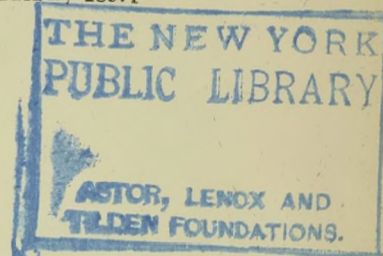


MAY, 1897.



The
World's Advance-Thought
AND THE
Universal Republic.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY LUCY A. MALLORY.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE WORLD'S ADVANCE-THOUGHT

SOUL-COMMUNION TIME-TABLE.

The 27th day of each month, and from 12 m. to half past 12 p. m., being the time fixed and inspirationally communicated through THE WORLD'S ADVANCE-THOUGHT for Soul Communion of all who love their fellow-men, REGARDLESS OF RACE AND CREED—the object being to invoke, through co-operation of thought and unity in spiritual aspiration, the blessings of universal peace and higher spiritual light—we give below a table of corresponding times for entering the Communion in various localities:

When it is 12 m. at Portland, Oregon, U. S. A., it is at—

Austin, Texas	1:43 p. m.
Augusta, Maine	3:03 p. m.
Boston, Mass.	3:28 p. m.
Baltimore, Md.	3:08 p. m.
Burlington, Vt.	3:18 p. m.
Berne, Switzerland	8:41 p. m.
Buenos Ayres, S. A.	4:18 p. m.
Berlin, Prussia	9:09 p. m.
Buffalo, N. Y.	2:55 p. m.
Constantinople, Turkey	10:11 p. m.
Cape of Good Hope, Africa	9:26 p. m.
Charlottown, Pr. Ed. Id.	3:58 p. m.
Columbia, S. C.	2:48 p. m.
Columbus, Ohio	2:38 p. m.
Cape Horn, S. A.	3:43 p. m.
Caracas, Venezuela	3:46 p. m.
Chicago	2:20 p. m.
Dublin, Ireland	7:46 p. m.
Denver, Col.	1:08 p. m.
Detroit, Mich.	2:38 p. m.
Dover, Delaware	3:09 p. m.
Edinburgh, Scotland	8:01 p. m.
Frankfort, Germany	8:43 p. m.
Frankfort, Ky.	2:33 p. m.
Ft. Kearney, Neb.	1:33 p. m.
Fredrickton, New Bruns.	3:43 p. m.
Georgetown, British Gua.	4:18 p. m.
Havana, Cuba	2:51 p. m.
Halifax, N. S.	3:18 p. m.
Harrisburg, Pa.	3:03 p. m.
Honolulu, S. I.	9:51 a. m.
Iowa City, Ia.	2:03 p. m.
Indianapolis, Ind.	2:28 p. m.
Jerusalem, Palestine	10:31 p. m.
London, Eng.	8:11 p. m.
Lisbon, Portugal	7:49 p. m.
Lecompton, Kan.	1:48 p. m.
Lima, Peru	3:04 p. m.
Little Rock, Ark.	2:03 p. m.
Milwaukee	2:18 p. m.
Mobile, Ala.	2:18 p. m.
Memphis, Tenn.	2:11 p. m.
Montreal, Canada	m.
Nashville, Tenn.	2:23 p. m.
New Haven, Conn.	3:18 p. m.
New York City	3:15 p. m.
Newport, R. I.	3:28 p. m.
Norfolk, Va.	3:05 p. m.
New Orleans, La.	2:11 p. m.
Omaha, Neb.	1:38 p. m.
Ottawa, Canada	3:08 p. m.
Philadelphia, Penn.	3:11 p. m.
Panama, New Granada	2:53 p. m.
Pittsburg, Penn.	2:51 p. m.
Paris, France	8:19 p. m.

Rome, Italy	9:01 p. m.
St. Petersburg, Russia	10:11 p. m.
Savannah, Ga.	2:48 p. m.
St. Louis, Mo.	2:11 p. m.
Santa Fe, N. M.	1:07 p. m.
St. Johns, Newfoundland	8:38 p. m.
San Domingo, W. I.	3:33 p. m.
St. Paul, Minn.	1:58 p. m.
Spanishtown, Jamaica	3:36 p. m.
Sioux Falls, Dakota	1:48 p. m.
Salt Lake City, Utah	12:43 p. m.
Santiago, Chili	3:28 p. m.
Springfield, Mass.	3:21 p. m.
San Francisco, Cal.	12:01 p. m.
Tallahassee, Fla.	2:33 p. m.
Vienna, Austria	9:21 p. m.
Vicksburg, Miss.	2:08 p. m.
Vera Cruz, Mexico	1:48 p. m.
Wilmington, N. C.	2:59 p. m.
Washington, D. C.	3:01 p. m.
Walla Walla, Wash.	12:18 p. m.

THE HERALD OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ORDER OF
THE GOLDEN AGE.

For the proclamation of a Gospel of Peace and
Goodwill on Earth, and of Health, Happiness
and Contentment for all.

Price one shilling and sixpence per Annum. Post Free.
SIDNEY H. BEARD, Editor.

HENRY BRICE, Associate Editor.

Address the Registrar, 15 St. James Road,
EXETER, ENGLAND.

The minimum Annual Subscription is Two Shillings and
Sixpence to the Order of the Golden Age, which entitles
each Member to receive a copy of this Official Journal,
post free, and also of all Pamphlets and Leaflets which are
published.

"HARMONY,"

A Monthly Magazine of Philosophy.

TERMS, \$1.00 per annum; single copies, 10 cts.
E. M. CRAMER, 324 Seventeenth street, San Francisco.

BEST BOOKS OF THIS AGE.

OUR NEAR FUTURE (216 pages);

MYSTERIES UNVEILED (196 pages);

Show turns in governments, churches and society next
twenty years. Supported by Bible prophecies.

Highly interesting. Sensible. Best books of this age.
Price 50 cents. Send for descriptive circular, free,
to W. A. Redding, Navarre, Kansas..

THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE, MONTHLY.

The only first-class Magazine in the world devoted to the
higher or Metaphysical side of every important subject of
life, presented in a trustworthy manner by the best writers
of the day, in all parts of the world. Always the best.
Subscription price, \$2.50 per annum; 503 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

THE WORLD'S ADVANCE-THOUGHT.

FROM EVERLASTING UNTO EVERLASTING.

May, 1897.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Vol. XI, No. 3—New Series.

THE WORLD'S ADVANCE-THOUGHT.

The Unity of Humanity is the Millennium of Peace.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY LUCY A. MALLORY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Per year, to any part of the United States, 50 CENTS.
" " " " British Empire, 3 shillings.

