents.

-God Reigns. By Edward Reynolds Roe, M. D. Chicago: Laird & Lee. Price, cloth, 50 cents. The Silent Witness. By Mrs. J. H. Walwortb. Cassell's Rainbow series. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 25 cents.

The Empress of Brazil has gone on a pilgrimage to the shrines at Lourdes to offer thanks for the re-storation of Dom Pedro's health.

Yon sturdy oak whose branches wide
Boldly the storms and winds defy,
Not long ago, an acorn, small,
Lay dormant 'neath the summer sky.
Not unlike the thrifty oak in its germ, develop
ment and growth, is consumption. But even this
mighty foe of mankiad, positively yields to the wonderful curative properties of Dr. Pierce's Golden
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your own-interests and think yours a hopeless case.
This remarkable remedy has rescued thousands,
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The Psychograph or Dial Planchette is an instrument that has been well tested by numerous investi-gators. A. P. Miller, journalist and poet in an edi-torial notice of the instrument in his paper, the Worthington, (Minn.) Advance says:

"The Psychograph is an improvement upon the planchette, having a dial and letters with a few words so that variable to the same of the same there.

words, so that very little 'power' is apparently required to give the communications. We do not hesitate to recommend it to all who care to test the question as to whether 'spirits' can return and com-municate." We are prepared to fill any and all orders. Price, \$1, postpaid.

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CHICAGO, ILL, Saturday, August 18, 1888.

Evil Effects of Governmental Paternalism.

The evil effects of Governmental paternalism and of general relief of the poor by the State may be learned from the history of Rome, which should be studied attentively by Socialists and others who would substitute more or less Governmental control, and co-operation in a great commonwealth for the competition which forms so conspicuous a feature of our present industrial system. There are many facts, too, in Roman history which abundantly prove the deteriorating influence of all aid to the people which tends to undermine self-supporting habits and to lessen personal effort.

In Rome centuries before the Christian era corn was supplied to the people at a nominal price. After a while the small payment required was abolished and the distribution of corn to the poorer classes was made gratuitously. In the time of Julius Cresar 320,000 bout five-sixths of a bushel of corn, and no der the Antonines the number of recipients exceeded 500,000. In some of the reigns oil, pork, bread and even land and money were distributed among the poor citizens. Nearly the whole free population of the city was finally supported by the government, while a large proportion of the indigent were provided for as slaves. The amount of corn required for free distribution became so great that the government was induced to obtain it from Africa, Sicily and other distant countries in the form of a tribute. The cornfields of Italy fell to waste and the free peasants went to the city to get their rations of corn and to live in idleness, while their land, encumbered with debt, passed into the hands of the rich and was cultivated, if at all, by slaves. . Not only were the people supplied with the first necessaries of life without cost, but to these were added free public amusements. To get enough to eat and to attend the public games and baths provided by the government, were the people's highest ambition.

Under the influence of this policy, which was perpetuated through centuries, the selfrespect and the self-supporting habits of the people were destroyed as was all public spirit. Independence and love of freedom were extinguished and were replaced by feelings of dependence and servility. The national character became so degraded that it has never recovered from the effects. "Indifferent to liberty, the Roman now, as then," says an historian "asks only for an idle subsistence, and for public spectacles, and countless monasteries and ecclesiastical pageants occupy in modern Rome the same place as did the distribution of corn and the games of the amphitheatre in the Rome of the Casars," The Roman system of gratuitous distribution was a political device; it was superseded by the ecclesiastical device of monastic organizations and mendicant orders, which withdrew men from productive labor and made them objects of charity, which discouraged industrial pursuits, made a virtue of poverty, fostered idleness and improvidence, multiplied beggars, and made a dirty and worthless mendicant monk the ideal man of the Christian world.

The immediate effects of this system can

Zeligio-Philosophical Journal diminished with the decline of ecclesiasticism in that country. Mr. Fano, one of the highest authorities on matters relating to the condition of the Italian poor, says:

The growth of that misery in our country (Italy) is in a great measure due to those very institutions which were created for its suppression—the magnificent palaces which rise up on all sides in our cities to give refuge to suffering humanity. "The life and soul of Italy," said Moreau Christophi, "are in her charitable institutions."....But the crowd of beggars seems to multiply in proportion to the in crease of the charities destined for the alleviation of their wants. The very profusion of charities is then one of the principal causes of the spread of mendicity in our country. When all feel sure that, in whatever disaster, they will find succor, and that they will obtain their sustenance from charity, if they do not earn it by their labor, there ceases to be any reason for being provident, and instead of rely-ing upon his own strength every one accustoms himself to reckon upon the support of others. Thus are annihilated the vigor and the spirit of enterare annihilated the vigor and the spirit of enter-prise which are necessary for a man destined to lead a laborious life, and all sense of responsibility is lost. A man may beget children without taking the trouble to reflect whether he can feed them because an asylum and a maintenance will be found for them in the foundling hospital or in other institu-tions for the care of children. The prospect of signess does not make him redouble his exertions and think of the precessity of saying and providing signess does not make him redouble his exertions and think of the necessity of saving and providing for an evil day because it appears to him sufficiently provided for by the hospital or the almshouse.... But in order to obtain relief it is necessary to be poor, or at least to seem so, and the man who works has not the aspect of poverty. The workshop is then abandoned and the rags of common wretchedness are then put on; and thus many persons voluntarily adopt a mendicant life, and finding it easier than one of toll, choosing begging for their industry and making it their estate. and making it their estate.

In Italy there are, according to this writer, over one and a third million indigent persons. It has been the policy of the Roman machine to keep as many of its subjects as possible in a dependent condition, that it might thereby control them through its charitable institutions. Thus poverty is produced that there may be an opportunity to relieve it. But poverty leads to crime. For one the Romish hierarchy has "charity;" for the other indulgence and absolution.

Another Encyclical from the Pope.

In our National Constitution is embodied as much political wisdom, perhaps, as was ever put into any instrument framed for the government of a people. A copy of this constitution was presented by President Cleveland to Pope Leo XIII. on the occasion of his jubilee. The propriety of this formal recognition of a "spiritual" potentate by the chief magistrate of this Republic, whose office is a purely secular one, may fairly be questioned. It is evident, however, that the old gentleman at Rome has profited little if any from a political and liberal point of view. by the present. It is doubtful whether he has ever read the copy of the constitution which was given him; even if he has, his mind is so unmodern and so steeped in superstition and saturated with the spirit of intolerance, that he cannot appreciate the -wisdom embodied in it. The Constitution

"No religious test shall ever be required as a qual-lification to any office of public trust in the Uni-ted States."

"Congress shall make no law respecting an estab-ilshment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech, or of

How little effect Mr. Clevel and's present to the old gentleman at Rome has had upon his mind may be seen from the lengthy encyclical which he has issued as a pronunciamento against religious freedom. The old gentleman says that justice and reason forbid the State "to treat the various religions, as they call them, alike, and to bestow upon them promiscuously equal rights and privileges. persons in the city of Rome received monthly | Since, then, the profession of one religion is sary in the State, that one must fessed which alone is true, and which can be recognized without difficulty, especially in Catholic States, because the marks of truth are, as it were, engraven upon it. This religion, therefore, the rulers of the State mustpreserve and protect, if they would provide. as they should do, with prudence and usefulness for the good of the community."

"False doctrines, than which no mental plague is greater," the old gentleman says, "should be diligently repressed by public authority, lest they insidiously work the ruin of the State." In equally plain language "liberty of thought" and "liberty of teaching" are expressly condemned. It is clear from the encyclical that the State should tolerate but one religion, and that in religious doctrine it should be governed by the Romish Church which alone has "lawful authority" to define it. The old gentleman is more frank, in his ignorance of the modern world, than are American prelates who in their public addresses before mixed audiences speak about the "blessings of religious freedom" and represent that the Catholic Church is in full sympathy with our free

Republican institutions. "Although in the extraordinary condition of these times," says Leo XIII. "the Charch usually acquiesces in certain modern liberties, not because she prefers them in themselves, but because she judges it expedient to permit them, in better times she would use her own liberty; and, by persuasion, exhortation, and entreaty, she would endeavor, as she ought, to fulfill the duty assigned to her by God of providing for the eternal salvation of mankind." That 18"by persuasion exhortation and entreaty" the Church would endeavor to influence the State to suppress Protestantism and freethought, in fact all teaching not approved by the Roman hierarchy. The Church "acquiesces in certain modern liberties" where she is powerless to suppress them and where active opposition to them would weaken her influence; but whenever she has the chance, she invokes the power of the State to enforce her doctrine and to suppress all others.

Such are the views of the old gentleman at Rome who issues rescripts in regard to Irish affairs and pronunciamentos against modern liberty. Fortunately the old gentleman's ing "We Shall Meet, but We Shall Miss Him," influence is on the wane in his own country and throughout Catholic Europe, and although this country has long been a dump ing ground for the sort of criminals and paupers that the superstitious and intolerant teachings of Rome produce, the influence of our American civilization may be relied upon to secure us against/danger from these teachings when they are expressed with the frankness and plainness which mark this encylical.

Far more is to be feared rom Jesuitism which works stealthily and by indirect methods against liberal ideas and free institutions than from any number of such mediæval essays as the one on which comment is here made.

#### Three Samples of Religion.

Superstition finds expression at the present time in various parts of the world. Even in this country not long ago, an eclipse was regarded as the "distress of nature" over some earthly calamity, and created great fear among the people. The latest phase of superstition on the part of those who should, under the enlightening influence of this 19th century, be above such a manifestation of gross ignorance, occurred in the parish of St. Barthelemi, Ca. This parish has been covered with grasshoppers, which have been doing great damage, rapidly devouring everything that is green, and the farmers are in a sad condition of mind concerning their fast disappearing crops. Rev. Abbe Moreau, the parish priest, at high mass on Sunday, July 29th, informed the parishioners that the grasshopper plague was a visitation from heaven to punish them for their sins. Every one in the parish, he said, should show his or her repentance by fasting for several days. Mass would be said for two days, and then a procession would be held through that part of the parish which was being devastated. Masses were accordingly said, and at the time designated, headed by the priest, the faithful formed in procession and walked through the stricken district, saying prayers as they went and stopping before returning to say a mass in a field of oats that had been entirely cleared out by the pest. Returning to the parish church, Father Moreau delivered a sermon upon the visitations of the Almighty and imposed a pennance upon each of the parishioners who had failed to take part in the procession or who neglected to say twenty "Ave Maries" per day for a week. There is great religious excitement in this neighborhood over the matter.

Such manifestation of ignorance seems almost unpardonable in this age of telegraphs and electric motors, yet it receives the sanction of the Catholic Church, and is supposed to receive the approval of God. If only two sects in the world, one represented by the parish priest, the Rev. Abbe Moreau, and the other by a distinguished colored clergyman in this city, the latter would prove more attractive to the people generally, judging from his remarks, lately delivered at a funeral in this city, and reported by a daily paper as follows:

Brudders and sisters, de church am crowded to-day as I habent seed it fo' many a day. In fac', as de theaters sometimes put it, dar am standin' room on-iy. Now, why am dis? I kin tell yo-all, and I'se gwine fo' to speak my mind to de p'int. Yo-all come heat fo' to see de decessed in de collin, day. I reheah fo' to see de deceased in de coffin dar. I re-membah, brudders and sisters, when Brudder John-son de deceased was a-libbin', and when he ust to come to de church which I am proud to say fo' bis suirned about flockin' in heah to see him den. When he was libbin' de deceased wa'n't much run after. Some of yo-all wouldn't speak to him. But now dat de deceased am dead yo-all kin come in heah and block up de iles and de spar room, kase yo-all t'ink dat de coffin will be open and you kin march aroun' and take a look at de deceased. I'se gwine to disapp'int you-all. De coffin won't be open, not in disyeah church. Mister Undertaker, proceed wid. de necessary preprashuns for removin' ob de body ob de deceased while de congregation will remain necessary preprastums for removin' ob de body ob de deceased while de congregation will remain stan'in' and jine de choir in de chant, Blessed are de dead what die in de Lawd. De Deekins will improve de opportunity by passin' de baskets. I want you cullud people what's in de habit ob flockin' to de funerils ob deceased members and won't come to church dat you got to pay fo' yo' fun." de funerils ob deceased members and won't come to church dat you got to pay fo' yo' fun."

