

RELIGIO THE SOPHICAL PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, JULY 25, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 2, NO. 9.

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

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Bishop Westcott, who, according to the *London Telegraph*, is generally regarded as the greatest living theologian in the Church of England, recently gave his opinion to a private correspondent about theater-going. "The universal instinct toward dramatic representations," he says, "appears to me to show that, like music and art, they answer to a natural and a right desire."

At the breakfast given in London on the 13th inst. in honor of the United States and British colonial delegates to the International Congregational Council, which formally opened there the day following, Mr. Alfred Illingworth, member of parliament for West Bradford, who presided, in welcoming the delegates, said the liberals were pledged to disestablish the Welsh and Scotch churches, after which the English church would be attacked on all sides. The speaker declared that the aristocracy was the chief buttress of the established churches, not five per cent. of the wage-workers being communicants.

Robert Buchanan in "Some Memories of Boyhood" says: A young Scotchman, some years younger than myself, came to stay with me—Charles Gibbon, since well-known as a story writer. He was an earnest, open-hearted boy, and we lived together in great mutual happiness. We worked hard indeed (for literature is never liberally paid), and more than once sat writing, without going to bed for a fortnight at a stretch. One night he wakened up, and found me crying. "What the matter?" he asked. "David Gray is dead," I answered, though I had had no word of my friend for ever a week. The next post from Scotland brought me the news of David's death. "God has love, and I have faith!" were almost his last words.

A young New York girl enjoying the season in London writes home: "Of course you have seen a good deal in the papers about Nina Kennedy, the inspirationalist, as people call her. If she keeps on as she has begun she will make all London afraid of her. She seems to know the most wonderful things about your past life and present circumstances, and all that she does is to put her fingers on your pulse and look into your eyes. I went to her the other day with Mrs. —, who was divorced, you know, last year. 'You have been married?' She said to her the minute she touched her wrist. 'Yes.' 'But you are living apart from your husband?' 'Why do you think so?' 'I don't think so; I know it. Your pulse is not that of a married woman.'" We shall have no doubt before long a still further differentiation of pulses. What a field of study is opened up by the pulse of the engaged girl, and what a complicated pulse must be that of the widow about to re-marry!

In a recent sermon Rev. M. J. Savage, referring to "the great army of Spiritualists," said: In spite of frauds and delusions, which are only too numerous; in spite of all the "exposures," false or true; in spite of learned "explanations" of all the strange phenomena—it is still true that this army is on the increase. Converts from science, the church and the world are

swelling their ranks. Only still more evidence of depravity, thinks the church; only another swelling toward the flood of the ever-turning tide of popular superstition; thinks science. In any case, it is true the tide is rising, whatever be the cause. Scientists, philosophers, physicians, statesmen, novelists, poets, artists, jurists, people of every rank and country, are declaring their conviction that those we call the dead do live, and that they can send back proofs of both their existence and their identity.

The Mormons of Atchison are in great spirits over an alleged case of healing by laying on of hands by Elder Duell, a preacher of their faith, who is stopping there. The person cured was Mabel Lang, about nine years old, living at Thirteenth and Oak streets, who was recently afflicted with rheumatism. The attack was very painful and the report says that the girl was doubled up in a knot. She requested that Elder Duell be asked to try to heal her. Accordingly, Elder Duell went to the house Thursday morning in company with Mrs. Elizabeth Johnston and Mrs. Jane Berry, and in their presence, and in the presence of Mrs. Lang, he healed the girl. In half an hour she was out in the yard playing with the other children, with all the effects of her rheumatism gone. In the afternoon the girl went visiting with her mother. Mrs. Johnston and Mrs. Berry testify to the truthfulness of this statement.

Among the papers in the possession of the New Haven Colony Historical Society is a letter from Benjamin Franklin to Ralph I. Ingersoll, dated Philadelphia, December 11, 1762. The following is an extract from the letter: I should be glad to know what it is that distinguishes Connecticut religion from common religion:—communicate, if you please, some of these particulars that you think will amuse me as a virtuoso. When I traveled I thought of your excessively strict observation of Sunday; and that a man could hardly travel on that day among you upon his lawful occasions without Hazard of Punishment, while where I was everyone traveled, if he pleased, or diverted himself in any other way; and in the afternoon both high and low went to the Play or the Opera, where there was plenty of Singing, Fiddling and Dancing. I looked around for God's Judgments, but saw no signs of them. The Cities were well built and full of Inhabitants, the Markets filled with Plenty, the people well favored and well clothed; the Fields well tilled; the Cattle fat and strong; the Fences, Houses and Windows all in repair; and no Old Terror anywhere in the country,—which would almost make one suspect that the Deity is not so angry at the offense as a New England Justice.

This is an age of inquiry and of increasing knowledge in which one problem after another is being solved. Students of evolution are familiar with Darwin's and Hæckel's illustrations referring to pollen, field-mice, humblebees, cats and old maids. According to the *Detroit Free Press*, these illustrations were used by a professor of natural science at Ann Arbor, and served to elicit most interesting information from one of the students. The professor was discussing the process of fertilizing plants by means of insects carrying the pollen from one plant to another, and to

amuse them told how the old maids were the ultimate cause of it all. The humblebees carry the pollen; the field mice eat the humblebees; therefore the more field mice the fewer humblebees and the less pollen and variation of plants. But cats devour the field mice and old maids protect cats. Therefore the more old maids the more cats, the fewer field mice, the more bees. Hence old maids are the cause of variety in plants. Thereupon, a sophomore with a single eyeglass, an English umbrella, a box coat, with his "trousers" rolled up at the bottom, arose and asked: "I sa-a-y, Professah, what is the cause—ah—of old maids, don't you know?" "Perhaps Miss Jones can tell you," suggested the professor. "Dudes!" said Miss Jones sharply and without hesitation. There was silence in the room for the space of thirty seconds, after which the lecture was resumed.

Between the hypnotizer and the hypnotized there is established a particular sympathy which is called the magnetic influence, says A. Fouillée in the *August Chautauquan*. The brain of the subject will recognize acts of the operator so subtle that they entirely escape the notice of all other persons. The subject is often blind or deaf to the presence or to the voice of every one save the hypnotizer; or he sees or hears only those with whom the latter puts him in connection. A very sensitive subject will follow, either in person or with his eyes, the hypnotizer all around the room, or amid a hubbub of voices will clearly distinguish his tones, imperceptible to every other ear. The reason is, that in the brain of the subject there is one point always ready to vibrate and respond; it is the fixed idea of the hypnotizer, with the particular impression which it produced. Everything connected with this impression provokes the sympathetic reaction of the subject; all other things do not exist for him. It is a monopoly, an engrossment of the consciousness, a prohibition of everything else by the idea-force of the power belonging to the hypnotizer.

Bishop Fallows in a recent sermon in this city on "The Christian Patriot" said: There is a question of capital and labor to be met. In 1883 the average working man's family expenses in Massachusetts were \$754 annually; his earnings were \$558. The difference had to be made up by the earnings of women and children. Not one-half the intelligent workingmen of Illinois are able to earn money with which to provide for their families. There are a few men in Chicago who can create a famine if they please. There is no excuse for speculating in and cornering food staples. It is gambling—gambling with human lives. There died a short time ago a man whose income was \$1,000,000 per month. His estates was over \$200,000,000. This is more than the aggregate real and personal property of four states. A few men in ancient Rome accumulated fortunes nearly as large as some of our millionaires, and monopolized the land. Then, when apparently at the height of her power, Rome fell. These object lessons have been given us for our profit. The millionaire and tramp, the two dangerous classes of society, are coming together. God give us the right issue. The solution of these questions I believe to be in the Bible and the Anglo-Saxon race in America.

BROWNING AND SPIRITUALISM.

Mrs. Orr, an intimate personal friend of the poet, has written a very interesting life of Robert Browning, rather full in details, though some may question whether she has given us anything essentially new in the biography, and whether in deferring to his well-known aversion to discussion of his private affairs, she has not exercised too much discretion and deprived the reader of the relation of much which would have given a clearer sympathetic interest in the man, essential to a better understanding of the poet. There are so many paragraphs in these two volumes of interest to all classes of readers that THE JOURNAL feels constrained in its notice of the work to confine itself wholly to those portions which deal with Browning's spiritual experiences—experiences which the poet himself tried vainly to ignore, and which his biographer, while compelled to state them, apologizes for and tries to explain with vague generalities. Mrs. Browning, as is well known, was a believer in spirit return, and Mrs. Orr, in speaking of the beautiful harmony existing between these married poets says: "The only serious difference which ever arose between Mr. Browning and his wife referred to the subject of Spiritualism. Mrs. Browning held doctrines which prepared her to accept any real or imagined phenomena betokening intercourse with the spirits of the dead; nor could she be repelled by anything grotesque or trivial in the manner of this intercourse, because it was no part of her belief that a spirit inhabiting the atmosphere of our earth should exhibit any dignity or solemnity not belonging to him while he lived upon it. When Mr. Home came to Florence in 1857 or 1858 Mr. Browning found himself compelled to witness some of the 'manifestations.' He absolutely denied the good faith of all the persons concerned. Mrs. Browning as absolutely believed it. He chafed against the public association of her name with theirs. Both his love for, and his pride in her resented it."

It annoyed him also that Mrs. Browning always smilingly contended that his opposition to Spiritualism was merely nominal, and that he believed in it at heart. Mrs. Browning's spiritual influence upon his work is thus confessed by his biographer.

"We cannot read the emotional passages of 'The Ring and the Book' without hearing in them a voice which is not Mr. Browning's own; an echo not of his part, but from it. . . . Its subject had come to him in the last days of his greatest happiness. It had lived with him, though in the background of consciousness, through those of his keenest sorrow. It was his refuge in that aftertime in which a subsiding grief often leaves a deeper sense of isolation. The beautiful dedication contained in the first and last books was only a matter of course. But Mrs. Browning's spiritual presence on this occasion was more than a presiding memory of the heart. I am convinced that it entered largely into his conception of 'Pompilia.' It may be that Browning's frankly confessed horror of physical dissolution was the cause of his professed aversion to Spiritualism. He writes to a friend, 'I can't look on the earth-side of death; I flinch from corpses and graves, and never meet a common funeral without a sort of horror. When I look deathwards I look over death, and upwards, or I can't look that way at all.'"

If he was not unconsciously and unconfessedly a believer in spiritual influences how can we explain passages in his letters in which he felt constrained to relate to intimate friends such instances of occult influence as the following.

In a letter written from a village in France in September, 1881, he says: "Our journey was delayed for three hours in consequence of the one mule of the village being requisitioned by the juge d'instruction from Grenoble, come to inquire into a murder committed two days before. My sister and I used once a day to walk for a couple of hours up a mountain road of the most lovely description and stop at the summit,

*Life and Letters of Robert Browning. By Mrs. Sutherland Orr. 2 Vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891. pp. 606.

whence we looked down upon the minute hamlet of Saint Pierre d'Entremont. And in this paradisaical place they found yesterday week, a murdered man Such a crime had never occurred in the memory of our oldest folk. Now the odd thing is, that either the day of or after the murder—as S. and I were looking at the utter solitude I had the fancy, 'What should I do if I suddenly came upon a dead body in this field? Go and proclaim it—and subject myself to all the vexations inflicted by the French way of procedure (which begins by assuming that you may be the criminal)—or neglect an obvious duty and return silently?' I, of course, saw that the former was the only proper course, whatever the annoyance involved. And all the while there was just about to be the very same incident for the trouble of somebody."

Later developments showed that when this thought occurred to Browning he was standing on the exact spot where the body was afterward found. The owner of the field was arrested as the probable murderer; in his despair, he threw himself out of a window and died protesting his innocence. The real murderers were afterward discovered and confessed their crime.

Under date of June 19, 1868, immediately after the death Mrs. Browning's sister Arabel, writing the sad news to his friend, Mrs. Bragdin, Mr. Browning says: "You know I am not superstitious—here is a note I made in a book July 21, 1863: Arabel told me yesterday that she had been much agitated by a dream which happened the night before, Sunday, July 19th She saw her [Mrs. Browning] and asked, 'when shall I be with you?' The reply was, 'dearest, in five years,' whereupon Arabel awoke. She knew in her dream that it was not to the living she spoke. In five years within a month of their completion—I had forgotten the date of the dream, and supposed it was only three years ago, and that two had still to run. Only a coincidence, but noticeable."

Another so-called "coincidence" has already been published in the *Journal of Psychical Research*, which may be briefly referred to in this connection as given in a more detailed way in Mrs. Orr's book. An Italian count professing to have mesmeric and clairvoyant faculties, was put to test by Browning in his own home. He asked Browning to hand him some object which was a relic of a deceased friend. Browning at first thought he had nothing with him of the kind, but on consideration remembered that he had accidentally put on his shirt-cuffs that morning a pair of gold studs formerly belonging to a great-uncle who had been killed eighty years before. The count looked earnestly in Browning's face while he clasped the stud in his hand. Then he said impressively, "There is something here which cries out in my ear, 'Murder! Murder!'" Browning says, "My own explanation is that the shrewd Italian felt his way by the involuntary help of my face." And a very lame explanation it is.

A NEW SECT.

Dispatches from Madrid, Spain, give accounts of a new sect that has its headquarters in a poor, but central part of that city, with a local membership of about 1,000, and a membership in the provinces which is increasing in spite of the efforts of the government and priests to check its growth. The largest branch is at Valencia. The two leading doctrines of the sect are the propagation of the human race and the banishment of disease. The leader is a former workman named Jimina, who is called "the great pontiff" and at whose house the members meet. After prayers and singing at these meetings the pontiff blesses the sick and administers doses of holy water to them. Crowds of sick people flock to him to be healed, and there seems to be a particular desire to submit sick children to his ministrations. The gatherings take place at night. The strictest morality is enforced as a part of the tenets of the new religion. The doctrine of the propagation of the race is carried into practical effect in this wise: Any woman is entitled to rise in meeting and cry out: "I wish to marry" so-and-so, naming the favored man. The man upon whom her

choice has fallen is doomed to become a husband. It is useless for him to protest prior engagements. The pontiff marries the couple then and there. Over 300 such marriages have been consummated, and the popularity of the pontiff among the women desiring matrimonial partners is unbounded. Their benefactor is just now under a cloud, having been thrust into prison on a charge of practicing medicine without legal authority. Scores of women show their devotion to the persecuted pontiff by gathering outside the prison and uttering lamentations and expressions of sympathy for him.

THE AMERICAN HIS OWN PRIEST.

Some of the Catholic papers of this country every now and then speak as disparagingly of the "Yankee race" as southern slaveholders used to do in the good old times when the adherents of the Pope in the United States voted to a man almost on the side of the system that kept millions of dusky laborers in bondage. And the old New England meeting house comes in occasionally for its share of ridicule. The representatives of the papal hierarchy should bear in mind, in their disdain of the "Yankee race," and of the old-fashioned pine-board meeting houses, that in those meeting houses and in the school houses, plain and humble as they were, and as much superstition and intolerance as were connected with them, was nurtured American liberty, with the idea that the American was in the religious order his own priest and in the political order his own sovereign, as expressed in these lines:

Call the people together
The young men and the sires,
The digger in the harvest field,
Hiring and him that hires;
And here in a pine state-house
They shall choose men to rule
In every needful faculty,
In Church and State and school.

A well-housed, well-clad, intelligent, self-governing people is a far nobler spectacle than an ignorant, shiftless populace living on mud floors beneath thatched roofs, with a magnificent hierarchy and monarchy lording it over them in gorgeous palaces and cathedrals, in the name of God, when the word as used by them means simply king and priest writ large. In the little pine-board meeting-house a priest was a citizen, one of the people, a man with a family if he chose, having the same social and political interests with his congregation, and not a member of a great, arrogant priestly order, claiming to be the authoritative mediator between the private conscience and Deity. The free, popular American State was the correlate of the free, popular Congregational church, the members of which generally worshiped in a pine-board edifice. Therein lies its immense significance to which we alluded, making it a nobler edifice than the great cathedrals that are crumbling to decay on the soil of modern Europe. The cathedrals meant royalty and hierarchy, of which the people of Europe have had enough; while the little New England meeting-house meant and means an advance in popular prosperity, increase of freethought, the ultimate extinction of superstition and the ultimate secularization of the State. The Yankee meeting-house neither was nor is a finality, but nevertheless an indication of a step forward when compared with the mediæval cathedrals. It was a cheap edifice and did not require enormous contributions to be squeezed by theological menaces, and by promises of bliss or threats of punishment, out of thousands of poor day-laborers who ought to be devoting all their earnings to getting homes for themselves and families.

PARACELSUS.

Paracelsus was born in the year 1493, was a student, traveler, a professor of medicine and surgery, and a teacher of mysticism and occultism. He had many admirers and followers, but a larger number of

*The Life and Doctrines of Philippus Theophrastus, Bombast of Hohenheim known by the name of Paracelsus. Extracted and translated from his rare and extensive works and from some unpublished manuscripts by Franz Hartmann, M. D., author of "Magic," etc. New York: John W. Lovell. pp. 367. Paper, 50 cents.

enemies in the orthodox physicians, priests and speculative philosophers of his time. He was a Christian and endeavored to support much that he taught by appeals to the Bible. He has been praised by distinguished men as "the first to treat medicine as a philosophy," and as a profound and illuminated thinker richly endowed with the power of spiritual perception, while on the other hand he has been denounced as a drunkard, a demagogue and an impostor. Most of his writings were dictated and are in the handwriting of his disciples. But few of his works were printed while he was alive. His style is concise, remarkably so, but he had a peculiar terminology, having invented words of his own to express his meaning.

In a volume recently published in this country, Dr. Franz Hartmann has given explanations of many such terms used by Paracelsus, with such extracts from his works and such abstracts of his thought, with comments thereon, as will enable readers of the book to form a correct and comprehensive conception of what this strange man taught. A perusal of the work will satisfy anybody that there is little if anything advanced to-day under such names as theosophy and occultism in regard to "elementals," "elementaries," astral bodies, etc., that was not taught by Paracelsus in the first half of the sixteenth century.

Paracelsus saw that in religion no finality had been reached. When the controversy was hot between Luther and the defenders of the Pope, Paracelsus said: "Among all the sects there is none which promises intellectually the true religion. We must read the Bible more with our heart than with our brains, until at some future time the true religion will come into the world." He admired Luther's courage and sympathized with his work. "The enemies of Luther," he said, "are to a great extent composed of fanatics, knaves, bigots and rogues. Why do you call me a 'medical Luther?' You do not intend to honor me by giving me that name, because you despise Luther. But I know of no other enemies of Luther, but those whose kitchen prospects are interfered with by his reforms. Those whom he causes to suffer in their pockets are his enemies. I leave it to Luther to defend what he says, and I shall be responsible for what I may say. Whoever is Luther's enemy will deserve my contempt. That which you wish to Luther you wish also to me; you wish us both to the fire."

Paracelsus had absolute confidence in the truth of what he taught, and although surrounded by ignorance and continually misunderstood and maligned, he was certain that the time would come when his thought would be appreciated. "I know," he said "that the monarchy (of mind) will belong to me, that mine will be the honor. I do not praise myself, but nature praises me, for I am born of nature and follow her. She knows me and I know her."

Beyond doubt there is much in the theories and speculations of Paracelsus, which are purely fanciful, unsustained by anything within the knowledge of man, and some pages of his work contain proof that they were written under the influence of a diseased imagination. But Paracelsus was a strong and unique personality, and many cultivated minds near the end of the nineteenth century are repeating his speculations as the essence of philosophic truth.

It is singular that such an intelligent people as the English should be so slow to grasp the fundamental principle of the free school system, says the *New York Press*. Recent discussion of the so-called Free Education bill has shown in a remarkable manner the backwardness of England on this subject. The assumption, in the minds of many leaders of British public opinion, appears to be that a free school is a charity school, and that when the state makes a gift of educational facilities it is performing a function similar to that of relieving hunger at the poor house. No idea could be further from the essential principle of the public school system. That principle is that the state has a direct interest in the education of all its citizens, and that it is the duty of the State, as a matter of self protection and self preservation, to maintain the free public schools. The child who attends the schools is not receiving charity, any more than the

citizen receives charity in the enjoyment of the protection of the police, of the courts, of the fire department, all of which are supported out of the common taxes. Probably at the bottom of opposition to free education in England is the fear of the privileged classes that the poor are learning to know too much, and that the public school and the House of Lords cannot long exist together in the same country. The fear is well grounded. With free schools to teach the people how to use the ballot British coronets and coats of arms would soon be relegated to the sole possession of the American Anglomaniac.

A young woman is maltreated by a policeman, says the *New York Sun*, and when she makes her accusation at a police court a lawyer hired by the policeman ventures to ask her: "Do you mean to say that a respectable person would have kept as still as you did?" And the only excuse for the question was that when insulted in the street the young woman did not make a public outcry. This incident by itself would not be worth a word of comment were there not too much reason to believe that many lawyers habitually violate the principles not only of courtesy but of ordinary decency. The other day a young woman, one of the defendants in a civil suit, was asked so many and such offensive questions that the whole press of the country exclaimed in indignation. And it was only yesterday that the Supreme Court of the United States suggested in unmistakable terms that the legal advisers of many men long accused and condemned by juries of murder were not acting in public interest, and were possibly not blameless, either legally or honorably, in their conduct of causes. Would it, then, not be wise to hold lawyers more strictly to account as officers of the court? And should not lawyers, or would-be lawyers, be instructed more strictly than they now are that their duty is in the first place a duty to the public and only secondarily a duty to themselves, their notoriety or their pocket-book?

