

# RELIGIO THE SOPHICAL PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The Italian and Swiss waiters of New York, determined to protect their tips and to resist the interference of their bosses, have organized a mutual protective society.

The sympathy with Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett in the death of her son, Lionel, will be as extended as the readers of her books. He was the original of Little Lord Fauntleroy. Mrs. Burnett in search of material found her choicest suggestions in her own household.

The imperative duty of Parnell, in our judgment, is to retire from the leadership, says the *Irish World*. Mr. Parnell, however, shows no disposition to retire. At this writing he resembles a monarchical pretender, who believes the country can be saved only by him, who refuses to see any reason for his deposition, and who, no longer the head of the national party, but the misleader of a faction, is bent on "fighting it out" to the bitter end.

The sad experience of the unfortunate Kentucky heiress whose rascally Spanish husband has fled with the fortune she had confidingly intrusted to him, leaving her impoverished and friendless in New York City, should serve as a warning to American girls not to believe all that foreign wife seekers say and promise, however fascinating they appear or however many titles of nobility they prefix to their names.

The influence of the extremists seems to have predominated at the farmers' convention at Ocala. Among other demands in the platform are those for the abolition of the national banks, the establishment of government sub-treasuries to loan money on farm products at a rate not to exceed two per cent. per annum, unlimited silver coinage, the increase of money in circulation to fifty dollars per capita and the adoption of an income tax.

The present phase of Home Rule is Homeric, says the *Boston Herald*. Helen is Mrs. O'Shea, Parnell is Paris, who has everything and won't give up anything; Gladstone is the many-wiled Ulysses, "a Solomon in the council and a Samson in the field;" the *London Times* is Thersites, backbiting everybody out of spite for his own broken nose; Balfour is the Trojan horse, and Old Ireland is Hellas, with all the Greeks a-fighting and bound to get the better of their enemies in the end.

When Mr. Mounteney Jephson, who had an engagement to give some lectures in New York before the Lotus Club, arrived in the city he skeda a newly made friend who met him through Henry M. Stanley some questions that sounded strange to American ears. "I have some friends in Bostonmass, you know," said he. "Do tell me where Bostonmass is, you know, and what is 'mass' any way? Now, by the way, do I pass near Chicagc, you know, when I go to Philadelphia and is it anywhere near Brooklyn, dear boy." The dear boy was amused of course.

The late Daniel B. Fayerweather, of New York, whose large bequests to a score of colleges have made his personality a matter of interest, began life as a bound boy to a Connecticut farmer, then learned the shoemaker's trade and on account of ill health left it for a time for tin peddling and drove a cart through Virginia. Afterwards a New York leather firm from whom he used to buy his stock, induced him to work for them and he won his way up by diligence and good judgment. It is estimated that he left from \$5,000,000 to \$8,000,000. He was not a man of culture, but it seems he appreciated the importance of education. His name is in no danger of being forgotten.

In the current number of the *Forum*, Professor R. H. Thurston declares that it is practicable mechanically to attain a speed of one hundred miles an hour or more in railway travel. Higher speeds cost money for initial and operative expenses in vastly higher ratio than either increase of speed or the returns to be expected on capital so invested. Our faster trains do not directly pay even now, when the wear and tear of engines, cars, roadbed, and bridges are considered. When the people want higher speeds and need them so greatly as to be able and willing to pay for them the engineers will construct and the railroads will furnish trains of still higher velocity and of still greater safety. It is true that expense increases in ratio with the speed, but time is money in this generation and this fact will enter into the settlement of fares.

After half a century of agitation on the subject, an international copyright bill was passed by the United States House of Representatives on December 3d. This action of the house is sure to be ratified by the senate and the president, and the new order of things will doubtless be inaugurated July 1, 1891. The measure provides that copyright for America may be secured by the citizen of any country which confers equal privilege on citizens of this country. The condition is made, however, that a book, in order to be copyrighted in America, must be printed from type (or plates made therefrom) set in this country. This fully protects the type-setting, printing, stereotyping and electrotyping interests. The bill will not of course affect books heretofore published, but only those published after the bill becomes a law.

It seems to be very hard to convince the custodians of ecclesiastical structures that the average church bell is continually more and more liable to be a nuisance, particularly in large cities, where an increasing number of people have to work at night and get their sleep in the day time, says the *New York Press*. Such people naturally seek quiet neighborhoods to live and sleep in, and the neighborhood of a church often has a deceptively quiet look. Yet when such noises are complained of the church people reply that the bells bring religious consolation and comfort to the pious people who hear them; as if genuine piety would not make them shrink from going to others what they would not have others do to them, namely, disturb their hours of rest. Church bells were necessary in feudal times, and even now, in rural communities,

they have their uses in notifying the congregation, in a case of doubt, whether there will be a service or not. But with good clocks selling at less than a dollar, nobody needs a church bell to tell him when it is time to go to church. It may not be necessary to abolish church bells entirely, but it is certainly a most ill mannered and therefore unchristian practice to ring them at hours that are objectionable to anybody.

At a meeting of the Boston Homeopathic Medical Society held in that city December 6th, Dr. Conrad Wesselhoeft presented a paper in which though he approved of the death penalty he deprecated present methods of inflicting it, as barbarous and equally horrible whether by hanging or electricity. He contended that all executions should take place privately, with an air of mystery, no publicity and no visible paraphernalia. He advocated chloroform as the best agent in executions, as it is swift, sure, painless and silent. The change in the law of the State of New York, making electricity instead of hanging the agent in the death penalty, may result through such discussions of it as this by the Homeopathic Society, not only in substituting some less painful mode of execution, but by calling the attention of the public to the barbarous immorality of inflicting the death penalty for any crime whatever, may also be the means of doing away with it forever and substituting some more civilized method of dealing with our murderous criminals.

At a general meeting of the American branch of the Society for Psychical Research, held in Boston on December 2d, the chairman, Prof. William James, pointed out that the associate members of the parent society in England pay one guinea (about five dollars) each per annum, and the full members pay two guineas; whereas, although the full members of the American branch pay ten dollars per annum, the associate members pay only three dollars, and much the larger part of this three dollars goes to England in payment for the *Journal* and *Proceedings* which all members receive. It was suggested that the annual dues of associates of the branch be raised from three dollars to five dollars for the purpose of ascertaining how many associates would withdraw from the society if such a change should be made. It was resolved that the secretary should issue a circular asking for an immediate expression of opinion on this point. "The American branch," says the management, "in future must be self supporting. If all the present associates agree to the proposed increase of assessment, the income available, after payment for the publications sent from England, will be about one thousand dollars. But for the salary of secretary and assistant, expenses of traveling, for the interview of witnesses and for experimental investigation, the sum of at least five thousand dollars is required, so that the continuance of the investigation in America must depend almost entirely upon voluntary donations. Many opportunities for experimental investigation have been missed owing to lack of funds." THE JOURNAL sincerely hopes the American branch will be generously supported and its able secretary, Dr. Richard Hodgson, encouraged and aided in his work. Those interested can address him at 5 Boylston place, Boston, Mass.

## T. DE WITT TALMAGE, ATTENTION!

Most brilliant sensationalist and successful seller of pulpit products, Palestine hustler and would-be journalist we beg your brief attention. It is some time since you have libeled Spiritualists and Spiritualism in your pulpit. It looks as though the flaying you received at the hands of Judge Dailey in the Brooklyn papers and the frequent doses of moral physic administered to you in these columns had arrested the progress of the malady which threatened at one time to destroy your limited stock of moral sense. Since you are an adept in arranging, months in advance, surprise receptions for yourself, since you were able to work your Palestine fake so cleverly, and in view of the fact that you so characteristically built the cablegram exploiting your visit to Gladstone sometime since—in which there was one part of "Grand Old Man" and nine parts of Brooklyn's pulpit gymnast—and as you have established a sort of sporting religious newspaper, it may be that you are sufficiently receptive to profit by the sermon of Rev. J. H. Crooker, published on another page, and to ponder on other matters to which attention will be directed. True, Mr. Crooker is a Unitarian and a gentleman, still it may be possible that you have developed in the past two years so as to be able to comprehend what he says, and to recognize that he gives you the lie indirect as to your who esale allegations against Spiritualists and Spiritualism. It is not likely that one on so high a moral, spiritual and intellectual plane as is Mr. Crooker could have had the least thought of you when he wrote the sermon; nevertheless, it will be just as good medicine for you and forward your moral convalescence as swiftly as though he had prepared it expressly for you—provided you take it in the right way.

You will recall that after your malignant onslaught on Spiritualists in which you sweepingly denounced their morals, THE JOURNAL established a Talmagian court before whose bar it arraigned clerical criminals and crooked men of your theological cult. It must be confessed that this court was not discontinued through any consideration for you, but simply because of the overwhelmingly large docket, and the impossibility of finding room for matter germane to the objects of THE JOURNAL if justice was done to your friends in the faith. However, as the closing of the Columbian Exposition on Sunday; the right of women, in the language of Samantha Allen, to set on the conference of a sister sect—or of a brother sect as Josiah Allen would insist on calling it;—the little unpleasantness caused by ministerial and crafty criticism of that noble brother-in-the-Lord, Col. Shepard, editor of that christo-commercial daily, *The Mail and Express*; the McKinley bill; the democratic landslide; the revision of the Presbyterian creed; the free coinage of silver; the inter-state commerce law and other vexing troubles are disturbing the religious serenity of your people, as well as the mental equipoise of those fore-ordained and predestined for the Presbyterian hell, as all these things are perturbing both the elect and the non-elect, we desire you to exercise your potent influence with the daily press. We implore you to mitigate some of the virulent causes of general demoralization by inducing the daily press to refrain from chronicling the crimes and crookedness of preachers, orthodox Christians, Sunday-school superintendents and others prominent in the vineyard of your Master. For weeks lately the papers were full of the dreadful details of the trial of one your brother ministers for the trifling offense of poisoning his wife; and the prejudiced jury went so far as to convict the preacher. Since then several leading spirits in the church have proven large defaulters. And last week it came out that a Baptist brother of yours preaching at Burlington, Iowa, had, while at Franklin, Pa., engaged to marry a young lady member of his congregation, he being already married, and that he left Quay's late kingdom without paying his debts. Even the fact that Pennsylvania had elected a democrat for governor didn't seem to inspire the Franklin people with charity toward poor unfortunate preacher. Then all the dail of the 10th inst., took delight in further demoralizing the public and increasing doubts as to the so vency of Zion's bank by discrediting one

of its directors, the Rev. C. S. Daniels, rector of St. Chrysostom's Protestant Episcopal church in Philadelphia. All that was proven before the church tribunal against the Rev. Daniels was that he attended a variety theater, visited a beer park where rum and music mixed and where he danced with low women. True, it was shown that when his children had the smallpox he left his home and allowed his wife to get on the best she could; and furthermore that one night in the winter of 1888 he was riding in a street car when two women got in, whereupon he became free with them, even going so far as to take one of them on his lap and hug and kiss her. But these offenses together with the charge that Rector Daniels had appropriated \$18,000 of church money to his own use, were all that was proven or charged; yet on these trifles the daily press felt warranted in strengthening the stringency of moral and religious capital by giving them publicity. As there is a widely prevalent notion abroad that human nature is pretty much the same whether in or out of the evangelical fold, the public might have maintained its poise in the face of these panic-breeding reports had the press been discreet enough to have suppressed the knowledge of the heresy which came to light the other day at Pittsburgh, but that capped the climax and very nearly precipitated the threatened panic. Here is the story as it appeared in the *Chicago Tribune*:

PITTSBURG, PA., Dec. 9.—[Special.]—The Revs. O. B. Milligan, E. M. Milligan, H. W. Temple, W. L. Simpson, and Hugh Reed were to-day placed on trial before the Reformed Presbytery of Pittsburgh for heretical utterances. There was a great throng to witness the proceedings, which were at times very lively. As is well known, in view of the absence of God in the Constitution, Reformed Presbyterians (or Covenanters) make it a part of their doctrine to abstain from exercising the right of suffrage. The five young ministers already named are, however, more liberal in their views. Last July they attended a conference which adopted a platform of principles in which this plank appeared:

That persons who make credible profession of Christ should be received into church membership on the acceptance of our testimony and terms of communion without binding them to our explanation in the matter of political dissent or in other questions.

At this conference there were representatives from five states and half the Presbyteries in the country. Pittsburgh Presbytery decided to rebuke the young men and directed a committee to prepare formal charges of libel against the seceders. This was done to-day.

We need say no more, Mr. Talmage. You see the emergency and you are equal to it. Issue your edict, and if it is not obeyed, take every last one of these rival sensationalists to the River Jordan and there treat them as you did that poor devil of an Arab whom you hired to allow you to baptize him. That will reform these dangerous journalists, save the country and add fresh radiance to your halo.

## PARNELL AND IRISH HOME RULE.

Mr. Parnell could have given no stronger proof of his devotion to Ireland than by forgetting self aggrandizement and sinking himself for the benefit of the unhappy country which he professes to love. His ability as a leader is unquestioned and his services are entitled to the gratitude of the Irish people, but home rule for Ireland can not be established without the help of the English liberals, and a close alliance with Mr. Gladstone and his followers is indispensable to victory. A few weeks ago the cause of Irish home rule was on the verge of success. By Mr. Parnell's criminal folly and by his refusal to retire from the leadership of his party, the success of the Irish cause is indefinitely postponed. Mr. Labouchere says that the leader has lost his reason. Certain it is that he has acted of late like a man without public honor as his conduct was in certain private and social matters without moral principle. Some of the statements in his manifesto are, on the testimony of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley, than whom no two public men in England have a higher reputation for veracity, wanton falsehoods. When a public leader has offended the moral sense of his own country and of the civilized world, and has thereby so far impaired confidence in himself that the wisest men of his own party demand his withdrawal, it is time for him to step

down and out. No man's past services can warrant the subordination of a nation's weal to his own personal advantage. The clamor for Mr. Parnell's retention, it is freely declared in well-informed circles, is urged on by Nationalists of the House of Commons who are paid yearly salaries from the fund of which Mr. Parnell has entire control and who, it is presumed, prefer a state of perpetual agitation to that in which they would find themselves after home rule had been achieved. If this opinion is correct—THE JOURNAL can not vouch for its correctness—then another instance is presented of the betrayal of the Irish cause by Irishmen from selfish and sordid motives. The chief envoys of the Irish party now in America collecting funds for its use, it is gratifying to know, are among those who, seeing the seriousness of the situation, and the wise and honorable course to pursue in this emergency, have protested against Mr. Parnell's manifesto and joined in requesting his retirement. The rupture of the Irish party being now complete, and the majority of the Nationalist members having rejected the leadership of Mr. Parnell, both factions will speedily devise a way for taking the sense of the Irish people, as to whether Mr. Parnell or Mr. Justin McCarthy shall be recognized as leader. The Irish warmth of heart and impulsiveness of action have been characteristically illustrated in the disposition shown in many quarters to stand by Mr. Parnell in spite of all objections. But the influence of the clergy from the archbishops down to the humblest parish priest will be against him, and this influence will be reinforced by the conviction among the cooler-headed politicians that the continuance of the old leadership means the indefinite postponement of Irish hopes, because even aside from considerations of personal character, Mr. Parnell's conduct in disclosing negotiations between Mr. Gladstone and himself makes it impossible that any English leader should treat with him on public questions. It is still expected by some that the Irish party will soon be reunited and this is possible, but the line of cleavage shows edges so jagged with bitter enmities and political rivalries, that there seems but little ground for hope that the two factions will come together and work harmoniously again in the immediate future. Mr. Parnell may succeed in dividing the Irish people as he has succeeded in breaking up his delegation at Westminster. Meanwhile the enemies of home rule remain in the field triumphant and the friends of the Irish cause are greatly disheartened. Mr. Parnell's great ability and past services can not atone for his jeopardizing this cause by his present action.

## STUPENDOUS STUPIDITY.

Since the blathershite Barney was kicked out of *The Better Way* there has been no malice in that sheet; amiable stupidity took its place and filled the vacuum. Mediocrity has always characterized its pages, but then mediocrity in spiritualistic journalism is so prevalent as to point to the probability that it is most in demand. At present *The Better Way* seems to flourish better under the domination of mental and moral obfuscation mixed with psychical putty than it did when saturated with Barney's moral effluvia. While it spreads before its readers as veritable proofs of spirit manifestations the threadbare and easily detected trickery of some of the most notorious frauds, its editorial columns are pervaded by a spirit of goody-goodness which impresses the intelligent reader that the editor means well and ought not to be seriously blamed because nature did not more generously endow him. Though inanity is everywhere apparent in its pages, yet is venality not observable; and to that extent is *The Better Way* to be commended. From its issue of December 6th is selected a specimen of the stupendous stupidity which characterizes *The Better Way*. In that issue appeared the following editorial item:

Ingersoll is our candidate for President, since nominations are in order. Let us have a freethinkers' ticket in the field; Spiritualists will support it en masse. Other nominations are in order. Next!