If you do not admire the religion of Rev. Abbe Moreau, nor that of the distinguished colored minister, how do you like that of the Boy Preacher Harrison? While in New York, it is stated that he brought a "great editor" to to a realizing sense of his sinfulness. In his address to a crowded audience he said:

Brethren, the other day a great editor of a great New York paper sent for me. His paper is a great political power. He rules parties. He rules men. He rules statesmen. He said: "Brother Harrison, pray for me. Brother Harrisor, preach to me. Brother Harrison, help me. Brother Harrison, I need your prayers. Brother Harrison, I need your preaching. Brother Harrison, I need your prayers." Oh, brethren, it was in the middle of the day. Think of it, in the middle of the day, and that preat editor sent for me! And the telegraph boys were bringing sent for me! And the telegraph boys were bringing in their messages, and the reporters were writing their news, and the politicians and the statesmen were coming in and going out, and he sent for me! I see some men in one of the papers says it don't do to preach hell in these days. But I had only a short time to preach, and I preached hell to that editor. And, glory to God! I believe I did him good. Glory! glory! Hallelujah! hallelujah!

We might present many more samples of religion as presented by distinguished characters, but the above will suffice for the present.

Gen. Sheridan.

Memorial services were held by Godfrey Weitzel Post, No. 425, G. A. R., last Sunday morning in honor of the late Gen. Sheridan at the post hall, No. 679 . West Lake street. Post Commander John C. Ward presided, and Chaplain L. C. Wray offered prayer. "Nearer My God to Thee," was rendered by the choir. The commander of the post then asked if the military and Grand Army record of the dead comrade had been prepared, and Adjutant E. S. Hyde read a sketch of the General's life. be seen in Italy to day, although they have | thought, freedom of speech and religious | The audience then joined the choir in sing-

after which the commander of the post ordered that the record of General Sheridan be placed among the archives of the order. Chaplain Wray made some remarks which had reference to the life and character of the man whose memory was being extolled. Comrade Walcott, of General Ulysses S. Grant Post, No. 28, was present, and was asked by the commander to address the post. To speak of Sheridan, he said, called to his mind the Army of the Potomac and his assoclation with the great General during the late war. Sheridan was his ideal soldier. and after naming over the great heroes of the war-Grant, Logan, and the others who have gone-he said: "There is only one of the great Generals left. I mean Sherman. To us the others stand on the shores of the grand encampment." He spoke of the ties that bind the soldiers together, and expressed the hope that the children of the Republic be taught patriotism. He also paid a deserving tribute to the women of the war period.

The Rev. F. J. Probst, at the Westminister Presbyterian Church took for the subject of his discourse, "The Lessons Taught by General Sheridan's Life." He said that at "a critical junction in the history of our race, as well as in the history of the continent, this son of obscure and poor Irish immigrants was summoned to a prominent place, to pass through a splendid career, and perform a magnificent work for God, humanity, and this Nation.

"Phil Sheridan, in his humble home in Ohio, was haunted by dreams of a military career. They came to him at night, beckoning him on. He cherished those dreams. They thrilled his soul and made his blood run like fire through his veins. This teaches us to cherish the dreams of our early days. Sheridan's dreams were magnificently fulfilled. Dreams are the prophecies of God. Cherish them, follow the path they point out, and by and by you will find them more than realized.

"Another lesson which God teaches us through Sheridan's career is the necessity of paying attention to details. Sheridan at West Point, and all through his life, took pains to get acquainted with all the details of his profession."

Both political parties are evidently dispos-

ed to investigate the abuses of immigration and to reform them at once. Interesting facts have already been brought to light, showing that the importation of foreign labor under contract is common, and that the law forbidding this is violated with impunity. Labor brokers ply their business with success and profit. Agents of steamships get a commission on every ticket they sell; agents travel through European villages, promising plenty of work and large pay. Thousands brought hither subsist on charity from the day of their arrival at Castle Garden; crimfrals and paupers even are sent in large numbers by so-called benevolent societies. These and many other facts have been shown by the congressional inquiry respecting the importation of foreign labor. It is stated that the Texas "Statehouse Syndicate" imported stonecutters from Scotland to help Texas convicts in preparing the materials for the State capitol at Austin. These imported men were put in the place of granite-cutters who had declined to work with convicts. The imported laborers signed a contract in Aberdeen, not knowing it was contrary to American law, and they were brought to this country in a Glasgow steamer which landed them at Castle Garden in April, 1886. To what extent our contract labor prohibition laws have been violated is not known, but from investigations already made, it would seem that the importation of foreign labor and even foreign paupers and criminals has been carried on by companies, " bankers," "laborbrokers," swindlers, etc., as though no law existed prohibiting it. The inquiries of the congressional committee should be thorough and the practice of making the United States the dumping ground of the world should be stopped at once.

We hear often the expressions, "Those who work with their brains," and "those who work with their hands." But many work with both brains and hands. The artisan and mechanic who do fine work, use their hands but as instruments to embody ideas in material form. That such men, other things being equal, rank socially lower than those who do not use their hands in work, is not creditable to society. Skilled labor is always in demand; it requires talent and it should be recognized as brain work quite as much as ordinary professional practice, and more than many of the professional practices. The Builder and Wood worker for August, has these sensible words on this subject: "Something should be done, too, to root out a false condition that is eating into our American manhood like a cancer, and which makes the rich man send to Yale or Harvard to pore over Greek and Latin and the classics, the lad who is of a mechanical turn and naturally fitted to be a mechanic. The result of this nowadays is that the college keeps turning out useless mechanical doctors and lawyers and clergymen, who properly trained, would have made good mechanics. This evil is attributable to the absurd notion of the time that there is something degrading in manual labor. When that idea is rooted out, society will be the better for it, and the workman will take more interest in the affairs of those in whose employ he is. Like begets like."

The funeral services of General Sheridan were held in St. Matthew's Church, Washington. The interment was at Arlington Cem-

The New York World relates a most remarkable case: Among the inmates of the Home for Feebleminded Children in South Boston, there is a little ten-year-old girl whose case has thus far baffled the best authorities on mental diseases. Her peculiar trait is her inordinate desire to climb to the top perch on any object, be it ever so high to mount and balance herself upon seemingly inaccessible ledges, and there rest content. On entering a room, and knowing she is unobserved, she will fling open a door and catching hold of the edge with her hands, and pressing her knees tightly together, climb to the top and seat herself, wholly unconcerned and apparently perfectly happy. She will swing back and forth with no fear of falling; indeed, she has never been known to lose her balance. Her most troublesome trait is her strong aversion to wearing any clothing. She discards her shoes and stockings whenever possible, tears off her garments and causes no end of care to the patient attendants, who find her from time to time almost devoid of covering. She frequently climbs with wonderful agility upon a wardrobe, twelve feet high, or again will mount to the top shelf and there coil herself up like a cat. She has been known to ascend an eighteen-foot pillar supporting the ceiling and roost upon its ledge. One night she left her bed and deliberately climbed down the spouting from the fourth story to the street. She never injured herself. Her parents are both strong mentally and physically. It is said that the surveys at present being

made for the Kansas, El Paso & Mexican railroad, at a point north/latitude thirtythree degrees and west longitude one hundred and six degrees, have passed along the lava flow which by the local population is called the Molpais. It consists of a sea of molten black, glass, agitated at the moment of cooling in ragged waves of fantastic shapes. These lava waves or ridges are from ten to twelve feet high with combining crests. This lava flow-is about forty miles long from northeast to southwest and from one to ten miles wide. For miles on all sides the country is the most desolate that can be imagined. It has been literally burned up. It consists of fine white ashes to any depth, which, so far, has been dug down. To the north of the lava flow, and lying in a country equally desolate and arid, the surveyors have come upon the ruins of Gran Guivera, known already to the early Spanish explorers, but which have been visited by white men less often even than the mysterious ruins of Palenque in Central America. Only a few people at Socorro and White Oaks have been at Gran Guivera, because it is at present forty miles from water. The surveyors found the ruins to be of gigantic stone buildings made in the most substantial manner, and of grand proportions. One of them was four acres in extent. All indications around the ruins point to the existence here at one time of a dense population. No legend of any kind exists as to how the great city was destroyed or-when it was abandoned. One of the engineers attached to the surveying expedition, ad vances the theory that Gran Guivera was in existence and abundantly supplied with water at the time the terrific volcanic eruption took place. Who knows what next may happen on the surface of our globe.

The Christian at Work on the public school question: "It is clear church history must be let alone in the public school; or, if it is to be taught, then the Roman Catholics must be permitted to have their own schools, and justice could not refuse them, under such circumstances, a share in the public school funds although a constitutional amendment securing this would be necessary. When that time shall come, if it does, the State may find it has but entered upon a long series of troubles. Nonsectarian instruction imparted without bias is the keynote of teaching in the public schools, insuring justice to all, and removing the last vestige of any reasonable complaint against the public schools on the part of the Roman Catholic Church, Thoughtful men of the Protestant religion will be slow, we imagine, to surrender so strong and impregnable a position. Don't let the portcullis down!"

Solitude of soul may have its inconveniences and dangers. It may be fostered into baneful exclusiveness, it may be developed into morbidness or vanity. And there are times when we would give worlds to have it broken-events in life when isolation of spirit seems something frigid and frightful But in a solitude and isolation, which is threatened by so many tendencies of our modern life, are nursed into power great thoughts and high resolves. The strong character must have had long periods of quiet meditation and retirement. In the impene. trable silence and incommunicatable conflict of the breast have been born, and continue to be born, the forces and plans that transform the earth and society. -J.C. Learned.

Alonzo Slosser, of Woodstock, Ill., states that on one occasion he attended a scance at Memphis, Mo., J. H. Mott the medium. His wife materialized, and at the same time he saw the medium sitting in his chair. His wife made numerous inquiries of him, giving the names of the family, and established her identity in various other ways. His son also materialized, giving his full name. On one occasion while stopping with his nephew, Mr. Slosser asked his spirit wife to manifest herself to him. It was night, and he was in bed. He saw a light, and then the form of a persor below the waist. Then spirit hands were placed beneath his body, and he was raised almost clear of the bed. Mr. Slosser is very mediumistic himself, and just the person to receive remarkable manifestations of spirit power.

The solemn quiet of St. Matthew's Church,

Washington, D. C., Aug. 10th, where the remains of Gen. Sheridan was lying in state, remained unbroken during the hours of the previous night save by the tread of the military guard. The attendants at the early mass found the priests in their places and the services going on as usual. At 8 o'clock a requiem mass was celebrated which was attended mainly by the relatives and friends of the deceased. Mrs. Sheridan was present. accompanied by General and Mrs. Rucker, Colonel Sheridan and other members of the family. Father Kervick officiated, and the music was furnished by the junior choir of the church. After the celebration of the mass the church was cleared. The members of the family, the guard and every one left the church, and Mrs. Sheridan remained alone with the dead. After she came out of the church the guards resumed their places. Shortly before 10 o'clock the high arch of the sanctuary was draped with a large American flag bordered with black. This work required but a short time, and when it was completed the catafalque, which had been moved to one side, was replaced. An artillery serjeant, with bared head, took his position before the catafalque. On either side were gilt tables supporting large gilt candelabras with lighted candles. A steady stream of people poured into the church all day. They included all classes of society-Those who wished to stop in the church to attend to their devotions took seats in the pews, but the line kept passing on, at times diminishing in numbers, and then again thronged the broad aisle. In recordance with the wish of Mrs. Sheridan, the simple effect of the casket covered only with the American flag was not broken by placing floral tributes upon it. Such flowers as were received were placed on the step inside the altar rail. For the final services Aug. 11th, three chairs were placed on either side of the main aisle in front of the pews. The chairs on the right were reserved for Mrs. Sheridan, Col. Sheridan, and another brother. Those on the left for the President, Mrs. Cleveland, and Mrs. Folsom.

#### GENERAL ITEMS.

We have procured copies of the Catechism compiled for the Fellowship of the New Life. by Janet E. Runtz-Rees, price only 10 cents.

J. Clegg Wright passed through the city the beginning of this week on his way to Clinton, Iowa.

Charles Dawbarn's lectures at Cassadaga have excited a good deal of attention. After August 14th, he will be at Lake Pleasant.

Dr. Leon and Mrs. Priest are taking a rest for a few weeks from their labors, and can be addressed for the present at West Acton,

The Perfect Way by Dr. Anna B. Kingsford and Edward Maitland is still attracting much attention from the reading public. The book has been reduced to \$2.00. For sale at

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou is at present stopping with her son at Carney, Mich. She will answer calls to lecture, and can be addressed in care of this office. Mrs. Ballou has had a varied experience as an artist and lecturer, both in this country and in Australia.