It is announced that William Q. Judge, of New York, will be the successor of Mme. Blavatsky and the ruler of theosophy and everything pertaining to it. A dispatch from New York says: "A well-known theosophist in New York tells of the mode of electing the successor of Mme. Blavatsky. She says that at the recent convention of Boston theosophists an alleged communication was received from the deceased Blavatsky to the effect that Judge was a man to be trusted on any and all occasions. In Blavatsky's will Judge was especially mentioned and just before her death she left with him a secret of vast and vital importance to the success of theosophy. She also gave him a signet ring, which is believed to be possessed of extraordinary power. All these things being considered it is natural that Judge should be Blavatsky's successor. But his claim to leadership was established in a more positive manner, at least in the theosophical mind. Mme. Blavatsky in her spirit appeared at a chosen time and there selected Judge to wear her crown. It was in the secret chamber of the home of the Theosophical Society in London, ten days ago, that Mme. Blavatsky appeared in the spirit. Judge will arrive in this city in about ten days, and he will be given a great reception by the leading theosophists of this country."

A paper that is published every Monday morning remarks: "Sunday Slavery" "is the result of an excessive service of mammon, and it must be abolished before there can be any hope of a proper observance of Sunday." This leads the *Chicago Times* to say: Then this professedly moral and devout publication which refuses to make a Sunday issue names a few Sunday trades and services which in a large city may seem indispensable. The milkman is excused. So is the restaurant-keeper and some others, in which, however, the newspaper-maker is not included. "But the service of mammon should be entirely dispensed with on Sunday, whether it consists in selling dry goods, groceries, or intoxicants, in order that Sunday slavery may be abolished." Then comes the gener-

alization that "Sunday business means Sunday slavery and is unworthy of a people claiming to be consecrated to the cause of human liberty." Does it become a Monday morning publication presenting Sunday news to make preachment of this kind? When it puts men at work upon Sunday to prepare the Monday paper—clerks, reporters, editors, and compositors, uses the wire and the messenger boy, puts its whole machinery in motion in excessive service of itself and mammon—is it not pitifully a hypocrite when it indulges such remark as has been quoted? The day of rest is greatly to be desired, though it is not always possible of attainment. It is quite as desirable from a secular as from a religious standpoint. But it cannot always be had. Whether lost or enjoyed preachments about Sunday sanctity from a Monday publication made mainly on the Sabbath savor too much of Satan rebuking sin to be edifying.

The Christian at Work evidently does not regard Unitarians as Christians. They are none the worse for that, considering what constitutes a Christian from an orthodox point of view. In all the qualities that go to make up character they are admitted to be equal to their orthodox neighbors. The paper mentioned queries as follows: "Is James Martineau a Christian?" That is the question asked in several quarters and which our Unitarian contemporary, *The Christian Register*, answers affirmatively. But what might be naturally thought of one who should write a book on the "Study of Religion," yet whose copious index should conspicuously omit the word Christ, Christianity, or Jesus? Not only so, but while there is a passing allusion to "an impassioned homage like that of Christendom for Christ," book and index are fairly crowded with quotations from an innumerable company of writers, including Kant, Spinoza, Hume, Huxley, Darwin, Descartes, Renan, Comte, Schliermacher, Schopenhauer, Theodore Parker, and Matthew Arnold. This is precisely the case with Dr. Martineau and his last book, while some people busily insist on raising the tremendous interrogation point—Is James Martineau a Christian? There are some questions that carry their own answers with them. Is not this one of them?

The case of the Plymouth man who had his love letters produced and read in court should teach other lovers moderation in the making of osculatory contracts. In a single postscript the Plymouth man undertook to deliver to the lady of his choice no fewer than 1,000,000,000 kisses, and as such contracts are not infrequently made in love letters, it may be well to give a thought to the magnitude of the undertaking. Whoever will take the trouble to figure it out will find that even if this amorous Southerner should give the lady 15,000 kisses a minute (and we affirm that no person could hope to do more than that), and even if he could keep up this rate of osculation twenty-four hours a day, never pausing to sleep, eat or take a breath, working 365 days every year, it would take him more than 100 years to complete the contract, and by this time, it is painful to reflect, the ardor of his love may have cooled. Even at the end of 100 years, counting 15,000 kisses a minute, there would remain an undelivered balance of 200,000,000,000, a number which in itself might appall the most industrious. We therefore feel constrained to advise writers of love letters not to undertake contracts of such magnitude.—*London Tit-Bits*.

"I knew an Irishman in Amesbury," Mr. Whittier said, his eyes twinkling at the remembrance, "who was very much opposed to social equality for the negro. I said to him: 'But there are many Catholic negroes in Brazil, the West Indies and other places. Thy church accounts of them as it does of thee. And thee'll have to come to it in heaven. Thee'll have to meet the negroes there on equal terms.' I thought that I had silenced him with an unanswerable argument. He sat musing for a moment, then looking up at me: 'And can't the Lord make them white in heaven, Mr. Whittier?'"—*Boston Pilot*.

THE OPEN COURT

WONDERFUL PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCES.

By J. MASON REYNOLDS.

A goodly number of months ago I pledged myself in your columns to publish any progress made in the "wonderful experiences" that were at that time narrated. Since then I have been waiting and watching—although otherwise engaged—for a final or rational denouement of the startling mysteries that are surrounding me. In the meantime and recently, having narrowly escaped death in a railroad smash-up, and considerably more than half died with la grippe, it has occurred to me as not only wisdom but a duty to publish my farther sojourns in wonderland; hence I send you a summary of events up to date.

But a preliminary word. I expect criticisms and suspicions; they are perfectly just, rational, pardonable. Up to the time of these marvelous exhibitions of discarnate spirit-life in connection with myself, I could not have given credit to the narration of such astounding events by the best man or friend on earth—even though made under oath. Motives, partial insanity, a diseased brain, a mad itching for notoriety, some advertising scheme, and more than all, what the asylum savans term "false" hearing and "false" seeing, would have been suggested—suspected. In short, until the bursting upon me of that upper peninsula and clamorous manifestation of the presence of angels or demons, I was wholly dogmatic and uncharitable in regard to the miraculous. I had been imposed upon and swindled by so-called mediums to such an extent that I had nothing but disgust and contempt for the whole class. And I must even now confess, whatever criticisms fall upon my own paraded experiences, or my apparent egotism or want of charity, that my general opinion of professional, fee-charging clairvoyants, seers, fortune-tellers, cabinet and slate-writing phenomenals, materializers, magnetic doctors, table-tippers, and all that fraternity, has become ten-fold more denunciatory than formerly. My reasons for such sweeping criticism are to me overwhelming, but I have no time now for explanation.

You will remember that in a former communication I mentioned the apparent and so alleged "electrical education" that I was receiving. This has not only continued, but increased greatly. I have continued to feel more powerful currents, as if from strong batteries, upon my person since the phenomena first occurred. At times it seems to pour upon my head and through my shoulders, but mostly comes up through my limbs, as if from the ground. Although as powerful as currents from ordinary medical apparatus, such as machines used at electrical institutes, the sensation is far softer, wave-like or tremulous in application, and of warm temperature. I have occasionally been given shocks that momentarily alarmed me, although a robust man of fifty years, weighing 250 pounds. However, the general treatment, if so it may be called, is not so energetic, nor at all disagreeable, but constant for the past two years. Whatever the source of this strange magnetical or electrical power, I have reasons to know that it could shock me to the earth in an instant; and when the volume envelops or affects my head, which is considerably never the case when I am at business, I am thrown into a profound and mysterious sleep within a few minutes, although never except when agreeably surrounded or situated; and this trance-like state varies from ten minutes to two hours.

I said a profound sleep, but some might call it a trance, although outwardly it resembles natural, heavy slumber, from which it has been found quite hard to awaken me. During this apparent sleep I seem often to be at distant places, and among strange scenes and faces, frequently surrounded by and chatting with departed friends. Then, again, I behold sights and undergo experiences too marvelous now to

narrate. Suffice it to remark that I have the best of reasons to suppose this dreamland experience a wonderful, mental photographing by the invisible "Professor" who is managing my case. Otherwise the whole affair is outside of all known possibilities in nature, for a man whether in the body or out of it cannot be in Paris one minute and in Chicago or San Francisco the next. Besides, on these soporific air-voyages I have appeared to see armies marching to martial music, have heard songs sung and merry stories told in foreign salons and home theatres; have been shown great gold-quartz veins among the Rocky Mountains, and have looked out upon the country from nearly all the world's observatories. Twice I have been up on top of the pyramids, and once into the very crater of Vesuvius! But my experiences were not at all like ordinary dreams, or half-waking tours of the fancy. Their startling reality staggers me, but my companions on these sky-trips being distinguished personages and friends still "in the flesh" seems to warrant my mental photograph theory.

Now, as to what I have learned of the "angels" since my former communication. Just this, and little more: I hear their voices every hour in the twenty-four, and as distinctly as I do our usual family conversation. Did you ever listen to one of Edison's phonographs, while the bystanders heard not a word, whether it was song, oration or band music? Thus it is in my case exactly. I hear music, laughter, jokes, wise discussions as to modes of operating upon me, which are stopped the moment I listen, and have all manner of interviews and greetings. "Good night" passes between us on retiring, and "good morning" on awaking, the same as with other persons. It is simply all thoughts, but never a word on my part, which like a flash is always understood, while with them it is vigorous and polished spoken language. And I could almost swear at times that those surrounding me must hear our "celestial" confabs. But it is just the phonograph, incomprehensibly and spiritually duplicated. They tell me the funniest stories and sing solos and quartets that I never before heard, talk about politics, history, geology, astronomy, health, marriage, my own life and death, American and European authors and a multitude of other topics, but with this qualification: I am to learn absolutely nothing of the Spirit-world, except as I draw inferences, until they get ready.

Why this should be so I am told is that my ambition to know, and my powerful, unlagging curiosity are among the strongest elements of success in this undertaking. But for these and my almost mule-like constitution to bear the treatment, they say that ere this their powerful and novel attempt must have been abandoned. As it is—and I am told this as I write—death alone can prevent my case from having a successful termination. This much they swear to me, and send greetings to Col. Bundy, but in phraseology rather too vigorous for publication. The leading "operator" on this job—I am sorry to say—occasionally uses Bible words in a somewhat questionable manner.

How much more time must elapse and what the outcome is going to be, they will not at all tell me. When I have suggested—almost importuned—some early "tests" to the public, I have been altogether unpleasantly criticised. "I have already," they say, "been honored with knowledge that kings would give their crowns for," and it is rank ingratitude and presumption to question or advise; with all of which on mature reflection I heartily agree. So I brace up, apologize to the "Professor" and—wait.

Just this I know, and shout to you the glad tidings: The dead do live! Why they are working this communicating job through me and not through you, I don't know. It cannot be because I am any wiser or better, for I am not; but I fear nobody, and always hail the truth. I swear to all I have told you, every word of it, before God, and upon my manly honor. Probably other spiritual undertakings like this are going on—the "Professor" says so—and they may succeed and my case be a failure; but anyhow I have no doubt that a full communication between the two worlds is not remotely ahead of us, and that the proof

of a future life will be general, joyful and overwhelming. I could already write a wonderful book with the marvelous facts of my own experience, but I would scorn to raise a voice or a pen, except as I do now to give hope and good cheer, until the evidence comes conclusive to the world, and as generous and open as daylight!

I am an attorney-at-law and otherwise wholly engaged in business, so that I cannot answer letters, but I would gladly reply to any inquiries that THE JOURNAL might put to me.

A SWEDENBORGIAN SEER.

By ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

Few chapters in spiritual literature are more interesting than that wherein Mr. Henry James narrates his heart experience when he first became acquainted with the writings of Swedenborg. He had been in a "ghastly condition of mind" for over two years, and had consulted eminent physicians without avail. Calling one day upon a friend, she suggested that he might be suffering from what Swedenborg calls a vastation, one of the stages of the regenerative process of the human soul. Mr. James at once procured two of Swedenborg's volumes, the treatises on "Divine Love and Wisdom" and "Divine Providence."

"I read from the first with palpitating interest. My heart divined, even before my intelligence was prepared to do justice to the books. Imagine a fever patient, sufficiently restored of his malady to think of something beside himself, suddenly transported where the free airs of heaven blow upon him, and the sound of running water refreshes his jaded senses; and you have a feeble image of my delight in reading."

The secret of redemption found in Swedenborg by Mr. James was honest self-forgetfulness, identification of self with others. Selfishness negates the energy of God, which is love. "I am nothing as substantive,—I am everything as recipient."

"The divine being or substance is love,—love without any the least set-off or limitation of self-love; infinite or creative love in short. And it communicates itself to the creature, accordingly, in no voluntary or finite, but in purely spontaneous or infinite measure—in a way so to speak of overwhelming passion; so that we practically encounter no limit to our faculty of appropriating it, but on the contrary sensibly and exquisitely feel it to be our own indisputable being; feel it to be in fact our inmost, most vital and inseparable self, and unhesitatingly call it me and mine, you and yours; cleaving to it as inmost bone of our bone, and veritable flesh of our flesh, and incontinently renouncing all things for it."

In his work on "Society the Redeemed Form of Man," Mr. James says: "Subjective consciousness is the burning spiritual death wrapped up in every man by virtue of his finite generation. There is no evil at all comparable with this either for comprehensiveness or intensity, if it be allowed to go uncorrected; for it is altogether fatal to man's spiritual life, which consists in his loving his neighbor as himself. Now the only possible way for a man to do this is to feel that he is not self-centered, that his life is not his own personally, but belongs to him in strict community with his neighbor: thus that he and his neighbor are both alike dependent, at every moment, for every breath of life they draw, upon one and the same merciful and impartial source. In other words, a man loves his neighbor as himself only by virtue of his first loving God above himself, or supremely. And the only way this supreme love becomes developed or educated in him, is through his moral experience, or his obedience to law. Whenever, and so long as, man is tempted to commit false or malicious speaking, theft, adultery, murder, or covetousness, and yet abstains from doing it out of a sincere regard for the divine name, his self-love, so far as it is harmful, is spiritually slain, and the divine love infallibly replaces it. These formal vices express the whole substantial evil known to the human heart; and when man, therefore, in the exercise of a felt freedom and rationality, deposes them or any of them from their habitual control over his action,—not because they conflict with

his outward welfare, or expose him to the contempt of men, but simply because they wound his inward reverence for the divine name—he becomes spiritually regenerate or new-born.”

The real creature of God must be wholly good. For whence could evil be derived except from him in whom the creature lives and moves and has his being? Good and evil, heaven and hell, are purely subjective appearances, and will disappear when self-love is freely subordinated to love of others and of God.

A disciple of Swedenborg, Mr. James is himself an original thinker. The true relation of man to God is the theme that he elaborates again and again. “His truths were his life; they were the companions of his death-bed, and when all else had ebbed away, his grasp of them was still vigorous and sure.”

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

XXVI.

PROGRESS OF THE BELIEF.

The unreasonable enmity to phenomenal facts, so curiously entertained in some quarters (it would be as wise to hate the aurora borealis), is evidence of the progress of these facts, and the progress bear witness to their reality.

The vast multitude which has been brought to believe in a supernatural interference has made the subject, independently of its true character, too serious to be treated with levity. It is a sure conclusion, drawn from the past, that the tide of these mysterious things, swollen by a flood of testimony unexampled in the world, will sweep on in spite of every feeble barrier, until all men come to know what are the facts, and what their meaning. The serious thought of mankind cannot lay forever forty years behind the knowledge of the day. The belief has spread so widely, and the evidence from the parts of the world most remote, is so uniform and consistent, that men can no more be deterred from assuring themselves of the truth than water from gutting through the crevices of a bank. For the life-time of a generation the movement has been gathering strength every day, in the teeth of a contemptuous opposition, until it is hoping against hope that like its precursors it will pass idly by. When facts of such an unusual nature have taken healthy root and become certainties to every observer, they can only do so because they are true, and their continuous and progressive influence is then assured all the more, on account of their incredibility.

When we undertake an inquiry into these forces and discover how strictly true is all that we have heretofore fancied to be false, past skepticism appears to have bordered upon obstinacy, not so much, because we ought to have known the facts, although forty years would seem ample time for the most prolonged investigation, but because we ought to have known that the immense mass of unanimous testimony could not have existed unless the facts were substantially true. Satisfied, as the careful student always is, that these wonderful occurrences are real, the belief in them cannot retrograde, but on the contrary the examination of every hypothesis becomes obligatory, despite and perhaps somewhat in consequence of the antagonism of religious and scientific thought.

Day by day distinguished men noted for the accuracy of their researches and the justness of their conclusions, give in a full adhesion to the verity of the phenomena. All over the world, notably in England, traitors, looked upon as such by their less informed brethren, are to be found in the different orders of the ministry. There is no shield of religion, science or incredulity that the facts have not pierced through and through. The violent means by which phenomena of the same nature were once repressed, and which rabid partisans again propose, never can be renewed at the bidding of impetuous zealots. Daily experience makes it evident that these strange things, bearing so often a spiritual character, are on the highway to popular acceptance, if nothing more rational is offered to stop them than the idle chatter of universal fraud or the grotesque monstrosity of demons.

With the great advantage of the affirmative, the be-

lief is tightening its grip on the world, permeating all classes of society, holding up the shallow denial of the facts to the ridicule it deserves, and making glad converts of judges, bishops, priests and teachers. If we cannot perceive how surely a general conviction is growing around or can learn nothing from all these years, our judgment is of the feeblest. Even now the most conservative scientific minds all over the world are succumbing to the mysterious power. Yet so bewitched are men by the glamour of their own self-sufficiency, and so entirely have they neglected to build up their objections on the vantage ground of observation and experiment, that of every voice yet raised against the facts we may exclaim with Balak, “Thou hast blessed them altogether.” So vast a number of every degree of culture, and of every grade in life, having received these facts from personal knowledge, has established a sure rule as to the future effect on all reasoning minds yet to come in contact with them.

The progress that these phenomena are making to a wider and still extending acceptance is especially marked by the large number of educated and exact minds now deeply interested in the subject. The medium has ceased to be the object of scorn, for to her is owing not only the psychical research societies, but all our knowledge of the higher developments. Men no longer refrain from expressing their convictions as to the reality of the facts, and seriously give their attention to a spiritual hypothesis. The objections and preconceptions of mere opinion become worthless in the face of an experience gathering strength day by day. A sane judgment holds it to be an inevitable result that such wonderful facts, unanimously confirmed by all who are at the pains to form an enlightened opinion, must more and more occupy the attention of mankind until the mind reaches a satisfactory view of their character. It cannot be otherwise, and the sooner the fight against the facts is abandoned, the sooner will we arrive at a just understanding of them.

We need not look any further than the single and oft-repeated experiment of a pencil writing in a place inaccessible to the human hand, to be assured of the worthlessness of this presumptory denial. The subject requires riper thought than the habit of chronic incredulity knows how to give. In sober verity the allied army of the living and the dead is taking captive the senses and the reason of mankind, and daily gathering new recruits on every side. When forty years more have passed, what may not be the vast proportions then? Exact, absolute, and experimental knowledge is now, and will be then, our only safety from error.

It is the fashion now, as once it was with respect to astronomy and geology, to speak of men who knew facts to be truths, as enemies to religion and teachers of impious doctrine. Not that anybody really believes it to be so, but by some queer twist it passes for a logical and effective method of disproving a fact. The simple statement of the case is this: each observer is constrained to receive these extraordinary things through the evidence of sense, and whatever conclusions the facts establish, the responsibility rests on them.

The poor, superstitious wail that goes up “to let these things alone” is as unmeaning as want of thought can make it; they will not be left alone, and it is not an intelligent sense of duty that advises it. They are in the world by God's permission, and we need no other. Their revival in this age is the sure evidence of their vitality, and perhaps of their necessity. If we open our eyes and muster up some little degree of intellectual courage, we must see them and learn whatever lesson they may teach. It was well once that these forces and the theories connected with them were not made a part of general knowledge, and the wisdom of confining to the esoteric circle was manifest. This restriction is impossible in modern times, even were it desirable. The widest publicity and most thorough knowledge are now the only healthful means.

Spiritualism as it now exists and daily increases, false or true, is a belief in the world of such mighty

proportions that it is hardly possible to speak patiently of the jaunty indifference that mocks at it. Those who have a healthy knowledge of the subject, and have followed the history of these forces as from time to time they make their reappearance, always with a clearer and more definite character, cannot help seeing that they are gradually becoming part of our familiar knowledge, and weaving themselves into the intellectual life of the world. To dispossess the facts is the forlorn hope of the idlest dreamer. Think how strong the reasons must have been, that in less than half a century so vast a multitude of human beings should have discarded the surest negation of a life-time and through a succession of objective facts been brought to believe, as surely as in their own existence, that they are in the presence of their dead friends, take them by the hand and listen to their voices. Has this strange belief had no cause for its inception and wondrous growth in all these years.

Whatever of truth awaits the future, whatever of fraud or delusion in the present, there is now beyond all question a profound importance in the causes of this aggressive thought fast closing round the world—sweeping away at a breath the long negation of centuries—scorning an order of nature we had been taught to think inviolate—scattering materialism to the winds—denying a physical resurrection, yet assuring futurity—dethroning men of science—confusing and confounding their philosophies and filling all space with invisible powers which the best wisdom of the past had so long looked upon as the superstitions of the vulgar. In knowledge alone lies our safety. True science seeks in all of nature's ways the cause of each effect, and finds a key in every fact to unlock the secrets of God's providence—rejects the false—accepts the true, and declares its laws and conditions. Religion must meet these facts, whatever may be their cause, for she cannot change a single hair, in a prayerful and honest spirit, not ignorantly and intolerantly forcing on an antagonism where none can exist, but humbly trusting and helping that the purposes of the Almighty may be perfected, assured that every truth belongs to him. Age after age these “signs and wonders” spring up and die, yet at each new birth grows something stronger and stays something longer. The persistent thought, foreshadowing through the old mists a dim outline of truth, is in the sunshine of these more tolerant days, shaping itself into clear and precise forms of knowledge. We are treading close upon the border-lands of wonderful things; we may step on the threshold to-morrow, or by our own laches long years may intervene, but whenever we do we will look back with amazement and shame that our eyes were blind and our ears deaf to the multitudinous facts now thronging around on every side.

[THE END.]

“PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.”

By S. BIGELOW.

In THE JOURNAL of June 20th, W. Whitworth relates a fine instance of genuine humanitarianism as contrasted with Christian teachings and example, as exemplified in a discourse delivered in this city at the funeral of a prominent church member and Sabbath-school superintendent. He closes with this sentence, “Here is practical Christianity from a man laying no claims to church fellowship, but whose quiet, simple doing is worth more than all the lip sympathy in the world.”

Now I want to ask brother Whitworth why he calls such acts “Christianity”? By what authority does he and other writers justify any such use of the word? I fail to find anything in the etymology, or historical use of the words Christian or Christianity to warrant Spiritualists and Liberalists in calling every manly, generous, humane act, “Christian.” The whole history of Christianity from its first organization as a distinct system of religion, has been one of war, brutality, selfishness, repression, oppression and bloodshed. It is based on selfishness and its fundamental doctrines strike at the very foundation of moral character and a grand and noble manhood. In a careful study of its history I fail to find any prominence given to good

works, deeds of kindness, or humanitarian labor. It has never recognized the divinity of man, nor exalted righteousness above dogma. And the more "primitive," the more crude and anti-humanitarian. Every departure from the original, genuine Christianity of the fathers of the church, every protest and schism, have been steps towards the truth in obedience to the long stifled voice of human reason.

It seems to me that it is time for us, Spiritualists to begin to call things by their right names, and cease to toady to falsehood and dogmatic foolishness. What use have we for the word Christian, since we do not accept the doctrine of the special divinity of the man Jesus? What right have Unitarians to cuddle under the wing of the mother church and claim to be the real, genuine Christians, when their distinctive characteristic is a denial of the one basic claim of the whole structure. Let us be constant and stand or fall by our principles and not seek to curry favor by the use of cant phrases and words upon which we attempt to fix meanings wholly unwarranted by their use, derivation or historical significance. I want to utter my earnest protest against this continued weakening of our position as reformers and champions of advanced thought, and conceding so much to our most formidable opponents by consenting to use their cant expressions and qualifying adjectives to describe every good deed, noble act, or manly motive or effort, when the entire genius and spirit of their system are contrary to the real spirit and meaning of the thing described. Let us sail under no false colors.

CLEVELAND, O.

AN ORTHODOX DIVINE ON SPIRITUALISM.

The clergy have been among the most bitter opponents of Spiritualism, but the growing sentiment in favor of its essential teachings and the increasing disposition to treat the subject with respect are having a perceptible influence upon the attitude of the pulpit. Dr. Wild preached a sermon in Bond street Congregational church, Toronto, Ont., June 28th, from the following text, taken from Jeremiah xxiii, 28: "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to wheat? saith the Lord." In his sermon Dr. Wild said substantially, as reported in the *Toronto World*:

In Spiritualism as in all other isms, there is chaff and wheat, and we should be careful what we accept, because methods of investigation are new and the whole matter is as mysterious as it is important. A few weeks ago a friend of mine called upon me. He told me he was going to New York and asked if I could arrange for him to attend a secret séance in that city. I gave him a letter of introduction and a special séance was arranged for him. He was told several remarkable things about himself and his relatives. The medium said: "You hardly believe in Spiritualism, but I tell you something whereby you may know that I am not deceiving you. In two weeks from now a prominent man in Canada will die. His death will cause great alarm and arouse sympathy throughout the land. Nothing will be talked of for several days but his death and funeral." My friend now declares that the medium foretold the death of Sir John A. Macdonald. Now, it may be so or it may not. For myself I cannot positively say. The presumptive truth seems to be on the side of my friend. I leave the matter with you. I have come to this conclusion, that man can communicate with man by ways and means outside the usual commonly understood methods. Whether it is by recourse to disembodied spirits, future revelation and research will make plain. Faith healing, science cure, mind reading, clairvoyances and several shades of Spiritualism are not yet defined sufficiently to satisfy the public as to their origin, operation and methods of application. Some day we shall know more of these mysterious agencies. Intellectual millers will come among us who will separate the chaff from the wheat, and perhaps before long. He said that in his visitations of the sick he had frequently known them to foretell their death, and gave one instance of a member of his own church who had foretold the day and hour of her death. How they could tell he did not profess to know. Perhaps the New York medium referred to could see that the tissues of Sir John Macdonald's brains were nearly worn through and could calculate that in a few more days his work would be done. His brain had been wearing through for months and it only needed the eye to see that the tissues would soon

break. Or perhaps some spirit communicated the fact.

If I had eyes that could see the seeds of disease that are working in your systems I could tell you how long you would live.

THE GHOST OF THE SUSQUEHANNA; OR HOW SHE GOT HER PENSION.

By S. F. N.

"Fanny, go get the pension—it is time." Thus spake a voice at her ear that had been silent in death for near eighteen years! And in the suddenness, the shock of it, the long-time widowed wife sat as if it were natural to hear this; as if time and death were not and had not been, and half turning besides, as if to give the speaker attention, same as in life, so stupefied was she, and unable to think or realize anything for the instant or two, beyond that far away time which the sound of the voice recalled.

Then—"ah!" and bounding to her feet she fairly flew up the side of the bank under which she had been sitting, to catch, if possible, the perpetrator of that ghastly joke before whoever it might be could escape.

Yet even as she flew she knew it could not be—that no one in all that vicinity knew or could know enough of her affairs to perpetrate such a joke.

Nevertheless she rushed on to the top of the bank and gazed quickly everywhere; called, listened and beat the bushes up and down, but all for naught; no human being was in sight, no one hidden, no one could have got away, the long, clear stretch both ways and before her making it impossible for any one to have made the distance during the moment or two it took her to reach the top of the bank—and nothing near sufficient for concealment, except the clumps of dwarf trees and bushes which she had just been beating so thoroughly that not a mouse could have remained concealed therein!

What could it mean! and she stood for a moment with distended and terrified eyes gazing across the river whose side she had just left, while she asked the question; then slowly, hesitatingly and cold to the finger tips, she made her way back to the rock where she had been sitting and sat down again to think it out.

The profound stillness of a cloudless and sultry summer noonday prevailed everywhere. Even the river at her feet flowed on as noiselessly as "the foot-fall of the angels"—one of which, she began shudderingly to almost believe had been near her.

"What else," she said, looking furtively around; and then, "nonsense! its explainable, if only I can recall all I have been thinking—a reflex of my own thoughts—it must be." But try as she might, she could recall no thought that would connect satisfactorily with what she had heard.

And she had heard it, that was certain—the very voice, accent, manner of speech! all were there to the very life, and growing more and more distinct with each moment of recalling it, so that she could not put it by as a delusion of the senses if she tried. And she did try—"pooing" and "pshawing" to herself hysterically in the endeavor not to believe. But it was there still, vibrating on the air as it seemed, and beating down all her efforts at disbelieving by the persistent beating of itself in her ear, just as she had heard it, and just as it would have been in life—a gentle caressing cadence into which his voice always fell when turned to her, and which nobody, nobody knew or could know but herself.

So, although an utter disbeliever in the supernatural of whatever kind or description, and with very little belief in the hereafter at all, let alone the ability of the dead to manifest themselves here again, yet in her now shaken unbeliefs, and hardly knowing what she did, she sent her voice out over the waters in a loud, wild cry. "If it is so, come, Norris, speak again; convince me," and all the agony of her soul went out in the words. But nothing answered save the voice still throbbing on her ear, and her own in echoes of itself fainter and fainter down the range of hills. Still, the impossibility, no one could know; she had not thought of the pension—she couldn't tell for how long, and when she had, 'twas only to think of it as too long neglected, too late. And, at any rate, nobody on all the broad earth could imitate that voice!—its sound, its tone, its way of speaking.

And she had not slept, that was certain, nor dreamed, nor fallen into contemplation, nor retrospection nor any other of the moods that carry the mind backward; but on the contrary was intensely alive to all about her; and so wholly and sole occupied with the immediate present and how to get away from it, that thought of her dead husband had not crossed her mind that day—"not once," she thought, half in self-accusation as she mentally went over the ground of what her thoughts had been.

'Twas true, when she first reached the spot and sat down desparingly, she had exclaimed aloud, "Oh God

what shall I do?" but that was fully two hours before, and she knew now, when recalling it, that there was neither retrospection, regret, nor hope, nor appeal in it—just simply a sound; forced out by the pressure within—the cry that comes from over-burdened souls as relief to themselves—nothing more.

So racking her brain, recalling her thoughts and tearing them to tatters, as it were, in a mad endeavor to find a key to what she had heard, she sat for hours more; sat until the shadows lengthened out across the waters and she had come to say to herself, "It must be; there's no other accounting for it—he lives! somewhere and in some form he lives and knows;" and rising up with eyes askance lest she should indeed see what she had called to see, she made her way back in the fast gathering darkness to where she called home, a pretty nearly transformed being and a resolved one.

She would try. If it meant anything it meant that—that she should try—permission and command, both it had been; for in life her husband had utterly repudiated the right of any one to accept a pension—had contended that every man owed his life in defense of his country if need be, and without compensation; and had lived and died in his belief, leaving his wife impressed with his views, and still more with what had been his wishes, that although impelled on several occasions to try for what had been his due and now hers, and easily obtainable, she was assured, yet she had never gone beyond thinking about it; and that only in the first years of her widowhood. But now she would try. No harm could come of it, if no good came; for whatever she did would have to begin on nothing, since nothing there was to begin on. All from the very start would have to come from some as yet unknown source. And that she decided should be the test. If her first step was attended with success she would believe just that much, and so on to the end.

She had come to this out-of-the-way place to tide over the interval between the failure of a bank and its resumption, which nobody doubted would be soon, and two years had passed; with no more prospect of its doing so than the first day of its failure; nor so much, for each day had lessened the likelihood and the hope, until now it was pretty nearly hopeless.

Had her husband, in his far away world, become cognizant of this, and in his agony at her agony, burst his bonds, whatever they were, and come to point a way for her?

She would see. Success should be the evidence. If she obtained the pension she would thenceforth believe in everything—Spiritualism, a God, a hereafter, all! otherwise—but here were the words still beating in her ear, as loud almost as when first heard: "Fanny, get the pension—it is time." And this after twenty-four hours and a healthful sleep; as if an "otherwise" was not to be allowed her. She must try.

But how! To whom apply? All were strangers here, all indifferent; and the remains of the wreck she had brought with her, expecting to furnish rooms for herself, had been pounced upon by those she had been recommended to, and distributed around among two or three families on the pretext that she could "board it out."

But there had been no open doors to her after the chattles were secured, except in the one place where she had landed first, and where they had immediately discharged the one servant kept and inducted her into the kitchen, the dairy and all the drudgery of farm life, for merely what she could eat; and she was shown very plainly that she was expected to stay there.

How she had lived and endured through these two years she could not tell, for her ability to do and endure had been far more a surprise to herself than it could be to any one else, since only she herself knew how incompetent she was; not from knowledge however, but from use; her only labor throughout her entire adult life having been of her pen, and that only when the mood took her. But now, like all imbelievers, having admitted a part, a possibility, she began eagerly to swallow it all. It was he who had sustained her, he who had seen her weakening day by day, he who had seen the hopelessness of what she was waiting for, had relented of his earthly decisions, had told her, and would see her through.

All this in a night! so that when she arose next morning resolved to reclaim these chattels and sell them, it was with an assured feeling that she would meet with no impediment or opposition. And yet when she reasoned, she couldn't see how it could be; for she was valuable to these people, cost them nothing; and "possession was nine points of law;" and they were the very ones to enforce the truth of the adage.

Still she moved on to her purpose of trying, as if impelled by something outside of herself, and notified each one of her wish to have the things carried back to the warehouse from whence they had been taken; "in order to sell and get enough to take her to New York," she explained. And that was all. She said no word of what had occurred, nor of what her purpose

was, and answered to all questions, "I don't know, I am going, that's all I can say."

Somewhat to her surprise, and notwithstanding her doubts of about every other moment, the things were all at the appointed place at the appointed time; and still more to her surprise she sold all for good prices within forty-eight hours of their announcement for sale, and in twelve hours more was on her way to New York.

Then, all being done and she on her way, reaction set in and she became frightened. And—what was it? The rush and roar of the train, the distance, getting away from the vicinity or back to her senses, or what?—but the sound that had stayed with her, hovering in and around her ear like a large bee, from the moment of hearing it up to now, and urging her on to what she had done, was now lost to her! She could catch no sound like it, nor even imagine the sound, nor recall her husband's voice; which she had always been able to do, and so get to it; all ability to either recall or imagine was gone from her as completely as though she were another person, and she sat confounded, looking at herself and her doings of the last few days very much as a child looks at a jack-in-a-box after the jack has jumped out and gone back again.

Then she counted her money. One hundred dollars, clean, was all she had. A goodly sum enough ordinarily, but for what she had undertaken, ough! And sick, dizzy and appalled, she leaned her head against the car window and went fast asleep.

APPLYING FOR A PENSION.

To those who do not know what is required and what entailed in such an effort, this sounds simple enough, perhaps; but to those who have "gone the pace," or been onlookers of the torments and slow torture of the waiting to be done, the starvation, despair and finally death before the grind was through, "applying for a pension" means about the same thing as applying for a coffin—or did; but now, happily, and through the supreme, self-sacrificing and humane efforts of the "Corporal," the first G. A. R. man as commissioner, the government has come to act more on the just principle that, "if 'twere done, 'twere well 'twere done quickly;" and so the crippled and impoverished through serving the government do not die as often as they did before getting what is promised and therefore due them.

But our applicant was ahead of these times—going as it were, into the very jaws of the seower process; the slowest, in fact, of any yet! And so the lawyer to whom she applied told her: "I will take your papers, of course," glancing over them, "that is part of my business; but—how old are you?" She told him. He shook his head. "Do you know how many thousands are ahead of you to be passed upon?—aye, how many are already passed upon and lying there! just waiting; for nobody knows what—lull in politics, I guess." Then he told her what she must have in addition to the papers she had brought, a death certificate showing her husband had died from wounds received in the war, (of the rebellion—he put that in.) Her marriage certificate, as many affidavits as she could get, sworn to before a notary, that she was the person she represented herself to be, had been the wife, had lived with her husband throughout and to the date of his death, and had remained his widow.

SHE STOOD APPALLED.

She had always thought that the papers she held would be all-sufficing and overwhelming in their evidence, if ever she made up her mind to use them; and that the trial of the matter, the real and only trial, would be the long waiting—the proverbial delay of their being acted upon after being presented. But of the sufficiency of the papers themselves, no doubt had ever crossed her mind! And here in addition, as she pointed out to her lawyer, was something more than usual; evidence that was not common and certainly not to be looked for in but very few cases: A dozen or more of obituary notices averaging from a "stick" to a column and a half, all giving brief history of her husband's career, the cause of his illness, death, etc., for he had been prominent in the newspaper world as well as in war, and lamented by many. But it was pointed out to her that none of that sufficed for her; she must be identified all along the line—not only as the wife before his death, but as the widow also; that was, that she had remained the widow.

"How absurd!" she said; "all that is only repetition of what you have here. Do they heap these obstacles up like this in order that people may not get what they are invited to get?"

Thus she protested; not because she had doubt about getting all the evidence needful, but because she saw before her a task that she quailed before—the hunting up of people whose whereabouts, after these years, she knew no more of than the man she was talking to! And that meant time, and time meant money. And she had so little! And there was no turning back, there was nowhere to turn to—nowhere, nobody, nothing.

No, there was no way now but to go on; and she soon took her leave with these words of her lawyer following after her: "Remember, the more affidavits you have, the surer and quicker the work, once we begin."

Then commenced such an ordeal as she had never dreamed of—getting clues of people and following them up; many by letter, many more through the devious and kaledioscope ways and windings and changes of city life, and each letter and each clue requiring days and weeks sometimes to pursue to the end—of success or failure as the case might be.

Finally after two months of such work she had all in—affidavits from "all along the line"; that is to say, vouchers for herself from the day of her marriage up to that present—a period of twenty-two years. It was miraculous. Nobody believed it could be done; she hardly believed it herself, when beginning, but doors and means and channels of information opened to her in the strangest of ways and as if some invisible hand went before and cleared and pointed the way—or rather led her; for oftentimes she would start out without a single definite idea as to how she should go about that day's search, and stopping in a store or making a call, preliminary, as she thought, to the day's effort, would find that she had lighted right on to the *sum bonum* of what she wanted!

Thus she went on groping, as it were, in a blind sort of faith, but always successful, until finally she had found and obtained affidavits from people she had known "all along the line" of the twenty-two years.

Her money gave out long before she had accomplished this, but she asked, and it was handed her as if that, too, was influenced by some unseen force; for she asked of people, had to, that she had no right of friendship, or of much acquaintance even, to ask on, and yet it was always forthcoming.

And needless to say each incident of this kind strengthened her belief of a watchful eye over and guiding her. But there came a time when her faith was tested to its utmost—annihilated almost.

She had left the getting of the death certificate copy to the last, thinking that easy enough; but when she went, full of elation at having got so far through and only this one more thing to do, she was overwhelmed at being told that the record gave Bright's disease as the cause of death—therefore useless to her.

She went to her lawyer; but all her pleading and arguments were useless—he would not forward a single paper until all was in; all that he had designated.

Then she went home frantic with grief and regret. All her money gone, deep in debt, herself exhausted and launched on a hair, as it seemed to her, over an abyss where there was no turning and no going on! Throughout all her time of searching, too, she had not been unmindful of the future; that time of waiting which lay before her after her application was in, and had employed all her spare time in answering to advertisements for help—resolved to take any situation she was competent and able to fill. But not a place had opened to her! And after two months' trying there was discouragement in this too—in fact despair; for if she couldn't obtain a situation by two months' trying, what chance was there, ever! And her last borrowed money was gone so that she could not advertise herself, and she could think of no one now to apply to for more; the few, the very few slight acquaintances on the strength of which she had borrowed, being all exhausted, and she would not, could not, go to them again.

Even with all this help, she had many times gone with insufficient food before she could bring herself to ask car fare—hunting people up had taken so much—and now absolute poverty confronted her; immediate, too, for she had not enough to buy her breakfast with. And she lay there on her board bed (she had slept on two dry goods boxes put together ever since she came to New York to save buying a bed, and as matter of precaution against this very condition which she now faced), lay there looking at the wall, and the shadows that played upon it from a tree outside, striving in a benumbed sort of way to think somewhat of what she was to do, but more of the bitter disappointment and shock she had received that day, and the fatality of it to all her hopes. The precipitation had stunned her. But she was preternaturally awake, nevertheless, striving with herself for two things: to accept the inevitable, wrench her mind clear of the *ignis fatuus* she had been following, and as a side issue, as it were, wondering how it was that such an error had been made in the registry as to the cause of her husband's death. For it was false, all false; or if he had Bright's disease it was only a complication and result of the wound that had killed him. And he himself had been an official in the board of health, having charge of those very records from which she had received her terrible blow to-day—her death blow she was sure, for she had neither the strength, means nor courage to undertake an inquiry into that and ferret it out, those returns being so final, as she knew, and so inexorable. No, there was nothing for her, no hope, no chance. She might

go on for a little, reaching from this to that in futile efforts, but the end was assured and not far off. And she didn't care. The long mental and physical strain of the two years' previous, together with this last supreme effort, and now its disastrous culmination, was too much for even her uncommon strength, energy and will power; and she "let go her hold," as it were; lying here prone on her back, with no life in her, it seemed, except a small, round, burning, grinding and unusually active spot somewhere in the center of her brain, from which emanated the few thoughts she was having.

Presently she was conscious of some change in the dancing of the shadows she had been watching—some development, it seemed, into a form that looked like works, and the flickering had ceased. She watched for a moment, and—yes, there were letters forming! just as she had seen forms grow under the artist's brush. She looked a little longer and then got up, indifferently enough, to learn the cause, never doubting but she should find it in something that was being done in the houses opposite; and although of no interest to her, yet she never could let anything go by, not the smallest trifle that she didn't understand, without tracing it to its cause. She must have a cause for everything! always; and that characteristic, abnormally developed, had been the main bar to her belief in anything not demonstrable. Hence her Atheism and her ridicule of Spiritualism.

But she looked in vain; all the windows in sight were dark like her own, and hers being a rear room, no effect from street lamps were possible, nor from any other light. And the moon was down now, too, she noticed, so that nothing was explainable by that. All this in a few seconds, and she turned to look at the wall again, expecting to see that blank also; or black, as it should be, from there being no light anywhere now, neither from lights or moon. But to her surprise, and more to her vexation, the development was still going on; and the room itself was lighter than she could account for. She saw, too, that a name was being spelled out. There was no mistaking it for shadows now; there it was in well-drawn lines on a curious sort of white glow—she could call it nothing else, for it was certainly not the dirty, yellowish wall she had turned her light out on—and nonplussed she look a chair and sat down to study it out. "Mor" was what was already there as she turned from the window. Now another letter was forming—another "—" and she watched with faster and faster beating heart, and brain, both, until an entire name was spelled out! a name she knew, and knew what was coming long before it was finished. "Morrean Morris." That was all. But in a flash she knew what it meant. Morrean Morris was the doctor who attended him last—her husband.

You may be sure she did not sleep, but waited for daylight in a tremor of hope such as she had never known before, and in low entreaties, prayer and pleading for more—for him to make himself manifest! But the light died out, the name with it, and daylight came, but nothing else.

She was assured, nevertheless; and went out soon as people were astir, and pawned the last ring left on her finger to get the money for starting on this new hunt, perfectly satisfied that it was not for nothing.

And it was not. In two days the doctor had been found, the matter explained to him, his oath taken (to the effect that the registry was his carelessness) and the copy of the corrected death return in her lawyer's hands ready for transmission to Washington.

She had much to go through in the way of suffering for the necessities of life during the process, but it wasn't for long; the delays that had seemed such disasters to her brought the crisis of her affairs to just where a new and humane hand had taken the helm of the pension department in Washington, and hers and all other pensions were granted (and paid) as swiftly as the evidence demanded they should be.

