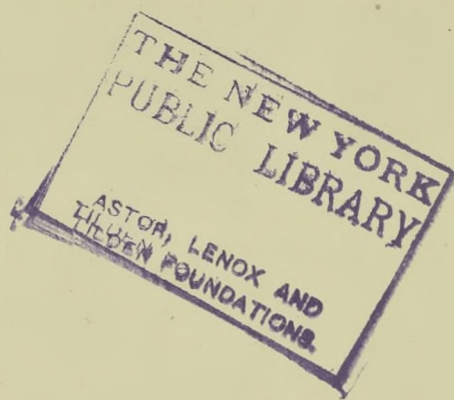


OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1892



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.

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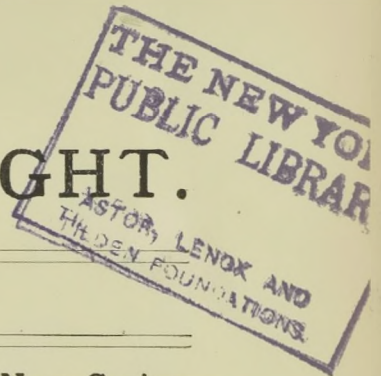
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THE WORLD'S ADVANCE-THOUGHT.



FROM EVERLASTING UNTO EVERLASTING.

October-November, 1897.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Vol. XI, No. 7—New Series.

THE WORLD'S ADVANCE-THOUGHT.

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EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY LUCY A. MALLORY.

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For The World's Advance-Thought.
IT IS TIME.

J. A. EDGERTON.

IN his age, when gold is king,
Seated on a brazen throne,
When 'tis thought the proper thing,
To rate men by what they own,
When the brute is more and more,
And the spirit less and less;
When the world is lording o'er
By corruption and excess,
It is time that men of worth
Boldly step into the van,
With this message to the earth:
"Down with Mammon, up with Man!"

We have seen the idler feast
While the toiler lacked for bread;
We have seen the king and priest
Rob the living and the dead;
We have seen the thief arrayed
In the purple robes of state,
While the honest man was made
To beg succor at his gate.
It has ever been the same
Since this reign of wealth began;
Let us stop the sickening game:
Down with Mammon, up with Man!

Earth is far too wise and old
For a lordling or a slave
To respect a band of gold
On the forehead of a knave;
Far too old for war and hate;
Old enough for brotherhood;
Wise enough to found a state
Where men seek each other's good.
We have worked for self too long;
Let us try a better plan;
Let us labor for the throng;
Down with Mammon, up with Man!

Many of the brightest, best
Of the earth were counted poor;
Some possessed not where to rest;
Others toiled and hardship bore.
Homer, at the dawn of Greece,
Sung and begged from day to day;
Buddha, born with palaces,
Flung the baubles all away.
Wealth is by the Devil prized;
God has cursed it with a ban;
Let us hear the pauper, Christ:
"Down with Mammon, up with Man!"

O, my people, will you heed?
Be no more like beasts of prey;
Turn from selfishness and greed;
Let us find a nobler way;
From the worn out lies of old
Let us make the whole world free!
Down with kings and priests and gold!
Up with God, Humanity!
Lust for gain breeds hate and crime;
Let us crush it while we can;
Let us bring the better time:
Down with Mammon, up with Man!

USE is the evolution of any power. That which is not used becomes useless. This is as true of the power to love, as of the muscular power that becomes atrophied for want of use. We need to put our spiritual muscles into action, as well as our material ones, in order for them to grow strong. The lover of the race grows strong in love, by cultivating more and more love for all forms of life. The one who hates, grows strong in hate by the same process. But the distinction between the two is, that while the love of the former saves and safeguards him, the hatred of the latter eventually leads to his ruin and destruction. Hence, "God (Love) saves His own;" and "the Devil (Hate) destroys his own."—L. A. M.

*
* *

If we would hold ourselves to as strict accountability for our own faults as we do others for theirs, evil would soon disappear.—L. A. M.

198251

INHARMONY.

INHARMONY—strife, hatred, revenge, lust, greed, envy, jealousy, etc.—is the congenial atmosphere in which undeveloped (evil) spirits live; it is the very breath of their nostrils, whether it be mentally or physically evolved. It is to them substance and nourishment.

Harmony of being—love, gentleness, kindness, generosity, etc.—is to them a closed book, a foreign language; hence, no one who is living a good, pure life and whose being is under his harmonious control, can be influenced nor in the least affected by evil spirits. If they approach his atmosphere they are made better by the contact.

The beauties and glories of the spiritual spheres are not apparent to inharmonious spirits, in or out of the physical body, for they must first cultivate the spiritual, subjective state before they can realize the objective harmonies and splendors that externally typify that state. As long as Hell conditions are cultivated in thought, the external reflection of that mental state will correspond to the internal condition. The inharmonious are ever hopeless, both here and hereafter. They see the dark side of things because they themselves generate the darkness. Beauty and delight surround the loving, now; they are optimistic, for the loveliness of their own pure tree of life sheds its heavenly perfume into their beings.

The fear that so many have, and express, of being brought into contact with "bad people" is due to the lack of harmony in their own beings. Good people are the "Light of the World." Their light dissipates the darkness, and the darkness cannot quench their light. Darkness reigns in so many persons because they rest in a "belief."

The great majority, with the deep-rooted habit they have of imagining and fabricating evil about their neighbors, are the mortal emissaries of evil spirits and are, thereby, active generators of the evil forces that maintain evil spirits—in church and state and society—dominant in the world. It is certainly essential that all evil should be exposed to the light, that it may die; but it is of far more importance that the good should be perceived and made dominant. We are too apt to think and

speak of the worst traits of men, and ignore the good in them. Let us reverse this, and in a short time much of the misery of the world will be dissipated, for the evil forces that generate it and keep it growing will no longer be evolved.—LUCY A. MALLORY.

*

* *

WHAT IS LOVE TO GOD?"

