

RELIGIO THE SOPHICAL PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

English medical men want parliament to make the practice of hypnotism their exclusive privilege.

The Sunis and Shais, the two rival sects of Indian Mahometanism, are fiercely wrangling over the proper way to say "Amen" during worship. The one side would utter it softly and reverently and the other in tones of joyful triumph. A great convention to decide the question has been called at the Juma Musjid, and a lively time is expected.

Referring to Tolstoi's last novel a writer says: These intellectual dissections and fanciful ideas are about on a par with the ordinary revivalist preaching on round dances, producing therefrom prurient imaginings which existed in the minds of very few youths and maidens before these same starters of wrong ideas set the ball rolling. To the question: "Don't you think that statue indecent?" a wise man answered: "No, sir; but your question is."

The first installment of the profit sharing system, inaugurated by the Illinois Steel Company last winter, was paid July 28th, to the 960 employes who had been in continuous service for one year. The amount distributed was \$4,000, or 1 per cent of the salaries received. This distribution will take place every quarter at the increased rate of 1 per cent per year till it reaches 5 per cent., where it will remain. This only applies to the company's Joliet works. The plan takes well with the men.

W. T. Foster of Omaha says that the greatest August storms will occur from the 16th to the 24th. "During this period two storm waves will cross the continent. The first will be due to leave the Pacific coast about the 15th, and will cross the Mississippi Valley from the 16th to 18th, reaching the Atlantic coast about the 19th. It will be at its greatest force about the 19th in the Eastern States. The next storm wave of this period will be due to leave the Pacific coast about the 21st, cross the Mississippi Valley from the 22d to 24th, and reach the Atlantic coast about the 25th."

Some of Schweinfurth's "angels" without wings have become mothers and another, Miss Weldon, will, it is expected, soon be a mother. The impostor and his dupes say that the children were conceived of the Holy Ghost. A manifesto, signed by Schweinfurth and all the members of his household, some forty, affirms belief in immaculate conception. There is a strong feeling of indignation against the pretended messiah, to allay which, it is thought, a license was applied for and obtained on the 8th inst. for his marriage to Miss Weldon. This is a practical admission of his relations with her, not exactly consistent with his divine pretensions, and it is not reparation to the other "angels" of his household whom he has wronged.

The Salvation Army still thrives wonderfully in England, its native home. The twenty-fifth anniversary of its organization was recently celebrated at the Crystal Palace near London. Besides crowds of spec-

tators it is said that 60,000 members of the body were present and representatives from thirty-three counties. Gen. Booth prophesied that in another quarter of a century the army would have a crystal palace of its own. The *Times* wonders at its triumphs, but surmises that they will prove only temporary. The same journal, after observing that the religious basis of the army is exceedingly wide, expresses its opinion that the really active salvationists are nearly all "chapel people." The general has opened a bank for his adherents, whose faith in him financially is boundless.

Many of the newspapers of the country have referred to the bungling, inefficient way in which the first execution by electricity was managed as a sufficient reason for returning in New York to the barbarity of the gallows. The blundering in the Auburn prison the other day was not as bad as occurs every year in executions by the old method of hanging. While the infliction of the death penalty, itself barbarous, must continue, let it be by electricity with the method perfected, or by any other means that will make death instantaneous, painless and free from the circumstances of a shocking exhibition. Meanwhile the opponents of capital punishment should make their influence more powerfully felt in strengthening public sentiment against dealing with criminals in a way utterly unworthy a civilized people.

On the morning of the 11th ultimo, at about 2 o'clock in the morning, J. C. Fender who keeps a restaurant in Kansas City, was awakened from a sleep by dreaming that friends had arrived to tell him of his mother's death. For years the old lady had been living at Schenectady, N. Y., but had lately been visiting friends in Illinois. The seeming reality of the awful news so impressed Fender that he was unable to sleep during the remainder of the night. When morning came he informed others at the restaurant of what he had dreamed, saying that he intended to telegraph to the little Illinois village and verify the truthfulness or falsity of the somber vision of the previous night. He did so. Soon the reply came—it was this: "Your mother died Saturday night and was buried Tuesday."

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore delivered the closing address at the National Universalist Association meeting at Weirs, N. H., on the 10th instant. Some of her opinions excited much interest, especially those relating to the resurrection of the dead. She said, "I believe that Jesus Christ rose from the dead. I believe that since then men have risen from the dead and that hereafter resurrections, will come more frequently. In my opinion the time will come when it will be a common thing for a person to say that he has seen such a one who has been dead perhaps fifty years. In that time the earth will see visions not now dreamed of, when the veil that separates us from the spiritual world will from time to time be removed and allow us glimpses of spiritual things. Nature gives us no function without an opportunity to use it."

In regard to clairvoyance the *Phrenological Journal* says: We are not able to explain clairvoyance on any other basis than that of a remarkable exaltation of the senses of a subject which enables him to absorb or obtain from the agent or person *en rapport* with

him, or from others, by a peculiar mental telegraphy, impressions new or old that have been made upon their minds. Then, too, it has a subjective form in which the person who shows the clairvoyant power or state, sees or hears impressions that have been made in the course of his life upon his own mind. According to incident circumstances these impressions are unconsciously revived. They may have been forgotten in the ever onward course of human experience. What you may see in the half-awake condition of returning consciousness after a night's sleep, has its origin in old and probably quite forgotten impressions. We are of opinion this singular state of the mind can be cultivated, and made available to scientific observation.

The decree of the Russian despot in regard to the Jews smacks decidedly of the age of Richard II., of Ferdinand and of the middle ages. The czar is the head of the Greek church and the spiritual pontiff as well as the temporal sovereign. He professes to be filled with zeal for religion and of those who deny the Christian Savior, he is determined to make an example, since they have no rights which a Christian monarch or a Christian people are bound to respect. The application of the edicts in 1882 against the Jews says the *American Israelite* "leaves to the millions of Israelites the alternatives, to be the most degraded and outlawed class of inhabitants in Russia, to be reduced to starvation, begging or stealing, to emigrate or to commit suicide, or—and this is the intended alternative—to plunge themselves blindly and desperately into the muddy sea of superstition called the Greek church, as those Israelites in Spain and Portugal did in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; to be renegades, hypocrites and liars in broad daylight, penitent, self-tormenting and lamenting Jews under the cover of night and darkness." The head of the Greek church proscribed not only the Jews but all who presume to offer any form of worship that is heretical.

The action of the post office department in excluding from the mails Tolstoi's novel, *The Kreutzer Sonata*, is, says the *Springfield Republican*, foolish, chiefly because it will create a factitious demand for the book, and it is perhaps unjust as condemning a very serious assertion of sincere beliefs advanced with a wholly moral purpose. These beliefs embody a radical assault on the marriage relation, as the foundation of the entire social organism, but so far from proposing any laxity of sexual morals, so far from inciting to or apologizing for vice, Tolstoi preaches a bitter and rigid asceticism, the utter crucifixion of the appetites, to the end that the human race may be utterly destroyed. Such a book can not be condemned with any show of reason if the liberty of speech and of the press is to be maintained, and it does not seem as if the officials can have read the book, but rather as if they had issued their mandate on common rumor, misconstruing the current criticism, justly severe on the revolting character of this strange and savage development of a warped and ruined intellect. The Russian censor should be left the monopoly of this method of meeting error. It is wholly out of place in our country, however it may accord with a despotism which "blacks" and tears out articles in magazines and newspapers.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE JEWS.

A resolution was last week introduced in the House of Representatives authorizing the President to send to Russia, through the proper channels, a respectful but earnest protest against the proposed enforcement, in that country, of the edicts of 1882 against the Jews. A preamble to the resolution recites that it has been reported through the public press by telegraph that the Russian government has ordered to be enforced the edicts of 1882 against the Jews, which edicts have hitherto been held in abeyance, under which the Jews dwelling in Russia must henceforth reside in certain towns only, and will not be permitted to own land or hire it for agricultural purposes, or hold shares in or work mines, or to enter the army, or practice medicine or law, or to be engineers or enter any of the learned professions, and excluding them from holding positions under the government. The resolution was referred to the committee on foreign affairs. This renewal of intolerance and cruel wrong by the Russian government, in the treatment of the Jews, brings to mind the great injustice and suffering they have experienced in Christian nations in the past.

During the middle ages they were objects of the most bitter and cruel persecution. They were separated from their fellow men, compelled to live in certain quarters and to wear a peculiar dress. They could not eat with Christians, no Christian could employ them as physicians, nor could he purchase drugs of them. Intermarriage with them was a terrible crime. Queen Joanna II., in 1347, in a statue regulating houses of ill-fame in Avignon, after providing fully and with great particularity for the accommodation of Christians, enacted that no Jew should be admitted under severe penalties. When they were executed the Jews were separated from other criminals and were hanged between dogs, head downwards. Every ecclesiastical revival, every accession of a new sovereign, was an occasion for fresh restrictions and renewed cruelties. The Christian clergy maintained that all the property the Jews possessed could be lawfully taken from them, and they incited the people to plunder and rob them. They were banished from England by Edward II. and from France by Charles VI. They sought refuge in Spain and contributed by their genius and learning to the greatness of that country. "But when," as Lecky says, "in an ill-omened hour the cross supplanted the crescent on the heights of Alhambra, this solitary refuge was denied them, and the expulsion of the Jews was determined on." The clergy were tireless in their efforts to secure their expulsion; and when Isabella issued the celebrated decree of banishment, she carried out the wishes of the priests and the people.

Various estimates have been made of the number of Jews whom the inquisition in that age drove from Spain, the lowest being one hundred and sixty thousand, and the highest eight hundred thousand. Among the number were Lord Beaconsfield's ancestors, who fled to Venice. The sufferings of the Spanish Jews caused by these measures are represented by an old historian as terrible as those of their ancestors during the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. The decree required that all Jews should leave Spanish soil in three months. They were forbidden to carry gold or silver from the country. "The wealth which they accumulated by trade," says Gibbon, "and the management of the finances invited the pious avarice of their masters, and they might be oppressed without danger as they had lost the use and remembrance of arms." The pirates that infested the coast robbed multitudes of their goods and then made them slaves. Tens of thousands died of famine and pestilence at the hands of the Bedouins. Eighty thousand took refuge in Portugal, having received from the King promise of protection. But the Spanish priests stirred up the Portuguese, for which purpose a mission was organized, and the king soon issued a decree more cruel than that of the Spanish queen. All adult Jews were included in the decree. All their children under fourteen years of age were taken from them to be educated in the Christian faith. The exiles went into the wildest paroxysms of despair. Some mothers flung their children into wells rather than give them

up to Christians. Ships were purposely detained beyond the allotted time for their departure and they were reduced to slavery and baptized by force. Rome intervened and most of the Jews regained their liberty, but their children were never restored to them. The shrieks of anguish that filled the land at length ceased and a peal of rejoicing proclaimed the triumph of the Spanish priests.

From the time here referred to down to the present, the treatment of the Jews by the people of Christian nations has steadily improved, though it has by no means been generous or just. In many of the European countries, civil disabilities have been removed; and in England but a few years ago, the world witnessed the elevation of a member of the despised race to the highest position to which a British subject can attain. In Germany and Russia there have been, of late years, manifestations of prejudice and hostility against the Jews. Sadly at variance with the principles of justice, liberality and religious liberty. It is not strange that they have received but little protection from Russia, for that is not a land of enlightened ideas or religious tolerance, and the Czar himself lives in daily fear of his life, but there is something anomalous and painful to contemplate in the unreasonable persecution of this people in a country like Germany. It is not ten years since, at a conference of "the Orthodox Evangelical Clergy," held at Berlin, a prominent clergyman said, "The rights already accorded to the Jews should be withdrawn;" and he recommended and the conference adopted resolutions calling for the subordination and humiliation of the Jews. Thus, in the closing quarter of the nineteenth century we see, as Carl Vogt has remarked, a manifestation of that deep-seated hatred and cruel spirit of persecution, exhibitions of which toward the Jews were once unrestrained throughout Christendom.

If it is an important part of the work of the liberal reformer to discourage and condemn every effort to revive or strengthen prejudices and hatreds which had their origin in ages of fanatical superstition, on account of race or religion.

HOW RELIGIOUS EVOLUTION PROCEEDS.

It is unavoidable in a period of transition like the present, when the foundations of much that is old are unsettled and those of much that is new are unestablished that men who substantially agree should dispute about terms, and that others who widely differ in their theoretical views should be in practical sympathy with one another. Many who have outgrown ancestral beliefs retain a reverent regard for the names and symbols of the past, while others who have been unable to cast aside speculative beliefs, the conditions of which came to them as a birthright and the germs of which were implanted in their minds in early youth, have nevertheless imbibed much of the liberal, catholic and cosmopolitan spirit of the age. Broad, generous, honest men, without belief in supernaturalism of any kind, are often found who yet insist on classing themselves among Christians, and are, in fact, largely dominated by the ecclesiastical methods and the doctrinal spirit of the system the name of which they repudiate. Thus we see that the past everywhere asserts itself. The influence of the so-called dead is greater than the influence of all the living.

Men cannot break away suddenly from their acquired beliefs and inherited tendencies, nor can they wholly resist the thought and tendency of their time. Thought that is new is partially assimilated and expressed in a phraseology that belongs to the past, while old thought is presented in language that is now carrying with it by implication of the words, meanings that could not have been understood in earlier times. Adherents of the old order of things are often shocked and those of the latest thought are often provoked by the inconsistencies involved in the transition.

The advanced leaders of organizations representing decaying beliefs endeavor to secure contact with modern thought by teaching as much of the new science as is prudent, while organizations which are outgrowths of modern thought maintain their connection

with the past by welcoming to their platform representatives of the old faith who are known to be largely in sympathy with the liberal philosophy and spirit of the day.

The result is that old organizations through their organs and representatives give expression to a large amount of the most advanced thought, while it must be confessed that the new organizations through their exponents encourage much of the thought and method which are closely allied to and indeed are a part of the superstition of the past.

He who looks for evidences of growth and progress only in radical organizations makes a great mistake. Evolution is along the line of the existing order of things which includes the churches and popular religious belief. Progress in the churches sometimes doubtless seems slow, but it is as rapid as is consistent with the adjustment of the popular mind to the changes involved.

THE CHURCH AND REFORM.

Said a Christian paper sometime ago, "She [the church] is losing her hold on the masses. Socialist and infidel writers and speakers are gaining a hearing where Christian teachers have practically no influence. To win the working classes, we must interest ourselves in the things which interest them. The frequent struggles against the tyranny of great corporations, the endeavor to retain manhood in a system which has so divided and sub-divided labor that it is hard for a man to be more than an animated machine, the aspiration to secure better homes and a fairer portion of the fruits of industry,—these things call for Christian counsel, Christian sympathy, and Christian cooperation. If the working classes have lost confidence in the churches, the first duty of the churches is by sincere words and works to seek a renewal of that confidence."

"Socialist and infidel writers and speakers are gaining a hearing where Christian teachers have practically no influence," because the former have and the latter have not, to the same extent at least, been with the people in their struggles against injustice and wrong. And now since the church is losing her hold on the masses, something must be done to secure a renewal of that confidence which she has lost by her indifference to the people's worldly interests. Very good; but if the church has divine truth in her possession, why has she fallen behind the "socialist and infidel" writers in matters of vital interest involving the "aspiration to secure better homes and a fairer portion of the fruits of industry"?

Similar complaint is made by theological writers in Europe. A few years ago Rev. George Gilfillan confessed that "for a wise and moderate extension of the right of voting, or any other boons to the lower orders she [the church] never asked and probably never will. All this," he added, "shows the weakness of our present Christianity; its want of vital force, its incapacity to cope with the age and the uncertainty of its prospects as to the future, if not favored by supernatural aid."

The same in effect, although different in spirit is the testimony of Rev. J. W. Carter who said a few years ago: "The republican and infidel walk hand in hand, sowing broadcast the seeds of their pernicious doctrines. Some in high places openly advocate republican principles and sneer at the theory of constitutional monarchy in this liberal enlightened nineteenth century as an anachronism. Privileged classes, they advise, should be abolished, and the power of the government delegated to the people."

This is true. The free thinkers of England, France, Italy and other European countries have been untiring in their efforts to extend the right of suffrage and to better the condition of the masses. Their reward has been not unfrequently imprisonment, fine or exile. Some of them, happily, have lived to witness the partial triumph of the reform which they initiated, or for which they labored and suffered, and to hear the clergy claim them as an outgrowth of their absurd theological dogmas. "It is not" as Col. T. W. Higginson says, "that there were worse men inside the church, but they were preoccupied with saving the

souls of men by some doctrine or ritual, and so left it to unbelievers and secular men to look after the bodies."