And she lives now over the very spot where she got her first manifestation, in the firm belief that her husband, though invisible, dwells there with her; lives in comparative comfort wherein to end her days, and in hourly breathing forth of blessings on the legless soldier commissioner who was not one of them and so had to "go."

The millionaires of the moment should study with care the story of the Stewart estate and the Tilden millions, says the *Catholic Review*. Perhaps the first will do as an object lesson. The great fortune piled up by the merchant has become a kind of pirate treasure which all the fools of the world can go hunting for; and they are all in the search, led by the lawyers. The Tilden millions are in litigation, the old man's heirs not having sufficient respect for his memory to permit his bequests to be used, according to his desire. The lesson is plain. Let the millionaires imitate the late Peter Cooper, begin their charities while they are living, and leave too little at death for heirs to quarrel about.



A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

His cap is old, but his hair is gold,
And his face is clear as the sky;
And whoever he meets, on lanes or streets,
He looks him straight in the eye
With a fearless pride that has naught to hide,
Though he bows like a little knight,
Quite debonair, to a lady fair,
With a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother call? No kite or ball,
Or the prettiest game can stay
His eager feet as he hastes to greet
Whatever she means to say;
And the teachers depend on this little friend
At school in his place at nine,
With lessons learned and his good marks earned,
All ready to toe the line.

I wonder if you have seen him too,
This boy who is not too big
For a morning kiss from mother and sis,
Who isn't a bit of a prig;
But gentle and strong, the whole day long
As merry as boy can be;
A gentleman, dears, in the coming years,
And at present the boy for me.

—HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

A recent article in the "Asiatic Quarterly Review," of London, under the caption "Are English Women Legally Inferior to their Mohammedan Sisters?" denies that "women have no souls according to the Mohammedan religion." It states that "Islam gives greater privileges to women than Christianity; and in many Christian countries, England included, the position of woman, only a quarter of a century ago, was far inferior to that of the Mohammedan women in every country, including even the 'dark continent.'" The article continues: "Until 1870, and even until 1862, the date of 'The Married Women's Protective Act,' the married women of England and their property had no separate existence at all in the eyes of the law. This was the law of Christian England for centuries. What is the effect of marriage on a Mohammedan woman? The learned Justice Mouleli Syed Amer Ali answers: 'The contract of marriage gives the man no power over the woman's person beyond what the law defines, and none whatever upon her goods and property. A Mussulman wife retains in her husband's household all the rights which the law vests in her as a responsible member of society. She can be sued as a *feme sole*. She can receive property without the intervention of trustees. She has a distinct lien upon her husband's estate for her ant-nuptial settlement. Her rights as a mother do not depend upon the idiosyncrasies of individual judges. She can enter upon binding contracts with her husband, and proceed against him at law if necessary.' This law has been in force throughout the Moslem world for the last 1,250 years. A Mohammedan marriage is a civil contract, requiring no priest nor any sacred rites." In contrast with the English rule that divorce can be had only for adultery, the article states: "Under the law of Mohammed, on the contrary, the wife is entitled to a divorce for the following among other reasons: 1. When the husband leaves her without any means of subsistence; 2. When he treats her habitually in a cruel manner; 3. When he forces her to do labor of a kind which is considered degrading to a woman in her position; 4. When he is in the habit of threatening her with bodily injuries. The husband must besides return the dower he has received with his wife. In many cases of divorce, under English law, mothers are deprived of the custody of their children. Mohammed said, however, 'that the claims of the mother to the custody of the young child so absolutely outweigh those of the father, that the father really ought not to come into the question as such at all.' For, the Fatwa-i-Alamgiri says: 'The mother is, of all persons, the best entitled to the custody of her infant children, during the connubial relationship as well as after its dissolution.' The mother, according to Mohammedan law, is entitled to the custody of her daughters until they arrive at puberty, and in many cases until they are married. In the case of male children, the rule is that the mother is entitled to the custody of the boy until he is independent of her care."

The Illinois Woman's Alliance having investigated the administration of justice

in the police courts of Chicago, as it affects women, has learned, it says in a letter addressed to the chief of police, that "the inability to find employment at living wages is largely the cause of the prostitution in our city, and the popular impression that the police force and justices are entitled to revenue from these unfortunate women is one of the most effectual means of keeping them in a state of degradation." "We believe," the letter continues, "that bad women should have as fair a chance before the law as bad men, and are entitled to equal consideration; that as no woman can enter upon a life of prostitution alone, she is no more guilty than her partner, and often less so, because she may be forced to earn her bread by it, while he is never in that position; that the women prostitutes of the city are no more dangerous to society than the great army of men prostitutes who stand ready to lure to evil ways young girls and dependent women; that we are justified in pursuing our investigations, and in proclaiming the results as widely as possible, because the actual status of the most degraded woman determines the possible status of all women."

"Because of these convictions we urge upon you the following:

"1. That you forbid all unnecessary handling and brutal treatment of women by policemen.

"2. That all policemen be supplied with, and instructed to use, mechanical contrivances in the management of refractory women.

"3. That you forbid the common practice of arresting women in 'loads,' not for any violation of the law but simply on reputation, a practice resulting in a system of blackmail, iniquitous to society, though profitable to the police force.

"4. That when a woman is arrested for 'soliciting' unless the man solicited appear as a prosecuting witness she be discharged.

"5. That there be established a central station to which all women and no men shall be taken when arrested.

"6. That the proceedings of the trial board before which complaints against officers are made be open to the public.

"As our investigations have revealed the fact that injustice to women in the police courts is common, we urge that some way be devised by which a higher class of women than are now employed be selected as matrons. We hold it to be a truism that those who are mentally, morally or physically sick demand the care of the most intelligent, therefore the position of matron should be filled from the ranks of the best educated and most humane women."

In a Sheffield (Eng.) church the other day a marriage ceremony came to an abrupt and altogether unlooked-for termination, says London *Tid-Bits*. It was the fault of the would-be bridegroom, and most people will say in losing his bride he met his deserts.

The ceremony went on right enough till the clergyman, addressing himself to the woman, put the question whether she would have the man to be her husband, "to love, honor and obey."

At the mention of the word "obey," the bridegroom ejaculated, "I'll make thee."

"Are we married yet?" asked the woman of the clergyman.

"No, you are not," he replied. "Then we shall not be," she said, and thereupon she left the church.

The man protested that it was too late, but she heeded him not, and his discomfiture was made none the less when the parson told him that he thought she had acted very sensibly.

No duty is more incumbent on parents than that of discouraging in children a tendency to the cruel treatment of insects and other creatures of a higher order, yet helpless for defense, even against childhood. The little one that has put a pin through a butterfly, or carried off a young bird from the nest, or inflicted needless pain on a cat or dog, has learned a lesson that may have a far reaching influence upon its future life. Yet how often are such spectacles to be seen, while parents, well meaning perhaps, give no heed to the indulgence that may bear bitter fruit in the future! The lower creation must give way to the comfort and necessities of man, but let children be taught that even the lowest of beings should not be subjected to unnecessary pain. This is a duty which school teachers as well as parents should not neglect.

Mrs. Edwin H. Low, wife of the well-known steamship agent, is described as one of the thriftest, pleasantest, all-round

business women in New York. She is actively engaged with her husband in the conduct of his affairs, and once or twice a year crosses the Atlantic to look after the London agencies; and she has entire charge of the New York office when Mr. Low is absent on business tours. She is, withal, the embodiment of courtesy and feminine refinement, and in spite of her multifarious duties she finds time to keep house, entertain hosts of friends, and now and then appear in society. She is a sister of Blanche Roosevelt, the novelist.

Miss Georgia N. Kilbourne, the fair young bride of General Schofield, is said to be a very bright as well as charming young woman. She is rather small, a graceful blonde, and knows how to dress with taste and effect. She is an excellent musician, a delightful violinist, and is said to be a vivacious and charming conversationalist. She is 26.

Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, President of Illinois W. S. A., is with husband and children having a delightful trip on the Pacific coast. Mrs. Harbert recently addressed both the Woman's Club and the Unity Club at Los Angeles.

Benj. R. Tucker announces that he will on July 25th publish the first number of a new periodical, to be called "Weekly Bulletin of Newspaper and Periodical Literature." Its chief feature will be a classified catalogue of all the important articles appearing in the periodical press of the United States and the British Provinces, daily, weekly, monthly, etc. The title of each article will be given, the name of the author when known, the name of the periodical publishing it, the number of words in the article, and, when the title is not sufficiently definite, a line or two descriptive of the subject-matter. There are a few journals which catalogue the contents of the magazines, but his will be the first to do the same for the daily and weekly press.

Mr. Walter Howell writes us from New York that he arrived there the 11th inst., that he has overworked and feels his energies at a low ebb, and needing rest greatly will not visit any camp meetings this summer.

A BOOK NOW CLOSED TO OUR INSPECTION.

I have always been interested about Edison's early life. For I believe that such a genius is a very interesting study to the Spiritualist. None of us lives to or by himself. None of us really knows *himself*; probably he has only a working acquaintance with a superficial part of that fully rounded individuality, a portion only of which is consciously correlated with the surroundings of this world. None of us knows how far his thoughts and acts are his own, unaided and undirected by those unseen beings whose presence some of us can sense, and to whom we are all more or less indebted. Where what I call *myself* ends, and someone else steps in to guide and direct, is a problem as yet unsolved by me. I cannot tell; only I know of a surety that such aid is given me, such guidance comes from spirit friends, and I am content to defer the exact solution of the problem to a time when I shall be more fit to grasp and master it. If this be so with us of ordinary clay, what shall we say of the rarer porcelain that the will of the Great Potter creates for an admiring generation at infrequent intervals? What of the geniuses that lift human knowledge on to a higher level by their intuitions; that push on the progress of the race by their efforts; that stand towering over their fellows and carry in their inspired countenance, in the eye, "the window of the soul," a radiance that is not of earth? Inspired they are in a sense as full as were the prophets and seers of old; and their insight and inspiration comes from the same prolific source—the world of spirit that surrounds us, and its denizens, who, often unknown to us, guide and direct our destinies. It may well be that over the man-child born to such distinction as Edison has achieved appointed guardians watch and pour into the receptive soul the knowledge that he is to

give to the world. Such, at least, is my belief; it gives me the only clue I can get to the doings of precocious genius in those minds of tender age that are taught we know not how, except that their knowledge was not gained through ordinary channels of instruction. I have known children who seem to have brought with them into this world the keys to mysteries that most men plod on to advanced age, solving wearily. One is a born musician, "taught of God," for man had nothing to do with teaching him. Another "lispis in numbers, for the numbers come," a poet born, not made. Another sees and reproduces Nature's subtle beauties that escape the conventional eye, while yet his untrained figures should be learning to draw a line. Some are scientific in the cradle; others have solved abstruse problems of exact science in mathematics before they can talk clearly. To others, as to Edison, the infinite combinations, which lead to discoveries in science and their application to the arts, are an open book. In all we trace the results of causes hidden in the past, a book now closed to our inspection. When we are able to read that book what secrets will be revealed, what problems solved in the lives of the geniuses of earth!—*Stanton Moses in Light*.

ARCTURUS 550,000 TIMES LARGER THAN OUR SUN.

There are three well defined classes of stars, judged by the quality of light they yield. In the first class are the clear white and bluish white stars like Sirius and Vega. These are supposed to be the hottest stars and the most luminous in proportion to the extent of their surface. Then there are the golden yellow or pale orange stars, of which Arcturus and Capella are fine examples. These have begun to cool. Finally, we have the deep orange and red stars like Aldebaran and Antares. These have advanced still further in the cooling process.

Now the spectroscope informs us that our sun belongs to the orange or Arcturus type, and if we could view it from distant space we should see a lovely star of a pale golden yellow. The question arises, then, how far would our sun have to be removed in order to shine with a brightness no greater than that of Arcturus? According to Mr. Maunder, it would have to be removed 140,000 times its present distance, or about half the distance between us and Alpha Centauri.

But Arcturus is 11,500,000 times as far away as the sun, and if our sun were placed at that enormous distance its diameter would have to be eighty-two times as great in order to give a light equal to that received from Arcturus. I hesitate to present such figures, implying magnitudes far beyond any to which we have been accustomed, yet they are but the logical deductions of observed facts. In other words, upon Mr. Maunder's reasonable assumption Arcturus must be a gigantic sphere, 550,000 times larger than our sun, with a diameter of 70,000,000 miles, or more than large enough to fill the entire orbit of mercury.

To make this contrast clearer, let us institute a simple comparison. Jupiter is larger than all the other planets and satellites of the solar system. The sun is a little more than 1,000 times larger than Jupiter. But Arcturus, if our information is correct, is 550,000 times larger than the sun. By the side of such a majestic orb our sun, grand and overwhelming as it is in our own system, would dwindle to an insignificant star.

Contemplating a world so vast, endowed with such mighty energies, and rushing with such resistless force through the great deeps of space, we cannot resist the questions: Whence came this blazing world? Whither is it bound? What is its mission and destiny? Is it simply a visitor to our sidereal galaxy, rushing furiously through it like a comet? Is it being constantly fed and enlarged by the worlds it encounters and the meteoric matter it gathers up in its wonderful journey? What would be the effect if it chanced to pass through a nebula or a star cluster? Was the new star which suddenly blazed forth in the nebula of Andromeda in 1876 due to a similar cause?

As this mighty aggregation of attractive energies sweeps along his celestial path, thickly bordered with stellar worlds, how many of those worlds will yield forever to his disturbing forces? How many will be swerved from their appointed courses by his irresistible power? How many will plunge into his fiery bosom and be swallowed up as a pebble is swallowed by the ocean?—*Scientific American*.



THINGS I SEE AND HEAR.

TO THE EDITOR: There is a certain district of Cleveland, Ohio, the greater portion of which is given up to the lowest grade of European nationalities. The most prominent features are saloons, beer-gardens and dance halls. To judge by the habits of the people one might readily infer that public dancing, Sunday beer-garden picnics, brass band playing and general drinking carousals were the chief occupations. Lack of newspaper reading and accompanying ignorance are conspicuous, as are the number of Roman Catholic churches. The two, it has often been observed, quite frequently go together. The priest is given unquestioned authority, the population being almost exclusively of recent immigration from Catholic countries where the papal church holds despotic sway over the consciences of her adherents.

Not long ago a certain poor widow, who hardly earns a livelihood for herself and four children by washing, became so deaf as to make it a matter of great difficulty to go through the rite of confession. Indeed, so loudly did the priest finally have to shout his responses from the little box where he sits cooped, as to greatly disturb the worshippers congregated near. It did seem as if the devout widow must give up the privilege of telling her sins altogether, when the wily confessor hit on a scheme that bid fair to smooth all trouble away.

After awhile, however, it was observed that the widow no longer came to confession. When questioned in regard to this dereliction by a friend, she naively replied, "It cost too much." "How's that?" "Before I got so deaf it cost not one cent when I confess. But after we shout so it make too much noise, Father—told me I shall say nothing; just kneel down and he pray for me; I pay a dollar for the church and it be all right. I go three or four times, but it pinched so hard paying so much money, I can't stand it. So I stop away." Slick, but how much of the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth in this! Was not such a trick a shameful playing on the superstition of an ignorant devotee!

Last winter I accompanied my wife, who is a devout adherent of the Methodist church, to a meeting gotten up for the purpose of raising the customary yearly fund for foreign missions. Having strong doubts as to the wisdom of spending large sums for missionary work in distant lands while so much ignorance, crime, misery and destitution lie broadcast, round about every church and at our very doors, and whose chief out-come has been the wide opening of the rum traffic and other vices of civilization among helpless people. I determined to permit but a small sum to be given. The sharp trading device of having each one affix his or her name to the amount they would give on little cards arranged in readiness was put in force, and then a certain star mesmerizer of the revivalist order, who had been engaged precisely as theater star actors are secured to rake in the skekels, was let loose to get in his peculiar work. It is not my purpose to dwell on how he ranted and roared, how he thrashed his arms like those of a wind-mill and sweat and swayed up and down the platform in wild excitement, as his great fiery eyes rolled and hypnotised the souls of his hearers. Enough that he worked the people up to a mental condition, in which they sat helplessly at his mercy and then put in the choice licks he had never known to fail. He told, in a pitiful voice that brought tears in great sympathetic drops from scores of eyes, how in a Brooklyn meeting, after pleading for the lost, benighted heathen, his hearers became so worked to the right spirit, that one poor widow, the mother of five little orphans, whose frail support came from hard work at one dollar a day—a glorious sister who donated largely in support of the church—actually put her name down to give seventy-five dollars that year to the noble work of foreign missions! And so excellent did this piece of robbery of a poor mother and five orphaned children seem, that he mopped the mesmerising perspiration from his fat cheeks and unctuously repeated: "Seventy-five dollars from that poor widow!" Every fiber in my body tingled with indignation as I saw scores of pencils marking down big sums in emulation of the weak, benighted soul, who had cast the very livelihood of herself and children under

the grinding wheels of this hypnotising juggernaut.

In a tremble of outraged humanity I bent down and whispered to my wife, "That man is not honest. I hold him in utter loathing. Don't set your name to a cent! Not a cent!"

Here we have the bare-faced jugglery that plays on the superstitious idolatry of weak believers at both ends of credal theology.
W. WHITWORTH.
Cleveland, Ohio.

A TRIBUTE TO A TRUE MAN.

TO THE EDITOR: I was glad to see the good words in the last number of THE JOURNAL regarding Mr. James Haslett, of Port Huron, who has passed to the higher life. It is true, as you say, that he gave much more abundantly of his moderate means than many who have far greater wealth. Many mediums who happened to visit Port Huron whom he saw were in need went away benefited by a suit of clothes, or an equivalent in money if most needed; and all was done so quietly that none but he and they knew until their overflowing hearts prompted them to speak of his kindness.

He was an outspoken Spiritualist, and he loved above all things quiet communion with the spirits in the sanctity of the circle of home and cherished friends. The light which he found of such value to himself he never placed under a bushel. Ministers, business men and men in whatever capacity who visited his place of business soon found that he had nothing to conceal through fear of "injury to his business," but rather that he had that faith in human nature which led him to feel that an honest man respecting his own honest convictions would stand higher in the estimation of all thinking people than a coward, and if not, he was ever fearless of the consequences of speaking the truth. The cause of Spiritualism has lost in his death a staunch defender and a man who evidenced his willingness to work and to sacrifice. Two years ago when the deed was made out for the camp ground at Haslett Park and the work systematized I know by conversation which he had with me that he was making more of a sacrifice than to some people appeared. He said: "This means four more years standing at the bench, cutting; then I'll be all right." But he has his release. This will be a hard blow to Haslett Park camp meeting unless the powers that be raise up a David in strength to meet the Goliath of difficulties which appear to human sight. To be sure there are some willing workers there, but we see no one as yet who is willing and who has the means to do the part he did. Mrs. Haslett, who has earnestly seconded his efforts all the way and who has gone there year after year early in the season and performed astonishing labors, considering her physical strength, feels that she shall go this season, as she knows he would wish, and help to carry the work to success. Dr. Edson, the manager this year, is an efficient member, and is already doing all in his power to make the coming meeting a success, and I hope all Spiritualists in Michigan will feel it a personal duty to lend their strength and influence toward the work for which he has sacrificed so much.

I was sent for to officiate, with my spirit guides, at the funeral services, which took place at his home in Port Huron, Mich., and also service at the chapel of the crematory in Detroit, where the remains were incinerated, his wife and son faithfully carrying out his wishes in this respect. This was a new experience to me, though I had made up my mind some time since that it was the best way to dispose of the body; still as I passed into the little side room of the chapel to lay off my wraps and saw on one side of the room a row of shelves containing some vases and other receptacles, each of them labelled with the name of the person whose outer form had at last been reduced to this little dish of ashes, my feelings almost overcame me, but at that moment I saw Mr. Haslett himself undisturbed in spirit and in the old familiar voice he said: "I would not make any change now even if I could," and after looking through the building and viewing the retort, I felt that this would be my wish also.

The body is the medium of the soul; we miss it and tender associations linger about even after we know the spirit has left it, but no such feeling was mine on this occasion as is usual when laying the body in the grave. All that there was of him is now spirit; and may it go on in the pathway of progress, knowing only such joys as he richly deserves. He was among the first in my work in Michigan—which was early in my public work—to give

me greeting, kindly words of cheer and material aid. Our friendship has grown until I feel a personal loss in his removal. And none but those most intimately acquainted with them, who know how closely their lives had grown together, can realize what a loss this is to Mrs. Haslett. That as a spirit he will be able to make himself manifest to her in this trying ordeal is the wish, I know, of all who love them.
R. SHEPARD LILLIE.

DO YOU SIT FOR EGGS?

TO THE EDITOR: I fear I am not very true to my promise to write you from time to time of incidents occurring in my life as a public medium. The life of a public medium is at times a most trying one; still it is not all clouds, for there are circumstances which take place of a very laughable nature. One morning on answering my door bell I beheld a man, as the saying goes, fresh from the country; boots just out of the barnyard, and in great haste he asked if I was the medium. Informed that I was, his next question filled me with surprise, and I must say a great deal of mirth, for although I was dwelling much of the time with the spirits out of the body, I never saw the time when I could not see the ridiculous as well as the sublime aspect of things. His question was this: "Do you sit for eggs?" Of course I never called myself one of the feathered tribe, so I said: "Sir, what do you mean?" Then he said he had a lot of eggs he would like to dispose of and would like a sitting for them. I did give him a sitting, and he had three beautiful children in spirit life, whom he spoke of as his "little chickens." So much for the eggs.
JENNIE POTTER.

RELATED AS A TEST.