THE "denial of God," the "blasphemy of the Creator," is cruelty to any form of life; for life in any form, even the most infinitesimal, is the Supreme Intelligence in manifest operation. Therefore, "Love to God" is love manifested to all living things.

If one is cruel to his dog, or his cat, or his horse, if he goes hunting to kill and injure animals for brutal excitement and vicious pleasure, if he acquiesces in the torture and murder of innocent animals that he may have bloody food to feed a depraved appetite, or supposed remedies to cure the diseases that the gratification of that appetite engenders, he is the worst kind of an Atheist, a blasphemer of the Most High, a creator of hatred and discord, a corrupter of that Living Principle of which he should be the highest exponent and exemplifier.

The true "worship of God" is the purification of life by infilling it with love, and not "to hurt or destroy in all my holy mountain" that "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea," and that "the wolf shall lie down with the lamb." The "desecration of holy things" is to abuse and torment living beings, for these are holy (containing as they do the Universal Life) and are far more precious than the dead things that man has made and worships.

The Hindu Scriptures say: "He who lives pure in thought, free from malice, contented, leading a holy life, feeling tenderly for all creatures, speaking wisely and kindly, humbly and sincerely, has the Deity ever in his breast. The Eternal makes not his abode within the breast of that man who covets another's wealth, who injures living creatures, who is proud of his iniquity, whose mind is evil."—LUCY A. MALLORY.

MUSIC THE BUILDER.

THE following from "Unity," Kansas City, Mo., is in line with what we have always urged as the ultimate of all things—from chaos to harmony. When we have incorporated the language of the soul—music—into all the expressions of our being—thoughts, feelings and actions—we have attained the Immortal state of consciousness. Anything that interferes with this—that creates discord in heart and mind and body—is a chaotic condition of uncertainty. Hence, we say that until the mind is dominated with kind and loving thoughts—which is harmony—we are not masters of ourselves; we are in a constant state of chaos. Evil is the effort of unconscious good to reach conscious perfection. The inharmony in the crude is transformed by the Divine Artist into Harmony Divine:

"The Greeks held, in the person of Pythagoras, his school, and numerous natural philosophers who followed him, the doctrine that music is the principle of form in nature, and that every shape and natural figure in the animate and inanimate world was determined and created by the Divine infusion of music into formless chaos. 'By whatever means it was introduced,' said one of the greatest of these ancient thinkers, 'for on that point we are left entirely without a basis for speculation, music, and nothing but music, must have been infused into matter so as bring the formless universe to harmonious order, and to produce the forms we see around us of landscapes, rivers, trees, flowers, instead of the everlasting chaos which preceded.' In illustration of this ancient idea, we find vibrations of musical sound, at the present day, producing the forms of flowers, trees, shells and other natural objects, spontaneously, and without any previous suggestion of the form by the hand of man. We see the same power when exercised upon a chaos of grains of sand, at once throw the sand into patterns of symmetry, whose lines and curves might very easily, if we were disposed to carry out the analogy, be construed into miniature models of winding rivers, sweeping mountain chains, and other objects which give order and outline to a landscape. Pythagoras, who went further than all others of the same

school, proceeded to great detail in exemplifying the power of music in giving form to matter. He made the bold assertion—for which he has been called a madman—that the octave gave our globe its present form. In remarkable agreement with such a hypothesis, the experiments of Chladni have revealed that whenever an octave is sounded on a glass plate covered with sand, the sand, whatever its previous condition, invariably ranges itself in the form of a circle.

"Here we have a visible demonstration of the way in which the formless is arranged into form by the power of the word. It is no longer a theory that we form the physical body by the thought or word, and we need no longer depend solely upon intuition and abstract reasoning to enforce the truth that all phenomena are the result of thinking. Another bridge has been thrown across the apparent gulf between the internal and external, and we are met at both ends by the one and indivisible unit—Universal Mind."

PRESENT OPPORTUNITY.

CHAS. B. NEWCOMB.

WE are troubled by one problem of the hour, yet, when it has been solved, it will be followed by another no less difficult; for life is education. As we grow, our text books get more complicated. Let us enjoy the work in hand—the lesson of to-day. To-morrow will add nothing to our life; for, like the spider, we spin our web from our own centers.

The opportunities that we anticipate are always ours; we do not have to wait for them. Our neighbor's problems are no less than ours; his opportunities no greater than our own. We may enjoy God *now*. Nothing else that is enjoyable has ever been discovered, nor have we any reason to believe that anything else exists in all the universe.

Atheism is a belief in the Devil.

THE "happiness after death," is not after the death of the body, but follows the death of evil in the being, and evil dies if it is not nourished by wrong thoughts.—L. A. M.

INTERESTING SPIRIT PHENOMENA.

S. A. MERRILL, M. D.

THE season of 1884 I was at Parsons, Kansas.

While there, I made the acquaintance of an interesting family of Spiritualists, one of whom, the wife of Judge V., then a resident of that place, but now of Los Angeles, Cal., is a somewhat remarkable medium, but wholly in the conscious state when under control. Her controlling spirit at that time being no other person than Mr. Horace Greeley.

A small select circle had already been formed some time prior to my entering it, to which disordered and inharmonious spirits occasionally came for treatment. Many of these spirits, affected to a greater or less degree by their insanities of earth life, come from the higher walks and spheres of spiritual life, many of them having entered that life ages ago, but by far the greater number come from the very lowest classes in spirit life, for the purpose of divesting themselves of the evils of heredity and of life in the world, and to perfect and fully complete this present one of our planetary re-incarnations, by continuing the work of re-incarnating the spiritual man after entering spirit life, which they had left unaccomplished while in the life of the flesh.

For accomplishing this Divine labor of lifting man out of the evils and the "Hells," so-called, of *post mortem* life, science, Philosophy and philanthropy have, in recent years, achieved wonders. But my present purpose is simply to give to the readers of the World's Advance-Thought some account of the case of an insane spirit, who was the first of his kind brought to the circle for the treatment of his malady.

