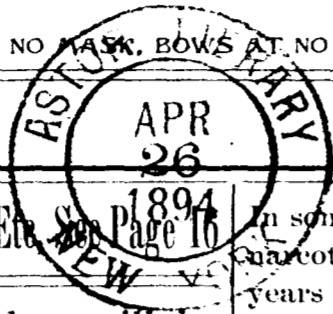


# KELLY'S PHILOSOPHY JOURNAL

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

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

One Copies of this number will be in thousands of families where such has been rarely, if ever, before seen. Universal reading is respectfully asked. It is sent four weeks free to all who so desire. Persons receiving copies, who have not subscribed, may know that their paper has been supplied by a friend and the paper is either paid for by some one or is sent with the hope of closer acquaintance. Those receiving copies in this way will incur no financial responsi-

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The United States Senate has voted in favor of universal suffrage, showing that the news of the Republic of Cuba is still echoing around the world.

A Chicago Board of Trade man—one who has been thinking on philosophic and economic questions—was asked to define religion. His reply was: Religion is the minimizing of the fluctuations of feeling in its moral aspect.

Francis Train is a crank no doubt, but he has broken all previous records in getting around this continent and he is entitled to be regarded as the chamber-trotter of the world. He made the trip in seven days and thirteen hours. His actual travelling time was thirty-six hours less, he having stopped a length of time in New York City. Jules Verne's "Around the World in Eighty Days" was thought to be an extravagant piece of novel-writing, but it has been outdone in the world of actual fact, affording another illustration that truth is stranger than fiction.

From the *Christian Register*: Scientists are beginning to admit that a range of phenomena that has hitherto been too scornfully dismissed as "the supernatural" has become both natural and common. In the field of psychical research, which embraces the marvellous phenomena of mesmerism and hypnotism, the unexplained and unexplainable may and do actually exist. It is admitted that, given a certain degree of nervous delicacy, the limit that shall divide the possible from the impossible in psychical perception is extremely difficult to set. We are realizing to-day what the earlier romances used to declare,—that, by strengthening of the spirit, a man's vision might pierce beyond the veil of flesh and see the things that are hidden of mortal sight. The story of the Holy Grail aptly illustrates this point. The "occult divination" of the days of witches and fortune-tellers has become the "hypnotic impression" of modern times.

Years ago the papers published accounts of cures of the opium habit, the tobacco habit, and the appetite for intoxicating liquors, effected by Dr. La Roy Sunderland at the close of his lectures on what he called "moral catheterism," the same that is now known as hypnotism.

In some of the cases the aversion produced for the narcotic or stimulant to which the patient had for years been a slave, was extreme, and in many cases there was no return to the habit. The facts are given in Dr. Sunderland's published works. Now from Leeds, England, comes the statement that Dr. Bramwell of that place, has cured scores of drunkards of the appetite for strong drink by hypnotic suggestion. He throws his patient into the hypnotic sleep and tells them, while they are in this condition, never to use any more alcoholic liquors. When he is restored to a normal state the patient remains under the power of the suggestion, and not only abstains from drinking but is unable to drink, if so inclined. The appetite is gone and the cure is permanent. What is the limit of hypnotic power? Anæsthesia is, it is well known, easily produced by hypnotism. It was used the other day in St. Louis to deaden sensibility in a burly negro, while a great gash in his cheek was being sewed up. The patient felt not the slightest pain, and he was surprised to find that the operation was concluded when the doctor called him back to consciousness. Used wisely and humanely, such a power is of the greatest value, but it seems to open also a field to unscrupulous characters who may be able to exert "the influence over weak and irresolute minds to their injury and to the injury of others. The Belgian government in accordance with a resolution passed by the Brussels Academy of Medicine, has forbidden all public stances of hypnotism, and declared all hypnotism except used legitimately for healing purposes, to be illegal. The hypnotizing of girls under eighteen years of age is now punishable by both fines and imprisonment.

The Columbian Exposition should be opened on Sundays. It will be a school of art and industries. It will be a series of object lessons in the world's progress, and an epitome of human achievement. Art, painting, sculpture, literature, science and every industrial pursuit will be represented. Sunday is the only day in the week on which workingmen can afford to attend, with their wives and children. A portion of the exhibition will appear to advantage only in daylight. Sunday is a day of rest and recreation, but not, according to the National Constitution, a Mosaic or Puritan Sabbath on which the people have no rights that pietists are bound to respect. The commissioners of the World's Exposition held in Philadelphia in 1876, lacked the courage and the liberality to admit the public on Sunday, although they did not hesitate to conduct through the buildings distinguished persons and commissions and associations that were backed by wealth and political influence. Let the Columbian Exposition, to be held in this city, the great metropolis of the West, be more democratic, in the broad unpartisan sense of the word, and open its aisles and avenues, its fountains and arcades, its pavilions and galleries on Sundays, for the benefit of those who toil during six days of the week, and whose only day of leisure, rest and recreation is the Christian Sunday.

The decision of the United States court to which appeal was taken in the case of Kemmler, has been made with unusual promptness that death by electric stroke, delivered by order of the state, although "unusual," is not a "cruel" mode of punishment, thus

sustaining the opinion of the New York court in its departure from the methods which have been used in English-speaking countries since the death penalty was abolished, it is an indication of a more humane, refined and humanitary. But the present itself is abhorrent to the higher civilization. It is really a barbarous way of dealing with criminals. The time will come when criminals, instead of being murdered, will be restrained and educated with a view to bringing out whatever latent good there is in them, and overcoming the evil. The present usual method of treating criminals, which are said to be necessary to prevent crime, serve to make criminals, and brutalize the people.

To the question: "Do you desire a Confession of Faith?" one hundred and thirty-five presbyteries answered, "yes," and six answered, "no." So the Presbyterian General Assembly at Saratoga last week appointed a commission to report in 1891 with instructions to propose any alterations or amendments that would not impair the integrity of the reformed catholic system of doctrine taught in the Confession of Faith. Since Presbyterianism is a dogmatically constructed by logical minds, who assumed the infallibility of the Bible, it will be found impossible to remove any important part of the theological structure without making the other parts insecure. Once commenced revising the Calvinistic Creed, and good-by election, predestination, reprobation and everlasting damnation. Revision is in the air, and whatever the Presbyterians do in 1891 in regard to their creed, it will be borne right along by the Time-Spirit with other denominations, and the result will be greater equality and humanity in their heads and hearts, whether these virtues are in their written creeds or not.

There is a vast amount of untaxed property in Chicago controlled by religious denominations. Although there are fewer Catholics than Protestants in the city, the former own 1,108 lots to the latter's 86. The average size of the sites of the Catholic church is larger than that of the churches of the other denominations. Fifteen lots are occupied by the Catholic Church of the Nativity. St. Columbkil Sister's Charity have sixty-eight lots; the Jesuit Church of the Holy Family eighty lots. Nearly one-third of a block of the Catholic land in the city is the property of the Archbishop. Of this much is unimproved; some of the land is occupied by tenants from whom a revenue is received. A very moderate estimate of the value of all the lots in the city held by religious bodies puts it at \$2,094,000, with the statement that it is probably twice that amount. All this property is exempt from taxation under the laws of the state. The value of these lots is increasing rapidly, and the "unearned increment", in a few years, will make the society that own them enormously wealthy, like the Trust corporation in New York, for instance, and yet while the people are groaning under the burden of taxes imposed by the city government, these valuable properties kept sacred to the Lord, enjoy the protection of law and the advantages of a great city without paying one cent of taxes. In other words the people who own property are taxed to enrich religious societies. This is most unjust and will result in

interests have not been narrowed and broadened. From the birth to the present day THE JOURNAL has been an independent, aggressive paper. The death of its founder has fallen upon us, and honorably and courageously have we striven to wear it through all vicissitudes and trials, than which nothing more dramatic and unique in the history of the very beginning of its career as THE JOURNAL in most perspicuously announced that Spiritualism had to do with the interests of mankind; that it could not be confined within narrow sectarian boundaries, but do with life here and now as well as in the future. The writer of that editorial of the paper, was a man of affairs, responsive to human joys and sorrows, fully alive to the material as well as the spiritual interests of his fellowmen. Since his death, the sphere of the psychical world has grown larger, men have become more expert in their analyses, have been carried farther, differences are more sharply defined; but he caught the future and made a broad generalization of which is daily growing stronger in the thoughtful men and women, to-wit: "The Philosophy of Life." It should be understood that Spiritualism here means something far removed from the popular but wholly erroneous notion of Spiritism, autonomous therewith. On its scientific foundation it has its root, its foundation, in Spiritism, more Spiritism than is one of Emergence the English alphabet. There are millions of Spiritists, but Spiritualists are not such numbers. A Spiritist is one who believes in the continuity of life and the immortality of the soul; this does not necessarily imply any spirituality or even morality on the part of the believer—though a majority of Spiritists are moral, as the world goes. The true Spiritualist recognizes and affirms the morality of the Spiritist, but sees in it infinitely more than his less developed, more ignorant and selfish neighbor. Countless hosts had seen apples fall to the ground, but only to a Newton did the falling apple open up the mighty secret—a secret only because all other men had failed to read correctly the every day message. An alphabet has no moral quality; it is neither moral nor immoral. It is unmoral. Commandments in words and wielded by a Plato, a Parker or a Luther, a Lincoln or a Gladstone it becomes a tremendous moral engine sufficient to move the whole world and inspire men to noble deeds, either of justice, patriotism, altruism or religion. Used by Ingersoll the alphabet teaches crass materialism; used to do duty in vulgar stories to raise a laugh at the expense of a religion dear to millions; wielded by a Moody this same alphabet makes thieves, rascals and debauchees tremble and turn from their evil ways, and extracts millions of money for benevolent purposes from the pockets of the wealthy. So it is with the facts of Spiritism. So it is with membership, which has *per se*, no moral quality; the good or evil it does lies in the use made of it. Spiritism utilizes Spiritism as fuel to warm and vivify the higher attributes of human nature, and to furnish the power, as it were, to propel men toward the Good—to God.

Spiritualism has to do with religion and morals, with right-living and temperance. Only as men can understand the psychical side of life, can they act intelligently, justly and with the greatest efficiency. The judge on the bench, the lawyer, the physician, the minister, the educator in any field, needs to know all that

and nowhere else. Experience is this: that in the domain of psychics. Spiritualism is understood and interpreted by THE JOURNAL, rapidly diffusing itself and becoming universal; neither the discovery nor the exclusive property of any sect or party; it is found in the churches and among the vast body of the unchurched. While inspiring to the highest ideal, it accords the widest intellectual liberty; and concerns itself but little with any man's theological views. Spiritualism begins by affording certain knowledge of the continuity of life, of the survival of the spirit, of personal identity, of the persistence of love, and leads by regular stages to the highest conceivable attainment. "Whatever anybody may say about it," says that noble woman, Frances Willard, in her letter, published elsewhere in this issue, "everybody with a head on his shoulders or heart in his breast is interested." Continuing, she adds, "Beautiful and holy truths I have found in the realm of the spirit, and I cherish these, and am grateful to those who have pointed out to me their location." For evidence of the attitude of representative men and women toward THE JOURNAL and the field it occupies, we call attention to the letters, published on another page, from such pivotal characters as Heber Newton, M. J. Savage, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, H. W. Thomas and others. Eliminate all the kind things these friends say about us personally, and take simply their expressions as to the cause for which THE JOURNAL contends; these should be enough to sober the careless and to stimulate the interest of the thoughtful.

The primary purpose of THE JOURNAL is to promote the cause of psychics; its ultimate aim is to help men to a correct understanding of ethics, thereby bringing justice into complete sway, and rendering happiness the normal condition of mortals; and finally, to be one of the many evolutionary agents in forming a universal church, THE CHURCH OF THE SPIRIT, with some such simple statement of belief as this:

God is the Universal Father; Man is the universal brother, and the Spirit of Love and Wisdom is the life of both. This Life brings immortality to light; and through spirit ministrations and intercourse Man is assured of the continuity of personal existence beyond the grave.

In this work and for these purposes we feel that we can approach, without fear and without excuse, every honest, right-minded individual, whatever may be his belief, or condition in life. We ask you, one and all, severally and collectively, to unite with us in the work, to strengthen our resources as editor, and our exchequer as publisher, by contributing to its columns, and by becoming subscribers. We ask this in no commercial spirit, but to the end that THE JOURNAL may continue its career with fresh energy and increased strength, and carry forward a work which is deemed all-important by so many leading minds of this country and of the world.

#### THE FOUNDATION OF MORALITY.

There is one class of religious and moral teachers who hold that morality is dependent upon the truth and acceptance of certain theological or philosophical doctrines. Now it is affirmed that belief in a divine personality is absolutely necessary as a basis and guarantee of virtue; now that the immortality of the soul only can give rational meaning to morality. Some writers have thought it incumbent on them, in their zeal for what they have regarded as the only true religion, to claim that knowledge of morality and the impulse and disposition to practice it, came originally by special, divine revelation, without which the distinction between right and wrong would never have been known to men. By thus dishonoring man, by denying his moral nature, and by ignoring the lessons of experience, and its practical results in individual and social life, these zealots have aimed to magnify the importance of certain theological dogmas, unfortunately mistaken by them for religion. By degrading man they have thought to glorify God. Such a view

must one look for a result. The whole tendency of the mind is toward an ethical view of things, the deep foundations of morality and its sure guarantees. He who denies this, honors neither God nor man; he who affirms this thereby affirms the noble nobleness of man, and the goodness of the soul—things—the Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness. "Neither the doctrine of the immortality of the soul nor any other fact or philosophic truth, ever indisputable, or dear to the heart of man, should be put forward as the foundation and reason of morality. On this point the position of the leaders of the Ethical Culture Movement is impregnable, and they do not insist upon it in spite of adverse criticism. Prof. Lester and Mr. Salter are doing substantial and admirable work in showing that ethics has foundations more solid than any special theological or philosophical doctrine which are continually undergoing modification. A work is needed to overcome the influences which, in this period of transition, tend to make men doubtful whether morality itself has any real and durable foundation. Ethical skepticism, or doubt whether there is a real distinction between right and wrong, is a hindrance to moral advancement, and the best way to prevent the prevalence of this sort—quite different from skepticism in regard to theological dogmas—is to teach morality on its own merits and on rational grounds, independent of opinions and speculations, in regard to which the wisest differ.

#### WOMEN ON THE SCHOOL BOARD.

There is a strong public sentiment among the intelligent and educated people of Chicago in favor of increasing the number of women on the school board, and the importance of this reform has recently been urged upon the mayor of the city by its most prominent and respected citizens. In a letter to the *Chicago Legal News*, Hon. James Bradwell writes in substance that believing women ought to have the right to hold office that men have, and that a school board composed of six efficient men and six efficient women, would be an abler and better board than one composed of twelve efficient men or twelve efficient women. He drew and introduced in the legislature this state, in 1873, the bill which became a law making women eligible to any office under the general special school laws of the state. Under it, during the thirteen years it has been on the statute book, women have been elected county superintendents of schools, school directors, and been appointed on boards of education and have given universal satisfaction.

Mr. Bradwell takes a very fair view of the subject. There are more women than men engaged in teaching in the Chicago public schools, and there are more girls than boys attending these schools. Evidently their supervision can be better intrusted to a mixed board of men and women than to one composed exclusively of men, since there are many things in the management and care of children in a school that would be looked after by women, which might escape the attention of men. Women should be consulted in planning, building and furnishing the school-houses with a view to the convenience and comfort of the thousands of children who spend a large part of their early life within their walls. There are many women of mature age and great ability who have made more careful study of the needs of pupils and of the right methods of education than the majority of male educators, and who are well fitted to judge wisely and to act judiciously in regard to questions which may come before the school board. There are often complex and perplexing difficulties arising in the discipline of all schools, and especially in the primary grades, in which woman's sympathetic knowledge of childhood and peculiar tact would prove of great value both to pupils and teachers. In cities where women are on school committees, teachers freely express their approval, saying that they can talk more easily to one of their own sex than to men, of questions arising in their schools pertaining to the physical, mental and moral



well-being of their pupils. Many women have more time than men and would be likely to pay more attention to the sanitary condition of the buildings. A city like Chicago whose women are admired throughout the country for the educational and reformatory work they are doing, unasked and unrewarded, should not lag behind the outside world in showing them appreciation. Mrs. Ellen M. Mitchell is held in honor for the moral courage she has exhibited in her position as the one woman on the Chicago board of education. Mayor Cregier has been requested to appoint two more women on the school board. Mrs. J. M. Flower, Mrs. Charles Henrotin, Mrs. C. K. Sherman, Mrs. Kate E. Tuley, Miss Mary Allen West and Mrs. Vaughan are among the persons who have been recommended for the position. Will the Mayor rise above the petty consideration of party politics, and be just to himself, to the women of Chicago, to the public schools of the city and to the public generally?

SUICIDE.

