

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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For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A Boston clergyman, in an evidently hastily written advertisement, asks for "A young man to take charge of a span of horses of a religious turn of mind."

The town of Peabody is about to build and operate an electric lighting plant. It will light its streets and public buildings and sell its surplus light to any who may desire it. Danvers has owned and operated a similar plant for two years, but has only lighted its streets and public buildings. Other New England towns also make light for public uses, Lewiston, Me., for instance, but none sell light to the public. Peabody will be the first town, at least in Massachusetts, to try the experiment of putting the lighting plant in the same relation to the public as the water supply.

One of the coal barons was lately questioned about the recent raising of the price of coal by the coal trust monopoly. He replied: "There was no special reason for the advance in prices; we simply put them up because we wanted to." When men enter into a conspiracy against the public to limit the output and to add to the price of an article of necessity, they do so because they "want to," and for the same reason thieves and robbers combine to get by stratagem and force what singly or by the laws of trade they could not obtain.

Rabbi Hirsch does not believe in the sincerity of gentile lovers who adopt the Jewish faith in order to marry pretty Jewesses. He says that such additions are not desirable, but he adds: We believe that any well-meaning man who lives morally, be he Jew or gentile, will be entitled to all of the blessings of the hereafter. Therefore should a man of good repute come to me and state that he wanted to become a Jew to marry a certain young lady I would accept him upon profession of faith. The ceremony, however, is useless, and the adoption of a new or Jewish name is nonsensical.

"Genesis of the Heavens" was the subject of an interesting and instructive address at the Chicago Grand Opera House, last Sunday afternoon, by Professor H. D. Garrison. Numerous views were introduced showing first the ideas different nations had of the earth and the heavens, and then illustrating the evolution and arrangement of the solar system. Professor Garrison's studies in the physical sciences, and his powers of exposition eminently qualify him for the work of a scientific lecturer. His mind is progressive and he speaks always from the modern point of view. The audience last Sunday was large and composed of men and women who think. The professor's lecture next Sunday will be on "The Earth," and an intellectual treat is anticipated.

There is war in Wales—war over the tithes. The majority of the people in that rugged and slaty principality are dissenters, and many of them take for their model, in spirit at least, that redoubtable Scotch woman, Jennie Geddes, who in old covenanting days, threw her spool at the head of the robed rector when he was reading prayer in the parish church at Edinburgh. The deep hostility of the average Welch

mind to the law which makes compulsory the support of a religion in which they do not believe, has of late taken a violent form. Some time ago it was as much as an incumbent's life was worth to collect stipends from the farmers of his flock, who for the most part, never entered his sheepfold, but chose to follow shepherds of their own selection. The government appointed an "ecclesiastical commission" to collect all the tithes in a given district and apportion the proceeds. The practical application aroused public sentiment to such a pitch that whoever bought the goods seized on "distrain" was boycotted, and finally the officers who went from village to village endeavoring to force payment of tithes were accompanied by a howling, taunting, pugilistic escort. Not a shilling could be got except by a process that might literally be called extracting blood from the nose. Recently a company of troops has been employed to aid the work. The ecclesiastical commissioners now go from parish to parish, holding the people in check at the point of the bayonet while their goods and chattels are seized and carried off to swell the funds in the treasury of the Lord.

Bishop Coxe, of the Protestant Episcopal church, recently delivered an address as bishop of the diocese of Western New York, in which he charged the late Cardinal Newman with "the betrayal of a trust the most sacred any man could assume. It broke the hearts of confiding friends, the purest and best that God could give to a fellow traveler in this bad world." Reference is here made, of course to Newman's secession from the Episcopal church to become a Roman Catholic. Bishop Coxe seems to forget that according to his own logic, he was guilty of "the betrayal of a trust," for he departed from the sectarian creed of his father, Samuel H. Cox, D. D., who was a prominent and zealous Presbyterian, bitterly opposed to the Episcopacy. When he found that he could not prevent his son, the present Bishop Coxe, from becoming an Episcopalian he exclaimed "God forgive me for begetting a fool," and he begged the apostate, as he regarded his son, to change his name, which he did, slightly at least, by adding an *e* to it. But Dr. Samuel H. Cox had been as guilty as his son of "the betrayal of a trust" for he was the son of a Quaker. And the Quakers also originally were seceders, and come under the condemnation of the Coxe logic. Cardinal Newman's becoming a Roman Catholic was a step backward, but he was doubtless sincere in taking the step, and he had as much moral right to change his religion as Bishop Coxe had to change from Presbyterian to Episcopalian or as his father, Dr. Samuel Cox had to change from Quaker to Presbyterian. Bishop Coxe is not noted for liberality of spirit. He probably did not inherit a very liberal disposition.

Some Brooklyn pedagogues have discovered that Longfellow's exquisite poem "The Building of the Ship" is so erotic in its tendencies that it should be excluded from the schools. Pruriency discovers in the comparison of a ship to a bride and the sea to a bridegroom, hidden meanings liable to contaminate youth. The illustration is beautiful and pure, and the author one of the purest of American poets, yet the diseased imagination of some Brooklyn teachers finds in it indecent and immoral suggestions. A prurient prude can always find nastiness in innocent words

or acts, for it is reflected from his own mind. As the *Chicago Tribune* says: "Every well-disposed person will feel like rising and indignantly demanding that these prudes shall keep their unclean hands off this beautiful poem. If absolute justice were done they should be relieved promptly from their positions as educators of the young. Teachers with such sharpened moral perceptions and such sensitive qualifications for discovering evils are unsafe guides for the young." In a similar strain comments the *Inter Ocean*: "Is there not in this attempt of Brooklyn purists to defame Longfellow something of the unenviable littleness that made certain Detroit reformers betray a sort of evil-mindedness in a desire to clothe in garments and swathe in bandages the marble statuary of that city? . . . Such crankiness as this that brings into general contempt wise measures to secure important results, as Comstock's intemperate assault on works of art tended to create a reaction and withdraw from him sympathy with his proper work of suppressing the sale and circulation of really indecent literature and pictures. The Brooklyn fellows have simply made themselves the laughing stock of the world by their absurd prudery." It is about time an end was put to this nonsense.

When so many Catholics as well as Lutherans are opposing the Bennett school law, it is gratifying to see Father Toomey, a Catholic priest of Polo, Ill., not only approving of the law but declaring that he "can not see how any bishop, priest, or minister, who is a true American and has the best interests of America at heart, can be so far forgetful of his duty to the country as to try to supplant the language of his adopted country with one he has abjured." "I hold," adds he, "that it is the first duty of all men whose homes and interests are in this country to foster and protect that language which has been to them the only true exponent of liberty they ever knew." The question in Wisconsin to-day is not a religious question at all. It is simply whether the state has the right to enforce education in the interests of patriotic and intelligent citizenship and for its own preservation, or whether it should permit children, if priest and parents so desire, to grow up in ignorance of the English language, and without qualifications for the duties which any American citizen may be called upon to perform. Communities in which the language of the country is not spoken are not desirable. Foreigners should become Americanized and the nation sufficiently homogeneous to insure unity and harmony. Dr. Fairbairn, of Oxford, in a recent address before an assembly of American Congregationalists said: "A free school means a great state. The modern immigrant does not come to America because he loves her; he is driven to her by the poverty and dire distress of his home in Europe. He often comes here with antipathies to this government, and rarely is of the noblest or finest quality of man. You must take him as he is, and by your free schools convert him and his children into a support, instead of a menace, to the state." When Mr. Mills of Texas goes to Wisconsin and, in discussing the Bennett law from the standpoint of a political partizan, talks about "the power of the government to invade the family and lay its hands upon the children," his talk is like that of a demagogue, for it is an appeal to ignorance and prejudice.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Absurd doctrines taught and extravagant acts committed in the name of religion have done much to repel thoughtful people from the consideration of things spiritual. The iconoclastic work of science, in exposing the theological errors which were, for centuries, accepted as great religious truths, has contributed to general skepticism as to the reality of anything whatever of a spiritual nature outside or beyond the bodily organization. The pursuit of wealth and absorption with the material concerns of life have produced comparative indifference to the deeper and more permanent interests of the soul. There never has been, perhaps, more need than now of an influx into the intellectual and moral life of the world of an awakening and regenerating influence to emancipate men from their servitude to material pursuits and to turn their attention to the facts of their spiritual nature and destiny.

In the development of the human mind great wants have been met by supplies of mental and moral force without which continued progress would have been impossible. The forces which through Greece gave an impulse to the intellectual world, and those which through Buddha and Jesus gave an impulse to the religious and moral world, may be mentioned as illustrations.

At this time there are working upon the minds of multitudes, powerful, irresistible forces, to the great surprise of many of those who are the immediate subjects of these influences, and phenomena are occurring in thousands of families that have hitherto been doubtful, disbelieving, apathetic, in regard to spiritual manifestations. The orthodox and heterodox, the cultured and refined as well as the less educated, the old and the young are having experiences in the light of which Spiritualism has for them a significance and importance of which before they did not dream. "The stone which the builders rejected has become the chief stone of the corner." Now and then some account of these experiences is published in the papers, but generally they are kept from the public and are confided only to intimate friends.

The phenomena point to a larger knowledge of the unseen realm than is now possessed and to a better understanding of spiritual forces than now prevails. It is all important that those who possess, in their physical and mental conditions, the possibilities and powers of hearing "footfalls on the boundary of another world," and of catching glimpses of that light which never was on land or sea, maintain such an exalted idea of the sacredness of their gift as will never allow themselves to be unworthy of it.

VOICES IN THE AIR.

In the *Chicago Daily Tribune* of September 26th, appeared a long article written by a representative of that journal relating to some physical experiments of Dr. B. D. Foster a young physician in good standing who has an office at No. 33 Rush street, Chicago. As the editor of THE JOURNAL has not had time to investigate this case personally, only a statement based on, and partly condensed from the *Tribune* article can here be given.

Dr. Foster is a young practitioner, thirty-two years old. Last April he began to hear voices which seemed to be in the air. At first frightened by them he soon became accustomed to them. There were two distinct voices—both male voices. When reading or intently talking he does not hear them. They do not disturb him in his sleep. "My health," he says, "has never been so good as in the last five months. The thoughts and words which I hear could not originate in my own mind. Why, I have often been obliged to go to the dictionary to find the meaning of some word the voices used which I had never heard before. Prof. Lyman is a distinguished specialist on nervous diseases. He can not explain the voices. No one can."

These voices talked religion to the doctor, who has been an agnostic, and exhorted him to become converted. He was frightened and prayed lustily. His friend Dr. F. T. Andrews advised him to put himself under the treatment of insanity specialists. He was in the Kankakee asylum six weeks. The doctor

says: "I am just as insane now as I was then. I was frightened. That was all. I've got over the fright now, and fear nothing." And no one would dream of calling the doctor insane now, unless perchance he should tell the story of the voices. "Do you hear them now?" asked the reporter. Dr. Foster listened a few seconds and then replied that they were exhorting him to become converted and to quit using tobacco. "It is my will against theirs," he added. "I still smoke."

Dr. Andrews writes Dr. Richard Dewey: "From what conversation I have had with him he appears to me to be perfectly rational upon all points of general or special interest, whether connected with his profession or not. He still suffers from the annoyance of hearing voices, but is disposed to attribute them to certain external influences, about which he can tell you better than I can."

In a letter to the *Tribune* Dr. Foster writes of his experience thus: "What would ordinarily be considered hallucinations of the special senses, but which I am absolutely and positively sure did not present themselves as in insanity, were voices continually singing in my ears, whose utterances comprehended almost every subject in the world. The possessors of the voices seemed to see me and comment on each action, even on the darkest night, or where I could not see surrounding objects. They read my mind from my boyhood, and I was made the unwilling recipient of every wrong act relating thereto. They seemed to steal thoughts from my brain as easily as I could pick up a pin, and often when being about to give utterance to words or familiar names they would suddenly seem to have vanished. Usually my intellect was unclouded, yet was conscious of being in a power which could abstract or extract my thoughts at will and return them in the same remarkable manner." Before he went to the asylum he said to his wife that he was not insane "but" to quote from his letter, "in the hands of a mysterious and unknown power, and tried to impress her with the fact of my helplessness, and that she should by all means secure my release as soon as possible. Thinking it was God's power at that time, I became filled or imbued with religious enthusiasm or fever—could feel powers (like electricity) flowing through my nerves. Although having had decidedly agnostic beliefs in regard to the future state, the presence of such powers within me, combined with voices uttering prayers and exhortations, together with profound arguments delivered by the voices of eminent divines, whose voices they seemed to imitate and whose names they mentioned, caused me to pray and pray as one insane upon the subject of religion would."

A letter dated September 24th, written by Dr. Foster's wife, says: "Dr. Foster has proven conclusively to me that he is not and never has been insane; that the voices he heard came from a mysterious source, and could not possibly originate from a disturbed brain; for he has told me things I know he could not have learned except from a mysterious source. One day he sat in his office down town when the voices told him I was in Jackson Park, and that if he would go out there he would find me. He went, and followed me through and out of the park, without my knowledge of his being there. But I know he must have seen me, for he told me just what I did and which way I went. He followed the advice of the voices in this matter to test them, and see if there could be any truth in what they said to him. One day he wanted I should ask him questions and see if he could answer them. One, "Where was I to-day between 12 and 1 o'clock?" he answered correctly, and he was at that time in his office, several miles from home. These are a few of the strange things about his case. Dr. Foster has never had the habit of drink, and there was nothing about his affairs, either business or family, to worry him. He has no hobbies, and is not radical in his beliefs; quiet and unassuming in his demeanor, and was one who spent most of his evenings at home."

Such experiences as are described above are of great interest considered merely from a scientific standpoint. Whatever additional facts THE JOURNAL

can obtain in regard to the phenomena in this case will be given in future numbers of the paper.

BEATS CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Mr. Ivan Panin some months ago "got religion." He had been skeptical in religious matters and for some years his associations, or his sympathies at least, were with the good but heterodox people who attend the meetings of the Free Religious Association. He wrote an article occasionally of a liberal tenor on the subject of religion, but the productions of his pen were rather weak and commonplace and there was not much interest in and no demand for them. Now Mr. Panin is writing and speaking "for Christ" in the regular old-fashioned, orthodox style. He has started a little paper called the *Gospel of Christ*. On the first page of the first issue of this sheet is a rather too detailed account of his wife's first experience in childbirth some weeks ago, and of his own experience in praying during the time. He says that he left his room, went to the other end of the house, climbed away into an attic and prayed. Soon, "Come, quick, it is a boy" was the exclamation; and the gloom that hitherto prevailed fled. . . . When least expected, deliverance came; in the midst of the darkness of grief, joy flared up. . . . That this was in direct answer to prayer, that the hours might be shortened, we have not the least doubt; but this is not what we at present wish to note. We note this solely because this is the most perfect type of the coming of our dear Lord we have yet had manifested unto us, outside of His word. Brothers, sisters, who are watching for the Light of Israel to shine, the darkness is indeed thick around us. The Church of God is in the wilderness; the Red Dragon is in hot pursuit. The chase is at times agonizing; and the doctors assure us that it generally takes some four-and-twenty hours to be delivered; but God, my friends, is independent of doctors. His seasons no man knoweth, no, not even the angels in heaven. And at an hour ye think not the Son of Man cometh. . . . Behold, I stand at the door. Behold, I come quickly. Even so, Lord Jesus, come!"

