

# RELIGIO THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, NOV. 29, 1890.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 27.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Rev. Dr. Dexter, editor of the *Congregationalist*, whose death was announced last week, was a man of fine personal qualities which commanded the respect of all who came in contact with him. He was a man of ability and a scholar, and in spite of his conservatism which was regretted by the more progressive element, his influence was indisputably great.

Those ladies of the Chicago Woman's Alliance and other societies who are so zealously petitioning and agitating for the reading of the Bible in our public schools are unconsciously aiding those who are directly or indirectly in opposition to our public schools, and especially those who are opposed to such reasonable school laws as the Bennet law in Wisconsin and the compulsory education law in Illinois.

Says the *Sociologic and Coöperative News*: The first installment of the profit-sharing system, inaugurated by the Illinois Steel company, at Joliet last spring, was paid on the 28th inst. to the employes who had been in continuous service for one year. The amount distributed was \$4,000, or 1 per cent of the salaries received. The distribution will take place every quarter at the increase rate at 1 per cent per year till it reaches 5 per cent, where it will remain. This only applies to the company's Joliet works. It takes well with the men.

Lilian Whiting, who keeps herself well informed in regard to psychical and spiritual movements, in her Boston letter to the *Inter-Ocean* writes that it "seems to be almost in the air that we are entering an atmosphere of new forces, a more spiritual decade." That corresponding with the wonderful temporal development now going on there are impending spiritual changes of great significance. "It is," she says, "the age of supernaturalism, if one may please so to call that law just higher than the usual and familiar one, and quite as natural on its own plane."

Moody the revivalist has arrived and one of the daily papers announces that a "great revival is expected" and adds: "Chicago is in need of a general revival. The city has not had one since Mr. Moody's last visit or since Sam Jones was here. That was several years ago. Religious matters are in a healthy state, but just a little quiet, and Mr. Moody's visit and labors now may arouse a spirit of awakening all over the city." Certainly a revival is needed in Chicago, but a revival of honesty, of truthfulness, of devotion to high aims, of spirituality and moral enthusiasm, and not a spasmodic religious excitement, and a temporary revival of decaying superstition, of religious bigotry and of prejudice against revision and reform in religions.

The Fremont (Neb.) *Tribune* tells a good story of a recent local camp meeting. After the sermon the customary invitation was given for all who wanted to go to heaven to rise up. All present rose to their feet except one young man who sat back pretty well on the outskirts of the audience. Those who desired to go to heaven sat down. Then all those who wanted to go to heaven were requested to rise to their feet, and the

aforsaid young man was eyed with a good deal of interest. Still he sat as quiet and composed as a stone. The minister went to him and asked him why he did not rise in either instance. "Wall," replied the husky son of toil, "I don't want to go anywhar. Fremont's good ernuff fer me." And the preacher wended his way back to the altar, and, sitting down on the mourners' bench, leaned over and tied his shoe.

President Polk of the National Farmers' Alliance is quite certain that the Alliance has come to stay. He claims thirty-eight Alliance men in the Congress just elected, and says that twelve or fifteen others will act with the new party. "The principles upon which the Alliance is founded," President Polk says, "are solid and correct." Precisely what those principles are the President does not state. In a general way it is understood to demand legislation for the producing classes and a larger volume of money. A party which has fifty members of Congress in its service will not long keep its light under a bushel. It will soon make a definite statement of its principles, and will stand or fall as the practical common sense of the country shall determine.

A coroner's jury in Chicago recently returned a verdict in an inquest upon an infant "smothered by having its breath sucked by a cat." Superstition is so strongly entrenched in the human mind that it asserts its influence among all classes and in connection with all unusual phenomena. Cats do not "suck the breath" of children. To do this they would have to suck at the mouth and nostrils at the same time. That is impossible. "The whole secret of the matter," as the *Inter Ocean* observes, "is that a hungry cat attracted by the odor of milk will sniff about and lick the lips of a suckling infant, and by its weight on the child's breast or by covering the child's face with its body may shut off respiration and so smother the child to death. The cat is after milk, not breath, and she does her damage by compression or actual suffocation, not by suction." It is therefore dangerous to leave a cat in the unguarded presence of an infant.

It seems that Gen. Booth's scheme for abating the depth of the shadows in "Darkest England" is not so visionary as to lack indorsement by influential men in that country, says the *Chicago Tribune*. He has already received several substantial checks and a letter which probably affords him far more gratification than the amount of cash thus far tendered. A dignitary of the Church of England writes, expressing regret that the movement did not originate within that organization, which is officially responsible for the faith and morals of the people, if not for their bodily welfare. This can not but be productive of good. Whatever may be said against the Booth plan as an artificial method of relieving permanently a widespread misery, its publication and advocacy will have done a vast amount of good if it wakens up the moneyed classes to the absolute necessity of action for their own safety as well as for the relief of suffering by a large percentage of the English people. The tendency of modern civilization to a widening out between the extremes of affluence and destitution has reached a point in the British Isles where it threatens serious consequences to the whole fabric unless something be done soon to-

wards the amelioration of the misery which accompanies the depth of poverty and degrades men morally far down towards the level of the brute. The occupants of the parlor floor have no guarantee for continued comfort or even health while they allow a pestilence to rage unchecked in the cellar.

One account, and apparently a reliable one, of the Indian messiah to whose presence the threatened Indian outbreaks are undoubtedly due, represents him as preaching the doctrine that the whites and the Indians are brothers and should remain at peace. In explanation of the war dances, the neglect of their homes, the destruction of houses and fences and the reckless procedure of numbers of Indians, the Cheyenne apostle of the new religion, Porcupine, declares that it has come about through bad Indians, who expected the new messiah to urge them to revolt, and, being disappointed, have put into his mouth the words and directions that were agreeable to themselves. The identity of the Indian messiah has been pretty well fastened on a Pah-Ute named John Johnson, an intelligent but not educated man. If the government promptly takes him in custody as a disturber of the peace it may calm even the excited Indians, who, in his name, have been preparing for pillage and massacre.

Lieut. S. C. Robinson of the First Cavalry, in a letter to Gen. Miles, dated Fort Custer, November 7th, gives some information in regard to the Indian Christ, to see whom and learn about the agitated condition of the Indians, he made a trip to the Indian Agency. This is what the new messiah said in one of his talks: "I am the man who made everything you see around you. I am not lying to you, my children. I made this earth and everything on it. I have been to heaven and seen your dead friends and have seen my own father and mother. In the beginning, after God made the earth, they sent me back to teach the people, and when I came back on earth the people were afraid of me and treated me badly. This is what they did to me (showing his scars). I did not try to defend myself. I found my children were bad, so went back to heaven and left them. I told them that in so many hundred years I would come back to see my children. At the end of this time I was sent back to try to teach them. My father told me the earth was getting old and worn out, and the people getting bad, and that I was to renew everything as it used to be and make it better." He told us that all our dead were to be resurrected; that they were all to come back to earth, and that as the earth was too small for them and us he would do away with heaven and make the earth itself large enough to contain us all; that we must tell all the people we met about these things. He spoke to us about fighting, and said that was bad, and we must keep from it; that the earth was to be all good hereafter, that we must be friends with one another! He said that in the fall of the year the youth of all the good people would be renewed, so that nobody would be more than forty years old, and that if they behaved themselves well after this the youth of every one would be renewed in the spring. He said if we were all good he would send people among us who could heal all our wounds and sickness by mere touch, and that we would live forever.

## A WORKINGMEN'S CLUB.

The Steel Works Club at Joliet, Ill., which has 1,300 members, employes of the Illinois Steel Works Company, has a fine building erected and presented to the club by the company, which with fitting and furnishing cost about \$53,000. It was opened last December.

The club has a library of 3,700 volumes, a reading room supplied with the leading monthly periodicals and with weekly and daily papers, a gymnasium, billiard hall, barber shop, lunch counter, a room for card playing, a swimming pond and a row of bath rooms. The records show that in July, 1890, 2,240 baths were taken. No intoxicating liquors are allowed to be sold or used on the premises, no gambling or betting is permitted, no religious or political meetings are held in the building. Classes have been formed for lessons in elementary and advanced mathematics, vocal music, stenography, bookkeeping, drawing, mineralogy, theoretical mechanics, physical culture—two classes for men, one for youth—and housekeeping. Every Saturday lessons on the piano are given by an accomplished teacher to daughters of the members.

Last June the club had on exhibition a valuable collection of paintings, loaned by Chicago millionaires. Last week it had a flower show, arrangements for the same having been made with florists last summer. Six concerts by local singers and players, two piano recitals by Nellie Stevens and Carl House and three concerts by regular concert companies have been among the entertainments. A course of thirteen lectures being given before the club this season includes lectures by Prof. Richards of Chicago on "Electricity," Frederic Ober of Boston on "Mexico," Capt. Egbert Phelps on "Words," B. F. Underwood on "Industrial Tendencies," and Prof. Collyer on "Central Africa. The average attendance is 500.

A benefit society has been organized which gives seventy-five cents a day in case of accident and \$100 in case of death. The establishment of a savings bank for children and a building society is now in contemplation. The annual fee for membership is two dollars, and this secures to the members all the privileges and advantages of the club. The members are not restrained by unnecessary rules, but are allowed to enjoy themselves with the utmost freedom within the limits of decency and good order. The behavior is excellent the superintendent rarely having occasion to reprove a member for misconduct.

The project of doing something substantial for the employes of the Steel Company originated with Mrs. H. S. Smith, wife of one of the vice presidents of the company. The idea at first was to enlarge and increase the library. Then the proposition was made to give the Young Men's Christian Association \$20,000, but Samuel Tentrell, president of the club, suggested that if the gift was designed for the benefit of the employes that it should be given directly to the club, and finally the decision was made which accordingly resulted in the creation of the present building. W. R. Sterling of Chicago, a member of the Steel Company, has been very active in encouraging and carrying out the plans for this good work. The superintendent of the club is Mr. Walter Crane, a gentleman of fine organizing ability as well as of a liberal education. In the selection of the library, in establishing method and system in every department, forming classes and maintaining the best order and decorum without making authority irksome or disagreeable to the men, he has shown wonderful judgment and tact. The building was opened only last December and yet what the club has already accomplished in the interests of temperance, morals and intellectual culture is distinctly perceptible. Opportunities are offered men who toil during the day for passing the evening pleasantly with their fellow workmen, with means of entertainment and instruction, with no needless restriction on their movements, and with none of the temptation and demoralizing influences of the saloon.

It is a common remark that "corporations have no souls." Evidently the Illinois Steel Company is an exception. In devoting a portion of its large profits to providing a place where its workmen can have in-

tellectual and social advantages such as the Steel Works Club now enjoys, the company has done honor to itself and set an example which other large and wealthy companies having many men employed would do well to follow.

## THE PROPHECY RELATING TO GENERAL YERMOLOFF.

*L' Aurore du Nouveau Monde* for October contains a statement concerning a prophecy relating to the life and death of General Yermoloff. The following is a translation of the statement which was made by one intimately acquainted with the General:

One day on leaving Moscow, I made a visit to Yermoloff to take leave of him, and at the moment of taking my departure, I was unable to conceal my emotion. "Fear nothing," said he to me, "we shall see one another again; I shall not die before your return." This happened eighteen months before his death. "In life as in death, God alone is the master," I observed to him. "And I for my part positively tell you that it will not happen within a year but some months afterwards," he answered me. "Come with me," and on saying these words he conducted me into his work room. There, drawing from a bureau locked with a key a piece of paper covered with writing, he placed it before me and asked me: "Whose writing is this?" "It is yours," I replied. "Read then." I did as he wished. It was a sort of memorandum, a record of dates beginning with the year that Yermoloff had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, showing with the distinctness of a programme each important event which was to happen in his life, full of such grand achievements. He followed me with his eyes as I was reading until I had reached the last paragraph, when he placed his hand on the last line. "You are not to read this," said he. "This line reveals the year, the month and the day of my death. All that you have just read has been accomplished to the last detail. I am going to tell you how I happened to write this: When I was a young lieutenant-colonel, I was sent about some business into a little village in the province. My dwelling was composed of two chambers—one for the servants and the other for my personal use. This last had no way of access except through the first. One evening as I was seated very late at my desk, occupied with writing, I fell into a dose. Suddenly on raising my eyes I saw near in front of me, on the other side of my desk a stranger, a man who, to judge by his clothing, belonged to a lower class of society. Before I had time to ask him what it was he wanted of me, this stranger said to me: "Take your pen and write." Feeling myself under the influence of an irresistible power I obeyed in silence. Then he set out to tell me all that was to happen to me during all my life, ending with the date and hour of my death. With the last word he disappeared. Some minutes passed before I came to myself, then leaping up from my chair I rushed into the next chamber, through which the stranger must have necessarily passed. On opening the door I saw my secretary who was writing by the light of a torch and my orderly sergeant who was stretched on the floor in front of the door which was bolted. To my question: "Who has just passed through here?" the secretary answered, astonished: "No one." Up to this day I have never related this to a living soul. I knew well that if some persons suspected me of having invented this thing, others would see in me a man subject to hallucinations. But for me personally all this is an undeniable fact, objective and palpable, the proof of which is found in this written document."

The last date inscribed was in fact exact. He died on the day and hour of the year which had been written with his own hand.

## TOPOLOBAMPO.

Some years ago a number of persons were induced by A. K. Owen and some others associated with him to go to the western coast of Mexico and found the colony of Topolobampo. Reports which have come from that far-away place have not been very creditable to the promoters of the scheme, who seem to have personal ends to gain by the movement. Those who have returned represent the condition of the colonists as one of poverty and privation. The *Kansas City Journal* of recent date gave some facts in regard to Topolobampo and its residents by a lady who went there about a year ago and returned this month.

According to this lady's statement the 200 people left there are struggling along with difficulty in order to merely exist. They have raised no crops worth

mentioning during the four years that the colony has been established. The land will raise nothing but cactus and forest trees without irrigation. Many of the people have suffered from hunger, and last year they were on the verge of starvation. They are compelled to bring drinking water from an island seven miles away. The colonists are discouraged and homesick, but have no means of getting away. They are 800 miles south of Arizona, a five days' journey by vessel from Guaymas; and the only connection they have with civilization is the monthly boat. The houses have dirt floors and insects swarm everywhere. The climate is oppressively warm and unhealthy for northern-born people.

The lady says that if she could she would keep every one from venturing into the lonesome and desolate region. All the colonists now there will leave in the spring unless the company does something for them.

Yet a party of 200 more, under the leadership of C. B. Hoffman, of Enterprise, formerly a state senator of Kansas, left a few days ago for the same place. It is alleged in the paper from which these facts are taken that the contract between the Mexican government and the promoters of this scheme provides that Mexico shall pay the directors \$300 for each family kept in the country for two years. Besides the directors of the colony have 100,000 acres of land, purchased for a few cents an acre, which the colonists hope to make valuable by irrigation, the new party having gone prepared for such work. Many years must pass before Topolobampo can be a desirable place in which to live, and it is very evident that those who have gone there have been misled and deceived by men whose main purpose has been to make money out of the movement.

## INDUSTRIAL REFORM.

Civilized man has emancipated himself from the conditions under which his ancestors struggled, and he has been able to substitute for the forces of the outer world, his own purposive action. He now contemplates his relations and surroundings, and by means of political and social institutions seeks to improve them. He has conceptions of equal rights and reciprocal duties and obligations, with extended sympathies; and these awaken and sustain his interest in the welfare of his race. In these social conditions in which the conduct of men is more and more governed by fixed moral principles and in which the tendency is to work together for the general improvement, the influence of natural selection is small and continually becoming less. "With civilized nations," says Darwin, "as far as an advanced standard of morality and an increased number of fairly endowed men are concerned, natural selection apparently affects but little, though the fundamental social instincts were originally thus gained."

The influence of natural selection on man has become less in proportion as he has consciously exercised his powers for definite ends. In uniting for a common object men have been able to accomplish in a day what might not in a century and probably would never have been brought about by natural selection alone, preventing, too, incalculable suffering and loss unavoidable in a merciless "struggle for existence."

And yet the competitive principle, which has ever been the essential fact in the struggle for existence still prevails. Men now compete in useful arts and industries. Educational institutions compete in methods and efficiency of instruction. Institutions of charity compete with one another in relieving want and distress. The doctors, divided into various schools compete in the art of overcoming disease, each school trying to prove the superiority of its own method. The churches compete in the attractions and inducements offered to increase membership, attendance and influence. Very different these and other similar forms of competition, where the manifest object is to contribute to individual and social well-being, from that struggle in which those only could survive that seized every advantage of strength and position to destroy their less fortunate competitors.