THE JOURNAL is charitable enough to hope that the above sample of downright assinity was written immediately after a visit "over the Rhine" and while

the writer was carrying a jag of those diabolical spirits which infest the drinkables dispensed in that part of Cincinnati. It is almost inconceivable that even a mediocre intellect when quickened by ever so small a dose of Spiritualism, could in its normal condition have evolved such a bit of foolery and absurd inconsistency. Either the writer of that paragraph was drunk or obsessed, or he is a born idiot incapable of reasoning or of having the slightest conception of Spiritualism and good sense. It seems superfluous to analyse this specimen of *The Better Way's* flatulent imbecility, when every reader of THE JOURNAL outside the offices of some of its alleged spiritualistic contemporaries will readily be able to do it for himself. Supposing the Roman Catholics, or the protestant sects should propose a presidential candidate because of his views on theology and a future life. Would not Spiritualists and liberal thinkers rise up as one man against it? Aye, and they would be reinforced by a host of church people whose good sense would cause them to oppose such folly. Col. Ingersoll is a materialist, and he fights religion and the claim of a future life. He is a materialist from conviction probably, and for revenue certainly.

No two words represent such widely differentiated and irreconcilable schools of thought as materialism and Spiritualism. Spiritualists will support Ingersoll for the presidency en masse, says *The Better Way*. This is a libel on every Spiritualist, and the imbecile who penned it should be sent to an asylum for the feeble minded. What have Spiritualists in common with this materialist? Suppose he does manufacture brilliant pyrotechnics wherewith to scare orthodox preachers and swell his bank account, what bearing has it in making him a presidential candidate for whom Spiritualists should vote? Do Spiritualists want to set the example of selecting candidates for political offices because of their views of religion and a future life? But why continue what is, as has been already said, superfluous. Let *The Better Way* corporation hasten to repudiate the fanatical, inconsistent, false and silly announcement. If there is a grain of common sense and consistency in the corporation this will be done. When a Spiritualist with a healthy mind is continually running across such exhibitions of mental and moral aberration as this of *The Better Way*, and among people professing to be Spiritualists, he almost feels to say with Boileau:

Of fools the world has such a store,  
That he who would not see an ass,  
Must bide at home, and bolt his door,  
And break his looking-glass.

#### THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

The Farmers' Alliance claims credit for the recent political changes, and prominent members of the order talk freely about taking charge of the next presidential election. The Alliance, it is said, numbers 3,000,000 electors and its numerical strength is increasing rapidly. It is likely to prove the most powerful factor that has appeared in politics since this government was founded, and unless it becomes subject to the control of incompetent or unscrupulous managers and is divided into factions or is made subordinate to personal ambition or selfish schemes, it is sure to wield vast and beneficial influence on the destinies of the American republic. The farmers are a most important element in the population of the country, and the union of their strength and influence for the protection of the important interests of agriculture which have been too little considered hitherto, can not but improve their condition. The improvement of their condition means general improvement. All other classes are in a peculiar manner dependent upon the farmers, who are in the fullest sense of the word producers. They raise and harvest the crops that supply the granaries of the world and afford food for the millions—for those who toil and for those who live by the toil of others.

When manufacturing establishments and every corporate and monopolistic interest that has been able to bring influence to bear upon legislation, have been subjects of favorable legislation, it is not strange that agriculture should unite its forces to secure a share in the benefits of laws designed to encourage and reward industry. Now a large portion of the margin between

the cost of farm products and their price in the market goes to the railroad companies and the wholesale and retail dealers, so that the producer is underpaid and the consumer is overtaxed, while the carrying interests and the interests of speculators and middlemen only are promoted. The people who live in cities and towns pay round prices for all articles of food and they naturally think that the farmers must be well paid for their products, not knowing that a large part of the farmers' imagined profits goes to those through whose hands they pass from the farm to the purchaser. The Farmers' Alliance will cause this subject to be popularly understood greatly to the benefit of those who produce and those who consume the products of the farm.

#### VIEWS OF A UNITARIAN.

Expressing as it no doubt does the opinion of very many liberal religionists, the sermon on Spiritualism delivered by Mr. Crooker to his exceptionally intelligent and influential congregation at Madison, Wisconsin, has interest for Spiritualists; interest in that it portrays the views of an intelligent, candid, sympathetic observer of the Spiritualist movement both as to its doctrines, personnel and literature. Very properly this preacher's view finds place in THE JOURNAL'S open court, to which all who have something to say and know how to say it are welcome; welcome whether they endorse or differentiate the editorial positions of the paper. THE JOURNAL does not believe the last word has been said, or that all wisdom is confined to those of its way of thinking; it encourages free expression of thought—only insisting on matured thought. Every Spiritualist should stand by the position of the martyred Lincoln when he said: "I shall try and correct the errors when shown to be errors; and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views." Unlike Mr. Crooker, we are fully settled in our convictions—and this by experimental knowledge—of the ability of spirits to manifest to mortals, by both physical and mental methods.

We are convinced that the Unitarian church has been blind to its opportunity, in that it has through indifference, lack of scientific spirit, and an overwrought regard for what in the conventionalism of the world is rated as good form, neglected to cultivate the Spiritualistic field. The Unitarian church in the United States numbers only 206,500 members, and it is safe to say that a considerable percentage of these are only nominally Unitarians, Unitarians for convenience when the census fiend is abroad or when that label stops unpleasant inquiries. But Unitarianism is an organized force, and as such has a recognition and a standing before the world. Spiritualism numbers its believers by millions, but with no organization it is impossible for it to even have a place in the census table or to make a creditable showing in any direction requiring concerted action and organic effort. Closer relation between Spiritualists, Unitarians, liberal Universalists and the various advanced independent religious societies would be beneficial to all concerned. These relations need not be a fusion, but rather an alliance for a common work in the interests of humanity. Yet how can an unorganized body ally itself with one having organic life? It is impossible, hence fusion is going on, liberal churches are absorbing much of the vitality that would be conserved for a broader and higher religious life were Spiritualism an organized force. We are not here and now advocating organization, though we fully believe in it, but only calling attention to facts.

Every now and then Talmage flies off with as bold an assertion in favor of spiritualistic doctrines as ever was uttered by a strong believer, says a writer in the Spiritualist journal *More Light*, but at the same time he will use a saving clause so as to let his hearers understand that he is not an out and out believer. I quote a portion of his sermon delivered in Brooklyn lately, from the text, "The day is at hand:" "There is a class of phenomena which makes me think that the spiritual and the heavenly world may, after a while, make a demonstration in this world which will

bring all moral and spiritual things to a climax. Now, I am no Spiritualist; but every intelligent man has noticed that there are strange and mysterious things which indicate to him that perhaps the spiritual world is not so far off as sometimes we conjecture, and that after a while, from the spiritual and heavenly world there may be a demonstration upon our world for its betterment. We call it magnetism, or we call it mesmerism, or we call it electricity, because we want some term to cover up our ignorance. I do not know what that is. I never heard an audible voice from the other world. I am persuaded of this, however: that the veil between this and the next is getting thinner and thinner, and that, perhaps, after a while, at the call of God—not at the call of the Davenport brothers or Andrew Jackson Davis—some of the old scriptural warriors, some of the spirits of other days, mighty for God—a Joshua, or a Caleb, or a David, or a Paul—may come down and help us in this battle against unrighteousness." You will notice at the closing of this part of his discourse that he puts in a safety valve so as to stay in the fold and keep the boiler from bursting. Poor Talmage, with all his talents he is a slave.

The *Irish World*, edited by Patrick Ford, says: "Mr. Parnell himself has spoken, but no utterance has told against him more terribly than his own statement. His manifesto has proved a boomerang." He adds: "We have faith in Gladstone—faith in his honesty and his intelligence to straighten out this tangle. He is the most conspicuous figure and the most potent influence to-day in the statesmanship of Europe. He can now cherish no petty ambition here below. He has entered the eighty-first year of his age, and in the course of nature he must soon go before the Great Judge. What remains to him of time he should be allowed to devote to positive work, not to contradictions and inharmony. Americans are to a man with Gladstone for the cause of Ireland. They are now looking to see how Ireland herself shall treat this great and good man, to whom she owes so deep a debt of gratitude." Parnell's manifesto was without doubt a gross breach of confidence, and its assertions, so far as they concerned Gladstone, were false. No liberal leader can have any further confidence or communication with Parnell. This fact alone makes his leadership fatal to the progress of the Irish cause.

Professor Shaler, of Harvard University, is one of the most popular men in the faculty, and the college boys are always delighted when they can get him to make a speech. After the recent football victory at Springfield, Mass., there was a big jollification at Cambridge, and one of the features was a characteristic speech by Professor Shaler. In the peculiar drawl for which he is famous he began: "I—wish—to—say,—gentlemen,—that—many—of—you—have—received—very—low—marks.—I—think—this—is—due—somewhat—to—the—football—enthusiasm—which—has—been—so—prevalent—here.—I—can't—say—that—I—blame—you,—gentlemen.—I—went—to—Springfield—myself.—I—settled—myself—quietly—on—the—seats—and—hoped—that—the—men—next—to—me—would—not—be—too—boisterous.—Pretty—soon—I—found—I—had—gotten—up,—gentlemen,—that—my—hat—was—in—the—air,—gentlemen,—and—strange—to—say,—gentlemen,—I—didn't—seem—to—care—whether—it—came—down—again—or—not.—I—intend—to—go—to—Springfield—next—year,—gentlemen."

The Socialistic Congress which met at Halle, Germany, in October last to celebrate the new liberty given them was signalized by some significant features, such as the admission of women as delegates, the demand for state aid including free legal and medical assistance in the line of nationalism, and a pronounced antipathy to religion. A campaign of education in socialism by means of newspapers and pamphlets was advised.

Sir Morell Mackenzie declares it as his belief that in course of time will be discovered the bacillus of all specific diseases, fevers and other illnesses which run a specific course, just as Dr. Koch has discovered the bacillus of consumption.



### A SERMON ON SPIRITUALISM.

By REV. J. H. CROOKER.

"Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."—I. Thess. v., 21.  
 "Try the spirits whether they are of God."—I. John iv., 1.

When a mere lad fifteen and sixteen years old, I was very much interested in the literature of Spiritualism. I was brought up in a home where the love rather than the wrath of God was made prominent in the interpretation of providence and destiny. I never knew what it was to be threatened with the torments of hell as a punishment for wrong doing; that terrible fear never hung over my young life to turn dreams into anguish and solitary hours into fearful bitterness. I do not remember the time when the darkness held any terrors for me, for my family had no acquaintance whatever with the devil; evil spirits were as unreal to me as the fairies of folklore. My mother impregnated the atmosphere which I breathed with a very tender appreciation of human kind and with an absolute trust in the fatherhood of the Creator, and before her ascension she read with infinite satisfaction, Whittier's grand poem, "The Eternal Goodness," as the best expression that she had ever seen of her own religious faith. In those early years of my life, without having received any dogmatic instruction on the subject—the "Big Woods" of Minnesota had no churches or Sunday schools thirty years ago—I believed in a future life as the necessary outcome of our life here; and though the heaven to which I then looked was as childish as the toys with which I played, yet it seemed just as real as those toys; and while the toys and the childish thought of heaven have alike been outgrown, the hope of immortality survives, so that now as then, I feel myself near a borderland, unseen but real, where dwell the loved ones that have vanished from my side.

As I grew up in such a home and with such religious feelings, it was very natural that when I began to read serious books—which I did quite early in life—I should find interest in spiritualistic literature. I was not especially attracted by the marvels of mediumship; for, having no doubts about a future life, I was not in search for proofs of immortality. The reported communications with the spirits of the departed seemed probable enough, but they did not satisfy any craving of my nature and my intellectual curiosity was not mature enough to find in them a challenge; so that this strange phenomena of Spiritualism simply engaged my passing attention but did not absorb my thought. I was chiefly, almost solely, interested in the spiritual philosophy of life which pervaded this literature. I did find in this spiritual philosophy what satisfied the deepening hunger of my soul. And I wish here to call attention to the fact that quite apart from, if not wholly independent of, the problem of spirit manifestation, the view of human life which lies at the center of the spiritualistic movement is both noble and rational. It is not a very original philosophy of life; its essentials are as old as Isaiah and Plato; it has a kinship with both the mystics of the middle ages and the rationalists of the last century; there is a good deal of the thought of Swedenborg in it; much of it follows closely the teaching of Channing and Emerson; indeed, there is here and there a decided gospel flavor. But however derived, the doctrine of life taught by Spiritualism is inspiring. For what is this spiritual philosophy? The naturalness of religion as the guest of the human soul for higher life; the continuity of religious experience as the inner essence of present duty which will unfold into future felicity; the law of progress the condition of every human life and growth in righteousness the method of salvation; the spirituality of judgment as the harvest of life always at hand; the divine nature conceived as infinite love, ever present in the world as a providence of order which works toward goodness. This may not be a very new faith, but it is a noble and rational philosophy of life. This is what

Spiritualism has taught its disciples with eloquence

and earnestness, though the movement has been held responsible for low views of the marriage relation which were foisted upon it by gross men who took advantage of its liberty for an occasion of the flesh. But in this respect Spiritualism has not suffered alone, for cranks and knaves flock to every new standard as affording a fresh opportunity for their folly or their fraud; and yet spiritualistic literature as a rule is exceedingly pure, and Spiritualists as a body are generally free from such grossness. Vile persons have pushed themselves to the front in its gatherings, while noxious literature has been issued in its name, but its fundamental philosophy of life gives no warrant to such views or such conduct, for it makes the Immanent God the Infinite Goodness, while it demands of man holiness and beneficence.

Now it was this spiritual philosophy of its literature which interested and nourished me as a lad. I found here a view of the universe which brought all realms of creation into harmony. I found here a thought of nature which made it the manifestation of spiritual purpose. I found here a conception of providence without any Infinite Wrath and of destiny without any Eternal Misery. I found here a description of religion in simple terms of natural goodness which won both reason and conscience. I also found here a faith in God which brought him near as a loving friend and which also throned him afar as the power omnipotent. Probably there were many other sources from which I might have obtained this religious nourishment; probably sources from which I would have received far more than I did from the writings of Spiritualists. But I am free to acknowledge the aid which came to me from this direction; we ought to be thankful to the makers of our manhood however imperfect their service; and I must count the study of the spiritual philosophy as one of the factors of my education. However, during the period of my deepest interest in Spiritualism, I never attended a single séance, though I had the opportunity, a circumstance which in later life has seemed somewhat peculiar as I have reflected upon it. But this neglect of what is called spirit manifestation, the indifference to the marvels reported of mediums, was doubtless due to the fact that my interest centered in its philosophy of life rather than in its strange phenomena, while, having a strong native and intuitive faith, in immortality, I was incurious about physical proofs of a spiritual existence beyond the grave. And here I may say that I have never personally investigated the phenomena of Spiritualism, as doubtless I ought; and on this account I am poorly prepared to speak upon some phases of the movement. I never have been particularly attracted by such physical manifestations as table tipplings and cabinet materializations as evidence of spirit presence; and I have had absolutely no experiences along these lines of mediumship; but I would not set up my lack of experience as proof that no such spirit manifestations ever occur.

Whatever may be thought of what is called spirit manifestation, Spiritualism as a phase of religious faith, wide spread and accepted by many refined and intelligent people, is certainly worthy our recognition and our careful study. Though the movement started from the rappings of the Fox sisters, living near Rochester, in 1848, yet this phenomenon of itself under other conditions of the public mind would probably have made very little impression. Two hundred years ago in New England these girls would doubtless have been executed as witches; in a community absolutely assured of immortality, they would have been accepted, as a matter of course, as marvelous agents, but no religious dispensation would have flowed from these occurrences. Two conditions existed which afforded an impulse and an environment favorable to the growth of a religious faith in connection with this peculiar manifestation. The decay of traditional dogmas, which had been a trellis to the immortal hope, left that glorious expectation without a support. Men had believed in heaven because they believed in the creed, but the creed had been rejected, and therefore the basis of their hope seemed destroyed. People had trusted in a future life upon the authority of the Bible, but when they came to look upon that literature as a religious classic rather than a supernatural reve-

lation, then in the minds of many a great doubt arose respecting a life beyond the grave. The yearning for heaven had no support and thousands sought a new basis for the old hope. Therefore, when these rappings came and seemed to open up a direct communication with the departed, these people found in them the satisfaction of a deep yearning. Here was a new trellis for the old hope of immortality. These spirit manifestations made it possible for people who had begun to doubt to believe again in a life beyond the grave. Here, too, was one of the conditions of the times which favored the growth of a religious movement from this phenomenon. And when we consider how powerful a factor in human life this hope is, it is easy to understand how much influence manifestations calculated to confirm it would have over people in distress at this point.