It is easy enough to say that those who commit suicide are insane, foolish, etc. Doubtless the mind that resolves upon suicide, is, at the time, in a disordered and abnormal condition, but what induces this condition and causes the number of suicides to increase year after year? The question involves many considerations, and cannot be answered in a few paragraphs; indeed, in the present state of knowledge it does not admit of an entirely complete and satisfactory answer. But there is one general cause of the conditions that lead to the numerous suicides in this country, not commonly regarded, and yet too indubitable to be overlooked in any careful investigation of the subject, viz.: the rapidity of the transition through which society and individuals are passing to-day, in which a multitude of readjustments in thought and method are a necessity of intellectual, business and social life.

So numerous and complicated are the changes required, that many minds are weakened at one or more points. With the majority the disturbance is but temporary, or so slight that it does not greatly mar their character or interfere with their success; but there are others who lack the mental flexibility and the coordinating power to effect the readjustments necessary to give them complete supremacy over the details and the affairs of their lives. The character—the more modern product of evolution—becomes confused, disturbed, impaired; reason loses its accustomed hold; the regulative power of the mind is destroyed, and the emotions and passions, uncurbed or undirected, lead the unfortunate individual, who is at once their possessor and their victim, to destruction. Multitudes plunge into excesses, and the amount of licentiousness, drunkenness and other forms of vice, and the number of crimes of violence are vastly increased. A number, small by comparison, but large separately considered, who become wrecked in health, ruined in business, unhappy in their domestic relations, or for other reasons discouraged and despondent, resolve upon self-destruction. A third of the cases of suicide, it is said, grow out of disappointment in love. Thus the strongest passion in human nature, by which life is renewed and perpetuated, and which is the source of the home, and of the highest happiness, perverted or uncontrolled by reason, impels to self-destruction.

Rapid progress, intellectual and social, and in the industrial and commercial world, is necessarily made at great cost. The more changes that are crowded into a small space of time, the greater is the demand upon those faculties which give balance to the mind, and the greater the demand for readjustments to the changes wrought. It is clear, therefore, without going into a discussion of particular reasons and immediate causes, why even in this new country, which is free from much that makes life burdensome in many of the older nations, suicides among all classes are of daily occurrence.

The State of New York has a law, enacted three or four years ago, making an attempt at suicide a criminal offense; but such a law is not likely to check an evil which has its causes deep in the conditions of our present intellectual, industrial and social life. Not there is some abatement in the feverish pursuit

of wealth and in the ambition for distinction, with the consequent desire for distinction, not until cramming in education gives way to rational methods, and sensationalism in literary and social circles is replaced by sobriety of thought and reasonableness of conduct, may we hope for any improvement of those conditions which lead to the moral ruin of multitudes, and which result here and there in those acts of self-destruction which, because of their tragic character, attract general attention and are viewed apart from the other sad consequences of the same conditions.

T. L. HARRIS.

The papers state that T. L. Harris, the founder of the religious sect known as the "Brotherhood of the New Life," is now at his home in Santa Rosa, Cal., where the community of which he is still the head, owns several thousand acres of land. Mr. Harris is described as "a gray-haired man, aged and infirm, apparently awaiting the final summons. . . . He has his followers here. Many of them are old and infirm like himself, but trusting, believing in him until death. His talk seems strange, his voice weird, and they tell me his mind has long since lost its healthy tone." He is reported as saying, "I am living in a heaven here, as compared with the world outside. I ask no alms, and desire only to be forgotten by those who are not believers in my faith." A letter says, "When Harris dies the 'Brotherhood of the New Life' will doubtless die with him. What will become of the valuable community property is another question. In all probability it will eventually pass into the hands of the State of California." T. L. Harris was born in England. His youth was passed in the vicinity of Utica, N. Y. He was deeply impressed with the first manifestations of modern Spiritualism, of which his poems, "An Epic of the Starry Heavens," "A Lyric of the Morning Land," etc., form a part of the early literature. His desire for leadership was strong. He was religious but erratic. He announced years ago that he had been in direct communion with God who had chosen him for the instrument by which He would communicate with the children of earth. Mr. Harris was a handsome, magnetic man, educated, poetic and a good conversationalist; and among those who became his followers were men and women of superior qualities.

NOT A MATERIALIST.

In our issue of April 9, 1890, appeared an editorial statement, called out by a reference in the *Banner of Light*, to Mr. B. F. Underwood's connection with THE JOURNAL. An extract from that statement is here reproduced:

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is devoted not only to technical Spiritualism, but also to "the Arts and Sciences, Literature, Romance and General Reform." It is wide in its scope, and aims to keep abreast of the best and most advanced thought of the day, on all subjects of current interest and of public importance. To do this work THE JOURNAL has to bring to its aid the best talent that it can secure. There are numerous subjects discussed in the editorial columns of THE JOURNAL, with which Mr. B. F. Underwood is familiar, and on which he is, in thought, in full accord with the editor, and with the ablest representative Spiritualists. His talent is not more conspicuous than his candor and fairness, as thousands of Spiritualists, who have heard him, can testify. THE JOURNAL, therefore, has been glad to avail itself of his ability and willingness to contribute to its editorial department on social, economic and other current themes and to render such literary aid as his other duties have permitted. THE JOURNAL has but one editor, and he holds himself personally, professionally and legally responsible for all editorial matter. Mr. Underwood has, during the past three years, written for the editorial columns of several papers, which have valued his work, although they are no more in sympathy with his views on some subjects than he is with theirs.

The B. of L. speaks of Mr. U. as a "materialist." This is a mistake. To our knowledge, Mr. U. regards materialism as a philosophically untenable system. Instead of believing that matter is the only existence and the cause of mental phenomena, he holds that matter is but phenomenal of a deeper reality underlying it. In short, his position is much like that of Spencer, which ignorance only confounds with materialism. When in 1881, the *Index* announced that Mr. Underwood was to be one of its editors, Mr. W. J. Potter, who was then in charge of the paper, said:

"He [B. F. Underwood] has been in the lecture field so long, and has won such favorite regard therein, that his name has become a household word in liberal circles in a majority of the States of the Union. As a liberal lec-

turer, the attention for the month. His reading, an religion which the same thing they were all thorough student and admirer may be considered as the popular philosophy in this country. For several years Mr. Underwood of the *Index* and many of our readers. acter and tone of the paper during that phase we still further say that Mr. Underwood toward Spiritualism is extremely hospitable rather antagonistic; and there is as little reason for the ob of the *Banner of Light* to his writing for THE JOURNAL there was for that paper's unfriendly remarks wh U. assumed charge of the *Index*. THE JOURNAL scribers will be sure, appreciate our enterprising securing the services of one of whom the Salt Lake *une* says: "More than any man in America, this man fills the role of a teacher of scientific freedom and whom the eminently respectable and Boston *Daily Advertiser* classes as "one of the radical leaders both with his pen. Had our arrangement with Mr. Underwood permanent nature we should have been glad to add it to THE JOURNAL's readers. Our may be able to retain so competent a writer. The demand of the hour is: "Not to sing of the "sweet by and by," but to grapple with the perplexing problems which beset this world and hinder diffusion of comfort and happiness. In this work Mr. Underwood we know of no one better qualified heart beats in full sympathy with the pulse of humanity, and his work in the complete development of psychology, science, religious and social reform, is as important and effective as that of any writer in America.

We are now able to say that arrangements have been made by which Mr. Underwood will write for editorial columns of this paper on any and all subjects concerning which his views are in the line of THE JOURNAL'S thought; and on such other subjects he will contribute to the columns of this paper over his own name, whenever he shall wish to do so.

The question as to Mr. Underwood's philosophical views in this connection does not concern us, but since they may be of interest to the readers of THE JOURNAL, a brief editorial by Mr. Underwood is reprinted on another page, from the *Index* of January, 1890. Similar statements of his position may be found in the *Index* given before the Free Religious Association, the name of which were printed in the *Index* as early as 1876.

Rev. A. N. Alcott, pastor of the Universalist Church at Elgin, Illinois, and whose able contributions to THE JOURNAL have attracted wide attention, has resigned his charge to accept a call from Peoria. During his four years' ministrations at Elgin, he has more than doubled the membership, and also made his mark as a citizen. An effort is making to induce him to reconsider his resignation. Mr. Alcott is a deep thinker, with the courage of his convictions, and is sure to wield great influence in the world of liberal religion.

An Alabama girl, now ten years of age, who lost the sense of sight, hearing and speech in infancy, was sent North by her wealthy parents to be educated in one of the institutions for the blind. The first year she acquired a vocabulary of 3,000 words, showing greater mental activity than did Laura Bridgman. A few months ago Miss Fuller, of the Horace Mann school, began to teach her to articulate, instructing her how to place her tongue, and all the mechanical elements of articulation. The child now talks quite readily, uses accent, and with her private teacher as interpreter, can carry on a conversation with her friends. Her voice at first disagreeable is no longer unpleasant, though slightly guttural and aspirated. This is one of a very few and remarkable cases of deaf-mutes learning to talk.

The most coveted prize of the year at Harvard, the Boylston prize for oratory, has been awarded to W. E. B. Dubois of the present senior class. The successful contestant is a negro. A few months ago the Harvard senior class chose one of its colored members by election for a class day honor. These incidents show the tendency in the educated circles of the East to judge men by mental tests, and not by the color of the skin. About the same time the judges awarded the palm to Dubois, the Episcopal Diocesan Convention at Charleston, S. C., by a vote of twenty-four clerical delegates out of twenty-eight, and twenty-nine delegates out of thirty-nine, passed an amendment

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y delegates would not at-  
negro rector in the diocese,  
y additions of that kind.

...ears has been sustained in Boston a  
ociety known as the Parker Memorial Science  
It had its origin as a class in the Sunday-  
of the Parker Memorial Fraternity or the  
Eighth Congregationalist Society of Boston.  
character entirely untheological, and the ques-  
tioned in theology are not considered within  
of its aims, although they are occasionally  
attention is given to scientific sub-  
stances are by the members, but a  
nent teachers of science, includ-  
s of nearly all the leading institu-  
in Boston and vicinity, and many  
in the professions and technical pursuits, have  
among those who have read papers or given ad-  
before the society. Discussion generally fol-  
address. The meetings are held on Sunday  
n. The society is distinct from the usual gath-  
ings on that day and it is fairly entitled to be re-  
d as one of the important educational and sci-  
organizations of the city.

...a. Gustin, of Troy, Pa., is the inventor of a  
signal code which officers connected with the Sig-  
nal Service have pronounced superior to any now in  
use. Commodore Porter, Chief Signal officer of the  
United States Navy, Mr. Gustin informs us, has said  
that it should be adopted when a new code is formu-  
lated. The method is very simple and can be learned  
easily. Mr. Gustin has described it very clearly in a  
all pamphlet entitled "Optic Telegraph: A new  
method, without Poles, Wires or Batteries." The let-  
ters of the alphabet are represented by figures 1 and 2  
and their different combinations, and the messages  
are sent by flashes of light. A ship, a hill-top or  
a house may serve as a telegraph station. Apart  
from its practical advantages, the optic telegraph  
could be made a source of profitable amusement for  
young people.

Rev. John Snyder (Unitarian), of St. Louis, in a  
sermon on Easter Sunday is reported to have laid  
stress on modern scientific investigations into the phe-  
nomena of Spiritualism, "as affording the only possi-  
ble means of reviving a belief in the immortality of  
the human soul, a belief which has been dying out to  
an alarming extent in the minds of many good and  
intelligent people."

A contemporary ridicules the idea of man's inter-  
vention changing the climate of any portion of the  
earth; but there is reason for believing that already  
the building of railways, the destruction of forests and  
the erection of telegraph lines, have changed atmos-  
pheric conditions. If the French shall succeed, as  
they very likely will, in letting in the water of the Atlan-  
tic, and making a sea of large portions of the Sahara  
desert, a change of the climate of Southern Europe and  
Northern Africa is pretty sure to result.

A writer, after mentioning that insanity is increasing  
in this country, and that nervous exhaustion, especially  
among men following intellectual pursuits, is almost  
epidemic in America, says: "The only moral check  
lies in relaxation; in being content with modest ways  
and frugal means; in seeking delight in nature, in liter-  
ature, in art; in cultivating in the young a conviction  
that this life, being not the only one, should be lived  
worthily for another, without excess, without vice; or  
being the only one—if needs must that this pessimism  
shall be taught—that the only life deserves to be lived  
worthily of itself. The doctors may prescribe poppy  
and mandragora for those who bend the eye on van-  
ity, and with the incorporeal air do hold discourse."  
prevention of insanity in the United States has  
is a more formidable undertaking than its treat-  
ment in asylums."

## AND THE UNSEEN

WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR HENRY KIDDLE.

"How can a man obtain any knowledge of the un-  
seen world?" This is the question asked by Col. Ingersoll  
in his defence of Agnosticism in the *North American  
Review*. He does not make this inquiry in order  
to solicit information, but to assert by a rhetorical  
figure that no such knowledge is obtainable, for he  
goes on to make, dogmatically, a series of negative  
statements, as follows:

"He certainly cannot obtain it through the medium of  
the senses. It is not a world that he can visit. No person  
has come back from the unseen world. No authentic  
message has been delivered. Through all the centuries,  
not one whisper has broken the silence that lies beyond  
the grave. Countless millions have sought for some evi-  
dence, have listened in vain for some word."

Now every one of these statements is contradicted  
by the experience and testimony of—I will not use  
Col. Ingersoll's favorite hyperbole, and say "count-  
less millions," but—uncounted millions, who are just  
as positive as Col. Ingersoll that there is abundant  
proof by testimony and experience, that a knowledge of  
what is called the unseen or spiritual world—the world,  
or state of being, into which man passes after what  
is called death—can be obtained by the senses, even  
by the physical senses, but especially by that inner  
sense which, though all may possess it in various de-  
grees, in some persons seems to be a peculiar endow-  
ment.

If Col. Ingersoll has thoroughly investigated the  
great subject of the continuity of life, which also in-  
volves what he calls the "unseen world," then he  
should give some reason for rejecting the vast body of  
facts which afford the basis of belief, or rather con-  
viction, to so many cultured minds that there is a life  
beyond material dissolution. If he knows nothing of  
these facts, then he disproves his own dictum, that  
"ignorance and credulity go hand in hand," and shows  
that ignorance and incredulity go hand in hand. Cer-  
tainly the latter proposition has much better support  
than the former, as can be shown by copious illustra-  
tions. There is scarcely a fact or truth of which the  
Agnostic of these days claims that he has a "scientific  
knowledge," which was not at one time rejected by  
those who were the accepted exponents of scientific  
truth. Many, if not most, of the modern discoveries  
in science were rejected, derided, or disapproved by the  
reigning scientific savants. Why? Because they were  
ignorant of the things which they condemned, and  
thus showed that ignorance and incredulity go hand  
in hand.

"Intelligence," Col. Ingersoll says, "is not swayed  
by prejudice, neither is it driven to extremes by sus-  
picion. It takes into consideration personal motives.  
It examines the character of the witnesses, makes  
allowance for the ignorance of the time,—for enthusi-  
asm, for fear,—and comes to its conclusion without  
fear and without passion." This is undoubtedly true  
of genuine intelligence; but do not we see much that  
is assumed—that is spurious and pretentious, that is  
exceedingly limited and partial, and yet sets itself up as  
universal? Certainly we see many illustrations of  
this fact in this age of scientific culture. It does not  
follow that, because a man is a distinguished special-  
ist in a certain department of knowledge, he is neces-  
sarily capable of passing judgment upon questions  
belonging to a branch of inquiry outside of his spe-  
cialty. A physical scientist is not *ipso facto* an au-  
thority in mental science, in metaphysical questions,  
or in subjects pertaining to the intellectual and spiri-  
tual nature of man. Every subject requires its own  
experience, its own methods of research, even its own  
peculiar talents or endowments. When the Agnostic  
says, "I don't know; hence, you don't know; no one  
knows"; does he simply admit that "he has no knowl-  
edge"? Does he not, on the contrary, presumptuously  
lay claim to knowledge which no one can possess—  
a knowledge of the experience and means of acquisi-  
tion of all mankind? Does he not, absurdly, and  
illogically, make his own want of knowledge the  
standard of human attainment and of the general  
ability to explore the mysteries of nature?

Were those scientists truly intelligent who rejected

"Kepler's laws and Harvey's discovery of the cir-  
culation of the blood—who laughed at the alleged exist-  
ence of aerolites; at the possibility of ocean steam  
navigation, and Morse's telegraph? Did they "consider  
personal motives"? Did they "examine the character  
of the witnesses"? Did they "make allowance for the  
ignorance of the time"—that ignorance of which they  
were themselves the unconscious exponents? Were  
they "free from prejudice"—against everything which  
they had not learned? From "fear"—of losing caste  
by an admission of their own ignorance? From the  
"passion" of pride—in their scientific standing and  
reputation?

