

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,

It is stated that the census enumerators have great difficulty in performing their duties in mining districts in Pennsylvania, that Hungarians, Poles, Swedes, Italians, Germans, and others working in the mines are known only by the galley system of numbers, the name of the miner, his nationality, or any other information about him being wholly useless to their employers, who are only concerned in getting work done in the most systematic manner and for the smallest compensation.

One does not always know just what he would do under imagine circumstances as is illustrated by the following incident which the papers relate: "Two young men in Iowa dressed up as ghosts and made a call at the house of a man who had always said that he believed he should drop dead at the sight of a spook. Queerly enough, however, the effect was exactly contrary, and he pitched into the boys and hammered them almost to death before he discovered that they were flesh and blood."

The corporation of Liverpool has applied to the grand jury for power to pull down 534 houses in various quarters of the city, on the ground that they are in a condition dangerous and prejudicial to health. Eminent sanitarians gave evidence bearing upon the density of population and the mortality in the congested districts, and stated that demolition was the only remedy. It was finally decided that the grand jury would visit the districts, and then make their presentment to the recorder.

It is related that a teacher of a Riverside (Cal.) school gives her class instruction as to how to act in emergencies, such as cases of drowning, gun-shot accidents, etc. One of the lads thus taught, a few days afterwards found on going home, his baby sister given up for dead, she having been taken out of a canal. No doctor could be had, and the lad began to make a practical application of what he had learned at school, and in a few minutes his sister was restored to consciousness. Such lessons might be a part of the practical education in all the public schools.

Two Worlds: Theodore Parker, one of the brightest souls and greatest reformers the world ever produced, admitted the worth of Spiritualism as an agent in emancipating the human mind. Frothingham, in his life of this grand character, says: "He blamed the scientific men, Agassiz among them, for their unfair methods of investigating the phenomena; rebuked the prigs who turned up their noses at the idea of investigating the subject at all, and admitted that Spiritualism knocks the nonsense of popular theology to pieces, and leads cold, hard materialistic men to a recognition of what is really spiritual in their nature."

A few years ago B. F. Underwood was invited to and did deliver an address in Boston before the "Evangelical Alliance,"—a body of 400 orthodox ministers of all denominations and vicinity—on "Evolution and its Relation to the Christian Religion." It was commented on by

the press of the country as an indication of the great change which had taken place in the spirit of the clergy and in their attitude toward modern liberal thought. Of similar significance in the religious world was the attendance, the other day, of Charles Bradlaugh at the festival dinner of the Anglo-Jewish Association, on which occasion he made a speech. *The American Israelite* says: "It is one of the modern miracles."

Col. T. W. Higginson, referring to the proposed reduction of the college course at Harvard from four to three years, recently said: "A boy should come to college not so much to learn certain things as to breathe its atmosphere of culture and receive its refining influences." A paper copies this remark and then mentions the shameful conduct of Harvard students in defacing the statue of John Harvard, by covering it with red paint, and painting across it the words, "To hell with Yale." But the fact that three or four students "went on a tear" and disgraced themselves should not be regarded as an indication of the character of the Harvard students generally nor of the moral atmosphere of the institution, and it implies nothing in favor of reducing the time of college attendance.

The Catholic News: *The Christian Observer* asks: "Is Wisconsin a Christian State?" and proceeds: "When the Supreme Court of the State of Wisconsin writes across her constitution and across her law books a decision that the Bible is a sectarian book, and as such can have no place in her schools, does it not make Wisconsin a heathen State?" This is resorting to the usual subterfuge. The question in Wisconsin was not about the Bible *per se*, but about the King James, or Protestant English version of the Bible, which is an entirely different matter. *The Christian at Work*, with greater honesty, says frankly: "The common English version of the Bible, being equally accepted and used among all Protestants, is not, as between them, in any sense sectarian. This same version, however, is such as between Protestants and Catholics, since it is not accepted and used by both."

The question of historical text-books in the Boston high schools is still being agitated. The majority of the committee of the Board of Education reported in favor of using "Myers' General History" and "Sheldon's General History." Later, Judge Fuller presented a minority report condemning both these works, declaring that they contain scores of misstatements in regard to the Roman Catholic church. He offered a rather unique compromise. "Let our Protestant brethren," he said, "select any history they choose, written by a Catholic, and we will assent to it; or if they insist that the history be one written by a Protestant let us have the selection." To this the majority would not agree and the matter is not yet settled. Sectarianism, in one form and another, seems to be the greatest danger that threatens the public schools of this country at the present time.

Chauncey M. Depew, when he was in Chicago recently, said of phonographers: They are the bane of my oratorical life. You know that in delivering a speech it is the manner as much as the words, and frequently more, that makes the effect. A word ut-

tered in a certain manner may change the whole meaning of a sentence. But in cold-blooded type it stands for no more than any other word. Whenever I see such an error in a report of one of my speeches I always think of that old story of the professor of Union College who, seeing a student dressed in a coat so short as to make him look like a ballet dancer, remarked to him that his coat was too short. "Oh well," replied the student, "it will be long enough before I get another." The professor laughed heartily, and upon meeting the faculty he said: "I just met Jenkins and he said a remarkably funny thing. I told him his coat was too short and he replied that it would be a long time before he got another." The faculty didn't see the joke, and neither do those who read my jokes when they are published from the copy prepared by a phonographer.

The province of Catalonia, the Spanish Cabinet have discovered, is honeycombed with socialism. Of the hundreds of thousands of workmen in that province, it is stated, very few are outside the labor organizations, which in Spain mean a great deal more than in England. ~~These organizations are~~ ical, but also from a Spanish point of view, revolutionary. Notwithstanding the examples of Germany and France, where the heads of the state are giving serious attention to the problem connected with labor, the Spanish Ministry and the monarchical party generally in that country show the utmost indifference to the needs and demands of the laboring classes, and treat with poorly concealed contempt the suggestions that Spain should follow in the walks of the more progressive nations of Europe. The condition of Spanish labor is worse than in any other country of Western Europe, the only amelioration being such as is secured by strong organization in certain localities. The effect is that the workmen are learning to look to revolution as their probable relief, though there is no information of any existing conspiracy against the government.

The authorities of Bagdad are considering the dredging and straightening of the Tigris and Euphrates to make those rivers more navigable. This leads one who evidently when a boy loved the "Arabian Nights" to write as follows: There [at Bagdad] it was the Caliph Haroon-Al-Rachid ruled in a remarkable and picturesque style and on the Tigris and Euphrates floated the gorgeous fleets of the most unrivaled of romancers. It was from them that Sinbad the sailor started on those cruises whose adventures have never been equaled, even by Sir Francis Drake, Capt. Cook or our own Capt. Kane. The citron and orange groves upon the banks of the twin streams still shed their rich perfume across the long-faded years, far off is the gleam of the silver dome upon the mosque, while beside it rises the slender minaret. The caravans still leave Bagdad for their trips to those impossible countries and to those delightfully impossible people in which the heart of youth exulted. And now we read that the city fathers—not a turbaned Caliph—are going to improve the navigation of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates. Next they will put granite and asphalt streets in Damascus, build an inclined plane up the sides of Ararat and construct a rapid transit street railway in Jerusalem."

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL SYSTEM.

Wisconsin Lutherans and German Catholics who are opposing the Bennett law, now say that they are not opposed to the State's prescribing compulsory education and insisting upon instruction in the English language, but that what they really are opposed to is the principle of State inspection. This means that they deny the right of the commonwealth to ascertain through its officers whether or not the law is obeyed by the private schools in the State. Their position is both untenable and absurd. The State, which is sovereign over every person and everything within its borders, subject to no higher power, save that of the National Constitution, has the right to require that the youth of the country shall be instructed in the English language and to make such laws in regard to schools, whether they be public or parochial, as are necessary to accomplish this object.

According to the Wisconsin Lutherans and German Catholics, a sect or clique can establish a school of its own and conduct it independently of State regulation. This is contrary to the American idea. The American public school system does not consist alone of free schools supported by State grant and local taxation, but in addition, of the supervision and management of the schools by the electors of the district through the local agencies of government. This apparently is what the Lutheran and Catholic ecclesiastics do not like. They are in favor of parochial schools in which they can teach what they choose, which shall be beyond the control of governmental agencies. If this be not so why do they object to a law which makes it compulsory for all parents to send their children to school not less than twelve weeks in each year, and provides that the school to which they must be sent, be one in which instruction is given in the English language—not however, to the exclusion of other languages?

When these German ecclesiastics say that they are not opposed to compulsory education and the instruction of children in the English language, and at the same time deny the right of the State to inspect parochial schools and to make them conform to the requirements of a compulsory law, they stultify themselves. The fact is, opposition to the Bennett law has its origin in hostility to the public school system of the country, and this hostility is due to the desire of the Catholic and Lutheran ecclesiastics to take entire charge of the education of the young. The American people should see that this system is not destroyed or impaired through sectarian zeal, religious bigotry and hierarchical influence. Says Prof. Fisher: "The common school system is among the fundamental bases of an American type of political and social life. It is coeval in its origin with the colonization of the country. It spread from the communities where it was first planted to their older sisters and it went with the bands of emigrants that settled the extensive territories which stretched to the shores of the Pacific. It has been universally felt to be a necessary condition, a part of the indispensable groundwork of free republican institutions. The later immigrants from European countries coming hither to enjoy the advantages of the American type of social organization, have no right to attempt to tear away from it any of its grand constituent elements to subvert so essential a part of its very foundation. These later comers reap where they do not sow. Let them not seek to overturn what the wise founders have established in order to substitute for what they find here features that belong to alien systems of social and political order."

In a republic it is all-important that the people in their sovereign capacity insist that the children be educated. To give them an education the public schools were established. If a parent prefers to send his children to a private school it is his right to do so; but the State has the right to insist that the children who attend private schools shall receive what is understood in the public schools to be an adequate education; and those schools that do not give the children such instruction as is afforded by the public schools, the State has the right to suppress. The parents can select which out of a number of schools they will have their children attend, but the State must insist

that all these schools shall give their pupils an education such as they require for efficient citizenship and for the ordinary requirements of daily life. In the older countries, where compulsory education is in force, private schools are under the direct control of the State. Those who keep these schools have to obtain a license and they are permitted to employ only such teachers as hold certificates, just as the teachers of the public schools do. Certainly a compulsory education law implies the right and duty of the State to suppress all schools where children waste years of their lives and do not receive the instruction necessary for their future welfare. And yet the German Catholic and Lutheran priests impudently claim that personal and religious liberty is infringed if they are not allowed to establish and conduct schools entirely exempt from inspection and regulation by the State.

RELIGION.

Religion is natural to man. It exists among the lowest tribes and the most enlightened people. With it is associated whatever is lofty and noble,—with, too, whatever is degrading and cruel in human thought and action. Under its influence the brutal instincts may be aroused and impel to deeds of murder, or the moral sentiments may acquire an intensity prompting to ready sacrifice of self for the good of others.

Primarily religion is emotion. It has been wrought into man's nature during his intellectual and moral evolution. It is an expression of his relation to the Eternal Power manifested in the world of phenomena. It has arisen by the recognition of a power to which all living creatures bear a relation of dependence, by the contemplation of the manifold mysteries of the universe. Its evolution commenced early in the mental life of man, and the religious sentiment or feeling is therefore, no late acquirement; it is deep in man's nature, and when aroused, it stirs into activity his whole being. Whether it urges to good or evil conduct depends upon the intellectual and moral development which has accompanied the religious evolution. The highest religion is "morality," to quote Matthew Arnold's definition, "touched with emotion," or to speak more accurately, where the moral nature is high, religion manifests itself in arousing and intensifying the moral feelings, and urging to activity in moral lines. Without moral enlightenment religion may, as it often does, impel to the basest crimes. "When," says Dr. Willis, Spinoza's biographer, "we recognize it [Schleiermacher's view of religion] we readily understand how religious emotion may be associated with crime and immorality, as well as with the highest moral excellence; how a Jacques Clement and Balthasar Gerard may confess themselves to the priest and take the sacrament of the body and blood of the Saviour by way of strengthening them in their purpose to commit crimes that have made their memories infamous; how punctilious attention to Bible reading and devout observance among criminals of a less terrible stamp do not necessarily imply hypocrisy and cunning, as so commonly assumed, when these unhappily constituted beings are found again engaged in their objectionable courses. The piety—the religion—displayed is a perfectly truthful manifestation of the emotional element in the nature of man which seeks and finds satisfaction in acts implying intercourse with deity, but neither seeks nor finds satisfaction in acts of honesty and virtue in the world. We have here an explanation of how it happens that our penitentiaries are filled with the worst sort of criminals, whose lives, prior to the detection of their crimes, were characterized by eminent piety, and a strict regard for religious observances."

Schleiermacher's statement regarding religion to which Dr. Willis refers, is as follows: "Religion belongs neither to the domain of science nor morals, is essentially neither knowledge nor conduct, but emotion only, specific in its nature and inherent in the immediate consciousness of each individual man. Hence comes the vast variety of religious conception and of religious system observed in the world,—variety, not only thus to be accounted for, but apprehended as a necessity of human nature." Although religion is primarily emotion, it is not correct to say

that it does not belong to the domain of science, unless, indeed, science be defined so as to have meaning only in relation to physical phenomena. Science is classified knowledge; and knowledge obtained by studying the manifestations of the religious sentiment, among savage and civilized men alike, in beliefs, observances and practices, comes as strictly within the province of science, as does knowledge in regard to human speech or the motions of the planets. Of course, religion includes not only emotion, but doctrines. Alexander von Humboldt said that, "all positive religions contain three distinct parts. First, a code of morals very fine and nearly the same in all; second, a geological dream; and third, a myth or historical novelette." Religions, as thus defined, are those which have, in their latest stages, been evolved in association with speculative thought and developed moral conceptions.

In its highest form religion is manifested in the character and conduct of a Mill, an Emerson—popularly supposed to have no religion at all—a Garrison, a Lincoln, a Florence Nightingale, and all those, "whose heroic sufferings" as Carlyle says, "rise up melodiously together unto heaven, out of all times, and out of all lands, as a sacred *Misereere*, their heroic actions also, as a boundless, everlasting Psalm of triumph."

A RATIONAL SUNDAY.

The public library of Providence, R. I., is now, by the direction of its trustees, open to the public on Sunday. This is sensible. Libraries, museums and art galleries should be accessible to the public, especially on the only day on which those who have to work during the week days can visit them, and on which the opportunities for, and temptations to vicious indulgences are the greatest. Open saloons and closed libraries is still the policy of most cities and towns in this country. And the strongest opposition to opening libraries and places of instruction on Sunday comes from the orthodox clergy. Their idea seems to be that everybody should attend church on that day, and that whatever tends to keep intelligent and well-disposed people away from religious service should be discouraged and opposed. For this reason the Sunday newspaper, which has come to be a necessity, and which beyond doubt "has come to stay," is yet denounced by men like Rev. Herrick Johnson. A wiser course is to encourage whatever will tend to a rational and moral observance of Sunday, that is, whatever will lessen immorality and vice, and promote intellectual and moral culture and healthful recreation on that day. If people do not care to attend church, and yet wish to get away from home for a few hours, do not confine them to the saloon, or to other places which invite to the indulgence of the lower appetites and passions. Let Sunday be a day of popular recreation, social enjoyment, and instruction for all who are studiously or seriously inclined. A rational and not a Puritanical Sunday is what this age demands. Not holy days—all days are equally holy—but holidays are what the strained and intense American life demands, and the clergy, should get out of their mediæval ways of thinking, and conform their pulpit teachings to the requirements of modern thought and to the moral demands of the hour.

SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND.