Another favorable condition was the existence at that time of many new elements of religious thought which as yet had not been brought together and fused into a movement. There was a ripening of ideals and aspirations which had not been gathered into any ecclesiastical harvest. There was not only a widespread departure from the orthodox standards, but a positive growth along new lines. There was a new view of man as a being of native dignity, and capable of improvement by natural methods of education; the fiction of total depravity had been stripped from human nature and it was now regarded as the realm of divine possibilities. There was a new view of God as a power so immanent in creation as to make every process of nature divine, as a Providence so universal as to sweep away the old divisions into sacred and profane and therefore to unite all times under one historic order and all peoples under one dispensation, and as a love so infinite as to have some final good in store for every soul. And out of these new views of man and God had come a new doctrine of salvation, which represented that being good and doing good is man's chief need and God's sole demand—a doctrine of salvation which embraced these four elements; the native capacity of man for a divine life, the naturalness of true piety, character the end and test of religion, endless progress in holiness the possibility of every human being. These were the thoughts and feelings which lay in the minds and hearts of thousands about the middle of this century. There was a movement toward a more rational and natural form of religion; but these elements were not fused into any system. Among these factors of a new faith the spirit manifestations entered, and they supplied the organic impulse which brought these people together upon the platform of a common faith, and so Spiritualism as a form of religion was produced. The mediumistic phenomena gave the dominant characteristic and the organizing momentum, but these conditions of the public mind made it possible for, a new religious faith to arise in this connection, and along with these manifestations went a spiritualistic philosophy of life which nourished the souls of men. And Spiritualism has been, and is, a veritable religion to thousands of people. Independent of commercial mediums, there are hundreds of circles which meet every Sunday for religious cultivation; there are scores of speakers who give themselves wholly to this cause; it has created a literature of its own—having at present many periodicals in America, while some of its writings like the poems of Lizzie Doten and the essays of Robert Dale Owen have decided literary merit.

Spiritualism as a religious faith is a movement of no slight importance; whatever we may think of the reality of its psychical manifestations, there is no question of the reality of its influence in human lives. Spiritualists themselves admit that there has been much that was fantastic, foolish, and even fraudulent mixed up with it; but the teachings of Spiritualists, as a rule, have not only been on the side of pure morality and good citizenship, but have been productive of more rational views of human life, of more spiritual conceptions of God, and of more humane theories of man's destiny. The positive tendencies of spiritualistic philosophy have been helpful and wholesome. As the result of my own experience, I have two judgments to pass upon Spiritualists,—one favorable and one unfavorable. I have found among them an

assurance of immortality which has worked into their character a beautiful serenity and hopefulness of spirit,—a sweet patience in misfortune and a holy calm when descending into the valley of the shadow of death; while it affords a supreme consolation to those compelled to part with their friends. Any great religious conviction serves these ends; but it has often seemed to me that to Spiritualists above all others is death robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory. This is my praise of Spiritualists, and my condemnation is this: as a class they have failed to organize for human helpfulness. I have found them destitute of the consciousness of religion as a corporate life; unwilling to associate to promote the common good and indifferent to organized efforts for relief or reform. Spiritualists have been philanthropic and public spirited in many cases; but Spiritualism as a movement has had no organic instincts. It has been a dissolvent rather than a creative force. It has made for itself no adequate expression in institutions. No new social agency or method has come out of it. I have found many Spiritualists, otherwise admirable people, afflicted with an incurable lethargy;—indisposed to do anything to bring in the kingdom. This defect is probably due to two causes: The enervating optimism of their faith which holds that everything is progressing finely from the very law of its own being; and the assumption, very dangerous but very common among us all, that theirs is the final philosophy to which nothing can be added. When we turn our thought into a dogma and come to regard it as a finality, then we become complacent and indifferent, and the end of our intellectual life is not far off. Many people in this body have felt so strongly that they possessed the whole truth that they saw nothing more to learn or do. From these, or other causes, Spiritualists have not made themselves a militant and organic power against injustice, superstition, and ignorance, as they might have done; and this I think has been their great fault.

So much then for the philosophy and the religious faith associated with Spiritualism. Now, what shall we say about the spirit manifestations,—the rappings, the slate writing, the materializations, and the trance speaking? Are they the product of imposture, of forces native to man but as yet little understood, or of the spirits of the departed? It is clear that the ordinary spiritualistic séance affords an inviting field for the operation of impostors; and however real spirit communications may be, we would naturally expect that base men would avail themselves of this field for selfish ends. Much fraud could be expected where the opportunities for practicing it are so great. And some years ago, it was conclusively proved that many so-called mediums, some of great notoriety, were coarse and knavish tricksters. The presence among their number of such impostors was admitted and regretted by prominent Spiritualists, who, however, took the ground that this fraud no more disproves true Spiritualism than does the counterfeit disprove the existence of the true coin. The more intelligent Spiritualists have taken the position that much imposture has been practiced for the basest purposes under the name of Spiritualism; and men like my genial friend, Col. John C. Bundy of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, have bravely undertaken to expose such impostors and drive them out of the movement. Then more rational Spiritualists insist that the severest tests be applied to all mediums, and that all phenomena be carefully investigated in order to protect the movement from imposture. And we must heartily commend them for this course. They demand that Spiritualism be clean, honest, and real. Then people look with suspicion upon commercial mediums in general; and while firm believers in spirit communication, they take little interest in what may be called the more trivial and materialistic phenomena which have gone under this name. This certainly is a hopeful position for Spiritualists themselves to take.

We therefore reach this conclusion,—that much imposture has been connected with this subject. So much was proved by the Seybert Commission of Philadelphia, and also by the Society for Psychical Research in London. But it is fair to remember, that before these investigations were made, Spiritualists had

discovered many frauds and had begun to try to free themselves from what they condemn as an unholy appendage to their cause. However, Spiritualists contend that the reality of spirit manifestation has not been disproved by any of these efforts, for these investigations just named have touched, as they claim, only this fraudulent and unholy appendage of their movement. And here, in passing, I may state that when all the facts of the case are duly considered, too numerous and tedious for recital here, the so-called confession of two of the original Fox sisters, made some two years ago, has really no bearing one way or the other on the reality of Spiritualism.

But after we make a liberal allowance for fraud and set aside much that may be the work of impostors, there yet remains a great mass of phenomena that in the nature of the case can not be due to imposture. I refer to the personal and direct experiences of people of keenest mind and noblest character, whose faith in their experiences in this line amounts to a religious conviction. There are thousands who feel perfectly sure that they have held communication directly with the spirits of departed friends; these phenomena may be due to other causes, but there can be no doubt of the reality of their experiences. They may be mistaken respecting the character of their experiences, which may be due to the forces of their own nature rather than to the presence of spirits, but these experiences are facts which can not be ignored. There is here no possibility of fraud or imposture. What a person himself experiences is psychologically an ultimate fact, whatever the explanation. And here is the problem: Many rational and reliable people have experiences which they attribute to spirits; these experiences are ultimate facts which we must accept as psychologically real. But is their explanation the true explanation? Are spirits the true cause of these peculiar phenomena?

The explanation of scientists like Carpenter, Sully, Lewis, and Wundt is this: That these experiences which are honestly believed to be spirit manifestations are due to some abnormal condition of the apparatus of sensation. They are not produced by the agency of visiting spirits from another world but generated within these persons themselves by the operation of inherent forces. And these scientists go on to show how imperfect bodily organs, how exhausted conditions of the nervous system, how an expectation so intense as to create an apparent perception of the thing expected, and how a mere suggestion operating on an intensely active imagination, how these forces native to us as human beings may produce all these experiences. And it has always seemed to me that these scientists make out at least a very plausible case. They produce a parallel series of abnormal psychological experiences—visions and trances and illusions—which are manifestly of purely natural origin, and which are so similar to these spirit manifestations as to create a strong presumption that they are all referable to the same cause. There would be a manifest difference, if any scientific knowledge were obtained through these spirit communications; but so far these visitants have not disclosed to us any of the great laws of nature, and what are given as revelations of the future life, in many cases very beautiful and possibly true, seldom include anything which human imagination might not have created. Much has recently been done to investigate that curious phenomenon, once called mesmerism, and now known as hypnotism, an artificially induced sleep in which the subject is obedient to suggestions supplied by the operator. And many feel that here is an explanation of much that has passed as spirit manifestations, such as clairvoyance. These hypnotic experiences are very real and very startling, and yet they lie wholly within the limit of the powers of human nature. From the standpoint of hypnotism, it is possible to credit people with perfect honesty in their claim to spirit communication, and yet we may reasonably assign any of their peculiar experiences to causes inherent in human nature itself.

And still, when all these deductions are made, a surplus of mystery remains, which, as yet, has received no adequate explanation, even by Carpenter, the fairest of scientists; and it is possible that Spirit-

ualism may be its true explanation. It seems to me that some extreme cerebral physiologists are inclined to make an unscientific use of the theory of hypnotism. This hypnotic theory is now the fashion of the hour; and it is so easy to become dogmatic even under cover of science and carelessly refer everything to hypnotism. There is about as much danger to-day from an epidemic of hypnotic foolishness as there was forty years ago of spiritualistic vagaries. The theory of hypnotism is going to help us toward a better understanding of many morbid psychical phenomena; but merely brandishing this name will not clear up all mysteries; and probably before long many of us will be praying the good Lord to deliver us from the curse of hypnotism. And as an illustration of these remarks, I would refer to trance speaking as an example of a mystery which can not be referred to any known laws of our nature, and which hypnotism is powerless to explain, though the attempt is made. The innumerable visions of distant persons by friends who did not know that they were dead, which the Society for Psychical Research has called "telepathy,"—the communication between human beings by means other than the ordinary channels of perception—elaborately stated by Mr. Gurney and others in "Phantasms of the Living." These can hardly be satisfactorily explained upon the supposition of mere coincidence; while they seem to point to the independence of the human soul of its bodily organs.

These and other facts lead many to think that we are making the beginnings of a true psychical science which will some day demonstrate the imperishable nature of the soul and establish immortality as a scientific fact. This would be a great achievement and it is not impossible. Meanwhile, my own attitude toward Spiritualism though critical is sympathetic, believing it worthy respectful attention; and while in suspense of faith respecting its peculiar and distinctive assumption, my hope of immortality is undimmed.

#### THE "WATSEKA WONDER"—ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE.

By RICHARD HODGSON, LL. D.

[Those of our subscribers who were readers of THE JOURNAL in 1879 will recall the thrilling narrative contributed by Dr. E. W. Stevens, and very appropriately entitled "The Watseka Wonder." We took great pains before and during publication to obtain full corroboration of the astounding facts from unimpeachable and competent witnesses. That it was a genuine case of spirit control we have never doubted. The account as published in pamphlet form from THE JOURNAL attracted deep interest among the members of the English Society for Psychical Research which was formed afterwards; and we were repeatedly asked by psychical researchers to confirm our published opinion by a later expression over our own signature, which we always did unhesitatingly. Last spring when Dr. Hodgson, secretary of the American Branch of the S. P. R. visited Chicago he expressed a desire to visit Watseka and personally interview the witnesses in compliance with instructions from the parent society in London. We arranged with Mr. Roff for the visit, which was duly made, and with results most satisfactory. The interest in the remarkable case is still, and will long continue, very great; hence any additional testimony will be welcomed by our readers. Dr. Hodgson has kindly complied with our request to supply something from his notes. To those unfamiliar with the case a brief resume is necessary in order to understand Dr. Hodgson's fragmentary statements, and as Dr. James, Professor of Psychology at Harvard University, has given a very good one in his reference to the case in his new and large work we quote it in the foot note. Dr. James is mistaken in saying that "Mary Roff died in an insane asylum," otherwise his synopsis of the case is substantially correct.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Most of the readers of THE JOURNAL are familiar with the case of Mary Lurancy Vennum, "The Watseka Wonder." I visited Watseka on April 12, 1890, and cross-examined the principal witnesses of this case. The result of my inquiry was to strengthen my confidence in the original narrative, and various unpublished facts were ascertained which as Professor William James remarks in his recently published "Psychology" (vol. I., p. 398), increase the plausibility of the spiritualistic interpretation of the phenomenon. Mr. Roff kindly gave me all the assistance in his power, and brought the witnesses together at very short notice so that I might have the opportunity of interviewing them.

I give here the substance of some of the statements made to me on April 12th, last. Mr. Roff did not know Lurancy Vennum personally before she claimed to be controlled by Mary Roff. Under the Mary Roff control she was very warm and affectionate, as she would be to a father, but as Lurancy Vennum she was afterwards timid and reserved towards him. When she

first arrived at his house she looked around and said: "Where's Nervie?"—the name by which Mary Roff had been accustomed to call her sister Minerva, now, and at the time of Lurancy Vennum's experience, Mrs. Minerva Alter.

Mrs. Roff stated that Lurancy Vennum had never been in her house until she came there as Mary Roff. After looking round the house she said: "Why, there's our old piano, and there's the same old piano cover." This piano and cover had been familiar to Mary Roff in another house, where Mary Roff died. Lurancy referred to some peculiar incidents in Mary Roff's life almost every day, and she spoke once in detail about her stay at a water-cure place in Peoria where Mary Roff had been. Mrs. Roff once said to her: "Mary, do you remember when the stove pipe fell down and Frank was burned?" "Yes." "Do you know where he was burned?" "Yes; I'll show you," and she showed the exact spot on the arm where Frank was burned.

Mrs. Minerva Alter said that the mannerisms and behavior of Lurancy, when under the control resembled those of her sister Mary. Lurancy Vennum knew Mrs. Alter previously as Mrs. Alter, having met her at the school, etc., but when under the control of Mary she embraced Mrs. Alter affectionately and called her "Nervie," a name by which Mrs. Alter had not been called for many years, but which was Mary's special pet name for her. In later years she had been commonly called Minnie by her intimate friends. Lurancy, as Mary Roff, stayed at Mrs. Alter's home for some time, and almost every hour of the day some trifling incident of Mary Roff's life was recalled by Lurancy. One morning she said: "Right over there by the currant bushes is where Allie greased the chicken's eye." Allie was a cousin of Mary Roff, and lived in Peoria, Ill. She visited the Roffs in the lifetime of Mary, with whom she played. This incident happened several years before the death of Mary Roff. Mrs. Alter remembered it very well, and recalled their bringing the chicken into the house for treatment. Lurancy in her ordinary state had never met Allie, who is now Mrs. H— living in Peoria, Ill. On another occasion Lurancy, as she was walking with Mrs. Alter, called out, "That's a new opera house," referring to a building which had been erected some years, but did not exist in the lifetime of Mary Roff. Lurancy lived with them some days before she seemed to realize, as Mary Roff, that she had died, but afterwards she explained to them that she understood all about it, that "spirits" had informed her that she was in the body of Lurancy Vennum. She frequently said to Mrs. Alter: "I can't think that you are married?" Mrs. Alter was not married when Mary Roff died. One morning Mrs. Alter asked her if she remembered the old dog (a dog which died during the lifetime of Mary Roff). Lurancy replied: "Yes; he died just there," and she pointed out the exact spot where the dog had breathed his last.

Mrs. Robert Doyle stated that she called upon Lurancy Vennum before she was removed to the house of Mr. Roff. She said:

"What's the matter, Lurancy?"

L. V. "That's not my name. You knew me when I was a little girl. You know well enough what my name is. It is Mary Roff. Your husband's in partnership with my father; and you have a baby named for my sister Minerva."

Mrs. D. "What do you want?"

L. V. "I want to go home." (She seemed at that time to think that she had been kidnapped and carried away.)

Mr. Doyle was a partner of Mr. Roff in 1863, and was in partnership with him when Mary Roff died. The partnership was dissolved about six years later, when Lurancy Vennum was six or seven years old. Mrs. Doyle had a daughter named Minerva after Mary Roff's sister, who was a baby at the time of the death of Mary Roff.

