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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,

Mr. Howells, in a letter to *Kaite Field's Washington*, says: I think the worst effect of the want of international copyright on the author is that it identifies him with a nation of pirates.

A peremptory writ of mandamus has been served on the public school board at Edgerton, Wis., commanding that the teachers be made to discontinue the reading of the Bible in the schools.

W. W. Story, the American sculptor and poet, writing to a friend from Rome said: "In my opinion the tax of thirty per cent. on foreign works of art is disgraceful in theory, unworthy of any great country, disastrous to art and beneficial to none."

Referring to the Succi fasting experiment, which occupied forty days in London, and which is declared to have been a genuine performance, the *Medical Record* says that the lesson of this and similar feats is that people eat too much and drink too little. It adds: More diseases come from excessive and intemperate feeding than from alcohol, for wrong feeding is the basis of gouty, rheumatic, diabetic, and obese diatheses, as well as of an infinite number of gastrointestinal ills.

The other day a man was arrested in Chicago by the police on suspicion of having committed crime, and although no warrant for his arrest was obtained, he was arbitrarily held in durance several days. He was brought into court on a writ of habeas corpus and released, when Judge Tuley, who issued the writ, administered to the police department a most deserved rebuke. Citizens have rights which even policemen should be compelled to respect.

The McKinley bill would establish the freedom of art. This is to its credit. There is no reason whatever for imposing a duty on art, excellence in which should be encouraged in this new country by bringing American artists in competition with the best of the Old World, and by encouraging popular acquaintance with the highest works of art. American artists have repeatedly protested against a tariff on art, declaring that they do not want protection for their profession. Art museums and schools and all who are fond of art, and intelligent people generally, are in favor of having works of art admitted free, and if the McKinley bill passes the Senate and becomes a law, it is hoped that it will not be changed so as to leave a duty on the productions of European artists.

The *Irish Catholic* says that the Pope in replying to the congratulations of visitors at the Vatican, expressed the opinion that great punishment was impending on society for its indifference to the church: "The Lord," he said, "will come no longer with a sweet, peaceful face but with an angry one to strike and purify his church. I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but I feel in my heart sorrowful presentiments. A sea of evil is about to beat against the rock on which the church is founded, and will leave nothing to be seen on the horizon but the threat of the ger of God. Prayer will not suffice to appease the

Almighty." The Pope very likely invests the Lord with his own feelings, and in these forebodings perhaps unwittingly reveals his own apprehensions as to the future of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Europe. This is certain: the decline of the papacy and of ecclesiasticism, wherever it takes place—in Italy, France or Spain—means political, social and industrial progress.

The Postmaster General is in favor of a postal telegraph system, and the subject has been pressed in the House Committee on post-offices; but the influence of the Western Union Company has been sufficient to cause postponement of action. The bill originally suggested by the Postmaster General authorized him to enter into a contract with responsible persons to connect a certain number of post-offices for telegraphic purposes by leased wires and instruments, to be operated by post-office employes, to carry messages for the Government and for the people. The House Committee will probably come to a decision within a few days. But for millionaire corporation influence and opposition, the country ere now, would have had cheap postal telegraphy. The system works admirably in England. Why should it not be adopted in the United States?

The Supreme Court of Tennessee has just rendered a decision affirming the action of the lower court in the case of the State vs. R. M. King, a Seventh-day Adventist, who was tried for working on Sunday. Mr. King is a farmer, and the work for which he was indicted was done quietly on his own premises, not in sight of any place of public worship. None of the witnesses testified that anybody had been disturbed. The case will now be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States and, it is said, will be the first case involving the constitutionality of Sunday law ever brought before the United States Supreme Court. A number of Seventh-day Adventists in Tennessee are now under indictment for working on Sunday, which they claim they have a right to do under the first and fourteenth amendments to the National Constitution, and the bill of rights of their State. The defence has been made by an organization lately formed under the name of the "Natural Religious Liberty Association," which, while composed entirely of Christians, holds that such prosecutions are contrary to the principles of religious liberty. Another organization has been formed, whose members are pledged to assist in prosecuting every violation of the Sunday laws.

Miss Mollie Fancher of Brooklyn, to whom reference has often been made in THE JOURNAL, has just opened a store at the corner of Gates Avenue and Downing Street, in the building where she has lain for twenty-three years, blind, bed-ridden, unable for long periods to take any food, and never any other than minute quantities in liquid form. She is a remarkable clairvoyant and has psychical experience of the most interesting nature. Her patience, industry and helpfulness to others, furnish a lesson than which nothing more sublime can be found in history. Some years ago the aunt on whom she depended for that kind and watchful care so essential to one in her condition passed to Spirit-life, worn out by her watching; but tender hands and loving hearts, even though bound by no ties of consanguinity, still minister to

the invalid who in her weakness is stronger of spirit than most people in health. She has a speaking tube from her chamber to the store below, and this alternation in her life will no doubt make time pass more cheerily. It has been our good fortune to have the acquaintance and friendship of this sweet sufferer for many years, for which we are indebted to Dr. Eugene Crowell who has always been a devoted friend of Miss Fancher.

This is the way the German Catholics who assembled in Milwaukee lately to arrange a political programme of opposition to the Bennett law, began their series of resolutions: "We, the participants in the first State Convention of the German Catholics of Wisconsin, consider it our supreme and most sacred duty to assure His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., the joint father of Christendom, of our unconditional submission to the infallible ministry of the substitute of Christ and successor to St. Peter, as well as our most confident resignation to his fatherly and peaceful shepherd's care. Together with our most reverential homage, we herewith give expression to our innermost wish that the just and fair demand of the Holy Father for all Christendom—the restitution of the patrimony of St. Peter, or the stolen temporal power, in accordance with God's wise ruling—be granted to the lawful heir during the lifetime of His Holiness." It is not strange that these subjects of the infallible "substitute of Christ" whose headquarters are at Rome—what an insult to the memory of the Nazarine reformer—should oppose a law which requires that the English language be taught in American schools and should encourage the rearing of a native-born foreign-speaking language in this Republic.

At the Royal Institution for the education of deaf mutes, at Copenhagen, the pupils have for seven years been regularly weighed every day in groups of fifteen. Some interesting results have been obtained. It has been found that the children's growth in weight has occurred chiefly in autumn up to the middle of December, there being hardly an increase up to the end of the following April, and a diminution then occurs till the end of summer. Last year proved an exception. The curves of weight were like those of previous years till November 23; but in the four weeks thereafter the girls gained nothing, and the boys only two-thirds of the usual amount. There was no modification as regards food or other material conditions; but the influenza epidemic appeared in Copenhagen towards the end of November. Six of the professors at the Institution were attacked, while there were no pronounced cases among the pupils. It was supposed, however, that the germs of the disease had entered the place, and become prevalent, the inference being drawn that the struggle with these on the part of the children had absorbed so much vital force that the organs of nutrition failed to give the normal increase of weight after November 23. This quite agrees with the general experience that wherever the epidemic prevailed there was a marked deterioration of health, with an augmented mortality, even among those who seemed to have escaped the invasion of the disease. Their vital power must have been depressed, although not perceptibly, so that they became liable to the invasion of other ailments. It is probably so with other epidemics than that of influenza.

JURISTS VS. SABBATH ASSOCIATION.

The State Sabbath Association of Illinois, through its President, Rev. W. W. Everts, D. D., and its Secretary, Hon. G. P. Lord, has issued an appeal to the pastors and churches of the State calling upon them to use their influence in favor of "the Sunday rest bill now before Congress," and for the enforcement of Sabbath laws, against Sunday industries, Sunday theatres, Sunday amusements, etc. It is urged especially that demand be made for recognition of the Sabbath in "the programme of the World's Fair." The appeal says:

Daniel Webster, the greatest of American jurists, declared in the celebrated Girard will case that Christianity—Catholic Christianity—is part of the common law. Other eminent jurists in Great Britain and in this country have made declarations of the same import. And no jurists of proximate authority have challenged this judicial opinion. But if Christianity is part of the common law, and hence the inviolable standard of statutory law, its distinctive ordinance of the Sabbath, as of the family, must be entitled to the protection and honor of all officials and citizens of the State. Could, then, the managers of a World's Fair blot out or ignore the Sabbath in its exhibitions without treason against the laws of God and of the land? Having risen to greatness through loyalty in divine ordinances, will we, in the levity and recklessness of impiety spurn the beneficent power by which we have risen, the sacred foundation on which our greatness and glory rest?

Dr. Everts and his associates, accustomed to recklessness of statement in the domain of theology, their special field, are careless and inaccurate in assertions regarding political and legal matters of which they know nothing, and concerning which they speak with a confidence born not of knowledge, but of the spirit of dogmatism. In their sectarian zeal they have overlooked the fact that it was the positive purpose of the founders of this Republic to ignore all reference to religion in the National Constitution, except to forbid its establishment. The Presbyterians of New Hampshire and Massachusetts having complained that religion was left out of the account, George Washington, in a letter published in the *Massachusetts Centinel*, Dec. 5, 1789, replied that religion was left out of the account because it properly belonged to the care of the churches rather than to the State.

In the treaty made on Nov. 4, 1796, between the United States and the Mohammedan State of Tripoli (Article 11th) is this declaration: "As the Government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian Religion, . . . no pretext arising from religious opinions shall ever produce an interruption of the harmony existing between the two countries." This treaty was signed by George Washington, and it may be fairly supposed expressed his own individual convictions, as well as the policy of this Republic.

The declaration of the Supreme Court of the United States (in the case of *Wheaton vs. Peters*) is as follows: "There is no principle which pervades the Union and has the authority of law, that is not embodied in the Constitution or laws of the Union. The Common Law could be made a part of our Federal system only by legislative adoption.

"It was," says Justice Story, "deemed advisable to exclude from the National Government all power upon the subject" (of religion) and he adds "the Catholic and the Protestant, the Calvinist and the Armenian, the Jew and the Infidel may sit down at the common table of the national councils." Justice Story, in delivering the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States vs. Girard's Executors, referred to Christianity as being "a part of the common law of Pennsylvania, but immediately qualified this remark by saying that this proposition must be taken in connection with the bill of rights found in its constitution, "which protects alike every variety of religious opinion, and extends equally to all, whether Christian, Jews or Infidels."

The Supreme Court of the State of Ohio (Board of Education of Cincinnati vs. Minor) says: "We are told that Christianity is a part of the common law of this country, lying behind and above its constitutions.

Who make this assertion can hardly be serious in the import of their language. No one serves for any such doctrine in this country, in the world."

his "Constructions of Statutory

and Constitutional Law," (page 14): "It is often said that Christianity is part and parcel of the common law, but this is true only in the sense that our constitution extends the same protection to every form of religion and gives no preference to any."

Judge Cooley in his "Constitutional Limitations" (page 172) observes: "It is frequently said that Christianity is a part of the law of the land. Christianity is not part of the law of the land by virtue of its authority as a religion, but only as far as its precepts have become component parts of the law." This is equally true of every religion, Buddhism, Judaism, or Spiritualism.

In regard to Sunday laws the following from the decision of the Supreme Court of Ohio (*McGatrick vs. Wasson*) is pertinent:

"The principles upon which our (Sunday) Statute rests are wholly secular, and they are none the less so because they may happen to concur with the dictates of religion. . . . Unless, then, we keep constantly in mind that the act rests upon public policy alone, we shall be in great danger of giving it a wrong construction; and instead of reading it in the light of the Constitution, which prohibits all religious tests and preferences, find ourselves led away from its meaning by the influence of our peculiar theological tenets."

Judge Welch, of the Supreme Court of Ohio, (Board of Education vs. Minor) said:

"The teaching of the Christian religion in the public schools violates the spirit of our constitutional guarantees, and is a state religion in embryo; . . . the first step is a fatal step, because it logically involves the last step."

The same applies to Sabbath laws. Says Dr. Ralph Wardlaw "the province of the State in respect to matters of religion is that it has no province at all."

Webster's claim in his speech in the Girard Will case was that Christianity was a part of the common law of Pennsylvania. Although in the United States courts the common law of the respective States in which the courts are held is followed, the common law is no part of our Federal system.

During the Colonial period Sabbath laws made church attendance compulsory. Existing Sunday laws, as has been well said, are merely a "secular shadow cast by a former state of religious opinion." The religious quality having been eliminated, the Sunday laws have no other than a civil basis, even though religious reasons are prominent among the present reasons for which they are maintained.

According to Dr. Everts and his Association, Christianity is a part of the law of the land, and the General Government should enforce the observance of Sunday as a Sabbath, on religious grounds. This view has been shown to be false. Furthermore there is not a command in the New Testament for keeping Sunday or any other day as the Sabbath. Jesus violated the Jewish Sabbath and Paul denied that it had any binding obligation on the followers of Christ. Not a word can be quoted from the Christian Scriptures showing that Jesus or his apostles directed that the Sabbath obligation should be transferred from the seventh to the first day of the week. Says Rev. Alfred Barry, DD., principal of Kings College, London, and Canon of Worcester: "The notion of a formal substitution, by apostolic authority, of the Lord's day for the Jewish Sabbath, and the transference to it, perhaps in a spiritualized form, of the Sabbathical obligation established by the promulgation of the fourth commandment, has no basis whatever either in Holy Scripture or in Christian antiquity." Luther's words in the "Table-Talk" are often quoted: "If anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake, if anywhere any one sets up its observance on a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to dance on it, to feast on it, to do anything that shall remove this encroachment on Christian liberty."

Nobody wishes to abolish Sunday as a day of rest and recreation—a day of worship and religious observance for all who so choose to use it—and such laws as are necessary to secure to all the undisturbed enjoyment of their rights on the day, are proper and desirable; but the attempts to establish by law an

"American Sabbath," and to interfere with the people's personal rights in the interests of Puritanical Sabbatarianism should receive prompt and vigorous opposition all along the line.

THE GIRLS AHEAD IN MATHEMATICS.

Women it has been claimed and is generally believed can never compete with men in mathematics. In the languages and in those studies which require fine perception and make the greatest demands on the memory, it is conceded that women have achieved great success,—have, indeed, despite all difficulties, nearly if not quite equalled men; but in achievements that require persistent application, great powers of calculation and long sustained thinking, men it is commonly thought, are, and must ever remain supreme. In the higher mathematics, therefore, women should never expect to share distinction with men, who, in spite of the achievements of Mrs. Somerville and Maria Mitchell, it is held have entirely monopolized this field. But what becomes of this claim in the light of the achievement of young women at the Cambridge University.

Miss Philippa Fawcett, daughter of the late Postmaster-General of England, has caused quite a stir in educational circles by carrying off the most coveted honor of Cambridge, and the one for which the highest and ablest students of the University enter into competition with the greatest enthusiasm. Under the same conditions as those that were applied to the men, with the same course of study and the same tests of examination, Miss Fawcett so far surpassed the male students, that she is bracketed, as the publication of the mathematical tripos shows, several hundred marks in mathematics superior to the Senior Wrangler. Miss Fawcett is not alone in the enjoyment of the honor. Two other ladies are in the list of wranglers, ten are senior optimes and four junior optimes—those who stand in the second rank of honors immediately after the wranglers. Every woman who was examined, passed creditably, while six men failed utterly. Miss Fawcett's predecessor in the distinction she now enjoys was Miss Ramsay, who was Senior Wrangler in the classical tripos of 1887. No surprise seems to be caused by the announcement just made that at the June examination of Cambridge University, Miss Margaret Alford, daughter of Dean Alford, famous for his critical edition of the New Testament, won the first place in the classical tripos.

The Cambridge young men have hitherto thought their supremacy in mathematics, at least, invincible. They have learned their mistake. Now let them devote less time to hazing, fighting and dissipation and try to catch up with the girl students in that field of study in which the men have delusively imagined their honors were secure by reason of their masculine superiority and the lack of gray matter in the female brain, while the young women have gone ahead of them in the higher mathematics and carried off the highest honors before the governing body of the University.

NERVE TRAINING.

The papers last week published statements to the effect that two young ladies were lying in a lethargic condition at Newton, Mass., as the result of experiments in "mind concentration," conducted by Miss Annie Call, a teacher in the Lasell Seminary, a Methodist institution at Auburndale, Mass. The young women were taken seriously ill some six months ago, and have since been under hypnotic influence a greater part of the time, lying on their beds unable to move a muscle. The family physician becoming alarmed, called in experts in nervous diseases. Every effort to arouse them from their condition has failed. It is declared that they are completely hypnotized. Lasell has a system of instruction, the object of which is to concentrate the mind and prevent it from diffusing its energies. The pupils are placed in such positions that they may relax their nervous systems and gradually learn to economize their nerve force, to "bring young women," according to the circular of the seminary, "to better nervous balance and so prepare them to meet life out of school with strong nerves thorough"

controlled according to natural laws." The pupil is laid flat upon the floor, when the teacher directs her to exercise one set of muscles independent of the others and to fix her mind upon it so that she will be unmindful of all other sets of muscles.