On the occasion of the debate in the English House of Lords on a measure for improving the condition of the London poor by giving them better tenements, the Earl of Wemyss declared that the feeding and educating of the poor should be done by private effort and that the government should undertake nothing that could be accomplished by individuals. "With freedom of contract and individualism assailed," he said, "and State-help, substituted for self-help, the fiber of the nation will be destroyed." Most significant was the attitude of the conservative Premier Lord Salisbury in regard to these expressions which undoubtedly represent the views of the English nobility. The Premier said that while he would not commit himself to the dogmatic State Socialism, he was of the opinion that a pr

tion should not be condemned because it had a socialistic origin.* The post-office and the mint were socialistic. In his view Socialism meant the doing by the State that which might be done by private persons for the sake of gain, and sometimes this was a wise, and at others an unwise thing to do. He said he would not deny that there were alarming evils in the relations of labor and capital, which were responsible for socialistic agitations. "We are bound to do all that we can to remedy these evils," said the Premier, "even if we are called Socialists, knowing that we are undertaking no new principle or striking out no new route, but are simply pursuing the long and healthy tradition of English legislation." Such utterances by the English Premier have naturally caused surprise and consternation among the English nobility. Some declare that Lord Salisbury is merely toying with Socialism to get votes from the newly enfranchised, while others say that he foresees that nothing but a trial of Socialism will satisfy the people, who are tending toward it every day, and that he regards it as best to make concessions to the Socialists at once.

SECUNDUM ARTEM.

Kissing is as popular now as it ever was, and the custom is not likely to go out of fashion; in other words "it has come to stay." Such being the case it should be made to conform to the law of progress. This is an age of revision and reform, and conservatism should not insist that kissing as an art and an enjoyment, admits of no improvement, that it has reached perfection. "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well;" this is just as true of kissing as of any other art. Since it is not on the decline, and cannot be abolished (and ought not be) it should be cultivated and refined to a degree that will divest it of everything which tends to lessen the mutualness of the pleasure it affords. The following is evidently by one who writes from large experience in practicing the art and from thorough understanding of its requirements:

Said a young friend to me the other day: "I am getting tired of having my hair upset and my corsage bouquet torn all to pieces by beginners, and I believe if the dear boys were only told how to go about it they would not make such a perfect mess of it. There is no necessity of grabbing a girl as though she had stolen a pocketbook and making a lurch at her as though you had accidentally stepped one foot in a coal hole while walking rapidly along the street. There is no actual necessity to get a clutch on her dress and try to tear it off or turn her over inside of it. There is no necessity of pulling her head forward with such intensity that her eyes are endangered by scarpins and long pencils protruding from upper vest pockets. There is no use fring a kiss promiscuously at her eye or ear or neck. To begin with, the girl is not trying to get away. Keep cool; bear in mind that you have the soulful sympathy of your victim and your aims are identical—that she has as much at stake as you have. Keep perfectly cool and collected; gently insert your right coat sleeve about her diretoire costume and turn her gently toward your manly form. Place your other and as yet unoccupied arm in such a position as the exigencies of the occasion seem to demand and give a gentle and soulful pull, as Amelie Rives Chandler calls it. By this time the rosebud mouth is turned toward you. Lean over gently and let nature do her work. That's all. Girls don't like any other way, boys."

These directions seem to have been written by one who has reduced kissing to a fine art. Who knows but that teaching it may yet become a distinct profession, like teaching dancing, that instruction in osculation may come to be regarded as an important and necessary part of the training of young men and women for polite society. THE JOURNAL is not prepared to recommend this, but the directions given above have suggested the thought. Perhaps the reform in the method of observing the agreeable custom and practicing the delightful art referred to, will be brought about in the process of intellectual and moral evolution without any special instruction. Indeed, this appears to be the natural view, with the expression of which THE JOURNAL leaves the subject for the consideration of its younger readers.

From an address by "M. A. (Oxon):" The most evil day that ever fell on Spiritualism came when certain wide-awake creatures discovered that "there was money in it." It was found that money could be gathered from feather-headed people who were willing to pay for being cheated, and cheated they were accordingly. I have nothing to do with this phase of Spirit-

ualism. I know very well that it exists. I am sure it will exist as long as human nature affords it a feeding ground. The existence of fraud in connection with Spiritualism is on a par with the base coinage that the smasher produces. He could not produce his sham if the reality had not previously existed. What is Spiritualism? A difficult question to answer. A definition will clear the air. Long ago I ventured on some such as this. "Spiritualism shows us in action a force, conveniently called Psychic, governed by an Intelligence outside of a human body; that Intelligence almost always representing itself as that of a departed human being who had lived on this earth." I wrote in that sense many years ago. I have seen no reason to change my opinion since. Two or three cases have come under my knowledge when the Intelligence professed to be that of a being who had not lived here, and two or three thousand have consistently and persistently professed themselves to be human. If I am asked to further define terms that I am compelled to use I can give only a tentative definition. A Medium or Psychic—a term that must be frequently met with—is difficult to define exactly. We can say that he is a mesmeric sensitive, probably controlled by unembodied intelligences as the hypnotized subject is by embodied will. He is sensitive, when fully developed, in an extreme degree. It is not my business now to point out to you how most of the fiascos of Spiritualism and the failures of well-meaning men to get for themselves evidence that comes readily to others, have resulted from neglecting to realize this fact. Not till we treat with the care that we should bestow on an exceptionally delicate instrument these exceptionally organized beings, shall we make investigation progressive.

Rev. M. E. Cady, of Rockford, Ill., recently preached the funeral sermon of Charles Nelson, a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. Members of the organization complain that the minister dwelt almost entirely on the intemperate habits of the deceased, without scarcely mentioning his many good qualities. The old soldiers are doubtless right that it was in wretched taste to detail the man's vices over his dead body and in the presence of his mourning friends. But the words of the minister as reported, indicate that it was his deep interest in temperance and his abhorrence of the influences that led to the degradation of a brave soldier and noble man, that betrayed him into impropriety of speech on such an occasion. He said: "Standing here and looking down upon the face of him whose memory we recall to-day, I say there lies too good a soldier, too good a citizen, too good a man to be crushed and broken by the American saloon. I have charity for this man's faults, as I believe God has passed over them; but I have no words to express my horror and anger at the system established to debauch men, to rob them of character, of home, and of heaven for the revenue obtained therefrom. I wish to implore the children of our friend, our comrade, our brother, as they stand about the open grave and see him lowered into his last resting place, to pledge themselves to relentless warfare against drink and the drink traffic."

One writer recommends that the Presbyterians expunge every article and chapter of the Confession of Faith except the first chapter; that on the "Holy Scriptures" which declares that the Bible is the only "rule of faith and life," and that "the infallible rule of interpretation of Scripture is the Scripture itself." Commenting on this recommendation the *Catholic News* says: "But this would be to leave the weakest point of Protestantism exposed to attack. Nothing is more opposed to history and to reason than the assumption that our Lord made the Bible the rule of faith. He sent his apostles to teach all nations what he had orally taught them. He never wrote or commanded them to write. He nowhere told them to make the Hebrew Scriptures the basis of their teaching, or defined what constituted them. He never told them to make the New Testament the basis of their teaching, for it did not exist, and some of those who wrote what we have, were not even numbered

among his followers. Now, if our Lord did not make the Old Testament the basis of the teaching which he commanded his apostles to carry to the world, who has the right to make it so? He promised his apostles that the Holy Ghost should teach all truth; He never sent them to the Hebrew Scriptures."

Arlo Bates writes in regard to cranks on Boston Common: "One of the most striking things of this time of the year is the sight which is presented by Boston Common on Sunday afternoon. It is coming to be a grand rendezvous for cranks of all sorts. The Salvation Army holds its meetings here; there are lectures on the faith-cure, on the single-tax, on astrology, and on socialism, with all varieties of orators, who must speak or die of inward inflation. There is a mixture of hymns, of turgid eloquence, of wild declamation, of argument which it would puzzle the editor of a prize conundrum column to make head or tail out of, the singing of psalm tunes, and the thumping of holy tambourines and the waving of gospel banners, the smoke of vile tobacco, and the sound of Strauss waltzes from the band stand. It is, on the whole, wonderfully orderly for such a motley gathering, but souls of the Puritans! what would the godly forefathers say could they but return with earthly eyes to behold the spectacle!"

A gentleman who has been around the globe more than once relates the following story of a boat ride in the Gulf of Siam behind a team of immense sea turtles: "While going over to China I stopped at Hatian, a port on the Gulf of Siam, and there enjoyed a strange experience. The natives make the immense turtles common in those ports, do service in drawing boats. They swim rapidly, and are worth only a few dollars a pair. They are tamed easily and then fitted out with a light harness and reins. They are attached to the small boats with traces. I rode twenty miles one day, the animals being managed by the owner of the boat. After they were hitched up we jumped into the boat and the man took up the reins and we were off. The animals paddled along evenly and we went faster than one could row. They were guided by a long stick not unlike a fishpole, and can be handled as easily as ponies. It is not often that any trouble is experienced, but last summer a young man was drowned. Just as he was starting out from Hatian his stick broke, and instead of coming back then he went out to sea, thinking that he could guide the turtles by the reins. He would pull up the reins until he upset the animals, but they would soon regain the use of their flippers and go right ahead for the open sea. At the last resort he cut the traces and let his harness and steeds go. But he was so far from shore that he perished before drifting in."

A large portion of the Desert of Sahara must at one time have been clothed with verdure to have harbored the immense numbers of animals represented by the multitude of bones which are now being collected and shipped to New York to be used as fertilizers. At what time were those localities on the great African desert covered with vegetation sufficient to sustain the animals whose bones are found there? The caravans have followed the same old trail for centuries, and until the military campaigns of the last few years disclosed the fertile spots which were previously unknown the whole region was supposed to be an arid waste of shifting sand. Explorations may show that a large portion of the African desert is arable.

An ex-convict, named Charles Barrett, jumped into the East River on a recent Sunday and saved the life of an eight-year-old boy who was sinking the third time. Barrett after the episode fell insensible on the wharf and his clothes dried in the sun, while the boy was taken to a hospital. "I am only an ex-convict," said Barrett, "and don't amount to nothing. I've got nobody to live for and what difference would it bin if I'd gone down trying to help de kid out. When de kid's mother thanked me with tears in her eyes and said how he was her darling boy, it made me think of my mother, an I was glad I did it. My mother died when I was serving my last sentence, and her last words were, 'Tell Davy to stop stealin' and be a good

boy.' I haint stole nothing sence, but I have a hard time getten along." Evidently there is, in spite of his weakness, a good deal of manliness in Barrett and a few years of such education and training as he should have received during his imprisonment would have made him perhaps a self-respecting and self-supporting man and a useful citizen. It is best not to assume that all ex-convicts are utterly and hopelessly depraved. Indeed there are few if any so bad that they are without some germs of goodness, which the right kind of treatment would ripen into fruit.

The conflict at the Iowa Soldiers Home, Marshalltown, in consequence of evangelical dictation in excluding the Universalist pastor, Rev. T. W. Woodrow, from preaching at the chapel in rotation with self-styled "evangelicals," has resulted in the appointment of an unevangelical chaplain, and exclusion of the "Evangelical Union." When opportunity affords, the soldiers domiciled there do not hesitate to express their respect and preference for the service of Rev. Woodrow who was engaged to conduct the memorial service on Decoration Day, May 30, and whose efforts were reported in the *Times-Republican* of May 31st, as follows:

Decoration at the Soldiers' Home passed off without incidents to mar or disarrange the programme as arranged by the committees of Sheridan's post. The oration by Rev. Woodrow was grandly appropriate. He briefly characterized the mission of Christ upon earth, engaged as he was in the elevation and rebuilding of humanity, and accorded the fallen heroes of our late war as in a lesser degree entitled to like approbation and consideration for the part they took in the sustaining of the best government on earth, within whose domain the downtrodden of all the earth may find welcome and an asylum wherein no hindrance is found to a free pursuit of untrammelled life and happiness. A great, good and just God will surely reward all who offer up their lives in the interest of and for the betterment of humanity. At the cemetery the most simple G. A. R. exercises were used, all of which were rendered with proper decorum and solemnity. Rev. Woodrow's prayer at the graves was a model for adaptability, brief but exhaustive in the thousand applications of every sentence.

Benjamin Short, in the *Medium and Daybreak*, has some sensible words on psychological phenomena. He says: The writer could supply an account of numerous cases in which individuals were enabled to exert an all-absorbing influence, a power so effective that those who came within the sphere of their magnetic action became their willing dupes, either consciously or unconsciously. Other cases, of once-powerful and robust men, who in consequence of a suggestion of their own minds, or of the mind of another, have become thoroughly controlled and psychologized by the idea of being under a spell, or an evil eye. Sometimes they imagine that the evil relates to their property or cattle, at other times that the evil is a personal one. In the latter case they become physically and morally prostrate, and apparently helpless, pitiable objects. Indeed the only successful cure for such persons is to make an impression sufficiently powerful to reverse the prevailing impression: to inspire faith, hope, and above all the will of the patient. These instances, whether of human control, suggestion, hypnotism or self-mesmerism, or of obsession, all point to the desirability of cultivating the will, moral discrimination, and the power to attract and receive good influences, and to resist and throw off those that are evil or pernicious.

It is announced by the *Independent Pulpit*, of Waco, Texas, that on July 15, 16 and 17, 1890, a Convention of Liberal thinking people will be held at that place. "To which all who have at heart, and hold dear, that absolute freedom of thought and expression, in the search for truth, which is the natural right of every rational being, are cordially invited. The object for holding such a meeting is to inaugurate a system of positive, tolerant thought, ethical culture and practical benevolence, in which all liberal minded people can unite and work in harmony for the moral elevation, intellectual improvement, physical amelioration, social well being and consequent happiness of the human race." Among the subjects to be discussed at this convention will be the following: "Is an Organization practicable?" "On what basis shall it be established?" "What particular aims are to be at-

tained by it?" and "What methods of works will be most effective in the attainment of the aims?"

Dr. J. R. Buchanan in his new journal, *The Anthropologist*, says: "War and other calamities on a scale of magnitude which would seem incredible to the common mind are coming—coming to the old world as well as the new." The period of peace, he says, is declining, the period of revolution is approaching and the loss of life will be immense. "But war is not all of our calamities—far from it. The giant forces of nature will play upon the nations with pitiless power." Dr. Buchanan promises to speak soon with more definiteness, aware, probably, that in predicting wars and natural convulsions, he mentions what occur in every "period" of the world's history.

All Souls' Monthly says: Some time ago a clergyman met an old schoolmate who was a returned Evangelical missionary from Japan. In answer to a plain but kindly question he said: "I came home because I found that the heathen could teach me a more just and human and more merciful and divine theology than I had gone out to teach him." This is hard on Calvinism, though it does not hit essential Christianity at all.

Prof. J. S. Loveland, one of the ablest thinkers and writers in the ranks of Spiritualism, has permanently located at Summerland, near Santa Barbara, Cal., where he is to edit a new venture in spiritualistic journalism to be called *The Reconstructor*. Writing of the enterprise, Prof. L. says: "I shall aim to make it, not a competitor with other journals, but a fellow worker with those who are striving to build up the truth. The scientific phase of Spiritualism, together with the ethical, will distinguish our paper from all others except THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL." We shall welcome this new auxiliary, and hope it will prove a permanent addition to the working force in the higher phases of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Booth, wife of Gen. Booth, of the Salvation Army, and perhaps, more than her husband the inspiration of the work all over the world—has recently passed to the higher life. From her death bed she sent this fine message to her friends: "The waters are rising, but so am I. I am not going under, but over. Don't be concerned about your dying. Only go on living well, and the dying will be all right." Her zeal and enthusiasm in her work, always gave her the respect of those who differed widely from her in her religious ideas.