For The World's Advance-Thought.

A PRAYER.

MRS. WARNER SNOAD.

PRESIDENT INTERNATIONAL WOMAN'S UNION.

LIGHT! Light! more Light!

Not in dark places of the world alone,
Where slow starvation makes her piteous moan,
Where ignorance and squalor, want and sin,
Forbid the glow of sunlight to pour in;
But where the riches of the earth are flung,
By Fortune's hand, alike on old and young.

Light! Light! more Light!

Oh, God in Heaven! let thy sunshine stream
On those whose lives are but a lotus dream,
Wrapped up in care of children, self and home,
Where, scarce a sun ray from Thy throne can come;
They have no hearts to feel, no eyes to see,
The bitter stress of others' misery.

Light! Light! more Light!

Light to see evil, now disdained, ignored;
Light to see work, which at our feet is poured;
To see how women, silent and content,
To vice and suffering give a mute assent;
To see how self is but the master cry
Of all the duty willingly passed by;
Light to see clearly—as the sun motes fall—
How any woman's wrong is shared by all.

THE year 1896 was the Jewish year 5656. In the Hebrew, numbers have also a meaning in words, and vice versa. The word meaning of 5656 is *destruction*. The passage "Go thou thy way till the end be," in the last verse of the last chapter of Daniel, is in Hebrew numbers 5656. The ancient Talmudists regarded Daniel as the chief among Jewish prophets.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

WE want to publish a series of psychic experiences, out of the ordinary, and therefore invite our readers to send in for publication those that will awaken thought in, and prove of interest to, investigators. We will ourselves open this department with a very singular experience:

I was picking flowers in front of my home, when I saw a man and his wife and child, whom I had met a few times, coming up the road on their wheels. When they were opposite the gate the lady called out: "You are picking flowers are you Mrs. Mallory?" But I realized at once that it was only a subjective experience. However, in about four hours from that time, I was again at the same place, picking flowers, and these parties did come past on their wheels just exactly as I had seen them previously, and the lady accosted me in the self-same words that I had heard.

The lady has since informed me that they had not thought of going out on their wheels that day until a few minutes before they started, this was at least three hours after I had the vision, and they did not decide beforehand in what direction they would go.

We would be glad for any one to give an explanation of this singular experience.—LUCY A. MALLORY.

*
* *

As a man paralyzed in any of his limbs cannot move that particular part of his body, so hatred paralyzes the powers of the soul to manifest the God-power (Love) to control the world. The more he hates, the more he circumscribes his power of real life.

*
* *

TO ALL propositions to which humanity have not grown, they say, "impossible." Everything is impossible to the individual until he has grown to its realization.—L. A. M.

NATIONAL CONGRESS OF MOTHERS.

THE agitation that has grown out of the National Congress of Mothers, which was held in Washington February last, for the purification of the sex relationship, and the righting of marital abuses, has been something phenomenal. Intelligent women in all States of the Union are fully aroused upon the burning question of the sacredness of motherhood, and as the May "Arena" so tersely states it:

"The noble women of this Congress of Mothers have proclaimed throughout the broad earth the doom of accidental and enforced maternity! Lust and sense-gratification in the marriage relation have received the earnest of their mortal wound! The ransom of the defrauded right to be well born has been begun! These valiant mothers have heralded throughout the broad earth that those divinely-bestowed powers shall no longer be prostituted."

The Congress passed resolutions strongly endorsing Universal Peace, kindness to all living forms, and "to exclude from the home those papers which do not inspire to noble thoughts and deeds."

The spiritual awakening of woman has truly come. No evil can exist long that woman resolves with all the powers of her soul to abolish. Woman's Divinity must overrule man's sensuality. It has only been her superstitious slavery to man-made creeds, to ignorance, false pride, frivolous fashions and society follies, that has kept her regal soul dungeoned in sensual-vicious darkness; but now, like the sun at dawn, it is rising above the shadows and mists of the night of ignorance, and dispelling the clouds of error that have so long held her being in misery and torment. The awakening of woman to realize the sacredness of her maternal functions, is the beginning of the Millennial Age, for when woman comprehends her own spiritual nature, man will soon follow where she leads, and pure parentage will develop pure offspring, and evil will be no more.

The National Headquarters of the Congress of Mothers is at 1425 Twentieth Street, Washington, D.C., where the addresses and proceedings of the Congress can be obtained. It is not an ephemeral

institution, but will continue to spread its principles far and wide, holding annual congresses, and will agitate until its work becomes international in its scope, and the world has become redeemed to purity and wholeness of heart and head.—LUCY A. MALLORY.

*
* *

THE "SUPERNATURAL" EXPECTED.

IT is because there are so many looking for some "supernatural" way in which the world is going to be redeemed from its evils, that progress halts. Construction of the good, and destruction of the bad, are evolved by perfectly natural and gradual processes. The houses or garments that we would wait for some God to make by some "supernatural" method would never be made; neither can the good be manifest for each individual, until he or she builds it for him or herself out of the material at hand. The God who will redeem this world from evil, is the Good in the hearts and minds of the people.

Only the Good and the True, in all ages, manifest what men falsely term the "supernatural." It was the goodness in a Daniel that wrought the "supernatural" in his case; and so with the Christ and other Good and True men and women throughout the ages. The "supernatural" is the fragrance (the operation of the Celestial laws) of the pure soul, just as sweet perfume belongs to the blossoming rose. When all men, women and children cultivate the good, fairy land will be realized here and now, for their united soul forces will make life a perpetual miracle of joy, beauty and supernal happiness. But until this state is cultivated, mankind must reap the tortures and torments of the Hells they create—and for which they furnish the fuel by their evil thoughts and acts—here and hereafter.—LUCY A. MALLORY.

*
* *

ALL manner of cruelty—war, vivisection, murdering animals for food, hunting, etc.—acts upon the body politic as paralysis acts upon the physical form—it impedes the manifestation of the inmost Life of Love—happiness, progress, etc.—L. A. M.

A DREAM.

KINNERSLEY LEWIS, LONDON, ENGLAND.