"The first nation in Europe," to quote again the words of Higginson "that abolished slavery in the colonies—France, in 1793—did in the same session abolish Christianity; and when Christianity was restored slavery came back also." Freethinkers were prominent in the anti-slavery movement in this country long before it became popular, when eminent orthodox divines like Moses Stuart of Andover and Alexander Campbell were quoting scripture in its favor, when Christian missionaries were slave holders, when Christian churches owned slaves and paid the minister's salary from the profits of their labor, when African missionary societies had property in slaves and forbade teaching slaves to read and write. When no pulpit in Boston was open to "infidel" Garrison for an anti-slavery lecture, Abner Kneeland, who was imprisoned in Boston two months for blasphemy, opened his hall to the great Abolitionist, and told him to occupy his desk. His idea was that expressed by the oldest of Greek poets, "To speak his thoughts is every freeman's right." The cause of woman's rights was cradled in heresy. Francis Wright and Ernestine L. Rose, fearless pioneers of the movement, with a few others, were pointing out the disadvantages and disabilities under which women labored when the orthodox clergy were everywhere quoting Moses and St. Paul to show that woman's submission was a duty and that the measures advocated by the persons named were "infidel" in their character and degrading in their influence.

During the last quarter of a century the teachings of the church have become somewhat rationalized, and its more sagacious and advanced representatives have honestly endeavored to bring it in harmony with the thought and spirit of the age, but it is still true to-day as it was thirty years ago, that liberals, to quote from the *Independent* of that time "are the pioneers beckoning to a sluggish church to follow in the rear." The whole influence of the church to-day is in favor of Puritanical Sunday laws. Every effort made to banish sectarianism from the public schools, the judicial oath from the courts, to make the churches bear their just proportion of taxes, in short every effort to complete the disjunction of church and state in this republic, is stubbornly resisted by most of the clergy and church leaders. The orthodox papers are almost unanimous in opposing any movement for the abolition of the barbarism of hanging men and women for capital offenses. In England, in France, in Germany, in Russia, the church in proportion as it is orthodox and unprogressive theologically, is the foe of freedom and the main obstacle to the people's advancement. No wonder the church is losing her hold on the masses and that socialists and liberal thinkers, writers and speakers are having an influence where the dogmatism of the preacher in regard to speculative matters is not in demand. But it must be conceded that many of the clergy see the importance of the coöperation of their societies with practical reform, and every year the church is laying less stress on theological beliefs and giving more attention to moral and social problems.

The adoption in Wales of what is known as the Rhyl resolution, which demands for every liberal candidate for the Welsh constituencies at the next general election a pledge not to support any liberal government that will not undertake to bring in a bill to disestablish the Church of Wales, either concurrently with, or immediately after the passage of the measure of home rule for Ireland and that the subject shall be dealt with by the same parliament, shows not only how keenly the Welsh people, mostly non-conformists, feel the injustice of compulsory support of a state church, but a grievance very sorely felt by them as to the repeated disappointment they have met with from successive Liberal governments in neglecting to give Welsh disestablishment a place in their programme. Mr. Gladstone has admitted that the question is one which must be dealt with, and he only gives the prior claim to a measure of Irish Home Rule, to which he is

so deeply committed. His views in this respect are very commonly shared by the Liberal leaders as a body, and there can be no doubt that in the programme of the next Liberal government Welsh disestablishment will find a prominent place. But the feeling of the North Wales Federation Executive was that, after their repeated disappointments, and the uncertainty of any general promises being faithfully and speedily observed, the Welsh people, following the precedent set by the Irish Nationalist party with regard to Home Rule, should place disestablishment above all other political considerations, and vote against every candidate at the next general election who refuses to pledge himself to force the question to the front, even to the extent of opposing a Liberal government if they do not at once deal with it. Welsh disestablishment has become a recognized plank in the Liberal platform, and no Liberal government of the future will venture to ignore or even to neglect it.

Lilian Whiting writes: The church is discovering that it has a far more vital and essential work than to discuss theological problems. It is to be the ministry to light, as the work of Jesus, its founder, was. "The man who dies rich without having done anything to benefit others with his riches, dies disgraced," said Andrew Carnegie, and the words express a true sentiment of the day. Self-culture is no longer the highest aim, there is something beyond—the culture of others. Privileges and responsibilities; they are something to be passed on, as well as enjoyed. No man has any right to be rich and cultivated and happy, unless he is doing something to make other people better off in worldly goods, more intelligent, and therefore happier. This new movement in Christianity bringing its power to bear, as did Jesus, on the daily life of humanity, is concerned in better conditions of labor. It means lessening the hours of service, and increasing the hours for participation in study, reading, and social enjoyments. It is concerned in co-operative and profit-sharing labor; in political enlightenment and patriotism; in all that makes for the development of the individual and the progress of society. Is not this something to care about? . . . Belief, or a form of belief counts for something, because it has its reactionary influence on life. But for the most part it is religion, not theology, that we want, and the church must come to the people, and the people to the church, to consider the vital questions of the development and advancement of the individual, and learning and life must meet.

The agents of the suppressed French betting society known as the *Pari-Mutuel*, hard pressed by the police in their usual haunts, are using churches in which to carry on their illicit betting traffic. Several churches around the Faubourg Montmartre, in Paris, have been visited by groups of men, holding in their hands little books suggestive of neither hymnal nor liturgy, selecting the dark corners of the buildings frequented for communication between the agents and their clients and reassembling at the same places after the results of the races are known to settle accounts. The scathing utterance of centuries ago is brought to mind: "My house is a house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves." What a wicked people the French are exclaims the puritanical pietist. But the same paper which records the above contains a special, stating that the officers of Camp Marion, the great meeting ground of the St. Louis Methodists are "all torn up" over the discovery that many of the attendants this year are not there so much for religious instruction as for the purpose of engaging in a quiet game of cards in the hallowed precincts, where they will be free from police interference. During a love feast several of the sisters took advantage of the occasion to denounce card playing in general, especially progressive euchre. Charges of ungodliness in the church were freely made by several ladies, one of them asserting that the grounds were desecrated by a roystering card-playing party, who straddled the ante in the rear of certain tents and opened jack pots back of the speakers' platform. This statement raised a decided sensation among the worshipers present.

Since the publication of "The Kreutzer Sonata" Tolstoi has written: "Now there is not and can not be such an institution as Christian marriage, just as there can not be such a thing as Christian liturgy (Matt. vi., 5-12; John iv., 21); nor Christian teachers nor church fathers (Matt. xxiii., 8-10); nor Christians at Christian law-courts, nor Christian states. What was always taught and believed by true Christians of the first and following centuries. A Christian's ideal is not marriage, but love for God and for his neighbor; consequently in the eyes of a Christian sexual relations in marriage not only do not constitute a lawful right and happy state, as our society and our churches maintain, but, on the contrary, are always a fall, a weakness, a sin. Such a thing as Christian marriage never was and never could be. Christ did not marry; nor did he establish marriage; neither did his disciples marry. But a Christian (and by this term I understand not those who call themselves Christians merely because they were baptized and still receive the sacrament once a year, but those whose lives are shaped and regulated by the teachings of Christ)—Christian, I say, can not view ordinary wedlock otherwise than as a deviation from the doctrine of Christ—as a sin. This is clearly laid down in Matt. v., 28, and the ceremony called Christian marriage does not alter its character one jot. A Christian will never, therefore, desire marriage, but will always avoid it.

The Clarks of Cambridge will construct a lens that will make the moon appear less than 100 miles distant. In 1840 Alvan Clark, Sr. was making seven and eight inch refractors of great excellence. In 1861 the Clarks made a telescope with an eighteen-inch aperture. The twenty-six-inch refractor of the Naval Observatory at Washington was the masterpiece of its day, and was made by the Clarks in 1873. A duplicate of this was made for the University of Virginia, a twenty-three-inch for Princeton, and then one of thirty inches for the St. Petersburg Conservatory. Next, the thirty-six-inch *Lick telescope* was made, and finally they have reached the forty-inch glass. Most of these telescopes were at the time the largest and most powerful in existence, and the thirty-inch, the thirty-six-inch, and the forty-inch had no compeers. No other opticians in the world are prepared to undertake the task of making a lense of the last-named size. When completed, it will be mounted in an observatory to be situated on Wilson Peak, thirteen miles from Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. Clark and Prof. Pickering of Harvard think that this is the finest site for a telescope in the world. The atmosphere is clear and steady—conditions necessary for good observations.

In the summer of 1865, the summer after the downfall of the great rebellion, a company of Americans sailing along the Arctic ocean landed on the wild coast of Norway where the ice-clad fields overtop the sea, and where the sun shines full and clear throughout the night. From the beach a giant cliff towered half a mile in air. At its base, clustered around a fire of drift wood a group of Lapps clad in the skins of the reindeer. As the Americans approached, the chief of the group, an old man decrepit and bent with years advanced to meet the strangers and inquired in Norwegian whence they came. On receiving a reply "From America," the old man paused. Then raising himself up to his full height and stretching forth his hand, he asked with eager, trembling voice: "Tell me sirs, does freedom yet live in that far-off land?"

A cyclone is a rotary storm two or three hundred miles and sometimes as much as a thousand miles in diameter, which originates in the tropics and moves diagonally over the surface of the earth northward or southward. The center of a cyclone is a region of calm. A tornado is a whirling windstorm only a few hundred yards in diameter, the center of which is occupied by the characteristic cone-shaped or funnel-shaped cloud whose destructive power is terrific. All the storms which have wrought so much loss of life, and destruction of property in the west this year, were tornadoes, though the name "cyclone" has often improperly been applied to them.

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NEW THOUGHTS ABOUT HYPNOTISM.
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BY PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D.

"What is hypnotism? A few years ago, if the question had been asked, 'What is electricity?' many learned men would have been ready with an answer something like the following: 'Electricity is an imponderable fluid different from matter but capable of entering into relation with matter in various ways and quantities and thus causing matter to manifest what are called electrical and magnetic phenomena.'" This answer is in keeping with the usual way in which people in general and even men of science try to explain natural phenomena. But the electric fluid is now a thing of the past. The electric fluid, caloric, phlogiston, vital principle and such like assumed but necessary elements are now regarded merely as landmarks in the history of the progress of the sciences, and as warnings to future generations against relying upon hypothetical elements as a means of explaining any class of natural phenomena. The same fate has overtaken the mesmeric or magnetic fluid which was at one time supposed to pass from the mesmerizer to his subject. And even if we had nothing better to offer as a substitute for it, it must be regarded as an untenable supposition. The profound experimental and mathematical researches of such men as Faraday, Sir Wm. Thomson, Maxwell, Prof. Elihu Thompson and others have compelled us to surrender the theory of an electric fluid; and while they have not as yet worked out for us a full theory of electricity, do nevertheless point to a conclusion that, if, under the term matter, we include the all-pervading ether then statical electricity, the electrical current and magnetism must be regarded as phenomena of matter in a state of strain, matter in a state of undulation, and matter in a state of vortical motion; and so, the more recent experimental investigations in mesmerism and hypnotism have exposed the worthlessness of the theory of a mesmeric fluid; and, while they have not perfected a full theory of hypnotic phenomena do, nevertheless, furnish the key to their ultimate solution by means not of hypothetical, but of known elements.

Let us now see what light has been thrown upon mesmerism or hypnotism by recent investigations. The mesmerizers not all of them imagined that they threw into their subjects an invisible fluid which wrought the marvels. The hypnotizers (and, before them, some mesmerizers) say that they throw into the subject a suggestion, and it does what the mesmeric fluid was supposed to do. Has the hypnotizer gained anything, or has he merely substituted one word for another, both of which leave us in the dark, since neither one alone explains the results which follow? We answer that he has gained much, but not as much as is perhaps generally supposed. Instead of looking outside of the subject operated upon for an extraneous power adequate to the production of the results which he obtains, he looks within the subject for the power; and as he is looking in the right direction for it he will be more likely to find it and to detect its true nature and its method of action than he would be if, as formerly, he were looking in the wrong direction for it. He has discovered that the real source of all hypnotic phenomena is the subject himself or herself. But, beyond the fact that the hypnotic subject, unconsciously or consciously, really does or produces all the marvelous things that are called hypnotic, he can go but a very little way in an explanation of them. It is very easy, and quite the fashion, when an explanation is called for, to say that it is all the result of a suggestion; and this is about as far as many choose to go, being really satisfied that that word explains it all. A wee bit of a spark touches off a very elaborate piece of fireworks; and so a suggestion is only the tiny, insignificant thing that sets agoing a train of complex, interrelated and entangled psychic and organic movements which are as prearranged, organized and de-

termined by the mental and physical structure of the subject as was the elaborate piece of fireworks before the spark was applied to it. Now it is just these internal, psychical and organic movements—these silent and invisible fireworks—that are the very core of hypnotism. Yet what do we know about them? Very little indeed.

If we only substitute for the word suggestion the thing signified by it, and then try to follow that thing into the subject, into his body and mind, in order that we may see how it operates in the production of the results which are produced, we soon become convinced that we cannot understand its mode of operation and the final outcome of its operation much better than if the suggestion were a hypothetical mesmeric fluid. For instance, here is a person, who to all appearances is perfectly normal, his eyes are open and he sees things around him just as you and I do. At the suggestion of the operator, he becomes blind, and can see nothing, until, at another suggestion, he sees as well as ever; or, at the suggestion of the operator he sees everything around him except one particular object, which, though it is right there before him, he can not see; or, at the suggestion of the operator he becomes drunk on water, believes a walking stick to be his wife, feels no pain when a tooth is pulled or a finger is cut off, says it is delightful to have pins stuck into his flesh, loses his rheumatism of ten years' standing, and sees out of eyes that were for a long time blind. But how little does suggestion explain such results? And if, under hypnotic phenomena, we include the faith cures, the mind cures, the medium cures, Father Mollinger's St. Anthony-thigh-bone cures, etc., etc., and we can not get rid of them in any other way, then there is scarcely a disease that has not yielded to the power of hypnotism; and, so far as our understanding these phenomena is concerned, we might as well call it the magic of hypnotism.

While the possibility of the use of hypnotism for criminal purposes is very obvious, and while it is furthermore claimed that oft-repeated hypnotization of a subject leaves him with a deteriorated mental and moral nature; yet, in the infancy of a power of such vast but undeveloped possibilities for good, it would be unwise to put it under the extinguisher of any special, repressive legislation. For the sake of the great things that it has already done and the still greater things that it foreshadows for us in the future, we should take a liberal and enlarged view of the matter, and be willing to give experimenters and investigators a loose rein for a while longer, at least, and, under the protection of our ordinary criminal laws, take our chances of the dangers and evils of hypnotism while the necessary efforts are being made to develop all that it now promises of possible good to our mental, physical and moral natures, and see how immense and encouraging those promises are.

Much has already been suggested in behalf of hypnotism as an educator and developer of the intellectual faculties; and I see no reason why it may not ultimately be applied to that department of our nature with as valuable results as those which have already attended its application to our physical and to our moral natures.

As a curative and anæsthetic agency, hypnotism has already done astonishing things; and, now that it has fairly passed into the hands of the medical profession, we may, without being fanatical or over zealous, expect that it will grow larger in our hands, and that its sphere of usefulness will widen and deepen; and since it is as good as it is natural for us to expand our hopes of the future, and to magnify even that which is already wonderful into possibilities that are still more marvelous, I shall not close my eyes to a vision (nor seal my lips to its expression) of the hypnotism of the future as the elixir of life and the fountain of perpetual youth. Why may it not be so? Greater wonders than that are already the outcome of electricity—a thing which at one time had but strength enough to lift to the surface of the rubbed amber particles so light as to drift before the breath of the observer, but which to-day has suddenly loomed up before us as the light, and the heat, and the power, and the fleet-footed carrier, and the swift-winged mes-

senger of the world. But is it not a little strange that the medical profession which, until quite recently, presented the stolid face of the Sphinx to the persistent demands which mesmerism so long made upon it for recognition, should now, at the eleventh hour, step in and claim it as its own, and demand as some of them have done, that none but doctors shall be allowed to use it; as though doctors were immaculate, and never took advantage of the weaknesses of humanity, and never forfeited the confidence of husbands, and never abused the trusts of fathers and mothers.

As a moral agency in the correction of evil habits and the suppression of vicious tendencies, the little that has already been done by hypnotism looks like the dawn of a new era in which the drunkard and the opium eater shall be released from their bondage, and the victim of passion shall be set free, and the tempt in the maniac's mind shall be calmed, and hypnotism, finding its way into our prisons and our penitentiaries with hands filled with benedictions, shall lay them upon the wicked the vicious and the depraved, and bid them "go and sin no more."

DREAM OR APPARITION—WHICH?

BY ALICE MALTBY WRIGHT, M. D.

This singular story came to my knowledge some years ago, and I believe it will be worth repeating here.

A young teacher in one of the Western institutions of learning by the name of Lambert became attached to one of his pupils called Ferson, a young lady of a peculiarly sensitive temperament. When the season of vacation arrived he requested that she enter into a correspondence with him; this being acquiesced in they left for their respective homes. Soon after Lambert arrived at his destination he wrote to her and she answered the letter; another letter came from him which she answered as before, but to this one there was no reply. After waiting a considerable time Miss Ferson spoke of this matter to her father, who expressed his surprise at this silence, for he himself had received no word from the young man; he having been in correspondence with him previous to his acquaintance with his daughter.