T. L. HARRIS.

Since the publication of my letter in THE JOURNAL, in reply to an editorial which appeared in its columns a few weeks ago, I have received several letters from different parts of the country making inquiry about Mr. Harris. Many questions are put to me which I cannot answer, for the simple reason that during the last thirty years, I have been a worker in the world's sphere of business with no connection with the movement in a sense that would make me an authority to settle questions which have come up in the line of his work. I shall only attempt to give what has come under my personal observation and what, in my judgment, is proper to be known outside of mere criticism and personal preference. Since I have known the editor of THE JOURNAL I have sensed the causes which have occasioned the wide-spread distrust which exists among the better class of Spiritualists as to Mr. Harris and his work. It all seems to come from supposed facts which exist in Mr. Harris' career and the follies and disappointments which have characterized some of his adherents. In my investigations in this direction I have never found a single criticism of his teaching which had discrimination and intelligence as its basis. The alleged practices of the man have stood forth as the bar to all proper appreciation of his work as a teacher of spiritual truth. I shall not attempt at this stage to make a personal vindication of Mr. Harris. He is the last person in the world that would ask it—having always declined to do so, even when it seemed to his friends that some statement of the facts would

lessen the bitterness of his enemies. So it is he stands before the world criticised and condemned in particulars which, with my limited knowledge, I know to be false. In fact after a careful investigation of some of the leading charges I know them to be absolutely false. For instance, it is difficult for many, whose spiritual natures have not been opened to a perception of his teaching in regard to the relation of the sexes, to get other than false views and thus profane the most sacred relations of life. Many have gone astray in this direction and because they have been rebuked and brought under discipline or finally dismissed, have turned traitors to the cause and with tattling tongues have made the air foul with their stench and defamation.

On this subject Mr. Harris teaches, if I understand him, that man on this planet is a fallen being; that he fell through lustful desire and can only be restored by absolute continence—the annihilation of the animal instinct. In this his teaching is very much like that of Jacob Boehme, only not so full, clear and satisfactory; that man's initial struggle is the conquering of self-desire and the re-habilitation or birthing of the divine natural man, not only in the soul but down and out into the corporeal-sensual form itself. When so birthed man becomes a son of God—a form of the Word itself. As this process goes on the divine *seminalis* or what Boehme calls the "Tincture," becomes the bliss as self-desire was the bane of his fallen condition. The Divine Virgin Sophia becomes his bride and thus re-habitated, he stands as he originally stood in Paradise in his first creation—a God-man. This is the whole process of redemption—restoration.

Mr. Harris claims that he is the first born into this new harmony of God; that he is the pivot through whom is evolved this new birth of humanity. What he shares all are to share. He has attained it through over forty years of struggle, crucifixion and persistent purpose.

Many Spiritualists think that he claims to be another incarnation of the Christ; that he is Christ. This is not true. He does claim, however, that by the process of regeneration, by the evolution of the divine spirit repositing arch-natural substance in his form, he has become a son of God not by his own virtue or goodness but by the operant mercy of God; that this experience is open to all God's children.

If one should talk to Mr. Harris on the subject he would frankly confess that, as a natural man, he had the most diabolical "heredity" of any being born of the seed of Adam, and that for this reason there are none without hope. No! not even the lowest, lost soul in hell. That he is what he is by the pure mercy of God.

One of the charges made against Mr. Harris by Spiritualists of THE JOURNAL's type is: That thirty years ago he abandoned the Spiritualist ranks and made an indiscriminate onslaught on a faith that he, more than any other man, had helped to make sacred. This one act chilled many hearts and left him almost without a following. That, if he had done as THE JOURNAL is now doing, sifted the wheat from the tares—discriminated the true from the false in Spiritualism, he would to-day be one of the pivotal lights of the a—a leader of the now gathering hosts seeking better things.

I was associated with Mr. Harris at that time and may possibly put in a word of explanation. While did not agree with him as to the policy of his course, I know full well that he was actuated by the highest motives and that he believed that he was doing the world a service. It will be remembered by those living in those stormy times that after the first flash of light from the Spirit-world, obsession and insanity were common; that rampant diabolism and free-love were the elements obscuring the Divine teaching which heaven brought to the race. Mr. Harris claimed it his duty to strike the octopus, cut off its heads and, if need be, close all access to the unseen. Of course it was a mistake, as thirty years have demonstrated.

Speaking for myself I can say that I have never regretted my earlier experience in Spiritualism. The teaching I imbibed nearly forty years ago has been

solace and comfort in this long journey. It has been the foundation upon which rests my life-structure and to it I owe all I am. That which THE JOURNAL is now giving to the world is of the same tenor and I see no reason why the teachings through Mr. Harris should not be a part of the structure THE JOURNAL is now rearing.

M. C. C. CHURCH.

PARKERSBURG, W. Ya.

WORKINGWOMEN IN ENGLAND.

BY ROBERT McMILLAN.

In the year 1888 a poor man committed suicide in Manchester. Many poor men do that when the burden of life grows too heavy for them, but the death of this particular man was full of pathos and of history, for it marked an epoch in the industrial development of a city, if not of a race. As it is scarcely two years since the poor fellow poisoned himself, one cannot yet realize his heroism, but it is possible that we shall do so in the years to come. He was one of the world's workers, who three years before had met with an accident which left him a helpless dependent on the labors of his family. He had a wife and five children, and his eldest daughter assisted the mother in her work of machining shirts. Laboring from early morn till midnight they could earn twelve shillings a week, and out of this there went three shillings and ninepence for rent. The helpless man saw his dear ones slaving for him, and his soul grew weary. His heart was filled with the

Thoughts of the morrow,
Its care and sorrow,
And the toil for daily bread.

So he went out one midnight and put an end to his existence. There was one mouth less to work for in that house; there was an invalid less to care for; but it would scarcely make much difference in the ceaseless toil.

Out from the death of that man there sprang a Woman's Labor Union, which may help the weary skirt-makers and tailoresses. But public opinion needs a vast amount of education before solid relief can come. It takes a great number of heroic deaths to stir the hearts of the multitude, and every forward movement needs its martyrs, for the Hindoo poet was right who sang—"What good gift have my brothers, but it came from search, and strife, and loving sacrifice?" It seems easy enough to say that women should receive a fair day's pay for a fair day's work, but the intense hunger for bargains and for cheap goods makes it necessary for some one to suffer in the production of those goods. The sciences have not yet abolished hand labor and the sweating system in dreary homes, and the moment one comes to face the labor question there arise problems on every side which make the heart grow faint. The difficulty lies not so much with middlemen, foreigners, and grinding employers, as with the toilers themselves. There is no chance of a union which would make them a power, for the poor souls must work or starve, and many of them do starve to death while working. Then, too, it seems that union means strikes, and women have, rightly, great terror of that final arbitrament to which men resort, for it is the women and children who suffer most. To those who live outside the circle of the working poor it may seem that a strike is not so much of an evil after all; but to those who belong to the working classes, to those who live in poor homes in dreary streets, a strike is a terrible thing. Women rarely strike. They are patient souls, who bear the world's smiles or frowns in a simple way, as though they had no help nor heart in themselves. A new force is moving now, however, and clear-eyed women dare to run the risk of being called "mannish" and "unwomanly" in the effort to lift their sisters from the slavery of ages. Sweet-voiced, scholarly, womanly women are daring to raise the standard of revolt, and their words are stirring everywhere. We are all learning the truth of what John Stuart Mill said in the House of Commons years ago—"The time is now come when, unless women are raised to the level of men, men will be pulled up to theirs." The struggle is going on even now bitterly and keenly than when Mill raised his ringing note over twenty years ago. Women are tak-

ing the place of men in every direction, and the post-office, the telegraph office, and the printing office are all feeling the influence of the sexual rivalry. If a woman can do a man's work there is no reason why she should not do it; and if she can do it as well as a man, there is no reason why she should receive a smaller wage. But she does, and therein lies the poison of the system which is growing up all around us. Women are taking men's places at one-half, at one-third, aye, at one-sixth, of their wages, and thousands of men are idle now because women are in their places. And can it be possible that the community is the better for this? Certainly not. The new force in the labor market is reducing wages and making it impossible for many honest men to make a living. Take, for example, a tailor's shop. An honest master pays an honest price for making a garment, and his workmen enjoy life, and take their right place in the social activities of the hour. But women tailors are now working in miserable little dens of houses, living on tea and bread, slaving from morn till midnight, and the honest tailor can scarcely exist through the competition. If women were the better for this change, it would be enduring, but they are not. Life has become slavery.

Listen to one simple story. Here is a woman living in a quiet, respectable street, where all the little houses are clean and smart. She has been a tailoress all her life, working in good shops, and earning good wages. Her husband was in constant employment, also earning good wages. One of the first problems to face in the labor question is how to limit the labor of those people who only work to "fill up time," to the sore hurt of those who depend upon labor for daily bread. That need not trouble us here, but we will meet that problem again. The woman's husband was thrown out of employment by the failure of his firm, and she fell and broke her leg. Before she was able to work again all her little savings had gone. Now came the labor question from the side of a woman who had to earn enough money at the tailoring business to keep house. One item will be sufficient for an example. She applied to a large firm for employment. They gave her two pairs of "stock" trousers to make, in order to see what kind of a worker she was. These trousers had waistbands and a back-strap, and took a good deal of making. On Thursday morning the woman presented herself at the shop with her work, and waited from half-past eight until half-past ten, with a hungry, pale-faced crowd, in order to get her work "passed." She heard what the prices were to be, but she waited till Saturday to see if it were true. On Saturday she sent her sister for the money; but, after waiting some hours, the sister returned without it. The overlooker had told her that they never paid for "sample pairs." She could bring a deposit of £2, get out a dozen pairs of trousers, make them, and then she would be paid for the samples. The woman who had suffered from the broken leg went down herself and saw the master, who took her part, and said she was entitled to her money, so they paid her—paid her eightpence per pair for the trousers. If a woman could make two pairs per day of those trousers it would only be by working such hours as would shame a tramway director, and by sitting so long that she would have to go to the workhouse hospital sooner or later.

Searching for work in other places, there comes the knowledge that these are but fair examples of the prices paid in Liverpool, so the woman has to buckle to and earn a living for herself and husband as best she may. The prices she gets for her work would make any Christian man shudder. Her eyes are not so good now as they used to be, and her hand is not so steady, but she works away behind the white curtains of the clean little house, and she hopes that a change will come to keep her out of the poorhouse. But will it come? Work is sent from grand shops, but the prices marked on the tickets make the flesh creep, and the shadow of the poorhouse falls across the hearth. The rent of the little house must be paid, even if they go without dinner and tea and supper; and the woman's heart is breaking, and she sits and cries over her work until she cannot see to make the button-holes. Then there are no coals, nor blankets,

nor free dinners for her, because she holds her head up amongst her neighbors, and her parlor window looks as pretty as a picture, and nobody guesses that poverty is killing her, and that poor prices are carrying her to the grave. No wonder the poor soul in Manchester poisoned himself to ease the burden of the family. The only wonder is that so few do it. Yet we keep boasting of our Christian charity, and we build homes for "fallen women," but we never seek out the source of supply. We keep on bravely singing "Britons never shall be slaves."

LIVERPOOL, Eng.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE SPIRIT.

BY L. A. CLEMENT.

If men could only accept the words of Jesus as spirit words, and rely upon his promises as spirit promises, and follow his example as the example of a great and worthy teacher, it seems to me that greater good would result to the world than from that cruel idea that God gave his only son as a sacrifice for the sins of the world.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." How dear the promise and yet how quickly realized by those who go not to that fountain filled with blood, but to the fountain filled with spirit, who reach up through prayer and lay hold of the blessing. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there will I be to bless," a promise that every Spiritualist knows to be true. For the spirit never fails to come to those who sit down in harmony with each other and invoke his presence. Jesus may not come but a spirit adapted to their needs will come, and if they seek to become wiser, better and happier so it will be with them.

"Thou God seest me," an expression so often used and yet it falls from the lips of the non-Spiritualist as idle words for they cannot know its meaning. But every Spiritualist realizes that the invisible forces which surround us, see, hear and know what is going on in the hearts of man and by impression they warn us of danger, inspire us with pure thoughts, and lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil," just as the Christian prays, but without realizing for what they pray. The woman at the well had an illustration of the seeing power of the spirit dwelling within Jesus; Saul gained the same experience through the witch of Endor, and untold thousands have had a similar experience in these later times. Some Samuel has appeared to them to warn or bless and they have been made to realize that there is a something that sees and knows and can reduce its knowledge to expression. I could give you scores of incidents. I have had experience enough to know that every unholy scene has left its picture where it can be recalled whenever necessary for discipline, and that there is a gallery for good deeds, also, that can be called up for pleasure.

When we realize that there is nothing hidden from the spirit, and that our success here as well as our happiness hereafter is affected by our daily walk and conversation, by the thoughts we think and the words we speak, we shall be more careful of our surroundings, we can encourage the good and grow in grace and strength, our affections and our spiritual natures, even, growing stronger by what they feed upon.

The vocation of men has its influence upon character. Take the liquor traffic, for instance, what fiends it makes of men who deal in the accursed stuff, or who live in the atmosphere of the saloon. If Satan can find in the lowest depths of his domain a nook or corner where vile language is used, or where the rougher side of human nature is shown, it must be in some place specially reserved for abandoned women and their consorts who have passed entirely under the influence of these favored representatives of evil. Think of the lives sacrificed, and the treasure lost in the war for the preservation of the union, inaugurated in order to rivet together the chains of the American slaves. Think of the pains inflicted, of the tears shed, of the hearts broken and of the families separated by that giant evil. As great as these wrongs were the injury done to the loved ones of our own race is a hundred fold greater by those engaged in the liquor traffic. They place a knife in the hands of the assassin, and

they brighten the flame of the incendiary's torch. They let loose the fountains of the widow's tears, and stop only a moment to listen to the shriek of the murdered wife. They heed not, and pretend not to hear, the children's cry for bread, and turn lest they should see squalor crouching in rags beside some friendly shelter to avoid the approaching storm. They delight when innocence and virtue, unable to cope with their cunning or to resist their force, yield, and dance and shout with ghoulish glee around the bier on which rests some noble purpose strangled by their hands.

If I mistake not there is an awakening of the spirit throughout this land which means death to the American saloon.

THE INTERNATIONAL CENSUS OF HALLUCINATIONS.

Prof. James' letter in reference to the "Census of Hallucinations," which he explained in last week's issue concerns one of the most important branches of Psychological Research. A detailed account of the objects of the census has been given by Mr. F. W. H. Myers, one of the English Secretaries of the S. P. R., in the following article:

Among the countless projects, more or less modest and reasonable, for the amelioration and advancement of things in general, to which the modern reader's attention is somewhat distractingly invited, hardly any scheme perhaps could sound to most men's ears at once more pompous and more futile than the notion of an International Census, or widely-reaching collection, of cases where sane adults have experienced hallucinatory sights and sounds. To invite civilized mankind to record, not what they have really seen, but what they fancied they saw; not what they really heard, but what they fancied they heard; not the facts of Nature, but the figments of their own brains; this certainly looks like a chase of shadows which a sensible man may fairly let alone.

Yet this is the invitation issued by a group of men who at least are not idlers or dreamers; the International Congress of Experimental Psychology lately held in Paris under the headship of Profs. Charcot, Ribot, Richet, etc., and attended by some scores of those physicians and others who, in the various countries of Europe and America, interest themselves in that wide range of inquiries—from Heredity to Hypnotism—by which we are now learning to analyze with a new exactness the intimate constitution of man.

A few words of explanation will help to show that there is nothing paradoxical in the importance now attached to hallucinations, and that the lessons to be learned from them, already of great value, are likely to be rapidly extended by further knowledge such as the census seeks.

Writing for a popular audience I will avoid as far as possible the use of technical terms, and must refer those who wish to see the subject more philosophically treated to Mr. Gurney's Essay on Hallucinations, contained in "Phantasms of the Living," vol. i., p. 456 (Trübner).