In another article Mr. Panin describes his physical and mental condition before he was converted. "Writing was particularly hard on my back. . . . I could eat no pie because it disagreed with me." And he lived, too, in the same state in which lived Emerson who ate pie at breakfast. Mr. Panin says that his "head physical" caught a cold twice a year, which kept him "sneezing with prosaic fountains of tears for years," while his "head intellectual" caught all manner of colds from the influenza-holding atmosphere of theosophy, and transcendentalism, and Christian socialism, and Emersonianism, and Carlyleism, and Tolstoism, and Matthew Arnoldism. His misery was great and he even entertained the thought of suicide. But now he is all right. Everything is serene. He is in perfect health. Can give seven discourses a week, "when," he says, "it took me before seven weeks to write one." He adds: "When necessary the Lord permits me to write fifteen columns of this paper at a stretch, with but a few minutes change of posture at a time." Mr. Panin's religion, it seems, beats Christian science, which he pronounces "the devil's counterfeit for healing by faith in Christ," "a deceiving science," etc.

Mr. Panin says: "As I write there is not a penny yet in sight wherewith to pay its [his paper's] printing. But we walk by faith and not by light. And if so it be that the word cometh from above, 'be not afraid, for I am with thee! the silver and gold is mine, all things are yours, what more is needed?' And so for the publication of this paper likewise, glory to the Lord." He has, he says, no banker but his Father in heaven. How long a journal conducted on such a financial (?) basis can be published remains to be seen. It is certainly very poor reading compared with religious journals, like the *Christian Union* and the *Congregationalist*, which make no claim to such direct business as well as spiritual relations with God as those with which Mr. Panin thinks he is favored. A full prognosis and diagnosis of the case of this religious enthusiast would be interesting and doubtless instructive.

MIND READING.

In the Voice of the People department of THE JOURNAL is a communication this week from Mr. N. A. Conklin on "Spirit Influence in Mind Reading." He is of the opinion that telepathic feats like those performed in this city recently by Paul Johnstone and described in THE JOURNAL, are due to the agency of spirits that control and impress the so-called mind reader who, according to his theory, is merely the medium. The *Banner of Light* takes the same view. It says "Every intelligent Spiritualist who has had experience in such occult matters knows beyond doubt, that back of the so-called 'mind readers,' such as was Bishop and as is Johnstone, are ex-carnated spirits, whether these individuals are aware of the fact or not, who know what certain parties at times wish to have done when these sensitives are in a receptive condition, that is, when they become independently clairvoyant." THE JOURNAL on the contrary maintains that mind reading is possible between spirits that are in the flesh. Is not man a spirit, whether in the physical body or out of it? Why can not spirits in the flesh, when bodily and mental conditions are exceptionally favorable to the exercise of the spiritual powers of discernment, read the thoughts of other persons in the flesh? When such individuals "become independently clairvoyant," they themselves, who are as truly spirits now as they ever will be even though they develop to far higher conditions, possess the powers which they claim of seeing distant objects and sometimes reading the thoughts and motives of men. This power, when the spirit is freed from the limitations of sense, may be, doubtless is, greatly increased, but there is no reason for thinking that it is possessed in no degree by persons here who have experiences in clairvoyance and telepathy and that all the psychical feats like those performed by Bishop and Johnstone are performed by ex-carnated spirits.

THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE.

The ideal life is the proper life of an intellectual being, although of course as yet only comparatively few are either disposed or able to lead such a life. Later along, the pure pleasure of high thinking, of knowledge for its own sake, will undoubtedly be participated in by the multitude at large. The passion of the miser for his gold, is as water to wine when matched with the passion for truth which the earnest student and thinker feels. Such persons will forego wealth and political and social distinction for the sake of leading a life of reflective thought. It is impossible to exaggerate the fascination of ideas over their devotees. Ideas are now broadcast and sown, as it were, upon the wind. The means of popularizing and disseminating them are becoming more and more effective so that unfurnished brains are becoming rarer and rarer. Indeed, hardly a human head in the midst of such a continual snowfall, as it were, of ideas can avoid becoming the nidus of one or more of the winged spiritual seeds of thought with which the moral atmosphere is filled. Reflective persons are indeed getting to be numerous. All the current ideas which are now so rapidly disintegrating the old social, political and ecclesiastical order of things, and transfiguring society in the light of truth, only three or four generations ago, were latent in a few large minds. The sources of all the great rivers which fructify and beautify the lowlands for thousands of miles along their currents before they enter the great oceanic reservoir of all inland waters, are to be sought in cloudy uplands, remote forest-girdled lakes, and hidden springs. So it is with ideas. They have their origin in definite form, in the lofty souls that dwell aloof and apart in a seclusion of intense meditation. Such souls are seldom fully known or appreciated by their immediate contemporaries.

But the great revolutionary truths and ideas to which they give birth gradually descend like mountain rivulets and streams, from their original elevation and seclusion to the plane of ordinary life. A single great revolutionary thinker, like Kant for instance, requires a host of popularizers and interpreters of his thought to follow in his wake, and retail his ideas in a diluted form to the multitude. The business of the ablest

writers and lecturers of to-day is the interpreting to the masses the thoughts of a few original thinkers, who have kindled in their disciples and followers an irrepressible, intellectual fire and enthusiasm. A century ago or more Kant demonstrated that the pure reason of every sane enlightened person is the native seat and highest tribunal of truth and right, and as such, superior to all instituted authority, however venerable. Here was an affirmation of the dignity, inviolability and sanctity even, of human nature in every individual man and woman, of its superiority to all institutions of whatever standing, which has transformed and is transforming under our eyes society over the whole area of civilization.

He who makes ideas the pursuit of his life may not acquire wealth or political distinction of any sort, but he is certainly fitting himself for the high destiny which awaits him. Carlyle, in his latter days was a little peevish over the fact of the multitudinousness of writers and thinkers in these times, and in one of the reported conversations he contemptuously styled them "literary canaille," as if they were inconveniently numerous and so diminished the conspicuousness of such exceptional geniuses as himself. Such a jealousy was unworthy of the great iconoclast, and was probably the offspring of the fretfulness of age. The sphere of ideas is no royalty or imperialism, but a democratic domain.

A MERITORIOUS INSTITUTION.

Among the many great and beneficent institutions of this city THE JOURNAL is especially proud of the Chicago Athenaeum, "The People's College" as it is appropriately called by its friends. The Athenaeum has now been in successful operation for twenty years, and is steadily and rapidly growing in favor as its work becomes more widely known. During the coming winter it will remove from its present quite spacious quarters, 48 to 54 Dearborn street, to its new home on Van Buren street, adjoining the Art Institute, where its space will be ample and its home permanent. When completed as planned, the Athenaeum will have no want unsupplied. THE JOURNAL deems "The People's College" the best descriptive name that could be given the institution, for it is in every way a school for the many and not for the few. It is a school where men and woman, young and old, can acquire an equipment fitting them the better to struggle with the world and to extend the range of their intellectual vision in their hours of rest from daily toil. The range of study is wide and thorough enough to suit the wants of those for whom it is intended. For those who are unable to devote all their time to study, who must work and yet who seek to improve their minds or fit themselves for more lucrative employments, there is nothing in the West to compare with the Athenaeum. It has a commercial college, including shorthand and typewriting, grammar schools, a school of elocution, classes in ancient and modern languages, a fine gymnasium and all the accessories requisite to improve mind and body. THE JOURNAL is glad voluntarily to commend The Athenaeum. Those desirous of learning more about the institution can address Mr. E. I. Galvin, superintendent, 48 Dearborn street, Chicago.

GREELEY'S ABSENT MINDEDNESS.

Francis Nicoll Zabriskie, in his life of Horace Greeley, just published by Funk & Wagnalls, reproduces an amusing story told by James Parton, of the white-coated philosopher's appearance at a tea party after the meal was over. On arriving Greeley rushed into a discussion of the topic uppermost in his mind—the currency—utterly ignoring the appeals of the hostess, repeated again and again "to take some tea." "Take a cruller, any way," she said, handing him a cake basket full of those peculiarly hearty and indigestible delicacies. Mr. Parton's account is too graphic to be condensed or paraphrased. "The expounder of the currency dimly conscious that a large object was approaching him, puts forth his hands, still vehemently talking, and takes not a cruller but the cake basket and deposits it in his lap. The company are inwardly convulsed, and some of the weaker members retire to the adjoining apartment, the expounder

continuing his harangue unconscious of their emotion or its cause. Minutes elapse. His hands in their wandering through the air, come in contact with the topmost cake, which they take and break. He begins to eat; and eats and talks, talks and eats, till he has finished a cruller. Then he feels for another and eats that, and goes on slowly consuming the contents of the basket till the last crumb is gone. The company look on amazed, and the kind lady of the house fears for the consequences. She had heard that cheese is an antidote to indigestion. Taking the empty cake basket from his lap she silently puts a plate of cheese in its place, hoping that instinct will guide his hand aright. The experiment succeeds. Gradually the blocks of white, new cheese disappear. She removes the plate. No ill consequences follow. Those who saw this sight are fixed in the belief that Mr. Greeley was not then, nor afterward, aware that on that evening he partook of sustenance."

NO DEADHEADS.

A good motto is "No deadheads on the tax lists." The exemption of church property from taxation is the indirect support of a state church. All property taken from the tax book by the church creates an additional burden for every taxpayer. The Catholic church owned one-half of the landed property of England in the fourteenth century, two-fifths of that of France in the last century. The continued increase of untaxed church property is certain to produce the legitimate results,—pauperism, bankruptcy and confiscation. France and Mexico afford illustrations. In exempting ecclesiastical property from taxation, all other property must be over taxed, thus committing a legal robbery in the name of religion. Much is said about lessening the burden of the working class. A good way to commence is by equitable taxation of all church property. About ten years ago a commission appointed to revise the tax in the papal or Roman states found that the church held six-tenths of all landed property; princely families three-tenths, and the people one-tenth. The property of the church and the princes was exempt; therefore one-tenth paid all the taxes. (Let Americans beware of this inevitable result of privileged exemption.)

In the case of corporations—and even hotels are now coming to be run largely by corporations, says the *New York Press*—it ought to be palpable as the product of two multiplied by three that the state, which creates them, is entitled and in duty bound to so far control them as is necessary to prevent these creatures of the state called corporations from being a public curse instead of a public blessing. That is the ample reason for the existence of a State Board of Arbitration and for giving it whatever authority may now be lacking in order that disputes between corporations and their armies of workmen may be adjusted without the widespread public injury that is liable to take place where insolence and arbitrary power on one side are opposed to resentment and violence on the other.

Miss Lizzie Doten passed through Chicago last week on her way to California where she will spend the winter. She had only four hours in Chicago and THE JOURNAL people endeavored to make her brief stay as pleasant as possible. The impromptu supper at the home of the editor was pronounced a more successful effort than could have been expected under the circumstances, the house having been closed for over two months and Mrs. Bundy not yet home to reopen it. Mr. and Mrs. Underwood reinforced the efforts of Mr. Bundy, and as they are old and valued friends of the gifted medium and authoress she was delighted to meet them, and again congratulate THE JOURNAL on its good fortune in securing such able co-workers.

The beautiful poem by Miss Lizzie Doten furnished exclusively to THE JOURNAL and published in No. 15, has received wide commendation and notice. The secular press has invariably credited it to THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL as was proper and just. The *Golden Gate* copied it without credit; but this was probably an oversight.

THE REASONS WHY.

By W. WHITWORTH.

A letter from A. B. Plimpton, of Lowell, Mass., contains two pertinent questions in the opening paragraph: "I have just read your article, 'The Reasons Why,' and suggest that you account for the crowded churches of the Catholic branch of Christendom in this country, and the vast amount expended in the erection, enlarging and refurbishing of the same."

To the first I answer—ignorance and superstition. In great part they are crowded by the vast flood of densely ignorant immigrants who have swarmed into this country during the last fifty years from Ireland, Bohemia, Hungary, Poland, the most illiterate of the kingdoms of Germany, and latterly from the worst of all, Italy. The chief of these has been from the very lowest and most degraded class of laborers; men and women whose darkened minds, clouded by superstition as in a thick garment, have grown into an animal-like instinct, in consequence of long centuries of ancestral habit. Their education, as also that of their forefathers during this lapse of centuries, has been within the entire control of the church through its chosen priests—a church that persistently denies the right of individual thinking outside the rigid lines she has laid down. Almost from their mothers' breasts these illiterate immigrants have had the dogmas of the church perservingly pressed upon their pliant minds, including belief in the assurance that independent inquiry outside the narrow grooves established, is a deadly sin deserving the direst punishment on earth, and, if persisted in, to be surely followed by pains of purgatory and eternal damnation: if to this is added the natural bent of ignorant men to lean for support in any mental struggle on whatever is stamped with authority, we have raw material, like putty, easily stamped to any pattern of superstitious belief and blind obedience that may be desired.

And so it has come that weak creatures, denied the right of individual opinion or freedom of search for the truth, have blindly accepted, in unswerving faith, the church's claim to infallibility and the sacred authority of the priestly office. Hence the guidance of the priest is accepted with the comforting assurance that thereby future salvation is secured; that with the absolution he has it in power to grant at the dying moment, the penitent will be transported straight to the realms of bliss in heaven. Is it not simple to understand, that with such belief in the absolute power of the church to insure the souls of her adherents to realms of everlasting glory for no other price than faith in her dogmas and strict obedience to her ordinances, the ignorant, superstitious masses that throng her temples will cling to the instrument that gives such vast reward for so little in return?

Again: the members of this church, after due observance of church attendance during a portion of Sunday, are free to indulge in dancing, card playing, attend the theaters, or otherwise amuse themselves with all the freedom of other days. In Spain, Mexico, and South American states, devout Catholics put in their time after church service in attendance at brutal bull fights; in many European countries in riotous carousings in saloons and beer gardens. In fact, so long as the church dues are paid and attendance given to church service, there appears to be little or no restraint on the conduct of her members. Such latitude as this can not fail to be extremely alluring to unthinking, ignorant minds. Florid church decoration in altar service and paintings, with the grand and solemn music of the services, are equally fascinating. But most alluring of all is the belief that the priest has power to grant absolution from sin at the last moment on receipt of murmured repentance in fear of the dread approach of death, and the price assessed for masses for the departing soul duly paid.

How can it be otherwise? The greatest scoundrels and most brutalized wretches go on in grossest wick-

edness to the close of their lives, clinging in blind faith to this sheet anchor of Catholic belief. Through no other hold but this the very lowest professional prizefighter is a firm believer in the holy church that claims to hold in its hands the keys of heaven, while the brigand cutthroat of Italy, his hands red with the blood of murdered victims, will not pass a shrine of the virgin set up on the wayside without duly falling to his knees in superstitious adoration, drop portions of his robberies into the church coffers, and send for the priest to give him absolution when his blackened soul is doomed to death.