At the same time there are deplorable evils, the natural outcome of competition as it exists among us

to-day, as seen in the contrasts presented by the extremes of wealth and poverty, and the strained relations between capital and labor. Great wealth gives great power; and they who possess it are very liable to employ it to their own advantage and in the interests of the class to which they belong, with but little consideration for the rights or the welfare of the poor. Intemperance, extravagance, waste, and idleness no doubt account for much of the extreme poverty that exists, but in spite of this, it is evident as considerate and conscientious capitalists are ready to admit, there is a lack of fair and equitable distribution of the products of labor. Steam and machinery have enormously augmented the power of production; but there is a strong feeling that capital profits too much, and that labor does not receive the advantages and benefits to which it is fairly entitled from the inventions and improvements of the age. The tendency of modern industrialism is to a division of labor and its employment by large firms and corporations, which, by owning the machinery and paying the smallest possible wages, get most of the immediate advantages of the vast productive power that invention has put into their hands.

Coöperation, which is emphasized by socialistic reform, contains, without a doubt, a principle that must be brought more and more into prominence, but only in coexistence with the opposite principle of competition as, for instance, in the profit-sharing enterprises established in Europe and in this country. A condition in which excellence should not be stimulated by incentives and rewarded by advantages would, were it possible, destroy all originality and enterprise. And the incentives and the advantages must be such as appeal to human nature as it is. Some imagine that if the government would only take control of everything that all industrial and social problems would be solved. But government, through the influence of wealth and the love of power and rank, is liable to become despotic, as it is in European countries where labor organizations are suppressed, and the meetings of socialists are broken up by the police, and where military power, although derived from the people, awes the people into silence,—countries from which come the class of foreigners who advocate a resort to violence to solve the problem of capital and labor,—the problem of the ages—which American workingmen are intelligent enough to see must be solved by thought, not by explosions of dynamite.

In a country whose government derives its power from the consent of the governed, and where every citizen is a voter, the remedy for all evils that can be reached by legislation is in the hands of the people, if, indeed, they have the intelligence to see what is needed, to subordinate minor issues to a common purpose, to disregard the petty schemes of narrow minded zealots and the professions and promises of political demagogues, and to unite on sensible and practical measures.

The Philadelphia Polyclinic hospital has during the eight years of its existence provided gratuitous treatment to 29,953 sick poor in its twelve special departments. But this really is the least part of its far-reaching charity. The practitioners of medicine, who have availed themselves of the peculiar opportunities for scientific research, are putting into practical operation among their own patients the increased skill they have acquired, and thereby benefit not only the distant poor but the rich as well. The higher medical education of the physician affects the entire community, each and all being subject to illness and accident, each and all desiring above all things a speedy recovery of health. This is materially aided by the Philadelphia Polyclinic, the only post-graduate medical college in Pennsylvania. Lord Randolph Churchill in a speech at a hospital dinner in London, said: "The hospitals of this metropolis and of the great towns of England, are a perpetually flowing fountain of medical science. All the new remedies which medical science brings to light for the treatment of disease, and all the ingenious associations of the appliances of mechanism and of instruments take their origin and thrive in the hospitals before they are ap-

plied to the treatment of diseases outside the hospitals. I wonder how many rich people there are in this town who have met with serious illness or accident, and who, by almost miraculous medical skill, almost miraculous medical nursing, have recovered, who never thought to give a single sixpence to the hospital to which they may be said to owe absolutely their prolonged life." These remarks apply quite as appropriately to hospitals generally in this country.

Just so far as Spiritualism is spiritualizing—just so far as it lifts man up to a higher level of life—to that extent will it benefit the human race, and no further, says the *Golden Gate*. As a simple fact, the demonstration of the continuity of life is no more helpful than a demonstration in the science of numbers. Man must first accept the fact, and then square his life in accordance therewith, before he can profit his soul with the truth. As one's mere belief in the forms or doctrines of Christianity has no influence or bearing on his moral character, so of a belief merely in the teachings of Spiritualism, it will make one a no better citizen, no better husband, father or friend, without his soul is touched by said teachings, and his character moulded into a semblance of the divine manhood. The Spiritualist who lies and cheats, who slanders his neighbors, who defiles the temple of the soul with rum, tobacco, or vileness of any kind, may have implicit confidence in all phases of mediumship, and all kinds of psychic phenomena, but he is no *Spiritualist* nevertheless, and is no better than any other unprogressed mortal, whether Christian, pagan or Jew. In the work of proselyting the race—in carrying the gospel of this new truth to the hearts and homes of humanity—we should seek to convey with it that spiritual power and grace whereby only man is made better and purer for the great work of life.

Mr. James Burns, editor of *The Medium and Day-break*, whose loyalty to Spiritualism can not be questioned, whatever other criticisms of him may be made, has the following editorial note in the issue of his paper for November 7th. "We have for a long time felt that far too much prominence is given to the parade of 'spirit guides.' The less we think about the spirits and the more we think about our conscientious duty the better. We scarcely think good and well-bred spirits would care to be so assiduously advertised and recognized. They ask for no recognition or acknowledgment from us: all they desire is that we do the right, and mind our own business; they will mind theirs without any urging on our part. By placing ourselves in a receptive mood, by making the humble endeavor to do our duty, the good spirits more efficiently help us. It is possibly true, that none of us can do anything without active spirit aid; but we do not realize the advantages of this by constantly alluding to the spirits, but by earnestly concentrating ourselves on the work in hand. Accord gratitude to the Supreme: it will reach the proper sphere." THE JOURNAL desires to endorse and accentuate its contemporary's position on this matter. It were well if every Spiritualist would make it, as a whole, a part of his creed. Indeed, it is difficult to see how one can be a Spiritualist who does not accept and live up to it.

The only profession in which the incompetent have little or no future is in journalism, says the *Christian Register*. It is a profession without a heritage of traditions. Generally speaking, there are no schools of journalism, except those furnished by the editor's office. The best way to get into a newspaper is to buy paper and pencil and write yourself in. No diploma of college or school is required, no recommendation of a teacher of English; it is the work which tells. That some of the work is badly done is because nearly every newspaper conducts a school of journalism in some portion of its columns at the public expense. The local newspaper is the school from which the reporter graduates to the metropolitan daily. What matters it if the report of Dr. Pedant's sermon is frightfully mangled, or that in an interview somebody is made to say precisely that which he did not say? It is necessary that this reporter should

learn to write, and the public must pay two cents or four every morning to assist in his education; and the doctors of divinity and slow coaches of every kind must get out of the way if they do not want to be run down.

The brawn and brain of this nation have come chiefly from the rural districts, observes the *Kansas City Star*. The bone and sinew of the country are not derived, as a rule, from the great cities. The most illustrious names in American history are associated with the farm. Washington, Jefferson, Webster, Clay, Lincoln, Grant, and a host of other great men who aided in shaping the destinies of the republic came from the country. The nation can not view with indifference the influences which may impair the source from which its most sturdy population, mentally and physically, has proceeded. Is there any just ground for the fear that the movement from the country to the towns will long maintain its present volume? Does not the logic of events point to an early reaction? The towns and cities can not remain crowded beyond their capacity to afford a livelihood to their population. When that point is reached there must be a receding wave, and the movement of population will be in the other direction. There is a basis for the belief that the equilibrium will be restored by the law which makes agriculture the essential source of prosperity and the foundation upon which the commercial interests of the country rest.

The vexed question of the study of history in the Boston high schools seems likely at last to be settled, says the *Congregationalist*. It will be remembered that the controversy, which has been going on for two years and more between Roman Catholics and protestants, began over Swinton's history, which was rejected as a text book. A committee has finally reported to the school board recommending that several books of history, representing views both of protestants and Catholics, be placed in the high schools as books of reference, that topical outlines be prepared for the students, and that they study these topics, with the books of reference, under direction of the teachers. The books proposed appear to be judiciously selected. Large responsibility is thus placed on the teachers, but what protestants most desire is fair investigation, being content that the student shall rest his verdict on facts fairly presented. This is perhaps the best disposition that can be made of the matter, and it should be remembered that it affects only five per cent of the pupils in the public schools.

Says the *Christian Leader*: Theodore Parker would, the *Christian Register* avers, pass for a conservative with Unitarians of to-day. Yet, the *Register* adds, his sermon, "The Permanent and Transient in Christianity," shut him out of every Unitarian pulpit, except the pulpits of John T. Sargent and James Freeman Clarke, and, at the time, these gentlemen were ostracized by their Unitarian brethren because they refused to ostracize Parker. The *Register* tells but half the story. In Mr. Parker's day, the Unitarians were extremely conservative in regard to temperance and slavery, and Parker's uncompromising criticism of his associates, for dereliction of duty, gave more offence than his theological radicalism. When he put and answered a question, "What drove John Pierpont from Boston? Rum and the Unitarian clergy?" he stirred a deeper revolt than that which came from his theological views. He was, in fact, a thorn in the sides of such Unitarian leaders as Dewey and Gannett, and these gentlemen were representatives of the Unitarians of their day.

An edict of the Russian government restraining protestant Christians from holding missionary meetings and sending abroad missionary gifts has been modified in the concession of permission that pastors shall be permitted to preach on the extension of Christianity and take collections for the benefit of foreign missions, subject to the approval of the local governors.

## HYPNOTISM: ITS PERILS AND SAFEGUARDS.

By HERMAN SNOW.

Mesmerism, animal magnetism, and Spiritualism in some of its phases, are so nearly identical with the prevailing psychic craze, popularized as hypnotism, that in a general treatment like this they may be regarded as substantially the same, the last named term being now used because it best chimes in with recent habits of thought and at the same time somewhat more clearly expresses the true nature of the phenomena it aims to embody. My present aim is to give to the thoughtful public some reflections which may be regarded as of the deepest import to human welfare.

The power of mind over mind, of the stronger over the weaker mental force, this is the grand, far-reaching law of the spiritual universe which forms the basic principle of the various psychic phenomena included within the term hypnotism. But in almost all the recent experiments—especially those made under the auspices of supposed experts in the scientific world important facts of man's spiritual nature and relations—have been so ignored as fatally to vitiate the conclusions thus made. Such experimenters have failed to recognize that there are in close relations with our earthly condition vast multitudes of individual minds which though unrecognized by our present faculties, i. e., in the usual normal condition, are yet even more active agents of power than are those minds still in a material body. Then it is found that from the essential nature of mentality and spirituality like ever seeks like, and amid unobstructed conditions is sure to find it. And in the moral world has it not been demonstrated that goodness is intrinsically superior to evil, and hence that an aspiring, upward look toward the higher regions of spiritual force will bring relief and protection? Hence it follows that the danger or safety of psychic experiments must depend largely upon the character of the invisible surroundings.

The great error of mesmerists of the past and of the prevailing hypnotism consists in overlooking the transcendent truth that but a very limited portion of the force exerted in their experiments comes from the visible experimenters themselves. Were it not for a silent but searching power cooperating with them from invisible intelligences ever in close relations with earthly conditions, but a very small proportion of the wonderful results now so often recorded would follow, for in but a few instances is the mental power of an individual still in the body sufficient to induce such results. But when from the invisible side of things a harmonious battery of mental forces is added, then it is that effects follow well fitted to astonish the world. And let it be borne in mind as of vital significance to the actual good or evil tendencies of such practices, that the results both moral and physical will be in accordance with the combined character and purposes of both the visible and the invisible company employed. For on such occasions there must be a harmony even though it be of a satanic rather than of an angelic character. That the invisible spirit surroundings have much to do with the physical as well as the spiritual well being of those *en rapport* with such surroundings has been satisfactorily shown by different writers, particularly by Dr. Evans in his "Mental Cure," "Mental Medicine," "Soul and Body" and other volumes in the same line of thought.

From what has thus far been said it would seem to follow that in all attempts at hypnotic investigations and uses, as well as in some phases of Spiritualism, in order to guard against abuses and evils, purity of thought and feeling, and an upward, aspiring spirit are essential, and that so far as these conditions are observed so far will the good prevail and no evil need be feared. For there is a perfection of wisdom, of power and of love at the head of all force, and there is an orderly, invisible method of protection and help for all who reverently lean upon it. No satanic influence can mingle with our efforts unless our own

disregard of imperative spiritual law shall seem to invite it. And those who engage in any such occult and imperfectly understood investigation in a low and trifling spirit, or with selfish and sensual ends in view must expect to reap as they have sown and to gather as the natural result evil in various forms. A wise attention to this order of thought is of vital importance to all sensitives, including especially hypnotic subjects and spirit mediums, for it is thus alone that wise and efficient protection can be extended over them. Arbitrary human laws will not answer, for it is a moral and spiritual, not a legal shield that is needed.

To those who have closely followed the revelations and unfoldings of our modern Spiritualism no labored argument will be needed to sustain the leading positions now taken. To most of this class of investigators incidents leading in this direction have been of frequent occurrence. To such it has been made perfectly apparent that in psychic experiments there are generally at least more than one individual mental force employed, and more than that which is embodied in a material form. Indeed, could it be clearly seen by the self-sufficient visible hypnotizer what a combination of psychic force on the invisible side of things is at work with him, and how comparatively impotent would be his efforts if actually as well as apparently acting alone in what he is aiming to accomplish, he would himself be astonished perhaps even more than others are astonished by his apparent personal success.

An incident in my own experience at a very early stage of my investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism will serve to illustrate and sustain my present views upon the general subject. Previous to this experience, some years before the advent of the so-called Rochester rappings, I had personally and successfully experimented in what was then called Mesmerism, now hypnotism, and hence when the new psychic phenomena began to dawn upon me I was the better prepared to recognize and wisely to avail myself of the clearer manifestation of intelligence and force from the spirit world now being made known to us. During a continued investigation of nearly three weeks I had free access to the remarkable capacities of a private medium of undoubted honesty and ingenuousness—a hired girl in the family with whom I was then sojourning. Almost all kinds of mediumship seemed to have been latent in this young woman, then about 18 years old. But, as is the usual order in this kind of development, the earlier experiments were made through the raps and table tipplings responsive to a calling of the alphabet. In this way we had come into what was—seemingly at least—close and correct communication with the invisible ones around us. But this being rather slow work and therefore not wholly satisfactory an effort was made by the spirit friends to improve the methods. At one of our sittings it was spelt out to me in the usual way, "We are going to put E—in a trance, and we want you to help us." So I engaged in the usual mesmeric method, making however but a few passes when I was given to understand—through the alphabetical method, the medium's hands being still kept upon the table—that no further help was needed of me, and soon after E—was found to be in a deep trance condition over which I myself had no control, but from which she was in due time awakened at the time appointed by her invisible control. We were now favored with an easy and rapid method of intercourse by the involuntary spoken language of our medium, which was mostly used in subsequent efforts.

If the general correctness of the views now taken of our subject be admitted, it will be seen by thoughtful ones that without a practical knowledge of the leading truths of Spiritualism in its higher phases, the so-called hypnotism can not be rightly understood but in its practice will be constantly attended with mistaken conclusions as well as abuses, and various forms of evil. But with a right understanding and faithful observance of the higher forms of spiritual truths no evil, but much good may result from this new knowledge of the wonderful power of mind over mind. For then experiments will be made only for some noble end and in a spirit so reverent that none but the wise

and good from the spirit side will be attracted as helpers. But in order to this it is essential that no other than pure and noble purposes should prevail on the visible, as well as the invisible side of the effort. And this imperative spiritual law applies equally to all psychic experiments, including the spirit circle, where it is but too often disregarded with results accordingly.

## INFERENCE TOPOGRAPHY AND COSMOGONY OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

By MRS. LIZZIE JONES.

An article in a recent number of THE JOURNAL from Warren Chase on the question: "What, and where is the Spirit-world?" revived a similar experience to his in spirit communion, which, if not so venerable by half, was more satisfactory in final results, and which, with its changed aspect of the scenes, planes, or spheres of the universe, realized the Spirit-world as being brought to our doors and laid at our feet. Let us first pave the way and fortify the position by bearing in mind that man is a spiritual being, with a physical attachment to his person to be used as an instrument in time only.

When death is said to occur, he drops off this physical or machine body, and it is committed to earth, his essential self going on his way rejoicing—not reaching heaven, or the world of spirit by locomotion, but by different vision—and where he is known by a presentment of himself.

As to the physical body, it has no power of itself to adhere to a given form, only as acted on by spirit. We have on now our spiritual bodies, and they embody ourselves, and it is these that animate, move, and finally cast off the outer semblance worn in earth life.

And so of the world of spirit. The two sides of the world, the natural and the spiritual—formerly distinguished as earth and heaven—are no longer distinct, but are now seen to be correlates, the spiritual as cause dominating the natural in its effects in close contiguity—whence we derive and realize our universe.

This world is the expression of a spiritual cause. What falls under our angle of vision here, is but a projection from the spiritual side of varied surface and sundry appointments, while there are other supposititious, vast expanses and multiplied objects which give no sign to our veiled senses.

