

RELIGIO THE SOPHICAL PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Although Mrs. O'Shea is said to be an accomplished musician she has struck some notes on the harp of old Erin that are decidedly discordant.

An Atchison, Kan., woman recently arose in the night, lit the kitchen fire, and prepared breakfast, and was sound asleep at the time she did it.

The Mormons have decided not to press their claims for admission of Utah as a state in the next Congress. This is certainly considerate and it will relieve the Senate of the necessity of dealing with the matter.

Mr. Balfour, who will spend his Christmas in Dublin, is not as unpopular in Ireland as he was when he was held responsible for all the disorders in that part of Great Britain.

According to Superintendent Porter's preliminary bulletin in regard to religious societies in this country there are 140 religious bodies in the United States, besides many independent congregations. It is certain that he has not included them all.

Major General Alfred H. Terry, whose death is announced, was one of the best soldiers developed by the civil war and his successful attack on Fort Fisher, one of his most brilliant achievements, received the thanks of Congress. The sentiment voiced by the Secretary of War that "General Terry was one of the most gentle, kind and brave characters that ever served his country" will be retched by the nation.

The poet Whittier celebrated his eighty-third birthday on the 17th inst. Notwithstanding his announcement that he could not receive callers, his home at Oak Knoll was the shrine to which many of his friends made pilgrimage, and he was the recipient of numerous letters, telegrams and other tokens of remembrance from admirers all over the country. Mr. Whittier is said to be in better health and spirits than he was a year ago.

It looks as if "Gen." Booth would soon be able to test his scheme of operation for the benefit of "the submerged tenth." He has already obtained over \$300,000, and contributions are pouring in daily. A farm of 1,000,000 acres in one of the colonies has been given to him. It is stated that "Gen." Booth will be the sole trustee of the funds contributed and that he will assume the entire responsibility for the success or failure of the scheme. The man is in earnest and he has the courage of his convictions.

King Humbert, although he adheres to the religion of his ancestors, in his speech to the Italian Parliament declares that he will not relinquish a jot of his prerogative as a sovereign and ruler over all Italy. He says that "as a jealous guardian of the rights of all, I have guaranteed the rights of the religion of my ancestors, at the same time maintaining the greatest respect for that liberty of conscience which honorably marks our age." These words will not please the occupant of the papal chair. The king's

announcement of his purpose not to permit a divided rule in Rome is as follows: "But I never permit my sovereign authority to suffer derogation in the name of religion." Humbert is a Catholic monarch, but from him the temporal power of the pope receives no recognition.

Sitting Bull was a wily chieftain and an interesting relic of savage life, now fortunately passing away from this continent forever. His hatred of the whites was bitter, but his discretion in his later days was greater than his animosities. Some other leader may now come to the front and in revenge precipitate an outbreak which Sitting Bull with his experience was too wise to inaugurate. Meanwhile there is no good reason why the United States government should not keep its word and its bond and furnish the Indians with their regular rations.

The bill now before Congress providing for the regulation of immigration and likely to be enacted is more stringent than the contract labor act now on the statute book, which it is needless to say has utterly failed to accomplish what was intended. The problem is a difficult one to deal with and it is doubtful whether the proposed new law will solve it, but the situation can not be worse than it is at present when contract laborers by thousands are imported every week by establishments that are reaping all the advantages of the protective tariff.

Miss Kate Drexel, who was received as a novitiate in the Roman Catholic church as Sister Catherine a year ago, will take her final vows in February, when she will give her fortune, estimated at \$8,000,000, to the order of the Sisters of the Most Holy Sacrament, recently founded by her. A few weeks ago the seventeen-year-old daughter of a German Catholic was married to the twenty-year-old son of a Chicago multimillionaire, the ceremony being conducted by Archbishop Feehan. Thus does Rome steadily build for the future in America.

It is difficult to keep track of the ownership of the much-seized *United Ireland*. It was captured by Parnell with a mob at his heels, retaken by the anti-Parnellites and captured again by the Parnell crowd, when Parnell conversed with outsiders through the keyhole. Two editions of the paper have been printed, the one that favors Parnell at the office of publication under the protection of a strong guard, the other at the *Dublin Nation* establishment. The latter edition is an alleged copy of the number destroyed by Parnell and his followers and bears in large letters the word "Suppressed." The followers of Parnell have seized a wagon loaded with copies of this edition and dumped them into the River Liffey. In fact the Irish for the moment have forgotten English rule and are fighting one another. The *Pall Mall Gazette* urges the members of the McCarthy section to take off their coats and fight the Parnellites vigorously and to the end. Meanwhile a question among the Irish on this side of the water is, Who shall receive the funds raised during the recent visit of the Irish envoys? And the English Liberals are beginning to see that the Home Rule which the Irish party

is working for is not the kind of home rule which they and the English people are willing to grant.

The requisition to the mayor of London asking him to call a meeting to give expression to the protest of the British capital against Russia's persecution of the Jews was signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and many of the clergy of high rank, such as the deans and vice-chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge, four dukes, of Argyle, Westminster, Abercorn and Newcastle, twenty earls, marquises and other lords, thirty members of Parliament, two lieutenant-generals, Clark and Graham, Admiral Inglefield, five bishops, many barons, knights and other titled people; also the Countess of Meath and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Such a phalanx of names has not been placed under a petition in London for many years. There is, of course, no Israelite among them. The meeting thus called was held on December 10th. The Lord Mayor presided, and the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Duke of Argyle sent messages expressing sympathy with the meeting. The Duke of Westminster moved the adoption of a resolution declaring that the renewed sufferings of the Jews in Russia from the operation of the severe and exceptional edicts against them, and the disabilities placed upon them, are deeply to be deplored, and that in this last decade of the nineteenth century religious liberty is a principle which should be recognized by every Christian community as among natural human rights. The resolution was adopted, and a committee was appointed to convey the views of the meeting to the Czar.

Kansas has always been noted for the unique methods and bold conceptions of its inhabitants; leastwise of some of them. Their genius is not to be hampered by any statutory enactments or respected customs. Judge Balderson is one of these geniuses; as between him and Pratt of Spring Hill it is hard to tell which is entitled to take the bakery. On the whole, however, it is probable that the great medium developer, wind consumer, word mangler, and intimate friend of Pericles, Henry the Eighth, Buddha & Co. would be awarded the cake. In such a case as the one in which Judge Balderson had to call in a preacher to help him trample on the law in order to force a jury to find a verdict, the Spring Hill party would have had only to project his "irresistible will" into the mentality of the jury, and a verdict or any other sort of materialization would have been promptly forthcoming. This is the crude and unconventional way in which Judge Balderson did it at Topeka last week, according to a dispatch published in the *Chicago Tribune* of the 18th: "The jury in the case of Nellie Mayes, charged with the robbing of John Jobest, had been out fifty-four hours last evening when Judge Balderson made arrangements to have the Rev. T. E. Harmon go to the jury room at 3 o'clock this morning and hold services. He held services lasting one hour and fifty minutes, the jury joined in the singing. He preached on the immortality of the soul. Within a few minutes after the services ended the jury had agreed and returned a verdict of guilty of grand larceny. The attorneys for the defense, J. K. A. McMahan and R. Wilson, say that before the services the majority of the jury was for acquittal. They filed a petition for a new trial, claiming misconduct of Judge Balderson, the bailiff and jury."

ADVICE TO WOMEN.

With due humility and a sincere desire to promote cause of woman suffrage, THE JOURNAL rises to a word of advice to the host of noble and able men who are so magnificently struggling for the complete enfranchisement of their sex. When you hold your stated meetings or called conventions, depend on the talent and earnestness of your sister co-workers to supply the speech making! Above all things keep orthodox ministers and ex-ministers off your rostrum unless you have summered and wintered them and are sure they have something to say and know how to say it, and to stop when done.

To no other class in the civilized world are you so deeply indebted for opposition to everything tending to broaden your sphere and enlarge your liberty as to the so-called evangelical clergy. Many of you know this, and those who do not should study history. Throw off your inherited disposition to fawn over the preacher; put this presumptuous individual, ever ready to exploit himself, on no higher level at least in the work you have in hand than you do your own male relatives and your business acquaintances. To the business man, to the intelligent, well informed layman you have rarely appealed in vain for help or sympathy in your struggle for political or religious rights. Your merchant, your grocer, your man of affairs may not be loaded to the lips with borrowed wit and ancient but doubtful authorities, he may not have the fatal gift of gab; but he is, as a rule, sure to have an innate love of justice, a mind comparatively free from ecclesiastical prejudices against woman's equality with man, a quick comprehension of the equities involved, and generous impulses, unhampered by personal interest, which will inspire him to valiant deeds and telling speech in your behalf. Encourage these men who are moving the machinery of the world, who do not claim to be the authorized interpreters of God's will, but who know what justice is, what equity is, what common humanity is; invite and encourage such men—if you want men advocates—to express their views at your gatherings. They may not tickle womanish vanity, but they will not rise to address you inflated with their own conceit, nor handicapped by musty authorities, nor moved with desire to shine as wits, humorists and orators. In their way—unpolished, unconventional though they may often be—they will throw into their effort a psychical and intellectual strength worth more to you than all the effeminate mouthings, the effete theology, the second-hand smartness of the average preacher who seeks a hearing from you.

When your cause was weak, and the butt of ridicule, when it furnished texts for pious warnings, the support of the pulpit then denied you would have been a great boon. Now it is not. The pulpit, pushed on by the pews, has been forced to slacken its antagonism, to tolerate your claim and even to advocate it in some instances. Seeing success already perching on your banners, the clerical cohorts, more than 60,000 strong in this country, are hastening to adapt themselves to the necessities of the times and to invent new shackles and bonds whereby they may still chain woman to the tail of their chariot, or under a new guise keep her at the laboring oar of their rotten old craft. Any sensible, pure-hearted woman knows more about religion, more about God, more of the eternal verities than does the wisest wearer of clerical cloth. You don't need male preachers to give religious tone to your meetings. You have women preachers whose hearts are with you in your purpose as those of men ministers can not be. If you say there are not enough women in the pulpits to go around, why, then make more. There is material enough and of finest quality. Put your sisters in the pulpits, but caution them to take with them as little theology as possible in order not to displace that pure and simple and saving religion which comes to them as a rightful inheritance direct from God—not the Presbyterian or the Baptist or the Methodist or any other sectarian and limited God; but that great fountain of love and intelligence from whom all life flows.

Once again THE JOURNAL warns you to fight shy of male preachers in your woman suffrage conclaves.

And it does this with all due respect for the many noble and true men to be found in the pulpits and who honor their calling and humanity.

ROMANISM A SURVIVAL.

Romanism is a survival which enables us to understand the curious mental and moral condition of the mass of mankind one, two and three thousand years ago, and makes us aware of the immense advance that truly modern communities have made, socially, politically and morally. In it is embodied, as it were, a warning as to what a low condition civilized society might relapse into if the reactionary spirit were allowed to get the upper hand. In this country Romanism is an exotic and its revival, which began after the fall of Napoleon I., is a singular historical fact of the nineteenth century. It was caused in part by the "holy alliance" of kings and emperors which had for its object the suppression of popular government and liberal principles in both hemispheres. The excuse for this alliance was the excesses of the revolutionary spirit of France. Liberty was stigmatized as infamous. England, Prussia and Russia, all three powers outside the pale of Romanism, under the influence of an intensely reactionary spirit, actually restored old Pius VII. to the Vatican after his long imprisonment by Bonaparte, who, if he had succeeded in his Russian expedition, intended to have suppressed the papacy and declared himself pope-emperor, uniting in his own person a civil and ecclesiastical supremacy over all Europe—for if Russia had been conquered, all Europe would have been at the feet of the Corsican adventurer. But man proposes, and the course of things disposes.

A reactionary literature also came to the assistance of the "holy alliance" of kings and emperors who were bent on towing the modern world back to the status of the dark ages. Walter Scott, who was, despite his Toryism, on the side of his reason and common sense a thorough Scotchman, was on the side of his imagination and emotional nature a reactionist. Interiorly he respired the very spirit of the middle ages. His "Lady of the Lake," "Ivanhoe" and Jacobite poetry and romances cast a spell over all Europe. The lost cause of Stuartism was almost revived and the spirit of the ages of faith was rekindled in the breasts of the aristocracy of Great Britain. Then followed Puseyism and ritualism in the English church.

Wordsworth played into the hands of Romanism with his ecclesiastical sonnets. The reactionary movement in the world of literature and art in France and Germany, called romanticism, was part and parcel of the Romanist reaction. Brownson became a disciple of the French reactionist Lacordaire, and reasserted in American speech the exploded dogmas of the spiritual despotism of the middle ages. The immense immigration from the South of Ireland to this country during the last half century has made all our large cities and towns only too familiar with Romanism.

Notwithstanding this cataclysm of medieval bigotry and superstition, the cause of liberty in both hemispheres has prospered, and science and rational knowledge are becoming the watchwords of ever increasing hosts in all civilized countries. Light and liberty are winning new trophies in every collision with the dark spirit of medieval despotism. Even in Catholic Belgium popular education under the control of the state has become a fixed fact in the teeth of Roman ecclesiastics and their fulminations. Italy is united and independent, France is a republic, Germany is consolidated. American slavery was abolished a quarter of a century ago, Napoleon III. has disappeared from the theatre of activity and the Mariolatry of his empress did her no good.

Thus have Romanism and Jesuitism lost in late years in both hemispheres. The latest Jesuitical enterprise in the United States of fighting popular education will in the long run bring those engaged in it to signal grief. There is no chance of the Bastille being rebuilt in France or of the fires of the Inquisition being rekindled even in Spain, or the instruments of ecclesiastical torture being brought forth from their dirty repositories for the suppression of heresy.

Romanism, Bourbonism and Ritualism seem to survive to keep intelligent, modern, progressive communities in a constant state of vigilant activity, so that political and mental freedom may nowhere suffer detriment, but be continually promoted and strengthened over the whole area of civilization.

INCREASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

Almost daily we hear of instances of clairvoyant sight, telepathic percipiency and other forms of psychical manifestations occurring spontaneously. As a rule these incidents are almost incapable of being formulated in a way to be of value for publication, owing either to their private nature, the objection of the parties to publicity, or the impossibility of investing cold type with those subtle evidences of genuineness which only oral testimony can supply. In many cases it would be necessary to fill a page with dry explanatory details in order to use an incident covering ten lines; and this of course is out of the question in a newspaper, being more properly the province of scientific reports. So far as practicable THE JOURNAL endeavors to accompany accounts of phenomena with sufficient proofs to inspire confidence in the good faith of the parties, and with such evidential accessories as may command for the statements the respect of those interested, and to inspire the more critically inclined with sufficient interest to probe them farther. Below we give one of many among these ever-recurring incidents. The narrator is an experienced student of psychics. In sending it he says: "I quite understand there is nothing wonderful or strange about it. I presume it is only one of a million similar incidents that occurred on that day. But the very fact that such things are so common makes me wonder that we can not make clear and satisfactory analyses of them. I may say the lady is past fifty, educated, traveled, of high character. She never had any knowledge of any member of my family other than of myself. She pledged me not to divulge her identity, apparently fearful that some would think her a medium."

THE INCIDENT.

To-day, November 30th, when returning from church I overtook a lady acquaintance. We walked on together for a block or so, discussing the discourse to which we had listened and which had been suggested by the messiah craze among the Indians. Suddenly the lady turned to me and inquired, "May I tell you something?" I answered, "Certainly." She then said: "I see walking by your side a tall, broad shouldered man, and, oh! so white. His face is as white as a piece of cloth. His hand is long and slim and white and looks as though he was very poor (emaciated). And how he does spit—so much! Was he drowned or was he an expert swimmer? He moves as though swimming. He has a bow and arrows. With his arrow he could hit the bull's eye every time. He was a great lover of fun—could amuse people, and keep things lively. Have I told you enough so that you can recognize him?" I replied: "It is brother Bill. He passed on last summer. In May his wife wrote me to come if I desired to see him alive. I went and remained with him during the last of May and the fore part of June, about ten days. His difficulty seemed to be of the stomach. If he took food, it greatly distressed him, and he would spit perhaps for an hour at a time, filling a spittoon. He had been in this condition so long that his frame was absolutely bare of flesh. He was not tall as you say, but because of his peculiar form he was always designated as my 'tall brother.' He was long limbed, broad shouldered, slim, and so seemed taller than he was. He was very white when in health. When a boy he used to pull a hair from his head, lay it upon the snow and say, 'it isn't quite as white as snow.' When I last saw him he was as white as a human being could be, alive or dead. He was an athlete and the most expert swimmer I ever saw. He was naturally fond of a gun, and like other boys began with bow and arrow and bowgun. So expert was he with the bow and arrow that father called him a 'little Indian.' He was always the life and soul of the family and of every company he was in. To illustrate: when I was last at his home in Jefferson county, N. Y., my two remaining

brothers, my sister and myself all met at his house. Knowing it would be the last time we should all be together here, William seemed determined that it should be a joyous occasion. He sat bolstered up on a lounge and in his inimitable way told over the pranks we used to play when children and every laughable occurrence which his fun-loving soul had gathered from all the past; and for hours kept us shouting with laughter."