Time passed on. The young lady not being of that order of female who prefers an unwilling conquest to none at all, did not write again or in any way remind her delinquent correspondent of his duty. About this time she with a party of young friends went to a picnic. Returning late she retired to her room, and too weary to think of disrobing, threw herself on a lounge to rest. Whether she fell asleep or not is not known, but she seemed suddenly to feel the presence of another person in the room; looking up and raising herself upon her elbow she beheld young Lambert standing in the middle of the room, smiling upon her. She struggled to speak but could not, and he, with another smile, took up his overcoat and hat—which she then saw had been lying upon a chair—and turning bowed, put on his overcoat, waved his hand and left the room. There came no apparent awakening to her, she was on her feet as quickly as the form disappeared and rushing to the door, found it fastened on the inside as she had left it.

Persuading herself that she had only experienced a very vivid dream, she retired for the night. The next night the dream was repeated and again the third night, but this time upon seeing the form again in her room, she remembered that she had twice before dreamed the same dream and was filled with a nameless fear as she argued to herself that this also was a dream like the others; she noticed each detail as in the previous dreams, lying there terrified, feeling that she could not move from her bed for horror, long after the "thing" was gone.

The following morning she told of her threefold dream and begged of her father to write to the address given her, as she was filled with apprehension. This he did; soon after a letter was received, stating that the young man inquired for was lying dangerously ill at the place named. Two weeks after a letter was received from him, telling of his great sickness and present weak state, but possible recovery. The father wrote at once asking him what his condition was upon

such and such nights, giving the dates. He answered wondering why those dates were selected as he was at that time in a perfectly unconscious condition, it being the crisis of his illness.

He finally recovered sufficiently to come to the home of the young lady, where he remained for some months. Quick consumption had seized him as a victim, however, and rapidly accomplished its work. At last believing that the home of his boyhood would restore him, he determined to take the journey to that place; his extreme weakness made this a terrible undertaking. When he was about departing the young lady said to him with great earnestness and emotion:

"Oh, if I could but lend you my strength for your journey, I would give it willingly, all of it."

He turned and smiled as he answered: "I do believe you would do it, if you could."

Then came the time for leaving, she saw him take up his overcoat, put it on, but this time with her assistance, and smiling bow, wave his hand at the door and go out of the room to the cab that awaited him. Her dream was realized.

After his departure Miss Ferson complained of giddiness, became strangely pallid and was compelled to lie down, becoming so prostrated with weakness that she could not raise herself upon her pillow. This continued until about 11 o'clock the next day, when she resumed her usual physical condition as suddenly as she had lost it. Two days after a letter came from the home of Lambert. He had arrived safely and was stronger than when he started, felt almost well; later letters told how his strength failed him and that he was able to sit up but once after reaching home. Then came the news of his death and burial.

This recital of strange circumstances opens up a peculiar avenue of thought to me and for that reason I give it to the readers of THE JOURNAL, hoping that some one will form a correct hypothesis, explaining the nature of the agency producing the phenomena.

WYOMING—"A CROWNING MERCY."

By G. B. STEBBINS.

When stout-hearted Oliver Cromwell won a victory in a fight with the king's troops he called it, in his quaint way, "a crowning mercy." England then saw but faintly the blessed and far-reaching results of those victories.

So we to-day see but faintly the still more blessed and greater results which will follow the greatest "crowning mercy" of our century—a victory won, not by push of pike nor stroke of sword, as Cromwell's Ironsides won his battles, but

"With the mild arms of truth and love
Made mighty by the living God."

Womanhood has won in Wyoming. It is the beginning of the end of a long struggle. That end will be that in every state of our Union, in every government of the world, woman will stand beside man as helpmeet and lawmaker and co-worker, and

"The world will be better for it."

No millennium will come, but a great upward step has been taken, opening the way for other steps to surely follow.

We want arbitration to take the place of that great "duel of nations" which men call war. We want the saloon—the curse of our civilization—to be swept away. Woman must help to these and like good ends.

It is said that for years past in Wyoming bad men, of whatever party, have stood poor chances of election to office. Woman helped in this hindrance, let her give like help elsewhere.

The tide sets toward justice as the only true expediency. We need not be perplexed about superiority or inferiority. Manhood and womanhood are unlike in such way that each needs the other. "It is not good for man to be alone" is as true in our state as it was in Eden. Equal rights, equal opportunity, mutual helpfulness, and one common welfare is highest wisdom and noblest courtesy, and the world is moving that way.

Intelligent Englishwomen, who have voted for years

in municipal affairs, will be glad that their sisters in the far west have still wider right. Amelia B. Edwards, the gifted English lady whose lectures on Egypt were heard by such great audiences in this city, said to a lady here: "I wonder that all American women are not equal suffragists." In every European country noble women and true men will rejoice. In distant Hindostan Pundita Ramabai and her oppressed sisters will feel the thrill of a new hope. Changing the poet's words we may say,

"When this deed is done for freedom,

Through the broad earth's throbbing breast

Runs a thrill of joy prophetic

Pulsing Eastward from the West."

Our good land has had leading part in favor of National arbitration. The admission of Wyoming as a state—the first true Republic in the world, with equal rights for men and women in its organic law—sets us in the fore front of the nations for another wise and beneficent movement. Let these become American ideas, a part of the "righteousness which exalteth a nation."

DETROIT, MICH.

SOUL SEEKING.

By A. E. CARPENTER.

I have read with the greatest interest Mr. Myers' statement published in THE JOURNAL in regard to the purposes of the census circulars sent out by the Society for Psychical Research. It is a pity that all the circulars could not have been accompanied by this statement as to the purposes of the questions so that every individual could have been impressed with the importance of answering, and further that no misunderstanding could have arisen as to their import. The term "Hallucinations" it seemed to me was unfortunately chosen as hallucination pure and simple is but a product of the imagination and only an evidence of a disordered condition of the mind: to obtain a census of such mental products is evidently not the purpose of the circular, at least not its highest purpose as stated by Mr. Myers. When a so-called hallucination becomes verified as an actual perception of a fact it ceases to be an hallucination according to the commonly understood definition of that word. I notice that Mr. Myers recognizes this, and employs the word percept occasionally, which is a better one, and yet it does not convey exactly the meaning of what is sought for. So when we enter into new fields of investigation we find the resources of language fail us to convey just the meaning intended and new words are called for. However the purpose of these inquiries is plainly stated when Mr. Myers informs us that out of a large number of hallucinations it may happen that enough will be found verified as actual perceptions of what really existed, to reduce this kind of perception to something like a scientific certainty. This is psychical research to some purpose; and it seems to me that the efforts of the society when thus directly aiming at something definite should be aided by all persons who are interested in such a work. To enter the borderland of dreams, visions, premonitions, phantasms, clairvoyance; etc., and remove them from the realm of superstitious supernaturalism into the natural world, and study them as we would any other facts of nature to try and understand their significance is a noble purpose. The Psychical Research Society has started out to do this.

The Spiritualist may say that mediumship proves all this, and this effort to collect facts is altogether superfluous. This, however, is true of a large number of Spiritualists, that if called upon to state the facts upon which they base their convictions they are unable to present them in such a way as to settle the question, even in the minds of unprejudiced investigators. I have often said that if a man has got a soul there are somewhere facts to prove it. The Psychical Research Society, at least such members of it as Mr. Myers, are searching for those facts, and they are doing it after the scientific method. Friends everywhere, let us help them all we can. Science is nothing but an arrangement of verified facts to enable us to come to a definite and positive conclusion. Large

numbers of people have had experiences such as are called for by Mr. Myers. They may not come, as he says, more than once in a life time to the same individual while to others they may be of almost daily experience—what is desired to be determined is whether there are latent faculties in our natures, that are at times aroused and enable us to perceive things impalpable to our physical senses. If sufficient number of facts can be collected to prove this, then we have a foundation upon which we can build a superstructure that rises from the physical up to the spiritual life, and death becomes only one of the experiences that occur in the evolution of a more perfect being. Men have believed, do believe in a continued life. The society says, "let us verify it," and goes to work systematically to do so. When science comes to consider this question she seeks along the lines that the Spiritualists have been pursuing for these many years. When she no longer sneers but asks us candidly for our experiences we should be glad to answer in the same spirit.

The editor of THE JOURNAL has asked me to give some of my experiences, for the entertainment and instruction of his readers. Before I relate any of these experiences let me say this, I shall tell you the exact truth as near as I can remember and words can communicate it to another. Remember that the value of these experiences consists in their truthfulness. We do not wish to deceive ourselves nor one another in regard to a subject so serious, so important, so far reaching as this.

Planted firmly as I am in over two hundred pounds, of flesh I am not what might be termed spirituelle in my makeup, and yet I have had something of these experiences that are sought for by the Psychical Research Society. One night in my early manhood, I had a strange experience, whether it was a dream, phantasm or what not, I can not tell. I found myself seemingly floating in the air above the bed on which I was lying. I looked down upon my body which I saw plainly lying on the bed, and from which I seemed to be separated. My sensations for a moment were painful, but directly they became more pleasurable as I seemed to be rapidly rising, and I gradually became-conscious of surroundings that were all new and strange to me. A light different from anything I had ever before known seemed to surround me. A calm and blissful peace filled my whole being, I did not hear music and yet there was an indescribable harmony which thrilled and filled my soul with ecstatic delight. I soon became aware that I was not alone. Directly I recognized my mother clothed with the radiance of immortality. Soon my father appeared and then many others that had departed this life. They all gathered around me and gave me hearty greeting into the world of souls. I thought that I was a spirit freed from my body as the others, and I was supremely happy. I was glad that I was there and I wanted always to remain. And when my mother came to me and said that I must return to earth, I wept and pleaded to be permitted to remain, for it seemed to me I could not bear to return to the cold and dreary world again. Gradually the light vanished and I felt myself sinking and in an agony of despair I awoke to find myself bathed in cold perspiration, weak and trembling all over, with a distinct and vivid recollection of all I had seen and heard;—I hear some one say "nightmare." All right, call it what you please, it made an impression upon me that I have never forgotten.

Again, one night I had gone to bed quite early in my room alone. The moon was nearly full and was shining brightly in at the windows. I had gotten quiet but had not yet gone to sleep when directly I became conscious that there was some one in the room. It seemed to me that I detected what seemed like shadows at the foot of the bed. At first I thought I could not be awake but was dreaming. So I looked about the room. There was the furniture all right, the lifted curtains at the windows, and yet the shadows remained. Suddenly one of them became more distinct until I saw plainly before me as I ever saw her, my mother. I arose in bed and stretching out my arms towards her I said, "Oh mother I am so glad to

see you." Behold she was gone, and I found myself alone gazing about in the quiet moonlight, wondering what had happened and how I could be so deceived, and yet somehow I could not rid myself of the idea that my mother had been with me. Was it pure hallucination or was it perception. I do not know. This vision occurred two years later than the first experience alluded to.

I will now speak of experiences of my wife who almost every day and sometimes several times a day, is having these "percepts," but unlike those I have related they are verified in many instances as perceptions of actual facts. On the night of July 4th she had a very vivid dream. She was so impressed that it was not really a dream that on rising she wrote down what she saw and said to me, "Now when the Boston Herald comes this morning you see if you do not find an account of the circumstance as I write it." So she wrote, "I saw a man shoot a woman. He walked up to her and shot her and she fell over. He then walked away. The people thought she was killed but she is still alive and may get well. It was not in Boston but very near there." She wrote this about six in the morning. The Herald boy gets to our cottage where we are staying in East Gloucester about 10 a. m. The Herald came at the usual time and contained this account. I will not copy it in full, but only the part relating to the shooting. By the way, I said to her that her saying the woman fell over was not much of a test as a woman would be pretty likely to fall over if she was shot to any purpose. However the sequel shows that it was an important part of the statement. "Shot down by her husband—About ten o'clock last evening Mrs. Connors was sitting on the steps of her brother-in-law, Timothy Hanly's house, 46 Girard street, Roxbury, when her husband came up and emptied a revolver, aiming it at her head. The woman fell back and before an alarm could be roused the man walked away. She was removed to the city hospital. She is in a very critical condition with very slight hopes of her recovery." The coincidence, if it can be called such, is certainly remarkable.

Mr. Myers says we can produce hallucinations at will with a person in a hypnotic state. This is true, and it is also true that persons in the hypnotic state are liable to have verified percepts also. Several years ago I was giving exhibitions in hypnotism accompanied by my wife in New Haven, Conn. Quite an interest was created and several of the leading citizens of the town called upon us at our hotel, the Tontine. In their presence I hypnotized my wife and she demonstrated her power to see with her eyes securely blindfolded. Dr. Gallagher a leading physician, Prof. Lyman of Yale College, the Mayor of the city and several others were present. After proving her power to see while perfectly blindfolded and in the midst of the experiments she suddenly stopped and seemed to have her attention entirely distracted from the work in hand. Gazing apparently into the distance. She exclaimed "I see a dreadful sight, don't let me look, it is horrible." I said do not be alarmed but tell us what you see. She replied, "I see a gallows and a man upon it whom they are about to hang. There are people gathered around, oh! it is dreadful but I must look." She was trembling all over with agitation. "There he drops," and she covered her eyes as though to shut out the scene. Again she looks, and says, "what makes it so much the worse he did not commit the crime. He is innocent." Then she smiled and said, "They did not kill him after all. He is moving away with those people who are his friends that have been waiting for him. That is his spirit and those are his spirit friends. They are taking down his body and putting it in a coffin. I can not look any longer." I awoke her. We talked it over but none of us had any idea what it all meant. The next forenoon we met again to make further experiments the same people being present. After we had proceeded awhile she again became abstracted and commenced to see as before. She exclaimed, "I see a man that has something to do with the execution that I saw yesterday." I asked, "is it the man that was hung." "No," she said, "it is the man that was murdered, for killing whom the other man was hung. He wants something. Give me a

paper and pencil." I laid them on the table. Her hand became violently agitated she seized the pencil and wrote these words. "You have hanged an innocent man," Signed with three initials. We were all intensely interested to know what this was about. Dr. Gallagher said, "We will get the New York Herald which has just come and see if there is any account of an execution yesterday." He went out and obtained the paper and behold there was a column account of an execution that occurred in Watertown, N. Y., at the very time we were having our séance the previous day. By the way, she described the personal appearance of the man that was murdered as well as the man that was hanged. "The description in the paper tallied exactly with hers, and the article went on to review the murder giving the name of the murdered man in full and there were the very initials that she had just written on the paper. Besides the paper went on to state that it was the opinion of a large portion of the community that the man hung was innocent of the crime. I am perfectly certain that my wife had no personal knowledge of any of the circumstances and the whole thing was as much of a surprise and marvel to her as to the rest of us. The account was written up at the time and published in the New Haven Palladium verified by at least a half dozen witnesses, among whom were the gentlemen I have mentioned.

Notice the points in the case. The sensitive was first hypnotized. She was perfectly blindfolded and yet read cards and books that were placed in her hands, proving her power to see without eyes. Directly she commences to see something entirely unknown to her or unthought of by any person present. What she saw took place in a remote town in Northern New York hundreds of miles from New Haven. She sees the man being hung. She sees his spirit and spirit friends after he was hung. She declares him innocent. The next day she sees the spirit of the murdered man and is moved to write a message signing the initials of his name correctly. This is a far reaching case, and one that the Psychical Research Society can copy if they so wish, and I will stand by the facts, just as I have related them. How much of this was hallucination? How much of it actual perception?

EAST GLOUCESTER, MASS.

OVER THE LINE OF VISIBILITY.

By J. P. QUINCY.

The moon was rising over the sea, and the piazza offered the attractive solitude which—if the solitude is a *deux*—is so full of emotional opportunities. By daylight we skim the surface of our minds, chattering for the most part below our real abilities. In the night what lies deepest in our nature more easily asserts itself; the possibilities of the imagination grow into necessities; there comes a spiritual productiveness which may make self renunciation seem a matter of course.

The lady and her guest passed through the parlor and out upon the piazza. The nominal excuse was to draw the Fayal chairs under the awning, lest it should rain before sunrise. To be sure, the sky was cloudless, but the pretense would do, nevertheless.

The path to the beach shone out full and clear in the silver light; the undulating sand heaps, the rocks jutting up in their naked grandeur, no longer required the relief of foliage which the prospect lacked during the glare of noon. The hard, every day substance of the scene had left it; the familiar objects seemed to belong to an enchanted world of illusion and phantasmagoric change.

"It is, doubtless, all as unreal as it is beautiful," said the Professor, as if in responsive sympathy with an unspoken thought of his companion.

"Where, then, shall we find reality?" said Clara. "Surely not in those dimly discerned forces among which we have wandered this evening?"