The experience referred to above, embraces communications from dear personal friends only; messages from Moses and Elias or Confucius or Swedenborg were not forthcoming. In the incipient stages of our circle investigations, the Spirit-world was flooded with questions about "What and where is the Spirit-world?" "Where are you to whom I talk?" "What do you do there?" "Would we know you?" But as with Mr. Chase no definite ideas concerning our friends and their life has ever been reached, and for this excellent reason as given early by one of the spirit friends: "You have no objects in your world with which we can compare heavenly ones, and you, are not acquainted with any spiritual language."

Spiritual things must be spiritually discerned after all, since confessedly these communications are all on a material plane.

It may be said then, what's the use of this intercourse if spirits can tell you nothing of themselves, or the country they are in? What is the use of interchange between friends across the Mississippi river by letter, or the other end of town by telephone, or across the great waters by telegraph, or even in our own parlors where we deal in the most commonplaces, and call it maintaining social intercourse.

There is little or nothing to be gained by interpreting these spiritual communications literally. The tests must always stand for a sign or a symbol of a revelation to mankind. A fact signifies cause, process; it contains evidence of things not wrought out but indicated only. Mr. Emerson says: "No anchor no cable, no fences avail to keep a fact a fact. . . . Who cares what the fact was, when we have made a constellation of it to hang in the heavens an immortal sign?"

Our spirit friends have dwelt with great emphasis

on the value of our earth life, as expressed in such words as these: "If you come now to the Spirit-world, you will have to take too much schooling." "Do your work, and do it well, for thus do ye clothe yourselves in beauteous robes," or "Life in time is the soul's greatest and grandest opportunity."

Nothing daunted, however, by vague and indefinite answers to our questions from the spirits we still kept on with them, but not with such an unmitigated frenzy of eagerness. "Where were you between the hour of death and the funeral?" "Right here, I have never gone away." "I do not believe you are doing anything Dan?" "Yes, I am, but something I can not well explain." "To my brother-in-law who had recently gone over: "Have they set you to doing anything yet?" "No, I am a guest to be entertained." Asking mother what they do there? it is replied: "Always busy, but never weary, dear children. There is as much business going on here as there is in your world." "Do you sit at the table to write as we do?" "No, I stand like a man" answered the joker on the spirit side. Without question or other leading the following was written by my brother: "It is not a dreadful thing to die. It is as though you see the waters gather around you, and there is no way of escaping the waves, when at last you sink down in sweet repose in the dreaded river." "Were you conscious at the change?" "I was not conscious, and did not know where I was, except that I knew I was in the right place." Again the same one wrote: "We have been on the river of life, whose waters you dread so much until you are sailing, when they appear as beautiful as diamonds—so smooth, so calm."

According to their own showing, spirits can not see material things. Every thing that has life in it—the coursing sap of trees and flowers, and the spiritual part of our constitution is plainly visible to them. My older sister died at two years of age. The youngest brother says of her: "Sister Susann says, 'tell your sisters she can see you, and loves you much, but she can not comprehend how you look clothed in mortal frames?' She has no knowledge of wrongs, pains, or other ills, and is more perfect in her angelic sphere, for she never knew sin. Susann is my companion when we ramble and talk. I tell her of earth, and she tells me of heaven's laws." "You speak of rambling—is it upon anything solid you tread?" "It is as solid to us as the earth is to you. Sister Lucy says we float in air, but it is walking all the same." "Can you go anywhere you please?" "Why, yes, we are not penned in, sis." Going to St. Louis to speak with a friend yet in the flesh was mentioned. "How long will it take you?" "How long? No time. We just think and are there."

Under another phase of mediumship we see the simulated forms of our spirit friends and hear their voices. Perhaps from certain church reasons, as not having belonged to any meeting house, and having no season tickets in their pockets, some of them might be supposed to be writhing in endless torments, but their clothing presenting an unscorched appearance over the front of the cabinet curtain, and no smell of Lubin's against the fact of sulphur accompanying—no heart-rending ulcers for a drop of water to cool their parched throats—their talk freighted with good cheer, and Sabbath themselves often appearing to be reaping of what good (or bad) they had sown—there is legitimate assurance of a better state of things to come.

So, by certain indirections and negations, we glean, among other things, from the meagre, indefinite material, "trifling and demented communications" that our christian spirit friends are not in a seven-by-nine heaven, sitting on a cold cloud, singing and shouting glory, and casting crowns for a livelihood—whatever these occupations may signify—and that we who remain shall not, at the great change, wait a million of years in some crack or cranny of the universe, for the sounding of the last trump to get a little dust hitched on to our spirits, as though form and likeness ever inhered in the flesh or in the dust.

Surely, as "Dante's mountain of purgatory does not stand in western midocean when Columbus has once sailed thither" so does the Spirit-world cease to be the country whence no traveler returns with inferential knowledge of its topography and cosmogony.

### THE REASONS WHY.

By W. WHITWORTH.

Though for many years I have been constrained to the belief that the Church of Rome is inimical to liberty of thought and the free institutions of this country, I should not have written these papers except in reply to the direct questions propounded by Mr. Plimpton.\* In conclusion, with no feeling but a desire for truth and justice, I shall address myself to this closing statement of Mr. Plimpton's letter:

"The working people furnish the funds—given to the Catholic church—and they one and all will resent to the last any criticism of their religion, or their church and the priests that control it. Is this the result of fear, love of church and its dogma, or what?"

Answering the concluding query first, I say, from the deep-rooted spirit of intolerance that brooks no liberty but its own, persistently instilled into the minds of Romanists by priestly teaching of the church.

On the cruel persecutions, torturing, bloodshed and wholesale confiscation of property of those who have dared to exercise liberty of conscience, during long centuries of Romish ascendancy, I shall not dwell. The truth is accessible on the pages of the world's history to every intelligent reader. I will confine myself to such facts as have fallen within my own personal experience.

Back sixty years, when I was little more than a child, in my home at Manchester, England, I early became impressed with the brutal savagery with which Roman Catholics "resented criticism" of their peculiar dogmas. There were in the town some score or more thousands of low-grade Irish laborers, all bigoted devotees of the Romish church, a large number of whom lived on a secluded piece of ground exclusively to themselves, quite near to my father's dwelling. It went by the name of "Little Ireland," and gave daily tokens of its peculiar characteristics. Especially on Saturday evening, when the week's wages had been received, drunkenness and fighting were its normal activities; and so intolerant was the general spirit of the people that it was not safe for one of any other nationality to pass by the one roadway into the place. Many times I saw great burly fellows, maddened from much whisky tipping, trailing a ragged coat along the sidewalk and yelling for whoever desired a fight to step on the tail! And as sure as any stranger did stamp on the coat, he was set upon and pounded half to death by all the drunken bullies around, as voices screamed in maddened fury: "Kill the dommed Protestant!" And these same drunken wretches would be seen next day on their way to church in solid streams, firm in the belief that they were of the pure elect of God, certain of the heavenly kingdom by virtue of regular attendance at church and payment of dues into the priestly coffers.

But it was in the brutal, murderous attacks on Orangemen's funerals that Romish intolerance was most conspicuously displayed. The sole crime of Orangemen in Romish Catholic eyes was the fact that they were Protestants in religion. This was conspicuously shown whenever they were set upon by their Romish countrymen. As stones and brickbats were hurled on the funeral procession, fierce cries would fill the air: "Kill the bloody heretics! Down with the dommed Protestants!" More than a score of times in my boyhood days did I witness these blood-thirsty attacks on peaceable funeral processions on the public highway that was free to everybody; some men mangled with deadly boulders and bricks, beat

\* LOWELL, Mass., Sept. 7, 1890.

FRIEND WHITWORTH:

I have just read your article, "The Reasons Why," and suggest that you account for the crowded churches of the Catholic branch of christendom in this country, and the vast amount expended in the erection, enlarging and refurbishing of the same. The working people furnish the funds. Go among that class of working people, many of them quite intelligent, and they one and all will resent to the full any criticism of their religion or church and the priests that control it. Is this state the result of fear, love of church and its dogma, or what? Is the Roman or Latin church the fundamental in religion?

Fraternally Yours,

A. B. PLIMPTON.

down with heavy sticks, kicked and trampled under foot. Even women joined in these murderous affrays, appearing as malignant and as brutal as the men. Twice I saw the coffin tossed off the bier and kicked apart so that the corpse rolled out into the road. The authorities were finally obliged to give Orangemen permission to carry arms for self protection; and more than once I saw attacks where pistols were freely used to repel the missiles hurled by the other side.

Since living nearly a half century in this country, I have seen the same intolerent determination to crush all criticism of the church and its dogmas, or opposition to its ceaseless efforts to undermine the liberties of the people. Orangemen in their funeral processions have been subjected to like brutal attacks as I saw in my boyhood days, across the line in Canada; and in the states, where liberty of speech is accorded to every citizen by edict of the constitution, no man or woman can stand up in a public hall and speak truth of the Romish church and its past history without risk of assault and maltreatment.

It is no excuse to say that the men who carry on this brutality are low-grade creatures who do not know any better. They are of the great mass of which the church devotees are mainly composed, and their murderous, intolerant spirit is the direct outgrowth of the arrogant claim that the head of the church is above and superior in authority to every power and government on earth. So long as this ignorant rabble is taught to believe that right of conscience in religious matters is damnable heresy, rightfully to be stamped out by any torture that can be inflicted by members of the only true church, is it not certain that they will keep right on "resenting criticism" of their peculiar ideas to the full bent of their power?

I know well that there are priests and high dignitaries of the Romish church who are of the very salt of the earth in their desire to accomplish good. May their numbers increase, either in the church or out. But it needs to be established on a bedrock that can not be disturbed, that in this land of liberty no church nor pope at its head shall interfere with the religious opinions of any one in all this broad realm. CLEVELAND, OHIO.

### SPIRIT ACTION RELATIVE TO MATERIAL LAW.

By WM. I. GILL.

All sense laws are bounded by the sense world. Disembodied spirits do not belong to the forces of this world and are not to be accounted as subject to its laws, though they must in some way use them in order to communicate with us. If there is any such action of any such beings, that action, it will be allowed, is beyond the law so far that it is a new force projected into our sphere, that it is not an exemplification of the regular action of the sense forces of our sense world. This is obvious and is doubtless one of the reasons why physical scientists are often so unwilling to look on the psychical side of their own field of studies, and especially disposed to shun all lights that would reveal to them evidences of extramundane forces and agencies; not that they would willfully shun light in any direction, but they are disqualified for seeing it in this direction by a prejudice which denies or discounts it in advance.

There was a time when belief in extramundane agencies fostered a dependence on them to the injury of science and common sense and regular labor and forethought. To some extent this often or usually operates now with people in prescientific conditions of mental development; and we can easily conceive that the interposition of spirits in the affairs of our world might be such as to frequently confound all reasonable calculations both in physical science and social life and statesmanship. Nor would this result be prevented by our modern repudiation of the old notion of supernaturalism. We may affirm with emphasis that all things conform to law, and that this is true of all spirit agencies. But so long as these agencies are not of our world, we may not be able always or often to trace their lexical relations and anticipate them and act in regular and rational relation to them. If we built a house we could not tell but spirits would make

it uninhabitable by their doings, as it is alleged they sometimes do. Nay, they might prostrate our work in building, coming by night (or by day either) and demolishing our structure as fast as it rises by day; or they might be so kind as to build it for us in a night. Thus they might in ten thousand ways continually interpose to favor or oppose human desires and projects so as to greatly confound all human calculation, and bring science as well as its application into frequent and serious doubt and bewilderment. We have been told, for instance, of their breaking cups and dishes and slinging them round the house in a very frantic fashion; of their throwing stones into windows and down chimneys, making occupancy a deadly danger; of their making various noises which none but those of the stoutest nerves could long endure. Why should they go so far and stop here? It seems very capricious, just like naughty, willful human spirits.

If these things are at all true why should they not be indefinitely multiplied both in good and evil as they once were in the popular imagination and faith. In that case where were there any clear field for science or for any steady rational activity in daily practical life? To say that these spirits conform to law does not relieve the case at all; since all their preparation for action is invisible to us, so that we can know nothing about it till it is sprung upon us in its effects. So far as we are practically concerned it might as well be supernatural. Indeed, it is supernatural relative to us and our sphere, since it is above or beyond nature as known to us and regulative of our knowledge and powers of action. This is all that modern theology and religious thought mean by the term supernatural; not that it is above all nature, but simply an agency of a higher sphere operating on a lower sphere, whether that agency be God or angels or wicked spirits. In this light all the miracles of the Bible are conceived and construed. In this light, so far as they are admitted at all, they are construed and historically interpreted by modern spiritualism. This interpretation therefore does not necessarily relieve the anxieties of the physical scientist; and he will very naturally feel, without some psychic experience to help him, that the safest and the most rational course is to scout everything of the kind as illusive and contra scientific.

However we interpret it, and whatever rational and scientific guards we may throw around it, the admission of exanimate spirit agency operating in and on this world is a thing of vast significance relative to science in every department and to practical life. It opens a gate none knows how wide, to the incursion of beings almost infinitely more numerous than the world's population and always more rapidly increasing, and with powers we know not how vast or how different from ours, and against whose malevolent action we can not guard, and with whose benevolent action we can not cooperate till we are advised of it.

Still that is no adequate reason for shutting our eyes to facts, or for refusing to explore any region we may possibly penetrate, or for refusing to follow up any discovered clew, or seeking with all zeal and fidelity a scientific explanation of every class of known facts. Persevering faithfulness here may widen the field of science; and if it cuts off some of its cast-iron corners, it may heighten the total interest, and disclose to us broader and nobler guards and guides, both practical and speculative. We must assume, as all thought does, that every new acquisition of knowledge is a benefit to all the old, though it destroys some idols. It is in just this way that Spiritualism must work its way to the rank of science. But it can never be a science like that of astronomy with its vast assured anticipations and its certain and immense pre-calculations. And further its necessary interference with and modification of the events, and therefore the laws of our sphere, will justly make it unwelcome to science and make a demand that its proofs shall be of the strongest kind that experience and induction therefrom can furnish.

If Spiritualism is true we really do not know how far spirits exanimate do determine the affairs of this world, how far they affect human life, its political and civil conditions, individual action, or even the animal

and material world. Certainly, so far as they do interfere with the material world, they make a break in its laws even if they use these laws; because their use of them is not a part of the forces of our world and is not counted in the calculations and measurements of physical science. If, for instance, they make a visual apparition or a sound or raise a stone from the ground, there is here a rupture of the law of the conservation of energy in our world. These events have confessedly no antecedent correlate in any form of physical force in this world. This is a point which at this time deserves special emphasis, because this law has never been critically examined, and there are signs of the rising of a critical feeling on the subject; and on the basis of Spiritualism I call attention to this limitation of the law, which is the main object of this paper, and therefore its termination is here reached.

#### HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

##### VI.

###### CLAIRVOYANCE.

My experiments heretofore having been made at distances varying from a few feet to three hundred miles, I was anxious to extend them to greater distances—a thousand miles or more. I was traveling during the summer and autumn of 1852, and had taken a temporary residence in the suburbs of London for the benefit of medical advice for a member of my family who was seriously unwell. Some months previously the postman had put into my own hands a letter from a relative in the state of New York, and as there were some private family matters in it I had locked it up in a portable iron safe, the key of which I always carried on my person.

Some minor experiments having convinced me that a lady of my acquaintance was exceedingly lucid at the times she foresaw and appointed in a previous sleep, I took advantage of this to make a decisive experiment, if successful, as to the element of distance.

The letter which I have mentioned occurred to me as furnishing the means of an excellent test. By the clairvoyant's direction it was placed under her foot. Passing over a most exact description of my relative, the relationship she bore to me, and the interior of her house, as possibly gathered from my own knowledge, I quote her statement of those things of which I could have no knowledge.

"She (my relative) lived in the country, but is not there now, and her house is shut up—cold and dreary. She has gone away" (with great solemnity and emphasis). "Yes," I observed, "shut up her house and gone away to spend the winter." "No, gone away never to come back." "Where to?" I asked, not yet taking in the full meaning. "Gone to the churchyard; I saw her walking in a garden, she fell down and went very soon." Three weeks afterwards I received a letter from New York, and although not altogether unprepared for the event, it was with awe I read the announcement, "Our good old aunt is no more; she fell whilst walking in a path near my mother's house, dislocated her thigh and died in nine days."

The two principal phases of lucidity are here combined: thought reading, through which the somnambule might have discovered by whom the letter had been written, the relationship to me, and the arrangement of the interior of the house; and independent clairvoyance, by which she so unerringly perceived that the house was shut up (as it was in fact), as well as the twofold walking and falling at the time, and the crowning revelation of a speedy and fatal termination.