These are the causes that crowd the Catholic churches of America to-day, as they have crowded them in every country where ignorance and superstition holds sway. And ever where ignorance is densest and superstition has attained its darkest night, there the throngs are greatest. In every land where the mass of the people are denied the light of knowledge and free thought, there the Catholic church exerts the mightiest influence.

But here in this land of universal school opportunities, only the constant flood of low-grade immigrants can keep her churches crowded. Just so soon as this ceases, and the sunlight of free thought takes possession of the incoming generations of native-born citizens, the churches will not be crowded. The leading minds of the church have long seen this deathknell to their hold on the masses, and they are "moving heaven and earth" to break down the nation's strongest bulwark of freedom, the public schools, so as to secure the moulding of the new generations to her exclusive iron rule.

The remaining questions in the letter I will answer hereafter.

CLEVELAND, O.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AESTHETIC SENSE

By ADELAIDE E. S. WAYLAND.

"Methinks it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so filled,
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute, still air
Is music, slumbering on her instrument."

Felt by the poetic nature, whether such nature gives itself forth in outpourings of melodious song or from the force of circumstances partakes throughout its life of the commonplace, lacking the teaching that would enable it to impart its realization of the beautiful to those about it, the beautiful in nature does not present itself in its fullest sense to the world at large. This is not because the majority of individuals is without the aesthetic sense. God in his wisdom and goodness did not give this power to a chosen few exclusively. He sent it a divine gift from heaven, to the whole human family; and the reason why so many think they have no such sense at all or that they do not have it in a high degree, is because early teaching and a continual fostering of it in after years have made the beautiful so subservient to the useful that the aesthetic sense is dwarfed, buried but not dead. A farmer looking at his field of waving corn, gazes long at it with smiling lips and happy eyes, not because he hears the music of its rustling leaves, not because he sees the graceful undulations of its foliage nor the silken beauty of its tasseled ears, but because it brings to him a vision of a year of plenty. His face lights up as he watches his cattle grazing in yonder meadow, not because his soul is filled with the beauty of the picture presented by the cattle, red, black, spotted, feeding on the contrasting green of the grass, not because he thinks the hills looming up beyond the meadow land and the brook flowing between, make a rich setting for so lovely a scene, but because he sees in his cattle good material for the making of a fat pocketbook.

The great financier, who puts his money in houses and lands, driving to the outskirts of his city home is not worshiping God's beauty in nature as he looks long and earnestly on the plot of land before him with its timothy and clover, threaded thick with buttercups and daisies, its clumps of elms and its bordering row of silver maples. Could you be near enough you would hear him say: "Capital! Grand! That's a rattling good piece of property. I must gain posses-

sion of that. Let me see, 300 foot front, 720 foot deep. Ah, um! Yes, I can do that. Capital addition to the city and my investment will pay me four fold."

If you want proof that you have somewhere dormant about you the aesthetic sense, watch the children. Not your own, nor your own and your next door neighbor's only, but all children. Then turn back memory's pages and see if your childhood days had not the same coloring. As soon as the snow goes and the first blade of grass appears the western child haunts the prairies for violets and sheep sorrel blossoms, and the eastern child roams the woods for snow-drops, the little northern cousins hunt arbutus with tireless steps and those in the south watch for the robin and listen for the meadow lark. When the frost comes they watch eagerly for fern brakes and Indian jungles on the window pane. Did you do that? Of course you did! Do you do it now? No. Then is your love for the beautiful at fault, or you? "Well," you say, "we are older and see with more experienced eyes."

Believe me, you see with no eyes at all, which is a sad thing in that you have been endowed with such good ones. "None are so blind as those who will not see and none so deaf as those who will not hear." Example is better than precept. You may buy your sons and daughters text books in botany, zoology, mineralogy, and tell them to study, but if you yourselves do not prove by admiring eyes, eager and attentive ears and fitting words, that the dandelion has a sunny face, the bluebird a happy song and a matchless coat and the ant habits well worth noticing, your children will not profit overly much in years to come. You must know that the man who will say to his wife: "My mother used to cook so and so," will also say if he truthfully can: "It is a glorious day. Let us take the microscope, wife, and go to the woods with the children to see what we can find." He will tell his children where the brown thrush, the lark, the sparrow, all the feathered of different species build their nests and what their eggs are like, call attention to their various songs, and those children will grow up to understand how beautiful and marvelous nature is. They will grow up to realize more fully than they otherwise could that God made the country and man made the town.

Some of you say: "Oh, well! We are not utterly ignorant concerning nature. We can all tell one forest tree from another; we do know violets when we see them, and we think them beautiful; we know a squirrel from a rabbit and a locust from a grasshopper." True, you know all of this. You know the cottonwood grows tall and has sparse foliage, that the boxelder grows thick and bushy, that the outline of the elm against the sky is graceful, but if you would go farther than this and examine the leaf of the cottonwood you would find at once that the secret of its ceaseless flutter when other leaves are at rest is in its flat petiole or stem. Examination would reveal to you the fact that the venation of the elm leaf is beautiful above that of all leaves and beyond compare. Watch the emerald wealth of the tree branches and you will soon become so familiar with the distinct shade of foliage of each tree, that by it you can designate each species, even when some distance from it. You know that underlying the flower kingdom is a fixed law for its propagation. You know, perhaps, that there must be pollen and ovary for the production of seeds for new plants, but you can not realize nature's infinite variety unless you get right down to close observation, unless you patiently tear up flower after flower, not from a wanton desire to destroy, but from a laudable wish to learn, to develop the aesthetic sense God has given you, and to find thereby that you are a happier person for having done this. When you find that the petals of one variety of violet are covered with a fine, soft down and that those of another variety are smooth; when you find that there are oar-shaped petals, cap-shaped petals, petals long and short, broad and narrow, tube like and bowl-like, and with all the colors of the rainbow, and every shade of every color; when you find that flowers you had always thought of the same kind, color and form, are totally unlike in all of

these, you will have a feeling of awe and amazement awakened in you akin to the feeling you have when some quiet, unassuming person, whom you have thought quite commonplace, shows you, little by little, as you become acquainted, a deep nature, capable of the finest distinctions and susceptibilities, a cultured mind full of knowledge of all kinds, a mind that does not assert itself but that is always ready to aid others with its lore, when it can do so to instruct and not to show its own superiority. Just the same way that your admiration grows for such a person it grows for the vegetable kingdom, as you discuss the delicate, varied and intricate make up and habits of its various classes. Then, too, you can learn so much and grow so much more content with the world if you study the lowest forms of life. How many of you who have said to indolent persons, "Go to the ant," etc., have walked over and crushed thousands of ant homes and never, so much as once, turned your foot aside and bent your knee to watch the tireless little workers you quote.

A short time ago I was walking among my raspberry bushes and my attention was attracted to hundreds of large black ants. I sat down to watch them as they marched to and fro in long crooked lines, Indian file, and in a few minutes I discovered that they had not yet completed their summer homes and were hard at work on them. Out they popped, one after the other, each with a bit of dirt in its antennae. Marching away, each little worker deposited his bit of dirt and, without stopping to play or gossip or rest, traveled back to his home, darted in and immediately came back with another bit. Some of these little fellows of a very neat turn of mind traveled a foot or more before depositing their burdens, others who wanted steep roofs to their homes deposited theirs just outside the entranceway. The cutest, wisest trick I noticed among some of them was the funny way in which they divided the labor. Coming to the entrance with bits of dirt, they delivered them up to other ants, who, in turn, carried them a short distance from the mound and dropped them, scurrying back for more.

You all admire butterflies; yet how many of you have given two thoughts to the troublesome worm that is the embryo of that fitting piece of brilliant coloring. Did it ever occur to you that you would have more respect for worms if you should watch them through their different changes, and that you would, at the same time, learn an important piece of natural history by your observations and feel its truth much more than you would if you should read the thing you have seen. Try this thing and see if it is not so. Take a common hairy red caterpillar, a hairy yellowish-white one, a huge green grape worm, a large brick-red tomato worm and as many other kinds as you wish. Take them when they are full grown and ready to enter into the cocoon or chrysalis. Watch them day after day. Remember which one makes a cocoon and which one forms a chrysalis. Watch the patient weaving back and forth of the cocoon builders. When your worms have all buried themselves, each in its separate way, give a separate box to each one, writing on each box a description of the worms within. Place dirt in the boxes containing the chrysalis. Some morning you will find that they have disappeared and you will guess at once that they have buried themselves in the dirt. That is just what they have done and they will remain there until it is time for them to hatch, which is late spring for some and early summer for others. As a reward for your trouble and patience you will find, in due time, that one worm has produced a brilliant butterfly; another, a small dull-colored butterfly; still another has brought forth a moth. If you do not know moths from butterflies, you will quite likely think all of the handsome ones are butterflies and the plain ones moths. This is a false rule. There are many very large beautifully marked moths and some very small plain butterflies. Examine the heads of each of your specimens and you will notice some long hair-like and in many cases feather-like appendages. These are the antennae. If these are curled at the ends the owner is a butterfly, be it lovely or plain. If, however, the antennae is thick and perfectly straight, with no tendency to curl, the owner is a moth, be it never so grand. Ever after

your experiment, when you see plain caterpillars, your mind will picture the wonderful cells they can make, and the exquisite creatures they become upon their resurrections. Perhaps, unlike the very æsthetic young man, who hailed from England some years ago, you can see no beauty in a railroad tie. If you can not educate your sense of the beautiful to such an extent, do not be alarmed, for the universe can supply you with a never-ending, ever-varying host of natural things for your consideration; and until you exhaust her storehouse, you need not analyze a railroad tie in your search for new beauties.

A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

By ATHENE.

As far back as 1857 and long before that period I had become aware of the abuses that were destroying the warm-hearted, patriotic people, so that in 1857 when a younger brother came wounded from the battle fields of Mexico, bearing a commission from the general in command of the north-western states, seeking aid in California for the liberal cause, seeing that my wounded brother was too weak to return, I determined to go in his stead, leaving my family and a flourishing business but believing that I could return in six weeks. Alas, it took six months, and I returned with shattered health only to find that my business in San Francisco, for want of my own personal supervision, had been completely ruined.

It was while returning from this expedition that the event occurred which I am about to relate wherein my life was saved by the sudden and unexpected appearance of an angel or an angelic spirit from the spiritual world.

Only a month or two before my departure from San Francisco in 1857 Gen. Degallado had been signally defeated and had become a fugitive. Don Beneto Juarez the political head of the liberals, without a capital, was also a fugitive; and at the time I visited the headquarters of Governor Ogazon no one knew the whereabouts of either Gen. Degallado or Don Beneto Juarez, for the latter had fled after the defeat of Degallado toward the coast, got on board a California steamer bound for Panama and finally reached his own faithful Vera Cruz. A letter which I carried from Gov. John B. Waller of California reached President Juarez at Vera Cruz; this letter expressed the warm desire of the people of California for the success of the liberal cause of Mexico. Upon the strength of this letter, and with a foresight and faith that his cause was awakening a sympathy in California and elsewhere, Don Beneto Juarez, the president without a capital, called for a meeting of the governors and generals of the army at Zamora, in the state of Michocan, or to send delegates for the purpose of naming a general-in-chief and seeking aid in California and elsewhere. To that congress I was sent by General Ogazon who was then not only governor of Jalisco and the adjacent territory, Colima, but likewise military commander of five western states.

I set out for the convention from Zacualco accompanied by the secretary of the state of Jalisco, later secretary of foreign relations, Don Ignacio Vallarte; but I was not permitted to reach my destination, for when within one day's journey from Zamora, I was attacked with fever and Don Ignacio Vallarte would not separate himself from me, first on account of the friendship he had for one who had left home, family and country to help them. Second he urged, that the congress if not prevented from getting together by the activity of the enemy, could name a new commander in chief; but without my presence and word to inspire them would do nothing toward seeking aid from California or elsewhere. Therefore Don Ignacio returned with me to Zacualco, the headquarters of Gen. Ogazon, where, after a protracted sickness, I recovered sufficiently to join Gen. Ogazon at Santa Ana near Guadalajara, where he collected an army of ten thousand for the purpose of attempting for the second time the capture of that city. The very day of my arrival there the General told me he would have to retreat toward the Barranca Atenocique and Beltram as Gen. Miramon, commander of the church forces, had the night before succeeded in entering the city with

12,000 soldiers which made it imperative to retreat immediately; for at any moment they might expect an attack from a force double their number under command of the best general in Mexico.

Seeing that my mission was about to end, Gen. Ogazon then commissioned me and Lic Don Urbano Gomez to proceed to California for the purpose of securing aid in men, money and war material; I was dispatched with a company of cavalry as an escort intending to meet Lic Gomez at Calimo and then proceed to California, embarking at Manzanillo. I arrived the following day at Zapatlan Grande; here at the request of Gen. Dominguez I was persuaded to leave the company of cavalry, and take in lieu thereof four mounted infantry and a sergeant, being assured that the road was open and free from danger from there to Colima. I set out at dark for the city of Colima, having to pass through the celebrated Barranca of Beltram, which pass was at that time dangerous on account of robbers; we arrived at the pass about 8 o'clock the following morning, and foreseeing that a great storm was hovering around the adjacent volcano de Colima, I concluded to halt there during the day, and sent all of my soldiers except two on to Fanillo, fifteen miles distant, to prepare a relay of fresh horses.

In the evening I resumed my journey and had proceeded about a league when overtaken by the storm. I sought shelter in a miserable hamlet by the wayside occupied by peons, slaves or servants of the owners of the magnificent buildings and sugar plantations not far off. I saw that I was an unwelcome guest; all were priest-ridden enemies of the liberals, whose cause they well knew I had come to assist. Seeing that I was determined to remain all night they ushered me into a small adobe building of one room with an entrance and porch at the rear. Being wet I ordered a fire, which was built in the center of the room; a bed in one corner was the only furniture, a cot was brought in and placed in the next corner that there was a space of only a few feet between the two beds. After supping and drying my clothes I ordered my attendants, one of whom was a woman, to put a traveling sack in which was my money under my pillow, which was done before retiring. I had amused the native group of peons clustered around with stories about the land of gold; while doing this a woman who was examining my fine patent-leather boots, in one of which she had placed her hand, said to a man near her— "Juanito, put your hand in and feel what a beautiful boot this is." Heedless of what she said or what they were doing, I proceeded with my story entirely forgetting that the night previous, when informed by the sergeant that at any moment we might encounter a large band of robbers, I had slipped from my finger a valuable ring and dropped it inside my boot. When the woman called the man to put his hand into the boot, it was to get out the ring which I had forgotten all about and of which I remembered nothing until some time thereafter.