Then let us look at Col. Ingersoll's Agnostic allega-  
tion. He says:

"A man can obtain no knowledge of the 'unseen  
world' through the medium of the senses." But do  
we not obtain some knowledge of the "world of spir-  
its," which is what he refers to, when we behold, hold  
converse with in various ways, and actually hear,  
touch, are touched by the inhabitants of that world,  
and are confronted with various kinds of physical  
manifestations accompanied with an intelligence, that  
not only bears witness of itself—that it emanates from  
the world of spirits—but can, logically and rationally  
be attributed to no other source? At any rate such  
has been, and is the view of very many patient ex-  
plorers of this field of research,—men of cultured un-  
derstanding and more than the peers of the eloquent  
advocate, whose intuitive impressions and inward  
guesses cannot take precedence of the conclusions of  
careful, scientific investigations by men thoroughly  
capable of making such research. The demonstrated  
truths of spirit existence and manifestation, unfor-  
tunately, need constant vindication from such inexcus-  
sable assaults.

## ETHICS AND THE LIBERTY TO MAKE MONEY.

BY W. M. SALTER.

Ethics is essentially an ideal. What would it mean  
if practically applied to men's ordinary notions of  
freedom? "I have a right to make money as I please,  
so I do not lie or steal or abridge anybody else's free-  
dom to make money"—this seems to be the common  
opinion. But I cannot see that there is any such right  
and I do not believe that anyone who felt that the su-  
preme rule was to do good and not evil to men would  
claim it. A person with conscience will abridge his  
own freedom and will not engage in or ask to be pro-  
tected in any business which brings harm and degra-  
dation to men. It is no matter if men are indifferent,  
if they want that which will injure them, if they de-  
mand it; no man of conscience will give supply to that  
demand.

Had English merchants any right to demoralize the  
inhabitants of China by introducing opium there?  
Have the distillers of Hamburg, Amsterdam and our  
own country the right to flood South Africa with  
cheap, deadly rum and gin and brandy?—so that a  
chief in writing to a Christian bishop pathetically ex-  
claimed: "Barasa! barasa! barasa! [the name for rum]  
before God I declare, it has ruined our country; it has  
ruined our people very much; it has made our people  
become mad." I do not mean the legal right—for the  
great Conference of the Powers in 1885 decreed it, and  
free trade in rum is the curse of Africa; but the moral  
right, which can never be given by law and is itself  
the foundation of all law worthy of respect. No, there  
is no right, and none can be created, to harm the peo-  
ple.

All this applies to us as well. To take one illustra-  
tion (there may be others), there is no business which  
requires so much conscience, and which as frequently  
conducted seems to possess so little, as that of selling  
retail quantities of intoxicating drink. I do not go to  
the length of condemning it *in toto*; by no means do I  
say that a liquor seller must be a bad man. But in  
perhaps no other business recognized by law are the  
temptations so great, in the pursuit of no other calling  
is it so easy to become an enemy to our kind, as in  
this. Grant, if we will, that selling a moderat  
amount of drink to some persons may do no harm  
"the money" is often in selling an immoderate amount  
—and there are those for whom the least drop is t



what the  
fraternity,  
loyalty, kindness,  
character are—

these civil virtues all the various religious  
efficiently agreed. And these morals can be  
silly separated from all theological specula-  
dogmas and creeds. Instruction in one, and all  
se virtues, need never take the first step of  
on any sectarian, denominational, ecclesias-  
or theological domain,—on any religion which  
s the thread of speculative theory in it.

As our public schools are now managed, reading,  
writing, arithmetic, history, geography, geology, bot-  
ny, grammar, Latin—all purely intellectual studies,  
and well enough adapted to the development and dis-  
cipline of the intellectual sense, but bearing very little  
the culture of the moral sense, and the building of  
grand moral character, usurp almost entirely the time  
and energy of the pupils, and the efforts of the  
teachers. Is it any wonder that, notwithstanding all  
our schools, our land is so filled with thousands who  
are deficient in moral sense and moral stamina, and  
open, not only to the temptations, but also to the in-  
vasions of vice and crime? Let us remember that it  
is education that makes the man.

Charles Sumner said: "The true grandeur of hu-  
manity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened  
and decorated by the intellect of man." And Em-  
erson went so far as to say: "Morality is the object of  
government."

Let there be, then, deliberate and text-book instruc-  
tion in the morals in our public schools, in all those  
directions which affect citizenship,—a province wide  
and inexhaustible,—and let it be thorough and con-  
tinuous. The state has a perfect right to educate the  
moral, as well as the intellectual sense of its youth.

### CONSTRUCTIVE SPIRITUALISM.

By WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

There is an iconoclastic Spiritualism, and there is a  
constructive Spiritualism; with both I am in cordial  
sympathy. There is a cautious, discriminative Spiritu-  
alism, and there is an all-benevolent, quasi charita-  
ble Spiritualism, which takes in any and everything  
that calls itself Spiritualism; with both of these I am  
not in sympathy,—the first of the two being the one  
alone that commends itself to my judgment. To my  
mind, iconoclasm is as necessary in Spiritualism as  
is construction; but both require to be judiciously ex-  
ercised. It is necessary that the mass of theological  
dead-wood cumbering the field of rational thought to-  
day should be removed, ere the temple of spiritualistic  
truth can be upreared; and to do this, earnest, per-  
sistent work is needed, critical, expositive, and re-  
formatory. To demonstrate the rationality of the  
tenets of the spiritual philosophy, the irrationality  
of many of the elements of the popular faith must be  
established; and so iconoclasm and criticism, wisely  
handled, are often requisite preparatives for construc-  
tive spiritual work.

Careful discrimination is demanded alike in our  
tearing down and in our upbuilding. Coarse, crude  
criticism of that held sacred by those addressed may  
rather than attract the investigator of spiritual  
omena and philosophy; whereas a judicious, dis-  
criminative presentation of the errors and fallacies  
which we are desirous of overthrowing may be crowned  
with success. Still more careful should we be as to  
the character of that presented as a substitute for the  
old-time dogmas. To free the mind from one load of  
superstition and error, only again to fill it with an-  
other burden as far removed from truth as was the  
former one, is of scant benefit. It behooves us above  
all things else in spiritualistic propagandism, to be  
particularly careful as to our constructive work. Let  
our facts be sure, and our conclusions thereupon  
sound. Let us not jump to conclusions too readily.

It seems to me that, as regards practical construc-  
work in the world, Spiritualists should be doing  
more than they are at present. The spiritual philoso-  
phic inculcates unceasing beneficence, humanitarian  
philanthropic endeavor, the utilization and culti-  
on of all our mental and moral endowments; it

teaches us that our condition in the spiritual world is  
dependent upon our labors here in this world, that the  
more advanced we are intellectually and morally in  
this world, the higher, grander, and happier will be our  
estate in the next country. No other faith probably  
furnishes stronger incentives to moral, spiritual, and  
intellectual growth and progress, than that of the  
Spiritualists. Why, then, do we not more effectually  
embody in our life-walk, individually and collectively,  
the sublime principles of our philosophy and of our re-  
ligion? What a grand thing it would be for the world,  
and for Spiritualism, if the true, honest Spiritualists  
(exclusive, of course, of the pretenders, who use the  
sacred name of Spiritualism as a cloak for all crime  
and vice) would from this time forth exert all their  
efforts to live, each day, in full accord with the high-  
est precepts of the spiritual philosophy. Each one  
striving, so far as in him lies, to develop all the high-  
er elements of his nature, to do all that he can to im-  
prove the world, and to accomplish as much good as  
he possibly can in every direction that may be open to  
him. That is the practical Spiritualism that we need,  
and for one I would bless the day that witnessed the  
"materialization," in verity, of such a form of "Con-  
structive Spiritualism."

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

### THE JETSAM AND FLOTSAM ON THE CRESTED WAVES OF LIFE.

By C. G. ANDERSON.

Blighted hopes, once safely anchored by the chain  
of future possibilities and circumstances, apparently  
indicative of a useful and honorable life, are now  
scattered and sunk into utter oblivion through results  
of unforeseen events, leaving to the turmoil and strife,  
for a necessary existence, a being loth to finish a  
struggle, perhaps nobly begun. A little more cour-  
age and a little more ambition to prompt the efforts of  
the individual, it may be said, might have produced  
an entirely different outcome. True, but let us before  
judging too harshly, take an impartial survey of life in  
its manifold phases and, no doubt, our discrimination  
will lean to the side of forbearance.

The wreckage on the ocean's highway is caused, in  
too many instances, by direct neglect and carelessness,  
yet in a majority of cases by turbulent elements  
following out an ordination of nature's law. In human  
life, also, happiness is wrecked through neglect as  
well as folly, pride and indifference, and worst of all,  
wilful sin; still a large number of life's forsaken cast-  
aways can trace their down-fall to the self-ordained  
laws of formalities and customs enforced by society.  
On the deep and vast expansive ocean the jetsam and  
flotsam, that is, the parcels of cargo thrown by the  
board perhaps to save what is of more concern, the  
lives of passengers and crew, are looked for, and, if  
possible, recovered. How about the jetsam and flotsam  
cast upon the waves of life? Is the endeavor for their  
recovery such as to warrant the saying: "Are they  
lost?" In the mixture of life's dross and gold does  
not much of the latter become lost wreckage from the  
indifference on the part of those who thrust it away  
as all dross?

In the voyage of life there are many helping hands  
to save what comes within their reach; but how many  
are there not who, from avaricious ambition, crusty  
greed, grudging charity and an evil disposition, turn  
their backs on a fellow mortal who, with outstretched  
hands, asks their help? Then again, are there not  
others who, from sheer ignorance and an utter indif-  
ference to their surroundings, fail to see that which,  
to them as fellow-beings in existence, should at the  
very least receive a considerate thought?

Evil depravity and lustful sin are breakers which  
can be seen and avoided, yet the under-current of  
temptations, too strong for a weak mind, drags many  
on to moral destruction, and no effort, however stren-  
uous on the part of others, can save such from inevi-  
table consequences. Still it is not the necessities of  
life, or the smallest portions of any hoarded earnings,  
nor is it the doling out of so much of this and so much  
of that from a plenteously stocked larder to another  
in need and want, which constitutes the donor the  
saver of life's wreckage. The charity thus tendered,

whether prompted by a kind heart, or a heavy  
on the part of the giver to appear as a beneficent fac-  
tor among mankind, is not to be considered as the  
only help needed. No, far from it, that gift may  
be the much needed morsel which stimulatingly may  
send the fast-ebbing flow of blood coursing once  
again, with renewed vigor, through channels which  
supplies the human body with the essence of life, yet  
only, perhaps, for the renewal of another struggle and  
eventual failure.

Jealous envy and bigoted pride, always distrustful  
of advancement and progress, malicious hatred and  
unjust criticisms finding their vent by way of a slan-  
derous tongue, are insidious factors of opposition  
which make the efforts of those willing to do their  
share in the saving of life's wreckage, at times but a  
futile attempt, and society, encircled in the mantle of  
opulence and self-aggrandizement, is responsible, to a  
certain extent, for it all. Rid society of these evils,  
pluck from it the seeds which have their origin in the  
covetousness which lays the foundation for oppressive  
and grinding monopolies; endeavor to so mould it  
that honor and worth, not riches, intellects free and  
unprejudiced in concessions which lead to the accept-  
ance of what is, not what was, embodying sentiments  
stripped of sordid imaginations and superstitions,  
which derive their instillation from bigoted dogmas  
and beliefs, and the change will be such, that the sav-  
ing of life's wreckage will be multiplied a thousand  
fold.

### LOOKING FORWARD.

By WARREN CHASE.

The legal cure for existing evils is what I am looking  
for in the future. I see in a Boston paper a statement  
of the Adams Express Company's fifty years existence  
which began by Mr. Amri Adams going to New York  
with a satchel, as I have heard him relate. The paper  
says it employs 20,000 men and runs 25,000 miles of rail-  
roads, and pays handsome dividends on \$12,000,000 of  
capital—stock of course, and mostly made of water.  
Who pays these dividends? and what do the stock-  
holders do to earn them? and what is the utility of the  
corporation or its stock except to support speculating  
idlers and gamblers? The railroads can do all its business  
without increasing their watered stock. It should be  
legally closed up. The complete control by govern-  
ment of all corporate monopolies and the restriction  
of stock and the limit of dividends, is the only remedy  
I know of against trusts and oppressive monopolies.  
I would gradually repeal all laws for the collection of  
debts, beginning with the small ones by prohibiting  
the issue of process of collection as I once had it in a  
bill I presented in the Wisconsin State Senate, and I  
would stop all sales of homesteads on mortgage and  
ultimately prohibit mortgages of real-estate used for  
farms or homes of families. The ablest lawyers of  
Wisconsin approved of my bill to repeal all laws for  
the collection of debts, as I proved by the court rec-  
ords that the cost of suits for collection was greater  
than the judgments, many of which were never col-  
lected. It would be better for the government to fur-  
nish currency—legal tender—of National issue suffi-  
cient to enable the people to pay as they purchase, and  
put a stop to the ruinous interest on bonds and mort-  
gages that is impoverishing the farmers, who are paying  
from five to ten per cent, while the increase from labor  
and production is only about three per cent. If we  
only had a congress and legislatures to enact laws for  
the people instead of for monopolies we should soon  
be released from the trouble among laborers.

COBDEN, Ill.

### DREAMS.

H. Maurice, M. D., raises the question in the Sun-  
day *Globe-Democrat* as to how it happens that dreams  
sometimes reveal facts about which the dreamer knows  
nothing, and about which nobody else from a terres-  
trial standpoint could know anything. Dr. Maurice  
refers to the theory that such knowledge comes by  
spiritual communication, and to the assertion that no  
real revelation of facts ever does come in dreams. He  
thinks that psychical science is now too far advanced  
to warrant investigators in being satisfied with ei-

much; so that this kind of gain may freely grow and fatten on drunkenness. Hence, whether we go to the length of prohibition or not, (and I do not) I believe that we need a radical revision of the notion of a right to make money in our own chosen way and of the duty of the state to let us have our way without let or hindrance.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGES.

BY RICHARD HODGSON.

In THE JOURNAL of May 10th an account appears, entitled "Verification of a Spirit Message," from *Neue Spirituelle Blätter*. The reader should compare this case with the incident described in THE JOURNAL of April 26th, under the title of "Confirmation Still Wanted," with the editorial remarks thereon.

In both cases it appears that the name, date of death and other information concerning the supposed spirit were given through a medium, and the witnesses to the experience appear to regard the test as "a proof of the continued existence of man's spirit after the death of the material body." Now, I am far from asserting that the messages in question were not actual communications from spirits, as they purported to be, but we must keep clearly in view the fact that "proofs" of this kind are not such as will convince outsiders who are familiar with the more or less latent capacities of our own individualities. The experiences may possibly be accounted for, apart from "spirit-return," without supposing any dishonesty on the part of the mediums. In each case the medium may have previously received, consciously, the information given at the séance, and have lost it beyond any conscious recall to her waking state; or, on the other hand, the medium may have received the information given, without ever having been conscious, in the normal waking state, of having received it. The information when given at the séance, might then appear just as novel to the medium as to the rest of the sitters.

In an article which appeared in the April number of *The Forum* I quoted an interesting case which bears on this point. The case briefly was this: Mr. Z. was witnessing the trance writing of a Miss A. She wrote the name of Mr. Z.'s father, afterwards moved towards Mr. Z., drew her pencil several times rapidly across the two middle fingers of his left hand, then returned to her seat and wrote quickly, "Does this convince you?" Those two fingers had been cut off from the left hand of Mr. Z.'s father in his boyhood. Miss A. then wrote the name of a boy in Mr. Z.'s school, and described his being killed by running off an embankment when sliding down a hill, with other details. Now, this last incident had never occurred at all, and did not occur, but the boy, whose name was given, had, with other boys, coursed the hill mentioned, and Mr. Z. had worried over the matter, and was much relieved when school closed without an accident having happened. Mr. Z. states that neither his father nor the boy was in his mind at the time of their mention by Miss A.; and the incident strongly suggests that in both cases the information given by the medium was telepathically drawn from the store-house of Mr. Z.'s memories.

Again, let us take two cases given by Miss X. in her article on crystal-vision, in Part XIV of Proceedings of the S. P. R.:

"Here, for example, I find in the crystal a bit of dark wall, covered with white jessamine, and I ask myself, 'Where have I walked to-day?' I have no recollection of such a sight, not a common one in the London streets, but to-morrow I will repeat my walk of this morning, with a careful regard for creeper-covered walls. To-morrow solves the mystery. I find the very spot, and the sight brings with it the further recollection that at the moment we passed this spot I was engaged in absorbing conversation with my companion, and my voluntary attention was pre-occupied."

"It was suggested to me, one day last September, that I should look into the crystal with the intention of seeing words, which had at that time formed no part of my experience. I was immediately rewarded by the sight of what was obviously a newspaper announcement, in the type familiar to all in the first column of the *Times*. It reported the death of a lady, at one time a very frequent visitor in my circle, and very intimate with some of my nearest friends, an announcement, therefore, which, had I consciously seen it, would have interested me considerably."

I related my vision at breakfast, quoting name, place, and an allusion to 'a long period of suffering'

borne by the deceased lady, and added that I was sure that I had not heard any report of her illness or even, for some months, any mention of her likely to suggest such an hallucination. I was, however, aware that I had the day before taken up the first sheet of the *Times*, but was interrupted before I had consciously read any announcement of death. Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, with whom I was staying, immediately sought for the paper, where we discovered the paragraph almost exactly as I had seen it. We each recorded our own share in the circumstance and carefully preserved the newspaper cutting."