"Were they thoroughly studied," replied Hargrave, "it might be that they would reveal our true position as denizens of a world of certainties. The reports of these bodily senses are not wholly worthy of confidence; they stuff our minds with prepossessions which may prevent us from possessing our rightful inheritance. The progress of our self-satisfied century has contented itself with the discovery of the laws of visible matter; but there is matter just over the line of visibility, fine, subtle, spiritualized,—fitted, perhaps, for the apprehension of other senses than those we habitually employ. Clara Souford, the time has come when there should be truth between us, be the cost

what it will. I have reason to know that I have special aptitudes of temperament for pushing investigation beyond this dull, material plane. My life studies have armed me with the methods of scientific research, and these should have given me a poise and sobriety of judgment sufficient to prevent that disturbance of equilibrium which has wrecked so many adventurers upon these mystic deeps. Why should I not do the work of which I am most capable,—the work that will lead to results useful above all others to this generation? There must come a reaction against the mechanical psychology which is all that modern science can at present offer us. Carried to a logical result, it kills those ideals which once stimulated our race to its noblest effort. Hence the social ferment and agitation which are surely preparing for our existing society. I would carry that critical sagacity, that faculty of right interpretation and inference, developed upon lines of physical research, among facts of higher concern than those which occupy the attention of my brother scientists. But to do this I may be called upon to sacrifice the good opinion of my fellows, my reputation for common sense,—perhaps even for common sanity. The learned societies which welcome me to their deliberations—knowing that my name will give importance to their committees of nobodies—may come to credit me with the credulous simplicity of a fool, if not with the trickery of a knave. But what matters it? Others who have benefited their age have given a higher price for the privilege. My sister has been happily married, and no longer needs my assistance; at last my inherited debts are paid. I am what the world would call a free man. Yet not so: I look into the unsearchable depths of your eyes; I cannot tell whether they reflect Ernest Hargrave stripped of all his comfortable appendages, or only the occupant of that stately Chair established by the Peckster of the past, and controlled by the Pecksters of the present."

A man's emotion, suddenly breaking out like a pent-up force in nature, may well cause a woman to shrink with nervous dread. Evidently things were not going as Clara would have had them. She must be grateful for his plainness of speech, which disclosed a possible future before it was too late for her to avoid it. That was a part of his honest, manly character. She might now thrust him back, since his position among the honored leaders of scientific thought would soon be shaken to its foundation. How she had pleased herself with fancying that high position decorated with the wealth which it was in her power to bestow! She had imagined herself seated at the head of his table, with Tyndall and Huxley as guests, and upon either side all the great ones and the fair ones of the city who had been asked to meet them. She had been caught by certain glittering facets of a character with many other sides to it. As is always the case before marriage,—also how could marriage come about?—she had confounded a drawing-room representation of Hargrave with the totality of the man. Could she love one who was content to live out in the cold with a hobby, to be ridiculed by the ignorant—and, still worse, by the learned—as a dealer in delusions, an expert in epilepsies and other whimsical vapors? Suddenly there flashed upon her mind certain words of the Spencerian Saturday Lectureship, an interpreter scarcely less respected than the master evolutionist himself. She did not intend to utter the sentence aloud; and yet, after naming her authority, she found herself quoting its august testimony:—

"We have not the faintest shadow of evidence wherewith to make it probable that mind can exist except in connection with a physical body."

Some hasty comment upon these words of wisdom seemed to rise to Hargrave's lips; but he restrained their utterance, and paused before he said in a quiet way,—

"There are thousands of clear-minded men who would have the right to stigmatize the dictum you quote as a foolish dogmatism, born of ignorance or of insolence. If that right is not mine, it is because I have felt the force of the antecedent objection which prevents those trained in the school of modern science from receiving evidence which contradicts what they have proclaimed as its fundamental axioms. 'Not the faintest shadow of evidence!' Is this mighty Lectureship unaware of the fact that there is evidence which has brought conviction to hundreds of hard-headed men, to whose intelligence and honesty we trust our lives and our dearest interests? 'Not the faintest shadow of evidence!' Is there not something unpardonable in such a saying, when we know that such a competent weigher of evidence as the distinguished naturalist, who independently thought out the hypothesis of natural selection, has been compelled to accept the fact that mind does exist with which no physical body is connected? And this man is only one among the skilled observers who have been brought to a belief which has flatly contradicted their previous convictions. Evidence so abundant that it ceases to be cumulative has satisfied me that brain action may be set up by a foreign intelligence. Is that active intelligence ever external to the human bodies our senses recognize? My own investigations

do not yet warrant the assertion that it is. I only know that there is a great weight of recorded testimony which tends to that conclusion."

Clara thought she had better say something, and so she remarked that, even granting the probability of invisible intelligences, there seemed no reason why they should impinge upon a mode of existence which did not belong to them.

"And yet we find that the perpetual intrusion of organisms on one another's mode of life is the law upon this planet," said the Professor. "Every species is pushing into new areas and striving to expand its sphere of being. If we consider the temporary changes of media which science recognizes, we shall find them little less wonderful than even a change from invisible to visible. Do you remember that Mr. Spencer himself, as an illustration of the possibility of the impossible, posits the case of a water-breathing animal with no efficient limbs, whose habit it should be to climb trees? Such a fact in nature is as clearly impossible as that sentences can be written upon slates without human agency. Yet science has come to accept the fact that the *Anabas scandens* performs this feat with no appreciable difficulty. The sharp division between the animal and vegetable kingdoms has already faded to an indefinite and shadowy borderland; to the ripeness of the future the boundary line between two worlds may seem equally uncertain and shifting. If the competent inquirer must still regard the existence of mind which is not the product of organization as simply an hypothesis, it is nevertheless an hypothesis which carefully verified phenomena have thrust upon us."

"But this agrees too nearly with the primitive hypothesis of ghosts," said Mrs. Souford; "and has not Mr. Spencer asserted that any primitive hypothesis must be untrue?"

"The schoolboys of the last century," replied Hargrave, "were taught to laugh at the hypothesis of the historian Livy that certain stones fell from the heavens. They were told that the great Sir Isaac Newton and his scientific associates knew the folly of such a primitive hypothesis as that. I am old enough to have known men within whose memory the fall of aerolites, long scorned by the representatives of science, was accepted as a fact. The scholarship of our fathers knew that the relations of Herodotus could not live in the clear atmosphere of their modern intelligence; but the time came when travelers from the East would insist upon reporting facts which established his accuracy, until now we know that whenever the Father of History speaks from his own observation we have no reason to question his truthfulness. 'Fears of the brave and follies of the wise!' Who can forget Dr. Johnson's sonorous couplet? Yet he misses the real sadness of his theme; for these fears and follies are not confined to the last scene of life, where he places them. Think of Bacon denying the Copernican system; of Leibnitz fearing to accept the law of gravitation, lest it should overthrow religion; of Milton, the noblest apostle of tolerance, unable to tolerate Catholics! If you would have a humbler illustration, I can bring you a copy of the journal in which the brightest editor Boston ever had denounced a certain scheme as 'wild, preposterous, and idiotic;' and this madman's proposition was the connection of his native city with Albany by means of a railroad."

"Such recollections may uphold a man," said Clara; "but to a woman her petty social world seems so immense that it is no joy born of emancipation from its slavery, but only with a listless consenting to circumstances, that she forces herself to leave it."

"There are times," said Hargrave, "when a man's world seems quite as limited, and yet quite as overpowering. How little we know of it while the greatest problem it presents still awaits solution! But remember that the limitations of our exact knowledge do not agree with the limitations of our physical organs. Were it so, we should know nothing of the world of microscopic organisms which science has opened to us. We should not know that there are musical notes which, because they represent more than forty thousand vibrations to the second, can never reach the ear, or that there are light waves that will not operate upon the eye. Should there be states in which the retinal sensibility to ethereal tremors were increased, why should there not reach us what Tennyson calls 'a finer light in light'? Much of the human brain is never used; untaught save in one direction, it soon becomes rigid and metallic; the paths of easiest conduction to our volitional centres await discovery. The new epoch calls for its pioneers! They must accept obloquy from the age that is going out, for their work is to supply the cravings of the better age which advances upon us. Will you not be at my side while, standing upon the basis of scientific demonstration, I shall deliver the message with which I may be charged?"

And now Clara felt that her Professor had a motive power in that high purpose of his that must sweep her life before it. Yet she could not all at once withdraw a longing, lingering look from what might have been.

It was hard that the Peckster Professorship should fall away from him before he had time to taste the comfort that ought to go with the honor he had won. She started, when she realized that it was of his comfort, not her own, that she thought.

Hargrave seemed to know what was passing in her mind. "Do not think of what I leave," he said; "remember where I go. I shall find my work in a department of knowledge at present in possession of feeble and ill-trained minds, but in which results may be obtained of the highest utility to our race. For to know what we are is far more important to our welfare than to find out what nature is. A toilsome, unwelcome labor lies before me. While there are forces of which the study may fill the greatest void in human knowledge, those forces are developed under apparently capricious conditions. Charlatanism and imposture have brought them into contempt with my associates. I think I do not underestimate the patience required to clear away this rubbish. The temptation will be to formulate a theory which must be supported beyond the measure of the evidence. How many have foundered upon that rock! It may be that for success in this research the brain itself must develop new lines of organic structure; and, alas! the years are coming when it will no longer retain its plastic energy. If I see all these obstacles, what is the prize which urges me to grapple with them? I answer, that as Darwin established the relation between humanity and the lower animal creation by an irresistible logic which has compelled the world's assent, so it is reserved for some coming investigator to establish by methods equally exact our relationship with progressed beings worthy to inspire and to guide. Socrates, wisest of the ancients, could only affirm his *dæmon*; is it not possible for science to prove it? Yes, I am ready to meet all the fraud and folly, all the strange vagaries of unbalanced minds, all the idle tales of the mere wonder lover, which block the road to this great knowledge. The humiliating infatuation which has heaped these masses of fallacy in the way comes chiefly from bad observation. They will be swept aside by the methods of science, which, by keeping the head cool and the critical judgment active, enable us to apply common sense to uncommon phenomena. The path that opens before me is one that man and woman may tread together. It leads away from social popularity and the elegant decorums of fashion; it leads towards an undiscovered order of facts and relations. Again I ask, Dare you walk by my side?"

There was manly dignity as well as feeling in the Professor's voice. Clara seemed lifted to a plane where only large and disinterested action was possible. The full implication of many things Hargrave had said during their past intercourse rushed upon her. He had always spoken as a man with vital force in him should speak to the woman he loved. He had never disguised himself in the way that others who sought her favor deemed excusable. There are moments when the growth or decay of the feminine character depends upon the ability to assimilate the mental life of a superior man. Such a supreme moment had come to Clara Souford. She was sure the test could be met. Let the Peckster Professorship be left behind, if its narrow traditions were outgrown! President Cooley might write his letter about unpleasant rumors and loss of usefulness to the college as soon as he liked. Rather tender the resignation before it was asked! To second-rate men, a first-rate man will appear to be third rate. Was this an accepted aphorism? She could not remember having heard it, and yet it was so true. So ran the course of things in this world, and perhaps the one thing needful was to find an escape from it. He should not venture down from the heights, when he stood so fairly among the learned of his time. If he must be misunderstood, it was necessary that one should understand him. Hand in hand they would press forward to this strangely fascinating field of super-mundane labor. A better destiny than imagination had forecast was offered her. It might be given to Hargrave to effect that amalgamation of spiritual and scientific ideas which would create a new social era. The lawless affluence of her past life must be put in circumscription and confine; but she craved the restraint, and accepted it with awe and gratitude. Yet these thronging thoughts brought no words which did not seem below the level of what Clara would impart. Fortunately, it was not necessary that she should speak.

"I too," said Hargrave, as if in reply to what was unuttered,—"I too vainly grasp at this or that expression to measure the rich contentment your silence imparts. Thank heaven that thought is transmitted between us in such perfection as our halting human speech can never reach."

How gently comes about the supreme understanding between man and woman! How the sentient fibre imparts its newly awakened emotion to familiar objects? Delicious was the advance of the incoming tide, which, after furrowing the beach with its little billows, began its musical ripple upon the stones. A charm was in the line of tremulous light which crossed the bay to the rocky island, and thence glittered off to the solitudes

of the sea horizon. They sat together in all the measureless felicity that their new relation gave.

Suddenly a vision came to Clara Souford, which she determined should take substance in the coming time.

"Would not that be splendid?" she inquired, after confiding the project to her companion. "Would not that be an advanced idea?"

"Too advanced to be realized just at present," said the Professor, smiling, "Cooley and his corporation would think it a woman's whim, and would contrive some sort of strait jacket to confine your generosity. Wait five years, at least, before you give your intention shape; by that time we may have prepared the way for it."

"So be it, then," said Clara, "for you know what is best. In five years shall be founded the Hargrave Professorship for Independent Spiritual Research."—*From the Peckster Professorship.*

DREAM UPON THE UNIVERSE.

I had been reading an excellent description of Krüger's upon the old vulgar error which regards the space from one earth and sun to another as empty. Our sun, together with all its planets, fills only the 31,419,460,000,000,000th part of whole space between itself and the next solar body. Gracious heavens! thought I; in what an unfathomable abyss of emptiness were this universe swallowed up and lost, if all were void and utter vacuity except the few shining points of dust which we call a planetary system! To conceive of our earthly ocean as the abode of death, and essentially incapable of life, and of its populous islands as being no greater than snail shells, would be a far less error in proportion to the compass of our planet than that which attributes emptiness to the great mundane spaces; and the error would be far less if the marine animals were to ascribe life and fullness exclusively to the sea, and to regard the atmospheric ocean above them as empty and untenanted. According to Herschel, the most remote of the galaxies which the telescope discovers lie at such a distance from us that their light which reaches us at this day, must have set out on its journey two million years ago; and thus, by optical laws, it is possible that whole squadrons of the starry hosts may be now reaching us with their beams, which have themselves perished ago. Upon this scale of computation for same kind sions of the world, what heights and depths by breadths must there be in this universe. If the son of which the positive universe would be itself a nihilism were it crossed, pierced, and belted about by so limitless a wilderness of nothing! But it is possible that any man can for a moment overlook those vast forces which must pervade these imaginary deserts with eternal surges of flux and reflux, to make the very paths to those distant starry coasts voyageable to our eyes. Can you look up in a sun or in its planets their reciprocal forces of attraction? Does not the light stream through the immeasurable spaces between our earth and the nebula which is farthest removed from us? And in this stream of light there is as ample an existence of the positive, and as much a home for the abode of a spiritual world, as there is a dwelling place for thy own spirit in the substance of the brain. To these and similar reflections succeeded the following dream:—

Methought my body sank down in ruins, and my inner form stepped out appareled in light; and by my side there stood another form which resembled my own, except that it did not shine like mine, but lightened unceasingly. "Two thoughts," said the form, "are the wings with which I move: the thought of here and the thought of there. And, behold! I am yonder," pointing to a distant world. "Come, then, and wait on me with thy thoughts and with thy flight, that I may show to thee the universe under a veil." And I flew along with the Form. In a moment our earth fell back, behind our consuming light, into an abyss of distance; a faint gleam only was reflected from the summit of the Cordilleras, and a few moments more reduced the sun to a little star, and soon there remained nothing visible of our system except a comet, which was traveling from our sun with angelic speed in the direction of Sirius. Our flight now carried us so rapidly through the flocks of solar bodies—flocks past counting unless to their heavenly Shepherd—that scarcely could they expand themselves before us into the magnitude of moons, before they sank behind us in pale nebular gleams; and their planetary earths could not reveal themselves for a moment to the transcendent rapidity of our course. At length Sirius and all the brotherhood of our constellations and the galaxy of our heavens stood far below our feet as a little nebula amongst other yet more distant nebulae. Thus we flew on through the starry wildernesses; one heaven after another unfurled its immeasurable banners before us, and then rolled up behind us; galaxy behind galaxy towered up into solemn altitudes before which the spirit shuddered; and they stood in long array through which the Infinite Being might pass in progress. Sometimes the form that lightened would outfly my weary thoughts; and when it would be seen far

off before me like a coruscation among the stars, till suddenly I thought again to myself the thoughts of there, and then I was at its side. But, as we were thus swallowed up by one abyss of stars after another, and the heavens above our eyes were not emptier; neither were the heavens below them fuller, and as suns without intermission fell into the solar ocean like water spouts of a storm which fall into the ocean of waters; then at length the human heart within me was overburdened and weary and yearned after some narrow cell or quiet oratory in this metropolitan cathedral of the universe. And I said to the form at my side, "Oh, Spirit! has then this universe no end?" and the Form answered and said, "Lo! it has no beginning."

Suddenly, however, the heavens above us appeared to be emptied, and not a star was seen to twinkle in the mighty abyss; no gleam of light to break the unity of the infinite darkness. The starry hosts behind us had all contracted into an obscure nebula; and, at length, that also had vanished. And I thought to myself, "At last the universe has ended," and I trembled at the thought of the illimitable dungeon of pure, pure darkness which here began to imprison the creation; I shuddered at the dead sea of nothing, in whose unfathomable zone of blackness the jewel of the glittering universe seemed to be set and buried forever; and through the night in which we moved I saw the Form which still lightened as before, but left all around it unilluminated. Then the Form said to me in my anguish—"Oh! creature of little faith! Look up! the most ancient light is coming!" I looked, and in a moment came a twilight—in the twinkling of an eye a galaxy—and then with a choral burst rushed in all the company of stars. For centuries gray with age, for millennia hoary with antiquity, had the starry light been on its road to us; and, at length, out of heights inaccessible to thought, it had reached us. Now, then, as through some renovated century, we flew through new cycles of heavens. At length again came a starless interval; and far longer it endured, before the beams of a starry host again had reached us.