A lady from Scotland, who had left her twin infants at home, was making a visit at my house, and in the course of conversation expressed her anxiety about the children. Ascertaining that she had about her some little articles of theirs, I proposed to use them in a clairvoyant examination.

The somnambule, who then saw this lady for the first time, being brought in, described the nursery, maids and children so accurately that the mother was at once able to apply their respective names. Asked if it was a fine day in the place where the little ones

were, she replied, "Very fine, but so cold and frosty that the children have not been and will not be taken out for a drive to-day. The head nurse is in such a way, angry and frustrated, and says 'they shan't be if the carriage waits till next week.' She has had a great quarrel, and Mr. — (the lady's husband) was called in to settle it."

The lady in a semi-jocose way wrote home, dating her letter the same hour the children should have had their airing, asking the nurse what she meant by quarreling and not taking the children out daily according to orders, and received the following reply, which I read and give as nearly as possible from memory: "However ma'am did you know the dear little things didn't get their drive? You see, ma'am, it was so cold and frozen, and John (the coachman) was so crusty, I was afeared. John said he would wait all day before the door as was his orders, till the children were ready, but the horses slipped about like everything, and he quarreled with me and as good as told me I lied for saying that the horses were too smooth, and there he stuck with them shivering like all the world, till I asked master to send him away." We must not lose sight of the fact that this was the first time myself or the clairvoyante had met this lady, and that literally we knew nothing of her history or domestic concerns. She visited us and was made heartily welcome as the dear friend of an intimate friend of ours then abroad.

I had called upon a gentleman quite unknown to me, on a matter of business. He had paid much attention to mesmerism, and in the course of our conversation incidentally mentioned that there had been left with him, a few days previously, two small articles of a lady's wearing apparel, for the purpose of making an experiment in clairvoyance. He knew nothing in relation to these articles, and had designedly abstained from asking any questions whatever. I begged for the things and took them home with me.

Let us stop one moment to consider the premises. A gentleman of whose affairs or friends I absolutely knew nothing, accidentally speaks of two articles that have been handed to him, without the slightest clew to their story, by a third person, whose name was not told to me, and of whom, as it turned out, I had never even heard. I take these articles away with me to a distance in the country, and there submit them to a clairvoyante of my own selection, the wife of a gentleman of leisure, who to my certain knowledge knew no more of the existence of these two persons than they did of hers, and obtain the following statement:

"These things belonged to a young lady who lived in a country where they spoke English, but were not called English. She ran away from home with a man who seems to me to have something to do with engines. I saw them in Paris, crossing the pont royal; they stopped to look at the place where Marie Antoinette was murdered." Here the clairvoyante rambled off into a vivid description of that queen's untimely fate adding, however, that it was all wrong, and appointing a later hour to continue the investigation. The hour having arrived, we renewed the inquiry and to up the story from the bridge.

"She crossed the bridge and went to live bel the Hotel des Invalides. There were billets of w and charcoal for sale at the door of the place he took her to. She is not there now. She looks ill and sorrowful, as if she had been in a hospital. I do not know her name, but I heard them call her Marie. I can not tell you her other name now, for I do not see how to get at it, but if you will let me rest, I will see if there is not some way to find it out." She then passed into a deeper coma,\* and at the expiration of half an hour aroused herself with a satisfied air and said that she had discovered it. "She was in mourning when she went away; it seemed to be for her mother. I followed her to the grave and read her mother's name there. It is Susan B—a—r—t and an e or a large dot, I can not tell which." "The name of

\* It was a frequent experience with this clairvoyante that when puzzled by some difficult fact she passed into the profoundest coma, as a necessary condition to enable her to ascertain the fact. The more complete the bodily insensibility, the more perfect the psychical perception.

the young lady then is Mary Barte?" I inquired. "Yes, that is the name, Marie Barte."

With this information I went to the gentleman who had handed me the articles, and then first learned the name and address of the person who had given them to him. When I called upon him, a letter which the young lady had left behind for her friends was put into my hands, and this letter was signed Marie Barte!

The clairvoyante had heard the name Marie used in Paris, which I erroneously interpreted Mary, and had read the other name on a gravestone, in a country where she had never been, three hundred miles away.

The young lady had eloped from Ireland after the death of her mother, Susan, whose funeral she had attended, and there was no opportunity to verify the other portions of the story.

These fifteen examples of clairvoyance selected from my notes, and as fully verified as it was possible for me to do, have occupied more space than was intended. In such matters the difficulty is great both in the selection and the rejection. It will serve, however, no useful purpose to multiply cases. Those already given must satisfy the observer, who knows there is no flaw in the proof, and may lead others to seek that proof, which is always open to them.

When the observer ceases to doubt, as he soon does, of this wonderful faculty of the human mind, what rational hypothesis can he apply in the solution of such strange and abnormal facts? There seems but one answer: the existence within us of an intelligent entity, with rudimentary powers that do not use the machinery of matter for perception or cerebral activity for reasoning, and of whose being and properties we are normally unconscious. The experiments recorded herein are facts in nature; no theory of general hyperesthesia of the senses will reach them, and we find ourselves obliged to reject ciliary spasm and hyperacuity of vision. A physical hypothesis being altogether insufficient, we must perforce turn to the psychical.

The fanciful supposition of a sixth material sense is altogether unwarranted, and can not be entertained until we find the organ devoted to its use.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### A MINISTER'S DREAM.

BY NELLIE BOOTH SIMMONS

It was nearly 8 o'clock in the morning and the chimes were sending down their sweet tones from the church spires in various parts of the city and telling the people that another week of toil had rolled around and brought Sunday in its train. The rhythmic sounds penetrated even to the luxurious chamber where the Rev. Mr. Pompous lay asleep. At first he couldn't hear them because he was snoring, but presently they began to make an impression on his brain.

He stirred and breathed a bit more lightly, and then, after yawning, and winking, and stretching a good many times, he actually gained courage to crawl out of bed and put on dressing gown and slippers and take his night cap off.

"Ugh!" he murmured with a regretful shiver as he looked about for his shaving apparatus, "vacation is over and I must get into the harness and go to work again. And why, of course," he added as a thought occurred to him that brightened up his lethargic faculties, "to-day I am to preach my great sermon upon the advisability of closing the Columbian fair on the Sabbath. That is truly an effort of which I may feel proud. I hope that none of the papers will neglect to assign a reporter to the church, and they all should print my words in full. No doubt I shall be criticised by the ungodly, the infidels and blasphemers, but I can meet opposition, I fancy," and the clerical gentleman lathered his cheeks quite fiercely and smiled in a sanguinary way.

Cheered by these thoughts he went on with his toilet very briskly. He was somewhat vexed, though, to find that his boots, which he had placed outside the door to be cleaned, were untouched and smeared with the traces of yesterday's mud. He threw them in a corner and put on another pair, meditating as he did so a severe reproof to the careless servant whose duty it was to attend to all these matters. Then he dismissed his saintly anger and returned to the reflections which had absorbed his mind.

"It is horrible," he mused as he gave a final shake to his dignified coat tails and slowly descended the stairs. "Such lawless and sinful desecration of what should be most sacred. Were I to go out upon the streets now I would doubtless see crowds of people

Benton said her mamma asked her papa why he didn't go to the parks, and would hear the unholy jingling of the cable cars. The Sunday paper is already, I suppose, exerting its baleful influence, and in the evening a dozen theaters will present wicked, alluring dramas to corrupt the minds of the young. And now it is proposed, in the summer of ninety-two—but ah, we must prevent that. For it never will do—humph! Well, and what, I wonder, in the name of goodness can the matter be here?"

This exclamation was brought out rather suddenly as the Rev. Mr. Pompous opened the dining-room door. And perhaps it was excusable under the circumstances. For, instead of a neat, well-ordered table, with his pretty wife at the head, and a jocund fire crackling on the hearth, and the children daintily dressed and waiting for his appearance—in the place of this pleasant sight, which had met his eyes every morning for the last ten years—he found only a comfortless and deserted apartment. The chairs were dusty and the curtains hung awry, the grate was cold and dark, and a few dishes were huddled disconsolately together on the table, which looked as if it had been dancing a jig.

For a moment the Rev. Mr. Pompous remained petrified with amazement; then he recovered his senses and hurried into the kitchen to demand an explanation of the servants. And lo, not one of them was to be seen, but the mistress, her front hair in papers and her wrapper half unbuttoned, was fluttering distractedly around the hot stove. Her two little daughters were there, beating an ecstatic chorus upon some pans and pots, and the baby was sifting flour in the water pail and getting itself gloriously wet and sticky.

"My dear," cried the minister, rushing forward, "what are you trying to—has anything happened? Where is the cook and why isn't breakfast prepared?"

"Oh, Gustavus," said the lady, lifting her flushed face from the rueful contemplation of the omelet which had accidentally fallen in the coal hod, "are you down already? Why, surely, it can't be over 7 o'clock now."

"It is nearly time to start for church," answered he, "but tell me, pray, what does all this mean?"

"Well," began Mrs. Pompous, sinking wearily upon the meal chest and pushing back her tangled hair, "the fact is the servants refuse to work Sundays. They insist that it's wrong and wicked to cook on this day and think we ought to be satisfied, you know, with cold food. And, really, I couldn't contradict them, but I was afraid your head would ache, dear, if you didn't have some coffee, and so, as Bridget declined to make it, I came and—"

"Where is she now, and what's she doing?" thundered the master.

"Bridget—oh, she's in her room reading prayers, and Nora has just been there, too, singing pious hymns, and Minnie, the nurse, brought the children down, I can't tell how long ago, and went off to early mass," replied Mrs. Pompous, with a little sigh of resignation.

"I will speak to them," said the indignant divine. "Call them in here, if you please," and he took a seat on the edge of the stationary tub, and tried to assume a calm and judicial aspect.

"No—you mustn't," exclaimed his wife, hastily springing up. "At least," she added in a hesitating voice, "I don't see what in the world you'd say—for it was you, love, who put this idea in their heads. It seems Nora has overheard you talking about Sabbath desecration, and she told Minnie and the others, and they agreed that if it was wrong, as you asserted, for waiters in restaurants to be kept on duty Sundays—why—it wouldn't be right—"

Mrs. Pompous stopped suddenly, but her husband seeming to understand, for he stood quite still, and the faintest possible blush appeared in his face. And then he shrugged his shoulders and turned impatiently aside.

"Ah, well," he remarked, "if they are so stupid as to misinterpret my words in that way I won't try to reason them out of the mistake. There is not the slightest use. Bring on whatever you have to eat, and we'll make the best of it. Hurry up, my dear."

So poor Mrs. Pompous fell to work, and after various ineffectual struggles, in which she and the cooking utensils collided a good many times without any particular result, the meal was put on the table at last. It couldn't be called really a success, though, for the steak was badly burned, the muffins seemed nearly rare, and the coffee tried the patience of the fastidious clergyman to such an extent he certainly would have forgotten to lead in the family prayers only his wife reminded him of the omission.

"By the way," he said, as he pushed back his chair and arose, "where's the paper this morning? I want to see whether my sermon is announced."

"Why, the journals aren't printed on Sunday any more," answered Mrs. Pompous. "The government has just prohibited them, you know, dear; or hadn't you heard about the new law?"

"An't you glad, papa?" little Flossie piped up. "Now perhaps more folks'll go to church. Lottie

want to hear you of'ner, an' he told her he'd raver stay at home an' read 'bout politics, an' base ball, an' the—"

But a warning look from Mrs. Pompous checked further disclosures and then the good lady remarked: "I'm so sorry, Gustavus, that I can't hear your sermon, but as Minnie refuses to take care of the children to-day I must remain with them."

"Ah, well," said her husband, absently, "did you order Michael to bring round the carriage for me?"

"He won't do it, dear," said Mrs. Pompous, hastily, "and I'm afraid you'll have to ride in a street car, for he, too, has scruples against working—"

"What can have got into these provoking servants—are they mad or simply lazy?" interrupted the divine, testily. "Really, I hope you won't lose any time in getting rid of them, and finding some better, more easily managed ones in their places—for such insubordination and intolerable impertinence can't be endured," and, with a wrathful snort, the Rev. Mr. Pompous bounced into his study to look up the manuscript of the discourse he was to deliver.

A few minutes later he stood upon the corner of the next block waiting for a car, but to his great astonishment none appeared. The familiar jingle-jangle and the rattling of the wheels couldn't be detected, and up and down the street, far as he saw, the tracks were vacant and empty. At length a young gentleman approached him with a bow and inquired:

"Are you watching for the grip, my dear sir? They don't run to-day. Perhaps you are not aware that the new law forbidding all traffic on Sunday has just gone into effect." Then he added: "Pardon me, but I believe you are the Rev. Mr. Pompous. You certainly have done much to bring about this happy change. Allow me to congratulate you upon the fact that your untiring labors have borne such fruit, and to hope that you may long be spared to aid in fighting the forces of the wrong."

"Ah, yes," replied the bewildered minister, furtively pinching himself as he spoke to make sure that he was in his senses. "I have been deeply engaged of late, and could not keep informed; however, I thank you. But I am hurried this morning, and must really beg you to excuse me," and with these incoherent words he turned away and went back home at the top of his speed.

"I'll harness the horses and drive to church myself," he thought, as he sneaked around the barn in the rear of the premises; and once and again, as he bungled over refractory traces, and buckles, and straps, he murmured softly:

"What has happened—did the world take a somersault while I was asleep last night, I wonder?"

The immaculate costume he wore was sadly disarranged and soiled by the time the carriage was ready, but he couldn't stop to brush, for it was growing very late. And so he hastily clambered in, caught up the ribbons, and started off. But he had driven barely half a mile when suddenly a brawny, red-faced policeman stepped forward and laid a heavy hand upon the bits of his spirited, prancing steeds.

"Now, fellow, what do you want?" demanded the exasperated divine, with an impatient twitch.

"Hit's agin th' rules to ride hon the day o' th' Lord, don't you know, sor?" stupidly responded the blue-coated guardian of the peace. "Th' law say that w'en hit's wrong to work men 'tan't right to use th' osses nor hanimals of hany sort. Them's th' new regulations, as you hought to 'ave heard on long before now, sor?"

The Rev. Mr. Pompous didn't attempt at all to argue the matter; he just sank back on the cushioned seat and permitted his champing steeds to be led ignominiously to their stables by the officer, who kindly helped him to unhitch. Then, with a sigh of resignation and a furtive look at the house to make sure that his wife wasn't peeking, he set bravely out to walk, since there could be no other available mode of reaching his destination.

It was a long and weary tramp, for instead of preaching at his own church, near which he lived, he had exchanged that morning with a minister whose charge lay in a distant part of the city. He was tired and warm and so preoccupied that he could not even stop to enjoy the unusual air of stillness that seemed to brood over the deserted streets. Once, growing thirsty, he decided to ask for a drink of soda water at the drug store he was passing, but the door was tightly locked and a bystander informed the divine that nothing of any sort could be purchased there on Sunday.

And, strange to say, the announcement which certainly should have filled him with delight and gratification had the astounding effect of increasing his vexation. Indeed he actually was guilty of muttering a mild imprecation deep in the farthest recesses of his saintly heart.

Presently, as he strode along, he found himself in a dingy, squalid alley, lined and overhung with rickety tenements. These were not quiet. Ah, no! They fairly swarmed with loud-voiced men, and quarreling children, and mothers with haggard faces and torn and

dirty clothes. One group attracted the attention of the Rev. Mr. Pompous. It was a woman—a pale, disconsolate creature—sitting upon some broken steps with a baby in her lap and several little tots clustered around her. They all seemed so fretful that involuntarily he bent down and asked the mother what it was that ailed them.

"They do be cryin' 'cause we can't go to the park," sir," she answered, patiently. "Generally we spends Sunday under the trees, and we takes our bit o' dinner and eats it on the grass. But now the cars don't run, and it's so far we can't walk, and we just has to keep at home all day."

"H'm. Why don't you attend divine service, then? Wouldn't that solace you and be better than picnicking to-day?" the Rev. Mr. Pompous inquired, clearing his throat in rather a doubtful way.

"Well," the woman answered, "there is a mission church on the next street, built for the likes of us, but it don't rest me, sir, to go there, for the preacher he sort o' talks in a style I can't understand. So me an' th' children, we'd rather go to the park, after being cooped up the whole week."

"An' I'm hungry," sobbed the tattered urchin at her side, "an' I sold papers, an' I saved my pennies to get suthin' to eat to-day, an' now th' shops won't sell a bite—not one o' them."

"Is that true?" asked the Rev. Mr. Pompous, turning to the mother.