There are doubtless many readers of THE JOURNAL who are in the habit of receiving what they believe to be messages from their "spirit friends," and I am especially anxious to obtain accounts of instances where the proof of communication from some extraneous intelligence is much stronger than in the cases which I have referred to at the head of this article. I would suggest that those who believe themselves to be in communication with their "spirit friends" should ask those friends to assist them in establishing that they are what they purport to be, by tests which will compel the assent of skeptical investigators. For example, let them ask their "spirit friends" to communicate to them occurrences elsewhere which have just happened, and which by no possibility could be known to any of the members of the circle, with details rendering the account specific. Such occurrences might be the unexpected deaths of friends or relatives in other parts of the world, sudden calamities, etc., etc. The statements made through the medium, whether by speech in trance, or by automatic writing, or otherwise, should be carefully recorded at the time, and the signatures of the witnesses appended. Copies should be immediately sent to other persons before the verification of the message is known. Records of this kind would help to exclude at least some of the hypotheses, other than spirit return, which are at present applicable to such cases as I have taken for my text. I shall myself heartily welcome any such records. The verification should be substantiated also by the signatures of several persons who know of the occurrence to which the message relates. It is certainly the duty of all those who believe that their departed friends are still living and communicating with those on earth, to use the most strenuous efforts to obtain tests of the very highest quality, and I earnestly request the co-operation of the readers of THE JOURNAL that branch of our research which concerns most directly the spiritualistic belief.

5 Boylston Place, BOSTON.

MORAL CULTURE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY A. N. ALCOTT.

Perhaps there is no question at present agitating the American people more important, or more far-reaching in its consequences than what shall be the character of the instruction in our public schools. Wendell Phillips once said in one of his speeches: "Education is the only interest worthy the deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man." And Gay said:

"Impartially their talents scan,  
'Tis Education forms the man."

It seems to be unquestioned on all hands that a government which is shaped and administered directly, or indirectly by the ballots of the people at large, must rest for its secure and only foundation, on the intelligence and moral principles of that people. Only knowledge and fit character can rear and maintain such a political structure. The people are its source, its creator, and its providence.

Now, has the state the right to prescribe the conditions which it thinks necessary to its own existence, well-being and perpetuity, and to enforce these conditions on the people by law? If it has a right to exist, it has. This would seem to be axiomatic. And it would also seem to be axiomatic that morality among citizens is just as essential to the perpetuation of a free state as is intelligence. And the state is compelled to enter with its decisions this domain of morals to a certain extent. Because of its supreme right to live, and therefore, its right to determine the principles of morality by which it may, and can live, it will not permit the establishment of a religion, even, which in its own judgment is inimical to the first principles of morality. No plea of the right of private judgment in religion, nor of the right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of the private con-

science,

religion, or

mental principle

Mormonism, which has been believed in by men as any other religious faith, should be tolerated. It must be crushed out. The live; and it must, if possible, live well and happily.

Then since it does not seem possible, because of sectarianism, to teach religion in the public schools, why does not the state turn its attention to the instruction of its youth in good morals as far as it bears on the palpable duties of citizenship? A would it not go far to solve, satisfactorily to all, the present vexed question as to what shall be taught in the public schools? Religions are various; morals are one. Sectarian differences do not distract our view of the virtues. Instruction in morals would be a secular instruction. Morals concern the relation of man to man. Therefore, they are secular, and not spiritual. And secular knowledge may constitutionally be taught in the public schools. Webster's definition of politics shows that good morals are a part of good politics—"Politics—the science of government, that part of ethics (morals) which has to do with the regulation or government of a nation or state, the preservation of its safety, peace, and prosperity; the defence of its existence and rights against foreign control or conquest, the augmentation of its strength and resources, and the protection of its citizens in their rights, with the preservation and improvement of their morals." Now politics is not religion; but good morals is, by this definition, a part of good politics. Good politics is just what the state would do through the institution of the public schools. Public schools can formally teach morals, and not transgress their constitutional sphere. Morals are one; and as to them, I repeat, all classes of religious people can agree.

Now, my main point is this: There is no adequate—no competent—education, or development of the moral sense or moral nature of our millions of people in our common schools, to fit them properly for the duties of citizens, neighbors, and patriots. Is not this a condition that ought to be remedied? And especially, can it be remedied without infringing on any one's rights of religion. Whatever moral culture the pupil gets in the public school, he must get out of the air,—out of the general rules of behavior which are directed to the temporary end of order, and from the examples of his teachers and mates. He must wait till he enters college—if he ever enters there, for few do, comparatively speaking—to find a text-book on moral science or moral philosophy. And then he may possibly give to it a single term of study out of four teen years in the school-room. That very part the education of our youth which would contribute most largely to the order, perpetuation, and well-being of our Republic,—to its fraternity, pure ballot, to honesty and equity in business, to civility, charity, industry, deference, goodness, loyalty, dignity and patriotism,—is almost wholly neglected in our common schools; while a multitude of people expend volumes of energy in trying to maintain in them the superficial reading of scriptures, the repetition of perfunctory prayers, and the singing of hymns, as a substitute for formal and earnest instruction in morals. Such religious instruction is superficial, mechanical, and but a moment. No thought is awakened or stimulated on the deep problems of the moral life. No study is given them. The teacher is not permitted—so great is the jealousy—to be any guide. There must be neither comment, nor note. Everything in religion, and morals must be left to chance. Suppose the other text-books were used, and the other studies pursued in the same way. How much would the public schools be worth to us in any of their features? How much arithmetic or grammar or reading or writing or history or botany or geology or Latin would the pupils, on such a plan, know at the end of their course? Morals, on that side of them for which I am speaking, are secular and are one. All sects, all religions, and all men agree sufficiently as to what they are. What a pure ballot is, what honesty and rightness in business are, what patriotism and



these methods of disposing of the subject and here are the following:

Let us suppose without dispute that one per cent. of the cases of remarkable dreams or visions is true and correctly reported. We have the following possible solutions: (1) Some person out of the flesh, a spirit, with capacity for knowing facts which we do not possess, has made known to the dreamer what has been revealed. To this hypothesis we have the objections that it is not presumable that spirits, if they exist in other organic conditions, can know what we in our organic conditions can not discover; that if they do know, it is not presumable that they can communicate with us any more than butterflies can communicate with the worms out of which they are evolved. There is a begging of the question on either side in this case, and we still await a demonstration that the communications are truly from departed friends, and from no other source. (2) It is affirmed by others that we have quite too materialistic conceptions of the universe. We speak of and think of universal matter, but of universal mind we do not. Yet later philosophy is quite as positive in affirming the mentality of the universe as the materiality. It is therefore asked why we may not suppose our minds to be at times in such direct and absolute relation to universal mind that we feel and know as the universal mind does? In that case our knowledge would rise to the extra-natural from the material standpoint. But may we not by true choice, by true living, rise to a very large degree of this oneness with mind? or, as great religious teachers express it, "oneness with God," for what is God but the "all-mind in all matter?" Will any one therefore shrink back from the realized fact of the love of the father-soul speaking in and through our child-souls? I imagine Buddha came near some such idea when he sought to be absorbed in God. (3) The hypothesis remains that the conscious intelligent part of us learns much under certain conditions from the unconscious or subconscious part of our organism. All these functions of a human being which are now automatic were originally consciously intelligent. They are, in their present condition, the result of a long evolution of purpose. The automatic heart has a history very much like that of the hands of to-day. It was, and in lower organic creatures is yet, driven by conscious will. It follows that, although a large share of a human being, in organism and function, is now automatic, yet all that part is full of purpose, aim, wisdom. Does that wisdom always act automatically, or does it have at times another effect on our conscious nature? May not the conscious condition of our unconscious parts be revived under special conditions, so that the range of our perception shall be widened out to take in abnormally very much that it does not normally? It is a fact, for instance, that lower creatures can distinguish poisonous foods, and that they instantly reject the same. Is it quite certain that their powers, which are lost to us in a normal condition, may not be revived?

## A CITY AND A SOUL: A CHICAGO STORY

By SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

### CHAPTER IX.

A CAPRICE OF THE LAW.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Justin Dorman, a Massachusetts farmer's boy, whose life until his 21st year has been passed in uneventful quietude, is offered a clerk's position in the office of a Chicago uncle, Lawyer Thaddeus Fairfield, his mother's brother. In the excitement and emotion caused by his leaving home, he is led into a quasi-love affair with a neighbor's pretty seventeen-year old daughter. Just before reaching Chicago, he makes inquiries of two young ladies on the train, Chicago teachers, which leads to the giving to him some good advice by the elder of them. The finding of the body of a young girl in the lake, while waiting to go to his uncle's, leads to a chat with a Chicago reporter, a young man from Boston, Ernest Floyd. Justin drives to his wealthy relative's home, and is introduced by his uncle, a dignified but business-like man, to his cousins, Ferdinand, several years his senior, a stylish, good-natured club man, and Flossie, a freakish maid of eight years. He finds a boarding place with his uncle's chief clerk, Mr. Vane, an intelligent, kindly, quiet man, with a matronly common-place wife. Justin resents the business-like way he is treated by his uncle, but accepts an invitation to dinner at his home the following Sunday. His uncle's lady wife patronizes him. Flossie makes him tell about her father's boyhood, and he is shocked to find his uncle and aunt laughing over the former's broken engagement of marriage to the maiden aunt of the girl Justin is to correspond with. In the evening his uncle and Flossie take him on a long drive, giving a view of Lake Michigan, Sunday theatres and unending Chicago streets. The effect of Chicago environments soon has a transforming effect on Justin's simple, sincere, strong soul. A thousand influences begin to affect him in various ways. He finds through sermons, reading, and association with such young men as Floyd, (with whom he renews his acquaintance when the reporter comes to the lawyer's office to get points on a divorce case) that he has an individuality of his own, and interests in common with the world. The Presidential election of 1884 arouses an interest in politics. Desiring to study German, he joins an evening class, where he meets the pretty girl teachers whom he met on the train at his advent in Chicago. His German teacher, Prof. Meyer, a dreaming theorist, soon becomes strongly attached to him, and on Sundays they take long walks together and discuss the labor question and other social theories. He is invited by Meyer and his wife to Sunday dinners at their home, where he meets the young idyllic friends, and friendly relations ensue. He is particularly interested in the younger, Constance Garrow, who is a teacher of drawing, and is something of an artist. Meyer brooding over the labor problem becomes melancholy. Justin, having listened to harangues on the subject in the parks and elsewhere, begins himself to study matter seriously. At a chance meeting with Laura Delmarthe, Constance Garrow, in Lincoln Park, he is asked by them to help Meyer's mind from socialistic problems to other subjects. Justin explains his own position, and awakens their interest in labor reform. He spends the afternoon strolling over the

Park in their company, and while they are resting on seats near the Lake Shore drive, the family carriage of the Fairfields appears, within which are Justin's cousins, Ferdinand and little Flossie. Flossie insists on stopping to speak to Justin, and he takes occasion to introduce his companions to Ferdinand, who to his surprise recognizes Laura Delmarthe with evident emotion, and proposes to call upon her. After Ferdinand's departure Miss Delmarthe explains that although she had in former years been an intimate friend of his uncle's family, her father's failure in business, his consequent suicide, and the departure of herself and mother soon after to New York, had prevented correspondence between the families, and that after her mother's death, when dependent upon her own exertions for a livelihood, she had been offered a situation in a Chicago school, she had accepted it, but had not cared to renew any of her former Chicago friendships. She did not, however, inform Justin of the peculiar relationship between herself and Ferdinand. Constance Garrow knew of this, but understood that Ferdinand had not on his part attempted to keep up correspondence with her friend after her misfortunes. However, the facts were that he had written very ardently to her on the occasion of her father's death, but the letter had fallen into the hands of his mother, who destroyed it. So Laura had never known of it. Constance's mother was the Eastern friend with whom Laura and Mrs. Delmarthe had taken refuge in their trouble. The girls, at the time of our story, are both motherless, and teaching and boarding together on the North Side. The time of the opening of the following chapter is in the autumn of 1885, when the labor troubles and anarchistic agitation were at their height.

In November the German lessons were resumed. Julius Meyer's fine face began to look strangely careworn, and his manner became more nervous and melancholy. Justin learned from Laura that it was with difficulty that Pauline kept him to his engagements. At her suggestion he called on the Meyers more frequently, on evenings between the lesson nights. He tried at such times to turn his friend's attention to other subjects than his favorite one, with but little success. The woes of the workingman had taken such strong hold of his romantic and sympathetic nature that he seemed unable to think of anything else, or to see that his own wife was exerting herself beyond her strength with her day school, her housekeeping and the evening classes. From hints which he dropped it seemed to Justin as if Meyer were in possession of some secret which preyed upon his mind. At one meeting he would be wildly enthusiastic; at the next steeped in pessimism and deepest melancholy.

For Dorman at this time, though in no way had his material prospects brightened save in a small advance in wages, life was full of new significance. With his friend Floyd he had joined a club made up of a few earnest, thoughtful young men, the object being mutual improvement by reading the new books most widely discussed by the press, and afterwards holding debates as to their merits. This club, called "The Reading and Debating Club," held weekly meetings and began its sessions in October. Already at one or two meetings he had mustered up courage to express his opinion in the discussion and had surprised himself by his ability to speak without breaking down or becoming confused, and by the respectful attention his words received.

A contractor and builder whose workmen had struck for higher wages brought suit against some of them for conspiracy, charging that they had dissuaded and intimidated others from taking their places, and, thereby prevented his filing a contract, causing him to lose heavily. Mr. Fairfield was counsel for the prosecution. The papers had discussed the matter and Justin had become deeply interested in the case. He began to make furtive dips into the large law library in the office to see for himself whether the action of the workmen could possibly be construed into conspiracy. He did not think the law could be so unjust. He accordingly went to the office a little before time in the morning and gained Mr. Vane's consent to his remaining awhile after office hours, giving this time to looking up authorities on the subject in which he was helped by suggestions from Mr. Vane, whose sympathies, like Justin's, were with the workmen, the more so because the contractor was known as a hard man disliked by many.

Once or twice Mr. Fairfield came unexpectedly into the office while Justin was thus engaged. On such occasions he shut the book hurriedly and put it back half expecting a reprimand, but his uncle said nothing, only glanced at him with a wondering but not offended look. These dips into the law-books had a curious relish for Justin. He bought some second-hand volumes of Blackstone, Kent and Coke, and frequently read or consulted them for information at his home.

As his mental and spiritual horizon thus widened day by day, he looked back to all the previous years of his life with dismay, wondering how he had managed to be so happy in such ignorant torpor, though he had already begun to realize that the price of knowledge is intellectual unrest.

In the midst of so many causes of congratulation he was of late distinctly conscious of two sources of dissatisfaction. The first was his knowledge that his cousin Ferdinand called frequently upon Constance and Laura, for occasionally as he wended his way of an evening to Mr. Meyer's, he saw his uncle's single carriage, a vehicle kept chiefly for Ferd's use, at the curb of No. — where the friends boarded, or Ferd himself on the steps waiting admission. Besides his cousin had of late become very cordial and confidential

with him. He spoke often of the grace, beauty artistic talent of Constance, said that his mother, being called on her former acquaintance, Miss Delmarthe, had become interested in Constance, and given her an order for a picture or two. Justin remembered that when, soon after that accidental meeting in the park, he had spent one of his rare evenings at his uncle's, Mrs. Fairfield seemed very desirous to glean from him all the information he possessed regarding Laura and Constance. This, in Justin's mind tended to show that she feared the influence of such a very lovely girl as Constance upon her wayward son. The possibility thus suggested worried Justin, also, though not from the point of view which he fancied his aunt took—that Ferd might make a misalliance, but with his knowledge of his cousin's occasional dissipation, he felt concerned as to the future of that lovely girl who in his opinion was fit to be the wife of the best man on earth.

So much did this thought trouble him that he too occasion one evening when Laura came alone to the German class and they had a little music afterwards to hint to her, as he walked to her door, some of her perplexities. Laura looked very grave as he told the little he knew of Ferd's tendencies and his wife about Constance, but she only said: "I am glad you have mentioned this. Don't be troubled about Constance. I don't think she cares in the least for him. Do you then think him so bad?" she asked in a low voice.

"Oh dear no, not bad by any means, only he seems drifting without a purpose. He has too easy a time of it I think," replied Justin. "I really believe if he married some woman with a firm will of her own, a sensible and true as well as determined woman—like you for instance, Miss Delmarthe, it would be the making of him. But Miss Garrow is so different. She is some one to understand her and make things pleasant for her, not harder. You have taken such good care of her it would be a shame for any man to marry her and break her heart. She would never understand a man like my cousin as some other women would—see his really good qualities and make the most of them and a man of him. She would only break her own heart and do him no good."

Miss Delmarthe flashed a sharp glance at him, then seeming satisfied with her observation, said with a half smile: "You are getting to be quite an adept in the study of human nature, Mr. Dorman. I can repeat that you need have no fears regarding Constance—and now, good night."

