

# RELIGIOUS AND PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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## THE OPEN COURT.

### A NEW YEAR.

By G. B. STEBBINS.

WHAT HAS THIS CLOSING CENTURY BROUGHT?  
WHAT WILL THE TWENTIETH CENTURY BRING?  
Can it be that this nineteenth century is almost gone? Figures surely point that way, and so do some other signs. Here in Detroit, not so rushing as Chicago, some competent women have started a Twentieth Century Club. Coming out of church last Sunday morning, with a gravity becoming a staid person of Puritan descent, an accomplished lady met me with a pleasant word and a social air and gave me circulars of a course of illustrated lectures under the auspices of this Club and I thanked her and asked about her family. The church was a heterodox place and Puritan days are gone, so nothing better could be expected on the Sabbath. Well, we can dispense with the grim society of an old-time Sabbath, but I do hope we shall hold on to the beautiful steadfastness of those by-gone times.

What has this century brought us? It has brought us such a development of inventive genius in mechanism and art and science as no five centuries ever brought before. The locomotive, the steel steamship, the telegraph and telephone, electricity, rapid transit of goods and people and news, making the whole world neighbors, making World's Fairs possible, and so opening the way for peaceful arbitration in place of wars. Skill and rapid processes of industry have brought books and articles of useful comfort and of taste and beauty, once the exclusive luxury of the rich, within reach of the people.

A new flood of precious metals and the great improvements in mechanism have greatly increased the world's material wealth, and private fortunes have become enormous, yet the wealth in the hands of the people has also largely increased.

Unrest, discontent and agitation on social and industrial questions have waxed warm and spread far. Out of all this, let us hope good will come.

The war costs and debts of the civilized and Christian world (?) have enormously increased, so that wars must cease or the nations become bankrupt and dishonored.

A flood tide of intemperance and vice is breaking furiously against the rising and strong bulwarks of character and good conduct. All vice and virtue are revealed and discussed as never before. Our country has been flooded by a tide of vicious, degraded, and super immigration, which lowers our daily life and tells our safety.

There has been a world-wide and beneficent up-lifting of womanhood—prophetic of rich blessings.

Freedom of conscience and of speech has greatly

gained, superstition has decreased, irrational dogmas are losing their powers; The Reign of Law as taught by modern science, is supplanting lawless miracles; higher conceptions of man,—his possibilities duty, relations and destiny—are gaining; the great spiritual movement has poured a flood of light on the question of immortality, awakening thought, pulverizing creeds, and healing stricken hearts; psychical research, the study of the inner life which interblends with Spiritualism, is just opening, rich in promise.

Not ignoring the ills and errors of our age, it can safely be said that this closing century is better than the eighteenth, or than any like period preceding. Never was the world so alive as now, and life and freedom mean growth and harmony.

What will the twentieth century bring us? The ending of "the duel of nations" which we call war, peaceful arbitration instead of the awful waste of human life and of the hard earned treasures of the people. The equality of woman, in rights and duties, in state and church, in family and social life—the recognition of that equality will not only end national wars but will uplift politics, purify life, and bring benefits untold.

The reconciliation of strife, and the fraternal recognition of a unity of interest between labor and capital.

Not a dead level of entire agreement, but a "unity of spirit which is the bond of peace" in our search for truth in religion; with the ascendancy, in the world's higher thought and literature, of a spiritual philosophy, with ideas of duty, duty, fraternity and immortality as its corner stones, and an open door between life here and that higher stage of our life after the new birth which we call death.

A continuance of the growth of inventive genius in material things, to meet the varied needs of a higher culture, but also a new era now opening of psychical science and spiritual research—a study deeper and more earnest than ever, of man's inner life and infinite relations. This is but an outline, giving some great leading points. This closing year, the near close of this century, and the promise of a higher future, may well give us hope and strength to help make this brave old world better—not forgetting that the only sure way to begin is to make ourselves better. To one and all, saint and sinner, a new year wise and brave, tender and true, and so happy.

### THE MINISTRY OF "CHRIST" TO-DAY.

By CELESTIA ROOT LANG.

How the material universe came to be what it is—how the human intelligence had its origin—to answer these questions has become the ultimate aim of scientific research. How the Creating Power works in nature, how the mind of man operates in his body, have been made the subject of wide and minute investigation.

How is the ineffable God related to the world of matter is a question no longer confined to the scientific field; an impression has come to prevail that it is equally an open question in the religious world. All our energy is turned toward the discovery of the laws of the Divine Existence as manifested in nature,

that is, in the visible world; and our faith affirms the immanence of God in nature rather than his separation or isolation from nature. While this is a question raised by the intellect, the answer must first come through the inner consciousness or spiritual perception. There is observable throughout, the contest between mechanical and spiritual methods, but with a steady tendency of the thoughtful and virtuous to a deeper belief and reliance on spiritual facts. Life must be lived on a higher plane. We must go up to a higher plane, to which we are always invited to ascend; there, the whole aspect of things changes. We are not only called upon to give up our anthropomorphic idea of God, but also our anthropomorphic idea of "Christ" or our idea of the personality of Christ. If we will, once and forever, separate the word "Christ" from its Messianic connection with the person of Jesus of Nazareth, and use the word "Christ" as a synonym for Divine, then we have the Christ-principle or divine energy as a working theory of our modern investigation. By thinking of divine energy or Christ principle as the creating principle we obtain a religious and divine centre for our philosophy; our philosophy is at-onement with our religion; that is, religion with universal law behind it; the universal law of divine incarnation—the law of the Christ principle as the creating principle—the process of divine energy passing into matter and form. Religion then becomes a natural phenomenon; the simple manifestation of the divine or Christ in man in its different stages of development, in its full development, the complete or divine man.

Divine energy which is intangible and invisible expresses itself through organization, though it is not the result but the cause of organization. All the potency of the universe is resident in divine energy which in its highest form we denominate as spirit which through its orderly energy on its several planes builds up symmetrical forms. With this idea firmly fixed in the mind the discovery of organic and physical processes will suggest to the biologist or chemist the presence of divine energy as a creative factor or ultimate cause.

In evolution there seems to be no necessity for intelligent direction of the cosmic process at the beginning. Certain tendencies or energy in unintelligent matter itself provide for this progressive development. First occurs a differentiation of homogeneous atoms in the primeval mist. With the advent of motion in the atoms, must have arisen a mutual accommodation between them as the result of incessant collision, if not from inherent tendency. The conflict of stronger and weaker forces must result in the rule of the stronger. Mutual adaptations take place of necessity. Increasing variety of energy gives increasing variety of form. Organic life arises, and, as a phenomenon of this life, conscious intelligence. Now we learn what patient periods must round themselves before the rock is formed, then before the rock is broken, and the lichen race has disintegrated the thinnest external plate into soil, and opened the door for the remote flora, and fauna, to come in. How far off yet is the mollusk? how far the quadruped? how inconceivably remote is man! All duly arrive and then race after race of men. It



is a long way from the inorganic to the mollusk; farther yet to Jesus, the complete man, and the preaching of the immortality of the soul. Yet all must follow, as surely as the first primeval mist is touched by divine energy.

Many forms of thought with which the word "Christ" was once associated have forever passed away. With their disappearance many notions about "Christ" which in their day were valuable instruments of human culture, have become obsolete. And as we must do the work of to-day with the intellectual machinery of to-day, it follows that the ministry of "Christ" must take its place in harmony with that scientific truth and that comparative method which are now supreme in the world of thought and action. "Christ" must be viewed in connection with all the new truth which has been discovered respecting nature, humanity and man; and the help derived from our ideal "Christ" must flow through those spiritual forms by which it is found that the psychical life of the race unfolds.

The messianic ideal of "Christ" of the apostolic age, with all its attendant fancies, is utterly vanishing away never to return; to us to-day "Christ" can have no such messianic ministry, because we have no God-man with which to associate the idea. Our hopes have another form, and our aspirations another direction. Even the words "Jesus Christ" and "Christ Jesus," belong to the vocabulary of obsolete terms. Those moulds of thought are broken; for the universe presents itself to us as a cosmos, or realm of correlated forces or planes of divine energy, through which one purpose pulses. Thus, we must interpret "Christ's" ministry, not with reference to those past forms of thought, but in connection with the truth now known and the scientific method now operative. Christ must be revealed in nature, in the midst of the universe viewed as a cosmos, and approached from within the individual, for that personal influence which human life needs for the unfolding of the Christ or divine life in the individual.

THANKSGIVING MUSINGS.

By F. P. NICHOLS.

Sitting quietly in the twilight, after the day spent with friends, thinking of other Thanksgiving days gone by, of friends gone on, of what they might be thinking, feeling and knowing now, as different from our experiences here, these lines from one of Whittier's poems impressed themselves upon me as true of us all:

"Homeward we go to Heaven's Thanksgiving,  
The harvest gathering of the heart."

And immediately, in response, as it were, came an inner voice (or an outer one, who can tell?) saying: "Take pencil and paper and we will talk with you." So doing, my musings turned into the letter or communication which follows:

"Yes, dear, these lines are true, but with a fuller meaning. We all go homeward and do find a home here in a larger sense than before known; while we possess the full enjoyment of what that word means ideally with you, there is one added feature which gives the larger definition to the word, for we possess the freedom to be ourselves, to go out in every direction in so far as it comports with the wisdom which rules in this place as well as everywhere else. We fully realize that we are created to make the most of ourselves, to complete the unfolding which is the continuous work of being—and ever it is being ourselves. So a part of this work is to unfold in the direction of the love element which centers around a home. We can bring no selfish purpose into it here, while with you there is almost always such a purpose apparent in greater quantity than any other in forming a home. While it has its use there, it belongs not here. Only such motives as pertain to and will aid in the blossoming of the spirit preparatory to the fruitage, the perfect conception and understanding of Divine Love, is brought into what may be called the home-forming or home-gathering in this, God's other country. In it is many a 'har-

vest gathering of the heart." You need not wait to come here to begin this kind of a home, they are needed, oh, so much! where you are, homes where all in them can live and unfold naturally and where a love so kind and wise shall permit and guide each little one into the sweet and graceful putting forth of all the powers of which he is born possessed. None of these powers are without use, even those which are used so thoughtlessly as to be called evil. They only complement others which are called good, and would, if properly understood in their relations and guided into their harmonious working, go very far toward unfolding, without the ordinary friction, the well developed and well rounded child both in body and mind.

Whittier had a high ideal of what a home should be and he seemed to be always going out in his thought toward the other home and what that would be like. His conception, though vivid and clairvoyant of what it would be, came far from being anything like the real, the true. This he has found out to be so in his own home going, since he wrote those words:

"We might truthfully say that every day is a Thanksgiving day here, because Thanksgivings are constantly being uttered by souls as fast as they come to understand each experience which the earth-life brought to them, and thus they gather in every tiny grain and their harvest grows in richness and beauty. Nothing has been in vain; no tear, no sigh, no pain, no anguish, no smile, no joy, no blessedness, no deed, no thought, no desire. All add their fruitage and thus bring the recognition of the divine love which guided their lives in those days gone now forever, nothing remaining only the wealth which was gotten out of them and is of value in this other place and home. Do you think it is wise to spend too much time in decorating and adorning decaying walls, in polishing and refurbishing fading and perishing surroundings when souls are hungry for love and companionship, when minds are eager to know of the gathered knowledge which has been revealed in the ages gone to God's prophets and seers, minds that are anxious to learn of all of the secrets hidden in God's store-house and workshop in which you dwell, and where thousands of minds are in darkness and asleep in regard to what life means or what a place of beauty they have been born into, are in ignorance of the wealth they possess, that they are heirs of a boundless kingdom, and that they can have unending riches to be found in that mine of eternal depth, the soul of man? Would it not be better to make your homes gathering places where these things could be learned, where each and all could be helped to unfold in their natural way, where living would be simple, unostentatious, adapted only to healthy growth in body and soul, each lovingly serving, joyously teaching and reverently learning?"