"Yes, sir," she said, "it's the law, an' I can't buy so much as a drop o' milk for th' baby this morning, or meat, or bread, or anything at all. I would ha' got some yesterday," she added quickly, "but we don't have ice, like the rich folks, an' such things they won't hardly keep over night, sir."

The Rev. Mr. Pompous didn't say one more word; he just turned away, and despite the hurry he was in he walked slowly, and was evidently wrapt in thought. When he finally reached the church it was long after the hour set for service, but the members of the congregation had found great difficulty in getting there, and he was not much behind them. So he climbed into the pulpit and delivered his sermon about the world's fair and the importance and necessity of closing it on the day of the Lord. Somehow, though, he couldn't speak with the fervor and eloquence that usually possessed him, and the hearers, he noticed, were singularly inattentive and restless and preoccupied.

As he was just leaving for home at the end he saw among the friends who had waited to greet him a certain prominent and influential editor, and as he shook hands with the latter he made haste to propound a query which had been troubling him very much the past two hours.

"My dear Mr. Quilpen," he said, "is it possible my discourse won't be printed? I've looked in vain for the reporters here to-day and I began to fear—"

"Would you have the poor fellows labor on the holy Sabbath?" broke in the other, reproachfully. "Besides, there won't be any paper to-morrow. The government has forbidden it, don't you know?"

"Why—but I thought—I heard it was the Sunday issue that was prohibited," stammered the Rev. Mr. Pompous, getting more bewildered and perplexed.

"Yes, that is, too," said Mr. Quilpen in a cheerful way, "but I believe it has been decided that the publication of the Monday paper involves more flagrant desecration altogether. You see every bit of work done on it—the picking up news, the writing, and even the setting of type—had to be done the day before, and so if the employes cherished any religious scruples it was pretty hard on them, of course. The Sunday journal prepared on Saturday wasn't half so mischievous or bad. Don't you agree with me?"

But the Rev. Mr. Pompous didn't answer, he just opened his mouth, stared about vacantly, and then plunged silently down the steps and hurried away, sorely puzzled to account for this odd and unexpected change in the condition of affairs. He was soon shaken out of his thoughtful mood, though, for all at once he noticed that a policeman was shadowing him, creeping along behind him in a very mysterious way. He quickened his pace, but the officer walked more rapidly, too, and by degrees approached his side and laid a firm grasp upon his arm.

"You have made a mistake; let me go directly, fellow," cried the Rev. Mr. Pompous, as he drew himself up haughtily and struggled to get free. "What do you mean by assaulting me, a minister of the gospel? I have committed no crime—leave me alone."

"Ah, didn't you, though," rejoined his captor, sarcastically. "Perhaps you never heard of the law agin performin' labor on th' Sabbath day, eh? Then you'll have some information 'f you come up f'r trial."

"Well, at least," said the Rev. Mr. Pompous, seeing that remonstrance was useless, "allow me to telephone to my wife—"

"You couldn't send a message to-day through any wire, an' you ought to be ashamed f'r wantin' to," interrupted the officer. "Now, be you a-comin' along?"

The Rev. Mr. Pompous pulled himself together, feeling thankful that none of his friends was likely to

meet them, and so he was hauled to the stationhouse and incarcerated, in due time, in one of the cells. It was a long and dreary night he spent there, a prey to countless, torturing doubts and perplexities and fears, and the next morning, just out of pure loneliness, he fell to conversing with another prisoner, a shabby fellow, arrested for some petty misdemeanor. He told the sad tale of his grievances, expecting to get lots of sympathy, but, to his great surprise, the listener only waited till he was through and then said quietly:

"Ah, well, you have secured just what you wanted—the ideal Sabbath—and now I hope you feel satisfied. And next you will try to close the Columbian exposition each and every Sunday. Why, have you considered what a wonderful thing that stupendous, immense show will be—a means of education and culture for the masses, who can not afford to go to Europe when they wish—and do you know that many thousands of people labor all the week and have but the one day they can devote to relaxation? And upon that day you would shut the gates of the fair, and what can you offer in its place?"

"They should attend divine service, of course. We have plenty of churches here," muttered the Rev. Mr. Pompous. "It would be better than jaunting and junketing, I'm inclined to think, on such a day."

"Yes, now we reach the bottom of the matter, the root of the thing," said the mysterious stranger, in rather a mocking, satirical tone. "You are a clergyman, and you desire plenty of hearers, for it is out of the congregation that your salary is got. And the church, like any other concern, is apt to flourish most finely when there is no competition, and so you want all places of innocent amusement closed Sunday, that you, the preacher, may have full sway. Perhaps I'm unjust, but really, since you affirm that you'd not open such a thing as the world's fair on the Sabbath, I can but conclude that ministers, like other people, are sometimes influenced by motives of personal gain and selfish greed."

The Rev. Mr. Pompous felt very uncomfortable at the end of these curt and stinging remarks, and he was heartily glad when, in the course of twenty minutes or so, the summons came for him to appear in court. The dignified old justice looked at him sharply as he marched inside the railing, and turned a questioning glance at the policeman—for it was the one who, the day before, had arrested the unfortunate divine and now stood up to testify against him.

"Accused of desecrating the holy Sabbath, your honor," said that officer, "and I found him workin' precious hard—perched in th' pulpit, a-sawin' the air with his hands and yellin' and hollerin' till he was just red in the face."

"Really, this is the most shocking outrage, an insult, not only to me but to the sacred cause I represent," cried the Rev. Mr. Pompous, angrily.

"Do you claim that you are not guilty of laboring on Sunday?" inquired the justice. "What were you doing then?"

"I was preaching, of course," returned the Rev. Mr. Pompous, in a tone of wrath, mingled with both pity and contempt for the evident stupidity of the questioner.

"And what is the amount of the salary you get?" pursued the justice, in a very methodical way.

"I receive about—" here the nonplused divine stopped, and made as if he intended to swallow the answer, but then he thought better of it, and went on. "I have \$12,000 a year."

"And they give you that for preaching, of course?" queried the justice.

"I—that is—why, certainly," returned the Rev. Mr. Pompous, wondering what in the world this would lead to.

"But you say that preaching isn't labor; that you don't work when you deliver a sermon," continued the justice. "What do you call it—play? Is it possible the church allows you so much money every year for doing nothing at all?"

"Dear me," snapped the Rev. Mr. Pompous, finding himself caught in a net, "if this is a practical joke it has gone far enough. I beg that you will release me directly, for really I'm growing tired—"

"Thirty days and the usual fine," cut in the impatient justice. "These evaders of the law need a lesson." Bring on the next case, there, at once."

At this the Rev. Mr. Pompous became perfectly frantic, and, leaping over the railing, he rushed madly down the aisle. But at the door he was stopped by the two brawny policemen who stood guard there, and, after struggling furiously with them for a time, he managed to break loose and dashed into the street, and then—

Well, the Rev. Mr. Pompous waked up and found himself in his own bed, with his wife bending over him and shaking his arm in the most violently perturbed and frightened fashion.

"Gustavus," she cried, "what unearthly, horrible sounds you have been giving vent to in your sleep; you must have dreamed something dreadful. But, now, get up, for it is late, and this morning, you know, you are to preach about the world's fair, and the importance of closing it on the Sabbath."

The Rev. Mr. Pompous sighed, and, resting his elbow on the pillow, looked steadily at the floor, a long time in silence. Then at last he said, slowly:

"Yes, it was a bad dream, but now I am all right. And, my dear, I wish you'd just go down to my study and hunt up that old sermon of mine about the Trinity. I believe I'll use that to-day."

"Why, what has made you change so suddenly?" exclaimed his wife.

"I have some new ideas on the question of Sunday closing—that is," added the Rev. Mr. Pompous, hastily, "the discourse I wrote for delivery to-day is imperfect, and must be revised before I can use it at all."

#### PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT OF CHILDREN.

Dr. Axel Key, of Stockholm, read a very interesting paper before the recent Medical Congress, Berlin, on the development of puberty and its relation to morbid phenomena among school children. In Denmark and Sweden it has been the custom for many years to weigh and measure the school children every year. Out of 15,000 boys and 3,000 girls the results were as follows: "In the seventh or eighth year of life boys grow considerably in height and in weight, after which a delay sets in which reaches its maximum in the tenth year and lasts till the fourteenth year, when a considerable acceleration of growth suddenly sets in. This acceleration lasts till the end of the seventeenth year. The acceleration is at first in height and later on in weight, gaining its maximum in the latter in the sixteenth year. At the end of the nineteenth year bodily development of youth seems to end. In girls the course of development is quite different. The decrease in growth after the eighth year is not so great as in boys and yields in the twelfth year to a rapid increase in height. The acceleration in the increase in weight comes later, but outstrips it in the fourteenth year. In the seventeenth or eighteenth year the increase is but slight. The increase in weight, however, sinks to zero almost in the twentieth year, when the growth in women may be regarded as ended." A remarkable thing, as pointed out by Dr. Key, is that boys grow faster than girls in weight and height till the eleventh year, then more slowly till the sixteenth, and then faster again. With slight variation these relations obtain all over Sweden and Denmark. In Italy and the United States of America the period of puberty in girls ends at least a year earlier. "In the spring and summer the child grows more in height, while in the autumn and winter it increases more in weight." "How is it now with the health of school children during the development of puberty? It was found that 40 per cent of the 15,000 boys in the high schools in Sweden were ill; that 14 per cent suffer from habitual headache, 13 per cent from chlorosis." "We ought," he concluded, "to adapt our demands on the youthful organism to its strength and power of resistance during the various phases of development, to promote the health and vigorous bodily development of youth better than we do now. I therefore indorse, from the bottom of my heart, the words which John Petter Frank, the father of school hygiene, uttered a hundred years ago: 'Spare their fiber still, spare the forces of their minds, do not waste the energies of the future man in the child.'"

#### THE DUKE OF ARGYLL ON HYPNOTISM.

The Duke of Argyll describes in a letter to the *Spectator* a remarkable experiment in hypnotism which he witnessed many years ago at the house or the late Dr. Gregory, Professor of Chemistry at Edinburgh University. He says: "Some one was asked to think steadily of some familiar scene—a house, of a room, or any object of which one could form a vivid mental image. On taking the hand of the mesmeric or hypnotized person, the image became visible to him or her, and was read off or described by the clairvoyante. Trying this experiment myself, I thought of a special room in a friend's house in England, which was very peculiarly and almost fantastically furnished. I imaged it in my mind with that distinctness which we are all able to give to the stores of recent memory, and awaited the result. I can only say that it was a result which astounded me. The clairvoyante described the room, with all its special and unique features, as if she saw it, but saw it with difficulty, through some darkness which it required some groping to penetrate. Not a word was spoken by me. She made out her vision with extraordinary truth. This happened now nearly forty years ago; but it left an indelible impression on my mind. I was convinced then and I am convinced now that the power of clairvoyance, as above defined and limited, was, however incomprehensible, a real power. I felt also, however, that the whole phenomena bordered on a region into which it is hardly safe to enter. It is well to feel in so practical a form the truth of the saying that there are more things in heaven and on earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

The evening of life brings with it its own lamps.—*Jaubert.*





SECRET THOUGHTS.

I hold it true that thoughts are things  
Endowed with being, breath and wings,  
And that we send them forth to fill  
The world with good results or ill.

That which we call our secret thought  
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot,  
And leaves its blessings or its woes  
Like tracks behind it, as it goes.

It is God's law. Remember it  
In your still chamber as you sit  
With thoughts you would not dare have known,  
And yet make comrades when alone.

These thoughts have life, and they will fly  
And leave their impress by and by  
Like some March breeze whose poison breath  
Breathes into homes its fevered death.

And often you have quite forgot  
Or all outgrown some vanished thought;  
Into some mind, to make its home,  
A dove, or raven, it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair—  
They have a vital part, and share  
In shaping worlds and molding fate;  
God's system is so intricate.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

During the past week the lady managers of the World's Columbian Exposition held their first meeting in this city. One hundred and fifteen ladies responded to the roll call. President T. W. Palmer called the meeting to order. Rev. Florence Kallock, the able Universalist minister, opened the meeting with prayer. Each member received her parchment commission; then President Palmer made an apt and happy address. He said:

"LADIES: I need not say that it gives me great pleasure to welcome you to a participation in the management of the World's Columbian Exposition. While the ordinary greetings of social life may not seem apropos, I may be permitted to express to you the thanks of the commission for your ready and patriotic acceptance of proffered burdens—as I am sure you will earn and receive the eventual thanks of the nation for loyal and efficient services. You being recognized by the Congress of the United States as an integral part of the commission, I shall not address you in the ordinary fanfarronade which custom has hitherto sanctioned where nothing has been conceded to women save a right to promote philanthropic or sentimental enterprises. I wish to say that hitherto woman has been found as fully equal to the exigencies of her situation as man and that when responsibility has been placed upon her she has developed under it as well as man. This is the first time, however, that woman has been fully recognized in this country in the administration of a great public trust like this and the action of Congress in passing the bill with this feature, has met the general approval of our people. Did I feel equal to it, I would not volunteer advice nor assume the didactic to a body whose composition I so highly regard and the opinions of whose members I so much respect, lest thereby I might seem to detract from the dignity of your position and transcend the bounds of the authority conferred upon me by the commission directing me to attend your roll calls and preside during your selection of temporary officers. These parchment commissions which have been bestowed upon you may well serve in the better days to come as titles of a nobility as far beyond what has passed for nobility in half-developed society as the future shall be beyond the ages when hereditary titles arose. That your children's children to many generations should cite their descent from lady managers of an exposition which served as a milestone to mark the world's grandest and swiftest progress lies in your hands and brains to-day. All that American women ever lacked—opportunity—is here, and from every state and territory the women of the hour are here to take advantage thereof. It needs no gifts of prophecy to predict that the future will justify the wisdom of the creation of your board and the selection of its individual members."

Mrs. Fenton, of Georgia, was elected temporary chairman; Miss Cora Payne, of Kentucky, temporary secretary. At the second day's meeting Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, was elected president of the board of lady managers, she being the unanimous choice, the highest compliment in the power of the women to confer. Mrs. Palmer was escorted to the chair

by Mrs. John A. Logan and Mrs. Cantrell.

Mrs. Palmer in a very graceful speech of acceptance, said:

LADIES: I feel deeply the honor of being called upon to preside over this commission. My humility never asserted itself more strongly than now as I stand among so many distinguished women of national fame, whose brilliant careers have been a matter of pride to the entire country. My one friend has flatteringly put me in nomination and another, Mrs. Logan, who seconded me in so cordial a manner, is one whose life has been largely passed in the fierce glare of public life, and whose fine qualities have thereby been rendered the more apparent. She has shown by her words not my worth, but the qualities of her own generous heart. When she speaks she is necessarily eloquent, and in this case I am the fortunate gainer. The kindness expressed to me personally by the ladies of the commission also in placing this great responsibility in my hands has greatly touched me.

My position differs slightly from that of your temporary chairman in this, that while I have no enemies to punish I have many friends to reward—all of the commission. I regret, after such a mark of confidence, that I have to ask the indulgence of the ladies for my inexperience in presiding. I hope that when we have been holding meetings as long as the other sex a knowledge of parliamentary law will be taken as a matter of course in every woman's training. In the meantime we may amend an amendment just a few times too often, or be put to confusion by some experienced and wily tactician suddenly springing "the previous question," or we may surprise Roberts and Cushing by proving that motions down in their manuals as undebatable present no difficulties in that line to us. We trust that these lapses may only be attributed to a commendable excess of zeal, stimulated by our ambition to keep things as lively as they do in our great model—the other commission.

We must, however, seriously realize the greatness of the opportunity which has been given us. I felt yesterday, as the ladies met in this room, and the North shook hands with the South, the East with the West, that this first meeting in sympathetic intercourse of women from all parts of the country and their learning to work with and understand each other must result in a great broadening of the horizon of all concerned.

The full benefit of this intermingling will not be felt, however, unless we, each and all, are generously willing to leave for the time the narrow boundaries in which our individual lives are passed to give our minds and hearts an airing by entering into the thoughts and aspirations of others and enjoying the alluring vistas which are open before us. In this fresh, breezy atmosphere, brightened by the warm sunshine of sympathy, we will be surprised to find that many of our familiar old conventional truths look very queer in some of the sudden side lights thrown on them, and are not half so respectable and dignified as we have fancied them. Above all things else harmonious action is necessary. That is the foundation which we must have for the superstructure that is to be gradually erected and which, we trust, will be the successful result of our work together. Ladies, again I thank you most heartily.

One of the very pleasant sights at this meeting has been the venerable Isabella Beecher Hooker, who has toiled for the recognition of women these many, many years. Mrs. Hooker declares this to be the happiest occasion of her life. She rejoices that she has lived to see Congress recognize women and place them on terms of equality with men in this great World's Columbian Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer gave a reception to the lady managers and their friends at the Palmer House. The parlors and dining room were profusely decorated with flowers and tropical plants, refreshments were served and several hundred people were entertained in a most enjoyable manner.

A North of England woman, who has practically shown what a woman may do in agriculture, died recently near Morebath. Miss Milne lived at Otterburn, but she also owned Howpark farm in Berwickshire and both were farmed under her personal management. At Otterburn, besides ordinary farming operations, she carried on with great success the rearing of pedigree cattle and sheep. Her herd of shorthorns invariably occupied a high place in all the local exhibitions and her "Leicesters" were held in great repute. She was a competent judge of horses and reared prize-winning poultry and dogs—in fact, Miss Milne was

"an all-round lady farmer," but at the same time the feminine parts of her character came out in her devotion to flowers and horticulture generally. She had a very fine home, garden and extensive glass houses at Otterburn.

A CHICAGO INSTITUTION.

Owing to her youthfulness Chicago can boast of but few old institutions and these few are old only in a local and limited sense. About the most ancient and certainly one of the most popular of these institutions is the one known as Drake's Game Dinner. Like everything else in Chicago it began in a small way. The one-story frame building of forty years ago, fronting an unpaved street placarded here and there with signs of "No bottom here" has grown into the palatial structure of sixteen stories fronting a granite-paved and completely appointed street and costing more than the total value of all the land in the county fifty years ago; and the annual game dinner, first given thirty-five years ago to a dozen citizens in a hotel that could be set down in the dining room of the house now conducted by the same proprietor, has grown into a national affair with over five hundred invited guests.

In 1855 Mr. John B. Drake, now known to the traveling public the world over, was keeping a hotel in Chicago and dreaming of the future magnificence of the city. His dreams were not disturbed by the pitying look of the Bostonian or New Yorker who in "drumming" the west for trade passed through the town, nor by the contempt of Cincinnati and St. Louis for its pretensions. In one of these day-dreams he was inspired with the idea of giving a game dinner to a few personal friends, among them "Long-John" Wentworth, whose giant form was then familiar on Illinois prairies and the House of Representatives at Washington, and which is now crumbling to dust beneath a tall marble shaft at Rose Hill. Mr. Drake had learned from observation that Chicago was the best game market in the country and that a greater variety could be had in November than at any other time. So in order to show the resources of the market and at the same time to bring together in social intercourse his friends, Mr. Drake essayed his first game banquet. Such was its success that he followed it up the following year with another which was even more perfect than the first; then that annual dinner settled down into the dignity of an institution, and it has kept pace in its magnificence and completeness of appointments with the growth of the city.

Among the first and finest of the great buildings which grew with magical speed out of the ashes to which the city was reduced October 9, 1871, was the Grand Pacific hotel, and at the head of its management Mr. Drake has stood from then till now. On last Saturday evening Messrs. Drake and Parker entertained 520 invited guests in the Grand Pacific at the thirty-fifth annual game dinner. The whole of North America, both land and water had been levied upon to supply the table and ornament the rooms. Space forbids any extended mention of the decorations. Suffice it to say the *ensemble* was as beautiful as it was unique, and unapproachable in any other city of the world. The most notable study was a representation of the Columbian Exposition Commissioners in session. The scene was as much a feast for the eye as what lay beyond was for the palate. It was a congress of stuffed fowl. On a dais at one end sat a solemn game cock, with his gavel in his right claw. On either side were the secretaries, two owls with fountain pens and looking as wise as secretaries usually look. A giant woodpecker with a flaming tuft was making a speech, probably on the matter of site. Behind sat 115 members in carved chairs. These members were as grave and wise as their living prototypes could possi-

bly be. They were grouse, duck, chickens, snipe, quail, pigeons, rice birds, plover, partridges, pheasants, sage hens. There were scarcely two of the same variety. Over the president's chair perched Uncle Sam, an eagle in patriotic garb. The whole was a marvelous bit of work, and the gem of the decorative display.

The dinner was, so far as we can remember, the finest of these annuals, and our opinion is corroborated by many of the long-time attendants. Here is the menu:

- Blue Points.
- Soup.
- Hunter. Game broth.
- Fish.
- Broiled Trout. Baked Whitefish.
- Boiled.
- Leg of Mountain Sheep. Deer Tongue; Caper Sauce. Roast.
- Black Tail Deer. Mountain Sheep.
- Saddle of Antelope. Loin of Venison.
- Loin of Elk. Opossum. Raccoon. Black Bear.
- Wild Goose. Sand Hill Crane.
- Ruffed Grouse. Mallard Duck.
- Partridge. Red Head Duck.
- Sage Hen. Brant. Wood Duck.
- Jack Rabbit. Squirrel.
- Butter Ball Duck.
- Prairie Chicken. Blue winged Teal.
- Wild Turkey.
- Pigeon. Pheasant. Plover.
- Snipe. Quail.
- Broiled.
- Venison steak. Gray Squirrel.
- Partridge. Blue wing Teal. Butter Ball Duck.
- Black Birds. Snipe. Pheasant. Plover.
- Red wing Starling. Quail. Reed Birds.
- Rice Birds. Marsh Birds.
- Entrees.
- Venison cutlets, mushroom sauce.
- Breast of Prairie Chicken, truffles.
- Rabbit larded, champagne sauce.
- Squirrel pie, hunter style.
- Vegetables.
- Boiled and mashed potatoes.
- Stewed tomatoes. Sweet potatoes.
- Green peas. Sweet corn.
- Celery.
- Ornamental Dishes.
- Gelatine of wild Turkey.
- Boned Quail in Plumage.
- Pyramid of Game in Jelly.
- Pattie of Liver a la Royale.
- Boned Duck au Naturel. Birds at Rest.
- Prairie Chicken en Souffle.
- Boned wild Turkey.
- Quail. Snipe. Ducks.
- Prairie Chicken. Partridge.
- Prairie Chicken Salad. Dressed Celery.
- Dessert.
- Macaroons. Fancy Cake. Confectionery.
- Lady Fingers. Assorted Fancy Pyramid.
- Lemon Sorbet. Neapolitan Ice Cream.
- Oranges. Figs. Grapes. Nuts. Raisin.
- Coffee. Crackers. Cheese.

At first blush some may wonder what place in a religio-philosophical paper an account of so material and sensuous a thing as a game dinner can have. A little reflection, a little philosophizing will show it has its appropriate place in THE JOURNAL. Those who only consider man as a candidate for another world, who divest him of his mortal qualities, who imagine that the growth and development of this vast country are trivial matters, such are not the people who are to bring on the millenium. They are morbid and uncanny. The Supreme Intelligence, a spark of whom is expressed in every human being, knows how to develop man. He knows that the social intercourse, the display of the resources of the country, the healthy, inspiring, exhilarating psychological forces set in motion at such a gathering; He knows, we say, that all these are necessary in bringing His children up to that sphere of purity and wisdom and happiness which is their final destiny.

Among the guests were many men and women of national reputation; and all of them representative people in their several and varied walks of life. By mingling with such companies the religious teacher, the psychological researcher, the moralist, the ethical exponent keeps in touch with the great heart of the world, knows its beat, and can sympathize with its desires and understand its needs vastly better than does the recluse, or he who only associates with those who share his own views.



### CONFIDENT IT WAS THE WORK OF SPIRITS.

TO THE EDITOR: I wish to give my experience with Mrs. Laura Carter, the Cincinnati slate-writing medium. Never having seen or heard of her, except through a brief note of quasi endorsement in THE JOURNAL some months since, I called at her house after a journey of something like a thousand miles. I am quite certain she had never seen nor heard of either me or my wife. Before going to her house we went to a stationer's in Covington and bought two large book slates, which we carefully cleaned, and placed between them a bit of slate pencil and our previously prepared questions. We found Mrs. Carter a refined, pleasant lady, of fine physical health and beauty. She asked no questions whatever, and we gave her neither names nor residence. The room was some ten or twelve feet square and carpeted; two large lamps with Rochester burners were burning at their full capacity in different parts of the room, rendering it as light as could be desired. We sat at a small table, with our slate out of reach of Mrs. Carter. She left the room for a few moments and while she was away we examined the table and carpet carefully. The table was a common, wooden affair, with a carved figure of a dog on the lower platform. Thick woolen curtains hung around it to the floor. These curtains had a slit in the side next and opposite to the medium, used to insert the hand while holding the slate. I give these details at some length so that any one may see the impossibility of juggling on the part of Mrs. Carter.

When she returned she took her seat on the side of the table opposite us. She sat with her right side next to the table, with her feet in full view. She took a small slate of her own and cleaning it, put it under the table through the slit in the curtain, holding it with her right hand. She sat and rocked back and forth in her rocking-chair for a few minutes with no result. She then turned to my wife and said: "I perceive you are mediumistic and would like for you to take hold of the slate with me." My wife complied with the request and immediately the sound of writing was heard by all and the vibrations distinctly felt by my wife. The communication purported to be from the control and contained the usual commonplace. The slate was cleaned and again placed under the table and a message purporting to be from my wife's father was given. While this message was being written Mrs. Carter turned to my wife and said, "Your father says: 'Frank and Mary, my dear children, I am glad to meet you, and will do all I can for you. Let Allie S— go west with you, it is the place for her.'" Mrs. Carter then said, "Please place your slate just under the curtain on the floor at your feet." My wife complied. Mrs. Carter was just then again called from the room and requested my wife to hold her—Mrs. Carter's slate—while she answered the call. Mrs. S. complied, and Mrs. Carter had closed the door and gone down stairs when my wife called my attention to the fact that writing was going on on the slate while no one but herself was touching it. She then concluded to examine her own slate to be sure it had not been tampered with. She cautiously opened it and found the slate clean and her questions inside.

Mrs. Carter now returned and explained, her absence being to excuse herself to some importunate visitors. She said to my wife, "Examine your slate," and Mrs. S. found both sides of the large slate written full, purporting to be a loving message from her father, repeating the advice about Allie S. going west. Mrs. S. next placed one of her questions written on a narrow slip of paper on the floor, partially under the curtain, but leaving the larger part in sight. While she looked at it, she called my attention to the fact that it glided slowly under the curtain. In a moment an answer was written on the slate. The communications now turned to me, and two messages were written, purporting to be from my father, one of them, however, calling me "Henry," which is no part of my name at all. Mrs. C. then asked me to place my slate under the edge of the curtain at my feet and on the side of the table opposite the medium. I complied, and in an instant, it seemed, I examined the slate and found both sides written on. Two messages were given, one claiming to

be from my father and the other, a scrawling message in badly formed capital letters, claiming to be from an Indian calling himself "Bright Star." These are the bare facts. The reference to Allie S. is explained by the fact that my cousin, Miss Allie S., is not in very good health and wanted to go west with us, but we did not feel quite certain whether we should advise her to go or not. That Mrs. Carter is a sincere, honest, good woman I have no doubt. That the manifestations are genuine and of spiritual origin I can not doubt. That it was not my father's spirit communicating I am equally confident, as he certainly knows my name is not Henry. Imposture on the part of Mrs. Carter is out of the question. Mind reading will not account for the writing. No; it was the work of disembodied spirits I feel quite certain. F. H. SHROCK.

PUEBLO, COLO.

### SLATE-WRITING TEST.

TO THE EDITOR: Nineteen years ago, a young Scotchman named Bruce Mitchell, with his newly married wife Jenny, lived with his folks on a small farm one mile out from Dubuque, Iowa. A boy was born to them, when the husband and father resolved to go to California in quest of a betterment of his condition. Years passed away with no tidings from Mitchell. When his father died the place was sold, the small amount of proceeds divided among the children.

Mrs. Mitchell, hearing of a lucrative position as cook in the Oberlin Hotel in Golden, Colo., took her boy and secured the place. There, in the capacity of cook, she remained several years, still gaining not the slightest word of the absent husband. Believing him dead, she became engaged to a young Welshman named David, who lived with his father, known by the title of "Uncle William," in Golden.

At this time appeared the announcement of a lecture in the opera house by Henry Slade, the slate-writing medium, and tests of his powers at the close. Mrs. Mitchell became strongly impressed to go and see if anything could be learned of the fate of her husband. She was accompanied by David and his father. On the way, something seemed to say with persistent repetition, "Buy a slate! Buy a slate!"

Stopping at the store of a Mr. Taft, she purchased a pair of folding slates, and proceeded on her way. Taking the first opportunity to accept Mr. Slade's invitation, she stood up to the stage holding the slates by the opening edge firmly in her hand. The medium stooped down, and simply closed the first finger and thumb of one hand to a corner of the wooden frame, when the scratch of apparent writing was instantly heard. In a few seconds, Mrs. Mitchell was bidden to see what the message was. When she did so, she fell to the floor in dead faint, yet retaining a firm grasp of the slates. As soon as consciousness returned, she was assured by David and his father that no one had been permitted to see the message whatever it was. She instantly rejoined that she wished every one to know what it was, as there was nothing to conceal, and requested Uncle William to read it aloud. He did so to the following effect:

"Jenny, Bruce is back at the old home, dying," signed by the full name of the father who had died so many years before.

The greatly excited wife immediately telegraphed to the husband of her sister, residing at Dubuque, to learn the truth or falsity of the message. Next day, a telegram was returned confirming the statement that Bruce Mitchell was lying at the old home a very sick man. She again telegraphed to know if she should come to him, and received the answer that the joy of knowing she was alive had so far recovered him that he would come to her. He did so, when they decided to remain in Golden, she retaining her position in the Oberlin Hotel.

I received this from a lady intimately acquainted with the Mitchells and all the circumstances, and leave it as requiring no additional comments at my hands.

W. WHITWORTH.

CLEVELAND, O.

### A SUGGESTIVE LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR: To my mind, a paper published in the interest of Spiritualism, containing only accounts of physical manifestations, would satisfy very few people, for while physical phenomena are absolutely necessary, yet it is the proofs they bring and lessons they convey that are of vital importance to us.

The old JOURNAL heading had the globe

in the center, and "Devoted to Spiritual Philosophy," inscribed thereon (and that covers an immense field of thought) and THE JOURNAL in its new dress stands for the same, and your constituency being many men—and women, too—of many minds, you could not be expected to please each individual, but he must expect too much for his money who can not find in any one number of THE JOURNAL the value of the price he pays for it. It is also most unjust to charge THE JOURNAL with "drifting away from Spiritualism," as it must be apparent to any continuous reader that its policy is for the truth, and only the truth in Spiritualism, and as "Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause, but only asks a hearing" and gets it here, it is certain to rub against some pet theories, and disturb the minds of the owners thereof. Some cry for more accounts of phenomena; let us have some but not all such; for we had better seek for personal experiences, for they are most important. You cover this point fully in the sentence at the top of the third column, sixteenth page, November 21.

Illustrating this I will give an incident occurring when I was thought to be dying in August 1888. A telegram was sent to my sister and its delivery was delayed some how, until the morning after it was sent; not being able to get a train immediately she got the planchette—by the way that planchette has a wonderful history,—and a message was written signed by my father saying that I was better, that I was not going to die just then, that I was to get well, but would be sick a long while. This she told me as soon as she arrived and added, "Pop never deceived me yet in his messages."

I did not believe it at the time, for I couldn't see how it was possible for me to get well, and as a matter of fact I have not my full strength yet, although I have been able to work since January last.

Now this is valuable to me and yet I do not see how it can be of much service to others, since they would not know my "capacity" for telling the truth. Certainly no sane person believes all that he reads.

THE JOURNAL of date mentioned above, copies the statement of the *Christian Herald* as to the enormous amounts appropriated to the Roman Catholic schools, but that paper fails to mention the large appropriations to other sectarian schools; probably it is perversion of public money to sectarian uses only when given to our adversaries.

And now in regard to the attempt to put the Christian "God in the Constitution," the idea comes to me that this would cause Christianity to carry a very heavy load, as certainly crimes committed in this country now can not be ascribed to the influence of Christianity, as this is not a Christian nation, but make it such nominally and it must assume the responsibility. Just think of our politicians and the actions of the members of the last Congress as examples of Christianity. I would hardly like to see this saddled on Spiritualism; it has enough to bear now.

GEO. C. RUDY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

### FATHER EDMUND'S GHOST.

TO THE EDITOR: "Its all in your eye" is an adage; "Not by a jugful," is another. As Reverend Father Edmund says, in your issue of September 20th, "No doubt there are ghosts and ghosts." May be his own story proves this. I never saw a ghost. I would like to. I am afraid I never shall. I don't believe I am good at seeing ghosts any way. Father Edmund is sure that he succeeded. I have no doubt he saw something. It may have been a real ghost. It may have been an unreal ghost. "There are ghosts and ghosts." I will add to this, and say, that there are optical illusions and optical illusions. I do not know what kind of an optical illusion the Father refers to when he says that he was not the subject of an optical illusion on the occasion of his experience in the convent garden. It is an optical illusion when one sees a man away on the top of a hill and he does not seem to be more than an inch high. We know that that is an illusion. Men do not come of that size. But is it an optical illusion when the miserable drunkard sees the wall covered with wiggling serpents? Perhaps not, though a distinguished European author who has paid great attention to the eye and the laws of the mind, has begged me not to question the old belief. Perhaps he wants the chance to question it himself. I think it may be questioned. Will some one show us how mental serpents may become serpents on the wall?

Father Edmund seems to have appointed himself special attorney for the "ghost" he

saw in South America and fancies that the appearance he saw could not have resembled any of the brethren of his order. Nor do I think that any brother of the order besides himself was present in the flesh that night in the garden. But Father Edmund may have been deceived in respect to the matter of resemblance. The figure that appeared to him did not have the tonsure? How does he know? Might the Father not have been mistaken? It was a drowsy hour that he had his experience.

1. The appearance in the garden may have been the reproduction of a photograph made upon the retina of the Father's eye at service in the choir, and projected magic lantern wise when he went out into the dark. He says that the robe on the image (ghost?) seen was black. This would be all right if the choir was vested in white. May he not have fancied the robe black if that was the ordinary color? I write here briefly on the supposition that the reader understands visual photography and the tricks it will play.

2. A ghost may actually have visited the father while in the garden, being the ghost, or rather the spirit of some person whom he had known at one time, but at the period of his experience being dimly remembered; and may not the mind under certain circumstances, have the power of unconsciously producing upon the retina the image of the visitor as he appeared in life? Are not all of our minds stored up with positives or negatives, which at times are used as it were inadvertently? By mental action one can produce colors in the eye. Why not form? I have more than once suggested to friends, that the mind has power to create images on the retina from within, just as pictures are photographed from without. Might there not, in the case of Father Edmund, have been a real spirit and, so to speak, are artificial rehabilitation? The European authority referred to has advised me not to throw this thought into scientific circles. Does he want to do that himself? I am ready to be demolished.

(REV.) B. F. DE COSTA.

NEW YORK CITY.

As Mr. De Costa says, "It may have been a real ghost." It may have been an optical illusion. THE JOURNAL has never made the experience of Father Edmund a subject of investigation, and gave his narrative without vouching for its correctness. To those who believe that the departed manifest themselves in the form of apparitions there is nothing incredible in the statement commented on above. Mr. De Costa, who is an orthodox clergyman, doubtless believes that Jesus after his crucifixion appeared to his disciples and subsequently manifested himself to Paul. A skeptic might dispose of these experiences by saying that they were "optical illusions." Mr. DeCosta's faith would not thereby be shaken. There is far stronger proof that spirits do in various ways make their presence manifest in these modern times, than that on which Mr. De Costa bases his belief in ancient spiritual manifestations.

### ANOTHER COMPACT FULFILLED.

TO THE EDITOR: An article in THE JOURNAL, headed, "A Compact Fulfilled," reminds me of an incident in my own experience, which occurred several years since. I was invited by a lady whose acquaintance I had made very singularly, being attracted to me through my writing for THE JOURNAL, to visit her. I had never met her husband or family, nor was I at all acquainted in Mendota, where they lived. After spending a few days with them and partaking of their generous hospitality, the night before I was to leave for home, she asked me if I was willing she should invite in a few friends of hers, and allow my influences to control me for anything they might have to communicate. I readily agreed. That evening their handsome parlors were filled with a goodly company; some believers in the philosophy, others investigating, and still others who were entirely skeptical. The host, Mr. Johns, his brother, and a friend of theirs, a professor of music whose name has escaped me, gave some excellent music upon the piano, violin and bass-viol, which had a tendency to harmonize the company; soon my controls took possession and pointing out different ones in the room gave whatever they were able to give, and all were asked whether they recognized the spirit giving the message or being described.

Several expressed themselves satisfied as to the identity of the spirit communication. Finally, after the description of a very small old lady, seemingly about eighty years of age, walking with a cane was given to a Mr. Marsten—a prominent photographer there—he was asked the usual question, whereupon he arose and said the description was a perfect one of his mother who lived many miles from there; for she was, he said, still in the form, at least he supposed so, as when he heard from her only a few days before, she was in her usual health. The next morning on our way to the depot to take the cars for home, passing his studio in company with Mrs. Johns, we called in to bid Mr. and Mrs. Marsten good-bye, when to our surprise Mrs. Marsten told us that the night before, while they were at the house of Mrs. Johns, a telegram had come, telling of the sudden death of his mother. No one being at home the telegram was not delivered until morning, and she said Mr. Marsten was at that time packing his things to leave on the next train to attend his mother's funeral. She also said Mr. Marsten's mother was not a believer, although her son had had many talks with her on the subject of spirit return, and once she had told him, if she went first, and found it to be a truth, she would surely come back, and if permitted would manifest her presence to him. Thus was another "compact fulfilled."

C. A. R.

CHICAGO.

**SPIRITUALISM IN BROOKLYN, N. Y.**

TO THE EDITOR: There is and has been for some time in this city, a wide-spread, unusual and unaccountable interest in the subject of modern Spiritualism. No less than four week-day evening conference meetings have been established in various locations, besides the Conservatory Hall and Eastern District Sunday services. All these meetings, I believe, are fully attended. Some two or three weeks ago, Mrs. Ida Wilson Porter opened Sunday afternoon and evening meetings at Everett Hall. Mrs. Porter, as you are well aware, is the noted fire-test medium and daughter of the late E. V. Wilson. The fire tests, I know to be, from personal experience, unmistakably genuine phenomena. The recent advent in Brooklyn of Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Mott-Knight, the medium for independent writing, affords great satisfaction, and justly, too, to the Spiritualists of our city. Mrs. Knight, a short time since, having been invited to do so, gave a public demonstration of her medial power, before the Progressive Conference. At her own request, she was placed under strict test conditions. The phenomena of independent slate writing was produced, although in a very imperfect form, compared with the clear and beautiful illustrations of it given at her own séances. The investigating committee, composed entirely of skeptics, were utterly nonplused. The Eastern District Society surpasses nearly if not quite all the other associations here in rating excellence of character infinitely higher than either eloquence of speech, or wondrous medial power, or both combined. Let all the others but emulate the example of this sister and organization, and Spiritualism will exert an influence in Brooklyn that shall be irresistible, and the movement made a great blessing to humanity.

W. C. BOWEN.

**SPIRITUALISM AT GRAND RAPIDS.**

TO THE EDITOR: At the regular business meeting of the Religio-Philosophical Society it was voted unanimously to merge the society into the Progressive Spiritualists' Society. This was done with a view of eliminating some undesirable rules and regulations. Dr. U. D. Thomas declined the nomination for president of the new society for the reason of increasing engagements, which rendered him unable to do justice to the position. A change was therefore made in the management, the officers now being as follows: Effie F. Josselyn, president; H. W. Boozler, vice president; J. B. Josselyn, secretary and treasurer, with a finance committee of three. Mrs. Adah Sheehan, of Cincinnati, is the speaker for the present month. Ably and eloquently does she represent the cause in which she has chosen and been chosen to labor. Individuals with their differences sink out of sight in comparison with the grand principles enunciated by this speaker. We have a conference meeting every Thursday, from which much good is hoped for. Our retiring president speaks for the Owosso society on the 23d instant. Mrs. Glading is our speaker for December.

EFFIE F. JOSSELYN.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Oct. 14.

Several correspondents inquire who is the author of the "Vision of the Future," published in a late JOURNAL. One or two ascribe it to Dr. Coues. The author, whose initials are S. E. H., we have known for several years. She is a brilliant and gifted woman, with finely developed psychical powers. In the nature of things we are naturally skeptical as to her predictions; only time will verify or disprove them.

Mrs. A. N. Wisner of Benton Harbor, Mich., a medium of considerable local note, spent last Sunday in Chicago. Mrs. Wisner seems to have sound ideas on matters relating to Spiritualism. She does not claim to be able to lecture, but her friends say she gives admirable talks in public, both instructive and entertaining.

B. F. Underwood will give an address on Sunday evening, November 30th, before the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Ethical Association. Subject: "The Relation of Hume and Kant to Herbert Spencer, and the Synthetic Philosophy." A discussion will follow to be opened by Raymond S. Perrin.

**Be Sure**

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below: "In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten

**To Get**

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly

**Hood's**

stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." Mrs. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

**Sarsaparilla**

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

**100 Doses One Dollar**



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.

**For Old and Young.**

Tutt's Liver Pills act as kindly on the child, the delicate female or infirm old age, as upon the vigorous man.

**Tutt's Pills**

give tone to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder. To these organs their strengthening qualities are wonderful, causing them to perform their functions as in youth.

**Sold Everywhere.**

Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

**DROPSY**

Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear. In ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. 10 DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga.

**FREE 20 DAYS** from date of this paper. **CRAYON PORTRAITS** and at the same time **extend our business** and make new customers, we have decided to make this special offer. Send us a picture of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you a **LIFE SIZE CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE**, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish, not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any Bank in New York. Address all mail to **PACIFIC PORTRAIT HOUSE, Broadway Theatre Bldg., New York.**

**EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF**

THAT CAN BE RELIED ON

**Not to Split!**

**Not to Discolor!**

BEARS THIS MARK.



**NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT. THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.**

**\$6:**

**STEM WIND & SET** Elgin, Springfield or Waltham Movement.

**NO MONEY** Until after full Examination. American movement; quick train; 18,000 beats per hour. Fine jeweled, cut expansion balance, pat'd pinion, dust band, adjusted and thoroughly regulated, in a 30. Dancer Silver Case, warranted to wear equal to any other; movement guaranteed for 3 years.

**60-day Offer.** So all can have this beautiful watch in their hand and fully examine it, we will send it C. O. D. to your express office, with the privilege to examine it. If found satisfactory you can pay the express agent \$6.00 and express charges. If not satisfactory you can refuse same and get no money out but your time in going to the express office. Knowing the fine qualities of this watch we make the above offer, as anyone wanting a good time piece will accept same at once on examination. A guarantee goes with each watch fully warranting the watch to be exactly as represented and a thoroughly reliable time-keeper. Order at once.

W. HILL & CO., Wholesale Jewelers, 111 Madison St., Chicago. When cash in full accompanies order we book your agent and send free a fine roll-plated chain and charm.

**100, 200, 300, 400, 500,**

per cent. realized for our clients, in REAL ESTATE investments, and we will guarantee to do it again. During the past 12 months we have invested for 55 men who have made variously, from 25 to 600 per cent. Will furnish their names if desired. All this is the result of advertising. Send for full information to **EUGENE D. WHITE & CO.,** Portland, Oregon.

**HILL'S MANUAL THE GREAT STANDARD IN SOCIAL AND BUSINESS LIFE.** New edition. Sells easily. For price ask any Book Agent, or write **DANKS & CO.,** 108 State St., Chicago. Opportunity for Lady and Gentlemen canvassers for above and Parallel Bibles.

**To Those who "Do Not Care for a Religious Paper."**

Would it make any difference to you if you knew of one that does not advocate the doctrines of everlasting punishment, vicarious atonement, miracles and an infallible Bible?—

One that does stand for common sense in religion, "truth for authority", believes that religion should be friendly to science, and advocates a religious fellowship that will welcome all of every belief who are willing to work for truth, righteousness and love in the world?—

One that does not fill its space with learned or ignorant discussions of scripture texts, but does give every week 32 columns of fresh and rational reading, including a sermon on some living topic, editorials and contributions on current events; and news of the progress of liberal religious thought? If you think you might care for such a paper, send ten cents in stamps for ten weeks.

**UNITY**

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, SENIOR EDITOR. CELIA PARKEE WOOLLEY, ASSISTANT EDITOR. Seventeen editorial contributors, from five different religious organizations. **CHARLES H. KERR & CO.,** Publishers, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

**D. D. HOME.**

**His Life and Mission.**

BY MADAME DUNGLAS HOME.

Within the compass of an advertisement no adequate description of the interesting contents of the book concerning a most remarkable medium can be given; it must be read before its importance can be realized.

The work is a large 8vo of 428 pages, printed from large type on fine, heavy, super-calendered paper, and strongly bound in cloth. The price put on it is less than value, but Mrs. Home is desirous that this work should have an extended reading in America; hence the book will be sold at a low

Price, \$2.00; gilt top, \$2.25, postage free to Journal subscribers; to all others, 17 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail by **JNO. C. BUNDY** Chicago.

**AGENTS WANTED BOTH sexes. \$25 to \$50 per week EASILY MADE. SAMPLES FREE.** Send for terms. **W. C. Wilson, Kansas City, Mo.**

**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

**RICHARD HODGSON, LL.D.** Secretary for America, 5 Boylston Place, Boston, Mass.



COMMUNION.

By Mrs. F. O. HYZER.

Mother, we did not dream amiss  
When feeling were we called to part  
In outer form, our happiness  
Could not be blighted in the heart,  
Since we foresaw and felt that we  
E'en o'er the dark transition wave  
Should hold our soul attractions free  
From every shadow of the grave.

We knew mortality would shrink  
From separation for an hour,  
But felt immortal life could drink  
The cup, nor feel its chilling power;  
But not until my spirit rose  
From fleshly bonds, could I to you,  
Or you to me the truth disclose  
In its most joy-entrancing view.

Not till I stood beside your form  
While you sat weeping in your wo,  
As I with heart aglow and warm  
Sought to impart my joy to you,  
Did I appreciate the power  
Of interspherical communion,  
And realize the priceless dower  
Of soul-inseparative union.

Not till I saw the light divine  
Of love's eternal, central fire  
Around your spirit burn and shine  
Responsive to my heart desire,  
Did mediation's magic course  
Reveal its grandeur unto me,  
As guiding all things by its force  
Now and to all eternity.

Awed and enraptured as I stood,  
Myself by self-existent right,  
I for the first time understood  
The laws of shadow and of light  
As they in psychic art relate  
Each to the other's use divine,  
In their eternal co-estate  
Of Nature's changeless course sublime.

There first my eager mind beheld,  
And realized that matter lies  
As a vast shadow, light repell'd  
By the vibrating waves that rise  
On the horizon of the Thought  
Or Mind that is near and far  
From protocomic atoms wrought,  
To splendors in the sun and star.

Thus the objective universe  
With all its darkness, stress and strain,  
Rolled lyrical in tone and verse  
Over the vibrant chords of brain,  
As Reason clasped the lily hand  
Of tender Psychic in his own  
And I beheld the spirit land,  
A boundless omnipresence shown.

While I, untouched of Death or Change,  
Save that in consciousness divine  
My soul by such vast inter-range  
Of being knew all Being mine,—  
Mine, mine forever to explore,  
Mine, mine forever to possess—  
I the inseparate, never less—  
The All-related, never more.

O how could I, belov'd one, weep!  
How could my soul or spirit grieve,  
Since knowing I could ever keep  
All I could consciously receive!  
That I could fold all precious forms  
Of beauty to my yearning heart,  
Sealing love's bonds with kisses warm  
By Nature's high and holy art!

Thus soul delivered and arisen,  
Render'd subjective to the earth,  
I stood beside your psychic prison  
To aid you in your higher birth;  
Seeing the work I had to do,  
As fast as I the power could win,  
For all who live as well as you,  
To wake them to the heaven within.

But my first practice of this art  
Of painting soulscapes evermore,  
Was wrought upon your loving heart,  
As its dark shadows o'er and o'er  
I touched with light of love and truth,  
Until our grand ideal came  
In outlines of immortal youth  
Into the seven-fold auric flame.

Three years this study I have wrought  
Fairer and clearer on your brain,  
In every light and shade of thought  
Adapted to your psychic flame;  
Until to-day with joy I find  
Commingle our psychic air,  
And by our efforts love-combined  
The art work growing still more rare.

The heavy background has been toned  
Till beauty smiles where anguish gloom'd,  
Birds sing their joy where sorrow moaned;  
And illies wave where nightshade bloom'd.  
The cross and sepulcher have given  
Place to the resurrection scene,  
And Calvary slopes up toward heaven,  
Crown'd with the palm and olive green.

The turbid waters 'twixt the spheres  
Of being we've call'd Life and Death,  
Now a pure crystal stream appears,

Ripped by evolution's breath,  
While argosies sweep o'er its heart  
Laden with choicest fruit and wine  
For mortals needful and distrest,  
Guided by Wisdom's hand divine.

Then, darling, can you still regret  
That I wore not the flesh until  
I had with earth's approval met  
Through my inspired artistic skill?  
Or that my works unfinished lie—  
Unwon the artist honors sought,  
While you so clearly see that I  
A nobler, purer work have wrought?

That I'm an earnest artist still,  
Sketching Love's triumph over death  
With hand that never felt the chill  
Of the transition's dreaded breath—  
That shall be ceaselessly employed  
Not "man's last enemy" to slay,  
But knowing naught can be destroyed  
Return him to his kindred clay?

**SCOTT'S**  
**EMULSION**

**DOES CURE**  
**CONSUMPTION**

**In its First Stages.**

*Be sure you get the genuine.*

THE  
EMERSON  
PATENT BINDER

A FILE  
And Permanent  
Binding for Music,  
Periodicals, Photos  
of Goods, Samples  
of Fabrics, etc.

Showing the  
appearance of  
the Binder when  
quite full of  
THE  
Religio-Philosophical  
Journal. Price,  
\$1.25; to Subscrib-  
ers, 75 cents.

COPYRIGHTED.

ETHICAL RELIGION.

BY WILLIAM M. SALTER,  
RESIDENT LECTURER OF THE CHICAGO SOCIETY FOR  
ETHICAL CULTURE.

CONTENTS.

Ethical Religion; The Ideal Element in Morality; What is a Moral Action? Is there a Higher Law? Is there anything Absolute about Morality? Darwinism in Ethics; The Social Ideal; The Rights of Labor; Personal Morality; On some Features of the Ethics of Jesus; Does the Ethics of Jesus satisfy the Needs of our Time? Good Friday from a Modern Standpoint; The Success and Failure of Protestantism; Why Unitarianism Fails to Satisfy; The Basis of the Ethical Movement; The Supremacy of Ethics; The True Basis of Religious Union.

OPINIONS.

W. D. HOWELL'S, in *Harper's Monthly*: "Where it deals with civic, social, personal duty, Mr. Salter's book is consoling and inspiring."

*Nation*: "Mr. Salter appears as a distinctly impressive and attractive personality, modest, courageous, simple-minded, generous and earnest."

*Congregationalist*: "Mr. Salter is so radical that probably only a few, even among advanced Unitarians, agree with him. Yet he is so plainly desirous of finding the truth, and so free from any intentional irreverence that conservative Evangelical believers hardly will object to his spirit."

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: "A few of the lectures give to the theoretical side of important problems careful consideration and deep thought, while they all present the author's views, though sometimes fragmentarily, in a scholarly and attractive manner. Mr. Salter's philosophic and religious position is evidently agnostic, with a strong leaning toward theism and immortality of the soul, at least for a morally select portion of humanity. In his conception of Spiritualism is prominent those aspects of it which offend his refined taste, and it is not strange therefore that he fails to appreciate this system of thought as understood and expounded by its representative thinkers. When Mr. Salter comes to understand Spiritualism through study and investigation instead of, as now, chiefly through the interpretation of its opposing critics, he will find to his astonishment, may be, that its ethics and his are nearly identical."

Cloth, 322 pages. Price, \$1.50.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago.

BAKER CITY, OREGON.

THE DENVER OF EASTERN OREGON.

Destined to become the second city in the State, and the metropolis of a large area of country in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho.

Has immense agricultural resources, untold wealth in lumber, and is near the richest and most extensive gold and silver mines in Oregon.

Has a splendid public school system, churches of all leading denominations, and a cultured, intelligent people. The climate is exceptionally agreeable. The population has grown from a few hundred in 1880 to its present size, is doubling every four years, and will shortly be 10,000. Has street cars and electric lights. Offers the largest attractions to the merchant, farmer, professional man, lumberman, miner, and investor, who wants to make money in a live community where values of property advance rapidly, and business increases in like ratio.

The NORTON ADDITION to Baker City is the most sightly, and every way the best residence property within less than a mile of the heart of the city, and on street-car lines. Blocks of 22 lots each, 25x100 feet, are sold for \$1,000, one-third cash, balance in 6 and 12 months. Single lots, \$80, for inside \$75, for corners same terms. Will soon bring much higher figures. Write us for plats and full particulars, mailed free.

All Union Pacific through tickets to Portland, Seattle, or Tacoma, have stop over privileges. Be sure and stop off and see Baker City as you go through.

Our agent in Baker City will show you the property. Purchasers by mail may have deeds and abstracts of title forwarded through their home banker. For plats, maps, pamphlets, and full information, address, HUGHES, BROWN & CO., General Selling Agents, 72 Washington St., Portland, Oregon.

Detroit, Wash.

Occupies the same position in the new state of Washington that Detroit, Michigan does in that state. But the Detroit of the Pacific coast has great advantages over its eastern namesake.

Vast Mineral and Timber Resources

Are already tributary to Detroit, Washington, and still there are 25,000 square miles of unexplored country back of it—a veritable empire in itself. Detroit has three different ways of reaching the ocean with the largest vessels afloat—by way of Hood's canal, the main Sound, forty-eight miles of railway connects it with Gray's harbor. The eastern country will be reached by the Southern Pacific railroad, which is now located and whose

Trains will be running into Detroit in less than 6 Months.

Lake Mason, a splendid body of fresh water at an elevation of sixty feet above Detroit, is only two miles and a half distant, and will be in its corporate limits within five years. The proposed navy yard is only nine miles from Detroit and will be connected with it by rail—four miles and a half of it already constructed. Detroit is certain to be a city of considerable size.

CLUNE, REES & CO.,  
SOLE AGENTS,

"HOTEL PORTLAND," PORTLAND, OREGON.





**RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL**

PUBLISHED AT 92 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO  
BY JOHN C. BUNDY

Entered at the Chicago Post-office as Second-class Mail Matter.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION**  
One Copy, 1 Year, ..... \$2.50  
One Copy, 6 Months, ..... 1.25  
Single Copies, 5 Cents. Specimen Copy Free.

**DISCONTINUANCES.**—Subscribers wishing THE JOURNAL stopped at the expiration of their subscription should give notice to that effect, otherwise the publisher will consider it their wish to have it continued.

**REMITTANCES.**—Should be made by Post-office Money Order, Express Company Money Order, Registered Letter, or draft on either Chicago or New York.

Do Not Send Checks on Local Banks

All letters and communications should be addressed, and all remittances made payable to JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago, Ill.

Advertising Rates, 20 cents per Agate line. Reading Notices, 40 cents per line. Lord & Thomas, Advertising Agents, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago. All communications relative to advertising should be addressed to them.

**CONTENTS.**

- FIRST PAGE.—Topics of the Times
- SECOND PAGE.—A Workingmen's Club. The Prophecy Relating to General Vermoion. Topology. Industrial Reform.
- THIRD PAGE.—Editorial Notes.
- FOURTH PAGE.—The Open Court.—Hypnotism: Its Perils and Safeguards. Inferential Topography and Cosmogony of the Spirit-world.
- FIFTH PAGE.—The Reason Why. Spirit Action Relative to Material Law.
- SIXTH PAGE.—Human Imponderables—A Psychological Study.
- SEVENTH PAGE.—A Minister's Dream.
- EIGHTH PAGE.—Psychical Development of Children. The Duke of Argyll on Hypnotism.
- NINTH PAGE.—Woman and the Home.—A Chicago Institution.
- TENTH PAGE.—Voice of the People—Confident It was the Work of Spirits. State-Writing—Testimony. Suggestive Letter. Father Edmund's Ghost. Another Compact Fulfilled.
- ELEVENTH PAGE.—Spiritualism in Brooklyn, N. Y.—Spiritualism at Grand Rapids. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- TWELFTH PAGE.—Book Reviews. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- THIRTEENTH PAGE.—Communion. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- FOURTEENTH PAGE.—At the Turn of the Road. Two Lovers. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- FIFTEENTH PAGE.—Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- SIXTEENTH PAGE.—The Publisher. Transition of Mrs. Silas Bigelow. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

THE JOURNAL will be sent FOUR WEEKS FREE to all who so request. A careful reading is respectfully asked. Persons receiving copies, who have not subscribed, may know that their address has been supplied by a friend and that the paper is either paid for by some one or is sent with the hope of closer acquaintance. Those receiving copies in this way will incur no financial responsibility.

**THE JOURNAL BINDER.**

Every reader who desires to preserve his paper and to know where to find it when wanted should procure a binder. The "Emerson" is the best one I know of; and a size suitable for THE JOURNAL in full cloth with the side stamped with the name of the paper in full gilt, will be furnished subscribers for seventy-five cents, which is fifty cents less than retail price. They will be supplied to none but subscribers at the reduced price. At the end of the year the numbers can be removed, if desired, and the binder is ready for the next year, and as good as new; or the volumes can be left in the covers and put upon the library shelf, and another binder procured. Every number has articles of permanent value—as good years hence as during the week of issue.



"NOW."

Now is the season of the year for you to make extraordinary efforts to assist me in increasing the circulation of THE JOURNAL. I am giving you a paper of more permanent value and at a greater cost than ever before. I do not, it is true, give the amount of current gossip and local news that some of my contemporaries do; I don't believe that is what my constituents want. I have learned from experience that the intelligent, the earnestly seeking, the thoughtful want a paper the reading of which is not a waste of time nor a mental dissipation. I believe that among the more than 60,000,000 people in the United States there are enough ready to do hard thinking and careful experimenting to give THE JOURNAL a great and powerful constituency. Don't you think so? Of course you do. Can't you find time and opportunity to solicit a new subscriber? Of course you can if you only feel like making the effort. Suppose that for one week, just one week, you were as a body, to be inspired with the same zeal and enthusiasm and persistency in working for THE JOURNAL that your evangelical neighbors display in supporting their multifarious activities and numerous publications! Why I should have to quadruple my order to the paper manufacturer; and I could enlarge THE JOURNAL and bring in a score of able writers and specialists to help improve the quality and increase the quantity of matter. You would be in every way the gainer besides having the great satisfaction of having done your best. I would be the gainer, and Spiritualism in its scientific, philosophical and religious phases would receive an impetus such as has not been known in this generation. Try it, won't you? Consider that I am looking you straight in the eyes and asking you to make for me, for THE JOURNAL, and for Spiritualism only a tithe of the effort I am constantly making! Now is the time. Do it now before the distractions of another week divert your thoughts and cool your inspiration and enthusiasm. Go at the work in earnest, if you really are in earnest in your asserted beliefs and in your friendship for THE JOURNAL. Remember, I will send THE JOURNAL one year to five addresses sent at one time with \$10. Remember, if you are in arrears, that you are under obligations both moral and legal. Remember, if you have paid in advance, that I need your active continuous interest as much as THE JOURNAL needs your advance payment!

**TRANSITION OF MRS. SILAS BIGELOW.**

THE JOURNAL is asked to make notice of the transition of an esteemed friend. Believing the letter of the bereaved husband making the request to be better than anything we can say it is herewith published: DEAR BROTHER BUNDY: You will please insert a brief notice of my good wife's release from the material, in her favorite paper. She left me in our pleasant Florida home at 7 a. m., October 27th, to join the angel band of kindred spirits who were waiting and beckoning her away from me. No, not away, but veiled from my material sight. She was sick but a week and at the last, after telling me, "I think I am going," turned upon her side and lay perfectly quiet and passed away without a tremor of a nerve or the movement of a muscle. She had long desired the change and was in almost daily communion with her mother, daughter and friends in spirit life. She was well grounded in the philosophy of Spiritualism and a firm and unswerving friend of THE JOURNAL. I know she joins me heartily in wishing you long life in the body and success in your grand philanthropic labors. I so far departed from custom as to speak at the funeral of my dear good wife (after

friend Pope, who spoke well) and also at the grave, and gave them plain truths and enforced them by the object lesson before me—the body simply—while the already resurrected wife and mother hovered near to comfort and bless. I really shouted defiance at and victory over the grave as I stood by it and assured old friends and neighbors that she whom we all loved was joyous, happy and free, and the grave had been cheated of its coveted prey, and death had lost its sting, to her who had triumphed at last. My loss is indeed severe and my heart is still sad at times, but I feel and know that she is well pleased with the change which she had for some years desired.

Very truly yours,  
S. BIGELOW.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

**SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.**

The next meeting of the American branch of the Society for Psychical Research will be held at the rooms of the Boston Society of Natural History, corner of Berkeley and Boylston streets, on Tuesday, December 2, at 8 p. m.

- Programme: 1. Routine business.
  - 2. The secretary will give an account of some cases recently received or investigated.
  - 3. Report of some sittings with Mrs. Piper in England, by Prof. Oliver Lodge, F. R. S. (To be read by the secretary.)
- No admittance except by ticket. Special tickets are sent for members and associates. Other tickets, each of which will admit three persons, will enable members and associates to introduce their friends. Extra tickets may be obtained by members or associates on application to the secretary. RICHARD HODGSON, Sec'y.  
5 Boylston Place, Boston, Mass.

**MISS NICKERSON'S WORK.**

A lady writes: Kimball hall was crowded last Sunday afternoon, and Emma J. Nickerson lectured as usual. There were representative Spiritualists present from all parts of the city, and preliminary steps were taken toward organizing a society, to meet regularly under the conduct of Miss Nickerson. Judge Ormsby presided at the business meeting, and Mr. Donkerley was chosen secretary. Subscriptions, almost sufficient for carrying on the meetings until May, were promised. The society will be named next Sunday, and the organization effected by the election of officers. The meetings in Kimball hall have been sustained by Miss Nickerson over two months. They have steadily grown in interest from the beginning, and with larger audiences each week. Miss Nickerson's lecture last Sunday was on "Secrets of Success in Life."

Ex-Secretary L. Q. Weeks writes that the annual convention of the Vermont State Spiritual Association was held at Hyde Park, Vt., November 14th, 15th and 16th. Dr. E. A. Smith was reelected president. Addresses were made by Lucius Colburn, Dr. S. N. Gould, Charles Crane, A. F. Hubbard, Mrs. A. W. Crosssett, Mrs. S. A. Wiley, F. A. Wiggins, Dr. George Dutton and others. The next convention will be held at Waterbury in 1892.

Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Boston, writes: THE JOURNAL is an excellent paper, fair, candid, brave, independent.

Salvation Oil, the great pain-remedy, is a genuine and reliable liniment. Price, 25 cts.

No one has ever been disappointed in using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for a cold.

**Dr. Price's Baking Cream Powder.**

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.



**Sleeplessness Cured.**

I am glad to testify that I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the best success for sleeplessness, and believe that it is really a great relief for suffering humanity.

E. FRANK, Pastor, St. Severin, Keynton P. O., Pa.

**A Can. Minister's Experience.**

St. Paulin, P. Qub. Can. Feb. 10, 1890. I am happy to give this testimonial as to the excellency of "Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic." Suffering for a long period of nervous debility due to dyspepsia, I ascertain that since I made use of this remedy a radical change was operated on me; not only on the nerves, but even dyspepsia disappears promptly. Similar experiences have been made by many of my conferees with this remedy. I consider it entirely efficacious and proper to cure all nervous diseases and other cases depending from the same.

J. E. LAFLECHE, 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

**KOENIG MEDICINE CO.,**  
50 West Madison, cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.  
Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5.

**LOGIC TAUGHT BY LOVE.**

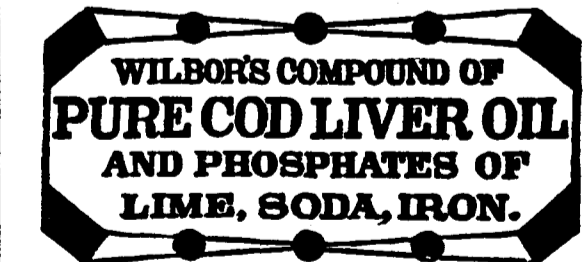
—BY—  
MARY BOOLE.  
Part of the object of this work is to call attention to the fact that our life is being disorganized by the monotony of our methods of teaching.  
Price, \$1.00.  
For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago

**KNABE**  
PIANOS.

UNEQUALLED IN  
Tone, Touch, Workmanship and Durability.

BALTIMORE, 22 and 24 East Baltimore Street,  
New York, 148 5th Ave. Washington 817 Market Space

**LYON & HEALY, Sole Agents.**  
State and Monroe, Sts., Chicago, Ill.



For the Cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Debility, Wasting Diseases and Scrofulous Humors.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Wilbor's Cod-liver Oil and Phosphates has now been before the public twenty years, and has steadily grown in favor and appreciation. This could not be the case unless the preparation was of high intrinsic value. The combination of the Phosphates with pure Cod-liver Oil, as prepared by Dr. Wilbor, has produced a new phase in the treatment of Consumption and all diseases of the Lungs. It can be taken by the most delicate invalid without creating the nausea which is such an objection to the Cod-liver Oil when taken without Phosphates. It is prescribed by the regular faculty. Sold by the proprietor, A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, and by all Druggists.