In due time I retired to my bed in the corner, while my two soldiers went to sleep under the portal outside; the last I remembered before going to sleep was seeing the two soldiers open the door and asked the woman to sell them some matches, which she did. I slept for several hours and was at first partially awakened, and then finally by feeling the traveling bag in which was my money being slowly withdrawn, little by little, from under my head. I imagined I could hear and probably did hear the breathing of the robber near my head. It was pitch dark and a great storm was raging outside. Well I knew that the least movement on my part would be instant death; still I was cool, calm and collected. Reader, in such a situation what would you have done, considering that the least movement on my part would bring a thrust from a knife or a blow from a deadly weapon? I prayed to God for help and while I prayed the prayer was instantly answered; for suddenly there appeared in white raiment, with her golden ringlets streaming around her head, a heavenly messenger, my beloved sister Mary, who had ten years before passed into the spirit-world, while I was away from home, engaged in the war with Mexico. She spoke suddenly

as if what she wanted me to do, I must do quickly. "Take advantage of your sickness," she exclaimed. I was then recovering from a severe fever.

I both heard and understood her distinctly, but the assassin who at that moment held the deadly weapon ready to deal the fatal blow, neither saw nor heard her now for the simple reason that neither their spiritual sight nor hearing was open, besides angelic spirits are invisible to evil spirits, but mine was; the messenger may have had the power of casting over them the same tremor or fear for aught we know, but I acted immediately upon her advice, crying out in a loud voice as if I was suffering great pain, "Dios Mio! que dolor tengo en la barriga!" My God! What a pain I have in my stomach! Springing at the same instant from the bed in the total darkness, my hand struck upon the lintel of the door on the opposite side of the room; jerking it open I woke the two soldiers sleeping outside, exclaiming, "¡Salidos Alerto!" Here are Ladrone and assassins." Startled so suddenly from their sleep, they bounded away amid the storm and darkness, while I grasped their two carbines, for I had no weapon with me; thinking I would have no need of any when I left Gen. Ogazon with the cavalry escort, I presented him and Gen. Rache my fine weapons. As soon as I had grasped the carbines I took a position by the side of the door and after calling the two soldiers to my side ordered the woman who I knew was in the room to make a light and get up, but she responded, "No tengo phosphors, señor!" "You lie!" I retorted, "make a light instantly or I'll shoot," at the same time cocking one of the carbines. She struck a light and arose with a candle in hand. At the same time, in the act of getting up, I beheld the most horrible looking assassin I had ever seen. Coarse, almost black bushy hair covered his whole face, save his eyes and mouth. "Down! Down!" I shouted in Spanish, "or I'll kill you," at the same time leveling the carbine at his head; down he sank. Seeing no others I ordered the soldiers to bring me some clothing; for the cold blasts of the storm made me shudder. Carefully, with watchful eyes, I put on some clothing and then advanced toward the bed on which I had been sleeping, against the head of which were leaning two ugly looking weapons, one an old-fashioned broad axe, the other a sword which the assassins must have had in their hands ready to deal the deadly blow, which certainly would have finished my career had it not been for the sudden appearance of my angelic sister from the spiritual world.

I will not tire the reader by relating the particulars of what followed in that fearful night. How, sick as I was, I set out for Zanilla and Colima amid the darkness of a terrible tropical storm, now and again getting a little light to find our way along, from the lightning that flashed from the mouth or top of the adjacent volcano of Colima. Thus plodding along carrying myself the two carbines I kept the two soldiers in front, in a few hours amid the lightning's flash I saw the two soldiers halt and heard them exclaim as we stood inside the plaza de Zanillo, "Here señor we must stop." "Onward! *Marcha adalanto!*" I exclaimed. "Haste dandé!"—where to? "To Colima" I responded. "Impossible," they answered. "Adalanto! Adalanto!"—go ahead, go ahead! I shouted, at the same time raising a carbine. Poor fellows, onward they marched, silently protesting that it was wrong for me to carry them forward without their sergeant and companions, but I knew what I was doing. I knew that Zanillo was a hotbed of bigots under priestly rule, and having learned of Gen. Miramon's arrival it was certain death to stop there under such circumstances. Slow, painful and very wearisome was that last thirty miles to Colima, where I arrived about eight o'clock next morning. Poor friend Parkes who lifted me from my horse and carried me into the hotel that morning was himself, a few days later, treacherously killed by some banditti.

MIND READING: THE IMPORTANCE OF RIGHT CONDITIONS.

By J. SIMMONS.

While reading the published reports of recent experiments made in your city with the so-called mind

reader P. A. Johnstone, my mind has been strongly impressed with what appears to me to be the unwise course pursued by those participating in the experiments.

Bishop, Brown and Johnstone, with others who might be named, represent a phase of mental phenomena by which it has been repeatedly demonstrated that certain persons can be influenced, controlled or governed by the concentrated will or active mental powers of others. This being true the person acted upon becomes an instrument by and through which the operator can give expression to his thoughts. In making these experiments it is of the highest importance that operators possess marked individuality with ability to concentrate their thoughts for any given length of time. It will be observed that the slightest deviation is sure to affect the sensitive who is thereupon charged with having failed, when in fact he has furnished additional evidence that he was guided by the will of the person on whom he relied for guidance. If mental harmony, order and quietness could be established and maintained, like conditions would be communicated to the sensitive, thereby avoiding such unpleasant results as were experienced by Johnstone, owing to the incongruous mass of mental confusion and excitement by which he was surrounded.

To students in occult philosophy these experiments are valuable, proving conclusively that the human mind possesses powers and qualities not recognized by accepted authorities on mental science. Granting man a continued existence, with mental faculties undiminished, evidence of which has been repeatedly furnished through sensitives known as spiritual mediums, this question naturally arises: Are not the sensitives in both cases governed by similar, if not the same laws? Mediums claim to be influenced by individual minds who have passed through the change called death. Mind readers claim to be influenced by individual minds still in the body.

At present we only know that in order to succeed in experiments with sensitives of that class to which Mr. Johnstone belongs, certain conditions must be complied with. Beyond that we are left to theorize, in absence of positive knowledge respecting the laws under which the phenomena are produced. The same may be said of spiritual mediums; we know the same phases of mental phenomena are of frequent occurrence in their presence though the laws by which they are produced remain undiscovered.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

ADVANCE OF SCIENCE IN THE LAST HALF CENTURY.

By T. H. HUXLEY, F. R. S.

[CONTINUED.]

3. EVOLUTION.

The third great scientific event of our time, the rehabilitation of the doctrine of evolution, is part of the same tendency of increasing knowledge to unify itself, which has led to the doctrine of the conservation of energy. And this tendency, again, is mainly a product of the increasing strength conferred by physical investigation on the belief in the universal validity of that orderly relation of facts, which we express by the so-called "Laws of Nature."

The growth of a plant from its seed, of an animal from its egg, the apparent origin of innumerable living things from mud, or from the putrefying remains of former organisms, had furnished the earlier scientific thinkers with abundant analogies suggestive of the conception of a corresponding method of cosmic evolution from a formless "chaos" to an ordered world which might either continue forever or undergo dissolution into its elements before starting on a new course of evolution. It is therefore no wonder that, from the days of the Ionian school onwards, the view that the universe was the result of such a process should have maintained itself as a leading dogma of philosophy. The emanistic theories which played so great a part in Neoplatonic philosophy and Gnostic theology are forms of evolution. In the seventeenth century, Descartes propounded a scheme of evolution, as an hypothesis of what might have been the mode of origin of the world, while professing to accept the ecclesiastical scheme of creation, as an account of that which actually was its manner of coming into existence. In the eighteenth century Kant put forth a remarkable speculation as to the origin of the solar system,

closely similar to that subsequently adopted by Laplace and destined to become famous under the title of the "nebular hypothesis."

The careful observations and the acute reasonings of the Italian geologists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the speculations of Leibnitz in the "Protogæa" and of Buffon in his "Théorie de la Terre," the sober and profound reasonings of Hutton, in the latter part of the eighteenth century,—all these tended to show that the fabric of the earth itself implied the continuance of processes of natural causation for a period of time as great, in relation to human history, as the distances of the heavenly bodies from us are, in relation to terrestrial standards of measurement. The abyss of time began to loom as large as the abyss of space. And this revelation to sight and touch, of a link here and a link there of a practically infinite chain of natural causes and effects, prepared the way, as perhaps nothing else has done, for the modern form of the ancient theory of evolution.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, De Maillet made the first serious attempt to apply the doctrine to the living world. In the latter part of it, Erasmus Darwin, Goethe, Treviranus, and Lamarck, took up the work more vigorously and with better qualifications. The question of special creation, or evolution, lay at the bottom of the fierce disputes which broke out in the French Academy between Cuvier and St. Hilaire; and, for a time, the supporters of biological evolution were silenced, if not answered, by the alliance of the greatest naturalist of the age with their ecclesiastical opponents. Catastrophism, a short-sighted teleology, and a still more short-sighted orthodoxy, joined forces to crush evolution.

Lyell and Poulett Scrope, in this country, resumed the work of the Italians and of Hutton; and the former, aided by a marvelous power of clear exposition, placed upon an irrefragable basis the truth that natural causes are competent to account for all events, which can be proved to have occurred, in the course of the secular changes which have taken place during the deposition of the stratified rocks. The publication of "The Principles of Geology," in 1830, constituted an epoch in geological science. But it also constituted an epoch in the modern history of the doctrines of evolution, by raising in the mind of every intelligent reader this question: If natural causation is competent to account for the not-living part of our globe, why should it not account for the living part?

By keeping this question before the public for some thirty years, Lyell, though the keenest and most formidable of the opponents of the transmutation theory, as it was formulated by Lamarck, was of the greatest possible service in facilitating the reception of the sounder doctrines of a later day. And in like fashion, another vehement opponent of the transmutation of species, the elder Agassiz, was doomed to help the cause he hated. Agassiz not only maintained the fact of the progressive advance in organization of the inhabitants of the earth at each successive geological epoch, but he insisted upon the analogy of the steps of this progression with those by which the embryo advances to the adult condition, among the highest forms of each group. In fact, in endeavoring to support these views he went a good way beyond the limits of any cautious interpretation of the facts then known.

Although little acquainted with biological science, Whewell seems to have taken particular pains with that part of his work which deals with the history of geological and biological speculation; and several chapters of his seventeenth and eighteenth books, which comprise the history of physiology, of comparative anatomy and of the palæontological sciences, vividly reproduce the controversies of the early days of the Victorian epoch. But here, as in the case of the doctrine of the conservation of energy, the historian of the inductive sciences has no prophetic insight; not even a suspicion of that which the near future was to bring forth. And those who still repeat the once favorite objection that Darwin's "Origin of Species" is nothing but a new version of the "Philosophie Zoologique" will find that, so late as 1844, Whewell had not the slightest suspicion of Darwin's main theorem, even as a logical possibility. In fact, the publication of that theorem by Darwin and Wallace, in 1859, took all the biological world by surprise. Neither those who were inclined towards the "progressive transmutation" or "development" doctrine, as it was then called, nor those who were opposed to it, had the slightest suspicion that the tendency to variation in living beings, which all admitted as a matter of fact, the selective influence of conditions, which no one could deny to be a matter of fact when his attention was drawn to the evidence, and the occurrence of great geological changes which also was matter of fact, could be used as the only necessary postulates of a theory of the evolution of plants and animals which, even if not, at once, competent to explain all the known facts of biological science, could not be shown to be inconsistent with any. So far as biology is concerned, the publication of the "Origin of Species," for the first time, put the doctrine of evolution

lution, in its application to living things, upon a sound scientific foundation. It became an instrument of investigation, and in no hands did it prove more brilliantly profitable than in those of Darwin himself. His publications on the effects of domestication in plants and animals, on the influence of cross fertilization, on flowers as organs for effecting such fertilization, on insectivorous plants, on the motions of plants, pointed out the routes of exploration which have since been followed by hosts of inquirers, to the great profit of science.

Darwin found the biological world a more than sufficient field for even his great powers, and left the cosmical part of the doctrine to others. Not much has been added to the nebular hypothesis since the time of Laplace, except that the attempt to show (against that hypothesis) that all nebulae are star clusters, has been met by the spectroscopic proof of the gaseous condition of some of them. Moreover, physicists of the present generation appear now to accept the secular cooling of the earth, which is one of the corollaries of that hypothesis. In fact, attempts have been made, by the help of deductions from the data of physics, to lay down an approximate limit to the number of millions of years which have elapsed since the earth was habitable by living beings. If the conclusions thus reached should stand the test of further investigation, they will undoubtedly be very valuable. But, whether true or false, they can have no influence upon the doctrine of evolution in its application to living organisms. The occurrence of successive forms of life upon our globe is an historical fact which can not be disputed, and the relation of these successive forms, as stages of evolution of the same type, is established in various cases. The biologist has no means of determining the time over which the process of evolution has extended, but accepts the computation of the physical geologist and the physicist, whatever that may be.

Evolution as a philosophical doctrine applicable to all phenomena, whether physical or mental, whether manifested by material atoms or by men in society, has been dealt with systematically in the "Synthetic Philosophy" of Mr. Herbert Spencer. Comment on that great undertaking would not be in place here. I mention it because, so far as I know, it is the first attempt to deal on scientific principles with modern scientific facts and speculations. For the "Philosophie Positive" of M. Comte, with which Mr. Spencer's system of philosophy is sometimes compared, though it professes a similar object, is unfortunately permeated by a thoroughly unscientific spirit, and its author had no adequate acquaintance with the physical sciences even of his own time.

The doctrine of evolution, so far as the present physical cosmos is concerned, postulates the fixity of the rules of operation of the causes of motion in the material universe. If all kinds of matter are modifications of one kind, and if all modes of motion are derived from the same energy, the orderly evolution of physical nature out of one substratum and one energy implies that the rules of action of that energy should be fixed and definite. In the past history of the universe back to that point, there can be no room for chance or disorder. But it is possible to raise the question whether this universe of simplest matter and definitely operating energy, which forms our hypothetical starting point, may not itself be a product of evolution from a universe of such matter, in which the manifestations of energy were not definite,—in which, for example, our laws of motion held good for some units and not for others, or for the same units at one time and not at another,—and which would therefore be a real epicurean chance-world?

For myself, I must confess that I find the air of this region of speculation too rarefied for my constitution, and I am disposed to take refuge in "ignoramus et ignorabimus."

[Under head of "Other Scientific Achievements," Professor Huxley proceeds to discuss the kinetic theory of gases, spectroscopy, electrical advances, photography, astronomy and astronomical geology. These we are forced to omit.—Ed.]

HYPNOTISM: ITS CONDITIONS AND SAFEGUARDS.

The Society for Psychical Research has sent to its members a circular which reads as follows:

So many sensational and exaggerated reports of the effects and the dangers of hypnotism have recently appeared in the public press that a brief and sober statement of what, so far as our present knowledge extends, hypnotism can actually effect may perhaps be beneficial.

It should be borne in mind in the first place, that the hypnotic state is not, in the ordinary sense of the word, morbid. It has many affinities with natural sleep, and in many of the discomforts of illness may be made to lead up to it with great relief. Those who are strong and healthy are hypnotized as readily, *ceteris paribus*, as those who are weak and in bad health.