By this time we had reached the lady's home and she said: "He was an urbane gentleman. He brings his hand to his breast and gracefully bows to me to express his gratitude because I have told you of his presence. He is going home with you to dinner."

She then said: "This is strange. What is it? I am not a Spiritualist—not a medium. I just see these things. I don't understand it." M.

PROGRESS AMONG REFORMED PRESBYTERIANS

It is not generally known that the creed of the Reformed Presbyterian church prohibits the members of that organization voting under the Constitution of the United States, for the reason that that document is "godless" or contains no mention of Deity. Such is the case, but a Reformed Presbyterian church in Brooklyn, N. Y., lately sustained its pastor, Rev. J. F. Carson, in his insistence on his right to vote at popular elections in spite of the Pittsburgh Reformed Presbytery. One of the leading members, the oldest of the church, drew from his coat pocket two time-stained documents. One contained the constitution of the United States and the other the creed of the church. "We all esteem Mr. Carson," he said, "but when we consider a man recusant to the vows made before God we must not let our feelings carry us away. We must look upon our pastor now as one who has declined the ministry." "No, no!" shouted several ladies and a wave of hisses swept over the hall. "No man can take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States," he continued, "and believe in the sentence of the Lord's prayer which says, 'Thy kingdom come.' The Constitution declares that no religious test will be required for a qualification for office in this country and God says it shall." After a long and excited discussion a vote was taken and the pastor was sustained by an overwhelming majority.

SUCCI'S FASTING.

For a while prolonged fasting like that of Tanner and Succi was pronounced by physicians generally impossible, and they favored the claim that the fasters obtained nourishment secretly. One of the doctors who have visited the Italian faster, although somewhat skeptical at first, admits now that he sees no way in which the man can obtain food. Succi's condition furnishes strong indirect evidence of his total abstinence from nourishment. From the first his weight has been steadily diminishing, his appearance is cadaverous, his expression wild, and all his secretions are such as might be expected in ordinary starvation. Some persons have expressed surprise that Succi uses tobacco. The first day or two he smoked constantly. But tobacco, it should be remembered, like most other narcotics, lessens waste of tissue. It has been suggested that the excessive use of tobacco, without food, saturated Succi's body with nicotine.

In man the brain and nervous system are great centers of energy, and like electric battery cells which they resemble, have the power of accumulating energy as well as of giving it out. In the electric cell two masses of undeveloped muscle act as storage batteries for electricity generated in the brain. Succi's entire system is the analogue of these storage cells. Nerve cells have doubtless a similar power. Referring to this subject, the *New York Sun* says: "The familiar example of a man of great will power working many hours without food or sleep is known to every one. It is in this direction that the explanation of the fasting power of Succi must be sought. What is called his mind dwelt on the fast before him for many days preceding it, while he was still taking food. Unconsciously, a store of nervous energy was accumulated. As his body becomes exhausted, he partially

stops the waste of tissue by tobacco, replaces the water evaporated at the lungs and skin by more water, and supplies the necessary waste of muscular tissue by stored-up nervous energy. His other reserves, such as fat, go to the lungs to supply carbon for oxygenation. It is in some such manner as this that Succi's fast, if honest, must be accomplished." It is much more in accordance with the scientific method to attempt to explain Succi's fasting than to assume on *a priori* grounds that it is impossible, and to say that the alleged faster must in some way obtain food. There is a skepticism that is necessary to guard against deception and imposition; there is also a skepticism that blinds the eyes of the mind to facts and hinders the discovery of truth. One kind of skepticism is wise, the other is foolish, one is the handmaid of progress, the other is the ally of conservatism, stationariness, and "intellectual peace at the price of intellectual death." Since the above was in type Succi has successfully terminated his fast.

Rev. James S. Stone, who came to New York from Bombay, India, about eighteen months ago and who last May was given the charge of the old Methodist church in Washington Square, where the Vanderbilts used to worship, is an enthusiast in what he calls the "forward movement." He preaches to dissolute women on Sunday mornings and from the steps of his church to loungers and roughs, and holds services even in the opium dives of Mott and Mulberry streets. He has established in connection with his free church a dispensary under the charge of a competent physician and deaconess. Medical advice is gratis, and the people are charged only five or ten cents for medicines. There is an employment bureau under the care of a woman who receives applicants, hears what they have to say and reports to a committee who find situations for them, in the country when possible. To reach the street Arabs, Mr. Stone appeals to their pugnacious propensities by organizing them into a brigade of zouaves. From 6:30 to 7:30 every Sunday evening unemployed men are received in the church parlors, where by the women parishioners they are served with coffee and sandwiches while the minister talks to them in a free and fraternal manner. After the social hour, religious services are held. Mr. Stone says, "I believe we should throw open the church doors to the worst of these unfortunates. Heal their bodily diseases first; help them to honest employment and a chance to fight their way up. We gather every week a congregation of the most desperate. Would they go to stately churches with cushioned pews and imposing architecture? I don't know, but I do know they are coming to us by hundreds. Our aim is to seek the very worst, healing their diseased bodies, teaching them to help themselves and preaching to them the gospel of hope. Among the decently dressed members of my congregation are many who six months ago walked in rags, filth and sin." Mr. Stone is described as a slight, boyish-looking man with a gentle face and kindly gray eyes that smile at you through gold-bowed spectacles. He believes in going right into the slums of the city and using practical, common sense methods, suited to the conditions of those whom he seeks to rescue from vice, crime and wretchedness.

In a lecture in his ethnological course at Salem, Mass., Professor E. S. Morse said that in its first form everything was extremely rude, that the teeth in the skulls of primeval man are worn down, showing that bones and hard seeds were chewed up with the food in early times, and indicating how rude were the early methods of preparing food. A stick was, undoubtedly, the first implement used by man. In the course of time he learned to sharpen this stick with a fragment of stone, and the infinite variety of edge tools to day illustrate the advance made in that line. Shells were used for cups and spoons, and were also tied to sticks to be used as hammers. Pottery was, evidently, first used in making a clay covering to cooking gourds, etc. When by accident, the clay covering dropped off and it was found to be serviceable as a bowl, the art of pottery making was started.

The decorations on early pottery are, as a rule, imitations of cloth or basket work. The shapes are invariably the imitations of the vessels previously used, such as gourds, etc. The early stone implements were rough, and the later ones, though finely made, were, of course, far inferior to the metal ones used later. The larger stone points, so often found in this country, are usually called arrow heads. In dry caves in California some of these points are found fixed to short, thick wooden handles. They were, therefore, in all probability, used for knives. The plough of to-day can be traced back to a pointed stick. An ancient Grecian gem represents a plough with a wheel in front, then a knife to cut the furrows, then the ploughshare, and lastly two handles. The plough of to-day is built entirely on this plan. Fish hooks made of bone and of horn are found, some made of two small pieces, tied together. In the relics from the ruins of the Swiss lake dwellers, nicely made bronze fish hooks are found. Such is the substance of a very instructive lecture which was illustrated by specimens of early weapons and implements.

From an article in a recent number of *Unity* entitled "Our Relations with the Unseen," contributed by Rev. W. A. Cram we extract the following good spiritualistic thought: What we call death then, is it not the casting off, the dropping the grosser staging or skeleton of visible matter, as the insect casts off its outgrown pupa case, or as many of the lower animals slough their shells or outgrown skin that they may be born into a more perfect body, a higher conscious life of sense and action. So we drop our outgrown pupa cases and shells, in and through which we see and know each other now, and through this outward dying rise into the higher unseen realm of being, into the consciousness and use of our more perfected ethereal bodies. . . . Friends, neighbors and lovers one by one pass under the shadow through the veil, and we say, 'tis death. Has nature, beyond us, forgotten her order of beneficence in more and better life? Has loss or annihilation assumed sway? If we could stand one degree higher should we not behold the same glorious progress even in death; seeing truly then, how it is not death, but ever more and better life, that marks the change from the seen to the unseen? So the fashion of our world changes and passes, as the soul in the great tidal flow of being lifts the matter of this world into living form of rock, tree, bird or man, a little while; then passing onward and upward, lets fall these transient waves of form. We know the objects and creatures about us, and each other here, next rising into the ethereal degree into bodies and lives of beauty, strength and delight of which the best here are but the poor, weak, embryonic growth and striving.

It was a serious matter for Superintendent Porter when Oregon, Louisiana, South Carolina and New York City disputed his figures in regard to the census. But now he has against him some of the best known citizens of the Northwest, including Short Bull, Crow Dog and Big Turkey. These gentlemen are not disturbed by the effect which failure to count all their people will have upon their representation in Congress. What troubles them is that the number of their rations will be reduced by the mistake. "He put down many less for each tepee than the tepees contained," says Short Bull, through the interpreter. "We shall starve, we know we shall starve if the great father chooses to cheat us, but we will have one big eat before the starving time comes, and after that we will fight." Superintendent Porter must see now how thoroughly his census is discredited by the distinguished Northwesterners, and into what an unamiable and belligerent state of mind his figures have put them.

In order to relieve the clerks at the stamp window of the burden of queries with which they are overwhelmed almost constantly, a bureau of information is to be established in the New York post office, where every possible question as to postal rates and regulations and facts shall be answered. The civil service commission will have a job in framing examination papers for this post.



STANDARDS OF TRUTH.

By J. L. BATCHELOR.

These have been the great bone of contention ever since men first differed in thought and purpose. While the contention, by reason of the general progress of the race, has in great measure laid aside the appeal to brute force as a test of truth and right, and substituted therefor that of the perception of fixed principle and reason, this improvement in the standard seems to produce no lessening of the differences that divide the contestants. Unanimity of thought and purpose can never come through a mixture of truth and error. These can never be reconciled. It may come temporarily and apparently by the extensive exclusion of truth, for error within certain limits has its law of progress and growth. The inherent weakness of error as compared to truth is in this; that its products alone do not yield sufficient support to keep it alive. The union of truth and error in the thought of the same moral being, who is anxious, and as yet unable to correctly discriminate between the two, and to give to each its just due, puts it in the power of such being to turn over to the support of error, honestly believed, the products of truth. It is only in this way that error holds a footing in the world. It lives by stealing its support from those who honestly accept it as the truth. When the moral being dissolves this union, and relegates error to its own products for support, it goes back into the swine and both are drowned in the sea of oblivion.

It is doubtless true that a majority of all enterprises undertaken by man are failures. I think this would be true if we ascribe success to all where one-half of anticipated results have been realized. What a sad commentary is this upon the wisdom of the crowning work and glory of creation. Man alone claims this preëminence, and his claim is not disputed. But man's success in the progress of all that constitutes his highest being and life is not measured by the absence of competition. There can be no conflict of this kind. The supply of all that makes real success in spiritual growth is infinite. The success of one is not the exclusion of another. Every failure has its inherent causes, and so of every success. In a study and knowledge of these causes alone are to be found that truth and wisdom that make life a success in the highest sense. Our knowledge of these causes, the hopes and fears inspired by such knowledge, and our natural impulses and emotions constitute our standard of judgment, natural and acquired, which we apply in all the affairs of life. The considerations or factors involved in a complete standard are so numerous and complicated that we fail to realize our liability to err. A true judgment can only result from the application of a standard that embraces every factor naturally in the line of cause and effect connected with the matter determined. In the theory of a mind so judging, the omission of a single one of such factors would lead to an error in judgment. Errors of this kind are of daily occurrence with the wisest amongst us. And when the failure is seen, and the cause understood, we exclaim, "If I had only known that before, I could have avoided the error." We have learned from experience that the standard applied was too limited. The man who would reap the full benefit of the soil's productive power must comply with every natural law applicable to production. If he would succeed in trade his success depends upon a like rule of compliance. If he would determine the natural effect of what is claimed as a moral or religious truth, his standard of measurement, to be adequate, must embrace all the potentialities of such truth, and in determining these some sort of rule must be applied. And this rule will be a standard or criterion that is itself a measure of standards. Can this standard of standards be expressed in words? We thoughtlessly jump to an affirmative answer, and attempt to formulate the standard. Instantly the real standard we seek to formulate escapes the

limitation of our words, and becomes the unexpressed reason for the formal expression. And so we may go on *ad infinitum*, piling standard upon standard, the last to measure and determine the correctness of the preceding. Can it be said that the man who carries this process the farthest before reaching a stopping place is the wisest, and has applied the standard that measures the highest truth? Our most valuable lessons come from experiencing the evil effects of our own errors. In this way only do we know them to be errors. The standards we need are those that show us these errors. Will it do to adopt and apply as this rule of rules one that will result finally and ultimately in fixed and permanently established evil? It is the ultimate purpose that sanctions and justifies every thought and act. If this purpose is something not only less than the greatest good, but is the greatest possible evil, how can it sanction and justify?

All action rests upon two factors, ends and means. Our natural emotions and impulses furnish the ultimate purpose, and our practical wisdom the means. Our liability to err is far less in the wisdom that adopts the means, than in our impulses that fix the end to be accomplished. This end is the sphere where selfishness shows itself, and is the field of its activity. It is here where reforms are most needed, and where higher standards of judgment should be applied. It is our native impulses and emotions that need to be looked after, and need to be reformed. It is in these that the religious sentiment has its origin. It is the purpose of religion, meaning to rebind, to reestablish, to do this. First impressions are from appearances that are so often unreal and deceptive. Reconsideration, reinvestigation, the application of a higher standard discloses the underlying principle or reason, a higher truth is brought to light, and through this enlarged perception we feel a rebinding force. This is the true religion. This is the very first self-imposed duty on arriving at maturity, and this duty rests upon us through life. We are placed in this outer physical world for the purpose of perfecting our characters as individual beings, and we can do this only by eliminating from it everything productive of bad effects or evil. This is the mission of life. The criteria of truth we apply determine our progress.

Every mistake ever made may be attributed to the fact that the standard applied to determine the question was too limited, or failed to embrace all the factors involved. Growth and progress consist in the enlargement of the standard by which we measure and determine the truth. The application of the same standard through life by a finite being results in little or no growth. Real spiritual growth is only secured by enlarging the standard of judgment, and not by the continued application of a fixed and unchangeable one. This world is filled with truth. Its influence over us and our subjection to it is determined by our preparation and capacity to receive it. Psychologically this is all the difference there is between the child and the adult. Our measure is full, and so is the child's. To enlarge this measure, the receptive powers, is the mission of this life or any other.

The errors of the world, as ascertained from reflection and experienced effects, are far more attributable to the correct use of erroneous standards, than to the incorrect use of true ones. We err far more in our premises, than in our conclusions. And yet, singular as it may seem, the larger part of all controversies, as to what is the truth, has been as to whether certain conclusions from conceded premises were right, and not whether the standard of judgment applied was the true one. We are more in fault in our perception than in our logic. And a fault here is more fatal to truth, for we are generally quite well satisfied with what we regard as a correct conclusion without much question as to the premises. In fact the same logic that supports a conclusion from true premises, also supports the conclusion from false premises. We have but one logic. The same steps that lead to error will lead to the truth when rightly directed. Error as a working energy has its means and ends, its line of growth as well as the truth. But that standard of judgment that leaves error, with all its effects, finally and permanently successful, dethrones the Divine and

the truth and enthrones that personification of evil, the devil, and error, and is the efficient cause and support, in its subtle and mischievous influence, of all the lesser errors of the past, and will be of all in the future. If it is in the power of man to commit a crime against his Maker, is not such a belief, with the impulses and acts it naturally inspires, such crime? Were it not true that the Divine overcomes evil with good, there would be ground for the thought, that the whole class so believing would in the end be abandoned to the service and control of that mythic personification their standard of truth makes the strongest. Their only hope of relief from such a doom is, that beyond their spiritual vision there is a great truth not measured by their limited standards.

The infantile nature of our spiritual powers may account for this defect. These powers are barely developed sufficient to assert the right to rule, but not sufficient to enforce such right. In nearly every controversy between the demands of the spirit and the impulses of the flesh, the latter succeeds. We are in the midst of this ordeal every moment, and so will continue, whether in this world or the next, till truth triumphs over error. We are the biggest kind of spiritual infants. We can outgrow this only by adopting a standard of truth, that will finally exterminate all evil or wrong. Only in such a standard is there real spiritual growth. Every religious creed is, or professes to be, such standard of measurement. And while each creed of the four hundred or over known to men excludes all others as erroneous, every believer accepts his, not because it will put an end to all evil and wrong, but because of its special benefits in saving him from such a doom. Is it strange that the most cruel and destructive conflicts of the world have been in support and denial of religious standards of truth accepted on this limited ground? Is the truth subject to such limitations? Is the Maker of heaven and earth a limited being? And can his truth ever be discovered and known by applying such standards?

CLARINDA, IOWA.

WERE THE CHRISTIAN FATHERS SPIRITUALISTS?

By F. H. BEMIS.

