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

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THE OPEN COURT

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF MEMORY. By PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D.

Nothing can be more unphilosophical than to endeavor to explain a phenomenon by supposing that it is the product or outcome of the operations of a hypothetical element, entity or principle which is further supposed to be exactly qualified to bring about the phenomenon that we seek to explain. Yet, when the puzzling phenomena of mind are under consideration, we find most persons falling into this easy but vicious method of accounting for them. They reason thus: Matter cannot feel, matter cannot perceive, matter cannot think, therefore there must be a spiritual element in us that does our feeling, perceiving and thinking. This is but a repetition of the infantile process of reasoning which asserts that the earth cannot support itself, therefore it is supported by an elephant. No one knows positively that matter cannot perform any or all of our mental functions. He simply knows that he does not understand and cannot conceive how matter can perform such operations. And when he attempts to solve the difficulty and to make those functions intelligible by saying that there must be a spiritual principle in us which does our feeling, perceiving and thinking, he only shifts the difficulty from matter to spirit, for he finds himself utterly unable to understand or conceive how a spiritual principle can perform such operations. Then, in this respect, matter and spirit are on a par with each other; and it is just as easy for us to suppose that matter thinks, perceives and feels as it is for us to suppose that these processes are performed by some other hypothetical element. Inasmuch, then, as matter is a known reality and inasmuch also as it is known to be intimately associated with all our mental operations, we are obliged to reject the hypothetical element as a supernumerary—a useless encumbrance; and, turning our attention wholly to what we know as matter, endeavor to find out how it feels, perceives and thinks. The reader will of course understand that I am simply objecting to the unnecessary introduction of a duality into nature; and that it is immaterial whether the single, all-sufficient element is called matter or spirit—whether we say spirit is matter, or matter is spirit.

With the foregoing preliminary remarks, I call the reader's attention to the following well-known process of recording and reproducing the physical expression of intellectual operations. I present it, not as a proof that the mental process called memory is just exactly that and nothing more, but as an analogy which may justify us in saying that, possibly, memory or the reproduction of past mental phenomena may be the outcome of a somewhat remotely similar physical process; or, at any rate, an analogy

which may help us to a faint conception, imperfect and far removed it may be, of the process of memory as a physical operation.

The phonograph, in the presence of a number of singers and an accompanying orchestra of musical instruments, receives upon its waxen cylinder a succession of curious little indentations forming a continuous spiral line around the cylinder. These indentations vary from each other with every variation in the single tones emitted by each voice and each instrument, and with every variation in the simultaneous combination of such single tones. When the performance is over, if the cylinder is put back to the starting point of its indentations and then set in motion again, the entire musical performance is reproduced, both in the general effect of all the combined voices and instruments, and in the special effect of each voice and each instrument. From this brief description, the phonograph seems to be extremely simple; but if we consider what must happen to those little indentations that are less than one-hundredth part of an inch across, and in what respects they must differ from each other, we see that it is something truly marvelous. If we take a single indentation that is made upon the cylinder by the simultaneous air vibrations of all the voices and instruments at any one instant of time, we find that it is not merely a plain dent, but a dent which, though almost microscopical in size, has been modified not only by the pitch of the tones emitted by each voice and each instrument and by the intensity and volume of each tone, but modified also by those peculiarities of sound by which one instrument is distinguished from another simply as a musical instrument and one voice from another simply as a voice, and by which the vowel and consonant sounds are produced.

Now, when I listen to a bit of history and to-morrow find that I can so adjust some unknown something within me—so put it back to the starting point of the record which it received yesterday—that I can relate the same bit of history, word for word, may it not be that, in hearing the history, certain more or less permanent, physical impressions were made upon particular atoms or molecules of my brain by their vibratory clashing with each other; and that those impressions facilitated the reproduction of the same clashing of the atoms or molecules, and hence the reproduction of the same mental phenomena. I know very well that it can be said that my analogy does not hold good everywhere—that it does not cover this point here nor that point there. To which I can only say that an analogy is not expected to cover the whole ground; and that if it could be pulled and stretched so as to cover the entire ground, it would cease to be an analogy, and would become a demonstrated identity which would at once settle the whole matter.

It will also be said, perhaps, that it is not clear to any one that mental phenomena can be identified with the clashing of brain atoms or molecules. It is therefore necessary that I say something upon this point.

All mental phenomena are made up of states of consciousness. Now what is a state of consciousness? A state of consciousness is usually regarded as a certain kind of motion in the substance

of the mind—a mode of motion, therefore, just as heat and light are regarded as modes of motion. I do not believe that any one can conceive how mere motion or degrees of motion can so affect either matter or spirit as to evolve consciousness from either, and especially to evolve our infinitely various states of consciousness, simple and compound. I long ago came to the conclusion that it is not the mere motion of atoms or molecules but their collision that evolves consciousness. My reasons for this conclusion will be found in a new theory of consciousness which I published in *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, July, 1880, under the title, "Atomic Collision and Non-collision; or the Conscious and the Unconscious States of Matter," from which I make a few extracts:

"Let us reduce matter to its simplest conceivable form—that of an atom. Now, so long as that atom of matter remains at rest, it is in what may be called a negative state—an unconscious state. 'I do not mean that it is not in motion and is, on that account, in a negative state; for in the sense in which I use the word state, and in the sense in which I think it should always be used, neither motion nor rest, as such, is a state of matter. Motion and rest, as such, merely consist in a change and a non-change of the relative position of matter to matter, and are, therefore, phenomena of relation only, and have nothing to do with the state or states of matter thus at rest or in motion. But, when I say that the atom of matter, when at rest, is in a negative state (unconscious state) I simply mean that nothing is happening to and within the matter itself, considered apart from all other matter and all its relations to other matter. If, on the other hand, we suppose the same atom of matter to be in motion, it is equally in a negative state, because the motion does not affect the matter of the atom in any way, but merely changes its relations to other matter. Therefore, whether the atom is at rest or in motion, it is equally in a negative state, because nothing is happening to the matter which constitutes it.

If, now, we suppose two such atoms in the negative state (either both in motion, or one at rest and the other in motion) to meet each other, something happens to both of them at the moment of the collision. Of course, I do not simply mean that the motion of both of them is changed; but I mean that something happens to the matter which constitutes the atoms—something which is neither motion nor rest, but, nevertheless, something which is different from the nothing which was happening before the collision. This also is, strictly speaking, a state of matter, which, being the very opposite of what we denominated the negative state, may be called the positive state (the conscious state.)

Thus matter runs into consciousness, loses its material aspect, and can no longer be described in terms of matter," and suggests that "matter and consciousness are in their ultimates the same." For a further identification of matter with consciousness, I must refer the reader to the article itself.

"Having once admitted that the positive (conscious) state is induced by a collision of matter with matter, we are compelled to go a step further, and admit that the varying degrees of the velocity, and the varying relative direction of the motion of the

moving matter at the moment of collision, must induce varying degrees of the positive state, running downward approximately to the negative and upward indefinitely from the negative." This justifies and even compels us to make the following division of the positive, or conscious states, into "three main classes, each class containing, of course, many degrees—namely: the sub-conscious, the conscious and the supra-conscious; the conscious state embracing all degrees of human and animal consciousness (or consciousness in the ordinary acceptation of the term), the sub-conscious embracing all degrees below human and animal consciousness and the supra-conscious embracing all degrees above human and animal consciousness."

For my further justification of this theory of consciousness, and a vindication of my claim that it is far more philosophical and satisfactory than the prevailing theory that consciousness is a mode of motion, I refer the reader to the article itself.

THE EVANESCENCE OF LIFE.

By J. LOUIS BERRY.

Life is multiform. Its pains, its joys, its hopes, its aspirations are manifold. And yet, some affirm, it and its offsprings—the pains, the joys, the hopes, the aspirations—are builded upon a foundation whose props are of air; and this foundation is evanescence.

It is an unpleasant thought—the consideration of the incompleteness and illusion of life. But there is no sealed door to meditation. The visitor thought has always to its sanctuary an open sesame. And whether the visitor be pleasing or displeasing, cheering or tormenting, the average mind is powerless to refuse it entrance. The evanescence of life! Is it a fact or is it an illusion? That is the question. And too, it is one which is interesting to myriads of minds.

There always are two sides to every question. Therefore, if a question be discussed, those who discuss it are of different opinions. The question concerning the evanescence of life has been discussed since the early dawning of the sunny Grecian era. And the discussions in those days waxed as warm and were with fire as enthusing as the discussions of to-day. The critically inclined person who declares that the dreary company of men that meets and passes the hours in complaints and colossal repining in the murky region called pessimism is an exclusively modern product, is of ignorance of ancient history astonishing. Assuredly centuries since there existed a school of pessimism, as did of course its opposite, a school of optimism. Certainly these schools were not so sharply defined or so admirably massed together as those of this declining century. What matters it, though, even if they were not? They exhibited their tendencies, their theories, and their prized intellectual bubbles as proudly as do the pessimists and optimists of to-day. And that is much to say. But, captiously queries some one, should not a thinker prize his intellectual children? Certainly, and especially should he enclose them in a time-resisting receptacle, if they relate to the occasionally obtainable happiness or the always obtainable misery of man.

Plato, one of the greatest optimists of the past, and whose Republic is pervaded by a rampant spirit of gladness, escaped not, however, the gloom which deep thought is apt to impart to those who indulge in it. Ever and anon he breaks forth wailingly and at times seems to descend into the lowlands which are the pessimist's constant habitation. And then, too, the wonderful Homer, himself a dispenser of cheer, fell into the same pitfall.

Why did their optimism, as they thought so firmly grounded, desert them and leave them on melancholy's view-point of life? Because, worthy of emulation as they are, they had not attained to that consciousness which comes only with the full recognition of the soul. These two examples of the days of yore are parallel with thousands of examples of to-day; and the examples of to-day are the different schools of pessimism.

What is pessimism? It has been defined times innumerable and in a hundred significations. Pessimists—the scientific and the unscientific, the reasoning and the unreasoning—agree that it is a view of existence which discerns in the scheme of creation, or of evolution, of this world, a preponderance of pain over pleasure. Pessimism is a product of the East of ancient times. Study the writings and sacred books of that land—the region which drapes over us all so gracefully its veil of enchantment, even while it expatiates sorrowfully on the sway of illusion. Search diligently its bibles, its holy books. Buddhism, the greatest Eastern religion, and in some respects one of the most admirable, is the profoundest and most exhaustive system of pessimism that exists to-day. Its founder was more thoughtful than Kant, more convincing than Schopenhauer, and drearier than Hartmann. But Buddhism is not wholly dark. A ray of light is permitted to fittingly illumine the souls of its adherents—the hope of the attainment of Nirvana. But this light, to those who regard individuality as the most perfect manifestation of supreme power, is feeble and more hopeless than that of a sputtering candle in the dungeon of a Spanish inquisition.

Buddha teaches distinctly that this world is a world of sorrow and suffering; that the pleasures of life are built upon illusion, and that the only happiness in the future life is a negatory sort—a simple freedom from pain.

Buddhism's great rival, Christianity, is pessimistic in one sense and optimistic in another. Its teachings concerning this world are pessimistic; concerning the next, their optimism is pronounced, and remind one of Plato's lovely imaginings. The present life, according to the Bible, is of pain, disappointments, and sufferings, all complete; and is strongly designated a veil of tears. But the Christian's hope of heaven is a sure preventive against repining because of sorrow here. And indeed the true follower of Jesus is justified in this cherished longing for bliss spiritual. Well can he afford to be an optimist! What matters it to him whether or no the earth is on the eve of bursting, or that we are inhabitants of a sea of chaos? How affects him a blustering tornado, or a national catastrophe? As the breath of a summer zephyr idly floating past him, or the lingering death of a rose. Indifference is his watchword. Agony in the present, when upheld by a hope of happiness in the future, becomes a quality of contentment, or even a tranquil joy. Therefore, the Christian, looking ever towards to-morrow—that day which is so slow of dawning—forgets or stultifies present discomfort and thus makes of himself an apt illustration of Pascal's suggestion that man—anomalous creature!—never lives in the present, but always in the past or the future. Surveying broadly the fields of thought, we find that thinkers, scientific and unscientific alike, are divided into three classes. These three classes are the purely pessimistic, the purely optimistic, and the pseudo-pessimistic, or that form of reasoning which partakes of the nature of both extremes.

Thought purely pessimistic is expressed in the sacred books of Buddhism and of most Eastern religions; but it is desultory and exhibits palpably the presence of changing moods. While, from ancient times to the present day, this thought has been promulgated continually from the lips of thousands of poets and theologians and essayists, it has been left to philosophers of the nineteenth century to systematize it and create out of fanciful speculations of predecessors a solid school.

Pessimism, though, as I have said, was far from unknown before the establishment of its regular school. Philosophers had long cast gloomy ideas into its sweeping drift of thought, and poets especially had sung their sweet songs before its darksome altar. The brilliant Byron—a pessimist, however, whose knowledge came not from the teachings of books or of men, but from the murky regions of his own soul—rhymed of it until our ears are weary with his melancholy; (for melancholy when ceaseless is unpardonable and insincere.) The bitter

Dryden was a pessimist in all the word's entirety, as was in a lesser degree Thomas Moore. The robust Burns, too, was not wholly free from it. Neither was Cowper—whose complaints, however, were engendered by personal infirmities—nor was the placid Wordsworth, whose touching verse

"My days, my friend, are almost gone;
My life has been approved,
And many love me, but by none
Am I enough beloved."

is in delicacy and unobtrusive sadness incomparable. And then, too, there was the gentle Shelley, who exclaims, trying valiantly to woo elusive Galety:

"Whether that lady's gentle mind
No longer with the form combined,
I dare not guess!"