In the first place, we must distinguish between *hallucinations* and *illusions*. By an illusion is meant the misinterpretation of some real sensory object, as when Sir Walter Scott took a hat-stand with cloaks upon it for Lord Byron, or the late Mr. Proctor took a surplice hanging on his bedroom door for a ghost with outstretched arms. Such misinterpretations are very apt to spread by suggestion from one observer to another, as a crowd of peasants have sometimes taken an odd cloud in the sky for a fiery cross or a fiery hand. In fact we almost always observe objects in a summary manner; we look at them just enough to recognize them, that is, to fill up our observation with memories of what we have observed before. Illusions, naturally, are extremely common, and vary in degree from the very slightest mistake or misreading of the objects on which we look to a degree of mis-sight or error which involves a good deal of actual seeing of what is not there to be seen, or hallucination, properly so called.

Of hallucination the best definition is, I think, Mr. Gurney's: "A sensory hallucination is a percept which lacks, but which can only by distinct reflection be recognized as lacking the objective basis which it suggests."

An example will make these distinctions clear. Suppose that I have a friend Smith whom I expect to see. I see some other man in the twilight and take him for Smith. This is a mere mistake; but it probably involves something of illusion; that is to say, that my mental interpretation of the vague figure actually seen contains certain elements drawn from my recollection of Smith. I go into the house and see Smith, as I fancy, sitting in a chair by the fire. On going closer I find that what I saw was only a

coat thrown over the back of the chair. This is a full-blown illusion, and it possibly contains something of hallucination also. Part of the form of Smith, perhaps, was actually invented, was actually externalized, by my mind,—was not merely the result of unconscious selection amongst the confused lines of the coat and chair. I then sit down and think of Smith. If I have a good visualizing memory I can fancy Smith sitting in the chair—can draw a sketch of him as he would look in the chair, correcting my drawing from time to time by reference to the picture of him in my "mind's eye." But this is not a hallucination. I am not deceived by my self-summoned picture. It is called into being by the conscious part of my mind, and I know perfectly well that it is only my imagination.

And now suppose that I suddenly see Smith walk into the room—as I think. I start up to greet him, but the figure passes on and walks out through the wall. This is a hallucination; it is a percept, or thing seen (I am here for simplicity's sake taking sight as the representative sense), which lacks the objective basis which it suggests; that is to say, which does not really tell me truly that Smith is there in the room, and would be seen by other persons as well as myself. And note at the same time that it has required a distinct—though of course a momentary—act of reflection on my part to assure me that this figure was not actually Smith. This act of reflection was not needed when I had merely summoned up a mind's-eye picture of Smith. That was not a hallucination, it was a figure which my conscious self summoned up, and I knew (in a certain sense) why it came and how it got there. But the unexpected figure of Smith coming in at the door was summoned up by some unconscious part of myself: it took me by surprise, it was a hallucination.

Once more. Suppose that I go to sleep and dream that I see Smith. Is this a hallucination? The answer must be, Yes, dreams are hallucinations. It is a figure evoked not by conscious effort, but from some unconscious region of my mind. And an act of reflection is needed to enable me to be sure that it is not a reality. The act of reflection in this case is of course so habitual and easy that it generally passes unnoticed; but a dream may easily slide into a waking hallucination. I may dream of Smith, and after waking I may still seem for a few moments to see him standing beside me. In such a case the dream actually manifests itself as a sensory hallucination; there is the dream-image; and for a few moments it deceives even the waking senses.

Well then, hallucinations are images—sensations of sight, sound, taste, smell, touch—which are not due to any object in the world about us, and are not set going by our conscious mind, but by some working of the brain of which we, our recognized habitual selves, are not aware. And, having got thus far with our definition, we see at once both why hallucinations have in times past been neglected even by philosophers, or treated as mere meaningless disturbances of our rational being; and also why, with the gradual rise of a more searching psychology, they come to have a profound interest of their own.

The reason is that they are messages whose obvious superficial meaning is false or nonsensical; but from which, nevertheless, an indication may be drawn of the nature of processes within us which we cannot get at in any other way.

The value in diagnosis of the indications given by the hallucinations of the insane has long been recognized. With the hallucinations of insanity or delirium, however, we have here nothing to do; our present inquiry is restricted to sane persons, most of them, as we shall soon see, in perfectly normal health. Now until lately it was hardly thought possible for a sane and healthy person to undergo a hallucination. Hallucinations were vaguely confounded with nightmares; and if any one said that he had "seen a ghost," the recognized joke was to bid him "cure it with a pill" and avoid late suppers. Now late suppers will certainly produce nightmares,—vague, dreamy oppressions of circulation or breathing, etc.; but, oddly enough, we cannot find among several hundreds of recent first-hand cases, which we have collected and studied, a single one where over-eating seems to have been the exciting cause of any definite hallucinatory figure or voice. Starvation, indeed, does produce hallucinations; so that if my reader should "see a ghost," and wish to ascribe it to his own interior condition, he may at least console himself by supposing that he has eaten too little instead of too much.

But the fact is that until a few years ago hardly anything was known as to these casual hallucinations of the sane. The same scanty anecdotes were repeated over and over again; and it hardly occurred to any one that the content of the hallucinatory pictures might be a valuable key to mental processes impossible to reach by other means. Two independent researches were then made which have given quite a new aspect to the study. In the first place the French hypnotists (Lièbeault, Richet, Bernheim, etc.) showed

again, as the older mesmerists had shown long ago, that it was possible to create in certain healthy subjects vivid and prolonged hallucinations by suggestion in the hypnotic state,—such suggestion taking effect either immediately, or at any subsequent date which the operator may choose to assign. That is, the hypnotizer can either say to his subject, "See, there is B. Go and shake hands with him;" or he can say, "At noon next Tuesday, B. will enter your room, and you will shake hands with him," and in each case the subject will see B. at the time and in the attitude thus previously fixed for him. In this way hallucinations can be manufactured in any quantity; and we can analyze the elements of which they are composed, noting how much of the detail is due to the hypnotizer's suggestion, and how much to the subject's own mind.

An important step had thus been made in the study of the mechanism of experimental hallucination. There still remained the need of some wider knowledge as to what hallucinations spontaneously occur. It is to the late Mr. Edmund Gurney that we owe the first systematic attempt to supply this information on a large scale. He set on foot the first census of hallucinations, in 1885, and succeeded, after much trouble, in getting 5,705 persons, selected at random, to answer questions somewhat resembling those which I shall presently describe. With the resulting information to go upon, the study of the hallucinations of the sane has left the anecdotal and entered on the scientific stage. A multitude of psychological questions are opened up; nor can any discussion on the nature of memory, the association of ideas, the scheme of images by which thought is carried on, the relation between the conscious and the unconscious mind, etc., be henceforth conducted without reference to what the study of hallucination has taught us.

Still more recently, a further discovery, or rather re-discovery of an ancient phenomenon, has shown still further possibilities of instruction. In a paper on "Some recent Experiments in Crystal-gazing," in Part XIV. of the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research" (Trübner), we find the rational interpretation of many a discredited story from the Dark Ages or the East. Crystal-gazing, in fact, is simply an empirical method of inducing artificial hallucination. If a person gifted with the right kind of visual memory—or whatever the faculty be—looks intently into some clear object, undisturbed by reflections, he will gradually see scenes or figures shaping themselves therein. These figures are plainly analogous to figures seen in dreams; they seem generally to proceed from some unconscious stratum of the gazer's own mind; they rarely depict anything which he might not conceivably have dreamt. But at any rate there the figures are; they are hallucinations experimentally produced; the gazer can watch their behavior—sometimes even through a magnifying glass—and become, as it were, the conscious spectator of the automatic working of his own mind. Little is as yet known as to the conditions which tend to produce these figures; but there seems thus far to be no evidence that they are morbid phenomena, but rather to the contrary, that they come in times of healthy tranquillity, and are put a stop to by illness or fatigue.

These self-induced hallucinations, however, lie outside of our present subject. I mention them here in order to illustrate the growing change in our attitude towards hallucinations. We are ceasing to look on them exclusively as signs of injury or disturbance; we are beginning to regard them as messages transmitted upwards from the unconscious to the conscious self.

Enough, perhaps, has been said to show that there may be a good deal of knowledge to be gained from the study of these singular by-products of the human mind. Let us see in what way the census attempts to gather it.

Professor Sidgwick, Hillside, Cambridge, will send to any one willing to aid, a Paper A., affording space for twenty-five answers, Yes or No, to the following question: "Have you ever, when believing yourself to be completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being or inanimate object, or of hearing a voice; which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external physical cause?"

This question has been carefully framed so as to exclude, as far as possible, both dreams and mere illusions, or misinterpretations of real sights and sounds; and to include all hallucinations, except those of taste or smell, which are rare and difficult to distinguish from mere illusions. It will be observed, moreover, that reports of sounds other than voices are not asked for; the reason being that it is difficult to be sure that such sounds have not some physical, but undetected cause. The first point which we wish to make out is what per centage of sane adults have had any kind of hallucination. It is therefore just as important to collect negative answers as affirmative. The question should be put indifferently to an acquaintance of the collector's; he should not sin out those whom he knows to have had some hal-

nation. Such persons should indeed be asked for their experiences, but a mark should be put to their names in the census paper to indicate that the collector knew before he asked them that their answer would be Yes. With a little care in this and other points, which I need not here explain in detail, it is possible to get a very fair sample of the experience of the community at large. There were good reasons for thinking that even Mr. Gurney's 5,700 formed a fair sample; and the number of replies which we now hope to collect should be five or ten times larger.

When, however, these answers Yes or No have been collected, the greater part of the work still remains to be done. It remains to elicit the real meaning of the affirmative answers; and for this purpose, a Paper B. is submitted to each informant who has answered Yes to the question on Paper A.

After asking for an account of the actual experience, Paper B. proceeds to inquire whether the percipient—the person who experienced the hallucination—was in grief or anxiety at the time. Grief and anxiety are popularly supposed to be strongly predisposing causes of hallucination; and no doubt they are so to some extent. But the result of our collections thus far,—both of Mr. Gurney's census and of many other inquiries made in different ways—has been to show that the influence of these moral causes has been much exaggerated, and that emotional hallucinations (so to term them) form a small proportion of the total numbers. And here we approach the most curious point in the whole inquiry; the evidence, namely, that the percipient's hallucination is often due not to his own state, but to the state of some other person. The next question on Paper B. runs as follows: "Was the impression that of some one whom you were in the habit of seeing, and do you know what he or she was doing at the time?" Now in a proportion of cases which, as it stands at present, is far too large for chance to explain, the answer to this question would have to be, "the person whose figure I saw was dying at the time, although I was in no way aware of it."

It might have been expected that relatives watching by a death-bed, or anxiously awaiting the news of a death, might experience some imaginary sound or sight. But no ordinary explanation will meet the unquestionable fact that many trustworthy men and women have experienced the sole hallucination of their lives in the shape of the figure of a friend, at the moment when that friend, about whom they felt no anxiety whatever, was actually dying in some distant place. This, as some of my readers may know, is the main thesis which the testimony collected in "Phantasms of the Living" tends to prove; and during the three years which have passed since the publication of that work the evidence for that thesis, in this and other countries, has become materially stronger. The force of evidence of this kind is cumulative; and inasmuch as the detailed cases are tedious reading, and the whole conception of telepathy, or influence exercised at a distance by one mind upon another, is strange and repugnant to many minds, it will be necessary to go on patiently gathering fresh evidence for a long time before we can expect its weight to be generally admitted. But I beg of the reader to observe that in advocating and carrying out this present census we are offering to those who differ from us the only possible method of conclusively disproving our own view. Suppose that 50,000 answers, or more, are collected from England, France, America, etc., and that among those answers we find few or no veridical or truth-telling hallucinations—sights or sounds which in some way coincide with some actual event, like a death, occurring at a distance, but a great multitude of falsehood-telling images; figures of friends whom the percipient supposes to be dying, but who are really in their ordinary state, and the like—then it may become plain that we must explain away as the effect of chance even the close and detailed coincidences of which "Phantasms of the Living" affords many specimens. If the inquiry is pushed far enough, it must either refute or confirm our theory in a decisive manner. Other points of interest there will be on which the census will probably suggest as many problems as it solves. But on this point of coincidence, if only the inquiry goes far enough, the mere doctrine of chances must afford a conclusive reply.

Those of us who believe in these truth-telling or veridical hallucinations have at least, therefore, done all that we could to put our view to the test. We formed that view on the strength of evidence collected in a less systematic mode than the census offers, but greatly exceeding in amount all previously existing first-hand evidence as to the hallucinations of the sane. We tested this evidence as well as we could; traveling many hundred miles in order to obtain personal knowledge of our informants. We then published the evidence in full detail, endeavoring to bring out its weak as well as its strong points. Mr. Gurney then laboriously carried out his census, in order to ascertain whether there was such a multitude of merely delusive hallucinations in the world that the

coincidences which we had discovered could be explicable by chance. The figures resulting from his census told strongly—I might say conclusively—against the explanation by chance. But it was still his wish—which is now being carried out—so largely to extend this basis of inquiry, that the result, on one side or the other, might come out with the clearness of a mathematical operation.

The public may, I think, be confident that the census will be fairly conducted. The name of Professor Sidgwick, whom the Congress has set over the task in England, does not need my comments. M. Marillier, who is managing the census in France, is necessarily less known to my readers; so I may say without offence that he was selected simply for his scientific competence, and that he is at present unconvinced of the existence of any veridical hallucinations at all, and inclined to press the explanations of chance and defective testimony to the utmost.

Whatever the truth may ultimately prove to be, surely the patient dispassionate collection of actual contemporary facts is the only course worthy of fair-minded men in an age of science.

The next question on Paper B. brings us to a point of singular significance. "Were there other persons present with you at the time? and, if so, did they in any way share the experience?" Now hitherto hallucinations, strictly speaking, have been supposed as a matter of course to be confined to the one mind which creates them. Of course, insane delusions, of persecution and the like, are frequently propagated by suggestion from one insane person to another. But who would think of asking whether a stranger coming into the room while Nicolai was watching his phantasmal figures would have observed any greyish people passing through the apartment? The delusion depending on the state of Nicolai's brain must obviously be confined to the sufferer himself. Well, we have discovered a good many cases in which, contrary to all apparent probability, the same phantasmal figure has been observed, or voice heard—simultaneously, distinctly, and without traceable suggestion—by more than one percipient at the same moment. Look at this fact how you will, it is one of the greatest puzzles which psychology has ever encountered. We cannot wonder that persons who have had such an experience as this should altogether repudiate the idea of a hallucination—should assert that what they saw must have been in some sense a reality. And in the present state of our knowledge we cannot answer such remonstrances. We cannot bring forward cases where hallucinations which were probably the mere result of morbid states have been communicated without suggestion from one person to another. And if the word hallucination be objected to, it may be dropped altogether. Its use has been avoided in the census papers which I am describing, in order to avoid even the appearance of prejudging any question which the inquiry raises.