Tertullian was one of the most learned and celebrated of the early fathers of the Christian church. He was born about 160. He was called the father of Latin Theology. Yet it is quite certain that in the year of our Lord 1890 he would not be recognized as sound in the faith of modern evangelical orthodoxy. Read what he said some seventeen centuries ago, touching a question agitating the church of to-day. He says: "We had a right, after what was said by St. John, to expect prophesyings; and we not only acknowledge those spiritual gifts, but we are permitted to enjoy the gifts of a prophetess. There is a sister amongst us who possesses the faculty of revelation. She commonly during our religious services on the sabbath falls into a crisis or trance. She has then intercourse with the angels, sees sometimes the Lord himself, sees and hears divine mysteries and discerns the hearts of some persons; administers medicine to such as desire it; and where the Scriptures are read or psalms are being sung, or prayers are being offered up, subjects from thence are ministered to her vision. We had once some discourse touching the soul, while this sister was in the spirit. When the public services were over, and most of the people gone, she acquainted us with what she had seen in her ecstasy, as the custom was; for these things are heedfully digested that they may be duly proved. Among other things, she told us she had seen a soul in bodily shape, and that the spirit had appeared unto her, not empty or formless. . . . but rather such as might be handled—delicate, and of the color of light and air—in everything resembling the human form."

Tertullian, it seems, thought prophesyings were to be expected in his day, in answer to an evangelical promise, and he says: "We not only acknowledge" but "we are permitted to enjoy the gifts of a prophetess."

It is pertinent to inquire if a Tertullian could

"acknowledge" and "enjoy" the "gifts" of a "prophetess" in the second century, why should not the Christian church "acknowledge" and "enjoy" similar gifts from similar sources in the nineteenth century?
MEADVILLE, PA.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY

BY J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

X.

MYSTERIOUS RAPPINGS.

Previous to any knowledge of mine on this subject, in passing through a street in London, I was attracted by the words "Spirit Medium" on the door, and entered the house as a matter of curiosity to find the meaning of the strange announcement, which until then I was unfamiliar with, for it was the earliest beginning of these phenomena in that place.

At the séance which followed, my age, birthplace, residence, passages of my life and particulars of my family were given to me in exact accordance with my own knowledge. My Christian names were spelled out and also my surname, with the omission of one letter. On asking for the missing letter, it was replied that it was not essential to the sound, and therefore had been omitted. Many of my family spell the name without that letter. When about to leave, the medium accompanied me to the door, and having partially passed out, I was recalled by the shaking of the table with very loud rappings on it, and was informed that the intelligence would accompany me home and develop itself there, where there would be no suspicion of fraud.

A few days afterwards a lady expressed a desire to see this medium, asserting as ladies sometimes do, without any particular reason, that no rappings would take place in her presence. Such proved to be the case, and in the two hours we sat there nothing occurred to break the monotony.

We returned home, the lady triumphant. In the evening as we sat around the fire in solemn conclave, I held fast to my position, that among four millions of people it was an unparalleled guess to rightly hit upon the name, age and residence of a stranger. While this discussion was going on, sharp and clear rappings fell on the shade of the lamp, and, when ingenious suggestions were made as to the natural rapping power of heat, transferred themselves to the books and papers lying around, and notably to some glassware in a remote part of the room. It soon became incontestable that no chance snappings could account for "God Save the Queen" being rapped upon the chandelier, and we settled down to the conviction that the lady who had declared these sounds would not be made in her presence had herself become haunted.

As in every other case that has as yet happened, the rappings assumed and insisted upon a spiritual origin, and no incredulity of the lady, or obstinacy of her friends, would make them forswear this paternity. These rappings grew in volume, and varied greatly in intelligence with the different sources they claimed to come from; at intervals speaking out long sentences with great facility and accuracy, then again seeming unable to distinguish one letter from another, and always so with the alleged spirit of a person we knew had never learned to read or write.

A friend of this lady with whom she had frequently practiced table turning, but without the slightest leaning to a belief in its supernatural character, had in a jocular mood one day proposed that the first of the two to whom the "opportunity" came, should, if possible, satisfy the survivor of the truth of spirit converse by a communication. This proposal was made amidst the laughter and folly of a large party engaged in marching a table up and down the drawing room, and with so little seriousness that it was almost immediately forgotten.

Several months afterwards this friend died suddenly, and the same night the lady was awakened by loud rappings on the headboard and on the pictures in her room. Her screams brought the whole family in, and going over the alphabet, the name of her deceased friend was distinctly spelled. The rappings

continued for two hours, bearing their usual spiritual character.

This was the first intelligible spelling by the lady in this method, the communications generally taking the apparently easier form of writing. When the rappings failed in making themselves understood, writing was generally resorted to, and often predicted with great accuracy when the rappings would be able to resume their sway.

The rappings, however, gradually gained strength, and the writing was more or less discontinued. Sometimes they came under such peculiar circumstances that they not only demonstrated their phenomenal character, but rendered it very difficult to reason of them apart from spiritual origin. Those who have not closely studied the question or do not reason from the facts, have no conception how difficult it is to reject the spiritual idea, or how constantly and vigorously it intrudes itself in all the phenomena.

The lady of whom I have above spoken and a friend were engaged in the further end of a room, endeavoring to quiet the frantic screams of an infant suffering from acute pain. I was called in to advise, and entering saw two young boys kneeling at a chair, near the door, and the two adults with the infant, standing at the distance of about twelve feet.

One of the boys exclaimed, "there is something rapping on the chair." They retreated in alarm, and the untouched chair was shaken back and forth as blow after blow fell upon it. The eldest of the children being able to make his letters in Roman capitals, I told him to go over the alphabet and put down the letters that were rapped to. The letters were of course without division into words, but we easily made out the following sentence: "Grandma A—S—. I love you, dear little boy." Whilst making this out we had all withdrawn seven or eight feet from the chair, but some one remarking that she must be a very partial grandmother, we were startled by loud and tumultuous rappings, and returning to the chair, the letter s was given, but nothing more. Again and again we tried, but only the letter s was given. When it dawned upon us, after some moments of perplexity, that the letter s was intended to make boy into boys, a shower of rappings (no word expresses it so well) seemed to fall upon the whole surface of the chair, as if in joyful assent. The word joyful is not inconsiderately used. The rappings are hardly inferior to the human voice in their power to express some emotions.

This circumstance was rendered more inexplicable on any natural hypothesis, from the fact that the grandmother's maiden name was given, certainly unknown to the boys and the lady through whom the rappings were made. As the children were unable to spell a word, the automatic action of their brains may be safely disregarded as an explanation.

The facts of mesmerism and clairvoyance sufficiently prove that subjective impressions may often be of little value as evidence of any exterior cause. Yet if we combine these subjective visions with objective sounds and movements bearing direct relation to each other, there is then corroboration of something extraordinary going on in the place where the vision is said to be and from whence the sound and motion proceed.

It was my good fortune to be able to try this interesting experiment, under conditions rigidly exact. A member of my family had been repeatedly mesmerized for neuralgia, and had become exceedingly sensitive. On the day to which I refer, she was reclining in her front parlor, whilst I was seated out of her sight in the back room. Another lady through whom the rappings occurred with great distinctness approached by the near entrance through the garden. Silently and unseen I at once seized the opportunity and directed my will and passes to the lady in the front room. As was justly expected from previous trials she was soon in a mesmeric sleep. When the visitor had entered I suggested the spiritual idea and the sleeper forthwith had a vision.

"Who is it?" "My mother, don't you see her?"

"No." "I do."

"Can you talk with her?" "I understand her."

"Does she understand you?" "Yes."

"Can she rap to you?" "Yes."

"Will she?" "She says she will" (with hesitation).
"Will she rap where you say you see her?" "Yes."
"Where do you see her now?" "Near the picture of Gen. Monk."

"Ask her to rap on it."

The rappings at once came on the picture (fifteen feet from the nearest person) loud and sonorous, visibly shaking it at each blow. "She is now by the flower stand and will rap there." Simultaneously the flower stand was shaken, the long tops of the flowers waved to and fro, and the rappings gave the jangling sound of tin, when it is sharply struck. Thus we tried it round the room on articles of furniture loose enough to fix the direction of the sound by the motion, until we became sure that the place where the clairvoyant described the vision to be was coincident with the sound and motion as witnessed by our senses.

A fact of this kind not only appears to be incredible but also forces us to conclusions which every prejudice of education must combat. Still we must look facts fairly in the face. Apart from a spiritual hypothesis, this occurrence admits of two speculations; either that a person in a state of somnambulism may actually obtain perception of a force existing in space, yet invisible to the eye, professing ability and willingness to do physical acts, and proving its power by doing them; or else the recipient, laboring under hallucination with respect to the vision, can engage this hallucination to exert power by audible and visible effects at a distance from her own person. If these visible and audible acts demonstrate that the vision possesses both force and intelligence, we must essentially modify our accepted physiological ideas of hallucination.

Many forms in which these phenomena take place militate strongly, it must be conceded, against a natural interpretation. The intelligence of a clairvoyant, in the best examples, is quick and perceptive, careful in its assertions and punctual in its engagements. It knows matters the brain has never known, is independent of the senses, exercises a reasonable and well defined volition, and logically contrasts its psychical powers with its ordinary cerebral condition. It betrays no confusion as to what it perceives of invisible and unknown mundane affairs of which we can prove the accuracy, and speaks with the same certainty of immaterial presences or the acts they are about to do, which acts, in some instances, certainly take place.

Two separate forms of "psychic force" were engaged in this experiment, and they assumed the existence of a third. The vision presents itself to the mesmeric sensitive, and she asserts its intention, as apparently communicated to her, to rap in certain localities; the rappings in confirmation come in those places, through the organism of another person, and both vision and rappings insist upon referring themselves to a spiritual cause. If we reject entirely the reality of the clairvoyant's vision, then how the knowledge was obtained by her that so strange a fact as did take place would occur through the presence of another person, becomes a problem beyond all human reach.

The result which lies more prominently on the surface of this example is the reality of the sounds and the motion at a distance, as testified to by ear and by eye, giving corroboration of subjective perception through objective demonstrations.

Somewhat similar to the above are the two following instances; the sounds in the one being certified to by the sense of touch, and in the other by both touch and sight.

There were but two of us in the room, sitting at opposite sides of a large center table. My vis-a-vis was engaged in asking mental questions, when suddenly I heard and felt the time of a tune, which I recognized, drummed out on the back of my chair. The person sitting opposite to me had mentally requested that tune, and had thought of it as he had last heard it, beaten on a drum. I have frequently heard the daughter of a public functionary at Washington, when playing on the piano, accompanied by two invisible drums, apparently about two feet above her head.

The other incident above spoken of, which had for its support the evidence of three senses, did not and could not leave a vestige of doubt as to its phenomenal

character. Some sheets of paper held in my hands were struck by the rappings, in answer to mental questions, driving them backward and forward about two inches at each blow, in a long and correct communication respecting private matters, with which no one but myself was acquainted.

It happened on some occasions, in order to satisfy our doubts, that the rappings directed the alphabet should be turned blank side upwards. This sometimes produced confusion, as the person obtaining the letters might point between them, rendering it uncertain which one was intended, and was open to the objection that habit would accustom one to a knowledge of the position of any given letter, even from the wrong side of the card.

To obviate this source of possible error, ivory alphabets, in detached pieces, were procured, and turning them face downwards promiscuously, the answers were obtained by rappings when the required letter was pointed at. These letters were then turned up in their respective order and formed intelligent statements and correct answers to mental questions, when the answer was known to some one present, although it might not be known to him what question was asked.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

I.—THE DARK INTERPRETER.

By THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

Oh, Eternity, with outstretched wings that broodest over the secret truths in whose roots lie the mysteries of man—his whence, his whither—have I searched thee, and struck a right key on thy dreadful organ.—January 15th, 1849.

Suffering is a mightier agency in the hands of nature as a Demiurgus creating the intellect, than most people are aware of.

The truth I heard often in sleep from the lips of the Dark Interpreter. Who is he? He is a shadow, reader, but a shadow with whom you must suffer me to make you acquainted. You need not be afraid of him. For when I explain his nature and origin, you will see that he is essentially inoffensive; or if sometimes he menaces with his countenance—that is but seldom—and then, as his features in those moods shift as rapidly as clouds in a gale of wind, you may always look for the terrific aspects to vanish as fast as they have gathered. As to his origin, what it is, I know exactly, but can not without a little circuit of preparation make you understand. Perhaps you are aware of that power in the eye of many children by which in darkness they project a vast theater of phantasmagorical figures moving forward or backward between their bed curtains and the chamber walls. In some children this power is semi-voluntary, they can control or perhaps suspend the shadows; but in others it is altogether automatic. I myself, at the date of my last Confessions, had seen in this way more processions, generally solemn, mournful, belonging to eternity, but also at times glad, triumphal pomps that seemed to enter the gates of time, than all the religions of Paganism, fierce or gay, ever witnessed. Now there is in the dark places of the human spirit, in grief, in fear, in vindictive wrath, a power of self projection not unlike this. Thirty years ago it may be, a man called Symons committed several murders in a sudden epilepsy of planet-struck fury. According to my recollection this case happened at Hoddesdon, which is in Middlesex. "Revenge is sweet!" was his hellish motto on that occasion, and that motto itself records the abysses which a human will can open. Revenge is not sweet, unless by the mighty charm of a charity that seeketh not her own it has become benignant; and what he had to revenge was—woman's scorn. He had been a plain farm servant; and, in fact, he was executed, as such men often are on a proper point of professional respect to their calling, in a smock frock (or blouse, to render so ugly a clash of syllables). His young mistress was every way and by much his superior, as well in prospects as in education. But the man, by nature arrogant, and little acquainted with the world, presumptuously raised his eyes to one of his young mistresses. Great

was the scorn with which she repressed his audacity; and her sisters participated in her disdain. Upon this affront he brooded night and day, and after the term of his service was over, and he in effect forgotten by the family, one day suddenly he descended among the women of the family like an avatar of vengeance. Right and left he threw out his murderous knife without distinction of person, leaving the room and the passage floating in blood.

The final result of this carnage was not so terrific as it threatened to be; some, I think, recovered; but also one, who did not recover, was unhappily a stranger to the whole cause of his fury. Now this murderer always maintained, in conversation with the prison chaplain, that as he rushed on in his hellish career he perceived distinctly a dark figure on his right hand keeping pace with himself. Upon that the superstitious, of course, supposed that some fiend had revealed himself and associated his superfluous presence to the dark atrocity. Symons was not a philosopher, but my opinion is that he was too much so to tolerate that hypothesis; since, if there was one man in all Europe that needed no tempter to evil on that evening, it was precisely Mr. Symons, as nobody knew better than Mr. Symons himself. I had not the benefit of his acquaintance, or I would have explained it to him. The fact is, in point of awe a fiend would be a poor, trivial *bagatelle* compared to the shadowy projections, *umbras* and *penumbras*, which the unsearchable depths of man's nature is capable under adequate excitement of throwing off, and even into stationary forms. I shall have occasion to notice this point again. There are creative agencies in every part of human nature, of which the thousandth part could never be revealed in one life.—*New York Independent*.

SPIRIT THE SOURCE OF MOTION.

By WM. I. GILL.

Whenever we come to ultimate facts, materialism and cosmic monism, which is modern materialism, result in agnosticism, because logical conflict always then ensues—to them. They reach a point where all their previous methods and argumentations fail and fatally react, from the effect of which reaction they seek an escape by the device of agnosticism, or ultimate mystery, which deserves less respect in science and philosophy than it does in theology. Spiritism knows no such ultimate abyss, and is hence the most profound and scientific, as I propose to show.

The mystery of gravity consists in its apparently affecting things at a distance without a medium, which is contrary to all other known laws of physical agency. Then it does this timelessly, which is another contradiction of all known physical law, and this is the most wonderful of all. How can matter exert any force where it is not, and without taking any time to do it? That's the unanswerable question.

A wild fancy in place of science has endeavored to flank this problem by asking where are bodies. This evasively calls in question our knowledge of the relative locations of bodies and insinuates that this ignorance is the source and the explanation of our trouble. But it is neither; and it is destructive of all science and of all physical knowledge. If we know not the relative situations and the distances of bodies, not only all astronomy and all other sciences disappear, but all practical discrimination is destroyed, for this is involved in every sense perception. It is only as we know the relative location of bodies that the phrase "inversely as the square of the distance," which is the law of gravitation, has any meaning.

Hence an effort has been made to substitute propulsion for attraction. This as given by Sir John Herschel, from Le Sage, is as follows: "Every point of space is penetrated at every instant of time by material particles, *sui generis*, moving in right lines, in every possible direction, and impinging upon the material atoms of bodies." If space is thus filled with particles there is no possible direction in which they can move, for there is nowhere to go to. Still less is there room for anything besides them, like the great cosmic bodies of the universe; and still less again can there be space between them so that there

may be clashing and displacement. It is a further contradiction to speak of particles moving in every direction; for then they would have to move right through each other without displacing or affecting each other, which were impossible if space were full of them. Besides, to talk of these material particles striking against the atoms of matter is a pure verbalism, because these particles are themselves the original atoms of matter. Finally, whence comes the motions of these original atoms or particles of matter? To this there is no answer. It is therefore just as easy and much more simple to stop with the law of an unexplained motion and without the invention of these particles.