TO THE EDITOR: While spending some weeks in Chicago lately I had a sitting with a Mrs. McWilliams, 5905 Indiana Avenue, whom I believe to be a very good medium and a true and worthy woman. Her control described quite well several spirit friends present, especially my wife, who joined the spirit hosts some eight months ago. I was told that she could not control, but could dictate her message, which she did freely and affectionately. I called her attention to an agreement that she and a dear intimate friend of hers, a lady about her own age—Mrs. H.—made that whichever went first to spirit life should manifest in some way to the other if possible; and asked her why she did not do it, as I knew Mrs. H. was really anxious to hear from her and know of a truth—if indeed it were a truth, which she seemed seriously to doubt, not being a Spiritualist—that spirits can and do communicate. My wife told me that she had been to her and had so manifested that she was plainly conscious of it but did not know that it was she. She asked me to write to Mrs. H., who was then traveling in the Northwest, and ask her to recall a certain incident on a bright moonlight night in May, in the far West, when alone in bed, she felt a gentle touch upon her right cheek like the soft stroke of a feather, and if she did not look to see what it was, and feel, and think she heard something. "Tell her it was me trying to manifest to her."

Here is what Mrs. H. says in reply: "I cannot attribute many things that take place to spirits; I did feel, at Fargo, I think, something touch my right cheek, and I put up my hand to brush away the sensation, and looked to see what it was. I saw nothing and felt annoyed; I have felt these things so many times that I treat them as a nervous sensation and think no more of it; I cannot think it is spirits."

Now then, Mr. Editor, consider well all the circumstances and say if it not a good test of identity as to the actual presence of my wife, and also of a genuine spirit manifestation. The medium, an entire stranger to all parties concerned, Mrs. H. a skeptic and knowing nothing of the matter which was being thus called up a month after it happened. Mrs. H. writes from Minneapolis and was in Fargo about the time my wife claimed to have thus manifested.

I submit this simple and apparently unimportant circumstance to the consideration of those who may at times doubt the genuineness of many simple, yet important manifestations from our spirit friends; and to call attention to the very discouraging influence it must have upon them to be thus discredited and doubted after exhausting all the resources at their command and having partially succeeded, to have it brushed aside as "a nervous sensation." I often wonder that they do not give up in despair and leave us to plod our

way alone. We do not realize the difficulties they have to meet in ministrations of love; if we did we should be more considerate in sifting the genuine from the spurious, the true from the false, and give the dear spirits just credit for what they do. But I do not wonder that honest, intelligent skeptics are slow to accept facts and phenomena, when there is so much fraud and deception practiced and detected.

Go on in your good work of eliminating the frauds, and may success crown your efforts.
S. BIGELOW
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY AND THE EARTH.

The following is sent to THE JOURNAL as an "extract from a composition of a little African girl in the orphanage at Cape Palmas, Liberia:"

Do you know what history is? History, as you know, teaches us what is to happen in the past event. Geography, shows us where the thing has happened at. History tells us when Adam and Eve were created, and geography shows us where the Garden of Eden is, which continent, which division. History tells us that Adam was the first man who was created, and while he was sleeping God took out one of his ribs and made Eve. After awhile, Eve went to walk among the trees of the garden. Conversation took place between her and the devil. The devil told her to eat some kind of fruit which God had told her not to eat. She took it and ate it, and also took some for her husband. When Adam saw it he did not take no time to ask Eve where she got it from. History, geography, and the earth just do to go together; one tells us about this, and one tells us about that, and so forth. Histories are interesting to read, indeed they are. It tells us about the whale. The whale is the largest animal in the sea. Whale is spoken of in the Bible. When God sent Jonah to Ninevah to preach to the people about their sins, Jonah refused to go. He went into a ship with some people. He just went there to hide from God, but God caused a storm to take place. The ship went from this way to that way. The people was afraid indeed, and they began to cast lots. The lot fell upon Jonah. They took him up and threw him into the sea. While he was going to the very bottom of the sea he met with this animal, so the whale said, "My friend, where are you going to?" Jonah answered and said: "I have disobeyed God, and am trying to hide from his face." The whale said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Don't you know that neither you nor I cannot hide from his face?" Jonah said: "O whale! I am so afraid, I don't know what I am doing or saying." The whale said, "Jonah, oh Jonah! hearken unto me, and take heed unto yourself, for indeed I will swallow you up soon." "Have mercy upon me, O whale, and if it is God's will, he will carry me safe to the land, so I may obey him." The whale said, "Jonah, put your head into my mouth, and get ready for your life." Jonah said, "Whale, I think you better swallow me, because I see there is no use in talking." The whale said, "Jonah, the idea of your running away from God! you will bear the consequence, that is all I got to say." At the same time he did swallow him up. Jonah thought the whale's body was his grave and end. Therefore he offers up a prayer for his sins, if he should die before he should get to the shore, if it was God's will, to carry his soul to heaven. The whale did not rest, day after day, nor night after night; so after three days the whale went to the shore and vomited up Jonah. Jonah was just like a drowned rat.

The following warm weather don'ts are worth heeding:

- Don't hurry. Don't worry. Don't complain.
- Don't run to catch a car but wait for the next.
- Don't wear starched linen or suspenders or a vest.
- Don't sweater in gas-lit rooms when you can sit in a balcony or out of doors.
- Don't neglect any opportunity to run out of town over night, especially if the run be by water.
- Don't debilitate your system with warm baths or political discussions, but take your baths as invigoratingly cold as you can and leave politics for cooler weather.
- Don't ask anybody if it is hot enough for him, and don't answer the question if it is put to you. Live calmly and you may enjoy life with the mercury in the nineties as well as at any other time.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

Mind is Matter, or the Substance of the Soul. By Wm. Hemstreet. New York: Fowler & Wells Co., 1891. pp. 258. Price, \$1.00.

The author of this work claims that there can be no qualities without substance for them to inhere in, and as the only substance conceivable is matter, he concludes that the soul is just as material as the body is, although so attenuated and refined as to be invisible. Mind, he argues, is the quality of the material thing called the soul, as cohesion and chemical affinity are inherent in ordinary matter. He argues that by demonstrating the corporeal nature of the soul we demonstrate its immortality in the imperishability of matter and its alliance with volitional tenacity or love of life. But the author makes soul to consist of matter in a certain form and condition, and since there is no proof and no analogy to support the supposition that any material form that has come into existence can escape mutability as to form and condition, it is folly to predicate the immortality of the soul on the indestructibility of matter. If soul is a material substance the most natural conclusion is that it is subject to the changes of matter—aggregation and segregation. But after all this author admits that what is known as matter is but a phenomenal manifestation of a deeper underlying reality. If he had only kept this in mind, and argued that it, instead of material atoms, is the basis of sensation and thought he might have escaped the main fallacy and the logical weakness of his hypothesis. Mr. Hemstreet sees the necessity of having a basis for mental as well as physical qualities, and since such basis is conceivable only as substance, and substance is definable only in terms of matter, he assumes, notwithstanding the fact that what is known as matter is only phenomenal of an ultimate reality, that matter is the substance of the soul. Atoms unite and produce the soul, giving rise to qualities called sentience and thought. He assumes that these material atoms will by the affinity of their desires refuse to separate. Indeed the atoms are referred to in places as a kind of mind stuff, after the manner of Clifford. Mr. Hemstreet's speculation is an old one which finds no support in modern physics or modern psychology. His collation of expressions of others in regard to the corporeal nature of the soul is interesting. To some of the statements of the book exception may be taken on scientific grounds, but it makes no pretensions to science, and is merely the speculation of a man who does his own thinking, follows his own method and gives his thoughts to the public in clear language, which leaves no doubt as to his meaning. If it fails to solve the difficulties which it raises or suggests, it is nevertheless thought-provoking and may lead from materialism to a higher philosophy by the only route that a certain class of minds can take.

The Greatest Fight in the World. Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon's Conference Address. From "Fight the Good Fight of Faith."—1 Tim. vi., 12. Post free. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. pp. 64. Paper, 35 cents.

This book, one of the most telling utterances of England's famous preacher, comes into the inspiration contest just in the nick of time. It is a conference address of which the divisions are "our armor (the scripture), our army (the church), and our strength (the Holy Spirit)." Nearly one-half the address is occupied with a defence of the verbal inspiration of the Bible.

On this point Mr. Spurgeon says: "If this book is not infallible, where shall infallibility be found? ... The depth saith, It is not in me; yet those who have no depth at all would have us imagine that it is in them." This is rather a captious way of treating the subject and will satisfy no skeptics as to the infallibility of the Bible or of any other work. The address abounds in Spurgeonisms.

MAGAZINES.

The July Unitarian prints for its opening paper a sermon by Rev. J. W. Chadwick on "Prof. Briggs' Criticism and Theology."—The Unitarian Review for July contains a sketch of Erasmus by S. Fletcher Williams.—Knowledge for July gives the meaning of words and refers to movements up to date, including the memorial to Leo XIII by the Archangel Raphael Societies, to form into separate parishes the

different groups of immigrants in this country with priests for each nationality. —The opening article in the Path for July is by Mrs. Annie Besant on "Karma and Free-Will." —The Phrenological Journal for July has something to say of Prof. C. A. Briggs and the Church Controversy, and says it clearly and well, giving a portrait of the distinguished heretic. "A Pink of Perfection" hits off a certain type of childhood capitially, and "Wrong Side Out" is a good illustration of motherly tact.—Hall's Journal of Health for July has articles on "Good Health", "Coffee: its Use and Abuse." and other interesting subjects.

The Chautauquan for August presents an attractive table of contents: Old Chautauqua Days (Illustrated), by Theodore L. Flood; Flying by Means of Electricity, by Prof. John Trowbridge; Illustration and our Illustrators, by C. M. Fairbanks; American Sporting on the Seas, by J. H. Mandigo; A Study of Longfellow, by John Vance Cheney; The Physical and the Mental in Hypnotism, by Alfred Fouillée; England in the Eighteenth Century, by Edward A. Freeman; Modern Surgery, by C. R. Hammerton; The Sorosis Club at Bombay, India, by Mrs. M. B. Denning; A Colored Creole Type, by Julie Wetherill Baker; Women in the Pension Office, by Ella Loraine Dorsey; and The Indian Women of Dakota, by Kate Carnes are among the articles. The usual editorial and department space is well filled.—Poulney Bigelow, who was a schoolmate of the German Emperor, will contribute an article to the Midsummer (August) number of The Century on the first three years of the Emperor's reign, the third anniversary of his ascent to the throne having taken place on the 15th of June. Mr. Bigelow believes that "since Frederick the Great no king of Prussia has understood his business like this emperor," and in this article he gives what he considers the secret of the power of William II. with his people, and incidentally contributes many facts regarding his life.

Don't be discouraged about that eczema till you have given Ayer's Sarsaparilla a persistent trial. Six bottles of this medicine cured the complaint for George S. Thomas, of Ada, Ohio, when all other remedies failed to afford any relief.

Unless more care is given to the hair, the coming man is liable to be a hairless animal; hence, to prevent the hair from falling use Hall's Hair Renewer.

For a disordered liver try Beecham's Pills.

ONLY 5 DOLLARS

To Niagara Falls and Return via C. H. & D., July 30.

Special excursion trains will leave Cincinnati and Indianapolis, July 30, for Niagara Falls via the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton R. R. The trains run solid via Toledo and Detroit and the Michigan Central and consists of through coaches, sleepers and chair cars. Round trip tickets from Cincinnati or Indianapolis to Niagara Falls and return \$5; Toronto and return \$6 and proportionately cheap all rates along the line. On sale July 30 and good returning till August 5. Opportunities will be afforded to make very cheap side trips from Niagara Falls to Thousand Islands and other points of interest and returning stop-over will be permitted at Detroit within limit of tickets. Secure your sleeping car berths at once by addressing E. O. McCormick, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Cincinnati, O. Any C. H. & D. Agent will sell you tickets.

Easy to Reach Manitow.

A Pullman Car now runs from Chicago to Manitow Springs without change, via the Santa Fe Route. It passes through Kansas City, Pueblo and Colorado Springs. It leaves Dearborn Station on the Denver Limited at six o'clock and reaches Manitow at half past eight the second morning. No other line can offer this accommodation. You must change cars on any other line.

Pullman Palace Cars are run by the Santa Fe Route without change from Chicago to Las Vegas Hot Springs, Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Manitow and many other Rocky Mountain summer resorts to which excursion tickets are being sold at 212 Clark street.

The Farnaday Pamphlets: The Relation of the Spiritual to the Material Universe; The Law of Control, price 15 cents; The Origin of Life, or Where Man Comes from, price 10 cents; The Development of the Spirit after Transition, price 10 cents, and The Process of Mental Action, price 15 cents. All for sale at this office.

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

Samuel Bowles's Pamphlets: Experiences of Samuel Bowles in Spirit Life, or life as he now sees it from a Spiritual Standpoint, price 25 cents Contrast in Spirit Life, and recent experiences, price 25 cents, and Interviews with Spirits, price 50 cents in paper cover. For sale at this office

Signs of the Times

From the Standpoint of a Scientist.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE WESTERN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

—BY— PROF. ELLIOTT COUES, M. D.,

Member of the National Academy of Sciences of the London Society for Psychical Research, etc., etc.

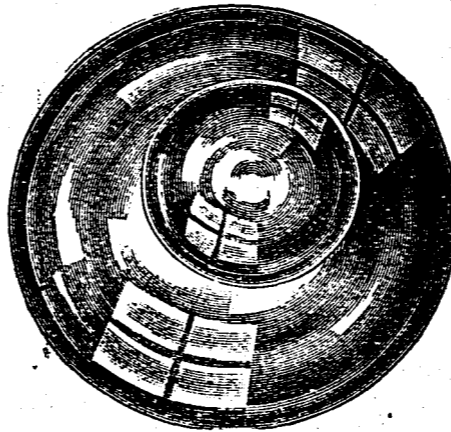
CONTENTS.

The Woman Question. The Naros, or Cycle of six Hundred Years. The International Congress of Women. The Opinions of a Scientist. "Substantially True as Alleged" Phenomenal Spiritualism. Experiments with a Table. Test Conditions. The One thing indispensable. The Spiritualistic or the Theosophic Explanation? Animal Magnetism and its dangers. The Great Power of the Magnetizer. Magnetism the Pass Key to Psychic Science. The Biogen Theory. The Astral Body. The Better Way. Natural Magic. The Outlook. And an invaluable stimulant and guide to the NOVICE IN THE STUDY OF THE OCCULT as well as a most

EXCELLENT MISSIONARY DOCUMENT.

Pamphlet. Price 15 cents. One Hundred Copies, \$10. Fifty copies, \$6. Twenty-five copies, \$3.25. Special discount on orders for five Hundred Copies. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

THE WIZARD BUBBLE BLOWER.



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

Just the thing to entertain and instruct Kindergarten pupils or children in the home. Although only introduced a few weeks, over 40,000 sold, and "Wizard Bubble Parties" are becoming the latest fad of New York's 400.

The following are a few of the testimonials we have received from persons who have had a "Wizard Bubble Blower":

Prairie City Novelty Co.: I received the "Wizard Bubble Blower," and found it so satisfactory that I this day enclose you \$2.00 for a dozen more. MRS. W. W. JOHNSTON, Bureka Springs, Carroll county, Ark.

Ottawa, Kan., Dec. 13, 1890. DEAR SIR: We are well pleased with the blower. I am trying to get a large order for them. Respectfully, MRS. GEO. O. HOWE.

Mercer, Pa., Dec. 25, 1890. Prairie City Novelty Co., Chicago, Ill.: DEAR SIR: The "Wizard" came all right, and is adding its share to the enjoyments of Christmas. Yours, etc., J. V. STOCKTON.

Rockville, Conn., Dec. 15, 1890. The Prairie City Novelty Co., No. 45 Randolph street, Chicago, Ill.:

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 10th received the 13th. In reply this morning I have to express my satisfaction with the Bubble Blower. I shall make an effort to get orders for the Bubble Blower, and when I get a sufficient number, I shall send an order direct to you. Yours as ever, EDDIE S. JONES, Lock Box 63, Rockville, Ct.

This wonderful toy is sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents. \$2.00 per dozen to Agents and Dealers by express, charges prepaid. All orders shipped on day received. Address

PRAIRIE CITY NOVELTY CO., 45 Randolph St., Chicago., Ill.

The Three Sevens.

This is a book by Dr. W. P. and Mrs. Phelon treating of the "Silence of the Invisible" "This story is," in the language of the authors, "a parable, teaching as twenty-one years bring us to the adult physical life so also may 'the sevens' of years bring adult spiritual growth. The attempt is to portray the trials, temptations, sufferings, growth and attainments of the spirit during earth-life." The marvels in the story are alleged to be not greater than those well attested by psychical researchers. Cloth, 271 pp. Price \$1.25.

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

IMPORTED EDITION.

Lights and Shadows OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY D. D. HOME.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Part First.

ANCIENT SPIRITUALISM.

CHAPTER I. THE FAITHS OF ANCIENT PEOPLES. Spiritualism as old as our planet. Lights and shadows of Pagan times. CHAPTER II. ASSYRIA, CHALDEA, EGYPT AND PERSIA. "Chaldean's seers are good." The Prophecy of Alexander's death. Spiritualism in the shadow of the pyramids. Setho and Pashmeticus. Prophecies regarding Cyrus. The "Golden Star" of Persia. CHAPTER III. INDIA AND CHINA. Apollonius and the Brahmins. The creed of "Nirvana." Lao-tse and Confucius. Present corruption of the Chinese. CHAPTER IV. GREECE AND ROME. The famous Spiritualists of Hellas. Communication between world and world three thousand years ago. The Delphian Oracle. Pausanias and the Byzantine Captive. "Great Pan is dead." Socrates and his attendant spirit. Vespasian at Alexandria. A haunted house at Athens. Valens and the Greek Theurgists. The days of the Cæsars.

Part Second.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN ERAS.

CHAPTER I. THE SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE. Science versus Religion. Similarity of modern and ancient phenomena. The siege of Jerusalem. "The Light of the World." Unseen armies who aided in the triumph of the Cross. CHAPTER II. THE SPIRITUAL IN THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH. Signs and wonders in the days of the Fathers. Martyrdom of Polycarp. The return of Evagrius after death. Augustine's faith. The philosophy of Alexandria. CHAPTER III. SPIRITUALISM IN CATHOLIC AGES. The counterfeiting of miracles. St. Bernard. The case of Mademoiselle Ferrier. The tomb of the Abbe Paris. "The Lives of Saints." Levitation. Prophecy of the death of Ganganelli. CHAPTER IV. THE SHADOW OF CATHOLIC SPIRITUALISM. Crimes of the Papacy. The record of the Dark Ages. Mission and martyrdom of Joan of Arc. The career of Savonarola. Death of Urban Grandier. CHAPTER V. THE SPIRITUALISM OF THE WALDENSES AND CAMISARDS. The Israel of the Alps. Ten centuries of Persecution. Arnaud's march. The deeds of Laporte and Cavalier. The ordeal of fire. End of the Cevennois War. CHAPTER VI. PROTESTANT SPIRITUALISM. Precursors of the Reformation. Luther and Satan. Calvin. Wishart martyrdom. Witchcraft. Famous accounts of apparitions. Bunyan. Fox and Wesley. CHAPTER VII. THE SPIRITUALISM OF CERTAIN GREAT SEERS. "The Revelations of Jacob Behmen." Swedenborg's character and teachings. Narratives regarding the spiritual gifts. Jung Stilling. His unconquerable faith, and the providences accorded him. Zachokke, Oberlin, and the Seeress of Prevoist.

Part Third.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

CHAPTER I. INTRODUCTORY. American false prophecies. Two old-reverend claims to be witnesses foretold by St. John. "The New Jerusalem." "A strange episode in the history of Geneva." "The New Motor Power." A society formed for the attainment of earthly immortality. CHAPTER II. DELUSIONS (continued). The revival of Egyptian dream. Allan Kardec's communication after death. Fancied evocation of the spirit of a sleeper. Fallacies of Kardecism. The Theosophical Society. Its vain quest for sphinx and gnomes. Chemical processes for the manufacture of spirits. A magician wanted. CHAPTER III. MENTAL DISEASES LITTLE UNDERSTOOD. CHAPTER IV. "PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD." A pseudo investigator. Gropings in the dark. The spirit whose name was Yusuf. Strange logic and strange theories. CHAPTER V. SKEPTICISMS AND TESTS. Mistaken Spiritualists. Labels on the Spirit world. The "Witchwashing" of Ethiopians. CHAPTER VI. ABSURDITIES. "When Greek meets Greek." The spirit-costume of Oliver Cromwell. Distinguished visitors to Italian seances. A servant and prophet of God. Convivial spirits. A ghost's tea-party. A dream of Mary Stuart. The ideas of a homicide concerning his own execution. An exceedingly gifted medium. The Crystal Palace of Jupiter. Re-incarnative literature. The mission of John King. A penniless archangel. A spirit with a taste for diamonds. The most wonderful medium in the world. CHAPTER VII. TRICKERY AND ITS EXPOSURE. Dark seances. A letter from Serjeant Cox. The concealment of "spirit-drapery." Rope tying and handcuffs. Narrative of exposed impostures. Various modes of fraud. CHAPTER VIII. TRICKERY AND ITS EXPOSURE (continued). The passing of matter through matter. "Spirit brought flowers." The ordinary dark seance. Variations of "phenomenal" trickery. "Spirit Photography." Moulds of ghostly hands and feet. Baron Kirrup's experience. The reading of sealed letters. CHAPTER IX. THE HIGHER ASPECTS OF SPIRITUALISM. The theological Heaven. A story regarding a coffin. An incident with "L. M." A London drama. "Blackwood's Magazine" and some seances in Geneva. CHAPTER X. "OUR FATHERS." CHAPTER XII. THE HIGHER ASPECT OF SPIRITUALISM (continued). "Stella."

APPENDIX.

This covers eight pages and was not included in the American edition. It is devoted to a brief account of a young medium who under spirit influence wrote poetry of a high order. Extracts from these poetic inspirations are given. The appendix is an interesting and most fitting conclusion of a valuable book.