As Justin took a Clark street car home, his conversation with Laura brought into his mind, his second source of worry—Lissa Vane's relation to her. He had been away from her now considerably over a year. In that time the world's front had changed for him entirely. In a moment of adventure he had been betrayed into folly, but he had never in the correspondence since, made any direct declaration; his letters to her were only feebly kind, but her letters to him were much more outspoken and he felt somewhat in honor pledged to fulfill her expectations. Of late every letter received from her gave him a feeling of annoyance and he hated himself because of the fact. With his intellectual awakening her letters showed him the deep gulf between them. Of late they appeared to him more than usually silly—and petulant, but he was dissatisfied with himself and wondered what Laura and Constance would think of him if they knew the facts. It was about the closing hour of the theatres when he reached Washington street. There was an unusually tempting programme at each of the leading theatres, McVickers, Columbia, Chicago Opera House, and others near Madison street, and hundreds flocking out from the plays, filled the horse cars. Justin after waiting to see three or four crowded cars pass him concluded to walk home. He paused at the Madison street bridge to note the weird effect upon the black depths of the river of the lines of light reflected from the various craft which dotted its bosom. While standing on the sidewalk of the bridge lost in thought, unheeding the passers by, suddenly his attention was arrested by the sound of a woman's heart-broken sobs, and some muttered but fierce oaths in a man's voice. Turning in the direction from which the sounds came, he saw that the sidewalk on that side of the bridge was nearly deserted save by himself and a man and woman, who stood some distance from him. The woman seemed to have been following the man, for he faced her as Justin turned to look, and struck her a blow in the face. Justin could not stand that, and as he ran toward them he heard the remark: "I'll have no dogging my steps; you go home and stay there or you'll rue it."

"Oh Jim" she sobbed, "I'll go this minute if you'll come too; think of the children!"

There was another word or two, then the brute suddenly caught the woman in his arms, crying "Down you, I'll drown you." He was short but muscular; she was rather tall and slender. She grasped the rail of the bridge with a scream; he struggled to throw her over, but the next moment Justin had hold of him with a vise-like grip. The man turned in mad

Justin, and the woman escaping, ran screaming like" at the top of her voice. The fellow clinched the young man and a scuffle ensued. Late as the night was, a crowd gathered suddenly as though it had sprung from the ground by magic, and before Justin realized the scene, he found his assailant pulled away from him and himself and the man under arrest; the policemen who won the glory of making the arrest, giving Justin a sharp blow with his club to enforce his authority. Justin's knowledge of the law caused him to submit quietly to this injustice, though he tried to explain matters to the officer; but his drunken assailant could talk faster and louder than he cared to, and the policeman bade them both "shut up," saying both would have a chance to explain in court in the morning.

"Why surely," cried Justin in horror, "You are not going to lock me up for keeping this brute from killing his wife?"

"I don't know anything about that. I found you two fellows fighting on the bridge and you've both got stay in the station to-night, and I want no more from either of you."

It was only a short distance from the station, but to Justin it seemed miles, and he pulled his hat well down over his eyes, hoping that no one in the crowd quickly gathered had ever seen him before. He did not then know that his salvation depended upon the thwarting of this wish. It was nearly midnight when he was locked in a cell dimly lighted from the corridors. His blood was at fever heat with indignation and shame and he did not think of sleeping and had he been ever so drowsy, the appearance of the bed offered to him would have chased away all desire for slumber; so he fancied then, but he had not fathomed all the depths of human misery, and did not know that there were men in Chicago that night who would have welcomed as a boon the bed that was so repulsive to him.

He sat on the edge of the iron bedstead thinking. He, Justin Dorman, the inmate of a police station, arrested for fighting! What would his uncle, what would his poor mother, what would Lissa,—and oh, what would his dear friends Constance and Laura think, if they should ever hear of this! And this outrage was committed in the name of law and order—just because he would not stand by and see a woman beaten and murdered. At this point in his thoughts, his brain became cooler, his anger went down a little. If it was all to be done over again, his conscience told him he would repeat the act. He had saved the woman's life at all events, and whether he was believed or not, even if he was to be eternally disgraced by the mistake of the law, he was glad that the opportunity to do good had been offered, and accepted. Then he felt ashamed of his own anger over the affair. It was his first genuinely altruistic act (he rather enjoyed this first use by him of this philosophical term) and was he to shrink like a coward from the pain which it involved? Never! And now his thoughts took a serener and sweeter turn, but still he could not sleep.

For some occult reason that night ruffianism and crime were rampant. Justin heard echoes of cells unlocked and locked, drunken shouts and insane laughter. He began to wonder whether he too were not out of his mind. Would morning ever come? What would Mrs. Vane think of his absence!

About two o'clock in the morning Justin was surprised by the opening of his cell door and the entrance of two policemen bearing the apparently lifeless body of a man, which they promptly deposited upon the bed.

"Good gracious," he exclaimed, "are you going to leave a dead man in here?"

They laughed. "Take it easy young man," one of the officers said, "this fellow is only dead drunk. He'll be all right in the morning. The cells are all full and you seemed to be our quietest customer to-night, so we thought we'd bring him in here. If he wakes up and bothers you, sing out, but I guess he's good for a nap till morning."

He went into the corridor and brought a lantern with him to enable him to get a good look at the new comer whose heavy breathing now told that he was quite alive. Justin was interested and drew near as the officer brought the light close to the sleeper's face. Good heavens! it was his cousin Ferdinand! He instinctively kept silent as to his discovery, and soon he was left alone with the sleeping man.

His own annoying situation was forgotten in the peril which threatened his aristocratic uncle's family. And then there was Constance! Through the vigil of several hours which followed, Justin did everything possible for his cousin's comfort and recovery, but it was not till six o'clock before he was fully aroused. Then he came in a thoroughly bewildered way at the bare door of the cell, at the hard bed, at the gratings of the door when at Justin.

"What in the Lord's name, cousin Justin, does this mean!" he asked as he sat up and passed his white hands through his bright golden curls.

Justin shame-facedly told him in the fewest words

possible how he was brought in, and also how he himself came to be arrested at an earlier hour.

"Heavens! what am I to do!" excitedly exclaimed Ferdinand. "If this gets into the papers, it will kill my mother. Father told me I'd come to this sometime, but I am really not to blame this time. I was drugged, I am sure, and see I have been robbed too," feeling in his fob for his watch which was gone. Then he discovered that his seal ring and pocket-book were also missing. He broke down utterly, and to Justin's dismay burst into tears. Justin comforted him as well as he knew how; he was greatly disquieted for his cousin as well as for himself.

Ferdinand in fact was still in a half-maudlin condition and encouraged by sympathy became extremely confidential. Justin's feelings may be imagined as his cousin entered, upon the history of his love for, and engagement to Laura Delmarthe, ascribing his fast habits to the breaking up of the match, and his consequent low spirits which craved excitement. Since meeting her in the park, when he felt all his old love revive, he had, he said, been haunted with the hope that she would once again care for him as in former years, but she would not listen to him.

At this point in his story Justin could not help exclaiming "Miss Delmarthe! Why I thought—I supposed it was Miss Garrow you cared for!"

"Miss Garrow! no indeed, tho' she's a mighty pretty little thing and has quite an artistic gift. I have made my admiration of art an excuse to see Laura the oftener. No, Justin, my boy, I don't know how it is; there is only that one woman in all the world for me! I can't explain it, but ever since she was a little girl she always held a wonderful influence over me. And if she would only marry me she could do with me what she pleased. She is such a fine woman you know, and has a way of saying things that makes a fellow think. My mother is dead set against her because she is poor now, although, she knows that when we first knew the Delmarthe's, her father could have looked down on me for the same reason; but he didn't. He was a good fellow, Delmarthe, and when he knew I was engaged to Laura he treated me in a very fatherly fashion. Oh, if I had only been at home when the crash came, and he killed himself, everything would have turned different! Laura would have been my wife now with no danger of my getting into such a scrape as this."

He paused a moment ruefully, then went on a little resentfully. "How she can be so hard on me now, I don't know. She really is to blame for this affair, for I sent a note to her a day or two ago, enclosing theatre tickets for herself and friend and asking permission to accompany them. But she sent them back with a few frigid words that so disheartened me that I asked a few fellows to go to the theatre with me to-night; and when we came out we had a supper and then a game of billiards and I was introduced to a fine appearing chap in the billiard hall who said he knew of a cozy parlor on West Monroe street where we could have a quiet game of cards. I had drunk enough to be a little reckless, so I went with him. Everything looked all right. We drank some wine and smoked and played one game, I remember, but don't know who won,—and the next I knew I was here!"

The late December dawn was stealing over the city as they talked. Some plan must be adopted—both decided—by which Ferdinand's name should be kept from being recognized, but what that way was did not at once appear. At an early hour some one called at the station to inquire for Justin, and heartily glad was he to find it was his friend Floyd, the reporter.

"How did you know I was here?" asked Justin surprised.

"Why, I was just at the end of the bridge, on my way home from a reception, when the woman broke away and ran. I had just discovered it was you who saved her; and as I know the tricks of these people and the probabilities that you might be arrested, I ran on after her and caught up with her just as she turned off Market street to Adams. I made her give me her name and address with the alternative of going into custody and ordered her to report here at the opening of court this morning; so you'll be all right."

Justin was profoundly grateful to his friend for his foresight. Then after consulting with Ferdinand he took him into counsel in regard to his cousin's case. To their surprise he burst into a laugh. It struck him as a ludicrous coincidence that the cousins, so far apart in life should have been brought to one common level in a Chicago Police Station; but seeing their anxious faces, he sobered up instantly and thought a moment.

"Have they got you booked under your own name?" he asked Ferdinand.

"Not unless Justin here gave me away when they brought me in," he said.

Justin assured him that he had not appeared to recognize him, and Ferdinand gave him an appreciative look.

"Well, have you any money with you?"

"No, I was drugged and robbed, but don't want

any inquiry made about that—all I want is to keep folks from knowing of this."

"But won't the officers know and make a stir about the robbery?" asked Justin.

"Not if there is refusal to make complaint, I think," said Floyd.

"I have twenty dollars," said Justin, "will that be any good?"

"That will be plenty," said Floyd, "I'll be back soon—and I think I can manage that his fine will be paid and he need not appear." He went out and after a brief absence returned and said it was all right. The court would soon convene when Ferdinand's case would be called and disposed of. Later, Floyd went out and called a cab into which Ferdinand rushed hurriedly and was driven to a quiet hotel from which he did not emerge until he was "himself again."

When Justin's name was called, the wife of the ruffian did not appear, but Floyd's testimony, with the address given by the wife which her husband acknowledged was correct, made the case clear as to Justin's part; the other was remanded until the wife could be brought into court as a witness. Floyd became surety for Justin's appearance when needed.

The following day as Mr. Fairfield came into the office he looked frowningly at Justin, and a few moments later sent word to him to come into his private room.

"What does this mean, sir," he said, pointing to a paragraph in a morning paper in the report of the cases tried before Justice—the day previous, which spoke of Justin Dorman's arrest for assault. Justin gave his uncle the facts and referred him to Floyd as witness. Mr. Fairfield's frown relaxed slightly, but his voice was still stern as he asked:

"Did you mention that you were in my employ or that I was your relative?"

"No sir," said Justin, with dignity. "On the contrary, I made some sacrifice to keep the Fairfield name out of the police court records."

"That was right," remarked his uncle in mollified tones. "My name has never been smirched in that way and this report annoyed me very much. Better not be so chivalric, young man; that sort of people are entirely competent to fight their own way."

Justin made no reply. He felt too angry and hurt to speak, knowing that but for his efforts and reticence, the "Fairfield name" might have been smirched worse than his own.

Two or three days later Ferdinand came up to him and handed him the amount he had let Floyd have on his behalf, grasping his cousin's hand warmly as he did so, saying, "You're a good deal more of a man than I am. I felt like a cur when the old man told me yesterday what he said to you about your affair. I think I must confess by and by when the thing has blown over a bit."

"It doesn't matter," replied Justin. "You have your family, and Miss Delmarthe to consider."

"Oh, if it hadn't been for them I would not hesitate. I may see my way clear later."

"I suppose," said Justin, with some hesitation, "that you will take care now not to put yourself in a way to have that experience repeated."

"I should think so!" he answered with emphasis.

Fortunately no one else interested noticed the item. Justin told the whole story frankly to Mr. and Mrs. Vane and they were very indignant over his arrest.

(To be continued.)

A correspondent of the *Christian Union* give the following specimen of plantation songs to which he listened in Southern Florida:

"Oh, Lord, Daniel, gim me the eagle wings!  
Oh, Lord, Daniel, gim me the eagle wings!  
I'm goin' to wear my starry crown,  
I'm goin' to wear my long white robe,  
I'm goin' to wear my golden band,  
I'm goin' to wear my golden slippers.  
I'm goin' to rock, Daniel,  
I'm goin' to shout, Daniel,  
Oh, Lord, Daniel, gim me the eagle wings!"

"They crucified my Saviour, and nailed him to the cross,  
And the Lord will bear my spirit home.  
He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead,  
And the Lord will bear my spirit home.

Mary, she came a-running in the town of Bethlehem,  
And the Lord will bear my spirit home.  
He rose, he aose, he rose from the dead,  
And the Lord will bear my spirit home.

The sepulcher could not hold Him, nor death's iron band  
And the Lord will bear my spirit home.  
He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead,  
And the Lord will bear my spirit home."

"Bile the cabbage down,  
Bile the cabbage down.  
Look here, gal, don't cut no fool,  
But bile the cabbage down.

Turn the hoe-cake round,  
Turn the hoe-cake round.  
Look here, gal, don't cut no fool,  
But turn the hoe-cake round."



## REPRESENTATIVE EXPRESSIONS.

From R. Heber Newton, D. D.

MY DEAR COLONEL BUNDY: I am very much pleased to hear of the new spring dress in which THE JOURNAL is to appear. It deserves the best clothes that it can have. May it prove so much more attractive in its new form as to win the hearts of hosts of fresh readers.

The sense of its vigor and ability and honesty and earnestness, grows upon me with deepening acquaintance. It ought to have the most generous support of those who are thoroughly converted to the faith which it represents. It will be a burning shame to the cause for which it has battled with such magnificent bravery, if it does not receive widespread, persistent, enthusiastic, co-operation and support in carrying forward its high mission. I watch with habitual amazement the tardiness of the great host of those who are thoroughly persuaded of the faith which THE JOURNAL represents, and who do not seem moved by that faith to hold up the hands of the man who has done more to purify this faith and make it reasonable and believable by the American people than any other man living. Yours, very cordially,

R. HEBER NEWTON.

GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

From Miss Frances E. Willard.

WORLD'S AND NATIONAL WOMAN'S  
CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.  
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT.

COL. JOHN C. BUNDY. DEAR BROTHER: You have a very taking new "head," quite unique and harmonious in its aspect, and you are the ablest editor of a psychical paper that has been developed on this planet. You do not shun to declare the whole counsel of this inchoate science, so far as you understand it. In the pulverization of shams you are an expert as pronounced as Edison is in electricity. No honest student of the unknown, which constitutes the larger part of this universe, can fail to be thankful that you have lived and worked. Whatever anybody may say about it, everybody with a head on his shoulders or heart in his breast is interested in such work as you are doing. As you know, I am a Methodist sister, have been since I was twenty, and shall be during the remainder of my pilgrimage; but I see no harm, on the contrary, find much good, in traveling about like a bumble-bee who visits every flower and carries all the honey he can get back to his hive. Beautiful and holy truths I have found in the realm where you are a master, and I cherish these, and am grateful to those who have pointed out to me and others their location.

With kindest remembrance to that noble wife who has stood beside you always so loyally, and best wishes for your work, I am,

Ever yours sincerely,

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

EVANSTON, Ill., May 16, 1890.

From Rev. Minot J. Savage.

MY DEAR COL. BUNDY: In THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for March 15, you announce that the twenty-fifth anniversary of THE JOURNAL occurs in May.

Now, though it be in ever so fragmentary a fashion, I want to take part in the celebration of this anniversary. I have no time to say much, but I want to say that I am glad the paper is so old and so young.

Two points I wish briefly to emphasize: 1st. No conceivable subject is of more importance than that for which THE JOURNAL stands.

2nd. No paper in the country stands for it in a braver, clearer, nobler way.

As to the first point, the attitude of the ordinary orthodox public is a curious one. People say they believe, and yet, in times of loss, they act as if they had no hope at all. I was talking the other day with a gentleman whose name is known in two hemispheres. Said he, "They don't believe." He was wishing for light. At any rate, the only people I meet who have really conquered death are the ones who have the hope that inspires your own work.

Then, while these "religious" people claim to believe, they at the same time bitterly oppose all idea of proof. They say that similar things once happened, but decline to accept all modern "revelation" even on evidence much better than any they have for the asserted ancient facts.

No thoughtful person can think otherwise than that this question—as to the destiny of man—is the grandest one that can engage human thought.

As to the second point, I only wish to add my testimony to the earnestness, the firmness, and the thoroughness of your work. I wish THE JOURNAL to the same high level; and I fight the good fight for honesty and

the only method that can ever reach and convince rational men.