In the next place, Englishmen would appear to be

less susceptible to the influence than the inhabitants of some Continental countries. Bernheim, Liébeault, Ochrowicz, and the Dutch observers place the proportion of hypnotizable persons as high as 70 or 80 per cent., including in these figures some cases where the effects are very trifling; but the results of English experiments would, thus far, indicate a considerably smaller proportion.

Thirdly, it is tolerably certain—whatever may be the case with Orientals—that a healthy Englishman or Englishwoman can not in the first instance be hypnotized without his or her full knowledge and consent.

Supposing this consent to have been given, and the subject to have proved susceptible to the influence, the following physical phenomena, or some of them, according to the idiosyncrasies of the individual, may be observed: He will fall into a condition somewhat resembling the drowsiness of natural sleep, though he may answer questions easily and some of his senses may be specially acute. His limbs may remain perfectly limp and motionless (lethargy), or they may be moulded into any position at the pleasure of the operator (catalepsy), and may even be made perfectly rigid. This rigidity may be maintained much longer than in a natural state, and without the muscular tremor which would naturally occur after a few minutes if he were not hypnotized. Lastly, the patient may be made insensitive, in the whole body, or in any part of it, to touch (anæsthesia) or pain (analgesia), even without losing consciousness.

These muscular and nervous phenomena may not occur in their full development during the initial stages of hypnotism, or in its higher forms. But the almost invariable characteristic of the hypnotic state is the susceptibility of the subject to suggestions from without. It is this characteristic which gives the chief value to hypnotism as a therapeutic agent, and which forms the source of its chief dangers, real or imaginary. In this state illusions of the senses, the memory, or the will, may be imposed upon the patient; sleep may be induced, and pain and nervous disabilities of different kinds may be removed. But the influence thus exerted by the operator may be made to extend beyond the actual period of the hypnotic sleep. Pain and physical discomfort may be got rid of for a considerable period; the healthful activity of the bodily functions may be assisted, and injurious habits, such as drunkenness and morphinism, may be effectually broken off. The striking results, for instance, obtained by Dr. Bramwell, of Goode, in producing temporary insensibility to pain, and by the Rev. Arthur Tooth in the treatment of inebriety, afford very recent examples of what can be effected in these directions.

It is important to remember that hypnotic suggestion is simply an exaggerated example of what takes place in the normal state, and can produce only results similar in kind. In a few persons, indeed, presumably of an abnormal type, suggestion in an apparently waking state operates with equal facility, and self suggestion is by no means rare. The cases of "mind cure" and "faith healing" may probably be attributed to these causes. But reports of such cases, unless attested by experienced medical evidence, must of course be received with reserve.

The memory of what has taken place in the hypnotic state rarely persists into the waking life, and this characteristic offers occasion for the most striking results. Whatever undertaking the subject can be induced to promise in a deep hypnotic state he will faithfully perform after waking, and will believe that in so doing he is acting as a free agent. But the liability of the normal and well-balanced subject to be influenced by suggestion has been much exaggerated. The operator will generally require patience and persistence to overcome even those habits which the subject wishes to be overcome. Ideas of an indifferent or beneficial nature will, no doubt, be readily received but the moral sentiments, and even in minor cases, the fear of ridicule, will often operate to annul hurtful or ignominious suggestions.

From what has been said it will be seen that, though the probable evils of hypnotism have been much exaggerated, there are serious dangers to be guarded against. It is indeed by no means a subject to be played with.

I. It is possible for an ill-disposed person to take advantage of the physical helplessness of the subject, or to obtain an undue influence, which may be used to the subject's disadvantage. But dangers of the kind need only be indicated to be avoided. It should be made a rule that no person should submit himself to hypnotic treatment unless accompanied by a friend. It is clear that no one should place himself in the power of another at all unless he can fully trust in the other's discretion and integrity. Nor should anyone suffer himself to be hypnotized except for therapeutic or scientific purposes. In the rare cases of persons who, through a long course of hypnotic treatment, have become unduly susceptible, it is no doubt desirable to take special precautions. In such cases a fresh hypnotization by a doctor or other respon-

ble person, and then a suggestion by the new operator that no one but himself can influence the subject, has been shown to be effectual in shutting out the undesirable influence for a considerable time. The high value of such counter suggestions in relieving any one who is inconvenienced by the dominance of any operator has only recently been acknowledged, and deserves special mention.

II. There are also dangers arising from ignorance—carelessness on the part of the operator. Of these the principal are: (a) The so-called Cross-Mesmerism. If the patient come under the influence of more than one person during a single sitting, as may happen with a sensitive subject if merely handled by other persons, a peculiar condition is sometimes induced, of which the characteristics are violent movements and physical contortions, and refusal to yield to suggestions and commands from any source. It is extremely difficult to arouse the patient from this state— which generally leaves behind it headache and physical discomfort, not removable, as is generally the case, by suggestion. (b) Imperfect awakening. It not uncommonly happens, with an inexperienced operator, that the subject is allowed to depart, at the conclusion of the experiment, before being fully aroused. He is thus rendered liable to all the discomforts and mischances which may befall a person not in full possession of his normal consciousness. It is also safer to prevent the awakening from being too sudden. Experienced operators are, however, fully aware of these risks, and it may be anticipated that with fuller knowledge of the subject they will practically disappear, as it is easy to avoid them.

III. Apart from these definite recognized dangers, there are vague allegations of other disastrous consequences to be apprehended, such as the weakening of the subject's will, or the degeneration of his character. But in the opinion of those best qualified to speak with authority, these apprehensions are almost, if not entirely, without foundation. Where hypnotism is employed for curative purposes the treatment has proved often beneficial and always harmless. Professor Beaunis, for example, has thus hypnotized a patient daily for six months. And where it has been employed for experiment and demonstration only, the effects on the subject, in careful hands, have proved equally satisfactory. The young men and boys on whom the Society for Psychical Research has conducted numerous experiments, extending over a series of three (and in one case of six) years, have always been and remain to this day in full health, physically and morally.

Appended is a short list of some of the more readily accessible books dealing with the subject:

Hypnotism, by Dr. Albert Moll (Translated from the German). London, 1890. Price, 3s. 6d.

Suggested Therapeutics, by Prof. Bernheim (Translated from 2nd French Edition by C. A. Harter). New York, 1889. 18s.

Animal Magnetism, by Profs. Binet and Féré (Translated from 2nd French Edition). London, 1888. 5s.

Animal Magnetism, (Article in Encyclopædia Britannica, 9th Edition, 1884), by Prof. J. G. McKendrick, F. R. S. 7s. 6d.

Psycho-Therapeutics; or, Treatment by Hypnotism and Suggestion, by Dr. C. Lloyd Tuckey. 2nd Edition, 1890. 5s.

Hypnotism: its History and Present Development, by Björnström (Translated from the Swedish). New York, 1890. 2s.

A CARNIVOROUS PLANT.

A naturalist, who has carefully studied the flora and fauna of Central America, found a singular growth in one of the swamps which surround the great Lake of Nicaragua. He was engaged in hunting botanical and entomological specimens in this swamp, which is known as San Sebastian's, when he heard his dog cry out, as if in agony, from a distance. Running to the spot from which the animal's cries came, he found him enveloped in a network of rope-wire tissues and fibers, from which he had difficulty in setting the dog free.

When released Carlo's hairless skin appeared to have been actually sucked or puckered in spots, and he staggered as if from weakness and exhaustion. In cutting the vines the twigs curled like living, sinuous fingers about the naturalist's hand, and it required no slight force to free the member from their clinging grasp, which left the flesh red and blistered. The gum exuding from the vine was of a grayish dark tinge, remarkably adhesive and of a disagreeable animal odor, very powerful and nauseating to inhale. Inquiry elicited the information that the natives have a great horror of this vine, which is called the devil's vine.

A story told of its death-dealing powers was that of an Englishman residing in Managua, who, while hunting in the swamp a few years ago lay down beneath a tree where a large and powerful specimen of this singular plant was growing, and inadvertently falling asleep, woke to find himself enveloped in its web, and, in spite of every effort made to extricate him, he perished in its deadly embrace. An escaped convict per-

ished in a similar manner. It is almost impossible to handle even small specimens of this plant, for its grasp can only be torn away with loss of skin and even flesh. Its power of suction is contained in a number of infinitesimal mouths or little suckers, which, ordinarily closed, open for the reception of food. The gum exuded seems to serve the twofold purpose of increasing its tenacity and overcoming a victim by its sickening odor.

The plant is found only in low, wet places, and usually beneath a large tree, and while dormant seems only a network of dry, dead vines covering the black earth for several feet, but coming into contact with anything it will instantly begin to twist and twine upward in a horrible lifelike manner, breaking out with a gumlike substance that we spoke of before and enwrap the object with a celerity that is almost incredible. If the substance is animal the blood is drawn off and the carcass or refuse then dropped.

A lump of raw meat being thrown it, in the short time of five minutes the blood will be thoroughly drunk off and the mass thrown aside. Its voracity is almost beyond belief, it devouring at one time over an pound of meat, though it may be deprived of all food for weeks without any apparent loss of vitality. —*Irish Times.*

GIBBON'S "DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE."

The subject of the great historian was an event which involved the destruction of an empire and an old civilization, an event for the consummation of which centuries were required, which affected the lives and interests of a larger number of the inhabitants of the earth than any other political and social transition in the history of man. The subject had hardly been touched by any writer of ability. The materials with which he had to work were poor. The authorities he was obliged to examine were not authors like Livy and Tacitus, but, for the most part, writers in whose works facts, distorted and carelessly recorded, were mixed with legendary stories and superstitious fancies.

Considering the scanty and wretched materials that existed, Niebuhr declared that the century between Commodus and Diocletian was incapable of historical treatment. Of the unavoidable inferiority of his first volume, Gibbon was fully aware; for he himself speaks of the "concise and superficial narrative of Commodus." The history of ecclesiastical Christianity, with its bigotry and intolerance, its persecutions and exterminating religious wars, forms, perhaps, the bloodiest and most repulsive chapter in the annals of mankind. It extended through periods when men were ignorant of nature, and their imagination was unregulated by reason. The human mind, under the sway of myth and fable, was incapable of telling the truth or of appreciating reality. Certainly Gibbon exhibited singular forbearance in giving an account of the origin and growth of Christianity, with its constant affronts to, and outrages on, reason and truth. We may excuse an occasional sneer in his narration recounting those long dreary centuries in which the human mind expended all its might in formulating and enforcing empty theological dogmas.

Gibbon wrote history, it should be remembered, in the last half of the eighteenth century, just before the old regime, with its corrupt church and state, was involved in the general conflagration of the French Revolution. He was one of the inaugurators of reason and naturalism. Comparative philology had not opened up an illimitable prehistoric past to the archaeological student, and man, at his different stages of development, was not so well understood as he is now. Niebuhr had not then shown the mythical character of all primitive history, although it had been indicated by Voltaire. Walter Scott had not made the Middle Ages live and breathe again, so to speak. The study of the past had not become a science. It was not then seen that society is an organic growth. Man was regarded as having been created abruptly, and not as the subject of a gradual evolution. No Max Muller had set the Orient in a new light. There was no talk of Semitic and Aryan. Kant was living and formulating his revolutionary philosophy, it is true; but he was as yet comparatively unimportant and unknown. There had been no Humboldts, Herders, Spencers, Darwins or Lyells; no Assyriologists or Egyptologists, no Mommsen to elucidate Greek or Roman history.

Yet the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," far from being out of date, maintains its ground, and is the only solid bridge connecting the ancient with the modern world. Gibbon's historic glance took in some fifteen centuries; and in his account of the rise and establishment of Christianity with all its sects, of the invasion of the barbarians of Germany and Scythia, of the civil law, of the character and religion of Mohammed, of the temporal sovereignty of the popes, of the empire of Charlemagne, of the conquests of the Saracens and Turks, and multitudes of other great events and systems, his versatility was as remarkable

as were his judicial candor and truthfulness. Gibbon is a standard historic authority, and has been since he wrote, in the great leading nations, Great Britain, Germany and France.

Gibbon was distinctly the champion and partizan of truth and reason, in whose interest he waged an implacable warfare against the theological spirit as it exhibited itself at the various periods of which he was the historian. He had to be somewhat aggressive to vindicate truth against ecclesiastical misrepresentation. He had to disperse the mists of fable in which numerous historic characters, such as Constantine and Charlemagne, were clothed, in order that they might be seen in a proper light as they really were. Superstition and ecclesiasticism were rampant and on the Continent of Europe still powerful; and Gibbon had to make his historic pen sometimes a weapon of assault. Writing at the present time, with its greater liberality and devotion to truth, he would have had no occasion to exhibit the militancy which was necessary in his day.

Borne along with the current of Gibbon's historic narrative from the ancient to the modern thought, through so many centuries whose annals are beclouded by mythical tradition, I feel under deep obligation to the historic genius, who, by twenty years of patient delving in the confused archives of the past, at length succeeded in placing many centuries of the world's history in the clear light of a luminous historic account. It was a gigantic work to let daylight into such a jungle and to strangle so many monsters of myth and fable that infested it.

That Gibbon was an infallible writer, that there are no errors in his great work, of course nobody claims or believes. He had his limitations and defects as an historian, but they were largely, as has been said, "the result of his chronological position." Society is a constantly growing organism; and the historian, in proportion as he is scientific in his method, since he has to deal with phenomena which can be explained often only in the light of subsequent developments, is peculiarly liable to become antiquated. The fact that Gibbon has not, and is not likely to become antiquated shows what comprehensive grasp of his subject and what historic insight he possessed.

This article may fitly conclude with a sentence from the learned and pious Dr. Albert Barnes, who says: "By unwearied study, by quiet learning, by patient toil, by a comprehensive grasp of his subject, he [Gibbon] has placed himself at the head of historians; and from Thucydides down to the present age, there has not been a man more upright, stern, honest, unbending in recording the facts of history."—B. F. UNDERWOOD.

MARRIAGE AMONG CRIMINALS.

It is well known that the larger part of the criminal classes are unmarried people. Some philanthropists, particularly in Europe, have time and again reiterated their belief that matrimony, with the loving responsibilities that parents assume, would redeem from lives of crime many an outcast who is now regarded as wholly irreclaimable. There is reason to believe there is more sentiment than truth in this pleasant theory. In at least one country marriage is authorized by law between the most hardened criminals during the period of their punishment for hideous crimes. This country is the Island of New Caledonia in the Pacific ocean, to which many hundreds of the worst offenders against society in France, including a great many women, are transported for life. It can not be said that this matrimonial experiment is a great success.

Mr. F. Ordinaire has recently visited the convent of Bourail in New Caledonia. It is vulgarly called the "Paddock" by the male convicts because it is to this convent that they are permitted to go for the purpose of selecting wives from the hundreds of French women who are confined there. This privilege is given them only after some years of residence on the island, when the men who have obeyed the rules of prison life are permitted to build huts outside the prison walls, to choose wives from the convent, and to devote their future life to the care of their families.