As an illustration of the kind of difficulty which meets us here, I will give a brief sketch of a case, not of an emotional or exciting kind, communicated to us independently by the two percipients, who have never talked of the matter and scarcely met since the month of the incident, and whose accounts coincide with remarkable closeness, considering that one account was written down nineteen years, and the other twenty-three years, after the incident. It is worth noting, by the way, that it is impossible to generalize as to the degree of correctness of memory after the lapse of a given number of years. Sometimes details are utterly distorted after a few years' interval; sometimes, as here, independent accounts will reproduce the incident many years afterwards with no more discrepancy than there might have been were the story a week old. We printed this case in "Phantasms of the Living" (vol. ii., p. 348), on the strength of Mrs. Elgee's sole testimony, being then unable to trace her fellow-percipient, now Mrs. Ramsay, but whose married name Mrs. Elgee did not know. By a fortunate accident we lit on Mrs. Ramsay, who kindly consented to write out her account before reading Mrs. Elgee's; and we had then the satisfaction of perceiving that our confidence in Mrs. Elgee's accuracy of recollection had been fully justified. These two ladies, who were travelling to India together, but not otherwise intimate, were sleeping in the same room at the Hotel de l'Europe, Cairo, in November, 1864. Both of them, without any communication, saw by the early morning light a figure in the room. It is absolutely impossible that the figure can have been a real person; and it was in fact recognized by Mrs. Elgee as the phantasmal likeness of [General, then] Major Elgee's intimate friend, Colonel L. (since dead), who was at that time in England, and who, as Mrs. Elgee learned from himself subsequently, was at that moment—unless some error has crept into the dates—earnestly desiring to consult her as to an offered appointment. Well, if Mrs. Elgee alone had seen the figure, the hallucination (though unique in her life) might have been deemed a purely subjective phenomenon, and the coincidence with Colonel L.'s earnest thought of her might have been ascribed to chance. But the curious

thing is that Miss Denny (now Mrs. Ramsay)—who had never seen Colonel L., and knew nothing about him—actually saw the figure first. Mosquitoes had kept her broad awake; she saw the figure-form itself in the room and advance to Mrs. Elgee, and she saw Mrs. Elgee wake and show perturbation at the sight. Each lady describes the figure's movements and expression in much the same way, but the lady who did not know Colonel L. thinks that the figure had a beard, whereas Colonel L. had only whiskers and mustache. Mrs. Ramsay, like Mrs. Elgee, has never seen any other hallucinatory figure whatever. Now we do not of course expect that every one will implicitly accept the explanation offered in "Phantasms of the Living" for this or cognate phenomena. Far from it; there must be a much wider attention directed to these problems before any consensus as to their solution can be attained. But the man who thinks that there is here no problem to solve—that the collection of further cases of the kind could teach us nothing—has surely marked out the limits of human knowledge with his own foot-rule in somewhat too confident a spirit.

The next question on our census paper is as follows: "Please state whether you have had such an experience more than once, and, if so, give particulars of the different occasions." This question also has brought some interesting replies. In the first place, it is clear that if a percipient (like Mrs. Elgee and Mrs. Ramsay above) has had one single hallucination only in the course of his life, and if that one hallucination has coincided with the death or grave crisis of the person whose phantom is seen, the evidential value of the case is greatly strengthened. If the single hallucination of my life represents my friend Smith, and Smith dies at that moment, there is more ground for supporting a real connection between the two events than if I had several hallucinations every week; and it so happens that the majority of the persons who have had a coincidental or veridical hallucination have had no other hallucination whatever. But there are cases where the same percipient has had several, or many, hallucinations. Sometimes all of these seem to be merely subjective, and to occur only under special conditions of health. Sometimes, on the contrary, the same percipient will have experienced several hallucinations of varying kinds, all of which seem to have coincided with some external event which they in some way notified or represented. And sometimes—and these are not the least instructive cases—the same percipient will have had some truth-telling and some delusive hallucinations, which two classes will sometimes be distinguishable by his own sensations at the time, before the event is known.

I have indicated some of the more important points which the census papers are intended to bring out. Thus far the collector's work, and the percipient's, will go; the task of weighing and analyzing the evidence is a more complicated one, and cannot be described here. Suffice it to say that our principle has always been to give our material fully to the world; to afford our readers (as far as we can) the same opportunity with ourselves for independent judgment; and carefully to point out any mistakes into which we may discover ourselves to have fallen.

We will do our best, I say, to present the evidence in such form that others may be able to judge of its value as well as ourselves. But we cannot make bricks without straw. The success of the inquiry depends in reality on the number of persons whom we can persuade to expend a certain amount of time, trouble and tact, in collecting first-hand evidence from their own acquaintances. Our group of active and capable volunteer collectors is a growing one; and we observe that, as soon as any one has looked deeply enough into the matter to feel its reality, his interest is pretty certain to continue and to increase. Considering how many people there are who are anxious for more light on the deepest problems, we may fairly hope that more and more of them will come to see that it is by collecting facts, and not by cherishing aspirations or spinning fancies, that light is ultimately won.

Light, I repeat, on the deepest problems which can occupy mankind. For although I have thought it right to explain that in the view of the majority of the savants who have set their sanction on this inquiry the fresh knowledge to be looked for is such as will fall within the domain of accepted science, ordinary psychology, yet I have no wish to conceal my own confident hope that more light will thus be shed, even as (I hold) much light has already been shed, on man's inmost nature, and his prospect of survival after death.

Up till the present time there has been scarcely any serious attempt to collect and weigh the actual evidence for our survival, in the same way as we collect and weigh the evidence—often still more sporadic and inferential—for all kinds of phenomena in the past or present history of the earth and man. The inquiry is virtually a new one; and although to those who are wont to scale the Infinite with leaps and bounds ours may seem a sadly *terra-a-terre* proceeding, yet the ad-

vantage of *terre-a-terre* progress is that at least you feel firm ground beneath your feet.

A pike and a perch—my readers will recognize that this is a fact and not an apologue—were once confined in a tank, each on one side of a glass partition. For some months the pike butted constantly against the transparent barrier, with no result except bruises on his nose. At last he concluded that the perch could not be caught, and ceased to try for it. The partition was then removed; and the pike could have swallowed the perch at any moment. But he had made up his mind that the thing was impossible, and he let his prey swim under his jaws without even making a snatch at it.

Now let the pike represent mankind, and let the perch stand for knowledge of an unseen world. The sheet of glass will be the supposed impassible demarcation between "material" and "spiritual"—"natural" and "supernatural" things. Perhaps if we make a bold dash we shall find that there is no barrier at all, and that perches innumerable are swimming about in our midst. Let us hope that the meshes of our census may be drawn tightly enough to catch them.

A CITY AND A SOUL: A STORY OF CHICAGO.

By SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONCLUSION.

Neither Justin nor Constance will ever forget the night of the Haymarket tragedy. It was the beginning of a new life for each of them—of their love life.

How their sweet confessions were made in the intervals when they were left alone, while Mr. Meyer had a few moments of sleep, and Pauline watched by his side, we leave for lovers to guess. But before the sun rose on a disturbed and disorderly city, while wails of woeful sorrow were going up from widows and orphans over their dead and dying; while sorrow was in the house, and in their own hearts, the night was one to remain ever sacred in their memory.

During that night Constance learned how long Justin had gazed upon her in silent worship as he might gaze at a lovely star too far apart from his world for him to dream of reaching it; how he admired the genius that could put on canvass such paintings; how his innermost being had thrilled at the first sound of her dear voice. And he learned that at first she had not cared for him at all; but that as she noted his eagerness for knowledge, found how cogently he could reason with Mr. Meyer and overthrow his fallacies, heard how thoughtfully kind he was to all; and had learned of his heroism in risking arrest to save a woman from a ruffian, she could not help admiring him, though she had never really known her own heart until this night when she saw him wounded for friendship's sake.

Then their future was talked over. She knew they must wait until after he was admitted to the bar; then with his uncle Fairfield's aid, his way would be clear.

About 4 a. m. Pauline thought Mr. Meyer was worse and Justin went for the family physician, a German. He shook his head when he saw the unfortunate man. And how fared Ferdinand and Laura?

Lights were burning in the library and hall-way of the Fairfield mansion as the hack drew up before it. All the inmates had retired save Mr. Fairfield, who had that evening returned from a trip made in behalf of a client to a farming section of Minnesota, and having first heard of the Blue Island avenue riot on the train to the city, he remained up reading the newspaper account of it. The street lamp directly in front of the house threw a strong light on Laura's face as the driver opened the hack door and helped her out. Despite the experiences of the night, it was not a frightened or sorrowful face which was thus revealed; rather, it was aglow with hope and tenderness. What had happened? What had been said during that drive across the city to thus change her expression it is not for the scribe to say; the love secrets of a girl like Laura Delmarthe are not for us to meddle with.

She ran lightly up the steps to prepare the family for Ferdinand's accident. She rang the bell, and Mr. Fairfield himself came to the door, but before opening called out, "Who is there?"

"Laura Delmarthe," she replied. "I have news for you!"

Utterly astounded, he opened the door to her, half smiling as he saw the tall, graceful figure on the step.

"Have you come home—at last?" he could not help saying to her; for the breach between her and Ferdinand had grieved him deeply.

"Perhaps," she said, blushing. Then she rapidly sketched the awful events of the night, relating how bravely Ferdinand had gone with Justin to prevent her friend's insane husband from doing mischief to himself or others; why she and Constance happened to present, and finally how Ferdinand had been unduly by a stray pistol shot in the melee, and was waiting in the hack to be helped into the house. In a few minutes the whole house was astir, and blaze with light. The men servants were summoned

to help Ferdinand in, the family physician was sent for that they might be sure his wound was properly cared for. Mrs. Fairfield came hurriedly down; the story of the bomb-throwing, and police raid, was told over and over again by Ferdinand, helped by Laura, and general excitement prevailed from kitchen to parlor.

In the midst of it all, Flossie just awakened, came down the broad stairway in her trailing night robes, her eyes wide open, glistening like stars—delighted curiously in every change of her expressive face.

"Oh! what is it all about? Is it a party? Is the house on fire? O, Ferd.!" as she caught sight of his bandaged limb, "have you been fighting a duel?" Then seeing Laura sitting a little apart. "Or have you been 'loping with her and broke your leg tumbling out of the window? Why didn't you borrow one of the firemen's rope ladders; then you need not have tumbled. I've seen the picture of a lady 'loping on a rope ladder—its just splendid!" Then going nearer to Laura, "Oh, I know now who you are! You are Laura Delmarthe—the lady I heard mamma and papa talking about that was going to marry Ferd. One time I was afraid you were my cousin Justin's girl, when I saw you with him in the Park."

Mrs. Fairfield, who had been talking to the doctor at the door, who had just taken his leave, caught the few last sentences as she was entering, and cried out: "Flossie!—what nonsense are you talking now?—Ferdinand is hurt, and is going straight to bed. You must go back to your room child, and I'll tell you all about it in the morning!"

"In a moment, mamma," said the wilful sprite, "I want to know now what Miss Delmarthe is here so late for. Have you come to marry Ferd.?" she asked, addressing Laura.

Laura blushed and Ferdinand laughed. "That's what I've been teasing her to do, Flossie—I've waited for her as long a time as Jacob waited for Rachel. Don't you think she ought to take pity on me now?" he said.

Flossie looked from one to the other gravely a moment, and then laid her hand on Laura's shoulder. "Why *don't* you marry him?" she asked, "there's lots of girls round here would be glad of the chance—better looking ones than you"—looking critically at Laura—"but then if he likes you best you ought to marry him—will you?—I think you'll like him when you come to know him better; he isn't a very bad fellow—he's a little silly some times when he thinks he can bother me, but I don't mind him, and you needn't. I'd admire to have a wedding in the house, for its the wish of my heart to be a bride's-maid. Lulie Jones had a wedding at their house and she was a bride's-maid. O, didn't she look cute and lovely! Oh, my! and she gave me the sweetest box of wedding cake. Oh, do marry Ferd. wont you?" she pleaded.

"I think I will," confessed Laura, "but not to-night, so you may as well go to bed."

"All right!—I'm going; good night, sister;—Oh, I guess I'll kiss you!" And she suited the action to the word, and scampered off.

"You might be as kind to me, Laura," whispered Ferdinand, as his mother followed Flossie, to give some orders.

"I think you've had excitement enough for one night," she said but with a look in her eyes which satisfied him.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairfield would not consent to Laura's return until morning, but though she went to the room assigned her, she slept none that night, for late as it was, Mrs. Fairfield followed her and they had a long earnest talk which lasted until day broke. Mrs. Fairfield half confessed that at one time she had hoped to win Ferdinand from what she considered only a boyish attachment to Laura, but she owned that she had been brought to see that it was the one love of his life, that trifling as he sometimes seemed in his liking for gaiety, and sport, yet in this he was true, steadfast, deeply in earnest. "I think Laura," she concluded, "that his having lost you temporarily has nearly been the shipwreck of him, and I long with all my heart now for your marriage to him, for I feel assured that in that lies his salvation. I know, my dear, that you have an independent spirit, and have been partly weaned from us all since our separation, but such a love as Ferdinand gives you is not given to every woman, and ought not to be thrown away. I know," she sighed, "that he has been a little wild, but he declared to me that it was the result of his longing for you; and his father always loved you, Laura."

So when the two women parted it was with a better understanding, and genuine feeling on the part of both; and Laura, unasked, bestowed upon the mother the kiss she had refused the son; but it was bestowed because of her love for the son, the love that had never been quite out-lived, and which now burned with renewed force.

Julius Meyer lived but a few days after the Haymarket Square tragedy occurred. He never regained his reason, nor recognized again his devoted wife. For a day or two Justin's wound pained him so much that Mrs. Vane insisted upon his remaining quiet at his

home. So he enlisted the sympathy of his friend Floyd in behalf of the Meyer's, and Floyd managed to call every day, and report to Justin. When Julius Meyer died, it was Justin and Floyd who were most active in relieving the heart-broken young widow of all care in the arrangements for the quiet funeral. For one incident of the event, however, neither they nor Pauline had arranged. Just before the last sad services began, about a dozen sombre, earnest looking men filed silently into the room. Each wore on the lapel of his coat a rosette of red ribbon; each carried in his hands a bouquet of carnation pinks or red roses. They were seemingly all strangers to the relatives, and invited friends assembled (save that Justin recognized in one the young orator of Douglas Park), but they listened with respectful attention to the short address of Pauline's Lutheran pastor, and at the close of the services they gathered with emotion round the coffin of the dead man, upon which each laid his bunch of flowers. One man, Floyd afterwards declared, he heard murmur softly, as he gazed upon Meyer's still face, the fatal word "*ruhe*," several times repeated. Then as the funeral cortege wended its way toward the depot, they quietly took their departure.

Ferdinand's wound was followed by some weeks of feverish illness and confinement to his room. Laura visited him once or twice during that time, and sent him many a dainty little note besides. Their marriage took place, Christmas of the same year at the home of the bridegroom, and Flossie was made supremely happy in her coveted role of bridesmaid in which she cut the quaintest figure imaginable.

It was shortly before the day in June on which Lissa Wood was to become Mrs. Will Adams, that Justin made a partial confession of his Brownville entanglement to Constance, and put a sum of money in her hand with which to procure such a wedding present as she thought suitable for the farmer's silly, but pretty, daughter. Constance must have realized with true sympathy her dear Justin's position, for she bought a gift which delighted Lissa, and which is shown on state occasions, as when Mrs. Will Adam's parlor is open for the "Ladies Society of Church" to sew and gossip in, as "the wedding gift of an old beau of mine,—Lawyer Dorman, whom I mitteden for Will—more's the pity!"

On Thanksgiving Day, 1887, soon after the supposed instigators of the Haymarket massacre had been executed, Justin and Constance were quietly married. Mr. Fairfield died suddenly of heart disease in the earlier part of that year, and the firm's name is now "Fairfield and Dorman." Ferdinand is developing an interest in his profession which, though not equal to that which his cousin shows, is yet a great improvement on what the elder Fairfield ever dared hope for, and Mrs. Fairfield, now a widow, ascribes it to Laura's influence. Flossie would be very angry to-day should any one hint that her "sister Laura" was not perfection itself; she is so fond of her, that her most "pervasive" days are those on which she fancies Laura cares more for Cousin Justin's wife than she does for her sister Flossie; for she does not yet take kindly to Constance whom she has not quite forgiven for marrying Justin. But she is, in a fair way to do so, since Constance began an ideal picture of her in her bridesmaid's attire. It is to be called "The Elfin Bride" and Flossie is never happier than when posing for it.

Ernest Floyd is now one of the editorial corps of a leading Chicago daily. Pauline Meyer resumed her work as teacher in the public schools soon after the death of her husband. Floyd's interest in her, awakened in the saddest days of her life, has continued unabated ever since. Pauline's face of late has grown brighter and lovelier. Constance and Justin ascribe this to a secret cause which Floyd lately hinted to Justin. The widow has taken off her mourning, and Constance thinks, will soon don bridal robes, when Floyd will play the part of groom.