But he rids himself of his pessimism and sings:

"For love, and beauty, and delight,
There is no death nor change. . . ."

What mean the countless numbers of natures inexplicably melancholy and prone to sadness? They are the manifestations of souls containing innate qualities of sorrow and predispositions to self-torture. Are these qualities abnormal, or are they natural? Are they parts of the soul herself, or are they the results of erroneous teachings? Undoubtedly the latter. Primitive man, so far as we can judge, was boisterously, almost ridiculously, happy. The man of to-day is either an enthusiast, a sufferer from ennui, or one who regards life as a burden. To what is this stupendous change referable? Not surely, to the soul; for the soul, say wise persons, is changeless. Not to the soul's environments, for Nature's evolution is slow. Not to God, for, as knowing ones say, we are the molders of our own destinies. Now, to what last resort shall we journey? To that resort whose doors are always hospitably open—the resort of experience. Consult the high priest of this resort, History. History tells us that this change was caused by the cultivation of certain ideas; and that these ideas originated at the time the first religious dogma was proclaimed—we shrink timorously from guessing when.

(To be Continued.)

AN EARLY MATERIALIZING MEDIUM—MRS. MARY ANDREWS.

By G. B. STEBBINS.

IN THE JOURNAL about a month since one of its correspondents writes of the Eddy brothers at Chittenden, Vt., as "pioneers of materialization," conveying, perhaps without intent, the impression that they were in their early days, the only persons in whose presence "spirit materializations" were seen. This leads me to give some information to your later readers, not familiar with the pioneer days of Spiritualism, in regard to a remarkable psychic, or medium, for like manifestations whom I knew quite well. Moravia, a pleasant village some twenty miles south of Auburn, New York, was the home of Mrs. Mary Andrews and her husband. On the hillside about a mile northeast of the village was the large farm house of Mr. Keeler, looking southward over the town and valley below. Mr. Keeler and wife were plain people of good repute, old settlers and well known. Mrs. Andrews was with them from her childhood as a help in the house, and treated quite like a daughter, and married in due time the man Andrews, a faithful and trusted farm workman in Keeler's employ, a quiet man of good habits. She was of Irish parentage, of good natural capacity, pleasant ways, impulsive but kind, and of good personal character. A brunette in temperament, neither coarse or especially delicate, but of fine vitality, good health and well developed figure.

Her mediumship began quite as early as that of the Eddys, and the Keelers were enthusiastic believers and friends. Living in the village she soon, as a matter of convenience for room, etc., went daily to the farm house on the hill for sances, and there and elsewhere for thirteen years she averaged a

séance daily and in all probably fifteen thousand persons witnessed the manifestations in her presence, coming from far and near for that purpose. At last her health was less good, the psychic power less marked, and she has passed out of public sight, but not out of sight or thought of a few friends. No book was ever made up to chronicle her experiences, but *THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL*, the *Banner of Light*, and the popular newspapers gave wide publicity to her career, the testimonies being sometimes from most careful and competent witnesses.

At first no charges was made, but the house and the big barn were crowded with eager comers and their horses and fees for board and séances, always fair, were fixed, and the village hotels were also well filled. All kinds of stories were afloat among the vulgar and the bigoted, but those who visited her, of all creeds and sects, never convicted her of, or proved falsehood or fraud, and the large majority, perplexed as they might be, did not feel that she was guilty.

Her own indifference, as to results, helped to this favorable opinion. I once sat an hour, with several others, with no sound or sign, and at last she said: "Well, I think I got overdone, my head aches; we shall get nothing. Those who choose to stay are freely welcome to-morrow; those who must leave can have their money back again, if they wish."

In Spiritualism, or a future life, she had little interest, although this grew in later years. She enjoyed the séances, and was usually cognizant of what took place, not being entranced or insensible. She liked people to be satisfied and enjoyed the social life which came to her, but could only say, "I do not know how or why all this is;" apparently thinking little of its effect on the world's life or thought. During these years, which were surely toilsome and difficult, in some respects, she saved a modest competence, which neither her husband or herself have been led to fling away in costly folly.

Thus much of her personality. A sketch of a visit of five days to the farm house, in 1872, will give some idea of the general conduct of affairs there. Leaving the cars from Auburn at the village depot, a total stranger, I kept my identity secret, even careful that my valise had no name on it, and took a hack for the Keeler home with a stranger passenger. Stopping in the village a woman took a seat with us—Mrs. Andrews as we afterwards found. Reaching the house the bulky form of Mr. Keelers huge and careless like Dandie Dinmont in Walter Scott's story, was seen on the east porch. I said: Can I stay here a few days? and was told that one room was vacant. I then said: It may seem strange, but I prefer not to give my name at present, and the reply came, with a cheery laugh: "That's no matter, folks often hide their names. You'll have your name given you inside an hour." Ten or twelve strangers were soon with me in the séance room, a large chamber with only one entrance from the hall at the head of the stairs on the east side of the house and facing south and west. A large projecting bow window on the south side, overlooking the yard twelve feet or more below, boarded up outside over the glass, partitioned from the room by a close wall of single upright boards reaching to the ceiling and being thus a part of the wall of the room on that side, with a plain buttoned door in the middle of the partition, with a curtained opening some thirty inches square in the door and about four feet or less from the floor,—this was the cabinet. It all projected beyond the wall of the house. Its single floor had no possible traps or hidden cavities, as I know from repeated examinations. Against the west wall stood a piano, and a table and a score of chairs were the furniture. There was no other window I am sure, but if there was it must have been on the west side and could not be touched without my knowledge, as I sat near the piano. All this, and all which follows, is from notes taken then as well as from memory. Before each séance, and at other times, I searched the premises carefully, but found no possible means of reaching the cabinet-window save by the one door, or the room save by its single entrance.

At our first séance we sat in a semi-circle joining hands, the piano was played by a lady in the family. Mrs. Andrews sat in a chair outside the cabinet, all was darkness, raps were heard, my name was called as by a voice in the air in front of me and some four feet from the floor. Other voices were heard and names given. Ventriloquism might account for the voices, but not for the strange names, always correct.

This lasted a half hour and a rap called for lights. A lamp, with light enough for plain sight, was placed on the table beside the cabinet door, Mrs. Andrews took her seat inside in a chair, piano music gave harmony, hands were not joined, and in a half hour a dozen forms drew the curtain and looked out of the aperture in the cabinet door, sometimes speaking names, etc. They were, at this and the following séances, men, women and children, white and black, dressed in various styles and colors, mostly recognized by some one present, these recognitions sometimes fanciful, oftener real to all appearance, and sometimes verified in other ways. The next day came others, among them a young married couple, polite and ready for "a good time." It happened that we were seated so that the husband held my right hand the wife my left. All were asked to sing and the familiar John Brown song was chosen. This couple sang with marked skill and beauty, and when the chorus came a noble tenor voice sounded through the air above us, not that of any visible person present. The lady was startled and could not sing, but whispered: "A wonderful voice!" I said quietly: "Sing on, you will not be hurt," and she bravely did so, enjoying again that voice in the chorus. At the close the husband called me aside and showed me, on his handkerchief, their real name, which had been spoken out in the dark, and said: "Come to the hotel and see us. Call for us by an assumed name, which he gave me. This giving our real name is wonderful. And that marvelous voice in the air! There is more of this than we imagined." The next day they were in their places, chastened, subdued and uplifted.

I saw in the five days fifty forms or more, not dim but distinct and widely unlike in aspect, but knew no one until the last day. Then came, looking at me out of the cabinet door, giving his name and mine in a low voice, Albert C. Tish, a brother of my wife, never known in Moravia or nearer there than Rochester and who passed away in Denver,—voice, features, hair and beard all plainly seen and perfect. A lady who sat next me, a stranger, I asked to describe the person, and she gave all as I had seen him,—no subjective vision but objective, real, seen by all. I saw, too, another friend, whose name I am not free to give, but who was distinctly seen.

The day before three young men, sons of farmers and not known, came in their carriage and asked for places in the room, took their seats and looked on with intelligent interest. For some time it was plain that nothing came for them. I was led to watch them from their honest courtesy and good sense. At last appeared a strong sinewy form, with a swarthy face and black beard, and they were all attention. Leaning far out and calling in a voice intense and penetrating, he looked with strange earnestness at one of them and cried out, as with a heart's call for recognition, and in tones that silenced every one present: "Ed! Ed!! Ed!!!" The impression on all was deep and strong. I went to the young men as they were going away and asked the one addressed as Ed.: "Did you know that man?" "Know him, surely I did. He was my comrade in the army and dropped dead at my side on the Rappahannock with a rebel bullet through his heart." The others confirmed his word, but I did not ask their names. I should mention that Mr. Keeler was present at most of the séances, coming in to answer questions of new guests and sitting quietly in a corner.

Years after I saw, at Cascade on the beautiful Owasco lake, at their home but four miles from Moravia, three children, apparently about six years old, come out of the cabinet and move about on the floor, their forms semi-transparent but distinct, and

of these two faded out of the sight of all present.—not a sudden disappearance, but a gradual passing into the thin air, like a dissolving mist.

My narrative, in its general aspects, is like what thousands might give. It is a glimpse of the true story of the life, through long years, of a woman whose leading psychic power was as a help to spirit materializations. Her career, taking into account not only the number who visited her, but the satisfaction and friendly confidence and regard of a large part, and the best part, of her visitors is unparalleled.

How can these things be? is a question too large for present consideration. This suggestion may help. Our physical bodies are materialized forms, drawn from food and earth and sky, each particle set in due place, each limb and organ in fit shape by an invisible life-power, mind grinding matter to this end.

Well said Edmund Spencer:

"For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form and doth the body make."

Who knows how this can be? we fitly call it a natural process. Is it not as fit to see that what we call spirit materialization is just as natural? It is but a difference in time. Twenty years to build a mature physical body, twenty minutes or less to build what we may call a spirit body, tangible enough, and with verisimilitude enough for recognition. The modern chemist or electrician has daily feats, hardly held wonderful, which would have been the wildest impossibilities twenty years ago. What subtler chemistry, or what command of finer shaping forces may be reached in the higher life we know not, perhaps cannot imagine.

Explain how our physical bodies grow, or how the rose blooms and the grain ripens, and we may then possibly be able to explain these things. Meanwhile we may well realize that all are natural, for the sweep of law is infinite and eternal. Whatever of folly or fraud we meet can be cast aside with the pity it deserves. For myself I do not believe, or suppose, that there are genuine spirit materializations, but I know, and I know that I know, if sight and truth and hearing are of any value or use. Thus, and in other ways fitted to all grades of thought and culture, is the soul's testimony, the immortal hope, verified, and the proof-positive of the continuity of personal existence becomes a blessed reality.

In closing I would say that the nervous strength of the psychic is strongly drawn from, and the bodily power exhausted by materialization. To Mrs. Andrews it was wearisome work, to others not so healthy, it is more so. In this, as in all kinds of manifestations, the psychic should be wisely guarded from overwork.

THE DOCTRINE OF DIVINE HUMANITY.

BY CELESTIA ROOT LANG.

The question, "Is not Christ above ordinary humanity?" and the answer, "Verily Jesus is above ordinary humanity" suggests the thought that Jesus' humanity is extraordinary. But that is not enough, let us substitute the word "divine" for extraordinary that we may more easily come at the central thought which we wish to bring out, which is not the divinity of Jesus, but, wherein the divinity of Jesus differs from the divinity of ordinary humanity? I wish to answer, at least indirectly, the questions, "Is Jesus altogether human?" "Are we satisfied that there is nothing but earthly humanity in him?" It appears to me that Jesus himself taught earnestly and consistently what should be called the doctrine of divine humanity, and he may be said to have struck the key-note of this doctrine in the formula, "I and my Father are one." This was verily an announcement of identity with the Unknown, the Divine, the All-knowledge, the universal consciousness, which creed-makers have mistakenly denominated the "god-head." No sane man can quite exclude the element of divinity in humanity, and I and my Father are one from his nature, yet without any thought of identity with the "god-head." It is evident, that the Fatherhood of

moving matter at the moment of collision, must induce varying degrees of the positive state, running downward approximately to the negative and upward indefinitely from the negative." This justifies and even compels us to make the following division of the positive, or conscious states, into "three main classes, each class containing, of course, many degrees—namely: the sub-conscious, the conscious and the supra-conscious; the conscious state embracing all degrees of human and animal consciousness (or consciousness in the ordinary acceptation of the term), the sub-conscious embracing all degrees below human and animal consciousness and the supra-conscious embracing all degrees above human and animal consciousness."

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It is an unpleasant thought—the consideration of the incompleteness and illusion of life. But there is no sealed door to meditation. The visitor thought has always to its sanctuary an open sesame. And whether the visitor be pleasing or displeasing, cheering or tormenting, the average mind is powerless to refuse it entrance. The evanescence of life! Is it a fact or is it an illusion? That is the question. And too, it is one which is interesting to myriads of minds.

There always are two sides to every question. Therefore, if a question be discussed, those who discuss it are of different opinions. The question concerning the evanescence of life has been discussed since the early dawning of the sunny Grecian era. And the discussions in those days waxed as warm and were with fire as enthralling as the discussions of to-day. The critically inclined person who declares that the dreary company of men that meets and passes the hours in complaints and colossal repining in the murky region called pessimism is an exclusively modern product, is of ignorance of ancient history astonishing. Assuredly centuries since there existed a school of pessimism, as did of course its opposite, a school of optimism. Certainly these schools were not so sharply defined or so admirably massed together as those of this declining century. What matters it, though, even if they were not? They exhibited their tendencies, their theories, and their prized intellectual bubbles as proudly as do the pessimists and optimists of to-day. And that is much to say. But, captiously queries some one, should not a thinker prize his intellectual children? Certainly, and especially should he enclose them in a time-resisting receptacle, if they relate to the occasionally obtainable happiness or the always obtainable misery of man.