A new edition of Edward Gibbon's History of Christianity is issued and the price reduced to \$1.50. This valuable work comprises all that relates to the progress of the Christian religion in "The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," with a life of the author. Price \$1.50, postage 15 cents extra. For sale at this office.

Eliza Lynn Linton was one of twelve children of the Vicar of Crosthwaite. She says: "My father's fellow parsons were a queer lot. Some drank and fought in public houses, others were little better than honest day laborers, and it was not uncommon to hear the officiating clergyman exclaim, when his Sunday ministrations were over, ' Gosh, that job's jobbed."

A visitor to the Museum of Religion in Paris, writes:" We saw some Chinese coins which were in use two thousand years before Christ, some writing on palm leaves of centuries ago, and many other interesting things, of which not the least amusing was a 'prayer grinder,' which ground out prayers as you turned the handle. To use the words of our guide, 'the more you turned the more prayers you had."

D. F. Trefry writes: "Mrs. Belle F. Hamilton held a very interesting and satisfactory test-circle at her residence, 109 South Paulina street, last Sunday evening. All who are interested in genuine spirit control and truthful tests, should visit her scances, or have a private sitting. She holds public meetings every Sunday at Gleason's Pall, 25 Bishop Court, at 2:30 P. M."

Miss Wilda Buckman, Secretary, writes as follows: "The second annual convention of the Oregon State Spiritual Society will be held on the camp grounds at New Era, Clackamas County, Oregon, September 7th, continuing ten days. All members are requested to be present as important business is to be transacted. A general invitation is extended to all friends of the cause. Reduced rate of fares on the O. and C. Railroad to those that attend."

Mind reader Bishop, who left San Francisco surreptitiously for a private asylum for the insane, and who gained notoriety in Honolulu by appearing before an audience while suffering from an overdose of chloral hydrate, came back to California, August 4th, on a steamer. He is greatly improved in health, and displays with pride the insignia of a grand officer of the Order of Kapiolana, presented to bim by King Kalakana.

CASSADAGA CAMP MEETING.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Since my last letter we have had lecture by Charles Dawbarn, Mrs. Colby-Luther, J. Frank Baxter, and Cora L. V. Richmond. The attendance has been good every day, and on Sunday a very large crowd was on the grounds, the amphitheater being filled to overflowing. The morning conferences have been highly interesting, and give opportunity for people to relate experiences with phenomena in the home circle or elsewhere, as well as to discuss the principles of the spiritual philosophy. Last Thursday morning Hon. A. B. Richmond occupied the platform, and for nearly two hours held the attention and for nearly two hours held the attention of a large audience while he narrated some of the experiences which have made him a believer in Spiritualism. He showed that he is an expert in the art of magic, by explaining several of the tricks which form the stock in trade of the self-styled exposers of Spiritualism. He confessed that when he came to Cassadaga, arms a year and he directly here. to Cassadaga camp a year ago he firmly be-lieved that all the phenomena were simply clever trickery, but declared that he had not been in the presence of the slate-writing mebeen in the presence of the state-writing medium twenty minutes before he was convinced that he was dealing with some power other than magic or legerdemain. He told his experience with much felvor, and at times, when speaking of the manifestation of dear friends and members of his family, tears started from his eyes and his voice became husky with emotion. His remarks showed the maryelous effects which a revelation of the marvelous effects which a revelation of the truth of immortality has upon a mind darkened by the shadow of doubt and mate-

The Grand Hotel on the grounds is filled with guests, and rooms are being sought at the cottages by those who can not obtain ac commodations at the hotel. Two grocery stores are doing a lively business, milk and meat wagons have a large patronage, and everything gives evidence of the prosperous condition of the camp. We have a telegraph and post office, and these, with the many daily papers, keep the camp in communica-tion with the outer world. There are num-erous mediums here, and many phases of the phenomena are represented. The hops, which are held two evenings every week, are well patronized, and are always characterized by the best of order and deportment. There are exhibitions on Friday evenings by the Children's Lyceum, which are also well at-tended. There are several private classes for physical and psychic culture and instruc

tion in occult science.

It is pleasing to note the growth of the Spiritualist movement in the direction of spiritual culture and education. The majority of Spiritualists are coming to consider phenomena as simply the foundation of the temple, and they are zealously working upon the walls. They perceive that the value of the phenomena is not in their power to amaze or entertain, but in the significance attached to them as revelations of a future life for man, and as illustrations of laws of spiritual unfoldments. It is of no use to teach a person the truth of immortality un less he is ready to make use of that truth by living as worthy of an immortal nature. A revelation of the continuity of human life beyond the grave, and the consequent con-tinuity of those laws of justice and retribution under which we are now living, should come to men as a continual inspiration to live the highest life. The doctrines of Spiritualism contain unlimited possibilities for good, if rightly applied to human life. That they are being so applied, and that they are bearing their fruit in character, is the inevitable conclusion of one who comes in contact with the people who assemble at a Spiritualist camp. Let the good work go on, until the will of the Father, the laws of life, are obeyed on earth as they are in the higher spheres of the Spirit-world. Lily Dale, N. Y.

# Materialism in Sunday Schools.

Sunday schools for the education for the young in the doctrines of anarchy—this is the last outcome of the last craze of the century. The scheme sounds impiousness to multitude to w memories of the life and teachings of Him whose life and death were harbingers of "peace on earth, to men good will." Even to those in whom the cares of the world have weakened the spiritual sentiment there seems something horrible in the fierce energy which would destroy the poetry and in-born religion of youth, which would teach children of tender years that neither sun, moon, nor star, fleeting cloud nor glancing stream, grass or flower, nor the sweet wind or tender rain of summer gave hint of grandeur and calm such as "eye hath not seen, peither hath ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." Accursed be the false philosophy that would destroy the hope of youth, the confidence of age in an all wise, all-merciful, and all-powerful Creator and preserver of the souls of men. Fortunately, the Creator has endowed His

human work with imagination, and most plenteously in its youth. The Child can never be convinced that an infinite—nothing is the author of the infinite everything that he sees when waking and that visits him in dreams. "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God;" but the child is not a fool; there are no fools in cradles or in short suits. The thing that reasons from an all to a nothing is born of mature age, as years count for maturity. The drst questions of childhood are, "Who made me? Where do the stars come from every night? Whither do they go when daylight comes?" Much preaching about psalms and protoplasms will not satis-fy it. The child knows by instinct that something greater and wiser than itself has made it and all it sees or dreams of; the language may not be at command for expression of its thought, but

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole. Whose body nature is, and God the soul,"

is as firmly the faith of childhood as it was of Alexander Pope. If it were certain that the child who had undergene four weeks of the Greary platitudes of materialism could then be brought to hear the story of the Babe of Bethlehem, or even that most poetical and most rational of all statements, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," some good might come of the first earth," some good might come of the first falsity; the radiant glitter of the humanity of religion would be in such contrast to the colorless cant of materialism as to perman-

It is not orthodoxy that is threatened by the Sunday schools of anarchy. Materialism has ever been, ever will be, the creed of a few, and, perhaps, the affectation rather than the belief of most of the few. It is society that is threatened; for the sentiments of jealousy, envy, hatred are as innate to child-hood as those of trustfulness, generosity, and love. Which trinity of sentiment shall be the more powerful in directing the daily walk and conversation of the man depends | ze great transformation of the silk worm into upon which is best fostered in the heart of the cocoon." A magical wave of the wand,

the child. Christian teaching fosters the kindly sentiments, anarchy the dreadful ones. The hospital and kindergarten, the lakeside home for sick children, the waifs mission, are products of Christianity. The bomb and the riot are products of anarchy and may we not say of materialism? Mat ter moves by force, and by it alone. All materialists are not anarchists, but all an-archists are materialists. The ignorant materialist sees all nature move by force, and knows nothing of the law behind the force and so uses force to remove whatever obstacle lies in his way. The great reformer of Judea was wise-even as politicians judge of wisdom—"the Kingdom of Heaven (i. e., of jus-tice and mercy) is not afar off, but nigh unto every one of you, even within you:" "judge yourself;" these were His maxims, and they are as sound in politics as in morals. Reform is the creature of evolution, it must be brought out of each person for him-self until all are reformed. Is a system or a party corrupt? Take yourself out of it, and it is less strong by one withdrawal. But the Sunday School for anarchists will be an agency of brief duration if humane endeavor provide some better thing for the few who now attend upon it .- Inter-Ocean.

General News.

At Detroit Harry Haworth, single, was killed by a falling wall.—Henry Winkley, the Philadelphia philanthropist, is dead at the age of 84.—David Arnold, Jr., was shot and killed at Afton, Iowa, by Abe Ballinger, a blacksmith, in self defense.—At St. Louis the convention of engineers voted to continue the "Q." strike and to increase the pay of the strikers—the engineers to \$60 and firemen to \$40.—The senate has passed the amended Spooner interestate telegraph bill amended Spooner inter-state telegraph bill.

The American party is to hold its first annual convention at Washington this week. A bill has been introduced in the senate appropriating \$200,000 to prevent the spread of yellow fever.—The secretary of war has ap-proved the plans for the bridge across the Mississippi at Memphis, and work on the structure will begin at once.-Congress has authorized the president to present a gold medal to Francis Josephs for his services in the perfection of life-saving appliances.—Lady Jane Henrietta Swinburne, mother of the English poet and critic, is 90 years old.—M. Rochefort has been fined 6,000 francs for the language of the services and critical services. libel on M. Jules Ferry.-Ex-Vice President William A. Wheeler's late residence at Malone, N. Y., was sold at public auction last week to Charles E. Martin of Plattsburg for \$6,500. The house is a plain two-story brick structure of rectangular shape without any pretensions to style.—Mrs. Schuyler Walden, wife of a leading Wall street broker, was bit-ten on the neck by a horse-fly a few weeks ago and has come near dying from the in-flammation and fever that ensued. The doc-tors think that the fly which bit her had been feeding on decomposed organic matter.— Jacob Myers, the veteran engineer of the Adirondack Company, has run a locomotive for forty years and has never met with an acci--Queen Victoria is cleared of the charge that plain English bread is not good enough for her taste. Brown and white bread are made every day for her use; and she is ex-ceedingly fond of oatcakes and scones.—Miss Martha A. McConnell was elected deacon in the McKeesport (Pa.), Reformed Presbyterian Church, but the presbytery refused to ordain her, as there was no precedent for such ac-tion, and referred the matter to the synod.— Augusta Evans, author of "St. Elmo" and other lurid Southern stories, ranks with Browning in at least one respect. She will not contribute to periodicals. She has repeatedly refused the most tempting offers to contribute to magazines and newspapers. -An epidemic of typhoid fever is raging at Dundee, seven miles from Montpelier, Ind.— The body of Charles Craft, drowned at Kan-kakee, Ill., has been found.—Mrs. William Duval, of Watoga, Ill., attempted suicide by taking arsenic.—The first train on the new Chicago & Northwestern extension to Michigaunee was run last Saturday.—The Indiana State military encampment will be held at Evansville, Ind., Aug. 20th to 27th, inclusive. —Carroll County, Ind., old settlers held their thousand people were in attendance.—The sawmill of J. H. Weed at Halcomb, Wis., on the Lake Shore Road, was destroyed by fire, The loss is \$8,000; insurance, \$4,500.—Henry Dorman & Son, keepers of a general store in Buffalo, Ia., have made an assignment. Liabilities, \$7,090; assets, about the same.— The fourth annual reunion of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Association of Northwestern Illinois will be held at Morrison Aug. 21 and 22.—A contract has been let by the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern Railroad to the Masssteel rails.—The Anheuser-Brusch Brewing Company is said to be backing up the Cedar Falls, la., druggists in their fight against the pharmacy law.—Edward Ruede of Columbus, Ind., aged 13, was found dead with a bullet-hole in his head. It is supposed he was despondent and committed suicide.

# BIRTH OF THE BUTTERFLY.

#### The Mystery of Herrmann's La Cocone Trick Explained by an Expert.

During the past year Herrmann, the magician, has been mystifying audiences by a feat that he calls "La Cocone." It is a sort of butterfly development of a beautiful young lady out of an ugly paper ball, resembling in color and shape the cocoon of a silk worm. That is as far as the resemblance goes, for it is exaggerated to the size of a beer barrel. This is how it is done:—Herr-mann introduces the performance by asking the audience to examine a box arrangement, which is nothing but a three-cornered frame covered with any ordinary quality of print paper. He places this in the middle of the stage, with one of the paper sides next to the orchestra. The other paper sides are to keep the people in the boxes and the scene shifters from seeking the inner workings.
This is in accord with nature, which never allows us to know how a blade of grass is made, let alone a butterfly. There is no deception about the box. It is all it is represented to be simply a paper screen about sented to be-simply a paper screen, about two feet high and two feet deep.

