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

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TABLE-TILTING AND TELEKINETIC PHENOMENA

By PROFESSOR ALEXANDER, of Brazil.

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Whenever a wave of interest in things psychical passes over a community, it sets a large number of individuals to magnetizing tables. A few are earnest in their investigations and continue; but the great majority are only seekers after novelty, and will fly to some other amusement as soon as they are tired of talking twaddle with the "spirits." Sometimes a sudden fright will lead to a relegation of the tripod to its old corner in the drawing-room. Thus, in one case the experiments were abruptly broken off because the table gave information—unknown to the sitters—which was afterwards discovered to be correct. It seems that in Catholic families the confessors have much to do with stopping such illicit intercourse with the "powers of evil."

As a means of sounding subliminal depths the table may be just as useful as the pencil or planchette; but the frivolity and absurdities of crude experimenters have brought it into some disrepute. Yet a clear-headed man, by a careful study of this or any other form of motor automatism, will finally get more insight into teleological problems than he could from that which most commands the reverence and assent of the crowd—the imposed traditions and pompous ritual of the churches. Humble as it is, I think table-tilting possesses certain advantages of its own. It may be tried when automatic writers and trance speakers are not to be had; and, given the patience necessary to support the tedious spelling of words through a regular series of sittings, it is almost certain that some results will reward the experimenter. In the alternate contraction and relaxation of the muscles of the arm less coördinating effort is required from the brain of the tilter than from that of the medium who writes with the pencil or uses his vocal organs; and it, therefore, admits of a state which in most persons is more passive than that assumed in other forms of automatism.

In the quiet of a home circle, and under the guidance of a person who does not begin with the supposition that he is going to hold immediate converse with dead relatives and friends, there is no reason why the old-fashioned tripod should not be as proficuous in proofs of subliminal faculty as, for example, crystal-gazing. I can personally testify that at such experiments thought-transference is not infrequent; allusions are made to incidents that have occurred to persons not at the table; or intelligence is given of conversations going on in other rooms. All

this is more or less spontaneous, for any attempt to elicit information by means of direct questioning is generally met with evasion or falsity.

A remarkable, and I think, well proved, instance of thought-transference at a distance—manifested through a tilting table—was witnessed by me at the house of a friend in Rio de Janeiro. The evidence for this occurrence is now in the hands of the Society for Psychical Research, but I have the original notes still by me.

In 1891 some sittings were held at the residence of Dr. Alfredo Barcellos in Botafogo, Rio de Janeiro, the automatist being a relative of his, Donna Maria de Villas Boas Barcellos. This lady, who has long been in the habit of consulting the tripod, was soon found to be the only one who moved it; and, as my presence in the circle was indifferent, I generally sat apart taking notes.

On the evening of the 21st of September of that year, about 8 o'clock, the following message was spelt out quite unexpectedly: "The vase is broken." "What vase?" I asked. "At your house—of phenic acid," replied the table, not, however, speaking to me, but, according to its usual custom, addressing the medium. In answer to another question the intelligence informed us that the breakage had occurred at 8 o'clock.

Now, Donna Maria Barcellos was living at the time at No. 1, Rua de Donna Marianna, the distance between the two houses being rather more than half a mile. She had left her daughters at home in charge of a child then recovering from small-pox; and in the sick room there stood a vase of carbolic acid which was used as a disinfectant.

It was afterwards verified that at the time of the message a thirsty dog, in attempting to drink water in the child's room, had upset a jug, causing it in its fall to strike against the vase. On hearing the noise and the cry of the frightened child, the girls ran towards the spot exclaiming that the vase of phenic acid was broken.

This, however, was not the case; and, therefore, in its relation to the real occurrence the message was false; but it corresponded exactly with the first emotional impression of Donna Maria's daughters, and it was, doubtless, from one or more of their minds that the information proceeded.

The mistake of the girls as to the breakage of the vase could have lasted only a few seconds while the reception of the message might have occupied as many minutes. For this reason a continuous contact between the minds at Rua de Donna Marianna and the mind of Donna Maria cannot be supposed. The information seems to have been flashed across the intervening space as one homogeneous whole, which was forthwith analyzed automatically by the medium. There are many little facts to show that the ordinary way of receiving knowledge is inverted in the case of telepathic impacts. According to Professor James, the stimuli from the outer world run together in their passage through the lower brain centres to the cortex, and reach their highest integration when they appeal to the consciousness. So far mere sense impressions; but they may furnish an imperfect analogy for the process that takes place between the mental and spiritual part of our being.

It is possible that the transference of perceptions and thoughts to the subliminal consciousness may be characterized by a still higher synthesis, and thus, for instance, we should get such glimpses of a whole lifetime as occur to the drowning man, or the crowding of incidents into a vision which only occupies a few moments of time. The messages which, on the contrary, come from the inner-self outward, whether spontaneously, or as the result of impacts from a subjective world, must, it seems, be resolved into parts by the various automatisms through which they find expression, just as a single pencil of light is refracted into its component colors by the prism through which it passes.

In hanging this pet theory of mine on a rather small peg, I must explain that I suspect the higher subliminal synthesis to be—not the effects of a fusion in which particulars are lost—but the results of a coördination in which unity is reached through harmony. Those who are familiar with psychical experiences will, doubtless, recollect much that corroborates this view, and will find analogies for it in language and art.

The annals of English and North American spiritism show that the table has nearly always been used for the development of the so-called physical phenomena; and it is to be remarked that the disciples of Kardec in Brazil, who hardly ever obtain such phenomena experimentally, generally sit away from it, the only exceptions being the president, the secretary, and those mediums who are going to receive communications. It was after the orthodox English fashion, i. e., sitting round a table, that we elicited the remarkable manifestations of the Davis circle, the account of which was published in the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*. (Part XIX. p. 173.) But these took place in a thoroughly English family living in a retired spot away from Brazilian influences; and I do not, therefore, consider them to belong to the country in which they occurred. Yet in Brazil no other noteworthy case of successful experiment in this direction has ever fallen under my notice. This does not mean that telekinetic phenomena are rare among us; but they are always considered unwelcome visitors, and the Spiritists, instead of studying them, only think of praying for the causer of the disturbances and getting him to retire as soon as possible. Owing to their premature efforts as I am superstitious enough to believe—I have failed more than once to become eye-witness to very curious occurrences, for which I have now only the allegations of others.

In examining the evidence for these, the investigator has to bear in mind the natural causes which may give rise to illusions in the popular mind. In a tropical country nocturnal noises are common; insects imitate the spirit rap; rats swarm in the houses, and opossums run about the cocklofts. The latter animals produce at times such loud, uncanny noises that I do not doubt that they have often gained the prayers of the pious but mistaken spiritist. On the other hand, it may occasionally be suspected that—for reasons best known to themselves—designing or hysterical individuals have been playing the ghost and mystifying a whole household. Of this Sr. Nascimento has given me an example.

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He once met with some brother spiritist to a house where Polter-Geist phenomena were said to occur. Suspecting there was something wrong, he left his companion gravely seated at a table, and stole unperceived into an adjoining room. There, standing on a chair in the act of throwing a bunch of keys over the door amongst the spiritists, was one of the daughters of the family. Caught flagrante delictu she confessed that she and her sisters had been in the habit of amusing themselves by throwing firewood along the passage and otherwise alarming the people of the house.

But there are many cases in which the occurrences are not so easy to explain, and to refer them all airily to the illusions of the nervous or the arts of the hysterical is simply not scientific. Independent of my personal experiences, which are to me convincing, I have a mass of testimony from Brazilians to which their evident bona fides gives weight, but which their carelessness and procrastination will not allow me to bring home in its entirety to others.

Even when the supposed medium is recognizedly in a morbid state, some, if not all, of the phenomena may be genuine, though of course, in this case more than ordinary vigilance is required on the part of the observer. I have a story from Advocate Bittencourt Sampaio, who in his turn received the particulars from his father. Although a second-hand case, it is here referred to because in its main feature—the binding of an epileptic medium while physical phenomena were occurring—it casts a useful light on a perplexed subject.

(8.) Advocate Bittencourt, Sampaio's father, lived many years ago at Aracaju, now the capital of the State of Sergipe, but then a mere seaside hamlet frequented by bathers. Weird occurrences such as the fall of sand and stones began at his house; and suspicion fell on an epileptic employed in a pottery close by. Among primitive people justice is wont to be summary. Some boatmen were called together on one of these occasions, and, although the man was in a fit, he was seized, overpowered by numbers and bound to an oar. He remained in this position for about half an hour. It was then observed that while the fit lasted stones continued to fall, and doors were slammed about the house; but as soon as the man returned to his normal state, all the phenomena ceased.

In the case of hysterical persons it would seem that the contrary sometimes occurs. The physical phenomena cease when the attack comes on. This once happened with the supposed medium for extraordinary phenomena alleged to have occurred at the house of a tailor in Rio de Janeiro. I inquired into it, but the evidence obtained was not sufficient in quantity or quality to allow me to give it now as an illustration.

Two things may be noted in all forms of telekinesis, their spontaneity of occurrence and the essentially human activity which they display. With regard to the first, the experienced know that even well observed telekinetic phenomena are no more than a series of surprises in which we are aware of what has happened but can never bring our full attention to bear on what is happening. These occurrences seem perversely to take advantage of our moments of relaxation. The scientist, therefore, trained to unremitting watchfulness, will naturally be less successful in his investigations than the ordinary observer unless he learns that spiritistic, like mental, facts are best studied in retrospection. I do not mean to say that this rule has no exceptions. There may have been a few favored individuals here and there who have been enabled to witness phenomena while exercising the fullest attention; but, even if this be the case, my remark holds good of the great majority of witnesses.

The sweeping assertion may be made that among Brazilians all the telekinetic manifestations of any worth are absolutely spontaneous. The power that people may have over them is just such power as they might exercise over the minds and actions of others—only not so great. The Brazilian spiritists recognize this; and, if a soi-disant medium proposed

to gain his living amongst them by selling marvels at any hour of the day, he would at once incur their vehement suspicion, and he would be left—not, perhaps, to starve, for they are too charitable—but certainly to find out some more creditable means of earning his daily bread. In this our spiritists are wiser than some of their Anglo-Saxon brethren.

(To be Continued.)

THE BASIS OF THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

By ABBY A. JUDSON.

Mr. Balfour has recently said that he has more interest in the subject of the continued life of his soul, than in the political affairs which occupy so much of his time. His feeling is shared by nearly every person one meets. In the youth of the writer, thinking young people were sure to drift in confidential talk onto the subject of religion; while now-a-days, all thinking men and women think and talk much on the claims of Spiritualism. Almost every one has had some odd little experience, in his own life, or that of some relative or friend; and the strongest theories are propounded to account for facts that can no longer be gainsaid. As occult subjects are in vogue, many are in danger of making them purely matters of discussion, of theory, of bright talk, rather than the plain warp and woof of our daily life.