Mr. Vane is still in the office at an increased salary. He is more a trusted friend, than a mere hired clerk. Mrs. Vane is now as fond of Constance as she is of Justin. Lawyer Dorman's interest in the great industrial and social questions of the age is unabated; but with wider knowledge and broader views he is better able to distinguish between practical reformatory movements and merely visionary, utopian theories. If his mind is less dominated by optimism he is none the less a believer in "Meliorism," to use George Eliot's expressive term, by which she designated belief and confidence in the amelioration, or the improvement of society; and every good word and work for the elevation of workingmen finds in him an able, courageous, and faithful friend. He is still too young to have reached his highest intellectual or moral altitude, but in him already can be seen the wondrous effect upon a once dormant soul of the multifarious influences of such a city as Chicago.

THE END.

The telegraph lines at work in India now extend over 33,000 miles, representing no less than 100,000 miles of wire. Last year the net profit was nearly 4½ per cent.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better—
Purer than we judge we should;
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner
All the while we loathe the sin.
Could we know the powers working
To overthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the effort all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment—
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder?
Should we pity where we blame?
Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force.
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source.
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good;
Oh! we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

—WOMAN'S WORK.

In 1880 a party of ladies met at the Palmer House, Chicago, and took steps to organize a training school for nurses on the plan of the Bellevue Hospital Training School, which resulted in the establishing of the Illinois Training School for Nurses. A public meeting held in January, 1881, resulted in donations to the school aggregating over \$15,000. Two years later it had twenty-one pupil nurses and \$10,000 more was raised by private subscription. It has a home now for 100 nurses on Honore Street. Since the school was organized over 130 young women have graduated from it. Each pupil in the school has to serve two years, during which time she must attend classes every week instructed by the superintendent or assistant superintendent, and also attend weekly lectures by physicians and surgeons. During the first year she must reside at the home and serve as an assistant in Cook County Hospital, where the school now has charge of twelve wards and about 500 patients. Aside from the work done in Cook County Hospital but little gratuitous work has yet been possible by the Illinois Training School, but the liberal bequest of \$50,000, made by the late John Crerar, will undoubtedly be appropriated for the purpose of providing free nurses for the sick poor.

The *Illustrated American*: Sophia Braeunlich is an American woman who has risen, step by step, from the bottom to the top of the business ladder in the office of the *Engineering and Mining Journal* of New York. She married young, and was left dependent upon her own resources ten years ago. She had received a first class education, and after a few months' training in a school of stenography she obtained a situation as typewriter to Mr. Rothwell, the editor of the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, and president of the Scientific Publishing Company. Mrs. Braeunlich displayed such intelligence and energy that ere long Mr. Rothwell availed himself of her services as both secretary and assistant exchange editor. She mastered many of the technical details pertaining to the paper, attended the meetings of the American Institute of Mining Engineers with Mr. Rothwell and his daughter, and frequently went down into the mines on such occasions, thus gaining practical knowledge of various details that increased her usefulness in the *Journal* office. When the secretary and treasurer of the publishing company resigned his position Mrs. Braeunlich was elected to fill the vacancy. She displayed such remarkable executive ability, combined with energy and ambition, that at the first opportunity she was promoted to the office of business manager of the entire establishment, which she now holds, in addition to the secretaryship. In this capacity she often answers thirty or forty letters a day, availing herself of the services of four stenographers, whom she keeps well occupied. Some twenty clerks and other employes are under her immediate supervision. She has full charge of the advertising and financial departments, and in addition to the multiplicity of mental labor entailed by her position, she is now superintending government work

connected with the collection of gold and silver statistics for the coming census, which necessitates the employment of an additional clerical force. The room in which Mrs. Braeunlich spends most of her time is brightened with flowers, birds and pictures, and its neatness presents an agreeable contrast to the majority of journalistic business offices. She is described by one of the *Journal's* staff as "a modest, warm hearted, accomplished and irrepachable woman of strong character, with an instinctive clearness of vision that seems to be confined to woman, and with the sound judgment of a man," and it is added that "she possesses the absolute esteem and good will of all the gentlemen in the office, and is always a courteous lady though a strict disciplinarian. The office, as well as the work, is the better for her influence."

Chicago has a Visiting Nurses Association which was organized last November to provide trained nurses promptly for those who find themselves from accidents or sudden attacks of illness, urgently in need of skilled attention for the sick. The work of the association is a purely benevolent one, as the nurses receive no compensation from patients. The organization comprises a membership of over 400 ladies, including many of those most prominent in society and best known for their charities. The members pay an annual fee of \$2 each, but with many of them this is but an insignificant fraction of the amount contributed. Aside from the amount realized from the membership fees the expenses are met entirely by contribution. A few gentlemen have contributed, but nearly all the support comes from ladies. Mrs. E. C. Dudley is President; Miss Cornelia McAvoy, Vice-President; Mrs. F. H. Watriss, Secretary; and Mrs. William P. Conger, Treasurer. The Board of Managers comprises, besides these officers, nineteen other ladies. The central office is maintained in Room 36, No. 592 Dearborn street, where one of the board is in charge from 11 until 1 o'clock every day except Sunday. At the office supplies of lint, bandages, vaseline, alcohol, etc., and also of clothing, are kept for patients in destitute circumstances, and all nurses have to report to this central office Tuesday or Thursday of each week. Besides the nurse on the North Side referred to above others are engaged in the work on the South and West Sides. All are trained nurses, graduates of some training school. It is a common remark that a good nurse is worth more to a patient than medicine, and the fact that the value of specially instructed and trained nurses is coming to be more and more appreciated is evinced by the increased demand for such nurses, and by the growth of the training-schools in connection with a considerable number of the larger hospitals in this city.

Nothing can excel the devotion of Catholic sisters to the relief of the poor and suffering. The Handmaids of Jesus Christ constitute an order among Catholics the purpose of which is to care for the indigent and sick. In Chicago there are about seventy members of the order. Their services are free. Money is accepted as alms where there is ability and willingness to give, but not as wages. The sisters respond to all calls so far as possible, without any discrimination as to religion or nationality, and attend the most dangerous contagious diseases as willingly and as promptly as others. During the last year the ten sisters whose home is at the convent on Hudson street attended sick persons in 483 families, some of the cases of the most dangerous and most loathsome character. All these nurses are now with typhoid-fever cases. Not long ago one of the younger sisters who attended a case of typhoid-fever contracted the disease and sacrificed her life. Another sister is just now attending a poor girl 17 years old who is suffering from spotted typhoid-fever and blood-poisoning. The disease is a most loathsome one, the flesh of the patient falling off in large pieces and emitting a sickening odor. But the devoted sister will remain faithful by the sick girl's side till death relieves her.

Miss Florence Nightingale has just completed her 70th year, and her sister, the wife of Sir Harry Verney, has just died.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter, the New England poetess, whose home on the Isle of Shoals has been one of the greatest attractions to visitors there, is seriously ill of a combination of nervous diseases.

Christine Nilsson recently attended a musical soiree in Paris habited in a dress of moire antique of the new tomato red, relieved with sashes in a very pale blue and yellow. The blue ribbon of the Order of Isabella the Catholic crossed her corsage

transversely and she wore some splendid diamonds.

Lady Sandhurst, who has made a reputation as a liberal orator and organizer, lately received the compliment of the freedom of the city of Dublin, being the only woman on whom that honor has been conferred for 300 years.

A SPRING-TIME EPISTLE.

TO THE EDITOR: How greatly have the facilities for human effort been multiplied in the last half century! I have been from home five weeks, during that time have been in five States of the Union, travelled on an average fifty miles a day, had days and weeks without travel, save rides each day by elevated railroads or street cars; done sundry private errands, spoken several times, written a newspaper letter which had thousands of readers, and am here again to tell this simple yet wonderful story to your many readers from Illinois to Australia.

Fifty years ago the half of this could not have been done and that half would have cost double the labor the whole now has. Measure life by what we can do and we are older than Methuselah, who droned through his sleepy centuries in old Asia at a snail's pace.

Well said the poet:

"Better fifty years in Europe
Than a cycle in Cathay."

Doubtless that slow past had its golden hours, its gifted men and women. We owe it a debt not to be forgotten, but of all days give us to-day. And what makes to-day still better is that more poor mortals are daring to hope for a larger to-morrow, both here and in the great hereafter.

What a bower of beauty is the good earth in spring-time. From here to the sea coast is one garden of living green spread over meadow and forest; even the rude rocks on the mountain sides glow with the soft splendor of clinging vines and blooming flowers. Does man's soul stir with the awakening life of nature? It would seem so, for the Presbyterian ice is breaking up, and creed revision is an April shower pre-aging a May flood. The icy walls between this little day on earth and the great to-morrow in the summer land are quietly yet surely melting.

While in New York I went to a friend's house to spend the night, and his wife, coming home from a tour of shopping, sat down to talk of passing affairs, turned to me and described a sister who passed away fifty years ago, giving her name and relationship, and then told of a tall man delicate and of fine organization, held in reverent affection as a saint on earth, and then gave the name of William Peabody, with a long middle name she could not give. It was Rev. W. O. B. Peabody, of Springfield, Mass., the beloved and saintly minister whom I used to know as I sat in the pew in the Unitarian Church with my beloved parents and sister more than sixty years ago. In both cases I knew the persons from the descriptions, before the names were given. They were not consciously in my mind, and this lady had never heard of them, and was not entranced but in her usual normal condition. Other persons were also correctly described, and then our talk turned to common affairs. This was such private mediumship as is more common than many suppose, and came to me all unexpected yet welcome.

In Boston the old time Anniversary week came the last of May. The Baptists, Congregationalists, Unitarians and Universalists held their yearly meetings, with less for creed and more for deed, in finest spirit of fraternity, a larger hope and more freedom of thought than of old—a moving on and up along spiritual lines and not into agnostic fog. The Free Religious Association meetings were well attended, and the mutual question and answer, with no conclusion method, went on as usual, able men and women taking part.

The woman-suffrage meetings filled the ample Tremont Temple for a day with a noble audience. The evening festival, supper and short speeches—was in Music Hall and about a thousand sat at the tables, many more in the galleries hearing the wise and witty addresses. It was a success beyond any previous gathering of the kind, Mrs. Livermore, Lucy Stone, Henry B. Blackwell, Mrs. Chant and others, filling the time with timely words, fitted for the hour and for the grand and ample hall where Theodore Parker spoke for years to thousands of people each Sunday.

Not a meeting of Spiritualists among all these great assemblages, yet I know that many in them all are in unity with the great fact of spirit presence, and could feel

how the ideas of the great spiritual movement lighted up the addresses of some of the best speakers. Does this mean that it is to be a heaven rather than an organized effort, or that its genius favors the hills and the seaside and brightens the great camp-meetings at Lake Pleasant, Onset, Cassadaga and elsewhere?

Going to the *Banner of Light* office I failed to find its veteran editor Luther Colby, whom I hoped and wished to meet, but found Mr. Day at his post and Mr. Rich at the "business end" of the large bookstore, and all moving on fairly. Mr. Rich is a leading owner of the Hollis Street Theatre, built on the site of the old church where John Pierpont preached, its stage upheld and based on the walls of the old edifice. He told me that no liquor was sold on his premises or within a square of them—the only theatre in the world he thought, so free from such contamination. This is surely to his credit and it is interesting to learn of such a state of things on the very spot where that veteran temperance preacher and true Spiritualist preached so bravely for total abstinence and pure living.

I must reserve for a future epistle a more lengthy word touching the Bell Street Chapel movement in Providence, a valuable plan for a permanent theistic society and the growth of natural religion.

The new shape and dress of THE JOURNAL are good. It will make a capital and valuable bound book to keep in every family.

Yours truly,

G. B. STEBBINS.

DETROIT, Mich., June 4, 1890.

STRANGE PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

TO THE EDITOR: Ever since I was a child I have seen things when I darkened my eyes; when I involuntarily shut my eyes I see the best things. I believe I see grander objects with them shut than I have ever seen with them open—cities, parks, rivers, hills and valleys—rivers with their beautiful green banks and high bluffs, trees drooping over the water, sunlight and shadows sometimes moonlight and shadows on the water, just as plain as though I really stood there. I see beautiful homes, often see rooms, and can describe the furniture, even the figures on the wall, sometimes persons, one or more, sitting or moving about, often see children. At one time I may see a street in some city, the next time a country scene—a log cabin with a rail-fence around it, or a deep woods and ravines. I often see flowers—wreaths of flowers and light; beautiful faces, sometimes very homely faces—and all kinds of birds; arches made of pure, yellow or pinkish light.

When my father passed away nearly ten years ago, while he was on his death-bed, I saw sheaves of golden wheat, very full grains. I knew then his work was done here, and that it was time for him to go. I see him very often.—sometimes he is shown to me as he was when he was sick or laid out; sometimes he appears to be interested in something, a reading or a lecture, or something that is being said. People are shown to me as birds, animals, and snakes,—a scandal-monger is shown as a snake, the worse the scandal the deadlier the snake. A charmer or seducer is shown as a serpent. I was in the presence of a very pretty woman; she had a beautiful form, I wondered to myself involuntarily what her character was or her disposition. I shut my eyes, I saw an arch of pure, yellow light, just through the arch there was a serpent, half coiled, half standing,—there was a hazy or dreamy light around it all. Sometimes the stars and stripes are shown to prove that a person is honest and true. I have never seen the flag float out so grand and graceful as I see it in my vision. Wreaths of light in the rain-bow color are signs of friendship, peace and congeniality. But when I see shadows of skeletons and snarling cats everything goes wrong.

A few years ago I saw two hands sowing seed; one was a woman's hand, small and slender—the other was a man's hand. The woman's hand was white as marble and in a white light or atmosphere, hazy with seed; the other hand was following in a dark shadow or atmosphere; the hand was dark and the seed was dark; the large hand was following the small hand but was lower, not on the same line. That vision was so plain I never will forget it. I often see the arch made of light with a dove on it, sometimes two flying gracefully around it. When I see a bleached skeleton it does not worry me, but when I see rotten skeleton or a rattlesnake it thrums me into a terrible state of anxiety and content; for I know that suspicion and jealousy are lurking near. My mother sa-

it is bad spirits, that show me such things to make me unhappy.

Events in my life have been pictured out to me a year and two years before they happened. For fear this will not be interesting to you, I will not tell any more of my visions. My mother and I are the only Spiritualists in our neighborhood. We have been taking THE JOURNAL seven or eight years. I have often thought I would write to you and if you thought it worth publishing you could do so. I am such a poor scholar, I put off writing from year to year; but since THE JOURNAL came out in its new dress, I feel as though I must write some of my experiences as a medium.

Yours respectfully,
KATE LEFFINGWELL.
DALTON CITY, Ill.

ADDITIONAL TESTIMONY SOLICITED.

AMERICAN BRANCH OF THE
SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH,
5 Boylston Place,
BOSTON, Mass., June 6, 1890.

TO THE EDITOR: I notice in your issue of May 31st,—the first number of your new series, upon the appearance of which I heartily congratulate you—a very interesting case of a "phantasm of the dead." It is that described on page 15, under the title: "A Vivid Vision," over the signature of R. S. T., Stanton, Fla.

I hope that Mrs. R. S. T. will help us to make the evidence for this case as complete as possible. It belongs to a curious class of experiences, viz.: those in which an apparition of some deceased person is seen shortly before the death of a near friend or relative of that person.

It is important to obtain from Mrs. T.'s friend a first-hand account of her seeing the figure of Mrs. T.'s son in the church, together with any details concerning how she recognized him, stating how familiar she was with his appearance, etc. She should also state whether she is in the habit of having similar experiences. A statement should also be obtained, if possible, from any other person who was made aware of the vision before Mr. T. died.

Was Mr. T. in good health when the vision occurred, so far as Mrs. T. and her friend were aware?

What was the nature of Mr. T.'s illness?

I hope that Mrs. T. will see the importance, from a scientific point of view, of supplying further information on this and kindred points. You can assure her that the name of her friend will be kept strictly private if she so desires, though we should like to receive the names both of Mrs. T. and her friend, and of any other witnesses in the case, simply as a guarantee of the genuineness of the communications.