Plato, one of the greatest optimists of the past, and whose Republic is pervaded by a rampant spirit of gladness, escaped not, however, the gloom which deep thought is apt to impart to those who indulge in it. Ever and anon he breaks forth wailingly and at times seems to descend into the lowlands which are the pessimist's constant habitation. And then, too, the wonderful Homer, himself a dispenser of cheer, fell into the same pitfall.

Why did their optimism, as they thought so firmly grounded, desert them and leave them on melancholy's view-point of life? Because, worthy of emulation as they are, they had not attained to that consciousness which comes only with the full recognition of the soul. These two examples of the days of yore are parallel with thousands of examples of to-day; and the examples of to-day are the different schools of pessimism.

What is pessimism? It has been defined times innumerable and in a hundred significations. Pessimists—the scientific and the unscientific, the reasoning and the unreasoning—agree that it is a view of existence which discerns in the scheme of creation, or of evolution, of this world, a preponderance of pain over pleasure. Pessimism is a product of the East of ancient times. Study the writings and sacred books of that land—the region which drapes over us all so gracefully its veil of enchantment, even while it expatiates sorrowfully on the sway of illusion. Search diligently its bibles, its holy books. Buddhism, the greatest Eastern religion, and in some respects one of the most admirable, is the profoundest and most exhaustive system of pessimism that exists to-day. Its founder was more thoughtful than Kant, more convincing than Schopenhauer, and drearier than Hartmann. But Buddhism is not wholly dark. A ray of light is permitted to fittingly illumine the souls of its adherents—the hope of the attainment of Nirvana. But this light, to those who regard individuality as the most perfect manifestation of supreme power, is feebler and more hopeless than that of a sputtering candle in the dungeon of a Spanish inquisition.

Buddha teaches distinctly that this world is a world of sorrow and suffering; that the pleasures of life are built upon illusion, and that the only happiness in the future life is a negatory sort—a simple freedom from pain.

Buddhism's great rival, Christianity, is pessimistic in one sense and optimistic in another. Its teachings concerning this world are pessimistic; concerning the next, their optimism is pronounced, and remind one of Plato's lovely imaginings. The present life, according to the Bible, is of pain, disappointments, and sufferings, all complete; and is strongly designated a veil of tears. But the Christian's hope of heaven is a sure preventive against repining because of sorrow here. And indeed the true follower of Jesus is justified in this cherished longing for bliss spiritual. Well can he afford to be an optimist! What matters it to him whether or no the earth is on the eve of bursting, or that we are inhabitants of a sea of chaos? How affects him a blustering tornado, or a national catastrophe? As the breath of a summer zephyr idly floating past him, or the lingering death of a rose. Indifference is his watchword. Agony in the present, when upheld by a hope of happiness in the future, becomes a quality of contentment, or even a tranquil joy. Therefore, the Christian, looking ever towards to-morrow—that day which is so slow of dawning—forgot or stultifies present discomfort and thus makes of himself an apt illustration of Pascal's suggestion that man—anomalous creature!—never lives in the present, but always in the past or the future. Surveying broadly the fields of thought, we find that thinkers, scientific and unscientific alike, are divided into three classes. These three classes are the purely pessimistic, the purely optimistic, and the pseudo-pessimistic, or that form of reasoning which partakes of the nature of both extremes.

Thought purely pessimistic is expressed in the sacred books of Buddhism and of most Eastern religions; but it is desultory and exhibits palpably the presence of changing moods. While, from ancient times to the present day, this thought has been promulgated continually from the lips of thousands of poets and theologians and essayists, it has been left to philosophers of the nineteenth century to systematize it and create out of fanciful speculations of predecessors a solid school.

Pessimism, though, as I have said, was far from unknown before the establishment of its regular school. Philosophers had long cast gloomy ideas into its sweeping drift of thought, and poets especially had sung their sweet songs before its dark-some altar. The brilliant Byron—a pessimist, however, whose knowledge came not from the teachings of books or of men, but from the murky regions of his own soul—rhymed of it until our ears are weary with his melancholy; (for melancholy when ceaseless is unpardonable and insincere.) The bitter

Dryden was a pessimist in all the word's entirety, as was in a lesser degree Thomas Moore. The robust Burns, too, was not wholly free from it. Neither was Cowper—whose complaints, however, were engendered by personal infirmities—nor was the placid Wordsworth, whose touching verse

"My days, my friend, are almost gone;
My life has been approved,
And many love me, but by none
Am I enough beloved."

is in delicacy and unobtrusive sadness incomparable. And then, too, there was the gentle Shelley, who exclaims, trying valiantly to woo elusive Gaety:

"Whether that lady's gentle mind
No longer with the form combined,
I dare not guess!"

But he rids himself of his pessimism and sings:

"For love, and beauty, and delight,
There is no death nor change. . . ."

What mean the countless numbers of natures inexplicably melancholy and prone to sadness? They are the manifestations of souls containing innate qualities of sorrow and predispositions to self-torture. Are these qualities abnormal, or are they natural? Are they parts of the soul herself, or are they the results of erroneous teachings? Undoubtedly the latter. Primitive man, so far as we can judge, was boisterously, almost ridiculously, happy. The man of to-day is either an enthusiast, a sufferer from ennui, or one who regards life as a burden. To what is this stupendous change referable? Not surely, to the soul; for the soul, say wise persons, is changeless. Not to the soul's environments, for Nature's evolution is slow. Not to God, for, as knowing ones say, we are the molders of our own destinies. Now, to what last resort shall we journey? To that resort whose doors are always hospitably open—the resort of experience. Consult the high priest of this resort, History. History tells us that this change was caused by the cultivation of certain ideas; and that these ideas originated at the time the first religious dogma was proclaimed—we shrink timorously from guessing when.

(To be Continued.)

AN EARLY MATERIALIZING MEDIUM—MRS. MARY ANDREWS.

By G. B. STEBBINS.

IN THE JOURNAL about a month since one of its correspondents writes of the Eddy brothers at Chittenden, Vt., as "pioneers of materialization," conveying, perhaps without intent, the impression that they were in their early days, the only persons in whose presence "spirit materializations" were seen. This leads me to give some information to your later readers, not familiar with the pioneer days of Spiritualism, in regard to a remarkable psychic, or medium, for like manifestations whom I knew quite well. Moravia, a pleasant village some twenty miles south of Auburn, New York, was the home of Mrs. Mary Andrews and her husband. On the hillside about a mile northeast of the village was the large farm house of Mr. Keeler, looking southward over the town and valley below. Mr. Keeler and wife were plain people of good repute, old settlers and well known. Mrs. Andrews was with them from her childhood as a help in the house, and treated quite like a daughter, and married in due time the man Andrews, a faithful and trusted farm workman in Keeler's employ, a quiet man of good habits. She was of Irish parentage, of good natural capacity, pleasant ways, impulsive but kind, and of good personal character. A brunette in temperament, neither coarse or especially delicate, but of fine vitality, good health and well developed figure.

Her mediumship began quite as early as that of the Eddys, and the Keelers were enthusiastic believers and friends. Living in the village she soon, as a matter of convenience for room, etc., went daily to the farm house on the hill for sésances, and there and elsewhere for thirteen years she averaged a

séance daily and in all probably fifteen thousand persons witnessed the manifestations in her presence, coming from far and near for that purpose. At last her health was less good, the psychic power less marked, and she has passed out of public sight, but not out of sight or thought of a few friends. No book was ever made up to chronicle her experiences, but THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, the Banner of Light, and the popular newspapers gave wide publicity to her career, the testimonies being sometimes from most careful and competent witnesses.

At first no charges was made, but the house and the big barn were crowded with eager comers and their horses and fees for board and séances, always fair, were fixed, and the village hotels were also well filled. All kinds of stories were afloat among the vulgar and the bigoted, but those who visited her, of all creeds and sects, never convicted her of, or proved falsehood or fraud, and the large majority, perplexed as they might be, did not feel that she was guilty.

Her own indifference, as to results, helped to this favorable opinion. I once sat an hour, with several others, with no sound or sign, and at last she said: "Well, I think I got overdone, my head aches; we shall get nothing. Those who choose to stay are freely welcome to-morrow; those who must leave can have their money back again, if they wish."

In Spiritualism, or a future life, she had little interest, although this grew in later years. She enjoyed the séances, and was usually cognizant of what took place, not being entranced or insensible. She liked people to be satisfied and enjoyed the social life which came to her, but could only say, "I do not know how or why all this is;" apparently thinking little of its effect on the world's life or thought. During these years, which were surely toilsome and difficult, in some respects, she saved a modest competence, which neither her husband or herself have been led to fling away in costly folly.

Thus much of her personality. A sketch of a visit of five days to the farm house, in 1872, will give some idea of the general conduct of affairs there. Leaving the cars from Auburn at the village depot, a total stranger, I kept my identity secret, even careful that my valise had no name on it, and took a hack for the Keeler home with a stranger passenger. Stopping in the village a woman took a seat with us—Mrs. Andrews as we afterwards found. Reaching the house the bulky form of Mr. Keelers huge and careless like Dandie Dinmont in Walter Scott's story, was seen on the east porch. I said: Can I stay here a few days? and was told that one room was vacant. I then said: It may seem strange, but I prefer not to give my name at present, and the reply came, with a cheery laugh: "That's no matter, folks often hide their names. You'll have your name given you inside an hour." Ten or twelve strangers were soon with me in the séance room, a large chamber with only one entrance from the hall at the head of the stairs on the east side of the house and facing south and west. A large projecting bow window on the south side, overlooking the yard twelve feet or more below, boarded up outside over the glass, partitioned from the room by a close wall of single upright boards reaching to the ceiling and being thus a part of the wall of the room on that side, with a plain buttoned door in the middle of the partition, with a curtained opening some thirty inches square in the door and about four feet or less from the floor,—this was the cabinet. It all projected beyond the wall of the house. Its single floor had no possible traps or hidden cavities, as I know from repeated examinations. Against the west wall stood a piano, and a table and a score of chairs were the furniture. There was no other window I am sure, but if there was it must have been on the west side and could not be touched without my knowledge, as I sat near the piano. All this, and all which follows, is from notes taken then as well as from memory. Before each séance, and at other times, I searched the premises carefully, but found no possible means of reaching the cabinet-window save by the one door, or the room save by its single entrance.

At our first séance we sat in a semi-circle joining hands, the piano was played by a lady in the family. Mrs. Andrews sat in a chair outside the cabinet, all was darkness, raps were heard, my name was called as by a voice in the air in front of me and some four feet from the floor. Other voices were heard and names given. Ventriloquism might account for the voices, but not for the strange names, always correct.

This lasted a half hour and a rap called for lights. A lamp, with light enough for plain sight, was placed on the table beside the cabinet door, Mrs. Andrews took her seat inside in a chair, piano music gave harmony, hands were not joined, and in a half hour a dozen forms drew the curtain and looked out of the aperture in the cabinet door, sometimes speaking names, etc. They were, at this and the following séances, men, women and children, white and black, dressed in various styles and colors, mostly recognized by some one present, these recognitions sometimes fanciful, oftener real to all appearance, and sometimes verified in other ways. The next day came others, among them a young married couple, polite and ready for "a good time." It happened that we were seated so that the husband held my right hand the wife my left. All were asked to sing and the familiar John Brown song was chosen. This couple sang with marked skill and beauty, and when the chorus came a noble tenor voice sounded through the air above us, not that of any visible person present. The lady was startled and could not sing, but whispered: "A wonderful voice!" I said quietly: "Sing on, you will not be hurt," and she bravely did so, enjoying again that voice in the chorus. At the close the husband called me aside and showed me, on his handkerchief, their real name, which had been spoken out in the dark, and said: "Come to the hotel and see us. Call for us by an assumed name, which he gave me. This giving our real name is wonderful. And that marvelous voice in the air! There is more of this than we imagined." The next day they were in their places, chastened, subdued and uplifted.

I saw in the five days fifty forms or more, not dim but distinct and widely unlike in aspect, but knew no one until the last day. Then came, looking at me out of the cabinet door, giving his name and mine in a low voice, Albert C. Tish, a brother of my wife, never known in Moravia or nearer there than Rochester and who passed away in Denver,—voice, features, hair and beard all plainly seen and perfect. A lady who sat next me, a stranger, I asked to describe the person, and she gave all as I had seen him,—no subjective vision but objective, real, seen by all. I saw, too, another friend, whose name I am not free to give, but who was distinctly seen.

The day before three young men, sons of farmers and not known, came in their carriage and asked for places in the room, took their seats and looked on with intelligent interest. For some time it was plain that nothing came for them. I was led to watch them from their honest courtesy and good sense. At last appeared a strong sinewy form, with a swarthy face and black beard, and they were all attention. Leaning far out and calling in a voice intense and penetrating, he looked with strange earnestness at one of them and cried out, as with a heart's call for recognition, and in tones that silenced every one present: "Ed! Ed!! Ed!!!" The impression on all was deep and strong. I went to the young men as they were going away and asked the one addressed as Ed.: "Did you know that man?" "Know him, surely I did. He was my comrade in the army and dropped dead at my side on the Rappahannock with a rebel bullet through his heart." The others confirmed his word, but I did not ask their names. I should mention that Mr. Keeler was present at most of the séances, coming in to answer questions of new guests and sitting quietly in a corner.