Next comes the theory of ring vortices, which is more obscure and, therefore, less clearly refutable. These ring vortices take the place of Le Sage's atom-moving particles, and involve the same difficulties with others added. This being the best they could do on the materialistic basis, no wonder that Huxley says that since Newton, his successors have been content to accept his doctrine "without troubling themselves about the philosophical difficulties it involves."

A thorough-paced philosophical Spiritualism can explain all these paralogisms of material science. With all psychologists of modern times it will accept the doctrine of the spiritual nature of all phenomena as subjective states. This subject as self-conscious potency, called spirit, is thus at once exalted to paramount eminence as the only known reality and agent, while all known phenomena are but the forms it evolves and weaves for its own dignity and pleasure and as a theater of action, though it does this involuntarily for the most part and as a law of its sub-conscious power. Though all Spiritualists have not attained this, it is scientifically attainable, and is in the line of scientific progress. Spirit we know as the subject of conscious states, and this includes all that is known, even of matter; and all beyond is the vacuous figment of an unscientific bewilderment. Gravity is a mode of the agency of this spirit potency, which in virtue of its own nature evolves all these phenomena in a fixed order and relation. Here is the ultimate explanation and solution of all these ultimate agnostic problems, without any residuum of mystery. What cosmic monism wanted was some material source and explanation of motion, and this it could not find and never can. That source and explanation we find in the known subject of phenomena. We know it as a power of indefinite extent, and as a power for all these, since all these take place within it. We have therefore nothing further to ask on these points. It is everywhere where these are, since they are it, mere points in which it shines out, and therefore, wherever they are it can act, and act timelessly, in attracting or repelling bodies to or from each other, as that is only to say that power can act when and where it is. Thus this doctrine of a comprehensive and ulterior spiritism binds together all apparently disjointed phenomena and reduces to logical unity all apparent contradictions born of materialism.

A CHRISTMAS EPISODE IN CHICAGO.

By KATE M. CLEARY.

"Only a woman! In the old days
Hope carolled to her her happiest lays:
Somebody missed her,
Somebody kissed her,
Somebody crowned her with praise;
Somebody faced up the battles of life,
Strong for her sake who was mother or wife."

ANON.

It was with a certain shyness Nella regarded her reflection in the mirror when she was dressed to go out. The previous night she had promised to marry James Fielding. Until after their formal engagement she had not admitted, even to herself, how much she was in love with her handsome lover.

"I am glad," she said, with a gay little nod to the girl in the glass, "that you are pretty—for his sake." She took up her gloves and turned away. A sudden sadness fell upon her. She crossed the room and stood looking up at the oil portrait which hung above it. It was the picture of a young woman; an exquisite face—arch, innocent, full of bloom and brilliance. Just two years before, Nella Hillyard found the canvas, huddled with some old lumber in the attic. It

was turned face to the wall, and covered with dust and cobwebs. She asked her aunt concerning it. The latter had crimsoned suddenly, strangely.

"It is your mother's picture," she said.

"Oh!" cried Nella in astonishment: "I thought you had no picture of my mother. Why is it there?"

"It used to hang in the parlor. After David lost his wife he could not bear to see it, so it was taken down and put away. I had quite forgotten it."

Nella had the portrait brought to her room. Since then the spot where it hung had been her shrine. She had all manner of pretty fancies about the gentle, loving face. She regarded it as reverently as does a devotee the picture of a saint. She went slowly down the rich-rugged stairway. When she entered the room where her father sat he glanced up.

"What is it?" he asked quickly. "What has happened? There are tears in your eyes."

"Oh, no!" with a queer, shaky little laugh. She brushed her lashes with her handkerchief as she moved toward him. Suddenly she held out her hands with an appealing gesture.

"I have something to tell you, papa. Perhaps you can guess."

"You have promised to marry," he said, in a low voice. He had pushed back his hair and risen. "Which?" There was in his tone a thrill of excitement, anxiety.

"Mr. Fielding."

"Ah, I am glad of that! Very glad!" he repeated. He leant forward and kissed her on the cheek.

"Do you know," she said, warmed into giving him her confidence by his bright friendliness, "that I seem to miss my mother more—now—than I ever did before. I should have liked to tell her. She would be glad, too. If I could even remember her! but I was such a mere baby when she died."

"Yes, yes." His geniality was gone. He was once more his cool, abstracted, unsympathetic self. "You are going down town? Christmas shopping. I suppose. You will need some money." He wrote a check and handed it to her.

Christmas eve it was, a bright, bitter, glittering show of humnity. Carriages were crowded by the sidewalks. Street cars went clattering by. The sharp clamor of cable bells; the hoarse, monotonous chant of fakirs; all the myriad sounds that swell the roar and tumult of a great city seemed, in the keen frostiness, more deafeningly distinct than usual. As the day waned and the air grew still colder the scampering crowds augmented. When Nella Hillyard stepped from her coupé before McClurg's book store, she found herself face to face with her lover. Her heart gave one great glad bound. It was so delightful to meet him thus unexpectedly. She recalled his passionate words of the previous night, and her answer, all of which his eager hand clasp and the flash in his eyes seemed now to repeat, confirm.

"Well," he said, "this is good fortune! Can you guess where I was going? To see your father."

"Don't—yet."

They passed into the book store together. Her face still wore its pretty rose glow of pleasure, surprise. They sat down on a rattan bench in one of the railed center spaces. They found conversation rather difficult but delicious. Fielding could not express all he had longed for this hour to utter, and Nella feigned not to hear many of his whispered words.

"When did you tell your father?" he asked her.

"This afternoon," her glance drooping under the ardor of his; "but I told my mother last night."

"Your—mother?"

"Yes. You do not understand. She is dead, as you know. But I have her picture, and looking at it, I almost fancy, sometimes, I am looking at her, and I tell her everything. I think she can hear me. She was very beautiful."

"Yes," he said slowly, "so I have heard."

"It is no wonder," she went on softly, "that her death left papa's life so empty and desolate. He has never spoken of her since, auntie says. He certainly never has to me."

"Yes?" in half-affirmative interrogation.

"But I know," went on the voice of slow music, reverently, "that she was the best and sweetest woman in the world, as well as the loveliest. One has only to look at her picture to know that."

"Yes," he said again in precisely the same tone. It seemed impossible for him to utter more than the mere monosyllable.

When some purchases were made, they were out again in the tingling air, the lamps were being lighted along the city streets.

"There is a little more shopping I must do," she said, "before I go home."

He begged permission to accompany her.

"Come!"

Chicago—State street—Christmas eve! What a bewildering spectacle the words conjure into existence—the broad thoroughfare illumined with the blue brilliance of electricity; the yellow glare of the gas; the densely packed sidewalks; the ceaseless streams surging in and out of the stores; the holly and mistletoe heaped in green luxuriance along the curbstones; the

little amethystine swirls of steam from iron gratings; the florists' windows massed with roses which mock the season; the contrast and the contact of labor and wealth, of those who toil and those who enjoy, of those who earn and those who spend! And, over all, the shrill shrieks of the newsboys, the gruff protests of belligerent drivers, the authoritative accents of the policemen, the blended tread of many feet, the blended sound of many voices.

The building which Miss Hillyard entered was one dazzle of pendent lights, mirrors, rich fabrics, polished surfaces. At the lace counter Nella paused.

"English-point scarfs, please," she said to the clerk.

She had just turned to her escort with a laughing remark, when she was startled by feeling a cautious hand creep into the pocket of her gown. It was instantly withdrawn. Like lightning she whirled round and confronted the woman nearest her.

"You have stolen my purse," she cried.

The words created a sensation. Young Fielding pressed to his sweetheart's side. The clerks leaned over the counter to catch a glimpse of the accused. A floor walker came hurrying up. Customers crowded about. The thief, struggling frantically to elbow her way out, only rendered herself more conspicuous. Suddenly she quailed, stopped short, as she found herself meeting the quaint glance of a man in dark clothes, a man with a hatchet profile and a gravely imperious manner. She knew him for one of the detectives employed in all large stores during the holidays.

"You accuse this woman?" he said to Nella.

"Of stealing my pocketbook—yes."

The girl shrank from the attention she was attracting, but she felt angry, indignant.

"Call the patrol," commanded the detective, with a nod to the floor walker. "She's an old bird."

Then he laid his hand on the woman's arm.

"I arrest you, Mollie Barrett," he said.

The prisoner turned and gave Nella a ferocious scowl. To the pure, frightened eyes regarding her she was a hideous creature. Her wrinkled, hollow-checked face was plastered with pearl powder and vermilion; her thin lips were drawn viciously back; her eyes had the peculiar glassiness of one addicted to a certain drug; and all were repellently accentuated by the tawdry finery she wore.

"No, oh, no!" cried Miss Hillyard. Never mind. Don't—don't arrest her!"

She felt all at once chilly, faint. To the heiress of David Hillyard crime was a word of stupendous significance. Of sin, of dark deeds meriting retribution, she was as absolutely ignorant as a girl guarded to the point of isolation could be. And now, the idea that a person should be exposed to ignominy, perhaps sent to jail, through and because of her, actually terrified her. In a vague kind of a way she became aware that Fielding had drawn her hand within his arm, and was speaking to her low and impressively. "Let the law deal with her, dear," he was saying. "The officer says it is not her first offense. Given her liberty she might rob women less able to endure such loss than you are."

In the words was a severe sense of rectitude which to the gentle spirit of the girl seemed almost merciless.

"Very well," she assented, in a low voice.

The thief was propelled through the crowd and helped into the patrol wagon drawn up at the curbstone. Miss Hillyard, who had been assured that she must enter a formal complaint, stepped into her own little carriage.

"You are trembling, darling!" her lover said.

Murmuring a word or two of denial, she drew back in the corner and leant there, feeling dizzy and bewildered. The degradation of the poor creature being jolted along in the vehicle ahead seemed to positively overwhelm her. She felt resentful at the position in which she found herself, remorseful that she should have caused it to be by her own avowal of the theft.

"Nella," asked Fielding, "you are not angry because of my advice?"

Just then they whirled by a restaurant. From within the swinging doors came that tempting, indescribable commingling of odors which is so peculiarly indicative of the city, and so suggestive of material welfare. Like a clutch at her heart dawned upon her the possibility that the woman who had stolen from her was hungry!

"No," slowly, "I suppose—I am sure you are right. It was not the loss of the money that made me so angry—not that. In the pocketbook I had a portrait of my mother. It was copied just a year ago, by Gregori, from the original, on a tiny bit of ivory. I had it done, feeling, somehow, that I should be safer, happier, if she were with me everywhere. The miniature is set in gold. All around it are rubies taken from a brooch she used to wear. By the way, when I first asked my aunt about the brooch, she said it was one my mother left when she went away. What a strange way to speak of that which the dying could not take with them! I know that I must have looked strangely at auntie when she said it, for all at once she broke down crying, and told me not to mind what

she said, as she was only a forgetful old woman. I suppose—like papa—she loved my mother too well to even bear to speak of her.

"Yes," said Fielding again, in precisely the same dry tone he had used in the afternoon.

"I have always worn it around my neck since I've had it painted," went on Nella, "but a short time ago the slender gold chain snapped, and I've been carrying it in my pocketbook since, intending to leave it at Giles's to be mended. That is why I felt so miserable to-night. I wanted back the face of my best friend, my saint!"

The holy passion vibrant in her voice had thrilled Fielding. He said no word. He bit his lip sharply. He turned and looked out at the queer kaleidoscope of the city streets.

The coupé drew up before a tall building of red brick. Two rows of stone steps, edged by an iron railing, led up to the door, over which hung a gas-lit globe. Here Fielding alighted, and gave his hand to his companion. The winter evening had closed down, in a dense and starless night. Fielding noticed how the dull violet of Nella's velvet gown caught the light as she went up and in.

The accused had been taken away to be searched. When she was led back the matron held the pocketbook. The desk sergeant took up his pen, and leant toward Miss Hillyard.

"You will prosecute? Your name, please."

Not three feet distant her victim stood. She could feel the burning of the great savage hollow eyes upon her face.

"Nella Hillyard. But, indeed," with childish eagerness, "I would rather not prosecute. I only want back a picture of my mother that is in the purse—Oh-h!"

Sharply she recoiled, for all at once the woman in the showy clothes, the woman with the painted face and the blonde wig sprinkled lavishly with sham diamonds, had reeled down in a dead faint.

Nella grasped her lover's arm. She was shaking with fear. She had never seen anything like this in her petted, secluded life—never!

"Is she dying?" she questioned, in soft breathlessness. "Oh, is she dying?"

An officer near gave a derisive snort.

"Oh, no, miss. That's one of Mollie Barrett's tricks. She says she has heart disease. She is forever shamming sickness."

He helped the matron, however, to lift her on a bench. She lay there looking awfully stark and ghastly for all her applied complexion. To the incongruity of her attire and personal appearance were even more pathetic than grotesque.

"Come away," urged Fielding, as with tender peremptoriness he endeavored to draw her toward the door.

"Hark!" she murmured, her sweet face changing from white to red. The woman on the bench was stirring, speaking. She strove to sit up. Her glassy eyes glared at Nella.

"I'm not shamming," she said, hoarsely. "They always think I am. I am dying—now. Would you mind—will—will you kiss me?"

"Oh!" panted Nella. Involuntarily she retreated.

What a request! But then the fierce, eager yearning there was in the wild, sad eyes. The woman certainly looked as if she were dying. Would the mother whose memory she loved and revered, Nella wondered, have refused a common act of charity—for such a kiss of forgiveness would surely be—especially if the woman were dying.

Miss Hillyard moved forward.

"Stop!" cried Fielding. His fingers closed on her arm. He drew her back as if from contamination.

"You must not touch her!" he said, sternly, huskily. "She is not only a common thief; she is worse. She—"

He broke off abruptly. There were some words his snow-souled fiancée must not hear. Just then a newspaper man, an old friend of his, who had been, a witness of the scene, went up to Fielding, and gently pushed him aside. He whispered a few sentences in his ear.

"Good God!" exclaimed Fielding.

When he went back to Nella he was white as ashes. He was trembling with some strange excitement. The girl even fancied there were tears on his lashes.

"You may kiss her," he said brokenly.

Filled with horror, repulsion, most womanly compassion, Nella moved forward. As a child might have done, she bent and touched the damp brow with her lips.

"My—my little—" murmured the woman.

Something in her throat rattled horribly. To the beautiful, pitying face leaning over her she sent, from rapidly glazing eyes, a look of ineffable gratitude, adoration, love it almost seemed.

Her jaw fell.

"Cross off the charge," said the matron cheerfully. "She wasn't shamming this time!"

Two hours later, in her own luxurious room, Nella Hillyard dressed for a grand reception. Her gown was entrancingly becoming. Her face, if pale as a white rose, was just as satin-smooth, just as sweet

When ready to go she took from a box her lover had sent a long-stemmed fragrant cluster of flowers. Some she fastened at her corsage, and others she carried across the room and laid on the frame ledge of her mother's picture as one lays flowers on an altar. With a kind of passionate tenderness she looked up at the portrait. Even as she regarded it there flashed across her consciousness the recollection of another face—one distorted, dissolute, with all the burned out beauty and misery of a Magdalen.

A blur came before her eyes. She could hardly see the young, gay, sweet, brilliant, angelic face which smiled so radiantly down upon her.

"Forgive me!" she pleaded. "How dare I even remember her in the hour I think of you?—you who were so pure, so true, and so infinitely good!"—*Bratleboro (Vt.) Reformer.*

DEATH OF A CLAIRVOYANT CONJURER.

In a dispatch dated December 6th, from Milan, Tenn., to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, is the following account of a remarkable man:

A telegram this morning announced the death of Herr Moffat, the celebrated second-sight reader and conjurer, at Bozeman, Idaho, in the act of swallowing a sword, which severed his jugular vein, and the conjurer bled to death in a few minutes.

Herr Moffat, or Francis Morell, was a resident of this city, and here his wonderful talent, which has made him the peer of any, and led him before the crowned heads of Europe and Asia, was developed. He was a very peculiar boy in youth, and was considered a crank. He lived alone with his widowed mother, supporting her by working in a stove factory here. His spare moments he spent in the study of magic, and the attic of his humble little home was transformed into a chemical shop. When he was seven years old, one day he suddenly burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. His mother asked him what pleased him so much. The boy replied that he saw his father (who was then living, but not at home) running rapidly down the mountain side trying to overtake a jug of whisky which he had let fall. The jug rolled part of the way down the declivity, but was caught by the old man before he got to the bottom. When the father reached home he confirmed the whole story to the great surprise of all. After this the boy excited much talk in the neighborhood in which he lived. About two years later the Morells were visited by a friend named Robert Vinton, with other relatives or acquaintances, from Philadelphia, who came to test the lad's miraculous power, asked him various questions, and among other things, inquired what was then going on at his (Vinton's) home in Philadelphia.

The boy described the house, which he had never seen, stated that it was built partly of brick and partly of stone; that there was a lake in front of the house, which had recently been drained, and concluded with a description of the people in the house, and of two persons, a man and a woman, who were sitting on the porch.

