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

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THE PSYCHICAL SCIENCE CONGRESS

TABLE-TILTING AND TELEKINETIC PHENOMENA

By PROFESSOR ALEXANDER, of Brazil.

[Accepted by the Psychical Science Congress Committee and read in part before the Congress held in Chicago, August, 1893.]

IV.

My next witness is Sr. Frederico Pereira da Silva, Jr., already mentioned as the curer of a case of possession. As he is one of my principal informants, I must give the reason for the great reliance I place on all his assertions. He long held a position as assistant architect and draughtsman in a government office, working for nine years under Engineer Sabino Pessoa, who, both orally and in a written certificate, has testified to the truthfulness and intelligence of his former employee. According to Sr. Sabino, Frederico has sometimes done himself harm by not knowing how to dissemble. I can personally attest to the evident faithfulness of Frederico's memory in which, with one exception, I have found no witness to equal him. The various narratives of his experiences are told by him with calmness and without trace of exaggeration. Sr. Sabino Pessoa, a very skeptical gentleman, declares that he has heard them some ten times over, and has noticed that the teller never varies in his statements. With regard to his personal appearance, Sr. Frederico Pereira although really a mulatto, has thin lips, fine cut features and an intellectual expression. From what has been already related, the reader has gathered that he is one of the most convinced of spiritists.

His first evidence as to telekinetic phenomena, written from his oral disposition and corrected and signed by him, is the following:

(11.) Some ten years ago I was living in the Rua Presidente Barroso, Rio de Janeiro. Here we were subject to weird and somewhat alarming experiences. Footsteps were heard about the house in places where there were no living persons to account for them. A sound was heard as of a heavy ball—not afterwards to be found—rolling along the passage and striking against the front door. Donna Ephigenia de Oliveira, my mother-in-law, saw, more than once, a man looking in upon her as she lay in bed. His arms were stretched out, and his hands were pressed against the door posts. It was my custom to take a bath every night in the apartment adjoining my sleeping room; and once, after turning in, we heard a noise as if some one was washing himself very thoroughly in the same water. My wife and I supposed at first that some rat might have fallen into the water; but next morning there was

nothing to indicate that this was the case. The same sounds continued on the following nights, so that, rendered fearful lest the phenomena should become disagreeably developed, I called together a meeting of spiritists, at which Major Quadros, Sr. Nascimento and others were present. Nascimento was entranced, and the spirit that caused the above disturbances manifested through him. It was then that Major Quadros described clairvoyantly a short man dressed in dark colored clothes and looking like a gypsy. He was standing, he said, beside the medium. On this, the spirit, speaking through Sr. Nascimento, exclaimed: "Why a gypsy! Because a man is employed in the law-courts it does not follow that he is a gypsy." The description of Major Quadros, however, tallied with that which had been given by my mother-in-law. Accused of causing disturbances in the house, the spirit replied to the effect that the house belonged to him and that we were the real intruders. It seems he did not know that he had passed through the great change—he had indeed suffered much from erysipelas; but he had lately been quite well, though he could not explain how he had been cured. He gave his name as Salazar. We made him understand his present condition, and, as a consequence, all our annoyances ceased.

We afterwards made inquiries about this individual, and we were informed by a neighbor of ours, Donna Benedicta (now deceased), that just such a man with the same name, Salazar, had occupied the house in which we were then living, and had died a few months before of erysipelas.

FREDERICO PEREIRA, JR.

RIO DE JANEIRO, December 31, 1892.

Sr. Frederico's wife is now dead; but Donna Ephigenia de Oliveira affirms that the above narrative agrees entirely with her recollection of the occurrences. She heard the sounds; saw the phantasm afterwards described by Major Quadros, and was present at the sitting in which the name and manner of death of the former occupant of the house were given. Sr. Nascimento also corroborates this account of the sitting, and remembers well the exclamation that came through him resenting the description given by the clairvoyant. He had at first some doubts as to whether the name obtained were really Salazar; but of this Sr. Frederico Pereira is very positive.

On questioning Major Quadros and Sr. Kall as to their share in these proceedings, I found that they had forgotten in the multitude of their sittings that they were even present on the occasion.

Unfortunately, then, the principal interest of the above case which would consist in the proof that Salazar was really identified in the manner described, is lost through the weakness of the collateral evidence; and, if the narrative merits attention at all, it is because of the testimony of trustworthy witnesses to telekinetic phenomena. As in the preceding case of Sr. Augusto Pereira, the manifestations belong to a very automatic kind of intelligence; and if they are to be attributed to the agency of the dead, they may, perhaps, indicate the continued possession of certain energies; but at the same time they point

to a condition hardly more lucid than that of the supposed splitter of firewood.

In another case investigated by Sr. Wladimir Matta, not only were noises heard, but also lights were seen. The facts occurred in a country place. The deponent, Manoel Antunes de Oliveira, is a small planter, a man who has had but an elementary education, but who is considered to be sincere and reliable.

It is with pleasure that I now comply with your request and give you a written account of the strange occurrences that happened in the last house occupied by us—and which finally obliged us to move away from it. Before beginning, however, it will be well to point out that the greater part of these phenomena were separated from each other by intervals of some days' duration and that only exceptionally did they occur on following days—also that the house nearest to ours stood at a distance of at least 180 feet, and that all our neighbors were (honest) working people.

Positive as I am that the facts which I am about to relate did really occur, I can give my word of honor for the truth of my narrative; but, in attention to the desires of my family and friends, I beg that the names of the witnesses may not be published in Brazil.

On the 22d of January, 1890, my sister-in-law, M. F. S—, died leaving behind her five orphan children. Two months after her death the eldest boy L—, then seven years of age, saw one afternoon the form of a woman coming from behind a door that opened into a passage. It wore a light-colored dress, and its black hair fell loose behind. L— was frightened and ran to tell my sister A— and me what he had seen. We tried to convince him that he was suffering from an illusion; but he insisted that he had, indeed, seen the form; and it was found, when he repeated the story, that he did not vary in his statements. L—, it must be said, is a truthful child; and his description seemed to apply to his mother M—.

Four days later my sister A—, on passing through this doorway—the door itself being wide open and, therefore, flung back against the wall—heard a loud sound of voices that seemed to come from behind it. She was so frightened that it was difficult we could persuade her to remain that night in the house.

Another day in the early morning, as I was passing through the same apartment on my way to the kitchen, the door of a store-room, which was always kept locked, was seen, and heard, by me to move as if some one were pushing hard at it from the inside. I opened one of the windows to let in the daylight, and waited for the repetition of the phenomenon. For a time all was quiet; but on the arrival of my godson J—, a young man of twenty-five, the same movements were again heard and seen. As I had said nothing to him, he was startled and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

These occurrences having made us nervous, we all agreed, with the exception of my brother F—, to sleep in the same room. On the very next night, between 8 and 9 o'clock, as soon as we had lain down, we heard a sound like that of the beating of a drum which lasted several minutes. The drum seemed to be placed on the floor. On the following night this

was repeated; and when F— was called on to hear it, the sound redoubled in intensity. At a later hour blows were heard in the kitchen like those of the large pestle used for mashing rice and Indian corn.

On two separate nights doors seemed to be opened and shut inside the house; but when we went to see who it was doing this, everything was found in its usual order.

It must be remarked that our means would not allow us to keep servants; and, as for my brother F—, (the only one that slept away from us) his room was next to ours so that he could not have made the noises that we heard in other parts of the house.

Many blue-colored lights floated in the room where we slept. We had such manifestations on different nights and at different hours; but the greater number appeared in the early morning while it was yet dark. At first they were mere gleams that lit up the ceiling and walls. They could not be called flashes for they had a certain duration. Later on this diffused light was found to have a focus of intenser brightness in the centre—a fact that was observed by all of us. On one occasion I saw a small illuminated globe surrounded by the diffused light; but when I woke my sister to see it, it disappeared. On another, my cousin M. L. A—, who was passing the night at our house in order to witness some of these phenomena, saw, with me, a light go round two of the walls of the room at about the height of three feet from the floor, and disappear at the second corner. A third time, between 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening, after I had lain down, I saw three lights separated by intervals of more or less one and a half feet; but when I called the attention of my brother to this, he could see nothing. Some days after, however, one of these luminous foci with its surrounding gleam having risen against one of the walls, I again pointed it out to my brother, and this time he declared that he saw it. Nevertheless, when it passed to the opposite wall it disappeared from his sight, although to me it was still visible.

(To be Continued.)

MARGERY'S NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

AN INCIDENT FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MARY IRENE DYE.

It was near the close of a perfect October day that Margery sitting on the porch outside of the sick room of her mistress, heard the little bell summoning her to the bedside of Mrs. Carleton. The trained nurse had been gone just one week, and since her departure, Margery had filled her place faithfully and acceptably. The baby girl was thriving under her loving care, but the frail, little mother was slowly drifting away to the "better country."

As Margery entered Mrs. Carleton said very quietly, "Sit down close by me child and listen carefully, I have something of great importance to say, and I dare wait no longer;" when Margery was seated, she resumed, "I must soon go away—the family will not believe it—but I know; be quiet child;" the girl was weeping convulsively. "I cannot talk unless you are attentive and self-controlled." Her thin hand touched the bowed head soothingly and Margery was enabled to seem quiet while her heart beats were almost audible. "I called you, child, to give exact instructions regarding baby. You are to be her nurse, and to do for her as for your very own; my husband will carry out my wishes for the children. You have grown up in our family Margery, and we trust you fully," (how the dusky face glowed at these words). "Your mother takes your place in the kitchen, and you are to devote yourself wholly to our precious baby."

Then followed minute directions as to the methods she wished pursued by Margery regarding the little one's food, clothing, hours for sleep, for the daily airing, and many other items touching possible exigencies were impressed slowly and painfully, with frequent pauses, upon the mind of her faithful servant, closing with these somewhat remarkable words,

"and child, remember that I shall not go far away. The dear father and mother God does not take mothers so far from their little ones, but the mother-love can reach back helpfully always—remember this, and do not mourn when I am no longer within your sight."

"O, Misses. O, my dear Misses," moaned Margery. "There, poor child, try to be still—for my sake." The woman struggled with herself bravely. Mrs. Carleton spoke again more feebly, "Tell papa, when he comes from the postoffice, not to disturb me. I must try to sleep now; you can stay here if you wish, child," closing her eyes—for the last time it proved.

Tears rained down Margery's face as she watched the dying woman and noted how white and pinched the loved features had grown, and vividly rose the memory of the patient kindness shown to her through her earlier years by the dear mistress lying there so still awaiting the coming of the releasing angel!

A great dread swept over the woman's heart, though all unknowing how closely the shadow was creeping; the wondrous mystery called Death was appalling to this untutored being.

Slowly the time crept on to the watcher—who knew not the moment when the spirit left its house of clay.

Four years passed swiftly and Bessie was the little queen of the Carleton household; brother Harry and sisters Nell and Kate were devoted to the small ruler, and her father idolized the little daughter, who was her mother's likeness in miniature.