Years after I saw, at Cascade on the beautiful Owasco lake, at their home but four miles from Moravia, three children, apparently about six years old, come out of the cabinet and move about on the floor, their forms semi-transparent but distinct, and

of these two faded out of the sight of all present.—not a sudden disappearance, but a gradual passing into the thin air, like a dissolving mist.

My narrative, in its general aspects, is like what thousands might give. It is a glimpse of the true story of the life, through long years, of a woman whose leading psychic power was as a help to spirit materializations. Her career, taking into account not only the number who visited her, but the satisfaction and friendly confidence and regard of a large part, and the best part, of her visitors is unparalleled.

How can these things be? is a question too large for present consideration. This suggestion may help. Our physical bodies are materialized forms, drawn from food and earth and sky, each particle set in due place, each limb and organ in fit shape by an invisible life power, mind grinding matter to this end.

Well said Edmund Spencer:

"For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form and doth the body make."

Who knows how this can be? we fitly call it a natural process. Is it not as fit to see that what we call spirit materialization is just as natural? It is but a difference in time. Twenty years to build a mature physical body, twenty minutes or less to build what we may call a spirit body, tangible enough, and with verisimilitude enough for recognition. The modern chemist or electrician has daily feats, hardly held wonderful, which would have been the wildest impossibilities twenty years ago. What subtler chemistry, or what command of finer shaping forces may be reached in the higher life we know not, perhaps cannot imagine.

Explain how our physical bodies grow, or how the rose blooms and the grain ripens, and we may then possibly be able to explain these things. Meanwhile we may well realize that all are natural, for the sweep of law is infinite and eternal. Whatever of folly or fraud we meet can be cast aside with the pity it deserves. For myself I do not believe, or suppose, that there are genuine spirit materializations, but I know, and I know that I know, if sight and truth and hearing are of any value or use. Thus, and in other ways fitted to all grades of thought and culture, is the soul's testimony, the immortal hope, verified, and the proof-positive of the continuity of personal existence becomes a blessed reality.

In closing I would say that the nervous strength of the psychic is strongly drawn from, and the bodily power exhausted by materialization. To Mrs. Andrews it was wearisome work, to others not so healthy, it is more so. In this, as in all kinds of manifestations, the psychic should be wisely guarded from overwork.

THE DOCTRINE OF DIVINE HUMANITY.

By CELESTIA ROOT LANG.

The question, "Is not Christ above ordinary humanity?" and the answer, "Verily Jesus is above ordinary humanity" suggests the thought that Jesus' humanity is extraordinary. But that is not enough, let us substitute the word "divine" for extraordinary that we may more easily come at the central thought which we wish to bring out, which is not the divinity of Jesus, but, wherein the divinity of Jesus differs from the divinity of ordinary humanity? I wish to answer, at least indirectly, the questions, "Is Jesus altogether human?" "Are we satisfied that there is nothing but earthly humanity in him?" It appears to me that Jesus himself taught earnestly and consistently what should be called the doctrine of divine humanity, and he may be said to have struck the key-note of this doctrine in the formula, "I and my Father are one." This was verily an announcement of identity with the Unknown, the Divine, the All-knowledge, the universal consciousness, which creed-makers have mistakenly denominated the "god-head." No sane man can quite exclude the element of divinity in humanity, and I and my Father are one from his nature, yet without any thought of identity with the "god-head." It is evident, that the Fatherhood of

God, with its sequence—the brotherhood of man was all that was in the mind of Jesus.

In analyzing this particular announcement of Jesus, "I and my Father are one" I find nothing but the philosophical principle of the divine in humanity—God's immanence and omnipresence in the world—underlying the doctrine of divine humanity as taught by Jesus himself. Jesus having come into identity with the universal consciousness and partook, in a measure, of the divine attribute of omniscience as well as omnipotence, was one of the first to project the knowledge into the world that, the root of being was God himself—a fact, of which on the sense plane man is not conscious. But Jesus having risen in the ascent of life to the plane where spiritual consciousness is possible and natural while in the body, felt that humanity was rooted in divinity, that God the Father was underlying his whole existence. And, therefore, without equivocation, and with all the boldness and candor of conscious simplicity, he proclaimed to the world the fact that he was one with God—one with the all-knowledge, the universal consciousness; a fact which everyone who accepts the doctrine of divine humanity may proclaim.

The pre-existence of Jesus, is apt to be interpreted into a mystical conception. But, carefully viewed, in the light of spiritual or higher evolution of man it is a very different idea. Jesus is said to have existed before his birth or incarnation as a part of the divine plan for the future good of mankind. Does not every human being exist as a part of the divine plan? for that matter before, and after their birth into the world, as a part of the ascent of life in the divine plan for the future good of humanity. Both the evil, and the dispensation for deliverance from its power—through the spiritual evolution of man—were present in the universal consciousness from the beginning of the world. The divine man as God meant to create him—through the ascent of life—the potential energy of the as yet unborn divine man, existed in the eternal depths, in the dispensation which was to come in the fulness of time.

In that stage man certainly had no personality. He was the thought and energy of God—and what for convenience may be denominated and thought of as the divine or Christ principle in the universe. He was the light of divine reason and love, as yet involved within the great impenetrable. In that sense the whole universe was at one time merely the thought of the Infinite Being, the universal consciousness. And every one of us has sprung from the formless ocean of divinity that spread through all. The complete or divine man, preëxisted as an idea, as the goal of life, as a pre-determined dispensation yet to be realized on a higher plane of existence on earth as man's spiritual organism is perfected, and, one by one the plane of extraordinary or divine humanity is reached.

Beginning by receiving the founder of Christianity as a great man and a reformer, we proceed to recognize him as a spiritually complete or divine man. In this last and newest statement, it is our object to trace the continued evolution or ascent of life in its gradual development through the lowest scale of life up to the perfection of humanity, not only in physical form, but also the perfection of the invisible spiritual organism. How from the lowest form of divine energy is evolved the life or vitality of the vegetal world in all its fullness and luxuriance! And then from the most vital type of vegetal life springs the least on the animal plane, which again rises through endless and growing varieties to the very highest intelligence and sagacity. But creation stops not here. From the animal plane life ascends to humanity and finds its full physical development in man. In the evolution of the physical, however, life is not exhausted, neither has it reached its goal. It ascends higher and higher along the course of progressive humanity. In the earliest phase of his life, as in the primitive barbarian, man with all his highly finished physical organism is but a creature of God. Through countless ages of culture and education and spiritual evolution he rises in the scale of

humanity till he becomes the son of God. Thus God's immanence asserted his power and established his dominion on the material and animal plane and then on the lower plane of humanity. When that was done the primitive dispensation was closed.

The old or Christian dispensation commenced with the birth of the ideal son of God or spiritual son of the creature man. But the process of evolution in the race does not terminate here. The development of the son of man or of divine sonship in a solitary individual or in a few individuals does not fulfill the divine plane of creation. The great ultimate object of the ideal Christ—and the ideal Christ was in the human imagination for centuries before Jesus of Nazareth is said to have been born—is to develop the divine in all humanity. The idea of the divine in humanity, sown broadcast over the world is the commencement of the new dispensation, and the new doctrine of divine humanity, which meets the need of the masses who in this age dimly feel without philosophizing that a divine principle rules through all mystery. And, as the few are able to cognize that, through the process of the evolution of life, the divine man is born direct of spirit—without virgin birth—the supernatural in religion is giving place, and the doctrine of divine humanity is coming to the front.

In the doctrine of divine humanity lies the solution of the question, "Is not Jesus above ordinary humanity?" Verily Jesus is above ordinary humanity; the humanity manifested in Jesus and a score of others is extraordinary; it is the divine in humanity evolved and perfected until it meets the divine ideal or plan of God.

FROM THE SPIRIT SIDE.

(Written Automatically Through E. S. P.)

THE SHAKESPEARE-BACON CONTROVERSY.

Q.—What is there to hinder you from finding the spirit of William Shakespeare? Give your opinion on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy.

A.—We have not considered the question very much, indeed these idle earthly disputations are of little moment compared to the thought and activities of our present life.

That we could find the spirit of William Shakespeare, as he was called in earth-life, we do not doubt; that it would be thought advisable, we do doubt, and it would be of no avail. Indeed while the minds of men are so material and so combative, they must necessarily have subjects to discuss and to wrangle over. When a new light dawns upon them they will lay aside these tumultuous debates and dwell on matters of more importance to the real self, to the welfare of their souls in their eternal journeyings.

That Shakespeare was inspired, was certainly true; as all poets and students in all ages have been and always will be. The more the soul seeks the greater the help. No truer saying than that of Jesus—"Seek and ye shall find. Knock and it shall be opened unto you," or revealed to you. "Ask and it shall be given you" or you shall receive.

When this poor mortal received help, it was bountifully bestowed upon him and he used his inspiration for the uplifting and the instruction of mankind through all these years of time. That greedy ambitious men should desire to claim this divine inspiration, is not strange.

Many who think they "seek," "knock" and "ask" do so in such an idle way, not with a soul's desire for good, that the inspiration comes slowly. From some it is withheld entirely because of the use it is foreseen it would be made to serve; then again some are inspired when they know it not, not as writers or inventors, but by suggestions that have been a help and will help them through all their earthly careers.

"MENTOR."

MENTAL DISCIPLINE.

Q.—Is a knowledge of mathematics of any use to the soul after it has left the body? Have our sciences any beneficial effects to the soul?

A.—All earnest, sincere discipline of the earthly

mind, aids development of the soul mind. The brighter the mind becomes, the clearer it can comprehend the spiritual part of its being, when unbiassed by selfish or ambitious motives. Any study or science that cramps the soul, or spiritual life of the individual, is of no use to the soul, either in your life or after it has passed away from its fleshly tenement; but the true mathematician, the true scientist are those who are trying earnestly to solve the mysteries of nature and of their own lives, both material and spiritual. When engrossed in their work they lay aside all personal feelings and motives and are devoted to their work; this concentration of the mind is very beneficial and often aids those who are of like mind on this side to help in their discoveries and calculations. Many of these studies have opened to the mortal mind ideas and aspirations after the investigation of spiritual truths and a desire to look beyond and speculate as to their future life, the life of the so-called immortal part; and thus it has become one of the religions of the day in your sphere. These speculations, aided from our side, have become facts proven beyond a doubt. All these studies in your sphere are only steps that lead you on and on if rightly used, unselfishly used; they are given for good and should be so used. Purity of life above all; then will all study, all speculation be pure.

"ELLEN SCRIBE."

"ELLEN SCRIBE'S" ADVICE.

Every moment in the divine economy of the universe serves some purpose for good or through ignorance, for evil. Thus it is that while in our innocent childhood we are joyous and happy, or for only a moment clouded. But as we grow more and more tainted by the vice and ignorance of worldly surroundings, we grow bitter and unhappy sometimes from our own evil deeds and thoughts and often from the misery and evil we see around us. Watch every moment and note what it contains for you, either of joy or bitterness. Allow no creeping thought of evil to come in unawares, both for your own sake but more for the sake of others whom your thoughts affect. Reach out more and more to the perfect life; then will your own soul be so filled with divine light that it will shine forth to enlighten others around you. This we greatly desire you to become, when we can use you as the messenger of great tidings to the world, and especially to those in your immediate surroundings. Be wise and follow the teachings of your spirit guides. Real friendships on your side are rare, much to be lamented that it is so, but there is too much of the wrapping of one's self up to oneself and they cannot long think of you or plan for any one that does not in some way affect them. Be wise in your confidences and you will be helped from our side. Love everybody but do not show your affections too much lest they be made light of and thus you will be misjudged. Have the good of every soul at heart and help others all you can, but do not help them to hinder them in their upward growth by allowing them to depend upon you and not strive for themselves. This is an era of discontent and when this turmoil passes away, as it will, then will come a reaction and hearty good-fellowship will prevail again. Until then wait patiently and your reward will come. Remember that everything comes at last to those who wait and watch with patient courage. Keep steadfastly on your upward way. Go now.

"ELLEN SCRIBE."

THE USE OF BEAUTY.

Can you give a reason for the beauty displayed in flowers?

In the chemistry of the universe there are laws that make it possible that certain elements, certain combinations form certain colors; these uniting make the different colors of the flowers and plants. Plant a rose in certain soils and from a red it will grow to a pink color; in other soils it will grow darker.

Insects are not especially attracted by color; they are more drawn by the odor. Animals in their natural state do not know colors until partly domesticated, even then some of them do not know the

difference. Birds, however, do not note the difference in their wild state, seek the brightest and most heavily laden trees and hide in their blossoms their tiny nests. Their sense of smell is also very acute and this is their protection against poisonous berries and flowers.

The human eye is so constructed as to see everything in its perfection. As the soul grows and the spiritual powers develop, all colors assume a brighter and more vivid hue. The beauties of nature, even in its tiniest atoms, that seem to us and every mortal, the plainest, the most uninteresting of all the universe, become an interesting study. All the beauties of the universe, we repeat, come to you from soul growth. Take the ignorant, unawakened soul, what does he care for the little way-side violet he passes every day? He only tramples it under foot with his heavy iron-shod heel. He crushes it into the earth again.

Out from beneath the mouldering sod

The tiny violet finds its way;
Truth painted on its upturned face,
Its breath the sweetness of spring day,
It comes to teach the human soul the way to God.

Quaff deep of the beauties of spring time,
Truth from the violet's azure-hued face,
Love from the blushing cheek of the roses,
And purity from the lily, as she poses
In attitude full of sweetness and grace.

(Each flower teaches some attribute holy,
Though their origin be ever so lowly.)

ENTITY, MATTER, ETHER.

