

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, JUNE 24, 1893.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 4, NO. 5.

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

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE decision of the three judges of the Appellate court, the Chief Justice of the United States presiding, which was rendered last Saturday, makes a practical finality of the Sunday opening question.

"KURJER WARSZAWSKI" (Warsaw Courier) has published the official report of the séances at Milan with Eusapia Paladino and also the special report by Richey, and a letter from the renowned Polish painter Henryk Siemiradzki in Rome giving an account of a séance in his own house with her.

AN Eastern journal criticises the demand for "an old-fashioned Fourth of July," says the Chicago Inter Ocean. But the fact is, that it is expressive. People who were born twenty-five years ago need educating in patriotism. They do not enter into the spirit of the perilous times of war, or half appreciate the inheritance it bequeathed them. It will not hurt to get away for a day from the spirit of money-making, and get a little of the spirit of the patriotism of a past time.

In Colorado there is a river now popularly called the Picket-Wire, says the Catholic Review. It came by its singular appellation in this wise: Years ago some Mexicans started up the river prospecting for gold. They never returned to their homes and their friends called the stream—"El Rio de los Animos Perdidos"—the River of the Lost Souls. Later some Frenchmen came along and not knowing the particular persons after whom the river had been named, generalized its title into "La Riviere du Purgatoire"—the River of Purgatory. The American cowboy then came into view and made an easy change of Purgatoire to Picket-Wire. And Picket-Wire it is!

MIDWAY PLAISANCE was represented at the Fair in full force last Saturday. Barbarians, savages, half-civilized peoples and strange animals from the Plaisance paraded through the Exposition grounds. A thousand men, women and children, to say nothing of elephants, camels, donkeys, lions, tigers and the tout ensemble of a circus, marched to the sound of the beating of drums, the braying of trumpets and the playing of tunes on the native instruments of half the savage races of the earth. The parade was an international one. Half naked savages from the South Sea Islands marched side by side with fur-clad men and women from Lapland. Chinese actors, their robes riotous with Oriental color, walked just ahead of soldiers of the Papal guard of Rome. Black-scarred Dahomey Amazons whirled their war clubs and the painted hours of the Congress of Beauty smiled upon the crowd. Sledge dogs from Arctic floes of ice snarled at the heels of camels from Arabian deserts. Arks and altars from Egyptian temples were carried in line with the heathen fetiches of the South Sea Islanders. Iceland walked with India. The pretty French-Algerian girls who dance every night were in the procession and four tall, brawny men in the striking red, yellow, and black uniform of

the Papal guard carried the banner announcing that the model of St. Peter's at Rome was a part of the great conglomerata on Midway. The Turks made an imposing body with Sedan chair carriers and a fire brigade, a Bedouin family mounted on camels, and all the dark-skinned women from the theatre. Horsemen of the desert showed their wonderful skill. A hundred thousand viewed the procession. Columns would be required to describe the procession or to give an idea of the variety of people and costumes or the babel of tongues. Surely the nations of the earth so long separated by distinctions of race and religions are coming together.

SAYS the Catholic Review: The Sun, which occasionally delights in little touches of learned criticism, pointed out the other day an apparent inconsistency between the title and the name of the Spanish princess who has proved to be a charming and in every way a pleasing guest of the United States. Infanta, like our English word "infant" comes of course from a Latin word that originally meant "speechless," though that meaning does not attach to the Spanish word, any more than it does always in English, for in law we are all "infants" until twenty-one. Eulalia, from the Greek, as the Sun reminds its readers, means "well-spoken" having the command of happy expression. But to quit this etymological joking of the Sun and come to the serious fact, it must be owned that the Infanta Eulalia has shown a most unusual amount of common-sense for a woman placed in her circumstances.

THERE is a law on the statute books of Michigan, which provides that anyone convicted of drunkenness may choose between a term of imprisonment and submission to a course of treatment at some Keeley institute. The county shall spend at least seventy dollars trying to cure the prisoner of his desire for strong drink, in case he elects to be "cured." This law may seem ridiculous at first glance, but it has a principle back of it that is worth serious attention. According to this principle, drunkenness is a disease that can be eradicated. The prisoner is the diseased ward of the State, and should be made well if possible. The questionable feature of this law, says an exchange, is not that it attempts to cure drunkards, but that it selects a certain method of treatment as the most desirable, that method still being controlled by a company of private money-getters, the scientific soundness of whose system is open to dispute.

WHEN la grippe became epidemic in this country three years ago there were many medical men and others who wrote learnedly about the disease as one that had never before been known in this country. They traced it to Russia and went to Russian and French authorities for remedies, where they did not make entirely new discoveries for themselves. But here, as an exchange remarks, again was illustrated the force of Napoleon's observation that "nothing is new but what has been forgotten." In an old copy of the Salem (Mass.) Observer printed June 24, 1843, or just fifty years ago, is to be found this paragraph: "The influenza or la grippe is getting to be very prevalent in Philadelphia. Thousands are down with

it. A correspondent of the Spirit of the Times writing from New York, and speaking of the influenza, says, 'We are laboring under its infliction in capital style. New York is now a city of sneezers; and coughers and noseblowers cry aloud in the streets, and no one heedeth them. Upwards of considerable, if not more of the actors in every theatre, are down with the epidemic; and a change of performances, from sudden indisposition, is of nightly and looked-for occurrence. Several of our clergy on Sunday 'giv' in' from inability to conquer the givings of their congregated coughs.'" The same paper records that the United States court had to adjourn because of the disease, that the sailors were unable to man the ships in the harbor, and that the newspaper offices were almost depopulated.

A METHODIST bishop says that the Methodists of this country will withdraw their exhibit and boycott the World's Fair because they cannot be a party to violating the Sabbath which God has commanded men to keep. To the bishop and his followers we commend the following extract from:..

F. Underwood in a discussion some months ago with President Blanchard, of Wheaton College, who represented the American Sabbath Union: Supposing even that what the American Sabbath Union appeals to certain decisions and utterances to prove, namely, that this a Christian nation and a Christian government, be true, still, taking the New Testament and primitive practice as authority, there is no warrant on religious grounds for prohibiting an open Fair on Sunday. 1. There is no command and no authority, not a line, not a word, in the New Testament for Sunday observance. 2. There is nothing to indicate that there was any Sunday institution known to the writers of the New Testament. 3. There is not a sentence or word which so much as hints that Christ changed the Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday. 4. There is nothing to show that Christ observed Sunday as the Sabbath. He did not seem to care anything about Sabbath observance, which was true likewise of Paul. 5. There is no proof, none whatever that the apostles kept Sunday as the Sabbath, nor did they say that other people should keep it. 6. Sunday is nowhere referred to in the Bible as a holy day. The word Sunday cannot be found in the Bible. When rebuked for working on the Sabbath, Jesus said, "My father worketh hitherto (down to this time always), and I work," thereby taking away the basis of the Jewish Sabbath as a religious ordinance founded upon God's resting from the work of creation; for doing which the Sabbath worshipers sought to kill him. To the Romans Paul wrote, "One man esteemeth one day above another; another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." In his epistle to the Colossians Paul used unequivocal language. "Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of a holy day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath day." When the young man went to Jesus and asked him what he should do to be saved, Jesus said, "Thou knowest the commandments. Do not kill. Do not steal. Do not commit adultery. Do not bear false witness. Defraud not. Honor thy father and mother." Mark, 10:19. He does not say, "Break not the Sabbath."

MORAL DECADENCE.

John C. Wallis, an attorney of this city, having read an article by "Old Timer" in the Daily News, writes to him in the following style:

"What chiefly strikes me in your criticism is that element, so rarely found these days, of the high conception of ideal life and noble manhood in this mercantile age. It is really not worth one's while to live any more, swept along in the current of licentiousness and immorality which now obtains. There is no longer to be found that high sense of honor and purity which once could be seen in some lives in every community, and which served as an example for the young at least to emulate. Life has been lowered to the love of animal enjoyment and all high ideals sacrificed to the dominant idea of getting all the pleasure one can without regard to the consequences to others or one's self. To be a good man, now-a-days is to be a dreamer without influence or a fool, in the opinion of the world; what is of the most importance, it seems, is to accumulate property. If this be only accomplished, it matters not by what means of rascality or suffering to others, man is a success and his name is in the mouths of his fellows. And the press stands ready at all times to exploit such heroism. Its columns are always open to tell how much money some fellow has made out of his fellow-creatures and how many jewels are worn by his wife. At your breakfast every morning you can open your newspaper and regale yourself with the doings of the rich and note how the poor die by the wayside, or by suicide, or go to prison, because they are not rich but strove to be and failed."

This is a strong arraignment of the spirit and methods of the present day. It is certainly so far as it relates to a large number of men and women not too severe, but perhaps it is rather more pessimistic than the facts will warrant. Human nature is about the same one generation that it was in the previous generation. We do not change suddenly, although at one time there may be manifestations of the lower nature which at other times are restrained or which display themselves in other ways, under other forms. Probably men and women are as good now as they were a quarter or half a century ago. A great deal of the goodness and worth does not appear on the surface and is not as readily seen in public as are some of the less admirable traits. Greed is aggressive, vanity flaunts itself in the face of everybody, and vice is often shameless, and thus the bad part of human nature obtrudes itself upon the public when the innumerable virtues that make life worth living are practiced in private and make no show whatever. A robbery of a bank is proclaimed throughout the land, but of the honesty of a thousand bankers, whose names do not come before the public associated with dishonesty, nothing is said. A man or woman whose name is brought into the divorce courts is a subject of common talk but of the thousands of men and women, husbands and wives, who live quiet, happy, harmonious lives, nothing is said. A murderer's career becomes a matter of general knowledge but of the millions who never committed a murder the world at large know nothing; and so though the papers are full of accounts of crime and vice and fraud, sensational reports of which are dished up for the ignorant and prurient, yet in spite of this, there is a large proportion of the population in every community, which is intelligent, self-respecting, honorable and to whom the remarks of Mr. Wallis have no proper application. Still it must be admitted that there is too much of the dark side of life as described in the above paragraph and the question is how the tendency to greed and selfishness and sensualism can be overcome. This work of reform is not one that can be accomplished in a day. It must be performed quietly by educational methods and by such means as will improve the environment and lessen the temptations to evil doing.

A great city like Chicago is a storm-center, in which every activity for good or evil, is intensified and in such a medium, we must look for much which is extreme and abnormal, but the country at large,

judged by fair and reasonable standards, is probably morally not far different from what it was a half-century ago; indeed, in some respects, we know that it has greatly improved, as much room as there undoubtedly is for improvement in the future.

IMMORTALITY.

Among the Unitarian ministers of to-day there is none whose writings are more attractive by reason of their high thought and pure poetic language than Mr. John W. Chadwick. His variety and versatility are not more remarkable than the charm of his manner, which makes the most prosaic subject sometimes as interesting as romance. In the realm of philosophy, he has the faculty of investing abstract thought with a unique setting, giving to it a form which brings it within the reach of the concrete mind.

We have just been looking through one of Mr. Chadwick's recent sermons on "Immortality" and have noted the manner in which he derives inferences in its favor from natural objects and the ordinary operations of nature. He says in substance that if all the voices of science were against the doctrine, we should still go on nursing the hope which is unconquerable, but he is satisfied that the voices of science are not against it. The fact that the molecular action of the brain does not admit of translation into the terms of consciousness makes it impossible to prove that "house and tenant go to the ground," that with the destruction of the bodily organization occurs the extinction of the soul. This is really a valuable point. One kind of physical motion can be converted into another, as for instance heat can be converted into light, light into electricity, electricity into magnetism, etc., but it is contrary to the very doctrine of the conservation and correlation of forces that heat or light or electricity or magnetism can be converted into thought. All these physical forces are objective, thought is subjective and has nothing in common with matter. Mr. Chadwick, therefore, is logical in citing this fact against the materialistic dogma that this life is "the be-all and end-all." "Shall we," asks Mr. Chadwick, "follow the fortunes of the body with the eye of our imagination, hoping to find in what became of that, in certain cases, certain growths of vegetable and animal life, a sufficient conservation of the energy that could produce the mirth of Falstaff, the tenderness of Cordelia, the fascinating loveliness of Juliet, the graver charms of Portia and much suffering Desdemona, the doubt of Hamlet and the awful tragedy of Lear? To think of such a thing is to confute it utterly. But if the conservation of energy be indeed a law, if it runs all the way through the world of matter and of spirit, then somehow and somewhere the souls not only of the mighty ones of intellect and imagination, but of humbler folk whose names are soon forgotten upon earth, are enabled to resume their conscious, individual life. I could as soon believe that all the energy in Shakespeare or in Washington was conserved in the few pounds of minerals and gases called their remains, as to believe that all the energy in any father or mother, whose heart has beat with pure affection, whose intelligence and will have been devoted to all loving household ministries, is conserved in that we fondly lay away where grass may grow above it and over it the birds may sing."

Mr. Chadwick finds that just as in the development of animal structures, there goes along with the development of special parts the development of others adapting them to changed conditions; so in the spiritual world, there goes along with the development of all that is best in intelligence and grandest and sweetest in moral life, the development of the hope of immortal life, and thus he makes the doctrine of correlated growth, which plays such a conspicuous part in the system of organic evolution, give encouragement to the hope of personal continuance. He asks whether the hope which is developed with intellectual and moral advance is not a valid hope and a portent of a reality which we can trace with calm assurance; if not then we have in our moral nature and increasing there with every higher and nobler thought, a radical contradiction. He does not believe

that there is any contradiction at the inmost heart of things, such as is implied in the assumption that all our higher thoughts and nobler purposes and acts tend to immerse us deeper in an illusion. "Are there not," he asks, "a thousand and ten thousand voices of science blending to assert the unity, the solidarity of universal life? Can there be contradiction and confusion only here where life reaches its highest level, or must there be some pre-established harmony between our hope and some sublime reality?"

The point is well made. Nature is not divided radically against herself. The same power immanent in the forces of the cosmos, which have organized in us the capacity for thought and love, have also organized in us the capacity to hope for endless life and it is not possible that this has been done simply to disappoint us and to end the highest flower of evolution in a mere dust heap.

Mr. Chadwick believes that the travail of the ages has brought to birth a universe of souls whose continuous and exalted life will justify the long gestation of the world. It is only by our own faculties that we can judge and judge by them, as Leconte has said: "Without spirit immortality, the cosmos has no meaning. . . . Without spirit immortality this beautiful cosmos, which has been developing into increasing beauty for so many millions of years, when its evolution has run its course and is over, would be precisely as if it had never been—an idle dream, a tale told by an idiot, signifying—nothing."