Here I could not withhold uttering my thought: Yes, that would be a happy condition, but there is so much machinery to living which seems a necessity, how can that be re-arranged and set going in this simpler way?

It could not be done with one turn of a wheel, but if one, two or ten such homes or dwelling places could exist and be known where life was thus planned, it would be the seed from which would spring many others.

There is enough acquired wealth already in your world to keep all the people content and happy and give them time to grow in this way. Some of the possessors of it need only to be shown that such a way is the real way and that their wealth would bring just as much or more pleasure and happiness to them if they used it in that direction, to go directly about it. It is concentrated views that hinder so many from doing. They become so intent on their little bit of pathway and its close surroundings that they lose all remembrance or realization of the great stretch of country that is about and beyond that. Could they once keep the thought permanent in their minds that all are parts, that while their pathway or field must be kept clean and beautiful, that the stubble field just beyond can be and must some time be

brought into the same wealth of yield and plan and refreshment to the world and work must be carried on until verily "the world shall blossom as the rose"—not with roses, but as great beauty and exhaling as sweet odor, material symbol of the divine in man which come everywhere, each in his own order, each telling the same wonderful story of love which brings these things to pass.

Until this spirit moves with manifesting wealth-acquiring intelligence of your world, disorder and rebellion, new and perilous will stir and ferment and break out and off your earth thousands and thousands—sorrow will weigh down your atmosphere, struggle to bear and conquer will be both worlds. There is and always will be points from which radiate the healing, power; they focus the divine light and act as distributing agents and answer as a diffuse. Sometimes they are groups in some dwelling, sometimes lone persons here and there. They often suddenly discovered or quickly come front with the right word or deed and every begins to change, and hope and courage the multitude once more.

Your age now is marked for great sympathetic generous giving, but it is almost all of it face help, given only for that which shall in the most easy and quickest way to the body. That is good, is necessary, but the usual part being the dominant moving force made active and helped to be the ruler at the time, but so often is it left alone or instead upon the belief of the saving power of the Nazareth, another deadening weight, giving only in the souls of a few to any quickening to rise from stupor or degradation. Nothing this but a thorough education which shows proves that the Divine works in and through things with wisdom and love. To-day with rich in opportunity. The ground is ready for seed; the laborers, where are they!

Work, and you shall be thankful all days. night.

WHAT CONSTITUTES GENIUS?

By JOSEPH W. DICKINSON.

V.

"A genius," says Matthew Arnold, "is one endowed with an extraordinary ardor for the pursuit of truth and a true instinct for what is admirable." "Genius," says Schopenhauer, "is to other what the carbuncle is to the precious stones. It sends forth its own light, whereas other stones only reflect borrowed light." "This is the method genius," says Margaret Fuller, "to ripen fruit for the crowd by those rays of whose heat they complain." "It is the highest miracle of genius," says Macaulay, "that things which are not should be though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another." They "strike anew," in the words of Carlyle, "that deep, mysterious chord of human nature . . . which lives in us, too, and will forever live . . . though vibrating with far other notes, to far other issues," than those of bygone years.

Seneca tells us that "There is no great genius but from tincture of madness." But Plato's assurance must here be taken into consideration: It is the testimony of the ancients that the madness which is genius is a nobler thing than the wisdom which is men." He also says: "He who sets himself to work with which the muses have to do, without madness, thinking that by art alone he can do his work sufficiently, will be found vain and incapable. And we are to infer that all such mere mechanical methods will be, as he expresses it, "thrust and obscured by that of inspiration." Emerson might well have applied more especially to genius what he somewhere says of all men: "They are quite sane; each has a vein of folly in his composition, a slight determination of blood to the head."



are of holding them hard to one point which has taken to heart." "Folly!" Yes! But in sense, oftentimes, "the wisdom of God is the wisdom of men." We recall, also, in the above notion, the lines of Coleridge:

"Such fierce vivacity as fires the eye  
Of Genius, fancy-crazed."

again, as to the "unconsciousness" of says Legouvé, "Genius has its moments, like and like childhood," one says: "To achieve species of greatness, we must be utterly unconscious of the way we arrive at it. It is not to be sed by 'malace prepense' . . . as well might taking thought add a cubit to his stature." is in key with the aphorism found in Dr. Hun- note-book and quoted by Professor Owen: "No was ever a great man who wanted to be one." as also been observed, in the same vein: as no man's business whether he has genius or work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and lily, and the natural and enforced results of work will be always the things that God meant to do, and will be at his best. No agony or re-readings will enable him to do any better! If he a great man they will be great things; if he be small man, small things; but always, if thus peace-ly done, good and right; always, if restlessly and ritiously done, false, hollow, and despicable."

Haskin assures us that, "The whole difference between a man of genius and other men . . . is that first remains in great part a child, seeing with large eyes of childhood, in perpetual wonder." it was Coleridge who first said; "To combine a child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day for perhaps forty years rendered familiar . . . this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguishes it from talent."

"The highest genius," says Chapin, "never flowers satire, but culminates in sympathy with that which best in human nature, and appeals to it." Hazlitt assures us that, "There is nothing so remote from sanity as true genius." But, while thus, in a sense, self-unconscious, another writer observes: "As well might a lovely woman look daily in her mirror, yet not be aware of her beauty, as a great soul be unconscious of the powers with which heaven has gifted him; not so much for himself, as to enlighten others as a messenger from God himself, with a high and holy mission to perform." And he adds: "Woe to him who abuses that mission!"

"It is almost as natural," again says Hazlitt, "for those who are endowed with the highest powers of the human mind, to produce the miracles of art, as for other men to breathe or move." And he continues: "Corregio, who is said to have produced some of his divinest work almost without having seen a picture, probably did not know that he had done anything extraordinary." It was with this thought in mind that Clulow said: "The effusions of genius are entitled to admiration rather than applause, as they are chiefly the effect of natural endowment, and sometimes appear to be almost involuntary." But if applause, we ask, to be reserved only for mediocrity, or even for talent? Nay! In such a case we would go farther even than Emerson, who says: "When we see a soul whose acts are all regal, graceful, and pleasant as roses, we must thank God that such things be and are, and not turn sourly on the angel and say, 'Crump is a better man with his grunting resistance to his native devils.'" Let us not fall, then, to give to genius, albeit God-endowed, that applause, which has been said to be "the spur of noble minds," though it be, indeed, but "the end and aim of weak ones."

The man of genius, moreover, is he who not only "has in himself, as a writer expresses it, "a contingent of undiscovered character," but who also possesses the power to act as "the Columbus to his own soul." "Such men are for mankind," again in the words of Emerson, "Guides, redeemers, and benefactors, obeying the Almighty effort, and advancing on Chaos and the Dark." Hence, they must possess,

in a supreme degree the quality of courage for "God," we are told, "will not have his work made manifest by cowards." So shall they be to men even as "liberating gods," who shall help to free humanity, if only for a brief hour, from what Carlyle calls the "dark grandeur of that 'time-element,' wherein man's soul here below lies imprisoned."

But, given the endowment of genius, what will training, that is to say, education, do for it? This we will attempt to answer in the words of Dr. Temple, of England, when in his Rugby sermons, he asks: "What is the difference that distinguishes the musician or the painter from the mere amateur? What is it, as one has wisely said, but the long-continued discipline of hand, of ear, of eye, which has made all the faculties of body and mind subservient to the purposes of art? The man who has no such training may have, to begin with, the same natural faculties, the same genius, the same inspiration; but they have no command over the only means by which their fine conceptions can be expressed. And what," he continues, "is the cultivation which such genius always needs? It needs unweary labor at what to another man would seem the drudgery of the art; what only ceases to be drudgery because the light of genius is always present in every trifling art. Nothing can be a greater mistake than to suppose that genius dispenses with labor. What genius does is to inspire the soul with a power to persevere in the labor that is needed; but the greatest geniuses in every art invariably labor at their art far more than all others, because their genius shows them the value of such patient labor, and aids them to persist in it." And this, unquestionably, was the meaning of the artist Turner, who, when asked for the secret of his skill, replied: "I have no secret, madam, but hard work." So, in the words of Professor Matthews, "Stumping it through England for seven years made Cobden a debater. Stumping it through New England for twice seven years trained Wendell Phillips." It was in such a sense that Dr. Lyman Beecher, to the question, how long it had taken him to compose his sermon on "The Government of God," replied: "About thirty-five years, Sir." It was in such a sense that Alonzo Cano, the Spanish sculptor, replied to one who tried to cheapen his statue, because of the short time it had taken him to execute it: "Wretch! I have been at work twenty-five years, learning how to make this statue in twenty-five days." So the motto of genius may be said to be, "Labor is worship!" For such is their devotion to their art. And the saying of Goethe may well apply to them: "Like a star, without haste, without rest." For they, indeed, possess that faculty of patient endurance, which, in the opinion of Byron, was even "better than genius." Without it, genius itself, in the language of Burns, must forever "grope blindly, like Cyclops, around the walls of his cavern," and never, we may add, will fittingly emerge therefrom:

And, by the same rule that "Mediocrity is not allowed to poets, either by the gods or men," so, with Horace, who is the author of this saying, we reject all the mere 'talent-work' of genius, as unworthy of their high endowment. For their work is, necessarily, unequal. Even Homer, we are told, at times, himself will nod. The Sybil is not always on her tripod. The oracle not always is inspired. The mind in the lower understanding, rather in and not the soul, at intervals, alone will speak. The celestial halo has vanished. The spirit seems shorn of its beams; and the voice of inspiration is mute within the soul. Well shall it be, then, for the man of genius, if the reaction from his high and holy exaltation shall carry him no further: That he shall not seem to himself, for the time being, even as "Lucifer fallen from Heaven!" That, by comparison, he appear not, truly, like an "arch angel ruined!" The "Son of the Morning," indeed, descended from regions of celestial light; cast down, for a season, into the pestilential depths of awful and Cimmerian gloom! Is it because of such "divine despair," which, on this lower earth, must be perennial in its recurrence, that one says: "Whatever is highest and holiest is tinged with melancholy. The eye of genius

has always a plaintive expression, and its natural language is pathos?" Is it with some such thought in his mind, that Edgar A. Poe assures us, that all true poetry possesses, what he calls, "a taint of melancholy?" Was it because of this, that Shelley wrote:

"Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought?"

#### JACK.

By OLGA ARNOLD.

A few days before Christmas he sat at night by a fire that crackled in the fire-place. As he looked into the blaze that flared up, sank down and flared up again, his large eyes closing and opening slowly, and at long intervals, he combed and brushed his thick brown hair which lay in waves on his head; and following each stroke of the comb and brush, one hand passed over those soft waves that never were pressed out. As the fire shone on his ruddy brown face and lit it up, he looked into the blaze like one having "long, long thoughts."

His name was Jack; just Jack. Not belonging to a family, he had no name besides. To constitute a family it has been decreed that there shall first be a union of two individuals by a certain ceremony, duly witnessed and recorded; and as this rule had not been adhered to by Jack's parents, whatever union of souls may have existed between them, or silent ceremony had taken place, too sacred for eye witness, the legal form had been evaded; and so Jack and his mother, or Hildreth Lane and her boy, as they were spoken of, were not a family; and the boy could have but a curtailed name. The other party to Hildreth Lane's social offense being dead, Jack was fatherless in the natural sense, but society would not forget that he was so in the legal sense; and he was looked upon as a "nettle" which had given "offense by the act of springing up," although no one could say aught against him. No one disliked Jack, yet no one had thought of trying to make him happy.