In his discussion with Mr. Westbrook, Mr. Charles Watts said: "When we affirm an existence, we mean an entity—that is, something that can be cognized by the senses." He added: "Our entire knowledge consists of entities and their properties, qualities or attributes," etc. Matter was defined as "that which occupies space and can be cognized by the senses."

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL took exception to this definition of an "entity" and of "matter," and referred to ether as an entity that cannot be cognized by the senses.

Secular Thought quoted from the review, and remarked that Mr. Watts recognized the existence of attributes or qualities as well as entities.

To this I replied: "What Mr. Watts says about attributes or qualities does not meet the criticism because ether is not an attribute or quality, but an elastic substance which scientists teach pervades space. I should never think of limiting entities to objects that can be cognized by the senses. We may be powerfully influenced by what is incognizable by the senses," etc.

In Secular Thought of August 25th, Mr. Watt replies thus: "Now I wish to ask friend Underwood, if entities are not cognizable by the senses, by what are they cognized? By what means, if not by the senses, do philosophers ascertain what 'pervades space?'"

I answer, that I have not said that entities are not cognized by the senses, but that the definition "something that can be cognized by the senses" does not include all entities, such, for instance, as ether, which cannot be so cognized.

But how is ether cognized? "By what means, if not by the senses, do philosophers ascertain what 'pervades space?'"

I reply, that ether is not cognized at all. Its existence is inferred from certain phenomena which are cognized, and which require to explain them the postulation of an entity that is incognizable.

Mr. Watts asks: "If ether has neither attributes nor qualities, how can it be what Mr. Underwood terms it—a 'substance?'"

Have I said that ether has "neither attributes nor qualities?" When Mr. Watts defined an entity as something that can be cognized by the senses, I referred to ether as an entity that could not be cog-

nized by the senses. To the remark that Mr. Watts recognized the attributes and qualities of entities, I replied that the statement did not meet the criticism, "because ether is not an attribute or quality, but an elastic substance which scientists teach pervades space." In other words, ether is an entity and it is not cognizable by the senses, and these two facts prove the validity of my objection to Mr. Watts' definition of entity and matter, or rather the definition which he quoted from some other writer.

Mr. Watts asks how I can know that ether pervades space "apart from our senses," how do I reach the conclusion that we may be powerfully influenced by what is incognizable "without sensation."

The question is changed. It is no longer whether an entity exists which we cannot cognize by the senses, but how can we know a thing "apart from our senses," how can we reach a conclusion "without sensation."

Certainly, without the senses and sensation we can know nothing and reach no conclusion. Without a nervous system, even without a stomach or a liver, we cannot think, we cannot live. But because these organs are necessary to thinking, [in this life] it does not follow that our thinking is done by them. Because we cannot know anything, cannot reach any conclusion "apart from the senses" or "without sensation," it does not follow that we obtain all our knowledge and all our conceptions by the senses.

As Tyndall says in his "Lectures on Radiant Heat," "The dominion of the senses in nature is almost infinitely small in comparison with the vast region accessible to thought which lies beyond them. From a few observations of a comet when it comes within the range of his telescope, an astronomer can calculate its path in regions which no telescope can reach; and in like manner, by means of data furnished in the narrow world of the senses, we make ourselves at home in other and wider worlds which can be traversed by the intellect alone."

And Lewes has remarks to the same purport: "We do not actually experience through feeling a tinge of what we firmly believe and can demonstrate to intuition. The invisible is like the snow at the North Pole; no human eye has beheld it, but the mind is assured of its existence; and is moreover convinced that, if the snow exists there, it has the properties found elsewhere. Nor is the invisible confined to objects which have never been presented to sense, although they may be presented on some future occasion; it also comprises objects beyond even this possible range, beyond all practical extension of sense."

The existence of ether is a scientific hypothesis, which has not arisen from the cognition of ether by the senses, but by the processes of the constructive intellect from the data furnished by experience. "Scientific hypotheses," says Ueberweg, "are the results of regular reflection on experiences;" and Hamilton, in his "Logic," refers to them as "propositions which are assumed with probability in order to explain or prove something else which cannot otherwise be explained or proved."

The belief in ether as an entity, as an elastic substance pervading space, is general among men of science; but it has never been "cognized by the senses," and is therefore non-existent for us, according to Mr. Watts, who really will have to revise the old and inadequate definition of matter and of entity which he has been accustomed to use in his discussions.—B. F. UNDERWOOD, in Secular Thought of September 8, 1894.

PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

Psychic science wishes to demolish nothing, but to enlarge what has been acquired; its representatives desire to push back a little the line of demarcation of materialistic ideas in order to make known a conceivable exposition of what is felt by the sixth sense which many persons possess already. They are really conscious of this earthly sphere, which can be measured, weighed, and analyzed down to its smallest particles, but they are also convinced that

beyond this material limit there exists another world which has to be examined by spiritual and not material instruments. The materialists say that beyond their limit there is nothing but vapor, ether, and emptiness—which is not proved; but Spiritualists prove that beyond this limit there exists a spiritual force, that is to say, something altogether different from matter, which each physicist—especially if he be an astrophysicist—ought to recognize as a substance closely linked to this material world.

Without this discovered and demonstrated spiritual world, neither our spiritual existence nor our psychic and moral faculties—which correspond so well with our desire for progress and with the conditions of our spiritual life—could be proved. Without the reality of an ultra-terrestrial world, the inspiration towards duty, the spiritual rapport with immaterial beings, could never have been. To understand these it is necessary to study what the materialists call "mysticism" and "occultism." Somnambulism, magnetism, hypnotism, thought-transference, clairvoyance, psychometry, inspiration, presentiments, warnings, dream-visions, the trance condition, and the tangible apparitions called materializations, give the key to this study. For forty years people have taken the useless trouble of denying facts which constantly appear in more and more varied aspects and in continually increasing number, and it is because of this persistency that many savants of the first rank have left the beaten paths. These honest investigators, after a study exempt from prejudice, and after a period of reasonable skepticism, could not at least do otherwise than transcend the limitations which they formerly traced, and place themselves where a conceivably new light of truth has opened to them an infinite field of research.—Moniteur Spirite et Magnétique.

TIME FOR KEENER INVESTIGATION.

Our able English contemporary, Light, in an editorial in which it says, "THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL continues its work as the candid friend of mediums—and shams; to establish on a more secure basis, the veracity of the one and to consign to a hotter furnace the impositions of the other," quotes with commendation from an article on materialization which recently appeared in this paper under the signature of E. V. S. The editorial concludes as follows:

But we entirely agree with this writer that the time has come for keener investigation "with the assent of both mediums and controls." In other words, the time has come for the effort to get some of the mediums into a different state of mind—to make them as anxious as the testers to invent and apply tests—in fact, to try experiments and to believe in the possibility of fresh evidences. Is it not highly probable that mediums are to a considerable extent their own controls?—that is to say, that their own feelings and ideas as to the possible and the desirable create the conditions to a large degree? If they hesitate, shrink, feel uncomfortable, or resent this or that, everything is likely to follow their lead, and to be difficult. They even may make their own limitations, just as they frequently impose upon the spirits their own bad grammar, their crude expressions, and even their personal tastes.

"E. V. S." states well the desirable points that await solution and that ought to be persistently attacked. Let us cheerily and gratefully take the truth of materializations for granted, and then let us pass on to the laws that govern them, and, indeed, to the crucial question, "What are they?"

Are they merely illusions thrown on our optic nerves by some mysterious power or are they actually made by our friends in the Spirit-world? Are they only the astral shells of the Theosophists, and do they float constantly in our atmosphere and become transiently visible by some unknown shifting or focusing of natural forces? Are they, for the time being, actual atoms of real matter drawn from the bodies of the mediums and restored to those bodies when they vanish from view?

The suggestion is made that a committee of competent observers should be formed in Chicago, for the purpose of a series of careful and progressive tests, calculated to develop the law of the phenomena. It would be immensely useful if such a committee were formed in London—not to entrap the false but to encourage and lead on the true.

SCIENCE AND A FUTURE LIFE.

When the bearing of science on the question of a future life is considered, it is too often forgotten how little science, or rather most of those who are recognized as entitled to speak for it, are at present qualified to offer an opinion on the subject. Mr. Frederick W. H. Myers did good service when, in his work published last year under the above title, he pointed out that the habit of belief on definite scientific grounds "tends to the atrophy of all beliefs on matters of fact which cannot be verified by rigorous historical methods, or by modern experiment and observation." As a consequence the great majority of continental savants have ceased to regard the possibility of a future life as worthy of discussion. The result is somewhat different in this country and in England, where the old religious spirit has not quite lost its hold on the scientific mind. As science requires definite proof it has practically tabooed various phenomena which at least appear to throw doubt on the uncritical belief which regards a future life as impossible. And that has been done in face of the fact that there has been an ever widening of the circle of science, the history of which is a history of "the recognition and interpretation of continually slighter indications of forces or entities continually more subtle and remote." Hence there is nothing improbable in the idea that a further extension of science may embrace "possible indications of a life lying beyond, yet conceivably touching the life and conditions of earth."

For these reasons a scientific inquiry into the subject of a future life, although almost new, is by no means hopeless. Indeed there is hope in the very fact of the problem being practically untouched, regarded from the scientific standpoint. As pointed out by Mr. Myers, the observations which are urged most strongly against human survival are scarcely a generation old, whilst those which tell in favor of such survival have not been systematically recorded until within the last ten years. These observations are partly physiological and partly psychological, and undoubtedly they lead to the conclusion that every mental change has its correlative change in the brain. Nevertheless there are certain phenomena which would seem to require that the mind can act independently of the brain, or that the latter possesses powers much more extensive than it has hitherto been accredited with. We are entitled to believe that the truth of telepathy has been firmly established, and physiology has not yet explained how one mind can thus affect another mind. Still more strange is the fact that one person can project an hallucinatory image of himself so as to become visible to another person at a distance, without any previous knowledge by the latter of the intention to do so.

On this latter subject Mr. Myers remarks: "Now this projection of a phantom into other minds is a psychical activity of some kind, and some cerebral activity must, I do not doubt, correspond with it. But whatever the equation thus implied may be, it assuredly must contain some elements which are not allowed for in the formulæ by which the concomitance between psychosis and neurosis is commonly expressed. We generally suppose, for instance, that a rapid flow of blood through the brain is necessary for vigorous psychical action. But in some of our published cases the dying man seems to produce a strong psychical effect at a distance while he is lying in a state of coma, with bodily functions at their lowest ebb. In short, this kind of special telepathic energy seems to vary inversely, instead of directly, with the observable activity of the nervous system or of the conscious mind." We think that the kind of effect produced has not been sufficiently dwelt on. It is not the mere impression of a thought, nor the perception of an external object the image of which has been strongly impressed on the agent's mind. It is the perception of an exact image of the individual himself, with his personal surroundings, and often under circumstances which could not have produced any image in his own mind. It seems very improb-

able that a person would have in his own brain such an image of himself as is in many cases projected to a distance, but if the whole organism is embraced in the supreme effort to make itself visible, then we can understand that the very soul itself may go out carrying with it the impress of its physical surroundings. Such a notion as this, rather than that of the projection of a cerebral image or impression, is consistent with the belief entertained by Mr. Myers that "some influence on the minds of men on earth is occasionally exercised by the surviving personalities of men departed." He thinks this influence to be of an indirect and dreamlike character, but it includes their appearance as phantasmal figures.

There is a suggestion as to the nature of the telepathic and cognate faculties the existence of which have come to be recognized which is deserving of careful consideration. It is that they may be the result of an evolution other than the physical evolution which has hitherto been traced, and analogous to the sudden increments of mathematical, musical and other faculties which occur without apparent hereditary cause, and which Mr. Wallace holds to indicate "some access of energy outside the order of purely terrene evolution." May it not be that there has been a gradual change of environment which has introduced fresh conditions of progress of a more spiritual character than those which nature had furnished up to the point where a fresh advance had to be made? Such a change of environment is not inconsistent with the principles of evolution, seeing that every organic change requires favorable surroundings in order that it may continue, and as the organism and the environment must under normal conditions always bear a proper relation to each other, the latter as well the former must undergo change, which may possibly include the introduction of a fresh factor.

DISILLUSIONS.

Our span of earthly existence is a brief one at the longest, but short as it is, it affords time sufficient for us to get over many cherished illusions. In one form or another illusions come to every human being, no matter how practical the mind, how dominant the intellect, or how strong the will.

Youth is not the only period of illusions but it is the time when they are most prevalent, most apparently real, most alluring, and most powerful. There were never surroundings too dreary, too sordid or poverty stricken to shut out from the soul of youth the beautiful, rainbow-hued illusions which the elusive fairy named the Future sends forth to comfort and stimulate all impressionable souls who have faith in her, however dark and bleak the present seems to be. With hopeful heart the eyes of youth behold through these illusions the pressing poverty of to-day intensifying by contrast the sweetness of future affluence; a state of unhappy friendlessness atoned for by a crowd of admiring followers; a hard taskmaster, or contemptuous acquaintance stunned into astonished admiration by great achievements; a scornful sweetheart, or lover, becoming wild with jealous love and envy; the shameful hour or deed, forgotten in a morrow of easily won glory—these, and a thousand other self-centred dreams charm and soothe the soul, be the present outlook howsoever dark and adverse.