IN the early part of the present year (1896) I was wandering, in a dream, over meadows familiar to me in my school-days. Going from Ken. . . . in the direction of my home,—Lake Cottage,—under ever-quivering aspen leaves, my path, near B. Stone Common, crossed a small water course going in a southerly direction, along which in rainy seasons a stream ran falling into a larger brook which, running at right angles along the border of an adjoining meadow, turned distant mills. In my boyhood I had often leaped from bank to bank of the smaller water-course—which, perhaps, in spite of dictionary, I should have told you was a dingle—and rambled among its bushes and trees, often making the way as devious as possible. The way to school, I must admit, occasionally lay in a bee-line of two or three miles over meadows, hedges and ditches; a way where speed was considered to mean safety when certain of the farmers were about. The proper path crossing the brooklet now described was simply a little hollow made by passing feet—this of course in dry weather; in times of flood the meadow, with others on the same route, was often full of little lakes which older people carefully tried to avoid, but which boys had to investigate, for reasons sufficient for themselves, but too numerous to mention. Boys did not complain of neglected roadways, particularly if they were of an enquiring turn of mind.

At the time of my dream—toward night—snow was upon the ground. In the little hollow of the path, under the drooping branches of a Sallow tree, I suddenly found a wheel-barrow, in which, to my great astonishment, there were two little infants, nearly perished from cold and neglect. I formed the idea, or became aware in some mysterious way peculiar to dreams, that the little ones were twins and that they had been left in this manner about twenty-four hours. The spot was rather solitary. Strangely enough the children were placed feet to feet, and so arranged in the barrow that one head lay north and the other south. The face of the child towards the south was blue and pinched with cold. The other

looked a little stronger, with a trace of ruddiness but both appeared to be almost beyond suffering. They had little covering besides iris-colored, gauze-like dresses over snow-white linen under-clothing. I wrapped the children up in my own coat and, as there were houses much nearer than my home, looked eagerly around for trace of some one to whom they may belong or who would volunteer assistance. A number of people came up but no one would incur responsibility.

Finding only distrust and selfishness I resolved to take upon myself the immediate charge of the children and to lose no time in getting them carefully tended. A minister who lived near, and who had been attracted to the spot by the unusual gathering, personally avoided responsibility through certain scruples not clearly expressed. He sought some excuse in the fact that the parentage of the children was unknown and the circumstances of their desertion unexplained. He even demanded by what right I interfered.

“By the sacred right of humanity to save life!” I exclaimed vigorously, as with great determination I proceeded to wheel the barrow away.

By this time it seemed to have become known that the children had been abandoned by their nurses, that they were of noble birth and that their recovery would doubtless be signalized by great public benefits and rejoicing. The minister then came forward too late to take the lead.

* * * * *

The twins with proper care soon revived.

Reflections upon the Dream.

For some time this dream interested me chiefly through the curious connection of details. Then the idea grew that it was possibly some prophetic story in symbolism. Now I regard it as implying, with other significations, the restoration of power and wisdom to the heart of humanity. Such is the harmony and beauty of Nature that symbols of varying significance are found abundantly in all forms of life, yet showing the unity of creative power.

Some may be inclined to accuse me of having distorted in my sleep one of the many descriptions of the *Dioscuri* (Sons of Zeus). Yet, as the chil-

dren lay in their humble ark—the barrow—each would seem to have had an appropriate star above in the heavens in the constellation Gemini.

The thousand and one mythological allusions of the ancient poets would doubtless, by common consent, be considered fit subjects for Dreamland. The beauty of some of the conceptions cannot be denied, but fears have been expressed that physical science and practical philosophy might cause the dreamy elegance of mythology to be utterly neglected.* I believe these fears to be groundless and that the developments of science will awaken a new and general interest in mythology; further, that modern science had better look to its laurels if it affects to despise the universal symbols made sacred by time.

In grand imagery Homer links amber with the thunderbolts of Jupiter and the movements of the spheres. "How funny!" says some modern Aristophanes. Doubtless this was a long while before Mr. Kinnersley, at Boston, discovered the identity of frictional electricity with Dr. Franklin's positive and negative charges. But before Homer there was a "Wisdom of the Ancients" before which Plato himself bowed with reverence. Plato's writings give direct evidence that he knew more about the planets—of their resemblances, and therefore their differences—than he could openly declare. Presumably the outlines of this deep knowledge were preserved in the *esoteric* doctrines of the philosophers. There were The Mysteries, guarded so sacredly—even as if the very existence of the State depended upon their limitation. But these Mysteries were largely illustrated by symbols. If the symbols were scientific then they may be regarded in the simple light of characters in a universal alphabet. What more natural than that the great Egyptians and Chaldeans should have given the poetry of form and color to their scientific lore? This to a great extent was inevitable in their buildings and decorations.

A universal language, in characters of light, not to be mistaken. What a beneficial discovery might it not be for humanity, perplexed and sorrowing, defeating its own ends by cross-purposes in search of light! The seers, the prophets, the

magicians; may they not speak to us through this language? "A good symbol is a missionary to thousands" thought Emerson.

The states of the past have leaned upon Mammon and Mystery and the support has proved a broken reed. Calamity has come and, in its train, oblivion, save for the symbols. Doubtless a deep or inscrutable purpose has been fulfilled. But would it not seem a judicious experiment now to add to the State the strength of all its possible intelligence and enlightened sympathy? Ignorance and distrust are weak wheels for the machinery of government. We want the song of the lark, not the rustle of bats' wings.

What has all this to do with a couple of neglected children! This: that they appear to have been the sons of the Thunderer who has spoken in all Scriptures, and is speaking in the discoveries of science. But they also came on the scene as mites of neglected humanity in whose bosoms burned feebly a spark of the Divine. "The poor children," said Victor Hugo, while here; and I have, with the ears of the spirit, heard him repeat the phrase in the other world.

Why so regard a dream! Because the world is moved by dreams. Dreams have been the gates of Heaven!

* See Keightley's *Mythology*, last paragraph.

WE regret to have to announce the death of Pandit Lakh Ram, the most noted preacher of the Arya Samaj of India, who was assassinated, at his home in Lahore, by a Mohammedan fanatic whom he had befriended. He was a grand, noble and benevolent man, and his death has caused much excitement all over India. Meetings are being held in all parts of that country by the Hindus to express their sorrow for his death, and the sum of fifty thousand rupees is being raised, as a memorial fund, to forward the work of reform he so nobly strove for while in the form.

PURITY of being can alone reflect the light of the soul. The sun of soul is all the time shining, but the sensual clouds of being intervene to hide it from view.—L. A. M.

THE DREAM OF THE VIVISECTIONIST.