As we thus advanced forever through an interchange of nights and solar heavens, and as the interval grew still longer and longer before the last heaven we had quitted contracted to a point, all at once we issued suddenly from the middle of the thickest night—a borealis, the herald of an expiring day—we found throughout this cycle of solar years at a day of judgment had indeed arrived. Darkened, and the planets were heaving, rocking, yawning in convulsions. The subterranean waters of the great deeps were breaking up, and lightnings that were ten diameters of a world in length ran along, from east to west, from Zenith to Nadir; and here and there, where the sun should have been we saw instead, through the misty vapor, a gloomy, ashen, leaden corpse of a solar body that sucked in flames from the perishing world, but gave out neither light nor heat; and as I saw, through a vista that had no end, mountain towering above mountain, and piled up with what seemed glittering snow from the conflict of solar planetary bodies; then my spirit bent under the load of the universe, and I said to the Form, "Rest, rest, and lead me no farther; I am too solitary in the creation itself, and in its deserts yet more so; the full world is great, but the empty world is greater, and with the universe increases its Zaaarahs."

Then the Form touched me like a flowing of a breath, and spoke more gently than before: "In the presence of God there is no emptiness; above, below, between, and round about the stars, in the darkness and in the light, dwelleth the true and very Universe, the sum and foundation of all that is. But thy spirit can bear only earthly images of the unearthly; now, then, I cleanse thy sight with euphrasy; look forth, and behold the images." Immediately my eyes were opened, and I looked, and I saw, as it were, an interminable sea of light—sea immeasurable, sea unfathomable, sea without a shore. All spaces between all heavens were filled with happiest light; and there was a thundering of floods; and there were seas above seas, and seas below seas; and I saw all the trackless regions that we had voyaged over; and my eye comprehended the farthest and the nearest, and darkness had become light, and the light darkness; for the deserts and wastes of the creation were now filled with the sea of light, and in this sea the suns floated like ash-gray blossoms, and the planets like black grains of seed. Then my heart comprehended that immortality dwelled in the spaces between the worlds, and death only amongst the worlds. Upon all the suns there walked upright shadows in the form of men; but they were glorified when they quitted these perishable worlds, and when they sank into the sea of light: and the murky planets, I perceived, were but cradles for the infant spirits of the universe of light. In the Zaaarahs of the creation I saw—I heard—I felt—the glittering—the echoing—the breathing of life and creative power. The suns were but as spinningwheels, the planets no more than weavers' shuttles, in relation to the infinite web which composes the veil of Isis ["I am whatsoever is—whatsoever has been—whatsoever shall be; and the veil

which is over my countenance no mortal hand has ever raised"]; which veil is hung over the whole creation, and lengthens as any finite being attempts to raise it. "And in sight of this immeasurability of life, no sadness could endure, but only joy that knew no limit, and happy prayers.

But in the midst of this great vision of the universe the Form that lightened eternally had become invisible, or had vanished to its home in the unseen world of spirits. I was left alone in the center of a universe of life, and I yearned after some sympathizing being. Suddenly from the starry deeps there came floating through the ocean of light a planetary body, and upon it there stood a woman whose face was as the face of Madonna, and by her side there stood a child, whose countenance varied not, neither was it magnified as he drew nearer. This child was a King, for I saw that he had a crown upon his head, but the crown was a crown of thorns. Then also I perceived that the planetary body was our unhappy earth, and, as the earth drew near, this child, who had come forth from the starry deeps to comfort me, threw upon me a look of gentlest pity and of unutterable love, so that in my heart I had a sudden rapture of joy such as passes all understanding, and I awoke in the tumult of my happiness.

I awoke: but my happiness survived my dream; and I exclaimed, "Oh! how beautiful is death, seeing that we die in a world of life and of creation without end! and I blessed God for my life upon earth, but much more for the life in those unseen depths of the universe which are emptied of all but the Supreme Reality, and where no earthly life nor perishable hope can enter.—*De Quincey's Translations from Richter.*

DEATH—AND AFTERWARDS.

Why, in truth, should evolution proceed along the gross and palpable lines of the visible, and not also be hard at work upon the subtler elements which are behind—molding, governing, and emancipating them? Is it enough with the Positivists to foresee the amelioration of the race? Their creed is, certainly, generous and unselfish; but since it teaches the eventual decay of all worlds and systems, what is the good of caring for a race which must be extinguished in some final cataclysm, any more than for an individual who must die and become a memory? If death ends the man, and cosmic convulsions finish off all the constellations, then we arrive at the insane conception of an universe possibly emptied of every form of being which is the most unthinkable and incredible of all conclusions. Sounder, beyond question, was the simple wisdom of Shakespeare's old hermit of Prague, who "never saw pen and ink, and very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is, is!'"

If so very sensible a recluse had gone deeper into that grand philosophy of common sense, we might fancy him saying to the niece of his Majesty, "First of all the plain fact is this, fair Princess! that we are alive, and far advanced in the hierarchy of such life as we know. We can not indeed fly like a bird, nor swim like a dogfish, nor hunt by smell like a hound, but—vanity apart—we are at the top of the tree of visible earth-life." If there has been a vast past leading to this, the individual remembers nothing. Either he was not; or he lived unconscious; or he was conscious, but forgets. It may be he always lived, and inwardly knows it, but now "disremembers;" for it is notable that none of us can recall the first year of our human existence. Instincts, moreover, are memories, and when the newly hatched chick pecks at food, it must certainly have lived somehow and somewhere long before it was an egg. If to live forever in the future demands that we must have lived forever in the past, there is really nothing against this! "End and beginning are dreams;" mere phrases of our earthly foolish speech. But taking things as they seem, nobody knows that death stays—nor why it should stay—the development of the individual. It stays our perception of it in another; but so does distance, absence, or even sleep. Birth gave to each of us much; death may give very much more, in the way of subtler senses to behold colors we can not here see, to catch sounds we do not now hear, and to be aware of bodies and objects impalpable at present to us, but perfectly real, intelligibly constructed, and constituting an organized society and a governed, multifarious state. Where does nature show signs of breaking off her magic, that she should stop at the five organs and the sixty odd elements? Are we free to spread over the face of this little earth, and never freed to spread through the solar system and beyond it? Nay, the heavenly bodies are to the ether which contains them as mere spores of seaweed floating in the ocean. Are the specks only filled with life, and not the space? What does nature possess more valuable in all she has wrought here, than the wisdom of the sage, the tenderness of the mother, the devotion of the lover, and the opulent imagination of the poet, that she should let these priceless things be utterly lost by a quincy, or a flux? It is a hundred times more reasonable to believe that she commences afresh with such delicately

developed treasures, making them groundwork and stuff for splendid farther living, by process of death; which, even when it seems accidental or premature, is probably as natural and gentle as birth; and wherefrom, it may well be, the new-born dead arises to find a fresh world ready for his pleasant and novel body, with gracious and willing kindred ministrations awaiting it, like those which provided for the human babe the guiding arms and nourishing breasts of its mother. As the babe's eyes opened to strange sunlight here, so may the eyes of the dead lift glad and surprised lids to "a light that never was on sea or land"; and so may his delighted ears hear speech and music proper to the spheres beyond, while he laughs contentedly to find how touch and taste and smell had all been forecasts of faculties accurately following upon the lowly lessons of this earthly nursery? It is really just as easy and logical to think such will be the outcome of the "life which now is," as to terrify weak souls into wickedness by medieval hells, or to wither the bright instincts of youth or love with horizons of black annihilation.

Moreover those new materials and surroundings of the farther being would bring a more intense and verified as well as a higher existence: Man is less superior to the sensitive plant now than his re-embodied spirit would probably then be to his present personality. Nor does anything except ignorance and despondency forbid the belief that the senses so etherealized and enhanced, and so fitly adapted to the fine combinations of advanced entity, would discover without much amazement sweet and friendly societies springing from, but proportionately upraised above, the old associations; art divinely elevated, science splendidly expanding; by-gone loves and sympathies explaining and obtaining their purpose; activities set free for vaster cosmic service; abandoned hopes realized at last; despaired-of joys come magically within ready reach; regrets and repentances softened by wider knowledge, surer foresight, and the discovery that though in this universe nothing can be "forgiven," everything may be repaid and repaired. In such a stage, though little removed relatively from this, the widening of faith, delight, and love (and therefore of virtue which depends on these) would be very large. Everywhere would be discerned the fact, if not the full mystery, of continuity, of evolution, and of the never-ending progress in all that lives towards beauty, happiness, and use without limit. To call such a life "heaven" or the "hereafter" is a concession to the illusions of speech and thought, for these words imply locality and time, which are but provisional conceptions. It would rather be a state, a plane of faculties, to expand again into other and higher states or planes; the slowest and lowest in the race of life coming in last, but each—everywhere—finally attaining. After all, as Shakespeare so merrily hints, "That that is, is!" and when we look into the blue of the sky we actually see visible Infinity. When we regard the stars of midnight we veritably perceive the mansions of nature, countless and illimitable; so that even our narrow senses reprove our timid minds. If such shadows of the future be ever so faintly cast from real existences, fear and care might, at one word, pass from the minds of men, as evil dreams depart from little children waking to their mother's kiss and all might feel how subtly-wise the poet was who wrote of that first mysterious night on earth, which showed the unsuspected stars; when—

.... "Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
And lo! Creation widened on man's view!
Who could have thought such marvels lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find—
Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed—
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?"
—EDWIN ARNOLD, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

It is said that Henry Villard just before he sailed for Europe made a remark to the effect that within a few years the motive power of every railroad in the United States would be changed. A report is current that Mr. Villard "has knowledge of the discovery of a means of developing the latent heat and electricity in coal so that it shall produce power without any intermediate machinery." And that the newly discovered process will develop the "heat stored in coal" into power "without the intermediaries of a furnace, a boiler, and a steam engine." This discovery cannot be the same that was recently reported to have been made by a young genius in Maine, for the description of his apparatus contained the distinct statement that the power was developed by combustion, involving, of course, the use of a furnace or something like it. Mr. Villard's inventor, according to the rumor, uses no furnace. If the rumor be true, or half true, an industrial revolution is impending. If, as the statements above quoted imply, the process of developing power is inexpensive, and all, or nearly all, the latent energy is utilized, we are soon to have a power far cheaper than that of steam—so cheap that almost everybody can afford to use it.



A WOMAN WHO IS RATHER TIRED.

O, to be alone!
To escape from the work, the play,
The talking, every day;
To escape from all I have done,
And all that remains to do.
To escape, yes, even from you,
My only love, and be
Alone and free.

Could I only stand
Between gray moor and gray sky,
Where the winds and the plovers cry,
And no man is at hand;
And feel the free wind blow
On my rain-wet face, and know
I am free, not yours, but my own.
Free and alone!

For the soft firelight
And the home of your heart, my dear,
They hurt being always here,
I want to stand up upright,
And to cool my eyes in the air,
And to see how my back can bear
Burdens: to try, to know,
To learn, to grow!

I am only you!
I am yours, part of you, your wife!
And I have no other life.
I can not think, can not do;
I can not breathe, can not see;
There is "us" but there is not "me"—
And worst, at your kiss, I grow
Contented so.

—London Hawk.

There is a great deal said in these days about women entering the professions, says the *Catholic Press*, taking their part in various kinds of business, usually conducted by men, and similar claims. Education and training may do something, but there must be a natural bent or tact for the profession or business, or success is very doubtful. Consider how many young men embark in professional or business life every year, and how few after ten, fifteen or twenty years of struggle actually succeed. The great majority fail sooner or later; lose courage, give way to blank despair and sink into obscurity or disgrace. Women cannot expect to meet with a different result. Success is coy and not easily won. With these facts before us, and no one can gainsay them, we turn to consider a very strange phenomenon. The country is full of Catholic institutions conducted by religious women; nuns and sisters of many different orders. They never become bankrupt, they never get into such financial straits that they appeal for help lest they perish. It is a most remarkable fact that every one of these communities should develop a business tact and find some of the women who enter able to manage their business affairs carefully, judiciously, economically, and carry them safely through times of panic and general financial distress in the country. Some of these convents, especially when mother houses of an order with novitiate and an academy attached, number several hundred inmates, yet they have women financiers, cashiers, bookkeepers, women who are a capital board of directors a splendid committee on ways and means, who carry the whole concern along smoothly, noiselessly, on a most practical business footing, maintain a credit that is never impeached.

"I never would allow my boy to know how to swim," said the mother of an only son, "and I never could bear to have him in a boat. Skating I always detested, and ball playing I consider vulgar. He had a horse for riding, and he was always allowed to walk as much as he chose." (!) Her hearers understood why it was that her son had grown up to be a narrow chested and delicate man, and were thankful that he was permitted to go outdoors at all in his boyhood. Fortunately this young man had possessed a strong love for walking, and also for study, which had kept him from inanition, and also out of mischief. But for an active, full-blooded boy not decidedly studious, such a bringing-up as has been described would have meant either ruin or death. There is no reason to descant upon the manifold attractions, and uses of swimming. All proper precautions for his safety should be taken, and your boy should learn to swim. Never let him go into the water unless he is well; neither let him go alone or with flighty boys only, even when he has mastered the art of natation—cramps and accidents of all sorts are too common for that. Keep him away

from rapids and whirlpools, and impress upon him at every opportunity, by an anecdote, precept and example, the necessity of exercising prudence in the matter. Especially see that he is familiar with remedies for cramp, and with the modes of reviving the drowned. Many a valuable life has been lost because a boy's companions did not understand how to use proper restoratives when his body was first recovered from the water.—KATE UPSON CLARK, in *Harper's Bazar*.

New York *Commercial Advertiser*: When that exceedingly clever little book, "Women, Plumbers, and Doctors," came out a few years ago not many of those who read it knew anything about the personal history of the author. It was written by a sweet-faced woman, with smooth bands of white hair, whose name is Mrs. H. M. Plunkett, and who can talk entertainingly to you by the hour of Hawthorne and Margaret Fuller and the early days of Julia Ward Howe and James Freeman Clarke and the New England transcendentalists. Mrs. Plunkett's interest in practical scientific questions stood her in good stead, for her son, who was about to enter a medical college, lost his eyesight in a dangerous illness, and yet, seeing through her eyes, took—it sounds incredible, but it is true—his course successfully. She sat by his side in the lecture room, studying the diagrams for him and constantly devising means for making them clear to his mental vision. She read the text books to him, going over each page four times. She was his sight, his hands; she "coached" him as never a student was coached before, and when he was graduated he obtained a position requiring special knowledge of diseases of the heart and lungs, his mother still giving him to the fullest extent her services. This past winter this son, the object of so much devotion, died, and the mother, who so long has lived wholly in and for another, wonders at the length and emptiness of the days. With the results of her severer studies added to the practical wisdom she had before, the chances are that "Women, Plumbers, and Doctors" will be followed by other works on questions of sanitation.

Chicago, up with the world in all things, proudly lays claim to a real live engineer who is a woman. Her name is not revealed, but she runs a six-horse power engine at the Bee Hive laundry, Lincoln avenue and Wells street, and runs it in first-class shape. The fact has been brought into prominence by a complaint made to the board of examining engineers that she is working without a certificate. The law provides that all engineers shall procure certificates of ability, which shall be issued to them upon their passing an examination, with which requirement this young woman has failed to comply. She has had charge of the engine for two years, and does her own fring, her own mending of broken machinery, and is, in fact, an all around mechanic of no mean ability. This phenomenon is goodlooking and young, not over 25, and manages to keep herself looking charming, even at the grimy work which is her choice. She had, previous to her debut as an engineer, worked at the laundry, and, proving her mechanical ability by numerous tinkering of machinery, was, when the proprietor found himself short an engineer, trusted with the charge of the little engine. All she needed was a trial, and now she reigns supreme, the goddess of the engine room. "I expect to get a certificate for her," said her employer recently. "She will have no trouble in passing the required examination, as she knows more about the machinery than half the male engineers."

The following was copied into THE JOURNAL recently, from *Printer's Ink*: "There are but nine papers devoted to Woman's Suffrage now published in this country, and of these the only one accorded as much as 4,000 circulation is the *Woman's Journal*, of Boston. The *Woman's Exponent* is issued in Salt Lake City." This statement, it seems, does injustice to the *Woman's Tribune*, published at Beatrice, Neb., which we are informed by parties who are in a position to know, has a circulation much larger than that indicated by the above figures. "The actual issue for twelve numbers preceding the publication of Ayer's Directory last fall," says a letter from the office of the *Tribune*, "averaged 9,200, and was so given by it." *Printer's Ink*, which is responsible for the misstatement above quoted, will, it is presumed, correct it. THE JOURNAL congratulates the *Woman's Tribune* on its success. Mrs.

Colby, the talented editor, is in the Black Hills country taking a hand in suffrage work.