Who that has held and one by one lost his own youth's dear illusions, but in thoughtful mood must sometimes ponder when he meets the aged, careworn, and hopeless seeming men and women in varying ranks in life, the history of whose lives are unknown to him, as to how far youth's ambitious hopes have become realities to any of these; and whether if such cherished dreams came true, the reality kept any of the sweet glamour of the early prevision? Whether the ambition gained was as satisfying in its pleasure giving power as it was in the eager pursuit? Whether the won and wedded love proved so ecstatic a possession as husband or wife, as was expected by the wooed or the wooer? Whether the riches now at command secure the un-

limited influence, respect and pleasure which were deemed their sure accompaniment in the illusions of the days of want and penury? Whether the hastily won worldly honors now heaped upon one who persistently sought them, give the expected elation of soul, or brought in their train happiness or peace of mind?

When in the city streets one sees here a haggard, unkempt, old woman grinding out doleful strains from a disabled hand organ as she sits on the cold curbstone; there a wrinkled crone with dull and eyes fishing for bits of rags, etc., from the refuse boxes, and yonder at the street corner still another who with mirthless eyes, apathetic face, and an attitude of utter dejection, waits for custom by her poorly stocked apple stand—one cannot help wondering what the girlhood hopes of such as these may have been. Was the begging organ grinder once, not so very far away in time, a pretty bright-eyed girl in a happy home, and did she meet her fate in some smooth-tongued, shiftless ne'er-to-do-well; and did all her sweet girlish illusions as to love's power to fulfill love's promises die a sudden, or slow and lingering death? There is nothing in the seamed face, bent form, and glazed eyes of the hopeless old rag-picker to tell the story of the possible illusions of her may be fortunate youth. Mayhap she was born to happier things, and dreamed of deeds of daring sacrifice, or intellectual ambition—dreams brought to an end perhaps by sudden reverses, broken promises, or blind willfulness? Was the dejected old apple-stand woman once in youth's golden days a healthy cheerful girl with beaming eyes and hopeful smile, with a heart filled with trust in herself and her ability to win for herself a share in the world's prosperity? A trust which continued ill-luck may have caused her to lose, and thus to lose all faith in herself and others, tho' now too battered by misfortune's hard knocks to care any longer to fight against what she cannot understand? And what disillusionments have come to the many hopeless looking worn and aged men whom we daily meet in city streets. It could never have occurred to the hopeful mind of youth that life must end so disastrously as it really does to many. Did this man who applies at the door for work ever dream that he would end his days as a picker up of odd jobs to gain a miserable living or that weary white-haired old tramp who asked in trembling tones for food, suppose he would sink to that? or the maimed wreck of humanity whose crippled condition silently makes its appeal for sympathetic help on some street corner, ever guess to what he would come? Ah, if this world completed the round of man's existence it would be hard to guess of what use or good are all these illusions and disillusionments. Spiritual teaching alone shows us that these are necessary steps in the soul's true progress.

How many and varied are the disillusionments we undergo even in the minor affairs of life. The speculation which held such alluring promise of easy money-making, ruins instead of enriching; the business in which a man's whole capital is embarked with the hope of making a fortune, turns out to be the means of breaking up his commercial career; the home where its builder and furnisher expected to end his days, is burned to the ground in a few short hours with all its cherished mementos; the office and honors which seemed so sure of being won by one man, are gained by an unexpected rival, the friendly visit looked forward to with heart thrills of pleasure and expectation of added strength to a congenial friendship, turns into an occasion of breaking that friendship forever; the joyously bestowed gift to a relative or dependent, bought at considerable self-sacrifice, becomes the cause of burning humiliations by reason of the silence, eloquent with its recipient's disappointment as to its character or money value, with which it is received—these and a thousand like experiences are of constant recurrence in the daily history of human life. The unexpected disillusionment of our lives sift and prove the durable qualities of character, the virtues within us which will be of spiritual use on less material planes of being. The

process of disillusion is often a slow one—but at times also so horribly sudden as to strain to the utmost our powers of endurance and self-control. It is never a painless process, but always we grow in knowledge thereby, and come to be less hasty in our conclusions in regard to superficial appearances.

The world at large, as well as individuals, is also constantly undergoing a process of disillusioning—learning through its errors and mistakes; but each step forward bearing it nearer the everlasting truth and reality of things. Thus in good time will spiritual truths, still looked upon by many as delusions, come to be recognized by those now under the illusion of sense perceptions, as realities. Already some of the scientists of to-day are taking the preliminary steps toward the disillusion of the common mind in regard to spiritual realities.

But the change we call death will doubtless prove to each individual soul's satisfaction that our life here has been in large part also but an illusion of the senses, and that the spiritual part of us, so often ignored and abused here is the only reality, and that the supreme realities of being are far more satisfying and joy giving than anything this transitory earthly existence has ever offered us, even in its most brilliant and alluring illusions. Thus our last great disillusion will bring us joy and peace, rather than pain, and sorrow and disappointments. At least such are the emphatic teachings of the spiritual gospel.

S. A. U.

(UN) SCIENTIFIC CREDULITY.

Our correspondent Charles C. Millard, whose letter will be found in another column, is a good representative of a class of persons which happily is growing smaller, thanks to the hypnotic and cognate psychological inquiries which have arrested the attention of the world of science during the last few years. The phenomena of mesmerism were down to a comparatively recent period scoffed at as the result of fraud and delusion by all men of science, and were accepted as genuine by only a few medical men who for their receptivity paid the penalty of professional ruin. All those who condescended to inquire into the subject were convinced of its truth, but the usual course was for to stigmatize the reported facts as untrue, and then to say that it was useless to inquire into what was false. Deplorable as was this state of things, there is nothing strange about it. The human mind does not willingly allow itself to be disturbed in its beliefs, which become to it like a second nature. It is like the sluggard who objects to being aroused from a bed of repose.

The misfortune is that men who thus act think themselves, and are thought by others, to be actuated by a proper scientific spirit, whereas the opposite is really the case. And it is the same with those who without inquiry deny the truth of the phenomena of Spiritualism. There is not with them an honest spirit of doubt, but, as with our correspondent they positively affirm that "gods, devils, and departed human souls exist only in the minds of those who believe in them." The inference is easy that "there is no need that I should take a lighted candle in my hand and go forth into the sunlight to search for that which may only be found in the dark chambers of thought." Why search when I have made up my mind that nothing is to be found? Just as reasonable would it have been for us when the telephone was first invented to say that it was impossible, and therefore we would not take the trouble to investigate it. The lesson taught by the recognition of the truth of mesmerism, under its new name of hypnotism, ought to have, taught every man of sense that there may possibly be more truth in Spiritualism than men of science are usually willing to accord it with. Even if its chief conclusion should prove to be false, this can be established only by investigation, and it deserves to be examined into for the sake of the truth which may be found to exist in it. If the investigation were not to prove the existence of departed spirits, it might nevertheless throw great light on psycho-

logical problems of the greatest moment, and thus advance the cause of truth.

Unfortunately truth is usually about the last thing people search for. Their minds are turned in a particular direction, and if they see anything that disagrees with their pet theory it might as well be unseen, for they cannot recognize its possible value and it is rejected as untrue without examination. Hence it is not surprising that our correspondent does not appreciate the importance of the investigations being made by some of the leading psychologists in Europe into the phenomena exhibited through the mediumship of Eusapia Palladino, whom he characterizes as a trickster. The self-confidence of some people is marvelous, but usually it is just such persons that are taken in when the opportunity is given them of being so. Even Prof. Lombroso was compelled to admit that the phenomena he saw at Eusapia Palladino's séances were genuine, although he did not ascribe them to spirit agency, and he apologized for his former incredulous opinion. He has shown himself to be a true man of science because he inquired into the subject in the truly critical spirit. The fact that he did not discover fraud, although he did not see evidence of the agency of spirits in the phenomena, ought to be sufficient to lead others to reserve their opinion until they have themselves made a similar investigation. If they are not able to do so, let them reserve their opinion still, and not say "I admire Eusapia and would attend one of her séances if I had an opportunity, for I would be sure of being cleverly victimized and getting the worth of my money." Such a remark as this, in the face of the facts which were published in THE JOURNAL in relation to Eusapia Palladino, shows not only an unscientific mind, but a spirit of unfairness to the medium which is highly discreditable. None of those who have attended her séances have thrown doubt on her honesty, and it is reserved for our correspondent, who has had no personal experience in the matter and without the slightest justification, to impugn her good faith. THE JOURNAL has always been the first to denounce fraud in mediums when it is proved to exist, but this should not be imputed without good cause, and there is not the slightest trace of it, so far as we can judge in the phenomena occurring during the séances of the Italian medium. Whatever their interpretation they are genuine, and the charge of fraud by our correspondent proves only that he is incapable of dealing with the subject of Spiritualism in the unbiased spirit which should govern the scientific mind.

THE ETHER.

Every perfect unity, and therefore the universe itself, must be regarded as an organized arrangement of its parts. The universe is essentially a vast system, whose parts are subordinate systems of solar and planetary bodies, and whose elements are those separate bodies themselves, each of which, like one of the countless cells which go to make up the human organism, is itself in some sense an organic whole. If ever there was a time when the planetary system did not exist, the particles of which its members consist must have been spread throughout the universe in a formless mass. If such were the case, we can suppose that the aggregation and segregation into masses of those particles would have an important effect on the state of the ether itself. The vibrations of the ether are those of an elastic solid, and its perfect elasticity may be due to its extension to fill the void which would otherwise have been created by that molecular segregation. The ether may indeed be likened to a harp of infinite expanse, whose strings are supported by the numberless spheres which stud its frame, and which by the gravitating force constantly operating among them, keep these strings in the state of tenuity necessary to the harmonious action of the cosmical instrument. Some of those bodies are in a constant state of radiation, and by their vibratory motion they give undulation to the ether, whose movements become visible to the eye in the garb of color which

clothes the earth and the curious phenomena of interference. In the harmonies of light we have the real music of the spheres, as we have the highest expression of the life of nature. For this light is the composite result of the activity of the energy and force which are embodied in the stellar bodies on the one hand and in the primordial ether on the other. Both alike are phases of the vitality of nature, for although the sun is our source of life, yet its energy reaches us only through the agency of the ether, which from its universality we may suppose to be essential to the life of nature itself.

The ether has indeed its own proper activity—equally with the sun and all other such bodies, due to its perfect elasticity. That its movements are periodic is more than probable, but as to their cause we can only say that they are the pulsations of nature, and have relation to the motions of the heavenly bodies. Through the medium of the ether every one of these is continually attracting or impelling all the rest, but as they are all members of a common unity, the exercise of this mutual activity only pulls tighter the cords which bind them together into an organized system.

INSTEAD of discouraging investigation and the developments of mediumship, instead of pouring ridicule, invective, and sarcasm upon the present staff of mediums (even admitting that there is ground for regret because of lack of education and spirituality in their ranks) it seems to us that what is most needed is the promotion of knowledge regarding mediumship; the encouragement of self-study and self-culture by mediums; and the effort to elevate the standard by the discouragement of questionable practices, the elimination of the wilfully ignorant who make no effort to improve, and the founding by intelligent sitters of schools for spiritual development and mediumistic improvement. There is pressing need, now more than ever, for a supply to meet the continuously increasing demand for evidence, for more and better mediums, and we sincerely trust that during the coming winter wise efforts will be made to induce educated, enlightened, and earnest-minded people to sit for the development of their mediumistic gifts that the public work of the movement may be carried forward energetically in every direction, and that in many homes the happy experiences of "an hour's communion with the dead" around the family altar may bring consolation, light, strength and blessing, to those who seek the companionship and ministrations of angels.—Two Worlds.

Why should not a being out of the flesh carry further on the spirit's action upon the body? If the hypnotizer in the flesh can will a blister, why should not a hypnotizer out of the flesh will a message, a vision, or even a materialization? What if a spirit is able to do, with the help of earthly mediumship, at least all that the chemical "demons" are invented to do—or to help in accounting for what is done? Well might Mr. Myers say that the manifestations of Spiritualism do not belong to the back-water but to the tide, and that they are auguries of a science yet to be in advance of the discoveries of to-day.—Light.

It was good to hear Mr. Myers demonstrate how, from a purely scientific point of view, tables might be moved, and cold and heat waves produced, how scents might be developed and lights be made to flash, and all the rest of it—just as the poor Spiritualist has all along been saying. There is even a science-basis for such an "impossible" phenomenon as the first test, which Professor W. Crookes, who presided, explained, and which Mr. Myers justified. Isn't it interesting?—Light.

The United Presbyterian says, "Ministers should remember that they live in an age of intelligence." If many ministers remembered this, it might make a great difference in the character of their sermons.—Christian Register.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

NIGHT.

By J. W. BERNHARDI.

To a forest fancy leads me,
Leads me now and leads me nightly,
To a temple where doth dwell
Thinking man and mote as well.

Leaves are trembling, night advancing;
Spheres with mystic rhythm dancing;
And the silence so profound
Thrills me with its awful sound.

Whirl the world seems thus to slumber,
Gazing, like a child I wonder:
Will I—can I ever see
What has caused such things to be?

In my heart all pain allaying,
To my mind a voice came saying:
Seek not reason what love finds;
Part not reason what love binds.

Brightest light is not for seeing
What is being, what is being;
Brightest light but makes this sphere
And its workings more obscure.

TENNYSON.

By ST. GEORGE BEST.

To-day is drole in Astolat indeed, for lo!
The Master's lips are stilled and mute,
That charmed the universal ear, as long ago
Greece thrilled at Pan's melodious flute.

RECORD MAKING.

By MRS. M. KLINE.