It is claimed that when the pupil has complete control of the muscles she will find no difficulty in a complete mastery of the nerves and concentration of the mind. Last year one hundred and twenty young women took the nerve course. The principal of the school thinks there are good points in the instruction. Miss Call states that the condition of the two pupils who have collapsed is not attributable directly to the course of treatment given, that the pupils were brought into a weak nervous condition through their other studies, that one of them entered the seminary in a condition so weak that her parents were doubtful whether she could pursue her studies. The other pupils who have taken the course aver that they have been benefited by it. This branch is now entirely elective. On the basis of the condition of the two young women mentioned, the local physicians attending them say that the mesmeric force of the teacher constantly acting upon the pupils, tends to shatter rather than strengthen the nervous system, and they denounce the new methods as dangerous. But there is probably more in it than is perceived by the doctors, who are too quick to condemn methods and remedies that do not belong to the "regular" practice.

According to the philosopher Flourens—who however forgot to live beyond 73—the spring-time of human life comes into bloom at three-score and ten. Certain it is that some men are young at an age which brings to most persons infirmities of mind and body. The Emperor William lived to the age of 91. Moltke is now in his ninetieth year and is still alert in military affairs, though he can no longer sit in a saddle or waltz with a Gretchen. Bismark at the age of 75, retired from active diplomatic life, observes political affairs from under the boughs of Friedrichsruh and Varzin with his "two dogs" to keep him company, while his minnow successors are trying their prentice hands and essaying their diplomatic wings. Gladstone at 80 is the most prominent figure in England, and M. de Lesseps, at 85 romps daily in the Bois de Boulogne with his children, of whom the younger is only 5 years old. Cardinal Newman, now in his ninetieth year, although rather feeble, was able the other day to attend mass at the oratory, Birmingham, on the occasion of the feast of St. Philip Neri.

Although "Senex" in the "College Ghost," which appears in THE JOURNAL this week, shows how easy it is to be mistaken, and to imagine spirit intervention in the production of phenomena that are entirely mundane, yet the venerable author by whose request it is published recognizes the truth of Spiritualism in its higher aspects; and the narrative, while it is entertaining, may serve to discourage indiscriminating credulity in regard to "ghost stories." To be a rational Spiritualist it is not necessary to receive as *bona fide* all that is related in regard to the alleged doings of spirits. Such a narrative as that of "Senex" is not designed to discredit, and among those who are familiar with the phenomena of Spiritualism, could not disturb confidence in any genuine spiritual manifestations.

Everybody has heard of experiences by those who have had a limb amputated, similar to the experience of Eddie Bergen as described by the Indianapolis papers. His leg was cut off by a train in that city, and it was amputated just below the knee shortly afterward. It was buried beside his mother's remains in Crown Hill Cemetery. The box was short and the toes were curled under the foot to get the leg in its coffin. The burial party had not yet returned when Eddie complained of the cramped position of his toes on the dismembered limb. Hour by hour the lad's suffering from this cause continued until he was thrown into convulsions. Early the next day a larger box was procured, the leg exhumed, placed in it and re-

buried. Immediately Eddie began to recover. He now says the toes still ache but the pain is growing less. He knows nothing of the way his leg was buried or its exhumation and reinterment. Was there a connection between the living body and the amputated part after its burial, or was it merely imaginary, and was the recovery after the leg was exhumed and reinterred due directly to this change of position or to the boy's knowledge of the fact and to the consequent favorable condition of mind produced thereby?

Christian civilization has its bright side, but its dark side also. In no part of the world can be found greater degradation and wretchedness than exist in portion of great cities like London and New York. Mrs. Anne Besant in the London *National Reformer*, says: At the anniversary meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, in connection with the appointment of the Rev. Copeland Bowie as a travelling missionary in England, the Rev. T. L. Marshall gave "an emphatic warning against sending missions to the East, and especially to a highly-cultivated people like the Japanese. We had in this country sinks of iniquity and haunts of wretchedness and poverty such as could not be found in Japan. There lay the work of Unitarian missionaries, and he regarded with the utmost humiliation the diverting of a single penny from that source to foreign missions." This recalls the statement of Huxley that in all his travels he had seen nothing to rival the wretchedness of our slums, and that he would rather be born a South Sea Islander than a dweller in a London slum.

Wilkie Collins thus describes the fashionable doctor: "He came in a carriage and four, with the necessary bald head and the indispensable white cravat. He turned his back solemnly, as only a great doctor can, on his own positive internal conviction that the patient had nothing whatever the matter with her. He said, with every appearance of believing himself, 'Nerves, Lady Lundy; repose in bed is essentially necessary; I will write a prescription.' He prescribed with perfect gravity aromatic spirits of ammonia, 15 drops; spirits of red lavender, 10 drops; syrup of orange peel, 2 drachms; camphor julep, 1 oz. When he had written *misce fiat Haustus* (instead of mix a draught), when he had added *ter die samendus* (instead of to be taken three times a day), and when he had certified to his own Latin by putting his initials at the end, he had only to make his bow, to slip 2 guineas into his pocket and to go his way with an approving professional conscience in the character of a physician who had done his duty." The fidelity of the description is too evident to be questioned. And yet "regular physicians" combine and secure legislation to hedge their profession with safeguards, to keep up fees, and to avoid competition with newer methods of cure.

In his oration at Vassar College recently George William Curtis said: If any skeptic should ask, "but can delicate woman endure the hardship of a college course of study?" it is a woman who ingeniously turns the flank of the questioner, with a covert sarcasm at her own sex: "I would like you to take thirteen hundred young, men lace them up, and hang ten to twenty pounds of clothes upon their waists, perch them upon three-inch heels, cover their heads with ripples, chignons, rats, and mice, and stick ten thousand hair-pins into their scalps. If they can stand all this they can stand a little Latin and Greek."

In a sermon on "Church and State in America," published in the *Old and New* for April, 1871, Rev. Dr. H. W. Bellows said: Because the government has no religion as a government, it does not follow that the nation has no religion, much less that the governors in their private character have none. The nation has so much religion that it will not allow its political agent or servant, the government, to charge itself with its religious affairs. It attends to its religion in other ways, and simply instructs its government to leave faith and worship to the people, to manage it after their own several fashions. . . . The Constitution makes no declaration of faith, theistic or other-

wise; it denies no creed, Christian or non-Christian, and this not from indifference to religion, or indifference to morality, or indifference to Christianity in the nation, but from respect to the moral and religious feelings and rights of the nation. . . . But the government, as a government, is neither Christian nor Protestant, except by unconscious and inevitable influence of custom and usage and feeling indirectly brought to bear upon it, simply because the government is not a religious agent or representative. Nor is the Constitution intended to be nor is it a full expression of the national life. It is properly confined to what concerns the political principles and interests of the nation.

Joseph Henry Crooker in the *Universal Recorder*: And the talk which we sometimes hear from Protestants to the effect that children will have no chance to hear the Bible read, and no chance to receive a religious training, unless the public school is made formally and definitely religious and Christian, borders on imbecile twaddle. We hear it said that the Supreme Court has declared the Bible unfit to be read in our schools, that it has given the victory to the Catholics, that it has snatched the Word of God from the rising generation; but this is mere fanatical nonsense. That court has passed no judgment upon the value of the Bible, for that is not in dispute; it has not given the victory to the Catholics, but to American justice; and with a million Sunday-school teachers, a hundred thousand churches, and two hundred thousand missionaries of various kinds, our children ought to have a fair chance of hearing the gospel. The Almighty is not shut up in a book; and the alternatives assumed, that religion must be taught in the public school or children will be without the opportunity of religious instruction, certainly do not exist.

Says a Chicago daily: A large element in the urban population is ignorant, industrious, struggling with poverty, and trying to keep children in school. Its evenings are dim and weary. What are its Sundays? The men spend them in saloons. The women go to saloons in many instances; in far greater numbers than godliness on the avenues would like to believe possible. Where else have they to go? One of the ministers proposed a few years ago even to close the parks Sundays. The children of these poor people go to the parks if they can, as soon as the hot weather sets in to stay. The homes of these people are simply pens of distress. They are too close for reading, even if the families are disposed to read; and happily, the distributing stations of the public library supply a great proportion of them with books. They have no music to speak of. Of course they have no pictures, or engravings or etchings, or aught that refreshes a weary eye and opens vistas for imagination to carry off into ideal happiness the victim of social depression. This element in the population of all American cities is annually increasing, and in Chicago it is far larger than is generally supposed.

Mrs. Page, of Ingersoll, Texas, one day this month presented her husband with four girl babies. The father and mother received many letters of congratulation. One lady, an old maid it is stated, sent her check for \$300—merely out of commiseration for the mother. This Page quartet is evidently an instance of reversional heredity, and in the light of evolution has scientific significance and interest. Fortunately, the birth of quartlets is an event of very rare occurrence.

The *New Era* publishes a piece of what purports to be religious poetry, but it is more amatory than religious, in any high meaning of that word. Four lines will suffice here:

"I hold my Savior in my arms
I cannot let him go
I'm so delighted in his charms
No other God I know."

In a letter to the Queen of Denmark, the Czar promises a strict inquiry into Siberian scandals, says he will punish excesses of severity on the part of officials, and promises to instruct his ministers to draft measures of amelioration.

SPENCER'S MATTER AND MIND.

BY PROF. PAYTON SPENCER, M. D.

I have just read Mr. B. F. Underwood's article on "Matter," which was copied into THE JOURNAL of May 31st. The Spencerian doctrine therein presented has suggested to my mind a criticism of it, which may interest the readers of THE JOURNAL. I make the following extracts from Mr. Underwood's article:

By psychological analysis, our conceptions of matter are reducible to sensations."

"We are compelled to think of mind in terms of matter, and matter in terms of mind."

"Let no one imagine that these facts give any support to the theory that there is no objective reality, and that everything resolves itself into the various states of the conscious subject. . . . There is something beyond consciousness, that, in co-operation with the organism, produces the sensations of which we are conscious. What is the externality? [the something beyond consciousness]. . . . 'The antithesis of subject and object, never to be transcended while consciousness lasts, renders impossible all knowledge of that Ultimate Reality' [that something beyond consciousness] 'in which subject and object unite.'"

The following simple illustration will probably help the reader to an easy comprehension of the criticism which I shall make of the foregoing views. Lest the illustration be taken, however, as an attempt at ridicule, I must be allowed to disclaim beforehand any desire or intention to substitute ridicule for facts and legitimate inferences. I make use of the illustration simply because it is apt, and is well fitted to bring clearly before the mind of the general reader the point which I wish to make.

I look over a busy child's shoulder, and the following questions and answers pass between us: "What are you drawing there?" "A house and a pig." "I see the house, but where is the pig?" "Oh, the pig is behind the house." Now, I look over Spencer's psychology, in which he claims to have drawn the two faces of an unknowable reality, that is, its objective face (matter) and its subjective face (mind). I see that the subjective or mental face is very clearly and strikingly drawn as a compound of related sensations. But I look for a long time, patiently, inquiringly, anxiously for the other face, the objective or material face; and finding always and forever nothing but mind, the subjective face, that is, sensations and related sensations, I am forced to the conclusion that the objective face must be behind the subjective one, like the pig behind the house, and this is really the truth of the matter. Spencer's object is hidden behind his subjective phenomena and has no more existence than the child's pig.

If we enter a little more into the details of the matter, the reader will, I think, become convinced that my conclusion is not an exaggeration of the truth. In handling this subject, Spencer has but three things to deal with through their appropriate names; and as there can be no accurate expression of thought without terms that are sharply defined and that are rigidly held to their definitions, let us see what names he has given to those three things, and let us hold to those names, so that he may not lead us into confusion.

First, then, Spencer postulates an Ultimate Reality, that is, he assumes its existence, because he cannot get along without it, although its existence is neither self-evident, nor perceivable, nor demonstrable. This Ultimate Reality is an unknown and unknowable something that stands back of both subject (mind) and object (matter)—something of which both mind and matter are manifestations—something in which, as he says both "subject and object unite."

Second. Spencer recognizes a thing called mind, and by mind he means subject, and by subject and by mind he means all psychical manifestations of the Ultimate Reality from the simple nervous shock to sensations and related sensations in all degrees whatever.

Third. He recognizes something which he calls matter, body, or object. But what is this matter or object of his? It is the outcome of a differentiation that takes place in mind, that is, it is the outcome of a differentiation of the elements of mind, sensations, into two classes of sensations, namely, the vivid and

the faint. But mind includes both of these two classes, and all that is in them; no remnants of them are so differentiated that they cease to be mind and are extracted from the mind. They are all in mind, and are mind; and, of course, nothing is left with which to organize something different from mind to which the name of matter may be given. Nevertheless all the vivid sensations together with some of the faint ones in certain relations, are called matter, object, although they are all the while constitutive of mind, and are mind, and are called mind. Spencer's matter, then, is but an arbitrary name given to something that has no independent existence apart from mind. If it were suggested to the child that he might call the basement of his house, pig, I think he would regard it as more rational to stick to his original declaration that the pig is behind the house; and I agree with him. It is evident then, that, if for mere names, we substitute the things signified by them, Spencer's Ultimate Reality has not two faces—matter and mind—but only one visible, recognizable face,—the subjective or mental face.

If we hold the three terms, Ultimate Reality, Matter and Mind to the meanings given them, and regard both matter and mind as manifestations of the Ultimate Reality, and regard matter as object and mind as subject; then the Ultimate Reality is strictly speaking neither object nor subject, neither objective nor subjective. Now, when Spencer says that, "Matter can only be thought of in terms of mind," he simply repeats himself; for, after having composed matter of the elements of mind, he of course, can only think of it in terms of mind. Still, in the course of his argument on that point, he gets into a little confusion when he says that "Our experiences of a rhythmically-moving mass whence the conception of it" (a rhythmically-moving molecule) "is derived, are states of mind having objective counterparts that are unknown." Now, as those unknown counterparts pertain to the Ultimate Reality, they cannot be said by Spencer to be either objective or subjective. On the other hand, when he endeavors to show that "mind can only be thought of in terms of matter," he gets into still greater confusion. He says: "No effort of the imagination enables us to think of a (nervous) 'shock' (the ultimate unit of mind)," however minute, except as undergone by an entity. We are compelled therefore to postulate a substance of mind that is affected before we can think of its affections." But this postulated substance of mind is simply the Ultimate Reality, and, therefore, Spencer has lost his aim, and instead of thinking of mind in terms of matter; as he set out to do, he is trying to think of mind in terms of the Ultimate Reality. And, if he should further say, as he does, "we can form no notion of substance of mind absolutely divested of attributes connoted by the word substance; and all such attributes are abstractions from our experiences of material phenomena," he shows, not that we can only think of mind in terms of matter, but that we can only think of substance of mind, that is, of the Ultimate Reality in terms of matter—which is not what he set out to prove.

It is furthermore inconsistent in Spencer to push his thoughts about matter to the utmost verge of the knowable only, and to stop, therefore, at the ideas which constitute it and make it, as he says, triply ideal; while, in pushing his thoughts about mind, he does not stop at the utmost limit of the knowable, that is, at the ideal unit of consciousness, but tries to carry them across the line into the realm of the unknowable substance—the Ultimate Reality; and in trying to do this, he is trying to do something which the proof of his proposition does not require, and which, if done, will neither prove nor disprove the proposition. In the case of both matter and mind he should have stopped within the limits of the knowable, that is, at ideas which constitute both; or else, in both cases, he should have tried to carry his thoughts across the line into the domain of the unknowable.

To conclude, it seems to me, that there is no substantial difference between Spencer's views of matter and of mind, and those of Berkeley. If, for Spencer's postulated Ultimate Reality, we substitute Berkeley's Deity, which can only be postulated, both being

equally unknowable, then, what remains in common to those two philosophers, is sensations and related sensations only; so that, if Berkeley can strictly be called an idealist, we can, with equal propriety, call Spencer an idealist.

But although Spencer and Berkeley may be classed together as idealists, yet so vastly is the former in advance of the latter that, while, on the one hand, Berkeley's writings might now be dropped out of our libraries and not be missed, except as a necessary part in the historical development of philosophy; on the other hand, no one can be said to understand the genesis and structure of the mind who has not read Spencer's philosophy. That work alone, had he written no other, would guarantee him an undying fame. The mind is a vast and intricate net-work of elements in relations that are simple and compound, and doubly compounded, and triply compounded, and infinitely compounded; yet, Spencer patiently, delicately, carefully pulls apart line after line of its connections and plexus after plexus of its relations, and holds them up in so clear a light that the complex machinery of mind becomes, almost as visible and intelligible to us as the movements of a working model in the patent office. And, yet, all that complex and interwoven mental structure is pulled apart for us, and opened out to us, and held up before our eyes simply by means of words—symbols that are of themselves colorless and meaningless. Such masterly verbal handling of intricately interlacing lines of thought, and such steady and persistent holding of each to its place apart, must extort the admiration even of his enemies, if he has any. In the multitude of lines that must be picked up, and adjusted, and carried with him as he goes, it would seem as though one must be dropped here, and another must slip through his fingers there, and others must escape his eye, and still others must elude his grasp; and we marvel that the whole delicate net-work of lines which he handles, does not finally collapse in his grasp, and fall to his feet a hopeless, tangled heap. It is contended in recent times that the characteristic by which man is distinguished from the animal is the power of generalizing. If that be true, then the greatest generalizer is the greatest man. And, if this be true, then Spencer will, perhaps, ultimately be ranked as the foremost man of this and of all other ages.

WHY UNITARIANISM CANNOT PREVAIL.

I.

BY E. L. HOLBROOK, M. D.