HE stood in a doorway, his life behind him, looking out on the landscape of another world. It was a wide view that stretched before him, for his was a developed mind. The midnight bell had often failed to rouse him from his mental search for some elusive thread with which to bind the gathered spoils of labor. For years he had bent every energy to wrest from Nature her choicest secrets, and, at last, when success seemed just within his grasp, so very near that he could not help but throw into the future a glance of exultation as he pictured himself in the presence of his compeers, uttering words that should strike them dumb with envy. "At last I have it! The secret of life and death is mine!"—just then his strength failed him. Everything went from him. It was as though the ground had suddenly given way beneath his feet, and he had fallen into a bottomless chasm; dropping faster and faster until consciousness was gone, and he knew no more until he found himself standing unhurt in the doorway first mentioned. Like lightning his mind sprang out and grasped the situation. "I am in Hades, although I did not believe there was such a place. Strange, but I feel at home. The sky is dark and lowering, but what of that? The sky is nothing to me. The ground seems firm enough."

He ventured forth, but scarcely had he put his foot before him when the door behind closed with a clang so heavy and resounding that every nerve within his form answered with pain. He turned to look, but quicker than his look, the door had vanished, and he found himself on an open plain over which the lowering clouds grew darker and heavier every moment.

"I am dreaming," he exclaimed, involuntarily; but a voice responded: "No, your dreaming days are over; your life is done." At this his mind went back to glance at memory's pages. He thought to call up scenes of childhood, a thing he had not done for years; but found himself unable, for the sights and sounds of later years rushed in and claimed his attention.

He stood again within his laboratory. Scene followed scene in quick succession. The helpless

victims of his cruel knife, their frantic struggles, and expiring groans were pictured to his mind. He was conscious of some slight discomfort at the view, and sought to turn away. But a spell was on him, and he could not. Presently he observed some features of the panorama that were new to him. The room seemed darker than he was wont to have it, and quite often the animals would seem to get away. In a quite unaccountable manner the hands would fail to hold them, and they would make off, paying no attention to the walls that should have held them in the room.

And now the room grew darker, the walls grew thin and shadowy, and glowing eyes cast their baleful light upon him on every side. Nearer they came and nearer, step by step. "Are they wolves?" he thought, glancing about him for some way of escape.

A whisper in his ear replied: "No, they are dogs, *those* dogs with some little accounts to settle." And now their threatening growls are heard. "I am asleep, I must wake up!" he exclaims. No answer; and in a moment more, with howls of exultant rage, the whole pack spring upon him and bear him to the earth.

A terrible death, you would be apt to say, forgetting for the moment that death is not possible in the spirit world; but that would not make it less terrible. No, it would be immeasurably more so, because it would not be death! The constitution of the spirit body is such that external injuries have not the power to render it unconscious. It is vital in every part, and while its active powers may be so deranged as to render the person utterly helpless, its sensibility to pain is not lessened in the least.

Just how long it would take these dogs to satisfy their sense of justice cannot be truly said, but be sure it would seem eternity to him who had incurred such a penalty and then wilfully exposed himself to it. When they finally leave him, crazed with pain, another eternity would seem to pass, before he succeeded in recovering some degree of mental and bodily balance. The one tormenting question that would most hinder this process would be: Is this thing going to happen again?

To aid him in answering it, the question might be sent him: How many dogs attacked you? And as the conviction forces itself upon him that there could not have been more than forty, a sickening sense of terror strickens him, as he glances back at the hundreds he has tortured. But we will leave him just as the message strikes his ear: "Never mind the rest of the dogs; it will be cats next time."—*N. S. Hubbard, in Jefferson-Jackson Republic, Chicago, Ill.*

AVOID ordinary mediumship as you would the plague. It comes from the psychic atmosphere which surrounds the earth. It is just as unreliable as the moon. Mediumship is moonship, and there is no reality in the moonshine, as it is simply reflected light from the sun. Bring your own individual spirit into conjunction with the Universal Spirit, and you will receive strength and true illumination. As a general thing, those who are illuminated pass through mediumship first, before they learn to listen to the voice of the I Am within themselves. But you can be saved all this suffering and torture by going to headquarters at the beginning of your unfoldment.—*Christian.*

WE herewith return our grateful thanks to the Yoga Samaj Society, of India, for the beautiful medal awarded us at their annual meeting in Calcutta. We greatly appreciate the honor conferred upon us, and hope to so work as to continue to merit the approval of this honorable society. It is a great power for good throughout India. It has sympathizers in all the leading countries. Our readers can become acquainted with the objects and aims of the Yoga Samaj by reading the address delivered before it by Mr. K. Chakravarti, the honorable Secretary of the Society, which will be found on another page.

"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD," the advertisement of which appears on another page, is doing much to help the cause of spiritual progress, for it is emancipating thousands of error-bound mortals from the darkness of creed and dogma. All those who are interested in the upward unfoldment of humanity should help sustain it.

JOHN BIDDULPH MARTIN.

WE have read with much interest in the May "Humanitarian," a memoir of Mr. John Biddulph Martin, the husband of Victoria Woodhull Martin, the able Editor of that magazine. He passed to the subjective spiritual state on the 20th March last, at Las Palmas, Grand Canary.

He was a man of unusual nobility and strength of character. He was at the head of one of the oldest and wealthiest banking institutions of London. He married Victoria Woodhull in spite of the shameful attacks made upon her in England and America and the frowns of conservative society because of her ideas of reform, and during all the eighteen years of their happy married life,—marred only by the spiteful persecution, even up to the time of his death, of slanderers and vilifiers who hated any attempt to abolish effete ideas and replace them with purer ideals,—he nobly sustained his wife in her labors. He was a worthy mate of this most worthy woman.

The principles that Victoria Woodhull Martin has so bravely upheld are now becoming popular, because of the courageous stand she has taken for them in all these long years—made bitter by the persecutions of the ignorant. "Because she upheld liberty, she was accused of defending license. Because she maintained purity, her words were distorted from their original meanings into an encouragement of vice."

IN these times when none should be without the knowledge and the protective power of Whole-World Soul Communion, it would be well for the press and the people everywhere to make the general public cognizant of the purpose of Soul Communion. Therefore, we urge our readers and exchanges to make known the purport of the sacred half hour, and to publish the time for their respective localities, as given in the time-table on another page.

SOUL expansion (love), like the sun, creates growth. Creeds are lamps and candles that give a little light in the darkness but cannot create growth.—L. A. M.

THE UNIVERSAL REPUBLIC.

EACH FOR ALL AND ALL FOR EACH.

May 1897.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Vol. XI, No. 3—New Series.

THE UNIVERSAL REPUBLIC.

Only he who would not be a Despot is fit to be a Freeman.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY LUCY A. MALLORY.

For the Universal Republic,
JUDGE NOT.

WARNER WILLIS FRIES.

IN another's place my brother,
You would do just as another;
Doubt it not.

Reared in just the same conditions,
Fed upon the same traditions,
Theirs would be your Thought.