When Vinton reached his home in Philadelphia he inquired who had been at his home on the day and hour he had held the conversation with young Morell. He learned that there had been a shower of rain at the time and that the people who were fishing in the lake had run to the house to escape the rain. The persons who were on the porch had been faithfully described, even to the color of their hair and eyes. In short, every detail given by the boy was proven to be accurate.

He became involved in a quarrel once with a young man named Turner. Turner was to call on a young lady, and being met on his way by the young mind reader, Morell, who was himself in love with the same young lady, they spoke to each other and passed on. Young Morell sat down on a stump and, bowing his head, conducted his mind to the parlor in which his rival and the young lady were conversing. In the course of the young man's call he proposed and was rejected. This made Morell happy. Meeting Turner on the street next day, he tantalized him about his rejection by the young lady the night preceding. Words were exchanged, and Morell drew a pistol, but friends standing by interposed, and no harm came of the quarrel. But Morell fell into intemperate habits and lost his good name. His habit, when asked to exercise his faculty of second-sight seeing, was to hold his head downward after closing his eyes. After waiting for some time, apparently in deep thought, he would declare what he saw in his visions. He was sometimes found alone in the fields, sitting on a stump and crying. On being asked the cause of his grief he said he saw great numbers of men engaged in killing each other. Although he had never up to that time seen a ship, a battle or a cannon, he described military and naval battles during the War of the Rebellion as if he were an onlooker.

After the war, when he was about 24 years of age, another gentleman from Philadelphia, who had heard much of him, became interested, believing him to be

possessed of a noble gift, and exhibited his wonderful power over the United States, drawing immense crowds in all the large cities. While in St. Louis, in 1873, he was asked by a man in one of the many throngs that came to see him, "What he was doing with that pocket book," (intimating that the young fellow had stolen it). "Nothing. You're the man who has stolen it," was the reply, and upon being searched by a policeman who was present, the man was found to have a pocket book with several hundred dollars in it, which was immediately identified by a gentleman present as his. The man was arrested and found to be Black Hal, a noted confidence man and pickpocket.

In 1879, he began a tour of the Old World which lasted seven years, where he has since returned, exhibiting himself over the country. His death yesterday recalled many incidents which were related by the older citizens of this city. His life was a strange and checkered one.

PREMATURELY AGED.

In connection with the remarkable statement made in last month's *Contemporary Review*, by A. Taylor Innes, in which he described the change wrought by mesmerism in a boy sixteen years of age, who was made to believe that he was an aged man and whose appearance changed accordingly, a correspondent has sent to the *Mercury* the following remarkable story, copied from the diary of a well-known physician of this city:

Dr. Voelkner was a remarkable man. His appearance justified one in assuming so much concerning his character. He had a commanding presence, standing almost six feet high; his hair and beard were of the deepest black and his dark eyes contrasted with a pallid complexion—that did not appear to be the result of a delicate constitution, but rather of a rigorously ascetic life. Such it was, in truth, for the doctor was not one of those individuals who are chained to the millstone of a sateless appetite or sensuous habit. His mind had soared above the fleshpots at an early age and he had lived since in a higher stratum of thought than most of his fellow men.

Can it be wondered that a man of this temperament should be interested in the vital questions of life and death and that he should have delved deep into the world's store of knowledge on such subjects? His perfect physical health and well-balanced mind had prevented him from becoming an irrational dreamer, notwithstanding the usual effect of too engrossing a study of the inexact sciences. This was owing principally to the fact that the doctor was in the widest sense of the word a materialist and based his positive beliefs alone on unquestionable data. The doctor was in his study one afternoon when Z. entered. Z. was an intimate friend of Voelkner. They boasted the same alma mater and had both chosen the same particular object of research. But Voelkner's was the stronger personality and he consequently took the lead in whatever the two happened to be mutually engaged upon. During Z.'s visit a subject which had often been discussed was brought up. It was Dr. Voelkner's favorite theory which he considered proven by analogy. It was the question of mental operations and their influence on the physical being. "Physical actions are simply the result of the automatic operation of the mind," said the doctor. "Sometimes these are normal, but not always. Individuals have lived years in a few hours. Is it not possible to unwind the mental spool at once and know the future as we know the past, and if possible what will be the physical results? Chemical processes that require ages to develop by natural means are effected in a few seconds artificially. Can not the mind be thus operated upon?"

This was the substance of the conversation between the doctor and his friend Z. during the latter's call, and as Z. was called away on matters of business shortly afterward, Dr. Voelkner was left to himself and his books. Z.'s business had taken him to London, and as a proof that he had not forgotten his friend, a musty looking little volume arrived in the mail one day, which he said in the accompanying letter he had picked up, thinking it might interest the doctor. It was an exceedingly rare work in French and long. It was a compilation made by a person who had resided in India for a number of years for the express purpose of studying the mental methods of the adepts. The work was so abstruse and esoteric as to be almost incomprehensible in certain parts. Nevertheless, it was a mine of information on Dr. Voelkner's favorite subject such as probably nowhere else existed. From the moment of its arrival Dr. Voelkner never let the precious little come out of his sight. When not devouring its contents he was occupied with a train of thought which they had generated.

Being an ascetic, Dr. Voelkner lived simply. His home was a rather large house about two miles from the city and situated in a rather lonely place. His only servant was an old housekeeper with whom he did not exchange a dozen words a day. She lived in her own apartments and ministered to his wants. The

doctor lived in his study. Previous to the time of Z.'s departure and the subsequent receipt of the book, Dr. Voelkner had been in the habit of spending an evening or two during the week with acquaintances in the city. Since the receipt of the volume, however, he had scarcely left the house. He had become a confirmed recluse, not even leaving his room to take his meals as usual, but having them brought there to him. It was to be expected that such a course would interfere with his health, but the old housekeeper was so startled by his appearance one day, after this state of affairs had continued about six months, that she thought her eyes had deceived her. In answer to her exclamations of surprise the doctor turned away abruptly, muttering something about servants minding their own business. After this Dr. Voelkner ordered that his meals were to be left outside the door of his room on a tray and that under no condition was he ever to be disturbed. The following spring Z. returned from Europe. He had been home about a week, but was detained on business in New York and had therefore not found an opportunity to visit his friend Voelkner, when one morning he found on running his eye over the morning papers an item of news which caused him to hasten in the direction of his friend's residence as speedily as possible. The article simply stated that the body of an aged man had been found in the house of Dr. Voelkner which had got there by some unaccountable means and that the doctor himself had mysteriously disappeared at the same time. A later dispatch added, to enhance the mystery, that the dead man was found to be dressed in Dr. Voelkner's clothes.

"An experiment!" exclaimed Z. as soon as he had read the article. Upon Z.'s arrival at the doctor's house he was immediately admitted and given permission to examine the corpse and make any investigations that he desired. The body was that of an exceptionally fine-looking old gentleman, apparently about eighty years of age, and there was no appearance whatever of foul play to be discovered. The person, whoever he was, had apparently expired painlessly from heart failure or some other sudden natural cause. Z. looked in vain for any signs of an experiment. Z. felt especially glad of this, as there seemed to be an opinion abroad that his friend's sudden disappearance pointed to the possibility of his having committed a crime and fled to avoid results.

But how did this dead man appear upon the scene, dressed in Dr. Voelkner's clothes, so mysteriously, and, simultaneously, the doctor himself disappear? Here was a knotty problem which would have, perhaps, remained forever unsolved but for the discovery by Z. of a letter addressed to himself in the doctor's handwriting. Z. hastily tore off the envelope and sat down to peruse its contents. He must have sat for fully half an hour with the letter clasped tightly in his hand after he had finished reading it. He sat with the letter before him, his eyes mechanically traveling over this sentence in it again and again:

"At last I have learned the way to probe that mysterious realm which lies before us. I have already experimented sufficiently to know that it is possible, as I have always surmised it to be, to produce spasmodic operations of the mind by projecting it into the future and by this means to become aware of what is to come. The only point is that I do not know whether it any longer has to come after it has once been. I mean whether these mere sensations will be duplicated. After making my first experiment, which carried me only five years forward, I noticed a marked change in my appearance, as if I had aged to the extent of that period. If the mental development is accompanied by a physical development my second experiment will be my last, as it is not easy to set a limit when one has once set this peculiar machinery in motion."

After satisfying himself sufficiently that his mind was not in any way overbalanced Z. walked over to the body and turning back one of the sleeves of the shirt and coat on the left arm he looked closely for a few moments at a peculiar scar upon it.

"There is no doubt," he said, shaking his head, "for I could swear to that scar a thousand times; it was one poor Voelkner received in his first duel at Heidelberg." In one of the pockets of the coat found upon the dead man was the little volume which Z. had sent from London.

At the inquest Z. gave his evidence, which went to show that however much changed in its physical appearance, the body was that of his friend, Dr. Voelkner. But he narrowly escaped arrest himself for being an accessory to a supposed crime and could secure no administration upon the estate of his friend, which was thrown into chancery.

As for Dr. Voelkner, his experiment was a complete success. "There was no rottenness in that seed to have such a ripe old age in prospect," was Z.'s reflection as he gazed for the last time upon the artificially aged doctor.

Mr. Stanley has recently become a member of the English Society for Psychological Research.



MY WIFE.

By W. B. SEABROOK.

Deep shadows seldom linger near,
Thou art my sunshine—half the care
That broodeth darkly o'er my life,
Thy presence scattereth, my wife.

Earth's sanguine battles fill my lot,
Thou art my help—I falter not,
Nay, welcome war that brings with strife
Thy sweet lieutenant, my wife.

Grief palls the heart, I am not crushed,
Thou art my love—one voice is hushed,
But thy dear tones with healing rife
Doth medicine the wound, my wife.

Harassing doubt assaileth me,
Thou art my friend—I come to thee,
And thou, pure guardian of my life,
Thou pointest heavenward, my wife.

The field of Egyptian research is widening daily says *Baba*, the magazine devoted to Archaeology, and new light is being thrown upon the old customs and beliefs, with sometimes startling results. There is now in course of preparation a work on "Woman in Ancient Egypt," which is expected to be ready for publication in January. The writer, Miss Georgia Louise Leonard, of Washington, D. C., has for some years made a careful study of life in the land of the Pharaohs, and her forthcoming volume is an attempt to prove that the majestic civilization which grew up by the banks of the Nile was due in large part to the moulding and controlling influence of the Egyptian women, whose exalted position as depicted on the monuments has hitherto been regarded as something phenomenal. Gigantic and impressive ruins are referred to as the living witnesses of a people of wonderful mental activities and marvelous achievements, who recognized the feminine as the inspiring and controlling element in their complex system of national life. It is asserted that the oldest and most enduring civilization of the world was based on the principle of the duality of nature, which was fundamental in the Egyptian religion; that the masculine and feminine elements being equally necessary in the economy of the universe, were, alike, the centre and vitality of this religious system. Upon this great system rested the governing force of their whole social and political structure, in which women were regarded and treated as the equals of men in all the relations of life. It is argued that Egyptian beginnings did not spring from brutal savagery on the militant plane—as Spencer calls it—but, on the contrary, from what the same great thinker calls the altruistic or industrial type of social organization. These higher conditions are thought to have evolved a civilization and perpetuated an empire whose highest lustre became dimmed only when the altruistic sentiment began to be eclipsed by the spirit of warfare and military aggrandizement. Intellectually this civilization was the parent of all that have succeeded it; in many material respects it has never been excelled, while ethically it has had no equal. The grandeur of that past is but faintly outlined by the matchless monuments, the priceless papyri and inscriptions, that time has spared to enrich the world; and these are the necessary consequence and results of its complete subjection to, and permeation by, the feminine spirit. To this recognition was due the marvelous durability of her institutions, and the accomplishments in art, science, literature and ethics of the Egyptian people.

Founded upon the broad principle of equal rights, it lasted until conquered and submerged by the despotic power of Roman military aggression, which destroyed forever the peculiar elements of national equality, and blotted out the life of a nation which bequeathed to the western world the culture and the learning of today.

Miss Helen Gray Cone says: "The irresponsible feminine free lance, with her gay dash at all subjects, and her alliterative pen name dancing in every mellee like a brilliant pennon, has gone over into the more appropriate field of journalism. The calmly adequate literary matron of all work is an admirable type of the past, no longer developed by the new conditions. The articles of the late Lucy M. Mitchell on sculpture, and of Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer on art and architecture; the historical work of Martha J. Lamb and of

the lamented Mary L. Booth, the latter also an indefatigable translator; the studies of Helen Campbell in social science; the translations of Harriet Waters Preston—these few examples are typical of the determination and concentration of woman's work at the present day." We notice in each new issue of a magazine the well-known specialists. Miss Thomas has given herself to the interpretation of nature, in prose as in verse; "Olive Thorne" Miller to the loving study of bird life. Mrs. Jackson, the most versatile of later writers, possessed the rare combination of versatility and thoroughness in such measure that we might almost copy Hartley Coleridge's saying of Harriet Martineau, and call her a specialist about everything; but her name will be associated with the earnest presentation of the wrongs of the Indian, as that of Emma Lazarus with the impassioned defense of the rights of the Jew."

Miss Menie Muriel Dowie, a granddaughter of the famous Robert Chalmers, of Edinburgh, recently achieved distinction by a paper entitled "Some Notes on a Journey in the Carpathians and Ruthenia," read before the Geographical Section of the British Association. Great curiosity has been awakened because of the unusual character of the subject, and the large audience had decided that a woman who had explored the hard Carpathian district must be elderly, weather-beaten, and masculine. Great was the surprise when a graceful young lady, tastefully dressed, began a delightful story of original experiences and observations during a journey alone with a native guide in the Carpathian Mountains. At the close, Miss Dowie received a remarkable ovation from the learned professor, who applauded, and tendered a special vote of thanks for the paper, which the president pronounced to be of great value geographically, as well as exceedingly entertaining.

Said an eastern man of fashion the other day: "To my mind the judicial woman is a blot on the face of the universe. We don't want women who can reason and work things out. We want dear, delightful, frivolous things who will float by us in butterfly fashion, making us no end of trouble, and inducing us to be willing to kill each other for their sakes. The time when woman was at her best, to my way of thinking, was in the middle ages, when she sat up in a window of a turreted castle, threw her handkerchief down to one knight and a hated rival rushed at him as he grasped it, and they flew at each other and knocked their tin hats off, the hated rival was stretched out stiff and cold, and the maiden in the turret applauded her gallant knight and believed that he had done well. The judicial female is a mental hermaphrodite."

The Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, says the *Boston Globe*, closed his remarks on "ladies' night" at the Mystic Valley Club, Tuesday evening, with the very significant remark that "the time will come when your picture galleries and mechanics' fair will not have separate departments for men and women, and the Mystic Valley Club will not have their distinct and separate women's nights." The purpose of this meeting was to show that the twentieth-century woman will stand on her merits as a human being, without regard to sex. The thought evidently occurred to Dr. Brooks that if this is to be the case, the Mystic Club would do well to begin the assertion of sex equality at home, by abolishing "ladies' nights" as exceptional occasions on which alone women are entitled to partake of the joys of club life.

The wife of Rev. Robert Collyer, who recently died in New York City, was well known in this city where she lived for twenty-one years. She was born in Yorkshire, England, 69 years ago, and was married to Mr. Collyer in 1850. He says of her: "She was a comrade, a friend, a helper; she was always on the sunny side and many a time helped me out of the slough of despond." The eloquent preacher has said similar things over and over again in his addresses, for he could scarcely get through an address without making some complimentary or humorous reference to his wife, who must have served him by judicious criticism not a little.

There is a man in Paris named Boecker who may fairly be considered to be quite the meanest among all the mean rogues which a great city can produce. Boecker planned a robbery and induced his wife to commit it. Then he went to the police and said that his conscience compelled him

to the painful duty of denouncing his wife, hoping thereby to escape punishment. But inquiry proved that he, and not his wife, had planned the theft, and now the owner of this tender conscience is awaiting his trial in jail.

Mathematical honors for women are multiplying. Miss Julia Rappicourt of Melbourne, Australia, took prizes in Greek and French at Melbourne university, at the age of 16. Now, at the age of 19, in the examination for the clerical division of the Victoria civil service, with 195 competitors, the young woman secures 492 marks out of a possible 500 in mathematics.

Mrs. Leland Stanford has made provision out of her own funds of \$100,000 for the maintenance of five kindergarten schools, which she has under her care established in California.

CRAZY SYMBOLISM.

By M. E. LAZARUS, M. D.

Analyzers in the study of comparative religions define those most notable in our day as consisting of astronomic symbolism, a personal legend, and extracts from the world's stock of ethical precepts. More important however than any or all of these for clerical revenues, are the heaven and hell doctrines or scheme of ultra mortem rewards and punishments. These are secondary evolutions in religion, the primeval terra solar or astronomic forms finding hell enough in the extremes of temperature and elemental catastrophes.

The heroic legends twined about the prowess of a Hercules, or ethical sublimities of Buddha and Jesus, would naturally adapt themselves chronologically, as by dates of birth and death, to the festivals customary and relative to seasons; while the cave of Mithra or stable of Jesus maintained an allusion to the darkest or feeblest stage of terra solar life.

