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

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

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The gymnastic Talmage makes more money, doubtless, than any of the Presbyterian pastors who do not sink the clergyman in the clown, says the *New York Sun*. He collects from his congregation about \$10,000 a year, and gets at least as much more for his editorial work and from the publication of his sermons in the form of telegraphic despatches, apparently sent on the day of delivery, but in reality prepared previously and transmitted by mail.

The *New York Tribune* complains that when Congress was making the new tariff law, self-seeking men who "knew that new duties were designed to benefit the whole people, nevertheless set themselves at once in some instances to contrive combinations and trusts by which to deprive the millions of all participation in those benefits." Can nothing be done with these conspirators against the public welfare under the law against trusts? If there is no other way should not the duties used by them be at once reduced?

Mr. Joseph B. Sargent, a successful hardware merchant, now mayor of New Haven, believes in case of municipal monopolies not only in public control but in public ownership. In his inaugural message he said the other day: "Works of a public nature, carried on mainly within the bounds of a municipality and for the purpose of supplying the inhabitants with certain daily requirements of civilized life, and requiring special rights of eminent domain to distribute their products, should be owned and operated by the people and in the sole interest of the people." Mayor Sargent would include electric lighting, gas, and water among "works of a public nature."

According to the statement of Rev. Dr. Lloyd, pastor of the late D. B. Fayerweather, and of the physician in charge, both the medical and spiritual doctors were shut out from the presence of the dying man, while the only person in his sick room was one of the three executors and beneficiaries of his will, under the codicil, and that he induced Mr. Fayerweather to sign the codicil which another of the three had drawn up, and that the testator at the time was in a half-conscious condition. If this statement is true and can be proved the will is likely to be annulled by the Surrogate Court. Whoever wishes to do good with his wealth should do it in his own lifetime, when he is in health and can be the executor of his own will.

The *Century* has this bit about the famous "Brook Farm" of a generation ago, where philosophers like Emerson and *literati* like Hawthorne tried in vain to realize the ideal brotherhood on a coöperative farm: "It was a delightful gathering of men and women of superior cultivation, who lead a charming life for a few years, laboring in its fields and philandering in its pleasant woods. It was a little too much of a picnic for serious profit. The enterprise failed peculiarly, after seeming for some years to have succeeded, and Brook Farm became the site of the town poor-house. Hawthorne, who lost all his savings in the

enterprise, has sketched it, in some respects faithfully, in his "Blithedale Romance." While he was a member he was chiefly engaged in taking care of the pigs, that being found by experiment to be the branch of farm labor to which his genius was best adapted."

In Houlton jail, Aroostook county, Maine, is a young man who, by some legal technicality under the debtors' law, was imprisoned at the instigation of a wealthy merchant whom he owed and refused to pay a sum of money. The prisoner remained stubborn for six months, the creditor paying \$2 a week for his board, when he said that he would pay the debt. But under the law he must pay all the costs and his board. This he could not do, and still remains in jail, and his creditor, who seems to be a revengeful wretch, says that as long as he lives he will pay the man's board, and has made his will, according to which \$2,000 will be set aside to keep the prisoner in his cell until he shall be released by death. "The harshness of the creditor," it is stated, "causes considerable excitement and sympathy for the doomed man." A man should be compelled to pay his honest debts when he is able to do so, but a life imprisonment for debt ought not to be possible in this country.

There is no doubt that the transfer of the Indian troubles which have arisen, from the Indian Bureau to the War Department would result in pacifying the Indian, but the transfer is persistently opposed by politicians because the bureau in the Interior Department is a civil organization and its agents change with the administration. Places are thus kept at the changing command of spoils hunters, which under the War Department would be unchangeable. The present Indian agent, knowing that his lease of official life is probably no longer than the term of the administration under which he is appointed, cares nothing whatever about the relations of the Indians to the government beyond his term of office, and is constantly calculating how he can make the largest amount of money from his opportunities. The army control of the Indian bureau would compel the Indian by force to forget all thoughts of war, to enter on occupations of peace, and to save himself from annihilation by becoming part of the civilization of the day. Congress should direct the transfer of the Indian bureau to the War Department and so end the Indian troubles which are an anomaly in our modern civilization.

It is now said that the Indians of Mexico are victims of a messiah craze very much like that which prevails among the Indians in the Dakotas; that all the tribes scattered throughout Mexico expect a messiah soon to appear to restore to them their old domain. He will cause a great volcanic eruption which will overflow much of the country and destroy all but the Aztecs. At Cholulu, where are the ruins of an old Aztec temple, hundreds of believers in the coming savior are engaged in performing mysterious religious rites, accompanied with a flower dance. It is further reported that there is much excitement among the most ignorant class of the colored people, which has been brought about among them by a man claiming to be a messiah. The Kansas City chief of police

was called upon lately by a delegation of negroes from two of the lowest neighborhoods in the city, and asked for permission to hold ghost dances in those localities, declaring that the messiah had appeared and told them to prepare for the supremacy of their race. This messiah business having run its length among enlightened people, still persists among savage and half civilized races.

It is estimated that eighty per cent. of the population of New York City is of foreign birth or parentage. In 1885 Boston had 245,000 foreign born and of foreign parentage, out of a population of 390,000 and the population has since then probably increased. In all large cities the loss from death and removal far exceeds the natural increase, so that a continual inflow from outside alone prevents depopulation. In the eastern sea-board cities the larger portion of the increase is made up of immigrants. More than half of the 450,000 immigrants who came to this country in the year ending June 30th last, remained upon the eastern sea-board. The character of the immigration is changing for the worse. The immigration from Great Britain, Germany, Scandinavia and Switzerland fell off in the year ending June, 1890, nearly 48,000 from the previous year, while the immigration from Hungary, Poland, Italy, Russia, Southern and Eastern Europe and Asia has increased about 60,000 in the same time. We are drawing half our immigrants from countries which twenty years ago sent us none, and the proportion of these undesirable immigrants is increasing. Three-quarters of them are unskilled laborers, a large percentage are on the verge of pauperism, nine-tenths are ignorant and a fraction are criminal. The whole tendency of such accessions to the population of the United States, is to increase illiteracy and pauperism, degrade labor and produce general deterioration.

The immediate future of equatorial Africa is a subject of great importance; a large and fertile country which spreads as far north as the Nile Cataracts and as far south as the great Nyanzas, and which includes the Upper Nile and the populous regions of Unyoro and Uganda, is in the hands of natives who are savage and of Arab slave-traders who are so destitute of the instincts of humanity as almost to range with the brutes. If these occupants evinced the smallest capacity for improvement, or the least indication of ability to turn to account the resources of their country, they might safely be left to work out their own destiny without foreign interference. But they seem to be as barbarous as they were in the days when the Shepherd Kings made war upon the Pharaohs of Egypt. They starve in a country whose fertility is unexampled. They go naked in regions where cotton and flax grow wild. They fight with spears and poisoned arrows. Their normal condition is one of internecine war; their principal products are the spoils of the chase. They have no respect for truth or honor, or the rights of property. They are on a par with those prehistoric savages who hunted the mammoth in the swamps of Missouri, and disputed holes in the ground with the bear of the Sierras. It is impossible that the paradise which is called Equatorial Africa can long be left in such unworthy hands as these. Some nation is sure to stretch out a long arm to seize it.

GOOD METHODISM.

The following article which appeared in the editorial columns of THE JOURNAL some time ago, is reprinted at the suggestion and by the request of a friend interested in the cause of woman suffrage and opposed to the domination of the movement by theological influences:

Rev. W. V. Turnstall has been ably exposing the heresy of Woman Suffrage in the *Methodist Recorder*. From the standpoint of old theology he is logical and unanswerable. Would that space permitted quoting his able argument in full. Here is a part of his indictment, though not the strongest:

"3. For seeking to hold office (displacing Moses) Miriam, but not Aaron, was given the leprosy. And may Frances and Susan profit by the sample, as Patrick Henry said of George III. Under the New Testament, she is only permitted to pray or prophesy, yet with her head covered; and this accounts for wearing of bonnets in public to this day,—to symbolize subjection to her husband under the curse. She is expressly prohibited by Paul (I. Tim. ii, 11, 14) to rule in the church or to usurp authority over the man.

"4. Now to vote is to rule. Voting carries with it all the collaterals of making, expounding, and executing law; and if the Bible, Old and New, is clear, harmonious, and consistent upon any one point, it is that God hath withheld from woman the right to rule either in the Church, the State, or even in the family; and this he did strictly on account of her having brought sin and death into the world and all our woe.' For, if there had been no sin, there had been no governments. Pride prompted her to this act, and humiliation is the result. God has seen to it that woman, in the fall, did not gain even equality, much less supremacy, but greatly lost."

Now it is of no use, nor is it consistent and Christian, for a woman of the evangelical faith to curl the lip in scorn at this good preacher's words. His language and arguments are strictly orthodox. If Christian dogmas are soundly based and authoritative, then is he correct. He cannot be successfully met without fatally weakening the "Christian Plan of Salvation." He speaks by the card, and is backed up by the God of orthodoxy. We know what sister "Susan" thinks of Turnstall and his allegations. With her splendid head thrown back, her eyes flashing fire and her form quivering with mingled feelings of contempt and indignation, Susan B. Anthony, in the language of another, might say, "I deny the allegations and I defy the allegator"—and she would throw a double meaning into the last word. She could do this consistently and without explanation or apology, for she is not of Turnstall's fold. Sister "Frances," how do you like it? We know that you have spoken your piece on this topic before, but as you are a Methodist and as such bound not to speak contrary to what has been taught you by the Methodist God's representatives on earth, your arguments have always seemed like special pleading; lacking consistency and handicapped by Bible interpretations not warranted in a good Methodist. In a word,—we say it with the most profound admiration for you and your works—your speech squares not with your theology, and thus, lacking the jewel of consistency, carries not with it the fire of conviction to your sisters in the church. Theologically you may be a Methodist, but practically you are, in the sight of the "anointed," a most dangerous heretic; and but for the free-thinkers who guarded your rights in framing the constitution of your country, you would to-day be suffering tortures worse than Knox and Calvin inflicted upon those who dared to think for themselves. According to Turnstall and the theological dogmas which invest his decision with authority, you are a moral leper! You, Frances Willard, whose magnetic presence, burning words, convincing arguments, and great organizing and executive abilities have done more good, saved more homes from ruin, brought peace, comfort and happiness to more forlorn hearts than any thousand preachers of your theology in America! Look this vile moss-covered monster, Old Theology, square in the face with your eyes undimmed by hereditary tendencies or

early training! Either you must give up your theology and be consistent, or retain it and be grossly inconsistent; daily defying the law of God and deepening your damnation by teaching doctrines declared to be false and pernicious by the "consensus of the competent" in Methodism. Dr. Turnstall belongs to the "regulars;" you must either take his medicine or leave behind the Methodist hospital with its fetid odors, hellbroth, and female slaves and come out into God's fresh, wholesome bracing air where intellectual freedom, untrammelled religious aspiration, and love of humanity are carrying the world upward and away from the putrid reminiscences so dear to theologians.

REMINISCENCES OF BUCKLE.

A gentleman who was favored with an opportunity to make the acquaintance and to learn the views and personal habits of Henry Thomas Buckle, says that in speaking of religion he affirmed that there was no doctrine in Christianity that had not been announced before, but that Christianity was by far the noblest religion in existence. The chief point of its superiority, he said, was the prominence given to the humane and philanthropic element; and in giving this prominence was its originality. He believed, he said, in a Great First Cause, but had not arrived at the belief by any process of reasoning satisfactory to himself. Paley's argument from the evidence of design he regarded as futile. He expressed belief in a future state, and declared most impressively that life would be unsupportable to him if he thought that he were to be separated forever from one person, alluding it is probable to his mother, to whose memory he dedicated the second volume of his History. He had, he said, no doubt that in a future state we shall recognize one another. He declared himself unable to form any judgment as to the mode of future existence. Religion he thought on the increase in the world, but theology was declining.

Buckle spoke of his education. He had been truly self-taught. When he was a boy he was so delicate that it was thought he could not live; the celebrated Dr. Abernethy, who was a particular friend of his father, saw how important it was to keep him from mental excitement, and begged that he might not be troubled with lessons. Accordingly he was not sent to school at any time, except for a brief period to a clergyman, who had directions not to make him study; and he was not regularly taught anything. Until eight years of age he hardly knew his letters, but at fifteen he read Shakespeare with great zest. At seventeen he conceived the plan of his book, and resolved to do two things to fit himself to write it: first he resolved to devote four hours a day to the study of physical science, in order that he might be fully able to understand and to unfold its relations with history; secondly, he resolved to devote an equal portion of each day to the study of English composition and practice in writing in order that he might be able to set forth his opinions with force and perspicuity. To these resolutions he adhered for twelve years. Every day after breakfast, he shut himself up for four hours with his experiments and his investigations; and afterward devoted four hours to analyzing the style of the best English authors, inquiring, as he said, "where it was that I wrote worse than they." He studied, not only in England, but in Germany and other European countries. He learned all the languages that he knew, and he knew all that I ever heard of, says the gentleman who jotted down in his journal recollections of the historian, without the aid of a master in any excepting German, in which he began with a master, but soon dismissed him because he hindered more than he helped. He read Hebrew with a Jewish rabbi, but that was after he learned the language. He considered knowledge of languages valuable only as a stepping stone to other learning, and spoke with contempt of a person in Egypt who was mentioned as speaking eight languages familiarly. "Has he done anything?" "No." "Then he is fit only to be a courier."

Buckle had a library of 22,000 volumes, all selected by himself. He spent eight or nine hundred pounds

a year upon his library. He owned copies of all the books referred to in his history. When he engaged in composition he walked about the room, his mind engrossed with his subject, until he had composed an entire paragraph; then he sat down and wrote it, never retouching nor composing sentence by sentence, which he thought tended to give an abrupt and jerky effect to what was written.

These, and other reminiscences by Mr. Buckle's acquaintance, present a very familiar and home-like picture of the brilliant historian, whose early death was a loss to the world.

MORE SPIRITUALIZATION, LESS MATERIALIZATION.

For nearly a score of years the Spiritualist movement has been racked and torn by dissensions over materialization. Vital force and money sufficient to have established the biggest publishing house and missionary bureau in America, have been expended in patronizing and defending dark room and cabinet exhibits and the exhibitors. What is there to show for all this vast outlay? Absolutely nothing of value to the world or to Spiritualism. The only point clearly settled is that more than ninety per cent. of what has been presented as spirit materialization is made up of downright, premeditated humbug, fortified in some instances by a slight psychical coloring. Probably if a census were practicable it would be found that a majority of Spiritualists to-day is composed of those who are still dissatisfied with the claims of materialization, and of those who sweepingly deny the validity of the proofs.

Is it not time that this great volume of money and energy were turned into another channel? Would it not be well for those claiming the name of Spiritualist to expend their surplus forces in stimulating the spiritualization of the so-called Spiritualist movement? Supposing that for the next score of years the same amount of ardor and money were to be utilized in spiritualizing Spiritualists, will any one dare to question the grand and beneficent results? The materialization craze has spent its force; and, it is to be hoped, is passing into innocuous desuetude. Now let there be a revival of real spirituality, a quickening of the finer qualities of the spirit, an aspiration for inward development that shall overflow in acts and deeds which will mark the movement as the world's greatest benefactor in the opening years of the twentieth century.

GHOSTS.

A writer in the *London Quarterly Review* who discourses in regard to ghosts and the belief in them which prevailed two or three hundred years ago in England, and especially at a time when the bard of Avon was writing his masterpieces for the stage says: "We can not doubt that Shakespeare, like his contemporaries, believed in ghosts, while we do not. How, then, can we say that he is true to nature, when he makes Hamlet or Brutus or Macbeth see ghosts, talk with them, and thereby in all respects believe in them? Skeptical arguments against the reality of ghosts were not unknown to Shakespeare's contemporaries. He must have read them himself in Plutarch's Brutus, but we can not suppose that those arguments had more effect on him than on Brutus himself. And we can not escape from the difficulty by saying that the superstition being natural to the poet, and to the men of his time, it was natural that he should make the personages of his plays subject to it. For the ground-work of all our study of Shakespeare assumes that he was not merely of an age, but for all time. What we do say is that the men of Shakespeare's age believed in ghosts because they had seen them, and we for the same reason disbelieve in them. We have, like Coleridge, seen to many. Plenty of ghosts have been and still are seen, but the sight has been verified by investigators with habits of mind derived from the practice of the Baconian method of examining facts."