Mrs. M. Kline, Van Wert, Ohio, writes: We resumed public services the first of the month and they are much enjoyed after our summer rest. Last Sabbath my guides announced to me the subject of "Record Making" and as I felt an electric thrill, I went into my room and as soon as I became quiet I heard clairaudiently the contents of the paper I herewith send you that you may publish it if you think it available for THE JOURNAL, that its readers may pass upon the thoughts it contains:

What is life but record making? When this question is directed to man how important it becomes. All begin life on earth and while passing through these corporal divisions, record making is of far more consequence than has been supposed. It begins in infancy and is then very simple, but its differentiations are as rapid as sense unfoldment and activity permit. On all lines where mortal thought is directed, on every line whence system support is derived by reason of organic relations and attachments to mother nature and father God, yes; upon all these lines the record of every individual is clearly marked, and is called nature's record. This and the record kept by the recording angel, as well as that of memory, must agree when compared.

Some of the world's students say, that by analytic reasoning they have arrived at the conclusion that memory is the recording angel of every individual, as well as the storage chamber of all acquired and entailed knowledge, that there, in each one's own aura, all that ever stirs the brain and heart and is a sense realization, is recorded. Certainly this is true, but this is called the individual record; that kept by the recording angel proper, and preserved in archives above, is the legal record, while that which is interwoven in all nature's operations and traced on all lines as before stated, is the cosmic record. These three are compared and from them is made the decision as to each one's assignment when they change the mortal for the immortal form and states of life. The entire cosmic record is so made, traced and correctly kept as to the output of substance and force, modes of differentiation, simple and complex activities, changes of form on all stratas, and all lines of activity are so punctured by vibratory impingements that the result is a clear record easily traced by those skilled to serve in such important offices. Here are large fields for earth's students to investigate. On these lines they can learn much that will be of great help to them in reaching sound conclusions with regard to nature's forces and operations, and how men collectively taken play the accompaniment thereto; also to solve the cojoined labors of spirits and mortals which to be helpful as divinely intended, must be sifted, separated and brought under

proper management. Man is so entwined in all of nature's systems of evolution, so wisely drafted, fixed and governed, that he cannot retrogress. When changes are needed, they are forced by and through these systems in such a way that man the crowning effort of all expended creative energy, keeps abreast of nature's unfoldments to prove the superiority of mind over matter. However, at such times of great changes, all imperfections are perforce thrown bare, so that it seems as if man were losing instead of gaining in progressions, march; but the watchword is "Onward!" The faulty, so-called economic pursuits in politics and religion must be changed when the record making therein is such that it runs against law on all sides, for dame nature demurs, and changes are compelled by differently applied forces which necessitate different activities, with the result that an entirely different view of things becomes first a mental impression, a fact of thought, then of physical reality.

These things are under the control of competent managers in the upper worlds, who work upon and through mortals, as upon and through nature in ways here outlined. All this is individual and collective record making for as many beings as are allied by cosmic ties and are therefore partakers of the weal or woe wrought by these systems in which they are all factors. Notwithstanding all this, at every turn where individual promoters are marked to take place, as a natural sequence of life's beginning and pursuit, the individual record is compared with the legal and cosmic. Thus ye are your own judges, and are on the witness stand from your merits, nor cover your faults, the record decides at such a time. Right here a question may be asked, by those who believe that Jesus pays all the debt and all they need to do is to confess his name before men and subscribe to a church creed made by men in his name, and one which we will anticipate and frankly answer. There were grand provisions made for Earth's people by Jesus, or rather, through him as a special incarnation and medium for the highest legal tribunal and creative compact; but earth people have not been taught the truth of it. He is a helper and has suffered for humanity; has given a bond and cancelled the same in their behalf; but many other individuals of all ages, and of the present, governed by a special providence, became saviors for others. This has been demonstrated and proved all along man's line of life and is now in these days, but as we trace the records we learn therefrom, that it is only done when cosmic tangles in great claims by high authorities, can be unravelled and made right by human factors.

WHY I DO NOT INVESTIGATE SPIRITUALISM.

TO THE EDITOR: For every act there must be a motive, which is strong enough to induce the action, and hitherto, no motive has prompted me to go to a séance, or, in any practical way, to investigate the phenomena of modern Spiritualism. It appears to me, that there must be some degree of belief in the existence of spirits; or, there will be no desire, or motive, for investigation; and by reading and studying on this and kindred subjects, together with the experience and observation of fifty years, I am convinced that spirits do not exist; or, granting their existence, we have no means of communicating with them, or of obtaining any knowledge of them. And if we admit—which I do not—that all the phenomena in question are objectively real, still spirit existence is not proven. Hundreds and thousands of honest and reliable persons, (better qualified for the task than I,) have spent many years investigating without arriving at any satisfactory result. Then why should I enter upon a task which promises no reward and which if closely and persistently followed with implicit belief is likely to end in partial or complete insanity.

It is not necessary to make a personal investigation. I can read more accounts of things seen and heard at séances in an hour, than I could hope to actually see or hear in a year; and in a large majority of cases, I believe these accounts; that is, I believe that the observer thought, he or she saw or heard the phenomena as described; that they were, at least subjectively real, and many of them objectively so; and that, had I been present under the same conditions, I would probably have been similarly affected. Admitting all this, what do these accounts prove? Sim-

ply, that there are some things which we do not understand, which any sensible person will admit without proof.

There is nothing wonderful about the fact that a living man or woman, or a number of them, can tip a table without allowing the observer to see how it is done. In a dark, or dimly lighted room the opportunities for fraud are so numerous, that nothing is proved; and if the possibility of fraud is excluded, it is apparently proved that there is some unknown way of applying the force of the living human organism. That the force in physical phenomena emanates from the medium or other living persons in the room is both proved and admitted. The transmission and application of the force is all that is to be explained.

Do spirits condescend to transmit force for us? Then they are as useful as a steel wire.

It would be wonderful, and something like proof, if spirits would do something without help, even were it ever so small. If they would perform with the table in an empty room; or, if they would hold a horseshoe suspended in the air while a sword could be passed round it, or after it was enclosed in a glass case; then it would be evident that the force was not furnished by a living organism.

It must be shown that spirits do something unaided; that they are factors in causation, before it can be admitted that they are entities.

He who investigates must be an expert in such matters, or he will not be able either to separate the "ninety per cent. of fraud, trickery and delusion" from the ten per cent. of genuine phenomena, or to decide when the possibilities of fraud are all excluded. I am not an expert and have not time to become one, therefore, I must take my information at second hand. Judging from the published accounts of séances, it appears to an outsider that the possibility of fraud is never entirely excluded.

There is always a hiding, or covering up, or darkness connected with favorable conditions, and, as the scientists discovered in the séance with Eusapia Palladino, the medium "does not assist in the investigation."

I admire Eusapia and would attend one of her séances if I had an opportunity, for I would be sure of being cleverly victimized and getting the worth of my money. The scientists wagered their learning and science, against her game and her skill and were fairly beaten. They were not sure of anything that happened at the séance. Just what they ought to have known, they did not know. They did not know whether they were holding both of her hands, or only one of them, when the spirit hand appeared for the tenth of a second above her head. It is true that Eusapia was lifted onto the table; it is also true, that a good stout scientist had a stout grip on each side of her chair during the performance, they thought that they did not lift, but the proof would have been much more satisfactory if Eusapia had just floated up onto the table without anybody holding to her chair. Why didn't she do so? Echo answers, why? The table tipped, but the camera testified that every time a fold of Eusapia's dress touched a leg of the table. Why? Whenever anything was done, Eusapia was exerting force. Why could she not sit still and let the spirits do the work? Why? It was proved that Eusapia was smarter than the scientists.

The most wonderful of the phenomena is the materialization of spirits, and, if this can be accounted for, why should I investigate? The East Indian fakir materializes a spirit—or nothing, which in my vocabulary is a synonym—before a large audience, in an open street or square, in the broad light of day without any cabinet, and no suspicious are entertained that spirits assist him in the performance. The fakir hypnotizes his audience and causes them to see what arises in their own minds prompted by his suggestions. Photographs taken at one of these exhibitions showed the audience intently gazing at—nothing.

Now if one of those enterprising fakirs should come to this country and commence business as a materializing medium, could he not easily victimize thousands of people who are disposed to believe in spirits? Then, if we suppose that the mediums possess and cultivate this power, what more is there to explain in regard to this wonderful phenomenon? Nothing, until a spirit is proved to be an objective reality. Gods, devils, and departed human souls exist only in the

minds of those who believe in them and there is no need that I should take a lighted candle in my hand and go forth into the sunlight to search for that which may only be found in the dark chambers of thought.

CHARLES C. MILLARD,
WICHITA, KANSAS.

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OCT. 6, 1894

WOMAN AND THE HOME

MY MENDING BASKET.

It is made of the stoutest of willow,
It is deep and capacious and wide;
The Gulf Stream that flows through its
hurdles
seems always to stand at flood-tide!
And the garments lie heaped on each other,
I look at them often and sigh,
I shall never be able to grapple
with a pile that has grown two feet high?
There's a top layer, always, of stockings,
These arrive and depart every day;
And the things that are playing "button-button"
Also leave without any delay.
But ah! underneath there are strata
Buried deep as the earth's coelean!
Things put there the first of the autumn,
Still there when the trees have grown green!
There are things to be ripped and made over,
There are things that gave out in their prime,
There are intricate tasks,—all awaiting
One magical hour of "spare time."
Will it come? Shall I ever possess it?
I start with fresh hope every day.
Like a will-o'-the-wisp, it allures me;
Like a will-o'-the-wisp, fades away.
For the basket has never been empty,
During all of its burdened career,
Not once, for a few fleeting moments,
When the baby upset it last year!
—Bessie Chandler, in Harper's Bazar.

AN HONORED WOMAN.

The French government, by awarding the ribbon of the Legion of Honor to Mme. Bogelot has turned a brilliant light on a personality whose career has hitherto lain somewhat in the shade. Leaving to others the care of vindicating the feminine cause in public meetings and in the press. Mme. Bogelot has devoted her life to the redemption of female criminals. Her name is intimately connected with that highly philanthropic work, the "Œuvre des Libérées de St. Lazare," of which she is now directress, and it is mainly due to the fact that she personally represented the society at the woman's congress at Chicago that she owes this public recognition of her worth—an honor seldom vouchsafed to women, however well merited. She is an admirable specimen of that class of Frenchwomen about whom the fashionable society of Paris knows little.

"The world and I are strangers. I never go out, never pay visits," Mme. Bogelot explained in a recent interview. "I rise early, the morning is spent at home dictating letters to my private secretary. During the afternoon hours I am generally to be found at the offices of the Œuvre des Libérées de St. Lazare. At 6 o'clock I return to dine with my husband and son, and I am seldom out of bed after 8."

This is the simple epitome of Mme. Bogelot's self-sacrificing existence. In her home surroundings there are abundant evidences that the humanitarian labors of this excellent woman are not allowed to interfere with the comfort of her husband. There is no disorder in the household. You feel that everything moves on oiled wheels. A roomy flat in a large house situated in a small street turning out of the busy Rue de Rivoli is her abode, solidly but simply furnished, a single, middle aged servant composing the entire staff. It is pleasant to note that between husband and wife there is complete harmony of ideas and interests. M. Bogelot, who is a member of the bar, affording his wife aid and advice on all legal matters connected with her work.

Although she personally prefers to hold aloof from party strife, the woman's cause has undoubtedly her entire sympathy. Indeed it would have been strange had it been otherwise, owing to the great friendship that existed between her and the late Maria Deraismes. The connection between them was almost that of mistress and pupil. There was a difference of some ten years in their ages, and Isabelle Bogelot, when a weakly child, was taken under the wing of the elder woman and her sister, Mme. Feunisse, that she might have the benefit of country air, and remained an inmate of their house until she married. This early training had probably a great effect on her subsequent career.

Not being gifted with literary abilities,

as was the more brilliant Maria Deraismes, she sought to render herself useful in other ways. It was not, however, until after her marriage that she joined the Œuvre des Libérées de St. Lazare, with which her name has been so inseparably connected. This was in 1873, and the society had been founded three years previously by Mlle. Michel de Grandpre, the niece of the chaplain of St. Lazare, who had been struck during her intercourse with the inmates of this house of detention by the anxiety evinced by so many of the prisoners as their terms of imprisonment came to a close and they knew that they would be once more thrown on their own resources and have to do battle with the difficulties of life, heavily handicapped by the ignominy of a conviction. Initiated into the workings of the society by Mme. Emilie de Marsier, its vice president, Mme. Bogelot threw herself into the work heart and soul and was very soon elected a member of the committee, to become, in 1880, its general directress, a post which she has held ever since.—London Queen.

WHY WOMEN WANT THE VOTE.

1. I, as a woman, want the vote because—
2. I am a citizen equally with men.
3. I have to obey the laws, and am not exempt from any penalty for breaking them; I ought in fairness to share all the privileges, too.
3. If I pay taxes, I ought to have a voice in the spending of the public money.
4. It is the essence of slavery for one set of adult human beings to be ruled absolutely by another set—slavery is bad for both master and slave.
5. The stigma of inferiority I bear in common with idiots, criminals, paupers, lunatics, and children is degrading and intolerable.
6. It is my duty to care for national morality, and to have power to influence public action for good.
7. It is my duty to help my sister women who suffer from the present laws relating to labor, marriage, divorce, property, etc.
8. The women's vote will be the most powerful aid to temperance legislation.
9. Women do much for the State industrially, intellectually, and especially as good mothers, and so deserve freedom and equality.—Mrs. M. WALTERS.

Fraulein Alice, the popular actress of Berlin, thus announces her coming marriage: "To all my friends and acquaintances: I desire herewith to make known that I am about to appear in a new character, which I have never yet performed. The drama is called 'Marriage' (Die Ehe). The part of the hero will be taken by Herr Hans E—. Upon him it depends whether the play will be a comedy or a tragedy. It will certainly not be a farce, for we are both of us terribly in earnest. Besides, all my married friends tell me that in 'Marriage' there is nothing to laugh at."