Wishing you and THE JOURNAL long life and all prosperity, I am heartily yours,

M. J. SAVAGE.

\* BOSTON, April 26, 1890.

From H. W. Thomas, D. D.

MY DEAR FRIEND BUNDY: This is a world of effects, as well as of causes. Whilst it is true that "truth springs up from the earth," it is also true, that "righteousness looks down from above." Inspiration is continuous; great truths come to the world now as they did in the ages past; and hence there is not only growth of knowledge, but increase by influx.

In some such way can we best account for the great movement of Spiritualism in the last half century. No one was looking for it or expecting it; unannounced, it came; not as something new, for its doctrines are as old as the Bible; but still new to the present age. And it came opportunely, or just at the time when the greatest material success of man was turning his thoughts to the earth-side of existence.

That Spiritualism has a mission, no thoughtful mind can question; and that there are back of it, and within it, great truths, is not less certain. Nor should it be thought strange that its real meanings and significance have been often misunderstood, and even perverted to the low ends of ambition and gain. In this it but repeats the history of all great movements; and it is precisely here, that THE JOURNAL has been the living prophet to rebuke the corrupt priests who have sought to make merchandise of its sacred altars.

In doing this, you have had a most difficult task; for he who attempts to criticize and purify the teachings and practices of a sect of which he is one, and a leader, must expect to be misunderstood and abused, and if it were possible, cast out as an enemy of the cause he is trying to serve. But in your noble work of exposing the false and standing for the true, you have had the sympathy not alone of the Spiritualists who could appreciate your motives and sacrifices, but of the great unprejudiced public; and THE JOURNAL has won the high distinction and praise of standing fearlessly for the truth and the right; and its many friends rejoice in its well-deserved success.

When a paper has held its ground for a quarter of a century, and through such varying fortunes as have come to THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, its position is well assured. The higher interests of life must always lie on the side of the spiritual; and more and more will this be realized in coming years; for the greatest revelations of the near future are to be in man himself, and of his wonderful powers as a spirit, and the consciousness that he is now immortal. In this larger field, I wish for you and your excellent paper, increasing success and usefulness.

Affectionately,

H. W. THOMAS.

CHICAGO, May 15, 1890.

From Prof. James, of Harvard.

DEAR COLONEL BUNDY: It gives me great pleasure to hear that you are about to change the form of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. It ought to be of a shape better suited for preservation and binding, since it nearly always contains matter which I, for one, desire to keep. You have fought a good fight all these years, and I rejoice to believe that you are at last reaping some of the fruit of it in the more solid place which your paper holds in the land. I wish you God speed, and many years of future activity on the lines which you have so well laid down. Cordially yours,

WM. JAMES.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., May 11, 1890.

From Prof. Elliott Coues.

It is pleasant to be a wedding guest, and especially to be bidden to a silver wedding, as I understand THE JOURNAL's to be, now that it has for a fourth of a century joined religion with philosophy in bonds of an enduring spiritual marriage. I congratulate the editor on a union not less rare than fruitful, whose good results seem likely to be permanent. The present seems an auspicious time to don a new dress, like the *toga virilis* put on in classic times in token of accomplished manhood. THE JOURNAL's courage and candor, as they are beyond cavil, so also are they beyond encomium. With strength born of trial, and wisdom of experience, THE JOURNAL may fix its eyes upon yet another—even that golden wedding, which most of us will not live to see. There is in this as in all other civilized countries a body of thinkers, already large

and always increasing, whose names are as various as their casts of thought. I need not recount them; some are wiser than others, some otherwise; some seem steadily progressing along the right lines of human evolution; some diverge with varying degrees of obliquity; and some fly off at a tangent to cyclical revolution; some turn the crank of the world handily, while others are broken on the wheel of fate. But with whatever divergencies and cross purposes, all such persons have this in common: They do their own thinking, and put their thoughts in action. Nobody can tell what will happen when the great God lets loose even one thinker upon the world (here Emerson speaks), but most real thinkers come to this common end, namely: they turn with equal alacrity from religious credulity and scientific incredulity. Orthodox superstitions they venerate no more than the cat mummies of Bubastis, now sold by the ton for guano in a spirit of modern commercial enterprise; while the embalming process to which modern materialistic science would subject the dead body of their dearest hopes does not strike them very favorably. There must be some "better way"—some "golden mean" which vexes the soul less, which puts a man more in touch with his environment, which lets him live in peace and die in hope. That way no human perversity can discover, when its will is set up in opposition to any law of nature, perfect obedience to which is the highest part of an intelligent human being. And I think that way lies plainest and straightest before those who submit alike their individual wills and their wishes to the touchstone of the "greatest good to the greatest number," and who order their lives accordingly.

Let every one who thinks for himself consider how far the results of his thinking tend to the good of others,—and most of our differences would be harmonized.

Wishing you all good things, I am, with respect,

Sincerely yours,

ELLIOTT COUES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 20, 1890.

From E. P. Powell.

I shall be delighted at every sign of progress, external or internal, made by THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. You have done bravely in a way that any honest man may envy. Personally I have to thank you for ridding me of the—to be sure irrational—prejudice that prevented a first examination of Spiritualism. I am now at last sure of the phenomena that underlie your philosophy, and am confident that we shall enter the twentieth century without a shred of materialism left among scientific investigators. Whether the phenomenal do not imply and prove something far wider than intercourse with spirits, is still a question with me. Cordially yours,

E. P. POWELL.

CLINTON, N. Y., May 10.

From M. C. C. Church.

DEAR FRIEND: When I met you two years ago in your office in Chicago by appointment of a mutual friend, I little dreamed that I was in a sense, to be a sharer with you in the grand work then discussed. You laid your plans before me and asked for my co-operation. Although at the time I was mentally suffering from the most painful psychic experience of my life I promised to give you my cordial co-operation in the work proposed. I say nothing of the part I have taken in this work. I simply desire to add a few words to the many now coming to you from all parts of the world—words of cheer and hope—words, not empty sounds, but filled with the heart's affectionate sympathy and the greeting which your noble work shares at their hands. It is a grand tribute to the brave, unselfish man who cannot be bought, brow-beaten, or deceived in the chances of life which wreck so many. The servant has been tried, found faithful, and is now entrusted with the grander work of leading others into the higher realms of spirit—into a true spiritual life.

You and the dear friend who brought us together often call me your new found "Mystic." I plead guilty; but do you know it is this very mysticism—I call it Spiritualism—that is to make THE JOURNAL's work distinctive; is to discretize its work from the ordinary spiritism which is only the first step in the realization of that life which makes a man true to himself, his God and his fellows? Spiritualism taught me, nearly forty years ago, that there dwells in the heart of every man the Infinite Likeness—the Word—in which or by which God reveals himself to the human soul as the All-Father and that this One-ness of Presence is the Soul which unites all humanity as one. Is not the all

of Christianity, Theosophy, includes both—Spiritualism. Into this simple statement? THE JOURNAL's creed gives expression to thought. It is a source of congruity that with the end of the old cycle of materialism we mount the new rung of ladder with the same old faith—broadly clarified and adapted to the wants of the present. With THE JOURNAL as a for the radiation of the sun of the day we can go on and gradually draw together those of a kindred faith and create a body in which and through which the spirit of truth can quicken and enlighten the millions. God speed your work. Your co-laborer and friend,

M. C. C. CHURCH.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

From Mrs. F. O. Hyzer.

BROTHER BUNDY: It will always afford me the truest pleasure to do anything in my power to promote the influence of THE JOURNAL in its noble service to humanity. It has come to seem to me a living personality,—an earnest, consciously present laborer in the cause to which the best years of my life have been ceaselessly devoted. I trust you will remain in the external form to see it moving on in its rapid course when another twenty-five years have been added to its present temporal age. In its soul-inspiring labors of construction it shall prove as successful as I have been in the less attractive, but not less important work of preparing the foundation for the building of the "City of our God," in which there shall be no more night and no more tears, since the visible presence of Omnipotent Love shall "illuminate" ever, then the truest love for it no diviner benediction.

I think I have before informed you that since the awakening to consciousness of my arisen daughter, there has been no day allowed to pass in which we have not held personal and direct communion. Her messages are as sure as her love is faithful. She is my constant companion, teacher and counsellor, and no question of inter-spherical science and philosophy am I capable of asking which she has not ever proved herself capable of throwing a still higher light upon than to my perceptions ever shone upon it before.

Yours most faithfully,  
F. O. HYZER.

RAVENNA, Ohio, May 30, 1890.

From W. W. Currier.

TO THE EDITOR: In my opinion, the liberal thinker and true Spiritualist have great reason to be thankful for the noble stand not only taken, but maintained by THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL during its twenty-five years of spiritualistic labor, ever ready to defend a "place" true mediumship in the front ranks, and always ready to use the pruning-hook upon those enemies of purity and true manhood and true womanhood,—the simulators and dishonest mediumship. While your correspondent would not be unmindful of your predecessor and the noble work performed by him in the interest of spiritualistic unfoldment of the nations of earth's people during his lifetime, he would congratulate the Editor-in-chief and the companion of his life, who has shared the battle side by side with him, in heat and cold, prosperity and the seeking darker hours for the years. That the good angels will their help in all and every honest yours to evolve a purer and better spiritism, no one need for one moment question and as THE JOURNAL starts out on its mission of a century under new and more pleasing form and dress, that it may receive the sustaining influence it so richly deserves, is the honest wish of

Yours fraternally,

W. W. CURRIER.

HAVERILL, Mass., May, 1890.

MATTER.\*

By B. F. UNDERWOOD.

The majority of the people think I know a great deal about matter. They name its so-called properties and qualities never doubting that they are describing external substance as it exists *per se*, in the different ways in which their consciousness is affected by a reality of ultimate nature they know nothing imagine that outward things are mirrored by the senses, and that exactly what they seem to be. That to us matter is a congeries of qualities,—weight, resistance, extension, that these words imply and describe own conscious states, and the effects of

itself,—and they are utterly unperceived what you mean. The less true that mind and form are a synthesis, and neither can be perceived without the other. We are led to think of mind in terms of matter and matter in terms of mind. The softness and softness (resistance) for which we ascribe to matter are the substantial form in which we are compelled to represent mind is necessarily material. Every perception, every sensation, implies a sensitive organism and an external reality acting upon the organism; in other words, two factors, without either of which sensation is inconceivable. This is what Aristotle meant when he described sensation as "the common act of the feeling and the felt." Without the living organism what are sound, color, fragrance, hardness, softness, light and darkness, or any of the so-called secondary qualities of matter? Can there be sound without an ear to collect and transmit the vibrations to the acoustic nerve, or to use a materialistic terminology, can be assimilated and transformed by the mysterious process into sensation, or are they can be so modified that the ion, in its subjective aspect, becomes sensation we call sound? Without an ear can there be luminous light? There must be both vibrations of air and acoustic nerve to have sound, undulations of ether and retinal sensibility to have emanations of particles and an olfactory nerve to have fragrance, and external objects and nervous sensibility to have hardness or softness. Vibrations of the undulations of ether, emanations of light may all exist in the absence of a but what are sound and hardness but sensations? And of the external factors mentioned, what do we know, except in connection with the subjective factor? We need not pursue these reflections far to become convinced of the truth of Tyndall's remark that "matter is essentially transcendental in its nature." By psychological analysis, our conceptions of matter are reducible to sensation. "The common act of feeling and the felt,"—and this is what Melan meant when he said of matter, "It is a *je ne sais quoi*, which melts within my hands as soon as I press it." Let no one imagine that these facts give any support to the theory that there is no objective reality, and that everything reveals itself into the various states of the conscious subject. The doctrine of the relativity of knowledge, as Kant and Spencer have shown, leads logically to the conclusion, in accord with the universal reason and common sense of mankind, that there is something beyond consciousness that, in co-operation with the organism, produces the sensations of which we are conscious. What is the externality? What can be affirmed of it? We turn to the great philosopher Kant, and he tells us that knowledge of the object unmodified by the subject, can never be known, since subject and object co-operate in every act of cognition; and that "though the existence of an external world is a necessary postulate, its existence is only logically affirmed." "As well might the bird when feeling the resistance of the air, wish that it were *in vacuo*, thinking that then it might fly with the greatest ease." And Spencer: "The antithesis of subject and object, to be transcended while consciousness, renders impossible all knowledge of Ultimate Reality in which subject and object unite." Mr. Fiske declares that we cannot identify it with mind "since we know as Mind is a series of phenomenal manifestations," nor with Matter since what we know as Matter, is a series of phenomenal manifestation. Thus is Materialism included in the same condemnation with Idealism." What is the Ultimate Reality that produces in us co-existent or different states of consciousness, that is presented to us under the forms and appearances of space, matter, force, time and motion? Who can tell?

The Index (Boston) January 8, 1885.

#### TRANSITION OF MRS. O. J. ALBEE.

By Mrs. ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

The connection between the seen and the unperceived worlds is continuous; changes, mutations are the order of universal things—the flow of spiritual intelligences from the lower spheres is as steady as the currents of the sea. One by one the family circles melt into invisibility, draw us irresistibly to the contemplation of the central truths of being, receptively we are prepared for the supreme moment of a loved one's transition.

The screen which separates the two states of being becomes diaphanous—the countenance of the dying reflects the glory-light of awaiting angel hosts, and through our streaming tears we catch a glimpse of Heaven's joy!

On May 2nd Mrs. O. J. Albee, of Santa Clara, slipped from the sheath of suffering flesh, and was clothed anew in garments of immortality. At the height of her intellectual power and usefulness, the physical organism gave way, and after three years of suffering, (during which period she continued, by sheer force of will, the oversight of large business interests), she left her lovely earth-home for a "mansion not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Mrs. Albee was an almost worshipped wife and daughter, widely known as a successful business woman, active in all good work and a member of many charitable societies. Her life radiated goodness, and she will be greatly missed in this community. The truths of Spiritualism were not made clear to her mind until the last weeks of her illness, when she began to see the angel friends who came to administer strength and comfort. Gradually, like the coming of the dawn, the psychic side of nature shone through the material environment, and a wordless revelation of eternal verities dispelled all doubts and fears, and sweet expectations soothed the pain of mortal partings. Her mother, Mrs. Bicknell, at the moment of her daughter's passing from the body, was herself almost transfigured by an influx of spiritual power, under which she poured forth a prayer of hope and resignation, which will be long remembered. On Sunday, May 4th, a large concourse of friends assembled at the Albee residence to pay a last tribute to the noble woman and sympathize with her bereaved family. Earth, herself, seemed newly born that day, in her flowing robes of fragrant grasses and fine embroideries of flowers! The sky an unclouded sapphire, and sweet, "pacific" winds swept softly through wide-spreading trees that sheltered the so lately happy home, while from a thousand feathered throats poured forth delicious music. On such a day, amid such surroundings, it was not difficult to believe the words of hope, faith and bright prophecy spoken above the outward sign of death. We felt the Heavens' blessed overflow; Nature seemed indeed our provident mother, and God's tenderness was made palpable. A fine quartette sang three appropriate hymns, and the inspired services, conducted by the writer, closed with the following impromptu lines:

The tide of life sweeps bright, and strong  
Around our dear, old world to-day,  
And breaks in gentle waves of song  
Above this fragile form of clay.

And God's love glows in every beat  
Of mighty Nature's loyal heart,  
And breathes its benedictions sweet,  
In haste to soothe the grief's burning smart.

The flowers' tender hands have brought,  
As friendship's fragrant offering,  
In silence teach the sacred thought  
That life from death doth ever spring.

And what the flowers teach is true:  
Death is the Spirit's glad New Year,  
And dear ones lost to mortal view  
Have passed into a higher sphere.

As from the pearl-like eggs unfold  
The winged creatures of the air,  
So from the human form, now cold,  
Was birthed a being far more fair!

And when from death's mysterious trance  
She woke in joy, from suffering free,  
She learned that law, not idle chance,  
Had given her immortality.

And now a song of gratitude  
Is on her smiling angel lips,  
To God, the Universal Good—  
For death's divine apocalypse.

Rejoice with her, oh, loving friends,  
And let your lives so noble be,  
That when your earthly sorrow ends  
You'll meet her in eternity!

There is no dark dividing line  
Between the earth and realms above;  
All are embraced in life divine,  
And bound together by God's love.

And dear ones whom you sadly miss,  
Drawn by your longings, doubts and fears,  
Oft leave their brighter homes for this,  
To give you strength and dry your tears.

Take courage, then, all ye who grieve,  
And let your hearts be comforted;  
Look up! Be brave, and oh, believe  
There are no lost, there are no dead!

SUNNY BRAE, Cal., May 6, 1890.

Perhaps 'twill be, our present thorns  
Will yield sweet roses by-and-by  
To bud and bloom and shed perfume  
Beneath some more congenial sky.

Perhaps our disappointments sore  
Have all for us appointed been,  
To shape our course, which else were worse,  
By loving friends of ours unseen.

—BRIAN O'BRIAN.

## WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

### I WILL BE WORTHY OF IT.

I may not reach the heights I seek,  
My untried strength may fail me;  
Or, half-way up the mountain peak,  
Piercing tempests may assail me;  
But though that place I never gain,  
Herein lies comfort for my pain—  
I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success,  
Despite my earnest labor;  
I may not grasp results that bless  
The efforts of my neighbor.  
But though my goal I never see,  
This thought shall always dwell with me:  
I will be worthy of it.

The golden glory of love's light  
May ne'er fall on my way;  
My path may always lead through night,  
Like some deserted by-way.  
But though life's dearest joy I miss,  
There lies a nameless joy in this:  
I will be worthy of it.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

### CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

Upon the walls of the office of Mr. J. H. McVicker, the veteran theatrical manager of Chicago, may be found some curious reminders of the past. Among these is a framed play-bill of the date Feb. 26, 1875, which announces the last two performances of Charlotte Cushman. Both entertainments closed with the popular comedy of Simpson & Co. "How did you come to play with Miss Cushman in 'Simpson & Co.?' asked a Tribune reporter of Mr. McVicker.

"It was at my request," was the reply, "that she appeared as Mrs. Simpson—a character which afforded a remarkable contrast to Lady Macbeth and showed Miss Cushman's great versatility. In consenting to assume the role she made it a condition that I play Mr. Simpson. I tried to beg off, but she insisted; so I played it then for the first time in my life. Since then I have appeared in the part with other actresses.

"Americans are justly proud of the life of Charlotte Cushman," continued Mr. McVicker, "and no apology is needed for a resume which will keep her fame and her virtues fresh in the minds of the coming generation. The great women who were her contemporaries have left memorials in their works. George Eliot's voice is still heard in the 'choir invisible' and George Sand's sorrows still appeal to the world in the pages of her books. Charlotte Brontë's reputation is growing. Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning is doubly happy, her name being linked with that of Robert Browning in a marriage of immortality. But the generation that knew Charlotte Cushman is rapidly passing away, and with it what is substantial in her fame. The works of poet and novelist will descend to posterity, but Charlotte Cushman will be a memory and a shadow.

"Yet while she lived her greatness was beyond that of her sisters in other arts. They had rivals; competitors, even superiors. She had none. They tasted but gingerly of the world's applause; she drained the brimming goblet. As her glory was greater than theirs, so too was her suffering. Poverty was her nurse, and sleepless toil her companion. Lavish as were the laurels that she won, her deserts were beyond them, and she honored her profession more than it could honor her. The admiration which her countrymen expressed for her genius was exceeded by the respect they felt for her worth. Such a life as her's it cannot be mere idleness to review."

Charlotte Cushman was descended from Puritan stock, being the eighth generation removed from Robert Cushman, preacher, who came over in the Fortune from England in 1609. She was born in Richmond street, Boston, July 23, 1816. Curiously enough, the city of her birth was, during the larger part of her career, indifferent and even cold to her. When more than half a century afterward she returned to Boston to die, she said, with sadness, "They never believed in me here as much as they did elsewhere." But Boston's recognition, though long deferred, came at last, and anticipated death. Her grave at Mount Auburn to-day overlooks the city of her love. A public school bears her name.

Her father, Elkanah Cushman, was a merchant on Long Wharf. He was at one time prosperous, but met with misfortunes, and when he died left his family almost destitute. In her own words, Charlotte was "born a tomboy." Her earliest recollection is playing about the wharf with her brother. Her high spirits were at an early age subdued. "Many a night," she wrote, "I have laid awake watching my mother walking the room, nigh distracted, she not knowing which way to turn; I fearing she

would rush from the house and drown herself in the sea."

Charlotte left the public school when she was only thirteen years old. Her musical education, however, was kept up several years, for she had a fine contralto voice, which her friends hoped would be turned to account.

Even before she was thirteen she had witnessed her first theatrical performance. It was "Coriolanus," with Macready in the title role. The child little thought that this distinguished actor was destined to give her the finishing lessons in her art. The effect the theater had upon her, besides stimulating her imagination, was to give her an idea of reading. She surprised her teachers and classmates by her talent for reading which had been curbed by shyness; and her playfellows were wont to say of her, "O, of course she can read; she goes to the theatre." The child, by the way, owed her first pleasures of the mimic world to a sailor uncle who on his visits to Boston patronized the play-houses.

Her first appearance as a novice was as Selim in the burlesque of "Bluebeard." It was not a pretentious effort, for the scene was the attic of her father's house. Tradition does not preserve full particulars of the entertainment.

It was Charlotte's intention to become an opera singer. Her first professional appearances were at the Tremont Theatre as Countess Almaviva in "The Marriage of Figaro" and Lucy Bertram in "Guy Raverdine."

A severe disappointment met her at the outset of her career. While singing at New Orleans her voice, probably overstrained and affected by the change of climate, deserted her. The upper notes were gone forever. In despair she sought advice of Manager Caldwell. "You were never intended for an opera singer," he told her; "go to acting."

She did so and began with Lady Macbeth. She was fairly successful. The good reports of her induced the manager of the Bowery in New York to offer her a three-years' engagement. She was to receive \$25 a week the first year, \$35 the second, and \$45 the third. Five dollars a week were subtracted from her salary to pay for her wardrobe.

Out of her first earnings she built a home for her mother and other members of her family. But the Bowery burned down; her engagement and her wardrobe went up in smoke, and she was deeply in debt.

Although she had begun acting by playing Lady Macbeth, she now saw the necessity of beginning at the beginning. She signed a contract to play at the old Park Theatre for three years as "walking lady" at \$20 a week. Her opportunity came in 1840 when Mrs. Chippendale, who was billed to play Meg Merrilies, was taken ill, and the obscure "walking lady" was called on to fill the part.

Miss Cushman went about her duty without great expectations; indeed, she was unaware of her powers until a moment before her entrance. She stood at the wings waiting for her cue and listening to the conversation of two gypsies who were decrying their mistress as old and feeble-minded, and unworthy of authority. The weirdness, the passion—all the possibilities of the part—revealed themselves in a flash to the actress; and thrilled with the consciousness of power she made for the first time the memorable entrance which was to be ever afterward famous. The audience was carried away. Spectators at this and subsequent performances described the sight as one that chilled them. The greatest figure was not a gypsy or a witch, but a Fury or a Fate. Wild locks of gray hair streamed from a parchment-hood and haggard face; a withered branch served her as a scepter, and on the head a turban of twisted rags wore the shadowy semblance of a crown.

Charlotte Cushman's Meg Merrilies was great from the beginning. England afterward ratified the expression of America on the splendid achievement.

But the actress was not yet the accomplished artist. Her ability was beyond question; but her powers were yet rude and uncultivated. She knew her defects and saw her opportunity to supply them when Macready visited this country early in the forties.

She supported him in his New York engagement, and shared the honors with him. She found herself recognized at last as at the head of her profession. But there was yet another world to conquer. She started for England.

It was the year 1844 when she came to England. Fame was slow to travel in those days. No one knew of her ability but Macready. He invited her to join hi



s, where he was acting; but she remained a point of professional etiquette. She would not enter into competition with Helen Faucit (now Lady Martin), who was supporting Macready.

She was slow work waiting in poor quarters in London. The actress and her maid on a mutton chop a day and counted pennies which they spent for bread. She knew she had enemies; she vowed to conquer them.

Her first visit to England and Ireland was a leading lady. He instructed his manager to employ Miss Cushman. She consented, but on this condition: She must give one night beforehand for her own use.

It happened that Feb. 14, 1845, she made her London debut as Bianca in "Azio." When the great scene of the play reached where Bianca supplicates her father for mercy the passion of the actress given full swing, and the audience was transfixed. Miss Cushman said afterward that at the climax where she falls a huge heap at the feet of her rival she lost for a moment her own self-control. The audience also seemed to have lost self-control, for it had risen and abandoned itself to a tumult of applause. She had time to cover herself before the play could go on.

In 1849 Miss Cushman returned to America for a tour. She contemplated retiring from the stage many years before she did so, and made repeated starring tours of England and America.

For several years before her final leaving-taking of her countrymen Charlotte Cushman was afflicted with a malady of an agonizing nature. She bore it bravely. It was in this period that she wrote to a friend: "I get so dreadfully depressed and all things seem so hopeless I pray God to take me quickly at any moment, so that I may not torture those I love by letting them see my pain." The end came painlessly, Feb. 18, 1876.

Her power as an actress lay in the equilibrium which was preserved in her between passion and intellectuality; for passion, like fire, has been called a good servant, but a merciless master.

The suggestion of the heroic which one finds in her life comes less from the sublimated creations of her genius than the granite strength of character she inherited from her Puritan ancestors.

Poor, uneducated, struggling in early life, she was in years when repose should have come, attacked by a terrible disease. And through it all she worked, worked incessantly, and not so much for herself as for others.

She publicly stated toward the end of her life that she had known purer and more self-sacrificing lives in women behind the foot-lights than in those who moved in private society. Of the truth of this statement her own career is the best illustration.

The Equal Suffrage Association of Englewood, a suburb of Chicago, held a two-days' convention, the past week. It reminded one of the old days, when the suffrage societies were the only ones who dared to discuss the ballot for women, before the days of women's clubs, etc. As our Methodist friends would say, "there was an outpouring of the Spirit." The beautiful new Universalist church, presided over by the broad and progressive woman, Rev. Florence Kalkoff, was crowded to its utmost capacity the last session, over one thousand being present. Dr. Alice B. Stockham, President of the Association, Mrs. Harbert, President of the State Association, Miss Gougar, of Indiana, Mrs. Colby, editor of the *Woman's Tribune*, Mrs. Zeulda Wallace, Mrs. Laura Haviland, Mrs. Hasskett, Mrs. McKinney and many others addressed the meeting. Mrs. Stacy sang in her usual inspiring manner, and Mrs. Lida Hood Talbot gave some very fine recitations. The meeting will long be a delightful memory to those privileged to be present. There is no such solvent to this great question as education, and if every locality would form a suffrage club, women would soon have the ballot.

#### CENSUS OF HALLUCINATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR: May I ask for the publicity of your pages to aid me in procuring co-operation in a scientific investigation for which I am responsible? I refer to the Census of Hallucinations, which was begun several years ago by the "Society for Psychological Research," and of which the International Congress of Experimental Psychology at Paris, last summer, assumed the future responsibility, naming a committee in each country to carry on the work.

The object of the inquiry is twofold: first, to get a mass of facts about hallucinations which may serve as a basis for a sci-

entific study of these phenomena; and second, to ascertain approximately the proportion of persons who have had such experiences. Until the average frequency of hallucinations in the community is known, it can never be decided whether the so-called "veridical" hallucinations (visions or other "warnings" of the death, etc., of people at a distance) which are so frequently reported, are accidental coincidences or something more.

Some 8,000 or more persons in England, France and the United States have already returned answers to the question which heads the census sheets, and which runs as follows:

"Have you ever, when completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being or inanimate object, or of hearing a voice; which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external physical cause?"

The "Congress" hopes that at its next meeting in England in 1892, as many as 50,000 answers may have been collected. It is obvious that for the purely statistical inquiry, the answer "No" is as important as the answer "Yes."

I have been appointed to superintend the Census in America, and I most earnestly bespeak the co-operation of any among your readers who may be actively interested in the subject. It is clear that very many volunteer canvassers will be needed to secure success. Each census blank contains instructions to the collector and places for twenty-five names; and special blanks for the "Yes" cases are furnished in addition. I shall be most happy to supply these blanks to any one who will be good enough to make application for them to

Yours truly,

(Professor) WILLIAM JAMES,

Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

#### 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 PROSE DRAMAS OF HENRIK IBSEN. With Biographical Introduction by Edmund Gosse. New York: John W. Lovell Co., 150 Worth St. Paper, pp., 450. Price 50 cents.

The frontispiece portrait of the Norwegian dramatist whose plays have so recently taken the attention of the American public, is that of a strongly individualized thinker and a spiritually-minded man. The four dramas in this volume are translated by William Archer. The opening one is "The Doll's House," a woman's rights play, which was the first of his works to which the English speaking public's attention was directed through its translation by Frances Lord. The others are "The Pillars of Society," which aims to show something of the pharisaism of modern society morality; "Ghosts," a lesson in heredity, and "Rosmerholm," the leading purpose of which seems to be to dissipate the glamor often thrown over the underlying selfishness in the pursuit of high ideals. These dramas are not altogether pleasant reading nor will they be everywhere recognized as being true to facts, but they are wonderfully natural in tone, strong in expression, and thought-stirring. They show a distinctively original mode of treatment. They are intended not alone to be attractive in performance but to serve as awakeners of intellect and conscience; they uncover the underlying motives of surface morality and the inward springs of human actions.

Ibsen's women are by no means "dolls" such as his "Nora" was educated to be, but strong, self-reliant characters, and independent thinkers. Few, if any, male writers have given us so true or so high a conception of womanhood as does Ibsen.

The one great lack in these works is that while they exhibit strongly the mistakes to which human nature is liable, the author fails to point the way to any real remedy for our social evils.

A STRIKE OF MILLIONAIRES AGAINST MINERS: or the Story of Spring Valley. An Open Letter to the Millionaires. By Henry D. Lloyd. Chicago: Belford-Clarke Co. 1890. pp. 264.

According to Mr. Lloyd four corporations—the Chicago and North-Western Railroad, the Spring Valley Coal Company, the Spring Valley Town Site Company, and the Northwest Fuel Company of St. Paul, are the four legal dummies or fictitious "persons" that created Spring Valley; behind these are the real persons masked, the stockholders, who have received each his share of the profits, and who must bear each his share of the responsibility for the violation of pledges to poor miners,

and for the wretchedness, squalor, disease and death which have resulted from the treatment of the employes of the Spring Valley coal mines. These stockholders are the millionaires, "accessories before and after the fact," who are addressed in this volume, which narrates the story of Spring Valley, a town on the Illinois river below La Salle and Peru, and around the bend, out of sight, once called the "Magic City," more likely to be known henceforth as the "Tragic City," and to share with Starved Rock the romantic interest of this unhappy valley.

Mr. Lloyd has made the conduct of those whom he arraigns—their conduct as capitalists and corporations—the subject of careful investigation. He is thoroughly acquainted with their doings. Terrible as is his arraignment, he frankly avers that he believes the case of Spring Valley fairly represents the relation between miners and mine-owners throughout the country. This he justly regards as the worst feature of all. If Spring Valley were an exception it might be dismissed as "a mere aberration of the commercial conscience" of some particularly depraved locality; but after acquainting himself with the official reports of legislatures, and congressional reports of committees on various strikes, Mr. Lloyd is satisfied that Spring Valley is "but one pustule of a disease spread through the whole body." Only a change of names and a few details are needed to make it identical with the story of Braidwood, Ill., "where babies and women wither away to be transmigrated into the dividends of a millionaire coal-miner of Beacon street, Boston," with the story of Punxsutawney, "where starving foreigners have eaten up all the dogs in the country to keep themselves loyally alive, to dig coal again when their masters re-open the coal kennels," with the story of Brazil, Ind., "where the Brazil Block Coal Company locked out their thousands of miners last year until their wives and children grew transparent enough to be glasses through which the miners could read, though darkly, the terms of surrender which they had to accept," with the story of the Hocking Valley, "where Pinkerton gunpowder was burned to give the light by which Labor could read the free contract its brother capital wanted it to sign," or the story of the Reading Collieries, where, as the congressional committee of 1887-1888 reported, "the employers provoked the miners to riot, and then shot the rioters 'legally.'" Indeed our author tells the millionaires that the story of Spring Valley "needs not many changes to be a picture of what all American industry will become if the power of our Bourbons of business, such as you have shown yourselves to be at Spring Valley, develops at its present rate up to the end of the nineteenth century."

Mr. Lloyd admits that Spring Valley and its miseries and wrongs were, at the beginning, but the conception and achievement of one or two of the leading owners of railroad and other companies, who did the planning, secured the approval of the board of directors, and the active influence of the railroads through whom, by special freights, the business of competitors was stolen. Coal land was bought, and the scheme was invented, by which fortunes were to be made from the workingmen's necessities and the misuse of the powers of the common carrier. But none of the directors, none of the stockholders, who received the profits of the scheme, protested against it; on the contrary, all accepted unprotestingly their "share of the guilt and—gilt;" and, Mr. Lloyd adds—addressing himself to millionaires—"if you have had any other anxiety than that the millionaires should succeed in their strike against the miners, so that you might have more gilt, you have never let the public become aware of it. Not one of you, so far as known, sent a word of sympathy, or a mouthful of food to the thousands who were being ground to powder by your agents for your benefit." The names of the stockholders of our public corporations, it should be noted, are kept secret, and who "the accessories of the original willing sinners" are cannot usually be learned.

Mr. Lloyd gives a mass of facts and figures which prove, on the part of corporations employing men at Spring Valley, an amount of greed and heartlessness which seems incredible in an enlightened country. The author of the work is a philanthropist, evidently urged to the investigation of this subject and to the expression of his thought by interest in the condition of workingmen, and indignation at the treatment of the miners of Spring Valley and other places have received from their employers. Mr. Lloyd is a literary artist as well as a man of deep feeling, and he combines felic-

ity of diction with fervor of expression, and writes with and power.