I have seen from time to time in your very catholic paper—so catholic I fear, that there will not be full reciprocation—articles, essays, sermons, from liberals, etc., that point their own conclusion, viz.: that their views and methods of the class represented, will sometime prevail throughout the world. I presume I should not go astray if I called them Unitarians, the most liberal of the liberals, but I cannot conceive that they will greatly prevail unless they take Spiritualism in or find some other way of proving a future life and something of its conditions.

When I speak of religion in this letter I mean the sentiments pertaining to another life after the death of the body, not a religion of character, or morality, that pertains to this life only, if that be a religion as some assert who have no specific knowledge or thought of the far future. The Unitarians have the most completely of any Christian denomination come out of the thick dark fogs of Romanism and Calvinism—their fall of man and their machinery of salvation, their theories of plenary inspiration and their claims of morals, their worship, their formalism, their prejudices, their fears, and their ideas of divine preference for some above others. The Unitarians have appealed to reason, and for the most part, have set their face against the unreasonable in religion as well as in other matters. They have endeavored to eliminate the anthropomorphic in theology and have succeeded as to themselves very well and have withal acquitted themselves well along the lines of morality, benevolence and beneficence. They are leading happy and useful lives; they permit others and help others to do the same.

This is all very well, this last is very well indeed;

ut as religionists, as I have defined religion, with powers of propagandism, what are the Unitarians? They have stripped themselves of the weapons that their fathers had and have acquired nothing new. They do not claim to have knowledge of life that exists after the death of the body. They assert that it cannot be known, so remote would such a life be from the life we have now. On what then do they base their thought of immortality? O, it is faith—the same old religious faith that has been the bane of all the ages, which has been taken all along as the sufficient evidence of a supposed truth, yet ever changing, unreliable, contradictory, and in fact, generally repudiated and cast out by these Unitarians as worthless. Yet this is put forward by them as the all-sufficient evidence of the greatest of great things, so sufficient that they ask no more.

But it may be, they say, that they are to be distinguished from the mediæval faith-mongers in that they have "a faith that is according to knowledge." How does this avail anything if they have no knowledge—no knowledge of spirit life? All the visionaries of the ages have supposed the same, indeed have been subjectively conscious of the same, of having a faith "according to knowledge." But, perhaps, they, the Unitarians, mean that their faith is not against science, *i. e.*, the facts of the world so far as we know them. I must controvert that, if I stand upon their basis. Immortal life for one who seems to die requires proof as strong as the assertion. Everything seems to be going in a circle; what begins, ends; what goes up comes down; life and death continually, life in one form followed by life in another form. It is not enough to say that matter or that spirit is indestructible, and therefore, that man continues forever; for man is an organization; and, so far as we know, every organization comes to an end. Such is the law so far as we know. A belief in the continuity of any organized form does not make it so, nor does the belief furnish any proof. According to their own acknowledgments their faith is the most bold and simple of any in the world. The orthodox think that they have evidence—the word of God; the Catholics think that they have evidence—the word of God, the ministrations of angels and saints. They feel that they know that their Redeemer liveth, and their faith seems reasonable to them. But the Unitarians discard all such asserted evidence, and their belief stands alone, themselves bearing witness and themselves being the judges.

Now I do not find fault with their discarding such alleged evidences and all dogmas built thereon—in fact I approve it for it is the result of reason—but I am considering what is their prospect of converting the world. Now it seems to me, and very strongly so that while men are pursuing knowledge, if there be no knowledge that reaches out into the supposed future life, nor any that is supposed to, and no faith that necessarily compels adherence, people will become generally agnostic. Indeed they must be agnostic; it is so predicted and admitted—only this faith and its consequences remain to distinguish the Unitarians. But most of the agnostics see in theological faith the blight of the ages, and this faith, what there is left of it among the Unitarians to-day, is in their opinion, the same thing in kind preserved by heredity, but aborted and soon to disappear. Faith without evidence, they say is a burden, and a stumbling stone, and it stands in the way of scientific progress, and so much the more as it is the stronger.

Some of the Unitarians themselves admit the fact of fading faith—or a very weak faith in a future life—and for the want of proof they hedge and say what of it? Our religion is good for this life, a religion of character, morality, altruism, beneficence, good works; and hence it promotes the highest happiness here and a future life if there be one, will take care of itself. Very good, very good indeed. If people cannot know, that is the best, if they do not care to know, it is at least very good; probably the next best. I always smile at a faith in others that works for good which is in accord with my knowledge, though that with is held for very different reasons, or for no reason at all. I would hardly disturb such a faith except at I feel that such a faith supported by knowledge

must be so much more substantial than faith alone can be.

With such people so nearly right I have but little argument. But my contention is this: that they cannot make the conquest of the world with their faith in a spirit life without proof of a spirit life or anything that stands for proof to the outside world. The trouble is here: though they may hold that sometime in the endless march of culture all people will go along the same line that they have travelled, and graduate out of creeds, dogmas and anthropomorphism; still as there is nothing to take hold of the great majority of people must become and remain agnostic and agnosticism,—I mean every phase of non-belief—will increase from age to age. People will say more and more. Behold the wonderful things of science. The eye reaches everywhere through all space but sees no spirit-life—no spirit-world, and therefore there is none. What has Unitarianism to say to all these? Simply nothing so far as I can see with which they can reach the agnostics.

As this subject is broad and I am not near through I may have something to offer next week.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY IMOGENE C. FALES.

Religions are governed by the same law of development as species or institutions. The principle of evolution applies to psychological, as well as to morphological phenomena. The relations of man to man, and of man to God, have both growth and history. They have differentiated in pursuance of the same law as that which Haeckel traces in the development of the primary cell. The analogy extends further. Place the growing seed beneath the microscope, and the nature of the future tree, or flower is visible; place a rudimentary religion beneath the microscope of comparative science, and the embryonic attributes of Buddhism and Christianity are seen. Just as a child represents the sum total of his ancestry, so religious faiths at any period sum up the religious growths of a community to that time.

Similarly, just as species and even types perish altogether, so religions, and religious institutions pass away. Species and types may die, but principles persist and re-embody themselves in new forms of activity. There is a correlation and conservation of religious as well as of physical forces. The religion of the future will differ in form and expression from that of to-day; its principles, however will be those which guide and control us. As the civilized man exceeds the semimian savage of the flint age, or as the full fruit exceeds the leaf, so the Christianity of the future will exceed that of to-day.

"Conservation of energy," simply means the indestructibility of motion or life, and a corresponding transformation into other forms. In this change,—whether it be from one condition to another and higher one—this gathering up or relating process never ceases. For it is not only religion that signifies to go back—to rebound, to relate—and re-express, but that word is explanatory of a universal process. The larger concept of a new religious system is formed by the combination of pre-existing and latent religious concepts, and pre-supposes and includes them. Periods of stagnation precede those of motion. History is a perpetual rhythm. The religious passivity of the present time, implies an intensified activity soon to come. The development of the political and social status of civilized society involves a corresponding development of the religious status.

Evolution means more than the development of features already existent—it includes the introduction of new features and tendencies,—if even in the most rudimentary form. All progress implies present imperfection. Modern religion represents and typifies modern society. The evils and draw-backs of the one have their counterparts in the other. The tendency of one is linked to the tendency of the other. The movement of society through the centuries has been toward a higher morality, toward loftier ideals, toward an increased spirituality. The movement of religion has had the same characteristics. The history of society has been an increasing individualization

through co-operation. The religion of the future—which is Christianity as a spiritual force within man—will expand into limitless expression the doctrine of Human Brotherhood as laid down by Christ. This religious change will involve a corresponding social change. Co-operation must become the law of civilization.

Forms are ephemeral, but the spirit, a principle behind the form, lives, and takes in a new and better body.

Abstract ideas forever embody and disembody themselves. This process is progress. Whenever permanently interfered with or prevented—whether by governmental or ecclesiastical influences—death ensues. The test of permanency of any form is whether it represents a principle, or is only adapted to a temporary condition of circumstances. In the one case the form survives; in the other it perishes. The relations of God to man are everywhere made the subject of religious teachings; the relations of man to man, as children of the Universal Father, have hardly been realized or noticed. Liberty, equality and fraternity are premonitions of what is to be. The religion of Christ when fully developed, through the increasing consciousness of man, will be the living soul of a democracy, such as the world has never seen. Responsibility and co-responsibility, co-operation, and brotherhood,—these are the four articles that men will yet subscribe to. Yet the appreciation of truth is a matter of time; much more its embodiment in conduct and action. The change in the daily conduct of Christians in nearly 2,000 years is almost inappreciable when compared with the change imperatively demanded by the founder of our faith. An absolute millennium may therefore be as distant as a fixed star,—a relative millennium appears with every great truth, and each great teacher. Not in the change, but in the tendency can be seen a social and religious life where co-operation has taken the place of competition, that will faithfully interpret and express the divine command of love to God and man.

Looking through the ages we perceive that the race is leavened—if not with righteousness, with that which makes toward righteousness. The end of the old order, and the beginning of the new, are nearer than they seem. A single rock sliding down a mountain side, means but little, but when it is the precursor of a thousand more, an avalanche or a land-slide is not far off. A single truth or doctrine, one great teacher all alone, effect but little during the life of a generation; but truths and doctrines, enforced by actual conditions of social life, teachers and preachers expounding thoughts and interpreting experiences held by countless thousands, mean rapid and far-reaching social and religious changes.

LOOKING FORWARD.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Bellamy pushed his mind forward one hundred years and looked back to see present conditions very much as we see them, but his picture of Boston in the twentieth century is not as I see it under the rapid strides of reform, of evolution and the discoveries in science. To me his description of a public dinner on the old English style, even now out of fashion, representing the ladies retiring and leaving the men to sit and smoking, drinking wine, and chatting, probably, till they fall asleep or tire—is entirely out of place. The author does not seem to see that long before that date there will be perfect equality between the sexes and ladies will grace all social parties and take part in all public discussions, and that the poison tobacco, now used to stupefy the over taxed laborer, will have gone out with intoxicating drinks. Those sectarian sermons, too, which he found telephoned into most of the houses, will be lost in the receding mist of superstition, and there will be no use for them. It is not at all probable that the government will raise the corn, make the bread, mend the shoes, and shave the faces of those who want it done. What Bellamy saw of the sidewalks and their covering may be realized and it is probable that the streets will be as smooth and clean as a floor, and not a horse or dog will ever be seen on them. The chimneys, flues and pipes may all

be gone and electricity furnish the lights, heat and motive power, which, with pneumatic tubes, may bring parcels to all dwellings, and noiseless cars land all passengers at their doors.

When the government shall restrict corporations in stock and other debts to the cost of plants and confine them to the business for which they were chartered, allowing no railroad to use land except for its business of transportation, and prohibiting all transportation companies owning mines or other sources of producing the goods transported, ticing in all monopolies and furnishing the people ample currency to do business with, and pay as they go, cutting off usury and all unreasonable rents and all monopoly of land, we shall soon reach the temporal millenium. Our country can supply all the real comfort and luxuries of life. Shut off the tobacco and alcohol corporation robberies and waste, and we will move in reform in a geometrical ratio. The progress during my own life has been wonderful and may be greater in the next century.

COBDEN, Ill.

THE RIDDLE OF LIFE.

C. G. ANDERSON.

In the busy whirl and strife for the accumulation of worldly possessions or in the bitter struggle for the necessities of life, how many are there who give their thoughts to the solution of life's momentous questions? Do the tendencies of education so shape our minds that these questions become to us all a matter of deep meditation and earnest consideration? When we look at the surging masses of humanity, divided into different nationalities and these again into different grades of societies, all swerving hither and thither now in religious conflicts, now in political strife, now in mercilese wars, having at times for their object only an annexation, does not the retrospect in the panorama presented to our view leave to the imagination nothing but a tangled web so intricate in its interwoven meshes that we are at a loss how to find the solution to its untanglement?

Tracing history back to its remotest period, where it becomes obscured in mythology, what has been learned from it? Rapacity, bloodshed, war and carnage! Man besmirching his hands with the blood of his fellow-man. Father against son; brother against brother. Tribes, kingdoms, republics and empires sprung into existence; tribes, kingdoms, republics and empires swept out of existence. Supremacy established by conquering armies; supremacy lost by the fortunes of war. Page after page we may turn the history of nations, and predominatingly, we find the spirit of defiance in the subjugation and subservience of all to its own. It tells us that the subtlety of human passions has always been the same, and it tells us that *might* has always tried to establish itself as right.

Though along the vista of ages and generations past here and there are found glimmering lights of human thoughts, like luminous stars in a dark blue void, yet in the structure of animate organism, man the created image of God according to the Bible, has failed to be what he was made to represent. If he is an image of God, the God of Christian nations, the God of infinite love, goodness and wisdom, man judged from history is a failure; man judged from the present is, at his best in the portrayal but a blurred semblance in the cast of the image. What has been the cause of this alienation of man from the original? Or is it a mere supposition, fostered by the vanity of man, that he was made an image of the Creator? Let us turn our thoughts to nature.

In the cloudless sky of heaven, we see in the day time a vast void, a light blue atmospheric ether, lost in a space of nothingness; turn the eye to it at night, and lo! the vaulted arch contains millions of glittering orbs, spheres of such magnitude that our earth sinks into insignificance, with distances from each other so great that our mode of computation with figures, fails to express them in miles, yet so exact in their movements through space that the finest mechanism conceived by human intellects can not record an infinitesimal deviation. Beholder, stop, and ask yourself: "Can I link my imagination into a

conception or supposition that I am an image of the Creator of all this? Can I, who am but like an atom of the dust scattered by the winds, when compared with the mysterious wonders in creation, conceive in myself any resemblance to such a Power?"

The laws of nature produce in the smallest portion of time countless, endless phenomena. Grandeurs upon grandeurs are opened up to our bewildered senses if we but take the trouble to ascertain what exists in our surroundings. The microscope reveals a world of life in a single drop of water; living objects of various shapes possess organisms suited to their mode of existence, yet all on such a diminutive scale as to be imperceptible to the naked eye. There is not a flower, whether of delicate and exquisite beauty, or tinted in colors which do not blend with our fancy, whether scenting the air with the balmy fragrance of perfume, suited to our tastes or not. Not even the smallest blade of grass whereupon we trample, but represents a grand ordination in nature. Wonderful world, yet more wonderful Creator of it all! Man, can you conceive in yourself any semblance to this Creator? Our scientific researches, our philosophical knowledge, and our mechanical skill, sink into nought when compared with nature's work.

Human beings are the embodiment and essence of the highest organisms on this earth. Their intellectual and reasoning faculties place them at the head of all this world's products. This we know from actual observations. How human beings became such factors is left to conjecture. From the history of the Bible we learn that "God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." Also, "and the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made He a woman, and brought her unto man." Can we believe that this is a true history of the origin of the human races?

Can the unbiased mind believe that God made a blunder by creating beings not in conformity with His wishes? For, according to the same source of information, Adam and Eve, the first people on this earth, could not stand temptation, but fell from grace. But, perhaps God was compelled in the creation of man to conform to some unknown law which made it impossible for Him to create a perfect human being?

Geological researches furnish undisputable proofs that in the formation of the different strata of the earth's crust, cycles of years have elapsed. All matter animate has regularly defined periods wherein gradually to develop. Even inanimate matter, in nature's laboratory, comes under a law of gradual development, through chemical or atmospheric influences. Is not the problem then of human life such as to lead us to believe from what we observe in nature's productions, that successions of ages have gradually formulated and moulded us into human beings, able to think, reason and act? That man has sprung forth from something, and that something in accordance with nature's laws, is more reasonable, and there may be more truth in the theory of Darwin than we are willing to accept. Life, then death with the intervening span in human existence, so short that the step from the cradle to the grave is but like a flash in that endless period of duration called time. The fleeting moments of our lives, more precious than all earthly wealth, pass by year after year. Silently they roll by; steadily; but oh! how swiftly. From childhood on, look back. It seems more like a dream, full of cherished recollections, sad perhaps to many, yet to all vivifying some bright spot in the buried past.

The allotted time of existence accorded us all soon rolls by. Before we realize it, we stand upon the threshold of the hereafter; the curtain is drawn aside and we are numbered with those of the past. How many before us? How many to follow? None can tell. Our conceptions of this hereafter are, at the very best, but vague. The Bible speaks of a heaven and a hell, (hades or gehenna, construe the meaning of the word as you please). The former as the abode for the godly, the other the place for the wicked. The obedience through life which bring as a reward in this hereafter a place in that glorious paradise of bliss, as pictured by Milton, or the transgressions which may send the soul into that hell which Dante's "Inferno" portrays as the place where, "All hope abandon ye

who enter here," seem more like a travesty on the justice of the Creator of us and all.

An upright, conscientious and honorable man leaves this world. In all his transactions through life, his endeavors have been to do justice unto all men, wrong to none. To those in need his charitable nature was always ready to respond, yet, because he failed to believe in certain doctrines his soul is counted as numbered with the lost by his surviving Christian brethren. On the other hand, the man who tramples upon all rights, the lustful profligate who destroys chastity, and leaves to the eyes of the world an outcast spurned by society, the murderous mind that, without the least provocation, plans with cool deliberation the killing of another,—these may, when at last brought face to face with the inevitable last hour in this life, whether on a bed of sickness or in view of the dangling rope from the scaffold, repent, and by so doing, become the fit dwellers in the abode of heaven.