This is the English edition originally published a \$4.00. It is a large book, equal to 600 pages of the average 12mo., and much superior in every way to the American edition published some years ago. Originally published in 1877, it was in advance of its time. Events of the past twelve years have justified the work and proven Mr. Home a true prophet, guide and adviser in a field to which his labor, gifts and noble character have given lustre. 8vo., 412 pages. Price, \$2.00.

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

AT AUNT'S HOUSE.

One time when we's at aunty's house—
Way in the country—where
They's 1st but woods, an' pigs and cows,
An' all out doors an' air!
An' orchard swing; an' churry trees,
An' churries in 'em! Yes, an' these
Here red head birds steal all they please
An' tetch 'em ef you dare!
W'y wunst, one time when we wuz there
We et out on the porch!

Wite where the cellar door was shut
The table wuz; an I
Let aunty sit by me an' cut
My wittles up—an' pie
Tuz awful funny! I could see
The red-heads in the churry tree;
An' bee-hives, where you got to be
So keerful goin' by—
An' comp'ny there an' all! and we—
We et out on the porch!

An—I let et p'surves an' things'
'At ma don't 'low me to—
An' chicken gizzurds (don't fike wings
Like parunts does, do you?)
An' all the time the wind blowed there
An' I could feel it in my hair,
An' it smell clover ever'where!
An' a old red-head flew
Purt' nigh wite over my high chair,
When we et out on the porch!

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Smiles and Old Saws.

As lazy as Ludlam's dog, that leaned his head
against a wall to bark
As busy as a bee.
As cold as charity.
As mad as a March hare.
As nice as a nun's hen.
As plain as a pike-staff.
As seasonable as snow in summer.
As deep drinks the goose as the gander.
As nimble as a cow in a cage.
As true as the dial to the sun.
As wary as a blind horse.
As welcome as water in one's shoes.
As a cat loves mustard.
As brisk as a bee in a tar pot.
As busy as a hen with one chicken.
As full as an egg is of meat.
As hungry as a church mouse.
As good beg of a naked man as a miser.
As merry as a cricket.
As grave as an old gate post.
As white as the driven snow.
As the wind blows, you must set your sail.
As good water goes by the mill as drives it.
As demure as if butter would not melt in her
mouth.
As often as thou doest wrong justice has thee on
the score.
As wilful as a pig that will neither lead nor drive.
As good eat the devil as the broth he is broiled in.
As love thinks no evil, so envy speaks no good.

Our Old Fire Company.

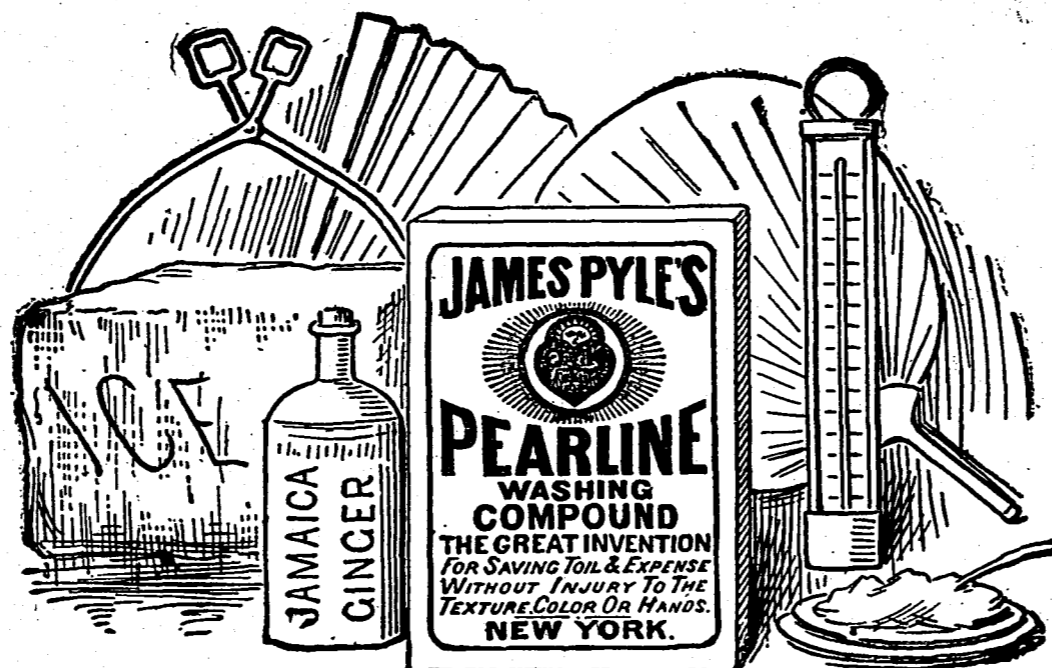
"That was a gay old company that we belonged to,
Joe, away back in '68, when you and I 'ran with the
machine.' Do you remember that big fire in Hotel
Row, one freezing night, when fifteen people were
pulled out of their burning rooms and come down
the ladder in their night-clothes; and how 'Dick'
Greene brought down two 'kids' at once—one in his
arms, the other slung to his back? Poor 'Dick'! He
got the catarrh dreadfully, from so much exposure,
and suffered from it five years or more. We thought
once he was going in consumption, sure. But, finally,
he heard of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and tried it,
and it cured him up as sound as a flint. I tell you,
Joe, that catarrh remedy is a great thing. It gived
as good a man and as brave a fireman as ever trod
shoe leather."

A Choice List of Summer Resorts.

In the Lake regions of Wisconsin, Northern Mich-
igan, Minnesota, Iowa and the two Dakotas, there
are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently
fitted for summer homes. Among the following
selected list are names familiar to many of our read-
ers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts.
Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are
within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee,
and none of them are so far away from the "busy
marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached
in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the
finest roads in the northwest—the Chicago, Milwau-
kee & St. Paul Railway, and Milwaukee & Northern
Railroad:

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Oconomowoc, Wis. | Clear Lake, Iowa. |
| Minocqua, Wis. | Spirit Lake, Iowa. |
| Waukesha, Wis. | Lakes Okoboji, Ia. |
| Falmira, Wis. | Frontenac, Minn. |
| Pomahawk Lakes, Wis. | Lake Minnetonka, Minn. |
| Lakeside, Wis. | Ortonville, Minn. |
| Kilbourn City, Wis. | Prior Lake, Minn. |
| (Dells of the Wisconsin.) | White Bear Lake, Minn. |
| Beaver Dam, Wis. | Lake Madison, So. Dakota. |
| Madison, Wis. | Big Stone Lake, So. Dakota. |
| Delavan, Wis. | Elkhart Lake, Wis. |
| Sparta, Wis. | Ontonagon, Mich. |
| Pewaukee, Wis. | Mackinaw, Mich. |
| Wausaukee, Wis. | Marquette, Mich. |

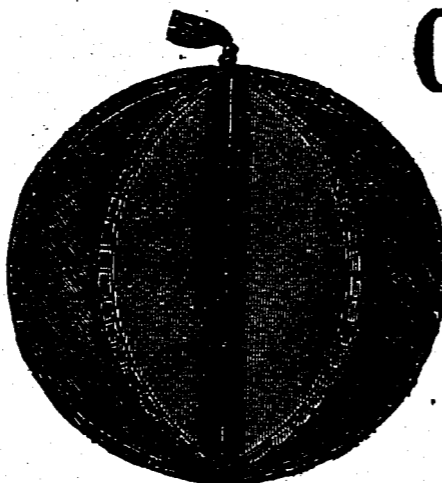
For detailed information, apply to any coupon
ticket agent, or send stamp for a free illustrated
courist folder, to Geo. H. Heaford, General Passen-
ger Agent, Chicago, Ill.



Hot Weather Necessities.

Notice the large square package in the front rank. That's where it belongs—ask any woman who has used it. See what it does. It saves work, saves strength, saves health, time, and temper. It saves wear and tear, too—and that's money. Delicate summer clothes don't have to be rubbed and wrenched when they're washed with *Pearline*. Everything is washed easily—and safely. *Pearline* doesn't do any more in warm weather than in cold, but you seem to need it more then. It's a necessity. But it's a luxury, as well. Try it in the bath, and you'll think so.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as *Pearline*." IT'S FALSE—*Pearline* is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of *Pearline*, do the honest thing—send it back. 193 JAMES PYLE, New York.



CAN YOU OPEN IT?
PUZZLE PURSE.

The latest out. Better than the Dime Savings Bank. The purse is made of the finest calf or kid leather. As a puzzle it is the best thing yet out. Any person not into the secret of opening it will say it impossible, but you will find it easy enough to open when once you know how. It will hold from \$5 to \$6 in small change. It is the handiest and safest purse ever sold. Agents can make big money selling this purse, as everybody that sees it wants it.

Sample By Mail, Postpaid, 25 Cents.

PRAIRIE CITY NOVELTY CO.,

45 Randolph Street,

Chicago, Ill.

THE JOURNAL BINDER
Is only 75 cents to Subscribers

GILES B. STEBBINS'S WORKS.
After Dogmatic Theology, What?

MATERIALISM, OR A SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY AND NATURAL RELIGION.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

"Physiology reduces man to a jelly; Psychology lifts him to immortality."
This is a thoughtful, crisp, well condensed book, from the pen of an experienced thinker and writer, well-known in every field of reform, and an earnest, consistent Spiritualist. From out his ample store of experience and reading the author aptly draws innumerable illustrations to fortify his argument. The book may be unqualifiedly commended.
"It aims to state Materialism fairly, and to hold it as fragmentary and inconsequent; to give a wide range of ancient and modern proof of the higher aspects of the God idea in history. The closing chapter on Intuition, gives some remarkable facts."—*Detroit Post and Tribune*.
12mo, cloth, 144 pages. Price 50 cents; postage, 5 cents

Progress From Poverty.

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

Society for Psychical Research.
American Branch.

"The Society for Psychical research is engaged in the investigation of the phenomena of Thought-transference, Clairvoyance, Apparitions and Haunted Houses, Spiritualistic Phenomena, etc., and evidence in connection with these different groups of phenomena is published from time to time in the S. P. R. Journal and Proceedings, to which associate members (dues \$5.00 per annum) are entitled.
Persons who have had psychical experiences of any kind are earnestly requested to communicate them directly to the Secretary of the American Branch, or to the editor of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, with as much corroborative testimony as possible; and a special appeal is made to those who have had experiences justifying the spiritualistic belief.
Applicants for Membership in the Society should address the Secretary. The Branch is much in need of funds for the further prosecution of its work, and pecuniary assistance will be gratefully welcomed.
Information concerning the Society can be obtained from

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

Upward Steps
OF
Seventy Years.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIC, BIOGRAPHIC
HISTORIC.

GROWTH OF REFORMS—ANTI-SLAVERY, ETC
—THE WORLD'S HELPERS AND LIGHT-
BRINGERS—SPIRITUALISM—PSY-
CHIC RESEARCH—RELIGI-
OUS OUTLOOK—COM-
ING REFORMS.

—BY—
GILES B. STEBBINS,

Editor and Compiler of "Chapters from the Bible of the Ages," and "Poems of the Life Beyond";
Author of "After Dogmatic Theology,
What?" etc., etc.

CONTENTS.

Dedicatory Introduction.
CHAPTER I.—Ancestry; Childhood; Youth; Birth-
place; Springfield, Mass.; Haddfield; Home Life
Oliver Smith; Sophia Smith; Self-Help.
CHAPTER II.—Old Time Good and Ill; Religious
Growth; Reforms; Temperance.
CHAPTER III.—Transcendentalism; Brook Farm;
Hopedale; Northampton; Samuel L. Hill; W. B.
Channing; Pierpont; Theodore Parker.
CHAPTER IV.—Anti-Slavery; Garrison; "The Fleas
of Conventions;" Personal Incidents; H. C.
Wright; C. L. Remond; George Thompson; Gerritt
Smith; Abby Kelley Foster; Abigail and Lydia
Mott; Abigail P. Ellis; Josephine L. Griffin.
CHAPTER V.—The Friends; Quakerism; Griffith
M. Cooper; John and Hannah Cox; A Golden
Wedding; Experiences of Fricchia Cadwallader;
Lucretia Mott; McClintock; J. T. Hopper; Thomas
Garrett; Richard Grazier; Progressive Friends
Meetings.
CHAPTER VI.—The World's Helpers and Light
Bringers; John D. Zimmerman; W. S. Prentiss;
Wm. Denton; E. B. Ward; Emily Ward; Benjamin
F. Wade; H. C. Carey; Home Industry; Education,
Scientific, Industrial, and Moral; "Religion of the
Body;" Jugol Arinori Mori; Peary Chand Mitra;
President Grant and Sojourner Truth; John Brown;
Helpful Influences; Great Awakenings.
CHAPTER VII.—Spiritualism; Natural Religion;
Experiences and Investigations; Slate Writing;
Spirits Described; Piano Music without Hands; A
Fact Beyond Mind Reading; Lifted in the Air;
Spirit Portraits; A Michigan Pioneer's Experience;
Looking Beyond; Future Life; Natural Medium-
ship; Illumination; Blind Inductive Science.
CHAPTER VIII.—Psychic Science Research; The
Spiritual Body; Painless Surgery; Psychometry;
Inspired experiences; George Elliot; Helen Hunt
Jackson; Prof. Stowe; Mrs. H. B. Stowe; Savona-
rola; Rev. H. W. Bellows; Dinah Mulock Craik;
A Simple Michigan Maiden; Lizzie Deane; Reading
German Philosophy; Record of an Hour's Expe-
rience.
CHAPTER IX.—Religious Outlook; Coming Re-
forms; A New Protestantism; Woman in the Pul-
pit; Rev. Horace Bushnell's "Deep Matters"; Rad-
icalism; Ethical Culture; Liberal Christianity; A
Need for Heaven; Two Fans; Future Religion;
Coming Reforms; Conclusion.
Price, cloth bound, \$1.25.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNNY,
Chicago.

LIGHT ON THE PATH.

With Notes and Comments.
A treatise for the personal use of those who are
ignorant of the Eastern Wisdom, and who desire to
enter within its influence.
Written down by M. C.
Price, cloth bound, 40 cents; paper cover, 25 cents.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNNY,
Chicago.

Heaven Revised.

A Narrative of Personal Experiences After
the Change Called Death.
By Mrs. E. B. DUFFEY.

An exchange in reviewing this work truly says:
"This is a narrative of personal experiences after
death, of a spirit that returns and gives it graphically,
through the medium. It is just the thing for a
neophyte to read, who desires to know something of
the beyond, being one of the most common sense
productions we have seen in Spiritual literature for
many a day."
Another says: "This is an exposition of Spiritual
philosophy, from the pen of one who is thoroughly
imbued with the new light of Spiritual science, and
there is nothing in the work that can offend the most
fastidious critic of the orthodox school..... Alto-
gether it is well worth careful reading by all candid
minds."
Pamphlet, 101 pp. Price 25 cents.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNNY,
Chicago.

SCIENTIFIC RELIGION;
OR,
HIGHER POSSIBILITIES OF LIFE AND PRACTICE THROUGH THE OPERATION OF NATURAL FORCES.

BY LAWRENCE OLIPHANT.
With an Appendix by a Clergyman of the Church of England.

This celebrated work may be read with profit by
thinkers and students.
Price, \$2.50; postage, 16 cents.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNNY,
Chicago.

LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the river's flow;
Rivers join the mountain billows,
Onward, onward, as they go!
Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play;
So may we, with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers,
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours!
Let us hasten, then, and catch them
As they pass us on the way;
And with honest, true endeavor,
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a verse from every page;
Here a line, and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age!
At our work, or by the wayside,
While the sunshine's making hay;
Thus we may, by help of study,
Learn a little every day.

—EXCHANGE.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Hail, August day, which comes in crisp November,
Let's all March forth to greet the natal morn—
May it equal Christmas, which comes in bleak
December,

When poultry and pigs get fat by eating corn.
May every June bug hide its ruptured head,
And Jew lie dormant in the sun's bright ray;
And Jane, you airy creature, rise from your bed,
And join in honor to Thanksgiving day.

Oh, who would be a ripe duck in the month of
Feb.,
Or, who, in April, stands out in the rain?
Except ember day, we're ne'er caught in the web,
In crossing Broadway and kn-oct ober twain.

A Very Useful Book.

"Health and Pleasure on America's Greatest Railroad" is the title of a charming little volume issued by the Passenger Department of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad this year, with new and attractive features added to the publication of former years. The book is a "Summer book" decidedly, and is enough in itself to tempt the tourist out into the leafy fastnesses of the forests, or to the cool, rocky glens of the mountains.

The frontispiece is a fine view of that noble structure, the Washington Bridge across the Harlem, but that is merely a hint of the beauties that follow. No one who glances over the book can fail to get a comprehensive idea of the wealth of scenery through which the road passes, not to mention the invaluable information that is systematically arranged throughout the book in regard to the hotels and boarding houses, the prices of board, the fares, the distances, the possible excursion, and, in a word, all that that usually inquiring person, the Summer tourist, can possibly think of desiring to learn.

Copies of the book will be forwarded free to any address upon receipt of ten cents postage by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.—*New York Times.*

Summer Tourists

To the Dakotas, Minnesota, Montana, the far Northwest and the beautiful Puget Sound region, will find it to their advantage to purchase tickets via the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway. It leads in excellence and comfortable arrangement of equipment, safety in transportation and courteous attention to passengers, and stands very high in the estimation of the traveling public. The famous Compartment Sleeping Cars run on this line are the favorites of all who have tried them, and are comfortable at all seasons. Duluth, Lake Minnetonka, White Bear Lake, Denver and Colorado Springs are reached via this route, which connects with trans-continental lines for all other points in the territory named. For particulars concerning rates, time of trains, etc., address any of the company's agents, or F. H. LORD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Phenix Building, Chicago, Ill.

Heaven and Hell, as described by Judge Edmonds in his great work on Spiritualism. As Judge Edmonds' writings are mostly out of print, this pamphlet may be welcome to many, as it describes two scenes in heaven and two in hell, in his most graphic and careful style. Price, 10 cents. For sale at this office.

John Wesley and Modern Spiritualism. An appeal to the Ministers and Members of the Methodist Church based upon reason. By Daniel Lott. We are constantly called upon for something from the pen of John Wesley, and this may be of interest to many. He was a man of superior mind, in many respects and far in advance of his time, as will be found by examining his sayings and ideas. Price, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

The Constitution of Man considered in relation to external objects, by George Combe. More than three hundred thousand copies of the Constitution of Man have been sold and the demand is still increasing. It has been translated into many languages, and extensively circulated. A celebrated phrenologist said of this work: The importance and magnitude of the principles herein contained are beyond those to be found in any other work. For sale at this office, price, \$1.50.

PENSIONS OLD CLAIMS Settled Under NEW LAW

Soldiers, Widows, Parents, send for blank applications and information. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Pension Agent, Washington D. C.



Our High Grade List and Bargain Book sent to any address on receipt of a 2-c stamp
LORD & THOMAS,
NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING
45 RANDOLPH STREET,
CHICAGO.

THE PATHWAY OF THE SPIRIT.

A guide to Inspiration, Illumination and Divine Realization on Earth.

BY JOHN HAMLIN DEWEY, M. D.

This work is Number 2 of the Christian Theosophy Series and is having a large and rapid sale. Price, cloth bound, \$1.25; paper, 75 cents.

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

THE WAR IN HEAVEN.

BY DANIEL LOTT

This is founded upon Revelations 12-17-9 and will be found interesting. Price, 10 cents.

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

UNANSWERABLE LOGIC.

A Series of Spiritual Discourses Given Through the Mediumship of Thomas Gales Forster.

A remarkably clear, comprehensive and complete presentation of the phenomena and teachings of Modern Spiritualism is given in these lectures, comparing them with those of the past in respect to life here and hereafter.

The many thousands who have listened to the eloquent discourses of Thomas Gales Forster, when in the prime of earth-life, will welcome this volume with heartfelt gratitude.

The following chapters are especially interesting: What is Spiritualism? Philosophy of Death; What lies beyond the Veil? Human Destiny. Clairvoyance and Clairaudience. What Spiritualists Believe, etc. Cloth; large 12 mo., beveled boards Price, \$1.50.

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

DEATH,

IN THE LIGHT OF

The Harmonial Philosophy.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

A Whole Volume of Philosophical Truth is Condensed into this Little Pamphlet.

Mrs. Davis has developed with rare faithfulness the pure principles of true Spiritualism. The sorrowful may find consolation in these pages, and the doubtful a firm foundation and a clear sky. Price, 15 cents. Eight copies for \$1. Cloth bound, 30 cents.

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

GUIDE-POSTS

ON

IMMORTAL ROADS.

BY MRS. AMARALA MARTIN.

The author says "As a firefly among the stars, as a ripple on the ocean, I send out this small beacon of hope through the valley of despair."

Price 25 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago.

THE GREAT

SPIRITUAL REMEDIES.

MRS. SPENCE'S

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

"Our family think there is nothing like the Positive and Negative Powders"—so says J. H. Wiggins, of Beaver Dam, Wis., and so says everybody.

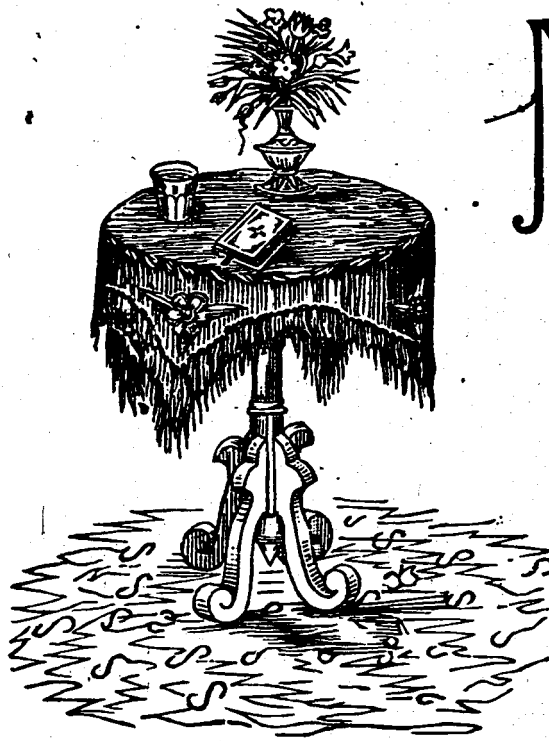
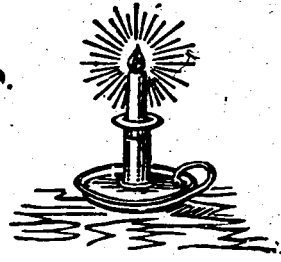
Buy the POSITIVES for Fevers, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Liver Complaint, Heart Disease, Kidney Complaints, Neuralgia, Headache, Female Diseases, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and all active and acute diseases.

Buy the NEGATIVES for Paralysis, Deafness, Amaurosis, Typhoid and Typhus Fevers. Buy a box of POSITIVE and NEGATIVE (half and half) for Chills and Fever.

Mailed, postpaid, for \$1.00 a box, or six boxes for \$5.00. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

A Beautifully Bound Book . . .
. . . On a Practical Subject.
CLOTH, 50 CENTS, POSTPAID.

Helps for Home Nursing



By Irene H. Ovington.

Christian Union: Not only could doctors' bills often be saved where expense can be ill afforded, but that important aid to the doctor, efficient home nursing, ought to be much more universal than it is, outside of the regular training schools. This little book deals in an eminently practical way with the simplest but often the least known phases of home nursing, giving hints and suggestions as well as positive directions that will be found of no little value. The chapters on ventilation, nourishment, conveniences, and suggestions are especially helpful. The writer has evidently had unusual experience and opportunities for observation, and it is not often that they are found in such a condensed, practical form as in this little volume. Its inexpensive form puts it within the reach of all, and we hope not only that many a sick-room will be brightened and comforted through its means, but that not a few of its readers will be led by it to a more thorough understanding of how to exercise the art that lies in home nursing.

DANIEL AMBROSE, Publisher, 45 Randolph St., Chicago.

LOGIC TAUGHT BY LOVE.

—BY—

MARY BOOLE.

Part of the object of this work is to call attention to the fact that our life is being disorganized by the monotony of our methods of teaching.

Price, \$1.00. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

MORAL EDUCATION. ITS LAWS AND METHODS.

BY

JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.

Governments, Churches and Colleges for many thousand years have striven in vain to conquer Crime, Disease and Misery—A New Method must therefore be adopted—If that Method can be found in this volume, does it not indicate a better future for Humanity?

The Doctor says: "For more than a third of a century the doctrines illustrated in this volume have been cherished by the author, when there were few to sympathize with him. To-day there are thousands by whom many of these ideas are cherished, who are ready to welcome their expression, and whose enthusiastic approbation justifies the hope that these great truths may ere long pervade the educational system of the English-speaking race, and extend their beneficent power not only among European races, but among the Oriental nations, who are rousing from the torpor of ages. May I not hope that every philanthropist who realizes the importance of the principles here presented will aid in their diffusion by circulating this volume?"

CONTENTS.

I.—The Essential Elements of a Liberal Education. II.—Moral Education. III.—Evolution of Genius. IV.—Ethical Culture. V.—Ethical Principles and Training. VI.—Relation of Ethical to Religious Education. VII.—Relation of Ethical to Intellectual Education. VIII.—Relation of Ethical to Practical Education. IX.—Sphere and Education of Woman. X.—Moral Education and Peace. XI.—The Educational Crisis. XII.—Ventilation and Health. The Pantological University. The Management of Children.—by Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson.

Cloth, \$1.50, postage 10 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago.

ANGEL WHISPERINGS

FOR

The Searchers After Truth.

BY HATTIE J. RAY.

This volume is presented to the public in hopes that many may draw inspiration from its pages. The poems are well called "Angel Whisperings." Price, ornamental cover, \$1.50; gilt edges, \$2.00; postage 17 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

ILLUMINATED BUDDHISM

OR

THE TRUE NIRVANA.

"The book before us, aside from its mystic methods, takes an entirely new view of the doctrines of the transmigration of souls, of re-incarnation and of Nirvana. . . . but we need not follow the details, for it would give but an imperfect idea of one of the most readable books in its line we have met in a long time. Its literary style is unexceptionable, and the author shows in every chapter evidences of profound thought and a mastery of statement that is a pleasure to follow."—*Exchange.* Price, cloth, \$1.50; paper, 50 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

THE VOICES.

BY WARREN SUMNER BARLOW.

THE VOICE OF NATURE represents God in the light of Reason and Philosophy—in His unchangeable and glorious attributes.

THE VOICE OF A PEBBLE delineates the individuality of Matter and Mind, fraternal Charity and Love.

THE VOICE OF SUPERSTITION takes the creeds at their word, and proves by numerous passages from the Bible that the God of Moses has been defeated by Satan, from the Garden of Eden to Mount Calvary!

THE VOICE OF PRAYER enforces the idea that our prayers must accord with immutable laws, else we pray for effects, independent of cause.

Twelfth edition, with a new stippled steel-plate engraving of the author from a recent photograph. Printed in large, clear type, on beautiful tinted paper, bound in beveled boards. Price, \$1.00, postage 10 cents.

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

THE PHANTOM GONDOLIER.

In Venice of the Doge's times,
When Carnival was constant king,
When gallant nobles coupled rhymes
And did their own gay minstrelling,

His oar had life; it swayed, it swept;
It dipped as dips the bird in air.
Upon his olive face there slept
A sunny look that made it fair.

Rare bliss was his one little hour;
A lovely princess deigned to throw
A rosebud from her laced bower,
At twilight as he passed below.

Impassioned songs to her he sung
When stary spendors filled the sky,
Till scandal stirred its venom tongue,
And fired a lover's jealousy.

Beheld but for a fleeting breath,
Then suddenly the wrath is gone
With one swift shudder, as when death
Steals in across the chill of dawn.

Beheld but for a fleeting breath,
Then suddenly the wrath is gone
With one swift shudder, as when death
Steals in across the chill of dawn.

THE WEATHER.

The weather is a fickle dame
And scarcely twice appears the same;
At morn she smiles, at noon sheds tears,
At eve in gorgeous robes appears.

She'll promise you a pleasant day
For making love and making hay,
And, when your plot is cut and dried,
O'erwhelm you with the tempest tide.

But if you for her frowns prepare,
And all your heavy clothing wear,
She'll beam upon you soft and warm
Until you really wish 'twould storm.

The reason for her changeful mood,
I think, for thought gives ample food;
She tries to please all in a day
And guide herself by what "they say."

—MAX MARTIN.

SYNOPSIS

COMPLETE WORKS OF ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Comprising Thirty Uniform Volumes, all Neatly Bound in Cloth.

Postage 7 per cent. Extra—If sent by Express, the Charges Payable on Delivery.

Table listing various works by Andrew Jackson Davis with prices, such as 'Nature's Divine Revelations' for \$3.50 and 'The Physician' for \$1.50.

The Complete Works of A. J. Davis, if ordered to one address, at one time, will be sold at a liberal discount.

DON'T DELAY TO

Stop that cough! Else the bronchial tubes will be enlarged and the delicate tissues of the lungs exposed to injury. No other medicine is so speedily operative in throat and lung troubles as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"Five years ago I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and had been given up by my physicians. I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was completely cured."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

Intelligent Readers will notice that

Tutt's Pills

are not "warranted to cure" all classes of diseases, but only such as result from a disordered liver, viz:

Vertigo, Headache, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Costiveness, Bilious Colic, Flatulence, etc.

For these they are not warranted infallible, but are as nearly so as it is possible to make a remedy. Price, 25cts. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

DROPSY Treated free.

Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless.

MIND, THOUGHT AND CEREBRATION.

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

WANTED. MONEY At 15 Per Cent

on absolutely safe first mortgage, real estate (Building & Loan Association) Security. BUTLER & LOOMIS, Investment Bankers, Rookery Building, Chicago.

THE BIOGEN SERIES

Consists of concise Essays on Living Questions of the day or of historical research in Religion, Science, and Philosophy, prepared by writers of the most eminent ability. Under the editorial direction of Dr. Elliott Coues.

Price, 50 cents each. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

Do You Want the Earth?

NEELEY'S REVERSIBLE

U. S. Map and History of American Politics

NEELEY'S DOUBLE MAP CONTAINS

Rand McNally & Co.'s Latest Railroad Town and County Map of the U. S. in Colors, and is 3 feet 10 inches by 5 feet 6 inches—Corrected to Date. Price of this Map Alone is \$5.00.

AND ON THE OTHER SIDE:

- The Political Map, 3 feet 10 inches by 5 feet 6 inches, which alone sells for \$5.00. A Diagram Showing all of the Political Parties. 11x66. A Diagram Showing all the Presidents and Cabinets. 5x66. A Diagram Showing the Political Complexion of each Congress. 2x66. A Diagram Showing the Creeds of the World. 13x10. A Diagram Showing the Standing Armies of each Nation. 13x10. A Diagram Showing the Naval Tonnage of each Nation. 13x10. A Complete Map of the World. 13x20. A Map of Central America. 10x13. A Map of Alaska. 10x13. A Map of South Africa. 10x13. A Map of Upper Nubia and Habesh or Abyssinia. 10x13. A Map of Persia, Afghanistan and Beloochistan. 10x13. A Complete Map of the Solar system—best ever made. 13x10.

PICTURES OF ALL THE PRESIDENTS FROM WASHINGTON TO HARRISON.

IT ALSO GIVES IN BRIEF:

- The History of the U. S. Government by Congress. Issues of all Political Parties. The History of the U. S. by Administrations. The History of all Political Parties Which Have Existed in This Country. An Analysis of the Federal Government.

THE COMPLETE REVERSIBLE MAP

Is printed on both sides, is 3 feet 10 inches by 5 feet 6 inches, and is mounted on rollers top and bottom, with tape on sides, and is the largest ever made.

These Two Maps Bought Separately Would Cost TEN DOLLARS.

OUR GREAT OFFER: On Receipt of \$1.50

We will send THE WEEKLY TIMES for one year and the above-described map.

ARE YOU READING THE DAILY CHICAGO TIMES,

The Greatest Democratic Paper in America? If not, why?

On receipt of \$2.50 we will send you THE DAILY AND SUNDAY TIMES for three months and the above map.

We will send this great Map for ONE DOLLAR to our present subscribers PREPAID BY EXPRESS, and guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery or MONEY REFUNDED. We can mail the map, but it is much safer by express. I ensure to name your postoffice and express office. We will supply the map at this rate only so long as our supply shall last. Each subscriber is entitled to as many maps as he wants at \$1.00 each. Order at once.

Address THE TIMES, Chicago, Ill.

PERFECT COFFEE MAKER. A new invention for making coffee or tea better than any thing now in use. Saves 1/4 of the coffee. Can be used with any coffee or tea pot. If you like a fine cup of coffee this article is just what you need. Sent by mail upon receipt of 25 cts. Agents wanted. PRAIRIE CITY NOVELTY CO., 45 Randolph St., CHICAGO, ILL.

OREGON FRUIT LANDS in the heart of the famous Willamette Valley. Best all-around fruit country in America. No irrigation. Very healthy. Send 10 cts. in stamps for full particulars to GEO. M. MILLER, Eugene, Ore

TO SPIRITUALISTS. BY JOHN HOOKER, Of the Connecticut Bar.

This admirable Address has permanent value, and is well worthy the attention of all sober-minded people, and especially of Spiritualists. Price, 10 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

UNITY a weekly journal of Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

Eight four-column pages, well printed. A liberal sermon every week, with live articles on current topics. One dollar a year. Ten weeks on trial for ten cents in stamps. CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Pubs., 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

SEND TO LORD & THOMAS FOR WOOD AND PHOTO ENGRAVING. Write for Circulars. RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO.

A VALUABLE LIST OF BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

The best works by the most popular writers are embraced in this list, and now is the time to order. Where science is sought for, what is better than the works of William Denton? The Soul of Things, Our Planet, Is Darwin Right? and Radical Discourses.

The Light of Egypt, or The Science of the Soul and the Stars. This work has a definite purpose, namely, to explain the true Spiritual connection between God and Man, and the Soul and the Stars.

A new edition of Psychometry by Prof. J. Rodes Buchanan, and The New Education by the same author.

In the line of poetry are Lizzie Doten's Poems of Progress and Poems Inner Life, Barlow's Voices, and Immortality Inherent in Nature. Angel Whisperings for the Searchers after Truth, by Hattie J. Ray. Consolation by A. P. Miller. Radical Rhymes by William Denton, and Poems from the Life Beyond and Within compiled by Giles B. Stebbins.

Outside the Gates and other tales and sketches by a band of spirit intelligences, through the mediumship of Mary Theresa Shelhamer.

The Records of a Ministering Angel by Mary Clark.

Beyond the Gates by Miss Phelps is a combination of the literary and spirituelle. This popular author has for one of her latest works Between the Gates, a continuation of her delicate style.

Heaven Revised, a narrative of personal experiences after the change called Death by Mrs. E. B. Duffey.

Mrs. M. M. King's inspirational works, Principles of Nature, and Real Life in the Spirit world.

Wolfe's Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism needs no commendation.

The Way, The Truth and the Life, a hand-book of Christian Theosophy; Healing and Psychic Culture, a new education, based upon the idea and method of the Christ by J. H. Dewey, M.D. Also The Pathway of the Spirit. A guide to Inspiration, Illumination and Divine Realization on Earth.

From over the Border, or Light on the Normal Life of man by Benj. G. Smith.

Transcendental Physics, being an account of experimental investigations of Prof. Zollner with the medium Henry Slade.

Scientific Religion by Laurence Oliphant. An exposition showing the higher possibilities of life and practice through the operation of natural forces.

D. D. Home: His Life and Mission by Mme. Douglas Home. Spiritualism as demonstrated by D. D. Home gives a serenity of mind that death can not destroy. The work is one of the most valuable additions to spiritual literature that has been seen for some years.

Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism by D. D. Home. This work was originally published in England in 1877, and was in advance of its time. Events of the past few years have justified the work and proven Mr. Home a true prophet, guide and adviser in a field to which his labor, gifts and noble character have given lustre.

The complete works of A. J. Davis. Dr. Babbitt The Philosophy of Cure, and Religion.

Epes Sargent The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism, which should be in the library of all investigators and thinkers, also Proof Palpable.

Unanswerable Logic, a series of Spiritual Discourses, given through the mediumship of Thomas Gales Forster.

The Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation, being the life and work of Dr. Justinus Kerner, and William Howitt.

The Mystery of the Ages contained in the Secret Doctrine of all Religions by Countess Caithness, also A Visit to Holyrood, being an account of the Countess' visit to this famous castle.

Spirit Workers in the Home Circle is an Autobiographic Narrative, of psychic phenomena in family daily life, extending over a period of twenty years by Morell Theobald, F. C. A.

Rev. E. P. Powell has issued a valuable work entitled Our Heredity from God.

Space forbids further mention, but any and all books in the market can be ordered through this office.

Partial price list of books for sale, postpaid: Poems of Progress, plain, \$1.10, gilt, \$1.60; Poems Inner Life, plain, \$1.10, gilt, \$1.60; The Voices, \$1.10; Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism, \$2.25; Psychometry, \$2.16; The New Education \$1.60; The Principles of Nature, 3 vols., \$1.50 per vol.; Real Life in the Spirit-world, 83 cents; The complete works of A.

J. Davis, \$30.00; Religion, Babbitt, \$1.60; The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism, \$1.60; Proof Palpable, cloth, \$1.00; A Kiss for a Blow, a book for children, 70 cents; Vital Magnetic Cure, \$1.08; Animal Magnetism Deleuze, \$2.15; Diegesis, \$2.16; Future Life, \$1.60; Home, a volume of Poems, \$1.60; Heroines of Free Thought, \$1.75; Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation, \$2.65; Nature's Divine Revelations, \$3.75; Transcendental Physics, 75 cents; Records of a Ministering Angel, \$1.10; Mind Reading and Beyond, \$1.35; Primitive Mind Cure, \$1.60; Divine Law of Cure, \$1.60; Immortality, Barlow, 60 cents; Stories for Our Children, 25 cents; Our Planet, \$1.60; The Soul of Things, 3 vols., \$1.60 each; Radical Discourses, \$1.33; Outside the Gates, \$1.25; The Way, the Truth and the Life, \$2.00; The Pathway of the Spirit, cloth, \$1.25, paper, 75 cents; D. D. Home, His Life and Mission, plain, \$2.00, gilt, \$2.25; Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism, \$2.00; Unanswerable Logic, \$1.60; The Mystery of the Ages, \$2.70; A Visit to Holyrood, \$1.60; Spirit Workers in the Home Circle, \$1.60; Our Heredity from God, \$1.75; Spirits Book, Kardec, \$1.60; Beyond the Gates, \$1.35; Between the Gates, \$1.35; The Light of Egypt, \$3.00; Angel Whisperings, plain, \$1.50, gilt, \$2.00; Heaven Revised, 25 cents; From over the Border, \$1.00; Scientific Religion, \$2.50; Is Darwin Right? \$1.05; Radical Rhymes, \$1.30; Consolation, and other Poems, \$1.00; Poems from the Life Beyond and Within, \$1.60; Logic Taught by Love, \$1.00; Light on the Path, cloth, 40 cents, paper, 25 cents; Book on Mediums, Kardec, \$1.60.

BOOKS.

SPIRITUALISM, Psychological Phenomena, Free Thought and Science.

The crowded condition of the JOURNAL'S advertising columns precludes extended advertisements of books, but investigators and buyers will be supplied with a CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST upon application.

JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago, Ill.

THE PIONEERS OF THE SPIRITUAL REFORMATION.

LIFE AND WORKS OF DR. JUSTINUS KERNER AND WILLIAM HOWITT.

The two Pioneers of new Science, whose lives and labors in the direction of Psychology form the subject-matter of this volume, will be found to bear a strong similarity to each other in other directions than the one which now links their names, lives and labors. Cloth bound, 325 pp. Price, \$2.00; postage, 15 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

STARTLING FACTS IN MODERN SPIRITUALISM,

BEING A GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF Witches, Wizards, and Witchcraft; Table Tipping, Spirit Rapping, Spirit Speaking, Spirit Telegraphing; and MATERIALIZATIONS of Spirit Hands, Spirit Heads, Spirit Faces, Spirit Forms, Spirit Flowers, and every other Spirit Phenomenon that has Occurred in Europe and America since the Advent of Modern Spiritualism, March 31, 1848, to the Present Time.

BY N. B. WOLFE, M. D.

The book makes a large 12 mo. of over 600 pages; it is printed on fine calendered paper and bound in extra heavy English cloth, with back and front beautifully illuminated in gold.

After comprehensively epitomizing the "Startling Facts" contained in his book, comprising original investigations made under most favorable auspices, Dr. Wolfe says:

"With these avowals of its teachings the book stands before the world, asking no favor but a reading—no consideration but the fair judgment of enlightened men and women. As Death is a heritage common alike to King, Pope, Priest, and People, all should be interested in knowing what it portends—of what becomes of us after we die. Those who have tasted death, our spirit friends, answer this great problem in this book of 600 pages."

Price, \$2.25. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago.

LITTLE GEM POCKET SAVINGS BANK.

Sold as a rock. Amount deposited always visible. Cannot be opened till \$5.00 in Dimes have been deposited. Only Dime Bank from which it is impossible to get out Coin by Manipulation before Bank is full. Illustration is full size of bank. When 50 dimes have been deposited, place a dime in slotted top, and using it as a lever, turn pivot till bottom of bank is released. After taking out the \$5.00, replace bottom and the Bank is again ready to receive deposits. Agents can make from \$5.00 to \$10.00 a Day selling this bank. Sample by mail 25 cts. or \$2.00 per dozen by mail postpaid to agents and dealers. Address all orders to ILLINOIS NOVELTY CO, Fullersburg Ill.

Just published, 12 Articles on Practical Poultry Raising, by FANNY FIELD, the greatest of all American writers on Poultry for Market and POULTRY for PROFIT. Tells how she cleared \$49 on 100 Light Brahma in one year; about a mechanic's wife who clears \$300 annually on a village lot; refers to her CLEAR \$1500 ANNUALLY. Tells about incubators, brooders, spring chickens, capons, and how to feed to get the most eggs. Price 25 cts. Stamps taken. Address DANIEL AMBROSE, 45 Randolph St., Chicago.

FILL YOUR PURSE and improve your prospects. Why not? You can do so honorably, surely. Have you read our illustrated advertisement in the first number of this month? Better do so, if you haven't. We can and will, if you please, teach you quickly and without PAY, how to earn from \$5 to \$10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. You can commence at home, in any part of America. We start you. Both sexes. All ages. Easy to learn and manage. All particulars FREE. Better write at once, if you haven't already. Address Stinson & Co., Box 1500, Portland, Maine.

THE WATSEKA WONDER!

A NARRATIVE OF STARTLING PHENOMENA OCCURRING IN THE CASE OF MARY LURANCY VENNUM.

BY DR. E. W. STEVENS.

This well attested account of spirit presence created a wide-spread sensation when first published in the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Over fifty thousand copies were circulated, including the Journal's publication and the pamphlet editions, but the demand still continues. To those familiar with the marvellous story, it is NO WONDER

the interest continues, for in it on indubitable testimony may be learned how a young girl was SAVED FROM THE MAD HOUSE,

by the direct assistance of Spirits, through the intelligent interference of Spiritualists, and after months of almost continuous spirit control and medical treatment by Dr. Stevens, was restored to perfect health, to the profound astonishment of all. So far transcending in some respects, all other recorded cases of a similar character, this by common acclaim came to be known as

THE WATSEKA WONDER.