It is common for writers smitten with the curious novelty for them, of these analogic revivals in theology, to exaggerate their import, and to overlook or depreciate the independent evidences of individual personality and ethical character found in the legends of the solar men. What documents may exist or what have been lost, illustrating the career of Osiris, of Mithra, of Adonis, or the Toltec Quexalcoatl, I know not; but I can not read the gospel legends of Jesus without conviction of an individual personality behind them, which notwithstanding some glaring inconsistencies, asks no odds of historical corroboration.

To illustrate the spirit of confusion between the astronomic and ethical, I cite first, a truly great thinker, Volney; but not having a French copy of his "Ruins," I do not affirm the correctness of the following passage in the English translation, viz: "Pontiffs and prelates,—that crucifix of which you boast the mystery without comprehending it, is the cross of Serapis, traced by the hands of Egyptian priests on the plan of the figurative world, which passing through the equinoxes and the tropics, became the emblem of future life and resurrection, because it touched the gates of ivory and horn through which the soul was to pass in its way to heaven."

The ivory, if I remember my ancient mythology lessons, was the gate of fantasy, and the horn that of real experience. Here ideas of such high import as future life and resurrection are supposed to rest on an arbitrary figure of speech; for it is difficult to regard the ivory and horn gates as ever having ranked among doctrines. But supposing them serious articles of faith, the relation of the equinoxes and the tropics to these gates of truth and fantasy is not sensible enough to pass for even an analogy.

It is often loosely stated, as in a paper before me that the outlines of the personal legends of "Christna, Osiris, Mithra, Hercules, Esculapius, Bacchus, Apollo, Adonis," etc., correspond with that of Jesus.

Some forty years ago, when I examined on this theme of solar analogies, all the works I could find in the Boston and Harvard College libraries, and consulted with Theodore Parker, I remember looking in vain for biographic legends. Dupin's "L'Origine de tout les Cultes," the most comprehensive treatise of the Voltairian epoch, would not have omitted them, if known. To be sure, both Jesus and Bacchus were reputed wine makers; but what was for Jesus a miraculous episode, was for Bacchus a serious instruction in natural methods.

Jesus forgives Magdalen, but is not renowned like Christna, for his gallantries.

Still wider is the discrepancy between him and Apollo, the genius of the fine arts, or with that handsome hunter, Adonis, the favorite of Venus.

The writer of the paper referred to above cites the Rev. Robert Taylor's notions about the cross—viz: that it originated in the posts of which the arms marked the height of the Nile waters in fertilizing the land of Osiris. And to this vagary he appends the absurdity that the "miseries of famine were depicted by the emaciated wretch extended on the arm of the cross, the failure of whose mission as Savior corresponds with the chance that the inundation of the Nile might fall short of the arm."

The stupidity of this pretended correspondence is farther developed by quoting from a Hebrew prophet a rhetorical figure of his nation, which Christian writers have pretended was a prophecy of Jesus—viz: "Who had grown up like a tender plant and as a root out of dry ground, who had no form nor comeliness and when they should see him, there was no beauty that they should desire him." Where is there any corresponding portrait or description of Jesus? Taylor continues: "His crown of thorns indicated the sterility of the territory over which he reigned."

Thorny plants affect fertile as well as sterile soils, and Palestine in the time of Jesus, was still a fertile country, if Renan's researches are reliable. "The reed in his hand," says Taylor, "gathered from the banks of the Nile, indicated that it was only the mighty river, by keeping within its banks, and thus withholding its wonted munificence, that placed an unreal sceptre in his gripe." Has not this reed been taken from a figure of Osiris in Egypt, and put in Jesus' hand by Taylor? Still farther fetched, is his "expressive indication that the superscription 'This is the King of the Jews,' meant that famine, want or poverty ruled the destinies of the most slavish, beggarly and mean race of men with whom they had the honor of being acquainted." This antisemitic tirade applies to the same race who before the generation cotemporary with the Jesus of the Gospel had passed away, sustained in the siege of Jerusalem by the Roman legions the most desperate and unyielding combat for national independence that history records. The fertility of Palestine was not, like that of Egypt, a result of inundation and its distances of time and space since Israel's abode in Egypt forbid the idea that any such symbolic allusion to Egyptian affairs, as pretended by Taylor, could have occurred to the minds of those who crucified Jesus. Being neither a churchman nor a Quaker, regarding neither communism nor nonresistance as sound and viable philosophies of life, and being conscious neither of needing a Savior, nor of Jesus' capacity to serve as such, I do not esteem his ethical doctrines any higher than the supernaturalism that has been imposed upon his memory; but I go in for fair play and oppose the mystifications of an arbitrary symbolism.

TWO WONDROUS CURES.

One of the most remarkable recoveries ever reported came to Charles S. Dennis of Beverly last Sunday evening, and his friends who saw him then and have seen him since are firm believers in the theory of modern miracles. About four months ago Mr. Dennis had a shock, and as a result his whole left side was paralyzed. For years past Mr. Dennis's friends have claimed that he possessed a supernatural gift, and knowing his condition and, fearing another shock, they urged him to exercise that power on himself. After much persuasion he finally consented, and last Sunday evening he invited to his house, 26 Prospect street, several friends, including Israel LaFavor, proprietor of the Queen Hotel; Benjamin Larcom, Jr., and Dr. O. F. Swasey, a physician who has been doctoring Mr. Dennis during his illness, besides one or two lady friends. None of the parties were what are called spiritual mediums, nor believers in that dogma. The company sat down in a darkened room and joined hands, placing them on the table around which they sat. In a few minutes Mr. Dennis felt what seemed to him hands rubbing the paralyzed portions of his person. So distinct was the noise that all in the room heard it, and as it proceeded, Dr. Swasey, who had hold of Mr. Dennis's hand, marked a growing warmth and moisture, where it was cold and clammy before, as the blood began to circulate. In about half an hour from the time they sat down Mr. Dennis broke the circle by getting up and declaring himself well, and to the astonishment of all he ran up and down stairs three or four times, while one of the company held

the light. From that time to this he has felt no effects from his recent illness except a little weakness in the left side. He can not explain how the change came about.

Another remarkable cure is reported from Bryant's Pond, Me., on the person of Charles A. Brooks, a member of the Methodist Episcopal church there. About four weeks ago he was thrown from his carriage upon the rocks and terribly hurt, his jaw broken and the spine so injured that it was feared he would never recover. He lay helpless in bed, enduring intense pain in the head, back and limbs, unable to lift his head from the pillow or move in any way without suffering intensely until last Wednesday, when, after a series of earnest prayers, he was suddenly relieved of his suffering and pain. His physical condition was weak, but he was able to get freely about.—*Boston Daily Journal*, Dec. 5th, 1890.



MATERIALISM, WHAT IT TEACHES.

TO THE EDITOR: Looking over your paper to-day in the public library, as I often do, I came across your review of my article in *The Unitarian* on The Scientific Basis of Another Order of Being. Since, as you say, the purpose of the article is in accord with THE JOURNAL, it seems a pity that any misunderstanding of that article should remain with you if I can remove it. Hence this letter. I never thought of saying that materialistic science laid it down as one of its postulates that "that which can not be perceived has no real existence," nor, until I read your article, had it occurred to me that I had said any thing that could be interpreted as a statement to that effect. What I did mean was that the argument for materialism *per se* rests on that assumption as a sort of axiom that needs no statement. This is true of every argument for materialism that I have seen so far as I have been able to understand them, though it is probable that their authors would instantly reject such a doctrine if presented. The rejection of that postulate in connection with the materialistic argument, however, would be fatal to it so far as any positive conclusion is concerned. It must leave materialism at best on the negative and uncertain ground of agnosticism.

It is now two years since that article was written. The authorities which I consulted in preparing it I found in the library of Michigan University. I have nothing by me now to which I can refer, but in regard to my statement that science never produced a materialism more decided than that of W. K. Clifford, that was certainly my conviction derived from a careful reading of a number of his lectures, as well as of an article written in his memory by an admiring friend whose name I can not recall. I thought the professor's language very plain and positive on that point, too. He has written much that I have not read, but in what I have read he has certainly stated his conviction, while in anticipation of the near approach of death, that death must be the end of all things for him.

If somewhere he may have defined the substance of the universe as "mind stuff," what matters it so long as he holds that consciousness, intelligence, all that characterizes mind, can exist only in and as a function of what we call a living, material body and ceases to exist at its death? The words we use are important only for the meanings we give them.

In my own case I object to such use of the word matter as will make it include a continuous, incompressible substance which is neither solid, liquid nor gaseous, which fills all the universe and which entirely eludes our perceptions, having none of the qualities by which matter is recognized. Such a use of the word, it seems to me, deprives language of its precision. I need the word matter to apply to substances having weight, offering resistance to pressure, and existing in the form of gases, liquids and solids. For that which can not be perceived but only inferred as a logical necessity from facts which can be perceived, it seems to me that another word is needed. If I am peculiar in this, may I not yet have my way about it in my own writing without being charged with ignorance of the fact that the scientific men whom I quoted use the word matter to cover that which I exclude from its

meaning—especially when in that very article I have objected to such usage?

I am very sincerely yours,
C. W. WOOLDRIDGE.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

THE JOURNAL has opposed materialism for many years, but Dr. Wooldridge's language which conveyed, unintentionally of course, a wrong impression in regard to the doctrine of materialism, was considered a fit subject for corrective criticism notwithstanding the purpose of the article was in accord with that of THE JOURNAL. It was presumed that the writer of the article meant to express himself as he wrote. He says that he did not mean to say materialistic science lays it down as a postulate that "that which can not be perceived has no real existence," but that he meant to say that the argument for materialism *per se* rests on that assumption. Even as amended Dr. Wooldridge's statement is, we believe, incorrect. Materialism teaches that all existence is material matter and its modes and conditions—whether it can be perceived or not; but "that which can not be perceived has no real existence" is not, so far as we can see, assumed or implied by materialism. Dr. Wooldridge would not apply the word matter to "that which can not be perceived, but only inferred as a logical necessity from facts which can be perceived." He would thereby deprive the materialist of the very atoms of which his substance is held to be composed. If the word matter is applicable to an aggregate like a piece of granite, why is it not applicable to the units that make up the aggregate even though the units are not perceived and only inferred, like atoms.

In regard to ether Sir John Herschel calculated that its pressure upon a square inch of surface is seventeen billions of pounds, even though the resistance offered by it to planetary motion is too minute to be appreciable. Mr. John Fiske says that "the supposition that the ether may be something essentially different from matter is contradicted by all the terms we have used in describing it. Strange and contradictory as its properties may seem, are they more strange than the properties of a gas would seem if we were for the first time to discover a gas after heretofore knowing nothing but solids and liquids?" Professor Clifford says that molecules and ether to some extent "obey the same dynamic laws and act upon one another in accordance with these laws" and he concludes that they are of the same stuff, "that the material molecule is some kind of knot or coagulation of ether." Professor Jevons characterizes ether, elastic as it is, as "adamantine." Evidently it must be contemplated as material.

SATURNIAN SYMBOLISM.

TO THE EDITOR: Here we are again! My back is up when any one hints "astrology" or "symbolism;" just like my pet cats when they see a strange dog.

Prof. Coues will please me better, and encourage that "amiability" which he attributes (either ironically or otherwise) by discarding both of those empirical frauds.

Saturn has no "symbolism," but a constant, inexorable obedience to the laws of gravity and original initial force. Belief in symbolism is the first symptom of that inveterate ancient rabies called astrology. By what mad dog have some sensible people been bitten that it should revive in these days of positive science.

Though the professor repeatedly denies being an astrologist the symptoms of the disease appear so evident to the physician that the treatment administered seemed entirely proper; though no improvement appears to follow.

The criticisms I attempted of the incorrect statements in his first article, Nov. 8, were ingenuously made in the love of scientific truth and dislike for the assumed mystical influence of regularly recurring and lawful phenomena. I wish he had appreciated the mistakes and responded with the same ingenuousness, instead of fluttering off on a new lead like a secretive bird aroused from her nest. My statement that the long observed alternate turning of the

different sides of Saturn's rings to our inspection, is the result of that planet's own motions, not the motions of Earth, as the professor formally states, can not be successfully disputed; and every skilled astronomer in the world will confirm it. That, and the lawfully recurring, not mystical character, of the changes were about the only points needful to be established.

Our friend remarks in his response: "What I said about the heavenly kronos was strictly correct, &c." He did not say anything about "kronos" in his first article, as your readers may readily observe. It is not an astronomical term ever used in my sixty years reading of that science, nor is it in either of the many dictionaries or cyclopedias at hand. Possibly it may be found in astrology; but not being a Greek scholar I do not understand it and must let it pass.

You need not ask your questions timidly my dear professor. They are neither dangerous, very "grave," nor difficult to answer; but may do for a diversion. But what is the use of bothering the readers of THE JOURNAL by answering them unless there were room to enlarge and explain their rational meaning; which by the way you have not done to popular perception.

But the answering of either one or all, either in the negative or positive, I can assure the readers of THE JOURNAL, will not affect in the least (as the professor would have you believe) the correctness of the position I take in regard to the changing appearances of the rings of Saturn.

Allow me to say, in as few words as possible, that the mutual perturbations of all the principal planets, as caused by interacting gravity, are well understood and tabulated by astronomers, including, of course, the more prominent perturbations taking place between the two heaviest planets, known as "the great inequality of Jupiter and Saturn" alluded to by the professor, and whose cycle is not far from 929 years as stated by him.

All these perturbations of the planets may perhaps be considered remotely analogous to the mutual interference of as many pendulums "swinging from the same support," since all of them are swinging round the sun.

The periods—cycles of the great oscillations of the planets (as says Prof. Newcomb) "range from 50,000 years up to 2,000,000 years—great clocks of eternity, which beat ages as ours beat seconds."

Prof. Coues certainly makes sure of the density of Saturn, when he says it "is either greater or less than water!" Why did he not give some information and tell what is true, that the average weight of Saturn is 75-100 (i. e. $\frac{2}{3}$) as heavy as an equal-sized globe of water?

As to the last assertion, "that this planet itself has never been seen by mortal eyes," it is some kind of a trick or a catch; for the old planet has been watched by millions, from before the dawn of history to the gazers through the mighty eye of the Lick telescope.

I deny the assertion totally, and defy any one to defend it on any basis of common sense.
J. G. JACKSON.

A SENSIBLE APPEAL AND THE RESULT.

TO THE EDITOR: I suppose every variety of psychic phenomena is to be considered and has importance. That much of it has no meaning in itself, more than ordinary seeing and hearing, I can well believe; and many manifestations of the power and designs of departed spirits are of little profit to us. But to be acquainted with the laws of relationship to the state of the so-called dead is all important. It frees the world from superstition and fear. It enables us to overcome adverse influences. I have the following from the most reliable source: Mrs. B. was somewhat mediumistic; only in a spontaneous way did she have experiences and she could never at anytime command the power. Some distant relatives of her family died, one a person she had never seen. Her husband was obliged, at some inconvenience and expense, to see to and settle estates and pay debts and care for property. Various household goods and clothing came in the turn of affairs into Mrs. B.'s possession. But it seems that an evil influence came with the goods. A pretty set of china of this departed lady's possessions was put upon the table. A noise of rattling dishes was heard among the pieces on the table. Mrs. B. was alone, surprised, and she stood perfectly still. At intervals the dishes continued to rattle. Perhaps the manifestation was one of pleasure on the part of the unseen, glad that these things were of use to somebody. There was nothing violent about the movement, and Mrs. B. was pleased to think she was going to have a

little haunted house experience. Several times the dishes repeated the act. One day Mrs. B.'s daughter said to her: "I shall quit wearing that dress skirt—one that had come to them by these parties—for sometimes, when I am alone, it is taken hold of and pulled in the most spiteful way." Then Mrs. B. spoke of the behaviour of the dishes—with which the daughter had had the same experience. They began to think the influence came from a discontented mind,—one who still loved this world. One night Mrs. B. was just comfortably in bed when the bed clothes were grasped and jerked violently. She laughed to think how foolish it all was. She thought it over and presumed it to be the same influence that had pulled the dress and shaken the dishes. She thought too, "here is a carpet on the bedroom floor that was hers but my husband bought it at the sale of goods, and the money goes to pay her debts." Just then Mrs. B. felt a slap with a whole open hand square in the face. That was not funny at all. With it came a sense of the temper and utter dissatisfaction of the person who dealt the blow. Mrs. B. says that she considered the matter as one person should with another who was fair and rational, and talked aloud addressing the person she supposed it to be by name.

"Now, aunt," she said, "it seems you can reach me and make me understand, so it is reasonable that I can reach you as effectually. Perhaps there is some reason why you don't understand the business complication of the world affecting your goods." Then she related the lawful distribution and settlement of her property and affairs and told her that it was wrong and unreasonable to nourish ill feeling about the things she had left when she died. One would think that if the goods were useful to those to whom they belonged she ought to be pleased. Mrs. B. said: "You rattled the dishes and pulled at a dress and pulled the bed clothes, and now have slapped me in the face. Your power is very small. We are not in the least superstitious or afraid of ghosts; we rather like them. We would like to be friendly with you. I never saw you, but you are welcome to come and stay with me as much as you like. Do try to be good tempered and so will I. Good bye." Whoever and whatever the influence was, it never came again.