Mr. Ordinaire interviewed the Mother Superior on this matrimonial scheme and learned that she regarded it as an utter failure so far as reformatory influences are concerned.

"Our duties here are very simple," she said. "We have the care of the unfortunate women who are sent to us from France until they are married. When a male convict desires to take a wife he comes here, informs me of the fact, and I call all of the female convicts down into the court, where he surveys the crowd and chooses one who pleases him. Then they go with me into the parlor, where they talk over the conditions of their union, and if the woman desires to wed the man the bans are proclaimed and the marriage takes place in church after the delay required by law. I have assisted at forty of these marriages in a single day."

"Do these marriages turn out well?"

"Alas, they do not," said the Mother Superior.

"The women leave the church on the arms of their husbands and go to their new homes, but it is rare that they make these homes happy or in any way attractive. They are far more likely to descend to lower depths of depravity than to become self-respecting women. The children of these unions are, if possible, more degraded than their parents. In my opinion the regeneration of criminals through the family life is a prodigious failure, and I believe that such marriages should not be countenanced, but should be prohibited by law."—*New York Sun.*

LIFE AND SOCIETY.

It has often been observed that persons who give themselves up to "society" are very likely to become trifling or commonplace people; or, is it because they are trifling and commonplace that they give themselves up to "society?" John Stuart Mill, in his autobiography, has a striking passage on this subject. He asserts that not only ordinary and commonplace persons are losers in independence, mental power and force of character by subjecting themselves to social usages and their requirements, but even that persons of mental superiority who largely frequent society, are greatly deteriorated by it. He adds: "Not to mention loss of time, the tone of their feelings is lowered; they become less in earnest about those of their opinions respecting which they must remain silent in the society they frequent; they come to look upon their most elevated objects as unpractical, or at least too remote from realization to be more than a vision or a theory; and if, more fortunate than most, they retain their higher principles unimpaired, yet with respect to the persons and affairs of their own day they insensibly adopt the modes of feeling and judgment in which they can hope for sympathy from the company they keep."

This, unquestionably, is a sound judgment. "Society" tends to suppress originality and to create a set of artificial beings, with no character save that formed on a general model of level insipidity. That keen intercourse is stimulating to the intellect, all admit. It keeps men and women in full sympathy with the life around them, corrects errors and acts as a spur to intelligence, thought and purpose. But how much of such intercourse do you get in general society? Seldom, indeed, is the scholar and society man, or the man of affairs and the society man, joined in the same individual. The older a thoughtful and busy man becomes the more he gets away from what is known as society. The reason is, he doesn't find in it what he wants.

Not only the real affairs of the world, but the mighty problems, the mental unrest of the times, the new philosophy and new history, as well as the old, are subjects banished from the drawing room and ordinary conversation. One mustn't be tedious, mustn't be a bore, mustn't be a pedant; but these are the very things that interest every person who thinks and reads. As he finds no sympathy in society concerning them, he wisely keeps aloof. John Morley well says that in general society a new idea "is handed around among the company as ladies of quality in Queen Anne's time handed round a black page or a China monster. In Bishop Butler's phrase, these people only want to know what is said, not what is true." To be really in earnest in society is to be taxed with bad manners. Flippancy usually passes for agreeable conduct.

Again, it is open to doubt whether literary societies do much benefit to a man of independent thinking. They give a kind of stale atmosphere into which the individual is merged and nothing permitted utterance save conventional orthodoxy and commonplace. Such societies usually discuss what is said, and do not trouble themselves much about what is true. There is a little mutual admiration about them also. They are a grade higher than the dead level of ordinary gossip, but not of sufficiently deep interest to claim the attention of one who has access to a library. The busy man, the earnest man has neither time to seek social compliment nor taste to enjoy ordinary social small talk. A man loses more than he gains by lolling like a perfumed Bulwer in the center of shallow admirers, and talking about "Pigs in Clover." Life is prouder and richer than doing nothing, or less than nothing, in this petty style. What is known as "society," in the conventional use of that term, is mostly a clear loss; and John Stuart Mill was right.

In a circular issued by the State Board of Health of Pennsylvania on precautions against consumption, the following advice is given: "The duster; and especially that potent distributor of germs, the feather duster, should never be used in a room habitually occupied by a consumptive. The floor, woodwork, and furniture should be wiped with a damp cloth. The patient's clothing should be kept by itself, and thoroughly boiled when washed. It need hardly be said that the room should be ventilated as thoroughly as is consistent with the maintenance of proper temperature."



GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good from the heart to the lips;
Pure as the lily is white and pure,
From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.
The girls that are wanted are home girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and brothers can trust to,
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folks,
Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and to say:
That drive with a smile and a soft word
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense
Whom fashion can never deceive;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare what is silly to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls,
Who count what a thing will cost,
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts,
They are wanted for mothers and wives;
Wanted to cradle in loving arms,
The strongest and frailest lives.
—The Catholic Fireside.

YE QUAKER MAID.

Fair Phyllis sits with queenly grace
And cons a witty paragraph;
Yet punsters who make others laugh
But faintest smile bring to her face.
Her pose of chaste, unconscious pride,
The faintness of her smile demure,
Too plainly say, I'm very sure:
"Loud, boisterous mirth I can't endure."

Oh, Phyllis, fair, sweet Quaker maid,
'Tis said still waters deepest flow—
My whispering heart where'er I go
Says: "Boldly woo, be not afraid!
Though she detests 'the man who laughs,'
Your love she surely won't revile."
Then deign to bless me with a smile,
For I but write those paragraphs.

—EMILE PICKHARDT.

The judges of the Cook county court in dealing with female juvenile offenders or with vagrants from the age of three years to eighteen generally commit them to the care of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, who have two industrial schools for girls, where these poor creatures are reformed and receive a substantial education. One of these is on the North side, and has probably as many as 400 girls; the other on the South side is in a small private house on the corner of Forty-ninth street and Indiana avenue. But the institution owns the entire block, and has always contemplated the erection of a building. They have to shelter homeless girls who have done no wrong, and to reform those who have committed indiscretions. These two flocks, though receiving precisely the same care and tenderness, are kept apart. The Sisters have found means sufficient for the erection of the north wing of their permanent home, and the contractor is now occupied in laying the foundations. The structure will front on Prairie avenue and consist of a center and two wings. The materials will be pressed brick and stone trimmings, and the present wing will be three stories, a basement, and a mansard attic. This is the northern wing, and the southern will resemble it. In the basement is a large corridor running from north to south, and this is repeated on every floor. On the west side of this corridor will be the pantry and the two refectories, one for the penitents—those who have offended against the law—the other for the preservatives, or those who have been gathered in because they were friendless. There are packing rooms and ironing and washing rooms. Every girl who is old enough is instructed thoroughly in the mysteries of the laundry and the kitchen. On the next floor there is a suite of large rooms for dressmaking and for educational purposes. On the other floors are dormitories. There are at present sixty-two inmates. When the north wing is completed it will furnish accommodation for 150 more.

A paper by Miss Fowkes, in the September number of *Lead a Hand*, deals with a problem that has recently attracted considerable attention in Chicago—viz., the necessity for providing a proper home for refractory children. The writer refers par-

ticularly to the Australian system of managing this class of embryo criminals. In the colony of Victoria family life and individual treatment are now the rule for all dependent children, whether morally bad or merely abandoned. Boys are taken out of the reformatories and transferred to homes in the country, where they are allowed to enter service, but always under official supervision. The Victorian law is very elastic and also provides other methods of dealing with refractory children, such as apprenticing them, either at sea or on land, placing them under the care of suitable individuals, or keeping them in a reformatory, but always under government supervision. The degree of the restraint is always conformable to the improvement of the child under training. To quote from the writer above mentioned: "The state assumes paternal authority over the children placed in its care, punishing or rather enforcing discipline if necessary, but relying chiefly on natural and good surroundings and separation from bad influences." This process of sifting good from bad children who are placed under government supervision commends itself to every civilized community. With slight variations, it obtains not only in Victoria but in the Australian colonies, and certain modifications of the system are to be found in practical use in various American states. It is needless to repeat here that Illinois is not in the van of progress as regards the moral government of the juvenile wards of the state. It is one of the crying needs of the hour that the industrial schools and reformatories of this city and state should be remodeled upon a basis that will sharply distinguish between crime and mere dependency. It is a stain upon the public charities that deal with homeless boys and girls of Chicago that those children who are not yet morally tainted are forced to commingle with those who are already tutored in crime and vice. Every effort to remedy this long-standing abuse deserves public encouragement and the sympathy of every humanitarian.

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.

"The old legend at our college," says a Vassar girl, "is that in former times the words 'Vassar Female College' were done in stone on the front of the building. One night, so runs the tale, there came a great storm, and the F and E were taken off, leaving it 'Male.' This the elements knew to be incorrect, so a second storm obligingly took off the M. The 'Vassar Ale College' was, however, too suggestive of the manner in which the founder had made his money, so the trustees had 'ale' chipped, and to-day it reads simply Vassar College."

The Swiss are the healthiest people in Europe. They have more iron in the blood than can be infused by artificial processes. The cheeks of Swiss girls are like Baldwin apples, as red and as round. The flower girls of Florence are prettier and saucier; but the Swiss are solid, intelligent and free, but women work in the Swiss fields as numerous as in other parts of Europe.—Correspondence of the *Leviston Journal*.

An English idea that might be adopted with profit in this country is a school for dressmaking. Such a school is situated in the busiest and most fashionable thoroughfare in London. The term is six months, and a girl who goes through the course learns to cut, fit, drape and make a dress in every detail, and is given a diploma. The cost of learning is about \$35.

Two of the women of Phippsburg, Me., live on what is known as Malaga Island. Their names are McKenny. While the men have been away fishing the past two weeks these two women have been attending to the lobster traps, baiting and hauling them. Monday they sold in Bath their catch of the two weeks, which yielded them \$17.52.

Mlle. de Vere is the best paid church singer in the United States. A New York church pays her \$4500 a year.

Four of the 231 census enumerators in Maine were women, and the report of the superintendent shows that they did their work without an error.

Miss S. E. Garrity, a photographer at Chicago, is said to have an income of \$10,000 a year as the result of her talent and energy in her chosen line of work.

LEISURE MOMENTS WITH THE GERMAN POETS.

BY JOHN B. DUFFEY.

[Johann Wolfgang v. Goethe was born at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, August 28, 1749. He died at Weimar on the 22d of March, 1832. The greatest of modern German poets, as well as one of the world's profoundest thinkers, he possessed rare natural talents, united with high mental culture, sagacious conceptions of the world, a close acquaintance with the workings of the human heart, and an almost unlimited power in the use of language. The wonderful drama of "Faust" from which the following is taken, is one in which Goethe touches upon almost every topic connected with man's spiritual and emotional nature, treating it with exceptional boldness and freedom, and with an artistic excellence that has never been surpassed. Goethe was a man of marvelous industry, and from his earliest growth to the last days of his prolonged life, he poured out an unbroken stream of songs, ballads, plays, novels, essays, etc., very few of which do not deserve to rank with the best of their kind in any language.]

I.—SONG OF THE ARCHANGELS.

From Goethe's "Faust."

RAPHAEL.

In his old way the sun is sounding
Mid brother spheres his rival song,
And his forewritten circle rounding,
With thunder-going sweeps along.
His aspect strength to angels giveth,
Though no one it yet fathom may;
The works whose height no man conceiveth,
Are bright as on their primal day.

GABRIEL.

And swift, and swift beyond thought's ranging,
The earth's magnificence round is sped.
With Eden's brightness interchanging
Night's sombre shadows, deep and dread.
In widening floods foams up the ocean
Against the cliff's deep base; and sea
And cliff are with the sphere's swift motion
Swept ever on, resistlessly.

MICHAEL.

And tempests soar in emulation
From main to land, from land to main;
And of the deepest operation
They, raging, form around a chain.
Destruction, flashing, flames careering
Before the thunderbolt's swift way,
But, Lord, thy servants mark, revering,
The gentle changes of thy day.

ALL THREE.

Thy look to angels strength is giving,
Whilst no one thee yet fathom may;
And all thy works, high past conceiving,
Are bright as on their primal day.

II.—EXCERPTS FROM GOETHE.

Him to name who'll dare it?
And to declare it:
"In Him I believe?"
Who that doth feel it
Will dare to reveal it,
And say: "I believe in Him not?"
The All-Embracer,
The All-Upholder,
Embraces and upholds He not,
Thee, me, Himself?
Arch not the heavens there above us?
Lies the earth not here beneath us firm?
And rise not, friendly twinkling,
Yonder eternal stars on high?

Gaze I not eye in eye at thee,
And press not all things
Into thy head and heart,
And move in mystery eternal,
Unseen, yet seen, beside thee here?
Large as it may be, therewith fill up thy heart,
And if in feeling full and wholly blest thou art,
Then call it what you will,—
Joy! Heart! or Love! or God!
I have no name therefor
Discovered. All is feeling!
Names are but sound and smoke,
The glow of Heaven in mist concealing.

What were a God who but external force should
bring here,
To make the universe revolve upon his finger?
For him 'tis meet, the world within to stir,
And nature in self, and self in nature hedged to
bear,
So that what in him lives, and moves, and is,
Should ne'er his strength, and ne'er his spirit miss.

Decision hop'st thou from the ruling one?
Ay, well! The ever-working power to us
Incomprehensibly moves this or that,
As if by accident, to our well-being—
To counsel, to decision, to achievement;
And we are borne, as 'twere, unto our goal.
This to have felt, is happiness supreme;
Not to demand, is our appointed duty;
To expect, grief's consolation beautiful.

How beautiful the world! In its vast round
How much of good is moving to and fro!
Alas! that it should e'er but one step seem
Withdrawn from us! And even to the grave
Lure step by step our anxious longing on
Through life? How seldom is it that men find
What seemed intended for their special need;
How seldom, also, that they hold that fast
Which once their hands have chanced to light
upon!
What first was given us is snatched away;
We let that go which eagerly we clutched:
There is a joy,—we recognize it not;
Or, recognizing, know not how to prize.

III.—THE TREASURE-SEEKER.

Poor in purse, at heart repining,
Dragged my days in melancholy.
Poverty a curse is, wholly,—
Riches are the highest good!
And, to end my pains designing,
Forth I hied to dig for treasure:—
"Take my soul, at thy good pleasure!"
And I signed it with my blood.

Circle drawn in circle truly,
Mystic fires I set a blazing,
By them herb and bone heaps raising:
Finished was the spell aright.
And, as I had learned it, duly
Dugged I for the treasure olden.
Just the place where I was told in:
Black and stormy was the night.

And a light afar in Heaven
Saw I, like a star's bright beaming,
From remotest distance streaming,
Just as twelve the clock struck there.
And no warning sign was given
Of the sudden splendor, showing
From the sheen of an o'erflowing
Shell, a beauteous boy did bear.
Under flower-wreaths, hanging thickly,
Sparkling eyes I saw, and tender;
In the potion's heavenly splendor,
Stepped he to the magic spot.
Then to drink he bade me—quickly—
And I thought:—"This boy in seeming,
With his lovely gift so gleaming,
Sure, the Evil One is not."