It was late in October, and Miss Jane Wilson's time for "doing up" the semi-annual family sewing at the Carleton's. She had not always been a seamstress, much of her life had been spent in what the world calls wider fields of helpfulness; she had served as nurse several years in a famous city hospital, when growing weary of the sight of suffering she took up the needle cheerfully—and to the comfort of her grateful patrons. Jane Wilson was a rarely beautiful woman notwithstanding her thirty-five summers. If she had suffered heartaches, no one was the wiser, for her face was full of the light of the spirit; her friends said it was like having a stream of sunshine come into the room, to see her face there on a cloudy day—happy woman, to have earned praise like that.

On the twenty-ninth day of October Miss Wilson had the house pretty much to herself, Mr. Carleton having taken the older children to the city on a shopping expedition, which the demands of the good seamstress necessitated, while Bessie helped her Mammy—so she always called her old nurse—keep house.

Miss Wilson enjoyed her cosy nook in the great bay window of the sewing-room which commanded a view of distant hills, where the sunlight glinting through the changing foliage of many grand old trees made a beautiful picture. The Carleton home, situated in the handsomest suburb of a southern city, was a peaceful resting place for one tired of the din and smoke of the great city. In this house no sewing was permitted before 9 o'clock in the morning or later than 5 in the afternoon, so Miss Wilson counted on the semi-yearly engagement here as a time of unusual comfort and restfulness. Raising her eyes for a glance at the beautiful hills, Miss Wilson saw Bessie with a small thin board running from the boys' workshop in the yard towards the kitchen where Margery was busily at work. "Come, little Bess, and try on your dress," called Miss Wilson, and then the shining needle flew in and out of the bright fabric, giving final touches to the small waist—"O Miss Wilson, did 'ou make it sing a purpos?" said Bessie, delighted at the rhyming. "No dear, I didn't know it was going to jingle," Miss Wilson answered playfully. "Now you must keep very still indeed while I trim out the neck—careful, the scissors are pretty sharp—there, that will do for this time;" a few stitches in the shoulder seams and then came the final "trying on," Bessie amusing herself meanwhile with the scissors and the bright, strong cord by which they were held to Miss Wilson's waist. "They'd most cut this teeny board,

wouldn't they?" preparing to make the attempt when Miss Wilson hastily took them from her, saying "You don't want to spoil my nice new scissors dear?" "Course not—'souse me," putting her hands up for a kiss.

"Pese make lots of wuffles on my deess like sister will 'ou?" "If you are the best girl in the world, Bessie, there shall be five 'wuffles' on your gown now run and ask Margery to cut that board as you wish," Miss Wilson said, as the little girl started for the wide kitchen.

Margery had fulfilled to the uttermost, as far as was in her power, the wishes of Bessie's mother as expressed that last day of her life. She was greatly beloved by the little girl, who was never quite so happy and contented as when in Margery's kitchen that indulgent woman rarely refusing to frolic with her, even when the routine work threatened to suffer in consequence of the invasion; but to-day, when Bessie rushed in, exclaiming, "Mammy, my gown down is deest 'squisit—wanter see it now?" "Now, child—Ise clarin up tings roun' hyar—ye g'long and help Mis' Wilson," Bessie pouted, but said coaxingly, "you'll fix this board anyway, I reckon—its to make sumfin awful nice for you, Mammy," adding as a clincher, "Miss Wilson said you'd do it." "Laws honey, but Ise powerful busy—but neber mind, dat won't take long no how," complying with the child's request, then giving her a ride on her shoulder twice or thrice about the room—always a great treat to Bessie, Margery tossed her into a large rocker by the window saying, "Clar dis yer foolin' mus' be stopped."

Near by stood the great iron kettle which had been removed from the fire a moment before Bessie came into the room. Stealing up behind Margery, she grasped the woman's rough woolen gown, firmly determined to have the romp renewed, but time was pressing and Margery said rather peremptorily, shaking off the clinging fingers, "Don' you bodder me no m' dis time chile, Ise"—that instant a wild cry rang through the house, and a great plash told the awful story. Bessie had lost her balance as her fingers were loosed from the heavy fabric, and fell over into the kettle at her side. Another second and Margery had the poor little child in her arms running towards the sewing-room—shrieking for help like a mad woman. Miss Wilson comprehended all at a glance. "Place her here on this work table." A moment more and she was cutting the clothing from the screaming child with a swiftness and deftness that poor Margery remembered afterward. "Go for the doctor next door."

"There is no hope, nothing can save her, poor little darling." Margery heard the doctor's words, and fell like one dead beside the table.

Miss Wilson's drill and experience as a hospital nurse proved an inestimable blessing in this emergency. The doctor administered opiates and Bessie seemed to be unconscious, till at the very last. We cannot dwell upon the heart-rending scene that followed the return of the stricken family from their excursion to the city laden with pretty gifts for their beloved Bessie; enough that midnight brought release to the little one, who knew them all for a brief moment—giving poor tortured Margery crouching by the bedside a smile, beaming with loving kindness.

Very tenderly they laid all that was mortal of their darling beside her mother's grave, and the slow sad days crept away; by and by the darkness in this shadowed home grew less, and the family resumed its large measure its wonted routine, but poor Margery's heart was buried in Bessie's grave. The woman was never seen to smile after the child's death! She asked and obtained permission to take Bessie's every day gowns and the playthings once in daily use to her own room, where they were placed in an old-fashioned leather covered trunk that stood at the foot of her bed. Bessie called it her "sofa" when playing keep house, (the brown hair and the brass nails on the trunk assisting the pleasant delusion). Margery's large back chamber always being the theatre for all the childish plays; her unflinching patience with the "muss" and confusion the young folks made

private domain was a source of wonderment and gratification to the adults of the family.

This room, sacred to the memory of her dear happy days, this lonely woman shut herself from all, and could scarcely be induced to re-appear for an hour, excepting at the time she visited her grave, where on fine days she spent hours hours prone upon the earth, her head resting on small mound under the great willow.

Miss Wilson gave the family what time could be red from her other duties—they turned to her stantly, feeling that she was bound to them through those hours of suffering by ties that could not be broken. As she was about to return one night to her home, (she lived with an old couple, who had been life-long friends of her parents.) Mr. Carleton said to her, "Miss Wilson, I want to go now," adding after a pause, brokenly, "the strain is too heavy here, I have tried to overcome this daily depression. It may seem cowardly to you, a long-souled woman, but it's the truth; if you will let me here and take charge of—everything—I can—will you add this to your many kindnesses to me and mine?" Miss Wilson swept him with a searching glance, and after a slight pause—said kindly—"must consider a little—it involves a good deal of responsibility—but I will give you my answer in the morning."

One week from that day Mr. Carleton sailed for Europe, and Miss Wilson and her small belongings were removed to the sunny front room up stairs in the Carleton home.

Next morning Miss Wilson asked Harry—nominal head of the family in his father's absence—"Who was it that I heard walking last night—nearly all night I should think—was any one ill?"

Harry's face clouded. "We supposed you knew—strange that no one has told you how Margery walks at night—pacing to and fro nearly all night long—it is dreadful that the poor soul cannot be convinced that she is in no sense responsible for that frightful accident; you remember her agony at the time, but she keeps away from you now, because your presence more than that of any being, brings back that that awful day—besides," added the boy, "she fancies that you blame her."

Miss Wilson's eyes were full—as she started for Margery's room. "She shall not think that another moment, poor soul."

Seated upon the floor before the old hair trunk was the half-crazed woman, rocking her body back and forth and "making moans." She had grown very thin, and in her eyes was an expression pitiful to see. "Don't Misses, I can't bear it," she said tremulously, evidently expecting remonstrance or rebuke from her visitor, but this wise friend only placed an arm around her, and drew the throbbing head to a resting place on her shoulder—stroking it gently for a time, then came words tender and sweet, breathed rather than spoken, carrying healing balm to the wounded soul.

"Bessie loved you dearly, and her love helped you every day; let me love you for her, won't you Margery? She will know it there, if I can comfort you so. It grieves her to see you in these depths of misery, can't you try to look up, for Bessie's sake I ask it of you, dear."

Margery was weeping now, and the tears were bringing relief; she was persuaded to go to her bed and was soon sleeping. Miss Wilson darkened the room and left her to the hard won repose.

The woman was cared for tenderly by all of the household, and every effort made to divert her mind from the sad past, but all was vain—the hurt was mortal. She was dying of a broken heart; at night she paced her room slowly, resting by the window at intervals, her face upturned to the stars "where her baby had gone."

Returning late one night from the bedside of a sick friend, Miss Wilson observed that all was silent within Margery's room; opening the door noiselessly, she saw the woman leaning against the window sill, her wan face raised toward the sky, while upon it shone a radiance not of the earth. She was speak-

ing slowly and very softly. "I see comin' right soon, now, honey. I know dat true, chile, cause I see dem shinin' angels and I hear de glory songs eb'ry night. Yo' keep close by de golden gate, baby. I mus' hav yo' fustest, my darlin'."

Miss Wilson withdrew gently. "She does not need me. She is in the care of those who can see more clearly than I."

Margery failed rapidly after this; her morning's nap—to facilitate which the house was kept quiet as possible till nearly noon—grew shorter and shorter day by day, she partook but slightly of food and remained almost constantly in her own room. So the days passed till the new year came, ushered in by the brightest sunshine making radiant the beautiful world.

Each member of the household came to the breakfast table determined not to allow the memory of their loss since last New Year's day to shadow painfully these bright morning hours. Ah! these anniversary days are many times the saddest of the year!

Harry waited upon the table with great dignity, and aided by Miss Wilson and his young sisters the meal passed pleasantly. At its close Harry took a bulky letter from his pocket. "The best comes last—a New Year's letter from dear Papa. He is ever so much better and writes quite cheerfully. Come into the drawing-room and I will read it aloud."

Margery failed to make her appearance in due season and Miss Wilson grew uneasy, but she reasoned her fears away. Margery had certainly seemed a little better the day previous, showing some interest in plans for the morrow—wondering where "Marse Carleton would eat his New Year's dinner"—then she remembered with a pang the last words Margery had said after the goodnight at the foot of the stairs: "O, Missus, 'pears like I mus' have my baby dis New Year's! 'Las time she was up at de break of day, an' pullin' my eyes open wid her little fingers an' a sayin, 'wake up quick Mammy an' lets tell 'em 'appy New Year's.'"

Was she sleeping, or had her spirit found its new home? Bessie's picture was clasped close to that faithful heart, and the face on the pillow was placid as that of a sleeping child.

From her who knelt by that still figure rose silent thanksgiving to Him who freed this suffering one and restored her so early to the one love of her barren life.

Did little Bessie come with the angel who wakened Margery at the dawn of the New Year to the everlasting morning?

MATTER AND SPIRIT.

By JUDGE A. N. WATERMAN.