This person, with my consent, took temporary control of my material organism and held it for over an hour, running on with his strange, insane babble the whole time in a very remarkable way, disclosing, in part, what his spirit friends, who had introduced him to the circle, more fully gave us, viz: a statement of his name, place of business, occupation, insanity, date of admission into some insane asylum, (the name and place of it not being included), and the time of entrance into spirit life.

From the statements of the spirit intelligences we learned that this man's name was John Mason; that he had in earth life resided in Chicago; had been a merchant on Lake Street in that city; had become insane about five years before, and had been taken to an insane asylum; and had passed into spirit life about three years afterward.

He would not permit any one of the other members of the circle to come and lay their hands upon him; springing up from the circle in great alarm and rushing to a distant part of the room, and threatening to bolt out of doors, when the lady medium, Mrs. V., offered to do so in order to calm his excitement (indeed it is my belief that had I not at the time put him under proper restraint by an exertion of my will force upon my bodily organs, he would have actually taken me out of doors); by and by, however, after some preliminary persuasion and encouragement, he permitted the medium, Mrs. V., to come and lay her hands gently upon his (my) head, after which he became more quiet and rational, and consented to be removed to his proper home in the third sphere of spirit life, by the friends who brought him to us.

As our Celestial friends present expressed a desire that we should verify this somewhat remarkable case, and directed me to write to Mr. Potter Palmer, of the "Palmer House," Chicago, Ill., for information concerning it, I at once complied with the request and sent a brief note of inquiry expressive of interest in a certain person, John Mason by name, and asking for his then present whereabouts, etc. He replied as follows:

"I knew the man Mason, who became insane and was taken to the insane asylum at Elgin, Ill., and died there. My brother, Milton I. Palmer, however, was better acquainted with him, and if you will address a note to him, in care of this House, he will be able to tell you more about him."

This is the brother's reply: "I knew the man Mason well. We employed him. He became insane from sunstroke. I went with his wife when she took him to the asylum at Elgin, Ill., where he died. In the latter part of his life he did move on to Lake Street and go into the mercantile trade for awhile."

BECOME "ONE WITH THE FATHER."

DEAR MRS. MALLORY:—Verily, thy paper doth please the soul of enlightened man, and is one of the few that flood the study of a worker that my heart doth reach unto. The following may interest your readers:

I was about to have an interview with a man who was known to be thoroughly selfish. He was an unjust and penurious landlord of a house wherein lived tenants who were poor, but deserving better treatment. All entreaties to repair and make liveable the premises were denied them and enlisted friends; so I was called to help, if possible. Now, when I work, I work to *win*; so for two days I dwelt lightly but persistently on the coming visit amidst my usual many duties. The more I heard of this man the more determined I became (in the solar-plexus, not head, mind you!) to win him over.

That evening, after I had retired, these words from Lilian Whiting's gifted mind reverted to mine: "I have succeeded in receiving messages from my friend, Kate Field, and other spirit friends by speaking audibly, when I could not in any other way." Surely, it looked reasonable; by speaking the words aloud the mind is concentrated, where in thought alone they largely mingle with the undefined yet lurking ones of sub-conscious mind. While, as an established spiritual and mental physician, I no longer speak directly to a spirit, yet this night I seemed to imbibe the idea to do so, and thus spoke, clearly and with interested trust,—as through a telephone,—saying: "Father, I wish you would go with me to-morrow and impress that man to deal righteously in this matter." I then put my "mental abode" in order, as is my wont each night, and went to sleep. Several hours were passed in deep repose, when I was gently yet fully awakened by a voice so clear, that had I not received the inner conviction as well as the electric thrill—so well known to all who are developed media between the conditions defined as physical and spiritual—I should have believed it that of some intruder. I caught first, "no sense," as though it were the ending of a sentence uttered ere I was fully awake; then

clearly, yet from no defined direction, came the words: "You earth children say 'he or she has no sense,' when, in truth, you live in sense; could you unfold your souls more in spiritual realization, instead of being content to dwell in mental recognition of facts, the world's hardest problems could the more readily be solved and remedied. Now, we cannot impress that man, for he knows naught but his mental picture of himself and his greatness; we can only, through you, should you hold sufficient lucidity of mind, generate a power that will reach him on his own plane, and thus incite him to his duty."

The next day found me in the office of the gentleman. I found him a hard, selfish, eminently successful lawyer, whose face and manner impressed with the smallness of his opinion of all but himself. "You are not a human soul; you are a thing! look out! I am uncompromising!" I shall never forget the hour spent in that office! I am not termed a wit, nor am I inclined to brilliant repartee, but I had gone to him full of love for my neighbor and prayerfully passive to higher inflatus of thought, and a power flowed through me which changed this man from his impatient, overbearing disposition to one of evident keen enjoyment; his would-be decided words were skillfully parried and turned, until when I left I carried with me the promise that over two hundred dollars worth of repairs would be done, and the feeling of the enjoyment of a wonderful hour. I afterward heard he had said: "That's a remarkable woman, but she'll never beat me again!"

I repeat this for whatever interest and instruction it may carry to its readers, yet I cannot conscientiously forbear to append a caution, lest one should lean too entirely upon the help and advice of our seemingly departed friends. We must not forget that they, like ourselves, must learn the laws that control conditions before they can know whether that which they help us to is best for us or not. Many times they help us just as they used to in earth life,—ignorantly,—for unless they know the causes, we are often made to suffer from the effects. So, far better is it for us to develop our own soul-

consciousness, wherein we may ourselves discern the mysteries of the Inner World, and, as a Unity of Minds, create power which enables both them and ourselves to receive knowledge from the Fountain Head of All Wisdom. LOUISE L. MATTHEWS.
Diamond, Alameda Co., Cal.

A WORD FOR OUR MEDIUMS.