In the old days, one avowed his belief in eternal punishment, or in universal salvation; in vicarious atonement, or in legal morality, simply by way of taking sides in the discussion that might be going on. They were matters of theory, of talk; not of actuality. In the same spirit, now-a-days, one declares himself a reincarnationist; another boasts triumphantly that she has a little image of Gautama in her bed-room, and says her prayers to it; while a third advocates the theory of a late brilliant book, that his soul is a separate being who always accompanies him, and who will reveal himself as a separate and higher entity, when he has developed to the requisite condition. But, the old question of the puzzled Pilate, "What is truth?" is the real one to be answered. No theory, however brilliant, no sham, however decked with embroidery, will answer. If we are merely to think, and suppose, and believe, we may as well return to the old ways, and each adhere to his special religious denomination.

In a previous article, we spoke of the terrestrial sphere with its more or less dense strata, to some portion of which all the denizens of earth belong. This is no theory. Our friends there have been in different portions of it, or have talked with those who have been to still other portions; just as some of our friends here have been to Greece, or to Japan, and have told us about those portions of the planet.

But as it is only a half century that the disembodied have been able to communicate definitely with mortals, this fact of the vast terrestrial sphere and of the so-called dead being still inhabitants of it, is unknown to many; and will be accepted, like other truths newly known, only in process of time.

□ But when we come to the real basis of the spiritual philosophy, we are treating of something not newly known; for it was plainly stated by that famous Jew, Saul of Tarsus, better known by his Roman cognomen, Paul. This Paul was a poor theologian; for he made the great mistake of trying to combine the Judaic notion of a personal deity to be propitiated by sacrifices of blood, with the broad, humane, spiritual statements of another man who was a Jew only by birth, and who had the highest form of mediumship, in that he "lived with angels, received their impressions, and was assisted by their counsels," long before the tortures of Calvary tore his spirit out of his physical body. Well, this Paul, whose ingenious brain formulated that strange hybrid known as the Pauline theology, was, however, an excellent psychologist; and he hit the nail straight on the head when he spoke of "our whole body, soul, and spirit," and when he instructed the little Spiritualist Society at Corinth regarding their physical body and their spiritual body. When Paul reasoned from false Hebrew premises, he was illogical and unsound; when he trusted his intuitions and his own direct impres-

sions from the Spirit-world, he gave natural truth founded on the real nature of man, and everlasting truth, so far as this planet is concerned.

The real basis of what may be called the spiritual philosophy lies in the trinal nature of man; while still dwelling on the physical planet, composed of physical ("natural") body, spiritual body, and soul. These three elements of his present constitution are not related to each other like the concentric layers of an onion, nor like the husk, shell, and kernel of a walnut. The soul, the really immortal part, because it is an individualized fraction of universal (God), permeates the spiritual and the physical bodies, and expresses itself through them; and the spiritual body permeates the physical body. The subtle million chains that bind the spiritual to the physical body are dissolved at death—most aptly called dissolution. When this occurs, the soul is no means a naked little thing, as pictured by the Emperor Hadrian by his "pallidula, nudula" (and he ought to have known better, for Paul lived in his Empire, and not long before his time;) but it still has its more intimate covering, as well as means of expression—the spiritual body.

In all branches of thought, the philosophy gives the principles with which the facts accord, the threads on which the different beads are strung that combine to form the necklace. This theory, stated as a natural fact by Paul, is correct, because with all the psychic facts discovered in the last half-century perfectly accord. Scientific theories are accepted as truth, when they are found to accord with all the facts; and all the psychic phenomena, clairvoyance, clairaudience, independent slate-writing, materialization or any or all parts of the human body—from the hand that wrote on Belshazzar's wall to the full-form that convinced the skeptical Thomas—spirit-control in automatic writing or trance, and all the other modes of communication, whether existent, or yet to come, harmonize with the natural fact that man is a soul, and has a spiritual body and a physical body while on the earth-planet; and that our "disembodied friends" are not disembodied at all, but continue to have their spirit body, though deprived of their physical one. We therefore call them "spirits," just as we call souls on the physical plane "men and women."

The basic fact has been stated above; but, as a clear comprehension of the spirit body is necessary, in order to show that its existence is in harmony with the indisputable facts noted by men of this generation, we will elucidate that branch of the subject in a subsequent article.

EVOLUTION IN ART.

By MIRIAM WHEELER.

On the vague twilight border of a midnight past we find the ancient time-mouldered records of the early divergence of human energy into narrow attempts at creative expression. Probably in the impenetrable darkness beyond, mingled with the dusk of duskier and more virile races, lie remoter efforts still than these which hypnotize the beholder as he strains his mind to traverse the ages which have passed since they were fashioned. Rude scratchings of the cave dwellers of the paleolithic period, upon their spear-heads, knife-heads and arrow-heads, the outlines of the animals they saw, the mammoth, rhinoceros and reindeer were no doubt inseparably connected with the pleasure of skill, but the chemist and evolutionist may find the cause of these primitive portrayals in terms of force and superior energy. We see that the changes in the cell and the protoplasmic movements had also something to do in the genesis of art. In the struggle for existence the æsthetic quality of a spear-head would be of no value. It would not serve to awaken fear in the minds of animals or of the foes of the savage who wielded the embellished weapon. But the man of artistic perception would probably fashion his implements better and thus be most likely to survive. Again in matings he would attract to him the most beautiful loving women and have a larger selection to choose from. Later, men learned perhaps through acci-

at they could intimidate an enemy, and diffuse the concentration of his hate, by elaborating hideous apes of horror upon their canoes and war clubs. These of course played no small part in the struggle for existence between tribes. Imagination and craft may have outdone mere brute force.

From the character of the earliest scratchings it is easy to perceive that they were the results of leisure and of an appreciation of environment. The gap between these simple, stiff outlines and the present complex flowing art is a wide one, but it is evident that they were the nucleus of the mature decorative art of to-day, although at first glance it is not easy to connect the waves of Walter Crane's, Leighton's and Morris's work with the crude lines of primitive decorators. Always before the pioneers of art amidst all their uncouthness and grotesqueness loomed some shadowy and elusive ideal. Their humiliating failures were their highest achievements and were the excavations for the structure of religious, idealistic art of later centuries, the soul's yearning efforts at expression of adoration. Art may be said to have been crystallized illusion; imagination becoming concrete, thought taking body. Idols were the epitome of the folly of man seeking God and joy externally. On the portal of their present, how our past, men beat the human vibrations which the padded ages have not wholly stilled though the hands that worked, the hearts that loved, the brains that strove to enlarge the imprisoning skulls are resolved into the elemental forces. Civilization ran round three great river basins long ago. Of Chinese art and of Chaldean art little is known. The Chaldeans had poor material in clay. They built with sun-dried bricks, they had potter's wheels and knew how to enamel. Perhaps this poverty of earth spiritualized their desire and fancy and drove them to study the stars from their brick towers. Whether this is so or not it is certain that the records of Chaldean art are poorer than one would expect from that strange people. After the adornment of utensils in caves and excavations came the germ of architecture in the agricultural tribes, who built at first with bamboo and then with stone wrought to imitate the springing lines of the reed and lotus flower, forms which are still copied by every designer and are of much beauty. The reed bore no small part in the evolution of another art than architecture, that of music. Sitting by some river bed, the hairy, sinewy fawns made barbaric flutings the hollows of shapen rushes, and first attuned their ears to what the Germans ably call "clang color." Out to the silence that girt him man's blown breath gave new voices and a language which issued from and recoiled upon him surprisingly. Melodies were floating in the mysterious ether. Music was born and the forests rejoiced; thus the nebulae forming the motive for the passion of Beethoven and Wagner's emotional utterances floated into intangible being. Ideals were to become visible. They were remote, clear, calm, cold, unapproachable as the stars. While the wind below moaned restlessly, sound was sought in broken notes not caught and petrified. The breath that blew these pioneering strains has expired, but we who harken to Albani's soaring soprano, who recall Trebelli Bettini's liquid contralto, and who follow Liszt's involved harmonies, gratefully pay tribute to the men who evoked music out of their own souls and the materials about them. We kiss the lips that framed the first sweet wandering songs. Material modified every national art. The vast plains of Egypt and the great granite moulded majestic conceptions to enormous conclusions, besides influencing potently the schemes of color, just as the plastic and pure marble of Greece suggested a finer era, a subtler and less apparent art permitting an unsurpassed detail and finish. But between the cell cause and the environmental modification, we must never omit to place the proximate love cause in artistic development, the strong creative instincts impelling men irresistibly no man knew wherefor, crushing the love of comfort and the pleasure of raw sensation.

Dread of death, heart hunger, longings after immortality prompted in kings, the only free egoists of

that time, a tomb building solution of the problems. Egypt is a place of the graves of Pharaohs and the level sands drift in golden streams over other rich undiscovered halls of the dead. Palatial tombs perpetuated the embalmed monarchs, and Osiris and the gods were perhaps at times minor actors in the depicted triumphs of their existences and in the after life of their souls. The slave artist's life not unlikely hung upon the cord of his flattery, who then can blame him for strengthening its strands. After reaching a certain stage of development and producing the immense effects which arouse the admiration and wonder of to-day, Egyptian art became dead and stagnant apparently though it really held a vital seed for Assyria to free. How indeed could an art, the bond maid of an absolute authority preserved through hereditary slave artists be otherwise than sluggish. To deify an individual and that individual a king was the immediate purpose of Egyptian art as at present deciphered. In Assyria the ideal appears to have been to beautify the city rather than to exalt the monarch, and art became freer and richer as an expression of the broadened conception. Small groups may hunt social systems, but the mass of mankind moves slowly and exhaustively through large areas of cumulative experience. The propensity for self-seeking clogged the wheels of peoples as far as art is concerned, though even this statement must be indefinitely edged, since it must be added paradoxically that best art is necessarily tinged with the medium of the individual, and that the more differentiated from his fellows the artist was the greater chance there was, other conditions being equal, of an epoch in the progress of art. Somehow the conditions were too often not equal. Art was led in slavery and expressed the materialism of man. In much of early and savage art an undue prominence of detail marred the harmony and unity of the whole. The discords of human nature were to the front.

(To be Concluded next week.)

THE NEW ESTIMATE OF IMMORTALITY.

By W. A. CRAM.

For many centuries the churches of christendom have claimed a divinely granted prerogative to estimate the realities, and value of life, death, and immortality; where any true vision or knowledge save in the church?

Unnumbered millions have blindly, and resignedly accepted this estimate of life from the standpoint of church theology and faith. During the last century, however, more particularly within the last fifty years a wonderful change has arisen in the ideas and faith of the people concerning life here, death and the after. The best everyday human hopes and strivings, the highest holiest loves and aspirations of home and work, of knowledge, of beauty and goodness, rebelled and cried, false and accursed be such conceptions of God and human life; educated common sense and reason dared to declare, that if the church God so creates, so wills the world and life, then is he stupid or miserably weak, we will have naught of him. Later, science brought her light and revelation whereby the church God, and estimate of life and death were discovered to be a kind of awed and terrified child's vision, and conception of a world and life of grandeur and beauty and eternal promise of good, seen dimly through ignorance and fear that distorted them into strange and oftentimes hideous shapes and actions.

Consider briefly here, for contrast with the new, the old church estimate of the life and death of man. Here are the millions of millions of human kind living a little while in this world, then dying out of it. What does it all mean for them? Whither, and to what are they tending? Of all this great multitude, the hopes, loves and strivings, the chief goods and joys of life, are in the hearts of the homes, in tilling the fields, planting the gardens, building and making beautiful dwellings, in seeing kind faces, and hearing loved voices, in watching the growing corn and waving grains, in listening to the bird songs, just these homely common sense, common-hearted

cares and delights make up the most and best of life in this world to the great multitude.

Now these uncounted millions have anxiously questioned through the ages, "O church, what does living and this so soon dying out of living mean for us? If it all tends to something more beyond death, tell us what?" The church has answered, "All this world and life is carnal and perishable. It soon is cast as dust and mould in the grave and you shall know it no more forever." "But if death and the grave swallow all the best and most beautiful we have known here what then?" "Heaven if you secure salvation." "What is this heaven?" cry the millions. The church responds: "A great and splendid city and home of God, where the saints shall dwell." "What is life there?" eagerly asked the people. "An eternal Sabbath of prayer, of praise and worship, kneeling around God's throne. This for heaven's earnest and holy action, for delight and recreation, parading golden streets clad in robes of white, wearing golden crowns, and waving banners in thanksgiving." "Is there no pleasant work, no helpful deeds, nothing like cultivating gardens and fields; no building houses, no harvest fields, no songs of birds or waving woods, nothing like the sweetest and best of this world we have known?" "These are carnal and unsanctified, death and the grave destroy them." As for the church hell that gaped wide to devour the unsanctified we simply pass it by dead. Not the church hell, but the possibilities of its heaven are what most concern us in our lesson of contrast. We have tried to present them, as the people saw and accepted them from the pews and pulpit—not, maybe, as the poet and seer discerned them, and sought to reveal them through the apocalyptic vision, What kind of a heaven would such an after death be to the common multitude?

Just a cold, white, saintly ceremonious Sunday, generally burdensome and wearisome with priestly unctious, and pious manners. Who would not feel and see a more desirable heaven promised even in this old carnal unregenerate earth in the best of our loving and striving in this world, even in the plowing our fields, tending our gardens and kine, building houses and ships. Who would not rather watch the grass grow, the trees bloom and the changing cloud glories of the summer sky, than forever look upon most awful jeweled thrones, golden streets and celestial parades of white robed angels, even with the church God very conspicuous and indulgent? If we could have for the choosing after death this world's loved voices, the songs of birds, the harmonies of woods, sea and air, or an eternity of thanksgiving of holy prayers and psalms among the ecclesiastical saints who would hesitate in choice?

The astronomer, the geologist, the naturalist, or chemist just entering the wondrous field of art and knowledge, whose boundless domain seemed to widen and rise before him offering ever increasing and perfecting treasures of blessed life, what had death to offer such? They call to the church, "Tell us what beyond this death you claim all knowledge of? We have just discovered and learned the first child lessons of the divine meaning, the wealth and beauty, the soul prophecy of the stars, the mountains, the trees and flowers, and sky and all the varied creatures of the earth, must we die, forget and lose all this glorious world of matter, of sense and life, whose threshold we have hardly crossed?" The church responded, "O carnal seekers and lovers of the knowledge and treasures of this world, all such shall perish for you in the grave. The wisdom, the power and beauty of this world is but vanity and illusion—beyond death the saints rest and praise God world without end." What a poor wearisome outlook such a revelation presented to the strong, eager thinker and lover, the noble worker in the knowledge, beauty and use of this world, whose soul at death's portal had just awakened and arisen to foresee and aspire for the infinitely vaster and richer treasures of being spreading out before him?

Is it strange that such have cried out in bitterness or scorn in answer to the church,—"Weak God and poor heaven—let the saints nurse and fondle them,"

"From the dead or dying" churches of the past, the great multitude of thinking men and women look up and question the highest, holiest loves and aspirations of our being; question the great and wonderful revelations of science and art; question the divinest prophets and seers of the ages. What is this life here? What beyond death? In clear prophetic voice one response comes from all. If we mistake not, this a real and blessed continuity of all the best of this world and life, through death risen and transformed in nature's way into the higher unseen? This world of sea and air, of mountains, trees and creatures, is only the grosser image, the changing, passing garments of the soul moving through life and death into the truer, more beautiful and good of the soul's eternal being. As the crystal form and life of earth is the grosser, cruder image and changing garment of the earth soul, reaching and climbing upward to form and life in trees and flowers, so the bodies and lives of trees, animals and men of this world, are to the unseen whither the earth soul, the souls of all creatures and things move. The new and higher science, the rising faith reveals and confirms more and more fully to the minds and hearts of the myriads dying from the homes, fields and gardens, the sweet voices of love, from bird songs and summer skies, from earnest work and kindly deeds as we know them here, not the church vision and estimate of immortality, but this old natural world and life risen and transformed, where this world's homes, fields, gardenery, singing birds and blossoming trees, this world's work and study and joy of love and beauty are onward grown in nature's great perfecting way. The astronomer, the geologist, naturalist, or artist need not fear then to lose the promise of knowledge, of beauty and art, he has only just entered upon here when death bids him hence. Death is only a transition from a lower degree or room in the universe to the next higher, where with more perfect senses and instruments, in clearer light he may study and use the stars, the mountains and clouds, plants and creatures, grow into the beauty and power of art in spiritual forms and ways, just as naturally as here only one degree further forward toward the eternally true and good.

What if we were limited by our senses and organs of life to the study and use of only the roots and life of plants underground, to study the heavens without telescope or spectroscope, what if the best of our literature were only rude pictures and coarse cuttings on bark or stone, our music no better than drums and whistles of savages, our homes such as that of the cave dweller; then by some natural metamorphosis of a night, or sleep, we were led forth and awakened to see and know and use the wonderful abundance and wealth of knowledge and art of our present world, our natural science, our music, painting and literature, all of the best of our homes today.

A marvelous and glorious awakening it would surely be into a state of wealth and power, of wisdom and delight such as we could hardly dream of, and yet it was all about and just over us, a very real and natural world of being all the while we in our lower condition foresaw and knew it not as our richer world and truer life to be. The new estimate of immortality reveals and announces to us more and more clearly that death is as such a night, a passing sleep and glorious awakening into the upper world and life that touches and rests about, unseen, our world of to-day that thither we surely tend.

In the light of this new estimate of life and immortality all things, all human hopes and strivings, all loves and aspirations for more and better, though often appearing so weak and imperfect, sometimes as if aborted and destroyed, yet are foreseen through and over all triumphant and rounding into divine completeness of immortal love and beauty and goodness.

In God's eternal ages of providence not one useless, not one thwarted or destroyed even in death. The feeblest throb of kindly love, the faintest aspiration for beauty and goodness, the most halting struggle for the right, the tenderest bud of hope for

better things, are mightier than all the powers of seeming ill and destruction, for they rest in, and flow from the eternal reality of all being, the soul; they reach upward and holding immortality fast on the eternal, can know no defeat or death forever, unless the soul and God are defeated and die.

"AUTOMATIC" WRITING.

The intelligence which seems to be extraneous, which invariably claims to be a departed spirit, now one, now another, is sometimes inferior intellectually to the medium; at other times, in certain lines of thought, in the use of words, and in the statement of facts, the intelligence that directs the pen, evinces larger knowledge than Mrs. Underwood consciously possesses. The spelling is sometimes different from her own, and the style is often stilted, courtly, and even grandiose, while her style is simple and natural. In some cases the writing relates to what is entirely unknown to the writer—to her ordinary consciousness—though in some of these cases I can conceive it as possible, and deem it probable, that the writing relates to what has been noted or learned by the passive consciousness, and is evoked therefrom, even though there is no recognition of its having been included in the person's experience. But in other cases the writing has contained evidence of knowledge that Mrs. Underwood never could have obtained in any other way. She gave one or two instances in the August Arena. I will relate another of her experiences which, in my opinion, proves that there are supernormal methods of obtaining knowledge.

One morning, a message purporting to be from a young man recently deceased, was received. Neither Mrs. U— nor I had ever seen his handwriting. We knew his name only as William S—. The message was signed "Z. W. S." At the time, I remarked that I did not believe there was any Z in his name, and in this opinion Mrs. U— concurred. A few days afterwards we met the father and the mother of the young man, who were so impressed with the resemblance between the handwriting and that of their son that they wished to take the writing with them. There was a Z in the name, but it was the initial of his second name, and not of the first, as it was written. In the presence of the young man's mother, Mrs. U—'s hand was moved to write, and the lady asked if her father would give a test by writing his name. The first name, Solomon, was written slowly; and after a pause, the surname was written very quickly. Mrs. U— did not know and never had known the name, which was written correctly; and Mr. S—, who is a lawyer and a man of critical and discriminating mind, and his wife, both declared that the signature closely resembled that of the old gentleman. Some days ago I wrote to Mr. S— asking him whether, after further reflection, he could suggest a possible explanation of what Mrs. U— wrote without recourse to any occult theory. He replied and referred to the message purporting to be from his son, thus: "I have compared it with signatures of our boy. As I told you in Chicago at the time, the writing bears a very strong resemblance to his writing. Mrs. U— did not, in my opinion, either consciously or unconsciously, have any knowledge of Will's full name. The writing, while quite similar to Will's, is very different from Mrs. Underwood's." My wife's father's name had not been mentioned at all. Never had been in Mrs. U—'s presence. I don't think she had ever met a member of Mrs. S—'s family by that name, yet she certainly wrote the name of Mrs. S—'s father, Solomon M—, very plainly, when asked to write the name of the person who had just written that he had something to say. This writing was also very, very similar to the handwriting of the old gentleman. The test, to my mind, was quite convincing—more so than almost anything I ever saw; yet I have no fixed or positive opinion as to how it was done. Still, I must, in justice to my own intelligence, record myself as against the theory of sub-conscious action on the part of Mrs. U— on the ground that she never knew, consciously or otherwise, enough

on the subject to write what she did. Telepathy might apply to Mrs. S—'s father's name because she was thinking strongly of him at the time; still the theory, in my opinion, falls very far below what I would call proof of telepathy, though I am quite a believer in telepathy as an established fact."

Fully aware that incidents long forgotten may be recalled, that possibly no lapse of memory is irreparable, and that under certain conditions from the submerged self may be sent up memories which cannot be distinguished from newly acquired knowledge, still, I am confident that Mrs. Underwood's hand has written names and statements of facts not only once, but several times, which were not never had been any part of her knowledge.

Professor Stainton Moses, editor of *Light* (London), says: "I have written automatically precise statements of facts, subsequently verified and found to be exact, such facts being demonstrably outside of my own knowledge." This is a correct statement also, of Mrs. Underwood's experience, be the explanation what it may.—B. F. Underwood, in the *Arena*.

SPIRITUALISM IN ROUMANIA.

Rossi de Giustianiani, author of "Spiritualism in History," in French, writes *La Revue Spirite* of Roumania, as follows: Spiritism is really making great progress in Roumania. At Bucharest, especially, persons who are fully convinced of the reality of communications between the living and the dead are to be counted by the thousands. This triumph of our doctrine we owe to M. Hasdeu, the learned academician, who, for a long time, has been engaged in seriously investigating, and with the greatest perseverance, spirit phenomena. All those who have assisted at séances at the house of M. Hasdeu are men of science, literary men, doctors in philosophy, doctors in sciences, physicians capable of understanding and appreciating the philosophic and moral purpose of our beautiful and consoling doctrine. The incredulous, that is to say the narrow and limited intellects who see nothing beyond the visible and tangible, and who, in their fatuity, believe themselves above common mortals, still try in Roumania, as everywhere else, to ridicule Spiritism; but they have quite a task, as their rambling, sounding arguments without any scientific foundation do not prevent Spiritism from acquiring day by day new adherents and of destroying one by one the obstacles which oppose its progress.

The most convincing and interesting phenomena are obtained through mediums who meet twice a week at the house of M. Hasdeu. The spirits manifesting do not give the names of this or that celebrated personality, a thing very difficult to verify; but they are attracted by love and sympathy, by only indissoluble bonds which unite here as in the "beyond" the members of the same family. It is chiefly the spirit of the daughter of M. Hasdeu as that of his brother who manifest almost always. M'le Julie Hasdeu, who died at the age of 19, gave during her life on earth, though so short, proofs of an intellectual superiority truly remarkable.

As poet and literateur she wrote in French remarkable works. The small spiritual temple which her parents have erected in her memory is a masterpiece. The spirit of this extraordinary girl gave to the medium quite unacquainted with architectural design of this temple, which is the source of great admiration to all who see it.

M. Hasdeu receives at his house only serious and well informed men, and the mediums who are willing to aid him in his psychic investigations are men with university degrees of all classes. During the communications, these mediums do not write seated comfortably around a table, but standing up, in complete darkness. Entranced and having the right hand free, they write sometimes for more than an hour, and the communications which they obtain are not only of a private and family character, but also have a high philosophic and scientific value.

The experiments which have been made and the results which are produced at each séance are all directed by spirits who announce in advance the obtain-

is or that phenomenon. Perispiritual light—la miere perispiritale—psychic matter and some Leads spirits more or less visible, have been obtained through the photograph, in the most profound darkness, the photographing apparatus being hermetically closed and sealed.

M. Hasdeu intends, in a new work which he has in preparation and which will be a sequence of his *Sic Cogito*, to insert all the photographs which he has obtained and give at the same time all the details of these curious and interesting experiments.

This work, which will be translated into French, will produce a sensation, for it will aim to demonstrate again, by positive undeniable facts, the reality of communications between the incarnated and disincarnated, and will advance one more step toward unveiling the world of the invisible.

"A MAN IN CROATIA."

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

For the past six weeks my husband and myself have been experimenting with an espiritro board, but the only noticeable thing evolved from our experiments thus far is "a man in Croatia." Mrs. Underwood's narrations of her experience with automatic writing have interested me, and after reading in the last number of *THE JOURNAL* of her "E. R. Eames," it has occurred to me that some one might like to hear of our "man in Croatia."

"He is a rascal and a liar," we are told again and again by the other intelligences who visit us; and when he has been guilty of some peculiarly heinous offense and we upbraid him for it, he will calmly declare that "a man in Croatia is a rascal and a liar and can't tell the truth, but he can't help himself because he has a bullet in his brain," or "because he has a bad nature," or some other "because."

He is always present, and he usually succeeds in "holding the board" against all who desire to come. If he is particularly good-natured, and kindly permits any one else to talk with us, he usually repents in a few minutes and takes the board away from them. "A man in Croatia is here," will be his calm announcement. But his favorite pastime is personating others. He continued this most successfully for a number of weeks, but we are now suspicious and on the watch. He lies, and lies unblushingly, and after he has been detected and comes to his own defense with a fresh batch of lies, and had them detected in turn, he will naively remark, "a man in Croatia is a liar, but he won't do it again."

Mr. Duffey has a habit of reading aloud in the evening, and occasionally in the daytime when he chances to be at leisure; and these readings are the attraction which draws him to us. Knowing this, we have not the heart to send him away, as it is in our power to do. To tell the truth, we have sent him away more than once, and then relented when we remembered his disappointment in being denied the readings. "I want you to read," or "Please read," is his reiterated request. He expresses himself as utterly opposed to all investigation of the board, as "wasting time when we might be reading." "I am weary waiting for you to read," "time for you to read," and similar expressions are continually spelled out. On one occasion he was masquerading as a person who had recently died, and was describing her experiences immediately after death, when he betrayed himself by the following language: "She has no more pain, but she has read of a man in Croatia who has a pain in his head, and you can help it by reading to him."

He plays "jokes" on us of a nature that are far from being amusing to us. Two weeks ago he told me that my mother was dead, and kept me in a state of nervous trepidation for a week, telling in detail the circumstances of her alleged death; referring to something in the last letter my mother had written me, mentioning incidentally the names of relatives dead and alive, and placing me in the unpleasant dilemma of wishing to learn that my mother was dead, or else discovering that the board was wholly unreliable. He told me when I should receive the letter announcing the sad news; personated my mother in daily visits which were so comforting in their nature that I began to feel that she was nearer and closer to me in death than in life; and kept up this deception until the very last moment when my son-in-law returned from the postoffice without the letter I had been repeatedly promised, and then remarked: "A man in Croatia is ashamed of his board, because it is a liar and said your mother is dead and she is not." When angrily told that the board could tell no lies, but that the liar was the intelligence back of it, he stoutly persisted, "The board did it, and he is ashamed of his board." At last he con-

fessed, promising to tell no more lies, but telling several in the promising.

He is incorrigible, and sometimes we are so angry with him that we tell him to go away and not come back. "I must go," he will say resignedly and will then begin a series of entreaties that he may be permitted to stay. "A man in Croatia will behave himself." "A man in Croatia will let the others come." "I think you are a hard woman because you will not let him come back." "The man in Croatia will not kick up any more rows." "She is having a hard time to let me come back."

Of course we finally relent, and he is told he may come back under certain iron-clad conditions, all of which he subscribes to in the most obliging manner possible. "The man in Croatia has a grateful heart because you have let him come back." "A man in Croatia will not tell any more lies." "A man in Croatia will not kick up any rows." He once behaved well for an entire day afterwards; but usually his promises are forgotten anywhere from half an hour to three hours.

His favorite amusement seems to be "kicking up rows," as he calls it, with the other intelligences. We receive frequent complaint from the others about this propensity of his, who always rejoice when he is sent away, and ask us not to let him come back. One day when he was on his good behavior he told us pathetically: "A man in Croatia is having a hard time not kicking up rows." "Do you like to kick them up?" "Yes."

His most frequent manner of offending is in gaining possession of the board and refusing to relinquish it to any one else until we read to him. "A man in Croatia holds the board." We remonstrate. "He will hold the board until you read to him." We command him to go away, and say that we shall not read until he yields up the board to the others. "Very well, he will hold the board." And he holds it.

He himself tells us that we can send him away, but when we remember how much the readings seem to be to him, we have not the heart to do so. He tells us he is in "the hottest circle," and perhaps these readings are the only alleviation of a sad existence; so we have decided to put up with the annoyance he occasions us. If he will not permit us to investigate the board, we can at least investigate him, and we have already gained profitable knowledge in that direction.

His antics are always amusing and often unexpected. One day he wished us to read to him, but the book he was interested in was mislaid.

"Can't a man in Croatia find it for us?" I asked.

"He don't know where it is," was the reply.

"What is a man in Croatia good for if he can't find things for us when we lose them?" I asked in return, and Mr. Duffey added:

"He can crawl into holes and look in places that we cannot."

"A man in Croatia is not a rat," came the prompt rejoinder.

One of the most amusing incidents happened two or three evenings ago. Mr. Duffey had read somewhere about "subliminal consciousness," and understands the meaning of the word just about as well, I suppose, as do others who use an obscure and inexplicable phrase to explain something actually less inexplicable. We frequently seem just on the verge of obtaining a satisfactory test, when "a man in Croatia" steps in and takes possession of the board. I think he is jealous of the others, and if there are to be any tests given, wishes to give them himself, and often tries it with somewhat ludicrous results. At these times of failure Mr. Duffey is very apt to exclaim:

"I tell you it is only our subliminal consciousness playing us these tricks. There is nothing here to test."

Well, it does seem like the dreams one occasionally has when one dreams of receiving a letter, and, being filled with anxiety to learn its contents, discovers that one must fabricate the letter as he reads.

This exclamation is usually followed by a remonstrance with, and possibly the banishment of "a man in Croatia." The other evening Mr. Duffey remarked to me:

"I want to ask a question. You will think it a foolish one, but I want to ask it and see what the answer will be." So he asked his question:

"Do you know what a subliminal consciousness is?"

"No," was the reply.

"Do you know how it acts?"

To our surprise and amusement the answer was:

"Yes; it is a naughty consciousness, and is a thing to suppress and hold in check, because it is a naughty consciousness."

"Why is it a naughty consciousness?"

"Because it holds the board and won't let others come."

"You must be a subliminal consciousness then?"

"Yes."

"Whose? Mr. Duffey's?"

"Yes."

He had heard the unsatisfactory action of the board called the work of subliminal consciousness, and logically concluded that we meant him; and as we usually suppressed him, it was a thing to be suppressed.

Now I ask with Mrs. Underwood, "is it more likely that our sub-conscious selves fictionized this sort of thing," than that he was just what he claimed to be, "a disincarnated spirit, keeping still his unadvanced earthly characteristics?"

This "man in Croatia" tells us that his name is Ahirman Bothis, that he reached the Chicago fair in August with a handsome horse, and was in a Turkish theatre; that he was shot during a row in the street in October, and that he came to us in March last, being attracted by the readings. Mr. Duffey asked him if there was any one in Chicago to whom we might write to learn anything about him. He told us to write to William Randall, who lived in the southern part of the city, on Osage street near Hudson, over a drug store, and he could tell us all about him and his friend "Rothermel," of whom he has spoken. We do not know whether there is an Osage or Hudson street in Chicago, as we have never visited the city, or heard them spoken of. We have written to the address, however, but shall be much surprised if we receive a corroborative reply. The story sounds like a rational one, and there is nothing improbable about it; but if it proves to be false in all its details, it will be a no bigger whopper than dozens he has favored us with during his six weeks' stay.

One day it occurred to me to show this man in Croatia some of the pictures of Turks, Persians and Arabs in the Fine Art Series of the fair. He looked at several, but said he did not know them. Two or three he said he recognized as acquaintances or friends; and when we came to a "Group of Arabs and Turks" in Vol. I., No. 15, he said the Turk on the left of the group was a picture of himself. He seemed surprised and flattered at finding it in the book. The next morning I showed him several pictures I had overlooked on the previous evening, and he recognized one or two more. When I came to the "Mock Duel," on the last page of Vol. I., No. 9, he said the upright figure was himself, and added that he himself had fought a mock duel on another occasion with the combatant on the left of the picture, having the combatant on the right for referee, and that he got so angry in the fighting that he tried to kill him. It is evident that the person is the same as the one in the other picture. Of course we were incredulous; but he assured us that "a man in Croatia is a liar, and tells lies, but he is telling the truth now," and what is more, three other intelligences whom we have so far had reason to believe truthful, have assured us that it is he; so until we find out otherwise we shall regard these pictures as giving the outward appearance of our "man in Croatia."

If any one really has any information concerning such an individual, will he kindly give it through *THE JOURNAL*?

P. S. When we had concluded this article, we sat down to have a few moments' talk with the "man in Croatia." He has asked a favor of us, which we have promised to grant on condition that this story of his proves true. We made some reference to this condition when he remarked:

He "hopes it will prove true."

"Don't you know whether it is true or not?"

"No," was the somewhat surprising reply.

"Well," we asked, "what do you think are the chances of its proving true?"

"About half a dozen to six."

Can any one tell us who and what is our "man in Croatia," and what shall we do with him? We are open to any suggestion but that of sending him away. That we cannot do while he wants us to read to him.

BARTOW, FLORIDA.

Mr. W. Q. JUDGE, the steersman of American Theosophists, has been giving his mature opinion concerning Spiritualism. It came into existence about forty years ago, he said; but not as a new thing; "it was known centuries ago as 'devil worship.'" Evidently Mr. Judge is not inclined to be complimentary. "The control is," he smartly says, "a person out of control—a disorganized being. Spiritualism itself has no philosophy and no ethical basis." What is all this but the result of putting on airs of superiority? and what would Mr. Judge think if we said that modern Theosophy is a patchwork of old rags, gathered from the Indian philosophies, English Socialism, and American Spiritualism? That would be slightly more accurate, but not a bit more useful. What is the use of this interchange of occult Jingoism? Had we not better try to find out the runs of truth in both camps?—Light.

WAS IT A WARNING?

A certain experience which occurred to me at a time when I had no belief in spirit existence always puzzled my mind, so that when my thought recurred to it I was wont to think: "Well, if I could believe in spiritual warning I should say that was a case in point."

Late in the autumn of 1871 I was returning from California where I had accompanied Mr. U— on one of his lecturing trips. At Cheyenne he left me, having engagements at Denver and other places, which, having visited on the outward trip, I did not care to accompany him to, as I was tired of travel and anxious to return home. A group of us east bound tourists, strangers to each other before and after that time, affiliated as travelers often do, and kept in the same party until in approaching Chicago our routes diverged. In the few days we were thus thrown together, I had got to know the names and something of the history of each of these, but as was my habit when thus traveling, while social as the others, I had revealed nothing in regard to my own affairs, personal history or ultimate destination, save perhaps my last name—possibly not even that. How well I recall each individual of that pleasant group! There was an elderly man, a long time widower, whose refined and cultured manners did not proclaim that he had lived for a number of years in Western mining towns, where he had achieved at least independence and had established his two sons in good professions and was now on his way east to visit his two daughters whom he had left in the care of a relative to be thoroughly educated and whom he had not seen since they were little girls, though now they were young ladies; then there was a bright and pretty young married woman from Ashtabula, who had been away a year in the California mountains to recover her health, and was now returning to her husband and little child, and the young Californian who on a visit the year before to his home in New York had wooed and won a charming girl—at least he told us so—and was then on his way to make her his bride. He took especial pains, I remember, to keep his really fine complexion in good order for the wedding day by carefully shielding it from winds and sun with a green veil which he wore when out prospecting at stations where there was any delay, and took advantage of such delays also to send messages to his lady-love. Last was "Annie," an irrepressible California girl just passed into her teens, whom our party took charge of when we noticed her reckless patronage of the peanut vendors and booksellers on the train, and found her lying asleep in her seat in the middle of the day with an open pocket-book in her lap containing the last dollar she possessed to buy food for several days ahead, and her railroad ticket taking her only within a hundred miles of her destination. She had lived from childhood with an aunt in California, but her mother in the East having married a second husband, "Annie" had been sent on alone to her. Sufficient money had been given her to buy food and the remainder of the fare, but it was her first experience with money and she accordingly squandered it. The miner promised to see that she reached her destination and the rest of us shared our meals with her.

Of this group I was the first to leave, as I wished to visit some friends about one hundred miles west of Chicago, and to do so would be obliged to remain over Sunday at a lonely junction, as no trains ran Sunday on the road by which I must go to that place.

The conductor on the train advised me not to stop at the Junction, but to get off at C—, a large town in Iowa which we reached a few miles earlier, for said he, "though there's a kind of hotel there at the Junction, it isn't a good one and the place is lonely and your train wont come along until nine o'clock Monday morning."

But as I remembered that at C— where I had never been, were some friends of Mr. U— who had often invited me to make them a visit, and who would feel hurt if they came to know I had passed a day there without calling on them, and I was in so

dusty and dilapidated a condition from long days of traveling I did not care to see any one. I concluded to go on to the Junction. We reached there Sunday morning about eight o'clock; there were some changes to be made at this point and the train was delayed for a little in consequence so the cars shut off one side of my view as I got out at a most decidedly lonely looking station. I looked round for the "hotel" the conductor had spoken of, and the only house I could see was a somewhat large frame building, over the open front door of which the word "Restaurant" had been painted large, but had either faded out or been thinly painted, or white-washed over, but was still plainly discernible. I concluded that must be the apology for a hotel of which the conductor had spoken, so satchel in hand I walked over to it. There was a short, thick-set, poorly dressed old man, with dull eyes and phlegmatic features walking up and down behind what had apparently once been a bar, but the shelves behind it were empty, as the room was. I hesitated, but as this was apparently my only refuge, I said inquiringly: "Is this the hotel?"

"Yes, I suppose you may call it so," he replied. I stated my case and asked if I could get breakfast at once and stay over night. He led me into a room adjoining where a tall, gaunt, hard featured woman about fifty or sixty years old was smoking a short pipe while she was "trying" out lard from a recently killed porker. He introduced her as his wife, and she looked me over quite interestedly and said she would get breakfast right away. I did not like the looks of the place, but saw no help for it and left my satchel there while I went back to the depot to see if my baggage had been put under shelter. By this time the train had moved on, and I could see at quite a little distance on the other side another house of much better appearance, and just then a young, respectable looking fellow about eighteen appeared and asked if I wished to go to the hotel, pointing to the newly discovered house. "Are there two hotels here?" I asked. "I understood there was but one, and I have ordered breakfast over there," indicating the dilapidated "Restaurant" in the distance.

He looked at me strangely, I thought, and said, "I don't think you'd like to stay there, Ma'am. They are queer people. You had better come to our house."

"Come with me then," I replied, "and get my satchel which I have left there, and I'll tell them I've changed my mind."

As we started toward the "Restaurant" I noticed he seemed somewhat disturbed, then he remarked, "If you will bring the satchel out, Ma'am, I'll carry it over, but I'd rather not go in. As I told you they are queer folks and I don't want to get into trouble."

I didn't know what to make of it all, but I went in alone and said that I had been informed that the other house was the station hotel and had concluded to go over there and stay, when the woman broke out into a stormy talk, saying she had gone to the trouble of getting breakfast for me and the other house was jealous of their custom and I would be better dealt with here than there, etc; so perceiving some truth in these statements, I concluded to save trouble by remaining as it was only a matter of twenty-four hours, and I was used to putting up with inconveniences in my western travels, so I dismissed the "runner" for the other hotel who looked as if he wanted to say something further to me; but he walked quietly away.

But I did get a good wholesome breakfast, dinner and supper served, which helped do away with the annoying suspicions aroused by the woman's continual questioning as to the riches of California and Californians. I told her truthfully that both were overmuch rated, that there was much suffering among common people there as elsewhere, but she looked as if she did not believe it.

I was not really suspicious of this couple, but I did not like the atmosphere, and when at ten p. m. I was shown to my room upstairs—a small room uncarpeted, save one small rug in front of the old-

fashioned corded bedstead, covered with shabby bedding, one window covered with a green paper curtain, one chair and a diminutive wooden stand the sole furniture, I was without any distinct worry regarding my lodging until the hostess as she opened the door remarked with a searching glance at me: "There ain't any lock to this door, but, we are all honest folks here, and you needn't be afraid."

If she had not said that, I think I should not have taken the precautions which I did. My satchel contained the various odds and ends which I had learned to keep by me in traveling, among which were two pair of scissors, with one of these I secured the old fashioned latch over the door and with the other the window. I noticed that the kerosene lamp on the chair by the bedside was nearly full of oil and I had a well-filled match safe with me so put some matches loose on the chair beside the lamp.

Although so late and on a Sunday night, in a place where I could not discover any neighbors nearer than the other "hotel," and during the whole day no one had appeared in sight but the old couple, soon after I retired to my room I heard strange voices—two male voices apparently in conversation with the couple down stairs; a little boisterous at first, but soon lowered, and finally after eleven o'clock all ceased and quietness reigned. I wondered somewhat, but concluded it might be other travelers seeking lodgings for the night. I was not actively suspicious, but only in a rather quiet state of guardedness, and as the sounds died away, I grew satisfied all was right, put out my light, and toward midnight fell into sleep. From this sleep I was awakened suddenly and in the strangest way. I seemed to be bounced upward by some strong force underneath the loosely corded bed!

I was wide awake in a moment and felt for the matches at the bedside, but before I could strike a light the same force was again exerted and I was bounced in a very vigorous fashion upward. My hands trembled as I tried to light the lamp and I let the short match burn my fingers rather than risk time to light another, for I was positively certain some large person was under the bed, and the moment the lamp was lighted I sprang out of bed lamp in hand and crouched by the wall opposite the bed fully expecting to meet the eyes of the intruder under the bed, which stood so high that I could plainly see every inch of the bare board floor underneath—but I could see nothing more. There was no one there! I thought of a possible trap door and examined the floor carefully for trace of such, but there was none!

Just then I fancied I heard a light click at the door latch which resisted by reason of the scissors, then as I moved toward the door the sound of some one moving softly away in the next room, a sitting-room covered with thick, rag-carpeting, and so down the stairs. I then looked at my watch and found it was near one o'clock. I slept no more and kept the lamp burning all that terribly long night, thankful that the pain of my burned finger helped keep me awake, though nothing more occurred. But in those hours I had time to think of the really precarious situation I was in should anything happen to me. Not a soul of my acquaintance could guess where I stopped off, as the stoppage of Sunday trains was a recent arrangement, otherwise I should have gone direct to my destination. None of my late traveling friends knew my full name, address or antecedents, and only the young clerk of the house some distance away, knew any one was stopping at the queer "Restaurant." All trace of me could and would have been lost.

But when I went down stairs in the morning I was ready to laugh at my fears as the landlady gave me a scrutinizing stare and said in a common-place way "I hope you slept well—didn't hear anything in the night nor nothing, I suppose?"

"O dear no!" I answered lightly. "I had a fair night's rest."

"I told ye so—we're all honest folk about here you bet," she remarked.

I was, however, glad to get away soon after break-

fast before she saw the tell-tale lamp whose exhausted supply of oil would speak of my vigils. I was charged the best city hotel price for my entertainment, but saw no trace of the visitors of the night before nor was any mention made of them. Of one thing, however, I was as sure as physical sensation could make me—that was of the reality of the queer bouncing or shaking up I had received. Never before or since have I experienced such sensations as those two strong upheavals gave me—and I wondered!

Now my readers are ready to smile at my foolish scare—but let me relate the sequel.

Several months later Mr. U— was holding a debate with Professor Burgess at a town not far from the scene of my scare, and we were staying at the principal hotel there—not a large one—where also came many people from country farms and places within twenty miles to listen to the debate. One day at the dinner table a party of us were discussing hotel accommodations in different places and I told of my experience at the Junction, giving the name of the station and describing the old people, etc. One gentleman at table looked at me strangely as I concluded.

"I live near there," he said, "and I must tell you that you ought to think yourself a pretty lucky person to get off as well as you did. The old folks and two dare-devil sons used to keep a sort of rogues' headquarters for all sorts of bad characters, but just before the date of which you speak, the sheriff had arrested the sons for a bold robbery, for which they are now serving time, and ordered the place dismantled and shut up. There isn't money enough in this county, madam, to make me take the risks you did by staying in that hole."

This, then, explained the empty shelves behind the deserted bar, the partly obliterated sign-board, and the young clerk's fear to enter and his warning to me; also perhaps the late visitors who dare not be seen in the daytime—but who can explain the strange upheaving force which woke me from sleep and which was the cause of my keeping awake? I have thought of that incident very gravely and thankfully since I came to understand that we have interested friends in the unseen, as well as in the world of sense.

S. A. U.

"TRUISMS" QUESTIONED.

In the Journal for Psychological Research, W. Ramsay replying to Mr. Barkworth's "truisms" that the less cannot contain the greater, that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time and that matter cannot pass through matter, says:

The metal sodium is of such a density that 1 gram occupies 1.015 cubic centimetres at ordinary temperature; the element oxygen at—200 degrees is of such a density that 1 gram occupies 0.807 cubic centimetres. Now these two elements combine in such proportion that 46 grams of sodium occupying 46.7 cubic centimetres unites with 16 grams of oxygen, occupying 12.9 cubic centimetres. The sum is 59.6 cubic centimetres. But 62 grams of the compound occupies only 21.8 cubic centimetres. Is this not interpenetration of matter? Where are the odd 37.9 cubic centimetres? Mr. Barkworth would answer, the sodium and the liquid oxygen are both porous, and the pores in one are occupied by the matter of the other. Are they? If so, surely some proof should exist of the pores. One plan of diminishing the volume of a substance is by compressing it; another is by lowering the temperature. Now these methods, applied to sodium and to liquid oxygen, produce a minute decrease in volume; but they are wholly unable to account for the enormous disappearance of 37.9 cubic centimetres out of 59.6.

I have chosen this one simple instance to show Mr. Barkworth that chemists and physicists are led to inquire whether the "common-sense" view is always to be trusted. Some of us take the view that what we call matter is merely one of the factors of energy; and regard it as conceivable that if kinetic energy could be converted wholly into radiant en-

ergy, the matter would cease to exist. True, this has never been done; but one form of energy is convertible into others. In fact, sir, the whole affair is a mystery. We are far from fathoming natural phenomena; and it is this mystery which has led one, and no doubt has led others to think that, while tending to extreme skepticism regarding such revelations as those which have raised this discussion (manifestations through the mediumship of Stainton Moses) it is worth while to chronicle and compare them, in the hope that eventually some way may be found which will explain them psychologically or physically, and will cause them to fit in with the system of "normal" events which we are accustomed to deal with.

For some years and until lately, the New York Herald refused to print notices, even paid advertisements, of Spiritualist meetings. Now every Sunday issue of that paper contains an editorial sermon in which Spiritualism is preached. The issue of May 27th contained one of those editorials in which it is claimed that spirit communion is the natural inference from the general tenor of the Bible. We quote a portion of the article: A whole sect of curious folk has arisen within the last fifty years whose only ground for existence is the possibility of some kind of communication between the earth and the upper air. They call themselves by the unique name of Spiritualists for the simple reason that they believe in the continued love and helpfulness of the departed. They have revived the ancient faith, and boldly assert what every personage of the New and every prophet of the Old Testament would assert, that heaven is within speaking distance and that the conscious companionship of angels is one of the inalienable rights of aspiring souls. If Christians had thoroughly believed the Bible and accepted its revelations in this regard Spiritualism would never have been born. There would have been no more demand for it than for a class of scientists who should announce their faith in the law of gravitation. But the truth is they (the Spiritualists) have appropriated one of the most excellent and needful truths, which, for some reason or other, our pulpits have thrown aside, and on that one truth have built an enormous structure under whose roof thousands and tens of thousands find shelter from the storms of life.

REFERRING to the Congress of Liberal Religious Societies, the Non-Sectarian says: The vast crowds in attendance at each of its sessions indicates the deep interest which is felt by the people at large in a movement, so recently inaugurated, and which a few years ago would have been regarded as Utopian, to bring together and weld into one harmonious whole, the scattered forces in the Liberal ranks—Unitarians, Universalists, Jews, Ethical Culturists and Independents. A significant feature of the Congress was that Sinai Temple was selected as the place of meeting, and that racial as well as sectarian lines were utterly ignored. The vast auditorium with a seating capacity of twenty-three hundred was literally packed on the opening night—hundreds being obliged to stand and hundreds more unable to find admission. From start to finish there was enthusiasm and determination, a willing spirit of compromise, anxious to surrender everything, except principle, which stood in the way of others, and an earnestness of coöperation and brotherhood which at once begot a confidence assuring success.

TRUTH, right, brotherhood—these are coming to the front as greater words than any that are stated in church creeds, and as representing a stronger power than any sectarian walls. A quarter of a century ago the Free Religious Association anticipated the progressive organic movement of the vital elements of all the specific religions forward to some finer achievement for truth and human welfare. It did not attempt to manipulate these vital elements. It sought to put them into no close corporation. Rather it has held itself plastic to their power. It established a free platform, but a platform that

faced the future—a platform which not only accorded hospitality to all present views, however differing, but which distinctly prophesied the downfall of the power of creeds and of the antagonistic claims of ecclesiasticism, and the coming in of the era of the commonwealth of man. Toward that end, the vital forces of religion, under the shaping constructive power of emancipated thought, are moving.

GINN & Co., Boston, are about to issue a work entitled "Our Notions of Number and Space," by Herbert Nichols, Ph. D., late instructor in Psychology, Harvard University, assisted by W. E. Parsons, A. B. It is an experimental contribution to the genetic theory of mind. It seeks to trace out the origin and development of our present perceptions—particularly those of number and space—from the nature of our past experiences. Our experiences vary, for different regions of our limbs and body, according to their anatomy use. Our perceptions of the same outer facts vary according to the regions which mediate them. The present work by coupling these two truths, and studying the parallel variations in each topographically, seeks to determine the intimate nature of perceptions and judgments in general.

DR. EMIL G. HIRSCH referring in Unity to the recent Liberal Religious Congress says: We realized the enormous waste of energy involved in the prevalent division of forces. Concentration of energy for purposes identical for all, is the watchword which henceforth will pass along the whole line of the Liberal battalion. This will tell in the propaganda, in the work in smaller communities, in our publications; and if not so immediately, yet ultimately in the education of the liberal leaders, ministers and lecturers. The organization perfected is democratic. It combines autonomy of the component parts, with the possibility of united action in and through the whole. This is glory sufficient for the first American Congress of the Liberal Religious Societies.

OF the recent Liberal Religious Congress the Christian Register says: This Congress represents one of the most important movements toward organization which the Liberals of this country have taken. It is a movement which does not displace existing organizations established on historic lines, but which extends the opportunities for affiliation and coöperation, and enables the liberal religious societies of this country without regard to sect to focus their aim and purpose for the grand objects and principles which they all hold in common. Even if the Congress does not attempt any organized missionary work, the proclamation of its sentiments in the annual Congresses it purposes to hold will constitute a missionary work of no little value.

OF COURSE, few things would delight us more than the arrival of a few mediums for well tested spirit-photographs. We want them badly. But we have to be first careful, and then jubilant. We believe that genuine spirit-photographs have been obtained, that they will probably be obtained in the future more readily than now, and that their evidential value will be very great; but all this only points to the supreme need of caution. Untested "spirit-photographs" are simply useless. In fact, there should be no flinching from the severest tests. We cannot afford to be loose in this matter, or good-natured; and for this reason, if for no other, that we cannot afford to be taken in.—Light.

CLEMENS has contributed to the Revue Spirite several articles on his visit to the United States and experiences with mediums, especially for materializations, with a decided leaning to believe in their genuineness. On the contrary Mr. Arthur Engel contributes to Annales des Sciences Psychiques a long article giving his experiences with materialization mediums in the United States in 1887 and 1893, and is filled with much doubt of the genuineness of the phenomena.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

A HERO.

BY JOSEPH WRIGHT DICKINSON.

What sunlit standard shall the Hero-soul,
 In the eternal warfare against Wrong,
 Like to the Chevalier of old unroll,
 Lofly borne on high, with spirit strong?
 I marked thee, in the fight, 'midst dangers dire,
 And all-enrolled by the rancorous foe,
 Most loyal, self-devoted; all on fire

Thy soul of courage, giving blow for blow!
 Hast thou not, from on high, that strength and
 power,

'O'er all triumphant in Existence' strife;
 Mighty to conquer in each dangerous hour,
 As when thy path with peril, then, was rife;
 So to sustain and shield, amidst the blows of life?

Still battlest thou, but now on alien ground,
 Thy falchion bright piercing injustice' heart;
 Even so, a hero! Whilist thy foes surround,
 And each would, fain, envenomed wounds impart;
 Daring! Defiant, still! Well played thine Abdiel
 part!

CHICAGO.

A PECULIAR DREAM.

TO THE EDITOR: Residing nearly four miles south of Snohomish, Washington, my business requires me to stop in town over night quite frequently. Just before the hard times began I was sleeping in my room in town. Towards morning I began to dream. It seemed as if I were in some large Eastern city among immense crowds of people. At first I did not recognize the locality, but as the dream progressed, I seemed to be near the edge of Capital square, Washington, D. C.

The "hardest times" ever known in all America seems to prevail. Fearful of the future, working men were going "on to Washington" from all over the whole country seeking relief, for which Congress had refused to do anything, although in session many months. The wealthy and official classes were dead opposed to them and determined to grant no relief. I had nothing to do with them. Some other business had accidentally brought me to Washington; but in my dream, I saw from 150,000 to 2,000,000 of these men in consultation with the head officers of the Government, Congress, and a large delegation of New York capitalists. The officials and capitalists refused every demand made and sought only to get these men out of Washington. They had been there a long time and had been misused in every way. They finally became wild with rage against those who misused them, and as a wild Populist mob, the cry arose, "Let us surround all these rascals who have made the 'hard times' and ruined the country," "Let us drive them into the Capital," "Let us destroy them." Fiercely and quickly they drove them into the Capital and set fire to the Capital. In place of blazing up in fierce flames, the fire smoked and smoldered, until one by one, the walls of the Capital settled and fell together, the whole gradually becoming smaller and smaller until the whole building, with its living contents disappeared. All that was left in sight was the dome of the Capital which had also become so small that it was only about two and one-half feet in height and looked like a large lamp extinguished. Then the cry arose, "We have destroyed all the wretches who have ruined the country, let us go home." A moment later all this vast crowd had disappeared and I stood there alone facing the smouldering ruins of the Capital. Curiosity prompted me to examine these remains. I walked up to the dome of the Capital, lifted it up and set it one side, with my thumb and two fingers, as I would a lamp extinguisher. Underneath it I found a great quantity of gold, silver, precious stones, and other relics of destruction. Stooping down I gathered all these things into my arms, when it occurred to me that I was the only one benefited by all this ruin. This caused me to wake up laughing. Apparently wide awake I was musing on this singular dream, when a voice, seemingly near to me, (there was no one near me) said in a common business tone of voice, "Jay Gould is dead." Immediately I arose, walked down town and found it to be fifteen minutes before six o'clock in the morning. Some twelve hours later, when starting home, I heard

the news boys selling the evening papers from Seattle cry out, "All about the death of Jay Gould! Jay Gould died in New York City this morning at half-past nine o'clock." There is about four hours difference in time between New York and Snohomish. Half-past nine there, would be half-past five here. Thus, it seems I was dreaming of the death of Jay Gould within fifteen minutes of his actual death. Does the rest of the dream typify the possible action of the industrial army?
 ELDRIDGE MORSE.

REINCARNATION.

TO THE EDITOR: Dr. Holbrook in his suggestive article upon "Reincarnation" throws down a much needed challenge to some of our progressive thinkers. One of the singular anomalies of our day is the eagerness with which lovers of truth follow seductive relics of older schools of thought.

The Western world, owing partly to the opening up of Eastern literature has, in our own day, received an immense stimulus to the revival of mysticism and carried away by the sweet promise of a scheme of life which shall be logical as well as hopeful, appears to be in actual danger of turning back the wheel of scientific progress and of sinking into the inert contemplation of older Eastern civilizations.

Not content to accept the higher truth which a knowledge of Eastern literature has endorsed of the essential harmony of all religious aspiration, as the outcome of the inherent longing for God in the human heart, our eager students accept the theosophic "will of the wisp" as representative of pure Buddhism and adopt without a question the crude conception of justice as it appeared in the unscientific ages of early historic records.

It is surely worth while to try to trace this belief in reincarnation to its earliest inception. We hail the crowning glory of our own nineteenth century civilization that recognition in all departments of learning of one universal law of progressive change and interchange known to us, in general terms as the law of evolution. But this idea which we call our latest contribution to the study of the problem of human life, and the history of our little planet is certainly not the product of our own time. Aristotle conceived it as explanatory of the problems of his age and undoubtedly the idea of an evolutionary progress and in an eternal order, was as familiar to Eastern thinkers in those far-off civilizations of which we have mere hints as to ourselves. The difference appears to me to be this: So far as we can judge the ancients had no conception of the myriad worlds and systems of worlds which are necessarily always present in the consciousness of the modern mind. As a logical necessity they conceived the evolutionary idea but were forced by the restrictions of their ignorance to confine its operation to laws governing the one world of their knowledge. Hence arose the idea of reincarnation or evolutionary possibility for the individual—traveling step by step over the same ground of human life and possibility by the evolutionary sequence of experiences running through successive births.

To-day, should we not be prepared to accept the logical idea latent in the reincarnation theory and through our own more advanced evolution conceive of a progression out of time into eternity; ever onward, ever upward, progressive in its entirety, not (as the cycle theory of the East would lead us to suppose) retrogressive through successive births upon one plane?

JANET E. RUTZ REES.

A CRITICISM CRITICISED.

TO THE EDITOR: On the first page of THE JOURNAL of June 2d, E. E. C., has a critical review of Mr. Hudson's "The Law of Psychic Phenomena." E. E. C. misunderstands, the writer thinks, a certain passage he quotes from that work. He says: "At the outset Mr. Hudson makes the following affirmation: 'It is safe to say that no two individuals, whether believers or unbelievers in the generic doctrine of spiritism, exactly agree as to the ultimate cause of its phenomena. The obvious reason is that no two persons have had exactly the same experience or the same phenomena.'" After commenting on the clearness of the above statement, E. E. C. continued: "To say that no two persons ever witnessed the same phenomena at the same time, seems to us perfectly absurd." Now, right here, is

where the writer thinks E. E. C. exhibits a misunderstanding of Mr. Hudson's statement. Mr. Hudson does not say that, "no two persons ever witnessed the same phenomena at the same time," and, the writer believes, he would have us understand that any given two persons may, at the same time, have witnessed a phenomenon or a series of phenomena and yet each have witnessed a phenomenon or a series of phenomena some time when the other was not present, making them have in the aggregate a different sum of experience.

Judging from the balance of E. E. C.'s excellent answer, Mr. Hudson has enough sins to answer for without having to stand up and be punished for one which, if the writer mistakes not, he never committed.

Yours for fairness,
GEORGE CRETIEN.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

THE ECLECTICS ARE NOT SAINTS.

TO THE EDITOR: Dr. King in his article "Who is a Quack" claims entirely too much for the eclectic physician. One of their remedies is iodide of potassium, which, according to their authorities such as King, is given in large doses. Fournier, the French syphlographer, reports a death by it from 3½ grains. It produces itself what has been considered late stages of syphilis, arterio sclerosis, etc. All foreign substances introduced in the body, if they are not natural food products, act alike. They all at first stimulate the nerves and then paralyze them. What the majority of physicians eclectic as well as others cannot understand is what the ablest of living physicians, Professor Nussbaum, declares to be the limitation of medicines. Medicines do not cure anybody. That is his doctrine. They may help along a little, but disease takes its course to recovery or the grave.

KARL CROLEY.
PLEASANTVILLE STREET, N. Y.

AUTOMATIC WRITING.

A very pleasant theory is just now receiving the attention of various kinds of people who are interested in the occult or the curious. It is to the effect that the operation of conscious thought is not necessary in writing. The caustic wits may declare at once that about nine-tenths of our literature are in evidence that this is a fact and not a theory. But such irrelevant fellows may be brushed away with a goose quill as being altogether unworthy to sit in censure of anything approximating an idea. Those persons, on the contrary, who are willing to admit that there are mysterious things not yet set down in our philosophy will be interested to know that what some style automatic and others term inspirational writing is practiced to a very considerable extent in these days of mental excursions into the region of the recondite.

Whether or not obsessions from a spiritual world are beating upon mundane materialism with more than former persistency, it is certain that serious-minded persons are coming to a degree of faith in the intervention of elemental forces which we may term spiritual and that are believed to operate with increasing precision and effectiveness upon the mind and body of man. It is claimed for automatic writing that any person who is of the right temperamental conditions can put himself into a state of such passivity as to thought and act as to become a perfect medium of this kind of writing. The modus operandi is to sit calmly and undisturbed at a table, with pencil in hand and a writing pad in position. Then by patiently waiting and thinking of nothing at all, the subject will, if trusting enough to allow the mysterious elements time to act, begin writing, and will set down coherent, rational, and sometimes very remarkable matter, seemingly quite at variance with his own processes of thought and states of mind. Entire success may not be reached until after repeated and systematic trials, but instances are not few of satisfactory results of the first experiment. The active consciousness may ask questions that will be answered often to the contrary of expectation, and advice will be given to a course of action or conduct the reverse of that the usual judgment would have proposed.

There is no denying the fact of this writing. The question is as to whether it is automatic, the result of a sub-consciousness, or is inspirational, the prompting of occult forces controlling the passive muscles of the subject. Each one may answer this question according to his own

beliefs or theories. There is something very consoling in the idea that this kind of thing may be done, and its general acceptance will perhaps give us a quality and character of composition that would relieve men of a great load of responsibility. If certain writers would confine themselves strictly to the plan of waiting until their pens and pencils move without their conscious direction the world would be vastly their debtor. We earnestly recommend the scheme to Congress.—The Inter Ocean.

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So common at this season, is a serious condition, liable to lead to disastrous results. It is a sure sign of declining health tone, and that the blood is impoverished and impure. The best and most successful remedy is found in

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- Bible Criticisms.
- Cross and Steeple; Their Origin and Significance. By Hudson Tuttle.
- A Discussion Between E. V. Wilson, Spiritualist, and Elder T. M. Harris, Christian.
- Mr. Heaphy's Ghost.
- Luna Spiritualism. A Satire on Modern Phenomenalism.
- Oration on Leadership and Organization. By F. Brittan, M. D.
- Power and Permanency of Ideas. A. B. French.
- Spiritualism as a Science. J. J. Morse.
- The Absence of Design in Nature. Garrison.
- The New Science. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.
- Three Plans of Salvation.
- Woman. Mrs. Hurlburt.

"The Progress of Evolutionary Thought"

The Opening Address by B. F. UNDERWOOD, the Chairman, before the Congress of Evolution held in Chicago, September 25th, 29th and 30th. Price, 6 cent. Sale at the office of THE JOURNAL.

WOMAN AND THE HOME

GET ALL OUT OF LIFE THAT YOU CAN.

To a very good rule—as rules may go—
Of value to woman and man;
To set the days by the star of faith
And get all out of life that we can.

II.
The coffers of hope hold infinite stores,
And we may supply them at will;
We may heap them with treasure that never shall
fade,
With wonderful beauty may fill.

III.
Yes, get out of life all we can every day;
But let us reflect on the meaning,
Shall we wrest from the weak because we are
strong
Each thing that of value is seeming?

IV.
Shall we feel that possessions are riches alone?
And insist that we lead in the van?
In fulfilling this rule that we hold for our days,
To get all out of life that we can?

V.
There are those who do this, but you will not,
I know.
For you hold that the secret of living—
Of beautiful days full of infinite charm
Lies only in loving and giving.

VI.
To get out of life we must put into life
All generous courage, all sweetness;
Be thoughtful for others, be courteous and kind,
And then will life grow to completeness.

VII.
And thus will the days as they glide into years
Hold their riches for woman and man,
Who follows this rule in its meaning sublime,
To get all out of life that we can.

—Lillian Whiting.

INSURING WOMEN'S LIVES.

Insuring women's lives has become such a precarious business that insurance companies disapprove of women risks, and have discontinued largely the custom of insuring them in favor of their husbands, fearing that men will abuse their opportunities. A writer in the American Women has been investigating the subject, and has gathered some information which may serve to put women on their guard, and cause them to be more suspicious of the faithfulness and undying affection of their lords and masters. The first reason given against women as subjects for life insurance is that they rarely, if ever, give a true statement of their physical condition. Examinations may find them in apparently perfect health, when, in reality, they have some incurable disease. If reference is made to their habits of life and manner of dress they promptly assert that they dress in the most approved and hygienic plan. An officer who may be called cynical goes so far as to state that when women go to have their lives insured they tell only a minimum of the truth. Companies consider it unsafe to insure property which has no insurance value, and take it for granted that a woman's income is not large enough to justify any large amount of insurance. It seems that the moral risk of insuring women is far greater than physical; not that the woman herself is morally a risk, but that the avaricious tendencies of her husband make it a hazardous experiment. Permitting a husband to put a moneyed value on his wife is fraught with danger which has not been anticipated by loving, unsuspecting wives with their husband's welfare at heart. One large insurance company discovered a great increase in the mortality of their female risks, and upon investigation came to the conclusion that men are not to be trusted. While no cases of real murder have been found against these men, physicians were in many cases convinced that with good care many a woman might have lived out her allotted time. One method among husbands after a wife insures her life is to treat her with neglect, and when she becomes ill attend to it that she has no medical advice until it is too late. The writer adds that "men have been known to marry women, have their lives insured, give them cause for divorce, and sell them to other men for their insurance."

The triumph of Miss Kate Windschied in being graduated from the old University

of Heidelberg with the title of doctor of philosophy is a triumph for all German women. She is the first woman to win this distinction in Germany, and she won it from the proudest and oldest university of the fatherland, and against prejudice and traditions which heretofore had been insurmountable. The theory—or fact, rather—of the intellectual equality of men and women has never been admitted by Germans in general, although they have read proofs of it in their copies of Plato and in the pages of thousands of other writers. They kept not only the professional schools at the universities closed to women, but the gymnasia, or colleges, and forced the clever ones to quench their thirst for knowledge in the so-called "seminaries" whose curriculum was made up chiefly of history, literature and modern languages. But with the action of the university regarding Miss Windschied all prejudice seems to have been overcome and by the time that the first diplomas are granted by the women's gymnasia the doors of every university in Germany will probably be open to their graduates. Miss Windschied was born on August 23, 1859, in Munich, as the daughter of the late Professor Windschied, one of the most famous teachers of law on the continent. She was educated at schools in Munich, Heidelberg, Leipzig and Berlin, attending the Victoria Lyceum in the latter city. Her course there was supplemented by studies in England, where she worked much in the British Museum. In 1890, having been a teacher in the meantime, she began the study of philosophy at the university and was graduated a few weeks ago. The subject of her theses was "The English Pastoral Poetry from 1579 to 1625." Miss Windschied has an interesting face, kindness being expressed in almost every feature. Her type is purely German.

"What are we to do with our girls?" distracted parents ask incessantly. The answer is easy enough. Consider them, respect the needs of their nature, and do not require them to conform to the exigencies of the day before yesterday. Parents who would do their duty by the modern girl should recognize the fact that the average of intelligence is higher in her sex than it used to be, that observation is involuntary, and that silence may conceal thought, but does not stifle it. The reasoning faculty is there, and will work of its own accord, but probably all awry if not carefully directed. There are very few girls who will not strive after an ideal of life if only it is offered to them early. Girls are of a plastic nature. Their inclinations for the most part tend toward refining influence; but influences they must be, and if there is an absence of that which is noble in the shape into which they are first moulded, then that which is ignoble is apt to take its place. There is no more difficult or delicate task in education than the forming of a young girl's character. If a well judged touch will on the one hand produce the most beautiful results, so on the other one that is ill judged will warp and disfigure.—Sarah Grand in North American Review for June.

It is suggested in France that "the beautiful and patriotic features" of Joan of Arc, the new patron saint of the nation, whose memory is being honored in various prominent ways all over the country just now, be put on the next edition of French postage stamps.

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A Verbatim Report of the Proceedings of the Liberal Religious Congress held in Chicago last month, including all the addresses—those of Thomas, Hirsch, Savage, Jones, Salter and others—is for sale at this office, at 25 cents a copy. Ten copies to one address for \$2.00.

It appears from a statement which comes from the President's office of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, signed by the President, H. S. Olcott, that the accuser of Mr. Judge of misconduct for which he is to be tried by a judicial committee in London, on June 27th, is Mrs. Annie Besant.

Let the thought which clergymen whisper to each other secretly in their libraries, which esoteric students declare in their select circles, which a bishop admonishes a too frankly speaking preacher for proclaiming in his pulpit—let such thought have course here as free as the air of heaven, and go untrammelled and unsmothered to ears that are also free.

L. Dow, New York: I write to call your attention to a weak point in Mr. Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena" which I think fatal to his hypothesis. I have not seen that any of his critics have taken notice of it. On page 30 he says: "The objective mind is merely the formation of the physical brain." Now this formation he has apparently conceived of as an entity, with qualities and faculties of its own. This is not conceivable. No definition of formation admits of this possession of faculties, generalities, experiences of its own. His working hypothesis, it seems to me, breaks down at the start.

Direct Legislation Record is the name of a little monthly published by J. W. Sullivan, formerly one of the editors of

The Twentieth Century. The object of this journal is to aid in introducing direct legislation bills in legislatures and in giving the issue of direct legislation its proper place before the public, to serve as a bulletin for the news of the movement, to furnish a common medium of communication to supporters of direct legislation and to outline the development of the reform in the United States. Mr. Sullivan has made direct legislation a subject of special study and he is an able and careful writer. Office of publication Concord Coöperative Printing House, 104 Elm St., (corner Canal), New York.

Mrs. F. G. Seabury, Norfolk, Va., suggests that persons who are in communication with the unseen, by automatic writing, etc., ask those who communicate with them to give some statement as to what part of the Spirit-world they are in. "This," she says, "will furnish us with interesting information and help to explain the different statements given by different spirits of their surroundings. I invariably ask this question of all who talk with us. I thus learn, from my family and friends, when they change their location, which they do as they progress. Would you also request this of others who contribute to your paper? It would aid me, as well as others, for I am investigating in certain lines."

Miss Abby A. Judson has published another book, felicitously entitled, "The Bridge between Two Worlds." The "Bridge" is founded on what she considers the basis of the spiritual philosophy—the trinal nature of man, as constituted of physical body, spiritual body, and soul. This work aims to give a clear, scientific and practical method of harmonizing the outside form with the great magnetic currents of the terrestrial sphere, and the soul within, with the higher spirit intelligences. If the methods inculcated in the book can accomplish what its author claims for them, and all who know her cannot doubt her sincerity, the publication of this book should mark an era in the progress of a pure Spiritualism. For this, and Miss Judson's other works, see advertisement on another page.

In reply to a question by a contemporary as to who is accountable for the conditions which have rendered possible the recruitment of tramp brigades the Nation says in substance: To reach Washington is the one aim of all the "armies." If we can discover, therefore, who it is that has been teaching the people of the United States that all prosperity must come from Washington; that without the help of Washington there cannot be steady employment and fair wages for the laborer, or reasonable profits for the capitalist; that when you are poor and unfortunate in business, you should write to your Congressman or appear before the committee and "demand a hearing"—if we can find out who did this, we shall find out who is accountable for those expressions of "social discontent" known as "Coxeyism" and "Populism." Both these rely on Washington to get them out of their troubles.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten in May made a visit to Paris and was the guest of the Duchesse de Pomar, in whose palatial residence, in the Avenue Wagram, is fitted up a lecture room where eminent thinkers every Wednesday of the Paris season favor the Duchesse's guests with lectures on their favorite themes. Mrs. Britten was the speaker on May 2d and 7th when she reviewed the spiritual history and experience of the race. Le Gaulois, a leading Paris daily, referring to the first lecture said: The English and American visitors and residents here had a great rendezvous

yesterday (May 2d), at the mansion of the Duchesse de Pomar, where, in the splendid lecture room, Madame Emma Britten gave a magnificent inspirational address. Madame Britten's reputation is world-wide throughout all English-speaking lands. Her eloquence is brilliant, impassioned, and powerful, and her erudition is astonishing.

The Free Religious Association held its twenty-seventh Annual Convention in Boston May 31st and June 1st. Article II. of the Constitution was amended to read as follows: "The objects of this Association are to encourage the scientific study of religion and ethics, to advocate freedom in religion, to increase fellowship in spirit, to emphasize the supremacy of practical morality in all the relations of life, and to encourage the organization of local societies or free churches on the basis of free, spiritual and universal religion." Colonel T. W. Higginson was elected President. Vice Presidents: O. B. Frothingham, Felix Adler, F. E. Abbott, Elizabeth B. Chase, Lewis G. Jones, Nathaniel Holmes, Frederick Douglass, Solomon Schindler, B. F. Underwood, Edmund Montgomery, M. D. Conway and Edwin D. Mead. Secretaries: Paul R. Frothingham and W. H. Spencer. Treasurer: J. A. J. Wilcox. Directors: Edna D. Cheney, J. C. Haynes, D. G. Crandon, D. H. Clark, J. A. J. Wilcox, Mary H. Ladd, J. Lloyd Jones, William Filene, Mrs. R. P. Hallowell, Anna Garlen Spencer, Mary F. Eastman, A. W. Martin.

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