I hope that if any of your readers have had any similar experiences they will recount them in THE JOURNAL, and send their names and addresses to me also, if they wish their names to be kept private. I would draw special attention, however, to the desirability of sending corroborative statements to THE JOURNAL, wherever possible, in the first instance. Readers of the publications of our society are aware that we ask specially for additional testimony not because we have any reason to doubt the veracity of our informants, who frequently take much trouble for the purpose of aiding us in our enquiry,—but because every additional independent statement renders a case much more valuable identically.

Yours sincerely,
RICHARD HODGSON,
Sec. A. B. S. P. R.

T. L. HARRIS.

TO THE EDITOR: Your article on third ec, on T. L. Harris, recalls an incident which occurred in New York City in 1854. I am familiarly with whom I was intimately acquainted, had lost their oldest child; a sweet girl of two and a half years. The parents were members of an Episcopal church. The child died on Christmas day of the disease which took her off, was a malignant scarlatina. The rector of the church to which the parents belonged, was asked to officiate at the funeral, but he declined. Another clergyman was applied to, and he also declined. The parents felt sorely grieved at the refusal of these Episcopal clergymen to officiate at the obsequies of their darling. A friend suggested Mr. Harris, and the parents gave a rather unwilling assent. Mr. Harris readily consented to officiate. I attended the funeral, and read the first fourteen verses of the 14th psalm of St. John, making them a basis for remarks which followed.

The prayer which he offered, and the address which he delivered were full of com-

fort and consolation; they fell like balm to the wounded soul of the bereaved parents; it was "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning." The whole family and myself, became Spiritualists, and always attended Mr. Harris's meetings when he held them in New York. He was a brilliant and fascinating speaker, and we have always had a kind feeling and a sincere admiration for him, and I am truly sorry that his high ideal has not been realized. He is a poet of no mean order. Besides his "Epic of the Starry Heavens," and "Lyric of the Morning Land," he has written many shorter poems, all of which, so far as I have read them, have the ring of pure metal and the air of inspiration. I have lost track of him for the past twenty-five years, and reading your article recalls so vividly the circumstances under which I was attracted to the investigation of Spiritualism, that I cannot resist the impulse to relate the incident which sheds a halo of glory around the head of T. L. Harris.

Most truly,
WILLIAM V. NOE.

AN INCIDENT.

TO THE EDITOR: I herewith give you an account of an incident that happened to me yesterday: Having only arrived in this city I have been looking around for a situation and I managed to get one on Saturday, May 24th. It was about 9:50 a. m. when I accepted it, and I was told to come on the following Monday. I happened to know the time of engagement at 10 a. m., and I found I had just time to get to the place I had to call at, it being only two blocks away. On Wednesday last I received a letter from England which was posted before 5 p. m. (English time) on Saturday, May 24th. I know the letter was posted before that time as it is the latest time to catch the mail. In this letter my mother writes: "Mykanene has just said you have got a situation." I may say that Mykanene is a spirit that communicates through my father. Now this letter must have left the house by 4:30 p. m. at the latest, as the central postoffice is a mile and a half away. Allowing for the difference between Chicago and English time, which is about six hours and a quarter, I find that my mother was told of my getting the situation within twenty minutes of the time I settled about accepting it.

The account I have written above I vouch for and shall be glad to show the letter to any one that is interested and also to give all the details of the case.

Yours sincerely,
CHICAGO, June 5, NORMAN A. LEES.

THE GREATEST NEED.

TO THE EDITOR: The greatest need, in my opinion, in the Spiritualist movement of to-day is spiritual yeast to make clear, and purify the spirit atmosphere. The rank and file, and many of the Spiritualist leaders do not appreciate the value of the cause they have espoused. Even many of the mediums are working on too low a plane. They give you many things that you know to be true, many things that you do not know to be true, and which are not true in fact, then tell you to use your judgment as to what is true. Too many of them are sordid and full of greed for the almighty dollar, too much so to make their services of value in spiritual progress. Their love of the sensual and selfish is stronger than their love of the spiritual; hence their revelations can only emanate from spirits occupying the same plane with themselves, intermixed somehow with ideas that slop over from the medium's brain. This is putting the case in plain language, and the remedy is, to elevate the mediums in their mission. Place them on a higher moral plane where they can come *en rapport* with a more refined class of spirits, who will give much more satisfactory communication, and by force of spirit progress, lift the movement of to-day out of the narrow and unsatisfactory rut in which it is traveling, and place it on the broad gauge track which leads to success. The mediums, of course, are the main spoke in the wheel of knowledge, for through them, with few exceptions, we get the undoubted fact of the continuity of life. It is unfortunate that the surroundings of many mediums are such as to prevent their onward progress in spiritual matters. Many are so hampered with family discord that they cannot keep themselves "unspotted from the world," while others might attain great usefulness if they would enter upon the path that leads onward and upward, but they are reckless in life and character, and therefore, represent spirits of the same disposition. What Spiritualism needs to build it up quickly and substantially is a class

of mediums on a higher plane than most of them occupy to-day, a class that can attract intellectual and loving spirits, who can give interesting discourses and truthful tests, a class that live pure lives and make constant effort in spiritual progression. These are the adjuncts to great success, and the cause will step out of its swaddling clothes, when this class of mediums take the rostrum.

A. J. LANGWORTHY.

A CHANGE OF SENTIMENT.

TO THE EDITOR: An article in THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of December 28, I think, came to my hands a few weeks ago. It was headed "Slightly Bigoted" and referred to an occurrence in Valley City, North Dakota, last October. In justice to the ministers of that town and some of the people, I want to say that the atmosphere has changed somewhat during the past few months—for much to my surprise when they learned of my presence at the Memorial Service held May 23d, I was not only invited to sit on the platform but the Episcopal and the other ministers most courteously requested me to take part in the service, giving me my choice of the numbers assigned to them. One minister surprised me more than all by proposing that I should take the prayer, or the invocation. I chose the latter and read one of the hymns and was escorted to the platform by the orator of the day.

The Academy of Music in which the service was held was full, so that all the principal townspeople were witness of the public recognition of one who was refused the use of the Orthodox church for a Saturday evening meeting, six months before, on account of her religious doctrines. As the article of December seems to have been widely copied from THE JOURNAL, I thought it would perhaps be interesting to note this change. There have been perhaps a dozen liberal meetings in the town since October—Rev. Kristofer Jansen and myself being the only ministers who have preached the doctrine. And now I go to Valley City twice a month.

Yours respectfully,
HELEN G. PUTNAM.
JAMESTOWN, North Dakota.

A WORD FROM WASHINGTON.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER: THE JOURNAL is here in its new form, adorned with garlands of precious thought, and filled with the spirit of love and good cheer; and it seems to me that over and above all these there beams the light of promise for the future. That silver bow whose point dips into the turbulent skies of the past at one side, has beneath its arch, glorious achievements in the education of the race, as also the elimination of evils that beset the spiritual movement at its outset which can scarcely be measured. And to whom can we point so assuredly as the gleaner of the wheat from the chaff as yourself? I say this in no spirit of praise of you, for I feel sure you do not need me to speak the word which my friendship has always implied, but rather to comfort you, in the struggle which must have been entailed by the effort to clothe THE JOURNAL becomingly for the silver wedding. You have shown yourself as generous as you have been heroic and worthy of our highest confidence and affection. Through your heroism we have been led into fields of rarest, richest, fruitage, and our beautiful and holy faith, than which none other was ever more basely prostituted, is honored as never before. God grant you a continuance of life and blessings, commensurate with the good that you have accomplished for mankind is the devout wish of
Your sincere friend,
SEATTLE, Wash. MARY V. PRIEST.

CAUSE OF THE INCREASE OF CRIME.

TO THE EDITOR: Notwithstanding our increased facilities for obtaining news on long range lines, still it is a well-known fact that there has been a large increase of murders and suicides in proportion to our population in the last twenty years. Some are inclined to attribute this to a psychological influence on this generation arising from the effect of the war upon the mothers, but I find a still more potent cause in our popular, but rapidly growing unpopular, religion. It is well-known that the doctrine of a future life as taught in the New Testament and by the Catholic and Protestant churches is founded on a resurrection of the body, the end of the world and a general judgment. As the discoveries in science and the progress of general intelligence has wholly dissipated this hope and faith, the result is that thousands of

church members who still remain in the churches for social advantages, ignore all belief in a future life and believe death the end of existence. Added to this absurdity is the abominable doctrine of endless misery as taught by evangelists, revivalists, and salvationists. The Catholic church by such teachings as those in books and tracts like those by Rev. J. Furness, have led other thousands to reject the belief in future life, and believe death ends all. I think three-fourths of the Protestant church members, and outside of Spiritualists, of the public generally, really believe there is no future life, and that the churches are kept up for social and not religious purposes. The natural and legitimate result of this would be, as it is, an increase of murders and suicides with a constant quarreling of heirs over the property left by relatives, and unscrupulous cheating and defrauding with no fear of future punishment. In the days of ignorance and almost universal superstition, no doubt "the fear of hell and the hangman's rope kept many a wretch in order." But this fear is removed and now we read daily of parents murdering their children and committing suicide, husbands killing wives and themselves, and lovers killing the objects of their affection, or lust, and ending their own lives. There is a cause and I find it as above.

COBDEX, Ill. WARREN CHASE.

APPROVAL AND COMMENDATION.

TO THE EDITOR: Your "new form" of THE JOURNAL reached me Saturday but the spirit is the same. The same thrilling chord of symphonious accordant harmony, thrilled me, and my anchorage was not disturbed by the death of the old, or the birth of the "new form," for the philosophy of infinite spirit progression and the manly appeals for a better and higher morality, run through both forms, the same as the sunlight that warms and gladdens the hearts of the poor and rich alike. I saw the first copy of THE JOURNAL in 1865. I liked it then, and still like it, and I note the improvement made in methods and manner of investigating the true status of Spiritualism. I realize "the change that has come over the spirit of our dreams" since then. From an age and a people of curiosity seekers and adventurers on the lookout for new avenues for money making, Spiritualism has advanced to an ethical position that commands respect. The struggle of Spiritualism to free itself from the unprincipled adventurers, who asked from it a license for lewdness, and wanted its mantle and shield to protect them from condign punishment for deception and fraud, has been fought manfully and with womanful success by and through THE JOURNAL.

In reading THE JOURNAL of twenty-five years ago, and of to-day, I find substantially the same underlying principles in both; except in the broadening views of the thoughtful minds, they are substantially the same. The millions of converts to belief in the intercommunication between the two worlds since THE JOURNAL was launched as a pioneer ship to be engaged in "a coast survey" on the boundaries of the other world, has been paralleled by no religion in the history of man. The brightest minds of the age have capitulated to the potent arm of fact and reason. It has taken its place along side of evolution as a science, and dispelled the dark forebodings of materialism.

On reading the names of the endorsers of THE JOURNAL with their good wishes, a flood of light is poured into my mind that enables me to see the wonderful fruition of the paper's work. The sincere christian who has been groping in the darkness of faith, and at times crushed by forebodings of impending evil, finds "the proof palpable" of immortality that assuredly connects him with a better world and gives him a better assurance of a God to love and not to fear,
WALDO, Fla. B. F. LIVINGSTON.

Speaking of THE JOURNAL'S first issue in its new form and of the contents, Prof. Loveland writes:

Your opening article "What We Stand For," is the best statement of real Spiritualism I have ever seen in any paper without exception. You have defined Spiritualism, and drawn the line of distinction between it and Spiritism so clearly that I wonder how any one can remain in the middle of confusion as multitudes do. It is my special effort in my lecturing to make it clear and understandable that, mere phenomena or Spiritism, is not Spiritualism; and that more faith in the fact of spirit manifestation is a very doubtful boon. It is what the future life is, and the relation of this life to that, which concerns us

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 Pericomic Theory of Physical Existence and its Sequel Preliminary to Cosmology and Philosophy Proper. By George Stearns. Published by the Author. Printed by Wood Brothers, Hudson, Mass. 1888. pp. 338. This author takes the position that all knowledge is absolute and that whatever is known to any sentient being is knowable in the same sense to all sentient beings as they become mentally developed. "Mentality is finite, but ever progressive; its Parent, the Infinite Mind." The work discusses the mystery of gravity and of ether—which is regarded as "an indivisible unit of concentric force differing not at all in essence and almost only in magnitude from the ultimate constituents of any tangible body"—and several chapters are devoted to the consideration of physical force, the genesis of nebular rotation, rudiments of the earth's orbital motion, the physical cause of planetary rotation and numerous other scientific subjects.

It would be impossible in a short notice of the work to give an idea of the views advanced on these and other themes, but the main conclusions which the work was written to establish, may be briefly and comprehensively stated. Mr. Stearns' deductions are substantially as follows: That all agents of causation are voluntary; that no agent of causation can act without a purpose; that causation is never effected without a use germane to the purpose of its agents; that the character of the Infinite Mind, the certified agent of natural causation, is adumbrated by the human ideal of personal excellence, that the purpose of the Infinite Mind, to be wrought out in the process of existence, is the generation and education of immortal beings. Physical evolution culminates in humanity, but the soul immortal through, and only through, progression. Infants are not immortal, as such, but are subject to the same laws of personal development—if they die as infants—in the future as in the present state. Human beings are not immortal as to their respective grades of character as formed here, but are destined to advance toward perfection endlessly.

The work is strongly theistic, and its conclusions are in accord with the teachings of Spiritualism. Mr. Stearns' thought is sometimes too abstruse, and his language rather too metaphysical for average readers, but the work contains the views and reasonings of a thinker who has dwelt long and earnestly on the greatest problems that can engage the attention of man. Some of the scientific statements are, it seems to the reviewer, open to criticism.

Marie Bashkirtseff: The Journal of a young Artist. 1860-1884. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. New York: Cassell Publishing Co. Paper. Pp. 434. Price, 50 cents. Here indeed is a distinctively unique individuality revealed in the person and character of this ambitious, self-conscious, vigorous-thinking, intensely emotional young Russian girl, who felt within her soul marvellous potentialities bounded and limited by physical environments. This strongly written diary gives one the impression of a soul accustomed to other and higher spheres, which caught and imprisoned in a human body is filled with curiosity to investigate its new surroundings, possessed of an explorer's interest in the bounds of being, and a philosopher's desire to subject to analysis all the tense passions and emotions of which it finds itself possessed. She is constantly experimenting on herself for her own study and sing for her own amusement as well as to observe the effect upon others of her ecstasies, and she gives full sway to the notions of delight, surprise, love, contempt, or rage, with which she is filled as a result of her experiments and ventures. The consequence of this abandonment to utter naturalness in this journal her frank portrayal of her own true inwardness comes to many a reader of these charming though often ludicrous revelations, as a revelation of some of their own moods and questionings, though few are so vividly conscious of these phases of inner nature as was this illustrious young girl—artist, singer, thinker, and writer, whose flame of life burned itself out by its own intensity before she reached her twenty-fourth year.

Spiritualism and Spirit Phenomena in 07, being an Epitome of Facts and Phenomena and Spirit messages, taken from cy's Warnings. First published 1707. Edited and arranged by Geo. S. Pidgeon, San Diego, Cal. Pp. 196. "Lacy's Warnings" purport to be a record of inspired dis-

courses through John Lacy, Jean Ailbut, (French Prophet,) and Elizabeth Gray; also contains accounts of the discerning of spirits, restoring the blind, speaking in various languages, visions, healing, independent writing, etc. Mr. Pidgeon says he is satisfied the book from which he made these selections published in 1707, is genuine, and they are given to the public now as "valuable corroborative testimony to the truth of all the more recent psychic and spirit phenomena witnessed in our day." The "Warnings" declare that the reign of Christ on earth will be brought about by the universal diffusion of the Spirit of Christ; and that by this means all nations will be brought within one fold.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Born Coquette. "The Duchess"; Betty, Anna Vernon Dorsey. New York: F. F. Lovell & Co. Price, each 50 cents.