All the members of the school board in Tiverton, R. I., are women, and the superintendent says the schools of that town are the best conducted in the State.

The Countess of Aberdeen made about \$100,000 from the Irish Village at the World's Fair. It will be used to promote domestic industry among Irish peasants.

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- A Physician's Sermon to Young Men.**
By Dr. W. Pratt Price, 25 cents. Prof. R. A. Proctor, the well-known English astronomer, wrote of it: "Through false delicacy lads and youths are left to fall into trouble, and not a few have their prospects of a healthy, happy life absolutely ruined. The little book before us is intended to be put into the hands of young men by fathers who are unwilling or incapable of discharging a father's duty in this respect and as not one father in ten is, we believe, ready to do what is right by his boys himself, it is well that such a book as this should be available. If it is read by all who should read it, its sale will be counted by hundreds of thousands."
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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.]

Hypnotism; its History and Present Development. By Fredrik Björnström, M. D. Authorized translation from the second Swedish edition. By Baron Nils Posse, M. D. New York: The Humboldt Publishing Company. Price, 30 cents.

This work had its origin in the author's belief that the effects of hypnotism are so great that it ought to be studied by all physicians, but that those who have not had a medical education should not meddle with an agent "so dangerous and so difficult to control." For the benefit of persons interested in the subject, he gives a clear and concise history of the development of hypnotism, which he identifies with mesmerism, and also an account of the various phenomena classed under it. These are too well known to require enumeration, but we would draw attention to what is termed unilateral hypnotism, in which the phenomena are exhibited in only one half of the body, or in different forms or degrees on opposite sides. This depends on the independent action of the two halves of the brain which under normal conditions work harmoniously together. Another curious subject particularly referred to is the effect of prismatic and other glasses on optical illusions. These are found to act just as though the illusions were real. The author treats largely of the subject of suggestion, both under its psychic aspects and its effect on the functions of the body. Mental suggestion he regards as the same as telepathy and as being thought-transmission. Under this head may be brought the healing of diseases, and Björnström affirms, as the result of his inquiries, that "hypnotic suggestion affects not only physical sufferings and bodily diseases, but also the psychical life, so that bad habits can be suppressed and a depraved character can be improved and changed." In the concluding part of his work the author deals with the injurious side of hypnotism, and he declares that the physical and psychological dangers of its misuse are so great that it ought to be dealt with by the legislature like deadly poisons, and that only licensed physicians should be allowed to practice it. It is only fair to say that the majority of experts are not of this opinion, and that Björnström's views on this point brought forth strong protests, but nevertheless his work deserves most careful attention.

A Story from Pullmantown. By Nico Bech-Meyer. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company, 175 Monroe street. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents, postpaid.

Mrs. Nico Bech-Meyer though an American by adoption is a Norsewoman by birth. That she has acquired a complete mastery of the English language, is shown by this story, which discloses oppressions of the Pullman company, and the mental struggle of the more intelligent of the working people. The book closes with their final decision to begin the strike, and it is full of inspiration for those who are tempted to think of the strike as only a failure. The Pullman struggle bids fair to have a literature of its own, and it will certainly live in history as a momentous event.

Orthodoxy vs. Evolution is the title of a Lecture delivered by Daniel T. Ames before the Brooklyn Philosophical Society and Manhattan Liberal Club of New York.

The hope of the author of this lecturer is that it may lead its readers "to thrust aside the falsity of traditional and inherited myth and enter untrammelled upon an exploration of the new and grand fields lately opened by modern science and discovery." He says truly that the coming man will come along the line of evolution. Like many other writers on this subject, however, he neglects to distinguish between religion and theology and thus his argument against the former loses some of its force. The lecture is well written, radical and contains much good thought. Price, 15 cents. Daniel T. Ames, 202 Broadway, New York.

The Conqueror's Dream. A Poem. By William Sharpe, M. D. New and Finally Revised Edition. Price, sixpence. London: J. J. Morse, 26 Osunaburgh Street, Euston Road. 1894.

These lines owe their origin, we are told, to a remarkable symbolic dream or vision, in which the great edifice there described was seen and its ascent made by a

youthful warrior. The poem is well written in blank verse and contains many strong passages exhibiting various aspects of ambition, and teaching the duty of those who have reached the highest summit to restrain the passions of men and govern according to right. The dream, which contains some strange sights, ends with dreadful noise and turmoil:

Then all again grew still, in silence hushed:
And in the East there dawned, uprising slow
A roseate blush, a tinge of golden light,
The herald sure of a more glorious morn,
A time of rest, if not the reign foretold
Of peace on earth! and so the vision passed!

MAGAZINES.

The Popular Science Monthly closes its forty-fifth volume with an issue of marked and varied excellence, the October number. Prof. James Sully contributes the third of his *Studies of Childhood* to this number, taking up "The Questioning Ape," and giving a vivid picture of the curious gropings of a child's mind for knowledge. An account of "The American Champagne District," with a description of the various processes in the making of champagne, is given in an illustrated article by Lee J. Vance. The district is the lake region of New York. In "Some Lessons from Centenarians" the mode of life of two hundred persons of this class is given by Dr. J. M. French. An anthropometric study of "The Half-Blood Indian" is contributed by Franz Boas, being accompanied by diagrams of various measurements. The editor comments upon the recent suppression of the teaching of evolution in the State University of Texas and upon the Brooklyn meeting of the American Association. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$5 a year.—*Universal Truth* for September has for its opening article "The At-one-ment," by H. Louise Burpee. Mrs. Myron W. Reed continues her "Lessons from the Life of Jesus." An interesting account is given by Mrs. Helen Van-Anderson of her trip to Ashbury Park with the National Editorial Association. F. M. Harley Publishing Company, 87 Washington street, Chicago. \$1 per year. Issued monthly.

—The *Season* is a high-class illustrated magazine of costumes and patterns for women, and the October number is full of excellent matter artistically illustrated with three colored sheets of costumes and the usual pattern supplement. New York: The International News Co., 83-85 Duane street.—The *Scientific American* for September, 1894, the *Architect's and Builders' Edition*, contains much illustrated matter, and has a supplement of two plates in colors. Munn & Co., 301 Broadway, New York. \$2.50 a year; single copies, 25 cents.—In the *Independent Pulpit* for September, C. L. Abbott concludes his articles on "The Gospels." The fourth gospel he assigns to the school of Philo, with a tinge of agnosticism. Other articles are by George H. Dawes on "World-making Without a God," and by M. W. Chunn on the duty of religion towards social caste. We see that in the editorial notice of the stories in *Genesis*. Dr. William R. Harper of the Chicago University is classed among the infidels. J. D. Shaw, Waco, Texas.—*Current Literature* for October is filled with good things. Conspicuous among which are "The Richest Man in the Whole World"; "The Deemster's Confession," a dramatic court-room scene from Hall Caines' new novel *The Manxman*; "The Dance in the Moonlight," the story of a premiere danseuse who gives a skirt dance before a band of robbers; "Captain Timar's Ruse," by Maurus Jokai, the great Hungarian novelist; "An Inheritance of Dishonor," a sketch from a novel by Joanna E. Wood, a new Canadian author to whom *Current Literature* gives most enthusiastic praise. The poetry, always of the highest order, numbers forty-four poems by the best living poets.—The September number of the *Illustrated Monthly* for Youngest Readers "Our Little Men and Women," keeps up the character of the Magazine in both its literary contents and its illustrations. Alpha Publishing Co. Boston. \$1 a year, 10 cents a number.—The September number of *The National Builder* contains much useful information on matters connected with building and subsidiary subjects. As a supplement it gives a design for the National Cottage with detail drawings. 185 Dearborn street, Chicago. \$3 per year.



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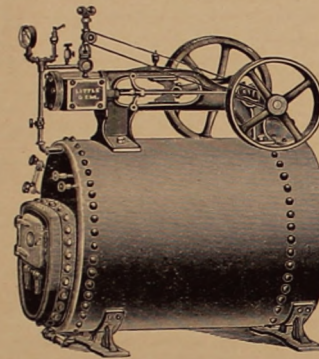
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THIS PAPER IS A MEMBER OF THE CHICAGO PUBLISHER'S ASSOCIATION.

DR. COUES' THREE MONTHS' TOUR.

To all our readers Dr. Elliott Coues is well known as a "psychical researcher" as well as an ornithologist and biologist. His splendid work in contributing to the success of the Psychical Science Congress will not soon be forgotten. Dr. Coues is not generally known to our readers as a traveler and we think it will be of interest to them to read some account of his three months' tour in Canada and the border States which he described to us a few days ago when he stopped in this city on his way back to his home in Washington.

This tour was undertaken primarily to enable Dr. Coues to speak from personal observation of the localities on the route of the Mississippi Exploring Expedition of Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike, in 1805-06, and secondarily to examine into the archives of the Canadian government at Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec. Dr. Coues has in press a new critical edition of Pike's Travels, and in preparation two other works on early exploration in the then French and English territories.

Dr. Coues, accompanied by Mrs. Coues, left Washington, June 26th, and first spent a week enjoying the grandeur of Niagara Falls and visiting the historic sites of the battles of Queenstown Heights and Lundy's Lane. They then proceeded to Toronto to examine and identify the site of old Fort York, where Pike, as Brigadier General commanding, led the American forces to the victorious assault of the Fort, and was killed in the moment of victory as Wolfe was before Quebec. Current accounts of the details of that affair are widely at variance, and Dr. Coues believes that he has found the true facts in the case.

At Ottawa, where, as well as at Toronto, Dr. and Mrs. Coues were received with great cordiality, he discovered a unique manuscript of which he was in search. This is an account of the explorations and discoveries of the younger Alexander Henry, an adventurous traveller, of the end of the last and beginning of the present century, who traversed the entire continent and left a voluminous journal which has never seen the light. This makes about 1600 foolscap pages, preserved in the Library of Parliament, where, by the courteous permission of the authorities, a literal copy is now being made for Dr. Coues' use.

Many historical items of great interest

were recovered at Quebec, after which the tour was prolonged down the St. Lawrence and up the far-famed Saguenay river.

Returning to Toronto, Dr. Coues found there the whole of the original journals and field notebooks of David Thompson, probably second only to Sir A. Mackenzie as a venturesome and indefatigable explorer during the latter part of the last and first half of the present century. Thompson's manuscripts make forty large folio volumes, now preserved in the archives of the Crown Lands Department. The authorities of the Province of Ontario kindly granted Dr. Coues free access to and use of all this material, which will be utilized in due course in connection with his present historico-geographical researches.

Another rare and little known manuscript which was brought to light is that of Franchère, one of John Jacob Astor's party which founded Astoria in 1811.

From Toronto our friends proceeded to the tour of the great lakes, stopping sometime to examine historic matters at the famous Sault Sainte Marie, and then bringing up at Duluth. This great city now of 50,000 population, was a little village of log houses in a forest at the time Dr. Coues first visit there, in 1873.

Leaving Mrs. Coues here, the Doctor went on a trip he had long meditated, to examine in person the source of the Mississippi river, concerning which much has been said that is erroneous. Pike in 1806 considered Leech Lake the source; Beltrami in 1823 gave Turtle Lake (called by him Lake Julia); Schoolcraft in 1832 named Lake Itasca as the source; the scientist Nicollet in 1836 was the first to actually trace the father of waters above Lake Itasca, to its true origin by many springs in connection with three small lakes since named by Brower the Upper, Middle and Lower Nicollet lakes. Dr. Coues verified the accuracy of Nicollet's observations, and confirmed to the minutest particular the correctness of the recent map and report made by Brower under the auspices of the Minnesota Historical Society. This is the more important because of the erroneous misleading report which one Glazier succeeded in foisting upon the public as an advertising dodge. It succeeded so well, that even the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain was imposed upon, and such a standard map as that of Rand, McNally & Company is vitiated by error in all that relates to the Upper Mississippi.

Dr. Coues proceeded from Duluth to Deer River, a village at the terminus of the Duluth and Winnipeg railroad, where he procured a birch bark canoe, got a camping outfit, and started with one man to paddle to the head of the river, a distance of perhaps two hundred miles. The round trip occupied twenty days, during which Dr. Coues duplicated some of his earlier experiences in the West in the way of hard work, poor food, the ground for a bed, and considerable spice of danger in navigating some of the large lakes on his route in his frail and cranky bark canoe. He launched his boat on Lake Itasca August 24th and camped that night on Schoolcraft island, which he made the base of his further explorations. He may be said to have literally "covered" the Mississippi River, for he traced it to a spring where it issues from the ground and lay down lengthwise upon it, with a hand and foot on each side, to drink out of the middle. The "Cradled Hercules," as Nicollet practically styled the infant Mississippi above Lake Itasca, is here about eight inches wide and two inches deep.

Returning in safety from this successful expedition, Dr. Coues laid his results before the Minnesota Historical Society at St. Paul. A lake several miles long, next

west of Cass Lake—one for which there appeared to be no name—has received from Brower the official designative of Lake Coues.

Not the least interesting of the results of this trip is the discovery of the exact site of the stockade which Lieutenant Pike built in the winter of 1805-6 in the vicinity of Little Falls. The spot is still marked by some of the stones of which the chimney was built.

Dr. Coues' new edition of Pike is in press, and will probably appear in a few months. It will be uniform with his Lewis and Clark, and is to be issued by the same publisher.

INTEREST IN THE JOURNAL.

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In an appendix Prof. Cadwell gives an explanation of various conjurer's tricks and in a discussion as to the truth of Spiritualism he exposes various mediums' frauds, although by no means a disbeliever even in spirit materialization, which he mentions various examples.

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