

RELIGIO THE SOPHICAL PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Dr. Holmes in his chat "Over the Teacups": Two worlds, the higher and the lower, separated by the thinnest of partitions. The lower world is that of questions, the upper world is that of answers. Endless doubt and unrest here below; wondering, admiring, adoring certainty above.

The *Religious Herald*, referring to the lines of Longfellow's "Building of the Ship," criticized by Brookline school authorities, says: "All we have to say is that the mind that finds anything obscene in these lines must be depraved." And it might have added is unfit to have charge of the education of youth.

One of the greatest curses of the day in America is the craze for making law, says the *American Spectator*. The rights of individuals are being infringed upon in every direction. The most pernicious legislation is that which fosters monopolies or gives special privileges to classes at the expense of the rights of the people.

One reason for the rapid growth and success of the Sunday newspaper has been that it has paid more attention to building itself up than it has to pulling other institutions down, says the *Boston Herald*. Those clergymen who denounce Sunday papers may find in the above a truth worthy thoughtful consideration.

The Illinois Schoolmasters' club adopted the following resolution at Peoria the other day: *Resolved*, That the members of this club will use all honorable means to keep upon the statute books of Illinois an efficient compulsory education law providing for instruction in the English language in all the schools in the state, and also to secure the vigorous enforcement of such law in our own communities.

The Rockford, Illinois, grand jury has investigated the alleged immoral practices of the impostor, Schweinfurth, and reported that it can "find absolutely no proof whatever upon which to base any criminal prosecution, with the exception of the fact of the birth there of one illegitimate child, whose paternity can not be ascertained, the mother, Mary Weldon, making a preposterous claim in relation thereto."

A burglar tried to enter the house of John Roach, of Berwick, Pa. He partly succeeded, and only partly, for the heavy windowsash came down on his back and squeezed him tight, his head hanging down on the kitchen floor and his legs dangling outside of the window. Mr. Roach, who is a religious man and a believer in moral suasion, after striking a light and seeing the situation, pulled a chair over to the window, and seating himself, talked two hours on religion to the would-be thief, after which he dismissed him with his blessing.

Professor Lockwood says in the *Microscope*: I think that, to the amateur at least, a hint how to observe the circulation of this favorite plant [*valisneria spiralis*—the grass which grows in aquariums] to the best advantage must be acceptable. I have never seen it

better displayed than when under the excellent manipulation of Mr. F. W. Devoe, of the New York Microscopical Society. Having selected a bit of leaf, not too mature, he shaves off one side with a sharp knife, although a razor is better. It is then put on a slide, the shaven side up. A drop or two of clean water and a cover glass of medium thickness, with good illumination, follows, Mr. Devoe using a prism illuminator. Begin the examination with a six-tenths inch objective, and continue up to a sixth or a tenth. The result will be a vision of startling clearness. The vivid individuality of each bioplasmic molecule, and the mystic, almost a solemn, movement of this pellucid stream of infinities of life, form a sensational picture of which the beholder never tires.

The *Catholic Review* referring to the recent meeting of the State Retail Liquor Dealers' Association of New York, says: We wish only to point out to the Catholics of the country one significant fact in connection with this last meeting of the liquor dealers. Catholics have been charged again and again with their prominence as dealers and consumers in the liquor trade. It is unnecessary to discuss the correctness of the charge at this moment. If we wished to do so, what could we say in the face of this shameful fact, that the committee appointed by the liquor dealers has a majority of Catholics. This committee is composed of forty-four members from different parts of the state. The Catholics number twenty-four. * * * Of the other twenty, eight are German, three French and nine Americans in appearance, whatever their owners may be in nationality. Eager as we might be to defend our Catholic brethren against the charge of intemperate habits and prominence in the saloon business, a fact like this disarms us. Twenty-four Catholics, and perhaps more, on this committee, are to do their best during the coming year to shame their brethren publicly, to degrade their neighbors and defraud them, and to nullify if possible the effect of the Plenary Council of Baltimore! This is, indeed, our shame!

The papers last week gave considerable space to the details of the marriage of Miss Annie Cammack, "daughter of a wealthy retired florist," to a blacksmith, "bearing the aristocratic name of Arlington Hardesty," who keeps a small shop near Mr. Cammack's residence. Mrs. Hardesty is represented as accomplished and the possessor of a small fortune left her by her mother and uncle. Evidently Mr. Hardesty is an intelligent and industrious young man, entirely worthy of the love of the young woman who has given him her heart and hand in marriage, and none the less so because he is a blacksmith. In the event of reverses and loss of inherited wealth, Mrs. Hardesty will doubtless have in her husband one who can support her, which is more than can be said of most of the aristocratic titled adventurers, dukes and dead-beats to whom rich American girls have given their hands, without their hearts, in return for the rank and social distinction for which they foolishly craved. A good blacksmith, with a little shop of his own, is a more useful member of society and deserves to rank higher socially than any lord, duke or prince on earth, unless the character of the man so titled is superior to that of the blacksmith and he is engaged in higher and better work, which is rarely the case.

The present mania for introduction to English society leads to extraordinary efforts. Large sums of money are paid to obtain influence. Here is one of the announcements in an English paper: "A gentleman belonging to one of the best families will introduce a few select Americans into the most exclusive society in England, and will also have them presented at court if desired. Address Army Office." This means that social rank can be bought. Says the *Rochester Democrat*: It was recently decided by the London gentry that they should hereafter be more exclusive in regard to American visitors and that no one should be accepted in "society" until after presentation at court. This rule however is well understood to be for mere effect and will readily be set aside for a cash consideration. The English gentry are in want of money to keep up style and all obstacles can be removed by the power of cash. This is very apparent by the facility with which the Bradley Martins obtained a social entrée. Every step however must be paved with gold and the latter can be of great use in obtaining a presentation to the Queen. This money method is conducted as privately as possible and hence it shows a vast increase in "cheek" when it is thus advertised in a New York paper.

Warden Brush, of Sing Sing, said before the prison conference at Cincinnati the other day: A large share of the men and boys who are incarcerated in our state prisons and penitentiaries are there because they did not have proper discipline in the family, and were allowed by over indulgence to play truant instead of attending school, and therefore received no school discipline. Often when I have been asked what are the causes of prison crimes that send most of our men to prison I have of late years invariably answered: "The want of family discipline." The indulgence of the father and mother, who allow the child to grow up without any discipline to form character, leads almost inevitably to evil ways and consequently to prison. The child even of tender years who is indulged in its natural waywardness and who is allowed to say to its father or mother "I will" or "I won't" is in a fair way to become an inmate of our penal institutions. The intelligent child when deceived by its parents in small things is likely to form evil habits which in its mature life will not be easily eradicated. The report of the standing committee on criminal law reform proposed that after twenty-four hours of deliberation the agreement of nine jurors should constitute a verdict. All state boards of charities should have judicial power and rank with courts. Punishment by fixed terms in prison should be abolished, and arrest, conviction, and incarceration until fitted to go at large, or for life if unfit, should be the rule. In the prisons any and all kinds of labor should be carried on that may be for the best interest of the state and the inmates, and they should labor for the benefit of the state.

Justice Samuel F. Miller was the strongest member of the United States Supreme Court. He was a man of great intellectual vigor, rare breadth and power of comprehension, and of incorruptible integrity. As a constitutional lawyer he probably had no superior and probably not more than one or two equals in this generation. He was very liberal in his religious views. His creed was belief in God and immortality.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

Professor John Fiske, in his recently published work on civil government in the United States,* says: "When we try to study things in a scientific spirit, to learn their modes of genesis and their present aspects, in order that we may foresee their tendencies, and make our volitions count for something in modifying them, there is nothing which we may safely disregard as trivial.

"This is true of whatever we can study; it is eminently true of the history of institutions. Government is not a royal mystery, to be shut off, like old Deioke by a sevenfold wall from the ordinary business of life. Questions of civil government are practical business questions, the principles of which are often and as forcibly illustrated in a city council or a county board of supervisors as in the House of Representatives at Washington. It is partly because too many of our citizens fail to realize that local government is a worthy study that we find it making so much trouble for us; the 'bummers' and 'boodlers' do not find the subject beneath their notice; the Master who inspires them is wide awake and—for a creature that divides the hoof—extremely intelligent."

The character of an aggregate depends upon the character of its units. The general government must depend very largely upon the efficiency of the local governments. It was for this reason that Jefferson insisted always on the importance of thorough study of the township. It is for this reason that Professor Fiske in the work above referred to, devotes about one half the space to the government of the town, county and city. He would have that taught which is near and simple before attempting to make the student understand the more remote and complex. To study, as he says, grand generalizations about government, before attending to such of its features as come most directly before us, is to run the risk of achieving a result like that attained by the New Hampshire school boy who had studied geology in a text book, but was not aware that he had ever set eyes upon an igneous rock. And yet there is a popular text book which says that "to learn the duties of town, city and county officers, has nothing whatever to do with the grand and noble subject of civil government," and that "to attempt class drill on petty town and county offices, would be simply a burlesque of the whole subject."

A writer of such nonsense as this is not a fit person to write on government, for he fails to see the relation of the parts to the whole, and is ignorant of the historical order of development. The township, the unit of local government, and the county existed before there were cities, and townships, counties and cities, before there was properly speaking a state. English shires coalesced into small states, and these states by uniting formed the English nation. Local government was first a necessity in this country, and then came general governments, the colonial governments being the first in order.

Professor Fiske's method of studying government is therefore the scientific method, and the only method consistent with the facts of social evolution. His previous studies in science and philosophy which enabled him to write "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy," and other later philosophical works, prepared him to treat historical subjects in a scientific and philosophic manner and to write the best chapters of American history that have yet appeared. He is not satisfied to describe simply that which is the most dramatic or impressive,—a battle or a proclamation,—he seeks for the antecedents of these events or of others of which these were but accompanying incidents, and makes of history a coherent whole with the events arranged in sequent order, and not merely a collection of the most picturesque views and dramatic incidents.

There is nothing more needed now than popular interest in local government. The city governments in this country are far from what they should be, and from what, if Professor Fiske's recommendations are heeded, they can be made. The government of the

city of Chicago is notoriously corrupt, and the same is true of that of New York and Boston. Gamblers and rumsellers are among the most active officials and political workers, and there is a general conviction among the people that official dishonesty is the rule rather than the exception. Whenever an attempt is made to suppress gambling and other evils in the perpetuation of which unscrupulous men are interested, what should be the strong arm of the law is paralyzed, and it is the boast of thieves and thugs that they are "in" with this or that man whom the party dares not offend. What is needed is the revival of interest in local governments, taking them out of the hands of unworthy men and making them as high in their character as that of Boston town meetings in the days of Sam Adams. The self respecting and self supporting class of people should unite, break up the old combinations that now control city politics and select men who are not professional politicians, men of known character and worthy to manage municipal affairs.

THE BETTER WAY.

It is always delightfully refreshing to have a newspaper follow the better way and help a worthy contemporary. When this can be done by publishing a "spirit" message, the assistance is of a more refined and esthetic nature, and likely to have greater stimulating qualities, so to speak,—with those who believe in the bona fides of the output. In supplying this sort of assistance to struggling contemporaries the *Banner of Light* very properly holds the monopoly. In its issue of October 11th, there appears on its sixth page a message purporting to be from James L. Ruffin, who declares his desire to reach his wife and friend "with a word of love and greeting from your *Banner* platform." "I am not exactly on the police force," says spirit Ruffin, "either as a high officer or as one of the lower grade, but a sort of watchman on the spiritual side, to see how things are going on and to do what I can to shape them according to the right." After putting his dear wife "Elizabeth" into a receptive, obedient mood by the utterance of a paragraph of sweetness, spirit Ruffin gets down to the real business of the hour, and gives her the following caution and advice: "While I would not prevent my wife from doing good in any way, I would caution her a little to look more closely in certain lines where she is putting out largely and see if it would not be just as well to let certain people rely upon their own efforts. When I see selfishness cropping out and a sort of disposition to sponge, I don't like it."

If reports are true there are many people in Cincinnati who will know what this bit of husbandly advice refers to. It is said that Mrs. Ruffin is a large stockholder in *The Better Way*, and that she is always generous in helping that paper when it needs assistance. Now that widow Ruffin knows her husband's mind she will no doubt hasten to read the editor and managers of *The Better Way* a lesson. She will do more. She will forthwith cut off the supplies. Although *The Better Way* has greatly improved and is steadily growing better, she will know that this is but a snare and a delusion gotten up to draw more money out of her. She will hasten to look over the *Banner* for its standing form of bequest to Colby & Rich, and finding it, will lose no time in bequeathing her estate so that it shall make the public circle room of that institution a perpetual channel of advice to rich widows and a check on those who seek to draw wealth from Ruffin relatives wherewith to extend the knowledge of Spiritualism and of spirit phenomena. Furthermore, this Ruffinly message will of course spur editor Melchers and the managers of *The Better Way* to increased efforts toward making their enterprise self supporting. True, they have all along thought they were doing their very best, making every exertion, and only actuated by unselfish motives. But now they know better, for spirit Ruffin from the *Banner* platform and through the *Banner* medium has told them so; has told them they are selfish sponges; and of course the message is wholly reliable and uncolored by the channel or surroundings attending its utterance.

BISHOP GILMOUR'S REMARKABLE LETTER.

Bishop Gilmour of Cleveland recently threatened J. J. Greeves, editor of the *Catholic Knight* with excommunication and withdrew from every priest in the diocese the right to absolve him, reserving that right for himself, to be exercised only in case of Greeves' obedience to "the law of Rome." But priestly threats do not have the effect they once had. The laity are not as much in fear of the clergy as they once were and it is not uncommon now for the pews to talk back to the pulpit. Mr. Greeves retaliated by publishing in his paper a letter that Bishop Gilmour wrote to Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati, which goes to show that the bishop's disloyalty to Rome privately is as great as that with which he has charged the editor of the *Catholic Knight*. The letter is as follows:

"CLEVELAND, OHIO, March 12, 1890.—Dr. Quigley and Primeau are at their old game of delay. Quigley will not fight as a man, and Primeau is another of his tools. The game is to keep up the racket, and in time we will prejudice the public and Rome against him. To which Rome does nothing, either business-like or according to the law which she herself has promulgated. Vide her last circular—the one in which she agreed to leave such cases to the Metropolitan. Yet she appointed you friendly mediator in re the sisters, and has passed the Quigley appeal in re my competency, and refers it to Baltimore. And now Baltimore insists on hearing the Coughlin and Quigley cases—the original cases—because of the appeal in re my competency. I expect something else in re Primeau, as now I am prepared for anything a weathercock is capable of. I have not a particle of confidence in Rome's consistency, either in law or in interpretation. This may be severe, but it is the result of a very wide observation. I am further convinced Rome is in the hands of the religious and the disintegrated and isolated action of individual bishops can effect nothing. Bishops are treated like sophomores, and laws are only made to be explained away by underlings. One thing is certain, I have written little to Rome, and I will write less. I will do my duty and go up or down, as the case may be, with my ship. Lack of unity amongst the bishops is the cause of the weakness. I thank you most sincerely for what you have written in re Quigley and Primeau. I have to write the first word on the matter to Rome, but in time I will write, and when I write I will be read. After all, Rome must learn that that there is somebody else to be consulted than Quigley, and that a bishop is not a child nor a poodle. I know what I am about as well as Rome; also am as earnest for the weal of religion, and as loyal to the church as Rome. If Rome chooses not to consult with me, I will consult with myself; but Rome will quit kicking me further as she has lately done. Pardon my above; it got out of my pen as I run, and I send it that you may see the state of my mind. Very truly in Christ,

RICHARD GILMOUR,
Bishop of Cleveland."

Since this letter was published Bishop Gilmour has issued a card saying that the letter was written confidentially and withdrawing "every word in said letter of apparent disrespect to Rome and every word that may be construed as a doubt of Rome." Of course there would have been no withdrawal of the bishop's words had they not been published, and they may fairly be held as an honest expression of his opinions respecting the character and methods of the Roman curia. "I have not a particle of confidence in Rome's consistency either in law or in interpretation." How much beyond this had the editor of the *Catholic Knight* gone in disloyalty to Rome? He had not called in question any dogmas of faith and he now claims to be a true Catholic; but he refused to obey the bishop in matters not within the purview of his authority. The bishop has his office and distinction and makes his living by outward obedience to the Roman curia, while *privately* saying that he has no confidence in its judgment, and that if Rome will not consult with him he will consult with himself! The course of Greeves, the layman, is more honest and honorable than the course of Gilmour, the prelate.

The letter gives a glimpse of the secret plotting of the Vatican in diocesan matters. "Rome does nothing business-like or according to the law which she has herself promulgated. Bishops are treated like sophomores, and laws are made to be explained away by underlings." Although Dr. McGlynn, whom Archbishop Corrigan compelled to leave his parish, is not the only ecclesiastic in the Catholic church that hates foreign dictation in American church affairs, the "Roman machine" is determined to control the laymen of the Catholic church in this country, in all matters pertaining to religion and education. To do this it makes the bishops its slaves, and they have to issue their orders to the priests as Rome directs, that Rome in whose consistency or respect for the law she her-

*Civil Government in the United States, Considered with some Reference to its Origins, by John Fiske. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1890, pp. 380; cloth, \$1.00.

self makes, Bishop Gilmour has "not a particle of confidence." The Catholic bishops of America are likely in the near future to be more united than they are now, when the authority of the Vatican in this country will be reduced and the church will become more and more Americanized. Progress is in this direction. Evolution is along the line of the existing order, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

THE INDUCTIVE METHOD AND SPIRITUALISM.