This writer says that ghosts have been verified like many other phenomena, once so mysterious as to be supposed to be supernatural, and have been found to

have their place under natural laws, that they are subjectively real and do not come under the laws of the physical eyes and of optics. "It is true," says the writer, "that in many authenticated ghost stories, of our own times even, there is an element of unexplained coincidence which still seems to give them a supernatural appearance; but these, too, the friends of psychical research believe that they shall one day bring under ordinary natural law."

Undoubtedly all apparitional phenomena come under natural laws even though such phenomena, because the laws are not understood, are imagined to be supernatural. That such phenomena are purely subjective would seem to be disproved by the simultaneousness of the appearances to two or more persons. There is evidently something objective to the percipients to produce upon them at the same time similar vivid impressions giving rise to a distinct form or image, as real to them as any ordinary object presented to the sense of sight. That the apparition is the actual spirit, or that the spirit is objective in fact in the sense that matter is cannot be affirmed, but it has to be so conceived owing to the limitations of sense preceptions; and practically the individual that perceives what, under material and mundane conditions corresponds with or represents a human being no longer in the flesh, perceives what to him or her is an objective and not merely a subjective reality. In earth life we do not actually see one another, but we see that which corresponds with and symbolically represents the deeper reality—the spirit. Every individual spirit has to be thought of if conceived at all, as objective to every other spiritual being.

WOMEN AND THEOLOGY.

Those who try to identify the cause of woman's rights with the Christian theology overlook the fact that Christianity is an orientalism, that only where it has been modified by Roman and Germanic influence and by modern anti-Christian and extra-Christian thought do its representatives regard woman's position as other than one of subserviency and subordination. Every effort to improve the condition of woman has been opposed by appeals to the Scriptures, which plainly teach that the position of woman is secondary to that of man, for the reason that man was made first and woman sinned first. During the decay of ancient institutions Christianity put itself in opposition to a strong tendency of the times by emphasizing the duty of chastity and marital fidelity; but its teachings in regard to the inferiority of woman and her responsibility for the introduction of sin into the world and for the consequent fall and depravity of the race, caused her to be regarded as impure, and led to an unhealthy asceticism which proclaimed war upon nature and produced a revulsion toward the opposite extreme. At the same time the independence and intellectual culture of woman were discouraged and for centuries she ceased to figure in history except as a devotee. It is as true of the advancement of woman as of progress in general that during the last three hundred years, as Lecky says, "the decadence of theological influence has been one of the most invariable signs and measures of our progress."

Recognizing this fact, some make a distinction between Pauline Christianity and the moral precepts of Jesus; but the influence of the system must be judged not so much by its precepts of virtue as by its doctrines, which have been widely accepted and which have been favorable or otherwise to the practice of these precepts. That Christianity, like the older religions, has been necessary to the attainment of the present social condition is undeniable. It has met certain wants and contributed some valuable elements to human progress. It has, in certain respects, on the other hand, been reactionary and retarded progress. Only where the theological teachings of the Bible in regard to woman have been outgrown or greatly modified is woman's position one of elevation and independence.

Talmage, the Brooklyn jumping-jack of the pulpit, in one of his recent sermons addressed seamen as follows: "All you in the fore-castle and all you who run p and down the slippery ratlines, take to sea with

you Him who with a quiet word sent the winds back through the mountain gorges. Some of you Jack Tars to whom these words will come need to tack ship and change your course if you are going to get across the sea of life safely and gain the heavenly harbor. Belay there! Ready about! Helm a-lee! Mainsail haul!" Talmage has no more knowledge of the tacking of a ship than of many other subjects on which he talks glibly, all unconscious of his ignorance. The general orders for tacking are, as one acquainted with terminology says, "Ready about—ease down the helm—haul the spanker boom amidship—helm's alee—rise tacks and sheets—mainsail haul—let go and haul—down tacks and aft sheets—brace up—full and by." Talmage's nautical blundering is almost as bad as that of George M. Towle in "The Voyages and Adventures of Vasco da Gama." In that work the navigator, in a heavy gale to the eastward of the Cape of Good Hope, is made to shout: "Make the masts fast with ropes, my men! Pass the shrouds over the yards! You two take the panels off the tops and sails! Strike all sails except the fore-sails; we'll weather the storm with them." A writer who calls this a trespass on the seaman's domain, says: "It is hardly necessary to add that it soon fell to a flat calm. No self-respecting gale would consent to remain in a locality where such language was used." The language of the sea is simple but so precise that only those who have followed a seafaring life are likely to use it correctly.

Mr. McQueary in his speech before the ecclesiastical court, defending himself against the charge of heresy, said, "I am willing to bow to the authority of the council at Nice, that great council that formulated and established the great Catholic creed of Christendom. Will this court bow to this august and venerable authority? Surely the church of Ohio will not have the courage to reject the decree of the greatest ecclesiastical council that ever assembled." Why should Mr. McQueary, who insists on the right of private judgment, "bow to the authority of the council of Nice," which was composed of men who knew less than he does, less than the average preacher of to-day knows? Why should he, from the standpoint of a Protestant and a rationalist, appeal to a creed formulated by fallible men who lived in a pre-scientific and superstitious age? Why does he not step out into the sunlight of free thought and declare that he recognizes no authority higher than human reason, and that every man must judge for himself what he shall accept, and if he is a preacher what he shall preach. It is more than likely, it is stated, that Rev. Howard McQueary, if the ecclesiastical court that heard his case, shall give a verdict against him, will find an avenue for his views through the pulpit of the Unitarian church, which would doubtless welcome him, and in which he would find an ample field of usefulness.

The heart hungers for the real presence of the dear departed. The tenderest sympathies and affections, the deepest demands of the soul, and the loftiest range of the intellect, all reach toward the life beyond, and would make it interblend naturally and beautifully with our own daily life. Spiritualism meets these desires, and calls into action all these faculties in a harmonious search for truth. The facts of spirit presence and power are the proof positive of immortality—outward experiences verifying the voice, within says: Thou shalt never die. They come in a hour when they are needed, to confound materialism; to save all that is worth saving in dogmatic theory; to give us a new Bible exegesis, giving significance to the spiritual truths, the visions and the experiences of the book; to open the way for a more perfect psychology, a natural religion, full of inspiration, and a more perfect spiritual philosophy.—G. B. Stebbins.

At the gathering of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers at Pittsburgh last fall, Chauncey M. Depew said: "To close a line like the New York Central, and inflict the attendant hardships upon hundreds of thousands of people, and the enormous losses upon business men and wage-earners alike, is so great a calamity

and near a crime that those who are responsible and in the wrong are bound to suffer." Mr. Depew does not overstate the truth. That congress and the legislatures of the several states have the right to regulate the business of railroad corporations is now beyond dispute. There is evidently the same constitutional right to control and regulate the employes of a public corporation who cannot justly imperil the lives or interfere with the business of thousands of citizens. The employes and the corporation have relations not simply to each other, but to the community which also has rights. There is needed legislation which will compel the settlement by arbitration of the differences that arise between railway companies and their employes, without permitting any action that may jeopardize the lives of people or interrupt the transportation of property.

The following extraordinary phenomenon took place at 237 Elgin street, on a recent Sunday evening, writes H. J. Brun, of Melbourne, Australia, in a letter to *The Two Worlds*. As the family were sitting round the fire the lady of the house saw a portrait of an old lady friend of hers—Mrs. Smith—appear on the side of the stove quite distinctly. She called her husband and daughters to witness it; they also saw plainly the portrait, and were very much startled. On the following Thursday, about 1 p. m., while at dinner, an old clock, quite out of order, struck "one" very loudly, which caused great commotion among the members of the family. On Friday afternoon the lady sent her son to request me to call upon her. I did so, and she then related the above circumstances. I advised her to mentally call the spirit of the lady friend, which she did; and then and there appeared the same distinct portrait. I stooped down toward it and saw it quite plainly; it appeared of a brownish tint, but changed to a pale and deathly hue. Her friend was about eighty years old."

"Preaching is not essay-making, nor theologizing, nor championing sects, nor an apology for religion," says the *Boston Advertiser*. "It is the heart of a man who has a message out of life for life, who reaches up toward God and out toward man, who is filled with an inexpressible yearning toward and love for both; it is the heart of such a man filling a human voice and speaking through it to men. It is the greatest of opportunities. When it speaks, men listen."

The *Observatore Romano* assails the authorities of Rome for allowing an organization known as the "Jesus Christ Republican Socialist Club" to exist, on the ground that the bearing of such a title by a political organization is an offense against religion. "Why not," some one asks, "look toward Brazil, where they have 'The Brewery of the Holy Ghost,' and no priest has ever protested against such a profanation of the name of the third person of the Trinity."

Dr. Edward W. Emerson, son of the late Ralph Waldo Emerson, delivered a lecture lately on "Henry Thoreau" before the Concord Lyceum, in which he contradicted the idea so generally accepted that Thoreau was an echo of Emerson. Those who knew Thoreau or have carefully read his works will recognize his original, powerful individuality, and know that he was never conscious of imitating anybody.

The widow of Lawrence Oliphant—Rosalind Dale-Owen—who some months after his death married a young assistant in his business, at Haifa, in Syria, is now engaged with her present husband and with a lady of fortune from New York in writing out, under the dictation of the spirit of Oliphant, a novel of a mystical and psychical sort.

Professor de Morgan, President of the Mathematical Society of London: "I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me."



HYPNOTIC MONOPOLY--TOE JOINTS--TRILOBITES

By G. B. STEBBINS.

The last specimen of professional assumption is before me. The Medical Society—old school and “regular,” of course,—of Illinois wants healing by hypnotism (the new-fangled name for magnetism) put into the hands of “the faculty”—nobody to hypnotize without sheepskin diplomas, nobody to practice mind-cure and its like without a sheepskin.

If these medical pundits were experts in hypnotism there might be some shadow of reason in their wish, but they are confessedly ignorant, only gleaning a little light from their brief experience, admitting the healing virtue of what they sneered at yesterday, refusing even to gain light from those who know more than they do, and have had more experience, and yet coolly asking the monopoly of hypnotic healing! There are not, probably, in the whole state a score of physicians of the old school, and not many of any school, who know enough of the philosophy or the practice of hypnotism to safely be trusted to magnetize any person or to deal with trance conditions without peril to the patient. Yesterday they were mocking at what they would ignorantly monopolize to-day.

Not a chair or a professor of hypnotism in any medical college; no means, such as they hold indispensable, for knowledge of this healing art, no disposition to learn from experts in magnetism who have no sheepskin certificates, but can show long lists of cures from their practice. George Francis Train is a modest man compared with these. Wait a little, gentlemen, until you learn the A, B, C of the matter. I know the first four letters of the Greek alphabet. If I should set up as a teacher of Greek my ridiculous assumption would approach yours in this case. If I should ask that nobody save those who only knew these first four Greek letters should teach the language I should stand by your side, as your equal in coolness as well as absurdity.

How many spies and police will it take, gentlemen of the medical profession, to stand guard at every house while we hypnotize our sick? How can your police get in if we chose to bolt our doors? “Every man’s house is his castle,” is an old law saying; we can keep you out and heal our own sick as we please, and you can not seize our medicine and implements. You had better give it up, as many sensible physicians judge it best to do.

If one looks into a geological cabinet and sees a petrified trilobite his thought goes back a long way to a crude mold in antedeluvian days. I had a like sensation lately. In a late medical journal I saw an article on “The Revolution in Medicine,” by Dr. Austin Flint. Either this writer, or a remote ancestor of like name, propounded the “toe-joint” theory, whereby the whole spirit-rapping delusion was to come to an end. The theory was a grand success. It made its author a good laughing-stock, and his fellow medicos could not accept it, even from a learned professor. The raps were, literally, “heard round the world,” while the toe joints limped a few miles and gave out. His “revolution in medicine” is the microbe and the lymph—the last injected with keen lancet by a regular doctor. Koch is king, and in his train the typhoid lymph, the diphtheritic lymph, the lymph for measles, that for scarlet fever, and so on will promptly arrest these diseases in the bright future. Middle aged persons, duly submissive to the medico-legal powers that are to be, will be lanced and scarified from head to heel, marked and scratched all over like tattooed New Zealanders, but will be healthy—provided they are not poisoned by bad lymph, as they very likely will be, which will send rottenness to their bones.

This all may be, but nobody knows yet, and it is not at all probable. Dr. Flint knows as little about lymph

as he did about toe joints, and the whole faculty know as little about it as they do about hypnotism. Sensible doctors will go slow. The working hypothesis of the medical faculty is materialistic. Some stuff from the outside must be got into the body in some abnormal way, hence the great Koch, with his foul lymph. Hypnotism is a glimpse at the *vis medicatrix nature*, the invisible healing potency, and it is “all Greek” to the old-fashioned doctors. They see it as the blind man in the parable, with his newly-opened eyes, saw “men as trees walking.” But enough. I want to pull myself back into this closing decade of our century, or I shall mumble about toe-joint raps and feel as though a trilobite shell was closing around me. The moral of all this is, that, with due respect to sensible and large-minded physicians, “we, the people,” have some rights, and intend that they shall be respected.

SPIRITUALISM FROM DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS.

By T. W. DAVENPORT.

I am more than ever interested in the contents of the progressive RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, but I presume that while some consider the change in form, type and matter an improvement, others will deem it retrogression. It is well known that there is quite a large body of enthusiastic Spiritualists who are so fond of exciting manifestations that they cannot bear to hear mediums criticised, much less to hear them condemned, and I presume that no amount of humbuggery will cure them. Such Spiritualists do not and never did like THE JOURNAL, and it is to be presumed that they are not subscribers to it. But what THE JOURNAL has lost in this direction, has been more than made good by the accession of those sedate minds not satisfied with a heavy admixture of falsehood with truth, and another class who are more or less inclined to doubt everything that does not bear the stamp of rigid scientific investigation. It cannot be doubted that the latter is largely increasing in numbers as a result of the application of scientific methods in every department of human enquiry. Even the church, formerly considered the repository of faith, cannot afford to be unscientific. That preacher is a very bold and rash man who, presuming upon the ignorance or bigotry of his hearers, launches out into the scientifically condemned vagaries once so popular with true believers.

We hear no more of the personal Devil or anthropomorphic God, of infant damnation or total depravity, no more of the special creation six thousand years ago, or the halting of the sun and moon as a verity; very little of the fall of man and the Garden of Eden; nothing at all of the material resurrection or the universal deluge, or the unventilated ark stuffed full of unfed, untamed, uncared for beasts. Upon them science has written the word myth, and even the church now receives them with that estimate. And what the church has had to undergo in the way of scientific supervision, Spiritualism cannot avoid. Whatever of the alleged spiritual phenomena that is false or incongruous and explainable without such agency, will be segregated and lopped off, and true Spiritualism will be all the better for it; as much better as the church for the loss of its monstrosities of faith.

While I presume many Spiritualists accept, and will continue to accept Spiritualism in the same way that church members accept their religion, viz.: by faith, it should be borne in mind that the distinction between Spiritualism and the older religions, is that which must forever be found between faith and knowledge. The question to the faithist is, properly, what do you believe? To the true Spiritualist it is, what do you know? And hence, though scientific methods will curtail the domain of faith, they will only extend, and diversify that of knowledge. By the word knowledge is meant more than mere material things; it includes the imponderables of whatever name or nature, and that scientist who cannot follow scientific methods in his search among the imponderables, is a mere partialist, who should settle back to his proper place among the fossils that he can both feel and see.