IN THE JOURNAL of June 16th, W. Ramsay says: "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 energy, the matter would cease to exist."

It is a philosophical axiom that matter is indestructible. Is either the creation or the destruction of matter conceivable? Can motion, that is a traveling in space, be conceived of except in connection with a conception of matter? It is quite true that we do not understand the constitution of matter, and it may be that the forms it assumes, or rather to our senses, seems to assume, may be dependent upon the various movements it undergoes, but when we speak of motion we mean a movement of matter, and we are unable to conceive of the movement of nothing, of that which does not exist."

Nor are we able to conceive of mind or spirit as totally dissociated from matter, or of a spirit manifesting itself or influencing other spirits except through the agency of matter. We understand as little of the ultimate nature of spirit, as we do of the ultimate constitution of matter, force or energy. We know that we are; that we have impressions, thoughts; that apparently what we call matter and force im-

press us. We give to these various names to indicate the different phases of the impressions we receive. The thing which receives the impressions and thinks about them we call mind, soul, spirit, consciousness; this is what we are; this, so far as we can perceive, receives impressions, thinks, labors, acts only through the agency of matter, and we are unable to conceive of a spirit existing somewhere, floating or stationary in space, without having matter as a container, body, machine through which it operates.

The quality of this matter is a thing about which we have not necessarily any conception; it may be uninfluenced, impervious to heat or cold, unmoved by gravitation, capable of penetrating all substance of which our senses take note, but matter is in all our thinking an inevitable accompaniment—of thought, energy, motion.

REASON.

By O. W. UPTON.

Processes of reasoning are as numerous as unlimited variety can make them. Happily, conclusions and decisions do not conclude or decide, otherwise we should be at the end of all things in high horse order. It is the fate of the finite mind to be led into greater difficulties by overcoming minor ones. Advances are secured and accomplishments gained in all avenues of adventure and in almost every line of thought, and yet, the most delectable is beyond. Because we cannot know all things is possibly the reason why we do not know more. The reason that reason is not always reasonable, lies in the fact that selfish views prompt the logic. Because one reasons falsely is no proof that his efforts are coming to naught. Columbus reasoned that by sailing westward he would find a shorter route to India, and from this came his discovery of America. Bacon reasoned that by induction and experiment the God of the Bible would be established, but this idea is really the foundation of modern philosophy, which teaches that man and God have never as yet shaken hands on a common footing.

Reason acts upon the mind precisely the same as sensation on the body, in each it is the acute and the massive. The acute in sensation may be illustrated by the insertion of a pin into the arm; here is seen actual cause and probable effect instanter; while the massive is shown in the swallowing of a drink of whisky, the result of which is extremely specious and tentative; the cause might be the silver mine which produced the silver that made the ten cents which bought the liquor, or the distiller who fermented the contents of the mash tub, or perhaps the innocent farmer who raised the corn, or it may be the man himself was the cause itself. It would seem almost as if this simple matter was as unintelligible and undeterminate as the unknowable first cause.

The acute in reasoning is exemplified in the writings of Thomas Paine, while the massive, belongs with those of Edmund Burke. Paine insisted on a reason for every act of every individual and all the acts of all humanity, and he was indomitable wherever the acute process would apply, but when he brought it to bear on the massive, the emotional reader invariably feels, that though he reaches a conclusion, it is not always the most satisfactory.

Burke met the issue in the massive by evading it. He said, in substance, that the reason why one man should work all day long in the north of England down in a coal mine, and another ride in his carriage all the day in Rotten Row, should not be inquired into; and again, concerning religion, it should be accepted and any investigation was not to be thought of.

Truth is a strange bulb and lies wherever one happens to find it; sometimes in frigid reason and again in torrid emotion, and then too it smolders partly in one and partly in the other.

Some attribute the cause of the present financial condition to machinery, others, to the bankers, others again to silver, but in lieu of anything certain, the place to put the blame is on man. How can any-

thing but imperfections obtain from so imperfect a being?

The newspapers wrestled with the anarchist question in every style from half-Nelson to whole idiot, but they were unable to reach a definite and abiding standpoint for the simple reason that all truth and all the right was concentrated neither on one side nor on the other; and this quandary was met and quieted, on the time-worn basis, that "Might makes right." The reasoner of to-day is prone to float on one sea and fish in another. But suppose he "gets a bite?" His first impulse is to "pull" and with what result? Simply that his victim goes down deeper into his home, whereas if he had confined himself to his own waters, there would have been reasonable hope of bringing something to the surface.

EFFECTS OF WRONG-DOING.

By J. R. TALLMADGE.

"Pharos," in his automatic writing by the hand of Mrs. Underwood, gives evidence of remarkable wisdom in some of his replies to questions, intimating that we can know but little of real truth with the shackles of matter upon us. In one instance evading a reply to the theory of reincarnation, suggesting that the perceptions of the medium must be farther unfolded before he could give with any measure of exactness the real truth upon that subject; (which, by the way, has no doubt a truth beneath the theory, but the how and whereof probably has not with much accuracy become imaged in the minds of any). Such caution we all might wisely imitate in our assertions of truth. In that spirit I will attempt to add to some considerations in a communication by "Tireness" in THE JOURNAL of May 18th upon the effects of wrong doing in this life carried over to the future state. My own observations upon that subject made for the last forty-two years in the inter-communication between two modes of life, convince me that after entering the other state and casting about for active occupation—activity, occupation, being indispensable to every human soul—the first thing they observe is they must pay up to the last farthing, measuring disciplinary methods of growth by material symbols. Says a writer: "God makes things make themselves."

Our acts of injustice, wrong-doing as we term it, proceed from our state, and become the whip, the master, the disciplinarian that eliminates that state, turning the spirit from the obtuseness of selfishness, and allowing it to see that the only permanent good that can come to the soul is to live and work in the universal, outside of self, for the good of all. Or as action and reaction is the paramount law to produce manifestation, true with the human soul as elsewhere, it is under the reactionary process, while the wrong-doing was the action, departure from justice, poise—really ignorance. For it must be each does as well as he can—not as well as he might, but as well as he can with the outlook his experiences, either here and now, or sometime, somewhere—have furnished him.

The truly exalted "great souls" doubtless come to earth purely on missions of benevolence, while the class of spirits referred to are doing penance by righting the wrongs or setting agencies in operation to accomplish it, or in ways and means possible, to make amends for the wrongs committed. This makes man his own savior through his experiences—yes, sins—for through them he gains his understanding.

Nature is a sleepless jailor and only slides the bars for exit when the "uttermost farthing" has been paid. She allows no escape that she may make the most of us. We are held to our task of purification. A number of psychic experiences in part led me to this conclusion.

A lawyer—a professing Christian—a man of good habits, but one who had made the usual mistake of thinking mankind was simply game to be captured, some forty-five years ago took from my brother and myself a farm, through tricks in the law. About ten years since he died; two years ago he appeared to me in vision, handing me a roll of money, saying:

"This belongs to you." He was dressed in a new suit of coarse clothes—new and clean—could not yet put on the fine clothes. He had aided me or another to the full value represented by the material symbol.

A man with whom I was in business while living did not quite the straight thing with me. Through one of the best psychics I have known, he was alluding to this matter, calling me by my nickname and used a most characteristic expression: "The ax cuts clean." I am conscious he has aided me materially by impellings, with-holdings and impressions.

My wife's father, a most lovely old gentleman, never having been sick a day in his life, temperate, just, full of good-will, in body and soul as pure seemingly as an angel, died at the age of 82. All material cares as to family were passed and his "purgatory" (Karma Loca) state seemed brief in time; he had comparatively no wrongs to right; he passed on.

A distinguished member of the United States Senate—a contemporary of Webster, Calhoun and Clay—I was permitted to see in vision in response to that wish some year or so after his death. He looked himself at the age of about 37; hale, hearty, ruddy complexion, full of vigor. Thirty years later, in connection with the righting of a great wrong perpetrated upon his daughter, I saw him again. The marvel, the wonder of that face in its character, its power, its presence, was a revelation to behold! To follow out the manifestations that led to justice shows how we are often intensified, knowing may-be not the cause. The husband of this daughter had passed over where he must foot up his accounts; one of which was to get a paper on file fastening a stain upon the character of his former wife that in the eyes of the world is erasable, destroyed. This paper was a forgery upon which he could get a permit from the bishop to marry again; probably presuming it would not become publicly known, and at a future time he could get possession of it; but not long after its filing he passed over. In less than two months after the paper was destroyed the bishop died. Had the record passed into other hands justice to the lady could have scarcely been reached. It was thus fore-known that the bishop too would go to his reward. We can imagine the unrest of this man with that paper on file and of his calling to his aid a powerful mind and will to secure its destruction.

It is often of more importance to the denizens of spirit life to come into conscious communication with the yet embodied than to those still in earth form, not alone earth attraction holding them, but they may thereby hasten their release from the effects of wrong-doing. They have no longer the instrument—the body—to relate themselves to earthly affairs, to use their energies, and are so, to express it, without occupation; upon seeking one they find they must go back to the broad, straight road of justice; like one returning upon some by-road to the well macadamised highway. If one has been merciless, mercilessly does the law remind him and he learns the sweetness of the merciful. It is to-night that we are more especially punished in the other life. This is one way of stating it, but not the expression of a philosopher; with him it is rather the method of progress, the way of conjoining with the "over-soul." To philosophic thinking, use is the highest law—if one law is paramount to another, so sin, evil, is the method of learning the good.

Some may recall an interesting illustration of the progress of the soul in its settlement of accounts, in the relation by A. J. Davis of one of his psychic experiences or perceptions, where a boy lost his life in swimming the river Seine, being pursued by officers to arrest him for stealing a purse of jewels. In his after life he was compelled, or impelled each day to go to a kind of museum of curiosities to look at this purse of jewels and contemplate the wrong; until at length some wise one pointed him to some work of assistance he could be to another; and thus his occupation and progress began.

Through automatic writing from one who had before death refused to fulfill a five thousand dollar obligation of honor, causing much disappointment to

the party expecting payment, most unexpectedly came the words, "I come to say but one word and give." He could thereafter go forward with hope and a certain amount of relief. Thus the favorable opportunity to adjust wrongs done here or another is in this life. Out of a semi-perception of this truth has grown its exaggeration in the Christian dogma of repentance possible on earth only.

Of course these views do not by any means cover all the facts or factors that enter into the spiritual progress. Confusion in our perception of truth often occur by exalting a truth to undue prominence, instead of making it one factor out of many in the relation of things, and our perceptions only partial instead of complete.

PUBLIC SCHOOL INSTRUCTION.

From Mr. Bonney we have received the following letter which is characterized by a very fair and liberal spirit:

DEAR MR. UNDERWOOD: Please accept my thanks for your kindness in sending me a marked copy of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, with your comments on the memorial presented by the Chicago Woman's Educational Society to the Mayor, in relation to moral and religious instruction in the public schools.