"Drink the cheer of pure existence!
Then thou 'lt comprehend my teaching
Come, with magic words beseeching
Not again here, seeking me!
Dig not here with vain persistence!
Days of labor, evenings guesstful,
Weeks of toiling, feast-days restful,
Ever hence thy spell-words be!"

GOETHE.

IV.—COPTIC SONG.

Go! my nod obeying duly!
For its good thy youth importune;*
Learn in season wise to be:
On the mighty scales of Fortune,
Seldom fixed the tongue we see.
Rise, or fall, thou must, ah! truly!
Thou must rule, and thou must win, too,
Or else serve, and meet with losses,—
Triumph must, or suffer crosses,—
Anvil or the hammer be!

GOETHE.

[Translated for THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

* I trust the reader will pardon this use of an time accentuation.—J. B. D.

Says the Portland *Oregonian*: At Astoria there is an original and unique sign which reads: "Jeff's Restaurant. The Place to Live Well While You do Live. You will be Dead a Long Time." Here is the philosophy of Epicurus, as set forth by Lucretius, commended to the moderns and turned to business account.



"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING."

TO THE EDITOR: In your issue of Aug. 3 you review this work by Miss Lord, and with your usual courtesy to authors advocating new doctrines, you have given Miss Lord kind and favorable notice. In recognizing the importance of the author's claim to notice there is a tacit acknowledgement of the importance of the science she teaches; so that your courtesy has a two-fold bearing, and will be appreciated both by Miss Lord and other scientists. Yet, in the closing paragraph of your review, you press a sentiment that but for the purity of your intention to guard your readers against a too ready acceptance of untried doctrines, might be construed into opposition both to the author and the science. In this paragraph you say: "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." With your permission, I would like to ask several questions and offer some defense of the attitudes of Miss Lord and the science towards those not in sympathy with the methods of the science. By sympathy in connection with method, I mean an understanding of principle by practical application of prescribed methods; sympathy in the common acceptance of the term, as favor, is wholly unnecessary in scientific investigation. A careful reading of Miss Lord's book will show that she solicits no favor in advance, only so far as to lay aside prejudice and make a trial of her methods.

With regard to the teaching assumed by Miss Lord, I would ask if the assumption of statements without attempt at immediate scientific proof is peculiar to Miss Lord or the science she teaches? Is it peculiar, either, that the assumptions of this science should be unsatisfactory to those "not in sympathy with its theories and methods"—in other words, not in understanding of its principles by practical application of its methods? Does any other science halt at every step to give scientific proof to the student of the soundness of its statements or assumptions? Would not such a course retard progress and create complications that would bewilder the student rather than advance and enlighten him? Take for instance the science of mathematics. After the first few lessons where objects may be used to demonstrate a statement, there is no pause for scientific or philosophic proof at each step that comes in a mathematical course. The student is given a rule or statement, and in the use, not in the contemplation or criticism of it, does understanding come. Would an astronomer hope to make his calculations satisfactory to one not acquainted with the method of mathematics? Such an one might accept, but if he desired to understand and apply the principles of mathematics to astronomical investigation, he must begin with the rudiments of the science and by use of the methods prescribed obtain understanding. In the study of music or language, no student can wait for the reason of the principles and methods that have been evolved through generations preceding him. If he would progress, he must study as prescribed until perfect familiarity with known methods gives him command over latent ideas, the developing of which is the work of genius.

In telegraphy, also, something must be assumed and accepted. The ticking of the machine and the dots and lines of the alphabet are altogether without significance to one not in "sympathy" with the principles and methods of the science. One who would come to understand it, must accept the machine as a truth and the dots and lines as an alphabet, and proceed methodically upon these assumptions.

You may, however, object that Christian Science can scarcely be compared with such sciences and arts; that these are physically demonstrable, and well proven by generations of trial. To my mind, Christian Science is as capable of physical demonstration as any other science, if the rules and methods are as faithfully followed. It is in its infancy now, as Galileo's theories were in his generation. He spoke the truth, but could not give proof that was satisfactory to his contemporaries, because they were unwilling to accept his theories so far as to test them by applica-

tion to physical phenomena. Succeeding generations, accepting and applying them, found abundant proof of their truth.

All new theories, if of importance and bearing evidence of truth, must be accepted and proved by the methods prescribed for demonstration. If true or false, it will be proven in the process. If a student earnestly, sincerely and faithfully tests Miss Lord's theories by her methods, as in other sciences, and the result claimed is not reached, then it seems to me "Christian Science Healing" may be justly called an unsatisfactory book. Respectfully,
MRS. E. J. GURLEY.

WACO, TEXAS.

The spirit of THE JOURNAL is eclectic, not sectarian; and it recognizes elements of truth in many theories and systems, which, nevertheless from its standpoint, are open to criticism. This is true as to Christian Science. The method to which THE JOURNAL referred is not peculiar to Miss Lord, who is an intelligent and educated lady, nor to Christian Scientists; but it is as a method not likely to convince those who are accustomed to investigate and judge by the scientific method. It is not necessary for a scientific teacher to "halt at every step to give scientific proof"; but when he advances theories that are new, or that are not generally accepted by men of science, he should before making them the basis of additional speculation, apply himself to the work of proving them. It is better that in teaching mathematics the rules by which problems are solved be explained to the student as he goes along. For instance when the rules of square and cube root are explained by putting together little wooden blocks how clear to the student are those long rules, each covering a page, which so many boys and girls have committed to memory and recited parrot-like, without understanding a line and only to forget them as soon as they "ciphered through" that part of their arithmetic. A man known as a patient, discriminating, careful investigator, will command the attention of the scientific mind, by merely announcing a discovery or conclusion; but this is because his previous work has been verified, because there is confidence in his judgment. The practical part of so-called Christian Science, the power of healing, is also the practical part of numerous different and even contradictory systems or theories and they all may be, probably are, largely erroneous. And what philosophical theory respecting the material and spiritual life of man would not, in the light of full knowledge of first principles be seen to be a small and childish conception, utterly inadequate to represent fairly any aspect of being.—ED.

JOTTINGS ANENT THEOSOPHY IN INDIA, ETC.

TO THE EDITOR: In August and September, 1880, I published in THE JOURNAL five papers in review of the "Secret Doctrine" of Madame Blavatsky. In the May, 1890, number of the *Christian College Magazine*, of Madras, India,—the periodical in which appeared the original *exposé* of Madame B. by Madame Coulomb,—there was published a summary of my five papers, with copious extracts therefrom.

Mr. E. Douglas Fawcett is probably the most intellectual, and in some respects the ablest, of the theosophists of the world—his special forte being the elucidation of metaphysical philosophy. He accompanied Col. Olcott to India a few months ago, and he is now delivering a course of lectures upon the philosophies of the world, at the theosophical headquarters in Madras. Mr. Fawcett has been the special champion and advocate of Madame Blavatsky's last great work, "The Secret Doctrine." Long articles, highly eulogistic of this book, were published by Mr. Fawcett in London journals.

I have received a letter from a prominent gentleman in Madras, in which it is stated that in a conversation between Mr. Fawcett and Dr. John Murdock, Mr. Fawcett gave it as his own opinion that the articles of W. E. Coleman "form a crushing exposure of Madame Blavatsky and her works." It is a matter of congratulation to the cause of truth that the ablest thinker in theosophy appears to have had his eyes opened

somewhat, and now seems to estimate at their true value Madame B. and her "Secret Doctrine."

I have in my possession a letter from Madame Blavatsky, written to a well-known theosophist, in which she asserts that I applied to Col. Olcott for admission to the Theosophical Society in its early days and was refused; that then, upon the principle of the little boy who, thrashed by a bigger boy and too cowardly to attack him once more, made faces at his sister, I turned my attention to her and began to attack her. This is a falsehood from first to last, manufactured out of whole cloth. Never in my life has a thought of joining the Theosophical Society crossed my mind. In October, 1875, a month before the society was formally inaugurated, I opposed and criticised severely the whole occultic movement of Olcott, Blavatsky & Co.; and from that time to this I have always consistently and conscientiously antagonized occultism and theosophy in all their varied phases.

A few days ago a friend of mine was told by one of the working theosophists of this city that I was a disaffected theosophist, and had lectured in favor of theosophy; and that I had been completely crushed by Madame Blavatsky. It is by such falsehoods as these and those of Madame B., mentioned above, that the members of the Theosophical Society are hoodwinked.
WM. E. COLEMAN.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

MEDIUMSHIP.

TO THE EDITOR: In your last number you ask for statements in regard to the condition of mediums. I will answer plainly for myself. My own condition as nearly as I can see is natural and healthy, both physically and mentally. I am not naturally of a nervous temperament, but if, when the spirits are writing or I am eager for their work, I show signs of nervousness, they caution me against it, and the feeling soon wears away. I see no necessity for any abnormal condition at all. I control myself, and as far as I can know from my own experience, to be a medium is simply to be a good mind listener. I cannot explain how it was brought about that I heard the spirit-voices, but like Blind Bartimeas, whereas once I was blind, now I see, and whereas once I was spiritually deaf, now I hear. Whether it was brought about by spirit-power or by my own will I know not, but this I do know; I experience no more change in talking with the unseen man than talking with a person in the flesh, only with the latter I vocalize my mind, while with the former I do not.

What is it to be a medium? My answer is this: to be able to communicate with disembodied minds. How is it done? The mind is awakened to its own nature, and consequently is able to converse with those of its own kind. Mind uses man to do its will, because all men are not awake to their own spiritual nature. They employ their physical organs to convey their desires to each other, but the spirits have no physical organs. They use their spiritual senses, and when our spiritual senses are awake to them, they meet us in their own way.

In my own experience seeking the truth, I have found that spiritual man alone can not do material work, notwithstanding all the testimony of others that I have read. Neither can they see material things of themselves. I have often tried them myself in various ways until I am satisfied that what they see is through our own minds. When writing for me, for instance, if I close my eyes they cannot write straighter than I can blindfolded. Mediums claiming to read blindfolded are deceiving or being deceived. What are our organs of vision for but to see material things? If the spirit could see material things it would be no loss to be physically blind. And so I say of others claiming to call any spirit by mental telegraphy; they are deceived or they are deceiving.

I have been seeking the truth, and I wish to say to all who are gifted with mediumistic power, give the truth unalloyed for humanity's sake—give the truth pure and simple. Do not do a dozen tricks to prove one truth; it will stand better alone.

Can your mind write without your material help? If not, how can you expect another's to do so? Or do you imagine your soul will gain power after your body is dead? True, it will gain spiritual knowledge, but how can it gain material strength? I believe the spirits that tell me they can not do material things know what they are talking about, especially when it agrees with my own reason after a thorough investigation.
Yours for truth,
ALTON.
T. PEPPER.

SPIRIT INFLUENCE IN MIND READING.

TO THE EDITOR: While reading the account of Paul Johnstone's feats on the first page of your issue of this date I was impelled to take an "unscientific" and unpopular position and ask if too much is not laid to pure mind reading in such cases and too little heed given to the accompanying spirit impression that close students of the subject know almost invariably accompanies such feats. I could cite numberless facts to prove this; but if, for want of space, I now but make the naked assertion that such is the case you have warning that, if heeded, may save many lives in this age of experimenting with psychical phenomena. As we all know the mere reading of the name upon the register is no rare feat in itself; but with the surroundings of suspicion and skepticism under which Johnstone performed it, it was made well-nigh impossible. I would never submit a medium to such an ordeal, even one having spirit guides who had thrown off their physical infirmities so as not to distress their mediums. Much less would I advise a medium, who was so entirely ignorant of spirit control as was Bishop, to subject himself to influence under such conditions.

To accomplish such a feat requires a closer contact between the mind reader and his assisting spirit guide than was good for the young man, Johnstone. All the symptoms produced—"high pulse and temperature," "spasms" and threatened "collapse" were much more likely those of the spirit in his last moments of earth, reproduced, than an excitement caused by the mind reader simply "connecting" with the committee's mental expressions. Instead of a condition of excitement, that of the subject himself must have been one of passivity; and I contend that the excitement came through the spirit's influence acting upon him—having found him in a passive or receptive condition. Unrecognized spirit influence was unquestionably the cause of Bishop's death and I have frequently known but a hair to intervene between the life and death of a medium through the over anxiety of spirits to accomplish pet purposes without, necessarily, intending to hurt the medium.

It is no proof that the spirit is exercising no influence because he is not recognized as so doing. It is a common experience to find persons knowing nothing about mediumship whose lives are practically dominated by an unsuspected spirit friend or foe.
N. A. CONKLIN.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THAT COILED SPRING.

TO THE EDITOR: I have been looking for replies to the question arising from the "coiled spring" in acid losing its elasticity. The answers you have received and published are unsatisfactory. They assume that there is no exception to the law of correlation of forces and the conservation of energy, and they affect to explain the phenomenon in question in accordance with the law. But they explain nothing. The stubborn fact remains that a force which has been expended in coiling a steel ribbon has disappeared after being for a while immersed in a powerful acid and no correlate of that force is left behind.

Mr. Herman Fasher, of St. George, Utah, explains (Aug. 23) that there are two counter forces in the coiled spring, one of compression on the concave side and one of tension on the convex side, each equal to the other, and opposite to the other; so that there is, he says, a neutrality or nihility of result. And he thinks this is the solution of the problem, and the scientific vindication of the questioned law of the conservation of energy! His own terms contradict his assumption—unless he means to deny the action of the law in this case, for he says that in the acid these two forces of compression and tension exactly balance each other in their action, and "the ultimate result is nil." Well, if nothing results from the action of one force or any number of forces, no matter how exercised relative to each other, it is but another suggestion of the problem with which we began. If there is ever anywhere such a result as nihility or nothing from force or forces in action in any way, then and there we have an exemplification of the limitation or exception to the law of the conservation of energy.

For one, I have always believed that there is a sphere of exceptions or limitations to this law; and this sphere I endeavored to define, and my nearly completed effort has been lying in manuscript for many years. If you wish it, I will try to find time to edit it for your noble jour-

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

The Round Trip from the Hub to the Golden Gate. By Susie C. Clark, author of "A Look Upward," "To Bear Witness," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard, pp. 193, cloth, \$1.00. S. A. Maxwell & Co., Booksellers, 134 to 140 Wabash ave. Many books have been written by tourists, narrating the experiences incident to an overland trip to California and descriptive of scenery and objects of interest observed on the way and on the Pacific coast. But the author of this little volume saw with her own eyes, not with the eyes of writers of guide books, and she tells what she saw in a way to interest those who are already familiar with the things she writes about as well as to inform those who have never made the trip across the continent.