B. relates the following also: An old gentleman died. When the body was cared for an old, much worn shirt was put on while chemicals were being used. A nice proper shirt was laid out for the undertaker to use when he made the last arrangements. It happened that the undertaker furnished burial clothes and put them over the old shirt and did not use the good one. About a week after the funeral a relative told Mrs. B. that she saw the dead man and that he said "why was I buried in that old shirt?" and appeared injured and angry. Mrs. B. says: "O, you knew of the mishap and it worried you, so you dreamed about it." Directly Mrs. B. saw the old gentleman standing about twenty feet away with that old shirt on. She laughed at the foolishness of it and the vision disappeared. Soon B. saw the old gentleman again; this time he walked up and down a long room parading that shirt. He turned his head and looked on the shoulder where there was a great patch. Then Mrs. B. spoke saying: "Mr. M. I know all about your shirt. That was done by the undertaker. A nice shirt was provided and lay at hand but he thought, inasmuch as it did not show he would put on the dress he had provided over it. I looked at you in the coffin and every thing appeared to be very neat and tasty. But two or three of us know you had such a shirt on under and we'll never tell. You are a very reasonable man and know now it was an accident and was not intended in disrespect. Your friends are very sorry it happened." No trouble to anybody after that. This man had been a very particular person about his dress.

Whatever be the law of psychics it seems Mrs. B.'s method settles the disturbing elements.

Since the parties might not like to see their affairs in print I omit real names. Much that is interesting in the above can not be told.
K. E. ALEXANDER.
BIRMINGHAM, MICH.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH MEETING IN NEW YORK.

TO THE EDITOR: The people of New York were much interested to have Dr. Richard Hodgson, secretary of the American Branch of the London Society for Psychical Research, come to them as he did on December 8th and tell them some-

thing about the work of the past year. The meeting was held in the parlors of Dr. M. L. Holbrook, 46 E. 21st street, and nearly 200 persons of intelligence and culture were present. Dr. Hodgson gave quite fully Prof. Lodge's investigation with Mrs. Piper of Boston, who had been sent over to London at the request of the London society where she remained several months submitting to crucial tests among strangers where she could have slight opportunities for acquiring information. Americans will look forward with intense interest to the publication of this report by the London society in their proceedings as it will be next year. The taste of it furnished by the secretary, who has a full proof of it, was very interesting and will no doubt be hailed by Spiritualists with joy as giving them positive proof that all is not fraud in their ranks and that Mrs. Piper has some means of gaining knowledge outside of her ordinary senses. Prof. Lodge frankly admits that it seemed to him he was, through her, communicating with friends who had died years before. It would hardly be worth while in this letter to state more concerning Mrs. Piper, as surely THE JOURNAL will eventually print a full account of it.

In addition Dr. Hodgson gave a very graphic account of some investigations by himself and Prof. James of Harvard of a case of double consciousness which came to their notice in which they have given us some original investigations, and carried the torch of knowledge a little further into the wilderness of ignorance. This was an account in detail of the case of dual personality of which an abstract was given in THE JOURNAL's editorial columns in its issue of December 13th, and which I will therefore not repeat. But what is the explanation? In our present knowledge there is no explanation, but in time we shall find out these hidden secrets of nature. In the work being done by the society for Psychical Research let us all, Spiritualists and others, uphold this society in every way in our power. Through it many of us hope some present mysteries will be explained, the truth will be established, and immortal life, now to many only a vague hope, become a reality.

JENNIE CHANDLER.

Mrs. A. M. Glading is lecturing for the Progressive Spiritualist Society of Grand Rapids, Mich. The other Sunday a cheap reporter of a local daily attended the service and made the customary flippant report. Mrs. Effie F. Josselyn, an active leader in the society, addressed a letter of criticism to the paper, which was published, and in which she clearly shows up the shallowness of the would-be reporter. With the editor of *The Press*, however, we agree that Mrs. Josselyn's postscript, intended only for the eye of the editor but published, is the best part of her letter. Here it is:

MR. EDITOR—Dear Sir: I submit to you a letter for publication in reply to your report of our meeting because justice seems to demand it. The reporter was treated kindly—and our lectures need only to be heard by fair-minded people to know that they have the ring of true worth. Teaching lessons of love and fairness, the laws of life, practical, common sense lectures, which can not be equalled by any speaker in this city. We believe we are doing good work for humanity. This city is full of Spiritualists; many of them, like outsiders, have but little conception of the philosophy. Therefore we are trying to bring capable teachers here who will help us all. Few people understand that we are so little different from other denominations. But there is one comfort, humanity is constantly unfolding and church walls are crumbling and the time is soon to be when the one church will agree on the "Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." Will you please give my letter space to help correct the reporter's misstatement and altogether derogatory report.

The "Chicago Spiritual Association" met at Kimball hall as usual Sunday 20th, at 3 o'clock. The subject of Miss Nickerson's discourse, "Mother, Home and Heaven," was said to have been the best effort of talent and inspiration presented to her audience. Arrangements have been made for full reports of these lectures, and will

be given to the public in the near future. The "Fraternal Union," conducted by Miss Nickerson, meets at Bricklayers' hall, 93 South Peoria street, every Monday evening; friends invited.

Mrs. M. C. Morrell writes that she has removed her residence from 310 West 48th street, New York City, to 151 Lexington ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., where she will be pleased to see her friends or patrons. She will hold public seances every Tuesday and Thursday evenings and give private sittings daily from ten a. m. to five p. m. She adds these encouraging words to the editor: "Go on; you are doing a good work, following out what the originator of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL would have you do. You are being pushed by powers outside of yourself. The time is bound to come when you and your work will be appreciated."

A. Keyser writes: I have taken THE JOURNAL for many years, and can not well do without it. The longer I take it the better I like it, and especially in the form it now sustains, and as long as it exposes all frauds I intend to take it.

Thomas D. Walker in renewing subscription says: THE JOURNAL is a messenger of light and joy at my home. I can not be without it.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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BOOK REVIEWS.

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

The Demagogue; A Political Novel: By David Ross Locke ("Nasby"): Boston: Lee & Shepard: From S. A. Maxwell & Co. Chicago. Cloth. pp. 465. Price, \$1.50.

In this story the life and career of a typical political demagogue is traced from his birth as the last born of a large poverty-stricken and shiftless family living on the outskirts of a county town in Ohio, to his tragic death after a life marked by a series of apparently successful triumphs over untoward circumstances and political enemies. From the first awakening of the ambition of the boy, one of those exceptionally bright children occasionally born into such worthless families as his is described to be, the mainspring of every action of the hero whether good or bad in outward seeming, is selfish ambition. Of principle, moral purpose, generous altruism he is utterly devoid. To further his ambitions he relentlessly betrays his friends, forsakes the girl he loves, and enters into alliance with those he despises. His schemes are cleverly shown to work admirably for a time; he gains wealth, power, political position and honors, but at last the sure results of falsehood and unprincipled methods overtake and overwhelm him at the height of his dearly paid for honors. He has made relentless foes through his own cruelty and perfidy, and those who should have been nearest and dearest desert him in the hour of his defeat and shame. It is a story of political demagogism true to life in all its details, a story which so able a politician as the author of the "Nasby" papers, more than the average story writer, was capable of telling. One of the sub-morals of the book seems to be that "blood will tell" ultimately and that back of advantageous circumstances must be an ancestry of good moral stock to make a good citizen and a true man.

Dorothy's Experience: By Adeline Trafton, Boston: Lee & Shepard: pp. 211. Price, \$1.00. Cloth.

This is a religious story with a secular moral. Dorothy's Experience is very true to life and very like the experience of many who like her "born into the church" by reason of family faith and inherited morality, wake up some day to the fact that they have little faith in the dry doctrines and dogmas of the church to which they belong, and long to find something higher and better to live for than the mere observance of religious forms. This, the heroine of the story, a wealthy, cultured, but lonely young woman, finds at last in active philanthropic work, in founding a home for young working girls with whose individual interests she identifies herself, and to whom she supplies healthful social amusements, as well as longed for instruction in congenial work. In thus helping others and forgetting self, she finds her own heart warmed and her higher nature stimulated and satisfied. The story is charmingly told, with two or three pretty love stories healthily interwoven into the purpose of the book. The volume is small with a beautiful esthetic binding and will make a lovely holiday gift for girls in all classes.

Lessons in The Science of Infinite Spirit, And the Christ Method of Healing. By M. E. Cramer, 324 Seventeenth street, San Francisco, Cal. pp. 258. Price, \$1.75.

"We purpose in this book," says the preface, "through the Science of Infinite Spirit—Mind Principle—to make clear that understanding which unites all and which alone reveals the true relation of humanity to God, and the purpose of God in humanity, which is the straight and narrow way that leads unto safety. The writer who it appears was cured after a long period of disease by faith cure says that "since her awakening to the consciousness of truth, her work has been to systematize the Science of Infinite Spirit, to teach it in both written and oral lessons, and this book is one of the results, being a series of metaphysical lessons, essays, etc."

In the *North American Review* for December, Senator J. G. Carlisle under the title "The Recent Election" sifts and weighs the various elements which affected our last election. Robert P. Porter, superintendent of the census, answers the criticisms directed against the work done by the Census Bureau. Dr. Paul Gibier of the New York Pasteur Institute, formerly a pupil of the discoverer, has an article on "Dr. Koch's Discovery." Mrs. Burton Harrison, author of "The Anglo-Maniacs,"

writes about "Maidens and Matrons in American Society" while a symposium on the question "Shall our daughters have Dowries" is held by such representative thinkers as Mr. C. S. Messenger, Mrs. Prescott Spofford, Amelia E. Barr, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, Mary A. Livermore, and Alice Wellington Rollins.

Among the many excellent contributions to the December number of *The New Ideal* are Fatalistic Science and Human Self-determination, by Dr. Edmund Montgomery. "The Single Tax" by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, poems by Edmund Noble and the editor James H. West, with a lecture on "Mohammed and Mohammedanism" by the late Prof. W. D. Gunning. Other contributors are H. H. Traubel, F. M. Holland, Prof. Dolbear, C. K. Whipple, Rev. H. H. Brown, H. A. Warren, Prof. A. C. Merwin, and Jas. A. Skilton.

The Christmas number of the English Illustrated Magazine is an excellent one in every department. The illustrated articles are "The Ancestral Home of the Washingtons" by Wm. Clarke. "A Painter of Players" by J. F. Mulloy; "Inns and Taverns of Old London" by Philip Norman; "The Frogmoussiad," a comic poem by Dr. H. Kynaston; "The Witch of Prague," F. Marion Crawford's continued story; "Nooks and Corners in Westminster Abbey" by Cannon Farrar, "Wooden Tony," a story by Mrs. K. Clifford and "English Convent Life" by one of the "Sisters." D. Chester Murray and Henry Herman jointly furnish a clever psychical story, "The Wisdom Tooth."

The *Century Magazine* is running a fast press day and night in order to print the first installment of the delayed "Talleyrand Memoirs" in the January number. These memoirs of the most brilliant and famous of French diplomats have been but recently discovered, and through the enterprise of the *Century* Company will be first given to the public in this country. The first installment of these papers will be preceded by a brilliant pen portrait of the author written by minister Whitelaw Reid.

The Kindergarten (Chicago), for December, contains a more attractive table of contents than ever. The "Systematic Science Lessons," the "Typical Lessons," the "Primary Sunday School Lessons," are continued with special reference to the holidays. Several bright and spirited stories are also helpful; practical papers round the number into completeness. Price, \$1.50 a year.

Our Little Ones and The Nursery for December is a beautiful holiday number. Every page is illustrated with handsome and comic pictures of the doings of children and their various pets, while the rest of the space not taken up by these is filled with charming stories and poems of which "Gertrude's Pet" and "Cats' Tails" are among the best. Russell Pub. Co. Boston. \$1.50 per year.

The Home-Maker magazine for December comes filled with useful hints for all departments of home life, in regard to health, cooking, Christmas and other decorations, and in addition gives considerable space to purely literary matter, with full reports of the leading women's clubs all over this country. Published by the Home-Maker Publishing Co., Union Square, N. Y.

Ethical Religion is the latest work from the pen of William M. Salter, resident lecturer of the Chicago Society for Ethical Culture. Arlo Bates says of this work: "One of the most striking and persuasive presentations of the gospel of pure ethics which our time is likely to see." Price, \$1.50, for sale at this office.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Dorothy's Experience. Adeline Trafton. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.00; Hindu Literature; or the Ancient Books of India. Elizabeth A. Reed. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price, \$2.00; Lessons in the Science of Infinite Spirit, and the Christ method of Healing. M. E. Cramer. Price, \$1.75. From the United States Book Co., New York City: Wormwood. Marie Corelli; The Honorable Miss L. T. Meade; On the Heights of Himalay. A. Van Der Naillen. Price, each, 50 cents.

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With respectful admiration
That suggested fascination,
The man across the horse car sat and stared across
at me,
Till a feeling of elation
And a sort of palpitation
Of the heart resulted from his flattering persist-
ency.

He kept his eyes bent on me
And his admiration won me,
Till he bent across and spoke with an apologetic
cough,
Then I flushed in every feature
For he said, the horrid creature,
"Beg your pardon, ma'am, for speaking, but
Your breastpin's dropping off."
—Harvey N. Bloomer, in Western Rural.

A WAIL FROM BOSTON.

The Browning and the Ibsen fads are getting worn
and old,
My interest in Tolstoi, too, has recently grown
cold;
I'm tired of solving riddles, and I'm tired of all
the hue
And cry of pessimistic bores—I want a fad that's
new.

A pleasant, cheerful little fad, that won't wear out
the brain,
That won't disturb my sleep at night, or call for
constant strain;
A fad that's inexpensive, too,—(this between me
and you)—
Is just the fad I'm looking for—provided it is
new.

Of course it must be quite select, since I am Bos-
ton born,
And, like my fellow Bostonese, would sneer at
Gabriel's horn,
Unless he played it just in tune on every note he
blew—
A fad to suit me must be choice, and it must be
brand new.

It ought to be religious, though it might do quite
as well
If it implied some startling views on disbelief in
hell.
If it were based on Brahmic faith, from any point
of view,
I'm quite sure it would please me—provided it
were new.

Now, if you can assist me, I really hope you will;
It's anything but pleasant to solicit aid, but still,
Although I live in Boston, and so my wants are
few,
Just now I sorely need a fad—who's got a fad that's
new?

—Somerville Journal.

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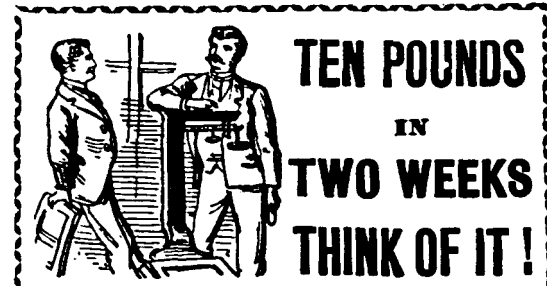
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The Florence salmon canneries last year canned 13,000 cases of salmon, and salted the equivalent of 4,000 cases more, the product having a market value of \$100,000, employing 150 men for four months of the year. The catch this year is now being made.

Near Florence are three saw-mills, with a combined capacity of 75,000 feet per day, and employing many men. A careful computation by a lumber expert from Michigan, of the lumber resources tributary Siuslaw bay, and Florence, its business center, was to the effect that the aggregate was more than 14, millions feet of Fir alone, known in the markets of the world as the celebrated Oregon Pine, which for soft timbers especially, and all uses requiring great strength, has no superior.

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

Florence has direct steamers to San Francisco and other ports.

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

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

Florence's Needs.

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

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

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

Florence offers an attractive location to men engaged in merchandising and traffic in nearly all the country tributary to Florence is attractive to immigrants, especially to those who love country. Good government homesteads can yet be had, and farms can be purchased at low figure soil is exceedingly fertile. It is a wonderful fruit country, as bearing orchards attest.

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

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

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

The undersigned is a large owner of both residence and business property, and partly to acquire and develop large projects for the general advancement, and also to encourage diversity of ownership and estate, will sell business lots in the business center for \$100 to \$300 for inside lots, and \$125 to \$400 for choice residence lots for \$75 to \$100, and residence blocks of 10 lots, 52x120 feet, for \$500 per block, or half blocks. Terms, 1/3 down, 1/3 in six months, 1/3 in twelve months, deferred payments bearing 8 per cent interest, or five per cent discount for all cash down.

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

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

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

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

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

GEO. M. MILLER,
Florence, Ore.

BLIGHTED HOPES.

With respectful admiration
That suggested fascination,
The man across the horse car sat and stared across
at me,
Till a feeling of elation
And a sort of palpitation
Of the heart resulted from his flattering persist-
ency.