It must be remembered by Spiritualists who evince

some nervousness at the non-acceptance, or partial acceptance, of spiritual truth by members of the Society for Psychical Research, that the test of all knowledge is in the investigator himself, that the principal difficulties in the way of concurrent opinion are those which pertain to the percipient. How can we expect a proper decision, as to colors, from one color blind, or our piano tuned by one who does not perceive the difference of tones; or our children properly trained by those wanting in affection, or the truth told by those who have no feeling of moral obligation? For all these to be well performed, requires not only natural adaptation, but special training, and as the incompetent in all these callings are weeded out and excluded by the testimony of those who are competent to judge, so will the spiritually blind, deaf and dumb members of the psychical society fail to convince those who can see, contrary to the verdict of their own faculties.

Agassiz, though oblivious to his own want of fitness to judge in matters pertaining to Spiritualism, was fully cognizant of the general truth that long continued practice of methods adapted to one branch of knowledge unfits one for successfully pursuing another branch, and hence in his famous school he desired to exclude from membership the old scholars who had become fixed in their methods. The homely old maxim that it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks, is based upon this general truth. People get so accustomed to certain lines of thought, that it is almost impossible to move them into new and different ones; it is so impracticable to get them out of the ruts which have become a part of their existence, and until this moving out is done no change is possible. What is to be expected of a mathematician who has a life-long habit of dealing with quantities, except that he will be dissatisfied with every investigation mixed with uncertainty. Such a one, investigating commercial mediumship, would from sheer habit throw it all away as fraud, when there was the finest opportunity offered for the exercise of genuine scientific research. Logically, the scientific incredulous and the non-scientific over credulous, are full brothers, the former throwing all away because of some error, and the latter accepting it all because of some truth.

If our spiritualistic brethren only knew it, we have in the doings of the Society for Psychical Research a rare opportunity for studying the effects of previous training upon the minds of those who are admitted to be eminent in their several professions. The mathematician from habit become instinct, is inclined to treat the phenomena mathematically, and when he comes across anything new and strange he must symbolize it with a character or word, and in his thoughts afterwards, which always take a mathematical turn, he involves and evolves his symbol with great satisfaction, as though symbols ever expressed anything more than quantitative relations. Indeed, how suggestive and explanatory is the symbol “*odie force*” as a substitute for a really scientific report upon the phenomena!

Or the mathematician includes the manifestations by number, within his formula, and calculates the probabilities of thought transference and unconscious cerebration. The physicist is differently affected: his bent is to refer everything, which his eyes do not discover, to an attribute of matter. He does not, however, recollect that while Sir Isaac Newton expressed the force of gravity by the symbol “*g*” and attributed it to matter as an inherent quality, yet his mind was busy pondering how a quality could act where it was not, and he said it was inconceivable to him.

Let the Psychical Society print and circulate their ponderous reports; they are doing a needed work.

With all of their inventions and discoveries the materialistic scientists have never explained away one genuine spirit rap; they have never satisfactorily accounted for the phenomena upon any of their ingenious hypotheses for the reason that nothing short of a continuous spiritual existence can account for them. *Odie force*, hypnotism, thought transference, mind reading, unconscious cerebration, like guide posts all point toward the true source, but all of them separated from and disconnected with the spiritual factor.

incompetent to answer the question of the little Fox girl: "How is this, mama; old Split Foot can see as well as he can hear?"

SILVERTON, OREGON.

SPIRIT, NOT ETHER, THE MEDIUM OF HEAT, LIGHT AND ELECTRICITY.

By WM. I. GILL.

Ether, through all the ages, has been an ethereal foundation for many things in the region of romance supposed to be science. It has now attained a dignity of function and authority it never before enjoyed. It has risen from a very tenuous gas to the rank of a solid, though more tenuous than any known gas, yet more compact than any known solid, but lighter than all, perhaps entirely weightless. It is indeed a most wonderful invention—too wonderful even to be a discovery. It was invented as a hypothesis to explain the phenomena of light, and has been applied to heat, magnetism and electricity, and as it is supposed to render these phenomena conceivable according to other known material laws, it is considered as established beyond all reasonable doubt. For modern materialism it is, probably, the acme of conjecture in this line. But it involves insurmountable logical difficulties, and thence results in agnosticism, which is a soft nebulous pillow for the tried brains of cosmic monists of all sorts. Hard, unyielding logic carried out straight without a curve would not be half so nice—to them. But there are people to whom this is the most agreeable, and an absolute need of their intellectual nature, developed by exercise and confirmed by habitual practice. They demand that hypothesis shall be self-consistent. Only the self-consistent conception is real or answerable to any possible part. On this ground they have never been able to yield assent to the hypothesis of an undulating universal ether as the medium of light. To explain things by the invention of what contradicts itself in the utterance, is no credit to science. The explanation in the darkest part. It is as if one should explain footprints in the sand by saying they must have been made by a three legged biped. Just as inconsistent as this are the most authoritative descriptions of this famous ether. It is honored with the performance of achievements which require it to be both ponderable and imponderable. It can not be both. It must be one or the other.

If it is ponderable, it cannot be universally and equally diffused. For it must obey the law of gravitation, for that is the meaning of being ponderable; and in accordance with that law it must collect in spheres with axial and orbital motions, with wide spaces between its condensed and orbiculated portions; and it will also in the process be likely itself to develop heat, light and electricity. Hence it cannot perform the task assigned to it as a medium immutable yet implicitly shiverous.

On the other hand, if it is not ponderable, it cannot be made to shine by the stroke of a ponderable body; nor could it retard the motion of any body. It cannot in any degree resist or react, and so can have no frictional force. From this lack of all possible reactive agency it cannot be made to shiver and transmit either light or heat by undulation. Its function requires it to be neither ponderable nor imponderable, and yet both all the time.

The theory is also otherwise self-contradictory. It affirms that this ether is everywhere homogeneous and indivisible, an absolutely continuous substance. But the atoms of matter are always described as impenetrable and occupying space, as a characteristic of all matter. Therefore, homogeneous jelly cannot be in the occupied spaces, but only between and around them. Hence it must be continually dividing and uniting and changing places with the incessant relative local changes of material atoms and their aggregates; and in such motion it would generate heat if not light, and inequalities, perhaps stormy as in our atmosphere, and could not be an unchanging medium for light or anything.

Still, this appears to be the best that cosmic monism can do; and no one can deny that it is eminently agnostic; and for minds so an agnostic turn it must be

supposed satisfactory. The marvelous element in this great complex phenomenon is that this impossible monstrosity has been approved and lauded as a sublime product of the scientific uses of the imagination, in which there is neither distinct image nor scientific consistency nor possible use.

Still, it is not enough to criticise the hypothesis. A better one should be furnished. Nature hates a vacuum, even among agnostics, and this will live till superseded by a better one. Such an one can be furnished by a philosophical Spiritualism developed and consistently carried out, on the basis of modern psychology, as taught or allowed even by these agnostic cosmic monists and materialists. All these when they turn their attention to psychology confess that all phenomena are subjective states. In that case the medium of their connection must be their subject. This subject ties them all together in a potent unity, and no other connection is necessary. All that either science or philosophy here demands or warrants is that the orderly sequence of phenomena shall be observed with the consideration of the subject as comprehending all, and the back ground of all, instead of an impossible ether, this unchanging subject itself being commensurate with its own modes (all phenomena), and filling with its unconscious ethereal presence all intermediate spaces.

This doctrine of psychology that all phenomena are subjective states, if thoroughly comprehended and intelligently utilized would give to Spiritualism a perfect philosophy in which spirit is all in all, and would inaugurate the practical as well as speculative era of the reign of spirit, through the larger and higher working of its unfolding laws. It will be long before this is generally attained; but it is the coming event whose shadow is now appearing.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

XII.

IN THE DARK.

The three following experiments are introduced, principally to illustrate the manner in which suspicions may be reasonably overcome:

In a strictly private circle of five gentlemen, and a lady acting as a medium, I was granted the very unusual favor of being present at their meetings. The society was composed of two lawyers, a physician, a merchant and a banker, all men of good education, seriously earnest in their investigation, and of the highest moral reputation in the community. There was no pecuniary advantage sought for by any of them, their meetings being held solely for their own gratification and instruction.

We all joined hands, except the medium, who was securely bound down to her chair, hand and foot, by myself, with wax-cnds. In this situation a number of trifling and unmeaning acts were done, which could be sufficiently well accounted for by the supposition that some one had broken the circle to effect them; but when in a dark interval of ten seconds, a ponderous and bulky object, which not less than two of the party could possibly have lifted up, was raised over my head, and placed upon the table without the slightest noise, within five inches of my face, the explanation was not so obvious. This conclusion seemed inevitable, that not less than four of these five men must have joined in effecting the fraud, if fraud it was, namely; the two who perpetrated it and the adjoining two who loosed their hands to enable the others to do it.

I thus find myself driven by the supposition of fraud to a very unsatisfactory and irrational judgment; that five earnest and intelligent men, without any assignable motive but the one they profess, are to be found gladly willing to subject themselves to public ridicule, giving their time and thought month after month, to a series of tricks most absurd and childish in the abstract, when from the circumstances of the case, they must execute these apparently foolish things themselves, or be perfectly certain that others of their number are performing them.

Again, I seated myself at a small pine table in the fourth story of a house, where I selected a room, with

but one entrance to it. The shutters were closed, but the open door, opposite to a window in the hall, threw sufficient light for exact vision. Taking the two young boys, who were the mediums on this occasion, and grasping their four hands firmly in mine, I made sure that we were alone. A table and four chairs constituted the furniture. Placing a friend on the outside of the room, with instructions to open the door at a given signal, I took my seat with the boys, still holding their hands, and crossed my legs over theirs. The door was shut to, and we were in darkness. At once the table, at which we were sitting, began a frantic dance, and a speaking trumpet loudly shouted in my ear, "what shall we do?" I replied bring me my hat, which, on entering, I had placed in a distant corner of the room, and at once heard the trumpet striking something in that direction, then felt an object as if pushed up my arm to my head, on which it was slapped down with considerable force, and a bell, after ringing violently, placed on the top of it. I instantly shouted, "open the door." It was flung open, and I gladly found myself in the familiar light, still holding the boys, my hat on my head, a hand bell upon it, and not another soul in the room.

On one occasion, having missed a train, a stoppage of three hours occurred before my journey could be resumed. Purchasing some newspapers to help me through the weary time, in one of them there was an account of a medium, Mrs. Maud Lord, of whom I had never before heard. As the place was not far off, and the relief was great to get away from the wooden benches and iron elbows of the station, I forthwith went to the address. Everybody there was a stranger, yet the light had not been extinguished a minute when my open hand was violently slapped in a manner that indicated exact vision, and then energetically and painfully shaken, as if by some unusually strong man, after a long separation, whilst a voice in my ear called me by a boyish nick-name I had not heard for forty years. This name was distinctly heard and remarked upon by those in the immediate vicinity. The medium also addressed me by my christian and sur-name, described relatives of mine correctly, their right relationship to each other, and gave their names in three instances. Those whose names, personal peculiarities, habits and relationship she spoke of, in no instance were living, and it is most remarkable that no mistake was made with respect to this.

She apparently had an intimate knowledge of myself and five relatives who had lived in many parts of the world, and some of whom had died fifty years before she was born. It was not only the relationship between the dead and myself, which she so positively knew, but the relationship of the dead to the other invisibles, said to be present, of no kinship to me. It was, in fact, an accurate transcript of my secret knowledge and associations connected with it, coming out without any suggestion or conscious thought on my part.

Innumerable scintillating sparks rose from the floor, and oval shapes of phosphorescent light floated about, resting occasionally on the persons or heads of those present. On covering the light, with their hands, it still continued to shine on underneath them, as if not coming from any exterior source.

Almost everybody was touched by fingers of different sizes, for which no cause could be ascertained, but generally in a furtive and momentary way, that carried with it the idea of human dexterity, corrected, however, by the fact that the hands, arms and manner of accost were sometimes those of small children, when certainly there were no children in the room and none could have gained admittance. The touches were so quickly made and so evasive that there was no opportunity to grasp the hand. To bring the operator, whoever it was, a little nearer to me, I asked to be kissed, as a trap to seize her, if she acceded to it. Immediately arms were thrown around my neck and I was kissed repeatedly on the face. There was no one there that I could feel or grasp. What, however, I did not ask for or expect, was a sentence whispered to me by the same lips that kissed me, which had no meaning unless it came from the alleged source, and could be understood by no living person but myself.

Names were called of several persons present, and

names given of those said to be addressing them, which were stated to be correct. There could be no absolute proof of the genuine character of the physical acts, but their various degrees of personal familiarity, simultaneous with the communications, awakened so many reminiscences, and were so naturally appropriate to the relationship between the persons, that it was difficult to resist a hasty sense of identity. Sometimes, also, the peculiar form of the physical demonstration enabled me to recognize the personality represented by the intelligence, as clearly as if a name had been given.

When there was no immediate recognition of the intelligence assuming to be present, the form of manifestation was changed, until it compelled an acknowledgment. There was much ingenuity and persistence shown in this. This medium must have had some occult method of getting at your thoughts and at facts connected with your history. It would be too glaringly irrational to hold her consciously responsible for this minute knowledge of the life associations and domestic trifles of fifteen or twenty strangers, repeated, perhaps, every day for many years.

Much more vigorous conditions than we can apply to a number of people in the dark, are necessary to establish in the strictest way the phenomenal character of the objective acts; the mental ones, however, in which it is not possible to be deceived, bring their own proof and give the co-incident occurrences a substantial value. Even when arms arc about our neck, or when we are being kissed, the sense of touch can detect no human form in the act, and we are forced to the conclusion that the arms and lips are bodiless, yet directed by perfect vision in the most profound darkness.

Finding myself on one occasion in a closely crowded circle of noisy and discordant people, and as usual in such an assembly, nothing personal falling to my share, after two hours of patient waiting, it became exceedingly wearisome. At length, intending to withdraw quietly and brave the odium of disarranging the proceedings, a voice spoke to my unuttered thought, "stand up and it will rest you." As a noisy guitar was at the time swiftly sailing around, I hesitated somewhat to put myself in its way. Nevertheless, being reassured by the voice, I stood up silently, and when the instrument came to my neighbor on the right, it tapped her on the head, and rising up, passed over me, ruffling my hair, and descended to the person on my left. This was repeated three times. No human adroitness could have compassed this feat in the profound darkness. The voice had kept faith with me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SEVEN MONTHS OF SPIRITS.

The recent death of Prof. Austin Phelps, of Andover, brings to mind the noted pamphlet which he, many years ago, wrote upon modern Spiritualism, and the facts which led to his interest in the matter. Those of us who are old enough, well remember the great excitement that was caused by transactions of a remarkable character which were continually taking place at the residence of Dr. Eliakim Phelps, a Congregationalist minister settled over an orthodox church at Stratford, Ct., and the father of the Andover professor. These occurrences were witnessed by large numbers of people, who visited the house from all over the state, and, indeed, from many places far beyond the borders of Connecticut. There was never the slightest reason to suppose that Dr. Phelps was himself other than perfectly honest in the matter, both in his relations of what took place, and in his endeavor to trace the phenomena to a legitimate cause.

Mrs. Phelps was a widow, with children, at the time of her marriage to the Stratford clergyman, and when these remarkable and, to him especially, annoying manifestations began to demonstrate themselves, he was disposed to attribute them to mischievous tricks on the part of the members of her first family. Having become convinced that this was not the case, and the matter having excited public curiosity to an extent that was very annoying, he challenged the strictest investigation, even going so far as to offer his house and all that it contained to any one who should discover a natural law for the disturbances of the household peace. These phenomena continued during a period of seven months, and, although property to the value of several thousand dollars was injured or destroyed by the turbulent demonstrations of an

unknown and undiscoverable power, there did not appear to be, at any time, an attempt to do violence to the person of any member of the household or of any one who visited the family for the purpose of investigation.