In another's place, dear woman,
You would be no whit less human,
Nor Divine.

Had you had the same beginning,
Yours would be the self-same sinning,
On the self-same line.

Judge not harshly then another,
Spotless sister, righteous brother,
Lest you err.

If, perchance, you are more holy,
Then you must be meek and lowly,
If Christ's follower.

“TIME IS MONEY.”

“**H**URRY! hurry!! hurry!!! Time is money,” is the order of the day, and it is death to spiritual unfoldment. Scarcely any one takes time to become acquainted with himself or herself. We are all the time thinking of satisfying some sensual demand or selfish ambition. The whys and wherefores of these impulses, and what their satisfaction may lead to, seldom troubles the average human being. He never stops to think of the causes of his actions, or the effects they will evolve. Yet one wrong thought or inconsiderate action may be the first link in a chain of alternating cause and effect that may lead him to ruin. The law of growth—everywhere the inexorable law of increase in Nature—is almost entirely ignored, and when the evil that has been assiduously cultivated, in

thought, feeling and action, has grown, and brings forth fruit after its kind, the “Devil” gets the credit for it, and the load is supposed to disappear by dumping it upon Jesus, but it is evident that Jesus is not a scape-goat for his sins, for he reaps what he sows throughout his life here.—L. A. M.

*

* *

IT is proposed to collect a fund (under the auspices of the Prince of Wales) to pay off the debts of the London Hospitals in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee. In these hospitals vivisection is practiced, and the Anti-Vivisectionists of England are protesting against the collecting of money to pay off their debts, claiming that the medical authorities of these establishments, when free from debt, will feel themselves under no sort of restraint in their vivisectioning practices. Now they are restrained to a certain extent by fear of public opinion, as they are dependent upon the public purse for their maintenance.

The Prince of Wales has been appealed to by the Anti-Vivisectionists, but he has given no heed to their protests, and all that section of the press and public which panders to rank and authority—including some persons and papers who have heretofore professed to be working for the reformation of humanity, but who think more of pleasing a Prince than they do of justice to animals—are upholding him.

Vivisectionists dread nothing so much as investigation of their methods. Like other criminals their deeds are all done in the darkness and shun the light. When the Massachusetts Humane Society sought to introduce a bill in the legislature of that State, obligating vivisectionists to carry on their diabolical business in the presence of the agents of the Humane Society, a host of college professors, doctors and others who cultivate the Vivisection Horror, protested so loudly and so long that the bill was defeated. But the invisible agents of the power of Love and Light are now in all the vivi-

section Hells. and their doom, which shall be swift and sudden, shall surely come.

Whatever is happening to degenerate society, that is appalling and horrifying, is the bitter fruit of its own thoughtless, reckless and inharmonious sowings. As the apparently harmless flakes of snow go to form the avalanche that overwhelms a whole village in destruction, so the inharmonies momentarily generated by human beings—who perceive no immediate results from them—bring about the terrible culminations of destructive evil that rend and torture them, and wreck their happiness here and hereafter.

You who think that it makes no difference to your welfare whether you espouse the causes of Peace, Vegetarianism, Anti-Vivisection, Purity, etc., or their opposites, should remember that wrong thoughts, in all channels of endeavor, have involved in them the very essence of destruction, and that use and cultivation of these thoughts evolve all there can be of misery for you; and that each wrong thought gives birth to a hundred wrong thoughts, for the power of evil, like weeds, extends its influence rapidly, and then you, its source, have all the evil you generate. Therefore, let us bear well in mind that Good Thoughts are our only Saviors. Heaven or Hell is what the mind has mentally builded. If we feel Heaven within us *now*, we may be pretty sure of Heaven when the hereafter becomes the now.—LUCY A. MALLORY.

*
* *

WASTED FORCE.

FOR one person who is unselfishly teaching people that all powers inhere in the soul of each individual, and to emancipate themselves from all powers, principalities and persons, be they mortals or spirits, that claim dominion over them, and unfold the infinite capacities and capabilities that are involved in their souls, there are thousands who have erected and are erecting toll-gates, claiming that their brothers and sisters must bow down and worship them, and give them their living, before they shall be permitted to profit by the knowledge of which they alone are

the custodians, and without which there can be no happiness for them either in this or in any other state of existence.

It is because men and women refuse to trust their own souls that they can be deluded into believing that the keys to an earthly or heavenly paradise are in the possession of other men and women like themselves. If they had not so long allowed themselves to be mental and spiritual slaves, they would have perceived before this that it is only the cultivation and growth of Truth in their souls that can set them free, and make them conscious of their Immortal birthright.—LUCY A. MALLORY.

*
* *

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

WE take the following from a Cleveland (Ohio) paper:

“At the request of Miss Bushnell, a teacher at Central High School, two of her pupils brought a live cat into the class-room, where the teacher anæsthetized the animal and dissected it before the class.

“Report has it that many of the pupils lacked the fortitude to witness the bloody exhibition. Some left the room, and it is said that one girl fainted before the ghastly spectacle and had to be carried from the place. On the other hand, a number of children were highly elated by the performance and considered it rare sport. The dissection was given in the afternoon by Miss Bushnell before a class of thirty girls and two boys.

[What an awful lesson in crime to teach young children! And shall such diabolical sowing not bring forth fruit after its kind? Trace the influence of such teaching and it will be found that the children become daily more callous and cruel, and some of them may end by killing human beings. The doom of this civilization is certainly sealed when young children are thus inoculated with the virus of destruction. Ed.]

*
* *

ARROGANCE may be worse than theft, and lust of gold more degrading than prostitution.—L. A. M.

THE UNUSED EARTH.

HABEL ANDREW, AUTHOR OF "VEGETARIANISM AND EVOLUTION," "BOOKS AND MEN," ETC.

IF you want to be healthy, wealthy and wise, go back to Nature.

Take a long railway journey, my brother, and when thou shalt see the Unused Earth. The earth was given by God to the children of men; but it is, comparatively speaking, unused. The farmer complains of agricultural depression. The poor get poorer and the rich richer. "Wealth accumulates and men decay." Poverty stalks rampant through the land. What wonder! This "Merry England" of ours is for the most part an unused England, an England of barren "fig" trees growing amidst a desert of grass land. Grass land is savage land—land in a state of nature; barren trees are savage trees—trees in a state of nature. Cut them down! why cumber they the ground?