The book should be read by all interested in the labor question—technical issue of the hour. It certainly industry in the collection of the facts data from which the conclusions are drawn, and a disposition to deal justly and with the subject.

DINNA FORGET. By John Strange. No. 60 of Lovell's International Series. Paper, pp. 214. Price 30 cents.

A pretty love story of a soldier laddie and his bride; told in the inimitably charming style of the lady who writes under the above mentioned *nom de plume*.

EARL STIMSON. By Phebe Consalus Burtard. New York: American News Co. Paper, pp., 380.

Apparently the first venture of a new writer who follows a little too closely upon old models of story telling. Although there is a little too much mannerism in the style the morals and manners of the heroes and heroines are beyond question.

A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE. By L. T. Meade. No. 52 of Lovell's International Series. New York: F. F. Lovell & Co. Paper, pp. 222. Price, 30 cents.

This is a story of English life, portraying the strength of character and comparatively high ideals which are often found among those compelled to live amid poverty, with mean associates and in apparently hopeless conditions.

A MAGNETIC MAN AND OTHER STORIES. By Edward S. Vandille. No. 6 of the Author's Series. New York: F. F. Lovell & Co. Paper pp., 211. Price 50 cents.

The "Other Stories" in this volume are "A Tangle of Hearts," "Chemical Calvary," "An Emperor's Decree," "The Jangling of the Guinea." All are bright, clever novellettes, well told, and readable, touching on the fads and philosophies of the present day.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

of Millionaires Against Miners; story of Spring Valley. By H. D. Chicago: Ford-Clarke & Co.

re's Serial Story. By Edward P. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. cover. Price, 50 cents.

om Lee & Shepard, Boston; A. C. McG & Co., Chicago, the following: A Primer of Darwinism and Organic Evolution. By J. Y. and Fanny D. Bergen. Price, \$1.25.

Edward Burton. By Henry Wood. Price, \$1.25.

Marion Graham. By Meta Lander. Price, \$1.50.

From F. F. Lovell & Company, New York, the following:

In the Valley of Havilah. By Frederick Thickstun Clark; The Talking Image of Urur. By Franz Hartmann, M. D. Price, each, 50 cents.

Live Questions: Including our Penal Machinery and its Victims. By John P. Alford. Chicago: Donohue & Henneberry.

Spiritualism and Spirit Phenomena in 1707. San Diego, Cal.: Geo. S. Pidgeon. Price, paper, \$1.00.

Not all new things come from the effete East. The Bannack and Crow Indians and other tribes in the northern Rockies are laboring with an extraordinary delusion that Christ has come to earth and is now in the Big Horn Mountains, somewhere between Fort Custer and Fort Washakie, Wyoming Territory. General James S. Brisbin, U. S. A., commanding in Montana, has in the New York Ledger of May 17 an interesting letter concerning the hallucination and giving full and interesting details about it.

LIST OF BOOKS FOR SALE

AT THE OFFICE OF

The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Table listing books for sale with columns for Title, Price, and Postage. Includes titles like 'Ancient Faiths and Modern', 'Answers to Questions, Practical and Spiritual', 'Apocryphal New Testament', etc.

Table listing books for sale with columns for Title, Price, and Postage. Includes titles like 'Death and the After Life', 'Diakka', 'Dialogues for Children', 'Dictionary, Webster's Unabridged', etc.

Table listing books for sale with columns for Title, Price, and Postage. Includes titles like 'Parturition without Pain', 'Physical Man, his Origin and Antiquity', 'Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation', etc.

Table listing books for sale with columns for Title, Price, and Postage. Includes titles like 'Experiences of Judge Edmonds in Spirit Life', 'Errors of the Bible, Demonstrated by the Truths of Nature', 'Empire of the Mother over the Character and Destiny of Race', etc.

PAMPHLETS.

Table listing pamphlets for sale with columns for Title, Price, and Postage. Includes titles like 'Age of Reason, Thos. Paine', 'Astronomy and Worship of the Ancients', 'A Stellar Key to the Summer Land', etc.

Table listing pamphlets for sale with columns for Title, Price, and Postage. Includes titles like 'The Hygienic Cook Book', 'The Relation of the Spiritual to the Material Universe', 'Tobacco and its Effects', etc.

GAMES.

Table listing games for sale with columns for Title, Price, and Postage. Includes titles like 'Avflude, or Game of Birds', 'Snaps, an Interesting Game of Cards', 'Totem, Game for Children', etc.

MIND, THOUGHT AND CEREBRATION.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

Pamphlet form, price 10 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. RYND Chicago.



MY FLOWERS.

ULIA GREY BURNETT.  
 In the Spring,  
 He had aroused from sleep  
 The love-birds since  
 Their trystings keep  
 He decked in rich attire  
 Were fair, the meadows green,  
 And, the mountains higher  
 Dressed to hail their queen.  
 Ere seemed full of life  
 Delight at Spring's return:  
 Envy, discord, strife,  
 And leaf-bud flower or fern,  
 Ere so inviting fair  
 Such a lovely day,  
 To work and care,  
 Led to their shades away.  
 The Quaker-ladies grew,  
 All-hiding from the light;  
 To find the violet blue,  
 To flower with its eye so bright,  
 As in green and gold,  
 And smiling at the sun,  
 A new tale untold  
 As since the world begun.  
 The slope the sunlight streams  
 The leaves of green, and branches gray:  
 And where love's fond dreams  
 Passed the happy hours away.  
 I would have listened long  
 I have heard each word they said,—  
 So bright, and young and strong,  
 Contently his cause he plead.  
 I could guess the theme,  
 Flushes pink were on her cheek,  
 Her eyes the lovelight beam  
 Closed the spirit pure and meek,  
 Conscious they of strangers near,  
 Nothing to mar their bliss;  
 Hisperings I could not hear—  
 Ah! I'm sure that was a kiss!  
 His was love's Spring holiday,  
 A time sped by on winged hours:  
 I, passing, grave or gay,  
 Noticed less these bright May flowers:  
 A dainty, fairy Queen,  
 A wreath of wildwood flowers the King:  
 In on their carpet green,  
 Brook and birds their songs to sing.  
 WYOMING, D. C.

IMMORTALITY.

THE EDITOR: Mrs. Gestefeld takes  
 Next for her article in THE JOURNAL  
 17th: "If a man die, shall he live  
 and says: "The most difficult  
 produce to-day is evidence of man's  
 lity."  
 We ask a few questions bearing upon  
 the problem of man's immortality—after  
 noting the fact, that the tendency  
 of persons discussing this problem,  
 is to regard man not as a unitary  
 but as being constituted of two or  
 dependent parts that have separate  
 parts—instead of regarding him as a  
 phenomenon of expression, the condi-  
 tion which change so as to place him  
 in various relations with the phenomenal  
 whereon he may for the time being  
 his activity.  
 Is not a man something?  
 Can something come from no-thing?  
 When did not this something that  
 makes man always exist in some form?  
 Is not the same true of all things?  
 Is not self-existence the everlasting  
 in of Being *per se* from which all  
 flow? in which all things have their

Can there be unfolded or developed  
 a thing, that which does not have a  
 vital and inherent existence within it?  
 As man has been unfolded and de-  
 veloped into an objective existence, does it  
 follow that man is a potential quality of  
 existence? and therefore his phenom-  
 enon but the objective presentation  
 and unfolding of his self-existent quali-

Can that which is self-existent cease  
 to exist?  
 Is not continuous existence immor-

JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK.

THE MYSTIC HOPE.

Is this mystic, wondrous hope in me,  
 When no star from out the darkness born  
 Promise of the coming of the morn;  
 A life seems a pathless mystery  
 Which tear-blinded eyes no way can see;  
 As ebb comes, and life grows most forlorn,  
 To laugh the last dread threat to scorn,  
 "O'er, Death is not, shall not be?"

self! Tell me, "O Death,  
 What dost thou do to the earth; "if dust to dust"  
 And of love and hope and strife,  
 What is blown this living breath  
 And to whispers of strong trust  
 —if 'tis a lie—of life?  
 —M. J. SAVAGE.



Copyright, 1899.

Said Sarah to Mary:

"Pray, tell me, dear cousin, what can be the matter?  
 Sure, a few months ago you were fairer and fatter.  
 Now your cheeks, once so rosy, are sunken and pallid.  
 Your thin, trembling hands are as hueless as tallow;  
 Your nerves are unstrung, your temper is shaken,  
 And you act and appear like a woman forsaken."

Said Mary to Sarah:

"Your comments seem rough, but the facts are still rougher.  
 For nobody knows how acutely I suffer.  
 I am sick unto death and well nigh desperation,  
 With female disorders and nervous prostration,  
 I've doctored and dosed till my stomach is seething  
 And life hardly seems worth the trouble of breathing."

Said Sarah to Mary:

"Forgive me, my dear, if my comments seem crusty.  
 And, pray, try a cure that is certain and trusty.  
 'Tis needless to suffer, to murmur and languish  
 And pass half your days in such pitiful anguish,  
 For 'female disorders' of every description  
 Are certainly cured by Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

Mary heeded this good advice, bought a supply of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it wrought a perfect cure. The history of her marvelous restoration to health is similar to that of thousands.  
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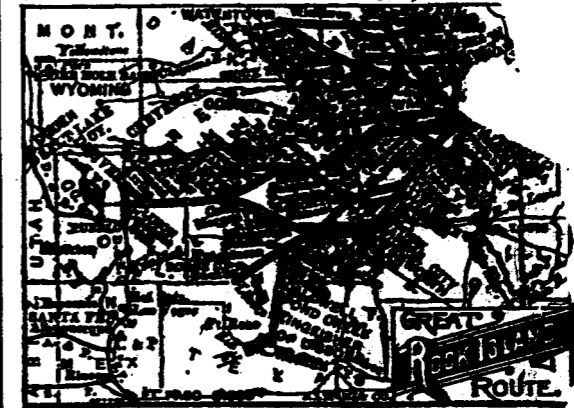


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To Those who "Do Not Care for a Religious Paper."

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## Hiero-Salem.\*

ve fallen upon prophetic times. At the first rosy flush—the very dawn of a psychic era—is all that brightens light now, yet there are those among us who are accustomed to stand upon the ground and even to take flights above the earth. Such have caught enough of the beam of the advancing monarch's sun of sunshine to figure forth what the morn of day is upon us. Among these are the popular Edward Bellamy, and a companion piece to his "Looking Backward" is Mrs. Mason's "Hiero-Salem"—which might properly be designated "Looking Forward." The book is upon the material plane of our many-sided natures—it is a great piece of mental engineering, under whose teachings by workmen are already preparing to set the course of the mighty river of humanity that threatens to overflow its banks. The other book is upon the spiritual plane, and reveals to us a vision of the perfection that will be ours when the coming day is at its meridian.

Hiero-Salem is full of mannerisms and petitions, which, in their overplentitude may tire the mind unaccustomed to breathe an atmosphere too ethereal "for human nature's daily food." But from the book bring supporting wings, which, after silent reading, sweep the reader along, till he finds himself a thinker and a psychic searcher, whether he will or no. We can forgive a face that is plain, if the spirit breathing through throws light upon our pathway; and we can forgive this book its faults for the same reason.

Hiero-Salem presents, especially, the feminine element in the Godhead—a pearl of knowledge descending to us from the ancients of the Ganges, the Euphrates and the Nile, which the dust and debris of centuries have nearly buried from sight. The history of the family life of such cultivated psychologists as Mrs. Mason pictured is in striking contrast with common-place humanity to-day, and for that reason seems exaggerated and unnatural. But who shall say that another century will not show many a realization of that picture? This book is for those who are to come after us; it will never be popular until it reaches those now waiting to be born, to whom it will be but a record of familiar things. One reason why few persons can recognize the purpose of the work is because few of us have cognized the things of which it treats in any previous epoch of our existence. Its intent and meaning can best be given by the writer herself. Writing to an appreciative reader, Mrs. Mason says:

"Recognition of truth implies much self-recollection. And can one recover his true self, who does not even surmise that his or her identity is thousands of years old, and is perhaps to be re-collected or gathered together again out of the wreck of experiences in times and climes far remote from those of which he is now consciously living? This recognition or recollection is a God-like power, tending on toward that unspeakable state in which omniscience perceives there is neither Past nor Future, but an eternal Now. My book will have had some success if it reveals Woman as Woman is when she is in liberty lives. In the problem of life, woman is the unknown factor or quantity; and as long as she remains thus, so long will that problem continue unsolvable. So it will be until Woman, living in liberty (which is the reverse of license), dares to be the wondrous beauty that is her nature. I admire and even adore the real woman who is yet to emerge from beyond the just opening gates of the new day. Sometimes I catch a heavenly glimpse of her. But, were she here to-day, people would rather fear than love her—so long have men supposed that ignorance is innocence, and that 'unfounded shame' is modesty. I am happy in my advancing years; for well I know that heavenly satisfaction will descend upon our race, when the on-coming mothers are secured in that liberty which is, in itself, plenteousness, peace and pure joy."

We have said enough to show our readers that in Hiero-Salem they will find no ordinary book, and that we have here to deal with the utmost recognitions and discernings of a very remarkable woman, whose influence will be most felt by those who are most experienced in the realities. Her spiritual power has more than once been felt in the Baptist Church, in which her husband is a clergyman of distinction. It is some years since we first made her literary acquaintance in a brochure pleading for the recognition of "Our mother who art in Heaven," as well as of the more familiar aspiration to the masculinity of the God-head—that one-sided Semi-God we have from the Semitic traditions of a Jehovah who lacked all the redeeming qualities of

the androgyne deities of the more polished and philosophical Pantheons.

Hiero-Salem cannot yet be a book for the many; but its light shines for those who can comprehend it. T. S. GNOSTIC.

\*Hiero-Salem: The Vision of Peace. A Fiction founded on Ideals which are grounded in the Real, etc. By Mrs. E. L. Mason. Illustrated Boston: J. G. Cupples Company, 1889.

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A Vivid Vision.

THE EDITOR: About one year and a half ago, a lady whose friendship I have known for some ten years, since our first meeting in Rome, Italy, came to visit me in New York. She is an exceptionally lovely and gentle character. She has resided for several years in Albany, and is a member of the Episcopal church, of this city, and is orthodox in her views. One Sunday morning she asked my husband and myself we would not like to hear the great sermon, Dr. R. Heber Newton, who was then in course upon Robert Elsmere that day. I consented gladly and accompanied her. The church was crowded, and we were seated next to the chancel, she on the right side, and we on the left. The sermon was so marvelously interesting, and my friend absorbed and captivated. Lifting her eyes and glancing to the left, perhaps to see if I, too, were enjoying the flood of eloquence that fell from those inspired lips, she exclaimed at beholding the form and features of our darling son,—he who, eight months previously, had been caught in a storm, his canoe tipped over, and he, with his dearly loved friend, swept into the whirlpools of a storm-tossed lake, and there he stood! His eyes were filled with an expression of deepest love and sympathy upon his father's face. Ah, my friend! Was it not possible that his dear spirit foresaw that in one short month his beloved father would be stricken down, and, thro' pain, and suffering, must pass over the mysterious river? And it was even so.

On returning from church, our friend related to us the vivid vision she had seen. She added: "I tried to think it was only my imagination—I turned away—I thought of my mother—I endeavored to see if I could not place her image there—I thought of her memorial which I was having prepared in Bishop Doane's new cathedral, but all I could do, I could not banish dear Ed's form from that chancel, for there he stood, with his gaze riveted upon his father's face—but remember, this is not Spiritualism!" "I beg pardon, my dear friend," I replied, "but this is Spiritualism!—Your vision was opened by some kind angel, and you saw our son."

And thus through myriad channels come the glorious proofs that our dear ones can come back to us, and do—whenever it is possible.

The orthodox skeptic who finds the veil sometimes really lifted, yet will scorn to believe that, as a rule, good spirits are permitted to return; only the wicked are allowed the freedom of the skies;—all others are hemmed in, perhaps by alabaster walls, and in forgetfulness of earthly friends, are enjoying a *dolce far niente*, while "awaiting the judgment day." Who would go back to this dreary belief? R. S. T. STANTON, Fla.

Jennie B. Hagan, after a busy winter's work South and West, spoke at Fitchburg, Mass., May 4, 10, and 11; Westborough, Mass., Sunday, May 18; Columbus, Ohio, May 25th to 29th inclusive, and will speak there Sunday, June 1st. She is engaged at Mason, Ohio, June 3d; Cassadaga Lake, N. Y., June 6, 7, 8, and North Collins, N. Y., June 14 and 15. Parties desiring Miss Hagan's services for week evenings in vicinity of above places, can address her at 242 South Third street, Columbus, Ohio, before June 2d.

The annual picnic and Sunday Assembly of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association, at Lily Dale, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., will be held June 6, 7, and 8, 1890. Speakers: Willard T. Hull, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Jennie B. Hagan, of South Framingham, Mass. The Northwestern Orchestra, of Meadville, Pa., will furnish music Saturday and Sunday, and for the dancing on Saturday evening. All are cordially invited to participate in what has heretofore been one of the pleasantest assemblages of the year.

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