The moral law, in the presence of which we stand, fully suggests and sustains, Mr. Chadwick argues, the desire and consciousness of immortality. Whatever there is in man, pure and good and tender, which makes him love family and friends, which invests life with sacredness, pleads for immortality, not for reward, not for rest, not for more happiness, but for an opportunity to live a life in proportion to the normal status of the soul. Without a future life, the present one would lose its value. It would still be the duty of all and the pleasure of many to do the right and seek the true and love the beautiful, but only with this belief is the path bright with sunshine and life itself a happy and triumphant song:

"There are," says Mr. Chadwick, "those among us who find themselves unable to attain unto the glorious assurance of an immortal life, as there are others who for one reason or another, or without conscious reasoning, have no more doubt of it than of their existence here and now. Let those who are the most confident hold their high faith with reverent tenderness, taking to themselves no credit for the good which their worth has not bought. Let those who are least confident, or assured adversely, hold fast to their sincerity, witnessing a good confession of their doubt, as others of their faith. If they are to meet at any time with that great Presence which has gladdened many hearts, it will not be by turning wilfully aside from their accustomed way. There may await them some divine surprise. There may yet be for them some gracious intimation.

"Haply the River of Time, . . .
As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast:
As the pale waste widens around him,—
As the banks fade dimmer away,—
As the stars come out, and the night wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the Infinite Sea."

A VISION THAT SAVED AN ENGINEER'S LIFE.

Mr. C. W. Moses, of Garrett, Ind., who is the son of a Methodist minister and is himself a member of the Methodist church and not a Spiritualist, relates a very remarkable incident which has been published in a number of the daily papers. The incident is substantially as follows:

"It was in 1885," said Mr. Moses, "and I was running from Garrett, Ind., to Chicago on the night run and pulling the 'limited.' I left Garrett at 1 a. m. for Chicago on the night in question. We left Garrett in good condition, but a few minutes later, and I endeavored to 'make up' lost time on what is known

as 'Suman's grade,' which is some twenty miles long and terminated at Salt creek. The last three miles is perfectly straight to the Salt creek bridge. When my train reached this straight track I noticed a white pillar or cloud occupying the place of the bridge and reaching quite high. I took it to be fog, but neither above nor below the bridge was the same visible. I asked my fireman if he saw it and he said 'Yes,' but thought it was fog. About this time I felt as if some one were in the seat behind me, but on turning around no one was visible. I then felt a hand upon my right shoulder and then heard my mother say: 'Charlie, that bridge is burned.' I felt the fingers very plainly upon my shoulder. I knew my mother's voice—can any one forget the voice of a mother? At once I applied the air, or at least as soon as I recovered my astonishment. The train came to a standstill about twenty feet from the east approach of the bridge. I told my fireman that I would take my torch and walk across the bridge and that he should not move the train until I signaled. I walked about fifteen feet when I came to the end of the bridge—found that thirty-seven feet had burned and dropped into the water and put the fire out. What I saw made me so weak that I did not have any strength to move and sat down on the end of the remnant of the bridge. The conductor soon came to where I was and I related to him what I have now told you."

Mr. Moses in reply to a letter written to Mr. T. H. Moorehouse, Marengo, Ohio, says that the story given above is true. He says that he cannot understand nor explain the facts and does not attempt to, but adds: "I trust that in the future, when I can see as I am seen and know as I am known, that these things will be no mystery to me. Other and similar things have occurred to me in past life. I am now completing my thirty-seventh year as a locomotive engineer, am yet in active service and have never killed or crippled one human being and hope by the blessing and help of the God I love that I may never have the blood of a fellow-mortal upon my hands. As I am about to go out upon my run, I will close. I run a mail train east from Garrett to Chicago Junction, Haron county, Ohio."

This letter is dated Garrett, Ind., May 22, 1893. How do those who recognize nothing supernormal in life account for this experience of an engineer and for similar experiences of which there are well attested reports?

CRIME.

One of the most important questions brought before the International Congress of Charities, Corrections and Philanthropy at the Art Institute, this city, June 13th, was the philosophy of crime. The discussion was opened with a paper by Mr. C. H. Reeve, of Plymouth, Ind. Mr. Reeve has given many years of careful study to the criminal classes and he has very decided convictions as to the best method of dealing with criminals. He claims that every criminal impulse is evidence of an abnormal condition. The criminal is, he said, a menace to order and public safety. He should be put in a place where he will cease to be dangerous. Thus far neither moral nor statute laws nor education has availed to restrain the criminal. Crime increases in greater ratio than the increase of population. It costs nearly three times more each year to conduct criminal procedure than it does to conduct the national government, the total being nearly a half billion of dollars. Mr. Reeve would have the offenders imprisoned and he would not only prevent the possibility of the commission of crime but the possibility of abnormal posterity through them. He would thus purify the social and political atmosphere. He takes a philosophical and psychological view of the subject and favors the most radical measures for the prevention and as far as possible, the extirpation of crime. Now he says the law encourages and sanctions the breeding of criminal organisms by licensing the marriage of the vile and degraded and of others wholly unfit for the relation, including felons in the jails and demented paupers in the poor-houses. Judicial officers and consecrated ministers of the church perform ceremonies legalizing

unhallowed unions. Thus the State and the church as well as their agents are one and all guilty of crimes against society a thousand times greater than are those of any criminal which they unite in marriage. By statutory enactment all such marriages should be forbidden and the offenders put under such restraint, in charge of guardians, as would tend to produce healthy mental conditions and at the same time to limit criminal acts.

THE PSYCHICAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.

THE JOURNAL is able to announce that it will soon give its readers an account of the progress made by the Committee on the Psychical Science Congress, which is preparing the programme for the sessions that commence August 21st, 1893. There is every prospect of a large attendance of thoughtful men and women to hear the subject of psychic science discussed in all its bearings by many of the ablest and most distinguished psychical researchers of the world. The list of those already slated for the occasion is a long and strong one which will certainly occupy all the time that can reasonably be devoted to this Congress.

The "Notes" on this Congress which THE JOURNAL has hitherto published from week to week and which are continued in this number, have invariably been prepared from official information and have proven correct in every particular. From the very beginning of this important movement, THE JOURNAL has been the recognized organ of the Psychical Science Congress. At a meeting of the Committee held last October, THE JOURNAL was formally made the semi-official medium of publication of the proceedings of the executive committees and of other information in regard to the Psychical Science Congress. Articles which appear in the "Notes" published in THE JOURNAL may therefore be regarded as authoritative, published with the official sanction of the World's Fair Congress Auxiliary and by the direction of the Executive Committee.

PSYCHICAL SCIENCE CONGRESS NOTES.

The following letter from Miss Willard to the chairman of the Psychical Science Committee will be read with great interest and satisfaction:

ALBANY BUILDINGS,
17 VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER,
LONDON, S. W., May 27, 1893.

KIND FRIEND: It is the intention of Lady Somerset and myself separately and collectively to send you a paper for the Congress in case we are not able to be there, although we still hope to attend. It seems to me that you are doing admirably with the preparations, and we may expect a great rally. With kindest remembrances from Lady Henry and me to your wife, believe me,

Ever sincerely yours,
FRANCES E. WILLARD.

The Hon. Roden Noel of England, the English writer on philosophical topics, expresses himself toward the Congress as follows:

ST. AUBYNS, WEST BRIGHTON,
February 26, 1893.

DEAR SIR: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 8th inst., informing me that I have been appointed a member of the Advisory Council of the World's Congress Auxiliary of the World's Columbian Exposition of Psychical Science, and I am very sensible of the honor done me in such a selection.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

RODEN NOEL.

An eminent French scientist accepts membership in terms of which the following is a translation:

NIMES, 26 Fevrier, 1893.

SIR: I have the honor to advise you of the reception of the letter in which you inform me that I have been appointed a member of the Advisory Council of the World's Congress Auxiliary of the World's Columbian Exposition. I beg you to present to the World's Congress Auxiliary my thanks for this dis-

inction, of which I am very sensible. Kindly accept, sir, the assurance of my high consideration.

F. PAULHAN.

The Committee has received the following letter from a leading South American Association, Sociedad Espiritista Constanca, and will with pleasure welcome Professor Alexander as a delegate to the Congress:

BUENOS AYRES, 21 April, 1893.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONGRESS OF PSYCHICAL SCIENCE—DEAR SIR: I have the honor to inform you that the Society "Constancia" has nominated Mr. A. Alexander as its representative at the Congress of Psychical Science that is going to be celebrated this summer at the coming World's Fair.

I am, sir, very truly yours,

F. DURAND,
Secretario.

COSME MARINO,
Presidente.

Under date of May 2nd Professor Moses Farmer, whose death has since occurred, wrote the Secretary of the World's Congress Auxiliary as follows:

It gives me great pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter notifying me of my appointment as a member of the Advisory Council of the World's Psychical Science Congress. I shall be most happy to aid the Auxiliary in any way in my power. I feel that psychical science deserves the careful consideration of all interested in and competent to pursue its investigations. It promises to add much to our knowledge and to bring into use powers hitherto unrecognized except in isolated instances, some of which have come under my own personal observation. With best wishes for your success in explaining the subject, I am

MOSES G. FARMER.

Among the additional letters received are the following:

107, MARLBOROUGH STREET,
LONDON, March 29, 1893.

DEAR SIR: I have received yours of February 8th, informing me that I have been appointed a member of the Advisory Council of the World's Congress Auxiliary of the World's Columbian Exposition on Psychical Science. This especial honor I accept with pleasure, and will endeavor to advance the work of the Congress as far as my influence and cooperation extend. Thanking you for the high honor thus conferred, I remain

Very truly yours,

WM. WATSON.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1893.

DEAR SIR: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your notification of my appointment as a member of the Advisory Council of the World's Congress Auxiliary of the World's Columbian Exposition on Psychical Science, and communicate to you my acceptance of the same with a hearty appreciation of the honor conferred upon me.

Yours very truly,

JOHN A. TAYLOR.

Mr. H. C. MERWIN in the June Atlantic relates the following: "In the heart of a crowded city, in the hot month of August, I once met a woman whom I had known some ten years before as a resident at one of the most beautiful spots in what is perhaps the most beautiful county of New England. She told me that she now lived, all the year round, in a big boarding-house on ——— Square. 'Fourteen lines of horse-cars,' she continued, not without pride, 'pass the door, and there are two large hotels nearly opposite.' 'Good God, madam, I could not help exclaiming in pity, 'how you must pine for the country!' 'Pine for it?' she answered in astonishment. 'Why, the folks wanted me to come up and visit them this summer, but I couldn't bear to leave the city. And I forgot to tell you,' she added, with the air of one who caps the climax, 'there's a brass band that practices twice a week in the building next door.' When I heard all this, I still pitied the woman, but for a different reason. Her case, I take it, was a typical one." This woman Mr. Merwin says was a victim of the prevailing excessive gregariousness.

"BE KIND TO THE LITTLE ONES."

By BELLE BUSH.

I am going to sermonize a little, and this is my text: "Be Kind to the Little Ones." You may think this a short and simple one—and so it is; and I wonder how many of you have ever heard of it before, or hearing, have striven to heed it. It does not mean simply giving your children enough to eat, drink and wear, providing a home to shelter them and a comfortable bed on which they may rest their weary limbs. There is vastly more implied in it than that. I do not know how it speaks to you, but to me it says, "Be kind to the little ones." Speak gently to them and deal gently with them. Let the conditions of color, caste and position make no difference in your manner of treating them, rich or poor, black or white, good looking or plain, well formed or misshapen, quick witted or dull, loving the right or preferring the wrong, let not one of these circumstances influence your general treatment for them, except to make you more compassionate and tender to the unfortunate. If we are taught to reverence age with all its infirmities, how much more should we reverence childhood, with all its innocence and trusting love, and how careful we should be not to sully its purity, or crush its budding affections! Children have tender hearts and minds which quickly receive lasting impression made upon them whether of word, look, or deed. Their little natures crave your attention, your sympathy, your love. Oh! give it to them freely and be very patient with them and if you find it difficult sometimes to be so, think how patient God is with you, with all your weakness, ignorance and wrong doing; how he smiles on you with his sunlight and blesses you with his protecting care; think of this and let it teach you to be patient with the little ones of his flock who are purer than you, if not so worldly wise and like whom you must become ere you gain

"That wisdom which passeth not away."

Be guarded then in your treatment of little children, don't fret at them when they are restless, or as you say "fidgety," for their little limbs need exercise and cannot be kept folded up according to the rules of propriety. Let them be free to run, romp and play. Don't snap and snarl at them when they sit awkwardly, or ridicule them for an innocent blunder. Don't look as sour as a crab-apple whenever they ask you to do them a favor. Don't call them little "pests" or the "plague of your life." Don't tell them you wish they were dead and that you don't see what they were made for unless it was to bother you. Never deny them a pleasure you have it in your power to grant, merely to gratify a foolish fondness for teasing them, or if you do, don't scold them when, for lack of better employment, they go sticking pins into the harmless flies, but remember that they are only following your example; and are teasing the flies because you teased them. Children are ready imitators and when we see them doing wrong, we may justly conclude there was some other wrong, not of their doing, which led to it. How careful we should be then of these little ones; how watchful of their interests and happiness. Let them hear no harsh words; let them receive no cruel blows. Never burden them with cares beyond their years; never cloud their young minds with dim forebodings of sorrow, want and suffering by rehearsing in their presence your life trials and conflicts. Let them live in the light of your smiles and not in the shadow of your troubles. Childhood is the beginning of the great poem of life and its strains should be set only to the rhythm of joy and gladness. How sad it is when that is broken off too soon and taken up by the answering rhythm of sadness which must grow deeper and stronger, till faith, getting the victory over sorrow, pain and death closes the life poem with a fare-

well to earth and begins its triumphant prelude to the epic chanted by the freed spirit as it wonders home.

Then be kind to the little ones and shield them if you can from all the blighting influences of life. When they come to you with their hearts running over with the warm, fresh love of childhood, asking for a kiss, do not repulse them with a frown or a look of coldness. What if they do muss your collar or make creases in your new silk dress? Have they not a royal right to these tokens of affection and a right to express them in their own way? And is it not far better that a collar should be rumpled or a dress disarranged than to awaken discord and sorrow in the heart of a child?

THE DIFFICULTIES WE ENCOUNTER.

By M. C. SENECEY.

AS THE JOURNAL has signified its acceptance of my proposition to furnish other papers of a spiritual origin by publishing "All Life is One," etc., I herewith enclose another communication of a diverse trend. Like many from the same source the ethical element is brought out. Being addressed to the members of the circle it deals in some personal allusions—indicative of much that is disappointing in the present spiritual movement. It is hopeful however in the belief that we are soon to enter upon a higher plane of spiritual life; at least with a few—the prophecy of the ultimate many. I desire this introduction to answer for this and the one to follow which will be headed, "Educated Sense vs. Common Sense." The latter paper will contain much suggestive thought of a practical as well as of a philosophical nature. I think I shall be able to demonstrate as we go along on this new line that spirits, when they have a chance, can give something that is of interest to mankind and make suggestions for our betterment not wholly confined to sense or even to nonsense. The intelligent reader will see however and judge for himself.

The virtue of gaining any condition of life, is, to a great extent, measured by the difficulties encountered and overcome, that the result may be reached.

Of all things apathy is the most dangerous. Ease is sought for—an absence from all disappointments; an utter lack of solicitude in life, is—we know not what. A contented feeling ever breeds apathy. Zest, courage and the desire to do—through opposing elements and difficulties—produce and establish the highest health of the higher life.

It should ever be our effort to learn the truth—adhere to it, practice it and teach it.

Mortification, disappointment and difficulties constitute the birthright of every individual; but if courageous, will at last come out triumphant with difficulties banished, and our souls the brighter for having encountered disappointment.

Hasty conclusions are ever fraught with danger, for, as we have often said, in growth, progress and development lies the most glorious hope in the continued permanency of individual consciousness.

The conditions which sudden change in our surroundings bring about, naturally lead to other changes and universal unevenness in the life-path of all our mortal kind.

To be easily convinced, is to be easily averted. In the language of the apostle we commend you be steadfast, be earnest and determined. Be at all times on the lookout for your real duty to self and your fellow beings.

If you are able to arrive at an honest conviction, there is nothing left for you but to follow it. If you fail, then you trample upon yourself and every one who comes under your influence.

Ask yourself the question: "Have I always followed my true convictions of duty?" Is there one on the mortal plane, who can say truly, "If I only knew my own duty in life I would cheerfully perform it." Many there are who do clearly know the true way they should go, and yet turn deliberately at the call of supposed duty and duty's interests against the known, eternal right.

Oh! there are few who live from month to month, but for the worldly gain they may hope to real-

ize in the future coming days. Yes, how few live for eternity exclusively, regardless of earth and all its alluring influences? When denied the influences and blessings of the higher life, how discouraging to look out upon the dry and futile prospects this life offers. Then what have we to do after all, but to work and be hopeful!

You must not think life's problem a simple one; for it is not so in any one individual experience. The obligations and duties of life, in their simplest phase, are very complex and hard to comprehend.

Questions are more easily asked than answered; for no subject can be considered by itself alone. For instance, take the subject of zeal and consider how far an average human being in his normal condition, can comprehend the degree of interest he should have in the future, disregarding present surroundings with reference thereto. It is a nice question for any man to work out for himself and his fellow beings the higher and more unselfish feelings he may have for others.

It is impossible in this mortal state, to adjust a perfect equilibrium in consequence of imperfections, but you shall all be the better therefor.

If these principles are well understood, you will grow and expand, although the process will not be known; but the truths you learn will eventually harmonize themselves, though you may not be able to analyze the details.

The fears and despondencies of thirty years ago distressed me much, but now they do not employ my thoughts a moment; all despondencies are prophecies! Present annoyances are only finger-boards pointing the way to more perfect conditions of life. Thank heaven! We have tided over these years of disappointments and vanished hopes, but we still look forward to triumphant success in the near future!

If I can, it is my desire to answer a mental question we have often seen flashing through your mind with regard to manifestations called "tests." We would suggest to you that such manifestations may be well enough in themselves; but remember, the truth is not found in names and addresses to the senses of the ignorant. As I told you twenty-seven years ago, spiritual truth can never be demonstrated by ocular manifestations. The only results of such demonstrations are to please the prejudices and to tickle the vanities of human ignorance! We told you then and tell you now that there is a higher plane; and we impress upon you the necessity of looking steadfastly thereto for all your spiritual light and hope.

We believe that the truth you have found every day since along your path of observation, is the inherent proof of the higher, broader truth. Hence you are able while yet a mortal being, to give evidence to the truth of our utterance, that manifestations, especially to convince the skeptical, must not contain elements of deception. The highest spiritual truth has no adjuncts and ocular proof is impossible.

We tell you the proof of the continuous existence of the finite spirit stands by itself, and commends and enforces itself by its own inherency. We would say further, do not look for a general appreciation of the truths we are endeavoring to give you. But this is nothing!

Facts to a biographer are always best known during the life of the subject, although through prejudice they are never spoken of, but fifty or one hundred after, when the facts are dimmed by time, the truth is more clear from the death of prejudice.

We are not so anxious to establish Spiritualism as it is generally supposed; for what does it matter what your belief is, so you live a progressive life and do right and act truly by yourself and others.

We most seriously affirm that the only true and divine guiding star in the mortal horizon is truth, right, justice and love to all mankind. We affirm further, that to this source and to this alone, you must look for the realization of every honest hope! It matters not what you believe with reference to a definite kind of future state when you consider the stupendous fact that the future is fixed and immovable, regardless of your belief or disbelief.

THE GREATEST COMMANDMENT.

By HON. JOEL TIFFANY.

The principle of self-love in the individual includes the love of self-advantage, self-enjoyment, self-gain and self-gratification. This love in man arises naturally as a spontaneity, as an ever-present impulse, it creates the will, which begets the action. It does not inquire after the use of serving self, before determining that self shall be served. This spirit of carnality spontaneously seeks, self-gain, advantage, pleasure, enjoyment, happiness; and it esteems every thing as valuable, awarding to the use it can make of it in such service.

Can this spontaneity of self-love continue as an abiding presence in the individual and can he, at the same time, acquire a like spontaneity of love for his neighbor? While such selfish spontaneity of love of self continues, can the individual as spontaneously love his neighbor and seek his welfare as he loves and seeks his own? We find an apt illustration of this in the conduct of the young man, who came to Jesus inquiring, "Good Master, what must I do to inherit eternal life?" Jesus replied, "Keep the commandments." The young man inquired, "Which?" Jesus cited several, and among them, this one: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy might and strength; and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy self." Said the young man, "All these have I kept from my youth up; what lack I yet?" Jesus then put his equal love of neighbor to a test. Said he, "Young man, you lack one thing. Go and sell all you possess and distribute the proceeds among the poor; and then come and follow me and you will have your treasures in the heavens."

What did the young man think of this advice? Did he accept of it and act upon it? Was he as willing to hold his goods for the use and benefit of his neighbor as he was for his own use and benefit? And if he had the same spontaneity of love for his neighbor as he had for himself, would he not have been willing? His love of neighbor was not in him a spontaneity; nor could it become so, while his own spontaneity of self-love continued. What was it this young man lacked? and for the lack of which, he could not "inherit eternal life?" He lacked that spontaneous love of neighbor so essentially connected with supreme love of God; that is, a supreme love of the spirit of the virtues; and lacking supreme love of God, he could not love his neighbor as he loved himself.

Loving God supremely differs widely from loving the use of God. According to the representations of our religious teachers, we are called upon to love God for his benefactions; that is, for his use to us as Creator and Providence. And we are urged to love Jesus for the like reasons; that is, for what he has done, is doing, and will continue to do for us. Such love has its seat in the individual and carnal affections, and has nothing of the nature or character of divine love. If such love is the highest and purest of one's conceptions, then evidently such soul has not found the "Christly status;" and its life has not become hid or absorbed in the "Christ life." It has not attained to that statue denominated "eternal life."

If men become better acquainted with themselves; if they comprehend somewhat, their being and existence with their nature and needs; if they clearly perceived what constitutes in them, the natural and what the spiritual; what the individual and what the personal, they would better comprehend the change which must be wrought within before one can see—that is, realize the kingdom of God. Then they would be able to perceive and understand why such change must be wrought in the natural as to make spiritual regeneration possible, and which becomes a birth into the spiritual consciousness in every department of one's individual existence. Then would they perceive without difficulty, what becomes essential to constitute in the soul, supreme love of God as distinguishable from such selfish love of the use of God. Then they would perceive the impossibility of loving the neighbor as self, until they had first loved God supremely. Then they would be able to see clearly

the spiritual significance of the term "Christ;" and hence what constitutes "coming to Christ;" and what by being "buried in the Christly baptism." They would then comprehend the nature of that redemption and salvation which is wrought in and through "Christ." How "God is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." Then they would have a perception and comprehension of the spiritual significance of the cross; and of the nature and character of that "death upon the cross," which secures salvation. They would then perceive and understand better, the everlasting gospel the angels are proclaiming as they pass on through the firmament of creation. Then, perceiving the divine destiny of the human soul and the means by which it is to be brought to completeness in the divine likeness, they would be able to perceive clearly that the ultimate redemption and salvation of the soul "in Christ," is inwrought into the very foundations and frame work of the universe; and how it is, that "the Christ" was in and with the Father "before the world was"—and that there can be no failure of a perfect result, while the omniscient, the omnipotent and omnipresent Father, by his love, wisdom, will and power, governs in all things.

(To be Continued.)

IMMORTALITY.

By MARY F. EASTMAN.

[A discourse given at the Longwood Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends (Chester county, Pa.) Sunday, June 11, 1893, and at the Unitarian church in Syracuse, New York.]

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.—1 Cor. xv., 53, 54.

On the Roman coins of the time of the consuls, their god Janus, from whom we name the opening month of our year, is represented with a staff in his hand, as if walking, and with two faces, one looking forward, the other back.

If we sought a symbol of our interior selves, we should find it here. Mentally, we are all Janus-faced; for while we seize our staff, or hammer, or chisel, or needle, and ply the work of the hour, we turn our eyes backward, surrendering reluctantly the moment that is passing, and forward questioningly, eagerly asking what the future has in store.

I have in my life known one person of spiritual mind, and one only, who seemed to have buried the conscious past, and living in the present, striving to do as best he might a work for humanity, asked nothing of the future. But with most of us it is otherwise. Yesterday, with its blunders, its failures, its shortcomings, drags at our skirts, rides on our shoulders like an old man of the sea, and will not be shaken off, and too often winds its black veil of regret, perchance of remorse, around our eyes, dimming the glories of earth and sky; while to-morrow, a veiled enchantress, beckons us beguilingly forward with the promise of gifts of which we dream, but do not know.

We never ride so fast or so far as on the wings of imagination, for only so can we reach back to solve the question "whence," or forward to the problem "whither." Only so do we strive to grasp the mysteries of origin and destiny.

Yet, mighty as these problems are, we cannot go far enough back among the untutored children of nature to find indifference, at least to the question of destiny; while the theologian and the scientist of our most recent civilization still bring their revelations, their intuitions and the result of their latest research, to bear upon it. A hundred times we are told that the task is a fruitless one. But no mother lays her baby for the last time out of the arms which have been its safest cradle; no daughter or son sees the parent who has been guide, counselor, and protector go beyond his reach; no loving hearts that have walked with equal steps the hard or flowery pathways of life, obey the resistless decree to walk hence-

forth asunder and out of each other's sight, without asking, as those who cannot be denied, the old, old question.

It is true that no voice breaks the silence, for all such pleading; that no answer comes back, such as we send when we cross continents or go over seas, telling of our journey, our arrival, and our new surroundings. If the countless millions who have walked in the shadow of these bitter separations had waited for a demonstration that those who were gone from them were not dead, in the dreadful sense of that word, the world would have been in all ages one scene of unrelieved despair. If there is and has always been some testimony of a continued life beyond the grave, it has come in subtler ways, it has appealed to a sense deeper than the senses. But can we not count upon a spiritual sense as well as upon any other, even though, because it is high, we cannot attain to so full a comprehension of it? To the existence of such a sense and its consoling testimony, which, whether fairly or unfairly founded, has borne the strain of the severest tests, all races and all ages bear witness. Has there ever been one people who, burying the bodies of their departed, have buried with them all hope of a renewed life? Shall we distrust the grounds of this assurance because we cannot define where and how the lost shall live again, nor link reason to reason to justify the cheering conclusion? As well might we wait to obey the instinct of affection till reason should demonstrate the wisdom of it. The mother's arms clasp the helpless infant by a divine impulse; and neither the degraded creature, lost to all obligation save this alone, who robs her shoulders of the ragged shawl to wind about the baby in her arms as she carries it perchance from the dram-shop to her squalid home, nor she who finds the accustomed charm of gay companionship pall upon her taste as the touch of baby-fingers hold her back from scenes of festivity, can tell you why.

Take away what we do from
it will unsettle the foundations of society.

To the childlike peoples and to poetic souls, a future life has been a matter of unquestioning belief. The Chinese never say that one dies, but that he emigrates; while our sweet poet sings:

"There is no death! What seems so is
transition;

This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

Doubt has come in with the exaltation of the reasoning faculty. Chained by inertia and superstition to one extreme for ages, men, having broken the bonds, have swung to the opposite extreme. Among untutored peoples, who, overwhelmed and awe-stricken, sit abjectly before the phenomena of nature, because reason has not freed them from a sense of subserviency to natural forces, the spiritual instinct alone is developed, and notions of deity and a future life prevail which cannot be held by the more cultivated and developed—which to such are, indeed, abhorrent. When reason has been developed by investigation, man finds that he possesses a power to grasp that which before seemed beyond his reach, and often to master that which before mastered him.

Not seldom, as is natural to one who has come to know a little, but has not yet discovered how much he does not know, he grows arrogant, and refuses to believe in anything not within the measuring-line of his intellect—nay, more, refuses to believe that anything is which cannot be so included; and this he often calls—as it is, indeed, compared with the restraints of superstition—"freedom of thought" and "the guidance of reason."

But the trouble is that, in his efforts to burst the bonds which restrained him, he has acquired such propulsion that he is projected beyond the point of equipoise, and falls into the opposite extreme.

This state has, certainly, advantages over the first; for he is now free to pick himself up, look about him, and, using his new-found liberty, to employ all his faculties in fresh and intelligent investigations. If he has the true spirit, that of the learner, he will get

upon his feet and use his opportunity to seek farther light and a truer freedom than that which is mere lack of restraint. If not, failing to conceive that higher freedom, he will still sit upon the ground and content himself with boasting that he is free.

Some seem to have a sort of grim satisfaction in their unbelief. But surely we gain nothing by slipping into mere negativness. I do not want to drop a round of the ladder by which I am climbing, to clutch at empty air, but only to seize a higher round.

It is true that we have no chart of the eternal life. Those who have sailed longer than we and into other waters have sent back no log-book by which we can forecast our later journey. We are only creeping along, hugging the shore while we can and striking out into the open sea when we must; but why need we fear that crossing any line we shall find ourselves suddenly in a country where laws are reversed, where the sun's rays will fail to warm, or gravitation lose its force, so that, instead of keeping our individuality by cohesion of particles, we shall fly asunder by repulsion among them? We do not waste ourselves with such forebodings in our earthly wanderings, though we travel to unexplored regions. We have long since discarded faith in "the Anthropophagi," or men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, and all their abnormal kindred.

Reasoning from the known to the unknown, Columbus argued the existence of an undiscovered country; and boldly he launched his little vessel, and with his single courage beguiled the eighty doubters across the perilous deep to prove his dream a reality.