He kept his eyes bent on me
And his admiration won me,
Till he bent across and spoke with an apologetic
cough,
Then I flushed in every feature
For he said, the horrid creature,
"Beg your pardon, ma'am, for speaking, but
Your breastpin's dropping off."
—Harvey N. Bloomer, in Western Rural.

A WAIL FROM BOSTON.

The Browning and the Ibsen fads are getting worn
and old,
My interest in Tolstoi, too, has recently grown
cold;
I'm tired of solving riddles, and I'm tired of all
the hue
And cry of pessimistic bores—I want a fad that's
new.

A pleasant, cheerful little fad, that won't wear out
the brain,
That won't disturb my sleep at night, or call for
constant strain;
A fad that's inexpensive, too,—(this between me
and you)—
Is just the fad I'm looking for—provided it is
new.

Of course it must be quite select, since I am Bos-
ton born,
And, like my fellow Bostonese, would sneer at
Gabriel's horn,
Unless he played it just in tune on every note he
blew—
A fad to suit me must be choice, and it must be
brand new.

It ought to be religious, though it might do quite
as well
If it implied some startling views on disbelief in
hell.
If it were based on Brahmic faith from any point
of view,
I'm quite sure it would please me—provided it
were new.

Now, if you can assist me, I really hope you will;
It's anything but pleasant to solicit aid, but still,
Although I live in Boston, and so my wants are
few,
Just now I sorely need a fad—who's got a fad that's
new?

—Somerville Journal.

THE RISE AND FALL.

'Twas a breach of promise suit, the letters all were
read,
And here is what the opening words of each epistle
said:
"Dear Mr. Smith," "Dear Friend," "Dear John,"
"My Darling Four-Leaf Clover,"
"My Ownest Jack," "Dear Sir," then "Sir," and
all was over.

—New York Press.

Scrofula is a more formidable enemy than either
consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines
the worst possible features of both. It is cured by
Hood's Sarsaparilla, the blood purifier.

A faded and discolored beard is untidy and a mis-
fortune. It may be prevented by using Bucking-
ham's Dye for the Whiskers, a never failing remedy.

Beecham's Pills act like magic on a weak stomach.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Chil-
dren Teething," softens the gums, reduces inflam-
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bottle

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OR,

HIGHER POSSIBILITIES OF LIFE AND PRACTICE THROUGH THE OPERATION OF NATURAL FORCES.

BY LAWRENCE OLIPHANT.

With an Appendix by a Clergyman of the Church of
England.

This celebrated work may be read with profit by
thinkers and students.
Price, \$2.50; postage, 16 cents.
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Chicago.

THE WAR IN HEAVEN.

BY DANIEL LOTT

This is founded upon Revelations 12: 7-9 and will
be found interesting. Price, 10 cents.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by JOHN C. BUNDY,
Chicago.

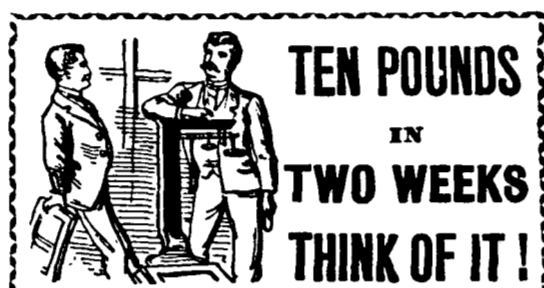
**DONALD KENNEDY
Of Roxbury, Mass., says**

Don't write to me when taking the first bottle of
my Medical Discovery. I know how it makes you
feel, but it's all right. There are certain cases where
the Discovery takes hold sharp, but it is the dis-
eased spot in you it has taken hold of, and that's
what you want. The Discovery has a search war-
rant for every humor, from backache to scrofula,
inside and outside, and of course it makes a distur-
bance in your poor body. but the fight is short, you
are better by the second bottle; if not, then tell me
about it, and I will advise. I will, however, in the
future, as in the past, answer any letter from a nurs-
ing mother.

Sincerely yours,

DONALD KENNEDY.

ROXBURY, MASS.



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IN
TWO WEEKS
THINK OF IT!**

As a Flesh Producer there can be
no question but that

**SCOTT'S
EMULSION**

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites
Of Lime and Soda
is without a rival. Many have
gained a pound a day by the use
of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND
COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DIS-
EASES. AS PALATABLE AS MILK.
Be sure you get the genuine as there are
poor imitations.

Ely's Cream Balm

GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE FOR

COLD IN HEAD.

—CURES—

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Apply Balm into each nostril.

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Where through developed media, they may com-
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—BY—

MARY BOOLE.

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to the fact that our life is being disorganized by the
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in the prime of earth-life, will welcome this volume
with heartfelt gratitude.

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Seaport on the Shores
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**Untold Wealth in Lumber, Coal,
Fishing, and Agriculture.**

**A Rare Opening for Capital and Men in Every De-
partment of Commercial and Industrial Activity.**

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

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

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

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

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

The Florence salmon canneries last year canned 13,000 cases of salmon, and salted the equivalent
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Eugene.

**Write to me for sample copy, mailed free, of "T
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BE GLAD YOU DID IT. Address

**GEO. M. MILLER,
Florence, Ore**

THE BELLS.

BY JULIA GREY BURNETT.

Hark! 'tis the joyful Christmas bells That ring across the snow: Of peace and love their song foretells, And as they chime their music swells, Then echoes softly through the dells Like lullabies so low. The New Year comes! the bells again Ring out upon the air; To some they speak in mournful strain Of all the old year's grief and pain, But usher in without a stain The New Year bright and fair. Now listen; hear the sleigh bells ring While dashing swiftly past; How merrily they jing-a-ling,— And bright young voices sweetly sing,— "Let's happy be, time's on the wing, But life and love must last."

CHRISTMAS.

BY R. C. CRANE.

When Christmas fires glow on the hearth, Bright hosts, from realms of light descending, Guard through the night the curtained earth, A Seraph o'er each cradle bending. O blast may chill, no pain distress The sleepers watched by angel eyes, Olded in sinless loveliness, And dreams that flow from Paradise. In night their stainless souls may hear The melodies that angels sing, And gaze with vision strong and clear, Where gates of pearl wide open swing. The mother smiles, and wonders long 'Tis through the Christmas night's eclipse, And fragments of an unknown song Come bubbling from her baby's lips. Few the mystic truth believe Angel bands with mortals blending, None but angel seers perceive The seraph o'er the cradle bending. N. S. MAINE.

Merit Appreciated.—Brown's Bronchial Troches are world-renowned as a simple active remedy for Coughs and Throat Troubles. A letter from Hon. Mrs. Pery, Castle Grey, Co. Ireland, they are thus referred to: "Having bought your 'BRONCHIAL TROCHES' with me I came to reside here, I found that, after I had them away to those I considered required the poor people will walk for miles to get a Obtain only "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHE" Sold only in boxes.

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Wonders

Are wrought by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor in restoring gray hair to its original color, promoting a new growth, preventing the hair from falling, keeping it soft, silky, and abundant, and the scalp cool, healthy, and free from dandruff or humors. The universal testimony is that this preparation has no equal as a dressing, and is, therefore, indispensable to every well-furnished toilet.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor my hair is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair to use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing."—Mrs. Lydia O. Moody, East Pittston, Me.

"Some time ago my wife's hair began to come out quite freely.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

not only prevented my wife from becoming bald, but it also caused an entirely new growth of hair. I am ready to certify to this statement before a justice of the peace."—H. Hulshus, Lewisburgh, Iowa. "Some years ago, after a severe attack of brain fever, my hair all came out. I used such preparations for restoring it as my physicians ordered, but failed to produce a growth of hair. I then tried, successively, several articles recommended by druggists, and all alike fell short of accomplishing the desired result. The last remedy I applied was Ayer's Hair Vigor, which brought a growth of hair in a few weeks. I think I used eight bottles in two years; more than was necessary as a restorative, but I liked it as a dressing, and have continued to use it for that purpose. I believe Ayer's Hair Vigor possesses virtues far above those of any similar preparation now on the market."—Vincent Jones, Richmond, Ind.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

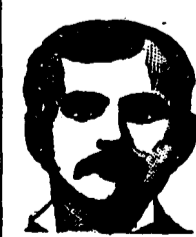
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\$75.00 TO \$250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va.

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Phil Armour, of Chicago, says "PIERRE will be the next large city in the Missouri Valley." Population to-day, 5,000, one year ago, 2,500. A wonderfully fertile country tributary, abundant coal within 60 to 80 miles. The capital of South Dakota, which in 1888 raised 40,000,000 bushels of wheat and 20,000,000 bushels of corn. A state, too, that in 1870 had 6,000 population and to-day has over One Thousand Sunday schools. PIERRE is to be South Dakota, what Omaha is to Nebraska, Denver to Colorado, Detroit to Michigan, etc., that is the commercial and wholesale center. I guarantee any patron a profit of at least 8 per cent. per annum. I shall be pleased to correspond with parties thinking of making investments. CHAS. L. HYDE, Pierre, S. Dak. REFERENCES—Rev. Dr. Wm. H. Blackburn, Pres. Presby. College, Pierre; Rev. Dr. Jas. C. Jackson, Dansville, N. Y.; R. F. Pettigrew, U. S. Senator from South Dakota; B. J. Templeton, Pres. National Bank of Commerce.

PIERRE

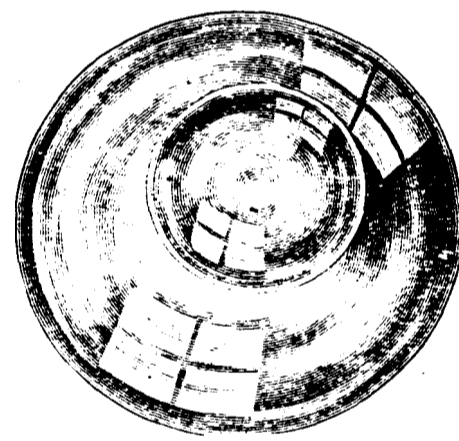
the permanent Capital of South Dakota, and the next large city in the Missouri Valley. Located on the great Missouri River, in the geographical center of the state. In a few years is bound to be THE KANSAS CITY OF THE NORTHWEST, we offer well located lots less than one mile from Business, the Court House and Capitol building for \$100 each, one-half cash, balance one and two years at 6 per cent. A first-class investment for parties with either large or small Capital. For maps and information write to

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Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Best of reference given.

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WHAT? THE WIZZARD BUBBLE BLOWER.



The new Scientific Toy, which is creating so much interest among men of science as well as the children. It surprises and delights every one that sees it. It produces a bubble within a bubble, the outside one of immense size. The inner one floats and flashes with the most brilliant rainbow colors. Produces a "balloon" bubble, with ear attached, which will float for hundreds of feet in the open air. "Twin bubbles," chains of bubbles a yard in length, and many other forms of bubbles hitherto unknown.

Just the thing to entertain and instruct Kindergarten pupils or children in the home. Although only introduced a few weeks, over 30,000 sold, and "Wizzard Bubble Parties" are becoming the fashionable evening's entertainment. Sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents. \$2.00 per dozen to Agents and Dealers by express, charges prepaid. All orders shipped on day received. Address

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—BY— ROBERT ALLEN CAMPBELL, Compiler of the first Atlas of Indiana, author of "The Rebellion Record," etc.

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

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I am giving the greatest inducements ever offered, to rich and poor alike. You can get a tract of land and have it planted into Raisin Grapes, and cultivated until in a highly productive condition for less money than it will return you in one year after it is in full bearing, and you can have three years' time in which to pay this amount. It will not be necessary for you to move here at once. Do not fail to send for my Pamphlet, on the Borden Farm Colony and Raisin Making, or you will miss the opportunity of a lifetime.

Address W. H. WERFIELD, Madera, California.

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South Bend, Washington.

The Pacific Ocean Terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Located at the mouth of the Willapa river, on the best harbor between San Francisco and Puget Sound. The Northern Pacific Railroad has contracted to reach SOUTH BEND with its line now under construction by December 31st, this year, and the extensive system of wharves, coal bunkers, warehouses, shops, and other terminal facilities required for the terminus of a transcontinental line will be erected at SOUTH BEND. SOUTH BEND with its excellent harbor, vast natural resources of timber, coal, and agricultural wealth, its beautiful town site and healthy climate, is destined in a short time to become one of the largest cities on the PACIFIC COAST. This is an excellent opportunity for investors or parties seeking a business location where they can grow up with a new city. Special inducements to manufacturing enterprises. For maps, circulars, prices and other information, address THOMAS COOPER, General Manager Northern Land and Development Co., South Bend, Washington.

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"GREETINGS."

Once more the holidays are here; once more we greet one another with phrases of good will and cheer. Some who were with last Christmas have gone through the transition and will this year listen to the chiming of heaven's silvery bells. These ones will return to visit their beloved endeavor to inspire them with a sense of their actual presence and give them stores of hope and higher impulses, pouring into a holy peace and trust, stow gifts that will never grow old. Here in Chicago the weather is fully mild, just bracing enough to rigorating. Day after day the sun out of a clear sky and the grass is green. To the poor what a blessing is weather; how much of suffering and ache it prevents; how many valuable ven in this brilliant sunshine the Angel eath does not hesitate to be seen nor duty. Into his strong but gentle many a weary spirit is slowly droop-er a long life of discipline and of all done. Patiently he hovers be-e couch nor chides the lingering hasten its farewells. It is enough

that to him is confided the important role in the last act of earth-life's drama. He waits his cue with interest but shows no undue haste. Silently he exchanges greetings with his latest charge and quickly bears his burden across the dark stream. He is attended by ministering angels and dear friends of the new born spirit; and once safely past the mortal climax, resigns his responsibilities to this band of attendants and swiftly hastens to the relief of others awaiting his certain coming. O, what greetings there must be "over there" these days. What blessed days to the freed spirit! They should be blessed days to us all. Let our hearts rejoice that we live, that life is our eternal heritage. Let us greet one another with that fraternal feeling born of good will. If necessary to administer rebuke, to see justice done, to repress evil, let us do it with a tender regard for the well being of the undeveloped brother or sister. However severe our language or acts let our motives be pure and God-like, free from all malice, vindictiveness and hatred, and surcharged with divine love for humanity as a whole. Let us as Spiritualists, as true men and women whatever our faith, exchange greetings and renew our vows of faithfulness to duty. Let us extend the right hand of fellowship to every debased but repentant soul; and let us be patient with their shortcomings once we are convinced they are really striving for a better life. Let us be receptive to the faintest throbbing of goodness in the lowest human being, and let us strive to swell the impulse into an irresistible and ever persistent force. As spiritualists let us be keenly alive to the fact that spiritism is only one of the outer gates of the temple of Spiritualism. As Spiritualists may our spiritual aspirations be quickened and may we greet the world with such grand dignity, irradiated by such purity, wisdom and beneficence as shall make willing followers of all men.

Dear readers, I greet you with a heart overflowing with gratitude. I thank you for all you have done and all you have desired to do in supporting me in my work. I thank many of you for your prompt responses to my late requests that you liquidate arrearages and renew your subscriptions. I thank you for your painstaking contributions to THE JOURNAL'S columns, and I hope you will continue to assist in every honorable way. To those who have fallen by the wayside, or retreated to the rear, or gone over to the enemy I extend fraternal greetings charged with the hope that in due time and after sufficient discipline your courage will be renewed and your moral sense illuminated. To those who think they are subserving their own interests or doing truth a service by plotting against me and the work of THE JOURNAL I give greetings loaded with the sublimest confidence that you will fail and in failing will learn a lesson without which you could not have progressed. To both friends and enemies I extend greetings, for to both do I owe a debt of gratitude; to the former for their loyalty and aid which have cheered and upheld me, to the latter for their enmity and opposition which have disciplined me and developed elements of strength and powers of endurance which otherwise would have remained latent and unknown.

Ought not a compositor and particularly a proofreader to be able to guess the true signification of any sort of hieroglyphic or hen track imprinted on paper? Certainly. Hence the monstrous dereliction of the culprits who in last week's JOURNAL made M. C. C. Church say attuness when the word should have been outness. Of course even the devil—printer's devil—should understand Box home and all the outlandish coinages which a study of his writings makes current. That chirography is so blind that the writer can not read it unless he can recall the subject is no excuse for printer or proofreader, they should all be highly developed telepathic percipients, catching a writer's thought however completely he disguises it with pen.

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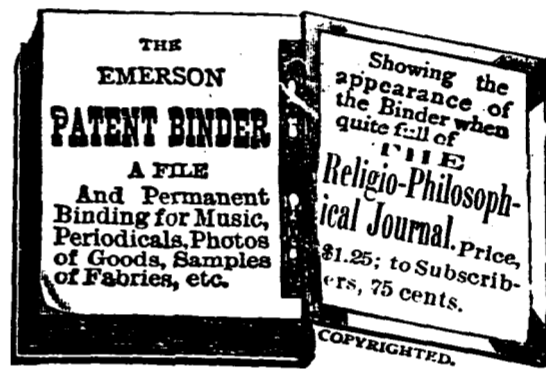
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