Endeavoring to put myself in your place, I think I appreciate the force of the views you express; and I am very sure that a frank and friendly discussion of the matter among those who entertain different views in relation to it, will, if properly continued, finally result in some just and satisfactory solution of the immensely important problem of character building in the public schools. There are thousands of children growing up in our midst without any instruction in the fundamental principles of right conduct, and unless provision shall be made for imparting such instruction in the public schools, these children will reach manhood and womanhood without receiving it at all. To train a child to distinguish between good and evil, right and wrong, is surely not less important than to instruct him in a branch of merely intellectual attainment.

My attention has recently been called to what seems to me a very admirable treatise on the moral instruction of children, by Dr. Felix Adler, with an introduction by Dr. William T. Harris, Commissioner of Education. If nothing more satisfactory can be done, I would be glad to see the course of moral instruction recommended by Dr. Adler adopted and put in operation in our public schools. As I have recently written to another friend, with me the main thing is to secure in the best practicable manner, the instruction of the children in our public schools in the fundamental principles of a righteous life; and I want to accomplish this result, not by doing violence to the consciences of others, but in the spirit of a just and generous compliance with the golden rule.

Trusting that a satisfactory adjustment of the important matter under consideration will finally be reached, and thanking you for your uniform courtesy,

Very sincerely yours,
CHARLES C. BONNEY.

ANOTHER SEANCE AT ROME.

Psychische Studien recently contained an article translated from Lux by Countess Mainardi. We give it to the readers of THE JOURNAL translated into English:

Bertuccio Scammacca, Consul of Uruguay and Portugal in Catania, had a dear daughter seven years old. His wife and the servant girl had both dreamed the same night of the death of the little child, and the next day Bertuccio himself heard plainly a voice which whispered to him: "There remains nothing but to strew flowers on the grave of your Graziella." Soon afterwards she fell sick and in a few days death tore her from the arms of the despairing parents.

The poor father was reminded of the dream and the mysterious voice which had foretold his misfortune. He was not a spiritist, but had heard much

talk of the new wonderful science. An irresistible longing for light took possession of his soul. In the hope of again seeing his loved daughter, the despairing father wrote Leymarie, director of La Revue Spirite, in Paris, that he would like very much to take a journey to Paris from Sicily, if he should receive the assurance that he would there find that he could, with the assistance of a capable medium, call up the spirit of his Graziella. Leymarie replied that Rome would furnish him the desired opportunity, and sent him a letter of introduction to Hoffman, the director of The Academy of Psychic Studies at Rome. Having arrived there Bertuccio was received in the kindest manner by Hoffman and invited to a séance the following evening. After an unsuccessful one he was invited to a second. Four mediums were present: Cecchini, Magni, Boella and de Giacomo. The spirits "Allan" and "Herz" announced through typologic raps the presence of his daughter Graziella, and that she was by the side of her father. Two little hands developed out a shining circle and stroked the cheeks of the weeping father. "Graziella, my child," stammered Bertuccio in his deep sorrow, "Give me a certain proof that you are my precious little daughter!" Hoffman asked her to write something to her father, for example on his cuff or shirt collar. This was done at once, and when the light was brought, Bertuccio recognized the handwriting of the little one in these words: "I love you so much—be happy—I pray for you," on his cuff and on his shirt collar. Yet this did not satisfy him, he required new proof. Then he felt a completely formed child's hand, which undid his coat and unbuttoned his vest, in order to grasp a locket containing Graziella's hair. Beside himself for emotion and joy he kissed the little hand and received at the same time the most striking proof of her presence. He felt two fingers pressed upon his eyes, a sportive action which the child in her lifetime was accustomed to repeat often with these words, "Now I make you blind!" Twelve persons were present at this séance, not a dry eye was to be found; all were deeply moved.

On the next day Bertuccio sent the shirt-collar and his cuffs home to his wife, who at once telegraphed back: "Bring me to Rome—handwriting compared with the writing of Graziella in her copybooks and recognized."

Bertuccio immediately left Rome to bring his wife there; however, he asked his Graziella in a last séance whether she had seen his three quite small children which he had lost several years before. "Oh yes," was the reply, "they are always with me," and immediately appeared eight little hands, clear and shining, which hovered about the father. After the departure of Bertuccio Scammacca it was not quiet at The Academy, and many strange phenomena took place during his absence. Fifteen respectable persons were present at a séance, in which three mediums, Ruggiero, Boella and Cecchini, one after the other were raised into the air, and then all three together and remained some time, just below the ceiling. They wrote on the ceiling the day and hour of their levitation and subscribed their names. Meanwhile Bertuccio and his wife had returned to Rome and the interesting phenomena of the preceding séance were repeated. A materialization of the little Graziella was accomplished. About fifteen persons formed the circle; the red lamp was extinguished. After five minutes all noticed a bright strip on the table; then it was formed into a shining pillar of mist out of which came the beautiful form of Graziella surrounded by a white wreath. She kissed and embraced her father and mother; then placed herself on their laps; then went to her aunt, a lady who had come from Catania to again see her niece. Thus she remained several minutes visible to all, plunged her hands into the prepared paraffine and sprinkled drops of water on her loved ones there. With the self-illuminated apparition of Graziella it became bright in the room throughout; she wore a glistening cross on her forehead. Cecchini was at the same time elevated into the air; then Madame Bertuccio Scammacca seized the hand of her daughter

and begged her so earnestly to be elevated with her that she was gratified and all three were elevated to the ceiling; the mother was slowly and carefully let down upon the table in a kneeling posture. The mediums were exhausted and groaned. Graziella kissed the hands of her parents, placed herself beside the mediums Cecchini and Boella and finally vanished into mist as she had come out of it.

THE INDIAN BELIEF IN SPIRIT AGENCY.

Clarence E. Edwards, writing in regard to the North American Indians, says that they firmly believe in spirit existence and spirit communication; that the sky is peopled with the spirits of those that have died and that these people live in a land where eternal joy awaits him who has done his full duty in this world. There is no hell in the Indian belief, except in so far as the fact of his being debarred from the blessings that come to the good Indian after he passes into the other life may constitute a hell. The Indian believes that the pleasure after death comes only to those who have done their full duty on earth. Were it not for this perfect belief in life beyond the grave resultant upon fulfillment of duty here the spirit world would be filled with suicides, but the Indian who takes his own life must expiate his crime in deepest sorrow and be shut out from the joys of an abode with the blessed spirits. The absence of suicide among Indians has often been commented upon by soldiers and plainmen, but the reason is apparent when we reach the centre of their belief. The intermediary between the Indian and the spirits is the man known among the whites as the "medicine man," but who is known among the Indians as the "meda." The meda is not a priest of a cult or religion, but is simply the man through whom communications pass between the seen and unseen worlds.

These medas have a great influence over the tribes to which they belong, and while they have none of the powers of a chief, they rule as being the voice of the higher powers, and where the meda has shown good work he is obeyed implicitly as if he were the absolute ruler. There are certain places that are held as being especially the abode of "Those Above," and at stated intervals the entire tribe makes a migration to the vicinity of the sacred spot and waits while the medas enter into the forbidden districts and, in some instances, remain for weeks secluded while they commune with the higher powers. Certain portions of the Black Hills were so regarded and the Bad Lands of Dakota hold several such localities. The Utes, of Colorado, had such a spot in the high plateau near the head of the Grand Canon, which was held in such reverence that should the medas even now advise them to go there, the entire tribe would suffer annihilation before it would be driven back.

ROBERT BREMNER, of Westville, Conn., a young farmer about twenty-five years old, of German descent, is an object of much attention at present, owing to an experience which he claims to have had and in consequence of which he has joined the Methodist church where he lives. He declares that he has seen and talked with the spirits of his dead father, and other relatives and has followed them into the other world where he has held long interviews with them. One day when sitting in a rocking chair, according to an account published in the New Haven Register, his mother occupying another seat in the room near him, he thought he heard a voice which he recognized as that of his father who had been dead four years. He listened sharply and again heard the same voice. He said nothing, but listened again, and the same voice, unmistakably that of his father, was heard speaking to him words of advice, and telling him to repent of his wrong doing, (he was rather a wild young man) and be converted. Bremner said nothing but he was terribly frightened. He thought he was in a trance. After having conversed for some minutes, Bremner says that he was asked to accompany the spirit of his father to the other world, which he did. He says it was a sight of great

magnificence, and he saw relatives who had departed many years ago. He claims to have conversed with all of them and was in conversation with an uncle who had died in Scotland when the spirit suddenly took its flight. The vision then disappeared, and young Bremner found himself beside his mother to whom he related all that he had seen and heard. At first the members of the family were inclined to discredit the story of the younger brother. It seems that the Bremners had not known of the death of the relative in Scotland, and believing that he was still living caused them to doubt still more the story of the young man. A few days after, however, a letter was received from relatives of the uncle in Scotland, bringing the news of his death. The family then began to believe that all that the young man had said was true, and he was questioned more closely regarding what transpired. When he told his mother about a passage in the Scriptures of which the spirit of his father had told him, Mrs. Bremner opened her eyes wider than ever. It was a passage which had been used at the marriage ceremony, and which Mrs. Bremner well remembered. Young Bremner repeated it; the mother became convinced. Bremner goes to church regularly and people who know him say that "there is not a young man of as model life in Westville." Bremner appears intelligent and in his conversation does not talk like one mentally unbalanced. He has been examined by a physician who declared him to be of sound mind. Narratives like this should, of course, be received with extreme caution, but the main facts, once they have been verified have a psychological interest which makes them worthy of being recorded.

THE Brotherhood of Man, to the majority of people, means, believe as I do about all things and you shall be my brothers. The orthodox Christian says: "Believe in Jesus and that he died to save you, and you shall be my brother." The politician says: "Believe in my party, and you shall be my brother." The Prohibitionist says: "Believe in abolishing the liquor traffic, and you shall be my brother;" and so on through all the varied beliefs of man, each believes in the Brotherhood of Man only so far as people accept his special belief. For men to be on the right road to establish the Brotherhood, they must be unbiased and unprejudiced and be open to see and accept truth wherever it exists, and it exists in all things; for nothing could stand for a day without some kernel of truth to sustain and hold together the error. Until all men and women come together, of all kinds of belief and non-belief, and are willing to learn truths of each other and blend them, as the various flowers of the garden, into a glorious bouquet of truth, the Brotherhood of Man must remain the dream of the seer and the poet, not yet come to external realization.—Lucy A. Mallory, in *The World's Advance Thought*.

THE main wants of to-day are simplicity of living and soberness of thinking—trustfulness of spirit and reverence of mind—a fuller development of the whole self, and not of æsthetic culture or physical comfort only—useful work unspoiled by sordid hankerings, and readiness to live on a shilling a day if that must be. Where these helps to a manly or womanly life are present, and where they build up a patient and kindly personality, there will be little to fear in relation to that sorrowful desertion of life and duty by those whose very sensitiveness to the world's sorrows mark them out as best fitted to pity, guide, and save.—Light.