At this point in the show the magician produces a piece of crayon and with it he makes a charcoal sketch of an ugly looking worm on a paper screen in full view of the andience. A piece of white tape is stretched across the stage from right to left at a height of six or seven feet, and directly over the screen with its caricature of a silk worm. Now he draws the tape down with a wand and attaches it to something within or behind the screen. To comprehend this fea-ture one may imagine a box suspended from

a clothes line. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, you will see

and presto, change, the thing has become animated with vigorous life. The side of the paper screen on which was the picture is shattered in the twinkling of an eye and it looks as though a circus performer had tum-bled a double somersault through it. Gracefully and lightly the unsightly cocoon floats upward and remains suspended in the air with no other support than the tape, until it is lowered to rest on a table.

"And now for the butterfly." The ugly shell opens and reveals a beautiful face. Golden hair, a creamy neck and a ravishing bust. The only deception there is about the "butterfly" are the wings, and anybody can see that they are not genuine.

"But how is it done?" "But how is it done?"

My child, it is simple, and neither nature or the spirit have anything to do with it. The screen placed on the stage is used to conceal a trap in the floor. While Herrman is mak-ing the sketch before mentioned a confederate is shoving up through the trap the co-coon, or huge ball, in which the beautiful lady is secreted in a kneeling position. The tape is hooked on to this ball and at the proper moment the "butterfly" thrusts out a hand, breaks the paper on which is the pic-ture of the worm and sails upward as de-scribed. The deception of this trick lies in the tape. Everybody imagines that the lady is in the ball or cocoon, but one cannot understand how such a weight can be supported by a tape that does not look as if it would hold a pound. Neither it does, for the tape is double and within it is steel wire capable of supporting a ton. This tape-covered wire passes over pullies attached to the wings at both sides of the stage. On each end of this deceptive tape are weights heavy enough to counterbalance the cocoon and its fair occupant. The magician need but touchit and up it goes. The climax of the illusion is merely opening the ball, which the "butter-fly" does with a smile while you applied. fly" does with a smile, while you applaud .-Saturday's Tidings.

H. C. Sessions writes: "The Spiritualists of Spokane and Whitman counties, Washington Territory, will hold a four days' camp meeting, commencing Sept. 6th, at Medical Lake."

#### 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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Four Essays Concerning Spiritism. By Heinrich Tiedemann, M. D. The subjects embodying the four essays are, What is Spirit? What is Man? Organization of the Spirit-Body; Matter, Space, Time, Price, 30 cents,

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na. Price, 15 cents.

The following works are by Giles B. Stebbins: Chapters from the Bible of the Ages. These chapters are selected with great care from the Hindu, Vedas, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Talmuds, Bible, Plato, Luther, Milton, Max Muller, Lucretia Mott, T. Starr King, Parker, Emerson, Denton, Tuttle, and many other authentic Fources. It is a most valuable collection and is a work that has received enconiums from high authority. Cloth bound, price reduced from \$1.50 to \$1.00 postpaid.

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Progress from Poverty. This is a review and criticism of Henry George's Progress and Poverty and Protection and Free Trade. Price, cloth, 50 cents, paper 25 cts.

# The Voices.

The twelfth edition of The Voices by Warren Sumner Barlow is just from the press. This book of poems has had a wonderful sale and the demand is now greater than ever before. The price has been reduced to \$1.00 and is cheap at that. A new edition also of Orthodox Hash has been issued, and with this popular author's well known poem. If Then and When is being called for by all readers that have not now got a copy. These pamphlets are 10 cents each and well worth the time spent in perusal. For sale at this office.

# Suit Yourself,

but there is no other remedy for sick headache, dizziness, constipation, billousness, or to restore a regu-lar, healthy action to the liver, stomach and bowels, equal to those reliable little "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" prepared by Dr. Pierce. Of druggists.

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The Grand Rapids Business College has for years enjoyed a first-class reputation as a preparatory school for young men and young women who contemplate entering the best business ranks. It still naintains its high standard. Consult advertisement in another column.

No July number of "Dress" was issued for the reason that Mrs. Jenness Miller was away on a lecture trip, upon the subject of healthful dress, and did not return in time to issue the magazine as usual. So great is the demand for these lectures, that Mrs. Miller believes it her duty to devote a portion at least, of the coming season to this platform work, and for that reason it has been decided during the next year, to publish but one number of ing the next year, to publish but one number of Dress each two months. The magazine will be larger in general form, and

will be printed on much finer paper, and will be in every way an artistic production. It is still published at 23 West 125th Street, New

York City, where all communications can be ad

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# SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION

The Indiana Association of Spiritualists will meet in convention in Westerfield's Hall Anderson, Ind., S-ptember 13, 1888, at 10 A. M. A corps of good mediums will be in attendence during the week and a grand time is expected.

All Spiritualists and friends of investigation invited. Hotel rater \$1, per day.

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{BY}

ALEXANDER WILDER.

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### Voices from the Leople. INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

The Inclination to Religious Thought.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

There are certain times in every man's life when he has a desire to know all that may be known in regard to a future state. From some cause, he is solicitous to live so that he may gain the brightest future of which his spirit is capable. This desire is termed a "religious feeling." The general means whereby he endeavors to accomplish his end are alled religion, and the abstract tenets which he casts upon to follow are his "creat".

casts upon to follow are his "creed."

The secret impulses of religious desire are many and varied. They may, however, be classed under one of three heads, as per the following statement: Fear may lead us to penetrate the dark mists of the

Fear may lead us to penetrate the dark mists of the hereafter; so may sorrow, but the universal and prime impulse is love.

This is the one sublime office of fear. We may be spurred on by apprehension of personal safety (illustrating the fact of self-preservation being the first law of nature), or be awed and intimidated by the crosses of a present life. Fear is a majestic instigation to higher thought. We may feel in an instant the dire trepidation which will bear upon a whole life-time. In the presence of sudden death the unrighteous man is fearful, and if it is the mercy of Providence that he be spared, he will never forget his thoughts at that extreme moment. The compassionate impulse is sorrow, which

The compassionate impulse is sorrow, which usually comes as suddenly as fear. What man who stands beside the cold, stiff form of his dead child, who presses a feverish kiss upon the lcy lips or strokes the hair away from the pale brow, but feels, in his grief a desire to meet that sweet soul in the heaven towards which all are trending? Show me the man who does not, and I will mark him as a me the man who does not, and I will mark him as a materialist; one who can condemn his own child to the hell of oblivion and then sink himself into a grave whose earth will hide the worms that prey upon his soul! O sorrow, sweet, indeed, is thy stimulation to search for a happier union of earthly ties in the coming, the swiftly coming future. He who finds that he will meet his child "across the river" will die as one "who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

We come now to the divine phase of religious ani-

dreams."

We come now to the divine phase of religious animation—open to the fearless and the childless, that universal bond which connects the mortal with the immortal, the finite with the infinite, the all with the All. It is inherent in man, and no nature is so debased that it thrills not to this magic and mysterious sentiment. This is love, pure love. It is the strongest bar of the trinity, and pervades sorrow and even fear to a certain extend yet it; sof itself. and even fear to a certain extens yet it is of itself

distinct.

In concluding this paper I might'say that from these three impulses could be deduced three religions, all tending to the same end: One of Fear, whose practice is in the main exercised for good; but with the fallacy of fright, ideas are distorted to other meanings than the true. Second, the religion of Compassion which is too nearly akin to sympathy for an impartial cult, and last, the religion of Love,— love for the good, for justice, for truth, for God and man which permeates the highest and surest belief and leads us, with gentle and certain steps to the achievement of mortal desire.

THE CREED OF CREEDS. SUPPLICATION.

You're a Christian; Love that Jesus Who has perished on the cross, For the star of golden Juda Is a light that needs no gloss.

You're a Buddhist: Love Gautama For his wisdom and his ways; For the sympathy and kindness His exalted faith portrays.

You're of Islam: Love Mahomet, Having faith without restraint, And believe in all the prophets Down from Adam to your saint.

You're a man, and as a mortal I will ask you to give heed, For I feel it is a duty That I give mankind my creed.

Tis no slur upon religion
That the one who reads may hold,
But its thought is universal
And a pearl that shames your gold.

Hear me, World, and hear with kindness
If ye cannot give belief,
But deep Science is the reaper
And a truth the garnered sheaf.

IMPULSE TO THOUGHT.

STATEMENT. Fear may lead us to penetrate the dark mists of the Hereafsorrow, but the ime impulse : is Love.

Friend you must die! Perchance the thought Comes o'er you like a lightning's flash;
You realize that life is caught
As in a vice, between the clash
Of Soul and Body, and the strife
But turns and twists the captured Life.
All is turnoil, and Man a slave That cringes to a mortal breath Whose short possessions brings the grave; Whose only certainty is death. Perhaps, from out this earthly gloom
You seek bright paths beyond the tomb?

Perhaps, beside some dear dead face, You watched the long and weary night; You missed the sweet departed grace, The smile, the voice, the loving light That filled those glazed and half-shut eyes. In deep distress, your tearful cries. Re-echoed through the solemn air; You strove in vain to raise the dead; The pale lips smiled at your despair,
Your hot tears wet the peaceful head.
Perhaps, above that gentle clod,
Vain sorrow turned your steps to God?

This is the highest end of fear, Yet savor of the cudgeled hound To crouch affrighted by the bier, Be lashed to heaven at a bound. Nor seems it yet a brave man's place To weep a passage into grace!
There is a power, to all innate,
A force unshackled, high and free;
As firm in mortal as his fate,
That often wields this high decree,
Let us together, hand in hand,
Through love religion understand.

WILLIAM WALLACE COOK, F. L. S.

# Remarkable Appearances.

will relate in a few words an incident that ocwill relate in a few words an incident that oc-curred about two years ago. One day, about nine o'clock, A. M., I went to the well for water, and looking up the road I saw a man coming towards ma, about six rods distant, and dressed in black clothes. My first impression was that he was a Bo-hemian, as this town is principally settled by that class. I turned my face from him while drawing the bucket of water. After I drew it up, I looked in the direction of the man, and behold, there was no one to be seen.

the direction of the man, and behold, there was no one to be seen.

A few years ago, in the town lying between Schenectady and Troy, N. Y., the neighbors came together to see the king of ghosts. It appeared every day at the edge of the evening. It was about twelve feet high, and seemed to come out of the woods, walk across the road down into the field and disappear.

One evening a man among the executions showed. One evening a man among the spectators showed his courage by firing a revolver at the apparition. The moment he fired, he was knocked over the road, some four rods, and so bruised that he was confined to his bed for six weeks.

Again, here is another that borders on the marvalous. Mr. Berry, a man of truth told me that

again, here is another that borders on the mar-velous. Mr. Berry, a man of truth, told me that while he and a neighbor was watching by a friend, they plainly saw a black dog come through the door, and go under the bed of the sick man, and go out as mysteriously as he came in. That night the man died.

Dr. Bentley.

### Spiritualism in Washington, D. C.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I take the liberty to enclose you for publication a "Declaration of Principles," intended for the First Society of Spiritualists of this city. I had no hand in formulating them, but I regard them as the best I have ever seen. The committee, of which our friend M. A. Clancy was one, has shown a wonderful sagacity, and displayed fine discriminating judgment in expressing the true spiritual philosophy, and at the same time avoiding all creedal and sectarianciaims. Whatever may have caused the failure of all attempts by Spiritualists to organize in the past, perhaps the time has come when it may be accomperhaps the time has come when it may be accomplished. I am sure if it can be done on a harmonious basis it will redound to the good of Spirifualism in ways too numerous to mention. It would strengthen the hands of its exponents, sustain all strengthen the hands of its exponents, sustain an honest mediums, and prove a barrier against charlatan and mountebanks. In united action there is strength; in system there is beauty and power which commands respect. Spiritualists will have to come to this, or continue to fare worse.

Washington, D. C. JOHN EDWARDS.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE FIRST NATURAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

TIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS
OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

The undersigned, accepting as facts:
First, a continued existence and personality after
the change called death; second, intercourse with
the Spirit-world; and third, individual responsibility,
as the conditions of all progress in this and the life
to come, and the right of every intelligent human being to freedom of thought, speech and action, provided there is no encroachment upon the legitimate rights of others; for mutual protection and improvement in all that qualifies us for this life and all the possibilities of the future, unite under the

DECLARATION: 1. Spiritualism, in its broad sense as a philosophical system, embraces whatever relates to spirit, spiritual existences, and spiritual forces, infinite and finite, organized or diffused, especially all truths relative to the human spirit, its disembodied existence, the conditions of that existence, and the modes of communicating between the internal and external worlds.

worlds.

2. We deny the right of any person or organization to dictate what any person shall accept as truth in regard to the infinite or finite. 3. We acknowledge a universal, beneficent

3. We acknowledge a universal, beneficent Power governing the universe.

4. That mankind as a part of this Universal Power is its highest representative on this planet, the most perfect individual being the most complete embodiment thereof; that each has a germ of Divinity, an incorruptible and indestructible portion of the Divine essence, which is ever prompting to the right, and which in time will free itself from the imperfections incidental to the rudimental state.

5. That we have a continued existence after the change called death; that that existence is but a continuation of the present life, as proved by the return and identification of those who have passed on, by facts visible, and their own declarations.

declarations.

6. That the Spirit-world is as real and tangible to spirits as this world is to us.

7. That the Spirit-world is not far off but nigh, around and interblended with our present state of existence, and hence, that we are constantly under the affectionate and watchful care of spirits. 8. That spirits, ill or well disposed, influence us both knowingly and unconsciously; knowingly, by

deliberate purpose, and unconsciously by their ema-nations which flow into the spheres of such mortals as they resemble morally and mentally, with a predominant good or evil result, according to our pre-disposed moral and mental states.

9. That as individuals are passing into the Spiritual State in all stages of mental and moral growth, that state includes all grades of character from the lowest to the blade. from the lowest to the highest.

10. That as happiness and misery depend on in-

10. That as happiness and misery depend on internal states rather than on external surroundings, there are as many gradations of each as there are shades of character, each one gravitating to his own state or condition by natural affinity, and hence, there must be "many mansions" to meet these variations, each individual being as happy as his character will allow.

11. That communications from the spiritual world, by mental impression or any other mode of

world, by mental impression or any other mode of transmission, are not necessarily infallible; that on the contrary no inspired communication, in this or any age, is authoritative any further than it ex-presses truth to the endividual reason, which is the final standard to which all teachings, inspired or

not, must be bought for judgment.

12. That inspiration, or the influx of ideas and promptings from the spiritual realms, is not a miracle of the past, but a perpetual fact, the ceaseless method of the Divine economy in the elevation of

humanity.

18. That all so-called miracles of the past, raising the apparently dead, healing the sick by lay-ing on of hands, or by other simple means, render-ing poisons harmless, the moving of physical bodies without visible contact, etc., etc., were produced in harmony with natural laws, and hence may be re-

peated under the same conditions.

14. That the cause of all phenomena, the sources of all life, intelligence and love, are to be sought in the internal, the spiritual realm, not in the externa

15. That our errors and wrongs of this life must be corrected and repaired in the future state as they should have been in this life.

they should have been in this life.

16. That there is no such thing as remission of sins; that our salvation (progress) and happiness must be outwrought from within, and by ourselves, in obedience to the inexorable law of natural, and therefore Divine Justice.

17. That all evil is in harmony, greater or less, with this inmost or Divine Principle, and hence, whatever prompts and alds us to bring our more external natural late subjection to and hermony.

external nature into subjection to, and harmony with our interior or spiritual nature, whether it be called Christianity, Spiritualism, Harmonial Philos-ophy, Buddhism, Brahminism, or any other name, is a means of salvation from error and wrong doing.

# The Effect of Spirit Presence.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I noticed one or two selected articles recently in the JOURNAL, upon which I feel impressed to re-mark. One stated that a man was frightened to death by a spirit; another that some one else had

death by a spirit; another that some one else had been made insane from the same cause.

Now, if these statements be true (that those parties actually saw spirits), the effect upon them was exactly the opposite of that produced on me. The presence of a spirit has always produced on me pleasing sensations, never fear or alarm. I am an exceedingly nervous person, and a sudden noise, or any thing occurring unexpectedly under ordinary already materials. iy nervous person, and a sudden noise, or any thing occurring unexpectedly, under ordinary circumstance produces excitement and palpitation of the heart, and by such effect, I know that the thing occurring is not psychical, but material; and when I hear of any, one being frightened by a "spirit" manifestation I can not help supposing that such parties were deceived, and that spirits had nothing to do with it.

were deceived, and that spirits had nothing so. do with it.

I may illustrate my meaning by relating an anecdore of the most startling kind I ever experienced. I was in a distant city and slept alone several nights in a strange house; one night I was in bed, the room dark, and I was just dropping off to sleep, when I got a hard slap on the cheek as it with an open hand. The noise it made was very joulist think fully as loud as the report of a large revolver. I sprang up (startled of course, but not frightehed) calling out, "Who's that? Who did that?" In a moment I felt that it was psychical. The door was locked and the house empty. I immediately got the impression who the spirit was, and it was just what he would do for fun I knew he would not want to frighten or injure face in any way; so I lay down as before and presented my face for another slap, quite enjoying the joke. "Come now, do it again," said I; but such things never come to me when I look for or expect them.

Now had such a thing occurred in the ordinary

again," said I; but such things never come to me when I look for or expect them.

Now had such a thing occurred in the ordinary way, I should not have recovered the effect of it in 24 hours, perhaps never; my heart would certainly have kept up the "thump," "thump" all night. So now let no one be "afraid of a ghost." In order to see a spirit the subject must be in a state of mentai rest and if such an appearance produces disquistude, that will be sufficient to immediately destroy the phenomenon. At least such has been my experience.

As to those stories we read about, hell and devil, bad and malicious spirits, and so forth—ah! well my "swallow" is small, and such stories are too big to go down easy. Sturgis, Mich. THOS. HARDING.

# A RATTLESNAKE BITE CURED.

The Remarkable Experience of Alden Davis, of Damascus, Pa.

Alden Davis is a young farmer living in the town of Damascus, Wayne county, Pa., five miles from Calicoon Depot, in Sullivan county, N. Y. About dusk last night he was looking for his cows in the woods. In passing along by the side of a fallen tree, the trunk of which lay several feet up from the ground, he put his hand dut to take hold of it to steady himself, and in doing so put it right on the coils of a large rattleenake.

The Instant the cold, slimy scales of the reptile were felt he jerked his hand back. But nothing can escape the deadly spring of the rattlesnake when it strikes, and its poisonous fangs were instantly fastened in the ball of his thumb. To kill the snake was but the work of a moment and then Alden Davistis a young farmer living in the town

the snake was but the work of a moment and then he hurried to the house and had a strong cord drawn tightly around his thumb to prevent the cir-ulation of the blood as much as possible into and from the wound and thus check the spread of the

ulation of the blood as much as possible into and from the wound and thus check the spread of the poison. A horse was speedily hitched to a wagon and he was rapidly driven to the office of Dr. S. A. Kemp, at Calicoon Depot.

Dr. Kemp'is a successful physician of the regular order, who, besides reading the best of the numerous medical publications of the day, finds time to peruse the columns of the World.

Having seen in that paper a few years since a description of the remedy for rattlesnake bites as used by the Geer family at Long Eddy, N. Y., Dr. Kemp made careful investigation of the matter and became convinced of the truths of the statements therein made, and that the remedy was indeed all that was claimed for it. He therefore advised young Davis to drive to John Geer's as quickly as possible, but first to partake freely of rye whisky. A bottle of this liquor was obtained and the horse's head turned in the direction of Long Eddy, distant eleven miles. It was now late in the night, and, as the moon was down, very dark. The road was a rough one, but by careful and as rapid driving as possible the dwelling of John Geer, the famous rattlesnake catcher, was reached before daylight.

By this time, in spite of the tightly drawn cord around his thumb, the poison had made its way into the hand, wrist and arm, which were badly swollen. Davis had taken but two small drinks of the liquor

the hand, wrist and arm, which were badly swollen.

Davis bad taken but two small drinks of the liquor and Geer promptly forbade the use of more, saying its effects would be to increase the circulation of the blood and thus spread the poison more rapidly.

rapidly.

The effects of the polson seemed not to be enirely confined to the hand and arm, but in some way was affecting the stomach. He had several severe vomiting spells, after which he spit blood freely.

Fortunately Geer knew right where to get the violet, a sovereign remedy for the bite of a ratile-snake, and, lighting a lantern, in five minutes' time had Davis eating its leaves. He then applied salt and indigo to the wound, first taking off the tightly drawn cord, which, however, had probably done, good service in preventing the more rapid spread of the polson. Davis soon began to feel better. The pain, which was great when he first came, soon ceased. The stomach sickness also left him, and lying down, he slept for an hour, when Geer awakened him to give more of the violet and apply a fresh poultice of the indigo and salt.

The swelling began to diminish, but he com-

The swelling began to diminish, but he com-plained of a feeling of numbness that pervaded his hand, arm and shoulder, which, however, was soon succeeded by an intense prickling sensation that Geer ascribed to the action of the properties of the violet in overcoming the effects of the poison At the end of twelve hours from the time he came to Mr. Geer's, Davis started to walk home, though the swelling had not yet entirely disappeared. Thinking he might be kept for several days, he had sent his horse home. Geer gave him a quantity of the remedy, cautioned him to walk slowly, not to go to work, but use the medicine till the swelling was entirely gone, and assured him he was as safe from all evil effects of the snake-bite as he could wish to

As soon as it was known that a man had been bitten by a rattlesnake and was at John Geer's to be cured, a great many people from the village went down to see him and were greatly surprised at the thorough and complete working of the simple remedy applied.

This remedy has been known and used in this

remedy applied.

This remedy has been known and used in this place and vicinity for over eighty years. It was first obtained by Joseph Geer (John's father) from a half-breed Delaware Indian named John Johnson, and it is a solid to occupy a hut on the Pennsylvania side of the river opposite Long Eddy, and who for a pint of whisky would let a rattlesnake bite him and then cure himself with it. It is as follows:

Apply to the wayned a poultice one half each of him and then cure himself with it. It is as follows:
Apply to the wound a poultice one-half each of
common salt and indigo, mixed with cold water,
and renew every two hours. Eat freely of the
leaves or drink often of a tea made from them, of
a variety of the blue violet (V. sagittata) commonly known as the "arrow-leaved" violet. If the
bite be upon the leg or arm, bind the leaves in a
circle around it and above and just beyond the
swelling. Moisten with cold water as often as
they get dry from the fever created by the poison
and renew two or three times a day.—J. D. Legg,
in New York World.

# Evidence of Spirit Power.

In 1879, I found myself in the Rocky Mountains, in Granite Canyou, twelve miles from Virginia City, Montana. I was occupied in Funting and prospecting for gold and sliver. Then I made the acquaintance of Mr. Samuel Watson, not the Rev. S. Watson of Memphis, Tenp. - This man taught me all he knew about the spiritual philosophy. I had never before heard anything of Spiritualism, having been raised a strict Catholic. This philosophy looked so beautiful and rational to me that I accepted it as the best and the most reasonable of religions. This beautiful and rational to me that I accepted it as the best and the most reasonable of religions. This man also told me all about the phenomena in Spiritualism, but I did not accept his statements as true, until so proven to me. I made up my mind to investigate Spiritualism at the first opportunity, which was afforded me in 1886. I have attended meetings regularly. I have also been to scances, and have received undoubted proof that my parents and friends who have left their mortal bodies still live. I received a great number of tests, which convinced me that our departed friends do return and communicate with us under favorable circumstances.

I will now relate some of the phenomena which happened in our family. My father and mother knew nothing whatever of Spiritualism, and died devout Catholics. My mother, I think, was a medi-um and natural healer; people came to her to be um and natural healer; people came to her to be cured. She could take pain away almost immediately. She took the pain from my brother who fell on dripping iron as it came out of the puddle furnace. He was 51 miles away from home at the time, and how she cured him nobody knew. This happened

in Germany.

My little sister died when three years old. My father was over 50 miles from her them and while eating supper with five or six other boarders, somebody rapped on the door. The raps then came the second time, when father rose up and said, "The raps are for me; somebody is dead in my family." The same evening my brother was working in France, in a coal mine, and over two thousand feet under ground. The exemple my said died he seem under ground. The evening my sister died, he saw a white dove fly around in the mine. He also seem-

a white dove fly around in the mine. He also seemed to feel that something was wrong at home.

My next experience was in the Recky Mountains, in this country. My partner and I were coming down the mountain, when all at once I heard a church bell ringing, and I recognized the sound as the same as that in my native town in Germany over 7,000 miles away. I called my partner's attention to the bell ringing, and he said he could hear nothing. He did not think that there was a bell within hundreds of miles. Some months after I got the news that my aunt had died in Germany at the time I heard the bell.

I have seen and heard spirits in my own room where I am sure no fraud was practiced.

What has Spiritualism done for me? In the first place it has made me quit swearing and using vulgar language; it cured me of chewing tobacco, and lately it has taken intoxicating drinks away from me.

Chicago, Ill.

me. Chicago, Ill.

Walt Whitman calls his present aliment war paralysis. He says: "It came immediately after the war. I was filled with emotion, with excitement, hope, and energy then. I thought all America was going to the bad. It has visited me six or seven times since, leaving me each time a little weaker and shakler, This time has been a pretty bad one—as bad as any of them."

### An Inquiry.

of the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal Did the narrative now being published in the ournal, entitled "Heaven Revised," emanate from Mrs. E. B. Duffey in the Spirit-world, and given through a reliable and well known medium? or was it written by some one in earth-life, by drawing upon the imagination for the facts? If it is truly from the imagination for the facts? If it is truly from the spirit side, and is the experience of Mrs. E. B. Duffey, honestly given, it is intenself interesting, imparting information of great importance to the human family. If Mrs. Duffey, as a mortal, wrote this production, drawing it from the imagination, she is an author of high order, and I hope will continue to write. Whether from the spirit or earth-life, it is a most interesting and remarkable production.

I have been a Spiritualist to and have had every phase of experience.

W. HARBAL. I have been a Spiritualist for twenty-five years,

to the Editor of the Religic-Philosophical Journal

You wish me to make a "brief statement," for the benefit of inquirers, as to whether "Heaven Revised" was written under spirit control, or, as you express it, whether I "had gathered these ideas from various sources, and woven them together into this story."
If I must be brief, I can only answer that I cannot
tell, I do not know; but in order not to mislead, and because I think it may interest those readers already interested in the story, I will tell as briefly as I can

because I think it may interest those readers already interested in the story, I will tell as briefly as I can the circumstances under which it was written.

It was written in the fall and winter of 1884-5, and I occupied upon it the little spare time I had at that period, seldom more than a single evening in a week. The ideas were not gathered from various sources, for at that time I had heard little and read less upon the subject of Spiritualism. During the entire period in which I was engaged in this writing—some three or four months—I lived and moved in a sort of dream. Nothing seemed real to me. Personal troubles did not seem to pain me. I felt as though I had taken a mental anaesthetic. I finished the work one Saturday evening. On Sunday evening I spoke as usual before our spiritual society, the audience told me, with more than usual excellence. On Monday morning I awoke for the first time my usual self. Real life had come back to me.

I did not think out my narrative; I did not plan nor plot. I could not have known less of what was to be written, had I been writing at the dictation of another. A the time of writing I had but a superficial acquaintance with the philosophy of Spiritualism, as I was a convert of but a year; and often I was puzzled to know whether what I recorded was strictly in harmony with spiritualistic teachings. This was especially true of the chapter entitled "Into the Depths."

The subtile of "Heaven Revised" sufficiently indicates my belief in the matter. I believe that I wrote through unseen assistance, but I hesitate to ask others to endorse this belief. I hesitate even to express i', realizing as I do how often well-intentioned Spiritualists mistakungly attribute to the

express it, realizing as I do how often well-inten-tioned Spiritualists mistakingly attribute to the Spirit-world that which emanates only in their own too often ignorant and ill-informed minds. I know how difficult it is to draw the line between one's own thoughts and impressions, and those which re suit from inspiration from higher sources.

The reader must decide for himself. If he be credulous he will accept my own belief, and think that "Heaven Revised" was written inspirationally, If he is a skeptic, and nesitates to do this, he will be only sharing the doubts and questionings which sometimes possess myself.

Bartow, Fla.

Mrs. E. B. Duffer.

### Is it Imagination, or Inspiration?

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journals

I am about forty years old. About three years ago I commenced writing poetry. I began writing in circles (with four others twice each week) for investigation. For some time we got nothing, but finally one of the party began to see claivoyantly and describe spirits, often very accurately, and I began to feel as if a cool breeze was blowing over me. After we had held circles for nearly a month, whenever I would give myself up to try to think of nothing, I would receive thoughts that thrilled me with joy; these thoughts kept getting stronger at each joy; these thoughts kept getting stronger at each meeting, and flually I would express them. I have some fifty short poems (if they can be so called) that I have written in that manner. I sometimes gave short lectures, but was never able to write any of

these.

The question arises, is this the result, in my case, of inspiration, or is it a freak of my imagination?

H. L. CHAPMAN.

# Gold Discovered in a Dream.

John Reitdyk, a laborer, of Paterson, N. J., who was of a saving disposition, buried his money in his garden. Persons to whom Reitdyk owed money garden. Persons to whom Returk weed money accertained that Mrs. Reitdyk was spending money quite freely, and even made loans. They investiga-ted and learned this story: Mrs. Reitdyk was very anxious to learn where her husband concealed his money, as she desired to spend it.

much that she began to dream about it. She says now that in one of her dreams she saw a large stone She says in the yard, and under this was a pot filled with money. Acting upon her dream, she found the stone, and, half doubting, turned it over with much

To her surprise there was the pot in a hole in the ground just as she had seen it in her vision. In it was her husband's savings in gold, silver and bills, amounting to about \$300. She has spent the greatr part of the money in various ways .- N. Y. Press

M. A. Morey, of Minneapolis, Minn., writes:
Mr. Carpenter's letter is all that can be desired. It
is telling and timely. Spiritualists ought to feel
grateful to such people for the real service they do
the cause. I suppose, however, many feel otherwise
than grateful. For one I say, "Lay on Macduff."
Your editorial entitled, "From the Old to the New."
Is specially timely. Everybody feels the change.
Old things are passing away, and new things, such
as thoughts, ideas, hopes and aspirations are taking
their places. Let the change go on more and more
rapidly, more and more radically, and let the
JOURNAL as now, be in front. Just now, I am like
Paul, "Caught up in the spirit" (not "drunk on its
wine," though), and I see a glorious day coming,
not only for us as mortals, but as spirits as well.
Mrs. Lillie has been here, spoke to full houses morning and evening, gave the best of satisfaction, as ing and evening, gave the best of satisfaction, as usual, with Minneapolis audiences. She promised

E. T. Ahrens writes as follows from Paola E. T. Ahrens writes as follows from Paola, Kansas: There are two colored children here who promise to become excellent mediums. One of them gives excellent tests now. I have a little boy about five years old, who had a short time ago both sides of his hands covered with warts. The other evening my wife took him to a good old Baptist lady, who, it is said, can take off warts by passing her hands over them a few times and saving a few her hands to is said, can take on warts by passing her hands over them a few times, and saying a few words. Well, she made a trial, and now, hardly ten days having passed, the little fellow's warts have disappeared like snow before a March sun in Kansas, all gone and nobody can see that he ever had any. The JOURNAL'S course is gaining friends among all closese.

Speaking of Mrs. Alice J. Shaw, the American whistler, the Saturday Review of London remarks that many people have been asked out to hear her, regarding the whole thing as a joke, and have come away in simple wonder at the unlooked for display of her powers. They have found her a sound musician and a subtle mistress of her particular art. They have found that through her special predium. They have found that, through her special medium, she could fill Covent Gardent with ecstatic trilis or sink into the softest whispered notes, the ex-cution of which only years of rehearsal could achieve. It may be difficult to conceive a whistling prima donna; but the fact is that whistling as a fine art is worthy of attentive study.

Maurice Kelly died in Auckland June 24, aged 104 maurice kelly died in Auckland June 24, aged 104 years. He boasted a few weeks before his death, that he had drank all the whisky he wanted for eighty-seven years, and had never experienced any sickness. But he didn't want as much whisky as some other men do. He preserved his strength until a fortnight before his death, and was noted for his jovial habits.

Mr. Blaine is to be invited to open the exposition at Kansas City, Sept. 10.

#### Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The total output of coal from Iowa mines last ear was 3,864,490 tons.

Mosquitoes have become so troublesome in Wor-ester County, Md., as to endanger the lives of cattle. The New York Board of Health is ordering a reduction in the number of tenants in the tenement

It is said that the Century Magazine receives an average of 1,000 manuscripts a month from literary

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and her daughters have taken a cottage at Sag Harbor, L. In for the

Young James G. Blaine will make his first campaign speech at Augusta, Me., Aug. 15th. A great time is expected.

There were 90,621 paupers, besides lunatics and vagrants, in the 3,815,000 inhabitants of London in the first week of July. Baron Reuter, the telegraph king of Europe, keeps a secretary whose sole business it is to investigate and relieve cases of distress.

At Worcester, N. Y., a bed of clay, black and closely fesembling coal tar, has been struck. It is thought to be potters clay, such as is used in Wales.

Mr. Sinn, of Royston, Ga., dreamed the other night that he had shot a burglar, and awoke to find that he had shot himself and was minus a finger by the operation. It is said that the American Consulate at Mazat-

lan, Mexico, was the only consulate and only :place of importance in that city that was not decorated on the Fourth of July. Geo. Alfred H. Terry is rapidly regaining his health at his home in New Haven, Conn. He has an old army tent on his lawn, in which he spends

most of his time. Poor Carlotta is becoming more and more fur-lously insane. She now refuses to wear clothing, and her attendants are obliged to use force to keep

her decently covered. The amount of patent medicines received at General Sheridan's cottage at Nonquitt, from well-meaning admirers, would, it is said, fill a small

apothecary shop. The time lock on the Wayland Bank safe was recently set for thirty-six instead of twelve hours, and the senior partner was kept busy all day telling why he couldn't get his cash.

While rafting on Little Manatee River a Florida man had a fight with a big tarpon, and, although armed with an ax, had much ado to hold his own until help came and the fish was captured.

Sham battle flags, tattered and torn to represent the real article, are the latest product of French in-genuity, and are said to have deceived large num-bers of curiosity hunters and patriots.

The Piutes of Lincoln County, California, stoned an Indian doctor to death because some of his patients died. Now they have learned that all who died were taking a white doctor's medicine. In London dressmakers and others are fined heavily for allowing their girls to work over hours in the shops. Jay, the great mourning storeman, was recently up in the police court on a charge of

A suit in England has been carried all the way to the Queen's bench to decide whether or not a cemetery board must pay damages of 30 shillings for re-moving an artificial wreath from a grave under moving an art their charge.

The paper money of Chili is so depreciated in value that a guest at a hotel ordinarily pays \$600 a day for his accommodations. At one time only a few years ago calico sold at \$2,000 a yard in these depreciated bills.

Pao, a relative of the Chinese General of the same name, has just been decapitated for trading in forged decorations. The engraver who did the work received one hundred lashes, and was banished for three years.

A masseuse who has practiced her profession largely among families of wealth makes the statement that in many years she has administered massage to only one woman whose ribs had not been displaced by corset-wearing.

Victor Brocca, an Italian engineer, has completed the survey of a proposed canal across Italy from near Castro on the Tyrrhenian Sea to Fano on the Adriatic. It will be 180 miles long if it is ever built, and will cost \$100,000,000. George Kennan, the well known writer on Siberia, has received over 500 invitations to lecture in Europe and America, but has declined them all, preferring to continue his literary work. He says he will some day discover the North Pole.

Mrs. Ann Hardin, the first woman married in Texas after its annexation to the United States, has just died at the age of 80. She was a cousin of Gov. Rector of Arkansas and Jeff. Davis, and was known all over the State as "Grandma" Hardin.

Emperor William II. has directed that 30,000,000 marks more of gold coin be struck with the portrait 10,000,000 in single crowns. There is already a premium of three marks on the 20-mark pieces. Popularity hath its perils. Sam Jones, the re-vivalist, is about to be sued by an Iowa association for breach of contract—in that he had failed to de-

liver two lectures, which they had so well adver-tised that 5,000 people were on hand to hear them— and have set their damages at \$2,000. A large lump of pure copper weighing eighty-three pounds was recently found near Northport, Mich., in a field remote, from any ore-bearing rock.

It shows signs of having been worked by me rude tools a long time ago, and is supposed to be a relic of the prehistoric mound-builders. There are at least half a dozen literary women of the present day whose good looks refute the ancient the present day whose good looks refute the ancient slander that a woman to be literary must be home-ly. Mrs. Burnett, Maud Howe, Amelia Rives Chan-ler, Dudu Fletcher, Blanche Willis Howard, and Mme. Lunza are handsome women.

If you remark that the hot weather always makes you transpire profusely, the chances are that some one will take you up for an incorrect use of the word "transpire," But as a matter of fact you will be using the word in strict accord with Webster's definition of it. Men who know this are winning wagers on their knowledge every day.

A. F. Simt, of Conyers, Ga., and Mrs. Bertha Belton, of Memphis, arrived in Chattanooga on the 10 o'clock train a few days ago, and at 2 o'clock they were married. It was the first time they had met since twenty years before, when they were lovers at Conyers, but they had a misunderstanding, became catranged and married other persons. estranged, and married other persons.

An Albany teacher often finds it difficult to get the names of their parents from young children. A little boy was asked what his father's name was, and gave the surname. He was asked what the rest of his father's name was, and said ne did not know.
"Well," said the teacher, "what does your mother
call him?" The boy promptly replied: "She sometimes calls him an old crank."

A tramp, who lately made the rounds of Hartford, Conn., had an ingenious scheme—not new, though
—for "raising the wind." He exhibited a letter
which, he said, he wished to mail at once, and asked for a stamp to put on it, explaining that he had none himself. Many persons, not having stamps with them, preferred to give him 2 cents, and in this way the tramp was able to do a thriving business.

The famous Bahia or Bendego meteorite was landed in Rio de Janeiro on June 15th, and is now in the collection of the Brazilian National Museum. The transportation of the Brazilian National Museum. The transportation of this great mass of iron, whose weight was variously estimated from six to nine tons, and which has been found to weigh 5,361 kilograms, was rendered possible by the recent completion of a line of railroad passing within 115 kilometers of the Bendego Creek, where it has lain since the unsuccessful attempt to remove it to Bahia in 1785.

A marvelous fish of lightning scared Paris out of its wits a few days ago. It struck somewhere about Montmartre, and seemed to fill the air/with elec-Montmartre, and seemed to fill the air/with electricity. An omnibus at the entrance of the Rue Clignancourt stopped suddenly, the horses being dazed, and the passengers jumped out and ran screaming in all directions. Women fell-fainting on the sidewalks, and even the dogs ran about howling with their tails between their legs. Mile. Rejane, a well-known actress, was going along the street in a cab. She shrieked to the driver to let her out, and when he had done so she ran wildly into a barbe stop for shelter. And nobody was hurt after all.

#### Sheridan's Ride.

Up from the south at break of day, Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay, The affrighted air with a shudder bore, Like a herald in haste, to the Chieftain's door The terrible grumble and rumble and roar, Telling the battle was on once more, And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war Thundered along the horizon's bar, And louder yet into Winchester rolled The roar of that red sea uncontrolled, Making the blood of the listener cold As he thought of the stake in that flery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester Town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there through the flush of the morning light
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight—
As if he knew the terrible need He stretched away with his utmost speed; Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay, With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from these swift hoots, thundering

south,
The dust like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the tail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the mas-

Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls, Impatient to be where the battle-field calls; Every nerve of the charger was strained to full

play, With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurring feet the road
Like an arrowy Aipline river flowed,
And the landscapes sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with fornace ire, Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire; But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire— He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray, With Sheridan only five miles away

The first that the General saw were the groups Of stragglers and then the retreating troops; What was done—what to do—a glance told him

Then, striking his spurs with a terrible cath, He dashed down the line mid a storm of huzzas, And the wave of retreat checked its course there

The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye and the red nostrils' play,
He seemed to the whole great array to say:
"I have brought you, Sheridan, all the way
From Winchester Town to save the day."

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan! Hurrah, harrah for horse and man! And when their statues are placed on high, Under the dome of the Union sky, The American soldier's temple of fame,

There with the glorious General's name, Be it said in letters both bold and bright: 'Here is the steed that saved the day By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester--twenty miles away."

—T. Buchanan Read.

# SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS

now run for the first time over an Eastern line via now run for the first time over an Eastern line via the Michigan Central, "the Niagara Falls 'Route," and the New York Central and Boston & Albany Bailroads from Chicago to New York and Boston. These trains are not only equipped with the finest Wagner palace sleeping cars, but are made thoroughly complete by having vestibuled dining, smoking, first-class and baggage cars, and although constitu-ting the famous "limited" of the Michigan Central, carry all classes of passengers without extra charge.

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# In Love's Harness.

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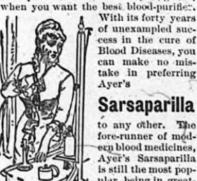
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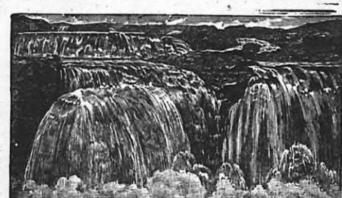
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Oh level How little mortals understand

Oh, love! How little mortals understand What sins are committed in its name! How it is bound and strangled, and outraged! and yet how it forgives, and blossoms into beauty and blessing wherever it can find an abiding place in a human soul! How cold would be the earth, haw cold would be human hearts without it! and who shall dare to say that this angelic visitant, when dare to say that this angelic visitant, when it knocks for admittance, is not heaven-sent? Let angels in the higher spheres alone be the judges. For one who has been revered as a teacher, and worshiped as a Savior of humanity lo! these eighteen hundred years, said: "Neither do I condemn thee!" and again, "Much shall be forgiven because she hath loved much." The loving was not the sin but the saving grace.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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"Doctors disagree," it is said, and so do scientists. They recently discussed the question whether the use of milk and flesh at the one meal is prejudicial to health. There was considerable disputation on the subject. One gentlemen, a prominent chemist, expressed the opinion that it was destructive to health and endangered life, and based his conclusion on the result of an experiment. He said that he had placed milk under the microscope and that it appeared like a white sea; but on adding a fiber of flesh it at once became filled with animal life of the species most destructive to human life. Now it occurs to me that he arrived at his conclusion without sufficient data, for milk acted upon by atmospheric air at a temperature, perhaps not above 70, was quite a different thing from milk in the human stomach, where it is mixed with the juices of the body (saliva, gastric juice, etc.), at a temperature of upwards of 100; for digestion cannot proceed at a lower tempera-ture than 100 fahr. But this experiment tends to prove that nature produces animal life under usual conditions, that in some cases, she does not need the services of male and female progenitors, and that animal life forms do not always "come from an egg," which theory we have been taught as a fact of science.

The supposition that the egg is the universal starting point of animal life has come versal starting point of animal life has come down to us from remote antiquity. Plutarch says: "The sacred legend of Orpheus shows not only that the egg is before the bird, but makes it before all things." But a "sacred legend" is one thing and a genuine fact of science quite another.

In a standard work, "Symbolical Language of Ancient Art and Mythology," by R. O. Knight (new addition with notes by Alexander Wilder, M. D.) we read of the "Mystic agg" on

Wilder, M. D.) we read of the "Mystic egg" on page 13 as follows:

The egg was the ancient symbol of organic matter in its inert state, the material of generation containing the seeds and germs of life and motion without being actually possessed of either. It was carried in procession at the celebration of the mysteries. Though a small question, Plutarch says, it comprehends a very great one concerning the generation of the world itself. The egg was consecrated in the Bacchie mysteries, as the image of that which generated and con-tained all things in itself.

tained all things in itself.

But may not matter in any and every form "possess the seeds and germs of life and motion." as well as the egg. Matter is instinct with life, and the true scientist should be cautious how he circumscribes the power of nature, or he may fall into the pit where the theologian is struggling for existence in consequence of his hatred of innovation.

Vitality and intelligence are working up-ward, and nature is ever laboring to produce animal life forms. The man who does not pose as a scientist is as fully entitled to the use of his eyes as if he did, and in some cases is as sincere and exact in his observations. Mankind will not repudiate the discoveries of sight, hearing and touch, in this age, in the fear of being branded as a fool by persons who are, perhaps, more scholastified than scholarly.

On the first of October last, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL published an article of mine, "Universality of Intelligence," mind. The ordinary physician does not take

in which I detailed some experiments and observations proving, or at least tending to prove, that intelligence existed everywhere n nature, and that lower forms of animal life were frequently evolved directly from the vegetable. The following are interesting extracts from letters received since. They prove how generally the subjects are thought over by men of keen observation in various States. One gentlemen, a JOURNAL contrib-utor, in Georgia, writes-as follows.

"I wish to express to you the pleasure with which I read your article. I wish to read something more from you in the same line of thought. You barely hint at the expression of divine intelligence in 'things' as well as in animals and man. You could give us something very interesting by enlarging your topic. Plants and flowers know enough to turn their faces to the morning sun, and they exhibit an expression of gratitude which any lover of nature can appreciate. Children, fond of flowers, understand this. I have been talking with a friend on the sub-ject of the universality of intelligence when related to me the following anecdote. His wife is fond of flowers and cultivates many varieties, assisted by her little son, four or five years old. One morning he came across one that seemed wilted and drooping, and he called out, "Mamma, this flower does and he canted out, "Mamma, this nower does not seem to feel very well this morning." But why stop at vegetables? Does not the mineral 'know enough' to arrange the particles forming its body into beautiful forms of crystalline 'life'?

"Of course it is not our bind of con-

"Of course it is not our kind of con-sciousness, but who shall say that, within the range of their sphere, the vegetable and the mineral may not live a life as conscious to them as ours is to us. For myself I cannot help thinking that new forms of life are springing into existence continually; for example, the potato beetle was never heard of to my knowledge until recently. A few years ago there appeared in this southern country a new sort of caterpillar; it came in myriads, destroying forests by stripping the trees of their foliage; they even stopped railroad trains; they lasted just two years and I have never seen one of them since.

"You seem to have been specially favored in happening to see the transformation of a bit of leaf into an insect: May it not have been something akin to the 'walking-leaf in-sect' described in Nicholson's 'Study of Biology.' I hope those hints will serve to awaken your pen once more to carry your ideas still farther in the same line of thought as

before. Another gentleman writing from an treme northern State says: "I used to think myself very foolish for sympathizing with my drooping vines and flowers, but I don't think so any more since I read your article.' Why should he? Sympathy is divine! Byron says:

"Humanity's glow to us mortals below Shows the soul from barbarity clear. Compassion will melt when this virtue is felt, And its dew is diffused in a tear."

In barbarous times one was considered "weak" who possessed this divine quality, and a tear in a man's eye was made the subject of irony; but now an army composed of men of culture and sensibility is considered the best and most reliable on campaigns de-manding true manhood and soldierly quali-ties. Nature is ever availing herself of op-portunities to produce something higher. She, goes from the rock to the soil, from the soil to vegetation, thence to the animal, from the animal to man, and from the man to the angel, whose natural aliment is the divine atmosphere of sympathy. When she completes a work in one kingdom, she does not stop, but proceeds to another; there are no missing links in her chain. In her great house are many staircases, each ferminated by a lobby, from which she erects another flight of stairs (as in nerve symptoms there are ganglia, and valves in the heart), so also in the department of character we find in their order impulse, wonder, speculation and veneration; then a lobby, from which arises skepticism, investigation, experimentation, observation and finally conviction of fact from demonstrated proofs: then another lobby conduct-ing to the application of what has been learned to individual lives, according to de-

The Divine in nature is ever, in one form or another, erecting her arches. She builds them sufficiently strong to support the superstructure above, and when she places the cap-stone of one, she proceeds with another arch above, while with the debris of each perfected piece of work she commences once more at the bottom to build another struc-

Difficulties and seeming opposition do not daunt nature. With a view to show that animal life forms are produced spontaneously and without the aid of eggs or progenitors, I shall relate an experiment in addition to others given in the article of October 1st. I have a mortal hatred to any visible animal life in the water I ned for washing and life in the water I use for washing and bathing, and when I want to dip up water from a barrel at the back of our house, I usually agitate the surface so that those creatures should dive down before I take up water to wash my hands. One day the wigglers were numerous and I poisoned the water with paris green. I observed them as they sickened and died, and then that my experiment should be thorough, I mixed a considefable quantity of green in the pail with water, threw it into the barrel and mixed it thoroughly, until I felt convinced that the water was a deadly poison. I watched it day after day, and on the fourth or fifth day I think afterwards, I observed that a new form of creature had arrived, quite different from the deceased wigglers; it had a short body, thick and plump, something like a porpoise; its colors were nearly black and its motion slow. There were large numbers of them in the barrel, although the poisoned water had not been interfered with and no rain had

fallen.

Thus nature works upward through difficulties which appear insurmountable to us. Vitality manifests its presence everywhere and always accompanied by intelligence. As the world advances physically, mind advances; and the "power of mind over matter" becomes more palpable. Will, particularly human will, becomes more potent as time rolls on, and the time may not be far distant when an experimenter in physics. distant when an experimenter in physics will have to take into account the condition of his mind while testing the truth of a problem. A strong desire or a firm conviction may influence a result, and the experi-menter may defeat his object if his mind is too positive; we know that this is so in physico-psychical experiments, and where condi tions (in operating with matter) require nice adjustment, who can tell even now what influence a strong will may have on a result, more particularly in experiments which con-cern life and its forms? It is said "that mind is creative;" it is also destructive, and the absolute reign of mind and intelligence

over all else seems fast approaching.

The physical scientist seems to be the last to acknowledge the influence of the

it into account when treating his patient, although some of the best physicians I have known, acknowledge the potency of mindand have agreed with me, in private conversation, that no established school of medi-cine sufficiently recognizes its power in the treatment of disease. But life and intelligence are working upward and we can afford to wait.

The entire world of thought and action tands in admiration of true science, but bigotry and exclusiveness, ecclesiastical, so-cial or "scientific," is, and of right ought to be, its abomination.

Sturgis, Mich.

DR. JOSEPH BEALS.

Reception Given Him at Lake Pleasant, Mass.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal Monday, August 6th, 1888, was the sixty-seventh "birthday" of Dr. Joseph Beals of Greenfield, Mass.; and this year is the fif-teenth that he has served the New England Spiritual Association as its President. So well and acceptably has he presided over the deliberations of that Association, so bravely has he stood for the honest and true in all that appertains to phenomenal Spiritualism, so ably has he wielded his facile and trenchant pen in the defense and advocacy of the new science of his adoption, that his name and fame is closely identified with that of the annual meetings over which he has so

ably presided.

To him much of the popularity of these meetings, now known to the whole world, religious, scientific and otherwise, is due. In appreciation of all this, his many friends selected his birth-day as a suitable time for giving him a reception, a genuine surprise.
This was the more readily and easily carried
out by Mr. J. S. Drake and his wife, formerly
Mrs. Maud E. Lord, tendering their spacious and elegantly furnished cottage on the bluff, for use on the cocasion. Flowers and evergreens in rich profusion, with which the cottage was decorated, the landscape and other paintings and beautiful floral designs covering the walls, and the many colored lights inside and about the place made the large parlors and porches, where we seated over a hundred of the Doctor's most intimate friends, look like some fair, arcadian scene. In front and about the doors were congregated large numbers who were unacongregated large numbers who were unable to gain access, listening to the music of the band as it greeted the Doctor and his most estimable wife, Belle, who were unaware that all this display, the finest that has ever been seen on the grounds, was in their honor, until they passed under a large floral bell suspended from an arch over the doorway; and out of floral offerings, the musical tones of a bell counted off the sixty-seven years of the surprised Doctor's age; and Mr. years of the surprised Doctor's age; and Mr. Drake, who acted as chairman on the occa-sion, in a few well chosen words, addressed those present, greeting and welcoming them to their camp home and congratulated them on arranging so happy a surprise to the two who so richly deserved appreciation at the hands of the New England Spiritualists.

The chairman then called upon Miss Dr. Carradice of Jacksonville, Florida, to pre-sent to the Doctor and his good wife the elegant and costly offerings of his friends, after which he called upon Mrs. Drake who in her own happy way welcomed all; and, turning to the Doctor and Mrs. Beals, she paid just tribute to their labors in the cause of Spiritualism, to the kindly manner in which they ever greeted friends and strangers visiting the grounds, closing with words of encouragement and admonition to all those who stand as mediators between the two worlds to ever be honest and true, voicing only the messages from the better influences that sur-round them.

Space forbids our reporting the many excellent speeches as well as Dr. Beals's happy and very appropriate reply; and most remarkable to assert, that among so many speeches, all were par excellent—not one—no, not a thought or a word inappropriate. The occasion was thoroughly enjoyable and harmonious. The chairman by his tact and manner of calling upon and presenting the various speakers—the exchange of wit and repartee-together with the excellent speeches, made the evening one long to be remem-bered by all present and marked it as a gold-en hour of appreciated labor for Dr. Beals and his Belle, who for forty years has made sweet music in his home and encouraged him to higher deeds of usefulness. The following were the speakers of the evening, most of whom are favorably known to all investigators of occult, psychical science—than whom none could have spoken better or more ac-ceptably: Miss Dr. Andrus, Florida; Dr. E. A. Smith, Vermont; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Vermont; Miss Sue B. Fales (a poem) Cam-bridgeport, Mass.; Miss Jennie Rhind, Boston; Miss Nickerson, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Clara Fields, Boston; Mrs. E. E. Kimball, Law-rence; Mrs. J. F. Dillingham, Lynn, Mass., rence; Mrs. J. F. Dillingham, Lynn, Mass., Mrs. Jennette Clark, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. Reynolds, Troy, N. Y.; Mr. A. E. Tisdale, Springfield, Mass.; Dr. W. L. Jack, Haverhill, Mass.; Mr. Wm. Tice, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. James Wilson, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mr. David Williams and Dr. Geo. A. Dutton, Rutland, Vermont.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal, CRIPPLES AND CRUTCHES.

Dedicated to Seybert Commissioners and Their Worshipers.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

A correspondent of the Journal suggests that it is all important to the cause of Spiritualism that the Seybert Commissioners should be convinced of its truth, and issue a favorable report. If I see a man limping as he walks, and seeking aid lest he fall, I know that he has the manhood of a cripple. His crutch may be silver-plated, and his stick have a golden head, but he is less than a man ought to be, and he knows it; but sorrowful as is such a sight it is much worse when a man or a woman is too weak to mentally stand alone, or has a mind so twisted and dwarfed as to be a spirit cripple; but the object of church and society has been to prevent a man from thinking without their aid, and to hold him contented by declaring that he is already as perfect as nature and art

This is the endorsement offered in the let-ters that such manhood delights to wear as a tail to its name. Dub a man M. A., Ph. D., D. D., LL. D., or even M. D., and it stands to the awe-struck weakling as evidence that such a man is of superior mental stature, with a backbone in his mind; and at least half an inch taller than his fellows. So the world of humanity writes itself A. S. S. by its weakness for such social customs, which degree is gracefully conferred by nature without charge for the diploma; and is al-ways the result of merit in that particular

But every now and then one of these spirit cripples gets a message in his own locked slates, or some other strking proof of spirit return, which points to a manhood high-er than the one he had been trained to believe perfect. The poor fellow distrusts his own judgment, unless he has a tail at least two letters long; so he rushes round to discover what his alphabetical neighbors think about it. It never occurs to him that he might trust his own nose to tell him if the egg be rotten, so he piteously begs the titled cripples to come and smell; much less does it oc-cur to him that his own manhood should stand as the equal in common sense of any intellect in the universe.

There is a scientific fact taught in Nature's

Infant School, of which these trembling investigators are totally ignorant. It is this: Just in proportion as the tail of a man grows letter by letter, there is a swelling of the cranium in the region of self esteem, till the sufferer is afflicted with a disease well known to graziers as "big head." But men who are almost shut out from mingling with their fellows by this loathsome disease, are the ones invariably selected as Harvard Professors and Seybert Commissioners to inquire into the fact of "Spirit return."

A man without a tail, or untrained in the school of tails, is considered by all who have tails, want tails or admire tails, as utterly unfitted to determine whether he is being fooled by his neighbor; but inasmuch as rooled by his neighbor; but inasmuch as nature has not placed eyes in most tails, it is difficult to see the special adaptability of the chosen sage. However, the selected wisdom whisks its tail two or three times, and knocks a "Kellar" fly off a locked slate, when it exclaims "by the sacred honor of an F. R. S. (or a Ph. D. or a professor) I have killed modern Spiritualism." The corpse has no tail to whisk, but it vigorously resumes its activity, and the ghost walks as in days of yore. days of yore.

A truce to this nonsense. If the corres-pondent of the JOURNAL who wants to swear by the Seybert Commission will ask himself wherein its members are superior in shrewd untitled common sense, he will come to the conclusion, that just as he will succeed or fail in business according to his own judg-ment of men, so in his investigation of modern Spiritualism his own shrewdness and study of conditions are his only safety. It is no use asking the untrained to exhibit any special agility, but if this correspondent will investigate for himself, caring nothing about the opinions of Seybert Commissioners there is a reasonable chance that he will one day be able to stand alone. Indeed, he may yet grow worthy of the freedom that is born of knowledge, gained only by personal experience.

Graphic Description of Mrs. Van Cott's Eloquence.

The last day of Mrs. Van Cott was a glorious one.

At 10:30 the people adjourned to the pleasant grove and drank in the aroma of the pines while listening to the musical flow of Maggie Van Cott's words.

Mrs. Van Cott, selecting her text from John X:9, "I am the door, by Me if any enter he shall be saved."

The horrors of hell, with all the included agonies, to which the frequenter is subjected, were vividly pictured. So powerful were the words that the saved audience turned in disgust from the sulphuric fumes that seemed to issue from the bottomless pit.

At the close of the morning services the Rambler was called aside by Mrs. Van Cott, and her experience with "Bob" Ingersoll re-lated. The words of Colonel Ingersoll in re-lation to Mrs. Van Cott are doubtless well known to all, as spoken in a schoolboy's fit of jealousy, and instead of tending to injure her work in New York, they gave her more

power and influence. The moon rose slowly from the horizon, and seemed to worship the Christian worker as she stood before the vast audience and proclaimed the healing powers of Christ and the truth of the Bible. Noble! That is no expression to use in connection with this mighty speaker.

aged and the elderly to forsake sin and fol-low the true living, she was powerful, magnetic, awful, yet grand. She was witty, sar-castic, ironical and wonderfully in earnest. No infidel with his knotty joints could face this lady, for, like a blossom before a tempest,

he would be scattered.

Mrs. Van Cott spoke in connection with
this subject of the death bed scene of her brother-in-law. He was loving as a father, kind as a brother and generous to a fault, but what now? He was without Christ. Yes, and only one hour to live! No one will forget who heard her when she asked with the fierceness of a lioness, "Who dares to tell me where he is?"—Portland Argus.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

A Theosophist, rambling about Portland, Maine, in search of quiet seclusion, chances to note the above in one of the papers in that elmbrowed city. It is not printed in fun, as one would think, but in sober earnestness; hence it may be an index of the fact, that some kinds of people are not all dead yet, some kinds of people are not all dead yet, owing to neglect of duty on the part of a certain "killer" not unknown to proverbial philosophy. The clip would be irresistibly comic,—but behind it stands grinning the hideous spectre of orthodox blasphemy—that profanation of the ineffable name of the Father, that scandal of the teachings of the

The peculiar fanatic who is thus at large, whose friends should shield her from such indecent exhibition of herself is, we believe that same silly woman who called Ingersoll a "dog of an infidel," or something to that effect. To which the Colonel is said to have retorted, that gallantry forbade him to characterize one of the opposite sex of the same animal in corresponding terms. F.T.S.

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood' Sarsaparilla do not be persuaded to take any other. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which possesses peculiar strength and curative power.

PROF. LOISETTE WINS IN COURT. Literary Piracy Condemned.

(From New York Sun.)

"Chief Justice Van Brunt, holding the Special Term of the Supreme Court on the application of Nelson Smith and Col. Robert G. Ingersolt, made the injunction in favor of Prof. Loisette, restraining George S. Fellows from publishing his Memory System parastral.

rstem perpetual. "Dr William A. Hammond, Daniel Greenleaf "Dr William A. Hammond, Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, author of a work on psychology, and several other professors testified that Prof. Loisette's system was original, being a new departure in the education of the memory. The Court ordered Fellows to deliver up to Prof. Loisette the stereotype plates and all the books in his control. Over nine thousand copies of the pirated edition were delivered up yesterday."

We are informed that full details will be furnished in the prospectus sent post free by Prof. A. Loisette 237 Fifth Avenue, New York.



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