His mother, long unaccustomed to the many little acts of kindness that make intercourse with fellow beings desirable, had abandoned thoughts of anything for her boy beyond the meager necessities of life. Fortunately, the people in the community were in good circumstances and always had odd jobs of work to give out, for which they paid liberally in provisions and cast off clothing; and Jack, now twelve years old, had for several years performed the work given him, and had carried home the main part of his own and his mother's means of subsistence. Nearly every morning he went away from home, to work alone and to return alone; and nearly every night he sat before the fire, if the weather were cold, or by the narrow window if it were warm, and for a long while, combed, brushed and stroked his beautiful hair, with a faraway look in those slow-moving eyes; and what his thoughts were no one could guess.

The isolated fellow was wrapped up in himself, thoughts, emotions and all; for he had never come in contact with the things that invite expression. When he began life there was no one who wanted to take him, the little polluted and polluting thing, to welcome and fondle him, weigh him and comment upon him. At no time did any one invite his cooling and smiling, the charms with which babes delight those in whose arms they lie so helplessly. So Jack did not coo much, nor give expression to what was in him. Shut up within himself he grew up and had for companions the fowls about his mother's square log house, and a dog of his own, or one belonging to a neighbor. There was no variety in his life to enable him to make distinctions, or else he might have been conscious of the difference between his own existence and that of others, and been dissatisfied. But if he was companionless, and his life was a narrow one, he did not live superficially. His face showed that he lived deeply and thought a great deal.

On this night when his mother had put away the supper table and sat near him, he said "Ma what's a Christmas tree like?"



"A Christmas tree? Well, it's an awful pretty thing, sometimes;" and with sad recollections, though cheerful seeming, she described one.

"Julius Haynes told me that his Ma said she believed she'd ask me to come to their Christmas party. They're going to make a tree."

The mother's heart which had once been tender but was now grown almost calloused, gave a bound as she asked, "Do they want you, Jack?"

"I don't know; Julius' Ma believed she would ask me."

"I've seen some happy Christmas times" reflected the mother, "but poor Jack! There has never been one for him. I've thought it best to keep from him the knowledge of happy things in the world, for he cannot share them, and to know of them, might make him miserable. But this party; the Christmas tree hung with presents for all the expectant, happy children, and nothing on it for Jack. No; he cannot go. My Jack shall not be made to feel unhappy."

But Jack was to go. Mrs. Haynes, the tall, gaunt, plain faced woman had stood looking out of her broad window, thinking of her plans for the coming event, and she also thought of settling with Jack for the two weeks time that he had given to their corn shelling, milling, and making of straw shelters for the calves. Then she called Julius and sent him to Hildreth Lane's. "Tell her" she commanded, "to let Jack come to our party Christmas eve; and tell her, but not Jack, mind you, that Santa Claus will have something for him."

Julius delivered the message, and that night his mother, having been to the village store, sent Jack home with a new suit of clothes, hat and necktie. After supper, Hildreth Lane sat looking into the fire, feeling that some new good force was suddenly operating in the world. In the space of twelve years, her heart had beat regularly and slowly, but now something had touched it and made it beat faster, and she felt almost happy.

Jack was not much moved, but he was conscious that something had happened. When on Christmas eve, he wended his way to Squire Haynes, through the snow, and by the light of the moon that was just rising, large and round, he still felt that something had happened. To him, nothing had ever happened before. But it was with calm exterior that he stood in the long, brightly lighted dining-room which had been cleared of its furniture for the play room. He looked at the Christmas tree, not as he had looked into the fire when he brushed his hair, for the fire was old, old to him and he saw not it, but with his mind's eye he saw,—well what could Jack see in his limited sphere?—but as he looked at the tree loaded with gifts, dressed with tinsel, colored balls and the tiny wax candles, and at the bevy of happy children that were fast filling the room, which was decorated with festoons of holly and cedar, amidst all this so new and so beautiful, his face reflected the inspiration of his soul. The thoughtful, earnest boy with his new well fitting suit on, the new light in his eyes, born of joy, made a beautiful figure; but all unconscious of self he stood amidst the dazzling surroundings.

When the tree was being unloaded, and name after name was called, he never questioned whether there would be anything for him. He was included in this magnificent show of beauty and happiness, and he would as soon have thought of the sun's shining on the world excluding him, as think there might be no gift for him on that tree. Soon a pair of shining skates were placed in his hands, and as Mrs. Haynes saw him turn his great soft eyes lovingly upon them, and saw him hug them to his breast, she turned away and said in silence: "Ah, Christ, forgive me. I might have done it sooner."

He had a passing thought of using them on the pond at the back of his mother's house where he sometimes skated alone, but soon the thought about his gift became separate from the lonely skating of the past; for the precious gifts were to be considered in connection with the happy present.

All the gifts being carefully laid away, the games began. Soon the village girls had spied Jack and

made a distinction between him and all the other boys, for that night he was indeed beautiful. His wavy, glossy hair, his rich complexion and clear, soulful eyes, his remarkable ease and naivete made him the center of attraction.

In "Snatch Partners" and "Grab" there was often a scuffle for Jack's hand, and when kissing was to be done in the games, while some of the boys blushed and shrank back, and others did the bold thing only to avoid being called cowardly, Jack kissed the pretty little girls without hesitation and looked as satisfied as if he had, with honor, tasted the sweets that he had a right to.

What a transformation there was in him! Who would have thought that he could be so handsome? But then, no one ever before saw him in new clothes, or amidst happiness and beauty. His fine glossy hair was never before made to shine by such bright lights. It made all hearts glad to look at him. At midnight, when the dispersion began, there were many exchanges of "Merry Christmas to you;" and above the din of the departing sleigh-bells and laughter, from many directions, tender voices cried out "Good-bye, Jack."

He went home alone through that beautiful moonlit white world; and asleep on his bed and beside his new clothes and skates, he spent the remainder of the night, still in the enjoyment of that great good thing that had suddenly come into his life. Pretty lights danced, warm cheeks of sweet little girls rubbed against his own, and from a great tree clothed with splendor there were thrown off, as if by magic, vast numbers of beautiful gifts, which he and others took up with joy.

CHICAGO, ILL.

#### THE ETHICAL ASPECT OF THE EVOLUTION OF MACHINERY.

By DR. C. T. STOCKWELL.

##### II.

That there is reason for the pessimistic view, few will deny, especially if the horizon is not a broad one. But that this is the only view open to one who has the weal of humanity at heart, I cannot believe. It is undoubtedly the case that in every upward movement of society, whether it be as the result of the evolution of machinery, or on other lines, some go down. There is no use of denying that there seems to be a residuum, after every great advance, that falls to the bottom—at least as far as material welfare is concerned. It is the price—which some say—society pays for progress. But it is clear that this fact is the result of a lack of power on the part of individuals to readily adjust themselves to the new order. It, however, should not be, and cannot be said to be chargeable to the advance per se. And it is probable that this very going down—or in other words, the law of the survival of the fittest, is the method of nature by which the power of adjustment to changed, and ever changing relations is developed in the race. Nature sets us to the struggle of industry. She first enslaves us under the dire necessity of food, raiment and shelter; and has a purpose in so doing. The brain must be built, and man must gain his freedom by its development and use. But while enslaving him thus to the first necessities of his being, she places in his hands the means of freedom, viz: the faculty of invention. This thought should be placed over against the charge of cruelty, which is sometimes made by our short-sighted sympathies in view of what seems to be nature's course. When our ancient ancestors were driven out of their primitive, nature-made homes, the caves, they doubtless rebelled and regarded the necessity as a great misfortune. But the necessity of work, and the necessity of offensive and defensive warfare proved to be the very germ of modern civilization. Had not this amiable comradeship been broken up there would have been no advance, no civilization, no destiny above that of the brutes. Man's advance dated, we may assume, at the point where the necessity for self-defence arose, and was vastly accelerated when the necessity for raiment arrived. He discovered

the club and its uses, but must have invented the art of constructing raiment. And so "we may suppose" or fancy that the good house-wives of that ancient time were the first inventors," constructing raiment from the raw material—fig leaves possibly—nearest at hand.

In this connection let me state what is historically evident, viz., that "the production of raiment was the basis of all prehistoric arts, as spinning and weaving lay at the very foundation of the industrial arts of the ancients of historic times. These—spinning and weaving—are also the basic arts of the modern system of industry." It was the accidental upsetting of Madam Hargrave's spinning-wheel, and the observation of the effects thereof, on the part of her husband, that began the revolution in the mechanical methods of spinning and weaving which has overturned the whole industrial order, with all of its marvelous results.

It is impossible, probably, to understand the true significance of the historic aspect of the evolution of machinery—or of such history as we have, without studying that so closely allied, if not inseparable subject, viz., the evolution of arms and armor, both in its human and biological relations and outcome. A recent writer on this subject has very forcibly and logically shown that the inevitable conclusion derived from this line of serious and broad study alone is that, "The meek shall finally inherit the earth." As a step in this direction we now see that the first instrument of offence and defence—the club—has been evolved into the pen, that mightiest of human instruments, which sometimes used in the same spirit as our ancestors used the club, is still a more humane method of warfare. It also possesses much greater capabilities in the direction of the ethical than the club, although both must be considered as possessing ethical qualities.

I allude to these things in order to emphasize the point which, in my judgment, is of prime importance, and should never be lost sight of, viz., the long-range view, the tendency of given processes and ultimate ends, rather than incidents by the way and the misconceptions derived from the considerations of such incidents merely, rather than from observing the processes and ends themselves. Take, for instance, electricity as a more modern example. The time was, and but a few years since, when it was considered as a destructive force merely. It was the mysterious voice of Deity, and an angry Deity that, of which all stood in superstitious awe and dread, because of its destructive power. Now the lightning is found to be the friend and more ready and valuable servant of man, if he will only get in right relations to it. Instead of its being a malignant, death-dealing force, it is seen to be, in reality, ethical in its relations to man.

And so it is with this other force of nature—the inventive power of man. For "Art (even the mechanical) is but nature working with the tools she hath made." The evolution of machinery must be therefore, in itself, ethical, or else the very laws of the universe bear no ethical relations to humanity. This view can be held while not forgetting the ugly fact that in the onward march of man many are displaced and some are crushed. Had such, however, possessed the most essential quality of life—that of ready adjustment to new relations, to new environments,—the displacement would be only temporary at the worst, certainly not fatal. For it cannot be successfully maintained to-day that the evolution of machinery really displaces labor. By this statement I mean that the contracting force of invention is not equal to its expansive force, in creating new opportunities for labor. Carroll D. Wright, in a late article, is very emphatic in regard to this point and says: "The facts I have given show conclusively that displacement has been more than offset by expansion." He also says in substance that: "It would require some 227,000,000 of persons, in this country working under the old system, to produce the goods made and the work performed by the workers of to-day, with the aid of machinery."

He admits that the laborer does not as yet recede



and equitable share of the economic benefits from the introduction of machinery. But standing this fact, he contends that the labor of benefits have been enormous, and the him such as to change his whole relation to and the state, such changes affecting his position. And he adds: "It is certainly true the statement is simply cumulative evidence of the view that expansion of labor in inventions has been equal or superior to any amount that has taken place—that in those cases given to the development and use of machinery there is found the greatest proportion of em-persons, and that in those countries where sery has been developed to little or no pur-vovery reigns, ignorance is the prevailing ion, and civilization consequently far in the

marked increase in the efficiency of labor, is, ore, one of the most apparent results of the e from hand-production to machine-production. e the old system it was possible for a man to e from forty-two to forty-eight yards of cloth in k. Now, one man, with the power-loom, can e 1,500 yards in a week. There is greater diffe- e between 1790 and 1890—says Prof. Adams— e between the 12th century and 1790, in all mat- of business procedure. It is, in short, an in- rinal revolution.

at if a revolution, what of its effect on society?

at the first place let me repeat the statement that scarcely a hundred years since the era of inven- s began, and it was as late as 1806 that Cart- ight perfected the power-loom, which finally ed the catalogue of inventions necessary to the uuration of the era of mechanical supremacy, when they began to be used in factories. Up to s time industrial habits were, and had been for usands of years, in a state of almost absolute edness. The commons, which constituted the eat mass of the people, were, as compared with e same class of to-day in those countries where chinery is most used, poorer, more ignorant, more perstitious, more debased in every way.—There isted that condition of things which resulted in, get only utter hopelessness, but almost an uncon- cious hopelessness. If one happened, by any chance, to possess and manifest some element of aspiration, he immediately became subject to the est, ridicule, and oftentimes severe abuse of his fel- lows. It is this picture of hopelessness, that history paints for us, which presents the saddest feature of the old system of hand-production. If they knew little of fear and apprehension, they also knew little of hope and ambition—the two great forces that move the energies of men. Imagination was too dull and weak to see possibilities over the head of stern actualities. It is hard for us to understand how it could be possible for men to thus endure, for centuries, the fatigue of such ineffectual aids to labor as mere tools. Nothing, perhaps, better illustrates the difference in the average mental status of the past ages and that of to-day than the perfect content, the constant breeding in and in, generation after generation in all the arts and trades which was universal up to within one hundred years ago, and the Yankee ingenuity that is called into play, daily, at the present time. But in 1760, with the invention of the spinning-jenny, all of this was changed. Thence rapidly followed the inventions of the power-loom, the engine, the safety lamp, chemical bleach- ing, printing in colors from rollers, etc., until upon the ruins of the old domestic system of industry, there had been established what we now know as our vast factory systems.

The results of this revolution are of incalculable economic importance. This phase of the results—the economic—are of course not without an ethical import. But "man doth not live by bread alone," and our subject relates to the life of man, rather than to the means of maintaining the life. What was the first great social effect of this revolution in the industrial system? Prof. H. C. Adams answers this question so well in a late article that I beg to al-

lowed to quote: "A laboring class (he says) was born out of the changes which made modern society what it is. But why should the invention of machinery, the object of which is to save labor, have resulted in the creation of a laboring class? The meaning of my statement, however, becomes clear when it is learned that by the phrase 'laboring class' is not meant a class of men who labor, but a class of men who, having no property in anything but themselves, are obliged to seek an opportunity for working from those who are the proprietors of the agencies of production. It is true that in agriculture there had come to be the germ of a laboring class, but in the textile industries, in the hardware industries,—indeed, in all the trades,—there was no decided separation between employers and employees. The master and wage-earner worked side by side; both had served the same apprenticeship; and most frequently the workman was a member of the family of his master. And since no great amount of capital was required to set up a competing business, the earnings of the master could be at no time much higher than the wages of his journeyman. The point to be held in mind is that all who had to do with industries were workers, and the workers, therefore, were able to control the conditions under which they worked.

ONE DAY.

By CARL BURELL.

In the commonplace of life sometimes come a series of strange experiences seemingly having no possible sequence except in a logical conclusion which seems to evolve itself in common from experiences which have nothing in common.

One day I was drawing shooks with a horse; the road was bad and we became tired; I was tired of handling the shooks, and the horse was tired of drawing them; in fact we had much in common, the horse and I.

Work—labor—a very hard thing to define; a certain effort, a certain action of the muscles and wasting of the muscular tissue for some material purpose. For some purpose, I say, for in the purpose—not in the action—lies the secret that determines whether the action is labor—enobling, man-making, soul-developing labor—or slavery; degrading, debasing, animalizing drudgery.

The horse was content to work for food, shelter and the care usually bestowed upon a working animal; but I was not content to work for that. I wanted something more; when I was forced to work for the same as the horse and no more, I was on the same level as was the horse; and this hard practical environment crushed out the ideal—the man desire—the soul desire—which was supplanted by mere animal desire such as the the horse had, no more or less, no better or worse.

This was in the forenoon; in the afternoon there was a reaction; the man—the soul—reasserted itself and the man hated the animal in me, which only made me the more kind and considerate for the horse—the animal without me. And I thought; had I at home, a companion, love and sympathy, something more to look forward to at the close of day than the horse had—more than mere food and shelter; some one to work for; some one upon whom I could bestow the returns for my labor and feel I was making life bright and happy for some one, being content, as for myself, with her love and grati- tude; then I could never be a mere animal. I could never forget I was a man—a living soul—a god; I should be—ever should be—all I could be, all I ought to be, for my soul-desire would be fulfilled.

It coming night I had finished my work and cared for the horse—I took all the better care of the horse for the very reason I had no one to care for me. Here was where I had nothing in common with the horse; it was the care that he wanted, and it mat- tered not to him who cared for him or fed and watered him; but I did care who cared for me—only one could bestow the care which I craved; a bit of

crust from the hand I loved would be better than much from any other source.

I was too tired to read or write so I went to bed early and soon fell asleep and dreamed a strange dream. It seemed I was with a friend in a large room facing the sunset and on one side of the room was a large and beautiful painting of a sunset scene—a large city on a hill and the sun setting behind the city and the hill. As I looked at the picture a strange phenomena took place. Starting from the right and passing to the left the picture became illuminated and flashed and glowed like the tops of ice-capped mountains when touched by the last rays of the setting sun. The glow seemed to illumine only the tops of the towers and the trees just as the sun- set would do, but the glow kept wavering, now stronger, now fainter, and the waves of light kept passing from right to left with the same indescrib- able wavering and rhythmic motion that is some- times seen in the aurora borealis. I watched it several moments then spoke to my friend in a pass- ing way concerning the picture, when she asked with a surprised look: "Don't you know about that pic- ture?" I replied that I did not, when she handed me a vessel filled with water and told me to hold it up before me toward the picture. I did so and when the rays of the setting sun came through the window and fell on the water and reflected on the the picture it transformed it into one sheet of shim- mering flame which had such a strange fascination that, involuntarily, as if borne bodily by some un- seen power, I approached the picture till within a very few feet of it when she gave a mocking laugh and said: "I knew it would be so!" I was mad- dened at myself and dropping the vessel of water, by mere force of will I sprang to the opposite side of the room, completely throwing off the strange spell that had drawn me involuntarily toward the strange picture.

It is very rarely that I ever remember any part of a dream when I awake, but I remembered this one in detail as much as I would an absolute material experience; and its strangeness and vividness made me ask of what cause or causes was this the sequence; but I could come to no logical conclusion from that standpoint.

But, however, this conclusion evolved itself in my mind: I am really three personalities in one. I am an animal; a creature of circumstance; a slave of environment. I am also a man—not an animal nor yet a god (that is a spiritual being); a creature of environment yet able to rise above environment; a creature with desires which an animal cannot know, yet with this bitter corollary that these desires may never be fulfilled; and moreover I am also a god; a spiritual, not a material being; not a creature of environment but rather a self-centered will, or better, a center of conscience power whose desire is ever fulfilled within itself by its own self-assertion.

THE FORCE OF EVOLUTIONARY ETHICS.

It is true, indeed, that "the theory of evolution furnishes no millennial expectations" for the im- mediate future, and Prof. Huxley has not emphasized too strongly the importance of human intelligence and will in effecting moral regeneration. But these are powerful for good only as they are duly trained and cultivated; only as they rigidly note both cosmic and social conditions, and correctly estimate the trend and result of all the complex forces which center upon the life of the individual. It is the great virtue of the evolutionary ethic that it calls man back from the cloudland of metaphysical speculation, and seeks to enlighten his intellect and guide his steps by appeals to the scientifically ascertained facts of human experience and the laws by which they are governed. Back to nature, not in her static aspects, as dreamed by Rousseau and the eighteenth-century philosophers, but in her dynamical and evolutionary aspects, must we ever go for ethical guidance, encouragement, and inspiration.

To Herbert Spencer, more than any other among the apostles of evolutionary doctrines, we owe the logical demonstration of the unity of man and the universe which eternally forbids the separation of his moral nature from those conditions out of which his whole being had its birth, and to which it is at all times vitally related. No morality in the universe? None, then, is possible in man. Existing in man, it is predicable also of his great world-mother.—Dr. L. G. Janes, in The Popular Science Monthly.



## THE NEW YEAR.

The coming of a new year may be considered from several points of view. It may be regarded simply as the commencement of one more revolution of the earth round the sun, the starting point of which is arbitrarily fixed at a point to which we affix the title first of January; or it may be looked upon as the beginning of a fresh year of the Christian era. The year may thus properly be treated as either astronomical or ecclesiastical, although in the latter case, as now arranged, the first day of January is not the beginning of the ecclesiastical year, which always dates from what is known in the church calendar as Advent. Nor is there anything seasonal that can be properly associated with the beginning of the new year as now celebrated. It falls at about mid-winter, that is not far from the shortest day, the longest day is not far from midsummer. The peculiar position thus occupied by the new year date is due to the adoption of the Julian reformation of the calendar which caused the year to commence earlier than it had hitherto done. The new year's festival should really coincide with the beginning of spring which is the opening of a new year, the return of nature to life and activity after the long sleep of winter.

There has always been a tendency in the Christian church, if not to identify the festival of the new year with that of Christmas, yet to put one in the place of the other. Among the Latin peoples, who represent the ancient Romans, the former festival even yet retains the pre-eminence, showing the continuing influence of old pagan ideas. Among the Teutonic peoples, however, Christmas long ago established its hold and has ever since maintained it. Christmas does in a sense mark the beginning of a new year; for, although it is now supposed to mark the date of the birth of the founder of Christianity, it has reference, in reality, to the "birth" of the sun-god. Ancient astronomers noticed that when the sun sank very low down in the winter season, he remained in the same position three days and three nights, and then began to ascend. The change took place on the 25th of December, which was thus said to be the birthday of the sun, and was observed accordingly with great rejoicings. December 25th was celebrated by the Romans, during the early Christian period, as the birthday of the invincible sun, Mithra, an ancient deity of Western Asia, whose worship survived until the fourth century and who was claimed by Constantine as his guardian.

If the first day of the new year, therefore, has any real cosmical significance, it may be taken as the birthday of the sun at the commencement of his annual course through the heavens, in substitution for the earlier date which has been appropriated by the Christian church to its founder; although the birthday of Jesus was not known until it had been fixed in accordance with certain astronomical data. Thus we are told that "at midnight on the 26th of December, not only does Virgo lie low on the eastern horizon, while the sun is reborn to increasing length of days and power, but the Christ star is seen in the east, namely, the star Denebola of Leo Virgo, or the Sphynx, it having been close to this star that the Sun of Righteousness rose with healing in his wings."

In all this real significance has reference to the earth and not to the sun, which runs his ceaseless course without change or mark by which its duration may be measured, except, only so far as his position in relation to the other members of the heavenly host may vary.

Though some think we have no sufficient reason for supposing that it will ever cease to be a fountain of energy, with the earth it is different. Its days are undoubtedly numbered and every year that passes brings us nearer to the final catastrophe, when the earth shall be as the moon, void of life and a scene of desolation, without a drop of water or a trace of air. Not that this will happen yet awhile. Our globe has still a few million years to live, unless it is destroyed by collision with some other body or by the outburst of its own pent up energies. But the lapse of each year brings it nearer to the period

when it will cease to be a home of organic life, and the beginning of a new year may remind us that we also as earth-dwellers have one less year to run in our terrestrial course. But the most important consideration at this epoch is, probably, that by the expiration of the present year we shall be brought so much nearer to the realization of an expectant change. It was thought by many persons that at the close of the tenth century the world would come to an end, and although such a notion in relation to the twentieth century is not very prevalent, there is a spirit of unrest abroad which would seem to portend great changes of a social and religious character at an early date. It is not improbable that science itself will be affected and it may be that the beginning of a fresh century may see the rapprochement between religion and science which has been long talked about, and that society itself may be placed on a rational and economical basis.

## ANNIVERSARIES—THE NEW YEAR.

Anniversaries are the outcome of a need of man's nature, and act upon his spiritual development. They are the mile stones which mark and call attention to his progress. There is such a preponderance of adversity, struggle, and unhappiness in the average life that when there is a special occurrence the thought or the outcome of which gives cause for rejoicing, men like to make the date an anniversary on the recurrence of which they can recall the event to memory, live over again the joy or feed the heart on hope that something similar may again transpire. Great events in history are celebrated by the nations to whom the event was of vital importance, such as the celebration of the Declaration of Independence by the United States on the Fourth of July. Other events are celebrated by certain races in commemoration of some cause of rejoicing to them as a people; clans and associations have their distinct anniversaries and every individual human being has certain dates set apart in heart and mind as anniversaries of one soul's history, anniversaries which are often kept in secrecy and solitude, some in moods of uplifting joy, others upon the knees with prayers and moans.

But the New Year anniversary is common to all mankind, and the one most universally observed and welcomed. It is in accordance with the law of spiritual evolution that mankind generally enjoys entering upon a new era, when the old books can be closed and put away, and the first new clean page of the unwritten volume of the future lies open before us. It is so much more cheering and satisfactory to hope and dream of what is possible in the future than it is to weary our hearts and juggle our minds, with attempts to untangle the erasures and interlineations of the ill-kept crowded pages of the snarled up past.

So we welcome with joy the New Year anniversary which fills our souls with renewed courage to overcome and remedy the mistakes of the past, to keep the new leaf turned over clean and clear in its record; which animates us with the flame of endeavor to achieve greater results than we have ever yet won, and spur us on with hope to attain our highest desires and ambitions in whatever directions these lie, whether they are on the material or spiritual plane.

Especially to those who have learned the higher joy of spiritual unfoldment and aspiration should the opening of the New Year give added impulse to more spiritual living and loving during the remaining days of their earthly discipline, for there are none already trying to attain a higher standard who may not with effort bring within their soul's range still nobler standards and ideals of living—standards of unselfish work for others, as well as of attainment of purer ideals for themselves.

With its corps of generous contributors THE JOURNAL will through the coming year do what it can towards pointing the way to such higher ideals—and its earnest aim will be to help make for all its readers a hopeful and most happy New Year.

S. A. U.

## AUTOMATIC RHYTHMIC IMPROVISATION.

A not uncommon argument with those who profess intelligence or knowledge beyond or outside of the individual personality whose hand is thus made to do of without conscious willing, is that there is no evidence given of superior knowledge. For instance, I am often told by those who have themselves had the personal experience of this power, that the verses I obtain are often not so good as I could compose myself; the prevalent idea in regard to man's changing into another form or sphere of being, seeming to be that that change must immediately make even common-place individualities over into beings capable of the sublimest thought and expression, and also capable of imparting at a moment's notice such sublime thoughts to our limited comprehension, that if rhymed answers be given in this way to common-place questions the rhythm, diction, and thought should be far superior to, or least equal to that of our greatest earthly poets. That does not seem to me to be the most sensible view to take of the matter.

In my own case in the first place there was no expectation whatever of rhymed answers being given. The very first that ever came was after the intelligence guiding my hand had over and over declared that this writing was the production of disembodied spirits when I questioned if then, their state was preferable to ours, my expectation being to receive an answer in prose; but my hand was made to write rapidly as one in a joyous mood this parody on "There is a Happy Land."

"There is a happy land  
Not far away  
Where soul with soul doth stand  
With new array  
When we reach that restful shore  
Grief shall pain our hearts no more,  
And the worst of life is o'er  
Forever and aye."

This was signed George P. Morris, a song writer whose name I had not thought of for years. The answer was so pertinent that as I read it I confess it gave me a little thrill of wonder and conviction of the truth.

Next came and soon after this, what purported to be from Browning in answer to some question as to whether spirits did really thus communicate with mortals. I did not expect a rhymed reply. The answer was written rapidly:

"Round goes the world as song birds go—  
There comes an age of over-throw,  
Strange dreams come true; yet still we dream  
Of deeper depths in life's swift stream."

Intimating it seemed to me that we were yet at the beginnings of spiritual progress and things still stranger to our limited knowledge would yet open to our comprehension. To me this seemed a beautiful and poetic answer which if I had tried for weeks to arrange as a possible reply to my query, I could not have achieved.

Since these quickly improvised rhymed answers to my questions have been given through my hand, I have tested to the best of my ability my own conscious power of improvising rhyme. I have tried to answer the simplest question, whose reply I could quickly give in prose, in rhyme but I have not been able to think at once of the right words which would fall into rhythm, and I must confess since I am always in a perfectly normal state so far as I can perceive, while my hand is being used, I cannot understand how any sub-conscious ego can be at work in so intellectually alert way to deceive me by declaring these versified answers to be the work of "spirits."

I am sometimes particularly struck with the condensed intimations of some of these rhymed improvisations, the full import of which does not always strike my mind until sometime later; for example when the name "W. C. Bryant" was written one evening, I said that I didn't believe that was the poet Bryant. Mr. U. suggested that if it were him he might so indicate in some characteristic way, when



without hesitation my hand wrote the following unique verse:

Woods and mountains, fields and pale morn,  
Witnesses were of beauteous wonders borne  
Into my questing soul while still enthralled  
Within the prison sphere which Matter walled."

This was written some three years ago.

Last summer at Cummington, Mass., the birth-place and long time home of William Cullen Bryant, was held the centennial celebration of the poet's birth, and from a newspaper correspondent's description of the old homestead site written on that occasion, I find the following corroboration of that wonderfully condensed rhymed answer:

"One thousand feet above the hamlet of West Cummington rises abruptly a rocky hill which was one of the favorite resorts of William Cullen Bryant. A short distance to the east the ground rises, forming another rounded summit which, though 185 feet lower, is still 1,960 feet above the sea. A mile from the top of the lower hill, on its eastern slope, stands the Bryant homestead, and near it, the grove to which on August 16th thousands came from near and from far to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the great poet's birth."

Again, the answer given to me when I said once that I dreaded more the painful process by which the spirit escaped the body than the fact of death itself. Instantly came this reply:

"Strange may seem soul life to all  
Whose knowledge bounds within the wall  
Of sense are held by laws which pain  
Born of love, shall burst again."

Pain, born of love, shall burst our bounds of present knowledge and thus open to our widened vision real soul life! Such a thought should surely reconcile us somewhat to the pain of the process by which we will enter into liberty.

Once when we expressed a desire for some clear statement in regard to the conditions of spirit life, there was written:

"Friends, please take on trust our love  
Perhaps your sense will sometime prove  
How slowly mortal sense can rate  
The gleams from powers above your state."

When asked why we had to pass through this phase of existence, this was the reply:

"Potter's clay must take the form  
Spirits will it shall be born."

I have not time now to give further examples of rapidly written poetic improvisations in answering questions suggested to us on the spur of the moment. Others may see in these only some subliminal consciousness—but for myself the only straightforward answer is that the writers themselves give—that these come from the spiritual side of life and being.

S. A. U.

A THEORY OF SELF-PROTECTION.\*

Dr. Billings has a profound conviction of the truth of his views and has no hesitation in expressing them. They cover much ground, beginning with a discussion of the question of divine existence, passing through the evolution of intelligence, socialism, evolution of ethics, the nationalization of land, the government of the United States and woman, to socialism and education. The author has, however, much to say on all these subjects, and whether we agree with him or not what he does say is worthy of consideration. He is somewhat discursive in his manner of dealing with them, and yet his treatment is logical and he always keeps in view his central idea, which is "self-protection." "The law of self-protection is declared by him to be "the fundamental moral principle by which all social customs and institutions must be judged." When we seek for a demonstration of this principle we are met by the

startling statements that God is a fetich, the brotherhood of man is a fetich, and so is the saying "Love one another." Later on we meet with the apparently paradoxical declarations that "the individual owes nothing to society," and that "the community owes nothing to the individual."

If we look a little deeper, however, we find that although these statements are repugnant to our accepted notions, yet there is something to be said for them, at least from the author's standpoint—the law of self-protection. This law he declares to be the basis of the law of evolution and "involution," by which he means retrogradation. Its action depends on "the simplest chemical affinity between the chemismus of the bioplasmatic unit and certain chemicals in solution in its environment. Disturb this chemical, even to an inappreciable degree, either in the bioplasmic unit or in the environment, and involution begins. Action and reaction are no more equal. Such a disturbance claim to be that moral stimulus in the cosmic process, from which as eventually evolved the moral nature of perfected man." Intelligence is to Dr. Billings merely the condition of living matter by which it evidences irritability, that is, its capacity of being acted upon and reacting. He calls himself a materialist, by which he means an individualist, one who having arrived at physical and intellectual puberty, is born "an individual capable of standing alone without the shaky props of the past being placed behind his intellectual 'backbone.'" To him materialism is Nature. He recognizes cause everywhere but "re-fuses to individualize it, or describe it, save as it manifests as effect." It would be a mistake to suppose that this materialism has no religion. It is the religion of nature and identifiable with science, which is the search after cause, and "the recognition of cause in nature is all there is to religion." The religious worship of the materialist is the lifting of the veils of nature, and his creed is, Respect the Law, Respect Self, Follow the Law. Dr. Billings is not a Buddhist, but his creed is in some respects that of Buddha, of whom he says, "His very ideal, that all life is useless, and that to add to the misery by creating new life is the crime of all crimes, conforms entirely with ideas I have arrived at through contact with the world and self-study." In relation to which we will say only that it is contrary to the very Nature in the name of which the author speaks.

But what has the author to tell us with reference to the moral bearing of the law of self protection? To him moral action "is that individual action which is in no possible way liable to reach within self, or cause a reaction on the part of others, to the injury or threatening disturbance of the party acting." This is quite consistent with the so-called law of self-protection, but it is defective as the expression of the right principle of moral action, and therefore the law itself must be defective. According to that view of moral law, the individual has no obligations to the community, although duty to himself requires that he shall study the community and aid in its not becoming a menace to his welfare. This is pure Egoism, the principles of which if carried to their legitimate conclusion would lead to the destruction of all society, which is based on the altruistic sentiment. We are told, it is true, that "the community as a compound and complex cosmic unit (in accord with the law of evolution) can and must seek to apply the law of self-protection to each microcosmic unit as a whole body for its preservation, even as each individual must intelligently apply it to himself, and, as a part of the social cosmos seek to inspire others to do the same thing for his own self-protection." But this is not enough. Each individual must aid others, to the best of his ability, to do what is best for themselves and the community. Of course the author will deny this, because it introduces the principle of altruism. But he takes a defective view of altruism. We think a defect of Dr. Billings' theory is that it does not keep in sight sufficiently the idea of improvement. Of course this is implied in the notion of evolution, but only as an incident, whereas it should be regarded as the aim of nature in evolution,

and therefore in man and society as its products. The idea of improvement is embodied in the altruistic sentiment, and in benefiting others we are benefiting ourselves by educating and strengthening our higher nature. This will insure the "might to can" which the author insists so much on, but in a moral rather than an intellectual relation. Therefore, although it is a social law that "when the reaction of the individual is not equal to that of his environment on him, he succeeds or fails in a corresponding degree," it by no means follows that the failure is moral as well as intellectual or physical.

The defective view of altruism taken by the author vitiates his argument throughout. It is true, as he affirms, that we must "breed to win," and that brains win, but this applies only to the contests of life. Human nature includes, however, something more than intellect, and though intellect may overcome opposition, this may be better dealt with sometimes by emotional methods. In some matters, particularly on those bearing on the relations between the sexes, although the author says much that is true, he generalizes too broadly. Many marriages are unfortunate, but that is no reason why marriage should be discredited. In justifying suicide and infanticide, under certain circumstances, we think the author is altogether wrong. But much as we disagree with many of his conclusions, Dr. Billings has undoubtedly written a strong book, and one which can be read with advantage by those who have good mental digestive powers, although they may not be able to accept his opinions.

NOTHING really succeeds which is not based on reality: sham, in a large sense, is never successful. In the life of the individual, as in the more comprehensive life of the State, pretension is nothing and power is everything.—E. P. Whipple.

TO REDEEM a world sunk in dishonesty has not been given thee. Solely over one man therein thou hast quite absolute control. Him redeem, him make honest.—Carlyle.

WHAT man, in his right mind, would conspire his own hurt? Men are beside themselves when they transgress against their convictions.—William Penn.

SINCERITY is the indispensable ground of all conscientiousness, and by consequence of all heartfelt religion.—Kant.

NECESSITY is cruel, but it is the only test of inward strength. Every fool may live according to his own likings.—Goethe.

HE who knows the truth knows the Divinity, and this will enable him to slay all evil lusts.—Hindu.

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\*"How Shall the Rich Escape?" By Dr. F. S. Billings. Published for the author. Boston: Printed by the Arena Publishing Company, Dingley Square, 1894.



**VOICE OF THE PEOPLE**

**MAN'S DESTINY.**

By WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

"Show us the ends of being;  
The final fruits of man;  
Make our eyes glad with seeing,—  
If Powers there be that can:  
"This yearning toward the highest;  
Shall it be satisfied?  
O Fate, that much deniest  
Will this boon be denied?  
"We strive and fall and falter;  
We gain a little still;  
Our lives are on the altar,  
Pledged with a lofty will."  
Thus man invokes; awaiting  
The promises of time;  
The Augur, unabating,  
Answers with sound sublime:—  
"The voices of past and future  
Of earth and air and sea,  
Of life and light, united  
With all sounds that may be:—  
Uttering one truth ever:  
That what man loveth most,  
Though far upon Time's river,  
Shall in no wise be lost.  
"To strive as you have striven,  
To hope as you have hoped,  
To give as you have given,  
To grope as you have groped,  
"To fix your eyes on beauty,  
To love the law of love,  
To yield no single duty,  
To stand though worlds should move.  
"This is the task before you;  
These are the deeds to do:  
No shadow of doubt come o'er you;  
The goal was made for you."

**A SUSTENATION FUND.**

TO THE EDITOR: I wish to supplement the suggestive words of my friend Mr. Powers, and thus make them practical. I know no more fit occasion to impress what he says than near the opening of the new year, when all are adjusting the past and laying plans for the future. My friend suggests that a "Sustentation Fund" be established to keep THE JOURNAL on its present line of high literary excellence, and ethical trend and to make it still more what the late editor, Col Bundy intended—the reflection of the highest scientific and philosophical Spiritualism. The present editors have followed in his path and as a result THE JOURNAL stands in the fore rank among its able competitors. I personally know the struggle the publisher has made on the financial side of the problem. The readers of THE JOURNAL know what Mr. and Mrs. Underwood have achieved in the editorial department. I know something of journalism and for two, with an office boy, to achieve what they have done speaks well for their efforts. Their work should appeal to every Spiritualist in America—appeal not only to their hearts, but to their pockets. I shall set the example and herewith subscribe my name to the list for \$5. Now friends, who will speak next? Let us give our friend Underwood and his dear wife a New Year's greeting by giving THE JOURNAL a few short essays on the "money question" accompanied with a few £ s. d., the "gold bullion" of our dear old mother—England—where my friend Powers hails from! This is my answer to his presumption in "giving me away" when no one but himself knew the fact. I shall insist on THE JOURNAL publishing this, to relieve me from the charge of "betraying confidence." I am an "Old Southerner," and some of your readers may know what that meant. It meant in the old days "pistols and coffee for two." Now it means Fraternity, love of the Old Union and freedom for every man and woman in the Republic!

M. C. C. CHURCH.

**GOOD IN ALL RELIGIONS.**

TO THE EDITOR: The cause of religion would be served if extracts from the addresses of the eminent scholars who delivered addresses at the Parliament of Religions at Chicago were published. Consider the words of the learned Dr. Momerie, of the Church of England. In one

of his speeches he said: "The essential thing is in right conduct. \* \* I tell you there is a strange surprise awaiting some of us in the great hereafter. We shall discover that many so-called atheists are, after all, more religious than ourselves." In defining religion Dr. Momerie read from a Hebrew prophet who voiced the infinite, "Cease to do evil, learn to do well, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." He also quoted Mohammed, who declared: "Woe to them that make a show of piety and refuse to help the needy." The address of Vivekananda, Hindoo Monk of India, was a notable speech. He said: "Allow me to call you, brethren, by that sweet name—being of immortal bliss—yea, the Hindoo refuses to call you sinners. Krishna taught that a man ought to live in this world like a lotus leaf, which grows in water, but is never moistened by water—so a man ought to live in this world, his heart for God and his hands for work." It is good to love God for hope of reward in this or the next world, but it is better to love God for love's sake. The Vedas teach that the soul is divine, only held under bondage of matter, and perfection will be reached when the bond shall burst."

Thus it appears that the Hindu religion is in accord with the progressive thought of to-day and the mossbacks' slander on Deity—total depravity—has no place in that ancient religion. In reading the addresses of the ablest and most progressive religionists, who spoke at the Parliament of Religions, the conclusion is irresistible that the words of that distinguished scholar, Max Muller, are true. He says: "There is no religion which does not say, 'do good; avoid evil.' There is none which does not contain what the eminent Jewish Rabbi, Hillel, declared was the quintessence of all religions—the simple admonition, 'Be good, my boy; be good, my boy.'" J. H. S. Northwestern Ohio.

**THE RIGHTS OF ANIMALS.**

TO THE EDITOR: That the rights of animals (see THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL November 10, '94.) should at last become a subject of due consideration among those who for so many long centuries were taught the gospel "Arise, and slay, and eat," is to me as great a promise as is the rainbow to one who is devoutly religious, and who believes with all his soul in the truthfulness of the biblical tradition concerning this phenomenon. The publication of books on the subject, and the appearance of reviews of such books in recognized periodicals, even if such reviews happen to be somewhat adverse to the rights of our fellow creatures, the "lower" animals, are something like a prophecy that we may once more look for a "vigorous race of undiseased mankind" as in the days of early nature, the age which men call golden. For even the adverse declarations on this subject are excellent propaganda documents in favor of the rights of animals, since to the unprejudiced mind they necessarily fall to maintain the "justice" (?) of the barbarous slaughter of our fellow-creatures, which practice is as unjust as it is cruel and inhuman. Indeed, when the declaration—"while the rights of animals should be guarded as sacredly as those of men"—is followed by, "it should not be supposed that their rights are equal to those of men"—the lord of creation, "the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals," fully exhibits the remarkable feats his reasoning faculties are capable of, whenever some one of his many unjust practices are assailed and it is upon such feats that man ever finds some way to justify his high handed actions, no matter how wrong, tyrannous, or criminal these are.

Equally inconsistent is the justification of the violation of the rights of animals based upon the proposition that "man has rights which animals do not possess, and such rights include the use of the animals themselves." No one would ever expect a court of justice to render a verdict in favor of an accused party based exclusively upon the testimony given by such party, but every one is quite willing that such should be the case, when himself is the party charged with the commission of the crime or offense. No, no! We must hear the other side: "Audi Alteram partem" is a maxim which holds good in this case as in any other; and when the other side is heard—what a terrible indictment against the civilized savages whose progress is best measured by his achievements in life destroying implements! Nor can those who persistently claim

that "man has rights which animals do not possess, and such rights include the use of the animals themselves," base such claim upon the theory that "man is the ultimate fact of evolution." For, such being the case, we must also admit that each animal other than man necessarily represents a given height in the ladder of evolution, and one that has been reached by such animal in obedience to the decrees of nature, our common mother, who, from all evidence, has not delegated to man the right of slaughtering or otherwise destroying any of her children. Has not nature provided a process, known as death, by which to end the career of those who have had a sufficient existence upon a given plane, and is it not sufficiently clear that so long as nature does not choose to take them away from this scene of activity, no one should cut off their existence?

As a matter of fact, the barbarous practice of slaughtering animals is based upon assumptions which cannot be maintained, since no one can do the impossible. Chief among these are: the notion that man belongs to the omnivorous subdivision, the type of which the swine is next to himself the most prominent representative; and that the vegetable kingdom does not furnish the necessary material for the comfortable subsistence of the human family. That such is not the case, is sufficiently proven by the following propositions, which can be maintained upon strictly scientific grounds:

1. That definitely ascertained and classified facts regarding the structure of the organs provided for receiving, preparing and assimilating foods by the different species inhabiting this planet, declare that man is by nature formed to subsist upon the products of the vegetable kingdom.
2. That all well ascertained and classified facts respecting the nature and potential energy of food substances are such as to convince anyone who has a due regard for facts that the vegetable kingdom supplies us with such food substances as are required by the human organism, and in such a marvellous variety and abundance as to make it absolutely unnecessary to resort to the animal kingdom for any additional articles of diet.

WILLIAM H. GALVANI.



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WOMAN AND THE HOME

IN TWILIGHT.

"In so big, mamma," and the little hand marked where her brown head reached against the wall; "Don't hold me, mamma, I don't need your arm around me; such a large girl cannot fall."

ANNA GARDNER.

A WOMAN VETERAN.

Let us show honor while we may because they are still with us to the "veterans" among women, remnants of that noble band of women workers for equality of rights whose earlier brave work in the field of reform made possible the advanced type of the sex called in the reviews "The New Woman."

If the nation as a whole loves to show honor to the veteran soldiers whose fidelity saved the Union and whose blood washed away the dark blot of human slavery from the "land of liberty," how much more should the younger generation of American women hold in love and honor the veterans among their own sex who not only worked in perilous days for the liberty of the black man, but in the face of ridicule, slander, and public obliquity, for equal rights for women.

One among the most earnest and active of these noble veterans is Miss Anna Gardner, of Nantucket Island, Massachusetts, who at the age of seventy-eight, though deterred from much public work by reason of lameness caused by a runaway accident some years ago, is doing good work with her pen and keeps her thought in sympathetic touch with all the progressive movements of to-day, and is in heartfelt accord with every onward and aspiring impulse of the hour.

Nantucket, that brainy little island which has given to the world such workers as Lucretia Mott, Maria Mitchell, and Mrs. Ellen Mitchell who was the first woman ever elected to serve on the Chicago Board of Education is also the birth-place of Anna Gardner as well as of a long line of her progenitors, from that "venturous Macy" whom Whittier sings of in "The Exiles," downwards. She is related to all the noted women named, Mrs. Ellen Mitchell being a full cousin.

Born of Quaker parentage, and educated in that oronding faith, love of liberty was her heritage and all her life she has worked for it. She became a subscriber to Garrison's Liberator in her eighteenth year, and in her twenty-fifth year called together the first anti-slavery convention ever held in Nantucket much against the judgment of her elders, even among her co-workers. The convention, however, was a success in point of attendance and interest and is memorable furthermore as having brought out for the first time the oratorical powers of the

hitherto silent ex-slave, Frederick Douglass, the eloquent.

Miss Gardner was for many years a teacher and it was characteristic of the ardor of her reform spirit that when a demand came, even before the war in the South was ended, for teachers for the colored people, she promptly offered her services at a time when to do so entailed as much personal sacrifice, discomfort, and even danger as enlistment in the army did. What this sacrifice involved in the way of hardships and unpleasant surroundings is graphically portrayed by Miss Gardner in letters to the press written during those years, and collected in a volume of her miscellaneous writings in prose and verse entitled, "Harvest Gleanings," from whose introductory life sketch written by Rev. Phebe A. Hanford, we take the facts for this article. She taught the freedmen for several years in New Berne, N. C., and in other places in South Carolina and Virginia. In later years she has been very active in the cause of woman's suffrage and Free Religion, writing for broadminded journals both poetry and prose generally on sympathetic themes, also giving public addresses, etc. She was one of the earliest members of the Association for the Advancement of Women, generally called the Women's Congress; of the Nantucket "Sorosis." The Massachusetts School Suffrage Association and various others. In addition to her "Harvest Gleanings" she is the author of a book of poems entitled "Golden Rod and Other Poems."

We want all the younger women readers of THE JOURNAL when they glory in the fact of their advanced position in the world of law and mind, to recall the fact, that except for the labors of such as Anna Gardner, Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony and other veterans in the cause of liberty for woman, such a position as "the new womanhood" implies, would have been long indeed in coming. We take it too as another indication of Miss Gardner's breadth and catholicity of thought that she is a subscriber to THE JOURNAL—thus recognizing its progressive position.

S. A. U.

The former teacher of the present czarinas says that she was brought up almost entirely as an English girl, despite her German birth. The family spoke English exclusively, their plays were English and the governess of the princess was English. Her German is consequently spoken with a foreign accent. She has no interest in politics and was not educated to have any interest in it. She was brought up, in fact, as a daughter of a family of the middle classes. Until she was sixteen years old she devoted much time to playing tennis and croquet and to riding, rowing and skating. All her clothes were purchased in Darmstadt until after her confirmation. Not until then was she allowed to go to the theatre or balls, make formal visits and sit at the table when Queen Victoria visited Darmstadt. Before her confirmation she only received from twelve to twenty-five cents a week spending money, and for some time after it not more than fifty cents. She speaks English and French perfectly, is a good musician, and can paint, cook and sew.

THE COSMIC ETHER AND ITS PROBLEMS.

The Invisible Actuator of The World of Matter and Life.

—BY— B. B. LEWIS.

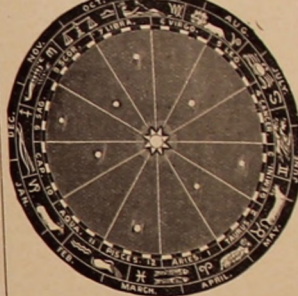
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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

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

Part Second. SPIRITUALISM IN THE JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN ERAS. CHAPTER I. THE SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE. Science versus Religion. Stagnation of modern and ancient phenomena. The siege of Jerusalem. "The Light of the World." Unseen armies who aided in the triumph of the Cross. CHAPTER II. THE SPIRITUAL IN THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH. Signs and wonders in the days of the Fathers. Martyrdom of Polycarp. The return of Evagrius after death. Augustine's faith. The philosophy of Alexandria. CHAPTER III. SPIRITUALISM IN CATHOLIC AGES. The counterfeiting of miracles. St. Bernard. The case of Mademoiselle Perrier. The tomb of the Abbé Paris. "The Lives of Saints." Levitation. Prophecy of the death of Ganaganelli. CHAPTER IV. THE SHADOW OF CATHOLIC SPIRITUALISM. Crimes of the Popes. The records of the Dark Ages. Mission and martyrdom of Joan of Arc. The career of Savonarola. Death of Urban Grandier. CHAPTER V. THE SPIRITUALISM OF THE WALDEN AND CAMBRIDGE. The Israel of the Alps. Ten centuries of Persecution. Arnold's march. The deeds of Laporte and Cavalier. The ordeal of fire. End of the Cerevennola War. CHAPTER VI. PROTESTANT SPIRITUALISM. Precursors of the Reformation. Luther and Satan. Calvin. Wishart martyrdom. Witchcraft. Famous accounts of apparitions. Bayard. Fox and Wesley. CHAPTER VII. THE SPIRITUALISM OF CERTAIN GREAT SEERS. "The Revelations of Jacob Bohmen." Swedenborg's character and teachings. Narratives regarding the spiritual gifts. Jung Stilling. His unconquerable faith, and the prophecies accorded him. Zschokke, Oberlin, and the Seeres of Prevoos.

Part Third. MODERN SPIRITUALISM. CHAPTER I. INTRODUCTORY. CHAPTER II. DELUSIONS, American false prophecies. Two ex-reverends claim to be witnesses foretold by St. John. "The New Jerusalem." A strange episode in the history of Geneva. "The New Motor Power." A society formed for the attainment of earthly immortality. CHAPTER III. DELUSIONS (continued). The revival of Pythagorean dreams. Allan Kardec's communication after death. Fancied evocation of the spirit of a sleeper. Fallacies of Kardecism. The Theosophical Society. Its vain quest for alphs and gnomes. Chemical processes for the manufacture of spirits. A magician wanted. CHAPTER IV. Mental diseases little understood. CHAPTER V. "PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD." A pseudo investigator. Gropings in the dark. The spirit whose name was Yusuf. Strange logic and strange theories. CHAPTER VI. SEPTICS AND TESTS. Mistake Spiritualists. Libels on the Spirit world. The whitewashing of Bibliopha. CHAPTER VII. ABSURDITIES. "When Greek meets Greek." The spirit-costume of Oliver Cromwell. Distinguished visitors to Italian seances. A servant and prophet of God. Convivial spirits. A ghost's tea-party. A dream of Mary Stuart. The idea of a homicide concerning his own execution. An exceedingly gifted medium. The Crystal Palaces of Jupiter. Re-incarnate literature. The mission of John King. A peniculus arranged. A spirit with a taste for diamonds. The most wonderful medium in the world. CHAPTER VIII. TRICKERY AND ITS EXPOSURE. Dark seances. A letter from Sergeant Cox. The concealment of "spirit-drapery." Rope tying and handcuffs. Narrative of exposed impostors. Victorious modes of fraud. CHAPTER IX. TRICKERY AND ITS EXPOSURE (continued). The passing of matter through matter. "Spirit brought flowers." The ordinary dark seance. "Variations of 'phenomenal' trickery." "Spirit Photography." Moulds of ghostly hands and feet. Baron Kirkup's experience. The reading of sealed letters. CHAPTER X. THE HIGHER ASPECTS OF SPIRITUALISM. The theological Heaven. A story regarding a coffin. An incident with "L. M." A London drama. "Blackwood's Magazine" and some seances in Geneva. CHAPTER XI. "OUR FATHER." CHAPTER XII. THE HIGHER ASPECT OF SPIRITUALISM (continued). "Stella."

APPENDIX. This covers eight pages and was not included in the American edition. It is devoted to a brief account of a young medium who under spirit influence wrote poetry of a high order. Extracts from these poetic inspirations are given. The appendix is an interesting and most fitting conclusion of a valuable book. This is the English edition originally published in 1840. It is a large book, equal to 600 pages of the average 12mo., and much superior in every way to the American edition published some years ago. Originally published in 1877, it was in advance of its time. Events of the past twelve years have justified the work and proven Mr. Home a true prophet, guide and adviser in a field to which his labor, gifts and noble character have given lustre. 8vo., 412 pages. Price, \$2.00. For sale, wholesale and retail, at THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL OFFICE.



## BOOK REVIEWS.

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

*Christian Science Brotherhood and Essays.* By John Murray Case. Columbus, O.: Hann & Adair, Printers. 1894. 343 pp., price \$1.50.

Admitting the claim made by the author in his preface that he was impelled by a "Voice," against his own will, to write this book, and that it was written automatically, with the object of bringing about the organization of a Christian Brotherhood, possessing the primitive doctrines and powers of the apostles, criticism would seem to be almost out of place. Mr. Case has given proof of his sincerity by abandoning a successful manufacturing business that he might devote all his energies to the promulgation of the doctrine of "Christian Spiritual Communion," as in opposition to "the anti-christian spiritual element." The central thought of the teaching of the "Voice" is that Jesus Christ has a second earthly mission and that his coming is near at hand, and this thought forms the basis for the formation of the Christian Science Brotherhood. The first part of the book is occupied with a constitution and a liturgy for the new organization, which embraces Circles of Brotherhood, Purity and Holiness. The only objection to them is as to whether it is necessary to add one more to the religious organizations already existing.

The essays appended have been prepared, we are told, to form a basis for aggressive work. In the first, on "God and His Attributes," it is affirmed that "there is a supreme, creative, constructive, sustaining, Almighty Being, which we call God; in whom, by whom, and through whom is all life, and toward whom all continuously, progressive life ascends to Immortal Individuality, and from whom all imperfect unregenerate life descends to endless oblivion." This Almighty Being is said to be both personal and pantheistic, "in that he wills and acts from a central vortex of spirit with a comprehension of His own majesty, and pantheistic in that the aura of His central being permeates His created universe." Jesus Christ is the perfect embodiment of Divine Essence; and has been delegated as the supreme head of a divine scheme for the redemption of man, to rule until the carnal spirit of earth has been subdued, but he is not equal to the Supreme Creator, nor the only messenger of God to his multiplied worlds. Man is, however, more inclined to evil than to good, and hence the earth is more under the control of Satan than God. Evil is the energies of nature in a state of inharmony, in which the destructive forces predominate. It exists in a diffusion through the Spiritual Essence, and also in a focalization into beings wholly given over to evil. "There are, therefore, personal devils, as there are personal gods."

In the essay on "The Universe" we learn that physical science should be studied in connection with religion, as religion and science are each the revelation of God's truths. We are elsewhere taught that "everything of physical life is possessed with three distinct counterparts—body, soul and spirit. The spirit is the refined essence of material substances impregnated with thought energy. The soul is the material body to the spirit, and the physical body is the clothing of the soul. The focalized spirit comes into being at conception. The spirit, soul and body develop together, the spirit in advance of the soul, and the soul in advance of the physical body." These ideas are not altogether new, and much is to be said in their favor. As to "Modern Spiritualism," we are told that it is the forerunner of a mighty spiritual influx, which will culminate in the millennial reign. Its manifestations are crude and proceed from good and evil powers, which are spiritual evidences of Christ's second mission. The author objects, and with some truth, that modern spiritualism has abandoned the spirit for the doctrines and influence of spirits, and there is much in his criticisms which are worthy of serious attention. This is the case, indeed, with the book generally, as although we can not say its composition would require a spirit "Voice," yet it is superior to some other books which have claimed to have been written under similar conditions, and it has a practical object in view.

*The New Womanhood.* A solution of the Woman Question, by James C. Fernald. Introduction by Marion Harland.

New York, London, Toronto: Funk & Wagnall's Company. Cloth, 369 pp., \$1.25.

The author's chief concern in this work is not with the activities into which woman may enter, but with those into which she must enter; an attempt, as he says in his preface, "to establish certain general principles on which all will agree, to show how matters of practical interests are necessarily connected with those original facts of human nature, and to set clear above the surge of conflict some of those precious things which none of the combatants on either side would willingly let die." Marion Harland, in her introduction, speaks with enthusiasm of this "remarkable book." It is the work of one who welcomes the enlarged range of action which the last half century has brought to woman, but who, at the same time, appreciates the fuller life possible to the "new" woman, chiefly for added powers it confers upon her as mother, as wife, as home-maker. The pivotal idea is that of woman as the home-maker. Under the author's pen, even what are called the drudgeries of woman's life take on an inconceivable dignity and importance. The book deals, however, with the culture as well as with the drudgery of the new womanhood, and it is rich in suggestions in the chapter pertaining to woman's studies.

*Adventures of Ferdinand Tomasso:* By Lehmos. New York: The Irving Company, Publishers. 1894. Cloth, pp. 155.

This purports to give an account of the adventures of a young Spaniard who was wrecked on the coast of Mexico about the year 1517, written in a series of letters to an English friend in London, in which he describes events occurring to himself and the Mexican Government during the five years following. The editor of these letters (who is doubtless the author as well) says that they will be found to have additional interest besides the romantic adventures of Tomasso himself, in the fact that they in a measure confirm many of the scenes and incidents recorded by writers of history as having taken place in Mexico shortly after the discovery of America. In this brightly told story the injustice done to the native Mexicans by their white conquerors is strangely brought out, as well as the excellence in general of the conquered race in morals and conduct.

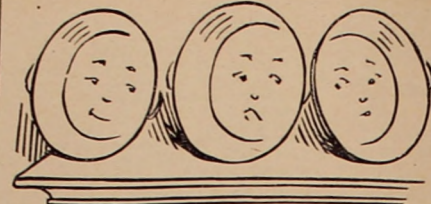
*Zawris and Kungunde:* A Bohemian Tale. By Robert H. Vickers. Chicago: 1894. Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, pp. 307. Price, —.

This is a historical novel, dealing with love, philosophy, war, laws, religion and persecutions pertaining to the history of Bohemia in the thirteenth century. The author of this well-told tale declares that the chief incidents are all historically true, while the grouping and the sequences present a revival picture of the age in which the events occurred without distortion of fact or exaggeration of statement. The hero of the story, Zawris, is a Bohemian nobleman of high rank and a brave warrior, wedded to an ex-Queen, Kungunde, and about their lives are woven many conflicting political and religious complications. The work will be interestingly helpful as a study of Bohemian history, manners, customs and surroundings of that period.

*Because I Love You:* Poems of Love, selected and arranged by Anna E. Mack. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1894. Cloth, pp. 217. Price, \$1.50.

A prettier gift for lover, friend, or young ladies generally, is not offered during this holiday season, than this nicely boxed, cream-color and gold ornamented volume of select poems from a wide range of authors portraying the various phases of the universal power of love—not only the love which seeks expression for one alone, but the tender sentiment of friendship, and the all-embracing love of humanity. It is a book worth consulting during all the coming years, to con over with a sweetheart from which to select appropriate messages to send with gifts of flowers, or to dream over by oneself. Not intellectual taste merely, but spiritual insight has directed this grouping of the best thoughts of the best poets on the supreme subject of all others. Outwardly the volume in its ornamentation is worthy of its nature.

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If you want books for holiday presents to friends you can obtain them at current prices by ordering from the office of THE JOURNAL.

The few remaining sets of THE JOURNAL containing reports of the Psychical Science Congress held in Chicago, August, 1893, can be had for \$1.50 each.

Francis Henry Jencks, late musical critic and dramatic editor of the Boston Transcript, was one of that long and brilliant line of Boston critics whose commendation, even when moderate, manager's gladly quoted, telling proudly who wrote it.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, have published a volume of short essays and poems entitled "Life and Light from Above" by Solon Lauer, formerly of Jamestown. The volume deals with spiritual life and thought from the modern standpoint.

Rev. Solon Lauer, late pastor of the Norfolk Unitarian Church, Boston, is to start soon for California, and will accept a limited number of engagements en route for one or more of his Boston lectures on "The New Philosophy of Mind." These lectures were generously reported in the Boston dailies and attracted much attention as representative of the scientific progress in the study of mind in its application to health, ethics, and personal culture. Mr. Lauer may be addressed at Willoughby, Ohio, until January 15th.

Since religion is a constituent part of human nature, and is surely emancipating itself from the superstitions which have enthralled and deformed it, we may be certain that in due time it will associate itself with a new system of thought, consonant with the free intellectual spirit of the age, and capable of revivifying power over human life. Already we may see at what point this thought will have its centre and in what direction will run its main lines. The old theologies of Christendom have clustered about the one idea of supernaturalism. The universe was conceived as divided into two segments,—one under the dominion of natural law and open to the investigation of human reason, though liable to unexplainable incursions from

the upper realm; the other, wholly under the immediate control of Almighty will, super-rational, incapable of being understood by any human faculties. The new religious beliefs will cluster about the idea of a rational and natural universe, pervaded by the power of one law and one life throughout. Their starting-point, philosophically considered, will be the scientific fact that man finds himself in actual relation to the universe and to its vital forces and powers, whatever they are, and that in himself he recognizes a sense of obligation to learn the completest terms of this relation and to live in accordance with them. And the objective point of all activity will be morality and philanthropy,—the endeavor to put the highest ideal of a universe, in which the individual parts and members shall all help on the development of nobler life, into practical deed.

THE JOURNAL goes not only to the humble fireside of the poor, but also to the mansions of many wealthy persons who are wont to give with profuse liberality to other objects, yet never think what mighty influence of purest beneficence could be made to stream through these pages by the magic power of money. Colleges and universities are founded; did it ever occur to any one to endow THE JOURNAL and thus establish a University of Ideas, for the enlightenment of mankind and whereby the paper could be scattered gratuitously everywhere and the highest mental power and moral enthusiasm of the land could be enlisted in the great cause it now represents.

The American Authors' Guild has forwarded to Postmaster-General Bissell the following petition: "The undersigned, representing nearly 200 American authors, respectfully call your attention to that ruling of the department which imposes full letter rates of postage on manuscripts. We submit that authors' manuscript is as much merchandise as the merchants' dry goods or the seedsmen's seeds, and should go at the same rates. We submit further that this ruling is clearly unconstitutional in that it levies a tax on the property of one class of citizens which is remitted to another class."

The following is the bond of union of the People's Church of Kalamazoo, Michigan: "Earnestly desiring to develop in ourselves, and in the world, honest, reverent thought, faithfulness to our highest conceptions of right living, the spirit of love and service to our fellow men, and allegiance towards all the interests of morality and religion as interpreted by the growing thought and purest lives of humanity, we join ourselves together, hoping to help one another in all good things, and to advance the cause of pure and practical religion in the community; basing our union upon no creedal test, but upon the purpose herein expressed, and welcoming all who wish to join us to help establish truth, righteousness and love in the world."

The Boston Herald of November 19th, devoted between three and four columns to an account of the breaking up of a "fake séance" at 55 Rutland street, Boston, where fraud was discovered and Geo. T. Albro and Mrs. Abbie S. Ripley were placed in custody. At 443 Shawmut avenue one Frank B. Bears after the performance evidently deceptive and fraudulent, for attending which one dollar was taken from each visitor. The Boston Herald says: "These are the initial actions of a crusade against fake Spiritualists. The town is full of them, and the board of police think that so many are not necessary

for the purpose of lightening the pockets of poor dupes. . . . The board of police do not wish to be understood as attacking Spiritualism. It is ready to admit the claim made in favor of the real article, but it draws the line at the palpable deceptions practiced in dozens of these places about Boston, and proposes to put a stop to it.

N. A. Conklin, Brooklyn, N. Y.: The course of THE JOURNAL is very satisfactory to the thinking class of Spiritualists and I hope there may soon be no other. We have received enough authentic phenomena, already, to furnish food for more thought than the subject has ever yet received; and if phenomena ceased to-morrow, the greatest sufferers would not be those who are seeking to know the whole truth involved in it. Although personally unknown to you I feel as though associated in the work you and your wife are so consistently carrying on.

England has at last intervened in behalf of the Armenians to the extent of warning the Porte that the pledges of the treaty of Berlin must be fulfilled to the letter. Unfortunately there is little chance that any genuine reforms in Turkish administration in Armenia will be brought about by mere threats on the part of England, and the knowledge of this fact is the discouraging feature of the present situation. If it be true, as intimated, that England and Russia are acting together in this warning to the Porte, the outlook for the Armenians is much more hopeful, for Russian occupancy of Armenia is a possible outcome of such united action that the Porte will take great pains to avoid.

Many of the old subscribers of THE JOURNAL, men and women advanced in years, who have taken the paper from the time it was founded, write that they were never more interested in the paper than now, and never felt in greater need of it, but that the hard times have reduced them to poverty and that they cannot raise the money to pay for it the coming year. Some request that we continue to send them the paper, if we can afford to do so on the promise that they will renew when they are able. We are carrying on our subscription list many such. Any subscriber who is disposed to contribute sums for the continuance of THE JOURNAL to these worthy people who paid promptly, year after year, as long as they were able, and who now, in old age, are unable to pay, may remit the amount of a subscription and we will credit him with the same and give him the name and address of the person to whose subscription the money is applied.

### THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH.

The new building, called the People's Church, at Kalamazoo, Michigan, was dedicated last week. The meetings extended through several days. The attendance was large and the interest amounted to enthusiasm. Among the speakers were Rev. A. N. Alcott, Elgin, Ill.; Rabbi Fischer, Kalamazoo; Rev. Jenken Lloyd Jones, Chicago, E. E. Brownson, Kalamazoo; Mrs. L. H. Stone, Ph. D., Kalamazoo, Rev. Clarke G. Howland, Lawrence, Kas.; Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Ann Arbor; Rev. W. A. Taylor, Jackson, Mich.; Rabbi Grossman, Detroit.; Rev. Lee McCollister, Detroit; Mrs. Emma Curtis Hopkins, Chicago; Rev. A. W. Gould, Chicago; Rev. T. B. Forbush, Milwaukee; Rev. Mr. Buckley, Sturgis, Mich.; Mrs. Della Robb, Jackson, Mich.; Rev. Marion Murdock, Cleveland; Rev. E. H. Harvey, Detroit; Rev. Mr. Stickney, Grand Haven; H. F. Blount, Washington, D. C.; B. F. Underwood and others. Prof. Louis

Hoyt of Chicago presided at the opening and Prof. Atherton Furlong, of Grand Rapids and Miss Caroline Timberlake of Jackson, Mich., were soloists. The pastor, Miss Caroline J. Bartlett, a young woman of brilliant and attractive qualities, greatly beloved by her society, and by all who know her, had general charge of the exercises, the elaborate program of which she arranged. Her eloquent and appropriate addresses and remarks contributed much to the interest of the meetings. One evening there was a grand fellowship banquet given to all the employes who had in any way taken part in constructing and beautifying the building. The Kalamazoo Daily News of the 20th said: "The church in a great measure accounts for this striking instance of the heart going out in affection for the toilers, who had well done their part in materializing the People's church."

The People's Church is entirely Unitarian. The union is on the line of character and not belief. The building has a seating capacity of seven hundred. All seats are free and everyone is invited. There is a kindergarten connected with the Church of which Miss Grace Sweetland is principal. The People's Church is also well equipped with a gymnasium apparatus, and there are gymnastic exercises practiced several times weekly under the direction of Miss Olive Bauer. The Church is open every day in the week. Miss Bartlett and her generous supporters are entitled to great credit for their wise and efficient work in organizing the liberal religious and moral elements of their community for practical humanitarian work. They have set an example which we hope will be followed elsewhere. We were glad to find that all the more intelligent and broad-minded Spiritualists, and liberals of all classes were in full sympathy and working with the People's Church.

Mrs. Katherine F. Stebbins, of Detroit, Mich., sends forth for the holidays a tiny bouquet of poetic and spiritual fragrance chosen and arranged by herself in the form of an esthetic booklet, entitled "A Christmas Posy" whose title page bears the motto:

"A few dear wayside flowers  
Gathered them by way of comforting."

These impressive flowers of thought are arranged in harmonious juxtaposition under the heading, "Life, Love, Freedom, Duty," and are chosen from such gardens as Emerson, Zoroaster, Epictetus, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson and others. It is a charming and timely "posy."

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