PROFESSOR DOLBEAR, in his revised and enlarged edition of "Matter, Ether and Motion," which has just been issued by Lee & Shepard, has a chapter on "Implications of Physical Phenomena," in which he says: "This paper is not to be understood as implying that there is no relation between the living and the dead, for the writer does not believe that doctrine; instead of that he thinks we are very near to a discovery of a physical basis for immortality that will transform most all our own thinking."

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

On the second of July, one hundred and eighteen years ago the Continental Congress voted to sever the tie which bound the thirteen colonies to the mother country. On the day following John Adams wrote to his wife, "But the day is past. The second of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other, from the time forward forever more.

Two days later the Continental Congress ordered that the Declaration of Independence should be engrossed upon parchment preparatory to signing; and four days later this great proclamation of the natural rights of man electrified the world. Then were laid the foundations of a free commonwealth on the equality of all men with respect to their natural rights. The Constitution which was afterwards framed with wisdom and sagacity was ordained and established in the name of "the people of the United States." The world had been ruled by kings and priests; the founders of this Republic recognized the sovereignty of the people. Everywhere church and state had been conjoined. The principle of the separation of church and state was made the cornerstone of this nation. The Constitution of the United States was made purely secular. It is difficult for us at this day to fully understand how far in advance of their age were those who established this Republic.

The nation, when it started, had but 3,000,000 inhabitants. It now has nearly 70,000,000. In a thousand industrial pursuits, in the mechanical arts, in useful inventions, in the application of science to life, America, although but a youth, is leading the old European nations. The political institutions of this country are susceptible of improvement, but they are even now referred to by liberty-loving patriots of the despotic countries of Europe as hopeful illustrations and prophecies of what their people shall some day enjoy. Ecclesiasticism, which has, more than mountains and seas, divided mankind and served as an obstacle to its solidarity in the Old World, is here shorn of its strength largely by the national spirit which is getting control and which even the enormous immigration pouring in annually from priest-ridden countries of Europe is powerless to destroy or overcome.

The literature of America, if not equal to that of some of the old countries, is full of the spirit of progress and is bright, vigorous, and unique in thought and style. In fact this literature, now in a formative process, is rapidly developing into a distinctively national literature, stamped with the characteristics of the American mind and heart.

Our composite population is sure to favor and to produce a cosmopolitan spirit; the ambition and energy which from the days of the Pilgrims have sought relief in this free land, are manifest in every province of American thought and activity; the freedom which the kings and priests of the Old World could not crush, is exhibiting itself here in the general life of the people, sometimes it is true in erraticisms and extremes which are unavoidable during rapid intellectual social evolution; the exercise of the right of private judgment and spiritual freedom has given rise to many sects and many religious beliefs, but underlying them all is that implied right of protest which is sure to divest religious thought of its extravagances and to result in broad and rational views.

America, with its vast extent of territory, its unequalled resources, with its traditions of freedom, its public schools, its wonderful energy, its security from the liability of entanglement with the nations of Europe, which at this moment, armed to the teeth are watching one another with jealous fear, is likely to become, with age, the greatest nation of the modern world. It is "manifest destiny" clearly indicated

by the logic of events, and foreseen by European thinkers and statesmen who have visited this country and contemplated the probabilities respecting our future. The American can justly feel patriotic pride in the progress and prosperity of his country and contemplate with hopeful confidence the future of the American people, if they are but true to themselves. The encouragement of a national feeling and the development of American sentiments will the most effectually give to the American people that solidarity which is necessary to make a great nation strong and secure an immunity from dangers within as well as from dangers without.

But we should not blind our eyes to the dark side of American life. The increasing influence of powerful combinations of men of wealth against the rights and interest of the people, the facility with which they secure legislation in furtherance of their schemes, and the growing tendency to make wealth the standard of social distinction are reasons for grave apprehensions. "An evil day is approaching" says Draper when it becomes recognized in a community that the only standard of social distinction is wealth. That day in Rome was soon followed by corruption, terrorism and national decay. The government of our great cities is largely in the hands of corrupt men, supported by and often in league with the lowest classes. A vast amount of ignorance and superstition is annually imported by those who want to increase their profits by employing the cheapest labor. Crime is on the increase. At the present time vast numbers are out of employment and many are on the verge of starvation, though there is abundance of food in the land. There is a strong conviction among the mass of wage-workers that there is no equitable distribution of the products of industry and that the burdens of taxation fall unequally on the lower classes. Facts like these cannot be ignored. They should serve to arouse the spirit of justice and patriotism in the country, with a determination to overcome the evils which threaten us and to solve the social and industrial problems which confront us.

AGE IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

In disputing the question of man's continued existence after the dissolution of the body, one of the standard arguments against such continuity and consequent recognition of friends in the beyond, is based on the facts of age, and successive generations. Used as we are through our earthly experience to the different stages through which we pass here, childhood, youth, manhood and womanhood, and the gradual decline of physical energy culminating in old age and death, it is natural for us to carry on the analogy into such future life as we can conceive of, and we think of the babe called away in life's first dawning hours, the prattling boy or girl, the youth or maiden, the venerable grandsire and worn-out grandmother as still retaining in the spirit-world the same physical aspects as the bodies in which their spirits were encased previous to the moment of their departure. Otherwise, the question is asked, how are we to recognize our own friends when we reach their state? Or, if spiritually progressed and changed, how can there be any joy in recognition? and indeed, will they, thus changed, be really the same ones whom we so loved, and lost, and mourned and longed for while we were in the body?

Every grandmother and great-grandmother who has passed from earth had herself a mother whom she longed to meet in the Spirit-world, and loved as she loved the daughters, sons and grand-children left behind. What confusion of identities, "relations, and ages, say the doubters, must then arise in such cases of spirit recognition, and reasoning from earthly premises they say spiritual life is improbable, if not impossible, and think they have brought forward a strong argument against it.

Let us consider the question a little. What are the means and methods by which we recognize our friends on earth? When we see them in our homes,

meet them momentarily on the street, or when they return after long absence, or we have been separated from them for longer or shorter periods while they were "growing up?" Primarily by their physical characteristics which our eyes detect rapidly in spite of the general like characteristics common to humanity and the race, every individual has a marked physical variation from all others, in form or features. Even when the child or youth has developed in size or expression, the personal characteristics still remain, so that recognition is unimpaired.

But deeper and more strongly asserted than physical stamps of individuality are the spiritual characteristics which set apart each individual soul, and it is by these we recognize one person from another, somewhat similar one, more than by physical difference. A human being may by disease or accident become so changed in outward appearance as to be unrecognizable by his dearest friend, but if his mind remains the same, his spiritual characteristics would clearly reveal his identity to the least observant.

And is it not the intellectual and spiritual qualities rather than the merely physical which draw us to our loved ones and endear them to us? Is it not the spirit within the body that we love rather than the body itself? Is not the body beloved because of the quality of the spirit which inhabits it for a time? We may admire the house in which a friend lived and which bears evidence of his presence, perfume, wealth and tastes, but if he moves from one abode to another, we recognize him through these signs clearly in the new habitation as in the old, and we transfer our liking quickly from the old home to the new, for our friend is still the same wherever he abides, and our love still follows and recognizes him. It is then the spirit of man which we care for.

But spirit should not in higher spheres take on the bodily characteristics of age. That is but a sense attribute. We shall be drawn as strongly to the soul that we loved whether that soul developed here in us as a grand-parent full of years, or as a little prattler taken out of our arms to grow to large knowledge on a more advanced plane, and our spirits will recognize each other void of physical outer likeness, by the individual spirit character.

Man's intuitions have ever been protesting against the presumption of age as a possibility in spirit, and it is doubtless the spiritual sense that we do not cannot grow old save in body, which is the source of that quick resentment so many feel and show in advancing years at any intimation from others in regard to the outward marks of age in them; and the resent, too, Nature's relentless indications of gradual decay of physical power—such as failing sight, the lagging step, the loss of spring and energy in many ways. How often have we noted the shy air of deprecation with which the first pair of spectacles are put on in public by those whose waning eyesight forces their use. Birthday books, we may observe, are not much in vogue save among the younger generation. The common weakness so frequently appearing among ageing humanity finds expression in the advertising columns of the daily press in praise of lotions and mixtures calculated to conceal the ravages of time, such as wrinkles, baldness, gray hairs, etc. We may laugh if we choose at the man or woman who all ineffectually tries to conceal the inevitable marks of the passing years, but it is not only from the eyes of their fellows that such persons wish to hide these time marks but quite as much they wish to cheat themselves. Inwardly they do not feel themselves old or decaying in mental power and this is their instinctive protest against being stamped as aged. Some of us will recall in this connection Mrs. Thrale's poem of "The Three Warnings" which Death had promised the farmer should be given before he was called out of the body, but alas, failing sight, increasing deafness, and halting step had come to him, yet failed to teach him the lesson intended—these were not the sort of warnings he expected. In spirit he was still as young as ever.

We have an intimation of the continued youth of

the spirit in the moral and intellectual activity in advanced age shown by many men and women such as Bismarck, Gladstone, Montefiore, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Dr. Furness, Harriet Martineau, Dorathia Dix, Julia Ward Howe, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and many others. Galileo was deep in his favorite studies at seventy years of age, and Mary Somerville, the astronomer, was learning a new language at ninety-two. Is it not likely that such as these, strong in spirit while occupying an aged and dilapidated body, should, transferred to another plane of being, in a different form go joyously on in existence with renewed vigor and growing powers?

Some may point to cases like those of Emerson and Alcott in old age, where the play of mind seemed wavering and fitful before the light of earthly life went out to our eyes, as arguing that spirit only exists in conjunction with matter; but may it not be that the spiritual part of these was already partly withdrawn into the so near unseen, even before the connecting link was entirely severed by that change we name death? The mysteries of life and death are many, and our sense-blind eyes have not discovered all there is to know. Says Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

"I am strong in the spirit—deep-thoughted, clear-eyed—
On the Heaven-heights of truth!
Oh, the soul keeps its youth—
But the body faints sore, it is tired in the race,
It sinks from the chariot ere reaching the goal;
It is weak, it is cold,
The rein drops from its hold—
It sinks back with the death in its face.
On chariot—on, soul,
Ye are all the more fleet—
Be alone at the goal
Of the strange and the sweet!"

And the soul of the poet Bryant had caught assurance of the barring out from the spirit-world of the weakness and decrepitude of that sense—attribute old age; and in his "Return of Youth" thus comforts a friend who regretted his lost strength and joy of youthful feeling.

"Nay, grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die,
Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky;
Waits, like the morn, that folds her wings and hides
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour;
Waits, like the vanished spring, that slumbering bides
Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

There shall he welcome thee, when thou shalt stand
On his bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet
Than when at first he took thee by the hand
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet,
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
Life's early glory to thine eyes again
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then."