Shall not the man of spiritual perceptions, to whose finer sense come the more subtle revelations of a life beyond the grave, to answer to the longings and aspirations of this, suffice it to inspire as many doubting natures whose spiritual eyes are sealed? "Every good man," said Cicero, "burns with a desire for another life."

are slowly learning is a lesson of nature's mandates. That which the inspired soul has known by intuition the scientist is to-day demonstrating, as, with eyes freed from the scales of theological superstitions, he turns and interprets the leaves of stone on which is written the history of buried generations, or weighs worlds, and analyzes the atmospheres of suns lying beyond the utmost reach of imagination; for to him are revealed the universality and persistence of law.

From facts, then, we may reach back to causes; and from causes we may reach forward to results, subject only to the limitation of our powers in tracing the connection, and a world of analogies and harmonies opens to us.

The laws which serve matter serve mind as well; and the analogies whose correspondences pleased our fancies become more to us than a poet's dream. They appear as the harmonious expression of one creative mind. There is no room for discord between the laws of matter, those of mind, and those of spirit, none between the life of to-day here and that of to-morrow in the hereafter.

The stars in their courses obey the laws which are at work in our garden-plot. They govern an atom and control a world. Why, then, should I seek to find a jarring between this life and the one to which I may go to-morrow? If the instincts implanted within us point to the purpose of our being, is it not significant that we all plan as befits a creature with a hold upon eternity? Our ambitions are large and far-reaching. Every noble soul feels a loss of self-respect if the foundations which he lays in intelligence, in character, in spiritual life, are not well braced and deep.

Consider our grand ideal of character, and compare it with the small attainment which we can make in time, even though we reach the utmost limit allotted to man. If we should pass, as we journeyed, the foundation of a building adapted only to the grandest superstructure, and saw that it was made of the strongest material, and solidly laid, and were told that the man who had caused it to be founded had put into it all his means, and, in fact, had no farther purpose connected with it, we should say he was beside

himself. Yet such a plan as this he who doubts a future life ascribes to the Creator; for to such grand foundations in character we, working under his guidance, are impelled irresistibly, even though at cost of all present advantage, or we resist the impulsion on penalty of a reproachable conscience.

I cannot question the meaning of my nature and organization without finding purpose written all over me—God's purpose. Law hedges me about so that I have never been able to get away from it or to modify it. In my weakness and unwisdom, I have striven against it, as a bird beats against the bars of its cage, till I dropped, wearied, but instructed. It thwarted my plans, it disappointed my ambitions, it wrung my heart, it was deaf to my petition, it was heedless of my pain—but it was the one inevitable condition of my existence and my growth. Shall I believe that the purpose in my being which all the forces of the universe are pledged to carry forward, can be thwarted by a shot from the unsteady hand of a villain, by the mis-step of my horse on a mountain-path, or by a spoonful of some drug mistaken for another? We accept the decision of science that not a particle of matter can be destroyed. Who then so bold as to assume that a particle of spirit, with all its latent possibilities, can be annihilated? There is presumption in the thought! Can He who gives to the grossest form of matter the capability of renewed and higher service, deny it to the spiritual powers of man? If the force which comes to us as light or heat, cannot by any possibility be lost out of the universe, is it conceivable that there can be a destruction of soul-force, the highest form of created energy? People once believed that we inhabited a world and were part of a solar system which had been made by spasmodic efforts, and was managed in the same way. We are now taught that the forces which work to-day have been adequate to the whole, and that with these powerful but silent forces as a key we may unlock the mystery of the order of creation. The old lady whose theory was that the earth rested on a rock, being questioned as to what the rock rested on, said, "another," and when questions came as fast as she could supply rocks, summed it all up by exclaiming, "Why bless you, there are rocks all the way down!" We, by the help of intuition and science, untrammelled by superstition, are coming to believe that there are rocks all the way down, and though there is a mystery at the core, and a mystery unfolds that, and so again till that which is before our very eyes involves as profound a mystery as any, we are confident that it is rock all the way down—that the foundations are sure and steadfast.

That we cannot explain it all signifies nothing but our inability to comprehend the plan of the master mind. But we shall continually search for the key, dropping one theory as new light helps us to a better one. This is the way in which science herself, with all her boasts, proceeds. We may theorize without justly incurring a sneer, so long as our theories do not contradict known laws. When we run against an obstacle, it is time for us to correct our speculations; but to find something which we cannot reconcile with our theories should not be a source of discouragement to us. Least of all we should strive to cover it up, even from ourselves, while we still cling to the theories it should upset. So we are worse than the ostrich which buries her head in the sand, and thinks herself safe from pursuit. If our theories topple, like card-board houses, we did not build of good enough material or fit the joinings well; but there is better material at hand, and by effort we shall develop better skill with which to use it.

We often learn law as we learn the properties of matter when we hit a door—by running against it, perhaps to our hurt; or, if we have not mistaken the law itself, we learn what is the thing of next importance, how to adapt ourselves to it. We are only children sitting on the nursery floor, and finding out by using the small powers we have in small ways how by and by, when they have become greater, to use them in large ways.

Sir John Herschel speaks wisely of "the facts which, according to received theories, ought not to hap-

pen, and which should therefore be kept ever present to our minds, since they belong to a class of facts which serve as the clue to new discoveries."

In the question whether or not the soul survives the death of the body, the burden of proof seems to me to be commonly put upon the wrong side. It should rest upon him who assumes that the limit of our corporeal senses marks the limit of being, that what has passed from sight and touch and hearing has therefore passed outside the sphere of law, as we know it—the law of the indestructibility of force—for he it is who is introducing into the plan of the universe a break or discord for which I certainly find no warrant.

I do not conceive that laws are suspended because my poor intellect cannot reach beyond the change which we call death. I cannot prove that there is any color in the spectrum above red or any below violet; but, since we know that vibrations continue above and below the range of those which, striking the eye, produce the sense of color, it is altogether probable that the limit is only on the side of our vision. Indeed, the delicate experiments of Tyndall have already proved it. The quick ear of a dog, which I presume to call "a brute," detects sound when all is silence to me, and, with his nose to the ground, he follows the track of the game where his master has no guide but in him.

We say that we doubt because we lack the evidence of our senses, when all that we love and cling to is of the spirit. It is the man or woman or child that is behind the eyes that we love. It is in character that we put our trust. It is the moral and spiritual power that we reverence. For all the charm of material beauty, we choose our friends for a loveliness which is not physical. And, when one we love leaves us for a day or a year, it is no mere bodily presence that we miss. In one's absence, indeed, we often apprehend him more truly than when he is with us. The externals, the trivialities of the hour, often confuse our impressions, and the deeper characteristics are the less manifest.

I have often thought how much better we know Shakespeare than did Sir Thomas Lucy or even the players who trod the stage with him; Sir Walter Scott than did George IV., before whom Scott bowed in liege loyalty. To the unworthy king, Scott was primarily a subject and a courtier. Before the subjects, even the humblest, who could come into his sphere of thought, he wore the more than kingly crown of genius.

Christ said, "It is expedient that I go away from you."

In long ago time, before men had learned how steadily the material part of the body was dropping away, dying, for the good of the individual, men cherished the mortal body, even after life had left it, with scrupulous care, building often, with incredible labor, magnificent tombs for it, expecting, it seems, that the soul would come back after a time to inhabit it again. But now we know that we drop, little by little, the worn-out body for the spirit's good, and that nature's divine alchemy will care for it in the best way. If I may thus lay my spirit's garments aside, piece by piece, and suffer no harm, but rather profit thereby, I shall not fear to drop them all at once.

The ship may sink and I may drink
A hasty death in the bitter sea;
But all that I leave in the ocean grave
May be slipped and spared, and no loss to me.

What care I though falls the sky,
And the shrivelled earth to a cinder turn?
No fires of doom can ever consume
What never was made nor meant to burn.

Let go the breath! There is no death
For the living soul, nor loss, nor harm
Not of the clod is the life of God;
Let it mount as it will from form to form.

"But this is but a dream and an assumption, after all," says the skeptic. "Prove immortality, and I shall be as glad as any to accept it." I prove nothing. The human brain is too small. Its measuring-

line cannot span the universe, nor can it cast the horoscope of a single soul. Shall I bid you prove that the seed will not rot in the earth before you spend your time and effort to plow and rake and drill and plant and water? Yet you know nothing of it save that it holds a germ which you could not make grow, but can only put it where rain and sun and subtle magnetisms, not one of which you can comprehend, shall be its ministers. You would obey no such bidding if I gave it, so you prove a belief which you do not confess. We do believe, whether we will or not. She is right who sings:

There is no unbelief.
Whoever plants a leaf beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees, 'neath winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to look each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says "to-morrow," "the unknown,"
"The Future," trusts unto that power alone
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;
And, day by day and night, unconsciously
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,
God knows the why.

We who do not subscribe to the popular creed are constantly reproached that we put our trust in law, as if we pillowed our head on a stone, and not on a tender heart. But what is law but a way, and the law of the universe but God's way? and how else shall we know him but through his way of doing things?

But of our trust the unbelieving say with a recoil, as from outer cold and darkness: "Law is inflexible. Our petitions avail nothing against it." If they mean immutable, Yes! Why should that which was conceived by the All-knowing and established in perfect wisdom fluctuate at the bidding or the beseeching of the finite? Change of plan or purpose betokens imperfection, shows that, through ignorance or neglect, it has been so badly made that it needs mending. If they mean that God's laws are inadequate to all emergencies, I answer, No! They are all-embracing, like the ether which fills all space, enfolding every particle. They adjust the movement of each molecule, and lay the track on which countless worlds move unerringly in their orbits. In obedience to them, particle seeks particle, the bird draws to its mate, human heart to human heart—though the grave lie between—and the exalted soul to its maker.

Into machinery like this should I dare thrust my finger, if I could? If I dreamed that my petition could work a change, my lips would be dumb with awe, and I should shrink with terror that I had approached the perilous possibility.

I reach the ladder up which I would climb in my aspirations; and, though it rests on drifting sands below—the unstable groundwork of my imperfect nature—I know that it leans against adamant walls above, though my eyes cannot compass the distance. He who tells me that law is cold and lifeless has conceived it only as something established and outlived, like the coral insect's reef, for the waves of time to beat against, and as a bar in the path of those who come and go, or, at best, as an atoll in a pathless waste of waters, within which we, storm-beaten travelers, may find a safe but desolate anchorage. He has not conceived it as an emanation of being, steadfast as that being's self, imperfect only if it is imperfect, changeable only if it is subject to variation.

My plea in my weakness for my unworthy act is, "I am what I am, I could not do otherwise." So, in

the witness of God's strength, the perfect law, which is the expression of his perfect being, we have the testimony which is from everlasting to everlasting: "I am what I am. My law, the expression of my being, cannot be otherwise."

On this law we may rest. It is not a sea whose waters are placid to day and run mountain-high with raging tempests to-morrow. Swept by no storms swayed by no tides, we come and go upon it, subject only to our own perturbations. If we heed our compass and wisely trim our sails, we shall reach our port by the most direct route. If not, we may wander long; for the sea is wide. But there is time for all, for there is eternity; and surely we shall be weary of wandering at last, and the true way will always be easiest, and the haven will always await us.

How does the rivulet find its way?
How does the floweret know it is day,
And open its cup to catch the ray?

I see the germ to the sunlight reach,
And the nestling knows the old bird's speech,
I do not know who is there to teach.

I see the hare through the thicket glide,
And the stars through the trackless spaces ride,
I do not see who is there to guide.

He is eyes for all who is eyes for the mole,
All motion goes to the rightful goal,
O God, I can trust for the human soul."

ESOTERIC BUDDHISM.

The Literary Digest gives Professor Max Muller's article which under the above caption, appeared in the May number of the Nineteenth Century in a condensed form. From this abstract the following is taken:

"Of late years the treasures of Sanskrit MSS. still existing in India have been so thoroughly ransacked, that it has become quite useless to appeal to hidden MSS. supposed to contain the ancient mysteries of the religion of India. Whatever there was of secret religious doctrines in India consisted simply of doctrines for the reception of which a certain previous training was required. It is quite true that the doctrines of the Vedanta or the Upanishads were sometimes called Rahasya, that is, secret; but this, too, meant no more than that teachers should not teach those portions of the Veda except to persons of a certain age, and properly qualified for these higher studies.

But if there was nothing mysterious about Brahmanism, it is sometimes thought there might be some mysteries hidden in Buddhism. A scholar-like study of Buddhism came later in Europe than a scholar-like study of Brahmanism, and the amount of rubbish that was written on Buddhism before the knowledge of Pali and Sanskrit enabled scholars to read the sacred texts of the Buddhists for themselves, is simply appalling. Buddhism was declared to be the most ancient religion of mankind. Christianity itself was represented as a mere plagiarism. There exists at present a new sect of people who call themselves "Christian Buddhists," and they are said to be numerous in England and France. There is said to be more than 30,000 of them in Paris.

It is important to observe that there is some foundation for all those crazes. There is, for instance, a tradition of a Deluge in the Veda, as well as in the Old Testament; there is in the Veda the story of a father willing, at the command of the god Varuna to sacrifice his son. Nor can it be denied that there is a very great likeness between some moral doctrines and certain legends of Buddhism and Christianity. We ought to rejoice at this, but there is no necessity for admitting anything like borrowing or stealing on either side. A comparative study of the religions of antiquity has widened our horizon so much, and has so thoroughly established the universality of a certain amount of religious truth, that, if we found the Ten Commandments in the sacred books of the Buddhists, we should never think of theft and robbery but simply of a common inheritance. We actually find Dasasila, the Ten Commandments in Buddhism, but they are not at all the Ten Commandments of Moses. It

is different when we come to facts and legends. When it is pointed out that there are great similarities between the life of Christ and the life of Buddha, I feel bound to acknowledge that such similarities exist, and that, though many may be accounted for by the common springs of human nature, there are a few left which are startling, and which as yet remain a riddle.

It is owing, no doubt, to these coincidences that the very remarkable person, Madame Blavatsky, felt strongly attracted to the study of Buddhism. I have never met her, though she often promised, or rather threatened, she would meet me face to face at Oxford. At first, she treated me almost like a Mahatma, but when she found there was no response, I became like all Sanskrit scholars, a very untrustworthy person. Like many people in our time, she was, I believe, in search of a religion which she could honestly embrace. She was a clever, wild, and excitable girl, and anybody who wishes to take a charitable view of her later hysterical writings and performances should read the biographical notices lately published by her own sister in the Nouvelle Revue.

Madame Blavatsky was one of those who want more than a merely traditional and formal faith, and she thought she could find what she wanted in India. To India, therefore, she went with the object of being initiated into its ancient lore and mysteries. There she met Dayanada Saravasti, the founder of the Arya-Somaj, but neither did he understand English, nor she any Indian language. Still, there sprang up between the two a mutual but mute admiration, but this did not last long, and when they began to understand each other better they found they could not act together. I am afraid it can no longer be doubted that Dayanada Saravasti was as deficient in moral straightforwardness as his American pupil.

Unfortunately she took it into her head that it was incumbent on every founder of a religion to perform miracles, and here it can no longer be said she often resorted to the most barefaced tricks and imposture in order to gain adherents. Many were taken aboard by the assurance with which this new prophetess spoke of her intercourse with unseen spirits, of letters flying through the air from Thibet to Bombay, etc. Her book called "Isis Unveiled" shows an immense amount of drudgery and misdirected energy, but to quote her blunders would be endless.

No one can study Buddhism unless he learns Sanskrit and Pali. But even her informants must have been entirely ignorant of those languages or they must shamelessly have imposed on her. Whether she herself suspected this or not, she certainly showed great shrewdness in withdrawing herself and her esoteric Buddhism from all possible control and contradiction. Her Buddhism, she declared, was not the Buddhism one might study in the canonical books, it was Esoteric Buddhism. It is not in the dead letter of Buddhist sacred literature, she says, that scholars may hope to find the true solution of the metaphysical subtleties of Buddhism; and, to make all controversy impossible, Madame Blavatsky tells us that "when she uses the term Buddhism she does not mean to imply by it either the esoteric Buddhism instituted by the followers of Gautama Buddha nor the modern Buddhist religion, but the secret philosophy of Sakyamuni, which, in its essence, is identical with the ancient wisdom-religion of the Sanctuary, the pre-Vedic Brahmanism. "Gautama," we are assured, "had a doctrine for his 'elect' and another for the outside masses."

Madame Blavatsky might have achieved some success if she had been satisfied to follow in the footsteps of Rider Haggard or Marion Crawford; but her ambition was to found a religion, not to make money by writing new Arabian Nights.

It is said horned animals are shorter lived than those without horns, fierce longer than timid, and amphibious creatures longer than those which inhabit the air. The pike will continue to live for 150 or 175 years and the common turtle is good for at least a century.



A NOTE FROM MR. STEBBINS.

To THE EDITOR: I am just back from the forty-first yearly meeting of Progressive Friends at Longwood—near Kennett—Chester county, Pa., a Quaker region, historic in anti-slavery days. The meeting house in a beautiful farming country amidst trees and fields, the gathering good, and the meetings interesting. Frederick A. Hinckley, of Florence, Mass., Mary E. Eastman, of Tewksbury, Mass., and myself gave the longer talks, but many participated in the discussions with interest and eloquence. I send you a copy of a discourse on "Immortality," by Miss Eastman, which I am sure your readers will enjoy and appreciate.

I hope in a month or so, to get home to Detroit and have a wondering look at the Columbian Exposition—especially to attend its Congresses of Psychic Research and World's Religions. G. B. STEBBINS.

A VISION.

To THE EDITOR: I had a glorious vision. It seemed to me that I was in an immense field entirely covered by daisies. In any direction the eye could not reach the boundaries of this field.

I looked to my left and saw coming toward me two children dressed in pinafores and sunbonnets. They were picking the daisies as they came, putting them in their aprons as fast as they picked them, and it somehow came to me that these daisies were human souls.

"Why are they picking them so fast, and for whom?" I thought, and a terrible fear seemed to come over me. The two were passing by me, and I in terror, ran up to the one nearest me and asked, "For whom are you picking them?"

"Do not speak," was the only answer, rich as those from an angel.

Then I ran over to the other and again asked, "For whom are you picking them?"

"Do not speak," came again, in the same tones as before.

Then in despair, I looked about.

"Who are these," I thought, and immediately appeared on their foreheads in golden letters a word—on one the word "accident," on the other, "disease." I looked about again; a new light seemed dawning upon me.

Behind the two I saw another, a tiny child, so young it tottered as it walked. On its forehead were the words "old age." It picked the few scattered daisies left by the other two.

"Who are you picking them for?" I asked, as gently as I could.

"I'm pickin' zem for Fazer," she lisped, so brokenly I could hardly understand.

Then a great force seemed to turn me around, and I saw the limit of one side of the field. There, seated high above all others was one, surrounded by such a joyous crowd of shining beings that my eyes were dazzled. But all were looking toward the one in the center. Ah, never did painter represent on canvas such sublimity, such benignity, such blessedness and sweetness as that countenance expressed! The sight was too much for mortal eyes. I turned away—and all faded—the daisy field, children—all.

KATIE P. BABCOCK.

"GLIMPSES THROUGH THE UPPER WINDOWS."

To THE EDITOR: In December, 1888, I passed through a peculiar experience. Being taken suddenly ill at a social where myself and husband were passing a pleasant evening, we hastened home, thinking that quiet and rest would restore me to my usual health. But no sooner had I entered my room than I was seized by a severe chill.

Retiring as quickly as possible I hoped to stop the chill and forget the pain in sleep. For an hour, however, the suffering grew worse until it became almost unendurable. Dreading to disturb the family I lay wondering if I could live until morning, when my thoughts went out to mother—many years in spirit-life. How I wished for her dear hand to drive the pain away. Instantly a prayer in the form of rhyme passed through my mind.

As the words came to me I seemed lifted out of myself, or in other words the soul was freed from the physical. I realized no suffering whatever but was conscious of a peaceful and happy condition. At the same time a vision opened to my inner sight. I was not conscious of my physical body but felt my soul, or self, lifted above my prostrate form and thus I remained some time. During the continuance of the rhyming words and the beautiful vision, I saw beyond the walls of my room a mansion. Its walls seemed of granite and would have been gray but for the sunlight which gave it a golden hue. Flowers and vines bloomed and twined about the windows, while birds caroled forth sweet songs.

One window in particular was ever foremost in the vision. At times I saw away through and beyond this to a garden of flowers and took note of what was passing therein. But I must go back to the words in order to keep pace with the vision. My thoughts had gone from mother to my two daughters who had passed to spirit-life—one quite recently and the other a few years previous.

Gone from my sight; but in their place a memory
So pure, so bright remains; that I could bear it well—
Be more content, if I could first be free
From this wild longing, which I vainly strive to quell.

Oft in the twilight hour I feel their presence near.
Filling the room and strive to clasp them to my breast
Again—to look into their eyes, their words to hear
And feel the veil between is rent and I am blest.

I'm looking through the "upper windows" where they're gone.
To-night, and longing for one glimpse of radiant light
From out the "border-land." And while I look, there comes
An answered prayer to overwhelm my gladdened sight.

Mine inner sense is quickened and afar there gleams
A bright and heavenly land, all open to my view,
Peopled with those I love, wand'ring among the streams
And flowers, or sending love-thoughts down the ether blue.

Within this fair and shining window, I behold
Such glories as no pen of mortal can describe.
Its oval frame is glistening bright with brilliant gold,
And intertwined with ivy green, both high and wide;

And roses rare, whose crimson hue, blends with the green—
Roses I know for Angie's bonny dark brown hair—
And daisies bright, with hearts of gold, quickly I ween,
To match her sweet and pensive eyes. And the fair

Myrtle, with clinging tendrils; and violets blue—
Pearl's own loved flower—so fitting for her sunny curls—
The flowers vying with her eyes, modest and true;
And thus I see enshrined in angel-hood, my girls!

Below, upon the window-sill, a bed of pinks
Waft their sweet fragrance down to me—my mother's flower.
What memories come floating o'er me now.
I'm but a child again for one bright shining hour,

And stand within a garden fair, filling my hand
From mother's bed of pinks and drinking in deep draughts
With every breath—calling them elves from fairy-lands,
And strewing them upon the pretty garden paths.

Within the window my girls were standing. The last one lost—so natural—with the added grace of angel-hood written all over her face and form. She was holding out to me a beautiful child—her boy, whose little life cost us the mother's.

He would have been a few months old

then and was reaching out his little hands, filled with flowers, to "grandma," and could already hsp the name. I cannot say that I heard the sound of voices but their thoughts came to me as plainly as ever words in the physical.

Angie stood by Pearl's side—grown from girl to womanhood since she left us, yet scarcely changed only by the angelic beauty that gave her face a charm indescribable. Sympathy for the mother left below—care for the yet mourning Pearl, and love for the little cherub she held, shone forth in Angie's face, making a picture perfect in itself.

Dear child! she had a woman's thoughtfulness at ten and her spirit life had made her a messenger of love indeed.

Now comes my Angie with such happy face—and see,
Her arms are filled with roses, every hue, from white
To deepest red. My walls have melted in a sea
Of azure, and my heavenly vision, from the heights

Has come into my room. I see my darling smile
Into my face and hear her call me mother.
Two
Shining wreaths she brings me—knowing my flower—the white
I lie, with bated breath, almost the whole night through.

Fearing their flight if I but make a moan.
A bright
And bonny baby boy is clasped fondly within
Pearl's snowy arms; his merry eyes turned toward the light,
That I may see his wondrous beauty, and begin

To know the little life that passed with hers, into
The home beyond, after her one short happy year
Of wedded bliss. His sunny curls with golden hue,
His eyes, his cherub face and form are now so near.

I know him well, although I saw the little form
But once, lying so quietly among the flowers—
And then Pearl followed him within a day, while shorn
Almost of reason, stunned I lay, doubting the power's

Above, that broke our hearts and took our faith away.
But oh! I'll need no more the faith, but just to wait
With patient heart; knowing I have them every day
To guide me till I come unto the "open gate."

But Pearl's bright face is taking now a saddened look,
While Angie—ever thoughtful child, knowing how oft
Within the twilight hour, Pearl seeks a quiet nook,
For dear love's sake—takes up the child, and bears aloft

The cherub in her arms; and there amid the flowers,
She lets him laugh and play to his full heart's content,
And sees him fall asleep among the rosy bowers;
While here upon the window-ledge, the bright head bent

Droops lower still upon a dark green myrtle bed.
True emblem this, methinks, of sundered, aching hearts—
Whose sombre hue gives sadness to the thought instead
Of mirth; while unto those true souls, in death apart,

The little starry, blue eyed flower, but speaks of hope;
The clinging, spreading vine, does what it can to hide
Those mounds that grieve us sore, while in the dark we grope,
Striving to say "Thy will" and by heaven's law abide.

And now, while Angie and the baby are among the flowers and Pearl sits with drooping head, mourning the sundered ties—dear mother for the first time during the vision, stands before me and beside her my father, who had passed over many years before herself. She is Pearl's comforter, and while speaking words of hope, places

a beautiful wreath of forget-me-nots on her brow.

Another scene is dawning now upon my sight:
Two forms appear—one with such kindly, saintly face,
And one so grand—their robes of purpled hue, and white,
As though a king and queen were standing in the place.

Dear father and mother! who else, so well should know
These two. And she, with sweetest words of comfort now
For Pearl—which comforts me—kneels down beside the low
Bowed head, talks of the angel babe and tells her how

All will come right some day; hearts plighted in true love,
Never forget, and he will come to her. A wreath
She fondly places on her brow, all interwove
With fair forget-me-nots, and orange blooms beneath.

It must have been between three and four o'clock in the morning, when with the last scene a peacefulness settled over my senses, and with the thought contained in the two following verses and a part of the next, and last, I seemed to go "over the border" to them. I felt mother's hand upon my head, and my spirit, for a little time, must have been with the loved ones.

How my soul is filled with an atmosphere of peace.
While beholding there, my shining group together,
Waving "good nights" while I my murmurs cease,
Knowing all earth's hopes are anchored safe forever.

Thus, these "gleams" have drifted down, nearly all the night,
But the visions growing dim, while the view grows wide—
Expanding like enchanted scene unto my sight,
Until I've drifted through, a little time to bide

And rest with them, feeling 'the soothing mother hand
Upon my brow; and sleep comes till the day draws near.
Waking, I find that mem'ry opens the border land
Again, keeping these glimpses ever with me here.

At daybreak I awoke with a strangeness of feeling I could not account for, but the effect of the vision was still upon me and I could not or did not care to throw it off. The words kept coming back, and would not be forgotten.

My condition seemed quite alarming. A physician was called who asked many questions, but found no cause for the peculiar symptoms.

I had no wish to relate my vision of the night and was glad when left alone. A power was upon me that I could not withstand. The words must be written, whether I would or no. I procured paper and pencil and hid them under my pillow and when left to myself tried to reproduce the words, but night came with them but half completed.

A feeling of sadness came over me that I could not finish them, for I felt myself half in a trance and that when I came out of it, the words would be beyond recall.

Strange to relate, however, at about the same hour as on the previous evening, about eleven o'clock, as I lay thinking of my vision, I passed into the same condition and both words and vision were repeated exactly as before. The length of time, too, seemed the same, and near morning I seemingly passed through the window and fell asleep with mother and my darlings.

Upon the following day I succeeded in getting the words written, and immediately came out of the condition and realized that I was very sick; and although for two days I had wished only to be left alone I now solicited attention and accepted every help at my command. I lay in one chill for three hours and it took good nursing and a skillful physician to get me beyond danger.

I believed then and do now after these years of deliberation, that I had a "glimpse" through the "upper windows."

Though these words have little literary merit they are a great comfort, dispelling the doubts that often come, as to the after life.
A. M. M.



AFTER MANY DAYS.

Dandelion's ventures sail
Closely hid in dainty boats.
Given to every begging gale,
Forth his golden treasure floats.

Wander east or wander west,
It shall take an argosy;
Dandelion lends his best,
Heedless of return is he.

"Stripped of all do spendthrifts die!"
Cries the miser Gentian then;
"Who shall tell where winds may fly?
Who shall pay thee back again?"

Summer comes. Lo! all the fields
Sparkle with the blessed gold;
To the giver Heaven yields
Power to give a hundredfold!

—Tudor Jenks in The Christian Union.

THE TRAINED NURSE.

Among the many new fields offered to women by the specialization of work is that of nursing. In entering this vocation, she has had no prejudices to overcome, for it is universally conceded that women are specially fitted for this work—in fact, the greatest difficulty that besets the professional nurse is the prevalent idea that any kind of a woman will meet the requirements, and often a woman who has failed in every other kind of work takes this up as a last resort and makes a failure of it likewise. For of the many yearly graduated from our hospitals, not all are suited to become successful. Not only does a nurse require mechanical skill and a thorough technical knowledge, but she must possess vigorous health and iron nerves, personal magnetism, tact, common sense, intelligence and be informed on general topics of the day. She needs to know the foibles and weaknesses of men and women but to be able to overlook them. A nurse who is eminently fitted for a surgeon's assistant during delicate operations may fail utterly in a tedious fever case or chronic trouble, where the patient becomes whimsical and impatient and it is necessary to try every ingenious plan to amuse and interest him. The old method of neighbors taking turns in nursing the sick is a thing of the past except in rural districts. The poorest person may command the best skill of the city, free of charge, in the many hospitals established by charity, and district nursing is being introduced in almost every large city in the country, and missionary boards require that women intending to take up foreign work shall have a preparatory training course in nursing.

The average nurse receives as compensation \$20.00 a week, also board and washing, and generally messenger hire for carrying her bag to and fro from a case. The average individual employing a nurse for the first time often has many mistaken ideas. She thinks that this sum buys every moment of the nurse's time. She is not supposed to need sleep or exercise, and often a parsimonious person will insist upon the nurse filling the position of upper servant for the time being, in order that she may earn the full worth of her money; but the experienced nurse rarely does any work of this kind beyond preparing certain food for the patient.

It is arduous work and only those women who are fitted for it by strength and temperament can endure the strain that usually breaks down the ordinary constitution in from five to seven years.

As one authority puts it, "the hands of the nurse are the physician's hands lengthened out to administer to the sick." Many lives have been saved by the trained intelligence of the nurse who knew the moment a turn occurred in a critical case and sent for the doctor whose skill would have been useless a short time afterward.

During the recent Congress of Charities, Correction and Philanthropy, hospitals in relation to public health was the topic of one session and there was a subsection on nursing, during which many interesting papers were read on this subject by women well calculated to give information. The Chairman, Miss Isabel A. Hampton, Superintendent Training School Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md., read a paper on "The Standards of Education for Nurses," who criticised the various schools for nursing, censuring private sanitariums which charge full price for student's work. She

thinks that the standard should be uniform and the course of study extended to three years instead of two as it is in some training schools at present.

Flag-day or the anniversary of the adoption of the stars and stripes as the flag of the United States is celebrated more generally as the years go by. The old house in which Betsy Ross made the first American flag still stands at 239 Arch street, Philadelphia, and the little room in which the flag was made remains practically the same as when it was her sewing room. The floor is of heavy oak boards, nailed down with handmade nails. There are two small paned windows, and in the rear of the room is a wide and high mantelpiece, with a blue tile border, which is as bright as it ever was. The doors are hung on curious rectangular hinges. The bricks of which the house was made were brought from across the sea. The flag was made under the supervision of George Washington and Robert Morris. Under a resolution of Congress, Betsy Ross received £11, 12s., 6d., for flags made for the fleet on the Delaware river. Afterward she was awarded the contract to make all the government flags.

There is nothing that makes one wish one was a boy in knickerbockers so much as to stand outside the rail in the Children's Building at the Fair. Part of it is fitted up as a gymnasium, with bars, rings, ladder, etc. The boys, and the girls, too, for that matter, have fine times playing leap-frog over leather covered rests made for the purpose. A pleasant-faced young man is in charge and shows the children how to play in a manner to develop muscle and not injure themselves. Opposite is the creche where tired mothers may leave their babies in daintily draped cribs or at play in the tiny pen in the middle of the floor, which is well supplied with playthings. The children are safe and happy and it enables many a mother to enjoy the Fair, as she could not otherwise do.

Woman's power as a military artist is vindicated by two pictures at the Fair by Lady Butler (Elizabeth Thompson). One of these, "To the Front" is full of dash and vim and shows a troop of cavalry riding through a gateway, waving adieus to weeping mothers and sweethearts. The other, "Roll Call," has none of the poetry and enthusiasm of war, but tells of the horrors of warfare in the small line of tired and wounded soldiers. The brave spirit that carried them into battle shows itself in spite of the faltering limbs and the drawn faces of the pitiful few who seem to have had barely the strength to crawl to answer to their names.

Of all the exquisite needlework exhibited at the Fair, there is probably nothing more wonderful than the embroidery on the finest lawn that is exhibited in the Spanish Department of the Woman's Building.

EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

"Speaking of religion," said a prominent merchant, who came out of a big church yesterday, "my folks have a most sublime faith in the efficacy of prayer.

"One night last week my little girl, who is about a dozen years old, reminded me that she needed a pair of new shoes to make complete her Sunday costume. I was interested in my newspaper and made some badgering remarks about the duty of children to wear brogans at \$1 a pair and gave her \$1. She went away without a word, a fact that surprised me, because I thought she would protest. But finally she came to me and said:

"Papa, I'll match you for another dollar—heads I win, tails you lose."

"The proposition nearly knocked me off my chair. I looked across the room at her mother, a devout woman, from whom I expected an emphatic lecture. She, however, was paying no attention and so I said: 'Don't you know it's wrong to gamble? Where on earth did you hear of matching dollars?'

"Oh, I found out," was her evasive answer. 'Will you match me?'

"Well, you know me. I don't take any bluffs like that, so I out with a silver dollar and laid it on my knee. The child was about to follow suit, when she hesitated, drew away and then went to her mother and said, with much solemnity:

"Mamma, pray for me. I must have another dollar."

"Her mother only smiled in a depreca-

tory way. Then she came back and said: "Now, papa, heads I win tails you lose."
"And, dadburn it all, I did lose, sure enough, and the child looked me in the face and said:
"Now, papa, you see what prayer will do."—St. Louis Republic.

"BAD COPY."

"I've read," said an editor to a writer in the New York Times, "hundreds of rolled manuscripts, and I never yet have found one that I cared to print. I have decided that the stupidity which rolls a manuscript cannot produce anything worth reading." A rolled manuscript is a desperate thing, but there is another that is almost worse—the one that comes to you with the last page on top and the first page at the bottom. A manuscript was once sent to me arranged in this careless manner. There were five or six hundred pages of it. Do you know what I did with it? I sent it back to the author with a note in which I advised him, before he sent that manuscript further on its travels, to show sufficient interest in it to arrange the pages properly. I hope for his sake that he acted upon my advice. If he did not, I doubt that his tale ever got a hearing. Life is too short for the important things to be done as they should be, and it could never be long enough for one not only to do his own work properly, but to rectify the careless work of others. A rolled manuscript shows a thoughtless writer, but a manuscript arranged backwards shows a carelessness that is insulting to the person to whom it is sent, and argues ill for the intelligence of the writer. An attractive-looking manuscript goes a long way towards winning the favor of the "reader." Even if refused, it is refused with genuine regret; but a "reader" is only too glad to find the carelessly prepared manuscripts as worthless as it looks.—The Critic.

THE CRAZE FOR ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.

Some of the State legislatures are committing a grievous mistake in granting charters indiscriminately to inter-urban electric railways, and giving them the free run of the public highways, and this without requiring them to pay any franchise tax for the privileges thus liberally bestowed, says Franklin L. Pope in the Engineering Magazine. That is a policy which no State can afford to pursue, and one which is sure to ultimately result in widespread disaster. While most of the local horse railroads which have been converted into electric roads have proved very profitable investments, it does not necessarily follow that tracks can be put down on every cross-country road, and made to become bonanzas for the bondholders, merely because they are operated by electricity. It has by no means been satisfactorily demonstrated that for distances of five to ten miles, where hourly or half-hourly trips of a small car are all that the traffic requires, electricity possesses any economical advantage over steam or even over horse-power. The prevailing craze for covering the rural districts with a network of electric railways, is evidently being assiduously fostered by the manufacturers of electric apparatus in order to enlarge the market for their wares, and so long as the public can be induced to purchase and pay for bonds issued to pay for these projects, enterprise and prosperity will doubtless continue to go hand in hand. "The American public"—as the astute Mr. Gould once remarked—"are fond of bonds."

A SENSATIONAL STORY

has attracted attention lately, but as a matter of fact the public has also devoted time to things substantial, judging by the unprecedented sales of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Unequaled as a food for infants. Sold by Grocers and Druggists.

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In this narrative Mrs. Maynard tells of her early life, and the discovery of her mediumship, and brings her career down to the time of going to Washington. Beginning with chapter VII., Mrs. Maynard recounts her first meeting and seance with President Lincoln and follows it up with accounts of further seances at which Lincoln was present, including some at the White House. "I believe that Mr. Lincoln was satisfied and convinced that the communications he received through me were wholly independent of my volition," writes Mrs. Maynard (page 111).

Lincoln is quoted as saying: "I am not prepared to describe the intelligence that controls this young girl's organism. She certainly could have no knowledge of the facts communicated to me."

Mrs. Maynard tells a plain, straightforward story and fortifies it with witnesses. That she did hold seances for Mr. Lincoln, and that he was strongly impressed by what he saw and heard no intelligent person can doubt, after reading this book. The publisher declares that he has not spared care, research or expense in verifying Mrs. Maynard's story before publishing the book; and he publicly declares that he "stakes his reputation on the validity of its contents."

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BOOK REVIEWS.

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

Phillips Brooks in Boston. Five Years' Editorial Estimates. By M. C. Ayres. Editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis, 1893. Pp. 120. Cloth, \$1; paper 50 cents.

This little volume of 120 pages, fresh from the press, is the notable record of a notable man, commented on by a friend and sympathizer from day to day and on the spot, through the culminating five years of the great Bishop's life. The book contains an introduction by Rev. W. J. Tucker, D. D., Professor in Andover Theological Seminary and President-elect of Dartmouth College, who says:

"I know of no man of like prominence, of whom there was so little to be reported, concerning whom it was necessary to say so much. . . . The secular press was quick to recognize and acknowledge in Mr. Brooks the presence of a religious genius. And its judgment reflected as much honor upon itself as upon him. . . . The editorial utterances of the Boston Daily Advertiser, which have been gathered up in this volume, cover only the last five years; but they ante-date by a considerable time the official life of Phillips Brooks. And the editorials which precede his election show the same understanding of the man, the same appreciation of his power, the same acknowledgement of his representative character, as those which follow."

The table of contents includes nearly thirty items—the sections or brief chapters being devoted to topics such as these: A More Excellent Way; Phillips Brooks' Power; Watch-night Meeting; Phillips Brooks and Lyman Abbott; Reaching the Masses; A Teacher of Theology; The Bishop of Boston. As a whole, the subject-matter of this small book presents a vivid and life-like representation of the Bishop's personality and power.

Bit of Blue. By Wesley Bissonnette. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 1893. Cloth. Price, \$1.00.

This unpretentious volume, daintily bound in white and gold, has the true poetic spirit and contains many little gems, as poetical in thought as they are in form. The verse is smooth and rhythmical and possesses real merit. The author shows his love of nature in several graceful poems, such as the following from "Autumn Sketches":

Broad vales are brown below the barren hills;
And all the gold has withered in the grass;
The purple grass is gray upon the hills.

Nor chill nor wan, but shocks of the red corn
Rich in tanned suns and baked with the bronze fire,
And ivory nuts of ebon-colored desire
And flaring fruits grow friendly with the world.

Or in the "Sunsets," where he compares the sun to a "racer who wins the golden spurt," or "as if a Titian spilt a pot of paint;" or again:

How like a crimson rose the sunset dieth,
Bleeding its heart of all the purple wine;
'Tis a red rose that in the lilacs lieth,
Flushing the pallid blooms with its delicate.

There is very little moralizing in the volume. A poem approaching it is "World-Way," which runs thus:

Ay, that is the way of the world,
And the way of the yearning years;
And the yielding life and the yellow leaf
And the thoughts that turn to tears.

And the fields were broad and green,
And now they are brown and flat;
Not only the way of the fields of the world
However you think of that.

Where there is constantly being published so much society and sentimental verse, it is pleasant to turn to poems of this sort, which have in them the breath of the fields and the song of the birds and reflect only what is bright, beautiful and inspiring.

The Rise and Progress of Modern Spiritualism in England. By James Robertson. Manchester: The Two Worlds Publishing Co., Limited, 73 A, Corporation Street. Pp. 92. Cloth, price 35 cents.

The author of this work says that con-

viction of the truth of Spiritualism came to him in spite of a strong bias in another direction, for having left Christianity behind him, he was fully persuaded that there was no evidence of a life beyond the grave. When he began to investigate the subject, he was unaware of the number and class of people who were interested in the subject, and the present work gives a brief account of the history of Spiritualism and its prevalence in ancient and modern times under various names. He shows that spirit communion was believed in by the people of ancient Egypt, India, China, Greece and Rome, and in the Bible as well as the Koran are proofs of this. He proves that George Fox, Swedenborg and others were no less mediums than those identified with the movement of today. It is a very compact volume and is especially valuable to newcomers in the ranks of Spiritualism.

Spirit-Guided; or Reunited by the Dead. By E. W. Wallis. Published by E. W. Wallis, 73 A, Corporation Street, Manchester. Pp. 86. Paper. Price 35 cents.

This story which was originally published in The Two Worlds, records spiritual experiences and facts which occurred in the life of the author or of persons with whom he was acquainted. There are many interesting examples of spirit communion, notably the instance where Mark dreams all the details of the death of his fiancée, and little Maggie Banks sees the same beautiful lady "who was very wise," all of which is verified by subsequent intelligence. There is a slight love story woven in and out of the accounts of these strange happenings, which have all the more interest because of the statement of the author, who says that he may fairly claim that this story is founded on fact.

As Men Gay Decide and other sketches. By Mrs. Frank Leslie. Chicago and New York: F. Tennyson Neely, Publisher. Pp. 304. Paper. Price, 50 cents.

This collection of sketches bearing on a great diversity of subjects is written from the standpoint of a woman of the world. Mrs. Leslie has been a close observer, especially of the particular phases of social life which she depicts in this book, and there are many who will enjoy these light sketches, written in a pleasing gossipy style. The subjects treated are many, among which are "The Art of Kissing," "The Natural Flirt," "May a Woman Propose?" "Favorites of the Men," "If Women Held the Reins," "Did Columbus Discover America?" etc. A fine half-tone portrait of the author forms the frontispiece.

MAGAZINES.

The first number of McClure's Magazine has appeared. The reputation of Col. McClure led to the expectation that his magazine would be of superior character and readers need not fear being disappointed in purchasing the June issue of this publication. The frontispiece is a picture of Prof. Henry Drummond, who has a notable article in this issue entitled "Where Man got his Ears," which is illustrated. "Real Conversations," No. 1, are dialogues between W. D. Howells and H. H. Boyeson, as recorded by the latter. This is an interesting and illustrated paper. "The Nymph of the Eddy" is a story by Gilbert Parker. Another article is "Human Documents," by Sarah Orne Jewett, with portraits at different dates of their lives of Gen. Lew Wallace, H. H. Boyeson, W. D. Howells, Alphonse Daudet. "Wild Animals," is another illustrated article by Raymond Blathwayt. Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson has a story with ten pictures, entitled "Under Sentence of the Law."

"The Edge of the Future," is the caption of interviews with Thomas A. Edison and Alexander Graham Bell, by H. W. Massingham. Parton's "Rules of Biography" are given in eight letters written by Parton. "Europe at the Moment," by M. D. Blowitz and the "Comedy of War," a story by Joel Chandler Harris, are among the other attractions of this number. The magazine is very richly illustrated, shows fine literary taste and promises to take a place equal in rank to that of any of our first-class magazines. The Lyceum Banner for Young and Old. The June number of this little monthly, edited and published by J. J. Morse, assisted by Florence Morse, contains the eighth annual conference of British Lyceum workers under the auspices of the Spiritual Lyceum Union. This conference was held in the Spiritual Hall, Bernley, May 14. The arrangements for the Conference were carried out by the united Lyceums of Hamerton St. and

Guy St. The meetings seem to have been a success. The Lyceum Banner is published at Monmouth House, 36 Monmouth Road, Bayswater, London, W. Price, one penny. The World's Fair Electrical Engineer for May gives an account of the electrical power circuits at the World's Fair from the pen of L. S. Boggs, engineer in charge of electric power. The article is illustrated and gives a description which is really interesting. The exhibits in the electricity building form the subject of another article. The general World's Fair notes which occupy several pages are of especial interest to those whose studies are in the line of electricity. There is also a good synoptical index of current electricity. The Independent Pulpit for June has a number of readable articles. The opening one is "Religion versus Progress," by D. W. McCourt. Prof. L. S. Welch writes learnedly about "Some of the Early Christian Sects." Ed. Strauss writes on "Heretofore and Hereafter." J. P. Richardson inquires "What has Christianity done for Civilization?" The editor has a number of articles on subjects of current interest and importance. This magazine is edited by J. D. Shaw, who some years ago was a prominent Methodist minister and who left the theological pulpit for The Independent Pulpit, because of a radical change in his convictions. J. D. Shaw, Waco, Texas.

The Journal of Hygiene and Herald of Health, for June, opens with "The Greater Temperance" by C. H. Shepard. The editor, Dr. M. L. Holbrook, has "Notes on Hygienic Treatment of Sprains," "Nervous Exhaustion by Bad Air," "Transmission of Scarletina by Bad Books," "Lead Poisoning by Putty" and other subjects of practical interest. Henry M. Huggins gives in the form of a personal narrative anecdotes of experiments in mesmerism. Professor E. P. Thwing, M. D., furnishes hygienic notes from Chicago. Jennie Chandler writes on "Hygiene for Women." An article on "The Generation of Red Blood Corpuscles" by the editor. Topics of the Month, Book Notes, etc., complete the table of contents of this very valuable little monthly. M. L. Holbrook, editor, 46 East 21st Street, New York. \$1.00 a year. Humanity and Health, edited by Ella A. Jennings, M. D., and Eva Best, for May presents a very attractive table of contents. The frontispiece is a picture of Minnie Gilmore, author of "A Son of Esau." There are articles by the editors, Francis Gilman Holden, Mrs. S. C. Hasset Boyis, Mrs. Sixty, Edward S. Martin, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and others on a great variety of subjects. "Plain Words," "Hot Water," "Table Talk," "The Story Teller," "Mental Maladies," "Character Delineations," etc. New York City, 92 Fifth Avenue, \$1.00 a year.

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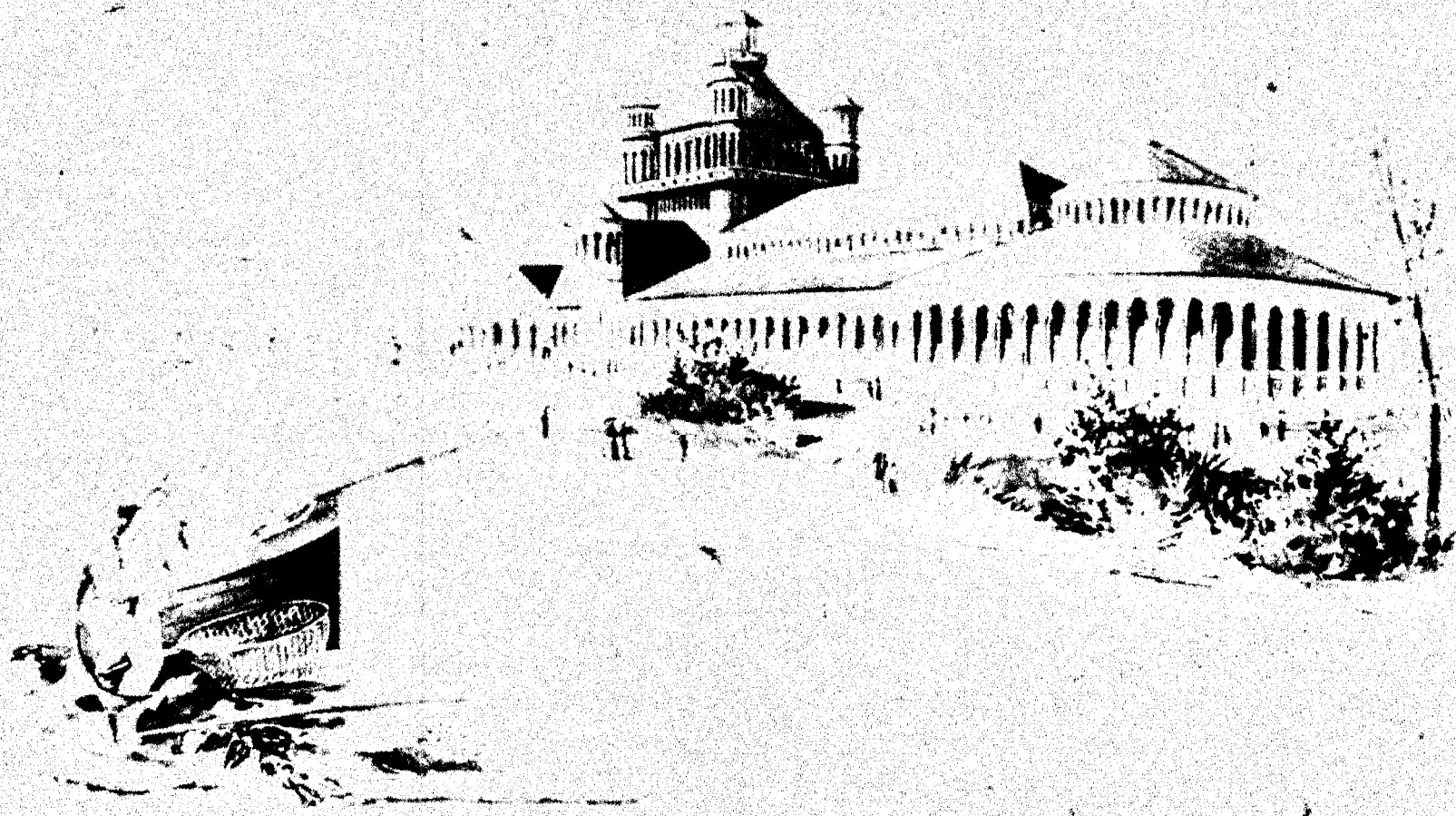
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VISION OF CHARLES XI. OF SWEDEN.

The vision of King Charles of Sweden is one of the apparently attested supernatural incidents of history, but like many historical prophecies, it is impossible to know now whether it was written before or after the facts seemed to foreshadow. As the story goes King Charles XI., though a wise sovereign, was hard and harsh in his manner and was much feared in his household and in the court. He was in his apartments the night of December 16, 1676. Count Brahe his Lord Chamberlain, and Dr. Baumgarten, his physician, were with him. They sat in silence, for the King was lost in thought, but when the attendants rose to withdraw as the hour was growing late, the King ordered them to remain. The royal palace was then in an incomplete state, and the room where the King sat was at one end of a group of buildings in a semicircle and was directly opposite the council chamber. The King rose and looked from the window and saw with astonishment that the council room was illuminated. He asked his attendants why this was, but they could not tell him and he said that he would go himself and investigate. The servant who had charge of the keys was therefore called and bidden to precede the King to the council room. As they entered the corridor leading from the King's apartments to the hall they saw to their amazement that its walls were draped in black. The King asked sternly why this had been done, but the servant said that he knew nothing about it and the King's personal attendants also attested their ignorance of the change. All said that when they had passed through the corridor last it was simply wainscotted with oak. The King's attendants when they reached the hall at the end of the corridor feared to enter and wished to call a company of the guards, but the King himself unlocked the door and they all went in. They beheld there, says the legend, a remarkable sight. The hall was brilliantly illuminated with torches, and all the room—even the flags of Sweden which hung upon the wall—was draped in black. There was a large assemblage present, all of

or to any of those with him. On the throne there lay a bloody corpse in royal robes. On its right stood a child with the crown upon its head and holding a sceptre in its hand. On the left stood an aged man leaning on a staff. In front of the throne there was a group of several persons in black robes, apparently judges. Before them was a table covered with scrolls of paper. Between the throne and the other side of the hall was a block draped in black and against it lay an axe. No one of this assemblage seemed to see the King and his attendants. A low murmur of voices seemed to fill the room, but the King could not distinguish any words. At last the oldest member of the group of judges, apparently the presiding officer, rose and struck three times upon the book before him. There came an interval of deep silence, then a door opened on the other side of the hall opposite to that on which the King entered, and several young men came in, all of them fine looking and apparently members of the nobility, and all with their hands tied behind them. The foremost one was a young man of haughty bearing and handsome countenance. Behind these came a large man in the garb of an executioner. As the handsome youth paused and looked at the block, the corpse lying upon the throne trembled and blood oozed from it. The young man bowed his head upon the block, the axe flashed as it was swung above him by the executioner's strong arm, and fell, severing his head, which rolled upon the floor. This rolled so near to where King Charles stood that the blood spattered upon his feet. The King had thus far stood in silence, his attendants trembling from head to foot with terror. Now he turned to the presiding judge and said: "If you are from God, speak, but if from hell, depart and leave us in peace." The phantom replied: "King Charles, it is not in thy reign that this blood shall flow, but after five reigns, woe, woe, woe to the house of Vasa!" The phantoms then vanished, the lights went out, the block, its drapery, the severed head, all vanished, and the only sign of the vision left was the stain upon the slippers of the King. The story goes that the King had an account of this vision written out and signed by himself and all the witnesses, and that its truth has never been doubted, but, as we have said, it is impossible to assert now whether the story originated in his time or 100 years later. The fulfillment of this vision is supposed

to have been found in the deaths of Gustavus III., who was the phantom corpse upon the throne. The child standing by was Gustavus Adolphus IV., and the young man beheaded was Ankerstrom, who killed Gustavus III., and was executed for the crime.

JACQUES INAUDI.

The following from the Evening News and Post for May 17th, relates to a remarkable calculator whose public feats have created wide and keen interest in Europe:

The first thing to be understood about Inaudi's performance is that it is a perfectly straightforward and genuine exhibition of skill. In Paris the lightning calculator has been before the public for years past. He has displayed his art before the most critical audiences, and has so keenly interested men of science that a commission of the Académie des Sciences was last year appointed to examine him and report upon his abnormal faculty of calculation. The celebrated Dr. Charcot was a member of this commission, and compiled its learned report, from which we gather that Inaudi's cranium is actually plagiocephalic, with a projection of the left parietal bump, and a longitudinal crest at the back of the inter-parietal suture. These little peculiarities, however, are not put forward as explanatory of the calculator's gifts. The scientists find that his specialty is a highly-developed partial or local memory, which is abnormal in its capacity for figures only. He does not remember colors, forms, events, places, or musical airs better than anyone else; he has no capacity for feats like that of playing blind-fold chess. But for figures he has the most loving recollection, and not alone performs difficult calculations with them, but can at the end of a long series of experiments repeat all the figures used in all the problems submitted to him. His record for this precise enumeration standing as high as four hundred figures.

As to Inaudi's method of calculation, Dr. Charcot concludes that, unlike most of the famous mental gymnasts in figures who have gone before him, he "has not recourse to visual memory for his mental operation, but avails himself concurrently of auditive images and motive images of articulation." In plainer English, he does not make a mental picture of the figures as written down, but retains the memory of them by the ear. He does not remember the figures so well, in fact, when communicated to him by writing as when spoken aloud for him, and the sight of written figures actually embarrasses him and retards his calculation. A supplementary report by one of Dr. Charcot's colleagues reveals the curious fact that he begins the process of addition or subtraction from the left, as the Hindus do, instead of from the right. He has never been taught by expert mathematicians, as previous "lightning calculators" have been, but has invented all his processes of calculation himself.

So much for the French men of science, whom we quote as unimpeachable witnesses of the genuineness of Inaudi's performance. As to what he actually does people interested in the subject will soon have an opportunity of seeing for themselves. At a private performance given in the Hotel Victoria yesterday afternoon he went through a few of his most striking feats. One was the addition of two rows of figures, twenty-four in each row, which carries us up into the strange country of quintillions and sextillions, or millions of millions of millions. Another and more marvelous performance, which occupied five minutes and seven seconds, was a combination of five different exercises in the simpler rules of arithmetic, each of them easy enough to work out with paper and pencil, but every one difficult to follow mentally. He added together five rows of figures, with five figures in each row; subtracted twelve figures from twelve figures; divided six figures by five figures; squared a number of five figures; and extracted the square root of a number of six figures. The simultaneous solving of the five problems involved his dealing with over a hundred different figures, and when he had successfully finished the task he recited the original terms of the problem all over again without a mistake. A few fancy feats were thrown in, such as telling on what day of the week a given date many years back had fallen; these seemed to be only amusement to the calculator, who rattled out his answers almost in the moment of hearing the problems, and in one

or two cases set the propounder of the query right when the latter had gone astray in his memory. There can be no question as to the extraordinary nature of Inaudi's gift, and his public performances will doubtless create keen interest amongst all those interested in a scientific curiosity or an arithmetical phenomenon.

CAME BACK TO BE SHOT.

The order had been issued to Paris in 1871 by the new republican authorities that Communist insurgents who were taken with arms in their hands should be put to death immediately. So writes a French correspondent. The order was being relentlessly executed, when, in the garden of the Elysee Palace, a detachment of republican troops came upon a small band of insurgents. Among them was a boy of fifteen years, still in short trousers. The band was conducted to a larger party of Communists destined for execution. On the way the fifteen-year-old broke out from among his companions and placed himself in front of the colonel who commanded the escort. Making the military salute with a good deal of grace, he said:

"Mister, you're going to shoot me, I suppose?"

"Certainly, my lad," said the colonel. "Taken with arms in your hands, it's all up with you. That is the order."

"All right," said the boy, "but see here: I live in Miromesnil street, where my mother is concierge in a house. She'll wait for me if I don't come home, and she'll worry a great deal. I just want to go home and quiet her a bit, you know; and then, again, I've got my watch here; I'd like to give it to my mother, so she'll have as much as that, anyway. Come, colonel, let me run home a little while. I give you my word of honor I'll come back to be shot."

The colonel was struck with astonishment at the boy's demand. It also began to amuse him a good deal.

"You give me your word of honor, eh, that you'll return in time to be executed?"

"My word of honor, mister!"

"Well, well," said the colonel, "this young scamp has wit as well as assurance. A rather young rebel to shoot, too! Well, his assurance has saved him. Go home, boy!"

The youth bowed and scampered off. "The last we shall see of him," said the colonel.

Half an hour passed by; the colonel, who was now indoors in his headquarters, had forgotten, in the press of his terrible business, all about the boy, whom he regarded as having been definitely set free. But all at once the door opened and the boy Communist popped in.

"Here I am, mister!" he exclaimed. "I saw mamma, told her, gave her the watch, and kissed her. Now I'm ready."

Then the colonel did what perhaps none but a rough soldier would have done. He rose, came over to the boy, seized him by both ears, led him thus to the door and kicked him out of it, exclaiming:

"Get out, you young brigand! Get back to your mother just as quick as you can!"

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With the traces of her feet.

Think you not this teaches plainly,
Renewing life, continuous growth?
Ever moving, ever changing,
Each is one and one is both?

Spirit forms are in all beauty,
Nothing is but doth this show.
With this inner, man and insect,
Tree and flower, are all aglow.

This it is that resurrects us,
After gaining forces here,
Into the "Promised Land," the new one,
Where naught is touched by Autumn's sere.

ONE SOUL.

BY ANNA OLCOTT COMMELIN.

A slender woman toiled with care each day,
To cheer and help the needy on their way.
Children she taught, and tried their hearts to
win,

And women save from ignorance and sin.

With lofty aim and consecrated will,
She strove, in love, to lessen human ill,
And as she toiled, the field still wider grew.
The more she strove, the more she saw to do.

One summer day she trod the heated street,
Weary and worn, she sped, with aching feet.
A friend she met, "What hast thou done?" said
he,

"What human soul hast saved from misery?
Thou givest thought unto a thankless band,
And yet thou canst not show, in all the land,
One life made happy." This the cynic said;
"Then take thine ease." She raised her droop-
ing head

And spoke: "My heart responds to others' needs,
Though weak may be my aid to their good deeds,
But I am glad, if for this cause alone,
From sordid life, one soul I've saved—my own!"

The friends of Mrs. R. C. Simpson, the well-known medium, will be sorry to learn that she has been called to her home in Centralia, Wash., on account of sickness. She expects to return to Chicago in September to continue her work. Mrs. Simpson has made many new friends since she returned to Chicago last fall. Miss Abby A. Judson is very enthusiastic over some sittings that she has recently had with Mrs. Simpson.

A unique and interesting meeting was the Woman's Session of the Insurance Congress, held at the Art Palace, Chicago, June 21, 1893, at which the following topics were discussed: "The Trance State of Woman," Mrs. Clark Waring, Columbus, S. C.; "The Legal Responsibility of Insurance Agents," Miss Carrie L. Simons, Battle Creek, Mich.; "The Requisites of Insurance Agents," Mrs. Julia E. Sherman, Ypsilanti, Mich.; "Women as Officers of Insurance Companies," Mrs. C. E. Rawson, Des Moines, Iowa. The Opening Address was by Mrs. Sara Steenberg, Chairman Woman's Committee on Insurance Congress.

The pleasantest thing about the Exposition is that it meets the tastes and requirements of every one, and no one need waste any time on what he is not interested in. The farmer, the machinist, the artist, the musician, the housewife, the scientist, the old man and the small boy, the young girl or the matron, can find the one thing above all others he or she enjoys best. The mother may leave her baby in the crèche in the Children's Building while she listens to a lecture by Mrs. Rorer on the best method of cooking eggs or of preparing corn, while her husband may stand in wonder before the marvelous engines in Machinery Hall. The children will find a never-failing source of amusement in the donkeys and camels in the streets of Cairo and the daughter of the family may listen rapturously to Thomas' orchestra. A mistaken idea prevails that it is very expensive to attend the Fair. It depends entirely upon the person for in this immense city there are rooms to suit every purse and by carrying one's lunch and scrupu-

lously avoiding all unnecessary at the Fair, one can see all that one has the strength to do for a small expenditure. Another erroneous idea is that Chicago is such a very hot place in the summer that it will be unbearable during the summer months. In the heart of the city, among the big buildings it is often warm, but at Jackson Park there is always a cool breeze from the Lake and after the sun goes down a warm dress or a fur cape is not uncomfortable. The best dress to wear to the Fair is a wool dress made with a blazer or Eton jacket with a silk shirt and wool vest to wear with it, for the weather is very changeable and while the day may be very warm, the thermometer often drops suddenly and a warm wrap is necessary.

Friday, June 16th, was Illinois Press Day at the Fair and very interesting exercises were held in front of the Illinois Building. Mr. Clinton Rosette presided. Vice-President Adlai T. Stevenson made the address of the day which was received with bursts of applause. Mrs. Alice Mitchell sang the "Star Spangled Banner" so acceptably that she gave the Marsellaise for an encore. An excellent lunch was served on the third floor of the building and every courtesy was extended to the many hundreds who accepted the hospitalities of the Association. The press of Illinois was well represented by many editors and their wives, who will carry home most pleasant recollections of the day and the Fair.

In a recent discourse printed in the Banner of Light, Walter Howell says: Right is stronger than might. Truth is eternal, error is ephemeral. The everlasting good triumphs over the time-life of evil. Love shines in the heaven of immortal splendor, while lust, being mortal, vanishes before the all conquering spirit of progress. In the religion of the future there shall be no priest. The eye of the spirit being open, a world of truth shall be revealed. The voice of conscience uttering no uncertain sound and a divinely human ideal animating the soul, we shall find within us our prophet and priest. Instead of temples made with hands being called the house of God, our bodies shall be temples of the Holy Spirit; our every act, word, thought, desire and volition a prayer and a blessing. Every day shall be too sacred to do a mean action in, and every place too holy for self-love to enter. Piety finds its long-ling satisfied when it pours out the wealth it possesses on the altar of humanity—and in humility receives from the Eternal Fount of Being its inspiration and life.

Saturday was an unusual day at the Fair and immense crowds visited the grounds. It was Massachusetts Day and Gov. Russell, the popular young governor of the State, held a reception at the Massachusetts State Building from eleven till two o'clock. At Music Hall, Chauncey M. Depew, William Wirt Henry, Gen. Horace E. Porter and other illustrious visitors addressed the meeting of the Sons of the American Revolution in the morning, and in the afternoon the same gentlemen were present at the reception in the Woman's Building, given by the Daughters of the American Revolution to the Sons of the Revolution, which was a very notable gathering. Outside, under the blue sky, with the fresh breeze blowing from the Lake, the thousands who did not hold cards to the various receptions watched the gay and motley procession of the villagers of the Midway Plaisance, from the Laplanders with their sledges and dogs to the fierce but scantily attired Amazons of the Dahomey village. Mr. Depew and Gov. Russell both expressed themselves enthusiastically in regard to the Fair, as indeed does every impartial visitor.

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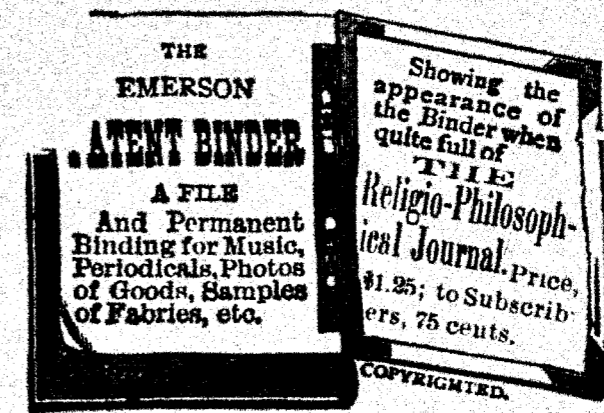
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PUBLISHED AT 92 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO
BY MARY E. BUNDY.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Copy, 1 Year,\$2.50
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CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—Topics of the Times.

SECOND PAGE.—Moral Decadence. Immortality. A Vision That Saved an Engineer's Life.

THIRD PAGE.—Crime. The Psychological Science Congress. Psychological Science Congress Notes.

FOURTH PAGE.—The Open Court. "Be Kind to the Little Ones." The Difficulties we Encounter.

FIFTH PAGE.—The Greatest Commandment. Immortality.

SIXTH PAGE.—Immortality.

SEVENTH PAGE.—Esoteric Buddhism.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Voice of the People.—A Note From Mr. Stebbins. A Vision. "Looking Through the Upper Windows."

NINTH PAGE.—Woman and the Home.—After Many Days. The Trained Nurse. Efficacy of Prayer. "Bad Copy." The Craze for Electric Railways.

TENTH PAGE.—Book Reviews. Magazines. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

ELEVENTH PAGE.—Experientia. Inspiration. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

TWELFTH PAGE.—Vision of Charles XI. of Sweden. Jacques Inaudi. Came Back to be Shot. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

THIRTEENTH PAGE.—Spring-time. One Soul. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

FOURTEENTH PAGE.—Miscellaneous Advertisements.

FIFTEENTH PAGE.—Miscellaneous Advertisements.

SIXTEENTH PAGE.—Passed to the Higher Life. General Items. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

THE JOURNAL calls attention to the fact that it will send THE JOURNAL to every new subscriber for fifty cents for three months. THE JOURNAL is a high class spiritual paper, abreast of all important questions of the day, and it is the recognized organ of the Committee of the Psychological Science Congress, which will begin its sessions August 21st. The number of new subscriptions coming in shows that THE JOURNAL'S influence is increasing and that there is a widespread interest in the subjects treated in its columns. In order to place THE JOURNAL within the reach of every one, it makes this offer and every person interested in psychical subjects should avail himself of this opportunity, if he is not already a subscriber.

The Fish and Fisheries Building, presented with THE JOURNAL this week is one of the greatest attractions at the Exposition. The building is Spanish Romanesque in style and consists of a central

domed pavilion and two annexes, circular in form, connected with the main building by colonnades, the columns of which are ornamented with curious finny inhabitants of the deep. The exhibits in this building are very interesting and varied. There are rods and hooks and flies and portable boats that make the amateur angler linger long and lovingly before them. There are full-sized boats and models of all sorts of fishing craft. Gloucester, Mass., sends an interesting exhibit showing by models the improvement in boats since the settlement of the town, and also the manner of curing and packing the codfish after it is left at the wharf by the boats, while there are models showing other industries. The aquaria are located in the eastern annex and are always surrounded by interested spectators, who watch the hermit crabs walk around with their unwieldy houses on their backs, or see the little fiddler crabs run along the sand with their feelers seemingly tucked under their arms; the speckled trout, the sharp-nosed pike, the stupid looking sheephead, the sand shark, minnows and catfish and many others are there, lazily swimming to and fro in the clear water. It strikes the visitor curiously oftentimes to see the fish covered up in the sand at the bottom of the tank apparently dead but only resting. A fountain in the center plays continuously and makes a cool retreat from the glare of the sun outside.

Surrogate Ransom has a paper in the June number of the North American Review on "Testamentary Legislation" in which he says: Our law libraries are groaning under the weight of text books and reported decisions of courts of intermediate and appellate jurisdiction, all devoted to the task of explaining the meaning and legal effect of wills. It seems to me a man about to make a will should realize the fact that when his will becomes operative he will no longer have any interest in the property left behind, and that any attempt on his part to keep control of it or of its earnings is utterly impracticable and foolish. He should dispose of his estate in the simplest way. If he be very wealthy and philanthropic, public spirited or charitable, or all three, let him administer his own estate by giving it away in his lifetime to his chosen objects, vesting in his donees the title absolutely. To my mind the testator unwittingly invites and encourages litigation by appointing several executors and trustees, either the same persons or different ones. If the estate be a large one with divers trusts to execute, investments and sales to effectuate, disagreement and contention is certain to happen among these representatives, all of which would be avoided if but one executor had been chosen.

There has come to this office a poem called "Physical Training," by Sebastiano F., of the Royal Naval Academy, Livorno, Italy. The writer labors under the serious disadvantage of writing in a foreign tongue and upon a subject entirely unfitted for poetic expression. He says that though he is "wading through his seventy-first year, he feels young both in mind and body," which he attributes to the care he has given to his body. As it is easier to remember rules set to rhyme, this poem will no doubt fulfill a mission, for it is certain that too much cannot be written upon the proper care and better development of the body.

The Queen City Park Association announces that their Camp Meeting will open July 30th and close September 3rd. Dr. E. A. Smith, of Brandon, Vt., is President. Vice-Presidents, William Gardner, B. Burland, S. N. Gould; Secretary and Treasurer, A. E. Stanley. This Camp is beautifully located on Lake Champlain, Vt.

Dr. Smith assures the public that everything will be done to make the Camp interesting and pleasant. Excursion trains will carry passengers at reduced rates and the public are cordially invited. There will be speaking every day during the entire session, except Mondays. Circulars, with information can be obtained by applying to Dr. A. E. Smith, Brandon, Vt., or Hon. A. E. Stanley, Leicester, Vt.

Mr. Buckman and the Misses Buckman, of Portland, Oregon, have been spending some time in Chicago attending the Fair and THE JOURNAL office received a very pleasant call from them this week. Their father, Cyrus Buckman, is well known as an enthusiastic and progressive Spiritualist.

Miss Abby A. Judson, who has been spending some time in Chicago attending the yearly meeting in Sturgis, Michigan, last Sunday, Miss Judson expects to speak in Michigan during the next few weeks before going to Cassadaga Camp Meeting.

PASSED TO THE HIGHER LIFE.

Mrs. Caroline A. Hay, wife of Captain Charles A. Hay, of Haysville, passed away May 31st. She had been failing in health for over two years and some months ago had two strokes of paralysis, from which she never recovered; her life has been a most eventful one. Mrs. Hay was a daughter of John Wilbank, scale and bell manufacturer, of Philadelphia, and sister of Mrs. George W. Carpenter, whose husband and Edgar Thomson were the projectors of the Pennsylvania railroad. Her father was a well-known character, and an intimate friend of President Andrew Jackson. The deceased passed through some thrilling experiences in her lifetime. At one time she and her husband were captured, on their plantation in Louisiana, by a band of guerrillas, under the command of Captain Joe Lee, a nephew of President Andrew Johnson, and were obliged to pay \$7,500 for their freedom. This raid was made in the night time, a number of planters were murdered and nine, whose lives were spared, paid \$55,000 as the price of freedom. Mrs. Hay was a woman of undaunted courage. In 1864 she came up the Mississippi river on the steamboat W. R. Arthur, Captain Hugh Campbell, of Pittsburg. The boat was shelled by the rebel batteries from Columbia to Sunnyside, and during the passage of the batteries Mrs. Hay remained in her stateroom, covering herself with a mattress, while the other passengers sought shelter in the hold. A shell came tearing through the next stateroom, exploded and a portion of it came through into her stateroom and tore the mattress upon which she was lying, but she escaped unharmed. It is a well known fact that the boat was struck eighty times by Marmaduke's batteries during this trip up the river.

Mrs. Hay was at one time a very wealthy woman, and was one of the heirs of the De Belleville estate, on which the Bellevue hospital now stands.

Mr. and Mrs. Hay are old and valued subscribers to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Mrs. Hay possessed medial gifts of a high order, and much that is valuable and instructive has been written through her hand.

Every testimonial in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla will bear the closest investigation. No matter where it may be from, it is as reliable and worthy your confidence as if it came from your most respected neighbor.

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Leave Chicago Sunday at 10 a. m. Return about 10 p. m. Round Trip, \$1.50.

Leave Chicago Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Round Trip, \$1.00. Tickets good returning same night, Sunday at 6 p. m., or Monday's steamer. In all cases meals and berths extra.

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