A great many people do not know what the inductive method is. Persons who object to applying it to the study of any particular subject or class of phenomena often withdraw their objections and declare that they are in favor of the method in the investigation of all problems, when they come to understand what the method really is. The *Independent* gives the following brief and clear statement of the inductive method: "The characteristic feature of that method or process of reasoning which is called inductive, consists in the study of particular facts, as ascertained by observation and experience, and in continuing such study until through the facts observed general laws reveal themselves to thought. Nature supplies the facts; observation and experience find them; and from them reason proceeds to the general laws in accordance with which they occur, and of which they are specific examples or expressions, assuming thereafter that, in like circumstances, similar facts will exist. The best thinkers of the world have long since agreed that this is the proper procedure of the mind in the discovery of natural truth."

This is a very clear statement of the inductive method. Induction rises from particular to general truths, from fact to law; it proceeds from a part to the whole, from the less to the greater, from simple observation and experiment to a universal affirmation. Deduction follows an inverse order. Starting from acknowledged axioms and definitions it searches for their consequences, for the truths contained in the principles assumed to be true. In all reasoning there is the unexpressed general truth of the constancy and uniformity in the succession of phenomena, that like causes will produce like effects. Thus the logical process is essentially the same in induction and deduction; the two methods are different forms, two opposite movements of the same logical process. Each process has its own special rules and laws which are studied in the two fundamental divisions of all logic, inductive logic and deductive logic. "For induction," says Gabriel Compayré, "it is first necessary to be assured, by exact observation and skillful and repeated experiments, that we do not confound the accidental coincidence of two phenomena with their constant relation. For deduction we must be careful to admit only clear and exact definition, and principles which are either self-evident truths, that is to say, axioms, or inductive laws scrupulously verified."

To say that Spiritualism can not be investigated by the scientific or inductive method is to say that there are no facts upon which belief in it is based that belong to the region of observation and experiment; and this is to admit by implication that Spiritualism is merely an *a priori* speculation, like the theory of the creation of something out of nothing. THE JOURNAL denies this and insists that to the study of Spiritualism can be, should be and to some extent is being applied the scientific method.

DEVELOPMENT OF A NEW SENSE.

Says a Chicago daily: There are strong evidences that a new sense or new senses are being developed. A few persons whose eyes are bandaged, their hands covered, their ears and nostrils closed, and their sense of taste deadened are able to gain all impressions that persons do who have the advantage of all their senses. What is more, they are able to learn the thoughts of others if they are concentrated on some definite subject or object. First Brown, then Bishop, and finally Johnstone gave exhibitions in this city that showed that such was the case. The class of persons known as mind readers is increasing. They

are not limited to those who give public exhibitions. Some who possess this power do not desire to be known. They are of a timid or retiring disposition. Some employ this faculty for their own amusement or advantage. They are known to their immediate associates as persons who are able to acquire secrets in some unknown way. It is not unlikely that many gypsies possess this faculty. It enables them to gain a reputation as fortune tellers. As the senses of sight, hearing, taste and smell are becoming impaired in so many persons a new sense may become necessary. When persons generally possess it great changes will necessarily take place. It will not then be possible to practice fraud or deceit. In one respect men will be "like gods." No one then will have occasion to study character under the disadvantages they now have to contend with. No mind will then be like a closed book.

HOW MUCH PREACHING CAN BE DISPENSED WITH.

It may be that the average churchgoer requires less preaching than did the persons who flocked to meeting houses a century or more ago, says a Chicago paper. Possibly they are better prepared to absorb and assimilate the truths of the gospel. Ministers appear to think that such is the case. They formerly preached, or at least their predecessors did, two sermons each Sunday, each of which was at least an hour in length. Now in many churches there is but one sermon a week and that is from fifteen to thirty minutes long. Often what is dignified as a sermon, because it is delivered from a pulpit, is in reality a paper on some literary, scientific, artistic, political or economic subject. Perhaps it will be published in a magazine if the publisher will pay a good price for it. It seems to be understood that those who attend church regularly understand its dogma. Perhaps the time will soon come when pastors and people will take into consideration the propriety of having midwinter as well as midsummer vacations. Among the wealthy classes almost as many go to southern resorts in winter as to northern resorts during the hot weather. If the absence of wealthy parishioners affords a good reason for closing churches during the heated term, it affords a suitable reason for closing them during the freezing period. The problem of how much preaching can be dispensed with without endangering the spiritual welfare of congregations and individuals remains to be solved. General conferences and other ecclesiastical bodies should investigate the matter and report upon it.

JUSTIFICATION BY HYPNOTISM.

A writer in the *Church Times*, England, recently had a letter on "Justification by Hypnotism" suggesting that hypnotism may explain "some of the remarkable phenomena of religious revivals, especially the extension of the Salvation Army." It says: This will explain many of the difficulties that beset the minds of parish priests in whose parishes dissenting revivals take place. They are not unmixed evils, and so are apparently not Satanic, for to some souls they appear to do good. They are not the work of the Holy Spirit, for not only are they without the signs of a Divine work, but often hinder the work of the church, depreciate sacramental grace, and occasionally develop vices opposed diametrically to gospel teaching. Is it not the simplest explanation to give of them that they are the mere result of powerful human wills affecting persons of weak will; in as far as those powerful wills, acting by hypnotic suggestion, are well intentioned and well instructed, they may do some good, but are liable to grave abuses. "In hypnotism the hypnotizer may influence by suggestion the percipient, so that he supposes himself another person, that he is in danger when he is quite safe, that he suffers pain when nothing hurts, or has no pain when he is wounded, etc. So in revivals the preacher suggests to his hearers that they are satisfied, that all their sins are blotted away, that they are in ecstasy of rejoicing."

Rev. Mr. Rider, of the Gloucester, Mass, Independent Christian church, in a recent sermon, said: "Even as the deaf ear may not hear the sweet voice of the singer, still she may be chanting the praises of God,

so all around us the invisible choir of the departed may be chanting, though our stopped ears hear not and our blinded eyes see nothing but the pulsating air. There is nothing to warrant the accepted notion that death is separation, that it is even absence, save the poverty of our vision. There is on the other hand everything in the infiniteness of God to warrant faith in the communion of the dead with the living. Heaven is not far away, You get no idea of distance or space in all the conversations of the Master. Space or locality are no factors at all in the problem. Rather it seems as though the angels were always with him. Men believe in God's spiritual nearness although they do not see him; the invisible presence of God's children ought not to be any more mysterious than his own. Even as some minute forms of creation were not known until of late, because there was no proper lens through which to view them, so because our spiritual vision is not strong enough we do not see what may be very close to us. Our Savior saw the dead and talked with them." Here the principle and doctrine of Spiritualism are fully admitted, and yet the testimony of multitudes of reliable men and women that they have communication with the departed is generally discredited by Christian ministers who, like Mr. Rider, claim to represent and preach a consistent spiritual faith.

Those who are completely absorbed in money making should not allow words like these from the *Golden Gate* to go unheeded: The struggle for wealth, beyond what is necessary for the comforts of life, is the rock on which many a soul has wrecked its happiness in this life and the next. There is something in the very touch of gold that, to some souls, works a subtle poison, sapping the healthy currents of humanity and turning the not ungenerous nature into a mean, miserly monster. To others, who look upon wealth as a means of promoting the happiness of others, gold expands the nature, as it broadens one's capacity to benefit mankind. But it is a dangerous risk and responsibility to have great wealth thrust into one's hands—dangerous because of the evil consequences that are likely to befall one whose nature is not broad enough to accept the trust wisely. Who can imagine the terrible condition of the spirit so shrunken into nothingness as to be wholly closed against the pleadings of sufferings, while possessing the power to alleviate. Heed ye not, O Mortal, that in the land whither thou goest, the currency of earth land—your gold and silver—is unknown?

Miss Abby A. Judson, a prominent educator, and formerly a teacher in Bradford academy three years, in Plymouth eight years, and since then the founder of a seminary for young ladies at Minneapolis, Minn., of which she has been the principal for the past ten years, not long since, says the Haverhill, Mass., *Gazette*, changed her religious views by accepting the Spiritualist theory of life and destiny, which has led to the surrender of her educational charge. She is the daughter of Adoniram Judson, the well known leader of the American Foreign Missionary enterprise, and missionary to the Burmese empire in 1811, passing to spirit life in 1850. She is his daughter by a second marriage to Sarah Boardman, who passed away on the passage home of the family, and her remains were buried in the Island of St. Helena. She was born in Burmah in 1835, and came to this country with her father in 1845. She became a member of the Baptist church in 1852, and is now at the age of 55. She is a resident of Minneapolis.

Phillips loved Boston. "No one who heard it," remarked Mr. Higginson, "can ever forget the thrilling modulation of his voice when he said at some special crisis of the anti-slavery question: 'I love inexpressibly these streets over whose pavements my mother held up tenderly my baby feet; and if God grants me time enough, I will make them too pure to bear the footsteps of a slave.'"

It is now stated that Edison has declared his intention to equip an air ship which will be of practical use in aerial travel.



SPENCER'S PERCEPTION.

By PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D.

The following are the headings of several chapters in Part 6, Vol. 2 of Spencer's Principles of Psychology:

Chapter 11. The perception of body as presenting dynamical, statico-dynamical and statical attributes.

Chapter 12. The perception of body as presenting statico-dynamical and statical attributes.

Chapter 13. The perception of body as presenting statical attributes.

If any one who had never read Spencer's theory of perception should glance over those headings before reading the chapters themselves, he would naturally infer that Spencer intended to tell him how we perceive body and its attributes; and if I were to tell him that those headings, in that respect, are delusions, he would not believe me. They are delusions, however, which not only appear in the headings but are repeated over and over again in the bodies of the chapters themselves, associated with a process of reasoning which renders them still more delusive and perplexing. Neither in those chapters nor anywhere else does Spencer show us how we perceive body and its attributes in the ordinary acceptation of those terms and in the sense in which he himself uses them in what I would call the physics of those chapters; on the contrary he endeavors to show us that we perceive nothing but our own related sensations which are to us body and its attributes, thus substantially agreeing with the idealist, Berkeley.

The foregoing remarks have reference only to Spencer's explanation of perception. Nevertheless he does not assume a better, though a somewhat different position, in his "justification" of what he calls a "transfigured realism," the transfigured reality being the correlative of what, to him, is our perceived, subjective, crazy hallucination of the objective reality, in which subjective perception our straight lines may perhaps symbolize crooked lines in the reality, or our crooked lines may symbolize straight lines in the reality, or our straight and our crooked lines may symbolize things in the reality that are neither straight nor crooked; and in which our cobble stones may be the correlatives of realities that are as soft as feathers, or our feathers may be the correlatives of realities that are as hard as cobble stones, or our cobble stones and our feathers may be the correlatives of realities that are neither hard nor soft—from all of which tantalizing agnosticism he seeks refuge in an hypothesis of a kind of pre-established harmony between the symbols (our subjective perceptions) and the realities, very different indeed from that of Leibnitz, but, like his, unproved and unprovable, if Spencer is right in saying that we can know nothing whatever about the reality. The following is his hypothesis of a pre-established harmony. "Thus," he says, "we have a symbolization in which neither the components of the symbol" (our subjective perception) "nor their relations, nor the laws of variation among those relations, are in the least like the components, their relations, and the laws of variation among their relations, in the thing symbolized" (the reality) "and yet reality and symbol are so connected that for every possible rearrangement in the *plexus* constituting the one, there is an exactly equivalent rearrangement in the *plexus* constituting the other.

Finally Spencer virtually admits that he has not carried out the programme announced in the three chapter headings already quoted—that he has not only failed to explain our perception of body and its attributes, but on the contrary has reached the conclusion that we do not perceive them at all. Hence he finds himself under the necessity of justifying our belief in the existence of real external things, bodies, even though we do not perceive them. "Here then," he says, "is an all-sufficient warrant for the assumption of objective existence. Mysterious as seems the con-

sciousness of something which is yet out of consciousness, the inquirer finds that he alleges the reality of that some thing in virtue of the ultimate law—he is obliged to think it. There is an indissoluble cohesion between each of those vivid and definite states of consciousness known as sensations, and an indefinite consciousness which stands for a mode of being beyond sensation and separate from himself." Now Spencer's ultimate law—"he is obliged to think it" because of an "indissoluble cohesion" etc., is simply the "irresistible conviction" of Reid in a new dress with this difference, however, that Reid erroneously makes it an ultimate, a finality, and, as such, a proof that we do immediately perceive external things; while Spencer also erroneously makes it an ultimate, a finality but, as such, only a proof that external things do exist and that we know they do exist although we do not, and can not perceive them, but only perceive our own related sensations.

But the "irresistible conviction" of Reid is not a finality, nor is Spencer's "indissoluble cohesion." They are both the results of a mental process which preceded and produced them—a process which, though long since organized and solidified into what may be called an instinct, is nevertheless still within our reach and capable of being analyzed into its elements, and which, when analyzed, yields us the proof of the validity of our irresistible conviction "that external things do exist, and the reason why we are obliged to think it"; which proof and which reason are the finalities that are as valid and as binding as an intuition. This ultimate analysis of the mental process which produces the "irresistible conviction" and the "indissoluble cohesion" etc., shows that every perception consists of two very different classes of elements, namely, 1st, the sensations which the object excites in us, and which, in their essential nature, are mere feelings, states of consciousness, that are as nonextended as our emotions, and hence of themselves, are indeterminate and nonperceivable whether single or in relation to each other; and 2nd, the object and its properties which, of themselves, are also indeterminate and nonperceivable whether single or related to each other, such as a mere something, or a mere extension, or a mere extended something undefined by a sensation, such as a color for instance. These two classes of elements, when related to each other, as they are in every perception, determine each other and make each other perceivable in the manner in which they are perceived in our every-day experience. Thus, while the unextended sensation called red is nonperceivable, and an uncolored line is also nonperceivable, yet when the indeterminate red color, and the indeterminate extension of the line are combined in the process of perception, the red sensation seems as long as the line to which it is related, and is thus determined and made perceivable by the extension of the line; and the red sensation gives seeming color to the extension of the line to which it is related, and thus determines it and makes it perceivable; and now they are both perceived in conjunction as a red line.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

II.

MESMERISM.

It is a common occurrence in mesmerism to meet with a person whose system may be so imbued with this influence that it requires hours to dissipate it. The following case is an example of this. A Mrs. Davis, the landlady of an inn, had been kept up through the night of Christmas by some drunken men. I happened to pass the door early on the next morning and heard her begging the ruffians to go away. Calling a policeman I assisted him with a good will in clearing the house. Her husband was absent and these noisy fellows had kept her up all night, suffering from headache, fright and want of rest. As she stood behind the bar, I made some passes, and in a few minutes her eyelids trembled and she grasped the edge of the counter. She was soon in a profound sleep, when I removed her to a sofa in an adjoining room and left her in the care of her sister.

In the course of the day I looked in, but seeing her busy about household matters, went away without speaking. Returning to the house in the evening, her niece told me there was something the matter with Aunt Nancy, as she had not spoken during the day. I found her sitting at the tea table with her children and apparently quite herself, but as I spoke she uttered a suppressed scream, gazed about vacantly for a moment or two, and then suddenly recognized me. She had been in a mesmeric sleep all the day, notwithstanding which she had attended to her household matters and was only awakened by the sound of my voice. The last thing she remembered was grasping the edge of the counter in the early morning.

The sharpest criticism that mesmerism has ever been subjected to has been leveled at the claim, one universally insisted upon by every observer, of the operation of its influence at a distance. Having on the occasion to which I now refer entertained some friends at dinner, late in the evening I walked to a neighboring village to order carriages for an excursion on the following day. Knowing that one of the ladies who dined at my house, and intended to sleep there that night, was extremely sensitive to mesmeric influences, it occurred to me on my way back when at the distance of half a mile to attempt to mesmerize her. When I reached home I found the company in confusion; the lady lying on the sofa motionless and passively rejecting the various propositions of vinegar, doctors, cold water, etc. On approaching and raising up her eyelids, the symptoms of mesmeric sleep were present, and taking her hand I asked if I could be of any service. "Yes," she replied, "you may as well waken me up, as you had no business to put me to sleep out of doors." It seemed that about fifteen minutes before my return the lady had been talking in her usual lively manner, but in the space of a few moments became abstracted and silent, closed her eyes and, regardless of the company, drew her feet up, disposing herself comfortably on the sofa for the irresistible sleep which overpowered her.

In several instances afterwards this fact was verified, not from any great distance, but from the outside of the house or from another room, taking extreme precautions that the person influenced should have neither the slightest knowledge of my proximity nor of my intentions.

I was requested by a physician to endeavor to procure some alleviation of the horrid agony one of his patients endured from a hip disease, which it was evident must prove fatal in a short time. The object was to obtain a little respite and rest. The patient readily succumbed to the influence, but after a few days it failed to relieve the pain, and strangely enough, she appeared to suffer as much during the sleep as when awake. The great sensibility of this woman made her case an uncommon one. At any hour of the day or night (the experiment was tried at all unseemly hours) a few passes made somewhere in the vicinity of her house threw her into a state of coma, and on going in or sending in some person with a plausible excuse, she was invariably to be found in a deep sleep. The phase known as submesmerism or self-induced mesmerism was a noticeable feature in this case. It was sufficient to fix upon, in her hearing, any given hour at which she was to be mesmerized from a distance, to bring on the sleep at the appointed time, although the mesmerizer might have forgotten it altogether, and have been actively engaged in some other occupation entirely foreign to the subject. Cursory writers take these rare exceptions for the rule. The next relation will be the evidence of the imperfect reasoning, which gives suggestion too prominent a place.

The following example is of importance in showing the source of mesmeric power, and putting us right with respect to the various notions of imagination, animal heat, hysteria, expectant attention and suggestion. The conversation one day after dinner between a gentleman and myself had turned upon the alleged effects of mesmerised water. Never having seen or tried the experiment, yet to illustrate what I supposed to be the method, I poured out a glass of water and made some passes over it. The conversa-

tion soon changed to some other topic, when a lady, tired of waiting in the drawing-room alone, reentered and took a seat at the table. No reference whatever was made in this lady's presence to the subject we had been discussing, but entirely different matters were introduced in which she took a lively part. Suddenly she became silent, and words fail to express our astonishment and alarm when we discovered that in less than a minute she had fallen into a state of insensibility.

We exerted ourselves to arouse her, and so far succeeded that in some degree she recovered her voice, and to our questions as to the cause of her seizure, for we thought it such, replied that it had been occasioned by the glass of water she had been drinking. It was some moments before we connected cause and effect, so completely had the conversation about mesmerism passed from our thoughts, when to our great relief and admiration we found that she had actually drank the water I had prepared. At length when thoroughly awake, she knew nothing of the effects of the water, of our alarm or of her explanation. This accidental experiment led to several others, and the broad fact resulted that whenever this lady ate or drank any substance mesmerized without her knowledge, she was affected in the same manner as by passes made before her face.

A gentleman living in my vicinity, whose wife had suffered for many years from uterine disorder attended with great pain, had heard that mesmerism was supposed to alleviate many painful symptoms in such cases. Without informing me of the cause of her suffering, he begged me to try the effect of some passes. At the third sitting she experienced most violent pains, describing them as red hot balls rolling through her body, with a general direction downwards. As these shifting pains only followed the application of mesmerism, relieving for a time the constant seat of distress, we were encouraged to continue. For a few days the suffering descended to the knees, now in the one, then in the other, until it passed into the ankles, then into the feet and finally disappeared. Owing to my removal from that part of the country I lost sight of the case, but the gentleman wrote me a year afterwards that his wife continued well and free from pain.

With perhaps no better motive than morbid curiosity, I one day strayed through a poorhouse, part of which was devoted to a few pauper lunatics. Behind the grating of one of the cells there was a young woman in a straightjacket, wildly pacing up and down her narrow quarters and muttering some unintelligible fierceness. When after several vain attempts I succeeded in catching her eye, her turns became shorter and shorter until she seemed drawn by some force to the grating, and held there, as it were, in spite of herself. Her head soon fell forwards and rested on the bars; her eyes closed, her features softened and her restless manner vanished. Fearing that she would fall, as she had not the use of her hands, I sent the keeper in who found her in a deep coma, and laid her on the bed, where she remained asleep for three hours, insensible to every external noise. On my next visit I regretted to learn that the insane patients had been transferred to an asylum at a distance.

These eleven cases which I have briefly selected from my notes cover nearly all the principal claims that have been made for mesmerism, and give us a fair idea of the prominent facts. Minor effects have been omitted. The therapeutic results which seemed to follow the ministrations of this influence were beyond the limits of my purpose; they were incidentals, and have been noted here because they were constant and obvious. The purpose was to know the substantial facts through personal observation in order to think intelligently and speak rationally of the subject. The result of this investigation, in a sufficiently prolonged examination, confirmed preceding statements and brought a well-founded conviction of a force evolved from the human organism, mentally directed and producing allied effects upon its own body and upon others near by or at a distance. This force which answers to no tests of electricity or mineral

magnetism, seems to be set in motion by the hands, by the eye, by the will and perhaps by all three jointly. It remains certain that those persons known as mesmerists produce effects when others fail, and so constantly that we are obliged to look to personal qualities. Mesmerism is the foundation on which all the emotional theories of prayer cure, faith cure and Christian science, so-called, are constructed, and which offer only one observed fact for our consideration, borrowed from the healing effects of mesmeric force.

The frequent instances that are met with when an apparently similar condition is produced by suggestion or gazing obliquely at a bright object, may seem to contradict the hypothesis of a force proceeding from one person and acting on another, but experiment shows that kindred effects, differentiated in some degree as in the faculty of clairvoyance, follow both methods. In the light of the higher results, it is impossible to treat the bodily condition brought about by mesmerism exclusively as an effect of the patient upon himself. The physical state does not seem so much due to the direct action of mesmerism as to the abnormal relation that is established between the intelligent principle and the brain.

Mesmerism is rather too broadly spoken of as a direct cause for all the wonderful phenomena which follow in its train. It is a simpler view of the subject, and more consonant with experiment, to regard it only as a means of shutting off the brain and senses, and allowing a condition which enables psychical forces to energize through other channels, as in clairvoyance and curative effects.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOCRATES.

BY IDA ESTELLE CROUCH.

The name which heads this paper is one so familiar not only to the world of culture, ethics, and philosophy but also to the traditional lore of the common stock of knowledge which the religious and law-abiding civilization of the nineteenth century possesses, as to need no formal introduction to the acquaintance of the most ordinary student of literature. Yet the truth which this illustrious man sought and taught, and the life which he lived present so noble and exalted an example of the conquest of the spirit over the ignoble and debasing influences that trail the divine nature of man in the contaminating dust of selfish desires and social prejudices, that the intimate study of his character, and the fullest intellectual and sympathetic comprehension of his mental and moral status are indispensable to the mind that would take into itself as a vital principle the wisdom of the past.

The common experience of all men in all generations and all climes bears evidence to the twofold destiny of the human race, of which the Christian sign of the cross is emblematic; the meeting, the crossing, the union of the spiritual struggling Godward, and the earth-cleaving tendencies of the physical and sensual nature. Under favorable conditions of natural forces, leisure and the accumulation and distribution of wealth, certain peoples have, to a considerable degree, subdued and controlled the lower element, and proportionately cultivated the higher; while others, overcome by the dreary and oppressive immensity of nature's works and laws, with which they were utterly unable to cope, have remained little better than the beasts which they slaughter for their daily food. But the war with the storm, the flood, the rock, the lion, and the pestilence is not the only obstacle in the way of the psychic development. In man's own immediate nature unimpeded by external forces there is continually waged so powerful a contest against the true, the good, and the beautiful that a refined type of civilization seems often only to enhance the hideous deformity of a nature that yields to the grosser element; and nations on which the lofty intellects of many godlike sons have placed the crown of surpassing excellence in literature, art, and the science of government have equally excelled in unworthy ideals, false standards of morality, base superstitions, cruel intolerance, and an utter perversion of both public and private education.

It was into such a state of affairs, in the palmiest

days of Athenian glory, that the philosopher, Socrates, was born as an angel of light, a bearer of good tidings a preacher of truth, and a doer of righteousness. His natal year, 469 B. C., and the succeeding years of his life beheld the most delicate Greek culture with its passionate love of aesthetics, oratory, and heroism. His parents were humble people; his father, Sophroniscus by name, being a sculptor, and his mother a nurse. They had little in the way of worldly aggrandizement to bestow upon their son, but his mind reaching out with native zeal for the aught by which it might be profited, he was given the advantages that were to be had in the schools and groves of Athens, or wherever her philosophers or wise men held learned discourse. From the acuteness of his logic, and the wide scope of his general knowledge it is evident that he had ample preparation in all that went to make up the well-educated Athenian. The democracy of the state had been brought into a conspicuous position by the great national victories, and Socrates suffered no special inconvenience on account of his lowly origin. There is no evidence that he ever in any way exerted himself to earn a livelihood. The small patrimony left him by his father was sufficient for his meager wants. His mission was concerned with that in which fine dress, position, luxuries, or popular applause had no part; and though this indifference of his to a worldly providence was a source of grievous annoyance to his energetic wife, Xanthippe, it was a fitting setting for the continual attitude of reproach that he bore to the corruptions and frivolities of the ease-loving Athenians.

Early in life he turned his attention to philosophy. He was a true lover of wisdom; and his philosophy and himself as a philosopher can in no way be confounded with brilliant savants, and glittering and logical though false modes of reasoning that have so often passed current as a high style of scientific philosophy in various stages of the world's history. He sought the eternal and the everlasting truth; the truth that Omnipotence has revealed in nature and in man; that makes a lie a revolting distortion, and only those souls white and grandly wise that have hated all meanness and injustice.

Very different was the standard in the city of Minerva when the plain and unassuming Socrates made his appearance in the intellectual arena, that is to say, upon the streets and about the market places of the Grecian metropolis, the well known haunts of the leisurely youth and the subtle sophists. These sophists, with whom Socrates was often very wrongfully classed, were a prominent factor in Athenian society at that time. It was a time of political change and shifting opinions. The glib tongue, the dashing presence, the keen retort, the showy oration, and beautiful physical proportions appealed most strongly to the intense passions and fervid imaginations of those prosperous dwellers in that sunny, zephyr-kissed clime, and under those tender, Hellenic skies. Gentlemen of wealth desired that their sons should be educated to appear to the greatest advantage. In order to do this, besides the usual course in gymnastics, arms, music, poetry, mathematics, and oratory, they must be able cleverly to refute any argument, to make the wrong appear the right, elegantly and skillfully to parry any assertion or fact which they wished to evade. The sophists undertook to give the instruction that would accomplish these results. They were liars by trade. The most polished of them received exorbitant fees for their services. They had no purpose in the world, except, as any merchant man has, to dispose of their wares to the best advantage. They sold what their customers wanted, and supplied the demand for eloquence utterly regardless of the truth, the sense, or the effect of their teachings. Socrates, with the inborn vision of a seer and a prophet saw through all this sham and contemptible mockery, and that it tended to the ultimate ruin of the state; that the Greeks as a nation were yet far removed from the plane of high thought and noble action which should distinguish the triumphant victory of the spirit over the clogging hindrance of the flesh. He saw that truth was everywhere downtrodden, oppressed, and put to shame; and it was borne into him with the force

of conviction that became a god's constant presence, that he must find her, free her, and raise her to her rightfully regal throne in the hearts of men. It was to attain this end that he was constantly among the people, neglecting all other business, in his shabby attire, and with his ceaseless questionings. The Delphic oracle had pronounced him the wisest of men. In his humble soul he could not understand this, and proceeded to test the oracle. He went to men who professed to be wise, to literary men, to statesmen, to tradesmen seeking their wisdom. In all he found a love of self, and a narrowness of thought that shut out the pure sunlight of truth. Yet they all professed to know, and no one was willing to confess himself ignorant, until in sadness of heart he uttered his famous words that he was truly the wisest of men, in that while others, being ignorant, thought they knew something, he knew that he knew nothing.

In personal appearance Socrates was far removed from the Greek ideal which worshipped in every form the beautiful with a passionate adoration. His features were coarse, his nose flat, his lips thick, and his eyes protruding, while his whole figure was built with a stolid strength that was exactly the opposite of any vague, ethereal or poetic ideal. Even his dearest friends compared his general appearance to that of a satyr. He himself made sport of his ugliness, and claimed that his eyes were of more use than others, because he could see farther around with them; while, since his nostrils were so much larger than others, they could inform him of more delightful odors. He was possessed of the greatest bodily endurance, going with scanty clothing in the winter, and walking over the ice and frozen ground with naked feet. In battle he was brave and sagacious, never losing his head in time of panic, and thoughtfully protecting those near him. He did not scorn convivial pleasures, and while he could drink a great quantity of wine, no one ever saw him overcome by its influence. He had the admirable ability of deeply concentrating his thoughts to the complete exclusion of all that was going on around him when pondering a difficult problem. In every experience in life he adhered strictly and tenaciously to the open and upright course. In the disordered and corrupt politics of the state, it may well be imagined that such a stand would be fraught with exceeding danger. Socrates wisely abstained from much interference in public affairs, but whenever he held a responsible position, as he did several times, he unflinchingly cast his vote and gave his voice for the law and the right, even with the entire assembly against him. He believed and constantly taught that all citizens should be directly interested in public affairs, and unhesitatingly passed his opinion as to the right or wrong of the conduct of public officers. But probably in his own case he thought he could do more good by his warnings and teachings to the people than by running the risk of losing his life in the unreasoning and heated intrigues that characterized public service.

His domestic relations have become traditional, and Xanthippe's is a name not less famous than his, though somewhat less favorably known. There seem to be no just grounds for believing that she was a habitual and unreasoning scold, although we are told by Xenophon that she had rather a lively and emphatic temper. I do not doubt that the poor woman had enough to try her patience, not making any pretensions to philosophy herself, and, having a hungry household to look after as well as a philosopher, felt the need of something more substantial, as a steady diet, than arguments; and, if we may trust the chronicle, she sometimes wielded the latter far more vigorously than her worthy lord himself, if not quite so logically. We have the strongest evidence that Socrates highly appreciated her. He said she was just the kind of a wife a philosopher should have; for when she was out of humor he could put in practice all the wise precepts of endurance he had been preaching; and he reprimanded his boys severely for any complaints against the irksomeness of her authority.

There has been much conjecture in regard to the daemon or familiar spirit which Socrates claimed was his constant companion. It had always a warning voice when he contemplated an imprudent action.

Certain authorities think he meant by this simply his calm reason with which he took care to act in accordance and called it a spirit to make its existence more intelligible to those people who believed themselves surrounded by gods and goddesses as much as by their fellow beings. Others think that he believed a divine being actually and literally guided him. I myself believe that Socrates simply refers to his soul. The whole substance of his teaching exalts the reality of the spirit. It was the knowing, the feeling, the progressive power. Men were placed on this earth and held down by these terrestrial surroundings for the entire purpose of developing it, and fitting it for another sphere. He believed in superior beings as all men of superior minds do. He believed in a great first cause, and that it worked to good throughout all nature.

For seventy years he plied his questions and humiliated false pretensions. We are often startled by the likeness of his teachings to the Nazarene truths: Do unto others as ye would that men should do to you. No evil can befall a good man whether he be alive or dead. Obey the law. Submit to the holy God. We know that virtue is one and the same in the soul of every man that God has made.

At last popular opinion, or rather jealous enemies, insulted at his continual reproaches, angered at his warning against their ways, brought him to trial for corrupting the youth and blaspheming the gods. For where is the age that could stand undaunted in the white light of truth? And where is the nation that has not slain its prophets and crucified those that yearned and labored for its salvation. Socrates died as he had lived, a lover of honor, an upholder of truth, and a scorner of aught that maketh a lie. His famous Apology before the judges is a classic that shall proclaim truth for all time; and he drank the fatal hemlock as a welcome potion that should bear him on its tide to sweeter communion with worthier spirits.

No man except Christ has done more for the education of the human race than he. He was Bacon's master in the inductive method. He lured philosophy from the clouds and placed her among men. He demonstrated by a long life that morality and religion are twin sisters that can never be separated; and like every martyr he set the seal on his fate by his death.

CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

TESTS OF THE SOUL'S IDENTITY BEYOND THE GRAVE.

By MRS. F. O. HYZER.

I will now fulfill my promise to write for THE JOURNAL a statement of some which are usually called "tests" of the soul's identity beyond the grave.

Being so constitutionally conscious of my own self existence and of the impossibility apparent to me of subtracting anything from or adding anything to the infinite system of which my identity is an intelligent factor, I have never been a special "test" seeker in that direction, yet I am always more than willing to help others differently constituted to gather the proof they require to convince them of their own self existence and its self-perpetuating necessities and certainties. I will give a few experiences in as few words as I can present them.

While residing in Baltimore my husband had a very dear friend with whom he had been in the habit of playing chess every evening nearly for several years. By experts at the game they were considered very skillful and evenly-matched players. I often sat beside them with my writing and reading to recall them to their normal state whenever their extreme concentration of mind upon the game caused them involuntarily to hypnotise themselves into materializing too forcibly their ideals of castle taking and knight capturing; yet I never interested myself in the game, nor even became in the slightest degree acquainted with either the principles or details of its movements.

In 1880 our friend passed from the outer form, yet he still continued to visit us quite as constantly as before he ascended to a higher plane of consciousness, as was most clearly proved, not only through the seership of my daughter, my sister and myself, but through the agency of the table which served in giving us intelligent messages from him whenever we chose to seek communion with him in that manner. On the occasion to which I shall now especially refer, as we were conversing with him at the table, my husband asked him if it would not be a pleasure to him to play another game of chess with his old friend, and whether he could do so. He gave us to under-

stand that it would, and that he could do so if I would follow his directions by the signals he could give me through the table, Mr. Hyzer arranging the pieces on the board and proceeding with his side of the game in the usual manner. I consented most willingly, and after more than an hour of the closest application of skill on my husband's part and the most faithful obedience that ignorance could yield to persistent and unquestioned authority on my own, the game, which Mr. Hyzer admitted was one of the closest tests of his skill that he had ever played, was won by our friend, to his apparent great delight, as the unusual dancing and tipping of the table bore evidence.

Who played the game with Mr. Hyzer? I surely was as ignorant of the nature of every movement made on the board as the board itself. Intelligence directed the movements on both sides. Mr. Hyzer surely did not play with such all-absorbing intensity of mental concentration against himself, and if "magnetic force" or "electric currents" can of themselves prove such skillful chess players, I am sure our immortality of individual mind and its future possibilities of usefulness and beauty are raised upward on these evidences of the grandeur and magnificence of the universe, to which we must be most undeniable factors, to an incomparable height of imagination. At this point, with my poetical wings freed by such a concession, I am quite sure I should soon more than ever deserve the charge of being not only a "transcendental," but a "mathematical" Spiritualist. I leave the simple and true statement of the facts of this experience with those whom it may concern to consider it. The only object I have in stating them is a desire to aid those who still require such proof of individual identity beyond the grave.

In the spring of 1876 a very dear friend of mine, residing with his wife and two beautiful little children in Philadelphia, left his home very suddenly, as was supposed by his friends under the influence of a very intense mental excitement resulting from the loss of his entire property, a loss which his excessive mental efforts for months had failed to prevent, and which, as it seemed, had produced in his brain a state of temporary aberration or insanity. I received a telegram from his friends informing me of his departure from home and the inquiry if he had visited my home in Baltimore, as his friends thought his warm friendship and that of his wife for myself might have led him to seek me. I replied that I had not seen him. On the same night, as I was lying in my bed, feeling quite too much interested in the fate of my friend to be at all inclined to sleep, my psychic vision was suddenly quickened, and the missing friend, accompanied by two other spirits, stood before me. He seemed to be very eager to reach me, and to have me know that he had arisen from the outer form, while his companions seemed as anxious to induce him to go with them in another direction. His clothing appeared quite disarranged, his hair disheveled and apparently dripping with water, and altogether his appearance impressed me that he had left the body in a very unhappy state of mind and under very unfavorable conditions in relation to his transition.

He and his friends very soon disappeared, leaving me in a state of physical chilliness and excitability quite unpleasant to bear. Immediately my guardian father stood before me, and thus addressed me: "I have just learned that a dear friend of your's was born to the higher plane of life last evening. As soon as he fully recovered consciousness he wished to communicate the fact of his new birth to his sorrowing wife and friends. His first thought in so desiring was to appeal to you to send or bear her the message, as he could not directly impress her. It is quite true that his mind did become unbalanced ere he left his home, and he had wandered he can not now remember where or how long after he left his home, till he found himself in the water of a lake or river, not so far from shore but that he could easily reach it, when once more his bewilderment of mind set in upon him, and he recalls nothing further until he found himself released from his weary earth form and surrounded by his loving, care-taking friends in the higher life. His influence upon your atmosphere was too oppressive, owing to his overwrought emotional state, and I requested his guardian friends to assist in aiding his withdrawal from your presence, promising them and him to instruct you of his condition and of his wishes to have you communicate with his wife." I promised my father that I would do so, but on the following morning when I sat down to write to his wife, my heart became so sorrowful for her that I could not persuade myself to give her the details of the scene that had been presented to me regarding her husband's transition, and I yielded so far to the influence of sorrowful sympathy as to only say to her that I was deeply impressed with the conviction that her husband was in the higher atmosphere, and would no more be her companion save as an arisen, liberated spirit. I soon received a letter from her telling me what efforts she had made and was still making to find her husband through consultations with the best mediums of whom she could learn, and through advertisements in many

daily papers in different cities. I might say many things in relation to all the details of our correspondence and her sorrowful search for her husband, but I will only pass directly to the test of spirit communion involved in the narrative under consideration. In three weeks from the time when my friend informed me of his transition, his wife learned by information received from the mayor of New York city that a person answering in every particular to her advertisement of her lost husband had registered on the books of one of the city hotels on such an evening—I have forgotten the day of the month, just three days I think from the time he left his home—and that his lifeless body was found in his room on the following morning; that he seemed to have fallen carelessly across his bed, still wearing his overcoat and other street clothing, proving that he passed from the body soon after reaching his chamber. The clerk of the office remembered that he presented a somewhat singular appearance, as his dress was quite disorderly and his hair seemed wet and almost dripping, though the weather was dry, and that his manner was wholly free from any appearance of an abnormal character. His friends immediately went to New York, identified his clothing, watch and pocketbook, which were still in charge of the superintendent of the morgue where his form had been kept for several days for identification ere it was interred in the cemetery of strangers. His body was removed by his friends to Laurel Hill, Philadelphia. As it proved, upon comparison of details, our friend gave me the call on the evening following his departure from the earth form, and my father's statement to me was wholly correct regarding the time of his birth. I have since learned from his spirit friends that on the evening of his departure from the body, ere he sought the hotel, he fell into the river near the New York and Jersey City ferry and was rendered temporarily sane again by the shock of coming in contact with the cold water, and in that condition of physical chill and mental excitement he had reached the hotel, registered his name, taken a room and had passed from the body very soon after having entered it. I leave the plain statement of the facts to those who may be interested to reflect upon it.

I believe many things, speculate concerning many more; but a few things, by virtue of sense and reason, I know. Being faithful in my devotion to these few things, I am made ruler, to whatever extent I from day to day require, of the truth and the facts of the universe. I have volumes of these facts of interspherical communion, and the identity of individualized intelligence beyond the grave, but I seldom relate any of them, and with the exception of a few positive evidences of my mediative relations to the dual universe I have never given any report of them to the public. While I do not undervalue special facts relating to our life beyond the grave, I may from my method of reasoning perhaps attach less importance to them than many far more vigorous and learned reasoners do. My experiences and observations have taught me that these special "tests" as they are popularly called retain but a brief influence over the brain unless they are based upon universal principles of nature as demonstrated by science and wrought into harmony by a philosophy that unites them with universal phenomena by induction, and with subjective truth by deduction. Without the latter to sustain, the former soon fade from the mind; with this sustaining power, the entire individual existence becomes a grand, ceaseless science with omnipresent mind, without which mental omnipresence, life would be purposeless and law nonofficial, and being would cease to be.

Perhaps my views on this subject will be best understood by "the common people" as they are called who hear simple truth spoken in the simplest manner "gladly." A friend of mine who listened to nearly all the lectures I gave in our Baltimore society for several years said to me but a short time before she left her outer form, "How glad I am my dear sister and friend that I have never been so learned as ever to misunderstand you!" I am very often reminded of her self congratulation by the remark from many of my listeners that I send my thought over their heads, when entirely the reverse is the truth in the case, they having so long been taught to stand gazing up into measureless ether for the kingdom of heaven, have become unable to see and feel the practical application of the divine truths of their daily experience which would teach them the sublime certainty that the kingdom of heaven is within them.

Notwithstanding all these misappreciations of the nature of my inspirations, I move on with ever-increasing pleasure and gratitude in my legitimate life work, not of "calling sinners to repentance," but an aspiring, needing humanity unto the true resurrection or unfolding of latent possibilities to the sweet heavenly enjoyment of divine certainties. In this labor the fullest and most unquestionable demonstrations of science accompany me and sustain me, giving constant and indisputable proof of my fairest ideals, and rendering into prosaic formulation my most transcendently poetical reports of discoveries that I am daily making through my own methods of psychic research.

At times I almost tire of the din and ring and echo of the scale practice of humanity in the art of hunting up and cultivating individual soul in the form of selfhood, but I soon remember that without all this toil and persistence in individual practice the grand oratorios of a Mozart could never have been artistically rendered and perpetuated by the generations; as without the primer lessons in astronomy the mind skeptical to the claims of ancient prophecy or psychic seership made conscious that the evening as well as the morning stars could and must have sung to the glory of a planet's dawn, since now they have the scientific assurance that light must and does sing.

RAVENNA, OHIO.

SOME PRACTICAL CERTAINTIES FOR THE COMING YEAR.*

By REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."—ROMANS xiv. 5.

If life is not to be frittered away and wasted; if it is not to be expended merely in the provision of food and clothing and shelter for the body; if it is to be raised above mere interest in the social or political affairs of our fellow men; if it is to be something grand, to have a purpose in it,—then there must be at least some things of which each man is fully persuaded in his own mind. That is, at the beginning of each year, at the beginning of each day, all the way through, there must be some clearly thought out, conscious purpose, plan, some theory settled enough for practical use, so that we may have something far off to aim at, something we believe in, that we believe is worth while, and that we believe we can attain.

And yet the great disease, as it seems to me, of the modern world is uncertainty, a disease that perhaps we shall see need not discourage us,—not a fatal disease nor incident even to the most hopeless phases of modern life. Yet it is an uncertainty so real in many lives as practically to paralyze effort. I find men and women on every hand whose lives are not satisfactory to themselves, who are not achieving anything that seems to them worth while, who question whether the world is better because they are in it, who are not quite sure that they are helping on any single cause, all on account of this paralyzing doubt and questioning.

Let me indicate in two or three directions what I mean. Take the matter of religion. People are criticizing the Bible, saying that nobody knows who wrote Genesis, nobody knows by whom this or that prophecy was composed, nobody knows concerning the authorship of John, whether John wrote it or somebody else, whether it contains the story of an eye witness of the life and teachings of Jesus, or whether it is merely tradition, philosophizing, speculating. Since there has come this great doubt into the world concerning what once was regarded as forever settled, there has come also an equally paralyzing doubt concerning the authority of the church, so that we can no longer believe that the decree of pope and council is the utterance of the word of God. Men have begun to question whether religion itself, which they had always associated with these beliefs, is not about to pass away, whether there is to be anything permanent in these traditions, these sentiments, these feelings, that seemed at one time to link them vitally with God, to lift their lives out of the commonplace, to put something of poetry, something of meaning, something of sublimity, into that which seems stale and flat without them. Doubt has gone so deep in regard to some of these questions that it has touched the very being of God himself. People wonder whether there is any God; if there be, where? if he be not on a throne, as we used to understand, if he be not in some special sphere, at some central part of the universe that we can call heaven, then where? If he be diffused through all space, then is not all personality gone? Can he any longer mean anything practically to us? Is he our Father? Does he care anything about me? Does he know when my heartaches? Does he know when I have lost a child or a friend? Is this a part of any plan? Are the sorrows and the tears of life merely thrown away, or do they find echoes somewhere in the thought and the heart and the purpose and the love of one strong enough to guide and save? I say people are all afloat in regard to these deepest questions of life.

Then, when we turn to more human things, they are equally uncertain in regard to questions of duty, as to what they ought to think, what they ought to believe, what they ought to attempt in their social relations.

Take as one illustration the fact that the great political parties of the country stand face to face in battle over the great principles involving the relations of this nation to all the other peoples of the world. Shall we enter into free commercial relations with other people, or shall we try to build a fence around our

*Phonographically reported.

own country, isolating ourselves practically from the rest of the world, and live on our own resources and within our own borders? This is a great question. No wonder the ordinary thinker, the ordinary newspaper reader, is bewildered concerning it,—wise men on this side, wise men on that, men who have given years to the study of it,—more time than the ordinary reader expects to give, unless he drops his business and devotes himself entirely to it. Which way, then, shall we go in the midst of such paralyzing uncertainties? Or take it concerning the question of labor,—labor and capital at swords' points in Europe, in America, all over the world. We want to help,—help lead, help lift, help make the world a better place for everybody. But how? What shall we do? Is there anything known? Here is one man who has given years of study to the subject, and he tells us that the application of the single tax as stated by Mr. Henry George is the one, certain, only way out of the difficulty. Here is another man who urges us to join some nationalist organization, adopting the theories of the famous book of Mr. Bellamy. Here is another man who tells us that both of these are vain and foolish imaginings, and that the one next step onward and upward for the struggling laborers of the world is to establish by law eight hours as a working day. So in every direction men question. Whom shall we join? In whom shall we believe? What man shall we choose as leader? Can we accomplish anything?

Take it, again, in regard to the matter of poverty. The poor, as the New Testament says, are always with us. Would that they might not be! We would, if it were possible, abolish poverty. We do not believe the old saying, "Blessed are the poor." We believe that a man is better if he can conquer and control his circumstances, if he can work out his freedom, so that he can have time for study, for educating his brain, for living, and not be merely tied down to the drudgery of supplying the immediate physical wants of himself and of those dependent upon him. How shall we go to work to make things better? We have tried, perhaps over and over again,—I have,—to help some individual cases, and have found ourselves deceived. We have searched out some needy person, and have tried, leaving aside the great world problem, to help just that one man; and we have been cheated. He has played upon our sympathies and betrayed them. Or we have been trying to help some worthy woman, and have found that she stood in such relations with a drunken husband, whom she would not desert, that our help for her has simply resulted in feeding and supplying his personal vices. We become discouraged, our sympathies are driven back upon themselves; and we question whether it is of any use to try.

Then what? I see men who have no particular notions in regard to any of these matters, who do not care for them, who have given the problems up, who are simply engaged in their own personal affairs. They enjoy their business, they enjoy making money, they enjoy the power that the possession of money gives them. "Here at any rate," they say, "is something real, something tangible. We do not know anything in regard to these other matters which people are discussing. Here, at any rate, is something we can do." And they give themselves up to that.

We find another effect produced on another type of man. Some man who is sensitive, who is touched by the sorrow of the world, who hears the sad music of this human sorrow, becomes despairing. He does not fall into selfishness. He could not be content in that; and yet he is discouraged and troubled, not knowing which way to turn.

Then there is another class of minds,—the people who give up the problems of life and simply turn to personal enjoyments. They say: "These things, at least, we can attain. We do not know whether we can help the world. We do not know whether there is any plan about the world. We look down the past, and see nations and civilizations rising and sinking like waves in a far-off sea. We do not know what the end is to be, but present enjoyment at least we can indulge in." And so they give their lives to that.

This great disease, then, of uncertainty is the thing that you and I, as we look out over this coming year, need to be cured of, it may be, so that we may fix our eyes on some definite goal, may feel our hearts fired by some grand purpose, may join hands with each other for the attainment of some noble end.

That we may not be troubled overmuch by this fact of uncertainty that I have noted, I want to ask you for a moment to consider the cause of it, that we may see there is not so much occasion for discouragement as at first might appear. Only a few years ago there was no occasion for this uncertainty. People knew, or said they did, and thought they did, all about the origin, the development, and the destiny of this world. They had clearly thought out in their minds, had taught to them as children, preached to them from the pulpit week after week, year after year, a certain definite scheme of things which they did not doubt. The great majority of men had no question as to the general truth of the scheme of things that was presented

to them. They knew, for example, that there were three persons in the Godhead, and that these three lived in a past eternity, finding complete and perfect satisfaction in this sort of association with each other for uncounted ages before the world was. They knew that at a definite point of time, only a few thousands of years ago, on account of a revolt in heaven, a certain number of fallen angels had been cast down into the new-created pit, and that God had determined to create the world and repopulate his desolate celestial sphere. They knew that the first man and woman fell; and were cast out of the garden in which they had been placed; that they lost their innocence, and fell under the wrath of God. They knew that God appeared and spoke to the patriarchs, and that after a time he selected one family to be the seed of a great nation, which was to be his own particular people. They knew that he was to train this people and lead them on up the ages until the fulness of time; and then he himself was to come to the earth, born of a virgin, taking the shape of man and bearing the sorrows and living the life of man, preaching to them, then by his suffering and death redeeming the world. They knew that since that day the church had been carrying this gospel, this good news of salvation, over the world, and that by and by, when the elect had been gathered from the four corners of the world, then the end was to be. This scene of things was to close, and the eternal condition of the saved and of the lost was to begin and go on unchanged forever. People thought they knew this. The universe was a very little affair. There had been made to them a revelation that threw light upon the whole of it from the beginning to its end. So certainly did they know it that even the little children comprehended it, and it never occurred to them to raise a question. Perhaps you remember the story of the minister's little girl of seven, who, when some one rang the bell, went to the door, and on the person's inquiring for her father said, "He is out; but, if you wish to talk about your soul, walk right in, for I am familiar with the whole plan of salvation." Everybody was familiar with the whole plan of salvation. The universe was small, definitely outlined, and comprehensible to all. There were no vexing problems in regard to the rich and the poor. The poor were taught that they were born into this station of life, and they ought to be contented. The rich, indeed, were to relieve special cases of poverty or great need by their charities; but they were taught—the teaching rings throughout the New Testament—that whether any were rich or poor, learned or ignorant, slave or free, married or single, diseased or well, none of these things mattered,—that that was the meaning of life: We were here only for a few years of probation; and our eternal destiny was to be fixed by the way we filled, not some other place, but the place in which we found ourselves here. If a man was ever so poor, he could at least be true and faithful and obedient to the church; and his eternal destiny was safe. He might be ever so rich, but he must be equally faithful to the church, humble, and obedient; but his future destiny would be no better than that of the beggar who knelt in the church by his side. None of these problems could exist in that kind of a universe. There was none of this paralyzing uncertainty. No matter what question might arise, an authoritative answer direct from God could be given. Man's whole duty was obedience.

What is the cause of the change from that condition of fixity, certainty, that settled state of affairs? Is it because the world is less wise? Is it because the world is less good? Has this great change come upon the world as a calamity, as something to make us fear and doubt and tremble? What is the cause of it? Every now and then I come across a certain class of minds who seem to be fully persuaded that the doubts concerning the New Testament are the work of critics who are enemies of God; that if only they would keep still, if only they would not write their questions and arguments, all would be well. I find people who seem to think that Mr. Darwin, for example, is guilty of impugning and opposing the truth of God, because he teaches a doctrine of the origin, destiny, and end of man different from that which once was held as an authoritative revelation from the Father.

But what is it that these men have done? What have the critics done? They have not changed any truth. They have not impugned any truth. They have not unsettled any truth. They have simply found out truth, and told it to a waiting world. What has Mr. Darwin done? He has not changed the nature of man. He has not changed any fact concerning man's origin, the method of his development or his destiny. In so far as he has demonstrated what he teaches, he has simply told us the truth; and, when a man loses an error and finds the truth, he loses an evil and finds a good, he gains something more of the divine. As a matter of fact, then, we do not know so much as we used to merely because we know so much more. It is a new revelation of God, a flood of light out of his heaven, that has come to the modern world; and it has shown us a world so much larger, so much older, so much grander, than we supposed it to be

with our little schemes and theories and figments that what we supposed to be truths are swept away on the bosom of this flood of new light and truth pouring from the very heart of God. It is not a calamity, then, that has come to man; it is a great advance that has come to him.

The universe we have discovered to be not six thousand years old, but so many millions that we dare not even attempt to express the term in definite figures. We have found out that this little world of ours is hundreds and hundreds of thousands of years old. We have found out that our humanity reaches back into a time of mystery that we can not fathom. We have found out that man instead of having fallen has been rising from the beginning. We have learned how bibles grow, that they grow as naturally as grasses, flowers, and trees. We have found out in regard to the origin of religions how they took shape and came to have their great power over men. We have traced the origin of civilization. We have found out how political systems have sprung up and changed and died. We have found out how social orders began. We have found out what are the conditions of human prosperity and welfare; what are the laws that must be obeyed if we are to escape decay and death. We have discovered so much new truth that all the old headlands have disappeared, and we seem to be at sea.

The one great purpose that I have in mind is, in the midst of this uncertainty, to call your minds back to some things that are not at all uncertain, and to assure you, if you need any assurance, that there is not one single truth that is vital to human life or human welfare that is not clearly enough discernible for all the practical purposes of modern life.

When Copernicus discovered the true nature of the universe, and the little system of Ptolemy fled away, not a single star was put out, not a single ray was dimmed. Rather did we find an infinite number of grander, brighter stars in the place of those that they supposed were understood before. So to-day there need not be in the minds of any serious, earnest man or woman the slightest question as to making this year grand, noble, purposeful, outreaching towards what is worthy of the attainment of any human soul.

Let me, then, put my finger on a few things that are practical certainties. We need a place to stand that seems solid under our feet. We need to see at least one step ahead of us, so that we can take that. We need to be persuaded that it is worth while to take it. We need to be persuaded that there is something to be done that pays for the trouble. Can we be certain of so much? What, then, are we certain of?

In the first place, we are certain that we are in the midst of and are parts of a great universe that is growing in accordance with law, that had a beginning, that is reaching towards an end, so that it seems to us and must seem to any rational thinker the fulfillment of a purpose. The universe is growing to something better, something higher, something finer year by year, century by century. It is the manifestation of a power that is resistless, that is working in accordance with law that is perfect and invariable. So much we are certain of.

Are we certain as to the nature of this universe? We are certain that it is not essentially a material universe. We are certain that it is not a mere play of mechanical forces. We are certain that the deepest secret of this universe is life, spirit, what we have a right to call God, and, by virtue of the spirit which we feel to be the deepest thing in our own selves, akin to this infinite spirit and life,—its children. So much we are certain of.

In the third place, we are certain that we can either work against this growth or that we can work for it. We can cooperate with this great infinite, divine life, make ourselves a part of the infinite plan that sweeps through the ages out of the darkness that is before. We all know that the only thing that is needed to redeem our little petty, personal lives from littleness, from inefficiency, is to feel that we are part of some grander movement, that we can link ourselves with and cooperate with some great sweep of the force that is lifting and leading the worlds. This we may do. We can help on the progress of the race. We can become part of this great movement, so that we can share at least in its great triumph.

To bring it down to more practical detail, we can help some other life. We can be the means of lifting, leading, guiding, teaching, helping, the growth of some other soul. We can do something to make some other life brighter, cheerier, sweeter, better. Look over the universe, and you find that by discovering the secret law of the life of any particular thing we can modify that life, we can improve that thing. We can take a family of birds, for instance, and develop a finer type of birds. We can develop a finer type of horse or dog. We can cultivate our trees into something finer and better. We can develop a finer kind of rose. So in any department of life, by learning the secret law that controls it, we can become in that sphere a creator, lifting things, making them better, simply by understanding and obeying. So when we

come to dealing with human nature, with individual lives or with some particular cause that may pass under the name of reform, social, political, or industrial, we can, if we choose to make ourselves close, calm, earnest students, understand enough of the divine law at work in this individual or this reform, so that we can help it on and make it better.

Another certainty has been demonstrated millions of times,—all life is a renewed demonstration of it,—that happiness, the development of our own souls, is to be found in precisely this labor, in cooperating with the universal advance, in seeking to help the life, the growth, the culture, of some other soul. Because, as you will see, this kind of labor calls into play the finest thinking, the noblest feelings, the grandest impulses and motives of the heart. And, calling these into play, what does it mean but self culture, self development, the training of ourselves into the likeness of that which is divinest? And we know that, as obedience to the law of each department of life is the condition of the happiness that may be found in that department, so obedience to the laws of the highest is the only pathway towards the attainment of the highest, the finest happiness of which it is possible to conceive.

I have stated these things that are certain in somewhat scientific terms, because I wish to assume nothing, simply to plant my feet on that which is demonstrated beyond all question; but now let me call your attention to what these things mean in the more ordinary conversation of life.

These practical certainties involve trust in God, who is the power and life of things. It involves religion, the essence of which is the seeking the right relation between ourselves and God and between ourselves and others, and the fulfilling of those relations. It involves all that was grand and sweet in the thought of the old bible revelation. It is the eternal unfolding of all divine truth apprehensible by human reason. It involves the church; for what is the church but the voluntary association of men and women for the purpose of helping each other to find the laws of life and obey them? It is helping each other to be the noblest and best conceivable. It involves the eternal law of duty, of life, for that means again simply the discovery of the laws of God as embodied in all the forces and facts of the universe and of human life, and obedience to those laws; for these laws of life are the laws of right, and they are eternal and hold within themselves the eternal promises of God.

These certainties involve a human hope so grand that it is impossible for the imagination to measure it in its sweep or its outcome. Certainties! Why, friends, let speculators, let critics, let the scientific men, let the students of the world go on! They are doing God's work. They are doing your work and my work. They are helping to discover the truth. But while the critics are settling as to whether a man by the name of John wrote the Gospel of John, and whether it was written within the lifetime of some one who knew Jesus or a hundred years later, what difference does it make? I am interested in it as a critical question, but I do not know a single question of human duty or destiny that depends upon its settlement. Let people discuss the nature of Jesus, the question as to whether he wrought the miracles or did not, whether his relation to the Father was of this kind or another. I am interested again in that as a critical question; but it does not touch the question of my relation to you, of my duty to give all the help that I can, to do all within my ability to sweeten, to brighten your life. So let all the other great themes to which I have referred be discussed until in some bright and better day they are settled; but meantime there is God's eternal truth for us to stand on, there is God's grand work of human help and development for us to engage in; there is the culture of our own souls to be attained,—not selfishly, but by this work for others,—there is the dawn of a better day over yonder to be rationally hoped for,—enough to comfort, enough to inspire us to bear, to suffer, to conquer and to attain.

THE UNELECTED INFANT.

An "unelected infant" sighed out its little breath,
And wandered through the darkness along the shores of death,
Until the gates of heaven, agleam with pearl, it spied,
And ran to them and clung there, and would not be denied:
Though still from earth came mutterings, "You cannot enter in;
Depart into Gehenna, you child of wrath and sin."
At last the gates were opened: a man with features mild
Stooped down and raised the weeping and unelected child.
Immortal light thrilled softly down avenues of bliss,
As on the infant's forehead the spirit placed a kiss.
"Who are you, thus to hallow my unelected brow?"
"Dear child, my name was Calvin, but I see things better now."

—ALBERT EDWARD LANCASTER.



SWEET MEMORIES.

When winter hurls her bitter sleet
Across the unprotected moor
The traveler, with hasty feet,
Speeds on toward his cabin door:
But though the sharp-fanged, nipping air
May crust his beard with icy rime,
It can not from his memory tear
The sweet delights of summer time.

So every memory borne of joy
Will live as long as life shall last;
No changes can the charm destroy—
'Tis proof 'gainst every arrow cast,
A backward view recalls the hours
That once our youthful pulses thrilled,
As aromatic summer flowers
Live in the scent from them distilled.

The memory of a childhood passe
Beneath a gentle mother's sway,
With love's sweet mantle o'er it cast,
Can never wholly pass away.
Whatever adult fate we earn,
Whatever the censure or the praise,
Still will the fond heart sometimes turn
Back to those careless, happy days.

Then let us, as we journey on,
Endeavor some sad heart to cheer:
'Twill be an act to think upon
When ending our probation here—
A joy to know that after death
Has set the restless spirit free
There still lives in our mortal breath
Some fondly cherished memory.

Woman vindicated her right to practice law at the criminal session of the superior court in this city this week, says the *Springfield Republican*. Indeed, she proved that it was possible for her to do better for herself without a lawyer than with one under some circumstances. Mrs. H. W. Curtiss bought a lounge on the installment plan of J. W. Hersey some time ago, and before the amount was fully paid, she proceeded to sell the article to another person. Mr. Hersey then swore out a warrant for the woman, and when the case was tried in the police court she was defended by a lawyer and was convicted, being ordered to pay a fine of \$15. Her lawyer advised her to settle; Mrs. Curtiss, however, by this time had become indignant and determined on appealing the case. When it was called for trial in the superior court this week, Mrs. Curtiss advanced with dignified mien and took her place back of District Attorney Hibbard at the long table, prepared to vigorously contest the case with him. She cross examined the witnesses, only as a woman can, and the jury seemed to incline decidedly in her favor. The unique trial was brought to a sudden end by Judge Barker's finding a flaw in the warrant and ordering the jury to bring in a verdict of acquittal.

Those who are interested in social problems lay great stress upon the advantage of strengthening home ties and developing family affections, says the *Congregationalist*. But how can this be done if the family is never together except at meal time? In planning for the winter's engagements one evening at least out of every seven ought to be sacredly set apart for family interests. But in too many homes the father is off every evening to a committee meeting, or on business connected with the Sunday school or Christian Association; the young people are nearly frantic trying to meet the claims of the King's Daughters and Christian Endeavor Societies, and musical and literary clubs, for besides the regular meetings there are always rehearsals or something of the sort that "must" be attended to; and so it happens that the wife and mother is often left to keep lonely vigil, and to wonder when parental influence, about which so much is said nowadays, is to be exercised. No criticism is intended upon these various forms of work. Each, in itself, is most commendable; but even the church itself should not be allowed to usurp the home, and our plans for the winter should leave some room for domestic pleasure and duties.

Illustrated American: A movement is on foot to erect a simple memorial of some sort in honor of Miss Sewell, the author of "Black Beauty," in order that her work in behalf of the horse may not be speedily forgotten. "Black Beauty" is the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the equine genus, and teaches a lesson of kindness and humanity with wonderful skill. Its author did not

enjoy the fame the book won for her, as she died soon after it appeared. Its success has been rapid and surprising. Within two months after publication nearly 60,000 copies were disposed of in England, and its circulation in the United States has been even greater. Its boom began in Boston, where the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals used it as a missionary tract, distributing free copies among cabmen, truckdrivers, and others, in the hope that the story would secure better treatment for the dumb animals. The Boston example has been followed in many other cities, and the book is now published at a nominal cost for free distribution. It has been adopted as a supplementary book of reading in the Boston grammar schools. A curious point in reference to it is that there seems to be no person living who has a moral right to the profits that might be derived from its sale. Miss Sewell's death was followed shortly by that of her mother, who left no heirs.

A late number of *La Nouvelle Revue*, the celebrated Mme. Adam's magazine, contains an interesting article on woman suffrage in France, written by W. Wickersheimer. The writer argues that there is no real universal suffrage so long as the suffrage is confined to the adult manhood of the country. Yet he maintains that before endowing women with political rights their sphere of activity in civil rights should be extended. To the objection that the women of France are influenced by their priests, and so that their suffrage will expose the republic to the danger of introducing a clerical regime, the writer urges that the hostility between the priests and the government in France is the result of wanton provocation on both sides, and that an element of reconciliation in politics between the two would be most beneficial; by modifying the decisions of the state in religious matters toleration would become reciprocal. The concluding words of the article sum up its drift: "Therefore, I believe that an electorate of woman, far from doing injury to the republic, will, on the contrary, consolidate it, always on the condition that transitions shall be allowed to come slowly and in their time."

A new professional school for girls has been opened in England at Ben Rhydding, near Leeds. The school will endeavor to prepare girls for those branches of work which are not as yet overcrowded by women, such as accountancy, designing, piano forte tuning, cooking, etc. Pupils will be taken from the age of twelve to go through a combined course of intellectual, physical and industrial education, so that at the end of this course they may not only be educated women in the usual meaning of the term, but may be able to earn a livelihood. Between twelve and fifteen, physical training is all important, and the locality has been chosen especially with this in view.

Miss Elinor Buckingham, of the senior class at the Harvard annex, has lately been appointed an instructor in the Royal normal college for the blind, and expects to leave for London immediately to take up her work there. Sir Lyon Playfair is a member of the executive committee of the institution, and Dr. Hans von Bulow is honorary director of the department of music. The college is at Upper Norwood, S. E., London. Miss Buckingham intends to return to Cambridge and complete her studies in time.

St. Gregory the Great describes the virtue of a priest who through motives of piety had discarded his wife. . . . Their wives, in immense numbers, were driven forth with hatred and scorn. . . . Pope Urban II. gave license to the nobles to reduce to slavery the wives of priests who refused to abandon them.—*Lecky*.

Miss May Crommelin, the Irish novelist, lives in a little house in Hollywood, County Down, the breakfast room of which her elder sister uses for a charity needlework school. It is from her acquaintance with and interest in Miss Crommelin's poor little pupils that the writer gets her characters.

Miss Helen Gould owns the finest collection of orchids on the Hudson. More than that she knows the name of every weird and fantastic blossom, and when at home delights her father by escorting him through the long walks of the Tarrytown conservatory.

Miss Flora Wax, daughter of a Boston florist, has obtained the first prize and medal at the Vienna conservatory and has gone upon the operatic stage.

A New York paper says: At Wana-maker's men and women do the same kind of work at the same counters, and the women do it as well as the men, if not better; yet they are paid from \$4 to \$8 per week, while the men are paid \$20.

Miss May Rogers rests her fortune on a key to Sir Walter Scott's works—a Waverly dictionary containing 1,300 characters with illustrative quotations.

A FUNERAL ADDRESS PURPORTING TO BE FROM THE RISEN SPIRIT.

Mrs. L. B. Webb, Spartansburg, Pa., in a letter dated October 6th, writes: I enclose a message from L. B. Webb, deceased, who passed into spirit-life September 9, 1890. The message was written through the mediumship of Mrs. Hattie Seely, of Spartansburg, Pa., two days after Mr. Webb's transition, to be read at the funeral by Lyman C. Howe who officiated. Mr. Howe is acquainted with the medium, and speaks of her in these words: "I am acquainted with the medium, and consider her reliable." The message is as follows:

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I am not dead, but living; not lost, but found; have only made an exchange of home and world. When one has passed through a dark valley and again finds himself in the bright sunshine, his heart feels a thrill of thankfulness that the darkness has passed and the light of day again greets us with its cheer and its bright promise; for night, with its shadows, brings its sombre thoughts, its gloom, while day, with its brightness, gives hope and courage to the soul. I have come earthward, after my days and nights of sorrow, pain and death, to give my relatives and friends, my brothers and sisters, Spiritualists in part, my experience as I was transported from the mortal to the spiritual. I say transported, for the word best conveys the idea of the change which came to me. Brothers and sisters of the Spiritual order of light and truth, you will comprehend great blessings which will come to you through companionship with the glorified ones you love. My dear friends, I speak as I know. My experience in earth life gave me a knowledge of the truth of my loved ones coming to my presence, and very near me; friends and strangers the same. I wish you all to be earnest seekers for light and truth. Could you each but for a moment be transported to the halls of light, you would see the order in its glory; and then understand that earth can but reflect its glorious light. I was within the shadowy vale. I caught a reflection of the glorious light which came earthward. I saw the open door of the temple, and entered within. Now I know it was the voice of love that spoke within my soul. "Child, come up higher, this way home." Little knew I,—little understood that that doorway was indeed the doorway to immortal life and eternal peace. I had been with others diligently seeking truth; had studied to know its truth, when the teachings of the order were brought to my notice. As I read, a light came to my inner being, a light as from the higher heavens, and I said to myself, "here is truth the world needs; here is something which must elevate man, if he will but understand and accept these teachings." The fatherhood and motherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and the final happiness of all, were to my mind the foundation of all which could possibly prove to be of any value to mankind, as a religion to be depended upon. Many with whom I conversed will remember these were the sentiments of my heart, often expressed in our talks. I accepted within my heart the principles of Spiritualism and its teachings as the very bread of life; and as I neared the stream which divides the two worlds a light from the great beyond shone across the waters. I was met by kind, welcoming faces. Hands whose touch seemed to give strength clasped mine, and though weak and feeble through the weakness of the physical, still, as I was led away, strength came each moment. Halting once, I glanced back at the lifeless clay, so cold, so still. One look at those gathered near, and again, once again my face looked before me. Those who bore me along spoke no word. I could not speak, for weariness oppressed me; and in silence we pursued our way. We came to a lovely spot where the breath of spices seemed to give new life, and I spoke first, saying: "Can I rest here?" The unspoken answer was "yes." I started, for though my lips had spoken, those of my guides had remained closed, while I had heard distinctly their answer.

I looked into smiling faces, and knew the hearts that were near me were most true. Soon, as if it had come in obedience to a given command, a couch on which one might rest and regain life, even when it seemed to have fled, was placed underneath the bending boughs of the overhanging trees; and smilingly bidding me rest as long as I would, my guides left me for a time. I lay down upon the moss-like couch. The aromatic breath of the grove of spices blew soft o'er me as I lay, and, closing my eyes, I gave myself to the sweet influence of rest and repose which quietly stole over me. Thought even seemed to slumber. I could not wonder at these surroundings, but, like a tired child, I fell into a peaceful, restful sleep. How long I slept, I know not, but at length I seemed to hear strains of sweetest music. I heard, but whether sleeping or waking knew not. Like one whose senses are steeped in restful peace, I listened with all my soul. Nearer and nearer came the melody. If sung by lips and voice, or wafted upon the breeze, I knew not. I was only conscious of deep peace borne to my soul upon the music-laden, spice-perfumed atmosphere. Soon my senses seemed to waken into a realm of new life; my eyes opened. "Where am I?" was my first thought, when gently o'er me stole the memories of the past. The days of pain, the last hours of earth existence, the one look at that still form once mine, the exalted beings who were my guides,—who had spoken to me and yet their voice I had not heard—all these things passed before me like a panoramic vision. Then the restful couch, the longing for sleep, the fragrance of the grove, and the music by unseen singers—for it seemed the music was that of voices—I lay and wondered. I had known there was no death. This had been proved to me in many ways, but this, *this* was a joyful realization of my wildest dreams and most happy expectations. With one word within my heart, a loud hallelujah I uttered, and sat up on my couch. Thinking myself alone for the moment, I spoke the word which nestled within my heart, "happiness," and started as it was echoed from the lips of one who stood near. Looking up, I beheld the face of one whom I had known. She held out her hand, saying, "I have come to welcome you home. 'Happiness' you said, happiness my heart echoes. May happiness unclouded fill your soul in the new life awaiting you. Art thou rested?" I assented, "rested." "Then we will guide you home." And even as she spoke I saw I was surrounded by a host who rose and greeted me with words of welcome, words of cheer. I give the words back to my own—those who cheered me in my earth journey. Not more can I say now; only would I that all may find as happy release, as joyful welcome as did I,—the earth pilgrim who has just ended the earth journey and entered into rest. May the light and baptism of peace which reached me fall into each weary pilgrim's heart. Oh, brothers and sisters, hear and heed the voices of those who have risen, and be true to these blessed teachings, given through the most glorious school ever opened to benighted humanity.

From your risen brother,
LEWIS B. WEBB.

A NEW THEORY RELATING TO MULTIPLE PERSONALITY.

A gentleman of Chicago sends THE JOURNAL for publication, with the writer's permission, the following letter, which, if not a satisfactory explanation of certain psychical phenomena, has the merit of being original and novel:

DEAR SIR: You will recall the conversation I had with you respecting Mr. Wood's article on "Consciousness," which appeared in the *May Century*. You will also recall the fact that Mr. Wood mentions two peculiar cases: one in which a girl lived in her normal condition till she was thirteen years of age, when, on waking from sleep, she was totally unconscious of an act or thought occurring during those thirteen years; how her education was begun anew; how at the end of five years she commenced life where she had left off five years before, and how these alternating periods continued through life. I gave you my thoughts on the question—thoughts which I now commit to writing, and to which I most respectfully invite your attention.

Aside from the fact that to many families twins, triplets, etc., are born, there is the fact that many individuals present peculiar deformities, which, by analogy, furnish an explanation of the case mentioned by Mr. Wood. There is the case of the Siamese twins, who, if not inde-

pendent in body, were at least independent in mind; there is the case of the two-headed girl having one body; there are cases of two bodies and one head, parts of bodies—indeed, could we look into the closets of medical colleges, we would see astonishing combinations. Though it is strange that one mind should co-exist with two bodies, still stranger is it that two minds should co-exist with one body, as in the case of the girl mentioned by Mr. Wood.

One mind, or, as for the sake of perspicuity, I will call it, Mary, had control of the body for a period of thirteen years, at the expiration of which time Mary withdrew from her abode without any thought, and Jane, the other mind, takes Mary's place: a mere babe, as it were, for thirteen years, knowing no one and unable to use the same brain work Mary had; unable to use the same ideas, although inhabiting the same brain; compelled to learn everything anew. But remember that instead of sending Mary to the insane asylum, the parents taught Jane, thinking it was Mary, and that when Jane, at the end of five years, surrendered control, Mary resumed it just in the same condition as she had left it. Two minds, spirits (or what is it), born to the same body. The great thought, however, is that two minds may inhabit the same brain and each be ignorant of what the other does. If they could only have known they were twins occupying the same brain, and if they could only have studied the several conditions, it is possible that they might have found a way to exist simultaneously.

Are there others existing in the same way in our hospitals? Perhaps there are triplets born to the same body.

It is said there are persons of neither sex. Is it possible that the spirit born to a body is male or female as the body is; are they male and female, sometimes becoming mingled in infancy and the female mind taking possession of a male body, as in an effeminate man, or the reverse, as in a virago?

What is it that starts out with a body to be educated with it; to cause it to suffer, and to suffer with it? I think you will find twins and triplets born to one body oftener than is supposed. Our insane asylums are full of them.

D. L. MERRILL,

UNION CITY, MICH.



A RELIABLE AND INTERESTING STATEMENT.

TO THE EDITOR: A few years ago, Mrs. S., the widow of a well known Unitarian minister, not herself a Spiritualist, was visiting at my house in New York and having heard from my wife and myself something of our experience in the investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism, expressed a desire to see something of it for herself. We therefore determined upon an immediate call upon Mrs. Jennie Lord Webb, with whom we were well acquainted and who was then living near us. On entering Mrs. Webb's well-lighted room we introduced our friend to herself and her husband, the only persons present, by name simply, and entered into a general conversation in the midst of which Mr. Webb suggested that we should sit around the table in the middle of the room as we might thereby "get something." This we accordingly did when at once vigorous raps were heard.

A long double slate was lying on the table; this I opened and proceeded to clean, after which having called our friend's attention to its condition, I closed it and having screwed it tightly together, pushed it across the table to Mrs. Webb.

She thrust two-thirds of its length under the table, the other end remaining in our sight, when at once we all heard a lively scratching upon the slate, followed in a moment or two by three raps, supposed to indicate that the writing was accomplished.

Mrs. Webb replaced the slate upon the top of the table, I unscrewed and opened it and there was a message of very considerable length addressed to Mrs. S., upon seeing which she exclaimed, "That is my husband's hand writing if I ever saw it."

The hand writing and signature were indeed those of her husband, who had been my minister and dear friend, and among other peculiarities well known to us were certain contractions and abbreviations that he had been in the habit of using when

writing his sermons and that I have never known employed by any other person.

While we were sitting there and commenting upon what had occurred their suddenly came upon the table several blows of considerable force, indicating, as Mrs. Webb said, the presence of another spirit, whereupon I inquired who it might be. Instantly Mrs. Webb caught up a pencil and wrote rapidly, "Your landlord."

Now my landlord had died a few months before and I at once proposed that if he was there he too should write on the slate. This was assented to by the usual raps, whereupon the slate was again held under the surface of the table, when the same scratching as before was heard, and in a moment the slate was withdrawn, and upon its surface was written, "Alonzo F. Cushman." in a hand writing as well known to me as almost any other, since I had been for many years in the constant habit of seeing it.

But, this was not my landlord's name as I had supposed it would be, but that of his son, who had very recently died and who had long been his father's agent in charge of the property and for the collection of its rents. His hand writing was that of the writing masters of his youth and his signature was now, as always, emphasized by a very extravagant flourish underneath it so that I could not be mistaken in my recognition of it.

These facts, here as briefly stated as possible, will be verified, I doubt not, by Mrs. S., who is still living, though I have not seen her for several years. M. B. B.

[The writer of the foregoing narrative is a prominent member of Rev. Mr. Chadwick's church in Brooklyn, and well known to us. We have no doubt that he has endeavored to make this account truthful, and his name will be supplied to any one desiring it for legitimate purposes.—Ed. JOURNAL.]

THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD DOES NOT APPLY TO SPIRITUALISM.

TO THE EDITOR: I do not desire to "rush into print" to the extent of becoming tiresome or unwelcome. But as I am held for a denial that the "scientific method" applies to Spiritualism, I must seem, at least, to meet the responses called out by former articles. About the only apparent argument thus far brought against my position is the Scripture quotation from I John iv: 1, "Try the spirits." Now what is the use intended to be made of this quotation? The full thought of John is "try the spirits whether they are of God." Is the quotation made to ascertain whether spirits are sent to represent the will of God in certain matters, or to prove a position assumed with reference to the scientific aspect of spiritual phenomena? The exhortation of John to not believe every spirit is quite in harmony with the view of Spiritualists generally, but when he makes every good spirit confess that "Jesus Christ is come in the flesh," in the orthodox sense, he parts company with the average Spiritualist. So I conclude that the duty to "try the spirits," as quoted against my position, is more a custom of speech than deference to recognized authority, and hence it missed application. The distinction between the operation of good and bad spirits does not seem to enter into the scientific inquiry, for science has thus far devoted its energy and quoted most of its authority on the side of probable non-return of spirits at all, either good or evil. Here, then, science looks the gist of my claim square in the face, namely, that it has, up to date, had no experience with spirits, and is thus unable to pass upon their resources or conduct. It is the most natural of all results that science should decide unfavorably upon a subject that it had at the very outset ruled out of court before the testimony was heard. Hence, I affirm that nothing, not even that which the most confiding credulity accepts, should be dismissed by reason of any scientific measurement it has received. All the facts that stand as the basis of Spiritualism were in their place and held aloft the immense superstructure long before science had come to its difficult birth or received its meaningless christening. The most imposing work that science ever assumed is to "record the customs or habits of nature." And what of all this? Nature had her "habits" before men counted "beads," and she has not been diverted from her "customs" by any scientific denials. Ripened apples always fell from the parent tree before Newton was born, and apples still show no signs of distress over the discovery of the law of attraction. If science did but once in all her history

enter into the secrets of nature and prove a prophet of some hitherto unknown law soon to break upon our vision, we would more gladly trust her judgment in the realms to her, as yet, out of sight. Science is so universally late in her reports of what everybody knew beforehand that she is scarcely more than an impertinent tattler of other people's secrets. If the world had waited for science to approve its conduct, where should we now stand in our march toward our present high position of freedom and self knowledge? Thanks to our unscientific promptings, by which we grasp the light from all directions, whether approved by the so-called wise or trampled under the feet of assumed authority.

S. D. BOWKER.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Oct. 11, 1890.

A STATEMENT OF FACTS.

TO THE EDITOR: I am well pleased with the new dress of THE JOURNAL, and I commend you for the work you have done for the advancement of Spiritualism, and hope you will receive your merited reward soon.

Dr. Bowker handed me a copy of THE JOURNAL dated September 13th, which contained his article entitled, "Listen to the Voice of the Heavenly Teachers." As I am the party referred to in regard to misdirecting the letter to my mother, and also one of those that "have been driven from the field," I feel it my duty to state the facts in the case. I do not wish to place myself in the position of one criticising or answering the article in question, but simply to make my statement of this circumstance that has caused so "much ado about nothing." Here are the facts: Drs. Thorne, Bowker and myself were in our office in the postoffice building, one day about two months ago. I had written several letters, one to my mother, in which I had enclosed a check as a birthday gift. I stepped down stairs and mailed the letters. On returning to the office, I found Drs. Thorne and Bowker conversing. I sat listening to them, when suddenly I became impressed with the idea that I had misdirected my mother's letter, and the more I tried to keep it out of my mind, the stronger was my impression, until at last I was forced to call on the superintendent of the mail, state my impression, and ask him, if possible, to obtain the letter for me. In about five minutes he returned with the letter that had passed the cancelling table, and, sure enough, it was direct to Kansas City, Mo., instead of Hoboken, N. J. On returning to the office, I stated the circumstance to the doctors, and jokingly remarked that if some people had had that experience that they would herald it as a great test of their mediumship, yet to my mind it might be accounted for by other ways than attributing it to the intervention of disembodied spirits. Dr. Thorne remarked that was very likely, as we knew so little of the spirit's relation to the body, it was difficult to decide often just how the spirit occupying the body operates through the mind, that as I was as much of a spirit now as I ever would be, it might have been the result of my own spirit's promptings, that since, no doubt, the mind is operated upon by many powers, to us as yet unknown, it was not entirely safe to attribute all mental phenomena as the intervention of a disembodied spirit. Whereupon Dr. Bowker read us the riot act about our unwillingness to acknowledge the source of our admonitions, intelligence, etc., which impressed me with the idea that he considered we should acknowledge that we were simply strung on wires like a toy jumping jack, and thought or moved only when the "angels" pulled the string, and, I must confess, I was surprised at this outbreak, having always known the doctor to be a very incredulous investigator, but thought nothing more of the affair until I read the article in THE JOURNAL; neither did I know till then that I had been "driven from the field," nor is the statement true. I simply have withdrawn from societies whose public meetings afforded an unfortunately constituted people the opportunity of exposing their credulity, by endorsing everything that a host of roaming mediums might dish up to them and term them the "Teachings of the Angels," and who accuse any one who dares to dissent of deserting the cause. I have withdrawn from all such fields, and do not care to re-enter them. And I will now state that if it is absolutely necessary to be a Spiritualist that one must submit to the directions coming from these so-called "workers for the angel world," and, without a murmur, swallow all the unreasonable statements and nauseating stuff so often dished up, and shape one's acts accordingly, without regard to the dictates of reason, simply be-

cause one is told it is the teachings of the angels—then I am not a Spiritualist. On the other hand, if, by careful investigation of varied phenomena, one has become convinced that life is continuous, and that the disembodied man is still a conscious, individualized entity, and by the operation of a natural law it is possible for him to communicate by various means to those still embodied constitute what is called a Spiritualist, then I am one. In that field I stand firm, and from it can never be driven by any power, human or divine; for I have gained that position by knowledge of facts and by demonstrations.

I agree with you that the injunction given to the people of old should be heeded to-day, "Try the Spirits."

Yours truly,

E. G. G.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

A SPIRIT TELEGRAPHER FORTY YEARS AGO.

TO THE EDITOR: In your number of THE JOURNAL for September 27th is an interesting account by a correspondent entitled "A Spirit Telegrapher." As corroborative of this I record for the use of your columns an incident of a similar character which came to my knowledge during the early years of Spiritualism. I take it from a pamphlet circular of mine issued in 1852, soon after my public reception of the new faith. It came to me through the personal knowledge of Rufus Elmer, one of the energetic business men of Springfield, Mass., who became one of the earliest and most earnest believers in the faith. For some time his house became something like a headquarters for investigation, D. D. Home, then a young man, being much in the family in his mediumistic capacity. Were Mr. Elmer still with us he would doubtless be esteemed one of the honored veterans of our cause. But he passed over to the other side of life at San Francisco more than twenty years ago, and is now but dimly remembered excepting by some of us who were contemporaneous with him.

During the session of one of the circles a telegraph operator of the city quietly entered the room and took a seat outside of the company around the table. Presently he made a mental request that if the spirit of a certain young man to whom he had formerly taught the telegraphic art was present he should like to have some intimation of the fact. Immediately the sounds upon the table were changed to an exact imitation of the usual telegraphic call upon Springfield. In some surprise, and thinking that this might possibly be by accident, or the force of imagination, he asked for further proof, still mentally, when the calls upon Hartford, New York, and other places were given in quick succession. All this while the company at the table were in confusion and doubt as to what was the meaning of these new and peculiar sounds.

To me then, in the light of this and many subsequent authentic testimonies and personal experiences, many of them of a still more remarkable character, the statement of your correspondent "T" seems not at all difficult of belief.

HERMAN SNOW.

A CLERGYMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

TO THE EDITOR: From a direct and reliable source the following comes to me, which is given without the names of the persons, they being confidential.

A few years ago, in a New England city, a company of a half-dozen eminent orthodox clergymen were in a private room talking of the invisible world, and one of them said: "I once was a guest at a house in another city, and the lady of the house said to me at night: 'I have two spare rooms, one is the largest, but it is reputed as haunted, and persons in it at night are sometimes troubled; the other is a quiet place. I can give you either.' I said: 'Give me the haunted room, I have no fears or belief about that.'

"The room was large and pleasantly lighted. I sat down to write out some reports at a table, and was soon absorbed in my work and forgot the haunting. But I felt an invisible presence all at once so strongly that I sat back in my chair and said: 'If any one is here speak to me.' And a voice came, distinct and clear, saying in substance: 'I wish to correct a wrong. A paper connected with my will was lost. Go to a house, find a book (named) in the library, in it find that paper, and give it to a person (named), and the wrong will be righted, certain property will go where it ought to, and I will come here no more. You are the first person who would hear me.' The sense of a presence ceased.

I slept well, said nothing in the morning to the lady, who was evidently curious, but I resolved to test this without the knowledge of any person. All the places and persons named the previous night by that voice which came from no visible source were strange to me. After breakfast, I found the house, introduced myself to the lady at its door, and said I had been told of certain books there which I ought to look at a short time. She courteously showed me into the library. I found the book, *found the lost paper in it*, took it to the person named, and all was correct and the wrong was righted—the property went to the right ones. Here are the facts, brethren, what do they mean?"

Others followed in like experiences, personal or private, until it was learned that most of the choice company had something akin to this first story. Comment is needless. True it is that "there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed," and these experiences are coming to light to strengthen the great truth of spirit-presence and guardian care. G. B. STEBBINS.

A CURIOUS EXPERIENCE.

To THE EDITOR: Not very long ago, I had moved with my family into a new house, the agent for the owner of which had promised such repairs as we should desire. Soon afterwards, upon returning home one night, I found my wife in an unhappy excitement over an interview, she had had with the owner himself, who had refused to make some of the expected repairs. Our daughter, who was seated at a table in the room listening to her mother's indignant expressions, felt her hand suddenly moved to write, "Your landlord is not so bad a man as you think. You will get more out of him by coaxing than by scolding."

Somewhat amused by this unexpected interference, I called my wife's attention to it, and remarked that our landlord seemed to have a friend present, reading to her what had just been written. "I don't care if he has," she exclaimed. "Did he not lie to me?" Instantly my daughter was again compelled to write, "It was something of a prevarication." "Do you know our landlord?" I inquired. "Yes, I knew him in the country," was the reply. "How did you happen to come here to-night?" I asked, "and what is your name?" "My name is David G. L., and I was attracted by your conversation," was the answer.

At this time, I had never seen the owner, and none of us were aware that he lived out of the city, nor had any of us ever heard of any David G. L.—. On the first of the following month, the owner, a Mr. Brandt, came to my office for his rent, when I asked him if he had ever known a person of the name of David G. L.—. He replied that he had not, but that he rented a place at Staten Island, where he lived, from a Mr. George W. L.—, of Brooklyn. I then told him what I have above written, and he departed. A few hours afterwards, he returned, and told me that he had been to Brooklyn and had seen his landlord, and had asked him if he had ever known any such person as David G. L.—, whereupon he said Mr. L.— had shown much feeling, and had told him that he had a son of that name who several years before had gone to the bad, and had suddenly disappeared, so that he had not since heard anything from him.

A few months later, happening to be sitting with Charles Foster, he suddenly turned to me, and exclaimed, "Dave L.— is here, and comes to you, but I will have nothing more to do with suicides." "Was he a suicide?" I asked. "He might as well have been," was his reply.

I had never mentioned anything above written to Foster. M. B. B. NEW YORK.

UNITARIAN CONVENTION.

THE JOURNAL is requested to announce a Unitarian Missionary Mass Convention to be held in Unity church, Chicago, beginning at 8 p. m., October 28, and lasting three days. Unity church is at the corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place and is Robert Collyer's old church, as well as a relic of the great fire. The principal hotels will give reduced rates, arrangements for which may be made through Rev. T. G. Milsted, present pastor of the church. At 8 p. m., of the 28th, Rev. M. J. Savage will give the opening discourse, after which there will be a reception in the church parlors. Among the topics of discussion the two following days are: Mak-

ing a Church, Some Missionary Agencies, The Layman's Responsibility. It is expected that Hon. T. W. Palmer, president of the Columbian Fair Commission, will preside over the convention.

J. B. Josselyn, Grand Rapids, Mich., writes that the lectures by Miss Jennie B. Hagan are greatly appreciated by the Religio-Philosophical Society and by the public generally; that the daily papers in their Monday issues give good reports of the lectures; that the attendance is from 260 to 300, and includes many of the best citizens who have never before attended the meetings of the society. Miss Hagan is to speak again on the 26th. The letter adds: "We have made arrangements here with such speakers as Mrs. A. M. Gladding, J. Clegg Wright, Adah Sheehan, Helen Stewart Richings, Hon. Sidney Dean and Dr. F. H. L. Willis for the coming winter to fill monthly engagements at Grand Rapids. I write this knowing you will give us your heartfelt wishes. I shall work hard, and so will Mrs. Josselyn, to get subscribers for THE JOURNAL."

Mrs. Alice Tarbett and Mrs. Addie Navillus, located at 2914 Cottage Grove avenue, appear to be ladies worthy of consideration and encouragement. They are both mediums they say, and came to Chicago by the advice of their spirit friends and co-workers. They say further that they are not fully developed, but constantly improving. They are holding public meetings every Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, and evening at 7:45, in Metcalf Hall, 139 Twenty-second street. THE JOURNAL is favorably impressed with their candor and evident enthusiasm and freedom from the spirit of venality.

Sick Headache

Is so readily cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla that it seems almost foolish in any one to allow the trouble to continue. By its toning and invigorating effect upon the digestive organs, Hood's Sarsaparilla readily gives relief when headache arises from indigestion; and in neuralgic conditions, by building up the debilitated system, Hood's Sarsaparilla removes the cause and hence overcomes the difficulty.

"My wife suffered from sick headache and neuralgia. After taking Hood's Sarsaparilla she was much relieved." W. R. BABB, Wilmington, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Dyspepsia is the bane of the present generation. It is for its cure and its attendants, Sick Headache, Constipation and Piles, that

Tutt's Pills

have become so famous. They act speedily and gently on the digestive organs, giving them tone and vigor to assimilate food. No griping or nausea.

Sold Everywhere.

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To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy, SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient; suit all ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.

KISSING at 7, 17, 70: Photo-gravure, panel size of this picture for 4 cents (coppers or stamps).

J. F. SMITH & CO., Makers of "Bile Beans," St. Louis, Mo.

If You Want Clean White Teeth USE

DE LIETTES French Tooth Powder and you will continue to do so. Good sized sample by mail Ten Cents. Address: PIERRE DE LIETTE, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago.

ON THE PACIFIC.

Florence, a Developing Seaport on the Shores of Oregon.

Untold Wealth in Lumber, Coal, Fishing, and Agriculture.

A Rare Opening for Capital and Men in Every Department of Commercial and Industrial Activity.

Between the mouth of the Columbia river, where the commerce of Portland reaches the Pacific ocean and San Francisco, a distance of over 700 miles, there is as yet no seaport city of prominence, and good natural harbors are scarce.

Located 156 miles south of the mouth of the Columbia river, the Siuslaw river enters Siuslaw bay, and thence into the ocean.

It has long been known that Siuslaw bay possessed a fine natural harbor. But it was not till in recent years that this locality was relinquished by the Indians to the government, and thrown open to settlement.

It is on Siuslaw bay, four miles from the ocean, that the new seaport of FLORENCE is located. A government appropriation of \$50,000 to perfect the harbor is among the items in the River and Harbor bill of the current year. A government light-house is under construction, being provided for by last year's Congress.

Siuslaw bay and river tap a country wonderfully rich in resources. The center of all its life and trade is at Florence.

The Florence salmon canneries last year canned 13,000 cases of salmon, and salted the equivalent of 4,000 cases more, the product having a market value of \$100,000, employing 150 men for four months of the year. The catch this year is now being made.

Near Florence are three saw-mills, with a combined capacity of 75,000 feet per day, and employing men. A careful computation by a lumber expert from Michigan, of the lumber resources of Siuslaw bay, and Florence, its business center, was to the effect that the aggregate was more than millions feet of fir alone, known in the markets of the world as the celebrated Oregon Pine, which timbers especially, and all uses requiring great strength, has no superior.

Florence has a ship-yard, where two vessels were built to ply in the Pacific coastwise trade, and is destined to an immense extension of her ship-building interests. A vessel under construction is now on the stocks.

Florence has direct steamers to San Francisco and other ports.

It can only be a question of a short time till the Siuslaw & Eastern railway will be constructed eastward along the Siuslaw river, through the mountains, and tap the rich agricultural resources of the Willamette Valley, and ultimately on east through Oregon and Idaho, to connect with trunk lines of railway having eastern termini at Duluth, Chicago, and New York, and now built west into the new States of Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming. This will give Florence an immense impetus in the direction of wholesale trade, and rapidly make her a seaport of national importance.

Florence has a good public school, has an intelligent people, and will soon have more than one church, and has no saloons. Florence is a money-order post-office.

Florence's Needs.

Florence needs a first-class banker, who can start with at least \$25,000 capital, and able to double it when needed. This bank will make money from the start. The business of Florence already is over \$400,000 per annum, and its nearest banking town eighty miles away.

Florence needs an unlimited amount of capital to develop her lumber interests. There are many special reasons for locating on Siuslaw river and bay, which will be cheerfully furnished to those interested.

Florence has inexhaustible supplies of marble, and abundance of coal of a bituminous character, and needs capital to develop it. There is big money in it.

Florence offers an attractive location to men engaged in merchandising and traffic in nearly all lines.

The country tributary to Florence is attractive to immigrants, especially to those who love a wooded country. Good government homesteads can yet be had, and farms can be purchased at low figures. The soil is exceedingly fertile. It is a wonderful fruit country, as bearing orchards attest.

The climate of Florence is nearly perfect, being warmer than Virginia in winter, and cooler than New York State in summer. The mercury never goes down to zero, and rarely gets above 75 degrees. Florence is perfectly sheltered from the direct ocean breeze.

The ocean beach near Florence is as fine a drive as the world affords. Florence must some day become an important ocean pleasure resort.

Both residence and business property in Florence afford a fine investment, with a certain chance of large advances.

The undersigned is a large owner of both residence and business property, and partly to acquire funds to develop large projects for the general advancement, and also to encourage diversity of ownership and interest, will sell business lots in the business center for \$100 to \$500 for inside lots, and \$125 to \$400 for corners, and choice residence lots for \$75 to \$100, and residence blocks of 10 lots, 52x120 feet, for \$500 per block, or \$250 for half blocks. Terms, 1/3 down, 1/3 in six months, 1/3 in twelve months, deferred payments bearing 8 per cent. interest, or five per cent. discount for all cash down.

Plats and maps, with full descriptions of Florence and the tributary country, will be mailed on application, and all questions cheerfully answered.

Non-resident purchasers may select property from the plats, and deposit their cash payment with the home banker, and I will forward deed and abstract of title to him. The present prices can be guaranteed for a short time only. They will soon advance sharply.

Home seekers and investors who come to visit Florence, should buy railway through tickets to Eugene, Oregon, from whence, pending the construction of the Siuslaw and Eastern railway, it is a pleasant stage ride to Florence. Notify me, and my Eugene representative will meet you there. Inquire for Miller's office in Eugene.

Write to me for sample copy, mailed free, of "THE WEST," the leading weekly paper of Florence. Subscription price, \$2 per year; \$1 for 6 months.

COME TO FLORENCE NOW, AND DEVELOP WITH ITS MAGNIFICENT GROWTH. YOU WILL ALWAYS BE GLAD YOU DID IT. Address

GEO. M. MILLER,
Florence, Oregon.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed, under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

The Elements of Psychology. By Gabriel Compayré. Translated by William H. Payne, Ph. D., LL. D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1890. pp. 315. Cloth, \$1.00. A. C. McClurg & Co., 117-121 Wabash avenue, Chicago. This work by M. Compayré, a professor in the University of France, and a well known French teacher, has been translated by Mr. Payne, chancellor of the University of Nashville, and president of the Peabody Normal School, because it contains only the essentials of psychological science presented in terms intelligible to ordinary students, and because it teaches the spirituality of the soul, and in tone and treatment is in accord with the Christian spirit. The author regards knowledge of psychology as important in both intellectual and moral education, and holds that it should certainly be introduced in a course of study for normal schools. Mr. Compayré himself is a graduate of the *École Normale Supérieure*. From this text book, the most knotty problems of the science and many details, as well as technical terms, are eliminated. The psychology of the work is for the most part empirical. "The great number of contradictory conceptions of the soul," says the author, "considered by some as the principle of thought alone, by others as a principle that feels, thinks and wills, and by still others as the sole cause of life and thought, suffice to prove how very necessary it is to postpone, if not entirely to waive, the obscure and controverted question of the nature of the soul." The distinction between psychological and physiological facts is held to be that of two sciences which study two categories of phenomena not known in the same way, and so radically unlike as to make their assimilation impossible.

The style of the work has that quality which is characteristic of French works of exposition—lucidity. One quotation in relation to the relativity of sense knowledge will show the simplicity and clearness of the style of this book.

On the other hand, it is very evident that these perceptions do not resemble the phenomena which produce them. They are signs which, in their own way, translate the thing signified. Outside of ourselves, sound as we know, is but a movement of matter, and light is also but a movement. We should be well convinced of the truth, that if there were no ear there would be no sounds; and if there were no eyes there would no longer be light in nature. Matter, so to speak, is in itself an inaccessible and illegible text which we know only through a translation.

Intellectual determinism is stated as an inevitable result of the law of the association of ideas, and will as the power which we have of self determination with reflection and through free choice. Liberty is the choice between motives which influence us in opposite directions. We have not the power to break brusquely with our past, the influence of habit and inveterate tendencies limiting the freedom of the will. The question of the existence of the soul does not fall within the domain of empirical psychology, but the author succinctly states the obvious distinctions between mind and matter, and argues that the correlation between physical states and mental activity only proves the necessary coexistence of thought and matter, and that the brain is the instrument, not the principle, of thought. Materialists who say that they are unable to conceive mind are reminded that they are incapable of defining matter or even proving its existence. Questions of psychogeny and many of the profounder problems, such as are discussed in great works, like Spencer's "Principles of Psychology" and Thompson's "Psychology," are not introduced into the manual, and it is, for the purpose designed, doubtless, better on account of the omission.

In the appendix, which gives the names of a large number of writers referred to in the body of the book, with their chief works. Herbert Spencer is mentioned as "one of the great thinkers of the age," and "Education" and "First Principles" are named as his principal works. It is strange that in a work on psychology Spencer's "Principles of Psychology" beyond doubt his greatest production, and the most original and brilliant treatise ever written on the subject, should be entirely ignored, while his little essay on education is referred to as one of his principal works. Mr. Compayré evidently has but slight acquaintance with English psychological writers who have written from the standpoint of evolution.

A Digest of English and American Literature. By Alfred H. Welch, A. M. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1890. pp. 378. Cloth, \$1.50. This is the last work that Prof. Welch wrote; and death having brought his labors to an end before the work had received the final touches, it is now sent forth under the supervision of the devoted wife, who was throughout its progress an assistant, and to whom the labor of preparing it for the press was committed. This valuable compendium grew out of the work of its author as a teacher, and it is designed both for the use of the school and for the assistance of the student in pursuing the study of English literature. It is a companion to the author's earlier work, "Development of English Literature and Language."

A parallel view is presented of history and literature in England and this country from the time of the Roman invasion down to the present, covering the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman periods, the period of Chaucer the "Barren period," that of the renaissance, the Puritan period, the Restoration and Revolution, the critical and creative periods, and the Victorian age. The names and dates of authors, the titles of their leading works, their essential positions, etc., are valuable, not only to the teacher and to the student, but to the common reader for ready reference.

But the work has defects, and among these are inaccuracies of statements in regard to the philosophical and religious views of some of the writers who are mentioned. For instance, on page 170, David Hume, whose philosophy reduced everything to "impressions," is referred to "as a philosopher, the greatest in the materialistic school," than which there could not be a greater misrepresentation of the Scotch philosopher's position. On page 208, occurs the expression, the "reproduction of French infidelity in Thomas Paine." This is inexcusable, since Paine's "infidelity" was English Deism like that of Bolingbroke and Collins, whose arguments Paine reproduced in his own concise and direct style. He expressly says in the "Age of Reason" that his leading motive in writing that work was to arrest atheism, which was the "French infidelity" of that day. These and other errors should be corrected in the next edition. The style of the work is scholarly, and the spirit fair and judicial.

A Grateful Spirit and other Sermons. By James Vila Blake. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 1890. pp. 303. Price \$1. In this volume are twenty sermons which are published by the desire of Mr. Blake's congregation. They have more of a literary flavor than most sermons. There is nothing in them to disturb conservative minds touching industrial, economic or social questions, and the views on religion and ethics are such as those usually presented now from the Unitarian pulpit. Doubtless the book will be valued for its pure thought and fine style by others than those accustomed to hear Mr. Blake.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Roberts Brothers, Boston; A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago: The Winds, The Woods, and The Wanderer. A Fable for Children. Lily F. Wesselhoeft. Price \$1.25; Stories told at Twilight. Louise Chandler Moulton. Price \$1.25.

From Wright and Potter, Printing Co., Boston: Twentieth Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor. December, 1889, and The Annual Statistics of Manufacturers, 1889.

The Annals of Tacitus. Books I.-VI. Edited by William Francis Allen. Ginn & Co., Boston and London; The Principles of Psychology. William James. Henry Holt & Co., Boston; S. A. Maxwell & Co., Chicago. Price, 2 vols., \$6.

The November *Century* will contain nearly a hundred illustrations, and several of the most important serial features of the new volume are to begin in that number. Gen. John Bidwell will open The Gold Hunters papers with an account of the experiences of the first emigrant train to cross the Rockies in 1841,—seven years before the gold discoveries. John Hay will describe The White House in the Time of Lincoln, with many new anecdotes.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* (New York) has an especial attraction for October in the opening of the story entitled The Witch of Prague, by F. Marion Crawford. A quaint array of illustrations from the Vicar of Wakefield with comments, and an illustrated article upon the New Trade Union Movement will be found interesting reading.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething," softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.



Take Pains

with your work, unless you take Pearlina to it. Without Pearlina, you may have your labor for pains. In all washing and cleaning it saves work, wear and worry. It is harmless to everything washable; it should be used with everything that is washed. Pearlina is worth more than it costs. Imitations are worthless and are dangerous.

Beware of imitations which are being peddled from door to door. First quality goods do not require such desperate methods to sell them. PEARLINE sells on its merits, and is manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

If you have a COLD or COUGH, acute or leading to CONSUMPTION, SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA IS SURE CURE FOR IT.

This preparation contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and fine Norwegian Cod Liver Oil. Used by physicians all the world over. It is as palatable as milk. Three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil. A perfect Emulsion, better than all others made. For all forms of Wasting Diseases, Bronchitis, CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, and as a Flesh Producer there is nothing like SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is sold by all Druggists. Let no one by profuse explanation or impudent entreaty induce you to accept a substitute.

BEECHAM'S PILLS (THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.) Cure BILIOUS and Nervous ILLS. 25cts. a Box. OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

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\$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over \$3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

MIND, THOUGHT AND CEREBRATION. BY ALEXANDER WILDER. Pamphlet form, price 10 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

IRVINGTON, A SUBURB OF PORTLAND, OREGON

Only ten minutes by electric street cars to business part of city. Elevation over 100 feet above city, on a gentle slope. STREETS IMPROVED, WATER MAINS LAID. City is growing rapidly in this direction, and it must become one of the most beautiful and popular residence portions. Offers very attractive inducements to the investor and homeseeker, in a city where rapidly developing commerce and growth in population are forcing values steadily upwards, producing a doubling of values every few years. For complete information, prices, plats, maps, etc., and for statisticians of Portland's growth and possibilities, address, A. L. MAXWELL, Agent, the Portland, Portland, Oregon.

SUBSCRIPTION PREMIUM.

From now until November 30, 1890, the Publisher of

The Religio-Philosophical Journal

Will offer as a Premium for Subscribers, on terms hereinbelow set forth, a Fresh, New and Valuable Book, bound in cloth and retailing rapidly at One Dollar. The name of this volume is

OUR FLAG, OR THE EVOLUTION OF The Stars and Stripes;

Including the reason to be of the design, the colors and their position, mystic interpretation, together with selections eloquent, patriotic and poetical.

This book, as the title suggests, is one concerning the American Flag. The philanthropic and patriotic key-note from which it is written is very well announced in the dedication which is as follows:

TO EVERY MAN AND WOMAN WHO LOVES OUR FLAG AS THE EMBLEM OF GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE; WHO HAILS THE STARS AND STRIPES AS THE HOPE OF ALL WHO SUFFER AND THE DREAD OF ALL WHO WRONG; WHO REVERES THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE AS THE SYMBOL OF ASPIRATION, INTELLIGENCE AND INDUSTRY WHICH WILL IN DUE TIME ESTABLISH AND MAINTAIN THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN THIS LITTLE BOOK IS BY THE AUTHOR FRATERNALLY DEDICATED.

This work as a history of the "Stars and Stripes," gives the facts that are recorded in official documents, the Histories of the Country and the Cyclopedias so succinctly and interestingly arranged that the whole story is told in a moderate volume.

The symbolic meanings of the colors and the designs of the "Star Spangled Banner" are beautifully brought out; and in this new departure every one will be much interested; and most readers will be instructed.

The selections of patriotic, eloquent and poetical sayings concerning the flag are numerous and beautiful.

The work is embellished with 29 illustrations—three of them in colors showing Foreign, Colonial and United States ensigns.

The book is compiled by Robert Allen Campbell, compiler of the first Atlas of Indiana, author of The Rebellion Record, Four Gospels in one, etc., etc.

Press Comments.

One of the best books of the year.—*Inter-Ocean*.
A very handy and excellent compilation.—*Chicago Herald*.
An interesting souvenir volume.—*Boston Globe*.
A handsome and useful volume dealing intelligently with matters of which Americans should be better informed than they are.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

Premium Terms.

Until November 30th or further notice I will give every new yearly subscriber to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL whose remittance (\$2.50) is received at my office a copy of OUR FLAG.

Every old subscriber who will pay for THE JOURNAL in advance to December 31st, 1891, will receive a copy of OUR FLAG.

For One Dollar I will send THE JOURNAL Twelve Weeks on trial, and a copy of OUR FLAG.

Specimen copies of THE JOURNAL sent free to those desiring to canvass for it and to all who make the request.

JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago.

LADIES can have smaller feet. Solid comfort. Pamphlet free. Sample package 10cts THE PEDINE CO., NEW YORK.

Nozone Inhaler

Sure Cure for HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, CATARRH and COLDS. Sent by mail for 33 cents. Address PRAIRIE CITY NOVELTY CO., 45 Randolph St., Chicago, Oregon.

A BORN ECONOMIST.

Our little Bess has been brought up
In a menage that's modest;
And yet she does indulge in flights
Of fancy just the oddest.

Mama, of course, has taught the tot
Ideas economic:
But Bess applies them in a way
That's oftentimes truly comic.

One summer eve when Venus shone
While still the daylight dallied,
A Queen altho' the sun's fierce kiss
Had left her slightly pallid.

We saw that, tho' the rest all gazed
Aloft in admiration,
Bess' dainty little features wore
A look of deprecation.

"A penny for your thoughts," said I.
Then gravely spoke our girly:
"I fink they're stwavagant in heaven
To light a lamp so early."

—M. N. B., in Boston Globe.

A BOSTON WOOING.

A dainty-maid of Beacon street
He loved with honest passion,
And bowing humbly at her feet
He spoke in lover fashion:

"Thou art my soul, my star, my light,
Thy grace all else surpasses";
And like a dewdrop gleaming bright
A tear fell on her glasses.

She answered not a single word,
The scene was too affecting,
But he divined that she had heard
And there was no rejecting.

'Twas as when through the depth of night
A brilliant comet passes,
He saw the tear, a jewel bright,
That glistened on her glasses.

—FLAVEL S. MINES in Munsey's Weekly.

The Coming Thing.

Stranger—"I would like to get a room here."
Hotel Clerk—"All right, sir. Boy! Show the gentleman to—"

"One moment! If I should wish to deposit a few valuables in your safe they would be perfectly secure. I presume?"
"They would, sir."

"Your safe is one of modern construction, is it not?"
"Yes, sir. There is on better safe in the country."
"The combination, I dare say, is one that taxes your memory?"

"Why, of course, the combination what makes you look at me so sharply? Ah, I see! (Produces revolver.) "My friend, I'll give you just three seconds to get out of here. We draw the line at mind readers."

Our dear little daughter was terrible sick,
Her bowels were bloated as hard as a brick.
We feared she would die
Till we happened to try

Pierce's Pellets—they cured her, remarkably quick.
Never be without Pierce's Pellets in the house.
They are gentle and effective in action and give immediate relief in cases of indigestion, biliousness and constipation. They do their work thoroughly and leave no bad effects. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One a dose. Best Liver Pill made.

Force of Habit with a Woman.

After shopping for the greater part of a recent afternoon a well-known Detroit lady, with a letter in her hand, entered a drug store. She asked for and received a postage stamp.

"Anything else to-day, ma'am?" inquired the clerk.
"No, I think not," she replied; "please send it to the house."

"I—I beg pardon, ma'am," stammered the clerk, "but what is it you wish to have delivered?"
"Why, the—the—" Then suddenly refreshing her mind she quickly added, "Oh, well, never mind it," and took the postage stamp and walked out.

The clerk afterward said he had never seen a better illustration of the force of habit.

Every systematic housekeeper keeps Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup on hand. Price, 25 cents.

For pain in the joints, rheumatism and gout, Salvation Oil has no equal. Price, 25 cents.

"He should'nt say shoulder arms to those cavalrymen." "Why not?" "They have nothing but swords. He ought to say shoulder blades."—*New York Sun.*

A Chinese laundryman in Newark says he thinks "Melican man" has most of his polish on his shirt front. John is capable of fine irony.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"Are those shoes too far gone to repair?" "No, indeed. I think a new pair of uppers, with soles and heels, will make 'em all right. The laces are good."—*Puck.*

Begins with a "W."—"Oh, what is her name? I know it just as well as I do my own. Begins with a 'W.'" "Henderson?" "Yes, that's it."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mrs. Jason: "When they tie up a railroad they don't actually use a rope, do they?" Mr. Jason: "No; it is generally done with a string of resolutions."—*The Interior.*

A man's ears are placed in such a way that he may catch the things that are said in front of him. A merciful Providence never intended that he should hear what is said behind his back.—*Atchison Globe.*

A LEVEL HEAD.

The Advantage of Presence of Mind in an Emergency.

During the late strike on the New York Central Railroad, the militia were ordered to be in readiness in case of a riot, but they were not called out.

In an interview, Gov. Hill said the troops were not to be called upon except in case of an emergency. The emergency had not arisen, therefore they would not be ordered out. He remarked that this was the first great strike with which he had had experience, and he did not propose to lose his head; the only point at which there had then been serious trouble was at Syracuse, and there a deputy-sheriff had lost his head and precipitated an encounter.

The strike continued several weeks and there was riotous action at various points along the road, but the civil authorities were able to cope with it without calling on the militia.

The test of a man's real ability comes when an emergency arises which makes a hasty call on his good judgment and discretion. The man who retains his presence of mind, maintains his equipoise and exercises sound discretion at such critical junctures, is to be relied on and will be put to the front.

Men with level heads have the staying qualities which do not falter in the face of danger. Otis A. Cole, of Kinsman, O., June 10, 1890, writes: "In the fall of 1888 I was feeling very ill. I consulted a doctor and he said I had Bright's disease of the kidneys and that he would not stand in my shoes for the state of Ohio." But he did not lose courage or give up; he says: "I saw the testimonial of Mr. John Coleman, 100 Gregory St., New Haven, Conn., and I wrote to him. In due time I received an answer, stating that the testimonial that he gave was genuine and not over drawn in any particular. I took a good many bottles of Warner's Safe Cure; have not taken any for one year."

Gov. Hill is accounted a very successful man; he is cool and calculating and belongs to the class that do not lose their heads when emergencies arise.

The great Dr. Boerhaav left three directions for preserving the health—keep the feet warm, the head cool, and the bowels open. Had he practised in our day, he might have added: and purify the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; for he certainly would consider it the best.

DR. HANS VON BULOW TO WM. KNABE & CO.

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Dear Sir:—My renewed and by more use—udder aggravating circumstances, as bad health and tire-some travelling—enlarged experience of your Pianos this (second and last transatlantic) season, has throughout confirmed myself in the opinion I expressed last year, viz: *That sound and touch of the Knabe Pianos are more sympathetic to my ears and hands than sound and touch of any other Pianos in the United States.* As I met with frequent opportunities of establishing comparisons between the Knabe Pianos and Instruments of rivalizing or would-rivalizing producers, I dare now add that I declare them *the absolutely best in America.*

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DR. HANS VON BULOW.

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Society for Psychical Research. American Branch.

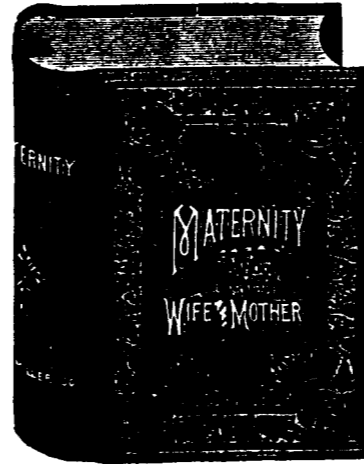
The Society for Psychical research is engaged in the investigation of the phenomena of Thought-transference, Clairvoyance, Apparitions and Haunted Houses, Spiritualistic Phenomena, etc., and evidence in connection with these different groups of phenomena is published from time to time in the *S. P. R. Journal and Proceedings*, to which associate members (dues \$3.00 per annum) are entitled.

Persons who have had psychical experiences of any kind are earnestly requested to communicate them directly to the Secretary of the American Branch, or to the editor of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, with as much corroborative testimony as possible; and a special appeal is made to those who have had experiences justifying the spiritualistic belief.

Applicants for Membership in the Society should address the Secretary. The Branch is much in need of funds for the further prosecution of its work, and pecuniary assistance will be gratefully welcomed.

Information concerning the Society can be obtained from

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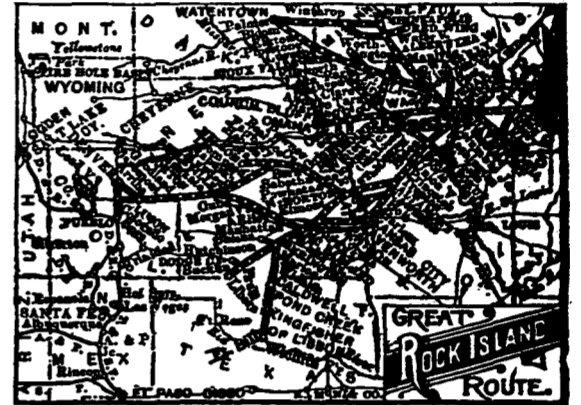


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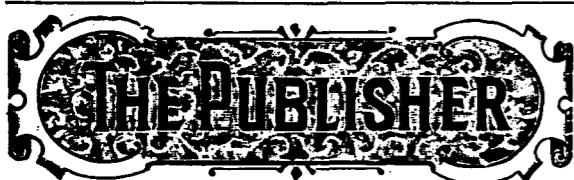
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Than the family physician, possibly, it seems to me no one has such opportunities for studying human nature as does the editor of a Spiritualist paper, especially when he is his own publisher. He has opportunities for close studies of all shades of character and of mental and moral developments under multifarious and widely differing conditions. I am going to give you extracts from the letter of an unknown heroine. Of such women are saviors and heroes born. Humble in station and poor in worldly goods, she is worth more to this nation than a thousand fashionable, diamond-bedecked women. The children of such a woman are the hope and the salvation of this world. Her story is simple, and relates to the homely duties and economies of a helpful wife and a loving mother, and to the hopes of a strong soul who does the best she can and with cheerful fortitude holds on her way without repining, and with confidence and faith as to the future. I don't know how her story will affect you, my readers, but I am glad to bear witness to its strengthening, contentment-breeding influence for me. Surrounded by no congenial neighbors, in the midst of creed-bound and bigoted church people; with fingers stiffened

and roughened by hard labor, this woman composes a symphony of light, sweetness, fortitude, courage and hope; and it comes so spontaneously and naturally that she doesn't know it, and will be surprised when she reads this. Here is the way she pen-pictures herself:

... You have no idea how pleased I am with THE JOURNAL, though some of the writers, of course, differ in their opinions from my ideas. Some of them, however, tell better than I can what I believe. Some of them, bless them, I fancy are my spiritual kinsmen, though none are personally known to me, and only two of the readers outside my own family, are known to me. I feel as if THE JOURNAL'S subscribers and contributors were all one family with headquarters at THE JOURNAL office. Perhaps you remember I promised to pay for the paper before August, but it seemed as if I could not possibly get the money, for I was sick and had to hire my washing done, which took the money that was intended for you. My husband did his best, as he worked every day and gave me every cent he made; yet when I paid the monthly dues on our place and bought the necessary things for a family of six it was little I could save. So when I received your reminder I felt very bad for I only had one dollar saved for you, but the next week I saved the rest of the \$2.50 and sent it and thought no more about it until I saw in last week's JOURNAL your greetings after your rest, where you said that as a whole the delinquent subscribers had done better than before during your absence. Then I thought, well, that means me. You can't guess how good it made me feel to know I had sent the amount, nor how grateful for your kindness. Although you were kind enough to cancel our old account, so sure as I can, I intend to pay it. Perhaps you think I don't try, but we have to depend solely on the earnings of a single pair of hands for the money to supply a family of six with food, clothing, fuel, school books, and to pay for a home, at the same time; and some of the time I have to hire my washing done, too. So you see there is not much money to lay idle, though I think it won't be long until we will be free from debt. We only owe \$75 now on our place, and I think we will be able to pay that in one year. I don't intend to get behind any more on THE JOURNAL, for I have begun to save for it now. I have thirty cents in my little bank for that purpose, and will add pennies and nickels each week until I get a year's subscription, then I will send it. Well, as I know you are tired out by this time with the length of this letter I will quit, but I could not help telling how glad THE JOURNAL makes me....

Most of THE JOURNAL'S subscribers are in more fortunate financial circumstances than this woman. I wish all were imbued with her spirit and had her self-discipline. How many will emulate her example by doing their very best to support THE JOURNAL in every way within their power? I go the whole length of my cable-tow, and frequently strain it, too, in my efforts for you. Let there be full and complete reciprocity, to the end that we may be of the greatest mutual assistance, and the world receive the fullest benefits of our united efforts.

NOTICE TO PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

We are authorized by Madame Home to furnish gratis to free public libraries a copy of the work, "D. D. Home, His Life and Mission." The book is a large 12mo., well bound in cloth and adapted to library use. It gives much trustworthy information concerning psychical phenomena, as well as most interesting incidents of this prince of mediums' experiences with people of note in England and Continental Europe. Such of our readers as may be officers or patrons of libraries should bring this offer to the notice of the librarian or managing board and have application made for the work.

BACK NUMBERS OF LUCIFER.

We have numbers of this English Magazine for November, 1888, for sale at 25 cents. Readers will find articles of much interest in this issue. We also have numbers for July, November and December, 1889—and January, April and May, 1890 at 30 cents. Now is the time to order.

"OUR FLAG" PREMIUM.

I have been some time looking for a meritorious new book to offer as an inducement to new and old subscribers. I was seeking one that should be of universal interest and permanent value. After rejecting a hundred or more I selected "Our Flag." See advertisement elsewhere. Every patriotic American needs to be familiar with the information given in this book, and every parent should see to it that the children of the household master its contents.

PORTRAIT OF D. D. HOME.

Through the generosity of Mrs. Home, as heretofore announced in THE JOURNAL, we have a fine portrait of that incomparable medium, D. D. Home. It is the wish of Mrs. Home that all who have purchased the book, "D. D. Home, His Life and Mission," or who may hereafter buy it shall have a copy of this portrait. To those who have bought the book either from us or Colby & Rich we will send one of these pictures on receipt of five cents in postage stamps to cover cost of roller and postage. To future buyers it will be sent with the book free of charge.

THE JOURNAL in common with thousands who have come to know Mr. A. T. Pierce through his connection with Lake Pleasant Camp, offers him its sincere sympathy in his overwhelming financial loss occasioned by the burning of his cotton mills at Barrowsville, Mass. THE JOURNAL hopes it may turn out that the disaster is not irretrievably ruinous. Although nearly sixty, Mr. Pierce is full of energy, and with his high standing in business circles

he ought, it would seem, to be able to re-establish his works.

Mrs. E. L. Watson has been obliged to cancel her Cincinnati engagement owing to throat trouble. Her Cleveland lectures, October 19 to 26, will close her season. About November 10 she will reach Chicago, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bundy for a few days, and then return direct to her ranch, "Sunny Brae," near Santa Clara, California.

At the residence of her parents, 2137 Uber Place, Philadelphia, Leila E., only child of Russel C. and Lydia R. Chase, was joined in marriage to Walter S. Greenlee of Denver, Colo., October 15th, by Magistrate Jas. F. Neall. After a tour of the eastern cities the pair will reside in Denver, where the best wishes of hosts of eastern friends will follow them.

This is Meant for You.

It has been truly said that half the world does not know how the other half lives. Comparatively few of us have perfect health, owing to the impure condition of our blood. But we rub along from day to day, with scarcely a thought, unless forced to our attention, of the thousands all about us who are suffering from scrofula, salt rheum and other serious blood disorders, and whose agonies can only be imagined. The marked success of Hood's Sarsaparilla for these troubles, as shown in our advertising columns, frequently, certainly seems to justify urging the use of this excellent medicine by all who know that their blood is disordered. Every claim in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla is fully backed up by what the medicine has done and is still doing, and when its proprietors urge its merits and its use upon all who suffer from impure blood, in great or small degrees, they certainly mean to include you. . . .

No greater triumph in medicine or chemistry has been recorded than Hall's Hair Renewer to restore gray hair to the color of youth.

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Dr. Price's Baking Cream Powder

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.



The Best Remedy

In this world, says J. Hoffert of Syracuse, N. Y., is Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, because my son who was partially paralyzed three years ago and attacked by fits, has not had any symptoms of them since he took one bottle of the remedy. I most heartily thank for it.

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So, Norwalk, Conn., May, 1890. Although I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with a certain prejudice, it has done me so much good that I must thank him for it, because now I can sleep again. Since the terrible catastrophe of the Johnstown flood, where I lost five members of my family, terrible fictions occupied my mind, so that I was since quite despondent. But now I come to myself again, and attribute this to the good effect of the Tonic. Box 557. B. CUNZ, Pastor.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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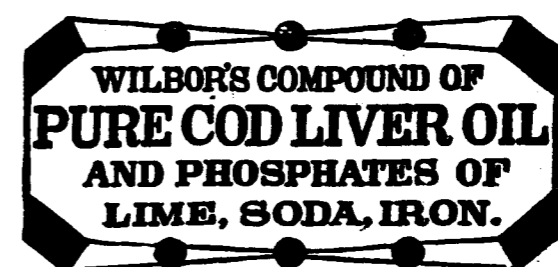
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