Indeed, it does seem impossible for reasoning man to resist the conviction that in some other sphere of existence shall be restored to him all the half-tasted joys of this life, with permission to drink his fill also of the fountain of youth, and strength, that fountain which every tired soul thirsts after, which through here held as a fable that fable has ever had a charm in the telling and hearing—the fountain of youth may well be found in the life of the spirit.

S. A. U.

CENTRIPETAL FORCE.

The following appeared in the New York Sun of June 19th, as a dispatch from San Francisco:

Robert Stevenson, member of the Academy of Sciences, in a lecture before that body last evening declared that the true cause of gravity had at last been discovered. Newton's theory of centripetal force is proven to be simply a delusion as complete as the Ptolemaic delusion of the motion of the heavens. According to the new theory there is no

need for an etherial medium to transmit force or energy, as both can be made to pass through a vacuum without any accompanying matter. The lecturer said that the facts stated have been for several months in the hands of Lord Kelvin, President of the Royal Society. According to this new law any weight whatever, if given horizontal velocity near the surface of the earth equal to 1,036 feet per second, would never fall to the earth, and if a disc of any weight be rotated free in a horizontal plane with resultant velocity or momentum of velocity equal to 1,036 feet per second, the disc would lose all its weight, so that the construction of flying machines is only a question of engineering, skill and capital.

Referring to the above, it is remarkable how anxious a certain class of persons are to dethrone the mighty thinker who formulated the laws of gravitation, the centripetal force which, although not unknown to Newton's predecessors, was not recognized by them as universal in its operation. Supposing it to be true, as stated by Robert Stevenson, that force or energy can pass through a vacuum, that is, without any accompanying matter, Newton's theory of gravitation is not disturbed. It proves merely that force, and therefore the force of gravitation, can operate at a distance, which is the real question that has been agitating the scientific mind ever since Newton's time. The law of centripetal force is universally recognized as a scientific truth, and that it is true is proved by the very fact cited in the above paragraph in disposing of it. By what is called the law of inertia, a body in motion tends to move forever, in a straight line, and therefore a body given a horizontal velocity near the surface of the earth sufficient to overcome terrestrial attraction, if it exists, ought in the absence of such attraction, to move off into space at a tangent to the earth. It would not do so, however, because notwithstanding its free movement it is really acted on by the earth's centripetal force, and if it were not for the sustaining power of the air it would fall to the ground, as a ball fired from a cannon does sooner or later, however great its initial velocity. The action of the sustaining power of the air is the explanation of the rotative disc not falling to the ground, as was shown by Prof. Le Conte not long since in the Popular Science Monthly when treating of the aeroplanes of Prof. Langley and Dr. Maxim. It has nothing whatever to do with gravitation beyond the fact, that this force is counterbalanced by the support given to the moving body by the successive strata of air over which it passes in its flight. The centripetal force is acting on the body all the time, and if the sustaining air were suddenly removed, the body would drop to the ground instantaneously, as does a feather in the vacuum caused by an air pump in the ordinary experiment of the lecture room. We fear the facts will have to remain with Lord Kelvin a long time before they convince him that Newton's theory of centripetal force is a delusion. When they have this effect we shall be anxious to know what he will propose to put in its place, to counterbalance the centrifugal force which is operative among the heavenly bodies.

THE facts of homology show a genetic relationship between animals widely different. All the animals of the earth can be reduced to a few, at most to seven different types. There has been an unfolding, a divergence, a change from general to specialized forms, the fundamental structure remaining to indicate their early kinship. The wing of the bird, the flipper of the seal, the foreleg of the horse, and the hand of man are fundamentally the same, or on the same "plan." The facts of embryology point the same way. Even Agassiz admitted that "the more ancient animals resemble the embryonic forms of existing species." The changes of the embryo are an epitomized history of the changes through which the lower animals have in millions of years been developed into higher ones. Why do the bird and the mammal begin their development as individuals as though they were to be fishes, if they are not primordially related to the fish? Why do they have gill-arches as though they were to breathe in the water, before the development of the lungs? Why do the higher animals in embryo have parts which

belong to the lower ones, but are of no service to them? In the light of Evolution these facts are significant. Observe the facts of rudimentary structure. Do not vestiges of eyes in the eyeless fish of Mammoth Cave, teeth in the beaks of birds, hind legs and pelvis in the anaconda, teeth in whales which they shed before birth, vestiges of tails in tailless animals, and a hundred other useless parts corresponding with parts in use in lower animals, indicate that the ancestors of these creatures possessed the parts of which the vestiges remain, in full development?

No philosopher has more clearly discerned than De Tocqueville, the causes why the real authority of religion is increased by that severance of the state from the church which diminishes its apparent force. He says: When a religion founds its empire only upon the desire of immortality which lives in every human heart, it may aspire to universal dominion; but, when it connects itself with a government, it must adopt maxims which are applicable only to certain nations. Thus, in forming an alliance with a political power, religion augments its authority over a few, and forfeits the hope of reigning over all. . . . As long as a religion is sustained by those feelings, propensities, and passions which are found to occur under the same forms at all periods of history, it may defy the efforts of time; or, at least, it can be destroyed only by another religion. But when religion clings to the interests of the world, it becomes almost as fragile a thing as the powers of earth. It is the only one of them all which can hope for immortality, but if it be connected with their ephemeral power it shares their fortunes and may fall with those transient passions which alone supported them. The alliance which religion contracts with political powers must needs be onerous to itself since it does not require the assistance to live, and by giving them its assistance it may be exposed to decay.

AN amendment to the constitution of New York has been proposed forbidding any diversion of public money, raised for the public schools, to sectarian schools, and inhibiting appropriations to orphan asylums, protectories and similar institutions under sectarian management, where boys and girls of the neglected and delinquent classes and other unfortunates, are cared for. It seems that in 1893 Catholic institutions in New York City received \$603,815, Protestant \$502,729, and Hebrew \$148,000. Says The Independent: If the Catholic church were not represented in this country, and there were none but Protestant denominations, or vice versa, there probably would not be so strenuous an effort to prevent sectarian appropriations. But Catholics and Protestants are here face to face, and the question of appropriations is bound to stir up jealousies and animosities between them. The only way to have peace is to prohibit the appropriation of public funds, either State or municipal, to institutions under sectarian control. This is not only a question of expediency but of principle—the sound principle of the entire separation of Church and State. No matter whether Protestant or Catholic institutions get the bulk of the appropriations. Let all fare alike. Put both on the same absolute equality. Let neither have a cent from State or city.

THE Christian Register thinks that the various native religions of India could unite on the basis of the sanctity of the cow and the depravity of woman. This is a rather harsh statement and recalls the utterance of one, not a woman, who said: "The more I see of men the higher opinion I have of dogs." We never heard a woman quote the Scripture: "A man among a thousand have I found, but a woman among all these have I not found;" and it was a man who continued the quotation with the next verse: "God made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions;" and it was a woman who capped the quotation by another familiar verse: "All men are liars." —Independent.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

HUSKS!!*

BY CARL BURELL.

Husks! husks! husks!!!
We live on the husks of the earth;
Husks! husks! husks!
Of the fruit our lives are e'er dearth;

Husks! husks! husks!!!
At morning, at noon and at night;
Husks, husks, husks,
Are all that come to our sight—

Husks! husks! husks!!!
Who envy the swine who can feed
On husks, husks, husks,
And thus satisfy their brute greed;

Husks! husks! husks!!!
There must be a kernel somewhere;
(Husks! husks! husks!)
And an end to trouble and care;

Husks! husks! husks!!!
But what are the husks any way?
The husks, husks, husks,
Keep the fruit from being mere prey,

*Luke 15: 16.

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

TO THE EDITOR: In the first part of June, 1893, I received a letter from a niece of mine living in Detroit, Mich., stating that her mother was very sick, and if my wife (her sister) would like to see her once more, she should come at once as the doctors said that she could not live very much longer, but in her letter she did not say what her mother's sickness was; having a friend who is a private medium I asked him to ask his spirit-guide whether he could not tell him what the trouble was? He at once received the following explanation: "Mrs. — is very sick, her trouble seems to be of a very nervous state and she is complaining of her breast and lungs, but the disease will pass over in a short time and Mrs. — will be perfectly well again." This, as you will notice, was the contrary to what the doctor had said. A few days afterwards, before we had time to answer the first letter, we received a second letter which confirmed the first letter to us and added one more complication, the doctor stated that she, Mrs. —, would be hopelessly insane as long as she would live. I again asked my friend and told him the purport of the second letter. He again asked his spirit-guide what he thought about the case? His spirit friend who claims that he was a physician when in flesh, again assures him that Mrs. — would soon be perfectly well and that she was not insane at all. This confirmed the first statement of my friend. Twice the doctor assures my niece that her mother could not live much longer, and in case she would live any time at all, she would be hopelessly insane. My wife and her brother were getting ready at about that time to take in the World's Fair and go from there to Detroit to see their sister and bid her adieu for ever. I did not tell my wife, neither her brother, of this what my friend the medium had told me, but told my wife that I would be in Chicago in a few days. After my arrival in Chicago, I told my brother-in-law to go to Detroit to see his sister, and if very serious, we would follow. On his arrival at Detroit he found his sister in the very condition the medium had told me. She was very nervous, had a dry cough and often talked like an insane person, but was gaining a little in health. When he came back I asked him what he thought about her general health and he was of about the same opinion as the doctors. Then I told him what my friend, the medium, had told me; that was 500 miles away from Detroit; never seen or heard of the person. To-day she is as well and sane as any person, knows all that she had said

during her sickness, but could not resist to act and talk at times as if insane. Here is another instance to prove the correctness of this same medium above stated. This very brother-in-law I mentioned had a boy die last March of diphtheria. After two weeks from the time the boy took sick he began to get better and the doctors had all hopes of the boy getting well. One morning my wife asked me, "Why don't you ask your friend, the medium, what his spirit adviser would say in this case?" So I asked my friend to ask his guide what he thought the final outcome would be? He received the following answer: "No hope. Disease too far advanced, and medicine will not help." Five days after this the boy was dead.

CLAIRVOYANCE IN A CHILD.

TO THE EDITOR: In the JOURNAL of May 5th there is an article on "Clairvoyance in Children." I should like to tell you my experience. Two years ago last August I was living in the suburbs of this place, when my baby boy passed away. Several months later I moved to town, and the three-year-old daughter of a friend came to my house with another child. The little one (3 years old) had not been in the house many minutes when she said, "I want to see the baby." I told her I hadn't a baby; the child looked at me as though she thought I had not understood, and she said again, "I want to see the baby." I again told her that I had no baby. She pointed her finger at me, and in a shocked voice as though she had caught me in a lie, said, "Oh! I can hear it!" and taking my dress she led me to my daughter's bedroom, and pointing to the bed, she said, "Oh! I found him!" There was a rug on the bed thrown carelessly down. I did not understand the child and I asked, "Do you think baby is under the rug?" She said, "Yes; there is his hand." I said, "Now Elsie, tell me, is baby a boy or girl?" She looked puzzled for some seconds, then she moved her position a little and said, "A little boy." Still not convinced, I asked, "How big is he, Elsie?" She said, "Just like our baby;" there was only one day's difference in the ages of the two babies. The knitted rug had been used for baby during his life. The baby nor the rug had never been seen by any of the family, and no one knows of the baby having been spoken of before the child. The baby boy had a good deal of dark hair which I parted at the side. These things often happen with the little one. She cannot distinguish between the material and the spiritual.

OAKLAND, CAL.

SOME EXPERIENCES.

TO THE EDITOR: Before proceeding further with my recital, it may be proper to state that our home was in a very retired location, some distance from neighbors. The house was built almost on the bank of the river, and we were indeed, "near to nature's heart." The state of my husband's health unfitted him for any hard work, so he had plenty of leisure time and was glad of the company of the invisibles, whom we styled our "callers." Among the friends I had visited while in Chicago, I had heard that a séance room should be fitted up tastefully, and if possible, kept for that purpose only. I learned that such requirements were not absolute, for, as befitted pioneers on a "claim" our home was humble in the extreme. But it was cosy, as well. During the spring and summer of '83, Mr. M— must have been in a very passive condition. No sooner would he enter the house and seat himself in his favorite rocker—often dislodging my cat, who would immediately jump on his knee and remain there—than he would go "under control." Sometimes he conversed with the "callers," I being busy; at other times I did part of the talking. Occasionally there would be an abrupt stop in the midst of a sentence, and soon someone would be seen approaching. I learned to look up the road when that occurred. We had not been in the country two years so did not know much about the families we sometimes met; nor had we ever entered the cemetery which we frequently drove by. One day, a spirit purporting to be a son of a distant neighbor—a strict Presbyterian, by the way—came and begged Mr. M— to give a message to his parents. He gave his name and said his body lay

in the cemetery near. We knew nothing of him, but he importuned so persistently that at last Mr. M— said: "I will go and see your tomb-stone. If your age, as recorded there is the same as given by you, I will go to your father, though he will consider me crazy."

That very day he drove up to the cemetery and found the grave he sought—though he had no assurance of its being there at all—and there was a difference of only a few days between the age as given by George G— and that chiseled in the marble. Mr. M— then said: "George, I am sorry for you, but you were not exactly right, so I cannot do as you wished." The poor boy seemed to feel hurt and came no more.

One more spirit came and told us we would find his tomb-stone in that cemetery and gave necessary information which proved correct. It all seemed very strange to him, and to this day, he wonders what it is that controls his organs of speech, often giving expression to views directly opposed to his own. At the time of the murder of Rose Ambler, Mr. M— took an interest in the trial and became quite convinced of the guilt of the former husband. But Rose (?) told him it was Lewis who had sent her into eternity, and he could scarcely wait for the next week's paper. When it came he was astonished to learn that strong evidence against Lewis had been found.

We entertained a great variety of "callers" or rather they entertained us. Some were musical, and sang both in English and foreign languages. Time after time were some of the songs repeated, till they became quite familiar.

Mr. M—'s voice is not strong, and I was greatly surprised at the stentorian tones of some of his controls. Sometimes my cat got frightened and ran out, causing great amusement for me. Being so far from neighbors the spirits had a glorious time, shouting and singing good old-time Methodist hymns.

At times some veteran exhorter would pray or preach as if he thought the "throne of grace" was afar off and about that time I would have appreciated the "enchantment" of distance.

But the good respectable spirits did not long keep the field. Light, trifling, "frothy" ones crept in, and then began a serious time, which I may tell of later on.

SEDGWICK CO., KANSAS.

STRANGE CASE OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

Under the above caption, Grace Duffless writes as follows to the Chicago Evening Post: Like Mme. de Stael, "I do not believe in ghosts, but I am afraid of them," and so I have not been ambitious to share the "experiences" of some of my orient-touched friends or to try to pierce the veil between the world we know and those unseen. I believe we all hold, deep in our hearts, the old faith in the guardian angels promised to us in the Word; but I have never seen the flashing of wings or the coming and going of radiant forms from the angelic army encamped upon the encircling hills of night, although I have felt their presence and direction. My first curious experience in the nature of the occult came to me last week. I had a valued friend, an ex-congressman from Maryland, who had placed in my care some data in regard to a yacht club of Washington, the object of which had been innocent amusement and relaxation from the cares of state for its members, who were then as now prominent as the solons of the nation. The records of the club, including the humorous constitution and by-laws, had been kept from the press with jealous care for many years, but when they at last came into my hands I made haste to prepare them for publication. That had not been the avowed desire of my friend, but I had not been prohibited from using the material and an exclusive story holds charms beyond resistance to most pen men and women. Nevertheless I felt some twinges of conscience and really wished that I might communicate with him in regard to the article before it was published. He had left town and I did not have his address, but I thought about it on my way down town last Friday, and as we passed the place where he lived when he was in Chicago I became quite troubled for fear I had forfeited the confidence given me. Suddenly I was surprised and startled to hear my own lips say aloud: "Dr. Henkle is dead." I looked around in confusion, for my voice had seemed clarion to me, and I

wondered what the other passengers would think. My anxiety rather overshadowed the strangeness of the incident, and I did not fully realize it until the following evening when I took up The Post and read in the late dispatches that Dr. E. J. Henkle, a well-known physician and ex-congressman, had died at his home in Baltimore on the previous day. I did not look at my watch, as people under such circumstances are always expected to do, but I learned from the sententious paragraph that his death occurred at about the time I announced it to myself.

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WOMAN AND THE HOME

THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

She read the valedictory; 'twas deep and ana-lytic,
 And scored a splendid victory o'er every carping critic.
 But much I fear her logic clear and all her moods
 and tempes
 were lost upon my listening ear and my enrapt-
 ured senses;
 For when she talked of botany, and leaves and
 grass and rushes,
 I only saw the roses red that mingled in her
 blushes;
 and when she spoke of history, and turned its
 lamp-stained pages,
 To me its only mystery was what the dear girl's
 age is.
 She wandered off on a plus z, on cubes and squares
 grew drowsy;
 It set me thinking what might be the figure of
 her dowry,
 So pondering down in the parquet, I'd set my
 heart to woo her,
 When she picked up a huge bouquet some other
 fellow threw her,
 Took out a note, blushed rosy red, smoothed all
 its pinksy creases,
 While over my devoted head my castle went to
 pieces.

—Providence Star.

VEILED AND SLEEPING.

She walketh veiled and sleeping,
 For she knoweth not her power.
 She obeyeth but the pleading
 Of her heart and the high leading
 Of her soul, unto this hour.
 Slow advancing, limping, creeping,
 Comes the Woman to the Hour.
 For she walketh veiled and sleeping,
 For she knoweth not her power.

WOMEN IN ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.

The women students have again won distinction at Cambridge. Mr. Adie and Mr. Sedgwick are bracketed as first wranglers; but there is a girl student in the "equivalents" of the wranglers' lists. Miss Cooke, of Girton, is equal to No. 28. This means that, while Miss Cooke is not officially on the list, since no woman can have a place there, she has passed an examination which would have entitled her to a place but for that absurd and antiquated prohibition. Cambridge at present can only do things by halves. It has resolved to be generous to women by allowing them to test their powers in precisely the same examinations as those which men are required to pass, but it will not give them any official recognition or titular honor. Officially, Miss Cooke is but a young person who has happened to have access to the examination papers, and who has been allowed to answer them for the fun of the thing. Yet she stands twenty-eighth in competence in a list of ninety-two.

Miss Lillian Town has taken a "double first" in the law tripos at Cambridge. Freed from academical jargon Miss Town's scholastic honor means that she was equal to the second man in the first class in the law tripos, a distinction that was never attained by woman before. Last year she was similarly successful in gaining first-class honors at Cambridge in history and this year she furnished triumphant proof that her powers of mind are of the same high order that win success in departments of thought reserved only for intellects of the very highest grade. Miss Town is a Cornish girl. She has studied in Germany, France and Italy and after three years' close reading on the continent she entered Gorton College in 1890. In the inter-collegiate examinations of the university Miss Town was first in the first class on each occasion. Another of these airy nothings of honor without a habitation, and, academically speaking, without a name, is Miss Johnson, of Newham. This lady's position would tax the powers of definition of the authors of the Athanasian creed. She is in the first division of the first class of part II., and consequently at the very head of that list, for in this most advanced of all the mathematical examinations she has beaten the senior wrangler of last year. Yet there is no one in that division, since there is no man there. No man has been able to reach it this year. The utmost limit of masculine attainment in that class is

division 2. Division 1 is a blank on the lists, and "Nemo" is written under its name. All we are permitted to know is that if Miss Johnson of Newham had been anything but an unconsidered trifle in petticoats, the examination she has passed would have given the first division an occupant. Miss Fanner, too, has obtained a class 1, in the moral science-science tripos. These, as is well known, are not solitary achievements of women in university examinations. Miss Ramsey, now Mrs. Butler, passed as senior classic at Cambridge before Miss Fawcett won her great triumph, and at Cambridge, in Miss Fawcett's year, Miss Alford was one of four in the first division of the first class of the classical tripos. London has already set the example of admitting women to the titular distinction of all the degrees they are able to win. It is only the older foundations that refuse to call a thing by its right name when it happens to be a wrangler of the wrong sex.

In the May number of To-day, Mrs. Minerva P. Nichols asks "Should women accept pay for work when not dependent?" She proceeds to answer by asking other questions: "Are women in this world for the sole purpose of receiving from their parents, from their own labor, or from their own husbands as much or as little as it is necessary to feed and clothe their bodies?" She thinks it is time women threw off the yoke of superstitious belief that work is a degradation, only to be tolerated while they are dependent upon it for support, and realize that the work of every man, woman and child is appointed and should be accepted as a divine institution for the development of character. All earn by labor a return in self-development, in benefits conferred in charities, in addition to the literature, art, music or manufactured products of the world. "Woe to the man or woman who works for money alone, selling in the markets of the world talents prostituted for mere gain." The conclusion of Mrs. Nichols' article is that "all who do original work, which contributes to the educational advantages of the individual or the public to art, science, music or inventions, to the advancement of charities, the public good and morality, owe their work to the public and may with propriety receive pay for the labor performed. All routine work, unskilled labor and reproduction should be left for the laborer who is dependent on it for support, and the people who are able should fit themselves as they can through better financial position for higher occupations."

There are said to be eight ordained women in the Baptist denomination. Our neighbor, The Examiner, declares that "women are forever excluded from the office and work of the ministry with the explicit teachings of the New Testament." Then so also are unmarried men—Independent.

It is an odd accident that brings close to each other in a daily paper these two items: "At a recent court ball at Rome, Queen Margherita wore sixteen strings of pearls, the lowest hanging half-way to the waist." "The wages of 800 women employed in the Italian spinning-mills average fifteen cents for a day of twelve hours." Is it strange that Socialism is gaining ground in Italy?

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—BY—
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MY GOOD ANGEL.

By GEORGE F. SARGENT.

Above this label and clamor, These discords around me that ring, In tones so mellow and soothing I hear my good angel sing.

So pure, so tender, so loving, And yet so dulcet and clear That the din from the multitude round me Is lost to my listening ear.

Let me heed well the song and the singer For his presence he witheth away From this work-a-day region of tumult For transient must needs be his stay.

Mayhap some sweet strains will linger After he taketh his flight, To brighten my path in the daytime, And to soften my pillow at night.

Ah yes, strains like these in the mem'ry Are as stars through the darkness that gleam, Or the rhapsodic soul-flooding cadence Of some beautiful song of a dream; The breathing of sweet consolation For the trials and sorrows of life, A message of patience and courage To onward press in the strife,

Telling that round and about me There are ministering spirits of love, Detachments of Heaven's battalions From the courts of the Heavens above, Ever present to mark every pitfall, Every snare that is set in my way, With outstretched arms to uphold me When blindly my feet go astray.

Now my angel has plumed his pinions, And is lovingly following his flight, Up till my strained eyes are blinded With the dazzling effulgence of light, His song has died out in the distance, With a sweet benediction of peace, And I know when ensnared or encompassed He'll speed back my bonds to release.

We are short of copies of THE JOURNAL of June 30th. If any subscribers who do not keep files of the paper have that number on hand and will mail it to this office we will send them in return a five cent pamphlet.

The Free Religious Association in electing Colonel Higginson President to succeed the late William J. Potter, and in amending its Constitution, acted wisely. Says the Christian Register. During the last year the Free Religious Association has been considering the question how it could enter upon the work of propagating societies committed to its principles. The revision of its Constitution occasioned warm discussion last week. But, as will be seen by the report, it has now decided to include among its objects the encouragement of the organization of local societies or free churches on the basis of free, spiritual, and universal religion. The Association has a sum of money which may be used for this purpose. But the personal membership of the society is not large; and it remains to be seen whether aggressive work can be done without new leadership.

THE COFFEE HABIT

is difficult to throw off, especially if one's epicurean taste leads to the use of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk in this popular beverage. Its superiority to cream is admitted. Rich flavor and uniform consistency.

Commenting in a masculinely, sarcastic way on the fact that at the recent marriage of the writer Olive Schreiner, the bridegroom changed his name to hers, the Chicago News says: Not long ago the Daily News remarked (as a sort of milestone) the fact that a woman physician of this city retained the maiden name, by which she was well known, after her marriage to an estimable and well-known physician. Of course similar cases are found on the stage, but so many queer things in the matrimonial line are found on the stage that these scarcely constitute a precedent, as the Chicago instance might be said to do. Now, there has been a still further advance on the same line. The Chicago husband, although allowing his wife to keep her name, still kept his own, so that their collective title was, let us say, Mr. and Mrs. John Jones and Mary

Smith. But the gentleman who married Miss Olive Schreiner is carried a step further. Not only does his wife become by the wedding ceremony simply Mrs. Olive Schreiner but he becomes Mr. Crowright Schreiner, nee Conwright. There seems to be only one further stage in the conjugal emancipation of woman and conversion of man. That will be reached when Mr. Billy Thompson, wedding Miss Susie Wilson, becomes plain Mr. Susie B. P. Wilson. It's a little surprising at first; but nobody can say that a woman who could write "The Story of an African Farm" shouldn't have her own eccentric way about a small matter like her husband's name.

THE ONLY MEDICINE.

My mother has been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and finds it very beneficial. She thinks it to be the only medicine. Merrill Belt, Bellbrook, Ohio.

In our beautiful postoffice, wherein a vast and steadily increasing amount of business is done, the money order department—handling millions of dollars annually—is in charge of women. New Hampshire has three women Bank Treasurers, and so far the proximity of Canada has failed to tempt them. The President of a National Bank in Texas is a woman; Buffalo, St. Paul and Chicago have each a woman undertaker; Arizona's best mining expert is a woman; in a California polytechnical school a young woman is making a success as a blacksmith, with a view toward making ornamental forged work, and the best veterinary surgeon in New Orleans is a woman. In fact, there is no reputable profession, trade, or employment which men engage in in which women have not shown ability to labor also, and to succeed. It will not be easy to all men to welcome women into the army of bread-winners. Yet the right sort of a man will not only do so, but extend a helping hand to the fair aspirant for the bread of independence, and be glad that out of the bitterness of the hard times has come increased appreciation of women's work.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

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I don't see why the people call This Independence Day at all. "I wouldn't do that if I were you." Is all I've heard the whole day through. —Thomas Tapper, in July St. Nicholas.

Full Report of the Liberal Religious Congress for sale at THE JOURNAL office. Price, 25 cents.

This is the way Mr. Stead refers to Mrs. Annie Besant: She is back to the Vedas now. It is probable she will not get beyond them, although it is possible she may yet discover that the Nazarene was the most authentic and most effective exponent of Vedic truth for the Western world. But all these successive changes of label do not in the least alter Annie Besant any more than the different dresses which she wears from time to time. Whether materialist, Theosophist, Hindoo, or Christian, she has always been and will always be an elect soul, a born saint, and a most indomitable woman; nor can any amount of Hindoo labels make her other than a good Christian.

Professor Payton Spence has an article in the Electrical Age of June 9th, in which, taking force as the ultimate cosmical constituent and atoms as vortices consisting of centres of force within their lines of force, he reasons that all the phenomena of matter and mind have their origin in a rhythmical motion—in the one case atomic vibration, in the other the pulsation of consciousness. The Professor thinks that a system of atoms such as are not yet linked or hooked or bound together could be conceived as filling the interplanetary spaces more satisfactorily than ether which is supposed to be both matter and not matter. The article is ingenious and interesting, but too abstruse for most readers.

A striking and important piece of expert writing will be found in Dr. Albert Shaw's paper in the July Century, "What German Cities Do for their Citizens." In this "Study of Municipal House-keeping" Dr. Shaw contributes to the current discussion of the government of cities a large number of facts which are the result of close personal investigation. Among the topics treated are: public works in German cities; the modernizing of Berlin, its

water-supply and drainage; its thirty square miles of sewage-farms; Hamburg's new system of filtered water; reformed water and drainage at Breslau and Munich; street-cleaning in Germany; success of municipal gas-works; public control of electrical plants; the housing question and the Berlin death-rate; one-room households in various German cities; municipal measures against epidemics; abattoirs, market-halls, and food inspection; a model system of poor-relief; the municipality as the people's banker and pawnbroker," etc., etc.

What can be done to protect our public men from murderous assaults of cranks of the type of Prendergrast. In the trial of such men should be considered these questions: Did the assassin realize what he was doing? Did he know that he was committing a crime? Did he act with knowledge of the penalty and with the thought of escaping punishment? The object of punishment is to protect society from crime and should be enforced against all offenders who have sufficient reason to be influenced in their acts, when evilly disposed, by such penalties as the law imposes. If the assassin is morally irresponsible send him to an insane asylum and keep him there. If he belongs to a class whose minds are distorted and deranged, yet who are restrained from wrong doing by fear of punishment and who take the risk of committing crime with hope of escaping the penalty, he should be dealt with like other criminals.

There are those living to-day who will look upon our starry flag when the population of this Republic will be perhaps 150,000,000. When that time shall come may their eyes behold the old flag, no star dimmed and no stripe erased, the symbol of liberty, waving over a united people, made free by the death of those who fell and by the loyalty of those who still survive. Thankful for all the blessings that have been secured to us by the sacrifices of our fathers, let us pay the debt we owe them by adding to what we have received in strengthening the foundations of freedom. Long live the Republic. May she continue to grow in greatness and grandeur till her light shall fill the earth:

"O! May she keep her eye like thee, Proud eagle of the rocky wild Fixed on the sun of liberty, By rank, by faction unbeguiled; Remembering still the rugged road Our venerable fathers trod, When they through toil and danger press'd To gain the glorious bequest And from each lip the caution fell, To those followed, 'Guard it well.'"

We are glad to learn that our friend and liberal co-worker, Dr. Lewis G. Janes, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has accepted the offer of the chair of civil government recently made to him by Dr. Charles H. Levermore, the new principal of the Adelphi Academy. This, says the New York Tribune, is in pursuance of Dr. Levermore's purpose to make the Adelphi in all respects up to the times and to introduce the most advanced ideas and methods in teaching. Dr. Janes has during the last two years been conducting classes in civil government and advanced politics under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, and has met good success. He is well-known as the president of the Brooklyn Ethical Association and as a writer and lecturer. His work at the Adelphi will not occupy all of his time, and he will doubtless continue to carry on a good deal of the work in which he has hitherto been engaged. In adding the title of professor to those which he al-

ready enjoys, he will have the best wishes of numerous friends not only in Brooklyn but throughout the country.

SORORIS AND THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS.

Phebe A. Hanaford: Permit me to express my grateful appreciation of the very interesting article in THE JOURNAL for June 23, 1894, having reference to Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles, who has been my fellow-member in Sororis for twenty-two years. Though I had no personal acquaintance with her, except in connection with our beloved Club, and the Association for the Advancement of Women, yet that was sufficient to enable me to prize her as a woman of literary taste and ability, and as one who desired to help women in all ways possible. She was active in Sororis whenever she was spending a season in New York, and the objects of Sororis had at all times her hearty sympathy.

I observe in the reference made to the Woman's Congress a mistake which I beg leave to correct. Sororis is the mother of that "Association for the Advancement of Women," and while Mrs. Kate Doggett was a valued co-worker, and for a time President, yet she was not the originator, nor was she the first President. Mary A. Livermore was the first President, and she was followed by Julia Ward Howe and Maria Mitchell before Mrs. Doggett was elected to preside at all.

Mrs. Sayles was a genial, intelligent lady, and it was with regret that many of us, who were gathered for a social conference of Sororis, in Orange, on a bright day recently, heard of her decease. Yet we do not sorrow as those without hope, for we believe she has but "gone up higher." We can say to her,

O! spirit freed from earth, Rejoice, thy work is done!

And since it was often so well done, even amid trials, both with voice and pen, that as a believer in the fact that death is exaltation, I can but say to her, "The mists have rolled away," and

"Be then glad exceedingly Thou, who hast done with tears." In the hereafter we shall meet again.

"PARLOR CLASSES."

J. Chs. Earl, N. Y.: Referring to the letter of J. W. Curtis in your issue of June 23, 1894, headed as above, I would be extremely grateful for any information where I could join or form a class of instruction and development composed solely of private individuals. I have for a long time past been awakening to a dim or clouded conception of Spiritualism as a reality and though hungering for communion with others more advanced, am repulsed by the approach of professional mediums and their very evident desire to pander to my mental leanings.

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