April's Lady. "The Duchess." New York: John W. Lovell Company. Price, 50 cents.

Christ: The Pupil of Buddha. A comparative study. New York: Brentano's. Price, 25 cents.

Stanley's Emin Pasha Expedition. By A. J. Wauters. New York: John B. Alden. Price, cloth, 50 cents.

MAGAZINES FOR JUNE NOT BEFORE MENTIONED.

The Phrenological Journal. (New York). Studies from Lavater: Notable people of the day; Practical Phrenology; Child culture, and Science of health, add much to the interest of this month's reading.

The Kindergarten. (Chicago). The table of contents for June includes an article on the introduction of the kindergarten in the public schools and a paper on the Functions of the Imagination.

The Nationalist. (Boston). The Birth of Industrial Co-operation opens the pages of the June issue of this monthly. This is followed by a variety of good reading for those interested in the subject of Nationalism.

The English Illustrated Magazine. (New York). A delightful sketch of German girlhood and a descriptive article upon lace-making will attract many readers. There is a review of the game of cricket as played in Australia, Canada, America and other countries.

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The crowded condition of the JOURNAL'S advertising columns precludes extended advertisements of books, but investigators and buyers will be supplied with a

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Progress From Poverty.

A Review and Criticism of Henry George's Progress and Poverty, and Protection or Free Trade. "It would be hard to make a more effective reply to Mr. George's assertion that land and wage servitude is worse than chattel slavery than is done by quoting from slave overseer journals brought north during the war, and from old advertisements in Southern newspapers, showing what chattel slavery actually was."—New York Tribune. Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

INDUSTRIAL PROBLEMS.

If competition is to prevail unrelieved and unmodified by moral principle and a humane spirit, if the employer is to get the most work possible for the smallest pay, regardless of the interest of the employees, the supply of labor to be limited only by the limit of population, then labor can never rise above the level of merchandise, of a mere commodity, and the condition of millions is hopeless.

Moral science is the science of human relations, and no economic theories as to the law of supply and demand can, in a progressive age, disregard the "higher law," the "moral law," in determining the fair distribution of the products of labor.

This can be done only as fast as men themselves become moral as well as intelligent, as fast as they become self-respecting, capable of self-restraint and of co-operative effort.

Julia Grey Burnett, Washington, D. C., writes: "The changed form of THE JOURNAL is for the best, and I hope your list of readers may be greatly increased."

"I usually dislike to express myself just like everybody else," writes Alfred Weldon from Muncie, Ind., "but must say that THE JOURNAL gets better and better every week; and, although I have read nearly every number published, never appreciated it as I do now; possibly it was not as good as now, but probably the fault is mine."

Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, the eloquent advocate of the spiritual philosophy, will lecture at Sherman's Opera House, Newark, N. J., June 24th.

It is conjectured that a specific may yet be found for every ill that flesh is heir to. However this may be, certainly the best specific yet found for diseases of the blood is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and most diseases originate from impure blood.

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June 15 the Wabash Railroad, in connection with the Canadian Pacific R. R. from Detroit, will inaugurate their through train service between Chicago and Montreal.

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"SUMMER TOURS, 1890." Is the title of the new illustrated summer-tourist book of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route." It is a practical guide and profusely illustrated. Sent to any address on receipt of six cents postage by O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. Ag't., CHICAGO, ILL.



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A BUDDHIST REVIVAL.

The Buddhist congress soon to be held in Paris, says a letter from Paris to the New York World, attracts attention to this remarkable religion. The congress is to have the importance of the great ecumenical council convoked by Pius IX. twenty years ago. Buddhist delegates are to come from all parts of the world, and intense is the interest manifested in Paris.

Five hundred million people on this globe are Buddhists, and, although Buddhism in Europe is confined to great minds, in France alone there are about 30,000 Buddhists. It is not generally known that Richard Wagner was a fervent Buddhist. But the European thinkers do not practice the doctrine of Buddhism. That is why the young Viennese student Udo Halmeyer has caused such consternation in the church. He is ascetic, fasts, or eats only fruits and vegetables, envelops himself in a hempen bag, and already treats with indifference physical suffering. Continuing in this manner, he would soon be the incarnation of Buddha, and the authorities talk of expulsion from the university for fear of his influence on the other students. The practice of Buddhism cultivates a sixth sense that in non-believers is always latent. By this sense one can foretell good or bad fortune, and the meditation that calls out this sense is always physical, psychological, and physiological. Physically the body must obey the mind, psychologically all human organic forces must be concentrated on this sixth sense, intuition, and physiologically respiration must be regulated to control the expenditure of vital force. As soon as this sixth sense is acquired the Buddhists are capable of knowing nature's secrets and of producing phenomena that seem supernatural, but are in reality the manifestation of forces very natural but not yet understood.

Buddhism respects everything that has life, and Buddhists believe in reincarnation, not in metempsychosis.

The Buddhists believe that if a rich man sin after death he enjoys a certain repose to repay him for the sufferings in this life, but his punishment begins at the moment he is obliged to again return on this or another planet, where his spirit enters the body of some miserable person, and the more guilty he has been in the previous existence the less chance he has in this. In the same way a person who has led a righteous life in a previous existence is in this reincarnated in the body of a rich person.

The late D. A. Wasson did not hold Jonathan Edwards in very high esteem. At a meeting of the Chestnut street club in Boston, he said in discussing Dr. Holmes' essay on Edwards, that in his diary Edwards expressed the desire so to live as to secure for himself the greatest amount of future happiness. 'I don't believe he was a good man,' asserted Mr. Wasson. 'In that is the key to his character. Edwards had a realizing mind, which understood fully the terrible import of eternal punishment and total depravity. Now the man who realizes those things and rolls them as a sweet morsel under his tongue and then becomes a father, that man is a scoundrel.' Mr. Wasson thought most men did not thoroughly realize the full terrible truth of those doctrines, but Edwards did. 'He was a cold-hearted, hard man; and his exaltations would have been possible only to a man essentially and at the core bad.' This is a very severe judgment, and probably not entirely just to the great theologian.

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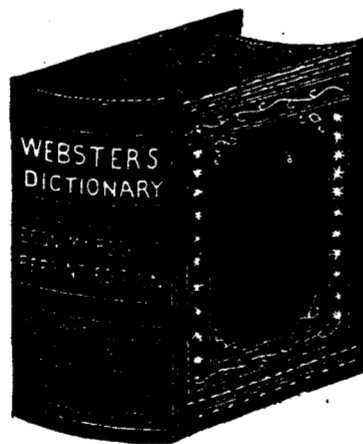
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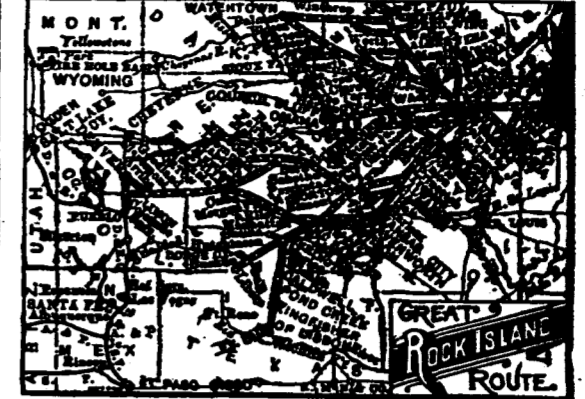


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Every reader who desires to preserve his paper and to know where to find it when wanted should procure a binder. The "Emerson" is the best one I know of; and a size suitable for THE JOURNAL in full cloth with the side stamped with the name of the paper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

THE PUBLISHER.

"JUSTICE IS TRUTH IN ACTION."

Nothing can better show the truth of the motto used this week than the general approbation and respect accorded THE JOURNAL by the secular and religious press of the country. Among all of the more than five hundred notices the paper has received from contemporaries during the past three weeks, there is not one that does not speak respectfully of the objects to which it is devoted. That this should be done is far more gratifying to me than the very complimentary personal references to the editor and publisher, which, however, are duly appreciated and would serve as added incentives, were any required, to hold the paper up to the high mark of the past and even to surpass it. The other day I met on the street a gentleman of national reputation, one who travels much and is on familiar terms with many of the leaders of the various professions and industries. "You cannot possibly have any adequate idea," said he, "of the widespread influence THE JOURNAL has upon the world-at-large. On the cars, aboard Atlantic steamers and wherever I travel there is rarely a day that in the most worldly-minded and wealth-gathering company the subjects to which THE JOURNAL is devoted do not come up for respectful consideration; and invariably before it is over your paper is referred to as authority and you are mentioned with kindness and respect. I tell you it is the attitude of THE JOURNAL which is rapidly changing the attitude of the world toward Spiritualism." Similar testimony comes to me constantly from most unexpected sources; and this cumulative evidence is a daily demonstration that "Justice is truth in action." Truth can only be effective as it affects the consciousness; and this it cannot do until, heated with spiritual fire, its penetrating effluence pours out upon the thought-world, clothed in perspicuous language and carrying conviction home to rational minds. Truth must be active to be potent; and when active, justice inevitably follows. THE JOURNAL has often been criticized for displaying vitalized truth. Indeed, I have been told time and again that some particularly striking exposition of the naked truth which THE JOURNAL had made had disgruntled thousands and would result in ruining the influence of the paper; but these predictions have never disturbed my equanimity nor deterred me a moment, for I knew that Justice reigned and in the end THE JOURNAL would be justified. And so it has ever been.

Contributors and subscribers, do you realize that you share equally with the editor and publisher in the good name and fame of THE JOURNAL and that as lovers of mankind, as soldiers of the truth you should bear equally with me the burden of responsibility in this long and arduous campaign through the little-known field of psychics, and in the never-ceasing warfare on old battle fields? I need your enthusiastic co-operation. I want your assistance to-day and to-morrow and every day, so long as you remain in mortal form; and I ask your active aid when you shall have passed the portals of death and entered upon that enlarged sphere of existence of which you feel sure and of which THE JOURNAL strives to teach.

AN OLD JOURNALIST'S BUGLE CALL.

DEAR COL. BUNDY: I have waited to see the second issue of the new JOURNAL before writing you my congratulations. The two remind me of an old townsman's description of his oxen. "That nigh ox is the best ox I ever seed, but the off one is just as good agin." That first issue was just a crown of glory. The last beats it. There's a bigger halo around it. But that which chiefly interests me is the promise they contain. The paper indicates the grand upward trend of Spiritualism, which now has an organ fully

representative of all that is worth preserving. Glowing with fresh thought it marks an era. The Old dies. The day when every species of fraud and swindling are to be countenanced and apologized for by a newspaper claiming to be published in the interests of Spiritualism is on the wane. You are making the contrast so distinct between truth and error, fraud and honesty, decency and indecency, that the men engaged in doing their utmost to corrupt Spiritualism must soon become ashamed of themselves and quit.

Bravo! You deserve success. Somebody sends you ten dollars, toward a fund for helping those to THE JOURNAL who are unable to pay for it. I am another. Enclosed find check. The first of the "ninety and nine." Let us have a hundred of these ten dollar subscriptions at once. They can be had without a bit of trouble. Just as easy as falling off a log. Sound the bugle call, and the cash will roll in. Ever yours,

CHAS. D. LAKEY.

NEW YORK, Press Club, June 7, 1890.

What Mr. Lakey proposes is entirely feasible; an easy thing to accomplish, if only the true missionary spirit once gets aroused. Indeed, once awakened it is likely to push forward with never-ceasing and cumulative force. Let us be able to record fresh recruits to the missionary host each week, and additional funds in the treasury. The field is large, the resources not at all commensurate with the work to be done.

Readers will remember the generous donation of \$50 from Mr. Aldrich; also the vigorous letter and \$50 of M. C. Seecey mentioned a couple of weeks ago. These amounts with that of Mr. Lakey will be used for the purposes designated. The publisher also needs a well equipped missionary bureau to relieve him of a vast amount of labor and expense which he has borne for years. Who will be the first to give this activity a good send off with a substantial token of good will?

A CHRISTIAN CYCLER.

Harry Myers is a Christian. He lives at Nashville, Tenn., where he deals in bicycles. Some friend evidently sent him a copy of THE JOURNAL in its new dress. Here is his reply:

DEAR SIR: Please do not compliment me with any more of your sample copies. I have no use for such half-way religious things. Christ and Him crucified will do more in a day than your paper in a thousand years. Truly,
HARRY MYERS.

It would appear that dealing in bicycles better fits a Christian for judging THE JOURNAL than does preaching or lecturing on temperance and other great reforms. However, so long as such preachers as Savage, Heber Newton, Thomas and others and such reformers as our Methodist sister, Frances Willard and many of her co-workers continue to read and support the paper, we shall strive to get on without the help of the cycle man of Nashville.

PRESS OPINIONS.

To see ourselves as others see us is often a good thing. Just appreciation and fair criticism are stimuli to still greater endeavor. There is a value and a significance in these journalistic expressions far greater than appears at first blush. They constitute a consensus of opinion which carries a lesson to Spiritualists, showing as it does most convincingly, that psychical science, spiritism and its phenomena, and last but not greatest of all, Spiritualism, are matters which, when presented to the intelligent public as THE JOURNAL presents them will be treated with sympathetic interest and due respect. Only along THE JOURNAL'S lines is the world to be brought to an appreciation and understanding of Spiritualism and all that it implies. The sooner Spiritualists and Spiritists and Psychical researchers come to fully realize this fact, the better it will be for them and for the work which interests them.

From the Hartford (Conn.) Daily Times of June 3:
THE RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL,

of Chicago, now the leading journal devoted to the discussion of the pervading but still recondite facts and philosophy of the psychical realm, has put itself into a new and becoming dress, and taken a new form—the sixteen-page weekly. It is by general consent the ablest publication of its kind, and its editor, Colonel John C. Bundy, is entitled to all credit for the fearless championship of all truth which his paper has ever shown—whether the questions he discusses are problems of science or religion, or of our modern social life, from which the first-named questions cannot well be kept separate. In regard to the spiritualistic phenomena, THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, while recognizing the genuineness and the tremendous import of some of these, does not shrink from making a vigorous exposure of the abounding frauds which masquerade under the guise of such phenomena. In doing this Colonel Bundy has incurred much denunciation and been at much personal expense, which he has generously borne for the sake of clearing the field and aiding the world's advance to a better discernment of great realities. He deserves the support of all candid seekers after truth, for he is the champion of its cause, regardless of all beliefs, and his paper is open to all forms of candid—if intelligent—inquiry. He publishes valuable letters of commendation of the Religio from eminent minds in the pulpit and in other positions, among them the Rev. Heber Newton of New York, the Rev. Dr. Thomas of Chicago, Professor James of Harvard, the Rev. Minot J. Savage, Miss Frances E. Willard, Professor Elliott Coues, and others. THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is doing good work, and one which will be more and more appreciated as the coming years unfold the great realities for which, as the vital (though as yet but partly comprehended) force of the world's advancement, it so ably speaks.

Every Saturday, Elgin, Ills., June 7:

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL made its appearance last week in a new dress and in new form. It is an improvement, which its thousands of readers will appreciate. Col. Bundy has long since placed THE JOURNAL at the head of all papers, which devote their space to psychical research and the philosophy of Spiritualism. THE JOURNAL aims to be logical and lasting basis upon which to found the true phenomena of rational spiritual existence. It turns the relentless eye of honest investigation upon all questionable pretenders and exposes fraud without fear or favor.

West End Advocate, Chicago, June 7:

... A quarter of a century of honest faith and honest work, of diligent labor in exposing fraud and battling for the right, has won the attention of our best thinkers and earned their hearty approval.

Mr. T. D. Curtis, Manchester, N. H., an old journalist and husband of the well known poetess, Hattie J. Ray Curtis, says: We are much pleased with the new form of THE JOURNAL, which is sustaining its position nobly.



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