IT seems to be a growing fashion to slur our mediums, and the stickier the mud that can be thrown at them, the more a certain class of mind is delighted. We desire to utter a word of strong protest and warning. There is danger lest the obstructive tide sweep so high and strong that it shut off (as was the case for centuries) all lines of communication between the seen and unseen. At our present stage or unfolding, we need the invisible, more than they need us, far more; for from them comes the only possible method of communication by which direction for advance along certain lines of growth and unfoldment is at all possible. There is much unnecessary talk of fakes and frauds. Less braggadocio talk, and more quiet work in the way of any necessary purification, would bring about the results all honest persons desire, much easier and more completely than the present method of wholesale denunciation. It is a pity that when a medium does go astray, the din of contending voices rises higher and higher. It is rolled as a sweet morsel under the tongues of some who desire that all men should be base, or at least thought so.

Is it not a fact, however, that there are fewer dishonest and mercenary mediums than among transmitters of the truth along any other sect or religion of to-day? Will not their work compare favorably with that done by the speakers of the same grade among the great bodies of broad thinkers? Is it not a fact that every argument possible for their disparagement has been put forward, and when their sensitive organisms have yielded to the strain from both the outer and the inner, then all the capital possible is made of the weakness and disability. Often there is, besides this, a pressure from unfavorable environments, which seemingly compels certain conditions hold-

ing the medium like a band of steel. But one of the fiercest opposing conditions is the lack of knowledge and training along the lines upon which a medium is compelled to work. Most of the psychic work has been empirical. The psychic finds that by doing certain things in a certain way, certain results follow. There is no knowledge of the law of consequences, or how to produce any desired effect, that is not in the line of the status set up. The medium simply submits blindly to anything that may offer itself out of the unseen, ranking all on the same grade, and welcoming all with the same heartiness. No greater mistake could be made by those who develop their psychic natures. The injunction of the Wise One of old; "Try the spirits" to see what manner they are of, holds much of worldly wisdom. It is a safe rule not to receive from the Invisible any caller with whom we would have nothing to do if they were in the earth-life.—*W. P. Phelon, M. D., in the Progressive Thinker.*

WE pointed out some time ago, in a series of articles, that Christian morality was not superior to Mohammedan morality. M. Denais, in the "*Nouvelle Revue*," while severe enough upon Sultan Abdul, says that the common Turks are a very humane people. Their kindness to animals puts most Christian countries to shame. A Turkish child will never destroy a bird's nest; on the contrary, Turks buy birds from Christian and Jew hawkers in order to liberate them. Stray dogs are fed and tended, instead of being killed. There is no room for a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Turkey.—*The Freethinker.*

THE International Vegetarian Congress, held in London, during the past month (September), eclipsed all previous gatherings of Food Reformers, and attracted the serious attention of the whole of the British Press. Immense publicity has thus been given to the claims of the Movement, and there can be little doubt that the public have been made to realize that the adoption of a rational, bloodless and humane diet is no longer a subject to be sneered at, or to be laughed down by feeble and insane jokes.—*The Herald of the Golden Age.*

THE UNIVERSAL REPUBLIC.

EACH FOR ALL, AND ALL FOR EACH.

October-November, 1897.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Vol. XI, No. 7—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.

WOMAN'S WORK.

ADELAIDE COMSTOCK.

*"Speak unto this people the words which I command thee." **

WOMAN, arise! there is work for thee to do!
"Work!" says the weary mother, with a sigh,—
"More work! when now I've all that I can do?
I groan beneath my burden, and my heart is faint,
Yet no one listens to my weary plaint!
Life seems so much like one long, toilsome plod,
I oft times sigh for the sweet rest of God.
Man may throw off his burden by endeavor,
But woman's lot is to toil on forever!
Though it be sweet to work for those we love,
The task beyond the strength may often prove;
Yet so woven with our heart-strings is our care,
We clasp it closer when we most despair!"

"Work?" says the thoughtless one of fashion's fair,
"Don't talk to me of work; why, I declare,
Society's demands and calls of pleasure
So fill my time I've not a moment's leisure.
Leave work to men, or women, so inclined,
Or those obliged to labor for their kind!
And pray to what does woman's work amount?
Who labors least is held at best account!
Besides, if public work is what you want,
I'll not expose myself to jeer and taunt,
And have men count me as a public nuisance,
For stepping o'er the bounds of common usance!
I'm very sure they have no need to fear
That I shall step outside my 'proper sphere.'
I'll grant that man is sovereign lord of all,
So he but dance attendance on my call,
And, tired of gaiety, submit at length
To be his weakness, if he'll be my strength."

"Work!" says the earnest soul, "Lo, here am I,
Ready to do, to conquer, or to die!"
A voice from Heaven, my sister, calls to thee,
And such as thou, humanity to free!
True woman's work is what the world demands—
Work of brave hearts, clear heads and willing hands.
But, ah, the hands are tied, 'tis all in vain!
What can she do?—feel, think, but naught attain!
Who gave thee power, O, man, with chains to bind
These sisters, wives and mothers of mankind?
Strike off these fetters of a barbarous age!
The very thought fills noble souls with rage!
What wonder she is weary 'mid her care,
And often wrings her hands in mute despair,
Or, spurning care, prefers an empty life,

Bringing reproach upon the name of wife!
Wifehood means motherhood (O, sacred name)
In highest sense; degraded 'tis but shame,
Though thousand laws of thrice ten thousand lands
Should be enforced to legalize the bands!
No toiling slave, or form with empty mind,
Is fit to be a mother of mankind!
Yet toiling slaves and empty minds there'll be
Till woman reach her royal destiny.
O, holy, sacred rite of motherhood,
When Nature's higher law is understood!
To woman has the holy trust been given
Of building temples for the God of Heaven!
But, woeful sight! we see on every hand,
Instead of the grand work by Nature planned,
But wrecks and ruins of a work half-wrought,
Wept o'er by angels, and by demons sought!
Vile habitations where no God can dwell!
Given o'er to devils as their native Hell!
O, woman, to your work with holiest will,
Resolved henceforth to aim at highest skill!
God holds you to account to do your best;
Your work, as yet, a failure stands confest!
Move Heaven and earth to give you needed power
(This mighty work's the duty of the hour!)
Let sacrilegious rite profane no more
The sacred altar where the Gods adore!
Sin of all sins! O, Thou great God of Heaven,
Is this the sin that cannot be forgiven?
And thou, O man, would'st know where's woman's sphere?
Where'er man lives and moves; yes, everywhere
Her offspring ever needs her guardian care,
From cradle to the presidential chair!
She, who through childhood did thy steps attend,
In riper years can also be thy friend!
Manhood has not made thee so great or wise
That thou thy mother's counsel may despise!
Presumptive fool! once dandled on her knee,
Shall now her sphere be circumscribed by thee?
Avaunt! the thought's an insult before Heaven,
That woman, of all good the hidden leaven,
Should be obliged a suppliant to kneel
At feet of man, and humbly make appeal
To be allowed to exercise a right,
Her own, as his, withheld by force of might,
And plead in vain that she may lend a hand
To heal the many sorrows of our land!
Wrecks on life's waves, your life boat she would be!
Strike off her shackles! Let her hands be free!

*
The command at the head of this poem came from a voice more forcible than spoken words falling on the outer ear; they penetrated my soul with their distinctness; and the message seemed to flow through my brain without effort on my part. I merely wrote as given.—A. C.

WHEN the higher influences control in a seance
there may not be any manifestations of an external
character at all.—L. A. M.

CONSIDER TRUTH FROM ALL SIDES.

It is the common experience of Editors to receive letters from contributors and subscribers, protesting against the publication of ideas that do not agree with their own; and there is only an occasional journal that will publish matter advocating the other side of truth, from the Editor's point of view. This seems wrong to us, especially on the part of journals that are liberal and progressive, and it is unjust and tyrannical in all instances.

Truth is many sided and limitless in its infinite variety. Erroneous statements cannot harm that which is true; they only cause the truth to shine forth the brighter. Besides, all minds do not see or reason from the same standpoint.

Often our best inspirations come from reading or hearing that which seems to us erroneous, for, like the kite, inspiration soars highest against an opposing atmosphere. Therefore, we never exclude from the columns of our magazine any ideas that are presented in an intelligent and respectful manner. It is time that people calling themselves "liberal and progressive," ceased to have an *index expurgatorius*. It is not liberality of thought to condemn everything that is not in harmony with one's own crystalized ideas, for this is just what the bigoted in religious, social and political matters are doing, and the more narrow they are the more circumscribed are the limitations they put to the expression of thoughts differing from their own.

As all elements are necessary to minister to the growth of the plant, so the expression of all phases of thought are essential to the evolution of Truth, and in the Light of Truth all that is dark and erroneous is swallowed up. We cannot grow in wisdom unless we give respectful attention to all ideas, for every theory advanced contains some grains of Truth by which we may profit if we will listen without prejudice and accept it.

This seeking to hold every one to our way of thinking, and preventing them from expressing their ideas, is rooted in selfishness, narrowness and ignorance of the boundless intelligence that constitutes the universe. We would too often limit

the universe to our own petty knowledge, instead of holding ourselves silently receptive to more of Truth. Bigotry, in any form, clogs the wheels of progress.—LUCY A. MALLORY.

*

THERE is power in an iceberg to take people around the world, but until the iceberg is converted into steam, its power to do this is not manifest. So it is with man; on the mere physical plane his mighty spiritual powers are not manifest, although they are involved in his being; and unless he brings about the conditions whereby they can be evolved, he cannot profit by them.

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* *

IN this world poverty is made the greatest disgrace, and riches the greatest virtue; but there is no shame in the poverty of the good thinker, nor virtue in the riches of the evil thinker. In the sphere of pure soul the greatest shame is to sell one's purity of heart and mind for mere things, and the greatest virtue is to give all things for the cultivation of Love in the being—L. A. M.

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You cannot be industrious when you are idle; you cannot be virtuous if you are vicious; you cannot love if you hate. The being is what it creates. To ask for the fruits of industry while idle, to demand the good of virtue while vicious, to aspire to the happiness of love while hating, is to ask that the sun will shine in the night.

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THE farther away anything is, the smaller it appears to be. Truth is so far away from the consciousness of the majority of people that they think that it amounts to nothing; but error they consider very great because they hug it close to themselves.—L. A. M.

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HATING one for the evil he manifests, is like trying to clean his dirty body with filth.—L. A. M.

THE OTHER SIDE OF "GLORY."

THE Jubilee is over. The triumphal procession, with Australian soldiers as a bodyguard, is passing from our thoughts. The mother land has made a show of naval power which, as we love to think, has proved to her rivals that she is invincible at sea. The Queen has seen her soldiers marching, regiment after regiment, in all their brave array. Strong men have doffed their hats and cheered, while mothers smiled, and bright girls waved their handkerchiefs. And the soldiers, with banner flying, or with lance in rest, to sound of trumpet and to roll of drum, with steady tramp, with martial air, march on and on and on—to what? While the last sullen roll of that far-off drum still echoes round the world, may we pause awhile and think? Before the last buff-coated lad, gallant son of a fond Australian mother, passes with all the glory of that long march-past from our mind's eye, may we ask: "For what purpose?"

Lift but the corner of the curtain that veils the future of that line of soldiers, and the men who doff their hats will crush them down over agonized brows; the mothers who smile will wring their hands in bitter sorrow; while the girls will wipe away fast-falling tears. For beyond this gay display, the end of the long march-past is War,—fierce struggle, unrelieved agony, terrible death! War, about which Wellington said: "There is nothing more horrible than a victory, except a defeat!" about which Sherman said: "You think that war is all glory, but I can tell you, boys, it is all Hell!" about which Dr. Russell wrote from Sedan: "Let your readers fancy masses of colored rags glued together with blood and brains, and pinned into strange shapes by fragments of bones; let them conceive men's bodies without heads, legs without bodies, heaps of human entrails attached to red and blue cloth, and disembowelled corpses in uniform, bodies lying about in all attitudes, with skulls shattered, with faces blown off, hips smashed, bones, flesh and gay clothing all pounded together as if brayed in a mortar, extending for miles, not very thick in any one place, but recurring perpetually for weary hours; and then

they cannot, with the most vivid imagination come up to the sickening reality of that butchery." And before they went they made a glorious display, those Frenchmen and those Germans, who fought for the possession of the provinces they made hideous with massacre.

But what of those who speak our Saxon tongue? Alas! war makes men demons, of whatever race they may be. During the American civil war, when brother fought brother for a question, which by every tie of race and heritage, they should have settled peaceably, a vast destructive explosion was planned. Into the great crater formed by that explosion the Northern soldiers rushed, and while the Southern troops rallied to avenge their comrades (I quote the words of an eye-witness, Major Cook,) "shattering volleys were fired into the seething abyss till it became a perfect Hell of blood. The frantic mass heaved and struggled like demons. Hand grenades were thrown in, and as they exploded you could see arms and legs and heads go up into the air. The Federals lost in that crater more than four thousand men—seven thousand men in one chasm; it was choked with dead." These are stories of the battlefield, and not unusual ones.

We Australians have always hoped to get a sale for our horses in the British army. Perhaps the spirit of commercialism will enter into no account of what will become of them when we are paid. But it is easy to tell. War, that spares not man, counts animals as mere dust in the balance. One officer, writing from a field of battle, said: "What to me was most pitiful was the sight of the poor horses, lying about so helplessly and patiently, uttering deep groans of agony." During one of our Afghan campaigns sixty thousand camels perished miserably. During the Soudan campaign they were hamstrung by scores, and could be seen hobbling about in agony in search of food or water. Terrible as all this is, we cannot turn away with a shudder and say: "The worst is past." For inventions multiply; and while we prate, sometimes so idly, of love and brotherhood, men are busy in inventing and forging fresh engines of destruction.

And again we ask: "For what purpose? To keep the peace? To guard our native shores? To show our neighbors that we stand ready to face any foe? To guard our commerce?" Aye, indeed! So we are told, we mothers. And we send our sons, as our mothers did, and as their mothers did aforetime, to satiate the lust of war. But the lust of war cannot be satiated. When was unholy lust ever satiated by gratification? Rather it grows, and demands fresh victims. Increased military display does but excite rival nations to outvie each other. Increased military expenditure gives little sense of security to the taxpayer who makes it possible. A few figures easily prove this. The military expenditure of Europe for 1869 was only £116,732,583. By 1892 the annual amount had risen to £198,948,098. Last year, 1896, the nations of Europe spent in military preparation no less a sum than £210,000,000. And still they drill and muster. And still they stand with fear and jealousy smouldering in their hearts—men and brothers, who would spring each to rescue the other if only healthy human love held sway, incited to rivalry and spurred to enmity by the belief that only in a display of power can security be found.

. . . . In 1841 Sir William Macnaghten, trusting to it, found it a broken reed. He and his officers were basely murdered in Cabul, although the strength of the whole British army was behind them. Had England's power been ten times greater she could not then have protected them, because the passions of men, once roused, stay not to count the cost. The regiment they commanded also believed themselves safe. Four thousand men, marching through ice and snow, entered the narrow pass which led to safety. One man, one alone, escaped with life, and reached Jelalabad to tell the tale.

Where was the security which power guarantees on that never-to-be-forgotten day in Cawnpore, when men came out of the room in the Residency to sharpen anew their swords, so that they might more easily complete their butchery. The blood-stained hands of women and children, who ran round the room clinging to the sides and shrieking

in deadly horror, wrote red upon the walls that there was none.

Marochetti's angel, standing in sorrow over all the love and life that were cast into the well in the square of Cawnpore, is a silent witness to the futility of trusting to military security when war has roused the brutality of man.

And now and here? Did we feel much sense of security for the commerce and happiness of the homeland when we knew, a few months ago, that there might come to us at any moment, throbbing through the thousand miles of cable, the sorrow-laden message that told of war in Europe. That misfortune was happily averted. But not so much by the spectacle of our panoplied regiments as by the wisdom of the men who wanted peace. If we placed a little hope in the fear that our preparations might inspire, and looked back with pride to Trafalgar and Waterloo, we placed still more in the prudence of the hands that guided the helm of England.

. . . . If two of our neighbors, who live side by side, resort to fisticuffs about the placing of a fence or the making of a drain, we blame their greediness or pity their hasty tempers. Few of us, let us hope none, would think the one had covered himself with glory if he managed to get the fence put up so that it favored his own property, while the other (his neighbor) lay sick unto death with broken limbs received in a fight to a finish. Yet the fence to Jones and Brown is of little more importance than Alsace to France and Germany, or the boundary line in Venezuela to others whom we know of.

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need for battleshps or forts."

—Mrs. M. S. Wolstenholme, in *Sydney (Australia) Morning Herald*.

A Spiritualist Congress will be held at Los Angeles, Cal., from December 19th to January 2d.

OUR subscribers will please note that we do not continue to send our paper after subscriptions have expired.

INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE
ORDER OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE meeting of the Order at St. Martin's Town Hall, London, can hardly be described in mere words, for the spirit manifested and the impressions received, were such as need to be experienced in order to be realized. The friends began to assemble at five o'clock (an hour before the time appointed), and it was difficult for the hall-keeper to empty the building at 11 p. m. The tone of all the speeches was that of holy aspiration and enthusiasm, and there can be no doubt that most of those present realized, if never before, the immense possibilities which lie before the Movement, and the great influence which it may ultimately exert upon the ideas and the future of the world.

The Provost, Mr. Sidney H. Beard, spoke upon the progress and prospects of the Order, stating that since the last meeting, in February, the list of members, and also of subscribers to the "Herald of the Golden Age," had been nearly doubled, and that a great deal of influence had been exerted upon Christian ministers, doctors, leaders of thought and journalists throughout the world. . . . From every quarter letters are pouring in which afford conclusive evidence that the consciences of earnest men and women in every land are being deeply stirred and aroused upon this question [flesh eating]. Each new convert becomes a source of influence, and a great wave of humane sentiment is thus being gathered up throughout the Christian world, which will, ere long, sweep over the Western nations and do away with much of the butchery, cruelty, suffering and sin which is at present such a disgrace to Christian civilization. We have a great opportunity of rendering effective service to God and man which angels might covet, for we are striking at *the great stumbling block* which has stood in the way of the world's progress towards higher things, and has hindered the advance of God's kingdom of Love and Righteousness; and also at that which has deluged the world with carnality, bloodshed and disease."

Mr. Harold W. Whiston, Provincial Counsellor

of the Order, said: "Hygienic reasons, economic reasons are most useful factors, but, depend upon it, if we are going to convince men and women and to raise up consecrated workers who will fight this matter out, they will have to be convinced from the standpoint of Right and Wrong.

"I remember once standing in a slave market in Kentucky, talking to an old negro who pointed out the block upon which he had been sold. With tears running down his face, the old man said: 'My wife and I and my only daughter, a beautiful girl, were sold on that block; my wife to one man, my daughter to another, and I was sold to another, and I have never seen them since.' While that sale was going on, there was a young man watching it with his friend, and after the sale had taken place, turning to his friend, he said: 'Let's get out of this; if ever I get a chance to strike at this thing, by God's help I will hit hard!' That man was Abraham Lincoln. He was only a boy eighteen years of age, but the time did come and he did strike hard. And just as those men struck hard, so also must we at the wholesale massacre of the animal creation, and the horrors of the traffic in their flesh. If these things be wrong, they must go—no matter what the cost may be."—*From the report of the Convention, in the Herald of the Golden Age, Ilfracombe, England.*

THE "Fall of Lucifer", and other Essays and Poems," by Wm. Sharpe, M. D.; 250 pages; price \$1.00; Hy. A. Copley, Canning Town, London, E. England. Dr. Sharpe is a poet-reformer of the New Time. Both poems and prose articles are of a high spiritual order, and manifest deep thinking on the part of their author.

THE growth of Vegetarianism is very rapid in these stirring days. New Vegetarian societies, periodicals, and other literature are springing up in all civilized countries, notably in Germany, France, Belgium and Holland. Vegetarianism as a necessity in Temperance Reform is being increasingly agitated.

HE who rears his child to despise the life of labor, shall live to see it cursed with the vice that idleness engenders.—L. A. M.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

MEMORIAL services in memory of James Gowdy Clark were held in the parlors of The World's Advance-Thought, on Sunday, October 24th. Many of his intimate friends and many who knew him through his works, paid tribute of honor to his memory. W. H. Galvani, who was an intimate friend of Mr. Clark's, opened the services with an address that is a true and complete sketch of "His Life and Works," which we will give in full in the next number of The World's Advance-Thought. In his introductory remarks he said:

"It is due to the memory of the one for whom we have now gathered together to honor, to say here that this is not in any way from a desire to conform to the indiscriminate custom of eulogizing every one, no matter how useless, or cruel, and, sometimes, despised a life such individuals may have led. If the historians of the future should attempt to write of the present epoch, from the materials that may be gathered from the eulogies upon the dead, why, modern times would appear to the future generations as something like a truly golden age, when upon the life of each individual no other commentary could be offered than: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!" That this would be an entirely false picture of our present era, we all know but too well. For my own part I would rather welcome a restoration of the custom that prevailed among the ancient Egyptians: among them the dead were not accorded such meaningless eulogies as are in these days; but they were judged with an almost extreme rigor. From this no one could escape; even kings themselves were not exempt from this judgment, and all who had any grievance against the deceased person were given a full hearing. If it appeared to the judges that the deceased was a cruel or wicked person, his name was condemned to perpetual infamy, and no monument could be erected to perpetuate his memory. The influence of such a custom upon the minds of the living you can easily understand.

"But every age and clime, every race and creed, can point with pride to its noble representatives,

rare as these ever were; and, in this case, we can consistently point with pride to one against whom no one the world over can present a single grievance; whose exemplary life and exalted genius are as refreshing to the mind as a living spring is to the weary traveller in some trackless desert. Nor have any of those who knew him, failed to recognize his noble traits during his life time, and what we say of him now, every one of us expressed it whenever occasion presented itself."

Mrs. Miller, Editor of the Pacific Empire, paid a loving tribute to his memory and recited his beautiful poem "Leona." Mr. Wm. Sproul, a young attorney of this city, spoke eloquently of Mr. Clark's life work, and Mr. D. H. Hendee, and others whose names we cannot recall, followed.

Mrs. C. A. Dean closed the services with the following inspirational poem:

O, singer of songs so sweet,
 Worker for Justice and Truth,
 Thou hast passed from life below
 To the land of Eternal Youth.
 Man of the silvery hair,
 With thy three-score years and ten,
 A record that's good to read,
 Thou hast left thy fellow men.
 Thou hast fought the battle well,
 The battle for freedom and right;
 Where oppression reared its head,
 Thou wert ever first in the fight.
 Fearless with tongue and pen,
 That all mankind be free,
 Thou did'st work aye with a will,
 And this night we honor thee.
 And, throughout the coming years,
 When they reap what thou did'st sow,
 With grateful and loving hearts
 They'll think of thee here below.
 O, singer of songs so sweet,
 That ever of Justice told,
 O, find some channel true,
 And sing thou again as of old.

The influence of James G. Clark will increase as the years pass on, and in the "Land that is fairer than day" he will enjoy the fruits of his grand sowing.

"There is no death! The stars go down
 To rise upon some fairer shore,
 And, bright in Heaven's jeweled crown,
 They shine forevermore!"

ADOPTING MATERIALISM.

IN India, the religious upheaval stirred up by Swami Vivekananda and Mrs. Besant has to a great extent subsided, and only a few students can be found, here and there, who care to study the intricacies of the Sankhya and the Vedanta. While the West is being spiritualized by the East, the East is slowly losing its spiritual vitality by coming in contact with the material civilization of the West. The life-blood of the Hindu nation is ebbing away, and a cold stream has taken the place of the bounding tide of spiritual vitality which once flowed through Hindu veins. The Hindus have lost their political independence, and the vestige of spirituality, which still remains as their glorious heritage, is going to be shrouded in the gloom of Materialism at no distant future. It is yet time to recover our glorious heritage which the ancient Rishis have bequeathed to us, so that it may lead not only to our national but also to our individual prosperity. For no goal is higher than emancipation, and no bliss more permanent than that of *Moksha*.—*The Light of the East*.

THE citizens of New York City have paid deserved homage to the splendid abilities and sterling integrity of Henry George. The people mourn his transition, for he was an honest and sincere champion of their cause. His death hushed all political animosities and showed him as he was—a true friend of the masses, and one who had had their best interests at heart. Even his political opponents paid tribute to his noble qualities. Dying while yet a candidate for the mayoralty of the greatest city on this continent, has caused the ideas of reform he advocated to be advertised by the newspapers throughout the land, as they otherwise never would have been, which will lead to the general study and discussion of his great reform—the Single Tax.

THE September "Good Citizen" contains the report of the annual congress of the Co-operative College, (of which it is the organ), held at Fulton Street M. E. Church, Chicago, Ill. The "College" is doing an immense amount of educational work

in all reforms, and is letting light in upon the darkness of the errors in church, state and society. It consistently seeks to live up to the motto of its live organ: "Let there be light on all subjects." It is solving the problem of bad citizens and corrupt politics, by teaching them Self-Reform in diet, thoughts, feelings and actions, and thus making good citizens of them. The price of the "Good Citizen" is \$1.00 a year, which includes fifty cents worth of books of the Co-operative College. Address 270 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mlle. ADRIENNE VEIGELE, the able, honorable secretary of the Women's Vegetarian Union, of London, England, is to be commended for her work for the cause of Vegetarianism in Belgium. On a visit to Brussels she succeeded in bringing together a number of persons interested in Vegetarianism, and organized "*La Societe Belge pour l'Etude de la Reforme Alimentaire*" (Belgian Society for the study of Reform in Food). So successful has this society been, that it has issued a bi-monthly, sixteen-page paper, entitled "*La Reforme Alimentaire*" (Food Reform). The first number (October) is most ably edited—the editorials and contributed matter presenting the pith of the arguments for health, in favor of a Vegetarian diet. Price three francs a year. Address M. A. Maerschallck, 109 Rue du Commerce, Brussels, Belgium.

THAT first-class, spiritual, Hindu magazine the "Light of the East" enters upon the sixth year of its existence. We extend to our contemporary our most sincere congratulations for the good it has been the means of doing, not alone in India but in the Western world. Price twelve shillings a year. Address the "Light of the East," 3 Issur Mills Lane, Calcutta, India.

THE November number of "Mercury" is filled with most excellent matter. Any one, wishing to know something of the teachings of Theosophy, can get a very good idea of them from the articles in this number. Price \$1.50 a year; 10 cents a copy. Address "Mercury," Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.



For the Universal Republic.

GOD.

ISABEL DARLING.

"Canst thou by searching find out God?"

WHO shall define him and where may we seek;
Search in his attributes, search in his works?

They are but fragments, and still he is God,
Lord of the Silence and Ruler of Sound,
Depth of the Darkness and Source of the Light,
Evermore present, the Soul and the Space,
Harmony, Motion, Life—Infinite Good.

"**RAYS OF TRUTH**," of Oakland, Cal., will appear in new form, and change its title to "The Coming Light." It will be under the management of Ray L. Bernier, as heretofore. Dr. Cora A. Morse and Dr. Mary A. Janney are its promoters. It will be devoted to "Higher Thinking, Higher Living and Higher Social Order." Its aims are "to liberate man, woman and child, socially, religiously and politically; to educate by every method, from symbolism to science, extending from kindergarten to university; to raise mankind from animalism to Godhood; from limitation to liberty, and in every way to assist individual and social development."

THE "New Philosophy of Health," by Harriet B. Bradbury, is one of the brightest and most helpful works for all who would know themselves. Price 75 cents. The Philosophical Pub. Co., 19 Blagden Street, Boston, Mass.

MR. C. B. NEWCOMB, who is a contributor to the leading new-thought journals, has just issued his latest work, "All's Right with the World."

AMONG the many new progressive papers springing up almost weekly in awakened India, the "Dawn," a thirty-two-page magazine, is among the

best. It is devoted to the elucidation of religious, philosophical and scientific ideas, from the standpoint of progression. Price \$2.00 a year. Address the "Dawn," 44 Lansdowne Road, Bhowanipore, Calcutta, India.

TWENTY-ONE colleges of the twenty-four constituting the University of Oxford, England, have received large grants of land and money from women, for centuries. Recently, by a vote of the dons (mostly orthodox clergymen), women were excluded from this university.

"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.

THAT pioneer journal, "The Vegetarian Messenger," has completed its forty-ninth year. It has reason to congratulate itself upon the great amount of good it has done. Price two shillings and sixpence. Address 8 Peter Street, Manchester, England.

THE fifth annual convention of the National Spiritualists' Association was a harmonious and successful gathering of delegates from nearly all states in the Union. H. S. Barrett was re-elected President, and Francis B. Woodbury, Secretary, for the ensuing year.

THE London "Vegetarian" is a good Vegetarian missionary to send to your friends. Published weekly; eight shillings and eight-pence a year. Address 19 Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, England.

WE request that no manuscripts be sent to this office for which the writers demand pay.

SEND for the "Trumpet," Sedalia, Mo. Price fifty cents a year.