Miss Fawcett, the young lady who distanced all the students of Oxford at the late examination, has an imitator, says the *Catholic Review*, in the person of Mdle. Sarmisa Bilcesco, who in Paris a few weeks ago sustained a thesis before the authorities of the university, and obtained her degree of Doctor of Laws. She was born in Bucharest twenty-three years ago, made her studies there, and finally went to Paris to study for her degree. She chose as the subject of her thesis, "The legal condition of women under the Roman and French law." She was complimented by the jury for her brilliant success. On her return to Romania she will demand admission to the bar, not for the purpose of pleading, but simply to fix legislation on the matter. There is not the slightest doubt that the Fawcetts will multiply a hundred fold within the next ten years.

PROCLAIM THE TRUTH.

The following letter to Mr. Herman Snow author of the paper on Modern Spiritualism reproduced in THE JOURNAL lately from the *Unitarian Review* is published by permission:

REV. HERMAN SNOW:—My Dear Sir: I sought your address that I might have the pleasure and honor of thanking you for the public avowal of your convictions upon the spiritual ethics of man, published in the May number of the *Unitarian Review*. Many, many thanks for that article.

I very much wish that those who have reached like convictions of the truthfulness of spirit life, spirit return, and an ever progressive immortality for man would openly avow such belief and give to the world the proof they have obtained tending to establish the fact. The waning and decaying belief in theologic ritual has a tendency to weaken religious aspiration and lower the standard of social as well as Christian morality, and the growing tendency to materialism does not lift the moral status of men in equal ratio with which it begets a desire for worldly gain. Man forgets his spiritual interests in his struggles for wealth and personal fame. This plunges the race into a material environment which will ultimately rule our every effort, unless restricted—and take such to the time of money getting instead of soul unfolding. To counteract this tendency, and place the human family upon the basis of the soul's developing forces, which can take the race higher, both in spirit and intellect, is no doubt the true ethics for men to accept in the present state. To promote this most desirable result men should proclaim such evidence of immortality as come to them, to you, to me, and thousands of others—and the same should be placed before the masses to the end that they too might know the life which awaits them, and that they may be educated in a true spiritual philosophy, which can not do otherwise than promote a true religious consciousness and correct soul unfolding.

So I welcome this effort of yours; and your appeal to your brother clergymen to help mankind by letting on the light instead of putting it beneath the cover of secrecy. It is the influence of leading men and women who believe in Spiritualism which is wanted to make this science, religion, and philosophy popular and respectable; and when all who believe do as you have done, then the race will be in a condition to enter upon a new cycle of unfolding, which will be, religiously, intellectually and spiritually, as much higher than the church is to-day, as the ethics and teachings of Jesus are above the practices of Wall Street, and the gambling hells in the Bowery. Such as yourself who have the ear and the confidence of your clerical associates may do much to bring about such reform, and you can do no greater service to the race than in publicly teaching man in this truth of all life—immortality. It is the bareness of the heart and soul which is sapping the human family of its richest juices, intellectually, and lowering all mental culture. There has been none whose thought or word soared higher, or makes deeper impressions upon the consciousness of the race than the great Nazarene, because of his conscious belief in the forces of soul acting upon man's body.

But I would not tire you—only tell you that I too have seen the great light of a true spirituality, and I would that I could be where my voice would be heard each day—nay each hour proclaiming its grand principles and deepest truths, so bounti-

fully thrust upon men, to the end that life may be known and lived in its entirety.

Do not rest upon your arms but let your shots be "heard around the world" and tell to men more of what you know of God's Divine Revelation which is not yet unfolded to all mankind. In time others will join you—your brother clergymen will preach this truth also instead of dogmatic ritual. What a power you all would be—what an impetus could be started in the better way. When eighty thousand pulpits shall weekly send out their trumpet notes announcing God's Divine truth, spirit life, spirit return, and immortality, no power on earth could stay the onward march of the human soul. It remains for your profession to accept the situation, and not only cultivates and maintain this new light, holding it up to the people to light their way through life, and take them across the river, or to fall below the average instruction in human ethics, and be replaced by a more earnest and faithful public instructor, who shall come out of this new development as the apostles came out from that of Judea. To keep in healthy life conditions the latest and deepest unfoldings of nature must be recognized and accepted, and when such is rejected the inevitable result is decay. So I believe it must be with the Christian church unless it replace its rotting and crumbling dogmatism with the new presentation of this Divine life which comes to your and my door asking to be admitted, an abiding guest within our hearts and thoughts and homes.

Most Sincerely,
A. B. BROWN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

THE DIVINE AND THE HUMAN.

By W. J. POTTER.

The real character of Jesus, in all its nobleness and beauty, we have, just as much as do those who call him Deity. And further, his character must be actually more to us, for example, for inspiration, for incitement, inasmuch as we do not believe that he had any supernatural endowments or protection to help in the achievement of such a character, but only the same kind of human faculties as are possessed by mankind in general. As high as he stood, others may reach the same mark. If he manifested divinity in humanity, why may not you and I?

Second, we have not only the company of Jesus, but of other large and strong souls, who stand with him in the same group of humanity's leaders and teachers. We do not believe that the high tide of human nobleness appeared only in the little strip of country known as Judea, but that all round the globe that tide has rolled, and that, among every great people, and in every great historical religion, there have been those who, in character and beneficent influence, have come near to the same high-water mark. Weak as is average humanity, poor and distressed as are large sections of it, corrupt and wicked as multitudes of its individuals are, yet it is not so weak, so poor, so wicked, but that examples of high virtue have sprung up in all quarters of the world, and the noblest moral and spiritual truths have found utterance in every nation that has had a literature. If it be comforting and strengthening to weak human nature to find those rules for righteous living which we call divine, illustrated so clearly in the humanity of Jesus of Nazareth, then how should comfort and strength be multiplied for us when we see the same rules illustrated in many another of the world's religious teachers and founders, wise men and saints, martyrs and philanthropists, who have lived and died that truth might be glorified, and righteousness be established on its own eternal foundations! If the life of one man living in Palestine nearly two thousand years ago, exhibited an integrity and beauty so divine that millions of mankind have since felt that he brought God nearer to earth, and stood, even, for God to them, ought it to weaken this faith to learn that a score, or a hundred men, have exhibited characters of a like integrity and beauty? nay, that divinity is not so rare an exotic on earth as the theologians have taught us, but that the divine ones have appeared in all the ages, and even in this, our century, who appear to have been "born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God,"—persons in whom the Eternal Power of Righteousness itself seems to have "become flesh and dwelt amongst us, full of grace and truth, and of whose fulness of life we have all received, and grace for grace?"

And, third, even that latest doctrine of reason and science, of which it is sometimes complained that it leaves for man no Deity at all, but only a vague conception of an

unknowable, eternal, and unlovable power—the doctrine of evolution,—this theory not only allows but compels belief in the incarnation of the eternal power in humanity; not in one man merely, but in mankind. It is not speculative metaphysics, but science, that bids us behold the uncreated, inscrutable and eternal energy, after its work, æons long, in the organization of worlds and living creatures, welling up at last in the mental and moral consciousness of man,—so that the old text, with slight change, may be repeated as literal, scientific truth: "As the Father (or the eternal creative energy) has life in himself, so hath he given to the Son (that is, man) to have life in himself." In other words, humanity, through its endowment of mental and moral consciousness, embodies and continues the organizing, creative process, and becomes for this earth the veritable depository and dispenser of divine providence and power. When, therefore, the cry is heard against modern thought, "It has taken away my Lord, and I know not where it has laid him," modern thought may answer, "Look not back to Judea to find him; linger lovingly, reverently as you may, over the beautiful illustration of divine life that was manifested there, yet that is history, that is a tomb,—for the living God look around you!"

See Deity to-day manifest in the moral life of mankind. Behold the divine energy and purpose in the heroism of men and women who stand firmly, against whatever odds, to obey the commands of conscience. See it in the charity that flies to the relief of suffering, in the philanthropy that seeks, in multiform ways, to lift up and ameliorate the condition of mankind. See it enlightening the ignorant, freeing the slave, reclaiming the inebriate, restoring sight to the blind, health to the sick, reason to the lunatic, casting out the demons of evil passion and brute selfishness, giving moral power even to them that have no might, lifting from the poor and crushed the heavy burdens with which evil inheritance, and traditional tyranny, and their own sins, have weighted them. See it, too, in the face of human friendship, in acts of neighborly confidence and kindness, in the pure love that founds and sustains the home, with all its high sanctities and capacities. The poor slave woman, in her wretched South Carolina hut, had not merely a reminiscence of her "Lord" in the holy life of Jesus; she had seen him in the New England school teacher who came down there to befriend her race. She had seen him in Abraham Lincoln's act of emancipation that gave her people freedom. And the freedmen, the religious instincts of a more primitive faith surviving in them, actually hailed the man who loosed their chains as another divine Saviour.

Humanity is slow, it is true, in developing organic capacity for perceiving and living by moral ideas. The incarnation of the spirit of truth and righteousness is not accomplished in a day, nor a generation. But the divine energy is patient, and has all the years and ages for its achievements.

But two cautions are to be given before I close. Though the eternal energy, according to a perfectly rational and scientific philosophy, becomes thus incarnate in humanity, and Deity is thereby brought intimately near to us and made a participator in our thought, sympathies, and work, let us not fall into the error, on the one hand, of conceiving everything in humanity to be divine; nor into the error, on the other side, of thinking that all of Deity with whom we have to do, is embodied in collective humanity. With regard to the first error, Heaven forbid that we should be so optimistic as to count everything we find in men—the follies, brutal passions, and crimes—to have a divine origin, or to work toward a divine purpose. That purpose is Life—Life ever larger, higher, richer, fairer; but it is the fatal significance of man's vices and crimes, the very thing that defines them as evil, that they antagonize the normal order of Life. They have their origin in finite and individual desire, which sets up a claim to temporary and selfish satisfaction, against the universal and eternal good. These, therefore, have to be overcome, and their power annihilated before the human organism becomes facile to anything like a perfect incarnation of the eternal energy.

Nor, again, is all of Deity to be found in humanity. Not even if humanity were perfect, could it be large enough to embrace even man's conception of endless and omnipresent power. Man is but the culmination of the eternal energy on this little planet, which is but a grain of dust compared with the countless worlds amidst which it has its existence. What possibilities of being and life suggest themselves as belonging to this infinite multitude of

worlds! And through all this vast realm of stars and planets, the infinite and eternal energy is plying its tasks. If our conception of its incarnation be limited to the human race, we have only a provincial Deity. We must lift our eyes from earth to the whole universe, before our rational thought of Deity, centering here, can approach its circumference. Wherever on earth, or in the heavens, is displayed formative and creative power, wherever there is moral law, there is God, still bringing forth, and peopling, and governing his worlds.



FROM BROOKLYN.

TO THE EDITOR: With your permission, one more pessimistic communication—for so it will be considered by some—for the columns of THE JOURNAL. My letters will assume a more cheerful aspect "When the clouds have rolled away." Organized Spiritualism in New York and Brooklyn is under a cloud. The outlook is not hopeful; it is discouraging. A sturdy minority in both cities opposed to fraud and other obstacles to the progress of Spiritualism, stand facing an avalanche of misconception and fanaticism, and a persistent ignoring of the noxious weeds that need uprooting, before anything like genuine progress can be made. An institution styling itself "The Independent Club," has existed some length of time in this city taking for its motto, "speak no evil"—an excellent motto, but stretched, I fear, by the members, far beyond its original meaning and intent. It is quite safe to say that were Jesus in earth life to-day, he would not be eligible to membership in this club. He had a habit of denouncing perpetrators of great wickedness in the most scathing terms. If memory does not play me false, he even went so far, on one occasion, as to exclaim, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell." I am quite sure he would denounce the sham materializers of the present day, very properly, and appropriately, too, in precisely the same terms. And I am equally sure that the Independent Club would deem his speech an infraction of their motto, I have an inkling, however, that a severe denunciation of the expositors of fraud, would not cause expulsion, or even a mild rebuke, but would on the contrary, elicit unqualified approval. The Conservatory hall meetings are on vacation. Good audiences have assembled during the past season to listen to Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, Mrs. Helen T. Brigham, Mr. J. W. Fletcher, and others. The regular Eastern District spiritual lectures are discontinued until September, but the Ladies' Aid Society connected with the E. D. Union are successfully conducting summer Sunday evening medium's meetings. The Eastern district friends are taking advanced and healthy ground in reference to frauds and immorality. The Progressive Spiritual Conference with which the moral is connected, does not take the high moral ground some of us desire it should occupy; perhaps it will eventually get there. There is such a fearful amount of timidity among well intentioned and earnest Spiritualists. The conference, under the able and energetic lead of its president, Mr. Samuel B. Bogart, is progressing numerically and financially. Its Saturday evening sessions are fully attended. There is no admission fee, seats are free to all. In the neighboring city of Newark, N. J., where spiritualist organizations had entirely collapsed, the standard was again raised last March, on anniversary day, by Mrs. Ida E. Vittum, formerly of Brooklyn, and a most estimable lady and an excellent medium. Meetings were held during April, May, and the first and second Sundays in June. Quite an interest was awakened; the meetings were well attended, Mrs. Vittum securing mediums and lecturers, and doing all in her power, financially assisted by her noble husband, to rehabilitate the organization of Spiritualism in Newark. Meetings will probably be resumed in September. Mr. and Mrs. Vittum are warm personal friends of the writer, and thoroughly in accord with the type of Spiritualism of which THE JOURNAL is so proficient a representative. In Brooklyn, and in Newark, I have urged the just claim of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, on all spiritualists in sympathy with its grand work, for moral and finan-

cial support. Shall continue to do so, wherever I may be called.

Yours Very Truly,

W. C. BOWEN.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A PSYCHIC PHENOMENON.

TO THE EDITOR: I desire an explanation of a psychic phenomenon which recently occurred: My wife was dangerously ill and we sent for her mother living in Kansas. While she was hastily getting ready for the journey, worrying greatly—for she had little hopes of her daughter's recovery—while crying she heard the voice of her daughter clear and loud: "Mother, I will be all right." It was so plain and clear the first thought was that the daughter was really in the room. She stopped crying and after this experience it was not possible for her to overcome the influence, although she is not a woman of much personal experience with phenomena or faith in Spiritualism. The daughter has come out all right and the mother alleges that the voice she heard was all she had to keep up her hope till the crisis was passed. Now if that voice had been recognized as from one who is in spirit life it would be easy to account for it upon the hypothesis of Spiritualism but the person whose voice it was being alive five hundred miles away, it is not so easily explained. Did the daughter unconsciously to herself go to her mother and make that cheering announcement or did the mother become unconsciously present in spirit with the daughter and the daughter unconsciously make the statement, and if so how did the daughter know that she would be all right, or did some spirit power manage to produce upon the mother the sensation of the voice of her daughter? Or was it nothing more than groundless imagination? There are some phenomena very easily explained according to Spiritualism or where the phenomena explain themselves, but there are other phenomena occurring on the same line of which the explanation is not so easy and where the phenomena instead of explaining themselves, simply confuse us.

I would like an explanation of the above fact. Such are common things and throw some doubt in my mind in regard to the veritability of a voice of dead or departed friends being from them unless it can be shown that the mother above mentioned actually heard the voice of her daughter.

Who can explain? Let the capable editor of THE JOURNAL give an explanation: AN INVESTIGATOR.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

GO-UP-HEAD, DARWIN.

TO THE EDITOR: When some one said "Where liberty is there is my country," and Paine replied "Where liberty is not there is my country and thither I hasten that I may help to establish it," if I could have spoken I would have said: "Right, go-up-head Paine." But when Paine says, of human government, "It is the badge of lost innocence," implying the erroneous idea of a perfect creation in man, followed by "the fall," and Darwin declares that the popular theory of the creation of a perfect man, and his fall, is incorrect, and that man, as we find him to-day, instead of being the result of an instantaneous and miraculous creation, is the growth of ages, thus setting him upon the highway of evolutionary progress when Darwin declares thus—I am ready to say: "Right! go-up-head, Darwin!"

Some one may be ready to ask, what then will you do with the bible account of the creation and fall of man?

To this I answer: As to the bible account of the creation of man, I accept it, as a prophecy—a true one perhaps, but I apprehend that the realization of the vision of the author, whoever he was, is not for many days to come.

The six days' work, ending in a man who is or is to be in the exact image or likeness of God, will bring about a state of things the world has never realized as yet; and it will never, when it is attained, be followed by a fall. If the world ever produces a man "in the express image of God," either by a direct creative power, or by an evolutionary and natural process,—that man will never fall.

The doctrine of the fall of man originated in the false idea of the miraculous creation of a perfect man, and in the rude and undeveloped condition in which he was found to be. In other words, when man was found to be characterized by imperfections, while yet the thought that he was made perfect obtained, it was natural that the conclusion should be reached that he had, at some time, fallen away from

his perfect and God-like estate:—a thing utterly impossible if he had possessed the perfection of God. If one perfect being has ever fallen all other perfect beings are liable to do the same, God himself not excepted—a catastrophe that no person would be willing to admit as possible.