Were it not that the history of the case is authenticated beyond all cavil or possibility of doubt, it would be considered by those unfamiliar with the facts of Spiritualism as a skillfully prepared work of fiction. As

A MISSIONARY DOCUMENT.

for general distribution, IT IS UNEQUALLED; and for this purpose should be distributed industriously, generously, persistently far and near.

The present issue is a superior edition from new stereotype plates, printed on a fine quality of toned paper, and protected by "laid" paper covers of the newest patterns. The publisher has taken advantage of the necessity for new plates, and with the courteous permission of Harper Brothers, incorporated with the case of Lurancy Vennum one from Harper's Magazine for May, 1890, entitled

Psychical and Physio-Psychological Studies.

MARY REYNOLDS,

A CASE OF

Double Consciousness.

This case is frequently referred to by medical authorities, and Mr. Epes Sargent makes reference to it in that invaluable standard work, The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism, his latest and best effort. The case of Mary Reynolds does not equal that of Lurancy Vennum, but is nevertheless a valuable addition. The two narrations make a

SIXTY-PAGE PAMPHLET.

Price, 15 cents per copy. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

THE LIGHT OF EGYPT,

OR The Science of The Soul and The Stars.

IN TWO PARTS.

BY AN INITIATE.

Finely Illustrated with Eight Full-page Engravings.

It is claimed that this book is not a mere compilation, but thoroughly original.

It is believed to contain information upon the most vital points of Occultism and Theosophy that cannot be obtained elsewhere.

It claims to fully reveal the most recondite mysteries of man upon every plane of his existence, both here and hereafter, in such plain, simple language that a child can almost understand it.

The secrets and Occult mysteries of Astrology are revealed and explained for the first time, it is affirmed, since the days of Egyptian Hieroglyphics.

An effort is made to show that the Science of the Soul and the Science of the Stars are the twin mysteries which comprise THE ONE GRAND SCIENCE OF LIFE.

The following are among the claims made for the work by its friends:

To the spiritual investigator this book is indispensable.

To the medium it reveals knowledge beyond all earthly price, and will prove a real truth, "a guide, philosopher and friend."

To the Occultist it will supply the mystic key for which he has been so long earnestly seeking.

To the Astrologer it will become a "divine revelation of Science."

OPINIONS OF PRESS AND PEOPLE.

"A noble, philosophical and instructive work."—Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten.

"A work of remarkable ability and interest."—Dr. J. R. Buchanan.

"A remarkably concise, clear and forcibly interesting work. It is more clear and intelligible than any other work on like subjects."—Mr. J. J. Morse.

"A careful reading of THE LIGHT OF EGYPT discovers the beginning of a new sect in Occultism, which will oppose the grafting on Western Occultists the subtle delusive dogmas of Karma and Reincarnation."—New York Times.

"It is a volume likely to attract wide attention from that class of scholars interested in mystical science and occult forces. But it is written in such plain and simple style as to be within the easy comprehension of any cultivated scholarly reader."—The Chicago Daily Inter Ocean.

"However recondite his book the author certainly presents a theory of first causes which is well fitted to challenge the thoughtful reader's attention and to excite much reflection."—Hartford Daily Times.

"Considered as an exposition of Occultism, or the philosophy of the Orient from a Western standpoint this is a remarkable production. The philosophy of the book is, perhaps, as profound as any yet attempted, and so far reaching in its scope as to take in about all that relates to the divine ego-man in its manifold relations to time and eternity—the past, present and future."—The Daily Tribune (Salt Lake City).

"This work, the result of years of research and study, will undoubtedly create a profound sensation throughout the philosophic world."—The Detroit Commercial Advertiser.

"It is an Occult work but not a Theosophical one. It is a book entirely new in its scope, and must excite wide attention."—The Kansas City Journal.

"The book is highly interesting and very ably written, and it comes at an opportune time to eliminate from the 'Wisdom Religion,' reincarnation and other unphilosophical superstitions of the otherwise beautiful structure of Theosophy."—Kansas Herald.

"What will particularly commend the book to many in this country is that it is the first successful attempt to make the truths of Theosophy plain and clear to any one not a special student, and that it lays bare the frauds of the Blavatsky school."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Beautifully printed and illustrated on paper manufactured for this special purpose, with illuminated and extra heavy cloth binding. Price, \$3.00.

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

SPECIAL IMPORTATION.

Spirit Workers in the Home Circle.

HANDSOME DEMY 8VO.

Being an Autobiographic Narrative of Psychic Phenomena in the Family Circle Spread over a Period of Nearly Twenty Years.

BY MORELL THEOBALD, F. C. A., Of London, England.

A limited supply of this new and interesting book is now offered the American public. Having imported it in sheets we are able to offer the work at a sharp reduction in our price at which the English-bound edition can be supplied in America.

The book is a large 12mo. of 310 pages, handsomely printed on fine heavy paper from new type with fancy initial letters and chapter ornaments. Price, \$1.50—a very low figure.

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

**THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS
OF
SPIRITUALISM.**

BY EPES SARGENT.

Author of "Planchette, or the Despair of Science,"
"The Proof Palpable of Immortality," Etc.

This is a large 12mo. of 372 pages, in long primer type, with an appendix of twenty-three pages in brevier.

The author takes the ground that since natural science is concerned with a knowledge of real phenomena, appealing to our sense perceptions, and which are not only historically imparted, but are directly presented in the irresistible form of daily demonstration to any faithful investigator, therefore Spiritualism is a natural science, and all opposition to it, under the ignorant pretense that it is outside of nature, is unscientific and unphilosophical.

Mr. Sargent remarks in his preface: "The hour is coming, and now is, when the man claiming to be a philosopher, physical or metaphysical, who shall overlook the constantly recurring phenomena here recorded, will be set down as behind the age, or as evading its most important question. Spiritualism is not now THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE, as I called it on the title page of my first book on the subject. Among intelligent observers its claims to scientific recognition are no longer a matter of doubt."

Cloth, 12mo., 372 pages. Price, \$1.50; postage 10 cents.

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

THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE.

A HAND-BOOK OF

**Christian Theosophy, Healing,
AND PSYCHIC CULTURE,**

A NEW EDUCATION,

BASED UPON

The Ideal and Method of The Christ

BY J. H. DEWEY, M. D.

The object of the book is not to teach a philosophy, but a method; a method by which all may come to an immediate intuitive knowledge of the truth, each for himself, by an inward illumination, which is claimed to be within reach of the humblest.

A clear exposition is given of the law and principle upon which all forms of Mental and Faith Healing are based, with plain, practical and specific instruction for self-healing as well as for the healing of others.

More important still is the thorough exposition of the higher psychic powers, viz., Psychometry, Normal Seership, Mental Telegraphy, Distant Healing, etc., and the new and specific processes for their immediate development and exercise, which the author claims are as normal, practical and legitimate as are the development and training of muscle, the musical or any other faculty.

400 pp. Price, \$2.00 Postage, 10 cents.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

IS DARWIN RIGHT?

-OR-

The Origin of Man.

BY WILLIAM DENTON,

Author of "Our Planet," "Soul of Things," Etc.

This is a cloth bound volume of two hundred pages, no., handsomely illustrated. It shows that man is not of miraculous, but of natural origin; yet that Darwin's theory is radically defective, because it leaves out the spiritual causes which have been the most potent concerned in his production. It is scientific, plain, eloquent and convincing, and probably sheds more light upon man's origin than all the volumes the press has given to the public for years.

Price, \$1.00; postage, 5 cents.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

PARTURITION WITHOUT PAIN.

Edited by M. L. Holbrook, M. D., Editor, Author and Publisher, with an Appendix on the Care of Children, by Dr. C. S. Lozier, late Dean of the New York Medical College, for Women, &c.

The difficulty has been not to find what to say, but to decide what to omit. It is believed that a healthful regimen has been described; a constructive, preparatory and preventive training, rather than the course of remedies, medications and drugs.

Price, \$1.00.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

RULES AND ADVICE

For Those Desiring to

FORM CIRCLES.

Where through developed media, they may commune with spirit friends. Also a Declaration of Principles and Beliefs, and Hymns and Songs for Circle and Social Singing. Compiled by James H. Young. Price 25 cents.

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

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

-BY-

ROBERT ALLEN CAMPBELL,

Compiler of the first Atlas of Indiana, author of "The Rebellion Record," etc.

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

The symbolic meanings of the colors and the designs of the "Star Spangled Banner" are beautifully brought out and embellished with 29 illustrations—three of them in colors showing Foreign, Colonial and United States ensigns.

Price, \$1.00, postpaid.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

Novelty Towel Rack

The most unique and practical article of the kind made. Can be fastened anywhere. Made of steel, finely plated; will last a life time, can not get out of order, both useful & ornamental. No home complete without it. By mail 25c. Agents wanted. Add. PRAIRIE CITY NOVELTY CO., Chicago, Ill.

THE SOUL.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

Pamphlet form, price 15 cents.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

Ho For California.

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

Address **W. H. WERFIELD,**
Madera, California.

Mention this paper.

THE LIFE OF THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR!

**Herndon's
Lincoln.**

The true story of a great life is the history and personal recollections of ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY

WM. H. HERNDON

AND

JESSE WILLIAM WEIK, A. M.

The one great and superlative feature of the biography now put forth is its truth. While there is no attempt at eulogy, yet by its recital of plain and homely facts, it tends to elevate LINCOLN. The reader, when he has finished it, will lay the book aside, convinced that he has crossed the threshold of the great Emancipator's home; has listened to him in the law office and court room; that he has met face to face the man whose dauntless spirit of resolution led him to proclaim that this country must be "all slave, or all free."

PRICE, best English cloth, gilt top, 3 vols., \$4.50.

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

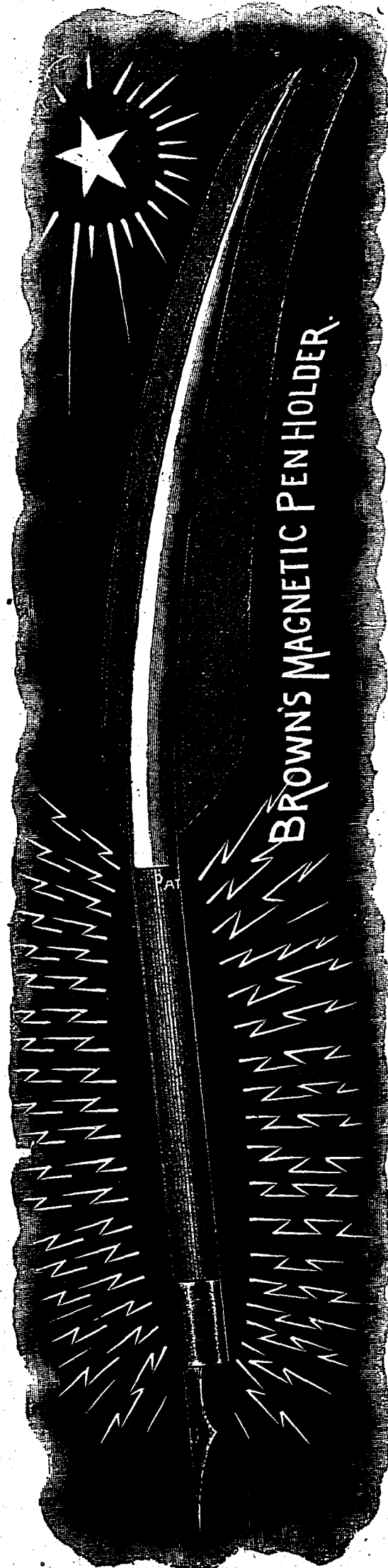
Here's Your Mascott!

The Magic Penholder

A NOVELTY whose usefulness will outlast its beauty and newness, is rare, even in these days, when invention is at its floodtide. But the new Patent Magnetic Penholder, here illustrated, is one of that class.

It is made of nickle, steel and celluloid and for strength, lightness, beauty and health induction, cannot be equalled in the world.

From its qualities, and the peculiar combination of its materials it prevents writers' cramp and paralysis, those dreaded afflictions of persistent writing and ceaseless toil at the desk. It is a well known fact that persons accustomed to the use of the old fashioned "goose quill" are reluctant to adopt any other penholder because of the elasticity of the quill, which does not tire the hand. This new Magnetic Penholder is superior in these particulars to the nicest quill ever plucked from "the old gray goose's" wing. It is a thing of beauty, and ornament to the desk of any writer from the daintiest ladies' escritor to the pine table of the dingy office. It is the only thing worthy of holding the FAVORITE pen, sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Agents Wanted. Address **PRAIRIE CITY NOVELTY COMPANY,** 45 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.



RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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

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

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

Do Not Send Checks on Local Banks

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

Advertising Rates: 20 cents per Agate line. Reading Notices, 40 cents per line.

Lord & Thomas, Advertising Agents, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago. All communications relative to advertising should be addressed to them.

CONTENTS.

- FIRST PAGE.—Topics of the Times. SECOND PAGE.—Browning and Spiritualism. A New Sect. The American His Own Priest. Paracelsus. THIRD PAGE.—Editorial Notes. FOURTH PAGE.—The Open Court. — Wonderful Psychological Experiences. A Swedenborgian Seer. FIFTH PAGE.—Human Imponderables—A Psychological Study. Practical Christianity. SIXTH PAGE.—An Orthodox Divine on Spiritualism. The Ghost of the Susquehanna; or How She Got Her Pension. SEVENTH PAGE.—(Continued Article.) EIGHTH PAGE.—Woman and the Home.—A Book Now Closed to Our Inspection. Axturus 550,000 Times Larger than the Sun. NINTH PAGE.—Voice of the People — Things I See and Hear. A Tribute to a True Man. Do You Sit For Eggs? Related As a Test. History, Geography and The Earth. TENTH PAGE.—Book Reviews. Miscellaneous Advertisements. ELEVENTH PAGE.—At Aunty's House. Miscellaneous Advertisements. TWELFTH PAGE.—Learn a Little Every Day. Thanksgiving Day. Miscellaneous Advertisements. THIRTEENTH PAGE.—The Phantom Gondoller. The Weather. Miscellaneous Advertisements. FOURTEENTH PAGE.—Miscellaneous Advertisements. FIFTEENTH PAGE.—Miscellaneous Advertisements. SIXTEENTH PAGE.—Mrs. Lillie's Womanly Protest and Rebuke. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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

THE JOURNAL BINDER.

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

MRS. LILLIE'S WOMANLY PROTEST AND REBUKE.

To THE EDITOR: To correct misapprehensions and misstatements, as to why I cancelled engagement to speak for meeting called by its chief promotor, the Northwestern Spiritual Camp-meeting, now holding sessions on Lake Minnetonka, near a hotel which is also run by this camp-promotor, I desire space to state the reason so that my numerous friends in Minnesota and the Northwest will understand. I peremptorily declined because I found that the camp manager, after assuring me that he was to have a first-class camp, engaged as one of the speakers a notorious character, one Moses Hull. This man is not allowed upon the rostrum of the leading camp-meetings of the country, and has for nearly twenty years been tabooed by the great body of professing Spiritualists. He has advanced such doctrines and avowed such practices, that until he shall just as publicly declare that he has repented of having so taught and that he sees the folly and curse of such a life, I cannot with due respect to myself, to the faith I profess, and the host of moral and upright Spiritualists of America, appear on the platform where this man is allowed; and I will not. R. S. LILLIE.

In this number is concluded the series of papers entitled "Human Imponderables," by Mr. J. D. Featherstonhaugh, undoubtedly among the most valuable contributions that have been made to the literature of Spiritualism. The fullness with which facts and phenomena have been given, and the ability, discrimination and judicial fairness with which every phase of the subject has been discussed by Mr. Featherstonhaugh, have been appreciated and admired by the large number of persons who have carefully read the papers. Many will unite with the THE JOURNAL in thanking the author for his excellent work in defence and exposition of spiritual truth.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, 392 West Madison street, psychometric, healing, writing and test mediums, give readings daily. Classes for physics, Tuesday and Saturday, 8 p. m.; Wednesday, 2-30 p. m. Receptions, Friday, 8 p. m. Hall meetings, Sunday at 11 a. m.; and 7-45 p. m., and Thursday 8. p. m.

Mrs. Anne L. Diggs, of Kansas, associate editor of The Advocate, the State Alliance paper of that state, called at the office of THE JOURNAL last Monday on her way to Washington, D. C. She is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of reform and is very hopeful of the triumph of the people over monopolistic schemes.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. FOUNDED BY DR. EREN TOURJEE. CARL PAELTEN, Director. Piano, Organ, Violin, Voice, Etc. Systematic courses in class and private lessons. Tuition, \$10 to \$30 for 20 class lessons. Many free classes, Lectures, Recitals, etc. Elocution, Oratory and Dramatic Action, Fine Arts, Literature, Languages, Piano and Organ Tuning. COMFORTABLE HOME for Lady Students. Calendar Free. Fall Term begins Sept. 10, 1891. FRANK W. HALE, General Manager. Franklin Square, Boston, Mass.

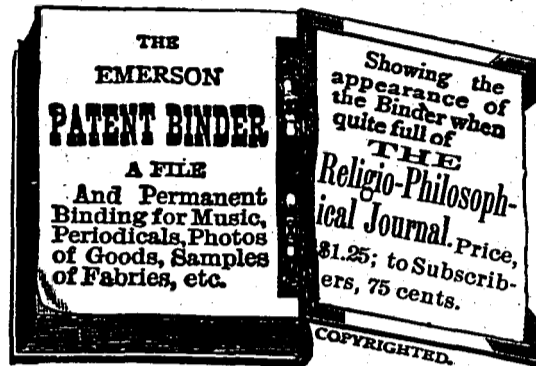
Poems of the Life Beyond and Within.

Voices from many lands and countries saying, "Man thou shalt never die." EDITED AND COMPILED BY G. B. STEBBINS. "It begins with old Hindoo poems and will be of interest, not only to Spiritualists, but to all who love the quickening of the best poetry."—SYRACUSE STANDARD. "Clear type and tinted paper make fit setting for its rich contents."—ROCHESTER UNION. "The world will thank Mr. Stebbins for his work long after he is gone."—JAMES G. CLARK, SINGER AND POET. Price, \$1.50, mailed free of postage. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY Chicago.

\$500,000 WORTH of PIANOS and ORGANS at great bargains. Catalogue free. DAN'L F. BEATTY, Washington, N.J.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.



MEDIUMSHIP.

CHAPTER OF EXPERIENCES.

BY MRS. MARIA M. KING.

This Pamphlet of 50 pages is a condensed statement of the laws of Mediumship illustrated by the Author's own experiences. It explains the Religious experiences of the Christian in consonance with Spiritual laws and the Spiritual Philosophy. It is valuable to all, and especially to the Christian who would know the true philosophy of a "change of heart." It ought to be largely circulated as a tract by Spiritualists. Price, \$6 per hundred; \$3.50 for 50; \$1 for 13, and 10 cents per single copy. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

An Admirable Story. BARS AND THRESHOLDS.

By MRS. EMMA MINER.

This story is full of interest and spiritual philosophy. Its author is a fine inspirational writer and medium. When published as a newspaper serial it created much interest and the demand has been such as to warrant putting it in book form. Every Spiritualist and every liberal thinker will enjoy the story. Paper covers. 240 pp. Price 50 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

FITCHBURG RAILROAD

SUPERB EQUIPMENT, EXCELLENT TRAIN SERVICE, FAST TIME, and COURTEOUS EMPLOYEES MAKE THE

HOOSAG TUNNEL ROUTE

THE FAVORITE LINE from Boston to Troy, Albany, Saratoga, Lake George, Adirondack and Catskill Mountains, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Hamilton, Toronto, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and all points West, Southwest, and Northwest.

FAST EXPRESS TRAINS

With elegant PALACE PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS to and from

BOSTON and CHICAGO,

AND BOSTON and ST. LOUIS,

VIA NIAGARA FALLS,

without change.

THE POPULAR ROUTE for all points in Northern New York, Vermont, and Canada.

THE ONLY LINE running through cars, without change, from Boston to Rutland, Brandon, Middlebury, Vergennes, and Burlington, Vt. THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE from Boston to St. Albans, St. Johns, Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec.

ELEGANT PALACE PARLOR & SLEEPING CARS to and from

BOSTON and MONTREAL,

without change.

For Time-Tables, Parlor and Sleeping Car accommodations, or further information, apply to any Agent of the Fitchburg Railroad and at 250 Washington Street, or Fitchburg Railroad Passenger Station, Boston.

J. R. WATSON, General Pass. Agent.



Six Years in Torment.

Rev. W. Stutz, Red Wing, Minn.—Speaks a good word for Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, when he says that he recommended the Medicine during a period of five years, to many sufferers from nervous disease with the best results. He informs us, that a woman, a member of his congregation had been cured of Epilepsy of Six Years Standing by the use of Koenig's Nerve Tonic.

Could not get along without it.

PLATTEVILLE, WIS., May, 1888.

The bottle of Koenig's Nerve Tonic has been received and almost used up, and that with a decided good result. My wife could not get along without the medicine. The impression is especially in cheering her, removing gloominess of mind and giving her a better appetite and color in the face.

LUCAS ABELS, Presbyterian Clergyman.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us. This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MEDICINE CO.,

50 West ... cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price per Bottle, 6 Bottles for \$5.

Herbert Spencer's SYNTHETIC PHILOSOPHY.

By B. F. UNDERWOOD.

An essay read before the Brooklyn Ethical Association, with report of a discussion of the essay. A pamphlet of 121 pages.

"A very able and satisfactory exposition of the synthetic philosophy."—DR. R. G. ECCLES.

"One of the most candid and able expositions of philosophic truth to which this association has ever listened."—JOHN A. TAYLOR.

Price, 10 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

ETHICAL RELIGION.

BY WILLIAM M. SALTER,

RESIDENT LECTURER OF THE CHICAGO SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE.

CONTENTS.

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

OPINIONS.

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

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

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

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

Cloth, 332 pages. Price, \$1.50.

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