Take a long railway journey, my brother, and then you shall see wilful waste. On either side of the line, you behold the Unused Earth. The land growing food for cattle, not men, or given up to the demon "sport," in the shape of game preserves. The fields decorated with hideous sign boards—"Martyr's Little Liver Pills," or "Mother Sneezum's Syrup." Instead of happy homesteads, laughing men and smiling women, instead of dancing children (those short-frocked seraphim) you see an English desert. Now a poor thatched cottage, which lets in the rain, the peasant's slave-home; now a lone, lorn horse, a sort of four-legged "Mrs. Wickham;" now a sad-eyed cow.

How far are we off from that blessed time foretold by the Divine Isaiah, when "the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

The elm, the beech and the ash, divide our fields, instead of the cherry, the pear and the plum; hawthorn hedges form a bad fence, at once ugly and dear; thorns and thistles stand where espalier apple trees and nut trees ought to grow. We grow turnips instead of raspberries, and vetches instead of strawberries. Horses, cows and sheep have plenty of room; man none. Men,

women and children are cooped up in big towns, in sordid streets, in noisome courts, in fetid alleys. Prisons without fruit! workhouses without fruit! asylums without fruit! Think of it! All destitute of man's natural food.

The Unused Earth! Idle hands! Waste lands! Think of it! An army of unemployed! Full Unions! Empty stomachs! Think of it! It is a case of willful waste and woeful want.

The land is only half tilled. Given a farm of four hundred acres, and it ought to pay, not on the old lines, but on the new. Devote two hundred acres to bee keeping, flower growing and poultry raising, and two hundred acres to nut trees and fruit trees. Choice flowers and choice fruit, well and carefully packed, always pay, even in spite of exorbitant railway fares. The remedy for agricultural depression lies in our own hands, It consists of two steps: the first is called Adult Suffrage; the second, the Land for the People.

Farmers groan, and well they may. Farmer Bull is stupid. For years he has sat in the school for fools—that sad school of experience, but he learns naught! Farmer A grows corn and turnips, and then he goes through the court—the bankruptcy court; farmer B grows corn and turnips, and then he goes through the court; farmer C does likewise; and so on to the end of the chapter. When Farmer Bull has suffered enough, he will learn wisdom. We don't want horse and plough and harrow, but man and spade and rake. Let the horse have a holiday, a long holiday! Let plough and harrow rust! The horse is a vain thing to trust to. Let man use his arms; yes, and his brains. Let him leave the mine, the mill and the shop, and till the earth once more as grandfather Adam did. This little England of ours ought to be a garden. We don't want corn and turnips in a garden, but flowers and fruit.

The soil requires to be trenched at least three feet deep; then the sub-soil would be well drained. Only the spade can do this properly. We want spade husbandry, fruit culture and one acre farms. Then shall the earth bring forth her increase, and God, even our own God (that mysterious spirit of man) shall give us His blessing.

Agriculture is sacred. Earth work (tillage) is the only natural work—the only proper work for man. The earth for the body, and God for the soul. Then shall we be fully occupied.

Liverpool, England. May 1st.

THE editors of the "Jefferson-Jackson Republic," Drs. J. H. Randall and J. Armstrong, are also at the head of the Independent Medical College of Chicago. They are taking a noble stand against the vivisection practices of the physicians of the old school of medicine, and in their journal of May 13th they arraign the "regular" doctors for their vivisection cruelties and other malpractice, and challenge them to disprove their charges. The "Jefferson-Jackson Republic" is doing a grand work. Its various departments devoted to anti-vivisection, woman's emancipation, and advanced ideas in other reforms, are awakening the people to see the necessity for getting to work and doing something to bring about a change for the better. If it is supported according to its deserts, it certainly must be attaining a very large circulation. Price \$1.00 a year. Address "Jefferson-Jackson Republic," Suite, People's Institute, Chicago, Ill.

IN the early years of the publication of *The World's Advance-Thought*, James L. Jones was one of our ablest contributors in prose articles and poetry. We have recently received from him the first number of a small, four-paged monthly paper, "The New Dispensation," which he edits and publishes. Mr. Jones is an original thinker, and his writings cannot help benefiting those who read them. Price 25 cents a year. Address "The New Dispensation," James L. Jones, Corvallis, Ogn.

"THE MEDIUM" has put on a new dress. It now appears as a sixteen-paged weekly magazine at one dollar a year. Spiritualists should give it their full support, for it is a deserving and progressive periodical. Address "The Medium," 329 Wilson Block, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE Shakers are a living example of the benefits of a celibate and chaste life, in its physical, mental and moral aspects,

VEGETARIANISM IN ENGLAND.

THE remarkable energy displayed by Mme. Alexandrine Veigele, the President-Founde of the International Women's Vegetarian Union, London, England, is worthy of the highest commendation. In the short period of two years that energetic lady has instituted, in London, not alone this International Union but a Vegetarian Depot where all kinds of Vegetarian products are sold,—the proceeds to be applied to extending her work,—and a Vegetarian Agency to obtain employment for Vegetarians, and to disseminate Vegetarian periodicals, books, pamphlets, etc. Her great executive ability has enabled her with the limited means at her command—obtained from members' dues, donations, etc.—to establish branches in foreign countries, and the Union has sent out Vegetarian literature printed in various languages.

Our space being limited we cannot enter into all the details of the good work done by Mme. Veigele and her band of earnest co-workers, but we hope our readers will help them to extend their worthy enterprises in this country, and aid in the promulgation of Vegetarianism by establishing in all cities branches of the International Union. The subscriptions and donations are all devoted to extending the principles of Vegetarianism.

The minimum subscription for women who desire to join the Union is one shilling a year; men, two shillings and sixpence. Address Mme. Alex. Veigele, 96 Crawford Street, London, W., England.

THE following from the "Harbinger," Lahore, India, is so much to the point that we reprint it: "A person once remarked that he would believe in God, if He struck a man on committing a sin. A similar kind of argument runs in the head of many flesh-eaters about Vegetarianism. They would never believe in it unless they saw persons drop down dead on eating a morsel of flesh. Diseases are so tardy in following their causes, that ignorant men cannot see any connection between them. Such men require liberal education to mould their natures."

LIFE OF SRI CHAITANYA.

K. CHAKRAVARTI.

[The following is taken from a lecture delivered at the annual meeting of the Sri Chaitanya Yoga Samaj, on the 17th of March last. It was, by kind permission, respectfully dedicated to Sir John Woodburn, K. C. S. I., who occupied the chair at the meeting.]

SRI SRI MAHAPRAVU CHAITANYA was born in 1485 on the full moon night of *Doljatra*. There was an eclipse of the moon, and he came to the world amidst general prayers and rejoicings, as is usual on the occurrence of ecliptic phenomena. He almost fell still-born from the womb, and, being considered dead, was placed under a *Nimtree* in the court-yard of the house, but he soon showed signs of life and his mother took him to her breast.