When Lurancy was being taken to Mr. Roff's house she tried to get to another house on the way, insisting that it was her home. They had to take her past it almost forcibly. This house was the house where Mr. Roff was living at the time of Mary Roff's death, and was also the house in which Mary Roff died. They

shortly afterwards moved to another house, to which Lurancy was being taken.

Mrs. Wagner stated that she knew Lurancy Vennum very well both before, and during, and after the remarkable circumstances of her connection with Mary Roff.

When Mary Roff died Mrs. Wagner's name was Mrs. Lord, and Mary Roff had been in her class at Sunday school. She had known Mary Roff for several years before her death—since the year 1861. Mary Roff died in 1865, and Mrs. Lord married a second time in 1866. When she called upon the Roffs after Lurancy had gone there, she was greeted very affectionately by Lurancy as Mrs. Lord. She made inquiries, and ascertained that none of the family had mentioned that she was going to the house. Mrs. Wagner said that throughout the time during which Lurancy purported to be Mary Roff she invariably called her Mrs. Lord, and that after Lurancy Vennum's return to her ordinary state she invariably called her Mrs. Wagner.

One circumstance which I ascertained seemed at first sight to weaken, but on further consideration, to strengthen the evidence in favor of the spiritualistic interpretation. Mrs. Kay stated that she knew Lurancy Vennum and also Mary Roff, but that Lurancy as Mary Roff did not know her. It appeared, however, that Mary Roff had not seen Mrs. Kay for two years before her death. Mrs. Kay had lived in the state of Wisconsin for two years, returning to Watseka in August, 1865, the month after Mary Roff's death, and Mrs. Kay thought she had changed in appearance somewhat during the fifteen years which had elapsed between the time of her seeing Mary Roff and that of seeing Lurancy under the control.

Mrs. Marsh stated that she did not know Lurancy Vennum before the time of the control, but got to know her quite intimately as Mary Roff. After Lurancy returned to her normal state she did not recognize Mrs. Marsh at all.

Conversely, Mrs. T. Vennum, whose husband was the second cousin of Lurancy, and who knew Lurancy Vennum as such, was not recognized by Lurancy when the latter was under the control of Mary Roff.

I do not propose to discuss the case further here. It is, so far as I know, unique among the records of supernormal occurrences, and I can not find any satisfactory interpretation of it except the spiritualistic.

NOTE.—From "The Principles of Psychology," by William James, Professor of Psychology in Harvard University. Vol. I, pp. 396-398. The case of Lurancy Vennum is perhaps as extreme a case of "possession" of the modern sort as one can find.\* Lurancy was a young girl of fourteen, living with her parents at Watseka, Ill., who (after various distressing hysterical disorders and spontaneous trances, during which she was possessed by departed spirits of a more or less grotesque sort), finally declared herself to be animated by the spirit of Mary Roff (a neighbor's daughter who had died in an insane asylum twelve years before) and insisted on being sent "home" to Mr. Roff's house. After a week of "homesickness" and importunity on her part, her parents agreed, and the Roffs, who pitied her, and who were Spiritualists into the bargain, took her in. Once there, she seems to have convinced the family that their dead Mary had exchanged habitations with Lurancy. Lurancy was said to be temporarily in heaven, and Mary's spirit now controlled her organism, and lived again in her former earthly home.

"The girl, now in her new home, seemed perfectly happy and content, knowing every person and everything that Mary knew when in her original body, twelve to twenty-five years ago, recognizing and calling by name those who were friends and neighbors of the family from 1852 to 1865, when Mary died, calling attention to scores, yes, hundreds of incidents that transpired during her natural life. During all the period of her sojourn at M. Roff's she had no knowledge of, and did not recognize, any of Mr. Vennum's friends or neighbors, yet Mr. and Mrs. Vennum and their children visited her and Mr. Roff's people, she being introduced to them as to any strangers. After frequent visits, and hearing them often and favorably spoken of, she learned to love them as acquaintances, and visited them with Mrs. Roff three times. From day to day she appeared natural, easy, affable, and industrious, attending diligently and faithfully to her household duties, assisting in the general work of the family as a faithful, prudent daughter might be supposed to do, singing, reading, or conversing as opportunity offered, upon all matters of private or general interest to the family."

The so-called Mary whilst at the Roffs' would sometimes "go back to heaven," and leave the body in a "quiet trance," i. e., without the original personality of Lurancy returning. After eight or nine weeks, however, the memory and manner of Lurancy would sometimes partially, but not entirely, return for a few minutes. Once Lurancy seems to have taken full possession for a short time. At last, after some fourteen weeks, conformably to the prophecy which Mary had made when she first assumed control, she departed definitely and the Lurancy consciousness came back for good. Mr. Roff writes:

"She wanted me to take her home, which I did. She called me Mr. Roff, and talked with me as a young girl would, not being acquainted. I asked her how things appeared to her—if they seemed natural. She said it seemed like a dream to her. She met her parents and brothers in a very affectionate manner, hugging and kissing each one in tears of gladness. She clasped her arms around her father's neck a long time, fairly smothering him with kisses. I saw her father just now (eleven o'clock). He says she has been perfectly natural, and seems entirely well."

Lurancy's mother writes, a couple of months later, that she was "perfectly and entirely well and natural. For two or three weeks after her return home, she seemed a little strange to what she had been before she was taken sick last summer, but only, perhaps, the natural change that had taken place with the girl, and except it seemed to her as though she had been dreaming or sleeping, etc., Lurancy has been smarter, more intelligent, more industrious, more womanly, and more polite than before. We give the credit of her complete cure and restoration to her family to Dr. E. W. Stevens, and Mr. and Mrs. Roff, by their obtaining her removal to Mr. Roff's, where her cure was perfected. We firmly believe, that, had she remained at home, she would have died, or we would have been obliged to send her to the insane asylum; and if so, that she would have died there; and further, that I could not have lived but a short time with the care and trouble devolving on me. Several of the relatives of Lurancy, including ourselves, now believe she was cured by spirit power, and that Mary Roff controlled the girl."

Eight years later Lurancy was reported to be married and a mother, and in good health. She had apparently outgrown the mediumistic phase of her existence.

\*"The Watseka Wonder," by E. W. Stevens. Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. 1887. Price 15 cents.

#### A LATE LETTER FROM MR. A. B. ROFF.

TO THE EDITOR: In reply to your letter of inquiry I would say that our Mary Roff was never in an insane asylum. We were advised by friends to send her to one as they thought we were in danger of being killed in one of those strange conditions she was in at periods of from three to five weeks.—See "Watsseka Wonder," pp. 9 to 12—but we never thought of such a thing as sending her to an asylum. We did, however, send her to a water cure at Peoria, Ill., to have her treated for her disease whatever it might be. It was generally, in fact always, termed fits by the doctors. She was at the water cure fifteen or eighteen months, near my brother's family where she often visited.

Query—"Was Mary insane at all?" We termed those periods—which occurred for a few years prior to her passing away—of three or four days, just before and at the time of her fits, periods of insanity. So Lurancy Vennum was termed insane. Now Mary had no symptoms of insanity whatever between those periods alluded to. We were not at this time Spiritualists.

At the time Mary cut her arm, when for a day or two she appeared like a raving maniac, a lady from Lafayette, Ind., called and was much interested in the case, and advised us to send for a good spiritual medium, saying she had no doubt that was the only remedy for such a case. The account of her by Smith of the Danville Times—"Watsseka Wonder" p. 12—is very misleading, as her reason, if insane, was only dethroned for a brief period and she was "a raving maniac," if at all, for only two or three days and her "conceiving fancies of queerest hue" occurred only at that one time when Smith was present and lasted but two days.

Now was Mary insane? Was Lurancy insane? The cases are in many respects similar but the treatment of the two cases were entirely different. Lurancy was placed in conditions where spirit influence could be used for her benefit; while with Mary it was the very opposite. We felt that we were almost insulted when advised just the same substantially as we advised Mr. and Mrs. Vennum. Were they insane? I can not answer, but I very much doubt it. A. B. ROFF.

WATSEKA, Dec. 11.

#### HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

##### IX.

#### TABLE TURNING WITH AND WITHOUT CONTACT.

In repeated instances I have been unable to raise the side of a table, and the very next moment have raised it with one finger, with no sense of weight. One of the commonest forms in which this force is exerted, is the beating of time, by the legs of a piano, to the music that is played on it, sometimes by a mere child,

equivalent to the exertion of a muscular force of two hundred pounds or more.

It is unnecessary to accumulate examples. They occur in almost every phase of the phenomena. Thousands, who know somewhat of the matter, have seen untouched objects move intelligently. Those who give no study to the subject, and institute no experiments, should remember that mankind depends upon the senses for the certainty of every fact that comes within their operation. By no ingenious sophistry can we discard these useful friends which for a lifetime have served us so honestly.

We may fairly divide the motive power into three degrees.

1st. When the power is in its earlier stages of development, through the involuntary motion of the muscles.

2d. When the motive power acts independently of the muscles, moving and raising heavy objects, merely requiring contact to be made good by two or three fingers.

3d. Where no contact is required, and the force produces effects at a distance from the person of the presumed operator.

When the muscular force is called into play we can detect it, although unconscious of any volition, by a slight reaction, as in the involuntary writing, but in the cases where the object is heavy and the reaction should be more sensible, if the force proceeds from muscular impulses, none is felt.

This force is variable in its energy, and seems to depend upon conditions of health, will, temperature, atmospheric electricity and light. It ought not to be worth while to insist at length upon the reality of this form of the phenomena. It is a matter so plainly susceptible of proof, so perfectly simple and easy to arrive at, that there is no more uncertainty in determining that it does not arise from involuntary pushing, than that a wheelbarrow in the street is not driven by a steam engine. The greater mystery is that so much perverse ingenuity should have been wasted in seeking causes demonstrably insufficient for the effect. Those who insist that one or more persons, sometimes a mere child, can push a table round, often with a man seated on it, with the tips of the fingers, without any consciousness of a force exerted are incapable of reasoning correctly from known data.

The force producing the movement of objects is apparently of the human organism; the intelligence which directs these movements is quite another matter and forms the chief subject of inquiry. Intelligent movement of an untouched object, is the initial step upon which the other phases, and even the spiritual hypothesis closely depend.

#### MYSTERIOUS RAPPINGS.

When by personal examination, and without it we can have no conception of the erratic conclusions it is possible to arrive at, we find ourselves in a condition to judge accurately, we begin to recognize the extraordinary perversion of thought which has tortured this form into mechanical tricks. The singular inanity of the prolific guesses freely poured forth in current conversation, or finding vent in the modern scientific lecture on "popular superstitions," is hardly to be measured.

Of all the best assured forms of communication this is one of the most interesting, and less liable than some others, to be affected by the conscious thoughts of those present.

The force of this effect on us is perhaps increased by the influence that sounds from invisible sources have upon the imagination. They appear to be so entirely apart from our own organisms, so completely guided by their own capricious will, that it requires no small degree of credulity to fix them down to so prosaic a source as the body of the medium sitting motionless before you.

Here, there, everywhere, they perplex us by their variety and multiplicity. Solemn and ghostly, lively, imitative and irrepressible, they rap with an identity of sound expressive as the tones of a voice. Quick to comprehend and swift to comply, there is hardly any sound in the compass of a rap that is not executed with surprising fidelity. From the slow tolling of a bell to the quick rub-a-dub of a drum; from re-

sounding blows which shake the very room, and horrid scratchings that curdle the blood in the veins to the multitudinous beating of fairy fingers in the distance, they come and go, "the very *ignis fatuus* of acoustics." The imitation of sounds we make on the surface of the table is sometimes exceedingly perfect. In the form of trance speaking, involuntary writing and table movement with contact, we see the parts fitted for these special acts apparently employed in producing them, and it requires close observation as well as minute experiments to satisfy us that the effects are not caused by the voluntary use of these members. But in the phase which this chapter discusses there is no physical connection between the sensitive and the place from whence the sounds proceed. Although all these modes of communication are closely allied in character, yet this particular form enables us to reach an absolute certainty, which in some other phases is more or less dependent upon the assertions of individuals through whom the experiments are made.

In these rappings there is something akin to an epidemic character. Now they appear spontaneously; then are self induced by reading some work in relation to them, through which the imagination is excited; often through personal contact with one already affected; or again they spread like a contagion, until the whole neighborhood is inoculated. A semi-conscious and dreamy state of mind and the weird expectation of something to happen caused by sitting in a circle with others, especially in the dark, seldom fail to evolve them, sooner or later, in some degree.

By far the greater number of persons through whom these phenomena prominently display themselves, particularly the physical demonstrations, are those of small culture. The educated mind, in the full exercise of its vigor, denies a home to these forces, and although from some strong natural adaptation there are many exceptions, it is constant that a very large proportion of those thus influenced are persons of little education, but not necessarily without intelligence and good natural parts. In fact, whatever tends to activity of the brain is an unfavorable condition. Music, which acts soothingly on the nervous system, is often called in with success, and mesmerism, in suspending the conscious action of the brain and closing the senses, lends a powerful aid.

It is not probable that we will ever gain a full knowledge of the extreme limit of these phenomena by our present haphazard means of investigation. We soon become aware of a marked tendency in these forces to increase in physical energy and intellectual power, under regular and well ordered observation, not too frequently repeated. Psychological education seems to be a probability and may consist in guarding the sensitive from care and anxiety, as well as from captious suspicion or ill regulated skepticism, and in using her powers with discretion.

The daughter of a friend, occasionally mesmerized for insomnia, who had no conscious belief in spiritual causation, was accustomed to write directions in the name of a spirit as to the length of time the passes should be continued. When the number of minutes had elapsed rappings were to be heard on articles of furniture, eight or ten feet distant, as loud as the stroke of a heavy fist. The blows were more numerous and powerful when she had fallen into the sleep, and frequently caused me to start from my seat in alarm.

This lady when sufficiently mesmerized, occasionally went to sleep, and as usual in that state became insensible to pain, asserting, as if coming from a spirit, that when awake with all her senses alive, perfect insensibility would continue. Although she had no conscious knowledge when awake of what had been said, written or rapped in her sleep, it was in vain we attempted to extort an expression of pain by any violence short of cruelty, and were thoroughly convinced by numerous trials that she felt none. This influence also extended to the nerves of motion. When her hand gave notice that for a certain length of time she would be unable to walk until the expiration of that time, her lower limbs were completely paralyzed, and her hand perhaps would add, "this is

to prove to you that it is a power over which you have no control."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### BOBOLINK—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By W. WHITWORTH.

I'm just plain Constable John Frick. Where I live is of no consequence to anyone. I never did believe in ghosts, nor signs, nor dreams. Nor yet did I believe in animals having the same sense into 'em that humans have; leastways, not till Bobolink—but no matter about him just now. Certainly, parrots can talk. But what does it amount to? "Polly want's a cracker!" That's the whole size of it; senseless chatter, that's all.

I mind reading about a big German philosopher—Kant, I think, is his name—who set up the curious idea that there is another space, either outside or inside of ours, peopled by a sort of beings he called "creatures of the fourth dimension"—whatever that is. It's Greek to me. I'm pretty sure on one thing, though, that there's lots of folks in this world it would be mighty good to lay away in some outside space and never be heard of again. But that's neither here nor there. I mind the time when the curious things happened I'm going to tell about as if it was only yesterday, on account it was a little while before the jolly Christmas time, and my good dame was worriting herself as to where the Christmas turkey was to come from. Times were uncommon slack, and money was above a bit scarce just then. As good luck would have it, though, I'd struck a job for next day. Says I:

"Don't fret, mother; I've got a party to put out of a house to-morrow. It'll fetch the turkey all right."

"Where is it, John?" she asked, looking up with her round, comfortable face from her mending.

"Bethel Alley," I answered; when she dropped her hands as she said, in her pitying way:

"Oh, John; out of a place named after the blessed Bethlehem, where our Savior was born. It seems such a sad thing to do."

"Such a sad thing to do."

A strange voice spoke that right after mother. We turned as quick as could be to see where it come from. There wasn't a sign of anything but Bobolink in his old position on the perch against the wires, with his one eye next to us, as calm as could be. Of course he was out of the question. It was mighty curious. We were as certain as certain could be that we'd heard the voice. But as there wasn't a soul to be seen we must have been mistaken. After a while I said:

"Benjamin wants me to hustle 'em right out. He says they don't pay the rent, and he won't wait another day."

Wife pleaded in her soft, motherly voice:

"Don't do it, John; leastways not till after the Christmas time that means peace and brotherly love to all the world. It wouldn't be lucky."