Bells were rung about the house, even in rooms and other places where no bells were hung, and the servants were continually disturbed and frightened while in the performance of their domestic duties. Silver spoons were bent double in the presence of various witnesses, and window panes were broken without visible agency. The spirits seemed to have some reverence for the plate, which was not shared by the glass; for, in every instance in which a piece of silver was put out of shape and rendered useless, it was afterward restored to its original form; but I do not remember that a pane of glass was ever replaced. Seventy-one panes of glass were broken, and of these the owner stated that he had himself been a witness to the destruction of over thirty, and that he had seen numberless articles in motion when there was exerted no physical power by which the motion could be produced. He further stated the agents by which, in many instances, the glass of the windows had been broken. "I have seen," he is made to say in a letter written by Dr. Hayward to the *Transcript* in February, 1881, "I have seen objects, such as tumblers, candlesticks, snuffers, etc., which but a few moments before I knew to be at rest, fly against the glass and dash it in pieces, when it was utterly impossible from the direction in which they moved that any visible power could have caused the motion. As to the reality of these facts, they can be proved by testimony a hundred-fold greater than is ordinarily required in our courts of justice in cases of life and death."

Some of the manifestations took very strange forms. Trunks and wardrobes would be mysteriously emptied of their contents, which would afterwards be found in various attitudes in different parts of the house. Different articles of clothing would be brought together and arranged so as to make it appear that human bodies were encompassed by them, and thus were found in different rooms, the contents of the chests representing effigies of human beings; but in no instance did it appear that the clothes themselves were destroyed or in any way injured. The spirits were not quite so tender in their dealings with them as with the spoons—they did not restore them to their original shapes and places. The servants and the members of the family had to fold them up again and return them to the places from which they had been removed. On one occasion, it was said, that when the whole family was at church, and the house seemingly locked, the front door was opened. Upon returning and finding things in this condition, they naturally concluded that a robbery had been committed; but the strictest search failed to find that any article had been removed from the house. They had, however, been greatly disturbed. Furniture was thrown about in disorder; chairs were found upon the beds, and tables with their legs in the air. The fire irons were scattered about, some in rooms and places where they did not belong. A tea-kettle, which had been left in the dining room, was found behind some boxes in the cellar. In one bedroom a sheet had been taken from beneath the blankets and placed outside the counterpane, and upon this were arranged a pair of stockings and a nightdress, with arms crossed upon the breast, representing a corpse lying upon the sheet, while upon the walls of the room were found undecipherable characters, said by some to belong to a spiritual language which certain mediums could interpret. The interpretation was, however, so far as I remember, never attempted. Next day the sheet was found upon the floor of the room, with a wash-stand lying full length upon it. The wash-bowl and pitcher had been removed, and were found standing, one on each side of the wash-stand, while the articles used to represent the dead body of the day before were found stuffed into the bowl and pitcher.

The spirits seemed to entertain a very strong affection for this nightgown and these stockings, for however carefully they might be locked away in a trunk and the key concealed, they were day after day found in various parts of the house, while the key remained in its hiding place and the trunk was always found locked as it had been left. Day after day these things went on until at length Dr. Phelps decided to call in the aid of some reverend friends to help him unfold the mystery. But their presence seemed to make no difference. Knives and forks were thrown about; spoons were bent and again straightened, and furniture was endowed with vital energy as before. Lamps were taken from the tables and placed upon the floor, and upon their chimneys were suspended hats and caps; nails, pieces of iron, keys and other things were placed upon the mantel; books were opened, and screams were heard from empty rooms, and an iron stand containing the fire-irons jumped from its place to the middle of the room, and began pounding the floor with a violence sufficient to jar the whole house. All these things took place in the presence of members of the family and visitors, and no clew could be found to the phenomena. It was, however, taken for

granted that some spiritual agency must be at work to produce the marvels that were being witnessed day after day, and it was further concluded that no good self-respecting spirits would be guilty of transactions so trivial and unmeaning in their character. Science did not seem able to render any aid in the investigation, and it was therefore regarded as a settled fact that everything that had transpired must be the work of the devil. This appeared to be supported by letters which the spirits were said to have written at the request of diverse individuals. One of these was signed "H. P. Devil." But there soon afterward appeared one with the subscription, "Your faithful brother in Christ, R. A."

No wonder Prof. Phelps writes to the *Congregationalist*: "I do not hold to the hypothesis that Spiritualism is of satanic origin, without qualification. . . . It is not wise to find more of the demoniacal in the universe than we are compelled to find. But so long as science gives us nothing better, my mind falls back upon the biblical demonology, as being the most probable thing we have within the range of human knowledge, in explanation of the mystery."

The son Austin, who had just commenced his theological studies at Andover, was now called home to assist in the investigation. He seems to have accepted at once the theory that the whole disturbance was the work of satan and his imps, and he determined to call in superior aid and put a stop to the unruly demonstrations. It was all, however, of no use. They neither recognized his authority nor paid the slightest respect to the wishes of his venerable father. Prayer was resorted to, with unswerving faith in the promise that "whatever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Faith was certainly strong, for one morning, after having spent the night in prayer, the aged minister told his daughter, with all confidence, that they would not be troubled any more, a voice having declared to him, in answer to his prayers, that from that time all these demonstrations should cease. They did not cease, however, but faith did not waver, and prayer was continued. This only seemed to incense the unseen visitants, who even went so far, on more than one occasion, as to hurl the Bible at the head of the venerable clergyman as he was engaged in the pious exercise. It does not appear that any actual harm was ever done in these attempts to show their displeasure at his proceedings, though in several instances the sacred book would brush his whiskers in its hurried flight through the air.

This was taken as additional evidence that the spirits engaged were followers of his satanic majesty, and they were therefore questioned as to their estimate of the truths contained in the volume. One of them is said to have replied that "there was a good deal of truth in it, and also considerable that was nonsense."

From other questions, to which answers were received by means of raps, it was ascertained that their disrespectful treatment of the book did not arise from any opinion of the contents, but that they had no superstitious reverence for the material components of the book, whatever might be the nature of the lessons and doctrines which it taught.

Nothing whatever had any effect in imposing even a temporary check upon the daily and nightly performances of the undesirable guests. The young divinity student, fresh from the halls of theological lore of the most brimstonian kind, was set at defiance and utterly baffled, as had been all others engaged in the investigation. As they began without notice or apparent cause, so they ceased. No means that were attempted had any effect whatever in mitigating the unpleasantness. The only effect that was ever experienced from the attempts to obtain a cessation of the phenomena was an irritation, which, for the time being, was manifested by an increase both in number and in force of the demonstrations. After about seven months the manifestations ceased, and the family was again left in peace.

One peculiar feature of the matter was that some of the spirits seemed to be personally attached to the son Henry. When he left home they would accompany him, and manifest themselves in various ways to him. On these occasions some of the power seemed to be drawn from the house, and the demonstrations became less violent. When, for instance, this boy was at school he would on occasions be pinched and pricked with pins, his clothes and his books would be torn, and knockings would be heard about his room. Once, while taking a walk in the neighborhood of the school, his cap was lifted from his head, without any visible agent or apparent cause, and thrown to the ground. Almost at the same instant some one fired off a gun which was pointed toward him, and, as he stooped to pick up his cap, the bullet passed over him and buried itself in a fence by his side. In relating the event to his father, he said that he had been informed, by means of raps, that the removal of his cap was a measure taken by a friendly spirit for the preservation of his life. As was very natural the proprietors of the school in which he had been placed, declined to allow him to remain with them, unless he could dismiss his invisible and unde-

sirable companions. As, however, he had no power over them, he was unable to comply with this reasonable requirement, and he was taken away. He returned with his father to Stratford, and from this time the power appeared to wane. The disturbances began to subside, and about the middle of December, 1851, they ceased altogether.

Several accounts were given of these weird manifestations during the life of Dr. Phelps, but he said, on several occasions, that no verbal description could do justice to the scenes that were enacted in his house during the months that these manifestations lasted. An idea of the stupendous force that was at times evinced could not be imparted in words, because it was beyond anything with which we are familiar in our study of natural law. After the death of the venerable divine, his son, who, at this time, was one of the professors at Andover, wrote to the *Congregationalist* a series of articles entitled "A Pastor of the Last Generation." In these were contained a statement of the case, in which, as I have mentioned, he attributed the whole thing to demoniac agency. He further maintained that his father, long before his death, had renounced all interest in spiritual phenomena. It is probable that in this he was wrong. I do not think that he would be guilty of a wilful misrepresentation, but in his ardor to vindicate his strong religious views, he was probably led unconsciously into a somewhat stronger coloring of the facts than the circumstances warranted. At any rate some of the friends and personal acquaintances of the reverend gentleman have taken exception to the son's statements regarding this matter. It must be remembered, however, that these were all firm believers in, and advocates of, the spiritualistic theory, and were thereby, perhaps, as strongly biased in favor of the views of their school as I have supposed that the Andover professor was in those of his.

I have already mentioned a letter which Dr. Hayward wrote upon this subject to the *Boston Evening Transcript*, in February, 1881. In this he makes the following reference to the articles in the *Congregationalist*:

"In part III., Prof. Austin Phelps speaks of his father's belief in Spiritualism in a manner that does not seem to me to convey the views of that gentleman correctly, and having had myself some facts from Dr. Phelps, the father, as late as 1875, which facts Prof. Phelps, the son, had no means of knowing, and believing that they should be made public at this time, in order that he (Dr. Phelps) should be put on record correctly, and that Spiritualism may have, openly, the benefit of this good man's privately cherished opinions concerning its truthfulness and use, I desire that you will give these facts publicity in your columns." He then states the facts and assumes that though Dr. Phelps looked upon the manifestations as a "visitation from God," as stated by the professor, he did not regard them as an affliction, but considered rather that he had been blessed by them, inasmuch as they had been the means of convincing him of the unity of the material and the spiritual worlds. He maintains that he had it from the reverend doctor himself, that he regarded the destruction of his property as a small matter compared with the benefits that he had received from the invisible powers, and that his spirit relatives were in communication with him, keeping him continually apprised of coming events, "sometimes years before they took place." The son, however, maintained his position to the last, unshaken by the rejoinders to his statement, and now that he, too, has passed away, I suppose that the matter will have to rest where it at present stands.

Of the authenticity of the facts as recorded, there has never seemed any reason for doubt. Of the laws which operated to produce the phenomena, there will probably be, for a long time, a wide divergence of opinion.—*J. S. C., in Boston Herald.*

HYPNOTIZED INTO TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

Mr. Wells Drury, of San Francisco, sends to THE JOURNAL the account given below,—clipped from the *Examiner* of that city, of how a young man was hypnotized into total abstinence. Mr. Drury writes: "Mr. Cook, the person mentioned, I know very well. I know that he was at one time addicted to the excessive use of stimulants and I know that for two years he has not touched them. He has never vouchsafed an explanation to me, but I have frequently heard the story as told in the publication which I send you."

Many strange things have been done by hypnotism, but none so remarkable as the hypnotizing of Carroll Cook's palate by Kennedy the mesmerist.

It is a wonderful thing for one man to be able to say to another you shall not eat nor drink of a certain thing so long as you live, and be able to enforce his command though thousands of miles away, yet that is what Kennedy did to Carroll Cook, and though the latter is an unrestrained white American citizen, in all

other things able to do as he pleases, he can not disobey Kennedy's order.

And this was the way in which the spell was put upon him. Cook has been for years a free living man about town. He had some law practice, inherited an estate from Mrs. Shillaber, and married the daughter of W. W. Stow, who is a very rich and liberal man. Cook was fond of good company—a trifle too fond, perhaps—liked a cocktail, and did not often stop at one, wore his hat on the back of his head and was inclined to be gay and convivial. People spoke of him as a rising young man and hoped that he would steady and settle down. A few hoped that he would settle up, for he was free with his money and spent it rather faster than it came to him.

There was nothing evil about the young fellow, but he was not living up to the promise of his youth and his friends were inclined to be fearful for his future.

He was a trifle too fond of saloons and the company he met there, and his patronage enabled at least one saloon man to buy diamonds and pictures of the nude from the Paris Salon—at least he said they came from the Paris Salon, though a jealous rival declared they were copies by Charles Rolla Peters.

You could not say that Carroll Cook was going to the bad from over-indulgence because he always showed up with a clean shave next day, but he would often have to stretch his hat to get it on, and he has been heard to remark that his hair pulled. He spent more time in saloons than is good for a man to do when he has a nice family to care for and a law practice to build up, and he did some other things that made his brother, W. Hoff Cook, ask that some one else be put in charge of their joint interest in the Shillaber estate.

All this was rather more than two years ago.

Suddenly about that time a remarkable change was noticed in Carroll Cook's habits.

He ceased to visit saloons, dropped most of his fast companions, devoted himself to his business and his family and could never be induced to take alcoholic liquors of any kind. The street said that Carroll Cook had sworn off, and men winked at one another and suggested that he must have got a bad scare. Others offered to bet that his good resolutions would not last.

But time passed and Cook did not fall back into his old ways. His practice improved, his appearance showed the benefit of a change of habits and his friends felt a great load had been taken off their minds. His old-time quickness of perception came back to him, and in every way he showed that abstinence was good for him and that his habits had completely changed. This went on until it ceased to be a matter for comment. The new barkeepers did not know Carroll Cook and the old barkeepers had forgotten him. Occasionally some one would speak of the wonderful nerve of that young fellow Cook, who had "quit" all of a sudden and kept it up for more than a year, for the bibulously inclined who know their own weakness are apt to look with awe and admiration on one of their old friends who had the will power to cut down his allowance.

Now it turns out that it was not Cook's will power at all, but his lack of will power.

The secret came out through the instrumentality of young Mr. Griffin, who is popularly supposed to do the thinking that makes Mr. Stubbs a power in the counsels of the O. and O. Steamship Company. This is how young Mr. Griffin told the remarkable story.

"I was supping with a charming coterie of ladies and gentlemen at a house on Washington street, famous for its hospitality," said he, "when an incident occurred that attracted our attention and called forth an explanation that, 'pon my word, filled me with amazement, and you all know I'm not the sort of man to give way in that direction without good cause. Opposite to me sat one the loveliest young ladies in society, a sweet, charming girl with such deep blue eyes and the most delicate shade of blonde hair I ever saw, and you know that I have had no small acquaintance."

"Oh, go on with your remarkable incident."

It was Mr. Hinkel that interrupted. He has got rather tired of hearing young Mr. Griffin brag about his knowledge of the world:

"I noticed her particularly, and it was that which made me jump to my feet and say 'Sir' when I saw Carroll Cook, who had eaten a piece of mince pie, after apparently choking for a few seconds, splutter a goodly portion of it over her lovely shoulder. In an instant I saw that Mr. Cook had no control over his acts, and with the rest of the guests waited for an explanation: It came.

"The only excuse I have to offer," said Mr. Cook, blushing from a deep consciousness of the horrible ill-breeding he had shown, "is that there must be some alcoholic liquor in that pie."

"Why, of course," said our hostess, who was listening intently, "did you ever know of mince pie being made without brandy? But I do not quite understand you."

"Oh, my palate is hypnotized, you know," said Mr. Cook in the sort of tone one would use to speak

of a matter that he supposed was well known to every one.

"Hypnotized!" exclaimed half a dozen at once. "Please explain."

"Cook saw there was no way out of the affair, except by a complete explanation, and he made a complete breast of it.

"It was about two years ago that Kennedy, the mesmerist, was here. I was slightly acquainted with him and was at first inclined to doubt his skill. There were some who said he was a fraud and that his subjects were accomplices, and I think he was told that I was among the scoffers. One night I was in a saloon on Kearny street taking a drink when Kennedy and some friends came into the place and I spoke to him in a laughing manner. He looked at me for a few seconds as though he did not quite like the manner of my address, and was about to resent it, but he seemed to change his mind, and, gazing at me fixedly, said: 'Cook, that whisky won't do you any good;' then, changing his tone to one of command, he exclaimed: 'I command you to never drink alcoholic liquor again.'

"I laughed, as any man would at such an order, and proceeded to take my drink, but much to my surprise, I found that I could not control the muscles of my mouth to swallow. I poured the liquor between my lips, and it fell out, though I held my head back. I tried to swallow that liquor as though my life depended upon it, but it was no use, and from that day to this it has been impossible for me to drink liquor of any kind. One day I was given a glass of lemonade in a glass that had a trace of whisky in it, and the drink spluttered all over my clothes."

"You can imagine the sensation that created," continued young Griffin. "All kinds of questions were asked of Mr. Cook about the way it felt, but all he could say was that his palate refused to pass any alcoholic liquor and that it had been hypnotized by Kennedy. I made inquiries about Cook everywhere, and found that he had not been known to drink for fully two years."

That was the story told by young Mr. Griffin, and there is reason to believe that it is true in every detail.

THE PILGRIMS TEMPERED AND MELLOWED IN HOLLAND.

The part that Holland had in developing the Scrooby farmers and Nottingham weavers, and fitting them for the work of founding a free commonwealth in the new world, is beginning now to receive the consideration that it deserves. Heretofore all the virtues of the Pilgrims, and all their achievements, have been attributed to their theological creed and church polity. The following, from the *New York Tribune*, indicates the tendency and disposition to take a broader view of the subject:

The old theory that New-England and the United States grew directly out of Congregationalism will not now work well. Certain it is that men living under the English semi-feudal manor system, and yearning also for liberty of conscience, found it in the Netherlands during the great truce of 1609-1621; but they found more than asylum. Growing up or living during twelve influential years amid the representatives and federal institutions of the United States of Holland, they must have been dull pupils indeed not to have imbibed much during their republican education. While Robinson was absorbed in writing theses to controvert prelatism, and to uphold Dordacene Calvinism, the young men of his congregation were more given to Dutch politics and municipal methods. Hence, the Mayflower band was not a herd of deer led by lions, nor a company of forty mechanics led by an intellectual giant or two. The Pilgrims had been educated in statecraft, and knew how to begin a nation. Once on a soil that knew not the ecclesiarch or the emperor, they showed what the self-ruled democratic idea in Church and State could do. By a noble reversion they began anew to improve and develop the ancient Teutonic ideas of order and freedom. It is very evident that in their enthusiasm for the men and their principles, Americans have failed to notice certain important and fundamental things in the origin of Plymouth. Underneath all the phenomena of Pilgrim zeal and suffering, more enduring than the Pilgrims' noble compact, unnoticed like the upholding power of earth, lies the primordial fact of the local settlement of the Pilgrims in a form of civic community older than Saxon England, older than the primitive Church, and older than the classic States of antiquity. That form of community was based on land." So speaks Dr. Herbert Adams, a New-Englander of New-Englanders, in his "Germanic Origin of New-England Towns."

That the Pilgrims were at least stimulated in Holland to some of their noblest purposes in education, toleration, and what may now be called the main features of the American Commonwealth, is hardly to be doubted. Indeed, this is now generally recognized

by New-Englanders—especially those living beyond the border of the ancestral home of American Congregationalism, whether of the "liberal" or the "orthodox" sort. It is these New-Englanders abroad who will probably be found the most generous contributors to a memorial that is intended to do equal honor to both host and guest. Holland was the little republic which, however defective in principle and detail, gave our fathers and Revolutionary sires, as Franklin says, their "great example." What sort of a memorial shall be erected at Delftshaven, and what will be the cost?

It is proposed to erect on the Ruge Plaat—an island that has formed in the Maas River, opposite Delftshaven, since 1619, and which is now faced with a heavy granite seawall and covered with greensward—either a statue of heroic size on a lofty pedestal, or a tower of suitable architecture. The sum necessary is \$25,000, which ex-Minister Roosevelt, of New York, asserts is equal to \$60,000 when expended on the other side of the Atlantic for labor and materials. Either the point round which the Speedwell moved off on her voyage, or the more commanding site opposite on the island, is open to the selection of the committee. Such a proof of the willingness of Americans to acknowledge that their Republic had roots, and that their kinship with the Teutonic nations is gratefully felt, would be a strong influence for peace. It would also be a mighty object-lesson to Europe of the power of the democratic idea of Church and State, of which the United States is so signal an example. Most truly Teutonic, more English than the Englishmen left behind, best exemplar of "distinctive America," was the English Pilgrim after being tempered and melted in Holland. To his honor and that of his host, the American people will surely rear this memorial. According as are the offerings, so will the character of the memorial be.

WISE WORDS.

Hon. St. Clair McKelway, an able lawyer and a brilliant and versatile writer, best known as editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, delivered an address before the Law School of the University of the City of New York, of which the following are the closing words:

Your profession, young gentlemen, will continue substantially to control and to perform the action of government. To mine is committed the education or reflection of public opinion. As these two callings comport themselves so will the future of these United States be. I want you to take high ground and to hold it. I want you to realize that there is something better than success in this world, and that is righteousness. I want you to realize that there is something grander than demagoguery, and that is principle. I want you to feel that there is something stronger than the politicians, and that is the people. I want you to know that there is something more enduring than organizations, and that is ideas. I want you to see that there is something finer than politics, and that is the reform of abuses. I want you to be sure that the best way in the long run to reach the hearts and minds of the nation is to obey the still small voice of conscience within your own souls.

Your days of academic tutelage are over. Hereafter you will go to school to real courts; not to moot ones. To real cases; not to make-believe ones. To juries and to contending advocates; not non-combatant professors. The school of preparation you will exchange for the school of practice. The school of study you will exchange for the school of life. The hooded destiny which we call inclination, the hidden providence which we call accident, will doubtless cast your lots in varying parts of this and perhaps of other lands. Remember that the heavens are as near to the poor as to the rich, to the weak as to the strong, to the humble as to the powerful, and that the distance between the skies and any man is great or small according to the direction in which he trains his character. Strive to reach the moral heights of your calling and you will reach its real heights of honor. On every such height their lies repose. I congratulate you upon the completion of your studies and upon your hopeful entrance into affairs. May yours be the delight of battle with your peers, as well as the still pleasure of tranquil studies. May it be yours to compose rather than to aggravate the contentions of men. Accept as your high privilege the trusteeship of public and personal rights. Select as your ideals the mental and moral giants of your transcendently great field of work in the world. Infuse with a passion of earnestness, sincerity and justice the smallest case or the largest that may come to your charge. Despise devices. They are the petty weapons of petty minds. Make yourselves the disciples or the leaders of political and moral reforms, as differing opportunities on differing abilities may prescribe. Keep company with advanced thought and with progressive thinkers. Honor the church. Magnify the state. But keep them forever separate. Be as true to the little, the vexing, and the concrete duties of daily life as you are in this hour of unlimbered hope-

fulness and passionate enthusiasm to the ideals that brood like angels above you.

In the name of your preceptors, in the name of this audience, whose warrant I have, and in the name of the state, whose educational commission I bear, I wish you all happiness and all prosperity, urging you to wear as in letters of gold upon your foreheads the immortal aphorism of the pre-eminent philosopher of your profession, that: "The greatest trust between man and man," the world around and all time through, "is the trust of giving counsel."

The last result of mere cunning in our history is written under the name of Aaron Burr, and men have to search deep in the tomb of failure to find him. The climax of patriotism and of principle in our history is the halo around the sainted head of the martyred Lincoln, and men have to look up into the skies to see any place large enough to hold his fame. Both were members of your own profession. Both might have taken parallel paths. Before the one opened opportunity, education and influence at the cradle. Before the other great obstacles and great problems arose, all the way from the log-hut to the tomb. How the one vilified and the other glorified his life you are all aware. According to the motives by which you act, the objects to which you address yourselves, and the associations which you select, will your careers approximate the eclipse of the one or the immortality of the other.

MENTAL IMPRESSION.

Some few years since I was resident at Norwood, and my husband being temporarily absent, I had a young French lady staying with me.

One day I took her to the Crystal Palace to see the fire-works, but when it began to get dusk she said in a very decided, almost rude way, "I shall not stay to see the fire-works. I must go back, and you must go back with me." I remonstrated with her on what appeared a foolish whim, as she could assign no reason whatever for her determination. Friends whom we had met also tried to persuade her to alter her mind, but to no purpose; so, with much disappointment on her account, I returned home with her.

The housemaid opened the door to us, and her manner appearing constrained, I said, somewhat sharply, "Where's cook?" "Gone out, ma'am."

"Gone out! How dared she go out when the house was in her charge?" I exclaimed. "Mlle. H. then said, 'I smell tobacco smoke; what is the meaning of it?'"

While we were thus angrily questioning the servant, a loud rat-tat-tat came at the front door. The housemaid (now deadly pale) rushed forward to open it, but Mlle. H. intercepted her, saying peremptorily, "I will open it myself," which she did with caution. On the door-step stood a swell-mob's man. She slammed the door hastily against him, then seizing the alarm-bell rang it loudly. Our neighbors soon came to our help, and the police quickly followed. The house was searched throughout. Some expensive velvet dresses had already been taken out of the house, and in the back kitchen were found my dressing-case, the plate, and other valuables all ready packed for removal.

There is no doubt that had we remained at the Palace, as we had originally intended, a serious robbery would have been committed.—*S. L., in Light.*

EMOTIONAL EXPRESSIONS.

Dr. S. V. Clevenger, the well known writer on nervous diseases, in a recent publication says:

"The matter of blushing or paling is wholly beyond the control of the individual and differs with the individual. The condition of the heart has much to do with these manifestations, as has the irritability of the brain. Rage, fright, pleasure or pain, or excessive emotion of any kind, often produces pallor in persons healthy or unhealthy. Again, these same emotions, or any one of them, may be habitually displayed by great redness or flushing of the face. Or, as if to make matters more complex, a person may pale at one time and blush at another from incidentally the same cause. So extreme in some persons are these exhibitions of their emotions as to be positive sources of misery. But neither the blushing nor the paling, as a rule, has anything to do with the bravery or cowardice of the individual. During the war I remember the remarkable effect of a cannon ball passing within an inch of my Colonel's head while he was on horseback in the field. His whole head and neck became as red as a boiled lobster. As a broad rule it might be said that pallor is more apt to accompany intense emotion, and blushing the milder emotion, but there can be no cast-iron rule in the matter. As a rule I have observed that men going into action for the first time usually exhibit great pallor. On the other hand, though, I have seen cowards shrink away from the fields in mortal terror with faces red as beets or without exhibiting any signs of emotion whatever. As the soldier sees more service and becomes more used to the danger, the blood-shed and carnage of the

battle-field, these scenes arouse in him less intense emotions."

Herbert Spencer, in his "Principles of Psychology," sums up these emotional expressions as the "undirected overflow of nerve force." While it is thus seen that psychologists and physiognomists and men of scientific research are agreed that the expressions of emotions do not manifest themselves the same way in the same individuals, the question as to the origin of these forms of expressions and their various causes has not been so definitely settled or so clearly defined. In the discussion of this subject Charles Darwin, the great evolutionist, gives some very interesting data. In his "Expressions of Emotions in Man and Animals," he says:

"The most striking case, though a rare and abnormal one, which can be adduced of the direct influence of the nervous system when strongly affected, on the body, is the loss of color in the hair, which has occasionally been observed after extreme terror or grief. One authentic case has been recorded in the case of a man brought out for execution, in which the change of color of the hair was so rapid as to be perceptible to the eye. Another good case is that of the trembling of the muscles. . . . Of all emotions fear notoriously is the most apt to produce trembling, but so do often great joy and anger. I remember once seeing a boy who had shot his first snipe on the wing, and his hands trembled to such a degree from delight that he could not for some time reload his gun."

MEASURING THE UNSEEN.

When Comte's "Positive Philosophy" was published some forty years ago, Kirchhoff had not made the discovery which lies at the foundation of all spectroscopic analysis. It seemed then that there could be no question of the correctness of his assertion that the chemistry of the stars would be forever beyond the reach of human investigation. What could be more certainly impossible than that men of science, separated from the stars by millions of millions of miles of space, void with the exception of a possible ether, so ethereal as not to perceptibly interfere with the motion of the rarest comets, could ascertain what substances exist, and their chemical nature, in those inconceivably distant orbs? His reasoning was good, but his argument contained a flaw in assuming as a self-evident fact that which was not a fact, writes Henry M. Parkhurst in the *Sidereal Messenger*.

The sense of sight alone can give us information with regard to the stars. No sound can cross the depths of space; still less can our other senses aid us; for they require close proximity if not actual contact as the basis of their indications. Comte argued that all that we could learn of the stars must be learned through the instrumentality of the sense of sight; and he assumed that it was absolutely impossible for us, by the sense of sight, to distinguish between the different chemical elements in the stars. Yet the discovery of the principle of the spectroscope has made this seeming impossibility possible. Comte's system of "Positive Philosophy" was founded upon the assumption that there were some things that men positively could not know; that it was useless to look for it or to hope for it; and this was one of them. Let me read to you his exact language:

"Of all objects, the planets are those which appear to us under the least varied aspect. We see how we may determine their forms, their distances, their bulk, and their motions, but we can never know anything of their chemical or mineralogical structure; and, much less, that of organized beings living on their surface."

Although the word "planets" is used in the translation of this sentence, it is of the stars that he is speaking, and the argument applies equally to the planets and fixed stars. The fact that to-day, what he pronounced forever impossible, and there was no one to tell him nay, has already been attained, should be a lesson to us never to be positive of the impossibility of obtaining any sort of knowledge.

Professor Oliver Lodge, F. R. S., who had sittings with Mrs. Piper in England, in the Proceedings of the Society of Psychical Research (December number), says:

Undoubtedly Mrs. Piper in the trance state has access to some abnormal sources of information, and is for the time cognizant of facts which happened long ago or at a distance; but the question is how she became cognizant of them. Is it by going up the stream of time and witnessing those actions as they occurred; or is it through information received from the still existent actors, themselves dimly remembering and relating them; or, again, is it through the influence of contemporary and otherwise occupied minds holding stores of forgotten information in their brains and offering them unconsciously to the perception of the entranced person; or, lastly, is it by falling back for the time into a one universal mind of which all ordinary consciousness, past and present, are but portions? I do not know which is the less extravagant supposition.



A SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

"Play us a tune," cried the children,
 "Something merry and sweet,
 Like birds that sing in the summer,
 Or nodding o' the wheat,
 Dancing across the meadows
 While the warm sun burns and glows,
 'Till we fancy we smell in winter
 The breath of a sweet June rose.
 "Play us a tune," said the mother.
 "Something tender and low,
 Like a thought that comes in the autumn,
 When the leaves are ready to go,
 When the fire on the hearth is lighted,
 And we know not which is best,
 The long, bright evenings coming,
 Or the long, bright days at rest."
 And the dear little artist bending
 Over the swaying bow,
 Drew tones so merry and gladsome,
 And tones so soft and low,
 That we scarce could tell who listened
 Which song had the sweetest words,
 The one that sang of the fireside,
 Or the one that sang of the birds.
 MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

Let us look the virtues of the American woman fairly in the face, and be not too proud to own that, in some respects at least, she is our superior says the *London Queen*. These respects may be more or less superficial, but they are not, therefore, to be despised. There is necessarily a great deal of surface about life, so it is important to have it pleasant; we may never have occasion to go beyond it, and when satisfactory, it is always so much to the good. Now, the external attributes of the American lady are excellent. She talks well, she dresses well and she plays her part well socially. It may be worth our while to discuss these merits a little in detail. Mr. Bryce, in the third volume of his "American Republic," leads the way. He enlarges on the brightness and quickness of American women, their perceptivity and receptivity, their keen and intelligent interest in the drama of human life, as well as their readiness to act a lively part in it. They are both capable and eager, and all alive to their finger tips. Further, they are thoroughly self-reliant; they take their lives into their own hands, and manage their own affairs, for the most part, without men's intervention. They expect men to be gallant enough to give assistance when it is asked for, especially in the shape of money. But they do not tolerate interference or constraint. Now, setting aside the occasional charm of a "clinging" attitude in women, it must be a great relief to most men to get rid of all care and responsibility in regard to them. Besides, there is more to interest the man as a spectator; the play of life among his womenkind is more entertaining, more fresh and varied to him, when he is not the sole motor and guide of it all. In this way he gains in amusement what he loses in glory. But the American woman does not confine herself entirely to what we call in England the "feminine sphere"; she has something to say of general affairs; she takes an interest in all that goes on in the world of business and of politics, and has decided opinions upon it, which she expresses freely and with the incisiveness which distinguishes conversation in her country. She not only talks well, she talks a great deal. It is conventional with us to regard this as a drawback; but I venture to think that on the whole it is "an excellent thing in woman." English women do not talk nearly enough, and in general society they seldom talk with effect. Timidity, innate reserve, and the habit of following conversationally in the man's wake, check that spontaneity and liveliness in talk which is woman's natural dower. Women ought to lead in conversation, and in America they do.

No sooner are the Swiss girls large enough to possess the requisite physical strength than they are set to the most servile work they can afford, says a traveler. The child has a panier basket fitted to her shoulders at the earliest possible moment and she drops it only when old age, premature, but merciful, robs her of power to carry it longer. I have seen sweet little girls of twelve or fourteen staggering down a mountain side or along a rough pathway under the weight of bundles of fagots as large as their bodies, which they no sooner dropped than they hurried back for others. I have seen girls of fifteen years, barefooted and bareheaded and, in the blistering rays

of an August sun, breaking up the ground by swinging mattocks heavy enough to tax the strength of an able-bodied man. I have known a young miss no older than these to be employed as a porter for carrying the baggage of travelers up and down the steepest mountain path in all the region round about. She admitted that it was sometimes very hard to take another step, but she must do it. And she carried such an amount of baggage! A stout-limbed guide is protected by law, so that he can not be compelled to carry above twenty-five pounds; but the limit to the burden put upon girls is their inability to stand up under anything more. But the burden increases with the age and strength of the burden-bearers till by the time the girls come to womanhood there is no sort of menial toil in which they do not bear a hand, and quite commonly the chief hand.

The conclusion to be drawn from the facts and figures contained in the report of the chief examiner of the Civil Service Commission is that women as a rule are in many respects smarter than men. The examiners figures show that out of 43,957 persons examined in Washington for all branches of the civil service, not including the railway mail service, there were 4,745 women or 10.4-5 per cent. Out of the total number examined only 26,790, or a little over half passed. Of this number 13,455 per cent. were women. The percentage of women passed was three times larger than the percentage of women examined, thus showing that the women did much better as a class than the men. Or, to put it another way, nearly four-fifths of the women examined were successful, while nearly half of the men failed. The records for shorter periods were all in the same way. Notwithstanding the fact that the women were so much brighter than the men, the latter are always preferred by officials when calling for clerks. About 90 per cent. of all the calls made are for men, the officials claiming that they are more faithful and careful. According to the chief examiner, the average age of those taking the examination is about 30 years, and the applicants belong to all classes. Some are believed to undergo the examinations out of curiosity, but nearly all are in earnest, and take frequent occasion during the examinations to remind the examiners that they want office and want it badly.

The army of society business women in England increases constantly. Lady Brooke has lately opened a shop where needlework and fine underwear is sold. She employs, it is said, a large number of girls, skilled workwomen, to whom she pay 5 shillings per week. Probably the first lady laundress is Lady Wimborne, who has established a very successful laundry on her husband's estate in Dorsetshire. She has secured several large contracts for hotel washing, and her business energy and methods are said to command the respect and admiration of all cognizant of them. Although started to furnish occupation for poor girls in a neighboring town, the enterprise has been conducted with such skill as to have been self-supporting from the first, and is now yielding its founders a profitable income.

Hannah More records in her diary a story which she calls ridiculous, but which afforded her a deal of pleasure. Once when she was visiting the Garricks, the great actor, after dinner, read her last poem with all his pathos and all his grace. "I think," says the good old maid, "I never was so ashamed in my life; but he read it so superlatively that I cried like a child. Only to think what a scandalous thing, to cry at the reading of one's own poetry." But it seems Mrs. Garrick cried too, and made many apologies for crying at her husband's reading. "And," Hannah continues, "she got out of the scrape by pretending she was touched at the story, and I by saying the same thing of the reading."

In the course of a brief address at the Burlington (Eng.) school for girls lately when Mr. Gladstone distributed the prizes, he said: "Well, ladies, you who belong to the favored half of the human race, enormous changes have taken place, not only in your actual, but also in your prospective, position, as members of society. It is almost terrible to look back upon the state of women 60 years ago, upon the manner in which they were viewed by the law, and the scanty provision made for their welfare, and the gross injustice, the flagrant injustice, the shameful injustice to which in certain particulars they were

subjected. Great changes have taken place, and still greater, I will not say are impending, but are much discussed."

Dr. Helen L. Betts of Boston, is the first woman physician chosen to visit the laboratory of Prof. Koch of Berlin for the purpose of investigating his discovery. She has been delegated by the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, of which she is a graduate.

ANTIQUITIES OF OUR CONTINENT.

In various parts of this country sundry ancient remains have recently been brought to light, and the reports about them are of interest to the students of American archaeology.

In Texas, near the town of Carnesville, three explorers have discovered an ancient place of sepulture in which there are many catacombs containing the petrified remains of an unknown race. Among the articles unearthed were ancient pieces of sculpture and weapons of war.

In New Mexico, near Albuquerque, an ancient smelting furnace, filled with ore, was discovered a few days ago. Not far off a bar of smelted silver was found. The furnace was five feet high and three feet square, and was so built that heat could be evenly distributed to every part by a system of pipes.

In Colorado, near Red Cliff, about a fortnight ago, sundry prehistoric relics were discovered by miners in a cave that had been the place of sepulture of a primitive American race, and had been closed for ages. The petrified bones of human beings and beasts were found 400 feet beneath the surface, and, though the latest report tells only of the beginning of operations, the miners had dug up a hardened copper knife twelve inches long, with an oval handle.

We have a report from Paris, Tex., of the discovery of some interesting remains of the old Spanish explorers and miners. A fox that was pursued by a party of hunters took refuge in a rock pile, and when the hunters moved some of the loose rock they saw that it covered the mouth of a cave, on the sides of which were traces of tool work. The cave widened into a large chamber, from which there were branching passages, evidently constructed by human skill. Among the things found were some valuable minerals, fragments of iron tools, bits of pottery, and pieces of heavy wicker baskets. In a large chamber a human skeleton was found. There seems to be no doubt that these remains are Spanish.

Within the last few years the discoveries of ancient prehistoric relics and Spanish remains in the vast region lying between the Yellowstone river and the Gulf of Mexico have been extensive and important. Those near Albuquerque are being examined by a commission from the Interior Department and geologists from the Smithsonian Institution. The same parties will doubtless examine the Colorado and Texas remains here spoken of. Their official reports will be looked for with interest.

WAITING FOR GABRIEL.

By M. SCOTT CAMERON.

Readers of THE JOURNAL are interested in whatever pertains to the philosophy of Spiritualism. A spirit's condition after passing from mortal life is a topic for frequent discussion and inquiry; hence the following which is claimed to have been given inspirationally may be of interest:

To those who believe in immortality, and yet are hedged about with the old and superstitious idea that a spirit is changed by death in the twinkling of an eye into an angel of light, or consigned to realms of darkness and woe, I will endeavor to give what light and knowledge I possess on the subject.

A disembodied spirit at the time of its passing, is in no respect different from an embodied spirit in its moral character. Indeed it is often the case that a long time elapses before the spirit is aware of the change. Hovering round familiar places, seeing, yet unseen, speaking to the friends and companions in the old familiar way, unheeded and unanswered, it painfully and slowly dawns upon the spirit that there has been some change, and that the occupation and place on earth, have somehow slipped aside. Then gradually he recognizes that he is among the so-called dead. All the thoughts and ideas entertained of a future life are unchanged.

Looking around, and seeing no shining hosts bearing conquering palms, and harps

of gold, the spirit goes to his own grave, and sits thereon, patiently waiting for the archangel Gabriel to descend and with his mighty trumpet-blast, awake the slumbering hosts, and rehabilitate the spirits, in their immortal bodies; the corruptible flesh sown, to be reaped incorruptible.

There are visions of the son of man, coming in a cloud, and of the hosts gathering for final judgment, and of the separation of the sheep and goats to their many mansioned heaven, or torturous hell. Time passes unreckoned as mortals reckon it. The spirit sits and waits, not alone, for there are many such. Down sweeps a band of planetary spirits, on their errand of mercy and love. "Friend! why do you sit here? come with us and learn the laws that govern the universe. Why sit you brooding in darkness, while the beams of light are streaming from the source divine? Fear not we will help you, and every stumbling-block shall be removed from your feet. Come up higher friend!" But he answers, "I know not what you speak of, I am waiting for the judgment-day, and for Gabriel to blow his trumpet, and resuscitate these bodies buried here". Then follows explanations, which probably have no effect, and arguments without result. Again and again the higher spirits come with a word of loving advice, and finally the spirit begins to realize the fallacy of his belief. When he reaches that point, there is no difficulty afterwards if he is inclined to advance, in knowledge and truth.

Others there are who have learned something of the truth on earth-life, and therefore have not to outlive those earthly conditions. The conditions of spirits are as diverse as are those of mortals. Unshackled by the body and its physical wants, the requirements of the disembodied spirits are spiritual. By the beautiful law of natural economy, each individual gains in proportion to his needs, desires and capabilities; that which is best calculated to aid in his development. Wonderful, and inconceivable to mortals, is the depth of knowledge the planetary spirits have attained.

Past all mortal conception, the harmonies of music compared with which the earthly music is as but a feeble thrill of the awakening birdling, to the full chorus of the wildwood songsters in their glory. Above and over all is the spirit of love, the redeemer of the world, the one that dwells in mortal or immortal life which satisfies the vague longing of every soul. Here shall all inspirations find a language, every loving word and deed bloom eternally, and every spirit grows towards the fulness of knowledge, amid "The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."



HOW LOVE SAVED A LIFE.

TO THE EDITOR: First permit me to thank you for the kindness which prompted you to send me THE JOURNAL. To me it is now not only the one single true friend visiting me in my lonely isolated situation, and enfeebled health, but it furnishes me food for thought and is an aid to soul growth.

The excellent and startling article of Julian Hawthorne, "How Love Saved a Life," page, 502 (6), Jan. 3d, 1891, had a parallel case in my own family some sixteen years ago. The deceased was our daughter Mary. Love for her was the impelling cause to action, and the means employed, human magnetism. Our daughter was at the time keeping house for two of her brothers, running a farm in Catawissa, Mo., and the rest of my family lived on another farm four miles distant. Mary was suddenly taken ill, and the physician, Dr. C. Wilson, of Lexington, Ky., then on a visit to his nephew, a friend of our family, diagnosed her case which was one of malarial fever. In two days she got much worse, and we were apprised of her illness and hastened to her side. After a careful examination of her condition, I told Dr. Wilson that there was much congestion of the brain and sent for Dr. Ditwilder, of Catawissa to counsel with us. He agreed with me, and the treatment was changed. But in spite of all we could do she sank rapidly, and the morning following both the doctors despaired of being able to save her. About 10 A. M. Dr. Wilson sitting by the side of the bed with his fingers on her pulse remarked to me, who was standing at the foot of the bed, that she would soon leave

us. I stepped to the door and called my wife, returning immediately to my former position, closely watching every lineament of her dear countenance. With what poignant sorrow I noticed the dew of death spreading over her brow, the eyes glaze, and finally her chin drop, none but those who have watched a loved one pass from them can realize. Just as Dr. Wilson said to me, "she is gone," her mother and two brothers entered the room. I told the doctor she was not, and requested my wife to be calm and come to my side. I could not believe her dead, but thought her soul in the state of transition and fully believed I could retain it in its tabernacle. I placed my hands on the soles of her feet, then icy cold, and rivited my gaze on her glazed eyes. Oh! how fervently I then prayed for strength and success. For about five minutes, which to me seemed an age, I remained in that position, endeavoring to charge her body with my magnetism, and all the power of my will centered on the desire that the departing spirit might remain *en rapport* with her body. Slowly I felt a very gentle warmth near my fingers, I removed my right hand from the feet, spreading the fingers of my left over her soles, bent my body forward and extended my right one toward her head, never for one moment relaxing my will force. After some time the rigidity of the facial muscles became natural, slowly the eyes lost their glassy stare and the mouth gradually closed. Dr. Wilson, who had intently watched me, no doubt considering me demented, said, "I feel a fluttering of the pulse." Shortly after, Mary, looking at me said: "Oh father! why did you not let me go?" and dropped into a calm sleep. Dr. Wilson rose from his chair and addressed me, saying: "Doctor you have done what no medicine could do, I now leave your daughter in your care." She rapidly gained her health and lived to be the mother of two children.

S. M. ROTHAMMER.

ST. CLAIR, MO.

PARADISE.

The following extract from an editorial on "Paradise," found in an old copy of the *Investigator* is worth reproducing for its fine thought and expression:

The conception of an eternal hell is a revolting conception. It is not more repugnant to our reason than it is revolting to our feelings. Except to the mind of a monster, its contemplation can afford no pleasure or satisfaction of any kind, even for a moment. As a fable, it is unredeemed either by poetical fancy or moral beauty. It is a conception of unmixed horror and perfect deformity. Not so the conception of a Paradise. There is much of poetical, even of moral beauty, in the idea of some bright and tranquil and happy land, far from the selfish bustle and gnawing cares of earth; some sunny heaven where the weary voyager rests in peace and pleasure, the clouds and storms that darkened his worldly pilgrimage all blown over; some quiet and glorious home where the severed ties of kindred and of friendship and of love shall be reunited at last and forever; where there is neither sense of sorrow, nor fear of disappointment; where the wounded spirit shall have repose, and the broken heart find comfort; where all our brightest dreams shall be realized, all our best affections gratified, and all our earthly griefs and separations forgotten, or remembered only as a gloomy night dream, when we awaken in the morning to hope and happiness. All religions have profited by this enticing conception. The church, in every age, has preached of paradise. Even the rudest Indian has been told of heaven:

"Some safer world in depths of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold."

A MODERN PROPHECY.

TO THE EDITOR: As my "Isolated Fact" seems to have excited more or less interest among your readers, I send another still more striking which demands the attention of the psychologist. Among the most curious prophecies given by Mrs. Hamilton was one in relation to my mother. While describing our home in a distant village she came suddenly upon three steps that led into a garden from the kitchen. Here she stopped exclaiming "tell grandma to beware of these steps; I see two falls for grandma, in one she will sprain her ankle, in the other she will slip from these steps and injure her leg."

About three months afterwards my mother did turn her foot, giving it a sudden twist which left her with a lame ankle, and in the December following she did slip from those identical steps and

splinter the "shin-bone," the double injury proving a serious accident. At the moment of my mother's fall, I was arranging a chapter for a forth-coming book on prophecy, collecting notes from eminent authors upon the subject, and was slowly drifting with the tide of opinion away from the theory of literal prediction as a possible modern fact, when "those steps" proved a "stumbling stone" and "rock of offense," in the way of my firmest conviction. I slipped from much homely faith and well grounded theory into a perfect quagmire of doubt and disgust. Here was an instance of literal prediction, neither ambiguous nor fallible. It could be accounted, for upon no theory of mind reading, mental reflection or cunning coincidence; a modern prophecy pure and simple, given by a person in a perfectly normal state of mind and body six months before it occurred a poor woman who used her innate psychic powers to get her living, ignored by the wise, and alternately patronized and ridiculed by the ignorant until her death, which, by the way, she also foresaw. Peace to her ashes! May she rise to haunt the intelligence and philanthropy of our cultured age until sensitives are treated with the consideration and care their delicate organizations demand, until the true medium meets with the protection and patronage necessary to the highest development, and ignorance can no longer be imposed upon by the charlatan and the fraud.

JULIA SADLER HOLMES.

THE UNIVERSE A UNIT.

TO THE EDITOR: That clear-headed thinker, B. F. Livingston, usually very lucid in the treatment of any subject that engages his pen, seems a little awry when he says that volcanoes, wind storms, etc., are not like organized matter under the control and supervision of mind. If the universe be an organism in the same sense that the human body is, it is hard to see that any of its forces are at loose ends, or beyond the control of mind. He admits storms have beneficent results; and so we might say of moral evil. Thus far then, mind is admissible in the whole economy of nature. It is but a confirmation of the persistence of force, and that continuity of energy that makes the universe one, notwithstanding its infinite complexity.

Were cyclones absolute evils, as if dominated by the "prince of the power of the air," then an alien and disturbing force breaks the chain of continuity, and the correlated forces that make a beneficent unit are refractory, and that for harmony is impossible. Movements of matter I take to be automatic, under the supervision of mind; yet both mind and matter are restricted by a law of necessity, as are the waves of the sea. Freedom is given to all the elements; but it is the freedom of a fly in a bottle. All good is in the envelope of evil; and evil itself is but an incident in the grand drama of evolution. We cannot grasp the infinite plan of life, for the reason that humanity is yet in its cradle; but we can have faith that some eternal good awaits us beyond our little horizon.

The terrific storm, with its thunder and lightning, cleanses the air of all its impurities and restores the equilibrium of its constituent elements; and so the riotous passions of men drive the wheels of moral progress. The French revolution, was not an unmitigated curse, nor were the cruelties of the Spanish inquisition. As the blood of martyrs was the seed of the church, so red-handed persecution was followed by freedom of thought. All progress comes by reason of a rebound, and thus, as in our cosmogony, there is an occasional eddy and backwater in "the stream of tendency that makes for righteousness." Happen what will, there is a "divinity that shapes our ends rough hew them as we may."

PINELLAS, FLA.

R. E. NEELD.

ROMAN CATHOLIC WAYS.

TO THE EDITOR: In 1861, when Victor Emanuel was proclaimed king of Italy, Pius IX. declared that he could not, without gravely wounding his conscience, make any alliance with modern civilization. Shortly after that he, in one of his allocutions, condemned that same modern civilization which does not prevent even heretics from taking public office and which opens Catholic schools to their children. In 1864 he published a syllabus in which he fulminated against the whole democratic theory and opposed categorically, and with the most tremendous energy, almost every achievement of science which led to liberalism in thought and action.

In 1867 he published an encyclical letter against the Italian government, and con-

demned all the laws voted by the national parliament for secularizing the estates of the church. He declared against the increased facilities for the higher instruction of women in France, against the liberal laws which Austria was beginning to make in harmony with modern ideas—laws recognizing the liberty of conscience and of the press, mixed marriages, primary instruction, etc. These laws, he said, were abominable, contrary to doctrine and to the rights and constitution of the church.

Leo XIII. is willing to pose as a republican to help overthrow the Italian government. He is now engaged on a letter of advice to labor and socialist parties. No nation escapes his meddling impertinence. The whole Roman Catholic system is a "galvanized hypocrisy."

Its politics and religion are a system of expedients. Its end and aim is dominion. For the people it has degradation and slavery. King and priest and slave are names we have fought against for hundreds of years; still we have no peace from their evil machinations. We are in the midst of a campaign of craft and intrigue. We remember the past.

"Loyola rising from his deep perdition,
With fierce Saint Dominic by freedom stood
And the cowed murderers of the Inquisition,
Sated themselves with freedom's flesh and blood."

The attrition of intelligent forces and the divine integrity of human nature, when left free from priestly guile, are our best defenses. Let us work to diffuse light in school and lecture room, in press and pulpit.

K. E. A.

SHALL WE WEAR BLACK IN MOURNING FOR THE DEPARTED?

TO THE EDITOR: While we see the silent, sorrowful mourners robed in deepest hue, and enveloped in a garb darker than the darkness of night, there seems to be the universal answer "yes" to the question. Why do we wear black when death has taken our dear ones? To signify sorrow at the fulfilling of natural law? As an emblem of grief at the parting from our dearest ones? As an explanation that we retire from the gay scenes of life till time has alleviated the trouble and numbed the memory of their absence? Or, because it is the custom of the country and we dare not rebel against what our friends might say? More than all these, it is according to the forms of religion we embrace.

But surely we ought not to mourn when a weary spirit is set free, when it goes to a spiritual environment surpassing that of earthly life. We should not regret that God's laws are fulfilled, and drape the body in mourning for one who has attained the possibilities of spirit life. Would we, for our own satisfaction, wish to keep our loved ones from the higher life? We must needs have a religion that teaches us the importance of right living, that helps the soul to assert itself over things material; and to see with eyes not mortal our friends in form not material, to hear as an inspiration the higher truths of the spiritual world, by being impressed with their presence. Shall we wear black when death has taken our loved ones? No, let us open our homes to the sunshine and our hearts to the loving, arraying our bodies in pleasing colors, as old earth does after the death of winter, when spring brings back the life we thought was dead.

MARY FIELD-HAMMOND.

"UPWARD STEPS."—JACKSON ON STEBBINS'S BOOK.

TO THE EDITOR: I observe you have advertised in to-day's issue of THE JOURNAL our old friend G. B. Stebbins's "Upward Steps of Seventy Years."

We are delighted with the book, and I would like to specially recommend it to your readers and to everybody else. I do this without fee or reward of any kind, solely through regard for our mutual friend and earnest appreciation of the volume. It is rich in entertaining and instructive reminiscences of many worthy and historical characters, grandly illustrative of the growth of our age toward light and freedom, and is all written in the well-known, clear and happy style of his other writings.

Its chapters upon Spiritualism and natural religion and upon psychical science are very valuable. Taken all together, I know of no book in modern literature so well calculated to do good, to entertain, to instruct, to interest every mature and sympathetic mind, or, as I jocularly tell the folks, "to make one wise into salvation through faith" in the everlasting reign of

the righteous laws of growth and development, as shown by the facts of history and science. Amen!

HOCKESSIN, DEL. J. G. JACKSON.

A WORD FROM MRS. DUNIWAY.

Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, of Portland, Oregon, is a woman of ability, reputation and influence, and although the following from a personal letter by her to the editor of THE JOURNAL was not written for publication, it is of a character to interest our readers generally, and we know that our good friend, the writer, will pardon the freedom taken in publishing it:

Your efforts to lift the psychic phenomena of the period above the plane of speculative humbuggery and stamp it with the seal of indisputable science, are worthy of all praise. I have for many years been aware that there was vastly more truth in psychic phenomena than is dreamed of by the average Christian. But it is an encouraging omen when standard-bearers like Professor Swing, Dr. Thomas and Frances Willard can openly endorse you in your own columns, even though they do not yet deem it safe to speak the whole truth in *Unity*. The *Union Signal* and other conservative papers where their advanced opinions would, if expressed, create either a revolution or a panic. The world is progressing and you, my good friend, are a valiant leader of its hosts. That your hands may be upheld and your steps directed, in the future as in the past, by the ever-living power of an exalted host; and that you and your good wife may reap to the full the well-earned result of your labors, is the sincere desire of your admirer and friend.

AMERICAN BRANCH OF THE S. P. R.

The next meeting of the Branch will be held at the Association Hall, corner of Berkeley and Boylston streets, on Tuesday, January 27th, at 8 p. m., with the following programme:

1. Report of some recent experiments in automatic writing, by T. Barkworth, to be read by the secretary.

2. Report of some sittings with Mrs. Piper in America, by R. Hodgson. No admittance except by ticket. Special tickets are sent to members and associates. Other tickets, each of which will admit three persons, will enable members and associates to introduce their friends. Extra tickets may be obtained by members or associates on application to Richard Hodgson, secretary, 5 Boylston place, Boston, Mass.

Of Mr. G. B. Stebbins's "Upward Steps of Seventy Years" *Unity* says:

Mr. Stebbins is well known as a lecturer and writer on modern Spiritualism and other liberal topics. Mr. Stebbins was an active worker in the anti-slavery movement, is a pronounced advocate of woman's rights and a believer in the spirit of human advancement all along the line. His autobiography of seventy years covers the most exciting and progressive period of America's history and contains many interesting and valuable reminiscences.

Detroit *Free Press* on "Upward Steps": "Mr. Stebbins is a well-known Detroit. . . . He has met many notable people and has had many unusual experiences. These he tells, and having something to tell, tells them well."

K. E. A. writes: Edward King in his book, "Europe in Storm and Calm" pp. 356, says: "I shall not soon forget an anecdote which a friend told me of his first walk over a field of battle during the French and Russian war. He said that the frozen corpses scattered hither and you, impressed him even more than did the groans and shrieks of those who were still living, and to whom no help could be given for hours. While passing a heap of Mobile Guards who had evidently been killed all at once, and nearly every one of whom was grasping vigorously his gun, he saw one handsome fellow lying so quietly pallid in the cold moonlight that he was tempted to approach and note his rank. It was a young soldier holding in his stiffened hand

a gun labeled 'N. Y. U. S. A'. He said that he removed the cap from the corpse's head and unclenching the cold fingers took the gun, and carried away these souvenirs to Versailles. He affirms seriously that for five nights afterwards he was awakened regularly, at the same hour, by the grasp of a relentless hand upon his arm, and felt that he was struggling with an invisible force. 'It was' he said, 'the dead Guard Mobile trying to get his gun back again.'

A young man in this city who was hypnotized a short time ago by a doctor was told that the next morning at 8 o'clock he must paint the house he lived in a brilliant red, says a Chicago paper. On coming out of the hypnotic state, he remembered nothing at all what had occurred, and went about his work as usual. Next morning, precisely at 8 o'clock, the idea came to him. He looked at the house, and said that it struck him very forcibly that the walls would look very nice if painted red. Of course those who were interested in the experiment were on hand, and said that it was of no use to paint the house red. They, however, had no effect on him; he was determined to give the house a coat of red paint. He actually went to work on the job, and only when told that his break was a result of the hypnotic experiment did he cease work.

Mr. S. L. Tyrrell, Fox Lake, Wis., writes: Yours of January 7th is received. I am glad my reply to your important sixth question was thought worthy the award. It is doubtless one of nature's kindest compensations to the old that she so often substitutes a happy egotism for declining intellect, and hence I was doubly gratified at the favorable comment on my article, as it seemed encouraging evidence that although I had reached the very suspicious age of 77, I might still venture occasionally a brief contribution to THE JOURNAL. I hope to be able to send something before long. By your wise and independent discrimination, THE JOURNAL in its scientific and literary contents has become the peer of any religious periodical of the time, and no intelligent person need hesitate to circulate it among any class of people.

To tell the truth of electricity, about which we are wont to speak glibly enough, and which we introduce into our equations quite as a matter of course, we know, directly, absolutely nothing whatever says the *Electrical World*. Concerning electrical energy we know much; but the factor of it which we call electricity eludes alike our senses and intelligence. From a practical point of view, electricity is hardly more than a mathematical coefficient, of which we may in due season learn the physical significance.

Minot J. Savage is coming back to Chicago. This will be joyful news for thousands of liberal religious people in this city. He is to be the minister of the Church of the Messiah on Michigan boulevard. It is most opportune that this strong man is to represent advanced thought in this city during the years when vast numbers from all parts of the world will flock here. Rev. Mr. Utter, the retiring minister, is to take charge of a mission church at Salt Lake City, where the Unitarian Association sees a hopeful field.

The calendars that come in the fall are as numerous as the flowers that bloom in the spring. Many further resemble the flowers in that they come without being sent for, and fade after a very brief existence. One of the most sensible and business-like calendars that we have seen comes to us from N. W. Ayer & Son, Newspaper Advertising Agents, Philadelphia—bears their "keeping everlastingly at it" imprint. It is so

large and clear that its dates can be easily distinguished across an office, and is printed in a manner to reconcile the most fastidious to its company for a year. It is sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents.

Josiah P. Mendum, for more than half a century proprietor and publisher of the Boston *Investigator*, died last week at his home in Melrose, Mass., in his eightieth year. Years ago it required courage to publish a paper like the *Investigator*, which did good work in battling against the absurdities of orthodoxy and advocating the principles of secular government. Mr. Mendum was respected for his personal qualities by his neighbors and all who knew him personally.

Rev. Solon Lauer writes from Boston: I am back from the Rocky Mountains, and so much improved in health that I have accepted a call to the Unitarian Society at Chicopee, Mass., where I hope to be able to hold the fort in the interests of a broad and reverent religion.

W. Harral, of Houston, Texas, writes that a Mrs. Smith of that city is a medium who holds séances at which manifestations of a wonderful character occur, under conditions precluding the possibility of deception. There are, he says, fifteen to twenty-five materializations every night.

Anthony Higgins, a man of brilliant intellect, but erratic and given to dissipation, well known years ago as a radical lecturer, passed to spirit life from Washington, D. C., on the 11th. His remains were cremated at Baltimore.

Mr. A. A. Thomas writes from Florida: I like THE JOURNAL better and better and look for it weekly. Although it is worth much more than I pay for it, I wish it was twice as large.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it. How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

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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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BOOK REVIEWS.

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

The Philosophy of Fiction in Literature. By Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, author of "A System of Psychology," "The Problem of Evil," etc. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1890. pp. 226.

It is surprising that Mr. Thompson can find time amidst the duties of a busy professional life to write so many and such valuable works as have come from his pen since 1884, when he first introduced himself to the reading public by a systematic work on psychology, in two large octavo volumes. The reviewer is not aware that this author has ever written a work of fiction—although his father was a novelist and wrote "The Green Mountain Boys"—but Mr. Thompson shows large acquaintance with fiction, and in regard to its office in literature, its construction and its scientific, moral and esthetic value he has clear conceptions, and decided views. Fiction he defines as a representation of human experience, or that of beings with like faculties to those of men. Experience involves a selective process, combining details into one whole in which the general impression prevails and to which the particulars are subordinated; hence bringing together details without regard to the general effect and plan is fatal to art, though it may have a scientific interest. There must always be a selection of objects of interest from a large number of uninteresting things in experience. Things of current interest chiefly occupy the mind of readers moulding their thoughts and feelings. The story that embodies and reproduces some phase of present life or brings out some underlying thought in the general mind, which is struggling for expression, will have the most readers. Mr. Thompson discusses realism and idealism in an admirable manner, showing that realism could not, if it would, dispense with creativeness except by abolishing art and reducing it to science, and that the value of creative art is determined by the artist's appreciation and fullness of beauty and the faithfulness with which he records what he has received. In fiction the realistic in life should be reproduced under the guidance of ideals formed by the synthetic and selective activities of the mind.

The work is characterized by discrimination and taste as well as profound thought, and the style is scholarly and lucid. There is not a little original thought in the book.

Is This Your Son, My Lord? A Novel. By Helen H. Gardner. Boston: Arena Publishing House, 1890. pp. 258. Price, paper, 50 cts.; cloth, \$1.00.

The author of this work is already known to the public by her previous books "Men, Women and Gods" and "A Thoughtless Yes," by her contributions to magazine literature and her public lectures. This story purports to exhibit a true picture of immorality in high places, of cultured criminality, of veneered sensualism, of low standards of purity, lack of conscientiousness in regard to marriage held by so-called respectable people. Though the writer seems deeply convinced of the truthfulness of her vivid picture, it is somewhat sensational and probably overdrawn. While such loathsome characters as she portrays do exist it is not true that they are types of a large class, recognized as respectable or decent. The freedom with which she deals with certain repulsive aspects of the sex question will shock those who still retain old fashioned notions of the delicacy with which such vital questions should be treated. Incidentally nearly every social and religious question is discussed in these pages from the most radical points of view. Among the bright and beautiful young people who fit across the scenes here depicted of life in city and country, occur a number of thrilling love affairs in which the author seems to be an adept. Her style is dashing, breezy and a trifle slangy. The book is handsomely gotten up and is a credit to the publishers.

Selections from the Poets; with responses including Pope's "Essay on Man," with responding essay, *Man Seen in the Deepening Dawn.* New York: Samuel C. W. Byington & Co., 234 Fourth ave. 1890.

Dr. Weeks wrote these responses on the margin of the pages while reading the authors, imitating their style, then copied and enlarged his verses and placed them in connection with the poems or passages to which he has replied, making the answer to each selection complete in itself. He

has done this work in a very creditable manner. The thought in the responses is elevated and the spirit broad and liberal, while the verse, from a purely literary point of view, possesses considerable merit.

The Elixir of Life, or Robert's Pilgrimage an Allegory. By Elve, author of "Life is Worth Living." Published by Christian Science Publishing Co., 87 Washington st., Chicago. pp. 124.

A well-written, interesting story, the object of which is to show that truth is more precious than gold, and an elixir of perennial life, and that man has an inner understanding which, if cultivated, will give the key to unlock the gates of heaven, that as Drummond says, "Eternal life is not a thing that we are to get when we die. It is a thing that we are living now, and that we will have a poor chance of getting when we die, unless we are living it now."

MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY, NOT BEFORE MENTIONED.

Wide Awake. (Boston.) The contents of this popular magazine for January is especially instructive and pleasing to the young. The best story writers contribute and with poems and appropriate illustrations complete a charming number.

English Illustrated Magazine. (New York.) A varied table of contents appears this month. F. Marion Crawford continues his serial "The Witch of Prague." Students in hypnotism will follow it to the conclusion with unceasing interest.

The Chautauquan. (Meadville, Pa.) A good table of contents fills the pages of this popular monthly.

The United States Book Company, New York, announce for immediate publication the superb volume of 500 large octavo pages, bound in green cloth, gold and colored inks, containing Mr. Jameson's daily record of the movements of the Rear Column of the Emin Pasha relief expedition, with over one hundred illustrations from original drawings by the author and an appendix on the natural history researches of Mr. Jameson, carefully edited by experts. Remarks upon the officers of the rear column by Mr. Stanley have caused the publication of Mr. Troup's "With Stanley's Rear Column," Mr. Ward's "Five Years with the Congo Cannibals," and now Mr. Jameson's notes and memoranda have been edited by Mrs. Jameson, and are given to the public to effectually show how impossible it was for the officers of the Rear Column to do better than they did, in their attempts to fulfil Mr. Stanley's orders to the letter.

A. C. McClurg & Co.'s, of Chicago, Illustrated Holiday Catalogue for the current year comprises illustrated gift, standard juvenile books, teacher's, family and pulpit bibles, prayer books, calendars, birthday books and standard books in fine bindings, with descriptions of some of the best new books published in 1890, and of a few beautiful new editions of works long famous and classic. Price, 50c.

The *Sideral Messenger* for January has, among other articles, one on "The Proper Motion of the Components of 61 Cygni," by S. W. Burnham, and "The Cause of Refraction," by Henry M. Parkhurst. The *Sideral Messenger* always contains the latest information on astronomical subjects and it is edited by Mr. Wm. W. Pain, Northfield, Minn., in a creditable manner.

Current Comment and Legal Miscellany for December contains articles on "Salmon P. Chase," "Justice Miller," "The Farmers' Alliance," "The Need of a Bankrupt Law," and other subjects of interest.

John Wesley and Modern Spiritualism. An appeal to the Ministers and Members of the Methodist Church based upon reason. By Daniel Lott. We are constantly called upon for something from the pen of John Wesley, and this may be of interest to many. He was a man of superior mind, in many respects and far in advance of his time, as will be found by examining his sayings and ideas. Price, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

Heaven and Hell, as described by Judge Edmonds in his great work on Spiritualism. As Judge Edmonds' writings are mostly out of print, this pamphlet may be welcome to many, as it describes two scenes in heaven and two in hell, in his most graphic and careful style. Price, 10 cents. For sale at this office.

The Constitution of Man considered in relation to external objects, by George Combs. More than three hundred thousand copies of the Constitution of Man have been sold and the demand is still increasing. It has been translated into many languages, and extensively circulated. A celebrated phrenologist said of this work. "The importance and magnitude of the principles herein contained are beyond those to be found in any other work. For sale at this office, price, \$1.50.

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Naught that lives is lost; sleep, decay and death, Are only for a time. The balmy breath From southern skies, awakes the violet, And loosens from its chains the rivulet.

Dost think that in the grave thy loved one lies? Not so. The soul blooms in immortal skies. What we call death is but the chrysalis, From which thy treasure flew to realms of bliss.

Hope ever pointeth to a shining star Beyond deaths gloom. In that bright world afar, Immortal dwells the soul that sank in sleep— Bursting its charnal house while yet we weep.

Immortal hope! that bids us look above, While stronger grow the cords of kindred love. Somewhere their souls in beauty liveth on: Their night all passed—the morning just begun.

A BACHELOR'S LOVE SONG.

My bachelor's den is a queer old pen, In the midst of a city's din, O'erlooking the tide that goes ebbing out And the flow that comes rushing in.

'Tis cheerful and bright, 'tis a home to me— A quiet and peaceful place— Tho' it ne'er knew the warmth of a woman's heart, Nor the light of a woman's face.

I sit in the dusk as the sun goes down, And smoke in a dreamful way, And gaze at the paintings that hang on the wall— The faces and friends far away.

One is the face of a fair young girl, As bright as the morning skies, Who smiles at me ever with angel's love, From the depths of her dark blue eyes.

She was my first, my only love; Forget her, I never can, Her love has followed me all thro' life, And made me a better man.

Hers are the lips I first tenderly kissed, With love as deep as the sea; And the last lips I kissed, as I bade home farewell, Were the lips that are smiling at me.

Ah, mother, my love for you never grew dim Thro' the long years of toil and unrest, And I love you to-day as I did long ago, When you lulled me to sleep at your breast.

—[J. H. RYAN, in New York Herald.

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Many a heart that careth
Buries its hopes in pain.

II.
And yet the rosebush beareth
Its perfected flower at last,
And the tender heart that careth,
Wears the blossom of the past.

III.
For Nature—"dear old mother"
Carries within her heart,
For each lost joy some other
Of which it remains a part.

IV.
And thus the rosebush beareth
Its perfected flower at last
And the tender heart that careth
Gains Peace by the pain of the past!

LIFE'S LAW.

Life never dies,
Matter dies off it, and it lives elsewhere,
Or elsewhere circumstanced and shaped. It
grows:
At every instant we may say 'tis gone,
But never it hath ceased: the type is changed
Is ever in transition, for life's law
To its eternal essence doth prescribe
Eternal mutability; and thus
To say I live, says, I partake of that
Which never dies.

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE.

MORALITY.

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides:
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides;
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching heart and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear our burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done;
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

FLOOD TIDE.

The tide came up and the sun went down,
And the river was full to its very brim,
And a little boat crept up to the town
On the muddy wave in the morning dim.

But the little boat, with its reed-like oar,
Brought news to town that made it weep,
And the people were never so gay as before,
And they never slept so sound a sleep.

News of a wreck that the boatman had seen
Off in the bay, in a fierce, wild gale;
Crimson enough such things, I ween,
Yet the women cried and the men were pale.

Strange that a little boat could bring
Tidings to plunge a town in tears;
Strange how often some small thing
May shatter and shiver the hope of years.

Oh, none but the angel with silver wings
That broods o'er the river and guards the town
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As the tide comes up and the sun goes down.

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and they are responsible and able to
pay if they fail."

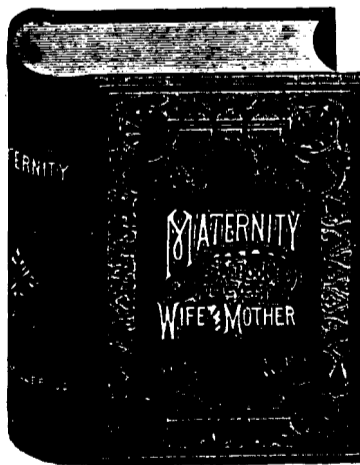
SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache,
obstruction of nose, discharges falling
into throat, sometimes profuse, watery
and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious,
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difficulty of clearing throat, expectora-
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CONTENTS.

- FIRST PAGE.—Topics of the Times SECOND PAGE.—Good Methodism. Reminiscences of Buckle. More Spiritualization, Less Materialization. Ghosts. THIRD PAGE.—Women and Theology. FOURTH PAGE.—The Open Court. Hypnotic Monopoly—Toe Joints—Triobites. Spiritualism From Different Standpoints. FIFTH PAGE.—Spirit, not Ether, the Medium of Heat, Light and Electricity. Human Imponderables—A Physical Study. SIXTH PAGE.—Seven Months of Spirits. SEVENTH PAGE.—Hypnotized into Total Abstinence. The Pilgrims Tempered and Mellowed in Holland. EIGHTH PAGE.—Wise Words. Mental Impression. Emotional Expressions. Measuring the Unseen. NINTH PAGE.—Woman and the Home.—Antiquities of our Continent. Waiting for Gabriel. Voice of the People.—How Love Saved a Life. TENTH PAGE.—Paradise. A Modern Prophecy. The Universe a Unit. Roman Catholic Ways. Shall we Wear Black in Mourning for the Departed. "Upward Steps."—Jackson on Stebbin's Book. A Word from Mrs. Duniway. American Branch of the S. P. R. ELEVENTH PAGE.—Miscellaneous Advertisements. TWELFTH PAGE.—Book Reviews. Miscellaneous Advertisements. THIRTEENTH PAGE.—Was it Only a Dream? Miscellaneous Advertisements. FOURTEENTH PAGE.—The Immortal Hope. A Bachelor's Love Song. Miscellaneous Advertisements. FIFTEENTH PAGE.—Consolation. Life's Law. Morality. Flood Tide. Miscellaneous Advertisements. SIXTEENTH PAGE.—The Publisher. Miscellaneous Advertisements.



"TRUE GRIT."

Than Robert Collyer, no man can better define true grit, and no man's life better exemplifies his definition. He may finish his days in New York, or elsewhere, but he will always belong to Chicago. Though in the full fruition of his genius he now belongs to the whole world, there is a section of his soul which fits in nowhere else so naturally and happily as in this windswept, lake-laved, garden city—this city of ever-recurring marvels of man's energy and true grit. In days of yore it took more grit to cast one's fortunes here than it does now. Thirty years ago liberal religion in this ambitious town was weak in organic life; it needed a genius with a soul warmed by holy fire, a tongue inspired with sweetness and love from the fountain source, physique of an athlete, the grit of a soldier, the tenderness and devotion of a woman. When Chicago needs a fresh accessory to accelerate her growth in greatness she always finds it. She needed a preacher in 1859, or thereabout. She needed him bad; and one that cared more for humanity than for theology, one who could teach the love

and not the wrath of God, one who by birth and hard experience was equipped to meet the peculiar needs of a thriving western city where, with unexampled rapidity, all sorts of people, from all quarters of the globe, were gathering, and struggling to make what is to be the biggest city on earth. When she realized this need, Chicago lost no time in discovering the man. She hunted up an obscure blacksmith down in Pennsylvania, who was working for a dollar and a half a day, six days in the week, and preaching for nothing on the seventh. It didn't matter to the seekers that this sooty, hard-fisted Yorkshire smithy was not college bred; nor did they mind that he thought himself a Methodist. They knew genuine metal when they saw it; they knew this man and his religion better than did the man himself. Thus it was that Robert Collyer came to Chicago. Here it was that he grew into the full flower and fruitage of his power, until the whole civilized world came to know and love the man and admire his work. Yet, like all great men, this man had his weaknesses; without the right kind of a wife, one of good sense, homely virtues, unfaltering courage and supreme devotion to her home, her husband and his work, Collyer would have never made the record which is now public property. I say this all the more confidently because he says so himself, and because, like many other old Chicagoans, I know he tells the truth about it. Nature and grace had never molded this rough stone into a diamond of first water, but for the skill, patience, endurance, courage and faith of the woman he fell in love with at first sight as she sat all unconscious of her destiny on an English moor one bright day more than forty years ago. Yet the latent powers were in the man; for, without true grit, all the forces of heaven and all the power of God manifest in this woman, had not made the Collyer of to-day. Her work done, this noble woman has left her companion of forty years and gone ahead, like the good house wife and mother and manager she is, to have things in order when the preacher-husband shall have finished his mission on earth and is ready to take up his assignment on "the other side."

It is only a few months since Mrs. Collyer's transition. The people of his New York charge wanted him to preach her memorial discourse there; but he felt he couldn't do it. He felt that only the old-time friends in Chicago knew this woman, and of their joint struggles, and were close enough to warrant his pouring out his heart to them about the matter. So he came out here to do it; and last Sunday old Unity church was crowded with fourteen hundred friends to listen to the heart story. It was a family affair, and everybody present was a member. The only dry eyes in the house were those that shone from the preacher's desk, as in his quaint and unique way, this man of grit stood up in his old place and told the story of the woman who had been his comrade, his comforter, his inspirer, his strength-giver from the time when he first saw her a rosy-cheeked maid on the moor until, on another continent, she bade adieu to mortal life forty years later.

It takes true grit to make a woman the main-stay and helper of any man. It takes true grit to make a Robert Collyer. The lesson of these two lives has been helpful to me, as I am sure it has to thousands. May its inspiration continue and, may the great work done for the world by these two people, united by ties of affection welded by a noble oneness of purpose, be an incentive to other thousands. When the way looks dark, when the billows of adversity threaten to overwhelm, when the task assigned seems too severe for our strength, let us remember the Collyers and pray for true grit. For true grit is a term whose expanded meaning covers resources sufficient to move one from the lowest depths to the highest peak of attainment, to wrest victory out of seeming defeat, and to carry the faithful wrestler

in a halo of glory to receive the commendation, well done!

What I have written this busy Monday morning may seem curious filling for a publisher's column; but if unconventional and unbusinesslike it seems at first blush, I am sure it has a place here; and that it were an insult to the perspicacity of my readers to attempt to point the moral, or make the application. It is enough if it shall help a single soul as it has helped me to write it. Grit is the happy title of a lecture which Robert Collyer has delivered many times. It takes God-like and manly attributes to complete the component parts of true grit. May every Spiritualist and every seeker after spiritual truths cultivate it, to the end that the higher Spiritualism shall dominate the world.

Surely you must have friends whom you would like to interest in THE JOURNAL. All you have to do is to send their addresses in order to secure for them the reading of the paper for four weeks free.

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make the effort as soon after reading this as possible.

Have you conscientiously made your best effort to pay up arrearages and renew for another year, you who have been reading a paper on credit? If you have, I have no rebuke to offer; if you have not, I leave you to settle the matter with your conscience.

Owing to a serious break in the shafting which carries power to our press-room, THE JOURNAL was delayed in getting into the mail last week, and may be again this issue. We anticipate no trouble after this issue, however.

Lyman C. Howe is lecturing this month at Meadville, Pa. He will be followed in February by the pleasing improvisatrice Miss Jennie B. Hagan.

At Peru, Ill., last Sunday, Mrs. Sara A. Underwood, of Chicago, read a paper, before an audience of 600, largely ladies, on "The Unsectarian Education of Youth." The address was listened to with the closest attention and with cordial manifestations of approval and satisfaction.

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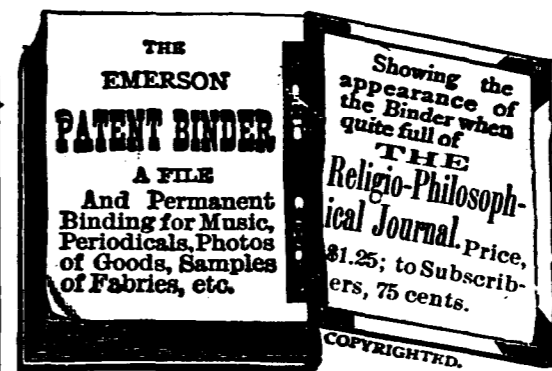
Rev H. McDONOUGH of Lowell, Mass., vouches for the following: There is a case of which I have knowledge, and I am very glad to avail myself of the opportunity to make known the good derived from the use of Koenig's Nerve Tonic. The subject is a young lady, who had been suffering from early childhood. On my recommendation she procured your remedy, and for three months the fits of epilepsy by which she has been so long subject have ceased entirely.

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