He was the son of Jugonnath Misra. His mother was Sachi Davi, daughter of Nilambar Chakravarti of Srihatta.

Among the visitors who came next morning to see the new-born was his maternal grandfather, Nilambar Chakravarti. This gentleman was an astrologer and predicted that the child would some day be a great man.

In the eighth month Sri Chaitanya was put through the rice-eating ceremony. This is an occasion on which the future of a Hindu boy is tested by his attempt to grasp one among many things placed before him, such as gold, silver, rice, books, toys, etc. It is said that he stretched out his little hand to take the Bhagbat (the great work of Maharshi Vyasa), which, strange to say, inspired and influenced him all through his life.

In his fifth year Sri Chaitanya was placed under a teacher. He mastered his alphabet with surprising quickness. About three years later he was put in the Grammar School of Gangadas, to learn Sanskrit, where he remained up to the age of fourteen. In his fifteenth year (A. D. 1500) he was transferred to the High School of Vachaspati Saravowma, a renowned professor of philosophy and logic. He found Sri Chaitanya an extraordinary student, and took great interest in teaching him; but he was ever surprised at the fact of the youngster coming to him formally to pass through the initiative stages, as it was apparent that he knew everything he read or that was explained to him,

and sometimes he knew more than his teacher. It was at this time that a calamity befell him. His father died leaving him and his mother without provision. This loss and the consequently impoverished condition caused a change in him. The wild vagaries in which he is said to have indulged in his boyhood were set aside, and he became serious and given to study. He pursued his studies under great difficulties for about three years; and then, driven by necessity, he opened an academy of his own to teach boys. The fame of his brilliant powers soon attracted pupils, and within a short time his institution gained foremost rank. Within this period he met by the river side one day Lakshmipriya, a young maiden of good family whom he admired. Sentiments were reciprocated and marriage took place. In his career as a professor of philosophy, Sri Chaitanya came in contact with eminent professors from other parts of India, who came to Nuddea, that town being then, as it is still, the chief seat of philosophy in Bengal. The meeting of one Pundit with another meant a literary controversy. He defeated all who came to him for discussion. Pundit Mukunda was the first, Pundit Iswara Puri the second, and Pundit Gadadhar was the third great man who confessed Sri Chaitanya's superiority. They all ultimately became his sincere friends. His fame spread far and wide, and letters of invitation poured in from all parts. This was, wordly considered, the most prosperous period of his life.

Money begets desire in man. With Sri Chaitanya money was an inducement for a pilgrimage to Gya with the view of performing the most sacred duty which a Hindu owes to his dead ancestors, by offering *Pindas* (cakes) at the foot of Godadhur Vishnu. A journey to Gya in those days was a very long, trying and risky undertaking on foot, but Sri Chaitanya was a resolute man with whom the will was action. With a few of his disciples he set out on the journey to Gya. Up to that time he was noted chiefly as *Gouranga*, which means an extremely handsome youth, and also an extraordinary genius. There is nothing on record to show that he had any serious thought about after life. On his arrival at Gya he seems

to have awakened to a new sense, as much as he had come to a new land altogether.

* * * * *

Nothing can be more solemn and sweet, nothing more soothing to the soul, more thought-inspiring, more hope-giving to the sinful heart than the temple of Gadadhur, overlooking the little stream *Falgu*. The golden flag on the top of the shrine, glittering in the sunlight, waves a message of joy, of unspeakable realization of hopes to all Hindus. It seems to say, "here at last is the place reached on earth where death has no terror and the bondage of sin is broken." The chantings of hymns from early morning, the worshipful attitude of devotees slowly mounting the steps of the temple, the offerings of incense, leaves and flowers and *Pindas* for the benefit of the departed souls, without distinction of caste, rank or even relationship; even a perfect stranger being empowered to offer *Pindas* for the benefit of any earthy soul. The whole scene brings the most stolid Atheist face to face with the great fact of an overpowering belief in an after-life.

It is here that Sri Chaitanya got his inspiration. It is here that his spiritual life suddenly dawned. "The new life," says Prof. Drummond, "should dawn suddenly." This is the only way in which life can come. "Life cannot," he adds, "come gradually; health can, structure can, but not life." It is here also that the great Buddha got his inspiration and new life. He sat here in contemplation of infinite creation and of *Nirvan Mukti*. But Sri Chaitanya returned home to spread the glad tidings of God's infinite love. He returned not to argue, or lecture, but to voice the glad tidings in his own way; to sing them in fact. Indeed, he could do nothing more. His heart overflowed with the love of Vishnu whom he saw in ecstatic vision. He could not bear the whole of that love himself; he wished that others should be happy with him. He was thenceforward no more the Professor, the philosopher, the learned man he had been. He no longer sought wealth or fame. He no longer thought of the morrow. He loved God only and lived for him alone. He sang only the subject of infinite Love. It is noteworthy that he never said

a word about infinite mercy, that is; because he never called a man a sinner. He looked at the world at large through the one attribute—infinite Love. The more sinful a man in the estimation of the world, the more dear he was to him. Take an instance: Jagai and Madhai, two unruly men, were a terror to all. Always drunk, they never scrupled to abuse, hurt or injure a man. Women fled at the mere mention of their names; men shunned them. One day it so happened that Pravu Nityananda, the friend of Pravu Chaitanya, and his co-worker, passed when they were engaged in a dispute with some men. Pravu Nityananda's heart melting at the pitiable condition of the two drunkards, he accosted one of them with true brotherly love; but the brute, instead of being struck with shame, took up a stone and struck the interlocutor on the head. Though his head was bleeding profusely, Nityananda with open arms embraced him and with endearing words pacified him. This had an instantaneous effect. The two ruffians went down on their knees. Sri Chaitanya at a distance, hearing of the affair, hastened to the spot. From that moment these two men were so far converted that they were not only reformed, but became exemplary men and most faithful followers of Sri Chaitanya.

* * * * *

Sri Chaitanya never spoke of mercy or forgiveness. To him Love was all-absorbing,—it was the ultimate of all other virtues; if you have Love you have all; you have mercy, you have forgiveness, you have self-abnegation; you unite yourself with all humanity; you unite yourself with God; you are at-one with the infinite God; oppression is no more; cruelty and injustice are no more; envy and malice are no more; the terrors of death are no more. . . . Sri Chaitanya was the only reformer who, retaining his religion as a Hindu, had the courage and power to abolish early marriages and the distinction of castes. He gave freedom to the Hindu women and stimulated education.