There is yet much in store for the world with regard to the Adam of Genesis; and so too, with regard to "the second Adam,"—the "God-man": there is yet much for the world to learn before either of these representative characters is fully known and understood. But the world is not yet ready for it; and, consequently, should any man, capable of doing so, attempt to present the truth of the matter, showing that these both are a prophecy yet to be fulfilled, there would very likely be demanded of him, "Why comest thou hither to torment us before the time?" or he would himself be obnoxious to the injunction, "Give not that which is holy unto the dog; neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet and turn and rend you." Nevertheless I will repeat what I have already intimated [that they—Adam and Jesus both were and are a prophecy of what is in store for the world; and, of the achievements of Darwin, Right! go-up-head, Darwin! and stand there until some one turns you down as fairly as you have the balance of the class: but, meanwhile, keep a sharp lookout and study your lesson well, keeping fully abreast with the progressive thought of the age that is just now rendered doubly acute by the tide of spiritual influx, else, first thing you know "the word" will be passed round again and you'll miss it and some one in the class of the world's learners will turn you down, sure!

UNION, TEXAS. J. B. CONE.

"PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES" AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR: In response to the inquiries of "E." in THE JOURNAL for July 19, I offer the following thoughts which may to some extent afford the needed explanations: The sense of right is an integral part of our spiritual organism. Whilst we are in the material form the images of external objects find their way to a material retina through an eyesight rightly fitted to do its work in the material life. But back of this, and inclosed within it, there is the spiritual retina which can be reached only through a spiritual organism; and this is often open to the clear impressions of spiritual beings who can thus convey to the open and receptive in this life, by the help of symbolic imagery, such knowledge and instruction as they may have to impart. This may be regarded as a sort of photographic process, only the images conveyed are generally closely related to spirit scenery.

Symbolic teachings are the leading methods of the spirit world and are immeasurably superior to the word methods of this life, and whenever, as in the case of "E." the way is open for this, it is promptly improved by such spirits as are able to come *en rapport* with a sensitive, who will soon learn to rightly interpret the meaning.

As these object lessons are from a spirit source, and through spirit methods, they are entirely independent of material externalism and can be seen either in the light or in the dark; with eyes open or shut—i. e.: if other conditions are sufficiently perfect. The most important of these conditions is a passive quiet, like the surface of clear waters in a day of perfect stillness when every bright object from above is distinctly reflected. Hence the visions come not by an effort of the will but oftenest when least expected, as in seasons of deep musings, or of semi-slumber. H. S.

WHAT IS KNOWN IN SPIRITUALISM.

TO THE EDITOR: I supposed till lately that something was known about the beautiful spiritual philosophy. I believe in the return of departed spirits; but can not get hold of what has been attached to it, and it would seem that nobody can. Does this look like philosophy or science? How can I, having been taught the Christian faith, relinquish all for an uncertain something, no two know what. Even the unlettered pioneer will not pull down his old log cabin till his new frame house is built. It is no new thing to us that we live in the future; still to me it is the most valuable of all knowledge that we can prove our belief and converse with our departed ones. Now if a well defined philosophy or science exists, and not mere wild theories, why do we not have more tangible proof of it from the initiated? Why are spiritualistic papers so full of fine spun metaphysical theories—how unlike Newton's Principia—and not more substantial scien-

tific facts? I supposed Spiritualism to be based on solid phenomena.

Again, do you realize how worthless the reports of spirit intercourse are, as a basis for a scientific theory? I hope these published in this paper are true.

HALIFAX, MASS.

LET US HAVE FACTS.

TO THE EDITOR: "Farmer Reynolds" but echoes the voice of all sensible Spiritualists. Where do the spirits of the dead reside? What are their avocations?

PUEBLIC, COLORADO.

A GOOD CAMP MEETING.

TO THE EDITOR: A good camp meeting needs fine weather, central location, a great crowd of sensible people, a good quality of speakers and speeches, a foraging camp where good food is sold reasonably and plenty of water given away.

MARY A. BRINDLE.

Effie F. Josselyn writes: Thorough organization in the conducting of camp meetings is imperative, otherwise many of the benefits are lost.

The Spiritualists of Paulding and DeFiance counties, Ohio, and Allen and Dekalb counties, Indiana, will hold their Twenty-first Annual Grove Meeting on August 23d and 24th, next, in the Wentworth Grove, three and a half miles south of Hicksville, Ohio, and four miles north of Antwerp, Ohio.

Dr. John C. Wyman, Brooklyn: You have succeeded in dressing up the "RELIGIO" typographically perfect, and you furnish in its columns such nourishing mental and spiritual feasts of "good things," that one's soul is stimulated to more earnest efforts toward gaining the heights of diviner human unfoldment than is at present possessed by any but the favored few, "the chosen of the Gods."

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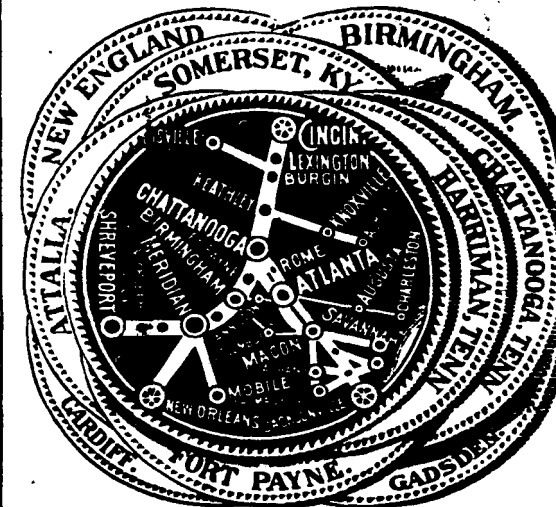
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CONTENTS.

- I. The Essential Elements of a Liberal Education. II.—Moral Education. III.—Evolution of Ethical Culture. V.—Ethical Culture Training. VI.—Relation of Ethical to Education. VII.—Relation of Ethical to Education. VIII.—Relation of Ethical to Practical Education. IX.—Sphere and Education of Woman. X.—Moral Education and Peace. XI.—The Educational Crisis. XII.—Ventilation and Health. The Pantological University. The Management of Children—by Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson. Cloth, \$1.50, postage 10 cents.

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THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE. A HAND-BOOK OF Christian Theosophy, Healing, AND PSYCHIC CULTURE, A NEW EDUCATION,

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BOOK REVIEWS.

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

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING. Its Principles and Practice, with full Explanations for Home Students. Helps for the Mind, Body and Estate. By Frances Lord. Chicago: Lily Publishing House. 1888. pp. 471. Price, \$2.50. In 1886 Miss Lord, an English lady of culture and of literary views on religious and social subjects, came to America to travel, but she soon became interested in the Christian science movement and made herself the owner of a little paper, *Woman's World*, in Chicago, in which she published a series of lectures, such as usually constitute a course of instruction in Christian science. These with some shorter articles which appeared in her paper are reproduced in this handsome volume.

Miss Lord says: "From my first acquaintance with the American movement in 1885 I found that good Americans were sadly disconcerted by the ignorance and avarice to be found among its 'leaders'; and while I saw no reason to think differently from those who thus judged their fellow men and women, I was so used to painful spectacles in other reform efforts, and also to expecting the really noble ones would be found among the rank and file, whose names, if known at all, are only known to those who have good reason to bless them, that I was quite content to be identified with the work, represented though it often is by people of very unsatisfactory character. For it is easy to see the motives for which they are in the work: one motive is money making." Perceiving this Miss Lord, when she returned to England, gave all her teachings free, and published in book form especially those who cannot pay the large price asked for instruction in science.

Science the author says "should not mean the science of the the knowledge which Christ he does not claim to possess the 'y' of this knowledge, but holds it to be acquired, for Christ said, 'works than these shall ye do.' "The this science were not first taught but he impressed them on the minds and hearts of men in such a way "that they can never be withdrawn again, but must, for all time, be known to constitute the ark of refuge from error."

The following propositions summarize Miss Lord's views. Certain great spiritual truths have comforted man in all ages, and come within his ken when he reaches a fit point of evolution. These truths always strike each person as "a discovery," for they can only be learned by perceiving them. Spiritual evolution of itself brings forth "new" truths also. The learning to entertain true thoughts is man's business on earth. When these truths comprise the relation between man and God they are called "religious." Since All is One, a person who thinks truly is likely to have good health. If he pursues truth for the sake of seeking any advantage (health) and not for the love of truth, and for the sake of serving God and man, he will find his pursuit vain, sooner or later. If being ill he deliberately believes health is not to be had, he will not have it, but will reflect in sickness and pain, his own erroneous thought. Defective as the teachers and pupils may be, a large number do constantly receive truth with sufficient clearness to produce good results, in conduct and in healing. No human being has been commissioned to regulate or improve the imperfect stage of affairs. Christian science is therefore on the same footing as all upward striving; viz., the more you try the better you will get on. Christian science affirms that God is All; the All is good. There is no reality in evil. Matter does not really exist. Sin and sorrow sickness and death are "race mesmerisms" as is sexual feeling. Sickness comes through believing in matter, etc., etc.

Miss Lord assumes so much of her teaching to be true, without attempting to prove its scientific or philosophic soundness, that her book must be unsatisfactory to such as are not already in sympathy with her theories and methods: but from whatever point of view it is read, it will be found to contain much suggestive thought.

THE RAGPICKER OF PARIS. By Félix Pyat. Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. Boston: B. R. Tucker, publisher. 1890. pp. 317. Cloth, \$1. This novel, constructed by Félix Pyat shortly before his death, from his drama of the same name, presents a panorama of Paris during the last century. Vice in all its hideousness and the wretchedness that

results from persistence in it are presented in a very strong and realistic manner, while virtue amidst temptations and noble deeds in humble life, are depicted with a masterly hand. The ragpicker, Father Jean, friend of a persecuted widow and her daughter, who is the heroine of the story, is undoubtedly a creation of great power. Pyat with his socialistic views had no love for kings and titled nobilities. His sympathies were with the people, and of the drama from which the novel was constructed Sainte-Beuve said, "It is the paragon of the democratic republican school." A fine portrait of the author is given as a frontispiece of the volume which is handsomely bound.

OUR FLAG, OR THE EVOLUTION OF THE STARS AND STRIPES, including the reason to be of the design, the colors and their position, mystic interpretation, together with selections, eloquent, patriotic and poetical. By Robert Allen Campbell. Chicago: H. E. Lawrence & Co. pp. 128. Cloth, \$1. Mr. Campbell seems to be a patriotic gentleman who has great admiration for the stars and stripes whose origin, evolution and history are given in a well arranged compilation of facts from larger works and from numerous addresses, pamphlets and papers. The selections of songs, poems and extracts from addresses in regard to the American flag are all good and the handsome little volume put into the hands of youth will tend to strengthen attachment to the beautiful flag which is the standard of the Union, and the symbol of American freedom. The mystic or esoteric interpretation of our flag is pretty but fanciful.

MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

St. Nicholas for August is well filled with stories, poems and appropriate illustrations. The boys and girls will enjoy the fourth paper of Ball-Bat and Diamond. A White Mountain Coaching Parade will probably recall pleasant memories. Six Years in the Wilds of Africa is concluded.

Wide Awake. (Boston.) The August issue of this popular monthly is full to repletion with good reading. The illustrations are appropriate, and the poems and jingles suitable to this season.

The Home Maker. (New York.) The departments of this magazine for July are filled with contributions from well known writers, and are not only interesting reading but are valuable and instructive.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery. (Boston.) The short stories are good and the illustrations are of the very best. This feature has always been a prominent one with this monthly for young readers.

The August number of the *Jenness-Miller Magazine* (New York) is unusually full of interesting and valuable matter. The Physical Culture article leads in interest. A story with an unusual plot is contributed by John L. Heaton, and the experiences of A Girl Student in Paris are continued with no abatement of interest.

The August *Eclectic* opens with a masterly paper by Prof. J. De Luys, an eminent French medical man and scientist, on Hyponotism, in which much light is shed on this interesting subject. The subject of "Trusts in the United States," which has excited as much curiosity in England as in the United States, is ably discussed by Robert Donald, and an economic problem involved in the all-important woman question now agitating the public mind is presented under the heading of "Can Women Combine?" Wilfrid Ward touches an important religious issue in his "New Wine in Old Bottles," and that intellectual gladiator, Prof. Huxley, again comes to the fore in the paper entitled "Lights of the Church and Lights of Science."

The first number of the *Criterion Monthly Magazine*, published in Chicago, and edited by Theo. B. Thiele and Fred. W. Clark, has just appeared. It is a publication "devoted to high class literature," as it claims, and the claim is well sustained in the first issue. The leading contributions are "Bayard Taylor as a Poet," by Fanny Kemble Johnson; "The Ideal in Art," by Eliza Allen Star; "Woman and Her Work," by Dora M. Morrell; "Influence of Germany Upon Modern Thought," by Caroline K. Sherman; "Where Rolls the Oregon," sketch of a trip down the Columbia river, by Sara A. Underwood; and "The Stage," by Mme. Rhea. These articles are all very readable and the editorials show judgment and taste.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Our Flag, or the Evolution of the Stars and Stripes. Robert Allen Campbell, Chicago: H. E. Lawrence & Co. Price, \$1.00.

One Life: One Law. Mrs. Myron Reed. New York: John W. Lovell & Co.

Heat as a form of Energy. Robert H. Thurston. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Rag Picker of Paris. Translated from the French of Felix Pyat by Benj. R. Tucker. Boston: Published by the author. Price, \$1.00.

Christian Science Healing. Frances Lord. Chicago: Lily Publishing Co. Price, \$2.50.

The New Evadne. Frank Howard Howe. New York: F. F. Lovell & Co. Price, 25 cents; The Mystery of M. Felix. B. L. Farjeon. Price, 50 cents.

A Modern Marriage. The Marquise Clara Lanza. New York: John W. Lovell. Price, 50 cents.

From John B. Alden, New York: A few Thoughts for a Young Man. Horace Mann. Price, 25 cents. Lord Ively. An Epic Poem in XIV Books. James Latreue.

Aryan Sun Myths the Origin of Religions. Sarah E. Titcomb. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

The Two Brothers. Guy De Maupassant, translated by Clara Bell. New York: John W. Lovell Co. Price, 50 cents.

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be persuaded to take any other. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which possesses peculiar strength and curative power.

For a disordered liver try Beecham's Pills.

If the ladies would abandon cosmetics and more generally keep their blood pure and vigorous by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, naturally fair complexions would be the rule instead of the exception, as at present. Pure blood is the best beautifier.

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South Bend, Washington, is one of the newest and most promising of the newer cities of Washington. That the Northern Pacific Railway has made it its direct Pacific terminus, is the best evidence of its merit. It is possible for a great many to get in now at low figures, as the Northern Pacific Railroad will not reach South Bend till the end of the year.

THREE HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

The Burlington Route, C. & Q. R. R., will sell from principal stations on its lines, on Tuesdays, September 9th and 23rd, and October 14th, Harvest Excursion Tickets at HALF RATES to points in the Farming Regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. For tickets and further information concerning these excursions, call on your nearest C. & Q. ticket agent, or address P. S. BRISTOL, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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On the Columbia River.

KALAMA, WASHINGTON, on the Columbia river, giving free access to ocean ships, with the Northern Pacific R. R. now the Union Pacific Railway now grading and building through the city, the great Northern Railway seeking right of way, and on the direct route for all railways between Portland and Tacoma or Seattle, and between Portland and the ocean on the Columbia river, the county seat of Cowlitz county, with fine churches, schools, and immense timber, coal, and farming interests, and salmon fisheries, is just the place to invest, or to go for a new home. Splendid chance here. Address for free information, maps, etc., etc., IMUS BROS., Kalama, Washington.

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Leaves Chicago 3:10 p. m., except Saturday, and arrives at Niagara Falls next morning, and Clayton 5:45 p. m., connecting with steamers for Alexandria Bay and other points among Thousand Islands and on the St. Lawrence River.

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CHICAGO AND ST. LAWRENCE LINE
Leaves Chicago 10:10 p. m., except Saturday with through sleeping cars to Niagara Falls, where connection is made with the Steamboat Express of the R., W. & O. The magnificent steamers of the R. & O. Nav. Co. leave Clayton on arrival of train, descend the St. Lawrence through the Thousand Islands and arrive at Montreal 6:00 p. m.

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With an Appendix by a Clergyman of the Church of England.

This celebrated work may be read with profit by thinkers and students.
Price, \$2.50; postage, 16 cents.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

OUT ON THE SEA.

BY AMARALA MARTIN.

Out on the sea, death's mystic sea,
I knew my love was drifting from me;
His eyes sought mine 'til they grew so dim
My weeping image was lost to him.
His hand grew colder in mine until
His pulses ceased and his heart was still,
And my beloved, my very own,
Went bravely out to the great Unknown.

Out on the sea, the deep, placid sea,
With tender adieus he went from me,
And I dared not ask his longer stay,
Though with grief my heart should pine away;
For he'd said, "Dear one, but for your sake
The voyage is one I long to take;
I'd feel neither sorrow nor regret
That my ship awaits with sails all set.

"Out on the sea, the broad, restful sea,
Let my freed spirit go peacefully:
Do not hold me here with prayers and tears
From that fair shore which e'en now appears.
Grieve not, dear heart, that you're left alone,
For immortals love and claim their own,
And when you enter death's mystery,
I'll come for you o'er the shining sea."