Says I: "What has luck got to do with business?" when the very same voice rung out:

"It wouldn't be lucky!"

This time there was no mistake where the words came from. It was Bobolink! Sho! Don't tell me. What John Frick knows, he knows. Couldn't I see by the cute expression of that bird's eye, cocked sideways at us so blamed cunning, and the wink he gave when we looked at him. It gave a queer feeling right through me, I tell you. As for mother, she crossed her hands over her bosom quite solemn, and whispered:

"To my dying day I shall say that's a spirit warning, John."

Blessed if Bobolink didn't speak out again—

"A solemn spirit warning, John!"

It's no use to deny it. I never was struck so queer in my life; and when next day I started for Bethel Alley, I hadn't a bit of heart for the work in hand. And I'd less when I see the miserable, tumbledown, rickety, grim, black tenements along that filthy narrow passageway, mixed up the whole length with stables, cow sheds and rag warehouses, and all swarming with God's creatures ten times over worse housed than cattle; and in one of the very worst, on top of a crooked flight of steps it was dangerous to walk on, and then along a narrow cleft between two dead walls. It was all I could do to grope my way in, I found the poor souls who were to be cast into the street. A poor old widow, seventy if she was a year, that I'd seen and pitied a score of times, as she tramped through the markets peddling socks and little knick-nacks of thread and such like, and her daughter, a sickly young woman with a wee baby in her arms, who had been deserted by a drunken brute of a husband. All the furniture there was in the two little rooms—one a mere lean-to sloping down to the floor at one end—I could have carried in a half-dozen arms-full.

Poor souls, they couldn't move from want of money to pay advance rent for another place. The old lady had been out day after day trying to scrape together

the amount, but hardly sold enough to get food with. She told me if her dear son George was only home to help her. But he'd been gone ten years, sailing to South America and China. She'd only had one letter from him, soon after he left, with a trifle of money for her. Now she was afraid he must be dead.

Well, I wouldn't put them out in the helpless condition they were in. To tell the gospel truth, I would have sooner faced a lion in his den than my dame if I'd done such a mean thing. Her tender face would have given me a look I couldn't stand. Hearing my story, she said:

"That was right, John," when Bobolink piped out as clear as a bell:

"That was right, John!"

Upon my soul, I didn't know what to make of it. Wife was more than ever convinced it was intended for a solemn spirit warning. But this was nothing. Benjamin came tearing into my place next day like a hungry wolf, wanting to know why I hadn't hustled those paupers out of his place.

The mother bridled up in most righteous indignation, asking how he could for shame have those sick women and baby put into the street in the middle of winter. Said Benjamin:

"What's their sickness to me? I don't furnish hospitals for ailing paupers. So hustle 'em right out!" in the coarsest, hardest voice you ever heard. I wish you'd seen Bobolink just then. He bristled his feathers and tore up and down his perch in a perfect fury, staring straight at the lawyer, and fairly screamed:

"Damn his red whiskers!"

Poor Benjamin. He gave one wild look at the bird, his jaw dropped the most helpless I ever laid eyes on, and scooted out into the street like a shot.

Says mother in her severest voice: "Good riddance of bad rubbage."

And right after her Bobolink, still dancing along his perch in hot style, with head cocked up and feathers ruffled, repeated:

"Good riddance of bad rubbage!"

Thinks I, "That bird must be possessed, and with a mighty knowing, good spirit, too."

Mother and me went to see the poor souls next day. What she carried in a big basket she'd fetched from market is no matter. Such a comforting crying spell as they did have together. I stayed outside to let 'em have fair play, for I knew what lots of good it would do 'em.

Starting off down town I saw a red-faced man gazing up and down as if trying to find something. Blessed if I wasn't completely beat to learn he was the son of that poor old soul on the look for his mother. Fact. I grabbed him by the hand hearty, and said: "You come right along of me," and took him slap-bang to them as needed him so bad.

The old lady took one set look into his brown face, then clasped her arms tight round his neck with a convulsive sob:

"Oh, George! my boy, my boy! The blessed Lord has given me back my dear lost son!"

Then his sister, holding the baby in one arm, hugged him hysterically with the other.

I stepped outside. There was a plaguey lump bobbing up in my throat, and something blurred my eyes so I couldn't see; just as if it was my funeral and I was called on to help the joyful mourners!

After a while we took the women over to my place; and then the way me and George hustled the things out of that rookery would have made Benjamin's red hair stand straight up if he'd seen it.

Did we get a turkey? You'd better believe it, the biggest, fattest, tenderest turkey the market could show. And such plump red cranberries, and such crisp white celery. And such a jolly lot as we were when the turkey appeared, done brown to a dot, filled with such luscious stuffing as made our mouths water only to sniff at it.

The feast ended, George told the strangest story about how he came to start for home. He said while walking through a belt of woods, a bird suddenly hopped down on to a low branch of a tree and spoke as plain as he ever heard in "all his born days"—

"Hurry home to thy mother, George! She needs thee bad."

He says he didn't know how it came to strike him so hard. He wasn't a bit frightened. But his conscience accused him for his neglect in leaving his poor old mother so long. It kept spurring him so he had no rest till he set out to come back.

He fixed up a little store where his mother and sister would be sure of a living, even if he should be called away again.

Is there call for more? I will just say, that after the folks had gone to bed I took a squint over at Bobolink in the old place on his perch and said:

"Well, old fellow, I hope you are satisfied now."

If you'll believe me, he winked his eye the cutest I ever saw, as he answered:

"It's all right now, John! It's all right!"

That's many a long year ago; but he never spoke again.

#### A GHOST AT THE WHEEL.

The only surviving member of the crew of the bark Ella arrived in London November 14th on board the steamer Anne from Buenos Ayres, and told a somewhat remarkable story with regard to the means which led to his rescue. The story of the man, whose name is Matthews, and who was first mate of the Ella, is as follows:

On September 30 we left Pernambuco with a cargo of hides, bound for London, our crew consisting of John Williams, master; myself; Johnson, the second mate; five seamen, the cook and carpenter. We had squally weather from the start, and finally, after drifting southward considerably, encountered a hurricane. Our small vessel was perfectly helpless in the terrific seas which swept over it, and although we all made desperate efforts to keep her going our case soon became helpless. I saw the captain, the second mate and a couple of seamen carried away at one clip by a monster sea, while I held firmly to the wheel, at which I was the last man. Finally my strength gave way and I supposed I was going to the bottom with the rest. A few hours later I regained my consciousness, however, and to my surprise was still on board the vessel. The sun was shining and the sea was comparatively quiet. I could hear no one moving about and when I attempted to move I could not do so. I felt a terrible pain in my right hip and sustained serious internal injuries which prevented me from even moving my position. The horror of the situation gradually dawned upon me. I was perhaps the only survivor of the Ella's crew. The hold was perhaps slowly filling with water owing to a leak, or at best, even if the wreck kept floating, I would be left to starve slowly to death. From the position where I lay I could look only towards the stern of the vessel and could see what terrible havoc had been wrought to the vessel. The foremast had been swept clean away, but there were two left standing and enough canvas on them to get along with, but everything on the upper deck seemed to have been cleared off. I could see also from the way in which the vessel lay down in the water that the heavy seas must have swept down into the hold through the hatchways being open. If there were no leak, however, it did not seem improbable that the wreck might drift for several days. There was at least a chance that it might be seen by a passing ship and assistance rendered. The help might come in time to rescue me from a horrible death, for even could I have moved I was satisfied that the water had destroyed all the provisions in the hold. I had commenced to suffer from thirst, and as the fever increased in my system owing to the inflammation of my wound I began to wish that I had shared the fate of my companions. I must have awakened early on the morning of the day following the hurricane, judging from the sun's position and the intolerable length of the day, which seemed equal to seven. The heat of the sun's rays also bothered me, as we were still in tropical latitudes, and I longed for the cooling breezes that the night would bring. Finally, when the sun disappeared, I fell asleep. How long I slept I cannot tell, but I awoke with a strange feeling that I was not alone on the vessel. Throughout the day I had not experienced this feeling, and the hope that now bounded in my bosom that I might have a companion, even in my misery, almost upset the balance of my brain. What had caused the sensation, however, was not so apparent, for I could hear no sound of footsteps or even groans from any direction. Still I felt as if I were not alone. I have said from where I lay I could see only the back part of the vessel. I was prone upon the deck and had not moved a particle since coming to consciousness. Now I seemed to be seized with an overmastering desire to see behind me in the direction of the helm from which I had been swept by the heavy sea. The feeling became so overmastering that I finally commenced making an effort to turn myself around, though every suggestion of a motion, however slight, caused me unspeakable agony. How I managed to reverse my position I scarcely know, but at last I had turned so far round that I had achieved my point. If the pain which had accompanied the operation was great it was nothing to the surprise which followed when I raised my eyes to the spot I had suffered so much to get a glimpse of. The night was clear, the heavens brilliant with innumerable stars and I could clearly see the most conspicuous objects surrounding me. It was my first glimpse, directed to the wheel from which I had been swept, that caused me the thrill of surprise. The wheel was still there, with the rudder presumably intact, but the most remarkable feature was that the figure of a man, apparently engaged in manipulating it, was also distinctly visible, which I recognized at once as that of Brown, one of the seamen whose turn I had taken to give him a chance at something else just before the vessel fell beneath the fury of the hurricane. Brown was standing with his back towards me, looking quite natural, but silent as the sphinx, never looking, never heed-

ing anything but the duty before him, in which his mind seemed completely absorbed. All at once it flashed across me that my mind must be wandering, for if it was Brown standing there, apparently unhurt and capable of moving around, why had he not come to my assistance, as any humane person, and especially Brown, would do? To myself my mental condition appeared to be in no way affected by my sufferings as yet, and certainly my sight was by comparison capable of truly determining an object. I could see the ship and the stars and I could also see Brown. My voice was almost inaudible, owing to weakness and the parching up of my throat and tongue, but I managed to cry out loud enough, as I thought, to make myself heard at the distance between myself and the man at the wheel. My cries did not seem to reach him, however, for he did not change his position, but stood there motionless, except occasionally I saw him turning the wheel, as if to alter the vessel's course. Whenever I could summon up enough strength to make a cry I did so, in the hope of attracting the attention of the wheelsman. But if I had been a mere bit of ballast he could not have been more indifferent to my existence. Then I began to think how peculiar it was that Brown should be there at all, when I had lain all day on the deck and seen nothing of him about the vessel, when the first object of any survivor would be to ascertain which, if any, of his companions had escaped like himself. The more I pondered over these things the more mysterious and inexplicable did Brown's presence at the wheel become, but finally an uncanny thought stole into my mind that the thing which stood there was not Brown at all, but his wraith, ghost or whatever it is that is seen of a person after he has gone out of existence here. Alone with a phantom helmsman on a waterlogged vessel in midocean, and with the corpses of some of my companions probably floating about in the water in the hold below!—the situation was uncanny enough to have alarmed a less superstitious person than a sailor. Then I tried to close my eyes to shut out the apparition, for that it must be such I had fully agreed, but there was a fascination about the object which I could not withstand, and hour after hour I watched it, till at last, wearied with fatigue and pain, I fell off into what I had hoped would be my last sleep. It was midday almost when I awoke, and then I heard voices and saw a number of people standing round me. It was the mate of the Anne and three or four of the crew, who had come aboard to see if they could find any human beings alive on the wreck, and you can bet that, unlike Emin, I did not object to being rescued. My first question as soon as I had taken a drink of water and thanked my rescuers was whether they had found any one else alive on the vessel, but they shook their heads and said only a couple of dead bodies in the hold. The Ella was rapidly sinking when the Anne ran across her and my rescue was effected just in time. The log book and a few instruments were about all the salvage that could be secured and were transported, together with myself, aboard the Anne. When I recovered strength sufficient to relate my peculiar story about the man at the wheel, I told it to the mate of the Anne, who was the one that had found me on the deck of the Ella. My story seemed to impress him deeply and he did not hesitate to accept it as true. "It is a strange thing," he said. "I have been looking over the log of the Ella and I find from the last entries, which were probably made not long before you encountered the hurricane, that you were in latitude 24 deg. 32 min. south, longitude 22 deg. 14 min. west, and your happening in with us would scarcely be possible unless you had been driven north rapidly after the hurricane, and to do that with the winds which have prevailed for the past twenty-four hours you must have tacked considerably." As far as I am concerned, I have no doubt that the ghost of Brown was at the wheel for some time. That it was there I am certain, but excuse any more details. I don't want to think of the terrible thing any more.—  
*Correspondence of the Sunday Mercury.*

A curious coincidence, says a New York paper, came recently to the notice of deputy coroner Jenkins. "I am unable to explain it," said the deputy, "but it actually happened. A well-to-do bachelor, who resided with his mother in handsome apartments in Madison avenue, died suddenly, and I was requested to investigate his death. Upon reaching the house I was met by the sorrowing mother and led to the man's bedroom. She pointed to a handsome calendar which hung over the mantelpiece. Under a picture of the Madonna bearing Christ was this text from the second chapter of Genesis: 'This day thou shalt surely die.' . . . 'My son,' sobbed the mother, 'as he was about retiring on the night of Dec. 1st, tore off a slip from the calendar, exposing those words. He turned pale as his eyes fell upon them, but seemed to recover immediately and affectionately bade me good night. When I went to call him the next morning he was dead in bed.' He had died" continued Dr. Jenkins, "of apoplexy."





## WOMEN OF TO-DAY.

(To the Remonstrants.)

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

You women of to-day who fear so much  
The woman of the future, showing how  
The dangers of the course are such and such—  
What are you now?  
Mothers and wives and housekeepers, forsooth!  
Great names, you cry—full scope to rule and  
pleasure!  
Room for age and energetic youth!—  
But are you these?  
Housekeepers! Do you, then, like those of yore,  
Keep house with power and pride, with grace and  
ease?  
No! You keep servants only;—what is more,  
You don't keep these!  
Wives, say you? Wives! Blessed indeed are they  
Who hold from Love the everlasting keys,  
Keeping their husbands' hearts;—alas the day!  
You don't keep these!  
And mothers? Pitying Heaven! Mark the cry  
From cradle deathbeds—mothers on their knees!  
Why, half the children born, as children die!  
You don't keep these!  
And still the wailing babies come and go,  
And homes are waste, and husbands' hearts fly  
far.  
There is no hope, until you dare to know  
The thing you are!  
PASADENA, CAL.

The lionizing of Carlyle was indirectly one of the chief causes of his wife's unhappiness, says a correspondent of the *New York World*. Lady Ashburton conceived a great admiration for Carlyle and he became a part of the literary circle which surrounded her. He became fascinated with Lady Ashburton, and though I am sure he was true to his wife and that Lady Ashburton was true to her husband, still the fact that he was invited to many places that his wife was not was one of the causes of her misery. Jane Welsh Carlyle was a most extraordinary woman. She was intellectually the peer of any woman of her time, but the English nobility who feted Carlyle merely tolerated her and she felt that her admittance into their society was merely upon sufferance. Mrs. Carlyle was far the superior of Thomas Carlyle in culture and refinement. He was a peasant with the ideas of a peasant in regard to woman. His mother, whom he esteemed, was an ignorant woman who had washed the clothes of her family and brewed and baked for them. Mrs. Carlyle came from the professional classes of England. Her father had been possessed of a good income and she was brought up with plenty of servants about her. She was delicate in frame and remarkably sensitive in feeling. After she was married she discovered that Carlyle expected her to do the same things that his mother had done and she murmured not but attempted to do them. In the days of their poverty she did all the work about the house and Carlyle unconsciously imposed upon her. He was very irritable and his stomach was such that he was often in a very bad humor. He would eat no bread but that which his wife baked, and he said no marmalade agreed with him except that which she made with her own hands. He often wounded her feelings without knowing it, and he was filled with remorse when his eyes were opened by her diary, which he first saw after her death. He authorized the publication of the diary more from a wish to do justice to her memory than from anything else, and he gave it over into Froude's hands with the injunction to publish it if he thought that justice demanded it, but if he published it to print it word for word and line for line as it was written.

On Tuesday evening of last week the Woman's Suffrage Association of the Englewood district of Chicago held its regular public meeting in the spacious parlors of the Universalist Church. A bountiful supper, good music, and the radiant presence of Miss Florence Kolloch, minister of the church, put the large and unusually intelligent audience in a receptive condition for the able paper by Mrs. Effinger. Alice B. Stockham, M. D., occupied the chair and gracefully introduced Mrs. Effinger, who apologized for the misleading notice, as she termed it, which had dignified her little essay by the title of paper. Whatever opinion the author had

of it, the audience voted it most excellent. Unlike the male suffragist who followed her, she knew what was appropriate, what she wanted to say, and said it; and when through she stopped. The president then called on an ex-Baptist preacher who regaled the assembly with stale jokes and impotent attempts at wit, weak imitations of Col. Ingersoll's "stage business" and Mark Twain's mannerisms. After floundering around for thirty-five minutes, he had the cool effrontery to say he was talking against time and would now get down to the theme of the evening. At this announcement, it then being after nine o'clock, THE JOURNAL'S representative left. The Baptist parson may yet be killing time for any thing known to the contrary in THE JOURNAL office. That valuable time should have been killed by this male individual when there were present many able women who had given years of labor to the cause, and whom visitors would have been glad to hear seem unfortunate.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Reed, one of Chicago's scholarly woman authors, whose most recent work, "Hindu Literature" is just published by S. C. Griggs & Co., of this city, was invited by the American Institute of Philosophy, a New York organization of which the venerable Dr. Deems is president, to give an address on "The Life and Teachings of Krishna." She gave the address at a meeting of the society held on the evening of Tuesday, December 2d, to the apparent satisfaction and delight of the audience of cultured thinkers present, since they applauded vigorously and gave her many compliments after the meeting closed. Mrs. Reed is the second woman invited to address this body, and the fact of such invitation being extended to women by a philosophical society shows marked advancement in the recognition of the intellectual equality of the sexes. Mrs. Reed is the only American woman who is a member of the "Victoria Institute and Philosophical Society of Great Britain." She is also a prominent member of the Illinois Woman's Press Club.

Above all other qualifications personal fitness to do the work well is the best recommendation for a position, says the *Congregationalist*. General rules are no adequate tests for individual cases. This was well illustrated in Cincinnati the other day when the school board turned out of their positions all the teachers who were married women, and empowered the superintendent to fill the vacancies. This he promptly did by reappointing them all. In the majority of cases household cares rightly absorb the time and strength of married women. But if marriage of itself does not vitiate a woman's power to teach, why make a hard and fast rule that it shall deprive her of the opportunity?

Mrs. Mary Cleary Duncreux is not only president of the New York Screw Manufactory, but a practical working mechanic, who inspects all the output of her establishment, and who can turn out first-class cabinet screws, gun screws, watch screws, and machine screws. She has been in the business for seventeen years, and maintains, as the result of her own experience, that girls have quite as much ingenuity and manual dexterity as boys, and lack training only, and not capacity, to become as good mechanics.

Not all society girls eat the bread of idleness. Miss Mildred Conway, only daughter of that favorite author, Moncure D. Conway, assists her father in his literary work, plays the piano like a professional performer, has so much dramatic ability as to have procured her good offers from the theatrical managers, and is one of the most faithful and zealous workers in the successful "College Settlement" in Rivington street, while, in addition to her gift of cleverness, her fairy godmother gave her a gypsy-like beauty and a charming voice.

Lorado Taft, the gifted young Chicago sculptor whose statue of General Grant is so highly spoken of, has been engaged to execute the portrait bust of Miss Susan B. Anthony, a testimonial from women of the United States who appreciate her great worth as a pioneer. It is thought that a young man of noble life and American ideas is the one to do this piece of sculpture, which will be ready in time for the Columbian Exposition.

Prof. Lester F. Ward recently says in the *Forum*: "Man has displayed more genius than woman, largely because he has been in possession of a wider range of

facts, a greater supply of the only material out of which genius can construct and create, namely, knowledge; and if woman is ever to display equal creative power she, too, must be supplied with the same kind of raw material, for which no qualities of mind can ever stand as a substitute; but, thus supplied, there is no reason to doubt that high flights of genius may be made by women."

A recent decision of a law case in the courts of Montana is in favor of the "squaw wife." An estate of \$120,000 was to be distributed, and the brother and sisters claimed the money. The court gave a just verdict and gave it to the children of the squaw wife. The decision is important, because there are many just such cases in the West.

A Wichita woman has invented an ingenious and simple device which will enable a housewife to wash the outside of windows while standing on the inside, with the least possible effort.

## SOME LONDON SIGHTS.

From a private letter of a subscriber to THE JOURNAL we are permitted to extract some notes of her recent visit to London, England, which may be of interest to our readers:

"We went to Ely to visit the cathedral on the morning we left Cambridge, and that afternoon H. showed me a little of London. We were centrally located, being near the Parliament Houses, Westminster Abbey, the National Gallery and Charing Cross Station. On Sunday, September 21st, we went to Hampton Court on top of a 'bus. The many miles from a high seat gave me a good idea of the varied city and some of its suburbs. It was a grand approach to the court along a very broad avenue with glorious chestnut trees on either side, but my surprise was unrecoverable to see a brick palace—a Wolsey in a brick palace! The trees about the grounds were magnificent, but the landscape gardening was a disappointment. The interior of the palace afforded endless sights. I saw there a picture of Holbein's that I liked better than any of his which I saw in the Louvre or at the National Gallery. It was "The Jester of Henry VIII." Holbein's subjects, as a rule, do not attract me, but this one pleased me. On Monday I visited the Tower in the morning and in the early evening we walked about London and H. showed me some of the club houses, Carlton House,—the Prince of Wales' city palace,—St. James' palace, and the Burlington Arcade; the last named is the famous shopping arcade. The following day we strolled about London, visiting the Temple and lingering in the places where Dr. Johnson, Goldy, Charles Lamb and other writers had once been familiar figures. We climbed the stairs to Goldsmith's door and meditated. An English shower gave us a chance to change from the meditative to the impatient mood, for we were eager to get to other places. What a day that was! We saw the house in which Thackeray and Dickens met. It was Furnival's Inn. "Sketches by Boz" and most of the "Pickwick Papers" were written here. Here he came with his bride and gave welcome to his first son. Lincoln's Inn Fields and St. Giles's were among this day's fascinations, and how glad were we to hear the chimes ring out "Auld Lang Syne." Oliver Cromwell was married in St. Giles's, Cripplegate; Daniel Defoe, Fox—author of "the Book of Martyrs"—and Frobisher, the voyager, were buried there. On Wednesday we took the steamer to Chelsea and saw where Carlyle had lived; stood in the pretty park and looked at the bronze figure of that great writer sitting in a most natural position in the chair of bronze, under which were the metal books. The willows were waving above the figure, and with a fresh breeze some of the leaves would touch the Scot's head. Such a position as was his! He looked in the direction of the river, and the attitude, the surroundings and the sunny morning made me feel the monument a bit of life. Never had I felt so near Carlyle before. The worn face and tired form seemed resting in this most restful spot. We saw No. 4 Cheyne Row, where George Eliot had lived, also Dante Gabriel Rossetti's house, and did not miss Leigh Hunt's simple abode. Then we took another steamer up to Kew Gardens. It is beyond my power of description to paint a word picture of those entrancing gardens and green houses. In the evening we went to Irving's Theatre—the Lyceum—and saw "Ravenswood." Never have I so liked Ellen Terry in any part as that of Lucy Ashton; never have I seen Irving better fitted to his part. The

setting was perfect, and the arrangement of the theater brought out the voices well and enabled those who sat far away from the stage not only to hear, but to see. Saturday is the great day for visiting the Parliament Houses. How they rush you through, and what snatch looks you have to limit yourselves to, besides leaving all goods and chattels—aside from what you wear and carry in your pockets—outside the Parliament gates. To rest our heads we visited some of the poorer quarters of the city, and stopped at Toynbee Hall. It was not one of the visiting days, but while we waited—hoping to see the workings of the institution—we did have a glimpse of the play ground, with young men playing English games. We also got a glimpse of one of the meetings in a room well filled with men but smelling so foully of tobacco that we got more than enough of vitiated air as we looked in on the audience and speaker from the outside of an open window. We saw also the Toynbee Hall Library. One of the many saddening sights peculiar to these poorer localities, new to my personal observation, was a woman who stood near a dram shop with a baby in her arms. She looked as if kept alive by liquor, and the infant as if bred upon the drainings of beer mugs.

Our second Sunday in London was varied by going to St. Margaret's Church where Canon Farrar preached, after going to the Westminster Abbey and listening to singing. I thought Farrar's sermon very ordinary. Later, we went to the Foundlings' Hospital. The orphans and children were out of doors, but we looked into the dining rooms and visited the church where Handel used to play the organ, and we saw the organ which the great composer gave the institution. On other days we visited the British Museum to see the original Magna Charta. Not only did we see that, but the sixteen articles drawn up by the barons, and part of a deed of a house to which was affixed Shakespeare's signature, and of course we glanced at the autographs and manuscripts of great writers. Among other places visited were the Zoological Museum of which Sir Roderick Murchison was once curator; and the new settlement under Mrs. Humphreys-Wards patronage, which is an outgrowth of "Robert Elsmere." Our visit was at a time when they were just getting it into order, so cannot tell you of its workings. One treat, though a pathetic one, was our visit to Charter House. The school has been moved into the country but the old pensioners are still at the Charter House. It was harrowing to one's feelings to stand in the church and think of Col. Newcomb's "Adsem" in answer to the last roll call, and I kept forcing back the tears as they gushed from my eyes. The tablets to Thackeray and John Leech, close together, did not tend to make the recollection less vivid, and as I lingered behind I was glad H. was deep in talk with our guide. They had not the usual number of old gentlemen at the house. We were told they were very sensitive and no one went into the dining room while they were eating. They wear their robes to meals and to church. I caught sight of one tall and elegant figure as we were leaving, and as constantly Col. Newcomb was in my mind.

Later I spent parts of four days in the South Kensington Museum, and visited St. Paul's, the National Gallery, the Geological Museum, and the Royal College of Surgeons. I met at the college a Mr. Holding who was making illustrations for one of Prof. J. G. Romane's forthcoming books. He showed me some of the illustrations, and finding me interested in science kindly went about the college museum with me. I ate a chop at "Ye Old Cheshire Cheese" inn, where Johnson used to eat chops, green peas, and drink his beer. Crosby Hall, where the Duke of Gloucester did some of his fiendish plotting before he was Richard III., was seen. On Sunday, October 10th, I heard Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer" sung in Westminster Abbey. Such singing, and under such a roof, with such grand surroundings is a life's treat! Longfellow's marble face was turned toward mine, and the "Poets Corner" was directly in front of me. The memory will ever remain with me of the harmonious whole.

ISABEL L. JOHNSON.

## A WORLD WITHOUT AN ALMANAC.

In the last *Cosmopolitan* there is a fascinating article by Camille Flammarion full of new and curious facts about the planet Mercury. Here are a few extracts: The astronomers have again made an unexpected, a marvelous and altogether a most original discovery. They have just found out a world which has neither hours, days, nights, weeks, months, years nor centuries—a world without an almanac.

This world is not far off astronomically speaking. A telegram or a telephonic message would reach it in five minutes. It belongs to the same celestial circuit as ourselves. It is one of the globes of our solar system. It is Mercury. . . . The conditions of life and the measurement of time are very different as regards Mercury from those connected with our satellite. While the regular movement or rotation of the latter gives to the moon days and nights fifteen times longer than our own, the circling motion of Mercury affords perpetual daylight to that side of his sphere which is turned toward the sun, and perpetual darkness to the opposite side. Such a state of things must certainly entail the strangest conditions of existence.

On the one side is light and always light; on the other, never-ending gloom. The diurnal hemisphere has the sun constantly on the equator. Fancy yourself in Columbia, Guiana, the Congo, to the south of Senegal, in Zanzibar, Sumatra, at Borneo, New Guinea, or in the islands of the Malaysian sea, with the sun at its zenith vertically darting down its rays upon your head. And what a sun! Mercury is on an average only thirty-six millions of miles from the sun, while we are at about ninety-five millions of miles. The great orb of day appears seven times larger as viewed from his surface than as seen by us, and sends on an average seven times more light and heat. I say on an average, because, as we have seen, the planet follows in his course an elongated ellipse so that every forty-four days it attains a maximum and a minimum of distance. In the first case the solar disk appears only four and a half times larger than with us, but in the other position it grows to be ten and a half times larger in size. What a focus of light and heat! We sometimes complain of the heat of our distant sun, but what is our luminary when compared with the dazzling brazier of Mercury? It is as if ten suns converged over our heads at the summer solstice, whose united rays poured down at noon their concentrated heat upon us; and this not for a season only, but ever and ever. Mercury's seas must be oceans of boiling water.

A perpetual day! There is neither evening nor morning. There is no night. There are no stars, and, consequently, there is no astronomy, no apparent movement of the heavens. There are no hours. Mercury has no satellite. It follows there are no months, no weeks, no measure of time that way. Neither are there any years. When would they begin or end? Here on our earth the year is made up of a certain number of days and nights. But how conceive a year where the day is without end?

Doubtless the sun periodically seems to increase and diminish in size, and the temperature also varies considerably. These would constitute seasons of a new order. Have Mercury's inhabitants guessed that they circle around the sun, and that the variation in the distance of that orb accounts for the difference in the size of the brazier suspended over their heads? These strange seasons seem to be the only measure of time nature has given them.

No night! And doubtless no sleep. Do they live better and longer? Do they grow old? They seem to be without days, years, or any age. Perhaps it is the land where people never die.

#### WHAT BOEHME TAUGHT.

TO THE EDITOR: It is no mean compliment to have such a writer as Mrs. Penny endorse, if only in part, one's thoughts on "What Boehme Taught." She has made a life study of his writings and stands at the head of the list as one of his most appreciative students. But like herself, "Where one admires greatly, refusal of full assent is very disagreeable." As she applies this language to the writer, in THE JOURNAL of the 6th of December, I will add a word only as supplemental to her kindly criticism.

No one can appreciate what Boehme taught—on any subject—unless one has a great deal of prayerful patience; and, in a certain sense, passes into the degree of his illumination. I have found, notwithstanding Mrs. Penny's criticism, that to woman he gives the power for man's elevation into divine manhood. Swedenborg, whose teaching rests upon Boehme as a base, gave the thought that man is first an image of the divine love and wisdom and that woman is the love of that wisdom. He did not show how woman, by the absorption of that wisdom, became bisexual—a discreted personality—by virtue of the descent or what Boehme calls the "Fall of Man." With Boehme this bi-

sexuality became counterpartal from the original androgyne. That woman's autness, like the autness of the "son" from the "father" added a new consciousness to woman and that consciousness, when fully realized, made her like the "son," an higher evolution of the homo. My conclusions were inferential from what it seems to me, is patent through all of Boehme's writings. Hence to my view woman is man's nexus with the Divine; and hence, in this age, which is emphatically the woman's age, we have her heart fusing the better elements of our nascent life.

M. C. C. CHURCH.

PARKERSBURG, WEST VA.



#### ISOLATED FACTS, OR LINKS IN A CHAIN.

TO THE EDITOR: In July 18, 1874, I was visiting relatives in Livingston Park, Rochester, N. Y. One afternoon, my cousin came home much distressed over the loss of his valuable horses, which he had been keeping in the Rochester Driving Park for a certain course of training. He said they had disappeared three days before, and he had searched everywhere, even going to a clairvoyant who refused to see him, as she "never looked for gentlemen." Rallying him from his want of success with the fair sex, we, ladies of the family, proposed to interview the oracle, and proceeded to put on our bonnets in that spirit of levity which most persons, ignorant of the subject, entertain toward "the spirits." We found our medium, the late Mrs. Hamilton, standing in the door of her home, a plain cottage on the outskirts of the city. We asked her to be directed to Mrs. Hamilton, the clairvoyant. She replied, "I am the clairvoyant, but I can see no one to-night, I am too tired; come in the morning." Whereupon my cousin's wife said, "O that's too bad, we wished to ask you about some horses that have been stolen from the driving park. Looking at us absently for a moment, the medium exclaimed, "No, they are not stolen, they are only strayed, but I can not trace them to-night. Come in the morning."

At the next sitting, she described the park, the horses, the open gate beside which stood the little colored gate-keeper, with his face turned away as they wandered out; she followed them in her mind's eye through certain roads, until they reached a corner five miles from the city limits, when she stopped, simply adding, "If you will follow these roads to this corner, you will see a woman in a farmhouse garden who will tell you where they are. Much amused and quite faithless, we went home and reported our oracular directions, but, as we were all on pleasure bent, that day having been fixed for a "pleasure excursion" to the lake, we absolutely refused to go on any wild-goose chase at the instance of clairvoyance. Therefore, my cousin's parents took a carriage, followed the roads, found the corner, and lo, there stood the woman in the farmhouse garden, who told them the horses were in a neighboring barn. The farmer had found them a few days before, and shut them up for safe keeping.

With the fulfillment of this prediction and the return of those horses, came the most material and stubborn facts in all my experience; overturning many pet theories, meeting me at every innocent corner with the gravest questions, lying in wait like a veritable modern sphinx, with a series of haunting enigmas which would not be laid until they were answered. The first query naturally arising came to me in this form: "Is this experience an exceptional one? Is it peculiar to me and the age in which I live, or has it parallels in universal history? and this thought suggested a reference to a story in Samuel where I seemed to remember something similar.

There I read that "The asses of Kish, Saul's father, were lost, and Kish said to Saul, his son, 'Take now one of the servants with thee, and arise and seek the asses.' And they went up into the city. . . . Then Saul drew near to Samuel in the gate, saying, 'Tell me, I pray thee, where the Seer's house is,' and Samuel answered Saul and said, 'I am the seer; go up before me into the high place, for ye shall eat with me to-day and to-morrow I will let thee go, and will tell thee all that is in thine heart, and as for thine asses that

were lost three days ago, set not thine heart on them, for they are found.' . . . And it came to pass about the spring of the day, Samuel called Saul, saying, 'Up, that I may send thee away. . . . When thou art departed from me to-day, thou shalt find two men by Rachel's sepulcher in the border of Zelzah, and they will say unto thee the asses which thou wentest to seek are found.' . . . And it was so, and all those signs came to pass that day." 1 Samuel, chaps. ixth and xth.

What strange new meanings flashed out from this sacred story; what a curious parallel to my own experience! Here were two successive facts, occurring at different epochs of time, under the most diverse conditions of life, which I was bound to accept as absolute verities. Were they isolated facts in human history, or links in a chain of fact girdling the world?

JULIA SADLER HOLMES.

#### A PREDICTED POEM.

TO THE EDITOR: Here is a fact of personal experience which may seem too personal for newspaper publication, but I have decided to send it with a word of apology, as it offers curious and interesting problems to the student of psychology. In February, 1889, I was sitting in a medium's meeting, listening to tests. A stranger to the medium and his audience, I was startled when he pointed to me, saying: "That lady is a poetess, she has not written anything for several years, but she will soon write another poem, which will add much to her fame. A Grecian spirit, a poetess, stands behind her and tells me this. This spirit often inspires her to write, and will get more perfect control in future. Will the lady tell the audience if the medium is correct." I replied: "Yes and no. It is true that I am called 'a poetess,' but I have never been entranced, or written 'under inspiration' in the sense used by Spiritualists." I then asked if the spirit could give me the title of the new poem. No, the medium could not see her, she had gone. At the close of the meeting, a gentleman said to me, "Excuse me, madam. When you asked 'what is the title of the poem,' I saw written over your head in letters of fire, 'The Mountain Laurel.' I am a clairvoyant, and sometimes my vision is very perfect." Thanking the stranger for his courtesy, I passed out to a multitude of prosaic cares and homely duties which crowded out all thoughts of poem or prophecy. The next winter, I met a lady, a Swiss countess, who invited me to go to the new resort, the Battery Park Hotel, recently opened at Asheville, N. C. This hotel was built on the Heights held by the confederates. The graves, the flower beds, the freedman with his spade, the merry children playing soldier under the laurel, and the new roads winding up the farther Heights were in sight of my window, and naturally suggested the poem, but I had no thoughts of writing it until later, when it suddenly wrote itself. After a six-weeks' sojourn in Asheville, I went to Apalachicola, Fla. There, lying on my sofa one morning, idly reading *The World*, I came upon the words quoted below. Then the first verse of the poem flashed into my mind, followed by the others faster than I could copy. I did not compose them, I read them; they seemed printed upon my brain in quick succession. Now comes the curious part of the story to my mind. After I had copied the head lines and finished the poem, I started to write, "The Lost Cause" for a title. Certain objections arose, and I said to myself, "No, I will call it 'In Memoriam,' or better still, 'The Edelweiss.'" Not knowing how to spell *edelweiss*, I ran down stairs to consult a botany. Not finding it, I turned to laurel, thinking it belonged to that family, when I saw the words mountain laurel. They struck me as more appropriate than *edelweiss*, so I went back and began to write "The Mountain Laurel," when the medium's prediction flashed through my mind, and I was greatly astonished to find I had really written the predicted poem. In justice to the Grecian poetess, I must add that I cut out about half the verses, which accounts for the lack of continuity, knowing that the angel Gabriel himself could not induce an editor in these utilitarian times to print so long a poem. In justice to my own reputation, I must ask Prof. James which of my numerous "hidden selves" wrote this poem, for certainly I did not obey any of the ordinary rules of composition, or use any mental effort, and I must ask Col. Bundy if he considers this a fair example of clairvoyant prevision. Are all these small happenings fated to occur? If not, how can they be foreseen?

J. S. H.

#### THE GREAT MAINSPRING.

TO THE EDITOR: If we would enjoy in our own lives, that condition of pleasurable content which comes of duty well performed, we will determine to enact our part, and do our share of the labor which elevates and blesses mankind. In all the affairs of human life, that go prosperously along, there is a full supply of the "basis" of motion. We who profess to be the advocates of the truth of Spiritualism do lack that earnestness which is due to others as well as to ourselves, the excellence of a great cause and the joy of mankind. There is not a religion taught to men, whose basis is not in Spiritualism. I sometimes think that the actual believers in Spiritualism, who do not assist in promulgating its truth, ought to have little if any help to the soul happiness, from the spheres beyond us, which makes our life here a comfort and blessing. We have among us many "mediums," but there is a medium which is the main spring of all business, and one which we can supply. If we withhold the small sums that we can well afford, and which would help our cause to prosper, we do "ourselves" a wrong and it is somewhere counted against us—we shall see "the writing on the wall" and not meet the success we have planned for. Do not deem this opinion a vagary, for I have more than personal experience in testimony thereof.

I wish to call your attention to the methods pursued by the Catholic church. Therein small sums amount to a great aggregate, because they are constantly collected. We can pursue the same course, and fill our sails with something more permanent than the "cats-paw" flashes that our craft depends on now.

I have heretofore felt disinclined to advocate organization for the people of our belief; but we can not well support a system of effort without some form of delegated authority to act, especially in the collection and disbursement of money. If we become organized we become united, and divided, we become absorbed or go to waste, lose our vim, and get kicked with nobody to back us. Let us have a front, a center and circumference and a kicker to kick back when we are assaulted. Let us have collectors in all our cities and towns, and show the world that we mean what we say.

M. O. NICHOLS.

HAVERHILL, MASS.

[Our friend Mr. Nichols, the writer of the above timely and sensible suggestion to Spiritualists, is an old and true friend of the cause, and his experience makes his advice of value to all who share in his Spiritualistic belief. His name is a familiar one to all lovers of music and harmony as he is the original inventor of the reed organ.—[Ed.]

#### HEAT UPON THE PLANETS.

TO THE EDITOR: In your issue of November 8th, there is an article taken from the *New York Herald*, headed, "News from the Planet Mars." In this article, reference is made to the comparative heat upon Mars and the earth, in which it is inferred that the intensity of the heat received from the sun is in due proportion to the relative distance of each planet from the sun. This seems to so thoroughly ignore the late demonstration of Prof. H. Raymond Rogers\* that I am induced to call your attention to it. By this theory, light and heat are neutral in their effects, *in transitu*, but at their impact on the surface of the planet their full effect is developed. It matters not, therefore, how near or how far a planet may be from the sun, the effect is the same, and, consequently, as much heat and light are received upon Saturn as upon Mercury.

If, for instance, we consider the artificial light at the end of an electrical wire, no heat or light is lost from the sides of the wire, but they are fully displayed at the end thereof; the rays of light and heat from the sun are in themselves cold like these wires—their power is felt only at their terminal impact. At the same time, the sunheat and sunlight is not dissipated in any direction through the fields of space, but is employed for its legitimate use by the planets, and is manifested only when in contact with them. That the amount of sunheat and sunlight received by a planet should depend upon its distance from the sun implies a very defective system of heating and lighting as applied to those bodies, and calls forth the most unlikely and ridiculous theories as to their condition, such as those advanced by Proctor and others. By this electrical theory, as advanced by Dr. Rogers, the

way is clear for the reasonable inference that all the planets of our solar system are inhabited by man as developed upon each, and that they are consequently fully covered by their distinctive fauna and flora.

O. P. HATFIELD.  
NEW YORK, Nov. 24. 1890.

\* "Sunheat and Sunlight," by Henry Raymond Rogers, M. D., of Dunkirk, N. Y. Read before the Chautauqua Society of History and Natural Science, and published in "Scientific American" Supplement, Vol. XXIX, No. 754, of June 14th, 1890, p. 12,044.

**WHICH IS WORST?**

To THE EDITOR: I should like to have some theologian or orthodox Christian explain why the ghost-dancing Indians should be sat down on, squelched and slaughtered because they are engaged in a religious exercise. I have read from different writers a description of these "orgies," as they please to call them, and I am surprised that these Indians are accused of being crazy, unless it shall be admitted that the churches are crazy. The scenes at these "ghost dances" are no comparison to the scenes at Methodist camp meetings, or in Mrs. Woodward's or Sam Jones' revival meetings. In these you may see white men and women who are supposed to be civilized indulging in worse ludicrous acts than those savages. I have seen both sexes at a camp meeting rolling around in the straw, thrashing their limbs about like mad, and yelling like lunatics. They put me in mind of cats that have feasted on fresh catnip, rolling and squalling in a sort of senseless intoxication. Yet nobody rises up and orders these people to stop their nonsense.

Is it any worse for these Indians to dance to a ghost than for white folks to pray and howl at a ghost? I think the Indians are the more sensible, for they dance to the sun and select one of their number as the probable messiah, while the white people yell to a ghost pure and simple—something that they do not see, or expect to see; in fact they denounce the seeing of spirits as a fraudulent belief.

I have just come in from a southern and western trip. While I was in St. Louis last week Mrs. Woodward was holding revival meetings and every night there was a row, and one night a man was killed because he laughed at her tomfoolery. The "converts" got around her and acted like maniacs praying and howling to ghosts—to nothing, to myths, to imaginary gods or alleged angels, who could not be seen or felt. No such scenes as those occur among the Indians.

I was in Palestine, Texas, where Sam Jones was howling and calling a howling mob around him. The scenes there were awful. People cursed themselves for their unbelief, shouted to God and Jesus Christ who seemed to be a great distance off and needed much persuasion to listen. These scenes were worse than any enacted by the Indians. What is the difference then, civilly and morally? I'll tell you. The Indian is honest. He believes what the missionaries have taught him to a certain extent. These missionaries have made a fool of the Indian and now he must be killed because he is acting out the missionary teachings so far as he is capable of understanding them.

The white people are not honest. Their preachers don't believe what they preach. They follow Christianity and revivalism as a business. The hat is passed around to pay these people for getting up these scenes, and they must be paid or they will stop the show like any other mountebank. They must get a guarantee of so much cash before they will hold their seances or indulge in their circuses. Therefore the difference between white man and Indian is this: White man passes around the hat and Indian doesn't. White man denounces the Indian for following out the same line of belief as his, only the Indian takes different methods. White man prays to a ghost; Indian dances to one. White man sees nothing to talk to, and talks to space; Indian sees the sun and dances to that, and white man calls it ghost dances.

CONSISTENCY.

**THE C. S. A.**

To THE EDITOR: The Chicago Spiritualist Association, Miss Emma J. Nickerson lecturer, will continue to hold its Sunday meetings at 3 p. m., at Kimball Hall. The Association has rented Banner Hall 93 South Peoria street, for Monday nights, where an entertainment and social meeting will be held weekly. EX. COMMITTEE.

The short well-told Christmas story, "Bobolink," which appears in this number of THE JOURNAL, was written by one of

our valued contributors, a gentleman nearing his "three score and ten," whose conversion to Spiritualism is of comparatively recent date, but whose spiritualistic experiences, he declares, make life well worth living, even at that age. In sending it the writer says that the sketch has its foundation in facts occurring in his experience some years ago when he held the position of a constable.

Mrs. Alice Turbett gives sittings and psychometric readings daily at 2,914 Cottage Grove ave., first flat, left. She is very well spoken of by those who ought to be able to judge of her powers. She has called at THE JOURNAL office several times, and impresses one as a sincere character, devoted to her calling.

George W. Walrond, the English speaker and medium, writes: "THE JOURNAL in its new form is a decided improvement, both for handling as well as for binding. In tone and quality it is in my opinion at the very head of all Spiritualist papers."

A Spiritualist meeting is held every Sunday at 3 p. m., under the auspices of D. F. Trefry at Newman Hall, corner of 63rd and Stewart avenue, Englewood. Mrs. Turbett will give tests next Sunday. All are cordially invited.

**Dyspepsia**

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

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The Society for Psychical research is engaged in the investigation of the phenomena of Thought-transference, Clairvoyance, Apparitions and Haunted Houses, Spiritualistic Phenomena, etc., and evidence in connection with these different groups of phenomena is published from time to time in the S. P. R. Journal and Proceedings, to which associate members (dues \$3.00 per annum) are entitled.

Persons who have had psychical experiences of any kind are earnestly requested to communicate them directly to the Secretary of the American Branch, or to the editor of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, with as much corroborative testimony as possible; and a special appeal is made to those who have had experiences justifying the spiritualistic belief.

Applicants for Membership in the Society should address the Secretary. The Branch is much in need of funds for the further prosecution of its work, and pecuniary assistance will be gratefully welcomed. Information concerning the Society can be obtained from

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

Would it make any difference to you if you knew of one that does not advocate the doctrines of everlasting punishment, vicarious atonement, miracles and an infallible Bible?—

One that does stand for common sense in religion, "truth for authority", believes that religion should be friendly to science, and advocates a religious fellowship that will welcome all of every belief who are willing to work for truth, righteousness and love in the world?—

One that does not fill its space with learned or ignorant discussions of scripture texts, but does give every week 32 columns of fresh and rational reading, including a sermon on some living topic, editorials and contributions on current events; and news of the progress of liberal religious thought? If you think you might care for such a paper, send ten cents in stamps for ten weeks.

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**D. D. HOME.**  
His Life and Mission.

BY MADAME DUNGLAS HOME.

Within the compass of an advertisement no adequate description of the interesting contents of the book concerning a most remarkable medium can be given; it must be read before its importance can be realized.

The work is a large 8vo of 428 pages, printed from large type on fine, heavy, super-calendered paper, and strongly bound in cloth. The price put on it is less than value, but Mrs. Home is desirous that this work should have an extended reading in America; hence the book will be sold at a low

Price, \$2.00; gilt top, \$2.25, postage free to Journal subscribers; to all others, 17 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

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

*News From Nowhere: Or an Epoch of Rest. Being Some Chapters from a Utopian Romance.* By William Morris, author of *The Earthly Paradise*, etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1890, pp. 278. Price, \$1.00.

And now in the list of the imaginative dreams of a possible earthly paradise which have followed in the wake of Bellamy's successful "Looking Backward" from writers known and unknown, is added this work from the pen of the sweet poet William Morris, the workingman's friend, the wealthy Socialist leader who has done so much by personal effort to improve the condition of English workmen and to restore society to simpler modes of living. To those who know William Morris as one of the leaders in English literature and a cunning master of style, it will be inducement enough to read this work without reference to the subject of which he treats. To those who know him only as a Socialist leader it will be interesting to find in this work the trend of his opinions and the sort of state of society he thinks possible as the logical outcome of his views. In the new world in which after a discussion of some social problems of to-day and after a nap which is not so clearly explained as that of Bellamy's hero, he finds himself, in a world which is London redeemed from sin and misery—as in "Looking Backward" it was a redeemed Boston. Mr. Morris finds a happy simple-hearted people to whom work is pleasure although they have little of it to do, and do it without pay; where goods are held in common, love rules, and there is no government to interfere. The story is beautifully told but after all to the thinker his ideal state of society does not seem very enticing, it seems rather the ideal state of animal enjoyment the mere sense of an earthly joy in living. In all these Utopias one misses the incentive and spiritual uplifting of "divine discontent" which urges the soul to higher aspirations.

*History of My Pets.* By Grace Greenwood. New edition. Revised and enlarged by the author, with new illustrations by Max F. Klepper. New York: United States Book Co. pp. 222.

*Stories of My Childhood.* By Grace Greenwood. The same. pp. 249.

The children who forty years ago, when children's books were neither so numerous nor so beautiful as they now are, read with delight these stories by Grace Greenwood whose name was then a household word, will to-day welcome these old friends in their new and modern dress, and under pretence of Christmas gifts to their children or grand-children will gladly renew their acquaintance with these old favorites; and as they glance over the half-forgotten pictures of happy home life many a story of their own childhood connected with their first reading will doubtless be recalled for the amusement of the fortunate young persons for whose benefit these books may be bought. Those of us who read the stories in their earlier editions will be reminded of the marvelous changes which the intervening years have wrought in juvenile literature. The beautiful illustrations, and the artistic covering which adorns this edition seem to have little in common with the tawdry binding and rough wood-cuts which marked the best of children's books in those days. Where now the ablest writers are engaged in the endeavor to please, instruct, and develop the minds of youthful readers, there were then but a few writers from which to choose works adapted to children's reading. So Grace Greenwood's name is still cherished as that of a dear and personal friend by many mature men and women who will gladly welcome for their children these stories whose charming simplicity can never grow stale.

*Work While Ye Have the Light.* By Count Lyof Tolstoi. Translated by E. J. Dillon. No. 22 of Westminster Series. New York; John W. Lovell Co. pp. 170. Paper. Price, 25 cents.

This new story of Tolstoi will do much to restore the author of the "Kreutzer Sonata" to the good opinion of his readers. The heroes of the tale are two young men of the time of the Roman Emperor Trajan, about one hundred years after the birth of Christ. Originally friends and fellow students, on attaining manhood they diverge into wholly different modes of life. One giving himself to the life of a man of the world with varied experiences in love, business, etc.; the other, joining

from principle, a band of despised and persecuted Christians who had organized themselves into a community where all property was in common and love of humanity the rule of life.

The purpose of the work is apparently to illustrate the folly of seeking happiness through selfish aims, and the possibility of happiness gained by forgetfulness of self and the constant exercise of the law of helpful lovingness. The two friends continue friends through life and meet at intervals when they each relate the incidents of their different lives. Though one seems to have all that the soul of man can long for—wealth, honor, a beautiful and virtuous wife, and healthy family; and the other has none of these—save the noble wife and children—yet misery of heart and mind accompany the successful one, while love is the gift which makes the other's poverty and outcast condition rich in real happiness.

A discussion at a social party between persons of different ages and conditions as to the possibility of living a pure and upright life while still taking part in the life of the world makes a suitable prologue to the main story.

*Departmental Ditties, Barrack Room Ballads, And Other Verses.* By Rudyard Kipling. New York: United States Book Co. pp. 270. Cloth.

There runs through these poems a spirit of soldierly vigor, dash and daring. Gay and reckless in one line, the next may contain a hint of unuttered seriousness. Sad or tender thoughts are often interwoven with a flippant jest by a vague word or two pregnant with meaning. The changeable style gives one the impression that the verses have been composed on the march to the rhythmic tread of battalions, during a fierce hard ride on a raid; or of having set themselves to the pattering of tripping feet and the viol; or to the sound of martial music. The words echo all sorts of human moods, rollicking fun, merry banter, bitter satire, sorrowful heartbreak and serious thought. One of the strongest poems is that entitled "A Masque of Plenty," showing in a satirical way the whitewashing of the English government in India by official flunkies, and the wrongs suffered by the natives through mal-administration of justice. His sympathy with woman's cause is strongly exhibited in his pathetic "Song of the Women," supposed to be addressed to Lady Dufferin in gratitude for her efforts to send women physicians to help native women.

*Baby's Kingdom.* Wherein may be chronicled as memories for grown-up days the mother's story of the progress of the Baby. Designed and Illustrated by Annie F. Cox. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Quarto size. Price, \$3.75.

Certainly not designed for the use of the toiling mothers of the swarming children of the slums, is this most royal looking holiday gift book whose handsomely embossed golden covers and delicately artistic pictorial work will make the volume an acceptable shrine on which the adoring mammas of welcome babes in wealthy families may lay their offerings of testimony as to the wondrous and manifold gifts of person and mind of their own particular darlings. In this book there are departments with appropriate and beautiful illustrations of date of birth, weight, the first tooth, first words, bright sayings, first step, Christmas and other gifts, etc. In short a record of all the interesting points about baby for the first two or three years of its life. Such a record carefully kept would doubtless be of much interest to the baby when grown up—and if its life were brief, a source of melancholy consolation to the bereaved mother.

*Summerland.* By Margaret MacDonald Pullman. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Oblong quarto. Artistic cover of two colored cloths beautifully ornamented, full gilt \$3.75. Turkey morocco, \$9.00; English seal style, \$7.00.

No more exquisite gift for a friend with artistic tastes can be chosen than this beautiful art gallery of Summerland, the work of one of Chicago's talented lady artists. The design of the author is thus charmingly expressed in the preface: "I open this little gallery of pictures to you. I want them to tell you of hills in Sunshine; meadows with perfumed air; the brook fringed with flowering grasses—and cool quiet reflections; the winding path that suggests cottage life just over the hills; white sands washed, by the waves of the sea, blue with heavens reflection. □ If

I can touch the heart and have it feel that life is sweet, I can feel that Summerland is yours as well as mine."

*Wonderful Deeds and Doings of Little Giant Boab and his Talking Raven Tabib.* By Ingersoll Lockwood. Profusely illustrated by Clifton Johnson. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Quarto, pp. 302. Price, \$2.00.

Happy the lad or lassie to whom Santa Claus shall bring this beautiful book, with its wonderful pictures and thrilling stories of the adventures of one strangely strong and brave little Spanish boy who lived in the reign of Queen Isabella of Castile and Spain. Sensational as are the events and hair-breadth escapes narrated or pictured in this book it seems by the introduction there is a base of truth to them in the data given respecting the wonderful feats of strength performed by a son of Don Rodolpho de Clavigero named Boabdil. The feats of strength related of this child remind one of those performed by Lulu, the Georgia Wonder—sometimes called "the electric girl" and lead us to query whether the selfsame power did not move both. The story contains many lessons; but the whole gist of moral purpose is conveyed in showing how much can be done by proper exercise of strength and self-control.

*Cudjo's Curve.* By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. No. 4 Good Company Series. pp. 504. Paper. Price, 50 cents.

This bright story by one of America's most popular novelists, portrays in vivid style the condition of society both North and South and among white men and black, at the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion. Mr. Trowbridge's strong anti-slavery sentiments find expression on every page of this graphically told story which gives a dramatic picture of the horrors both of slavery and the consequent war between those of the same race and nation. Wit, pathos, comedy, and love scenes blend with the tragedy of war to make one of the most interesting works of this always readable author.

*The Winds, The Woods, and The Wanderer: A Fable for Children.* By Lily F. Wesselhoeft. Boston; Roberts Brothers; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.00. Illustrated.

A charming story of outdoor life for children, being the adventures of a boy of artistic talent who running away from cruel treatment encountered a series of surprising adventures by sea and land. The interludes of the story from which the book gets its name, tells of the fabled interest taken in his fortunes by things in nature, oak and other trees, brooks, winds, etc.

*William E. Dodge. The Christian Merchant.* By Carlos Martyn. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Cloth. pp. 349. Price, \$1.50.

It is of immense help to the wavering and unsettled mind of youth to have its attention called to the progressive steps to a fine manhood and a successful business career like that of Mr. Dodge who made noble use of the wealth gained by just and honest business methods.

*Pards. A Story of two Homeless Boys.* By Effie W. Merriman. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.00.

A brightly told story of two street waifs' struggle for existence without other friends than themselves in the city of Minneapolis, bringing out the inherent nobility of character which often exists in human nature under the most unfavorable circumstances.

## MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER NOT BEFORE MENTIONED.

*The Century.* (New York.) The opening papers in the current number of the *Century* are Life in California before Gold Discovery, and Ranch and Mission Days in Alta California, profusely illustrated, by leading artists. An article which will attract attention is A Record of Virtue—An Experiment in Moral Chemistry, by Anna Garlin Spencer. James Whitcomb Riley has some realistic child poems in the Bric-a-Brac department.

*The Nationalist.* (Boston.) Addresses by Rev. Solomon Schindler, Hon. Jesse Cox, Henry White, and others add much to the value of this number.

*The Theosophist.* (India.) For November. Among other interesting topics treated is the Status of Women in Ancient Egypt.

*The Forum.* (New York.) Among the more interesting articles in this month's issue are The Government of American Cities, by Andrew D. White—an arraignment of the present system of city government in this country as contrasted with that of European cities; The Humanities, by Major J. W. Powell; Pity, Genuine and Spurious, by Frances Power Cobbe, and Notes on Ghosts, by Andrew Lang.

*The Unitarian.* (Ann Arbor, Mich.) For December has a long poem on Giordano Bruno in Prison, by Charlotte W. Elliot, with tributes to the memory of the late Chief Justice Miller, from personal friends, and a long list of other timely articles.

*The Eclectic.* (New York.) This issue contains its usual array of choice articles culled from the leading foreign Magazines and Reviews. Tolstoi, Hamilton Aide, Gladstone, Prince Kraptokin, Sir Theodore Martin, and Vernon Lee are among the contributing writers. Miss Menie Muriel Dowie's story of her travels in the little known Polish province Ruthenia, belonging now to Austria, is one of the interesting articles.

*The Business Woman's Journal.* (New York.) The Christmas number of this magazine which appears in a handsome holiday cover, has two fine full page illustrations besides a number of smaller pictures. The opening article is a biographical sketch accompanied by an excellent portrait of Miss Anna A. Gordon, Francis Willard's faithful and efficient secretary. Among other excellent articles we note particularly The Rights and Duties of Married Women in the Use of Money; A Wife's Legal Right to the Affection and Society of her Husband; and The Love Affairs of Some English Authoresses, the last named being the first of a series on the subject. Other articles treat of Woman's Work in Stenography, Telegraphy, and Journalism, with reports of club work from many directions.

One of the prettiest calendars of the season comes to us from A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. It is entitled "All Around the Year" and shows a series of pictures of child life appropriate to each month. A child, sometimes two children, poses in some truly child-like, graceful attitude on every separate month's calendar for 1891. The leaves are attached by a pretty chain, rings, and tassels. Price, 50 cents.

Forty years of constant use—and still more valued than ever—Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Salvation Oil, the great pain-extinguisher, should be kept handy by all who handle tools.

## SPECIAL IMPORTATION.

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Being an Autobiographic Narrative of Psychic Phenomena in the Family Circle Spread over a Period of Nearly Twenty Years.

BY MORELL THEOBALD, F. C. A.,  
Of London, England.

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A Series of Spiritual Discourses Given Through the Mediumship of Thomas Gales Forster.

A remarkably clear, comprehensive and complete presentation of the phenomena and teachings of Modern Spiritualism is given in these lectures, comparing them with those of the past in respect to life here and hereafter.

The many thousands who have listened to the eloquent discourses of Thomas Gales Forster, when in the prime of earth-life, will welcome this volume with heartfelt gratitude.

The following chapters are especially interesting: What is Spiritualism? Philosophy of Death; What lies beyond the Veil? Human Destiny. Clairvoyance and Clairaudience. What Spiritualists Believe, etc. Cloth; large 12 mo., bevelled boards. Price, \$1.50.

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**HAPPINESS.**

"Thou shalt be happy!" So I told my heart  
 One summer morning many a year ago.  
 "Thou shalt be happy; thou shalt have thy part  
 Of mirth and feasting in the great world's  
 show;  
 Thou shalt have health and wealth, high fame  
 and praise;  
 Thy place shall be with those who sit above;  
 Thou shalt have sunshine on the dullest days;  
 And, best of all, my heart, thou shalt have  
 love."  
 Thus, in the morning of my days, I spake  
 Unto my heart, and gladly it replied:  
 "The world is all before us; we can make  
 Joy for ourselves, a never-ebbing tide."  
 So we set out, my heart and I, in mirth,  
 To seek for happiness—upon the earth.  
 God gave us health and wealth; and we were glad  
 Thus, for a season, waiting joys to come.  
 God gave us fame and praise; a little sad  
 We were, my heart and I, amid the hum  
 Of voices lauding us, till one, more dear  
 Than all the rest, spake gentle words and  
 sweet.  
 Then we grew jubilant with right good cheer,  
 And happiness came on with flying feet,  
 Drew near—but passed. Alas! my heart and I,  
 We could not hold the radiant wanderer fast.  
 One rose-touch of her lips in fleeting by  
 Was ours—one precious look—the first, the last  
 She will return, we said, with love's new birth;  
 There must be happiness for us on earth.  
 We lost fair health, my heart and I, and fell  
 Sore sick; were sorrowful, found dreary ways.  
 We lost our wealth, and none drew near to tell  
 Of comfort waiting us in better days.  
 But where is happiness? Alack we find  
 She is not ours to beckon as we list;  
 We have no magic spell wherewith to bind  
 This rare, bright visitant to earth. We missed  
 The royal road to happiness; but lo!  
 Something is saved us from the wreck of all:  
 We have content, though doubtful blessings go,  
 And peace entwines our crosses great and  
 small.  
 We learn, my heart and I, the world's true worth,  
 And seek for happiness—but not on earth.  
 —All the Year Round.

**WHAT TO TALK ABOUT.**

Talk of all things, in earth, air, sky,  
 Talk of your bonnets, ten stories high;  
 Of collars and bangles, bracelets and chains,  
 Of deep heart-sighings of love-lorn swains;  
 Talk of the measles, of dresses and gores,  
 Of mumps, blue devils, angels and bores;  
 Discuss the equator and tropical zones,  
 The Pleiocene era, pre-Adamite bones;  
 Ring in a word about Cain's better half,  
 And whether orang-outangs really laugh.  
 Did the hen come first, or follow the egg?  
 Is another to hang on the omnibus peg.  
 Talk of fine poodles, the bad peach crop—  
 But Don't Talk Shop.

"It is like being rescued from a burning building!"  
 says a man who was cured of a severe case of salt  
 rheum by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Give this peculiar  
 medicine a trial. Sold by all druggists.

**Coughs and Colds.** Those who are suffering  
 from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc.,  
 should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, a simple  
 and effective remedy. They contain nothing injuri-  
 ous, and may be used at all times with perfect safety.

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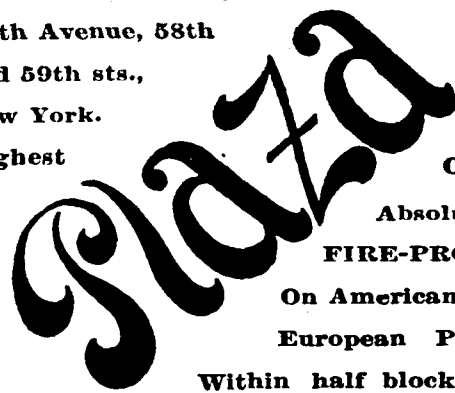
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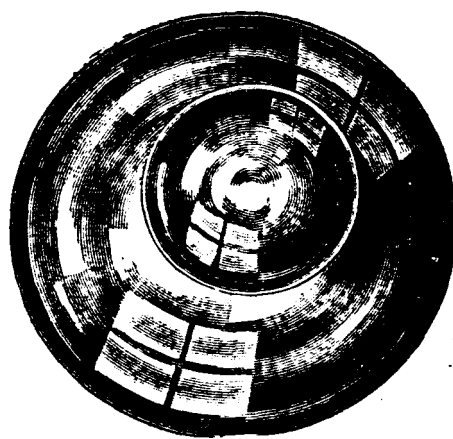
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The contribution entitled "A Predicted Poem" on another page was accompanied by the poem referred to, which though of considerable merit, was found too long for publication. The quotation from the *World* which headed it, is as follows: "The Confederate breastworks on the Heights at Battery Park are preserved as flower beds."

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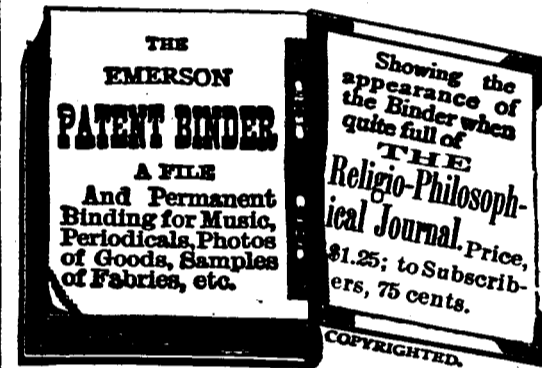
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