According to the theological views of life, and its final outcome, it seems as if the justice of the Creator to man, his created image, falls short even when compared with the justice of man to his fellow man. It seems as if the power of the evil one is more potent than that of the Creator. The doctrines of the origin of life as well as the doctrines of its hereafter, are so shallow that there is not even a place for the ground work to a foundation upon which to complete a structure. The inexhaustible fountains of knowledge surely contain a stimulus possessing some power to lift our minds to a higher appreciation in the solution of life's riddle.

ORGANIZATION.

By M. C. SEECEY.

I have just read the practical common-sense article by "Truro" headed "Organization." It expresses my own views on the subject. The discussion which has been had on the question has been well enough as preliminary to a formulation of thought, but to say that the world is prepared for the "Organization" such as some have suggested is premature. The world is growing for such an organization—for the Universal Church—the "Church of the Spirit." It will come; but it will not come until all things are ready. Like your correspondent I have lived "outside of the activities of spiritual circles;" but have been a silent onlooker at the influences at work, bringing, without noise and confusion, the means for the accomplishment of results. Here and there are preparing those who are to lead in the grand movement which is to bring to man—universal man—brotherhood, fellowship, unity. These will come together when the hour strikes. They will represent the unity of heaven and earth—the Love and Wisdom of God incarnate in human form;—men and women who have been tried by years of silent crucifixion—men and women who are dead to self and alive to the interests of the Universal Good.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va.

THE COLLEGE GHOST!

The narrative given, by "Senex" below, will be read with additional interest when it is known that the writer has nearly completed a century of years. "I am now ninety-eight years of age," he writes: "I have for years been investigating Spiritualism and am fully satisfied there is much solid truth in it, but also a vast deal of humbug, especially when publicly exhibited for money. I have had a long life, well preserved, witnessed many interesting scenes and have heard related many interesting incidents. Why this ghost story has not been published before is that the professor did not wish it done in his day at any rate, as it would attract too much attention to the college."

Nearly a century ago, one of our New England colleges was troubled with a ghost. It was supposed at first to be a mere human being, but at length it so effectively eluded the nicest scrutiny of the students, and faculty of the college, and preformed so many superhuman acts, that it was deemed to be a veritable ghost.

But in order to understand the following narrative, it is needful to have an idea of the room in which the ghost appeared. It was a basement room at the south end of the college building, with thick brick walls,

reaching entirely across the end—about forty feet—and with a brick partition wall twenty feet back, so that the room was in size forty by twenty feet. It had a brick floor, but was not plastered on the walls or over head. It had small windows at the end and sides, but no place of entrance except at the first door at the south end,—so that a person in the college must go outside in order to enter the room. This basement room was used as a mere storage place for things not needed for immediate use, and was specially used by the directors for the depositing of bones from the dissecting room. Those were deposited in a chest four feet long and two feet wide and deep.

Immediately over this chest, two students occupied a room together. In this condition of things, at about eight o'clock on a pleasant summer's evening, these students heard a rustling of the bones in the chest in the room below. They were much frightened, but after a time, with the aid of another student and lantern they had courage enough to go down to the basement room to investigate. They found the outer door closed, but the lid of the chest open, and the bones much disturbed. They found no one in the room, but as there was no lock on the door, a mischievous boy or student might have shaken up the bones and left the room before they had entered. The conclusion was that there was no ghost in the case and that the disturbance was caused by human hands. But in order to settle the question, a strong lock was procured and put on the outside door. It was a lock such as was used on store doors a century ago, part wood and part iron with a keyhole through it and a large key so that it would lock inside and out. The door was then locked and the key taken by one of the students of the room above. It was, however, argued that if it was in reality a ghost it would return again at about the same hour the next night. So a number of students agreed to be in the room above, with lanterns at eight o'clock and wait events.

Assembled according to appointment at about that hour they heard a noise as if the lid of the chest was violently thrown open against the inner wall; stifled groans of distress were heard, and the bones appeared to be flying about in all directions, and seemingly falling to the floor beneath the students feet. A large number of students, with lanterns, hastened down to the basement room. They found the door locked as they had left it the night before. It was hastily unlocked; the students rushed in and found many bones out of the chest, and promiscuously scattered about on the brick floor. Then they thoroughly examined the entire room, so that they were sure no human being could be concealed in it, and also examined the windows, finding iron rods outside and so near together that a rat could not squeeze in between them. All were satisfied that no human being could enter the room except through the door-way.

But all this did not entirely settle the question whether these demonstrations were made by a ghost or a man, for some one might have a false key, letting himself in, make the demonstrations, return and lock the door behind him. And yet they did not see how he could do such things, and be so quick about it as not to be caught, for the moment the demonstrations began the students started for the basement door, and seemingly quicker than an intruder could get outside himself. However, in order to render assurance doubly sure, they agreed to set a watch outside at the usual hour of the night with a number of lanterns; so that no one could go out or in the basement door without being seen and caught.

This was done. At the usual hour a large crowd, consisting not only of the officers and students of the college, but also many of the inhabitants of the village,—for these demonstrations had greatly alarmed the whole neighborhood. Many had lanterns, so that the south end of the college was as light as day, rendering it impossible for any mortal being to go in or out, without been seen.

The crowd began to grow impatient, when the demonstrations began. The lid of the chest flew open, groans were uttered, the bones leaped out in all directions with great violence, and stifled shrieks of murder were distinctly heard. Quick as possible the door was unlocked, opened and the crowd rushed in; but no human mortal could be found after a most thorough search. The apartment was then entirely overhauled, the chest was removed a short distance nearer the end of the room, which would bring it nearly opposite the door, and about twenty feet distance from it. After a long consultation of the officers, students and citizens, it was concluded to try once more to detect the cause of these frightful demonstrations.

The janitor of the college was directed to bring in a box of ashes and a sieve, and the next day, some half dozen of the students, superintended by one of the professors, picked up all the bones, piled them up at the end of the chest, and then sifted ashes in all directions, ten feet from the chest, going backward so as to leave no foot prints of their own. The chest lid had been closed, and then, no mortal man could open the chest and get at the bones without making foot prints in the ashes. After the matter was all well looked over, the door was locked and the professor

took the key himself. It was also agreed to set the usual watch outside. The result of all this was believed to solve the problem whether all these strange demonstrations were the work of a ghost or a man.

At the appointed time a large crowd was out doors watching; the professor with key in hand stood at the door waiting. At the first demonstration inside, he tried to put in his key, but the noise so far exceeded all former exhibitions that he was delayed in unlocking, and when he had pushed the door slightly open the sounds were so startling, the bones flying so swiftly in all directions, that he paused until all was quiet. Then he pushed the door entirely back, and checked the crowd, so they could examine what had happened. They discovered that the lid of the chest had been torn from its hinges. A large lot of bones were strewn about in all directions, and many were on the sifted ashes, but not a foot-print of man, ghost or devil could be found. It is needless to say that all were profoundly astonished. They again made a thorough search throughout the room and were absolutely certain that no human being could be secreted in it, and as certain that no one could have entered it, except by the door, and that no one could have entered at the door without being seen.

The inmates of the college and inhabitants of the village, were all excited, puzzled, confounded—all the exercises of the college were suspended, except prayers in the chapel night and morning. Students could neither study, recite lessons nor quietly sleep nights. The next morning the chapel was filled to its utmost capacity by the officers and students of the college and the leading citizens of the village; for it was understood that these all-absorbing manifestations would there be fully discussed. The president himself officiated at the desk, and after prayers, sat down, and requested the audience to be seated. Then a full discussion took place. All were requested to throw some light on the subject if they could, but no one attempted an explanation. It was then suggested whether the college had not better be closed for a month, and these demonstrations might cease; so the import and meaning of them might be discovered. As the case stood these demonstrations seemed to be senseless and to effect no purpose. At all events, the college exercises could not exist under this great excitement.

At length one of the students suggested that in a neighboring town some five or six miles away there was a fortune-teller or magician, who had a great reputation in solving mysteries, finding goods lost or stolen, and telling fortunes. It could do no harm to bring him here even if he effected nothing, and he was so anxious that this strange mystery should be solved that he would take a carriage and bring him here at his own expense. This proposition was accepted. He said he would start soon after breakfast, and that all might attend who desired to do so and not be kept needlessly waiting. He gave notice that he would return at two o'clock p. m. In the meantime he would suggest that the box of bones be removed from the basement room, the floor swept clean and all things made as presentable as it could be while he was gone. All this was done at once.

At the hour named he drove up to the college with the fortune-teller or magician, and found a great crowd of people there to greet his arrival. The fortune-teller at once left the carriage, saying he wished for no introduction, passed through the crowd without noticing anyone. He was a man of large stature, brilliant eye, intelligent face, and it was apparent that he felt at ease and master of the situation. He passed into the room, came to the chest of bones, stooped down and carefully examined those in and out of the chest, perhaps a bushel basket full in all, then he stood erect, and said in a solemn tone: "I can solve the mystery, but to do this I must have profound silence in the room. Those who cannot keep silent must at once leave it. I must not be interrupted. When I have finished and any explanation is needed I will give it; but I say again I must not be interrupted!" This last exclamation was so solemnly pronounced and in such a strong voice, that the audience seemed to stand in awe, and kept entire silence during his performance.

He began by saying: "A portion of these bones are those of a murdered man! His ghost now appears and demands for them a christian burial in consecrated ground, that they may no longer be subject to rude handling by thoughtless men. A few years ago, at midnight, the body that contained this skeleton was brought to this college building in a box by two men. The janitor was aroused and they all three took it into the dissecting room. One of them stated that it contained the body of a man about forty years old, who came to his sudden death in full life, by accident; that in assisting to raise a building he fell and timbers falling on him, he was most shockingly bruised; that he was taken up dead, and as he had no near relatives in the place, and no one objected, they had brought the body to be used in the interest of science, as it was not an easy matter to obtain a subject for dissection who suddenly died in the full vigor of life; and that now with a suitable sum for their trouble, they would retire. This was agreed upon and paid. On being

requested to give their names and place of residence they declined, saying it was of no importance as there would be no search for the body.

"In taking off the clothes from the body the next morning, it was found to be terribly bruised which might have been done in the manner stated, or it might have been done by a bludgeon, such as is used in playing ball. The back and three ribs were broken and the skull was smashed in. The arms and legs were all more or less shattered and mutilated. The dress was found to be superior to that of a laboring man, but such as a trader or professional man would wear for every day dress. The body had on a complete suit of clothes except hat and shoes. But there was nothing found in them to indicate who the man was or where he resided. There was not even a jack-knife found in the vest pocket.

"At length it was thought best to postpone the dissection for a time, and institute an investigation. Accordingly, men were sent into all the neighboring towns round about to make inquiry; but no case could be found of an accident in the raising of a building, or of a man missed or one supposed to be murdered. It was then believed that the body must have been brought from a long distance, and further inquiry useless. They then proceeded to dissect the body; but took the precaution to preserve all things possible for identification if inquiry should be made. Accordingly they measured his exact height, weighed the body on the scales and cut off a large lock of hair. These minutes, together with the lock of hair were put into the coat pocket, and the whole suit hung up in a closet in the dissecting room—and are there now! But my object now is to lay this ghost and procure a christian burial of the bones in consecrated ground as demanded. And now I call for a box to put them in."

On its being produced he carefully selected all the bones which he said belonged to the skeleton of the murdered man, put the lid on and strongly nailed it on. He then said it must be put into the hands of the sexton for burial, and he being present took charge of it, and immediately proceeded to the village grave-yard near by, and afterwards reported that he had done his duty.

He then said he felt impelled to address a few words of caution and admonition to the students of the college. The ghost had been satisfied and departed forever from the college, and would annoy the students no more. They could retire to their beds, sleep soundly, and awake in the morning refreshed for the duties of the day.

"And now," he said, "my young friends, you are sent here by parents and guardians at great expense to obtain an education which you are in duty bound to do. It will be a serious neglect of duty to spend your time in idleness, or go about the streets or college buildings to find some mischief to do. This spirit is departed and will trouble you no more; but, remember, there are many other spirits of different capacities and disposition—good, bad and indifferent, and if you commit offences you may be suddenly seized by an unseen power, and severely handled—your clothing torn to pieces and you left half dead. Heed my admonitions or suffer the consequences. And now, on the payment of five dollars for my services, I am ready to depart and return to my home." This was readily done, and one of the students took him into the carriage and departed.

It was then concluded to adjourn to the chapel where there was room for all, to be seen and heard. The president occupied the desk and acted as chairman. The first inquiry was, whether the narrative of the magician about the transactions in the dissecting room was true, and if so, how he obtained his knowledge. The surgeon, who had had charge of the room; for more than a dozen years, stated that it was literally true from beginning to end, and he had just come from the dissecting room and saw the clothes of the murdered man hanging up in the closet. But was the magician ever in the dissecting room? O, no! and if he had come and begged for admittance it would not have been granted. The proceedings in the dissecting room are kept secret and no outsider could be admitted on any conditions, and, said the surgeon, "I presume, he never visited the college building before to-day, or even the village itself." "Then," said the president, "we must take it for granted that the magician obtained his knowledge from his own divination and not from any prompting outside. The president then announced that the usual exercises of the college would be resumed on the next day, and the students must govern themselves accordingly. The conclusion arrived at was that the college had been visited by a real ghost, yet some of the learned men, in and out of the college doubted it notwithstanding. They could see no way to avoid the conclusion. The next day, the usual exercises began with renewed vigor. The students got their lessons better than ever, and recited to the satisfaction of the teachers. Peace and harmony reigned supreme, so that, in time, it was said, that if there could be a millennium on earth, the college was a most brilliant example.

It was in the pleasant month of June and commencement was near at hand. The graduating class

wrote their parts with great care and delivered them with so much energy and pathos, that they frequently brought down the house. In short, it was a most brilliant commencement, superior to any that had been witnessed since the erection of the college walls. The day was closed by a splendid "Carnival Ball" in the evening. The ball closed at the small hours in the morning, and all went home to rest their weary limbs and "dream of heaven." Late in the morning of the next day, many calls were made for congratulations and compliments, and to talk over and enjoy again the pleasures of commencement day. Young men and maidens, not a few, freely exchanged sentiments, and expressed attachment for each other far beyond mere friendship. In short, a revival, honest and true, pervaded the village, without a discordant voice. Ministers and people were in harmony. The prison was empty and the churches all full. Millennium had come.

SEQUEL.

After a lapse of four years, and all the students had graduated with honor, who were witnesses to those marvellous doings at the college, the president was startled by the reception of a letter mailed at an obscure postoffice in the State of New York, signed "THE COLLEGE GHOST!" At first, he thought it a joke, but on reading it through, came to a different conclusion. The writer stated, that he alone, unaided by any one, performed all these wonderful acts, which were supposed to have been the work of a ghost! That he then lived many miles from the postoffice, where the letter was mailed and intended not to disclose his name, lest some harm should come to him by those who had been duped by his performances; but in the interest of truth, he thought the president of the college, for whom he had great respect, should be informed of the facts, and he could make such use of them as he pleased.

The following statement is given in nearly the language of the letter: "I was in the senior class and roomed on the same flat with the two students who first heard the rattling of the bones in the chest. They were my classmates and were said, were to have been cousins. They seemed to have plenty of money, were rather aristocratic, and never cordially associated with the class. It may well be said that they were unpopular.

"Being of a mechanical turn of mind, I wanted a small bone from the chest in the basement room. Accordingly, I took my lantern, went outside of the college building and into the room, tossed back the lid and soon found the bone I wanted; inadvertently leaving the chest open. I shut the door and returned to my room. When I came into the hall, I saw these two students standing at the door of their room seemingly, in a frightful condition. I passed on to them and enquired what was the trouble. They said, they had just heard the bones rattling in the chest below. I suggested, it might be imagination, and not real; but they both stoutly affirmed there could be no mistake; the lid of the chest went back against the wall and the bones rattled against the sides of the chest, but it must have been done by a ghost, for no mortal man would think of going into the room in the night and rattling the bones, any more than he would go into a grave-yard to cut up capers. Well, said I, and why do you not go down and see what has happened? We feel to tired to do that. Too timid! I am not afraid of a ghost, I said, and will go down into the room at once; follow me. We found things, of course, just as I had left them, but I put on a wondering countenance as well as themselves. But I soon began to examine the room, and found the door, swung inside, was four feet wide and so near the corner that it would not go entirely back, but would hit the other wall, and leave a three-corner space where I could stand erect, so that when the door was thrown back it would hit the wall instead of myself. These students were such cowards that I thought I would have a little sport at their expense. Accordingly I went to the store and bought the old style lock, such as were put on store-doors, part wood and part iron with a key hole through it, so that it could be locked inside and out, and with two keys, and had it put on the door. I had put one key in my pocket, and called upon one of the students to lock the door with the other, and wait events. In the course of the day, I called upon them, left my lantern, advised them to get one or more lanterns, have them all lighted before eight o'clock, and with a number of other students, go, at once, down into the basement, the moment they heard any noise or disturbance. I should be so engaged I could not watch with them, but should hear them move and would be there without a moment's delay.

"A little before eight, I went down in the dark, unlocked the door, locked myself in, and put the key in my pocket. I was then ready for operations. When I thought it was fully eight o'clock, I threw open the lid, made stifled groans, and threw out bones with great force, some of them hitting the floor beneath the student's feet! They all started at once, came swiftly round, unlocked the door and rushed in. I had just time to get into the corner, then step out from

behind it, and join them, apparently out of breath; and all supposed, I came in from out doors. Nor did they suspect me, for I was one of the foremost in detecting the cause of these demonstrations.

"The plan worked well, and I thought it might be carried on to any extent, so I suggested putting a watch outside, which was done, and with the same result as before. Then I suggested sifting ashes on the brick floor, and superintended doing that in a thorough manner. In regard to the ashes I will explain: In the afternoon I watched my opportunity and let myself into the room unscanned by anyone. I knew the students were not in their room overhead at the time. I went up to the chest and found the hinges were rusty and weak, so I tore the lid off and put it down in the small space behind it. I then took out of the chest as many bones as I supposed I could dispose of in my allotted time, put them into the corner where I was to stand, took the sieve, and sifted the ashes all over the floor where I had stepped, going backwards, so as to leave no tracks of my own. I was then ready for the night's operations; for I had nothing to do but stand near my corner, groan and throw the bones piled up at my feet.

"At the usual hour I took my place near my corner, and when I found a multitude with lanterns watching outside, for I could hear the conversation, and their lanterns gave a dim light through the small windows into the room; although I did not need the light, for I found I could groan, shriek, and throw bones in the dark as well as a ghost, and as that was the last exhibition I intended to make I concluded to put in a little extra work. So when I thought the time had come to begin, I burst forth in great agony; my first shriek was so loud and shrill that it startled the people outside, and the bones flew so fast and swift that the professor paused for fear of getting hit. Some of them I imagine did come quite near his head. When I had exhausted my stock of bones I stopped, and when he found all things quiet he threw the door wide open, the crowd pressed in behind him; but I stepped out, called a halt, and was by the professor's side in a moment; assisted in keeping the crowd back, and with lanterns, discovered the condition of things in the room. It was at once seen that the lid had been torn from the chest and many bones were scattered round on the ashes, but no foot prints could be seen!

"I then concluded it was time to stop. I had had all the fun I wanted, and rather more. I was afraid of being detected and then I should be expelled in disgrace and perhaps mobbed. But I had got to a point where I could neither hold on or let go. I was in a sad dilemma. I could not reveal what I had done, and to stop where the demonstrations did, would not seem to have any purpose in view—would be senseless and silly.

"With much anxiety I dwelt upon some method of closing these demonstrations in some rational way. At the investigation in the chapel I matured a plan. A magician or fortune-teller lived in a neighboring town, some five or six miles away, with whom I had a slight acquaintance. I knew he was a shrewd man, and would help me out of the difficulty if any one could. At his house and on the way to the cottage I informed him of all the marvelous works I had done in the basement room and about all the particulars of the transactions in the dissecting room that happened a few years before.

"And how I came to know about the transaction in the dissecting room was, I had frequently been employed in it, I was in my senior year calculating to be a doctor and surgeon, and being a good scholar and having a natural genius for surgery, I was efficient help in the dissecting room. Although the body of the supposed murdered man was brought to the college a few years before I entered it, yet I had talked with the professor so much who was there at the time, and examined the room, closets, furniture, etc., that I was well versed in all things in it. The magician performed his part to a charm—exceeded my expectations and is entitled to much credit for his efficient sagacity.

"I am now in the western country, practicing physic and surgery, and I feel I shall yet make my mark in life. The follies of youth I regret, and yet I never intended to do evil to any one. I shall never play the ghost any more, for it was not a very pleasant business at the time. Had it not been for the hiding place behind the door, it would not have been attempted. And now Mr. President, in bidding you adieu I would inform you that I left my key hanging up on a nail behind the door in my hiding place."

"COLLEGE GHOST."

PRIVATE NOTE.

"MR. PRESIDENT: When you find my key hanging up behind the door, and the space behind it, too small to conceal a human being when it is wide open, and therefore infer that my statement must needs be false, you would be mistaken instead of myself. I admit that it was too small to conceal the body of any other man perhaps in the wide world. To make this plain I will describe my own person, as it was at the time of the manifestations in the basement room of the college. I was a peculiar deformed man in some particulars. I was

of the usual height, and was called a dwarf, but the body was of average width but very thin, so much so, that I used all the means in my power to conceal it. My head was "fore and aft" of the common size but very thin, the defect in the head I concealed by ear locks according to the fashion of the time. To cover the defect of the body I wore a loose sack coat, generally buttoned at the top but never buttoned or drawn tight around the body. And to provide against exposure, when the occasion required, a close-fitting outside garment, I had a cushion made to be worn in front underneath, to round up my body into a proper shape. When concealed behind the door I had to stand straight up with my back to the wall and my head turned sideways at right angles. Had I stood in a natural position the door would have hit my nose before it did the wall if fully opened. In fact it was a close fit, and an uncomfortable position; and would be too painful to be endured for any great length of time.

"When it was suggested that the students with a teacher should go down to the basement and know for a certainty whether any person could stand concealed in the space behind the door by actual trial, and some twenty of us went, I stepped into my room and put on my cushion, and then it was found that some of the students were smaller than myself, but none could be concealed behind the door. Had the architect hung the door just two inches further from the corner, it would have swung back against the wall, leaving no space at all, and that was probably what he intended; but his mistake caused much trouble and excitement—not an evil, for the ghost had a quickening power that started the inmates of the college into new life and vigor."

In closing my narrative of these startling events I wish to say that should its truthfulness be challenged, it will in all essential particulars stand the test of the most thorough investigation. The events happened nearly a century ago, and were given to me by a professor of the college where they happened about fifteen years afterwards. He was an officer there through all the investigations, taking an active part in them; and his integrity is beyond question. As to myself it is about seventy-five years ago that the revelation was made to me; and yet, I feel confident that in substance and fact, it is true as narrated to me. I do not pretend to give the precise language. I use my own, but as I had a trained memory in early life and improved in the course of years, I am confident that I have made no mistake now. The public may therefore be sure that the events happened as stated.

And now having finished my story, it is published not only in the cause of truth, but as a caution, not to place too much reliance upon appearances. Had those sagacious and learned men put their hands behind the door, they would not have found a vacant space "and nothing more," but a deformed man of real flesh and blood, standing in an awkward position, his back close to the wall, shoulders set back, arms hanging down and clinging to his sides, with his head turned at right angles. Perhaps they would have been frightened as much as they would have been, had they found a real ghost.

It is not denied that there have been miracles, dreams, ghosts, spiritual manifestations and the like, in the years that are past, and will be in future to the end of time, all honest and true; but these are far out-balanced by frauds. In the course of a long life, for I am now ninety-eight, I have more or less employed my leisure hours in writing stories, essays, lectures, orations, etc., for publication in newspapers and periodicals, but never under my own name; and not caring to change my practice now, I put to this the sign manual of.

SENEX.

A crank is a man who does his own thinking. I had a relation who was called a crank. I believe I have been spoken of as one myself. That is what you have to expect if you invent anything that puts an old machine out of fashion, or solve a problem that has puzzled all the world up to your time. There never was a religion founded but its Messiah was called a crank. There never was an idea started that woke up men out of their stupid indifference but its originator was spoken of as a crank. Do you want to know why that name is given to the men who do most for the world's progress? I will tell you. It is because cranks make all the wheels in all the machinery of the world go around. What would a steam-engine be without a crank? I suppose the first fool that looked on the first crank that was ever made asked what that crooked, queer-looking thing was good for. When the wheels got moving he found out. Tell us something about that book which has so much to say concerning cranks.—O. W. HOLMES, in June *Atlantic*.

A remarkable result of Russian influenza is recorded of the Massachusetts Insane Asylums. In seven cases the patients, through having the grippe, were restored to reason, and in each case the details are thoroughly vouched for by the medical attendants.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

JUNE.

Oh! night of splendor, with ambrosial dew
The trees embowering are dripping wet;
And, in the dusk the birds are piping yet,
And sun-kissed breezes softly wander through
The leaves, from out the fields of western blue,
Where Venus her fair taper now has set
On fire, to tell us we must not forget
The hour of love, fond tokens to renew:
Enchanted visions from Elysian fields,
Shed on the night their sweet and subtle pow'r,
The bat, intoxicated, blindly reels
From out the ivy in the wooden tow'r,
And drowsy beetles, with their burnished shields,
Ring wild alarms to the passing hour.
—ALONZO LEORA RICE.

SHE MIGHT AS WELL.

Too diffident he was to kiss
The maiden by his side,
Although he loved the winsome miss
And sought her for his bride.

Said he, as in the twilight's gray
They wandered up and down:
"An anti-kissing club, they say,
Has just been formed in town.

"Do you intend to join?" She sighed,
And as her lashes fell
O'er cheeks with crimson blushes dyed,
Replied, "I might as well."

—BOSTON COURIER.

Mrs. L. C. Smith, in a thoughtful article published in the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, urges the admission of women as students in the Rochester University. "For," she says, "woman leaves her impress indelibly upon the race—proving that the law of heredity is stronger than the grasp of death, coming down through the ages even to the door of our criminal courts of to-day, showing the victims of crime were pushed by hands that long ago were dust, inasmuch that our wisest philosophers tell us that nothing yet has ever been gained by oppression in any way, mental or physical. And it seems to me that we need no stronger proof than our late war furnishes, in the severe measure of penalty returned for our violation of the rights of others. Now this law holds good through every grade of life. If you wish to retard the growth of any people, oppress the mothers. We all understand very well there is no life, human or otherwise, outside of the natural law of motherhood. So it follows, if you would exalt a nation, if you would accelerate the march of civilization, quicken the powers of perception for discovery and invention; double the opportunities of making life profitable and enjoyable, look to the women! See to it that she has every possible advantage of higher education, intellectually, morally and physically, and that she is surrounded by the best, the most ennobling and inspiring conditions that have, or can be awakened in the mind by the most advanced thought. Since God has entrusted her with the life of the world, rest assured that no blessing awaits the hand that oppresses or withholds any advantage that would exalt the human from her full share in such benefits."

Commenting on Mrs. Smith's article, the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle says, editorially: "The advocates of co-education of the sexes have made remarkable progress in the last ten years, and the success which has attended the experiment of opening college doors to young women has established the needed precedent which must eventually abolish the exclusiveness which has so long prevailed in institutions devoted to advanced education. The old prejudice which has denied the girl the educational advantages enjoyed by her brother is fast dying away, and the ease with which she has held her own in mental development when the opportunity has been provided, offers an unanswerable argument to the principal objections made against her admission to the colleges and universities. The trustees of the Rochester University are liberal men and it is reasonable to suppose that they have already given this subject more or less thought. They are to hold their annual meeting this month, we believe, and in view of that event, the letter of our correspondent is timely. Public discussion of the possible innovation will be beneficial in every way, and, as usual, the columns of the Democrat and Chronicle are open for that purpose."

Probably the oldest living authoress in this country is Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, who was very prominent before the war, not only as a writer, but as a lecturer. Although she is still a contributor to one of the literary weeklies, both in prose and

verse, her name is rarely seen elsewhere, and the general impression doubtless is that she has passed away. The standards of criticism are so different now from what they were thirty years since that her work—poems, novels, tragedies, and miscellanies—would not be ranked nearly so high as formerly. Born at what is now Cumberland, Me. (her maiden name was Prince), she was married at sixteen to Seba Smith, author of the once famous Major Jack Downing letters. She became a widow some twenty odd years ago, and has been living most of the time since at the small town of Hollywood, N. C., near the coast, where at eighty-four she is in excellent, vigorous health. She was one of the early advocates of woman's rights, speaking on the subject in all the larger cities, and contributing various articles to the magazines of the day. "Woman and Her Needs," published forty years ago, attracted much attention and elicited warm commendation. Mrs. Smith has witnessed extraordinary changes in the republic, and has survived nearly all of her contemporaries, many of whom occupied exalted positions in her youth and have now passed into oblivion.

Dr. Amelia B. Edwards made a most favorable impression during her tour through the United States, wherever she went. The Woman's Illustrated World says: We feel that a word should be spoken in praise of her indefatigable zeal and steadfastness of purpose throughout her trip. She has not received one adverse criticism; everywhere she has been received with the utmost deference and courtesy. She has been able to interest thousands in Egyptology, who never knew anything about it before. She has said no harsh things about America, has made no cruel criticisms, and has never failed to keep her appointments, notwithstanding the fact that she broke her arm late one afternoon of the day of a lecture engagement. She has been feasted and applauded in every direction, yet has remained the same dignified, sincere, and earnest woman. She is absorbed in her subject, and never fails to instill in her audience an interest in her theme. She will return to England leaving nothing but pleasant memories of her brief sojourn among us. She is the best proof of the place a woman can fill, and without the least dissent on the part of the scientific men who are her peers. She has been received, not because she was a woman, but for the sake of the knowledge she has acquired and been able to impart to others. Altogether there could not have been a better standard-bearer for the women of this country than Miss Amelia B. Edwards.

One often sees on Broadway nowadays, a New York correspondent writes, a woman whose singular face attracts the observant eye. It is not a pretty face, but there is a strength in it that almost defies a pen description, and yet it is as delicate and fine of line as a cameo, especially when seen in profile. It is a longish, oval face with a brow a little too massive for exact symmetry, yet softened and shadowed by a fringe of dark hair. The eyes are also dark and deeply thoughtful. The skin is perfectly clear and pale. Tall and slender to the point of fragility, there is yet about her a fine gracious reserve at once distinctive and individual. She dresses simply, with not the slightest effort for display, though everything she wears is costly. The whole woman carries out to the point the impression one might form in reading her exquisite poetry. It is Edith M. Thomas, whose verse the leading critics of the land have pronounced as coming closer to that of Keats than that of any other writer of the present day. Miss Thomas now lives permanently in New York.

The Industrial School Gem gives this as a boy's composition on girls: Girls are very stuck up and dignified in their manner and behave themselves. They think more of dress than anything, and like to play with dolls and rags. They cry if they see a cow in the far distance, and are afraid of guns. They stay at home all the time and go to church on Sunday. They are always making fun of boy's hands, and they say how "dirty." They can't play marbles. I pity them, poor things. They make fun of boys and then turn round and love them. I don't believe they ever killed a cat or anything. They look out every night and say, ain't the moon lovely? There is one thing I have not told, and that is they always know their lessons better than boys.

Practical emancipation of women is making great progress in the empire of the Czar. It is not only the higher courses of study for female students which help this

progress, but also a want of civil officers and physicians that stands in marked contrast with their excessive number in the western states. Women are, therefore, not looked upon as competitors but are welcomed as colleagues. Their efforts, lately, have been to be admitted as druggists. One great argument in their favor is that in France and Switzerland hospital pharmacies have been in charge of Sisters of Mercy for many years, and that Sisters and female nurses have been able assistants of surgeons in the field. It is said that sixteen young ladies who have absolved the female college have lately applied to St. Petersburg druggists to be admitted as apprentices. The decision, however, does not lie with the druggists, but with the minister of the interior.

A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE.

The writer of the following strange narration of events is a lawyer, editor, author and politician of Grand Rapids, Mich., J. Mason Reynolds, popularly known as "Farmer Reynolds," and the owner and editor of the campaign sheet yelet the Wolverine Cyclone. Mr. Reynolds is a graduate of the Michigan University and has been a legal and newspaper light of Grand Rapids for a quarter of a century. He is also a Democratic orator of some reputation in Michigan and a writer of poetry, and he is called the "bard and sage of Belmont," this suburban village being his rural residence. He is six feet in height and weighs two hundred and fifty pounds, and is in the best of health.

THE NARRATIVE.

In May of the last year (1888) I went on a visit to the new gold mines on the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. On the train homeward I was astounded at hearing mysterious voices from invisible sources, but around and about me and in various intonations. These voices at times seemed to be in chorus, and repeated my name familiarly and at times boisterously but attracting nobody else's notice. This aroused my profound astonishment and, (why not confess?) no little alarm on my part, but being finally satisfied that none others heard and that something marvelous was transpiring, I apparently perused my paper and continued to wonder and listen. Finally a distinct but low voice said, apparently and directly in the vacant seat before me, that I must not be alarmed, but that several spiritual beings were in the car and that I had suddenly become mediumistic—so that we could temporarily, at least, talk together; and that their object and labor would be to make such a communicative condition permanent. This in substance; but many things were told (which I have before printed) but which I do not deem it the province of this article to mention in detail. Suffice it that all fear and anxiety for my own level-headedness at once vanished, and the unseen visitors and myself were soon engaged in the heartiest and liveliest tête à tête imaginable.

Of course you ask how this talk was carried on, for it looks absurd. Why should not spirits talk to everybody else as well as to me? but if to me, in the presence of others, why couldn't they also hear?

I state facts without explanation. I did and do hear the voices and others do not hear. My own thoughts (and so they informed me from the first) were all that were needed on my part, and I was understood and answered before my ideas really assumed the form of words. It was mind talking to mind, they said, and that in such conversation physical organs were wholly unnecessary, although my spirit was still in the body. And so on we chatted from Marquette to Mackinaw, across the Straits, and into the hotel, and during supper. I said but little—except to fellow passengers—but happily wondered and listened. I was requested to take a sleeper on the train northward to Grand Rapids, and that my spiritual friends would disclose marvels to me in my berth—all of which was fulfilled. Scarcely had I lain down when electrical shocks or waves seemed to permeate my whole being, and although wide-awake (my eyes were closed at the spirits' request) that berth was magnified into a magnificent apartment, and in the vision (for it must have been such) life-size personages appeared and conversed—fully a dozen in number—and the most astonishing and fascinating incidents transpired that would only challenge your credulity to relate. It must have all been picture-drawing, or photographic impressions upon my mind, for surely a seeming theater and such a concourse of full-grown people

could not have been crowded into my little berth.

Among other things which transpired and which I deem worthy of note, was a conventional explanation, (or call it a lecture), made by a distinguished looking person—well dressed, as they all were—setting forth that I was to be "electrified" into a permanent and remarkable medium; that it would take a long time, and that I would undoubtedly wish myself in Hades before the proceeding was consummated; that it would require colossal efforts on the part of the spirits not to lose their present control, which was rare and phenomenal through the ages; that I must be tormented, confused and half-murdered through a long and tedious process to the great end of establishing a mediumship; that the present method of doing this was a new discovery on the part of the Spirit-world, and in my case was wholly an experiment. And I was pledged, (willingly) to undertake the ordeal.

There were both gentlemen and ladies present. They seemed as natural as you and I talking together. They differed in dress, size and ages. They sang two songs and at my request, an old-fashioned r was danced amidst the greatest merriment. Neither the songs nor the music had I ever heard before. They pledged me not to use stimulating beverages, which was rather hard at the start, as I had been a hearty, convivial mortal for fully fifteen years; but I have wholly abstained from touching a drop since. They finally promised to make me the happiest man living, said that the success of their undertaking was about almost certain, that I must bear up against a long siege of torment—which was absolutely necessary. And it was thus the writer and his unseen friends arrived at his rural residence at Belmont.

Here my experience became but little short of terrible. For five long months, (during which time I remained in comparative retirement at home) I underwent the most trying experience. Although healthy as a bear, strong as a lion and full of ambition and pluck, I was driven to rebel against the whole arrangement. The everlasting machinations and invisible talkers about me night and day—shocking me at times and threatening or laughing at others—nearly drove me to distress. I wrote to many of the so-called mediums of the country and nearly all the insane asylums, but only contradiction of opinion and more confusion came from it. I finally accepted several invitations to speak at picnics around-a-bout, wrote when I could, through the infernal chatter and bother, (for no satisfactory knowledge was given me of the other world, nor was the identity of my harrassing manipulators revealed), and ultimately, after these months of diabolical recreation, assumed editorial work at Grand Rapids.

During my worst days of discipline at Belmont I kept a diary and largely published the whole affair, allowing that the spirits must be devils, and asking the doctors and philosophers at large how to get rid of them. When "electrized" (or that is what they call it) as I frequently was to a half-unconscious extent, I was driven to take the bed, when the most miraculous visions would occur to me, full of bewilderingly charming angels and the most beautiful landscapes. At such times I was also told to go ahead with my law and newspaper proceedings, and that the undertaking had been so successful that I would no longer be bothered so as to at all interfere with my business. And I have been professionally engaged ever since, being electrized and talked to almost constantly, but seldom interfered with. The watch-word always is: "Just mind your own business forever, and push along. We are bossing this end of the business, and all we have promised shall anon be realized. I have grown to honor and delight in the proceedings and firmly believe that something remarkable (but God only knows what) will come out of it. I singly await developments and solid, rational information of the other world, which I have not only pledged but full ambition and hope will ultimately be given; but how and when is all a mystery.

Only another word. I want no correspondence, for I cannot attend to it. I am not in the lecturing field, nor would I be a paid, public or private medium. My law books and my pen give me all the revenue I want, and I write this article purely as a free contribution to metaphysical knowledge. Whatever happens hereafter shall be faithfully published. I am as hale and jovial a mortal as ever walked Michigan soil, and by my manhood and honor of a rough-and-tumble gentleman, I hereby sacredly swear to the truth and the whole truth of the above narrative.

A CARD PERSONAL.

TO THE EDITOR: Kindly allow me space for a private word which may reach many friends personally unknown to me—for it would be needless to say it to anyone who is cognizant of my daily life and work. It is this: I find many persons wondering why I do not write more about psychic research and allied topics, and some seem to think I have changed my mind—or lost it, perhaps—or have got wearied and wavering—or have been worsted by the "theosophic" knaves—or what not.

Nothing of the sort! The facts in the case are so simple that nobody seems to understand them. For six years—since 1884. I have been doing the hardest literary and scientific work of my life, absolutely without interruption sustaining a load of labor that few men could carry without staggering. I refer of course, to my share in the authorship of the "Century Dictionary of the English Language," now publishing. That work is, in my judgment—and the best critics will not seriously disagree with me here—the greatest ever undertaken by an American house, and likely to prove one of the greatest in the English language. It takes to resurvey the whole field of human knowledge, and set the standard of the English tongue for at least the contemporaneous generation of men. My share of the work is extensive, important and of weighty responsibility, covering the whole fields of general biology, zoology and anatomy. It has absorbed nine-tenths of my waking consciousness all these years, and held the lexicographic and encyclopedic pen to my fingers for an average of eight hours a day—Sundays included. All that I have been able to do in lines with which THE JOURNAL'S readers are familiar, represents merely the overflow of thought-currents in the sluice-way of this great dictionary. No man ever had a more cruel taskmaster than I make myself; and sometimes it cuts me to the raw to hear persons wondering what I am about, and why I "dissipate my energies" and "fritter away my time!" Such know nothing of my work but spraying and dashing; the steady current is noiseless and unbroken. Enough: I am now making copy for the dictionary in the letter S, and this means I am well along in the last quarter of a long race. When this work is ended, we shall see what we will see. For the present my friends must be satisfied if I occasionally give them a helping hand or a suggestive thought, and my enemies ought to be satisfied with the lively lobstered tint at which I manage to keep them boiling, dictionary or no dictionary. Sincerely, yours,

ELLIOTT COUES.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A SORT OF SPONTANEOUS SEPARATION.

TO THE EDITOR: A Baptist revivalist was once asked, how he could tell whether his conversions were genuine. His reply was, "We do as fishermen do, when they set eel pots; they haul in all that come, and then turn them loose. The snakes make for the bushes, but the eels put for the water. These they bag for genuine."

It seems to me your methods of procedure produce a similar result; a sort of spontaneous separation, each seeking the most congenial element. The touchstone which you so persistently apply, appears to act as both disintegrator and organizer. There are other affinities than chemical, or conjugal. The fact that like seeks like,—which is sometimes as true as the law that like produces like—appears to be demonstrating itself in the line of psychic research, and the theories, and faiths built thereon.

All knowledge comes to us from our interrogations of nature, who never gives us a stone when we ask for bread, and who never insists upon bestowing bread when we are satisfied with a stone. "Ask, and ye shall receive," is nature's assurance; and as ye ask, so shall ye receive, is equally in the order of law. Is it matter for surprise then, that the apparent responses of nature are so varied, when the interrogations are so varied? Or, should the responses of nature be called in question, when some are left to sharpen appetite and tooth on the stone of their own asking, while their neighbors are feeding upon the nutritious bread? Patience friend!

"The world do move," "Truth crushed to earth," and all that. Comfort yourself with the reflection that the steady evolution of the spirit of man is as sure in the future as it has been in the past. It is a long time—measured by the life, even of a race—since we were saurians. It may be a long time yet, before we are perfectly developed humans. There is—as you know—corre-

lated with the law of development, the possibility of divergence, and of reversion to type, notwithstanding all things tend to equilibrium, which is peace, harmony, perfectness.

We can help—not nature—but ourselves, by obedience to law or we can hinder—not nature or her ultimate victories—but ourselves, by devious windings and divergencies. All the same we shall get there, because, as Mr. Powell says, "we are all on the road."

Patience therefore, courage, hope, for fruition is sure. The harvest will be plenteous for all who labor with nature and in obedience to her laws, which are truth, justice, righteousness. Let the truth, then, continue to come; let justice be done, and the righteousness will follow. There will be justification, not by faith, but by works and results. Please accept congratulations upon the improved JOURNAL, which stands to-day a marked example of progress and development.

BOSTON, MASS. AMBER.

HYPNOTISM AT THE SALPETRIERE.

A *Times* correspondent has been taken round the Salpêtrière Hospital, Paris, by permission of Dr. Charcot, and shown the hypnotic patients. He says:—Hypnotism in operation is divided, like the Gaul of Caesar, into three parts, and the phenomena apparent in each of these stages are peculiar to that stage, and that stage alone. The first of these periods is lethargy, the second catalepsy, and the third somnambulism. To illustrate the three periods, a young woman of twenty-four, stoutly built, with a bright and intelligent face, was seated in a chair facing the window of the room in which the experiments were conducted. The girl was a highly hysterical subject, habitually insensible to pain on the left half of the body, but with sensation normal on the right. Evidence of insensibility was shown by the insertion of a probe in the flesh of the left forearm. The slightest prick or pinch on the right side excited remonstrances from the girl, with facial expression and gestures appropriate to sudden pain. Almost suddenly the girl was thrown into a lethargy by gazing intently on a point near and above her eyes, and by Dr. Guinon closing her eyelids by pressing his thumbs on the eyeball until the lids were in contact. So profound was her slumber that the probe was inserted again and again into the fleshy part of the girl's right arm without causing a tremor or a sign of sensation. In the next, or second hypnotic period, that of catalepsy—produced by simply raising the girl's eyelids until her large blue eyes stared with a painful absence of human expression—the patient was a lay figure, a mere automaton—clay in the hands of the medical potter. This is the earliest period at which suggestion is possible; but the automaton can receive but one idea at a time. The simulation of a church bell on a gong produced a smile, an ecstasy, an attitude of prayer, with eyes lowered and head and body meekly bowed. The bearing of the girl in this stage was quite pathetic, with such fidelity did she pursue the idea suggested to her by the demonstrator. A new series of experiments were now begun, which have not been hitherto described. These consisted in the suggestion of an idea to the patient by the insertion of a piece of red glass between her eyes and the light. When this was done the change of facial expression to one of horror and fear showed that she saw fire, incendiary, and-leaping flames. Gazing through a piece of blue glass, she saw the azure heavens. One idea led to another. Her hands clasped; her eyes, which were streaming with tears, beamed with the tenderest affection and delight. She sank upon her knees, and raised her hands as though the beatific vision were in her sight, and nearly within her grasp. The introduction of yellow glass as a medium of suggestion produced an idea of tropical sunshine. The girl shades her eyes, breathes as though exposed to great heat, and gives further evidence of the pranks of a cataleptic idea at large in an empty head. The odor of sulphur and carbon gave rise to the idea of a filthy smell, and occasioned the gestures appropriate to the purgatory to which her nostrils were seemingly exposed. A very curious experiment followed. Either is exhibited to hysterical patients in ordinary practice. The smell of ether not only suggested hysteria to the hypnotized girl, but her behavior was that of women suffering from acute hysteria. The doctor whistled a valse, and marked time by striking a large tuning-fork. The girl rose, began to valse, quickened her step as the whistler accelerated the time, and stopped in a clumsy manner, fumbling

with her feet, as the valse changed to a mazurka, a dance of which she was ignorant. The final demonstration of the second, or cataleptic, period was the successful establishment of a suggestion by touching first one cheek and then the other, while the sound of a kiss was made in the air by the operator's lips. The idea evidently suggested was the kiss of some dear and near relative, for her eyes beamed with pleasure, and a softened and friendly expression of countenance revealed her pleasant thought. When, however, her lips were touched with the finger, and the osculatory crack exploded in mid-air, the idea created was evidently that of a kiss snatched by some rude swain. Her brow corrugated with wrath. Her eye flashed. She shrank back in anger and disgust, and indicated in a manner that made very evident her sense of the outrage to which she had been subjected.

The third period, that of somnambulism, was now entered. It was produced by rubbing the hair on the top of the head. Sensibility on one side was at once re-established, and, but for her behaviour, there was nothing to convince the eye that she was not in her right senses. Strong sympathy and repugnance were established. Dr. Guinon was followed with watchful fidelity. From a friend accompanying me she shrank with uncomplimentary fervor. She became capable of retaining complex ideas. Speech was regained. Reason was laid aside. A file was bitten and pronounced to be good chocolate. On a suggestion from Dr. Guinon, a supposititious bird perched on her finger. She spoke of its coral beak, its bright eye. It was a paroquet. It flew away, and its flight was followed by a mournful eye. My friend, an English member of Parliament, was converted into a Chinaman. His robes, his chaussure, his pigtail, his slit eyes, were all described with microscopic exactness. As for me, I was a large block of ice with flowers growing on the surface. The girl picked three *Maréchal Niel* roses from my pencil-case, and in touching me shuddered with the cold, and cried that her hand was drenched. She pointed to the glacial streams flowing from me. Then she is told to sleep, and she sleeps, a thrush from the blood-producing probe giving the required testimonial to the reality of her slumbers. She was told to sleep until the hat of one of us was removed. It was quietly removed, and as quietly the girl rubbed her eyes, yawned, and awoke. The experiments in this stage were too numerous to relate. She poisoned the Chinaman with arsenic, and wept bitterly at her crime. In giving him the phantom cup she gasped, "Drink it not; the cup is poisoned." A portrait of Dr. Charcot was seen on a blank sheet of paper. The sheet was privately marked at the back, inserted far up among other and similar blank sheets, which the girl inspected. When she arrived at the blank sheet supposed to be Dr. Charcot's portrait she at once stopped, and commented upon it.

NO UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE.

Independently of the lessons of history, teaching us the terrible consequence of a union of civil and ecclesiastical power, a complete separation of Church and State is demanded by the imprescriptible rights of the human mind. The right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness involves the right to profess and advocate our views. Whether they be true or false affects not the sacredness of the right of the believer. He has a right to belief in one God, or three, or three thousand, or none at all: to worship or not as he pleases, at any time and in any manner that he thinks proper, when he does not thereby interfere with the equal rights of others. No human power, no earthly tribunal can justly dictate to any individual what he shall believe in regard to religion, or how, or when, or where he shall worship. If his views are such that they require him to violate the rules of decency or the acknowledged principles of morality, let him be restrained—if necessary, punished for such violation; but let no one suppose that by an appeal to extreme cases, even involving the right of society to deal with dangerous monomaniacs, or disturbers of the peace, any justification can be found for interference by the State, with men's religious beliefs. No individual, no number of individuals, with direct or delegated authority, have the right to use coercive measures to prevent any person from promulgating any religion, or to induce him to subscribe to any creed, perform any worship, acknowledge any God, or support any religion on earth. The Puritans have been eulogized for braving the dangers of the ocean and the privations of the wilderness, that they might worship God as conscience dictated.

It is not strange that with the imperfect views of religious freedom then prevailing, they or their immediate descendants soon re-established in the New World a religious despotism more intolerant than that in the Old World from which they had fled; but when we see men who lack language strong enough to denounce their persecutors, or to praise their sincerity and courage, earnestly advocating measures to-day to deprive of religious liberty such of their fellow citizens as cannot subscribe to their own views, we are most painfully impressed with the power of bigotry and superstition so to distort the mind as to make enemies of those who should be our friends, verifying the saying that "a man's foes shall be those of his own household."

There are millions in this country who cannot conscientiously support any kind of supernatural religion. Have they no rights the Church is bound to respect? We are told that the views of such are an offence to God. This is the teaching of theologians. But many things which have been pronounced by them an offence to God, have in succeeding generations, by the same class, been discovered to be right; so we cannot resist the conviction that these men who talk so confidently about the will and wishes of God, as an argument against equal rights and religious freedom, simply give expression to the will and wishes of their own minds. When they declare that God is displeased with the omission of His name from the National Constitution, and that it is His requirement that this Government recognize Jesus Christ as "Ruler among nations," we accept these statements as evidence that those who utter them, however sincerely, see the spread of those liberal sentiments that are gradually undermining their spiritual authority, and that they feel the necessity of securing the aid of the civil power to guard against the innovations of skepticism and science.—B. F. UNDERWOOD.

A GOOD WORD FROM FLORIDA.

TO THE EDITOR: I very much like the heading of THE JOURNAL which is tasteful and will grow in favor with acquaintance. I did hope you could preserve the old familiar heading with its expressive and suggestive emblems. Of course it would have to be reduced in size. The motto you keep and will continue, as of old, to hew to that line, letting the chips fall where they may: "Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing."

And a hearing she is bound to have. I often wonder if the readers of THE JOURNAL realize how much such a banner hoisted at the masthead has influenced the course of the staunch old ship of truth during its twenty-five years' cruise on the troubled and treacherous sea of journalism, with the many reefs, rocks, shoals and sandbars, cyclones, tempests and whirlpools, which have proved fatal to so many frailer craft during this eventful quarter of a century. Truly the course of THE JOURNAL has been phenomenal, and its work and influence far-reaching and far more effective and important than many, even of its friends, realize, or its envious and jealous enemies and rivals would be willing to admit; and now is certainly an opportune time for the real friends of truth and progress, of fair play and justice, to make a special and vigorous effort to advance the interests and extend the influence, and thus enlarge the field of usefulness of THE JOURNAL. There are many Spiritualists who have a kind of ill-defined prejudice against THE JOURNAL, and will not allow the mind to be disabused of the ancient relic, though they cannot give an intelligent reason for the prejudice, or sustain their foolish and flimsy charges by reference to its columns. I know of such among my personal friends whose friendship and good will I prize and whom I would not wish to offend, but "truth," with me, (as with its able advocate, THE JOURNAL) "wears no mask, bows at no human shrine," but does, in the person of a friend of THE JOURNAL, "ask a hearing" from all such as I have indicated. I know whereof I speak when I say that there is a considerable number of such Spiritualists in Ohio and Michigan, and also in Florida, and I presume the same is true of many other states. The miserable slang of "Mind and Matter" years ago contributed largely to this end, and I could name other spiritual papers (so called) that are still feeding and nursing such unjust prejudice to their own hurt and the lasting injury of the cause we all profess to love.

Now good friends (should Bro. Bundy think best to allow these homely sayings of mine to reach you) let me beseech you to

oe just to yourselves and throw aside all prejudice and "old grudges" and false assumptions and consider well the needs of the time and your duty toward elevating our common cause to a plane of respectability; inform yourselves as to the real work THE JOURNAL is trying to do, and then, with a right good will come into the ranks and help to win a glorious victory and feel better for it. Fraternally,
LAKE MARY, Fla. S. BIGELOW.

Prof. Payton Spence, New York writes: Your paper is now in excellent shape for preservation in bound volumes with the valuable and carefully sifted facts that it always contains. Your enlargement of the avowed scope of subjects that it is open for the discussion of, is timely, especially in your reference to Spiritualism and psychics in their widest acceptance. In the scientific treatment of these matters you have the field, and it is an immense one to yourself, and I am confident that you will cover it well. Those subjects are daily growing rapidly in importance and interest to the public at large, outside the ranks of Spiritualists; and unless the daily and weekly papers and the magazines get between you and the thousands who are now seeking for more information about, and a more scientific treatment of those subjects than they get elsewhere, THE JOURNAL must be the acknowledged organ of all investigators and organizers of thought upon those matters. I see no reason, therefore, why its circulation should not reach fifty or a hundred thousand; and I hope it will. Your account of your experiences with Slade is admirably written, and is overwhelming. It will carry conviction, especially with those who are most familiar with your exacting attitude to the manifestations, and especially towards materializations.

C. North, Elkhart, Ind., writes: Your new JOURNAL came to my hand yesterday via a friend whose subscription I forwarded a year ago, and while its make-up has always pleased, allow me to say that I think, its new dress and size a marked improvement. I, as well as many others, have watched its fearless combat with error, bigotry and ignorance for these twenty-five long years, and I gladly congratulate you on the high and noble position your paper has attained. That it is being read by thousands who through it have learned of continued spirit life and communion and, (yet do not openly acknowledge it), must be very encouraging to you.

NEWFIELD, N. J., June 3, 1890.

J. Clegg Wright, writes: Let me express my appreciation of the new appearance and convenient shape of THE JOURNAL. It looks odd to me yet, but new forms soon become familiar. There is a great work still to do. Psychic studies are a feature in the interests and activities of this age. You have worked hard and I hope that the future of THE JOURNAL will be brilliant and useful. I notice much new and characteristic thought in the paper lately.

J. S. Harris, Helena, Montana, writes: I wish I could send you one thousand tens to aid you in the great good work you are doing. Of course, I am pleased with THE JOURNAL, and we know all its readers should be more than pleased—should be very thankful for such a paper. I think the new form a very great inspiration—it being more convenient to handle; and now I wish you great success and when I get rich I will make a liberal donation to THE JOURNAL—but cannot now recommend you to be more liberal on this account.

Edward D. Hicks writes: THE JOURNAL's new form I think is a grand improvement over the old. I am also pleased to know you have received the services of Mr. B. F. Underwood on your editorial staff. Twenty-three years ago I was a boy twelve years old and heard Mr. Underwood lecture in the parlor of a hotel at Pittsfield Ill., to an audience of eight persons. I date the wane of my Catholicism from that lecture.

Mrs. Lizzie Jones writes: The typographical appearance of the new form is fine and clear—general effect pleasing; the contents full of inspiration in that THE JOURNAL belongs to, and stands at the head of a guild of papers which recognize a universe extant, as contradistinguished from a hemispheric world and speaks from all points of it, viewing all created things as constituting one complete system.

A. J. Fishback, Du Quoin, Ill., writes: Your paper in its new form and dress, filled with noble thoughts was duly received. Please send sample copies to, etc.

Wm. H. Holmes writes: The new form is a great improvement, and your constant effort to make an independent and interesting sheet, is worthy of commendation and deserves support.

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

J. N. Gridley writes: The new style is superior in form and appearance: hope you will find the new departure a success for you deserve it.

H. A. Buddington, Springfield, Mass. Your paper is a marvel of beauty in make-up.

Mr. B. C. Buck, President, writes: The Sturgis (Mich.) meeting will be held June 27th, 28th and 29th. Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Abaham Smith and Dr. Denstow will be the speakers.

The author of "Equitable Values," in THE JOURNAL of June 14th, writes: "Please correct the *nom de plume* of the article. It should read J and not T. V. Beneficio."

Col. Gurley, of Waco, Texas, and one of the prominent liberal thinkers of the Lone Star State spent some days in Chicago last week. The Colonel gives a glowing account of the growth and prosperity of Texas, and speaks cheerfully of the progress of liberal ideas. Waco is a center of advanced thought and the home of the *Independent Pulpit*, so ably conducted by Mr. Shaw, formerly a popular Methodist preacher.

At the annual meeting in May, 1890, the first Spiritualist society of Haverhill, Mass., made choice of the following board of management for the ensuing year: Orin P. Hurd, B. A. Sargent, R. H. Tilton, Charles E. Sturgis, Hiram Nichols, N. C. Fernald, A. I. Pettengill, Mrs. Lydia Gage and Mrs. J. M. Palmer. At a subsequent meeting of the board the following officers were elected: President, Orin P. Hurd; Vice President, B. A. Sargent; Clerk, R. H. Tilton; Treasurer, C. E. Sturgis.

E. J. Huling, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., writes: In our times students of prophecy have been preaching the second coming of Christ and calculating the day and hour thereof, but in all things they held the materialistic view which had survived from ancient times. He was coming, they said, in his glory, to rule on earth for a specified period. It seems to me that Christ has come on earth since the great agitation began, but he has come in the spirit, not in the material form, and his great teachings have come to be recognized and pervade all the earth as they never did before. The evidence of this coming is to be seen in every direction, in the all pervading spirit of love which shows itself in so many ways, a few of which may be noted: Societies are organized for all kinds of benevolent and charitable purposes; for the prevention of cruelty to children and animals; to care for those wounded in battle or by disasters of all kinds; and to prevent the debauchery of the young. Then the modifications of creeds founded on the Old Testament scriptures, going on in various denominations of so-called orthodox Christians is farther evidence to the same effect. In fact it would require more space than ordinary newspaper columns could afford to catalogue the changes brought about during the past fifty years by the adoption and following of Christ's teachings and the repudiation of the old dogmas regarding a partial and vengeful God.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

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

The Pathway of the Spirit. A guide to Inspiration, Illumination and Divine Realization on Earth. By J. H. Dewey, M. D., author of "The Way the Truth and the Life," etc. F. F. Lovell & Co.: New York publishers; 328 pages, paper 75 cts., cloth \$1.50. A book full of interest, written by a man possessed by an idea. Not possessed in a way to warp or dwarf, but rather to uplift and enlarge his faculties, as an enthusiasm rational yet divine always does. As a noble plea for the dignity and worth and high possibilities of human nature ran, like a thread of gold, through the writings of Channing, the great apostle of Unitarianism, so a plea for man's capacity for spiritual illumination and divine wisdom on earth runs through this work, and can be read "between the lines" in all the works of this writer. "Man can find God," he says, "only through the gateway of the spirit in his own soul. In the ordinary conditions of the sensuous life men need to be awakened to the recognition of their highest possibilities," and for this awakening of spiritual impressibility, "earnest concentration of desire and faith—true prayer—is necessary" for "the permanent illumination" to be gained.

In trances, spontaneous or magnetic, the illumination is transient, yet of marked benefit when it passes into memory, but "The spiritual illumination and heavenly communion thus temporarily enjoyed under abnormal conditions may become, practically, a normal and permanent experience through the persistent cultivation of spiritual impressibility and inspirational power under proper conditions. He who would attain full and permanent, illumination, however, must make it the supreme object of life. . . . The activities of the mind and the pursuits of life must be conducted under the motives and inspirations of the spiritual life, if we would enjoy the blessing of divine communion and heavenly fellowship."

Open vision of heavenly things, and of supernal beings, spirit communion and communication, and seership and insight of fate and human affairs he would have us gain best by our own spiritual culture. He understands and believes Spiritualism, and treats of it with intelligent appreciation, but holds our own culture of our interior faculties as above the passive spirit-control of negative mediums, our "self-determining" power the safer way to reach the high end of spirit communion. We are told that: "Intercourse with the Spirit-world and communion with the departed—who are often made the guardian angels of their loved ones here—is, under proper conditions, not only possible and legitimate but very comforting, but the ordinary phases of mediumship are not the normal and legitimate way of seeking the communion. The normal exercise of spiritual clairvoyance, clairaudience and the psychometric sense is the only reliable and legitimate method of seeking direct converse with departed or attendant spirits. . . . The trance of mediums, under the controlling influence of spirits is. . . fraught with great risk and danger to the subject thereof. . . . personality and will are precious trusts not to be safely yielded up." Yet marked benefits from the unconscious trance are granted in other parts of the book. If the statement as to mediumship be not fully accepted, the frank friendliness of its suggestions, and the high value of its thought may well be considered.

The idea and aim for illumination by self-effort in a normal way is the author's leading idea, and is worthy of all commendation. A rational acceptance of Spiritualism and of spirit-control will help to that end and this he would hardly deny. Christ he holds as the highest example of the illuminated spiritual condition, as a permanent element in daily life, yet does not hold him as a supernatural being, but as an elder brother, his gifts such as we can all seek naturally to gain. "He was to save men by leading them up to the same spiritual baptism—permanent illumination and victory over the power of temptation and sin" which he had reached, but the Christ-ideal was lost by the dogmatism and speculations of the early Church Fathers, and only saved by the persecuted mystics, who rejected ecclesiastical authority and followed only the divine guide within, held the secret of the regenerate life lost to the church by pride and pomp."

Of intuition, spiritual heredity and like matters of high import valuable views are given. This, like all the author's books, is devoted to the earnest advocacy of his views of Christian Theosophy—much of

its range of thought such as Fénelon or Dean Stanley, or Channing or the best spiritual thinkers of whatever name would cordially accept. With Oriental Theosophy, as given by its Western advocates, there is little unity; as to Mahatmas and their like the extravagant claims are held at a large discount, and its philosophy, "ruling out all recognition of Deity as a being of intelligence and will" is not accepted.

A brief sentence finely gives a thought of the naturalness of inspiration: "Every legitimate desire is an innate or constitutional demand, which implies both the reality of the thing desired and the power of its attainment and appropriation. . . . Aspiration is innate longing for unattained good, which implies a normal demand, for which there is, therefore, the legitimate and certain supply. . . . Just as expiration, a breathing out from the lungs, is followed, in living bodies, by a fresh inspiration or inbreathing from the atmosphere, so inspiration, the breathing out of a vital want, a true prayer, opens the soul to an immediate influx or inbreathing, inspiration from spiritual centres of supply."

Whoever reads this book, "with the spirit and the understanding also," cannot fail to find light along the pathway of his own spirit.

Helen. By Campbell Waldo Waite. Illustrated by Louis Braunhold. Chicago: W. E. Dibble & Co. Cloth. Pp. 388. Here in verse somewhat above the average we are given at great length a love story, which deals with war, adventure, travel, literature and art in the course of its recital. Graphic pictures of life in the great West, its boundless prairies, woods, and streams, and realistic portrayal of differing types of western people appear and re-appear between the episodes of camp and hospital life during our Civil War, descriptions of foreign travel, and discussions on religious, scientific and literary matters. There is considerable originality of thought shown by the author, and the love romance is well told in spite of its unique form of telling. The book is handsomely bound, printed in clear, beautiful type, and has over forty fine illustrations, many of them full page.

Nature's Serial Story. Edward P. Roe. Boston: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, paper cover, 50 cents. Since the transition of E. P. Roe, the sale of his books has increased immensely and his works are now classed with the most popular works of fiction in America. The editions in paper cover are extensively sold; but do not interfere with the sale of the more expensive library editions. The characters in this story are taken from real life. Mr. and Mrs. Clifford are shown to the readers as leading quiet, unobtrusive, but earnest and sincere lives, and the characters around them are pleasantly described.

"April's Lady" and "A Born Coquette" are the titles of Nos. 80 and 90 of Lovell's International Series. Both are by "The Duchess," and are written in the usual bright style of this vivacious story-writer, whose lovely, impulsive, warm-hearted Irish heroines are always charming even if they bear a wonderful family resemblance to one another.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, the following: Java the Pearl of the East, S. J. Higginson, 75 cents; Tales of New England, Sarah Orne Jewett, \$1.50; Liberal Living Upon Narrow Means, Christine Terhune Herrick; The Master of the Magicians, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert Ward, 16 mo. \$1.25.

The Prophets of Palmyra Mormonism, Thos. Gregg, New York: John B. Alden, \$1.00; Theodore Parker, A Lecture, Samuel Johnson, Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.; The Haunted Fountain and Hetty's Revenge, Katherine S. Macquoid, 30 cents; In God's Way, Bjornstjerne Bjornson, 50 cents; New York: John W. Lovell Company; A Daughter's Sacrifice, F. C. Phillips and Percival Fendall, 50 cents; New York: Frank F. Lovell & Co.; Mother's Help and Child's Friend, Carrica Le Favre, cloth, \$1.00, Leatherette, 75 cents; Speech of Hon. John P. Jones of Nevada, on the Free Coinage of Silver in the United States Senate, May, 1890.

"A City and a Soul" by Mrs. S. A. Underwood has been widely read and has called forth high praise from many. Extracts are given from a few of the references to the story:

Dr. Edward Montgomery, the distinguished biologist and philosopher, writes;

"This being Sunday I have been indulging myself in reading Chapters VII and VIII of 'A City and a Soul.' It made me completely lose consciousness of my surroundings, transporting me heart and soul to our friends in the park. And listening there to the thrilling utterance of their awakening sense of human solidarity, the mighty swell of humanitarian aspirations surged through my being, dimming my sight with its overflow of pitying sorrow and tender hope."

Sidney H. Morse, the sculptor and writer: "I have received the first eight chapters of 'A City and a Soul.' I read them all at once and with more interest than I have read anything of the kind for a long time. I know this must be so, for I find myself 'hankering' for the chapters to come. Mrs. Underwood has certainly succeeded in giving her characters a most home-like interest. One would like to go and see them. . . . Justin has fallen into good hands. Laura and Constance are good company—most helpful for a straying youth like him. Ferd is a victim of plenty and society, but he seems to have a vein of sense in his liking for Laura. . . . Then the dips into Anarchy and Socialism will give her a good opportunity for saying much to the point. The home Chicago interest the story is likely to have will insure it in book form a powerful reading. I am glad the author is doing this work."

Helen T. Clark, herself a story writer as well as a poet: "I enjoy the story very much, as it is so superior to the ordinary run of newspaper puerility."

Walter Crane, poet and writer of essays: "I am reading 'A City and a Soul' with much interest. Why has Mrs. Underwood mused away so much time with science and vain philosophy when she has such a pretty turn for story-telling?"

Hugh C. Robertson, of the Karamic Art Works, Chelsea: "We are delighted with the story as far as it has reached. I, and in fact all our family, are inveterate story readers. That is our mode of taking rest; and ever since we read a story by Mrs. Underwood, published years ago, we have wondered why she did not write more. She is evidently in her element, and it is too bad that the public should be deprived of the pleasure and profit gained from such a delightful source."

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Subscribers to the JOURNAL may secure copies of the Dictionary under one or all of the foregoing offers, but each proposal must be treated as independent and distinct; there can be no modification of the terms. Great care should be had in writing names and addresses so plainly that no mistake will occur.

The demand for this book will in part be realized when we state that three of the largest printing houses in Chicago are running night and day on it; one house being under bonds to turn out Twelve hundred copies every day for one year; and that the publisher of this edition expects to sell more than one million copies before next Christmas. It should however be distinctly understood that this and all other low-priced editions of Webster's Dictionary are not so complete as is the edition which sells for \$10.00. The latter contains a supplement, engravings, etc., still protected by copyright; but for all ordinary uses—even for the average printing office, the Loomis edition is sufficient, and is of course a marvel of cheapness and utility.

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SAYINGS ABOUT BOOKS.

Books are men of higher stature, And the only men who speak aloud for future times to hear.—E. B. BROWING.

What power in books; They mingle gloom and splendor, as I've oft, In thunderous sunsets, seen the thunder-piles Seamed with dull fire and fiercest glory-rents. They awe me to my knees, as if I stood In presence of a king.—ALEXANDER SMITH.

Master books, but do not let them master you. Read to live, not live to read.—Ibid.

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purposes to a life beyond life.—MILTON.

Books help us to forget the crossness of men and things, compose our cares, and lay our disappointments asleep.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

We should begin life with books; they multiply the sources of enjoyment; so does capital; but capital is of no use unless we live on interest.—books are waste paper unless we spend in action the wisdom we get from thought.—BUCHER.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in part, others to be read but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention.—BACON.

Books are our teachers. Gibbon testifies: "My early and invincible love of reading, I would not exchange for the treasures of India." A reading-room is an academy in which each may pursue an optional course of study, under the tuition of the masters of the several departments of knowledge. Emerson says: "If we encountered a man of rare intellect, we should ask him what books he read." This tribute to book lore is echoed by all who appreciate and improve the privileges of scholarship in this Alma Mater, in which all may freely pursue a course of education. The statement of Johnson will not be disputed: "The foundation of knowledge must be laid by reading."—THE STATESMAN.

LIST OF BOOKS FOR SALE AT THE OFFICE OF

The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Table listing various books for sale with columns for title, price, and postage. Includes titles like 'Ancient Faiths and Modern', 'Answers to Questions, Practical and Spiritual', 'Apocryphal New Testament', etc.

Table listing various books for sale with columns for title, price, and postage. Includes titles like 'Debatable Land', 'Divine Law of Cure', 'Death in the Light of the Harmonical Philosophy', etc.

Table listing various books for sale with columns for title, price, and postage. Includes titles like 'Philosophy of Creation', 'Progress from Poverty', 'Religion of Spiritual Intercourse', etc.

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PAMPHLETS.

Table listing various pamphlets for sale with columns for title, price, and postage. Includes titles like 'Age of Reason', 'Astronomy and Worship of the Ancients', etc.

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Table listing various games for sale with columns for title, price, and postage. Includes titles like 'Avilude, or Game of Birds', 'Snaps, an Interesting Game of Cards', etc.

REMITTANCES.—Should be by office Money Order, Express Company Registered Letter, or draft on either. Do not send Checks on Local Bank. JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago, Ill.

"IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE NOT LIVE AGAIN?"

BY MARY E. VAN HORN.

Pray tell us you savans who say "this life ends all," That when the heart has ceased to beat, kind nature throws a pall, Does she not fold her treasures more closely to her breast— When winter cold and stern, demands that they should rest? And when the spring time comes, to quicken them once more, Do they not come forth again in beauty as before? Does not all nature teach, that after death comes life? That after all the pain and turmoil, care and strife Is o'er, comes victory: Ah, yes! we live again In purer, brighter climes, or earth-life would be vain. We lay us down to sleep, the spirit takes its flight, Freed from the pulseless clay, to realms of living light; For death is but new birth, and we shall ever be, Clothed with unending life, with immortality. MILWAUKEE, Wis.

Printer's Ink: There are but nine papers devoted to Woman's Suffrage now published in this country, and of these the only one accorded as much as 4,000 circulation is the Woman's Journal, of Boston. The Woman's Exponent is issued in Salt Lake City.

Mrs. Kendal, the actress, has been interviewed in London by a representative of the Pall Mall Gazette. Our American women will be delighted to hear themselves spoken of in this happy vein by the merry actress: "Nobody can have the least idea of the real qualities of our American cousins unless they have crossed the Atlantic and seen for themselves. What astonished me most was the extraordinary cleverness of the women. You mention any remarkable book to them and you find that they have got every word of it in their heads. To call them 'well-read' is hardly doing them justice. All over the States, too, they did their best to kill me with kindness."

The Chinese, who are nothing if not practical, adopt the more wholesome method of appointing doctors as public servants at a fixed salary. With an assured income these great and good men—for they must be such, since they give up the chances of piling guinea upon guinea, and dedicate their lives exclusively to lessening pain—are at liberty to devote themselves entirely to their patients, and cure them as speedily as possible. Another method prevailing in other provinces of the Celestial Empire is for the doctor to draw a fee from his patient only so long as he keeps in good health; when he sickens payment stops, and if the patient dies on the doctor's hands, the authorities chop off the head of the luckless medico for the bungler that he proved himself to be in letting a valuable life slip through his hands. There is much humor as well as justice in this treatment, and a patient may fold his hands thankfully when settling down to his long nap in the blessed Nirvana with the sure and certain knowledge that his doctor's time is at hand, and that he is speedily to pay the forfeit of his professional stupidity. We are probably too prejudiced to copy from a Chinaman, and as an alternative scheme it might be suggested that the doctor's bill can be kept down if the reform outlined in the following authentic advertisement is adopted: "Wanted, for a family who have had health, a sober, steady person in the capacity of a doctor, surgeon, apothecary, and man midwife. He must occasionally act as butler, and dress hair and wigs. He will be required sometimes to read prayers, and to preach a sermon every Sunday. A good salary will be given."

The earlier symptoms of dyspepsia, such as distress after eating, heartburn, and occasional headaches, should not be neglected. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla if you wish to be cured of dyspepsia.

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"The Burlington's Number One" daily vestibule express leaves Chicago at 1:00 p. m. and arrives at Denver at 6:30 p. m. next day. Quicker time than by any other route. Direct connection with this train from Peoria. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Denver, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston, and all points West, Northwest and Southwest.

"SUMMER TOURS, 1890."

of the new illustrated summer-tour Michigan Central, "The Niagara It is a practical guide and profusely illustrated to any address on receipt of six cents by O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. Ag't, CHICAGO, ILL.

March, April, May

are the Months when the Blood should be renovated with

Ayer's Sarsaparilla and

the System fortified for the change of Seasons.

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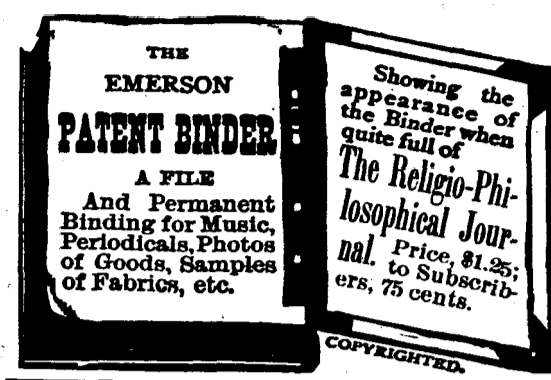
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"We meet at one gate when all is over." - OWEN MEREDITH. Between two worlds, the spirit and the mortal, When all is over, all the bitter-sweet Of this existence past, at death's wide portal At last all roads of earthly travellers meet.

There fairest ways that wind o'er sunny mountains, Where seeks humanity for good supreme, Join lowly paths, beside which sorrow's fountains In lone vales flow unlit by gladness beam.

How will it seem there with the journey ended The final draught from life's deep chalice drained, To gaze back where our varied ways were wended, Recounting joys and goals we missed or gained?

When all is o'er will bright hopes we once cherished, Which faded unfulfilled like tints of dawn Appear as naught but fleeting light that perished Forever when its cheering glow was gone?

Methinks the cares and trials life infesting, In those still moments vanish far away, As softly cometh welcome, peace and resting Like ev'ning calm at close of weary day.

Then sacred bonds by separation riven May be renewed in covenant more sweet, As friend greets friend in glad reunion given, When all is over and all pathways meet.

When from our eyes the clinging mists have drifted, Which veiled the Master's plans from human sight, Then we may learn that grief our souls uplifted, And all the leadings of his hand were right.

Much now discerned as ill by our dim vision, To be divinely good may then appear, Seen from that gate where light from lands elysian The gloom add mystery of time makes clear. In his recently published "Trials of a Country Parson," Dr. Jessupp tells some amusing anecdotes picked up in Arcady. As this: "It is very shocking to a sensitive person to hear the way in which the old people speak of their dead wives or husbands exactly as if they'd been horses or dogs. They are always proud of having been married more than once. 'You didn't think, miss, as I'd had five wives, now, did you? Ah, but I have, though—leastways I buried five on 'em in the churchyard, that I did—and tree on 'em bewties!' On another occasion I playfully suggested: 'Don't you mix up your husbands now and then, Mrs. Page, when you talk about them?' 'Well, to tell you the truth, sir, I really do! But my third husband, he was a man! I don't mix him up. He got killed fighting—you've heard tell o' that, I make no doubt? The others warn't nothing to him. He'd ha' mixed them up quick enough if they'd interfered w' him. Lawk ha! He'd a made nothing of them.'"

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THE PUBLISHER.

"IN THESE DAYS WE FIGHT FOR IDEAS, AND NEWSPAPERS ARE OUR FORTRESSES."

I take for a text this week an utterance of that brilliant and versatile German Jew, Heinrich Heine. Comparing the press of fifty years ago with that of to-day, one is at first blushed tempted to smile at the keen controversialist's words, and to ask what sort of fortresses the poorly equipped newspapers of his day could have been; forgetting that they then mirrored the intellectual, moral and material interests of the world and were in their time and fashion probably as true a reflection of the world's thought and progress as are the newspapers of to-day. That the American press with all its faults and short-comings is the most potent social solvent, the surest safeguard of intellectual and political freedom, the swiftest agent of justice, the ablest ally of religion, morals, philanthropy and enterprise, is indisputable. There are now in this country alone more than seventeen thousand newspapers and periodicals, representing almost every conceivable interest. Class papers have become a power; every trade, profession and business has its special organs. THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, the Methodist's multiplied *Advocates*, the Catholic *Mirror*, the Unitarian *Register* and *Unity*, the independent but evangelical *Christian Union*, and *The Independent* and many others mingle on the exchange editor's table with the *Hide and Leather Review*, the *Legal News*, the furniture maker's *Bulletin*, the *Ethical Record*, the *Western Rural*, the *Jewellers' Guide*, the *Farmer's Voice*, the *Iron Age*, the *Miner's Review* and a wide range of dailies, weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies, representing with varying strength and ability all interests human and divine, physical and psychical. These class publications reveal the intellectual, business and religious status of the classes they represent. A careful inspection of the newspapers devoted to any special interest will enable one to portray the qualities and characteristics of the people who support them. Reader did you ever think of this? Did you ever make a careful and comprehensive test of this? If you never did, then try it once in a methodical manner and see how astonished you will be at what the result will disclose. The disclosure will not always be pleasant, but if the study has been properly made the picture will be true to life.

Truth is militant and he who declares his love for her must be ready to fight her battles; otherwise he is but a miserable poltroon to be relegated to the rear and ranked as a camp follower. THE JOURNAL tolerates differences of opinion as to what truth may be, but gives no quarter to subterfuge, chicanery and cowardice. THE JOURNAL declares with Atterbury: "He that talks deceitfully for truth must hurt it more by his example than he promotes it by his arguments." Furthermore, THE JOURNAL holds with Glanvill, that "truths hang together in a chain of mutual dependency. You cannot draw one link without attracting others." I need not make more plain my meaning in all this, certainly not to continuous readers. I leave the esoteric significance to be interpreted by each reader.

THE JOURNAL stands an impregnable fortress; every attempt to storm it fails; every dark scheme to mine it ends in disaster to the conspirators. You who have utilized this fortress for years, you who have from its battlements successfully resisted all assaults of error, fraud and folly, and who have confidence in it as a bulwark of intellectual liberty and the rallying center for those engaged in forwarding the interests of psychical science, true spirituality and the brotherhood of man I speak to you as a brother soldier. I confidently ask you to do your whole duty, to secure new recruits,

to increase the supplies of the fortress, to give it additional strength, to so re-enforce its fighting numbers, ordnance, supplies and aggressive equipment, that it may send out its armies and agents to all parts of the world. I need not tell you how you can do all this; you know how as well as I can tell you.

Send me the addresses of all intelligent people you think would like to see specimen copies of the paper.

Whenever you hear of or meet a person interested in THE JOURNAL's field, secure his subscription, even if it be only for three months at fifty cents.

Write out in plain straightforward terms your psychical experiences and send to THE JOURNAL, thus increasing the data necessary for the scientific generalizations.

If a knowledge of spirit phenomena and an acquaintance with the philosophy of Spiritualism has helped, comforted and benefited you, then is it your duty as it should be your pleasure to assist others to the same sources of happiness and knowledge. Secure them as subscribers to THE JOURNAL.

If you are a member of some church you pay from ten to one thousand or more dollars each year into its treasury; indeed I know of some of you who do more than this. How much do you give to Spiritualism? Alas! nothing, in most cases. Don't you think you will have to reckon with your conscience some day?

If you have no church associations and give nothing to advance religion and a knowledge of a future life, isn't it time you gave some token of the value Spiritualism is to you, and of your love for your less informed fellow-men? Send THE JOURNAL five, fifty, five hundred or one thousand dollars to be used in missionary work!

\$35 FOR THE MISSIONARY FUND.

DEAR BROTHER BUNDY: You know how much I appreciate THE JOURNAL without my saying so. In my younger days I was connected with the press; and have often gone through the "sweating" of "building" a newspaper. No one who has not had the experience can appreciate the nice, delicate taste required to make all the parts fit together in harmony. THE JOURNAL, as a work of art, is almost faultless. I congratulate you.

I commenced this letter with an entirely different object from that which appears in its preface. With all your gifts you need money—money not only to pay your workers but money to relieve you from the exacting burden which falls to your lot in doing missionary work. I am glad you have made the suggestion to create a "Missionary Fund;" and I hope the enclosed check of \$25 is not the first to head the list. Yours sincerely,
M. C. C. CHURCH.

PARKERSBURG, West Va.

DEAR COL. BUNDY: When a lad attending school I knew, and felt a profound contempt for a number of boys of about my own age who were constantly scheming to induce their school-fellows to engage in some devilment that they might stand by and enjoy the fun without fear of condign punishment. In later years I have noticed the same disposition on the part of many of my fellow-men in regard to reform movements. They pat a brave leader on the back, when all is fair, surfeit him with honeyed phrases, and—that's all. Like the school boys, they want to be in out of the wet when dark clouds hover around the heads of devoted leaders, but when there is glory, reward, or renown to be gained they want to be on hand to help gather what they have not sown—and perhaps get the lion's share. If all the people who have said so many kind things about THE JOURNAL since it donned its new dress, and who commend its course, would as far as they are able, back up their fine words by supplying the publisher with the sinews of war, the cause of Spiritualism, and all true reform would be the better for it.

Deeds, not words, count in the battle of life. Following up Mr. Lakey's suggestion in last week's JOURNAL, I enclose \$10. May the "ninety and nine" be increased a thousand fold. A. D. BOLENS.
PORT WASHINGTON, Wis.

PRESS OPINIONS.

These opinions have intrinsic value, aside from that of showing the general estimate of THE JOURNAL, which alone would warrant their reproduction; they show to the observing reader the hopeful trend of public sentiment. They show that when spiritists and Spiritualists approach the public in the spirit of fairness, frankness and good will, free from sectarian presumption and arrogance, that the great heart of the world warms to them and their claims.

The Twentieth Century:

... THE JOURNAL has adopted a smaller form, and has increased its pages in number to sixteen. It is now a handsome sheet.

Alyone, Springfield, Mass., June 15:

Col. Bundy is making the THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL with new form and dress, a very fine looking paper. He is filling it with matter that will instruct and construct. It is a real pleasure to read the neat columns.

From the Detroit (Mich.) *Commercial Advertiser:*

... Its editor has won many fraternal among comprehending, liberal-minded newspaper men who await with interest the outcome of scientific study of the alleged psychical that astonish both the wise and the simple. We have occasionally presented our readers with articles from the pages of THE JOURNAL and believe they have been duly appreciated.

Republican, Kasson, Minn., June 12:

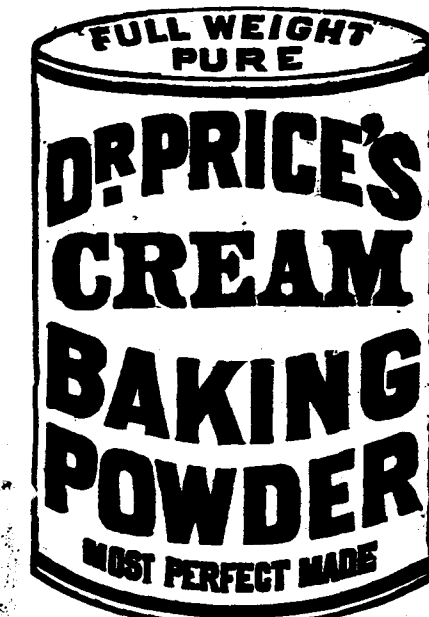
It carefully weighs facts bearing upon the philosophy of Spiritualism, sifts carefully all evidence, and is in all cases reliable. It is highly moral, clear, analytical, and no person, be he Christian or otherwise, can peruse it without being a better for so doing. Fraud charlatanism, and the large mass of superstition that has been promulgated in the name of Spiritualism, finds in this paper an implacable foe.

The Press, Louisiana, Mo., June 12:

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Chicago, came to us last week in a fine new dress and in an improved form. THE JOURNAL is one of the ablest exponents of phenomena, philosophy and ethics of modern Spiritualism in the country, and while we do not agree with its belief, it has earned the respect of its opponents by its sincerity and courage.

The Kankakee, (Ills.) Gazette, June 5:

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Chicago, appears in a new form and new typographical dress. This journal is the leading paper in the United States devoted to the advocacy of Spiritualism and a discussion of its phenomena. It has repeatedly exposed imposters, sometimes at the expense of a libel suit, and always to the anger and wrath of those it exposed. Major Bundy, the editor, is a man of more than usual journalistic ability, and carries into his work honesty of intention and thoroughness of conviction. Those who desire a paper of this character, either to learn the tenets of Spiritualism, or because they believe them, cannot do better than subscribe for it.



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