Out on the sea, the great, silent sea,
His words come echoing back to me;
I'll hear him call me from far away,
As I tread the lonely beach some day
I'll see glad smiles on his features pale
Ere mortal vision or senses fail;
His loving arms will encircle me
As reunited we cross the sea!

CAIRO, ILL.

Cleverton—"I see the papers are criticising your grammar in our interview the other day. You had asked Travers to dinner and you said: 'I don't see why Travers don't come, instead of doesn't come.'"

Dashaway (gloomily)—"Those editors don't know Travers. When I ask him to dinner I always refer to him as a plural."

"It seems to be a perfectly clear case against you," said the reporter. "Why not make a clean breast of it and let me publish your confession?"

"Confession!" exclaimed the indignant prisoner. "I have nothing to confess! I am an innocent man, sir! But if—'s'posin' I did have a confession to make, what's the best figure your paper would pay me for it?"

Not every American has heard that Valley Forge, the scene of the sufferings of Washington's army, is about to become the site of a large brewing establishment. This sacrilege on patriotism will be consummated unless the government steps in to prevent and convert the scene and its surroundings into a national park. Allen Eastman Cross, the young poet whose recent verses in the *New England Magazine* attracted such favorable attention has been stirred to raise his voice against this outrage and his lines will be found in the August or Grand Army number of the *New England Magazine*.

Aboard an ocean liner—"W. K. St. Mark (leaving the table in the midst of dinner with a thoughtful and pallid air)—"Au revoir."

Lady Opposite—"Au revoir."
Gentleman (of an explanatory turn of mind to lady)—"Excuse me madam; he did not say that to you, he said that to his dinner."

Transcendental Physics, being an account of experimental investigation of Prof. Zollner with the medium, Henry Slade. This work has lately been reduced to 75 cents, and is extensively called for and read.

Spirit Workers in the Home Circle is an autobiographic narrative of psychic phenomena in daily family life, extending over a period of twenty years, by Morell Theobald, F. C. A. Price, \$1.50, postage 10 cents

Prof. Alfred R. Wallace's pamphlets, If a man die, shall he live again? A lecture delivered in San Francisco, June, 1887; price, 5 cents; and A Defense of Modern Spiritualism, price 25 cents, are in great demand. Prof. Wallace believes that a superior intelligence is necessary to account for man, and anything from his pen on this subject is always interesting.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL Tracts, embracing the following important subjects: The Summerland; the True Spiritualist; the Responsibility of Mediums; Denton and Darwinism; What is Magnetism and Electricity? etc. A vast amount of reading for only ten cents. Three copies sent to one address. 25 cents

Heaven Revised is a narrative of personal experiences after the change called death, by Mrs. E. B. Duffey. The story is told in a most interesting and delightful manner, and will please all who peruse it. Now is the time to order. Price, 25 cents.

The History of Christianity is out in a new edition, price, \$1.50. The works of Edward Gibbon are classed with standard works, and should be in the library of all thoughtful readers. We are prepared to fill any and all orders.

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By F. O. HYZER.

Beyond the shadow and the gloom,
The hills of fadeless beauty rise,
Where fountains gleam and lilies bloom,
Forever under cloudless skies,
My artist darling standeth there,
Sketching the glory of those spheres,
With gentle hand divinely fair,
Through eyes undim'd with burning tears.

No more for her the shadow steals,
Across the calm and tranquil brain,
The dawning light to her reveals
A home she'll need not leave again;
Sweeter than the *Wisteria's breath
Is the soft air that fans her brow,
For she has never tasted death,
And scarce remembers sorrow now.

Ere she arose the tyrant king
Had laid his scepter at her feet,
With naught of his dread power to sting
Had she—sweet one! been called to meet.
Taught from her childhood's early hour
To look for still a higher birth,
Over her soul death held no power,
As dearly as she loved the earth.

My peerless one! no joy so great
While an earth dweller can be mine,
As to behold thy fair estate,
And see what beauty now is thine.
To think, to speak, to write, to sing
Of thee and thy transcendent sphere,
And to thy memory to cling,
Will be my joy unceasing here.

We've drank together of the draught
Of mortal sorrow, care and pain,
But the last bitterness is quaffed—
Parting we can not know again.
Thy cup is filled from crystal streams,
Of heavenly peace and harmony,
While from its brim the nectar gleams
And overflows in love to me.

Till I can feel in every vein
The healing balm divinely steal,
And know that with me she'll remain
My mortal life to cheer and heal.
I fold her to my heart to-night,
My newly born, angelic child,
Who passed into the realms of light
With spirit pure and undefiled.

*My daughter's favorite flower, that twined the windows of her Baltimore home.

Hicks—How did you get along with that stuff you were writing for the paper the other day?

Wicks—I sent it to half a dozen papers, and they rejected it, every one of them.

Hicks—That was rather discouraging, eh?

Wicks—Not a bit of it. I just went to work and spelled every other word wrong, made a dozen copies, and sent them to as many magazines as a piece of dialect writing.

Hicks—And they rejected it, too?

Wicks—You're off there. They all accepted it, and I got a check from each.

Hicks—But when they come to publish it you'll be in a pretty scrape.

Wicks—Oh, that'll be all right. By the time it is published I shall have been dead years and years ago.

"Now, sir," began the attorney for the defense, knitting his brows, and preparing to annihilate the witness whom he was about to cross-examine, "you say your name is Williams. Can you prove that to be your real name? Is there anybody in the court room who can swear that you haven't assumed it for the purpose of fraud and deceit?"

"I think you can identify me yourself," answered the witness.

"I? Where did I ever see you before, my friend?"

"I put that scar over your right eye twenty-five years ago when you were stealing peaches out of father's orchard. I'm the same Williams."

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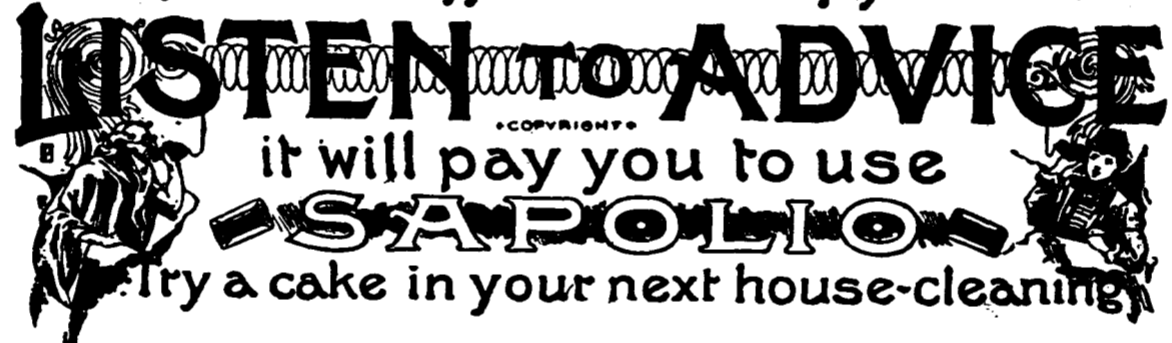
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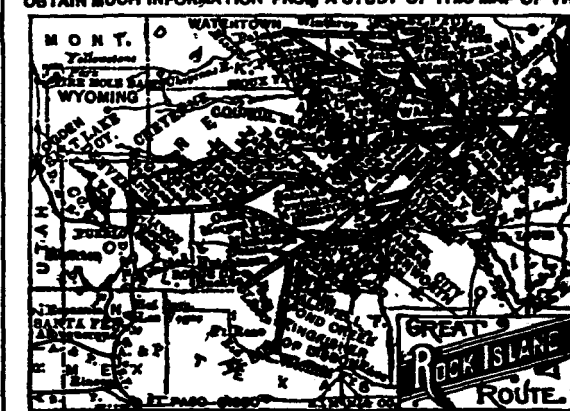
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NOTES FROM ONSET.

TO THE EDITOR: The fourth Sunday of the fourteenth camp meeting at this summer home was enjoyed by nearly five thousand people. The day was firstclass in every way, clear as crystal and a lovely breeze came from the bay. The morning trains brought large delegations from Boston, from the Cape and from old Plymouth and all way stations; and from New Bedford came also the Island Home Steamer. The Temple was literally packed on Saturday evening by the lovers of the dance, under the management of the lady floor managers, with Carter's orchestral band of eight pieces, the voices intermingling with the music of the instruments to the delight of all. President W. D. Crockett was at the Grove on Sunday, looking after the interest of the Association. Also E. Gerry Brown, president of the Onset street railway company. It was marvelous to see that steam motor start off this Monday morning with a train of five heavily loaded cars to meet the first express for Boston. No tired horses on that road.

After the fine concert of the morning by the band, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock was introduced by chairman Fairchild; and delivered a fitting lecture, taking for her subject, "The New Kingdom." Mrs. E. C. Kimball, of Lawrence, Mass., followed with platform tests. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, of Boston, spoke in the afternoon upon "The Educational Tendencies of the Present Hour." The great auditorium was crowded and the people gave the speaker their undivided attention. At the close of the lecture, many came upon the platform to take Mrs. Byrnes by the hand and thank her for the noble thoughts uttered during the lecture. Mrs. Kimball followed the afternoon lecture with another platform séance reporting many names that were recognized.

Mr. Frank W. Jones, of New York, is holding séances and conference meetings in the pavilion, morning and evening, which are well attended and highly appreciated. Mr. Jones is using his best effort to make these meetings a fitting place for mediums to exercise their gifts, and develop their medial powers.

Next Sunday, August 17th, Hon. Sidney Dean of Rhode Island, and Prof. W. N. Baldwin, of New York, are expected to occupy the platform. Mr. Baldwin in the morning and Mr. Dean in the afternoon; Joseph D. Stiles following each lecture with his rapid test séance utterances.

W. W. CURRIER.

ONSET, MASS., Aug. 4, 1890.

HASLETT PARK CAMP.

TO THE EDITOR: The Haslett Park Camp is now in complete working order. On Sunday over one thousand people were here. J. Clegg Wright was the speaker. His topic was, "Soul, Body and Spirit," and he gave the most complete definition of those terms that this writer has ever heard. The time is fully occupied here with conferences meetings, reading circles, and lectures. Dr. U. D. Thomas, president of the R. P. Society of Grand Rapids, is in full charge of the meetings and presides over the proceedings in a manner conducive to the best good to the greatest number.

We have some very good mediums present with us. The "Medium's Home," of which Dr. A. W. Edson, of Lansing, is president, is the most attractive improvement this year, although efforts are put forth in every direction to make this the camp of Michigan. Mr. Haslett has done much to help the Spiritualists of this state to have a camp such as they should have and now it remains for them to help on the work. I think few, if any, have ever given Spiritualists the opportunity to make for themselves a place of rest, recreation, and education, that Mr. Haslett has. However, this camp is growing in popularity from year to year, and being founded as it is with the best of objects it will surely grow into what it has aimed to be, a place of education and instruction. Some people think and tell us that popularity is dangerous, but we say no, when back of it is honesty and integrity of purpose. And for the other kind of popularity a true worker has no desire. Haslett Park bears acquaintance, therefore we predict for it success.

Yours for the truth, EFFIE F. JOSSELYN.

HASLETT PARK, MICH., Aug. 5.

In a business letter S. F. Deane, M. D., Carleton, Neb., writes: I think you deserve credit for pluck and enterprise if nothing more. I thought THE JOURNAL was about as good as it could be, before it came out in its new dress, but since then it has been much improved, not only in its

mechanical make-up, but also in its contents. Although there was much food for thought in its columns, when issued in its old form, the several articles that have appeared since certainly betoken increase of mental power and acumen, while some show a great advance.

PRESS OPINIONS.

The Herald, Phillipsburg, Kan., July 15. For the past ten or fifteen years under the editorial management of Col. John C. Bundy, THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, has become widely known as an honest, and fearless reform journal. On its twenty-fifth birthday the paper came out in a new form and new dress, and presents a handsome appearance. Rev. H. W. Thomas, Rev. Heber Newton, Prof. Elliott Coues, Miss Frances E. Willard and other well known writers and workers in the cause of humanity have written Editor Bundy warm words of endorsement and encouragement. We have been a weekly reader of THE JOURNAL for twenty years, and place a high estimation upon it. The publisher announces that it will be sent four weeks free to any one who writes him making such a request. Address John C. Bundy, Chicago, Ill.

Christian Register, July 24. Our Spiritualist contemporary THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, has been rematerialized. The same spirit is undoubtedly there, but it appears in a new dress. It has changed its form from the eight-paged blanket sheet to the quarto, and looks neat and handsome, in spite of its formidable name. We congratulate our contemporary and its readers upon its improved appearance, as a spiritualistic medium.

METEORITES.

Meteorites are particularly interesting because they comprise the only material coming to us from outer space. In consequence of the striking phenomena resulting from their rapid passage through our atmosphere, making them appear like balls of fire visible at great distances, sometimes exploding with such violence as to be taken for earthquakes; their falls have been noticed and recorded since the earliest times. The accounts, however, were so imbued with superstitions, and so distorted by the terrified condition of the narrators, that in most cases the witnesses of the event were laughed at for their supposed delusions, and it was not till the beginning of the present century that men of science and people in general began to give credit to such reports.

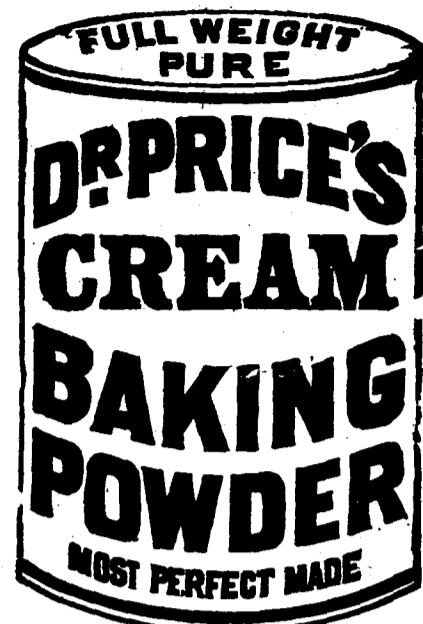
The earliest authentic records of stones falling from the sky are to be found in the Chinese annals, which go back to 644 B. C., and between that time and 333 A. D. Biot has traced sixteen distinct occurrences. In Europe, a meteorite is said to have fallen in Crete as far back as 1478 B. C., but Greek history can not be depended upon for events earlier than 700 B. C. A more probable fall, in 705 B. C., is mentioned by Plutarch; while Livy, in his History of Rome, gives an account of a shower of stones which fell on the Alban Mount about 652 B. C., and which so impressed the senate that they decreed a nine days' solemn festival.—Olicer W. Huntington, in the Popular Science Monthly for July.

A Frenchman was walking calmly along, when from behind he received a blow from a knife, just between the shoulder blades. The wounded man turned quickly round and displayed to the horrified would-be assassin a face quite unknown to him. "Oh, beg your pardon, sir; I mistook you for some one else," he exclaimed most politely, as raising his hat with one hand, with the other he withdrew his weapon.

The wounded stranger was not to be outdone in politeness by his mistaken assailant. "Oh, pray don't mention it," replied he, as with a low bow he hurried off to the nearest surgeon.

Mrs. Maud Lord Drake the well known medium has arrived at Lily Dale, Cassadaga camp.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson left her home in California on the 8th for the East. She is accompanied by her daughter and will visit Yellowstone Park and other places of interest on the Northern Pacific railroad en route. She speaks at Cassadaga camp the last Sunday in the month and later at Cincinnati, Cleveland and elsewhere. Her address for letters and telegrams from now until October 20th is, care of Mrs. L. C. Smith, 30 North Washington st., Rochester, N. Y.



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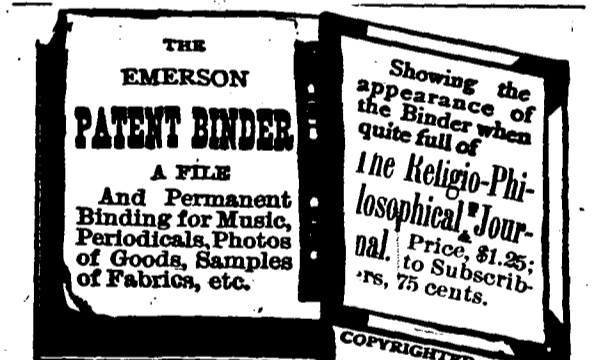


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BENTON, ILL. CO., Wis., Dec., '88. Rev. J. C. Bergen vouches for the following: James Rooney who was suffering from Vitus Dance in its worst form for about 14 years was treated by several physicians without effect, two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured him.

St. Francis Wis. Oct 24, 1888. A member of my congregation used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with good results. The patient was so nervous that he could not find sleep for weeks. He suffered from the most intense anxiety which bordered on insanity. I gave the person some of Koenig's Nerve Tonic and he continued to use it. The appetite returned gradually, the anxiety disappeared, the headache left, and to day the sufferer, who had almost despaired, is enjoying excellent health.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us. This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the KOENIG MEDICINE CO., CHICAGO, ILL. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5.



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