THE art of true living is forgetting all the evil, and remembering all the good; then there will be no evil to torment us.—L. A. M.

REPLY TO A REPLY.

DEAR MRS. MALLORY:—Once more I ask room for a short reply to the Shaker brethren who have replied to me, in favor of celibacy as against a true and spiritual union of the sexes.

I do not believe God created anything He was ashamed of, or that we were meant to be ashamed of, much less that power which makes man a creator of his kind; but I do believe He looked forward to this final and culminating age as one wherein a balance, or equilibrium, would be attained in all things related to the life of man as an individual, and to society as a whole. Ideals, as a rule, are extremes in doctrine and life that carry mankind nearer and nearer to that golden middle line of truth in all things, material and spiritual, the world is waiting to see realized, and in it find Heaven attained on earth.

Hence, from this standpoint, the ideal spiritual type presented by Jesus was to lift the race, as a whole, to a spiritual plane in the life they already lived as man and wife, rather than to separate the sexes and inculcate a celibate order of society. So too would I interpret the mission of Shakerism, in its intended effect upon the social body as a whole.

Only in the Catholic church, as the outcome of the life and teachings of Jesus, is celibacy practiced, and then only among the priesthood, and not the laity.

Granted it may help to make the priest seem more than a common man, more a saint and member of a special order than the people he ministers to, but still he does not demand the same life from them that the Church demands from him; if he did, there would be the same dearth of people and children in the land that there is in the great and lofty buildings of the family at Mt. Lebanon. The Shakers there built wiser than they knew, or else they never would have built such fine and many storied structures—this judging from the number of people, the size and number of the buildings at the time I lived near there. So a change in the order of life would be suggested, as ultimately coming to add to the numbers of the community—this in God's time and providence.

The essential thought and possible ideal for

humanity to-day is not celibacy, but a desired and controlled offspring, and a true recognition of woman's rights, as well as man's, in the marriage relation; and when man has learned reason in this matter, and his love becomes more spiritual and unselfish, and when woman has outgrown the bondage that man, the church, and her own natural and unenlightened love nature have put upon her, this ideal can be practicalized, and it is being lived up to already. I well know the strong impulse that has been given toward the spiritual side of life by all the modern spiritual movements, as well as the value of the sex literature now possible to circulate, but I still believe there is a middle ground between sensuality and celibacy to be found in this ideal as presented, and that a man may be born again into a recognition of his spiritual nature, and still live it.

The axe needs not so much to be laid at the roots of the tree of marriage, as at what remains therein of ignorance, selfishness, and the many weaknesses that flesh is heir to.

W. J. CUSHING.

THIS city has been honored by the visit of Mrs. Annie Besant (the successor of Mme. Blavatsky), and the Countess Wachtmeister. Mrs. Besant gave three lectures on theosophical subjects, which made a profound impression on the large and intelligent audiences she addressed, and will add many members to the Theosophical Society. She has a very strong personality, and her nobility of character causes her to wield a potent reforming influence over those she comes in contact with. With such earnest advocates as the Countess Wachtmeister and Mrs. Besant, the cause of Theosophy must grow rapidly.

SEND for the "New Commonwealth." It presents the "Declaration of Principles of the Political Economy of Equity"—the programme of the Fraternal Group of Students, which was composed by Lucinda B. Chandler, the Scribe of the organization, and is full of suggestive thoughts for the betterment of humanity. Price, twenty cents a hundred, and in proportion for more or less.



BE WARY.

AMONG the pitfalls in our path,
The best of us walk blindly;
Oh, man, be wary, watch and pray,
And treat your neighbor kindly.

A PROGRESSIVE OCTOGENARIAN.

DEAR MRS. MALLORY:—Long may The World's Advance-Thought go forth with its rich treasures to unfold, develop and expand the soul.

May God the Father grant each and every one of the human family all the Life, Light, Knowledge, Understanding and Wisdom that can be utilized to unfold, develop and perfect the soul in Love, Unity, Harmony and Happiness, is my prayer.

HIRAM LAWRENCE.

[Mr. Hiram Lawrence has been a subscriber to The World's Advance-Thought from the first number. He is past eighty years of age, and has never failed to pay his subscription in advance, although he supports himself by hard manual labor. He is a noble illustration of what a pure, honest, earnest and upright life will do to preserve the heart young, and keep the mind vigorous and serene. Ed.]

"PARADISE," published monthly, is "devoted to man's restoration to Adamic God-likeness, and earth's restoration to the condition of the Garden of Eden." Sent free to all persons who ask for it. Address Editors "Paradise," Peterboro, Ontario, Canada.

EVERY one can now have that great work of Stephen Maybell, "Civilization Civilized," (148 pages) for the small sum of ten cents. Address the Crusade Publishing Co., Denver, Colo. No one should miss reading it. It is a civilizer of civilization.

Remember Whole-World Soul Communion on the Twenty-Seventh of Each Month.

INTERNATIONAL VEGETARIAN CONGRESS.

THIS being the Jubilee year of the London Vegetarian Society, a great International Congress will be held in London, from August 2nd to August 7th, inclusive. We quote in part from the printed programme: "There will be conferences and discussions in the buildings of the Memorial Hall; public meetings in London; a concert and conversazione; dinner to delegates; visits to places of interest; reception and garden party by the President, at his country seat; conference, with Vegetarian exhibits at the Crystal Palace; Harvest Festival at the Vegetarian Hospital; private receptions and hospitality by members of the Committee and Vegetarians in London and Provinces. Members' ticket, to cover the whole proceedings of the Congress, will be five shillings, and must be purchased before July 1st, 1897."

The Congress will be held under the auspices of the Vegetarian Federal Union, President, A. F. Hills Esqr., D. L.; Secretary, Josiah Oldfield M. A., B. C. L. The Union has Vice-Presidents in nearly all civilized countries. Its official organs are "The Vegetarian," a weekly, eight shillings and eight pence a year; and the "Vegetarian Review," a monthly, twopence a copy. The central offices are at Memorial Hall, 16 Farringdon Street, London, E. C., England, where the Secretary may be addressed for further particulars. From the many enquiries being made, the indications are that this Congress will be the grandest success of any yet held.

"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD," edited and published by Levi P. Bunce, 592 Fifth Street, S. E., Minneapolis, Minn. Price 50 cents a year. Devoted to the interests of Christian Science. "The seed (thought) brings forth after its kind" is its motto.

THE Cycling Championship of India, for 1897, was won by Mr. H. E. Bryning, a member of the Vegetarian Cycling Club.