Two or three brief extracts are given to convey an idea of the style. "Beauty never forgets her earthchild anywhere under any circumstances. But in the desert, we sympathize with the pauper child who exclaimed on first viewing the ocean: 'I never saw enough of anything at once, before.' " "But sterility reigns only without. Far too regularly the announcement is made that 'lunch' or 'dinner' is now ready in the dining car; a summons often greeted with a look of comical dismay that expresses: 'have we got to go through that ordeal so soon again?' For the presiding genii of that dining car might well be arrested for cruelty to animals, so abundantly do they provide the choicest viands to this indolent, unexperienced, overfed, pampered freight of live stock." "But how sincerely we pity the people who have not been to California. We often wonder that those who travel habitually turn always to the Old world, before gaining any acquaintance with the New; why cross a stormy ocean, a boisterous channel and foreign countries by rail and diligence to see—Mount Blanc, for instance, when there are wonderful Alps and Appennines at our own doors waiting to be interviewed, and where in all Europe are there waterfalls to be compared with our own beautiful cataracts and cascades?" "The Round Trip" is really a delightful book to read.

One Man's Struggle. By Rev. George W. Gallagher. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1890. pp. 169. Cloth, \$1. This is a graphic story founded, the author says, on hard, stern facts. Various types of temperance workers are represented in an interesting manner. A courageous, philanthropic young minister, called from a quiet little community to a manufacturing city of New England where saloons abound and drunkenness is common, begins a temperance crusade to enforce the prohibitory law. He learns something from his experience. Politic deacons warn him, cautious brother ministers stand aloof, leading members of his church discountenance and discourage his work. Wealthy members cut down their subscriptions and some withdraw; but a revival fills the church, chiefly with the poor. It is the old story of the *via Crucis*, the way of the cross.

The World Lighted. A Study of the Apocalypse. By Charles Edward Smith, author of "Baptism in Fire." New York: Funk & Wagnalls. pp. 218. Cloth, 75 cents. This work is an attempt to solve the mystery of the Apocalypse which the author says now "remains uncomprehended and practically useless." He points to the imagery of the first chapter, the "magnificent array of light bearers, seven golden candlesticks—seven stars—the sun," and says of them: "I propose then, this conception—The Progress of Truth in Enlightening and Saving Mankind—as the fundamental idea of the Apocalypse, and the key to the meaning of its symbols." Of this as the true explanation he finds evidence, as he imagines, in the statement that where heaven is opened, the central vision is of "a book resting upon the hand of its divine author."

Reminiscences of Old Quebec. By Mrs. Daniel Macpherson. Montreal: Printed by John Lovell & Son, 1890, pp. 128. This work by a lady of Quebec whose memory goes back half a century or more, contains information in regard to that old city. Subterranean passages under the citadel, with underground rooms and fireproof quarters for women and children in case of siege, the old convent of the congregation of Notre Dame—not now in existence—and other objects of interest, prominent characters of Quebec, and events of local interest together with personal experiences in the city during the last fifty years—these are

the subjects pleasantly written about in this unpretentious little volume. There is also a chapter on nursing of which the author evidently possesses practical knowledge.

The Taking of Louisburg 1745. By Samuel Adams Drake. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, 50 cents. This volume is the second in the Decisive Events in American History Series and the facts are grouped together in a picturesque form. The capture of Louisburg and the movements leading to this decisive event in American history are graphically told. The volume is illustrated with a portrait of Sir William Pepperell, with cuts and maps.

Stories of the Civil War. By Albert F. Blaisdell. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1. These stories are designed to interest as well as to instruct the young, and are written in a lively and attractive style, and in simple language.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From John W. Lovell Company. New York: The Confessions of a Woman, Mabel Collins; The Vicomte's Bride, Esmé Stuart; For One and the World, M. Betham-Edwards; The Bishop's Bible, David Christie and Henry Hermann. Price, each, 50 cents; Miscellaneous writings of Julia M. Thomas.

Lee & Shepard, Boston; S. A. Maxwell & Co., Chicago; In Trust, or Douglas. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.

Reminiscences of Old Quebec. Mrs. Daniel Macpherson. Montreal: John Lovell & Son; Nora; or, A Doll's House. Translated by Henrietta Francis Lord. Chicago: Lily Publishing House. Price, 75 cents; Oceanides, A Psychological Novel. Ernst Von Hummel. Boston: Ernst Von Hummel Publishing Company; A Grateful Spirit and other Sermons, James Vila Blake. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. Price, \$1.00; The Industrial Revolution of the Eighteenth Century in England, Arnold Toynbee, with short memoirs by Jewett. New York: Humboldt Publishing Co. Price, 2 vols., 30 cents each.

OCTOBER MAGAZINES.

Wide Awake, (Boston). A good table of contents is to be found in this much sought for magazine. The New Senior at Andover is continued; an Adirondack Camp is a chronicle of a jolly party camping. There are seven photographs by the Camera Club with an account of them in this number.

The Arena, (Boston). The table of contents for October embraces names of many leading thinkers. Dr. Geo. F. Shady writes forcibly against the death penalty; Prof. James T. Bixby discusses Cardinal Newman and the Catholic Church. Postmaster General and the Censorship of Morals deals with the recent attempt on the part of the postal department to suppress Count Tolstoi's latest work. All the topics discussed are of current importance and they are ably handled.

The Atlantic Monthly, (Boston). Sidney, Mrs. Deland's serial, is concluded and the final chapters are full of intensity. Over the Teacups continues to interest all who read it. A striking paper is that of Henrik Ibsen's life abroad and his later dramas. Other notable articles are: Benedict Arnold's Treason; and A Wandering Scholar of the Sixteenth Century.

The North American Review, (New York). The September number of this popular monthly has been received late, but welcome as ever. The articles are strong and of a variety to please all readers. The Federal Election Bill is represented by Hon. H. C. Lodge and Master Workman T. V. Powderly. Col. R. G. Ingersoll expresses his views of Tolstoi and the Kreuzer Sonata. M. Romero, Mexican Minister, contributes The Pan-American Conference and Reginald F. D. Palgrave, C. B., the Recent Crisis in Congress.

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SEPTEMBER'S COMPENSATIONS.

September set in leaden skies
Seems sorry in the main—
But at the theater curtain's rise
The actor eats again!

The holidays once more are gone,
Why, then, that cheerful look
Upon the schoolboy's face? Anon
You'll find him "playing hook!"

The summer girl is coming home—
She's happy and she sings,
No longer does she care to roam,
She's three engagement rings!

While autumn tints with gold the woods
Pray mark the merchant's mirth!
As bargains he works off old goods
For more than they are worth.

The politician flaps his wings,
The fall to him is warm:
He runs up principles and things,
And hankers for Reform!

The bard hears other men complain,
And smiles in humor grim,
As they return to work again—
No holidays for him!

September sounds sweet summer's knell;
Down hill our steps are bent;
We note it not—like that too—well—
So easy's the descent.

—HEPBURN JOHNS

GOOD NIGHT.

"Good night," he said as he clasped her hand,
And mentally added the words "my dear,"
In hopes that her eyes would understand
What his eyes endeavored to make more clear

Another "good night," and then a long
And unbroken pause of expectancy.

"Would you consider it very wrong
For me—that is, would you angry be?"

"It seems so frigid to part like this,
With just a clasp of the hands, you know;
Besides, its something you'll never miss—
And then, I give you my word, I'll go."

"I'm not displeas'd, but if you delay
Much longer," she said, "I give you warning
The milkman's wagon will come this way,
And then, you see, it will be good morning."
—F. CURTISS, in Berkshire News.

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Gust—"I'm glad there's a rope here in case of fire, but what is the idea of putting a bible in the room in such a prominent position?" Bell-Boy—"Dat am intended for use, sah, in case the fire am too far advanced for you to make yoh escape, sah."—Puck.

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VANQUISHED.

She talked to him of Plato and of Tacitus and Cato; spoke of Aesop and Diogenes with tears in her blue eyes; Asked him what he thought of Homer and Hesiod the roamer; how the jokes of old Hierocles compared with William Nye's. breath came short and scanty as she flew along by Dante, but she pulled herself together and she got her second wind; Lamented old man Chaucer, Milton's wife and did he boss her; and dwelt on Burns and Byron, and the dreadful way they sinned. He sat quite mum, though frowning, till she settled down on Browning, and, deeming she meant Peter, he said he thought perhaps She would like to hear of Ewing and what Brother Ward was doing, recalcitrant old Anson, and of Kelly's tender taps. He could talk base-ball he stated, and with eloquence related the history of every game down to the present year; And, when his tale was ended, she said he was just splendid, as she got down upon her knees to adore him as her peer. —Tom Masson, in New York Sun.

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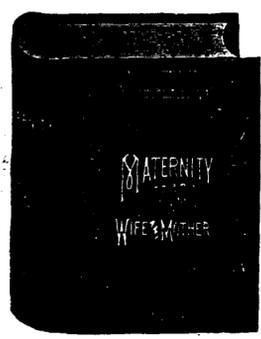
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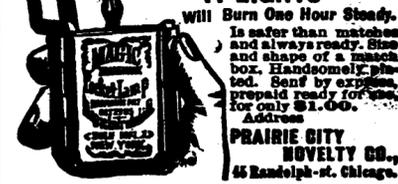
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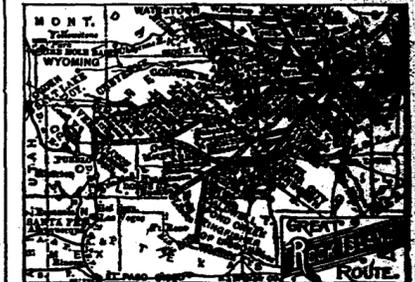


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PROPOSED GERMAN SPIRITUAL PUBLICATION.

Owing to the fact that the number of Germans in this country is enormous (amounting to several millions) and that there are thousands of honest Spiritualists and investigators among them already, and ten thousands to join their ranks in the future, I consider it appropriate and perhaps profitable to publish in this country, in the German language, the first weekly or monthly magazine devoted to the revelation of the Supreme Being, the immortality of the soul and the facts of spirit manifestations and phenomena.

As a zealous student of experience and contributor to the "Psychical Studies" publication in Leipzig, I would like to confer with some one who would be able and willing to share in such an enterprise.

Address H. HANDRICH, P. O. Box 418, New York.

The Sioux City (Iowa) Corn Palace for 1890 surpasses by far the efforts of previous years. The genius from whose brain was first evolved the scheme of building a "corn palace" is entitled to the lasting gratitude of Sioux City and a bronze statue in her park, for this unique structure rebuilt in different form each year has done more to give national fame to that stirring city of Northwestern Iowa than all other efforts combined. No one who has not seen this "poem in corn" can form any conception of the marvelous and artistic effects which may be produced with that most democratic product of the West. Wheat, rye, barley, hay and grass are used for coloring and contrasts, but corn is king here as elsewhere; indeed, this is his royal palace where tens of thousands from all parts of the country flock to do him honor, and, incidentally, to put money in corner lots and into the rich lands contiguous to Sioux City. The fair season is from September 25 to October 11, and is well worth the time and money of those desirous of studying the resources of the Missouri valley and learning what western energy and genius can accomplish.

Miss Emma J. Nickerson, formerly of Boston, has taken her permanent residence in Chicago at 661 LaSalle avenue, opposite Lincoln Park. One interested in her public work writes THE JOURNAL: "Miss Nickerson comes to us from the lakes of Haslett Park, refreshed in body and strong in resolve to do the bidding of her spirit guides. We bespeak for her a warm welcome to Chicago hearts and homes."

A. J. Penny, England: As a tribute to the deep interest your JOURNAL would have for me if I was but a few years farther from the winding up of all this life's liabilities, I must add that when, this morning, I took up the last number sent I found enough in it, before two leaves had been turned, to make me glad—for selfish pleasure—that I had before resolved on a subscription for the good of the public, and recognition of excellent work long carried on bravely before public opinion was ripe for giving it due welcome.

Miss Emma J. Nickerson will commence her work for Spiritualism in Chicago with public lectures at Kimball Hall, 245-7 Van Buren street, on Sunday, October 5. Subject for the afternoon: "What is the Trinity of Power; or, How to Grow Great." Evening: "Behold, I prophesy a New Life—the Life that Quickeneth." Poems and tests will be given at the close of each lecture.

Mrs. Carrie McCall Black, 1112 North 29th street, Omaha, Neb., would like to correspond with reliable lecturers and test mediums with a view of making arrangements for the Omaha society for the coming winter. The society has secured a desirable hall for lectures and entertainments.

AN INCIDENT AT THE PLAY.

The other evening, while the audience at the Baldwin were listening spellbound to the famous scene where Barrymore is discussing the foibles of women, a couple of San Mateo rustics in the front row of the dress circle began an earnest discussion as to the merits of a certain prize sow one of them had for sale.

Despite the angry looks and s-s-s-h's of those near by, the controversy waxed louder, until at last a gentleman sitting behind the talkers touched one of them on the shoulder and quietly said:

"Excuse me, my friend, but what will you take for that sow of yours?"

The stranger stared for a moment, and then said:

"About \$6, I s'pose."

"Exactly," said the gentleman, taking out his pocketbook and handing over a greenback.

"Here is a twenty. Now that sow's mine; just let her alone, if you please."

The audience snickered, and though the countryman made a woful attempt to turn the joke by gravely pocketing the note and handing over the \$14 change, the snub was crushing in its effect, and in the dead silence that followed the philanthropic millionaire leaned back and modestly enjoyed his popularity.

But what the delegation from up the bay said when, after the performance, they tried to buy beer with the twenty and found it a bad counterfeit is unfit for publication. —San Francisco News-Letter.

THE HURTFULNESS OF EGOTISM.

The first enemy that ill health brings in its train is perhaps egotism, and a formidable enemy it will often prove, says the London Hospital. The man who never enjoys good health is forced to keep guard over himself, to ask whether this or that thing will hurt him, to watch whether this or that course of treatment seems to be the more hopeful. His thoughts being thus drawn toward himself, he becomes self absorbed; my health, my interests, my concerns begin to take a larger place in the moving panorama of life than they do with a physically healthy man. The next thing is that they arrogate to themselves by far the larger part of his conversation, his ailments, his course of treatment, his inability to do this or that "on account of my unfortunately weak health," are the standing dish upon which you may reckon whenever you look in to have a chat with him. Even a little boy of twelve years old, whose doctor not very wisely told him to watch and report his symptoms, has been known to descend upon the half-dozen kinds of headaches from which he suffered to a bored company of friends and relatives, until at last he was bluntly told to "eat his tea and be quiet." How often the unwilling auditors of a catalogue of complaints from some more venerable sufferer must have wished that they could put a stop to it in the same way.

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BEATTY'S TOUR OF THE WORLD. Ex-Mayor Daniel F. Beatty, of Beatty's Celebrated Organs and Pianos, Washington, New Jersey, arrived home April 9, 1890, from an extended tour of the world. Read his advertisement in this paper and send for catalogue.

ORGANS Beatty's Organs, 18 sets ready, at \$25. Beatty's Upright PIANO 7-11-3 octaves, (rosewood) \$125. Nice Holiday Present. Write for free catalogue dress or call on DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington.