

RELIGIO THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

It is stated that ex-Senator Ingalls, whose heritage of brain and whose brilliant powers as a writer no one disputes, will now devote himself to literary work.

Hon. William Windom, late Secretary of the Treasury, whose sudden death occurred last week, was a man of unquestionable integrity and a statesman in whose wisdom, especially as a practical financier, the business men of the country had great confidence.

Referring to the failure of the coöperative kitchen at Evanston, Ill., the *New York Press* says that it was the result of an effort to conduct a seven dollar business on a four dollar basis, and concludes thus: "A heartless sheriff has sold out the coöperative belongings of the disciples of housekeeping according to Bellamy. And amid the ruins of it all stands the inexorable hired girl waving a dish rag from the end of a broomstick in token of her triumph over those who disputed her omnipotence."

A pastoral wolf. Rev. Henry W. George, of the Reformed Church, at Leeds, N. Y., is in Catskill jail charged with causing the disgrace and death of an orphan, Lottie Townsend, according to whose testimony the minister worked upon her religious sentiments, even falling on his knees in prayer and exhorting the girl to yield to his wishes, declaring that it was the divine will that she should do so. The papers say that George "is an eloquent preacher and has been very zealous in religious work." He occupied for five years the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church at Topeka, Kan., where his ministrations were acceptable until his propensities for stealing became known. He is evidently a bad fellow.

A band of ruffians, under the name of White Caps, in Indiana the other night, dragged a woman in the absence of her husband, from her bed, bound her to a tree and before the agonized eyes of her children lashed her until her back was raw from her shoulders to her hips. The ruffians told the children that this was done because their mother was not a good woman. Brutalities like this, which are perpetrated frequently in Indiana with the plea of punishing immorality, cast the exploits of the Ku Klux in the shade, and are a disgrace to the state. The authorities should discover and punish the authors of this shameful outrage or give up all claims to civilization and decency.

A deacon of All Saints church, at Bellaire, Mich., was suspected by the other deacons of having "backslid," and such was the rumor. To test its truth they gathered around the erring brother's pew, at the close of the minister's sermon, and demanded that he show his faith by praying, singing, or giving his "testimony." He refused, whereupon he was pronounced a black sheep and thrown out of the midst of the flock. The "black sheep" showed fight, and the result was a lively scrimmage in which eyes were blackened and noses broken. The ejected deacon sued the pugilistic brethren and a justice fined each of the fighters forty-six dollars. An impromptu prayer meeting was held in the justice's court and

the fine was reduced to twenty-five dollars each. The Salvation Army might find in Bellaire a field in which its methods would be appreciated.

In many cities of the United States, on January 26th, was celebrated the one hundred and thirty-second anniversary of the birth of Scotia's favorite bard, Robert Burns, who gave to the world the melody of the heart, and full of the spirit of humanity, voiced in pathetic and in humorous song the virtues, the frailties, the sufferings and aspirations which were the common heritage of his people. And, as Hon. Benjamin Butterworth said at the anniversary festival held in this city: "Burns showed men the way to be happy in adversity, and humane and considerate in the fullness of prosperity and power. He rebuked the insolence and pride of place. He put in touch kindred sympathies and wakened the energies of his race. He gave expression in language immortal to the conscious dignity that belongs to honest manhood." Burns did not have large knowledge of books, but he had the divine clairvoyance of nature and knew profoundly the language of the heart.

The immigration bill proposed by the House committee on immigration proposes first of all to enforce the laws relative to immigration and the importation of aliens under contract or agreement to perform labor. The present laws for this purpose are evaded on all hands. As the *New York Press* says, since the passage of the act of 1882, providing for the return of paupers, idiots, criminals and persons liable to become a charge, there have been 2,900 immigrants sent back. How many have been landed? About five million. Does any one believe that less than three thousand out of this motley army of five million were "likely to become a public charge?" It is in this way that the proposed law will give additional force and strength to our present immigration laws, and will clothe the authorities with power to enforce regulations and restrictions that are as necessary for our safety, prosperity, comfort and welfare as a nation, as custom duties that prevent the free importation of goods made by pauper labor of foreign countries.

The governor of Massachusetts in his inaugural message said: "I recommend to your favorable consideration the reduction of the hours of labor of women and children employed in factories and workshops. Such a law passed the last house of representatives and was barely defeated in the senate. In England, where it is often claimed that the condition of labor is deplorable, the hours of such labor have long been limited by law to fifty-six a week. While with us the problem is more complicated, because each state has its own legislation and no uniform statutory regulation of hours for the whole nation is possible under the constitution, yet it is not desirable to stand still because there are obstacles in the way of progress. Our very dependence upon manufactures requiring skilled labor should lead us to adopt a liberal policy in respect to the hours and conditions of toil,—one which will promote the welfare and increase the utility of our working population. While a general reduction in the hours of labor must be brought about mainly by the organized action of employes, it is urged, and I believe with justice, that the state should

lend its coöperation and the weight of its example in this direction. I therefore commend to your careful consideration the question whether the time has come to reduce still further the hours of labor of public employes engaged in manual labor."

There has been a union service at the Broadway Baptist Church, Providence, R. I., the pastors of three churches participating. At one of the meetings lately, at a moment of deep interest and impressive quiet, when a call had just been made for the opening of hearts to Christ, a woman fainted and a young man who had been subject to epileptic fits collapsed. Both were carried from the auditorium and cared for. The young man remained unconscious and required attendance of a physician. The interruption caused Mr. Munhall, the evangelist who conducted the union meeting, to declare that it was a device of the devil to prevent the yielding of hearts to God. He said that he anticipated it for there was a crisis at the moment and many were about to confess Christ; that the devil always enters at such a time and by some means endeavors to check the proceedings. He remarked that he had always noticed that those who faint are never in the back part of the church where they can be easily removed without causing interruption of a service, and suggested that such people should choose back seats. He declared that but for their fainting fifty persons in the congregation would have professed Christ. The physical condition of the woman and young man, bad air and the state of mind induced by the methods of the evangelist, were not thought of apparently by him in connection with the occurrence.

A Washington dispatch last week stated that the Senate Inter-State Commerce Committee had formally agreed to the pooling and other amendment to the Inter-State commerce law. It is to be hoped that this iniquitous pooling amendment will be defeated in the Senate. Competition between rival roads, together of course with labor-saving inventions and the introduction of cheaper methods of transportation is the cause of reductions in passenger fares and freight rates during the last quarter of a century. Let pooling be legalized and there will be no more reductions in fares and freights. The railroads will pocket all the profits they can make. "Can members of Congress," asks the *Chicago Tribune*, "after having placed on the statute books a law against trusts, take the risk of passing a law to promote and shield monopoly trusts and high rates and do away with all future competition between railroad common carriers? Will it look consistent to legislate against trusts at one session and for them at the next? Will the constituents of these members indorse such action? Will the farmers, manufacturers, merchants, and traveling public meet and pass resolutions thanking Congress for handing them over, bound hand and foot, to a greedy and conscienceless combination? Would the Farmers' Alliance of Kansas and other States be delighted with this legislation, or would not there be another outburst of wrath on their part?" Behind this pooling scheme is Jay Gould. The Senate of the United States cannot afford to further the personal interest of this railroad autocrat by an odious scheme designed to raise the charge on the people by the railroads.

"WHY GHOSTS ARE STILL SO LIVELY."

Mr. A. Lang, in the December *Forum*, says: "Perhaps the reason why ghosts are still so lively is that they have been so often killed by the arguments of sense and science," quoting the words of the spectre of the Danish monarch in Lord Iddesleigh's play, "Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark," "killing a ghost would bring him to life again." Mr. Lang is not satisfied with the theory that belief in ghosts originated in dreams and in the confusion of the savage mind. In all countries, civilized and savage, people claim to see spectres of their relatives and of others who are dead. For instance, in "The Cruise of the Beagle" it is related that Billy Button, a Fuegian boy on board of that ship, saw his father's ghost one night, and that on reaching Terra del Fuego, it was learned that the boy's father had died about the time that the apparition was seen at sea.

Ghosts do not generally come, Mr. Lang says, of "attentive expectation," and he adds: "As a rule the fairly well-attested ghosts of my acquaintance have been seen, not by the timorous and fanciful, but by unimaginative people in perfect health." The most impressive spectre he had ever heard of, he says, in substance, appeared in an English village. Half a dozen children who had been playing together in a house rushed out through the open door in a frightened state of mind, and one of them fell down in a fit. A lady who was driving through the village stopped, attended to the child who was lying on the ground before the horses, and asked the other children as to the cause of the panic. They said they had been playing on the staircase when "a dreadful woman" suddenly appeared among them. The only reason they could give for saying that the woman was dreadful was that she wore a long woolen robe and had her brow and chin bound up with white linen. "In fact," says the writer, "she was a walking corpse come back from the days when the law compelled us to be buried in woolen for the better encouragement of the wool trade. This wandering old death, seen in the sunlight by the children, has always appealed to me as a very good example of ghosts and of their vague and unaccountable ways. For it is most unlikely that the children knew anything of the obsolete law of the ancient English mortuary fashions."

What belief he has in ghosts Mr. Lang declares does not rest on the statements merely of professional mediums, who only, consciously or unconsciously, he says, reproduce some of the ancient effects that have entertained or puzzled all races, including those widely remote from one another; effects that have now been believed miraculous and sacred, now regarded as proofs of witchcraft or of necromancy. It is the unanimity of the tradition, the consensus of testimony in regard to apparitions, in Ceylon, the Galapagos Islands, in Peru, Hayti, modern Europe, everywhere, rather than the evidence in any particular case, which is regarded by this writer as the most interesting and most irresistible.

"For myself," Mr. Lang says, "I have beheld only a brace of apparitions. The first was the wraith of a scholar, at that moment either dead or dying, far from Oriel Lane, in Oxford, where I encountered his appearance. The second, fortunately, appeared without any such cause, and for no motive whatever. If the first was a ghost, what was the second? And if the second was an hallucination, can one call the first anything more significant? Lucretius thought that all bodies throw off airy semblances of themselves, which, being beheld, are taken for visible spirits. But he formulated no law of their appearance, nor did he tell us why some persons see them while others do not."

Mr. Lang says that everywhere, in Syria, Rome, Athens, London, New York, Fiji, the ghost is generally the same vague, ineffectual, capricious being apparently without purpose or rational method. "He seems hampered by impediments, of which we know nothing; he moves like a delirious patient walking in fevered sleep; he never can come to the point and appear at the right moment to the right person. Ghosts behave so now, and so they behaved to the friends whose tales Lucian laughed at. If there are no such

things as ghosts at all, why does all tradition assign to them this common character of ghosts."

To Spiritualists there is nothing especially remarkable, nothing new or novel in Mr. Lang's reflections on ghosts; but the appearance of an article presenting such views by an eminent writer in a leading magazine, is significant as indicating the widespread interest now felt in discussions of this character. A few years ago it was customary for writers who contributed to the popular periodicals to ignore all ghost stories, or to treat them with levity and ridicule—all ghost stories, except those in the Bible, and they were never to be referred to save as exceptional or miraculous in their character. Belief in apparitions, in the re-appearance of the so-called dead in modern times was regarded as an indication of mental unsoundness or eccentricity. Now the phenomena to which Spiritualists have pointed as proof of spirit life and spirit communication are being recognized, and leading writers are freely speculating, without danger of being considered crazy, respecting their import. When it is understood that man is a spirit and not merely a collection of material atoms, that a spirit does not die but passes to a higher life when divested of its material habiliments, and that ghosts are such representations as are possible under existing conditions of those who have passed from life and are for some reason or other attracted to certain places or persons,—when these facts are recognized, it will be seen "why ghosts are so lively."

A DREAM AND PREDICTION FULFILLED.

According to accounts published in the papers, Mrs. Rebecca Byrnes, of Helena, Ark., a lady of intellectual attainments and religious life, arose one morning recently in her usual health and spirits and summoned her children to come to her.

One son was residing in Topeka, Kan., one in New Orleans, two daughters were married and living in Sedalia, Mo., but, obedient to their mother's call, they came at once, though ignorant of the reason of their summons. When all were about her the lady informed them that she had had a dream, in which her husband, who had been dead for nearly fifteen years, had warned her that she had only ten days more of life. She sent for her children to bid them good-by, which she proceeded to do with much calmness, but with the air of one who had not the slightest doubt that she was already dying. Her friends attempted to reason with her and to point out the folly of placing such perfect confidence in a dream. But all to no purpose, for the lady persisted in asserting that she would depart from earth on such a day and exactly at a certain hour. Her pastor remonstrated with her, and even brought the severest censure to bear upon her alleged credulity, and at last Mrs. Byrnes ceased to speak of the matter, so that her family had begun to think that she had conquered her fancy. She continued in excellent health and pursued her usual daily life, but just before the hour she had predicted would be that of her death, she sought her children and bade them good-by; then, seating herself quietly in an arm-chair, expired just as the hour was struck. The physicians declare that her death was due solely to her imagination, but this seems to be a very superficial and inadequate explanation of the case. The woman was in health, and apparently in a normal condition mentally. She was intelligent, educated, respected and devoted to her family. She had a dream that she would die at a certain time and she departed this life on the day and at the hour predicted. Many similar cases are on record. An investigator of psychical science is not obliged to accept as a finality the dictum of the doctors and be content with the explanation that imagination killed the woman. He is at liberty to pursue the subject further and to consider first whether there did not come to her ordinary consciousness a revelation from her deeper nature, from her "sub-consciousness," which actually foresaw the event, or the investigator may inquire whether the dream was not an impression actually produced by the husband in spirit life, who took this method of forewarning his beloved wife

and preparing her for the impending change by which she would soon be restored to companionship with him. There is the credulity of superstition, which is bad, and the credulity that accepts as a valid explanation any statement, however insufficient, in regard to phenomena when it has on its side professional authority. Both extremes are to be avoided.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

Charles Bradlaugh, the distinguished free-thinker and republican and for several years member of the House of Commons for Northampton has passed from this life and entered upon the realities beyond. He was one of the most remarkable men that England has produced during the present century. He began life in the direst poverty and had but meagre opportunities for education; yet he pushed his way to the front rank of English public men and left a legislative record showing great ability and courage, which will give him a prominent place in English history. But a few years ago Tory mothers used his name to frighten their children into silence, but before his death he was an object of almost universal respect and even of affection in the House of Commons owing to his gentle and dignified character. As Bradlaugh was well known as an atheist, his definition of the word atheist taken from one of his works will be of interest: "The atheist does not say, 'There is no God,' but he says, 'I know not what you mean by God; I am without idea of God; the word is to me a sound conveying no clear or distinct affirmation. I do not deny God, because I cannot deny that of which I have no conception, and the conception of which, by its affirmer, is so imperfect that he is unable to define it to me. If, however, God is defined to mean an existence other than the existence of which I am a mode, then I deny God, and affirm that it is impossible God can be. That is, I affirm one existence, and deny that there can be more than one.'" This is pure monism.

The attempt to keep Bradlaugh out of the House of Commons was a disgrace to that body. John Stuart Mill, Grote the historian, Thorold Rogers and others were as heterodox as was Bradlaugh, but they had not incited the working classes against the House of Lords, and the established church, nor written an impeachment of the House of Brunswick. Bradlaugh had, and pretended moralists and hypocritical conformists, under the leadership of the unprincipled Lord Randolph Churchill, prevented a man of brains and heart from taking his seat until three years after his election. Bradlaugh's sympathies were always with the people, as against titled and privileged classes, and especially with the poor and oppressed—with the London workmen, the Irish peasants, the laborers of India, the downtrodden of every land. He was in favor of woman suffrage and when told by his colleague, Henry Labouchere, that the effect of giving the women of Northampton the parliamentary suffrage would be to insure his (Bradlaugh's) defeat, he replied, "If I knew this to be true, it would not hinder me from casting my vote in favor of woman suffrage, even if my vote alone should be required to pass the bill." Women's right to suffrage, he said, could not be determined by the fact that if exercised it would be in personal hostility to himself. Bradlaugh proved his sterling honesty and consistency of views by pronouncing in favor of Irish home rule, regardless of the fact that the Irish party had opposed his entry into parliament. Bradlaugh was the friend and supporter of Garibaldi in Italy, Gambetta in France, of Castelar in Spain. When he lectured in Boston, in 1873, William Lloyd Garrison, Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips received him and accompanied him to the platform. With much of his speculative thought *THE JOURNAL* is not in accord. His philosophy was superficial and his contribution to thought small; but he was a sturdy fighter and he did valuable service for his countrymen and for mankind. The world is better for his manly, honorable and heroic life.

Bradlaugh was a tall, heavy-built man, with regular features and a smooth-shaven face, a powerful orator, and in parliament a most notable figure. During the

civil war he was a staunch friend of the Union. The contest over the validity of his election, his forcible expulsion from the floor of the house, his triumphant reflections, etc., are fresh in the minds of most readers. On January 26th of this year, long after he had fought and won his battle, and while he was dying, the House of Commons agreed to expunge the resolution of 1880 denying his right to take the oath or affirm. Sir Stafford Northcote, son of the man who had been the freethinker's strongest opponent ten years ago, supported the resolution, news of the passage of which gave great consolation to the reformer in his last hours. His earthly end was quiet and peaceful. He leaves a gifted daughter, Mrs. Hypatia Bradlaugh-Bonner, who, for several years, has helped her father on his paper, the *National Reformer*. Charles Bradlaugh was born in 1833.

A LONG SLEEP.

Miss Grace Gridley, of Amboy, Ill., a beautiful girl of eighteen, "the sleeping beauty of Amboy" as she is known, awakened on the 24th, after a sleep of nine months or two hundred and seventy days. Mention was made of her in *THE JOURNAL* several months ago. Last spring there was a religious revival in Amboy, in which Miss Gridley became greatly interested. One evening she returned from the meeting in a very excited state of mind and retired, saying that she was very sleepy and that she hoped her mother would not call her early in the morning. The girl failed to appear at her usual hour but her mother did not disturb her. Later on all attempts to arouse the girl proved unavailing, and since then she has lain upon her couch, with eyes tightly closed, lips slightly parted and breast gently heaving, appearing as though she were about to awaken from a slight slumber. Food has been administered in a liquid form through the half parted lips. The girl has lost very little flesh and is nearly as plump and rosy as when she fell asleep. Many physicians have studied the case and their theory is that the religious excitement under which the girl had labored for several days prostrated her mental faculties and induced the sleep. Miss Gridley is now awake, but goes about the house in a listless manner, not seeming to notice anybody, and she has lost the power of articulation and so far has only been able to answer questions with a guttural sound. Although she takes her place at the table she eats but very little and appears to have no appetite for food of any kind. She is very weak, but is expected to recover her health. The case is a remarkable one and has puzzled all the doctors who have seen her, notwithstanding their general explanation

"UNBELIEVERS."

Rev. Robert McIntyre of this city lately took for his theme "Ten Miserable Sinners." The miserable persons referred to were not living characters or modern emblems of wretchedness, but the ten lepers who were treated by Jesus while on their way to the synagogue because they had faith as described by St. Matthew in the seventeenth chapter. The sermon was aimed particularly at the unbeliever, whom the speaker declared to be not only the supreme sinner because he blasphemed God by calling Him a liar, but one of two offenders mentioned in the Bible who were "damned already." "While I admire the motives of the Universalists and sympathize with their intentions," said Dr. McIntyre, "I remember that all their soft words never take a pang from the horror of hell. I cannot offer such easy terms on which you can reach Heaven." As the keys of the heavenly gates are not in the custody of Mr. McIntyre, what terms he offers is of small importance to the "unbelievers," who are not likely to have any more trouble in reaching heaven by the broad-gauge route than the reverend gentleman will have in going to the same place by the narrow-gauge line. A layman's independent views as to religion are not supposed to be regarded as of much value by the average minister when they differ from his own, but certainly when this minister goes so far as to say that the unbeliever "blasphemes God by calling Him a liar," he invites the same unbeliever to "sass

back" and to use strong language, not only defensively but offensively also. The unbeliever does not call God a liar; he simply says that religious teachers of the class to which Mr. McIntyre belongs are mistaken in believing that God ever taught, or authorized anybody to teach such nonsense as that, the contradiction of which these teachers pronounce blasphemy.

THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION AN UNPARTIZAN ENTERPRISE.

The *New York Sun*, with an unscrupulousness and a recklessness of statement which are characteristic of that paper in its assaults on movements and persons alike, says that the World's Exposition to be held in Chicago is a partizan political enterprise, that it should be treated as a strictly Republican undertaking by every state where the Democratic party has control of the legislature, and not as "a genuine exhibition of modern science, art and industry, without any admixture of politics in it as the Fair of 1892 would have been in New York." The *Sun*, with utter disregard for the truth, connects the Exposition with Mr. Lodge's election bill, and says: "Not one dollar of contribution, not one dollar of aid toward the Republican Exposition in Chicago, so long as the Republican party persists in its crazy attempt to fasten that abhorrent force bill upon the land!" Now Mr. Dana knows that the World's Columbian Exposition is a national and not a party enterprise, that it is an undertaking in which all the people of this country are or should feel a common interest, and one which they should, irrespective of party lines—as they do except when they are misled by political demagogues or by disappointed or envious would-be leaders—contemplate with patriotic pride.

Chicago was chosen by representatives of the United States, Democratic as well as Republican, as the place for holding the Exposition, because this metropolis is more central, both geographically and with reference to the population, than is the city in which Mr. Dana's *Sun* is published. There is not the remotest connection between the Federal election bill and the World's Columbian Exposition, which, in spite of the *Sun's* un-American and unpatriotic course, is sure to be one of the greatest exhibitions of science, art and industry that the world has ever seen.

Years ago, on my return from Germany, I brought with me the latest fashion "mob-caps," and having the barbaric talent of copying, forthwith set about cutting up a muslin skirt for that purpose, writes Caroline Corner, in *Light*. I succeeded to my entire satisfaction. That evening I was going with my mother to the Dalston Association. Standing before the looking-glass, my heart yearned to take a cap with me, and disport before the "Inquirers into Spiritualism," but my mother's quizzical eye arose before me and I fancied I heard her bid me "take that thing off." I put my caps back in the box with a sigh. Soon after the séance commenced, Mr. John Rouse (a good private medium) set up a hearty laugh, excusing himself by declaring that he saw clairvoyantly, "our young lady friend wearing a sort of great grand-mother's cap." "So comical," he thought it looked, "surmounting a fresh young face." "I see another like it on her lap," he went on, and when questioned as to detail, gave an exact description—so far as the masculine mind is capable—of my bewitching "mobs."

A contemporary mentions that obedience to the laws and customs of a complex social organization inevitably involves more or less insincerity of action and demeanor, and that temptation to transgress is growing stronger from year to year. A great deal of the holiday-giving is declared to be pretentious and hypocritical and some of it absolutely dishonest. Many defer payment of their just debts in order to keep up with the spirit of the times, groaning all the while under the burden of excessive expenditures for holiday presents. The cost of celebrating Christmas in the conventional manner has become so great that it causes a vast amount of worry and dejection, and not a little real inconvenience and distress. "Salva-

tion's free," but the celebration of Christmas is an expensive affair. At the same time it must be admitted that it encourages the generous instincts in man.

R. T. Horton, in his work in defense of the "Inspiration of the Bible," makes this admission: "There is reason to believe that the principles of literary composition, during the latter part of the period in which the Bible books were composed, fully recognized what are called pseudepigraphical works—that is, works in which the author writes under the name of one of the great ancients, and puts his own words into his master's lips. In modern times we should be apt to call this forgery, but in ancient times what we call forgery passed as due humility; authors were more anxious that their books should be read than that they should have the credit of writing them." The *Congregationalist* thinks that the author concedes "too much to the modern school of criticism."

What limit is there to the power of imagination? According to published accounts Miss Alice Perry, of Bridgeport, Conn., called a doctor, stating that she was in terrible agony, having swallowed her false teeth, plate and all. She could feel the choking object in her throat and was in constant danger of strangling to death. On consultation it was decided to resort to tracheotomy, as the patient was liable to die. Dr. C. E. Sanford and Dr. C. N. Payne got their instruments ready and were about to administer ether to the woman, when one of them stepped on some object under the edge of the bed. Picking it up, he found it to be the missing plate and teeth. It was shown to the woman, who was about to go into another convulsion, and as soon as she recognized it the pain left her and she at once recovered.

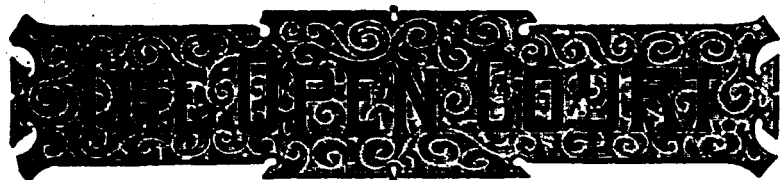
A while since we published the case of the water-finding divining man as presented by a gentleman who was, if we remember correctly, a member of the Royal Society, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. We now read in a colonial contemporary that some excitement was caused lately at Creswick, the well-known gold-digging center near Ballarat, by experiments made at the Sunny South Quartz Mine with a man who claims to be able to tell by walking over the ground whether it is gold-bearing, and whether it is payable, and what depth. The test is described as wonderfully successful so far, and the "divining man" seems to be in a fair way of doing a good business.

Says the *Independent*: "The terms devil and satan are evidently used in the New Testament as proper names, and apply to the same fallen angel. To the actual existence and personality of such a being the New Testament is as fully committed as it is to the existence and personality of Paul, or even of Christ himself. To deny the existence of a personal devil is to deny one of the plainest facts of the Bible." There are many alleged facts of the Bible which are no longer believed by rational minds to-day.

The stage is seldom spoken of from the orthodox pulpit except in terms of censure, but Rev. Dr. Eaton, of New York, recently drew great lessons from the life of Emma Abbott, who was the subject of a Sunday sermon. Her munificent gifts to churches and charitable institutions by her will, Dr. Eaton compared to the return of the bread cast upon the waters.

The most remarkable case of the dumb learning to speak is that of Helen Keller, at the South Boston blind school. She was deaf, dumb and blind, but now though quite blind and wholly deaf, she talks and can read the lips with her fingers, yet she is not 11 years old. She is a child of more active intellect than Laura Bridgeman, and has gone on much faster.

The subject upon which a Kansas City minister preached on a recent Sunday was "Stand Pat and Keep Mum." One would suppose that a Christian minister to stand pat with his society would have to keep mum on such a subject.



RECENT WORK OF THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

By J. T. DODGE.

Spiritualists have perhaps been a little impatient in awaiting the action of the Society for Psychical Research in relation to alleged spiritualistic phenomena.

In part XV. of the proceedings, issued December, 1889, an elaborate article by Professor Crookes gives a very exact account of some of his inquiries into the phenomena, which he modestly says forms "only a few bricks for an edifice it is not now probable I shall ever build." In part XVII., issued December, 1890, nearly 240 pages are taken up with an account of "Observations of Certain Phenomena of Trance," by Prof. O. J. Lodge, of Liverpool; Mr. Walter Leaf, of London; Professor Myers, of Cambridge, and other eminent gentlemen. These observations were made in Liverpool, London and Cambridge, between November 20, 1889, and February 3, 1890, upon Mrs. Piper, who went from Boston to England, expressly to submit to the observation of the gentlemen above named, and such friends as they should invite to assist.

It is fair to say that it would be difficult to name the same number of inquirers who are so well qualified by experience and ability to conduct such an investigation, and who would be so fair-minded and unbiased. They have not so much undertaken to draw conclusions for their readers as to lay before them in a complete manner all the evidence, and thereby enable each one to deduce for himself such conclusions as these facts, in connection with any other facts of which he may be cognizant, will warrant.

Mrs. Piper was met, on landing at Liverpool, by Professor Lodge, and during her entire stay in England was in charge of these gentlemen, and submitted to all the observation which they chose to make. They unanimously express their conviction of her good faith and integrity, and dismiss from their own minds any suspicion of conscious fraud. The especial phase of her mediumship is the voluntary trance, in which her personality appears to change and she personates a self-styled "Dr. Phinuit," who alleges that he was born at Marseilles, studied at Metz, where he took his degree at 30, and died 30 to 35 years ago at the age of 70. Up to the present time his statements have not been verified, and for the want of specific data there is considerable doubt if they ever will be.

He claimed that his business now is "to communicate with those in the body and make them believe our existence."

On two or three occasions different personalities were manifested, and one of them said: "Dr. Phinuit is a peculiar type of man. He goes about continually and is thrown in with everybody. He is eccentric and quaint, but good hearted. I wouldn't do the things he does for anything. He lowers himself sometimes—its a great pity. He has very curious ideas about things and people; he receives a great deal about people from themselves, and he gets expressions and phrases that one don't care for; vulgar phrases he picks up by meeting uncanny people through the medium. These things tickle him, and he goes about repeating them. He has to interview a great number of people, and has no easy berth of it. A high type of man couldn't do the work he does, but he is a good hearted old fellow. Good-bye, Lodge; here's the doctor coming."

To a confirmed Spiritualist this will probably appear, after reading the reports of the doctor's alleged communications, a pretty generous estimate of that personality, whatever it may be. Professor Lodge says of him. "At times Doctor Phinuit does 'fish.' Occasionally he guesses; and sometimes he ekes out the scantiness of his information from the resources of a lively imagination. Whenever his supply of information is abundant, there is no sign of the fishing process. At other times it is as if he were in a diffi-

cult position—only able to gain information from very indistinct or inaudible sources, and yet wishful to convey as much information as possible. . . . His memory seems to be one of extraordinary tenacity and exactness, but not of infallibility; and its lapses do introduce error, both of defect and excess. He seems to be under some compulsion not to be silent. Possibly the trance would cease if he did not exert himself. At any rate he chatters on, and one has to discount a good deal of conversation which is obviously, and sometimes confessedly, introduced as a stop-gap. He is rather proud of his skill and does not like to be told he is wrong; but when he waxes confidential he admits he is not infallible; 'he does the best he can,' he says, but sometimes 'everything seems dark to him' and then he flounders and gropes and makes mistakes. . . . This fallibility is unfortunate, but I don't know that we should expect anything else; anyhow, it is not a question of what we expect, but of what we get. . . . Personally I feel sure that Phinuit can hardly help this fishing process at times. He does the best he can, but it would be a great improvement if, when he realizes that conditions are unfavorable, he would say so and hold his peace. . . . I have now to assert with entire confidence that, pressing the ingenious-guessing and unconscious-indication hypothesis to its utmost limit; it can only be held to account for a very few of Doctor Phinuit's statements. It can not in all cases be held to account for medical diagnoses, afterward confirmed by the regular practitioner. It can not account for minute and full details of names, circumstances and events, given to a cautious and almost silent sitter, sometimes without contact. And, to take the strongest case at once, it cannot account for the narration of facts outside the conscious knowledge of the sitter or any person present. Rejecting the fishing hypothesis, then, as insufficient to account for many of the facts, we are driven to the only remaining known cause in order to account for them, viz.: thought-transference, or the action of mind on mind independently of the ordinary channels of communication. . . . The Phinuit facts are most of them of this nature, and I do not hesitate to assert confidently that thought-transference is the most commonplace explanation to which it is possible to appeal. . . . But, whereas the kind of thought-transference which has been to my own knowledge experimentally proved was a hazy and difficult recognition by one person of objects kept as vividly as possible in the consciousness of another person, the kind of thought-transference necessary to explain these sittings is of an altogether freer and higher order—a kind which has not yet been experimentally proved at all. Facts are related which are not in the least present to the consciousness of the sitter, and they are often detailed glibly and vividly without delay, in very different style from the tedious and hesitating dimness of the old thought-transference experiments. . . . At the same time it ought to be constantly borne in mind that this kind of thought-transference, without consciously active agency, has never been experimentally proved. Certain facts, not otherwise apparently explicable, such as those chronicled in "Phantasms of the Living," have suggested it, but it is really only a possible hypothesis to which appeal has been made whenever any other explanation seems out of the question. But until it is actually established by experiment in the same way that conscious mind action has been established, it cannot be regarded as either safe or satisfactory; and in pursuing it we may be turning our backs on some truer but as yet perhaps unsuspected clue. I feel as if this caution were necessary for myself as well as for other members of the society." Of some facts given, he says: "The hypothesis of thought-transference has to be wriggled and stretched a little. However, I was willing to stretch it to any required length, so long as it would not actually snap.

"It is a puzzling matter to incorporate into science the recently established fact of an extraordinary or apparently direct action between mind and mind, both possessing brains, and a kind of disembodied action seems likely to be still more puzzling.

"Even if such a hypothesis could be intelligently granted I do not see that it would explain all the facts.

Not those last related, for instance—facts unknown to the sitter—nor Phinuit's skill in recognizing diseases and contemporary events. Thought-transference does better for some of these, but I hardly think it serves for all. If we reject ordinary thought-transference as inadequate, it seems as if we should be driven to postulate direct clairvoyance." Subsequently he says: "It is all very well to call a thing clairvoyance, but the thing so-called stands just as much in need of explanation as before."

Having thus exhibited, though quite imperfectly, some views of Professor Lodge, it will be of interest to note also the views of Mr. Leaf, who did not meet with quite so good success in his observations, in the sense of receiving so correct information.

He says (p. 560): "That Doctor Phinuit is what he gives himself out, the spirit of a departed Marseilles physician, I may say at once that I do not see the least ground for believing. His own word does not, in view of his moral standard, apart from other considerations, carry even a presumption of veracity; nor has a single one of the numerous statements he has made as to his life on earth, proved capable of verification. On the other side, his complete ignorance of French is a positive ground for disbelieving him, and one which he has never been able to explain.

"Phinuit in fact exhibits just the low moral tone which we so often find in table-talking, planchette, and other manifestations, as we now regard them, of the secondary self. He swears freely, and indulges in slang of the vulgar New England sort, in a way quite alien from the manners of Mrs. Piper. This is of course a trifle, but it is more serious when we find him continually making attempts to deceive. If he is not able to make a right statement, he is always ready with a guess of more or less ingenuity to conceal his ignorance, or at least with some ambiguity or subterfuge which should make a show of turning the difficulty. Hardly a sitting passed without his making at least a few statements which were altogether wrong. It is this which constitutes the chief obstacle to coming to a positive decision as to many of the facts."

P. 561, he says: "The more I consider the whole of the evidence, the more I remain convinced that it gives proof of a real supernormal power, subject, however, . . . to periods of temporary eclipse."

In summing up, he says: "The effect which a careful study of all the reports of the English sittings has left in my mind is this: That Doctor Phinuit is only another name for Mrs. Piper's secondary personality, assuming the name and acting the part with the aptitude and consistency which is shown by secondary personalities in other known cases; that in this abnormal state there is a quite exceptional power of reading the contents of the minds of the sitters; but that this power is far from complete. It gets only glimpses of what is stored up in the memory, and this without any clear distinction of that which is present to the mind at the time, from the forgotten memories, if the phrase may be used, of the past. The stray hints thus caught may sometimes fall together into consistent groups, in which case we have a successful sitting; or, and this is more usual, they may present themselves only as fragments. Phinuit is excessively desirous of impressing himself upon his hearers as a being of superhuman powers; and when he gets but fragmentary pictures he does not hesitate to piece them together with guesswork, often of the wildest kind. Sometimes he gets not even a glimpse of what the sitter's mind contains; he then has recourse to guessing, pure and simple."

From the foregoing it will be seen that neither of the gentlemen quoted is prepared to endorse at once the spiritualistic hypothesis, but, being on the solid ground of experiment, they are very far in advance of those whose prejudices prevent them from examining into the facts.

Both gentlemen concede the fact of experimental thought-transference and a "secondary personality," and they seek avowedly to stretch the resulting hypothesis as far as possible. These are new positions for scientific men; so new in fact that they have not yet "got their bearings." It is not possible for

them to realize at once all the consequences to flow from these new discoveries.

"A secondary personality!" Is not that the idea of St. Paul, translated into modern speech? Can it also explain the *daimon* of Socrates? But it is premature to go into a discussion of the merits of their work and the validity of their conclusions.

No doubt the editor of THE JOURNAL will give his readers a fuller and more worthy treatment of what must become one of the landmarks in the investigation of abnormal (spiritualistic) phenomena.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAY AND TELEGRAPH LINES.

BY CHARLES HAMILTON MERRY.

In his annual report to the Board of Directors of the Chicago and Alton Railway, President T. B. Blackstone says that it would be better for the owners of that property if the national government owned and operated. If this is true as to the Chicago and Alton, why is it not true as to all the remaining railway property in the United States? Public opinion—the jury of to-day—is making up its verdict from the past and present actions of men. The verdict of future generations will be based, not on what men have done, but on what they might have done. The second paragraph of President Blackstone's report reads as follows:

"The principal agencies employed by the states for the last twenty years are railroad commissioners, who are required from time to time to fix reduced maximum rates, and speculating contractors who have been, and are now, authorized to construct railroads where they are not needed and where such roads cannot possibly obtain traffic enough to support them. The object of the government appears to be to divide traffic between the older lines and those more recently constructed, and by the resulting excessive competition reduce rates for transportation."

The success that has been achieved in the postal department of the government under what railway managers would consider very adverse circumstances—i. e., considerable reductions in rates of postage, supplemented in many cases by a heavy increase in the cost of service, warrants the belief that under national ownership and management of railways that the per cent. of safety to persons and property in transit will be greatly increased, the service will be better, and the cost therefor will be much below what it now is, or is ever likely to be, so long as the railways are owned by and managed in the interest of private corporations. President Blackstone says truly that millions of dollars invested in railway shares have been literally "wiped out" by bankruptcy proceedings; that the innocent and helpless owners have by this means been deprived of their holdings, with no equivalent in value, no recourse for recovery. Of all men the railroad wrecker and manipulator is the most innocent-appearing, the most modest and unassuming in his intercourse with his fellow-men. Yet he is a pastmaster in the science of railway evolution. By actual experiment he has demonstrated the fact that the germ or chrysalis, so to speak, of a bankrupt railway corporation may be placed in a Wall street incubator and multiplier, and that after a period of careful warming and nursing that it will multiply itself in some cases many hundreds of times and then reappear in the form of "watered" stock. Owing to the strange constituents of the Wall street atmosphere and the peculiar quality of the water that has been mingled with this evolved stock, the tints are more delicate, the coloring more beautiful, the blending more perfect than that of any other stock previously offered to a credulous public.

Without positively declaring it the statute under which private corporations may come into possession and use of individual property contemplates the possession and use of the corporate property by the national government. The limits of a newspaper, the time and patience of the average newspaper reader both forcibly admonish the writer that vital and vast as this question is, it must not be taken up in detail. Therefore the resultant advantages of national ownership of both railway and telegraph lines will be as far

as possible adverted to in a general way only. The injury that will be inflicted on the public, individually and collectively, by the consolidation of those properties in one gigantic corporation will necessarily have to be discussed at greater length. When the national government becomes the owner and operator of all the railway lines in the United States then in place of some seven hundred private corporations, each trying to circumvent the other, and all seeking to take advantage of the public, there will be but one. Then one system will include all lines. Then one policy will suffice for all. Then there will be no preferred class of patrons, because all persons will ride and ship on the same terms. Then labor disturbances and strikes will be unknown because there will be no hungry stockholders to appease, no exacting management to conciliate. Then employes will be no longer overworked and underpaid. Then improved appliance will be used on all trains to minimize danger to persons, be they patrons or servants. Then employes who have grown gray in the service will not be discharged simply "because they have been with the company too long." Then there will be complete uniformity in rolling stock, a thing that adds greatly to the safety and convenience of operation, and to that extent at least is a potent factor in its success. Then the roadway will always be in a condition to insure the safety of trains passing over it. The shaky piling and wooden bulkheads now used in culverts and short bridges will be replaced by solid and substantial masonry. The waterways will be of sufficient area to pass the waters of any flood likely to occur. Cross ties will be of steel. Trunk lines will have double tracks. Trains will be run on the block or some other system equally safe. Every mile of track will be patrolled both by day and by night. All switches and crossings will be carefully guarded. The train service will be as perfect as human ingenuity and skill can make it. The public will receive civil and prompt replies to questions propounded to the heads of departments on matters of mutual interest and concern. But the crowning glory of national ownership of railway and telegraph lines will be the extirpation of that upas of modern civilization, the stock exchange, which will cease to exist, simply from a lack of something to feed on. In point of iniquity and moral rottenness it is without peer or precedent. It corrupts every heart, blights every life and casts a shadow over every hearthstone in the land.

Directly and indirectly there is locked up in railway and telegraph property in the United States some ten thousand million dollars. If this money could be set at liberty in the way proposed it would naturally seek some legitimate employment.

It might lead to the manufacture into yarn and cloth of the six million bales of raw cotton that we are now annually exporting, thus giving profitable employment to foreigners while our own people are starving in enforced idleness.

This railway and telegraph purchase could be readily accomplished by an issue of fifty-year two-per-cent. bonds. This plan would lower the rate of interest for money to a figure that manufacturers could pay and live.

The first duty of the government is to protect the weak against the strong. The second, to ameliorate the condition of the masses.

PAINE, THE PAMPHLETEER OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

In New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco and many other large cities and in numerous smaller places in the United States, the birthday of Thomas Paine has just been celebrated by assemblages, a social supper and speeches. Paine was born January 29, 1737, and certainly deserves to be remembered gratefully by the American people, for incalculably valuable were his services to this Republic. General Washington, in a letter dated Cambridge, January 31, 1776, wrote to Joseph Reed: "A few more such flaming arguments as were exhibited at Falmouth and Norfolk, added to the sound doctrine and unanswerable reasoning contained in the pamphlet 'Common Sense' will not leave numbers at a loss to

decide on the propriety of a separation."

a letter to Gen. Joseph Reed, written in M

Washington said: "By private letters, which

lately received from Virginia, I find that 'Com-

Sense' is working a powerful change there in the minds of many men." Thomas Jefferson, in 1801, in a letter to Paine, tendering him a passage to the United States from France in a national vessel, wrote: "I am in hopes you will find us returned generally to sentiments worthy of former times. In these it will be your glory to have steadily labored and with as much effect as any man living. That you may long live to continue your useful labors and to reap the reward of the thankfulness of nations, is my sincere prayer."

General Lee, referring to the effects of Paine's writings said, "He burst forth on the world like Jove in thunder." John Adams said that Lee used to speak of Paine as "the man with genius in his eyes."

Samuel Adams, in 1802, in a letter to Paine lamenting the publication of the "Age of Reason" wrote "I have frequently with pleasure, reflected on your services to my native and your adopted country. Your 'Common Sense' and your 'Crisis' unquestionably awakened the public mind and led the people to call loudly for a declaration of our American Independence." When Judge Hertell proposed the erection of a monument to Paine, Andrew Jackson said: "Thomas Paine needs no monument made by hands; he has erected himself a monument in the hearts of all lovers of liberty 'The Rights of Man' will be more enduring than all the piles of marble and granite man can erect."

Paine's religious creed was simple. "I believe," he wrote in his "Age of Reason," "in one God and no more, and hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy and endeavoring to make our fellow-beings happy." He argued strongly in favor of the immortality of the soul, while opposing the doctrine, popular in his day, of the resurrection of the body.

At a gathering in commemoration of Thomas Paine's services, B. F. Underwood made an address, from which the following extracts are taken:

It was the power, directness, and irresistible logic with which Paine attacked revelation that caused the influence of his work to be dreaded and himself to be so bitterly assailed. He examined the Bible with the same fearless spirit with which he had examined the English constitution, and he exposed its errors and absurdities, and refuted its claims to superhuman origin, in the same clear, concise, and forcible style that had proved so effective in his attacks on monarchical government and the pretensions of kings. He took the arguments which had been confined chiefly to the learned, which had been used by those who, like Collins and Bolingbroke, had written for the educated class, and made them, by the simplicity of his language and the clearness of his illustrations, easily understood by the common reader. Writers more learned had preceded him in the same field, but none who possessed the same happy faculty of engaging the attention, exciting the interest, and convincing the understanding of all classes alike.

Paine had studied the Bible carefully, and was familiar with every part of it, let the clergy say what they will. He produced a work which contains arguments that are among the strongest that can be brought against the divine origin and authority of the Bible. Modern research and modern scholarship have added arguments to those which he employed; and scientific discoveries of the past fifty years have put into the hands of the freethinker new weapons with which Paine was unacquainted; but it may be safely said that the reasons he adduced against revelation are among those which to-day are regarded as the strongest that can be urged from the theistic standpoint. It is to me surprising that a work written nearly a century ago, and by one whose mind was so busily and earnestly engaged in other fields of labor, should be so free from errors, have so few inconclusive arguments, and so little to which freethinkers to-day can take exception.

As a writer Thomas Paine undoubtedly deserves to rank among the ablest in our language. We are familiar with the saying of a witty Frenchman, "The object of language is to conceal our thoughts." Paine was ignorant of the art of writing so as to conceal his real thoughts. Every sentence from his pen was stamped with his intense individuality, and luminous with the light of his own mind. Aristotle says, "He who would be a teacher must think as wise people do, but speak as the common people do." The thoughts of Paine were those of a sagacious and profound mind.

se thoughts to the world in a style peculiar—so plain and lucid, so terse and that a child can grasp his meaning, while few perhaps who can peruse his works without profit. In the simplicity of his style, as Jefferson remarks, he resembles Franklin; but his style is more nervous and vigorous than that of the great philosopher. There is truth in the statement of Croly, the author of the "Life of George the Fourth," who says, "Paine, like a young Spartan warrior, went into the field stripped to the last thread of prudent conventional disguise, and thus not only fixed the gaze of men upon his intrepid singularity, but exhibited the vigor of his faculties in full play." He uses but few embellishments, but he never lacks for a happy illustration with which to convey the full force of his thought. All his works abound in passages full of compact thoughts beautifully and elegantly expressed. There are few, if any, writers whose works contain more noble, generous sentiments.

Paine was a self-made man. Shakespeare says some men are born great, some achieve greatness and others have greatness thrust upon them. Paine most emphatically achieved greatness. He inherited no ancestral name, and could claim neither wealth nor distinction by birthright. He was not suddenly pushed into a position of honor, nor was a reputation made for him by his friends. He started in life with no other resources than a clear head and a brave heart. With these he carved out his own fortune. He organized victory out of his own subjective forces. The son of a Thetford stay-maker, born poor in a land of titled nobility, he rose by his own efforts to distinction, helped establish the freest and most magnificent republic that ever existed; wrote his name in large letters in two of the first nations of Europe; associated his name with the progress of republican principles forever, and found time besides to perform a work in the cause of free thought of incalculable value, for which free-thinkers in every land whose shores are washed by the Atlantic have celebrated the day that gave him birth and recalled the story of his life.

A MYTH WITH WISDOM IN IT.

BY REV. T. P. SAWIN.

[The sermon published in this issue is one of a course of sermons delivered by Rev. T. P. Sawin of the First Presbyterian Church, Troy, N. Y. Mr. Sawin has been the pastor of that church for nearly five years and his ministrations have been received with great favor by all classes of people. As will be seen from this sermon, he is not held fast by a traditional theology, but speaks out his mind in accordance with his convictions. The church of which he is pastor has always been noted for freedom in the discussion of spiritual truth, and Mr. Sawin is the inheritor of privileges fought for by his predecessors, by such men as Drs. Beman, Webber and Anderson—men who believed that religion was a rational service and that its chief writings should therefore be interpreted in a rational manner.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Genesis iii., 7: "And the eyes of them both were opened."

The third chapter of Genesis contains within itself the moral history of man, and is also an epitome of the moral history of the world. The record of this history is in a mythical form, but within the form there is a living spirit that gives energy to the truth.

We will first look at the form. After God had molded man from the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of a higher life, He placed him in a garden said to be located eastward in Eden, and gave him orders to till and care for it. This of course means that work was his lot from the outset. Idleness is never acknowledged as a part of the divine economy. This garden was already planted, but labor was necessary to keep it in order. Of the fruits of that garden man was permitted to partake with the exception of that which grew on one tree in the midst of the garden, and which was called the tree of knowledge of good and evil. According to the story man's only companionship was the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. These God brought to him, and He named them. But man was solitary, and God said that it was not good for him to be alone, and hence He provided a companion for him, by taking from him the woman, who was to be his helpmeet. The unity of the story is somewhat marred at this point by the remark, "that for this reason shall a man leave his father and his mother and cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh." If this were really the first man and woman, neither of them could have left father and mother and gone away from home to set up a home of their own; but if this be a record intended to idealize the marriage relation and to mark the ascendancy of man in the scale of animal life, then it is an appropriate and significant expression. The

next verse tells of their guileless simplicity, which is immediately brought into contrast with the subtlety of the serpent, the most crafty of all animals which the Lord God had made. As one evidence of this subtlety the serpent is said to have the power of reason and audible speech, speaking in a language which was perfectly understood by the man and woman. On one occasion, while they are together, the serpent addresses the woman and asks in a tone of well-feigned surprise, if it is true that the God has prohibited them from eating of every tree in the garden. The woman answers that they are permitted to eat of every tree except the one that is in the middle of the garden, and the penalty of disobedience in this case, she says, is death. The serpent replies that no such penalty will follow, but on the other hand he assures the woman that if they will eat of this fruit it will open their eyes, and they shall be as gods, knowing both good and evil. The assertion is made positively, and God is not in the garden at that time to controvert the speech of the serpent. It would seem as if the conversation was held very near to the tree, for the woman looked and saw that the fruit was good and pleasant to the eyes, and greatly to be desired. So without further delay she took the fruit, and did eat, and gave to her husband who was with her, and he also ate of it. It was therefore a mutual act. The woman did not seek out the man and tempt him to come and eat, but having heard the whole conversation he shared with her in the deed. Then the serpent's words prove true. The fruit is not a mortal poison. They are still alive, and there is no sign of any ill-effects. But their eyes are opened, as the serpent said they would be, and they have a knowledge of good and evil. They have a new experience. They have learned something. The story goes on to say that when the heat of the day had subsided, God came and took a walk for pleasure in the garden, and not seeing the man and woman as usual, he called aloud for Adam. But they had both hidden themselves in the midst of the thick trees, and when they heard the voice calling them, Adam responded by saying that he was afraid, because he was naked. As is very natural he does not think of what he has done, but only of its consequences. Suspecting the truth, God asks him who told him he was naked, and without waiting for a reply, demands whether he has eaten of the forbidden tree, whereupon the man gives a perfectly true and colorless version of the affair. "Thou gavest me a companion; she gave me the fruit, and I did eat." It is quite unfair to say that Adam is here casting any blame either upon God or the woman, for the truth is he does not yet know what blame is. He had come into the consciousness of the consequence of his act, but he has as yet no consciousness of sin. God now asks the woman: "What hast thou done?" With simple ingenuousness she replies: "The serpent beguiled me and I did eat." That is all that she has to say. One would expect at this point that the promised penalty would be executed. We look for a burst of wrath and indignation, and the falling of a fiery bolt which will at once destroy these miserable sinners; but nothing of the kind follows. The serpent alone is cursed. He is doomed to crawl and to eat dust, and to be hated by the seed of the woman. In this reference to the seed of the woman there is an intimation of the real character of the knowledge which has been gained, but this will develop further on.

After cursing the serpent, God turns to the woman and tells her that henceforth the pains of maternity shall be increased, but notwithstanding this her desire shall be toward her husband and she shall become subject to him. The man seems to receive a harsher sentence, for he is told that his life shall be one of toil and conflict with nature, but a blessing is also worked in, for not man but the ground is to be cursed for his sake, that is for his advantage. But in the sweat of his face shall he eat his bread until he return to the dust from whence he was taken. This sentence, so mild in comparison with what was threatened, is submissively received, and Adam, with an apparent comprehension of its import, names his wife Eve, the mother of all living.

God then takes pity on them in their naked condition, and makes for them garments from the skins of animals, and thus teaches them that they are to have dominion over all creatures.

Man is still in the paradise garden, and the tree of life is there, and God is fearful lest he should eat of that and live for ever. The story is incomplete, or it would have explained why this was not done before, since the fruit of this tree was not forbidden. Then it would seem that he might have indulged his desire for the fruit of the other tree without risk, but it may be that the eating of the forbidden fruit was necessarily antecedent to an understanding of the property of the tree of life. However this may be, God sees that the best way is to send man forth from the garden out into the world. This is therefore done, and a guard of cherubim is placed at the gate to prevent re-entrance. From this we infer that the garden was an enclosed space, yet in a former part of the narrative we are told that a great river flowed through the gar-

den, a statement that would seem to interfere with the inference that it was enclosed.

The narrative is now before us. It is obvious that it cannot be taken as literal history. We cannot think of the serpent as speaking and holding converse with the man and woman. We cannot conceive of a literal tree of knowledge of good and evil; we cannot believe that God came and walked in the garden in the cool of the day; we cannot regard the cherubim as actual beings who guarded the entrance with a flaming sword. All these things stamp the story as a myth or a legend, and yet this does not prevent us from believing that it has wisdom in it, and that it is profitable to us for instruction. We may dismiss the idea that this Adam and this Eve are actually the first man and woman, and yet for all that, we may find in the story the living word of God to man.

It was given with the intention of explaining something, and it is our business first of all to ask what that something is, and then to interpret it accordingly. We must then carefully observe the story itself, for however mythical may be its form it contains ideas that were of vital importance to the narrator, and if true they are of vital importance to us. What then is the subject of the story? Plainly it is a "Lost Paradise"; but it is no such story as Milton has told in his wonderful epic. That poem is marvelous for its imagination and its learning. It reaches the high-water mark of English poetry, and ranks with the few great poems of the world. Its theme is the fall of man and its consequence, but it is evident that this subject is considered from a theological point of view which was not in sight to the narrator of this story. He did not think of the serpent as Satan in disguise, nor is there the least suggestion that he regarded him as an evil spirit at all. The quality attributed to this animal is purely intellectual. He is subtle, crafty, prudent, but not malicious or vile. It is expressly said that he was made thus by his creator, and prominently endowed with these qualities. He does not introduce evil into the garden. It was there before man entered it, and is as constituent a part of Paradise as the tree of life itself. Many people forget this fact when they speak of the fall. They speak as if evil was original with man, as if he devised it, adopted it, and made it his own. But this story gives no such idea. We are told "that our first parents, being seduced by the subtlety and temptation of Satan, sinned in eating the forbidden fruit;" and then in the same breath we are assured that "God was pleased to permit this sin, according to His wise and holy counsel, having already ordered it for His own glory." Now there are many difficulties in the way of accepting such a statement. In the first place it is impossible for any man to know anything of the kind. In the second place it is impossible for us to see how perfect wisdom and holiness can permit and order that to be done which is antagonistic to it in essence and action. In the third place there is no ground for this statement in the story. Nothing is said about the subtlety of Satan, and nothing about his temptation. It may seem strange to you, but the fact is that the transaction is not represented as a temptation, nor is the result of it called sin. Both the idea and the language are wanting to the story.

We are further told that "man was created with an immortal soul, and that he was endowed with knowledge, righteousness and true holiness, and that by eating of this forbidden fruit he fell from this original righteousness, and so became dead in sin, and wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body". And furthermore, that on account of this all mankind are "utterly indisposed, disabled and made opposite to all good," and that this is our guilt, and its penalty is punishment in this world and the pains of hell forever.

Is there anything of this in the story? Do you believe that such notions were in the mind of the narrator, or that he was supernaturally guided to tell a story which should admit of such an interpretation? I said last Sunday evening that the first and second chapters of Genesis were not given to teach us theology, but that they were given to teach us that God made the world, and that one God did it, and that He is transcendent over and immanent in His creation. That is the great lesson which the hymn of creation teaches, and it shows how far away in the very beginning of human history there were thoughts of God which precluded materialism, pantheism and polytheism. And now I say with equal confidence that this story was not intended to teach Augustinian, or Calvinistic, or Arminian theology, and you cannot get these things out of it unless you first put them into it.

Let us try and bring before us the thought of the narrator as suggested by what he has written. He has already accounted for the world and its inhabitants. He has represented the Divine Being as engaged in an orderly work, the result of which is an orderly world. He thought of it as beginning with chaos and darkness, and ending in life and light. He looks about him and he sees that man is still striving to realize the end for which he was made. Forms of government have been adopted, rules and regula-

tions have been made. Whatever man undertakes meets with success in proportion to his adherence to the primal ideas of unity and proportion. If he builds a house it must have its plan. If he makes a tabernacle and institutes a ritual of worship, it must be after a pattern. If he forms an army, it must have its ranks and divisions. If he makes any instruments for labor or for recreation he must conform to certain principles. All his labor therefore is in a real sense a work of art. Now the inquiry has often been made, how all this originated? and then deeper inquiries have been started. Whence the conflict that we see all about us? Is it the work of one power or of two diverse powers, or is it the result of a harmony of opposites? Whence comes life, and what is death? Now these are difficult questions, and the most perplexing thing about them is that when we have arrived at an answer we are conscious that the opposite answer may be true. Truth seems always to be in motion like the oscillations of a pendulum. The movement is rhythmical, and yet it is not controlled by logic. A man commits a crime. Is it altogether a crime or is it in part a disaster? A judge and jury listen to evidence. Is the trial complete, and can the verdict be now rendered? No! There remains yet the voice of the advocate and the appeal to sympathy. On the one hand human responsibility seems to stand alone, and yet no sooner does one try to shut out everything else than there rises the vision of the inevitable, and demands that in the verdict the inevitable have its due place. And no verdict can be just that does not recognize the fact that this enters as an element into every action done by man. You may admit and insist upon the power of choice, but by no possibility can you exclude the circumstances that surround the man, and hence in every just judgment there must be the putting of your soul in his soul's place. This, I believe, is also essential to divine justice, and it in part explains the character of this story we are now considering.

The narrator of it endeavored to put himself in the place of the ideal he was attempting to portray. He intended to ask of that ideal an answer to the questions suggested by his own experience. Let us try and do the same. Reading over the whole story again, and again, I can see in it much more of an intellectual conflict than anything else, and yet there is not wanting a moral conflict. The man while alone is surrounded with mysteries. There is a greater mystery yet when he recognizes that opposite of himself which is yet a true part of himself. The woman is of the man, and yet she is distinct from him. She is bone of his bones and flesh of his flesh, but she has her own soul, her own life, and her own functions. There seems to be a common starting point and then a divergence, and in that divergence lies the only possibility of union. But this union will not take place until they have a common and mutual experience. They are both laborers in the garden. The man was placed there to till the garden, and the woman was given him as a helpmeet. The labor then must have been divided, and each must have worked in accordance with the difference between them. Their lives were undoubtedly happy, but only to that degree which marks the absence of pain. They were innocent, but innocent only because they were unconscious. There was no virtue in the innocence. It was a natural manifestation, and of no higher order than that which belonged to the animals who were their other companions in the garden. Now when the serpent came with his specious words he aroused no moral conflict. His suggestion did not touch the right or the wrong of the matter, but only the truth or the falsehood of it, for truth and falsehood are relative terms as we see from the issue. God's word threatening a certain penalty, was true only in a certain sense, not absolutely true. The serpent's word was not false, only in a certain sense, for according to the story God himself acknowledged the truth of it. Hence this transaction does not show us a dallying with temptation, and then a final surrender, and after that penitence, and forgiveness, but a purely intellectual conquest, and an unfolding of a mystery. Their eyes were opened. The open eye was then as it is now the downcast eye. It was not an open unblinking gaze, but an averted look which brought a vision of that which the eye had not before seen, and which it could not see. So the revelation which followed the eating of the forbidden fruit, was not the consciousness of sin, but the consciousness of manhood and womanhood. It was not a passing from perfection to imperfection, from original righteousness to total corruption, but from innocence to knowledge, or from an instinct to a principle. In his previous condition man had not risen above the gregarious instincts of animal life. He had not consciously exercised any choice, but now he is struggling to realize that higher life which gets its consummation in the social compact. In partaking of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, he advances into the realm of choice, and makes his heart's devotion to the one woman who is now more to him than all else in the world, and whom he desig-

nates by the tender and sacred name of mother. The previous natural selection has become a spiritual selection. Yet it is true, that act of disobedience has brought with it a sense of shame. This is the evil, but there is good also, for the sense of shame is the condition of knowing the meaning of purity. Is there, then, no fall here, no temptation and no sin? Certainly, but not in the modern sense of these terms. The narrator had no such idea of these things as we have. With us these things are wholly evil. They issue, as we have been taught, in total depravity and complete corruption. But with him there is good mixed with the evil, and hence the disobedience while it is followed by punishment, is also succeeded by a definite progress into a larger life. The threatened penalty was, "Thou shalt die in the day that thou eatest thereof." The real consequence was that the narrow bounds of Eden cease to be the residence of man, and the whole world becomes his, as it was promised on the day of his creation. And he enters the world with a burden, but also with an assurance of mastery, and with a new experience that will enable him to carry out the divine purpose under the self imposed restraints of a social law which was written on his heart in the day when he awakened from the simple dream of Paradise innocence to the actual realities of a life of virtue, purity and love. But we cannot stop here in our interpretation. We must ask whence came the evil? Two explanations have been given. One is, that it is inherent in matter. It exists in things. The literal definition of sin is "missing the mark," but if evil exists in things then sin is not so much missing the mark as having a bad weapon. The other explanation is that evil exists in persons, and with this explanation sin is missing the mark, because of a weak arm, an unstrung nerve and a poor aim.

Now we know what the idea of this writer is because we have the repeated assertion that God said of everything that he had made: "He saw that it was good." This conviction is in the mind of the narrator of this story. A sublime personality stands at the head of creation. God himself is that personality, and his highest work is the creation of a person in his own image. Materialism here finds its immediate and direct antithesis. If then there is any evil in the world it is not there of necessity but of choice, because the idea of personality is incomplete without the idea of choice. The only evil then is the choice of evil. But it is necessary that this choice should be presented. Therefore the tree of the knowledge of good and evil stands in the midst of the garden, and man's development depends upon his coming in contact with it. Let us see then how the case stands. The man and woman are there in safety and peace. But no man can really know what safety is unless he also knows the meaning of peril; he cannot understand the meaning of peace until he has been tried in conflict. So of all other qualities which identify manhood. How can there be courage without a sense of danger, or honesty where every want is supplied, or virtue where vice is absolutely unknown, or generosity where poverty is wholly absent? Do you not see that everything essential to heroism is lacking until evil summons it to buckle on its armor and prove itself in hard fought battle? If this does not explain the existence of evil, it at least makes it less perplexing. It shows us that in the mind of the writer of this story, there was the thought which has often come to us that without evil there could be no real good, and at the same time it enables us to see clearly that while an inducement to evil is necessitated by the circumstances which surround us and which are beyond our control, the only real evil after all is in our opposition to a righteous will. This interpretation of this story, however much it may differ from others has at least this advantage. It takes into account all the circumstances, and relieves us from the thought that the creation was a terrible disaster, or a gigantic blunder. That is the thought which governs the whole system of theology as set forth by Augustine. He makes the whole history of creation a practical preparation for everlasting destruction and unutterable and never ending torture. According to his theory the first act of human life was to call evil into existence, and to perpetuate it throughout all generations, with no possible chance of self-deliverance, and with only a meagre opportunity arbitrarily presented for the escape of a chosen few. This terrible doctrine has well nigh made the earth as dark as he has painted it. It has set the seal of sin on the holiest of all relations and by degrading fatherhood and motherhood, has done what it could to reduce man to the level of that animal life out of which he rose when his eyes were opened to the sanctity of his being as a temple of God.

But while I thus contend against this doctrine, I am aware that it contains a truth which must be heeded at our peril. The potent sin of the world is selfishness, and selfishness lies exceedingly near to what is dearest and best in our lives. We know that the greatest thing in the world is love, and that it is the source and spring of all that is excellent and of

good report, but love must be pure or it will degrade the soul and bring disaster worse than death. It is exceedingly significant that in this story the man and woman go forth to bear together the suffering of that punishment which in its turn became their redemption. We hear no word of reproach from either, and no regret for the lost paradise. They began at once to make a better one for themselves than that which was given to them. They had now a knowledge which fitted them to become the true conquerors of the world. We are the inheritors of their knowledge without being the inheritors of their sin. The inheritance is not of doubtful value. If it has given us a bias, such as we cannot overcome, it has also given us a freedom which cannot be taken away. It enables us to say that the only evil in the world is the choice of evil, and the only sin is a consciousness of sin. But for the evil that we do, and for the sin that we commit, there is redemption for us as for them. The toil of the man, and the anguish of the birth pangs, are the factors in that redemption which shall yet usher in a new world. The man of sorrows passes through humiliation and death and then onwards and upwards to wear the immortal crown. He bears the cross, and then wields the eternal scepter. If the disobedience of one man brought the inevitable conflict to an issue, the obedience of one man shall also bring it to a triumphant close.

I said in the beginning that this story was really the history of man and of the world, and I now reaffirm it. We come into this world with closed eyes, unconscious, and innocent. A probation inevitably awaits us. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil is laden with fruit and stands by our pathway. We every one of us eat of it. There comes a time when our innocence leaves us. We become conscious of ourselves. That consciousness cannot be taught. It cannot be learned from any lessons from without. It comes to us in due time and our eyes are opened. Then we know the difference between right and wrong, good and evil. It is an intellectual knowledge, and it becomes by and by moral. If we resist the wrong, it is because we know what wrong is, and the more we resist it the more completely do we know it. Not to resist it brings a gradual loss of knowledge. Increase of evil brings decrease of good. The soul that keeps itself pure alone understands the full measure of truth, and sees the complete force of its antithesis. The only hero is the man who has fought battles. The only saint is a sinner who is trying hard to hit the mark. The only good man in this world is he who realizes the double nature of the conflict in which he is engaged and while with his flesh he serves the law of sin, with his mind is serving strenuously the law of God. And this is no mere theory but a fact proven by the deepest experiences of the soul. You will find it written in colors of living light in the fiction that is true as the truth of God. It is the doctrine that gives all its wonderful force to the character of Gwvmpaine in Victor Hugo's story of "The Man who Laughs." Gwvmpaine's love for the blind girl Dea, and the strength that came out of it as manifested in his resistance to the terrible temptation of the duchess Josianna, is only another proof that the loss of innocence may be the highest gain for the soul, and the greatest good for others. Gwvmpaine is but another Adam driven out of Paradise that he may have the chance of winning a heaven for himself.

The "Marble Faun" is another illustration drawn in more esthetic lines but not with greater force. Donatello does not become a man with a rational spirit until he becomes conscious of sin. I have no reason to give why this is so, but the fact is beyond contradiction. I do not say now that sin is necessary on our part in order that we may rise into manhood. To that assertion I reply, "God forbid!" But it is nevertheless true that the knowledge of sin, an experience of its power, a test of its subtlety, is prerequisite to a life of righteousness. If Adam had not eaten of the forbidden fruit, he would not have known the difference between hope and despair, faith and doubt, hate and love. But there is another point worth considering. Paradise was lost to him before he ate of that fruit. If he had resisted the argument of the serpent, that resistance would have brought the knowledge that Paradise was not large enough for him. The victory would have roused aspirations that would have compelled him to seek for newer pastures and wider streams than Eden afforded. As a conqueror he would have received the key of knowledge of good and evil, and that would have made his soul a battlefield. So in any event I think that we can see that a paradise life was not sufficient for the race. The knowledge of good and evil was bound to bring suffering, and trial, and death, but it also brings joy, and victory, and life. That failure in the garden made love and self-sacrifice possible, and love and self-sacrifice opens the gate not of a garden, but of a city, in which social life is perfect, and communion with God not intermittent, but constant and permanent. So then this story which has its sad aspects is yet fraught with good news. The fall, if you choose so to term it, was not a curse but a blessing to the race

It brought evil into the light and disclosed it as the shadow of liberty, but at the same time it foretold a time when freedom shall be unvexed with the consequences of evil. It gave men a hope, not of regaining lost ground but of entering into the possession of a new territory, of far greater dimensions and of more enduring value. Above all it emphasizes the fact that nothing can put God out of amicable relations to this world which he has made, and in the commutation of the punishment from immediate death to hard labor for life, it shows that God had a gracious purpose from the start, and in the subsequent developments of the world we see clearly that this purpose cannot be thwarted. If the tree of life is guarded for the present, the time will come when its fruit shall be for the healing of the nations. If death is inevitable in the order of nature, in the order of spirit, its bitterest sting shall be removed, and man holding fast to the primeval promise that the seed of the woman shall tread the serpent under his feet, may now look back along the lines of hereditary transmission, not with regret and despair but with hope and faith, confident of the coming time when he may stand and sing his psalm of triumph over the first and last great enemy of the human race. It is thus that this story of "Paradise Lost" appears to me, and viewing it in all its various aspects, I accept it as the true inspiration of a man who spoke better than he knew, and so offered to us and to all the world a comforting and assuring message, that enables us to say in the face of the evil as well as the good in the earth, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth."

DECEMBER 14, 1890.

STARTLED BY A GHOST.

The Chicago daily papers have contained detailed reports of an occurrence over which it is said that the people of Carthage, Ill., and of the countryside east of that city, are considerably excited. The following account is taken from the *Inter Ocean* of January 28th:

On Thanksgiving Day, Louis C. Boston, an exemplary young man died and on his death-bed made a most startling profession of faith, and declared that he yet hoped to see a number of young men of the neighborhood turn into better paths. Last Wednesday night as August Wright was feeding his horses at the barn an apparition stood before him which looked like a man. Wright halloed at the object and it disappeared.

Sunday night young Wright was returning from church and while passing a lonely strip of road a form dressed in long white robes stepped out of the hedge fence in front of the horses. The animals reared and plunged with fright but the spook caught each one by the bridle rein saying "whoa, Charlie, whoa, Frank." The animals seemed to recognize their names for they sank down on their haunches and trembled with fear. The ghost then climbed up on the buggy tongue and walked along it until the dashboard was reached; then it said: "Why, Aug, don't you know Louis Boston? shake hands with me." Wright, though terribly frightened, took the proffered hand and said it was as cold and clammy as that of a corpse. Wright then attempted to drive his team along but the spook said: "Wait, I want to talk to you, and if you will only listen to me a moment I will never bother you again."

Young Wright says he sat alongside of the horrible apparition which he swears was the wraith body of Louis Boston, while the spook delivered messages to loved ones and friends mostly of a religious nature. Wright has so far refused to repeat what Boston's spook told him.

Finally the spook said: "But I must go back; I am called; oh, I must go back; don't you hear the angels calling, good-by," and the spirit vanished.

Last night while young Wright was doing chores around the barn the same apparition appeared. "Go away," cried Wright, "I don't want to see you; go away I tell you."

"I want to say just one more word," said Boston.

"I don't want to see you," cried Wright, and in desperation threw a singletree at the object, which passed through it as though the body were mist. The long, white-robed thing moved away weeping bitterly and saying, "I want to say one more word."

It is now revealed that Mrs. Andrew Wright, mother of Aug. Wright, who has been quite ill for some weeks, was the first victim of the apparition. She was in the barnyard one evening about three weeks ago, when she was heard to utter piercing screams. She was found prostrate in an insensible condition and removed to the house. Delirium followed, in which she muttered the name of "Louis, Louis Boston" repeatedly. The lady is still quite sick.

The appearance of the specter has caused intense excitement through all the eastern portion of the country.

Reuben Boston, father of the dead boy, was seen by a reporter this evening. He is a well-to-do and intel-

ligent farmer. "Do you believe this to be your boy, Mr. Boston?"

"I believe it is Louis; he was a good boy and had the welfare of his young friends at heart. I wish Aug. Wright would tell you what Louis told him, so you can print it. I believe he has wonderful things to tell."

"Have you ever seen the apparition?"

"No; but I believe it must be Louis."

To-day the strange affair is the topic of conversation in Carthage, and future visitations from the spook are awaited with great interest.

MR. WRIGHT'S OWN STATEMENT.

After the article printed above was put in type the following dispatch appeared in the *Inter Ocean* and is here reproduced since it will make more complete the account of the alleged apparition at Carthage, which is declared to be "the reigning sensation" there:

CARTHAGE, ILL., Jan. 28.—The excitement concerning Lewis Boston's ghost is on the increase, and the story has spread far and wide. Newspaper men have been making life a burden to young Wright, who is a quiet country farmer, and in his wildest dreams never hoped to gain the notoriety he has attained. The *Inter Ocean* correspondent has succeeded in obtaining from Wright an explicit statement concerning his experiences with the spook. They were made in the presence of A. N. Cherrill, a notary public, and C. W. Boston, a relative of the dead boy. The statement, which is full and which Wright will swear to at any time, is as follows:

My name is Arthur Wright; age 19. I have seen ghosts twelve or thirteen times within the past two months. On Wednesday night last I was going home from a meeting at Bowen, driving a pair of ponies to a buggy, when, within nearly half a mile of home, a ghost came out from a hedge fence. It was clothed in white. It caught both my horses by the bridle reins. The horses were frightened and tried to get away. The ghost spoke to the horses, calling them by name. He caught the smaller one, Frank, by the rein, and walked around by the side of him, and then came to the side of the buggy and climbed on the wheel, and put his knee on the side of the bed as if to get in. He said to me: "Halloo, Art." It was the ghost of Lewis Boston, who died lately. I worked for him about two years ago. He said: "Poor old L. L. has come back to see you." He said he had come back to tell me something. He told me some things which I will not repeat. It was good advice to me and other friends. He said to me not to tell what he said now, but he told me when I might tell them. He sent a message to his father, his son Willie, and his wife, and others not remembered now. He asked me to shake hands with him. I did so. His hand was as cold as ice. He said: "I must go, for the angels of heaven are waiting for me," or words to that effect. He then disappeared. The tone of voice of this ghost was precisely that of Lewis Boston. During the time of this talk my horses had run into the hedge and were standing there, but wanting to get away. Arriving at home I said nothing about this apparition to any member of my family, but told it next morning to all my folks at home. The ghost said to me before it disappeared that I would never see him again, and I never have. Once before this, when I saw the ghost about the same place where the ghost of Lewis Boston came out of the hedge, it stepped out in front of the horses. They turned around. He went back toward the hedge. The horses ran past him, and he came running out and climbed on behind the buggy top. He rode that way about a quarter of a mile when I halloed and he got off. Before this I met him coming out of the barn. That was the first time I ever saw him. My horses had been driving, were frightened, and I held them until the ghost went out of the gate. I saw the same ghost at the barn a number of times afterward, and once threw at it with a neck-yoke. The ghost started at me as if it would eat me up. It then disappeared. Once when the ghost came out of the barn one night I asked it what it wanted. It spoke and said: "It's none of your business." Then pretty soon I said: "What the devil do you want?" It said the time would come when I would know what it wanted. I said: "D— you, if you don't get out of here I'll blow you up." It then commenced crying like a man and disappeared. All these and other appearances of the ghost, which I believe to be the late Lewis Boston, appeared to me at night.

ARTHUR H. WRIGHT.

Witness, C. W. BOSTON.

DUAL PERSONALITY FROM A THEOLOGICAL STANDPOINT.

That some of us at least have distinct strata in our spiritual natures, so distinct that they are capable at times of being split into separate personalities, is no longer simply the dream of the far-seeing novelist,

but has been endorsed by savants on both sides of the worshipful "silver streak."

That this discovery should tally with assertions and assumptions in the sacred Gospels written 1,800 years ago, is surely a triumph for revealed religion, and although people have taken upon themselves to declare that the days of demoniac possession were only those co-eval with the earthly life of the Divine Logos, yet there is no shadow of authority for this belief, while the deeds of horror which are of daily record point to the continued power of evil spirits as indwellers in mortal flesh.

Again, the student of character finds himself baffled at every turn, except for the theory of dual existences in one form, which comes to his aid. Here is a case in point. An individual who in private appears pious, conscientious, and benevolent, yet in a public capacity, as head of a large educational college, is made up of unscrupulous kingcraft. Tradesmen again, not a few, who are model husbands and fathers, and strictly fair in friendly dealings, are yet willing abettors of dishonest commercial tricks. Brewers, who draw their wealth from the drunkards' pockets, give back lavishly to mitigate the poverty they have made, and mill-owners, who grind the faces of their employes, are the first to start schemes of practical philanthropy.

Now the question is: Are all these people gross hypocrites? I incline to think otherwise, and that the headmaster, the tradesman, the brewer and the mill-owner are all demons to be exorcised, unless indeed, they can be proved to be only the stale remains of the old Adam ultimately to be converted by the divine leaven already at work.

For besides the plurality of spirits existent in many men (as I hold), the integral being has layers within himself, so obtuse and impenetrable to the warmth of the divine life that even St. Paul in an agony exclaims, "Wretched man that I am—who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" He no doubt here refers to the pagan punishment of lashing a living man to a corpse, eyes to eyes, mouth to mouth, breast to breast, and it is noteworthy that he speaks of deliverance from the defunct being, not its ultimate regeneration; it is therefore presumable that even in noble specimens of humanity there may exist material to be cast away, not reclaimed.

It is not too much to assume that all my readers have met with enigmatical cases hitherto classified under the convenient but illogical title "inconsistencies of human nature." To say that two opposite qualities, as honesty and dishonesty, co-existing at the same time in one man, are inconsistent, is clearly a contradiction for they do consist; and either they must belong to different strata of one personality or to distinct personalities. Anyhow, so long as they inhabit the same fleshy house it is idle to speak of relaxed responsibilities, for Mr. Jekyll will have to suffer for Mr. Hyde if Mr. Hyde sets the place on fire or otherwise misbehaves himself. Denizens even of the same world, the innocent have daily and hourly to suffer with and for the guilty; how much more when the corporate body is of so small dimensions as man's own little cosmos includes.

May not the posture of the Divine sonship in the soul of humanity have been prefigured by one who hung between two malefactors, the one reclaimable, the other irreclaimable, the one to be welcomed, the other to be cast out.

In conclusion, I venture to remind indulgent readers that the office of the Universal Church as indicated by her head is not only to preach the gospel, but also to heal the sick, and cast out devils—and surely in days which witness the doings of a Pearcey and a Bompard (typical cases apparently of possession following on epilepsy) it is time for the custom of exorcism to be revived, as the gifts of healing already have been in their midst. May not hypnotism be the destined agency to accomplish this end?—M. W. G., in *Light*.

Mr. Theodore Weld, famous as an anti-slavery lecturer, is now eighty-eight years old, but remarkably vigorous for one of his age. An old friend who visited him at Hyde Park, Mass., recently, says: "Mr. Weld's declining years are made happy by the tender care of his son Stuart and his estimable wife, while the little grandson, Louis, is a constant source of enjoyment in the household. Mr. Weld closely resembles the poet Bryant in looks, although Mr. Weld's eyes are always uplifted, while in the portraits of the poet the eyes are downcast. His snow-white hair and beard, which he wears very long, give him a patriarchal appearance, and as we passed along the streets of hilly Hyde Park every man, woman and child we chanced to meet had a pleasant word or smile for their highly-honored townsman, one of the last of the brave abolitionists and a distinguished lecturer and scholar."

A French engineer claims to be able to harness the ocean tides and to make them run machinery.



VICISSITUDES.

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Where can I rest my soul? I am so weary
Of whirling from the sunlit mountain peaks of bliss
Down to the fearful caverns, cold and dreary,
Where no light is. O, I am tired of this!

Flapping of bat's wings one day, next the eagle's
screaming
In the sun's face, wide eyed and jubilant of life,
But yet no still, low bower for quiet dreaming
Where exultation is not, nor yet strife;

Where one might pluck a rose, its flaky roundness
Contenting more the soul than longings vain
For bright star-jewels, burning in profoundness,
Off where creation loops through space her
chain,

My eyes ache watching comets, suns, and light-
nings;
My ears ache with the grand and ominous sounds
I hear!
I shut my eyes and dream sweet doves come
whitening
The lurid sky—ah!—in some far-off year!

FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

A meeting of prominent ladies and gentlemen was held at the residence of the editor of THE JOURNAL, last Tuesday evening, to talk over the matter of woman suffrage, and to press the question of granting suffrage to women in school and municipal elections especially and at all elections if possible. Miss Ada C. Sweet, whose experience as a commissioner of pensions has made her name well known throughout the country, presided in a graceful manner. Mrs. A. W. Holbrook gave a recitation entitled "Ellen Flynn Seeks a Situation," which was cleverly done and well received.

Miss Sweet said that she did not believe in the extension of suffrage *per se*, but rather in its restriction founded upon educational tests. What she really advocated was an agitation in favor of primary education as a test for suffrage—a law that after twenty-one years from its passage would restrict the right to vote to all persons, native or foreign, male or female, who did not possess the requisite educational qualifications that should be enacted. She was decidedly in favor of women being allowed a voice in school and municipal government. She contended that women who owned property surely had the right to vote about the use of the money they paid in taxes, and no one takes a greater interest in the schools than the mothers whose children attend them. Chicago women should demand a voice in these matters, and now was the time to make a move in that direction. Some bill should be presented in the present legislature looking to this end. The condition of the streets upon which the women walked every day was a sufficient argument. The government of cities is the most conspicuous failure of American civilization, she declared. Women, if voters, would be partisans; they always had and always would be, but they are certainly entitled to a representation in municipal government, for the property reason if no other. In conclusion she said she was tired of speeches and would like to see something practical done in the way of securing female suffrage.

Miss Sweet was followed by Senator Castle, who was opposed to the restriction of suffrage, but hoped it would be extended until it should include the votes of women. That this would be the result he had little doubt, and quoted from the many instances in which modern women had successfully stepped out of what used to be called "her sphere" to prove that the world was daily growing more liberal as far as her sex was concerned. Rev. Miss Kolloch remarked that she was tired of speech-making herself, that speeches did no good, neither did petitions signed only by women. Politicians threw them under the table, saying: "They can't vote." "Yes," remarked Miss Sweet, "when I had occasion to get some petitions to advance my own political fortunes I got men and not women to sign them." Mrs. Sara A. Underwood was in favor of working aggressively for all the rights of suffrage which men possess. She had exercised school suffrage in Boston; at the polls women were treated respectfully, but it was humiliating for women to be compelled to limit their votes to a school committee when men, however ignorant, could cast their votes on all the issues in-

involved in the elections. She was for united and persistent action for extending the right of woman suffrage to all municipal and general elections. Mrs. Celia P. Woolley said that reforms are accomplished gradually, not suddenly, and that women would have to accept such partial rights as they could obtain while working for complete suffrage. She was in favor of practical work. The sentiment in favor of giving the franchise to women was growing, and she could not doubt as to the success of this great reform. Miss Ellen Martin, who is an able lawyer, said that an extension of suffrage would require a constitutional amendment. No efforts had been made in that direction for ten years, when as a member of the Social Science club she had carried the matter before the Illinois legislature. Miss Rebecca Rice had not, she said, attended suffrage meetings of late. Little was to be hoped for from mere talk and the adoption of resolutions. Well directed work was what was needed. She contemplated hopefully the result of this meeting. Mrs. McKinny, president of the Cook County Womans' Suffrage Association, said a good word in favor of woman suffrage, and thought there could not be too many associations for its promotion. Miss Mary Allen West said that petitions presented from women were treated with indifference. One politician had held up such a petition and said it probably represented so many thousand uncooked dinners, and so many thousand neglected husbands. She referred to the attitude of the W. C. T. U. in regard to woman suffrage, and read bills which are to be presented to the legislature of Illinois, before which advocates of woman suffrage are to have a hearing February 12th. Dr. Frances Dickinson said that the Farmers' Alliance and labor organizations were in favor of woman suffrage, and that it would come sooner than most of its friends supposed. Now was the time for preparation and intelligent direction of the sentiment in favor of womans' enfranchisement. Interest having been shown in the formation of an association for definite work, a committee consisting of Miss Sweet, Mrs. C. P. Woolley and Mrs. Mary E. Bundy was appointed to report on a plan of organization and work at another meeting, to be held at Mr. Bundy's house, Tuesday evening, February 10th. Representatives of the press were present, and good reports of the meeting were given in the Chicago daily papers the next morning.

The Queen Isabella Association met at the Palmer House on the afternoon of January 27th, Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, president, in the chair. The 100 ladies present listened to a history of the Isabella movement given by Mrs. Thorton. A synopsis of the work of the association in furthering the publicity of the fair was given by the secretary, Miss Frances Dickinson, and showed that the association had done a vast amount of systematic advertising throughout the United States and other countries. The possibilities of the Queen Isabella Pavillion were ably set forth by Corinne S. Brown. The threefold organization of the association, first by Congressional districts, second by departments, third by allied association, was explained by the treasurer, Catharine V. Waite. One-half of the gross proceeds of Professor Browne's lecture on "Columbus," to be given Saturday evening at Central Music Hall, so generously donated by Mr. Browne, will form the nucleus of the fund for furnishing the pavillion. The study of Spanish history and literature was recommended by Mrs. Marshall and the suggestions received with marked favor. Many ladies joined the association at the close.

The Young Women's Christian Association, founded in London in 1858, now has 143 branches, with a membership of 17,000. There are forty institutes, evening homes and boarding houses, where young women from the country are lodged and cared for at a small charge.

President Powers, at the eleventh annual meeting of the National Farmers' Alliance, held at Omaha, January 27th, advocated the general organization of trades unions and Knights of Labor with the Alliance, and recommended not the formation of a new party, but independent political action, and among the reforms he favored was taking the franchise from the ignorant and vicious and giving it to women.

The bill lately introduced in the Kansas House to confer the right of suffrage on women provides that women twenty-one years of age, and possessing all the other

qualifications of voters, shall be entitled to vote at all general, special and municipal elections in the state the same as men, and that women twenty-one years old and over shall be entitled to be voted for and hold any office in the state. The Alliance members are practically unanimous in favor of woman suffrage.

PILOTED BY A SPIRIT.

BY A. Y.

I checked my horse, and after one long, straining look around owned to myself that I was lost. I had suspected the fact some time since, but had stubbornly fought down the suspicion, though my horse evidently realized it. With patient endurance he plodded along, resignation plainly expressed in the droop of his tail and ears. In place of the ranch, the hearty welcome, pleasant words, bed, supper and fire I had expected to reach by sunset, there was nothing to be seen before, behind or on either hand, but the dead level of the plain. There were paths in plenty; in fact, the trouble was there were too many—all narrow and winding, for whose meandering there seemed not the slightest excuse, except the general tendency to crookedness most things, animate and inanimate, alike possess. But it would have taken the instinct of a bloodhound or a trailing Indian to have said which paths had been made by horses' feet or those of cattle.

Now that the sun was gone, I found my knowledge of the point of the compass gone with it. As I sat preplexed and worried the gloom of twilight gathered fast, and the chill of coming rain smote me through and through while in the distance there was the roll of thunder.

It was now quite dark, and very dark at that, though at short intervals close to the horizon a faint gleam of lightning showed too distant to cast brightness on my path and only sufficient to intensify the blackness about me.

All at once I saw a man walking about fifteen feet in front of me. Yes, I know I said it was intensely dark, but all the same I repeat it. I saw a man walking in front of me, and, furthermore, I could see that he was a large man, dressed in rough, but well fitting clothes; that he wore a heavy red beard, and that he looked back at me from time to time with an expression of keen anxiety on his otherwise relaxed features.

"Halloo!" I cried, but as he did not halt I concluded he did not hear me. As a second hail produced no result I spurred my weary horse up to overtake the stranger. But, though the gray responded with an alacrity most commendable under the circumstances I soon found that this strange pedestrian did not intend to let me catch up with him. Not that he hurried himself. He seemed without any exertion to keep a good fifteen feet between us.

Then I began to wonder how, with the intense darkness shutting me in as four black walls, I was yet able to see my strange companion so clearly, to take in the details of his dress, and even the expression of his face, and that at a distance more than twice my horse's length, when I could hardly see his head before me. I am not given to superstitious fancies, and my only feeling was of curiosity.

We went on in silence for nearly half an hour, when as suddenly as he had appeared he was gone. I looked around for him, half afraid from his instant and complete disappearance, that I had been dreaming, when I perceived that I was close to a small, low building of some sort. I reined in and shouted several times, but not the slightest response could I hear, and at last I rode boldly up and tapped on the wall with the butt of my riding whip. Then as this elicited no sign of life, I concluded that I had stumbled on some deserted house or that it was the abode of my eccentric friend; so dismounting and tying the gray, I resolved to spend the rest of the night under a roof or to find some good reason for continuing my journey.

I felt my way along the wall till I reached a door, and trying this and finding that it yielded to me I stepped inside, striking a match as I did so. Fortunately, I carried my matches in an air tight case, and as it was dry the one I struck gave me a light at once. I found myself in a large room close to a fireplace over which a rude shelf was placed, and on this mantel I saw an oil lamp to which I applied my match.

On the hearth was heaped a quantity of ashes, and over these crouched a child, a little girl of 5 or 6. At the end of the room, which was plainly and scantily furnished,

lay a man across a bed, and as I raised the lamp I saw that he was the same I had been following, but there was something in his attitude and face that struck me as peculiar, and I was about to go forward and look at him when the child who had at first seemed dazed at the light fairly threw herself upon me.

"Have you anything for Nelly to eat?" she said, and then, "Oh, Nelly so hungry!"

I ran my hand into my pocket and drew forth what had been a paper bag of chocolate candy, but now was a pulpy unappetizing mass. I must confess to a childish fondness for sweets, which I usually carry in some form about me. I handed the remains of my day's supply to the child, and then walked over to the bed. Yes, it was the same man, red beard, rough clothes, but setting off the magnificent frame to perfection; the same man, but dead, long dead.

I took his hand only to find it stiff and cold while his face had the dull gray aspect never seen in the newly dead. As I stood gazing down on him a little hand touched mine.

"Nelly so hungry!" said the child.
"Have you eaten all the candy?" I asked her.

"Yes, yes! But me hungry, for me had no dinner, no brekkus, no supper, and papa won't get up."

The house, which consisted of the large room, a smaller kitchen and a shed, where I found a quantity of hay and fodder, seemed quite bare of food but by dint of searching in the hay I discovered a nest, which Nelly informed me was there, and in it two fresh eggs. These I boiled for her. When she had finished I soothed her to sleep on a bed I made for her before the fire. Then after I had put my horse in the shed room and fed him I performed as well as I could a service for the dead.

When day dawned I was able to discern at some distance from the house a line of telegraph poles, and taking the child with me I followed these to the nearest town where I notified the authorities of the death.

The dead man's name was Frederick Barnstaple. He was an Englishman, so I found, a recent arrival in those parts. His daughter was restored to her family across the water, and is now a , I have never told this story, am ready to take an affidavit to its truth. It all happened about thirty miles from Dallas.

HEGEL.

Professor Josiah Royce, of Cambridge, writing of the character of Hegel, in the January *Atlantic*, says:

Yet, as I now come to speak of Hegel's temperament, I must at once point out that, of all first-class thinkers, he is, personally, one of the least imposing in character and life. Kant was a man whose intellectual might and heroic moral elevation stood in contrast to the weakness of his bodily presence which, after all, had something of the sublime about it. Spinoza's lonely, almost princely haughtiness of intellect joins with his religious mysticism to give his form grace, and his very isolation nobility. But Hegel is in no wise either graceful or heroic in bearing. His dignity is solely the dignity of his work. Apart from his achievement, and his temperament as making it possible, there is positively nothing of mark in the man. He was a keen-witted Suabian, a born scholar, a successful teacher, self-possessed, decidedly crafty, merciless to his enemies, quarrelsome on occasion, after the rather crude fashion of the German scholar, sedate and methodical in the rest of his official life; a rather sharp disciplinarian when he had to deal with young people or with subordinates, a trifle servile when he had to deal with official or with social superiors. From his biographer, Rosenkranz, we learn of him in many private capacities; he interests us in hardly any of them. He was no patriot, like Fichte; no romantic dreamer, like Novalis; no poetic seer of splendid metaphysical visions, like Schelling. His career is absolutely devoid of romance. We even have one or two of his love-letters. They are awkward and dreary beyond measure. His inner life either had no crises, or concealed them obstinately. In his dealings with his friends, as, for instance, with Schelling, he was wily and masterful; using men for his advantage so long as he needed them, and turning upon them without scruple when they could no longer serve his ends. His life, in its official character, was indeed blameless. He was a faithful servant of his various successive masters, and unquestionably he reaped his worldly reward. His students flattered him, and

therefore he treated them well. But toward opponents he showed scant courtesy. To the end he remains a self-seeking, determined, laborious, critical, unaffectionate man, faithful to his office and to his household, loyal to his employers, cruel to his foes, asking no mercy in controversy and showing none. His style in his published books is not without its deep ingenuity and its marvelous accuracy, but otherwise is notoriously one of the most barbarous, technical, and obscure in the whole history of philosophy. If his lectures are more easy-flowing and genial, they are in the end and as a whole hardly more comprehensible. He does little to attract his reader, and everything to make the road long and painful to the student. All this is not awkwardness; it is deliberate choice. He is proud of his barbarism. And yet—here is a miracle—this unattractive and unheroic person is one of the most noteworthy of all the chosen instruments through which, in our times, the spirit has spoken. It is not ours to comprehend this wind that bloweth where it listeth. We have only to hear the sound thereof.

A TOPSY-TURVY COUNTRY.

Everybody knows that the Japanese have queer ways of doing things, but few appreciate in how many directions and how completely they reverse our customs, says the *New York Ledger*. For example, we should think it highly improper to receive visitors while we are taking a bath. Such a reception is, however, the acme of conventional propriety among the Four Hundred of Japan. We never eat fresh fish until it is cooked. The Japanese prefer to eat it raw. If we take wine at all, we like to sip it after dinner. Wine is drunk before a meal in Japan. With us, sweets are placed upon the table after meats and vegetables. In Japan they precede the principal dishes. When we enter a friend's house, politeness prompts us to remove our hats. The Japanese, who are quite as ceremonious, take off their shoes.

We mount a horse on his left side, a Japanese mounts on his right, and when he brings the animal back to the stable, puts his head where he should put his tail. In keeping accounts, he writes the figures first and the explanatory items next. He addresses a letter in the reverse way to us, the last and the country and these keys turn in instead of out, and Japanese carpenters saw and plane toward themselves, not away from themselves. Japanese books begin at the end, the word *finis* coming where we should place the title-page. The foot-notes are printed at the top of the page.

In view of all these proofs of their liking to put things upside down, it is not perhaps surprising that the Japanese have adopted European institutions, and have actually translated the writings of Herbert Spencer, although they have not yet invented or borrowed an alphabet, but still use the cumbersome graphic system of China, in which each character stands for a whole word.

THE COLOR OF SOUND.

M. Pedros, the young Nantes physician, has given the world his theory as to the color of sound, and that sound possesses the attribute of color. He made this discovery through a friend who was endowed with the mysterious faculty of seeing the colors of sound, and who had for a long time not supposed himself to be an exceptional case, believing that everybody possessed the same faculty. Now, on the heels of the discovery that sound produces color, comes the discovery that light produces sound. The following on the subject from the *Art Journal* is interesting: "One of the most wonderful discoveries in science that has been made within the last year or two is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. A beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lampblack, colored silk or worsted or other substances. A disc having slits or openings cut in it is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light, so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel, strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel.

"Recently a more wonderful discovery has been made. A beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism, so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum, or rainbow. The disc is turned, and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now, place the ear to the vessel containing the silk, wool or other material. As the colored lights of the spectrum fall on it, sounds will be given by the different parts of the spectrum, and

there will be silence in other parts. For instance, if the vessel contains red worsted, and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sounds at all. Green silk gives sound best in red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colors, and utters no sound in others. The discovery is a strange one, and it is thought more wonderful things will come from it."—*More Light*, Greytown, N. Z.



STRANGE THINGS I SEE.

TO THE EDITOR: As far back as I can recollect I have had the faculty of seeing things beyond the power of my normal vision and always in the dark, when it seemed to make no difference whether my eyes were open or closed. Telling my good mother of this, she so earnestly begged me resolutely to fight against it as being something akin to the evil one, that I finally resisted with all the force of my will and drove the abnormal sights away. The activity of this faculty did not return until a number of years ago when I began to sit for spiritual developments, and still always in the dark or dim light. But in some unaccountable way, I cannot tell how, this has changed. I now often see strange scenes and faces with vivid distinctness in the clear light of open day, and amid the change and bustle of every-day busy life. Not only this, but I can now hear or in some unknown way have clear sense of what is spoken.

My first experience was at a political convention, when a notorious party hack got up to give thanks for the honor of having succeeded by trickery in being put into the chairmanship; spreading his fingers wide over his bosom he exclaimed:

"Fellow citizens, this is the proudest moment of my life!" At that instant I saw an imp-like dwarf, covered all over in green scales, perched on his shoulder, with a world of grinning mockery in its face, and extended thumb pointed in derision at the speaker, as it said: "What a liar he is!" From the pig-headed roar of cheering and wild clapping of hands it was evident that the strange appearance was seen by none but myself.

Not long after, when I had joined a Spiritualist society and become more or less intimate with a large circle of adherents I grew not a little interested in one gentleman of very pronounced belief in the spiritualist faith, who had the appearance of being fenced within a small enclosure, whose close-set pickets had only a narrow gate out of which he could creep on all fours, whenever a matter of extraordinary import called him forth from the isolated patch in which he burrowed. Spread all over the little patch were thistles and other noxious weeds, with dabs of fungus and withered sticks, amid scattered stones and other useless rubbish. Stuck here and there on the fence were the tests he had diligently scooped together through long years of search for something to hang his faith on. Under these tests were written in letters of burnished brass: "My belief in Spiritualism is finished and fenced in. I need nothing more, neither lyceum, lectures, books nor papers; nor do I care to offer contributions to help on the cause. Every tub must stand on its own bottom. I know that spirits return. That settles it. Now I'm a selfish snail dried up in its shell, the most useless creature in the universe." At first I was greatly astonished by this showing. But afterwards I met quite a host of this class, all more or less closely boxed-in with their compeers, the weeds and fungi. This gave lucid explanation why lyceums and spiritual societies languish for want of support, and books and papers go begging to be read.

At the opposite end of the string I met quite a host of men and women who were madly insatiable, running hither and thither, in a sort of wild frenzy after tests. Tests are their consuming hobby. They keep themselves everlastingly on the trot from medium to medium, stark crazy to gobble materialization and other startling physical phenomena, with mouth wide open to swallow whatever they may see or hear. For their credulous belief nothing is too preposterous; they take in every specious humbug; are blind to the most

glaring frauds; they have no idea of any earthly thing but tests. Running by the side of every one of these, I always see a shadowy figure in blue and yellow stripes that seems to be constantly feeding them with a milk-and-water liquid which is drawn in through the lips with smacking sounds of delight, accompanied by the childish cry: "Oh, isn't that a testing taste of nectar fit for the gods!"

One curious, albeit undoubtedly appropriate thing is, that whenever I see any of the pestiferous horde of fortune-telling mediums who eke out a living by spouting silly stuff to servant girls at fifty cents a dab, they are always in the form of barnacles stuck fast to the good ship of Spiritualism. The minute one of these parasites flops into the usual trance, the stereotyped cry comes forth in a fitful jerk: "I get the name of Sarah!" or, "Who walks lame on account of rheumatism!"

My most unaccountable experience is one I have never been able to have explained. Nine-tenths of the mediums I have visited invariably have assured me, as from spirit control, that the angels have a great work for me to do; that I am being prepared for a special work that I shall soon be called upon to perform; that I am a medium only requiring to sit for development to achieve great things!

This is flattering, but queer, to say the least. Why have I been left till I am bald and gray before being fitted for this angelic mission? Still more queer, every one of my friends who have gone through a similar experience have been told precisely the same bold story! One circumstance may throw some light on this. In every case in which this assurance was given, I saw the same grinning imp in green scales and mocking smile of derision, that I first beheld on the shoulder of the great political liar, poking a thumb at the medium as the mocking utterance was blurted forth: "Great Scott! what a whopper!"

W. WHITWORTH.

CLEVELAND, O.

TRANSITION STATE OF SPIRITUALISTS.

TO THE EDITOR: Evidently Modern Spiritualism as well as all the various conditions of society are undergoing a change. The more phenomenal phases of Spiritualism must continue to exist, but there is a continual movement toward higher development.

Mr. Ravlin in his lectures has several times made the startling announcement that the Christian churches are becoming spiritualized, and that we are on the eve of a great religious excitement. Spiritualists he says, have missed the golden opportunity, and the different Christian sects stealing our thunder will now inaugurate a Christian spiritual movement, that will eclipse all previous reformations. I hope all this may prove true and come to pass, providing it will make mankind better and happier; but I have my doubts about it, and do not believe in brother Ravlin's prophecy. It is written in the Bible, that "new wine must not be put into old bottles." The new truths of Spiritualism can never be put into the old dogmas, creeds and doctrines of the different Christian churches, and if we have to wait until they do abolish their forms of worship we will have to wait a very long period; so that, according to my view of the case, the coming reformation of society will not come through churches but through the emancipation of the people from the dogmas, creeds and false doctrines of the churches; and nothing will bring this change about like the teachings of a true and genuine Spiritualism—a Spiritualism based upon authority of the highest standards ever revealed to mankind, and that authority is the divine Lord and Master. I hope we are not going to let the churches steal our thunder; on the contrary we claim an importance in the truths—not the errors—that our fathers and grandfathers have taught us; we are not going to relinquish the Bible, but will teach and promulgate a Spiritualism that will embrace all that is good in the so-called churches, without their errors. When we do this, and can show by our lives that we live up to all we teach, is it not reasonable to suppose there will be a shaking and quaking among the dry bones of the old Christian churches, and that all the better members of those old societies will gradually leave and forsake them for lack of spirituality and seek alliance with the new spiritualistic movement, which will, if Spiritualists do their duty, become the greatest religious movement of this or any other age.

The question naturally arises, upon what basis or platform can Spiritualists

unite or organize? For it is not possible that any are so ignorant as to suppose that anything can arise or flourish without organization.

The evils of all religions hitherto have come through the multiplicity of doctrines, dogmas, forms and ceremonies, out of which have grown ecclesiastical systems. Spiritualists want none of these; yet it is impossible for Spiritualism to succeed and become a power or religious system without doctrine or a simple platform, upon which all may stand and work together in union and harmony. It is a legitimate part of man's nature to worship God; all over our globe, wherever found, men worship a God of some kind, and the history of all ages proves the eternal fact. "God is a spirit and they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." These are the words, or the command if you please, that came from the lips of the divine master, and surely therein can be found the all essential doctrines of all Spiritualists who may desire organization, not alone for avoiding the evils and errors of the past, but for the good that will come out of it.

The crisis is before us! Which will you choose? A Spiritualism with God as a spirit? or a Spiritualism without a God? Like Joshua of old, I say, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord".

SAN FRANCISCO.

ATHENS.

ORGANIZATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

TO THE EDITOR: I believe that I voice the sentiments of many of your readers when I say:

No enterprise can succeed without some kind of an organization; no amount of patriotism will save a nation from danger if each individual acts separate and apart from his neighbor; no army can hope for success if every private dictates his own line of march and manner of attack; no party can grow and become a powerful force in the land unless it has some well-defined principles on which all the members can agree and to which they cordially subscribe, and which are understood by all the members alike; no advanced idea like ours can hope for general recognition if it is presented in different ways, according to the peculiar and dissimilar views of each individual who may subscribe to it in whole or in part. This is our present condition.

A dignified organization consisting of only a few individuals is a nucleus which will gather to itself those who are in sympathy with it, while any number of people entertaining similar views in the main, but each acting separately on his own responsibility, cannot accomplish any desired end.

Personal opinions should not be underestimated; when based on fully established facts and experiences they should not be given up, abandoned or compromised, but unmaturing opinions can be largely aided and improved by immediate contact with those who have given more care and definite thought to the matter. One man cannot build a bridge, but he may gather around him others with whose help a magnificent structure may be erected; such help will surely come to his assistance if the architectural design meets their approval and the importance of it is made known. Spiritualists are a numerous and active body of people without organization, each acting separately and independently for himself, without any common rallying ground or any authorized exponents of the teachings, and it can only be expected that many of those who are convinced of its truths, by having witnessed its phenomena, will, as soon as the novelty wears off, become stragglers and deserters from its ranks, like soldiers from a disorganized army. Shall we ever have an organization that will embrace all sections, not local.

Many of your readers have waited anxiously but patiently for an organization of which they can claim membership.

R. K. WALKER.

SEARCY, ARK., JANUARY 24TH.

NOTES FROM NEW YORK.

TO THE EDITOR: I have just finished reading Mr. Stebbins's new book. It is a timely publication, and will strongly aid in advancing the cause of truth and justice. This history forcibly illustrates the fact that a few noble souls in every age lead the race to a higher civilization; that they are stoned by the populace in their lifetime, but sainted by the public in after ages. It appears by this history that nearly all of these great leaders became Spiritualists during their lifetime.

Mr. Stebbins is entitled to great credit for recording the noble deeds of these mar-

tyrs, to be known and read by future generations. The history of real life is more interesting than fiction, and I hope this work will have a wide reading.

There is great interest awakened in this city in the cause of Spiritualism, but it is largely confined to private circles. Many who have been made free from creed slavery fail to show their light to the world. The great body of believers, each earnest and unselfish, work for humanity. The society at Adelphi hall has generally had able speakers, but latterly they have failed to increase or hold their audiences. During the last two Sundays of this month Mrs. B. W. Banks, of Haydenville, Mass., has spoken for the society with great eloquence and profit. She is just the speaker to wake up the laggards, and has done it here most effectually. As a specimen of her directness, when she closed her first service, she gave a benediction substantially as follows: "May you go forth into active life and enjoy all the blessings that you earn and receive all the chastisement necessary for your good."

Mrs. Brigham is expected to inaugurate a new society next Sunday. There is room and need for more workers in this great city, and I hope all believers will feel it their duty to aid the cause of truth and righteousness.

E. F. BULLARD.
NEW YORK, JANUARY 26TH.

THE INFLUENCE OF SURROUNDINGS.

To the EDITOR of the Standard.—Sir,—I have had occasion to send out several men to outlandish parts of the world for mining purposes. One man, with whom I had thirty years' reference, within six weeks of his arrival at the spot was a perfect wreck. Other men have acted in such a strange and unaccountable manner that my superintendent has written me that they appeared to be out of their minds, and we had to get rid of them. From the experience thus gained, I have come to the conclusion that a certain type of man, accustomed to ways and habits of civilization, when put down in a savage country without the conveniences and habits of civilized life, begins to lose his senses, and becomes a totally different individual from what he formerly was.

It is a well-known fact that some of the worst characters in Texas have originally been Oxford and Cambridge men. Can it be that this is an explanation of the Barttelot-Stanley affair? We have a fine polished English gentleman suddenly placed amongst a lot of savages, without companionship of his own class, and with no intellectual resorts to fly to. Under such circumstances, did not his mind break down? I throw this out merely as a suggestion for those who have made the peculiarities of the human mind the subject of study, and possibly its publication may bring forward other examples of experience like my own.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A. PULBROOK.
20, ST. HELEN'S PLACE, E. C., NOVEMBER 11TH.

This is a very sensible letter. There are millions of persons who are sensitives or mediums and do not know it. Not having cultivated control from the within, they readily fall under the influence of surroundings, and act accordingly. Some men cannot enter a city without succumbing to its vice, nor could they attend upon lunatics without becoming insane. The savage mind has a similar influence. The same law holds good as to the susceptibility to infectious diseases—indeed all diseases are in a degree infectious to some one or another. Taking note of these matters literally causes charity to cover a multitude of sins, and to pity those who are already sufficiently punished by their susceptibility.—Ed. Medium and Day Break.

Dr. R. Jay, Davenport, Ia., who writes: "I cannot say that I am a Spiritualist though leaning that way" relates the following incident: "Last night about ten o'clock, my daughter—who ridicules Spiritualism—and I were reading in the sitting room, when all at once we heard a great noise in the kitchen, resembling the clatter of dishes and the moving about of chairs, tables, etc. The noise was so loud and startling that we both rushed to the place, thinking the cat was the cause of it, but the cat was outside the house, the room had been shut up, the doors all closed, and there had been nothing alive in the place. This

to me was a very strange occurrence though not the first time in my life that similar things have happened to me. I dared not suggest to my daughter that the noise was caused by spirits for fear of exciting her risibility, though she confesses herself to be quite puzzled about it." Perhaps the noise was caused by some mundane agency which the doctor has overlooked. Even though he was a Spiritualist he would not be obliged to believe that the noise in his house was caused by departed spirits until the possibilities of otherwise explaining it had been exhausted.

Dr. J. C. Hoffman, Jefferson, Wis., writes: I have taken THE JOURNAL since 1871, now twenty years, and it is the only paper or periodical that I have steadily subscribed for. Indeed, I could not have missed its weekly visit without feeling a loss that no other periodical would fill. Since taking THE JOURNAL it has undergone great changes, all for the better. To-day it is a paper that one can unhesitatingly leave on the center-table, clean and well edited as it is. There is none of the cranky, silly nonsense about it that renders so-called spiritualistic papers the proper butt of ridicule. It is truly a religio-philosophical paper.

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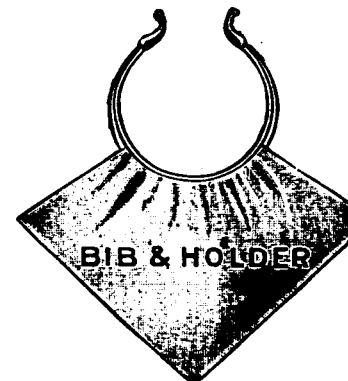
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The Society for Psychical research is engaged in the investigation of the phenomena of Thought-transference, Clairvoyance, Apparitions and Haunted Houses, Spiritualistic Phenomena, etc., and evidence in connection with these different groups of phenomena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

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

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

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W. D. HOWELL'S, in Harper's Monthly: "Where it deals with civic, social, personal duty, Mr. Salter's book is consoling and inspiring."

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BY DANIEL LOTT

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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 Fruits of Culture; A Comedy in Four Acts. By Count Leo Tolstoi, translated by George Schumm. Boston; Benj. R. Tucker. 1891, pp. 185.

The mention of this work in THE JOURNAL before it was issued, based upon the publishers announcement is about all that really need be said of it. It is an attempt to expose certain follies and fads in high social circles in Russia and the uselessness of much that passes under the name of culture, trickery and fraud which many charlatans have practiced, claiming that their performances were the work of spirits. Tolstoi describes in a humorous manner with a view to showing the credulity of those imposed upon by such "manifestations," but the author is certainly unacquainted with the genuine phenomena of Spiritualism and shows no knowledge even of the methods of deceptions used by the more adroit and skillful operators who have produced spurious spiritual phenomena.

Japan; A Sailor's Visit to the Island Empire. By M. B. Cook. New York: John B. Alden. 1891. pp. 146. Cloth, 50 cents.

On his first voyage to Japan, Capt. Cook became much interested in the people and the country, and while there learned all that he could about their customs, ceremonies, traditions, legends, etc. A subsequent voyage enabled him to add to his knowledge of the country. In this handsome little volume, compiled he modestly says "with the intention of interesting my family and a few intimate friends," the author has given a fund of facts of interest and value to readers in general. Capt. Cook makes no claim to literary art, but the book is well written and gives a good idea of Japan and its people. "Up to the present time," he says, "the people have shown great aptitude in adapting themselves to a higher civilization, and in very many things they compare favorably with the nations of the west."

Voices From the Heavens; or Stellar and Celestial Worlds. By Reuben Potter. San Francisco: Carrier Dove Printing & Publishing Co. 1890. pp. 118.

In this book Mr. Potter presents in plain and simple language what he claims to have received from his spirit teachers. Among the subjects treated are "Law of Spirit Approach," "The Dual Form," "Celestial Zones," "The Atmosphere of the Planet," "Magnetic Force of the Planetary Motion," "Classes and Sexes," "Spirit Speed," "Spiral Motion," "Transition in Childhood," "Inhabitants of Other Planets," "Male Spiritual Degeneracy—Causes," "Stellar Worlds," "The Spirit Suns and their Duplexes," etc. The book contains thought which has the merit of originality whether it is all true or not, and it is put forth in an interesting manner, and with evident sincerity.

The Idea of Re-Birth. By Francesca Arundale, including a Translation of an Essay on Re-Incarnation by Karl Heckel with a Preface by A. P. Sinnett. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890. pp. 155.

This work is a defence of re-incarnation and an attempt to interpret the doctrine. The author believes that the all-important truth that the evolution of the human soul is carried on by means of successive life experiences, will when it is comprehended and thoroughly established, bring the essential principles of religion into line with knowledge of other natural laws, and at the same time rescue the hopes and aspirations of cultivated minds from the burden of irrational dogmas. Space will not permit a discussion of the authors' views here. The work is marked by a philosophical spirit and literary taste.

Lovell's International Series. New York: United States Book Co. Price, 50 cents a number.

A variety of novels are being brought out by this enterprising firm each month, and some of the best writers are chosen. Pauline, by Julian Hawthorne, and others of this grade of writing will meet with many readers.

Imgar; a Story of India. By Frederick A. Randle. New York: John B. Alden.

This is a very romantic tale indeed of love and war, and all sorts of minor excitements. It has a large number of heroes and heroines, with outlandish names, who go through the most surprising adventures,

which serve to keep the reader's attention on the alert, and to divert his mind from the question "What is it all about?" The author's style is florid and rather confusing to a plain-thinking mind, but the story proves him to possess a wonderful fertility of imagination.

The Three Scouts. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard, pp. 383. Paper. Price, 50 cents.

This is a story of soldier life during the War of the Rebellion. It is full of marvelous adventure, fun, war, and pathos. It introduces a number of the heroes of the writer's earlier works, one of them a character in "Neighbor Jackwood."

Lyrics; Fjelds, the Arctic Heroes, etc. By Joseph Hudson Young. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. pp. 131. Price, \$1.00, cloth.

This pretty book of short poems, many in sonnet form, is above the average merit of such work by comparatively unknown writers. The poems are classic in tone, finished in structure, and are the expression of genuine feeling and love of the ideal.

MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY.

The Bibliotheca Platonica, for November-December, 1890, editor Thomas M. Johnson, Osceola, Mo., is at hand. This magazine, which appears but occasionally, is devoted to the exposition of the Platonic philosophy and has contributions from leading American students of Plato's writings. The present number has the following articles: "Plato and Greek Thought," by F. W. Bussell; "Key to the Republic of Plato," by Dr. H. K. Jones; "A Study of the Phædo," by Dr. A. Wilder; "On the Name of Plato," by Prof. Lewis Campbell; "The Plato Club, of Jacksonville, Ill.," by Mrs. M. D. Wolcott; "Poem; For the Birthday of Plato," by Louis J. Block; and "Plotinus, On the Beautiful," translated by Thomas Davidson.

St. Nicholas. (New York.) St. Valentine's Day is represented by a picture and an appropriate article entitled How the Mails are Carried. The Story of the Golden Fleece is concluded, as is Lady Jane. There are besides these many short stories and poems, with illustrations.

The Homiletic Review. (New York.) The departments are well filled for February.

Rudyard Kipling, the somewhat peculiar but always original writer, has lately finished "The Light That Faileth." It is Mr. Kipling's first plunge into the literary field, outside of the short story boundaries. The story was purchased by three firms in the United States, for novelette use in a monthly, and for book publication. Mr. Kipling suddenly decided that he wanted to add a third to its length and change the denouement; but it was too late however, to alter the syndicate arrangements.

The United States Book Company, of New York, immediately published the revised and lengthened edition, and it is now ready for the public. Some of Mr. Kipling's best descriptive work appears in this volume. Price, cloth, \$1.25; paper cover, 25 cents.

The Chicago Daily News has issued an Almanac and Political Register for 1891, compiled by Geo. E. Plumbe, A. B. LL. B., of 376 pages. It is replete with information in all departments—educational, political, financial, and statistical, and contains facts and figures and all necessary data to enable the reader to form intelligent opinions upon all the leading public questions of the day. It will meet the requirements of a comprehensive, accurate and concise American year book.

Vick's Floral Guide for 1891 is out early and proves to be as attractive if not more so than its predecessors. The flowers and vegetables shown in the colored plates are among the best, and have been thoroughly tested by competent judges. The cover is in unique style and coloring and somewhat different from those of former years. The Guide can be procured of James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

The date of February 16th has been definitely fixed for the publication of Edwin Arnold's new poem: "The Light of the World; or, The Great Consummation." It will be published simultaneously in America and England, the American publishers being Funk & Wagnalls, of New York. The American edition will contain also an introduction, by R. H. Stoddard.



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THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

Your face is like a drooping flower,
Sweetheart!
I see you fading, hour by hour,
Sweetheart!
Your rounded outlines waste away,
In vain I weep, in vain I pray,
What power Death's cruel hand can stay?
Sweetheart! Sweetheart!

Why, nothing but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

The hand of time deals lightly with a woman in perfect health. But all functional derangements and disorders peculiar to women leave their mark. You needn't have them. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to your rescue as no other medicine can. It cures them.

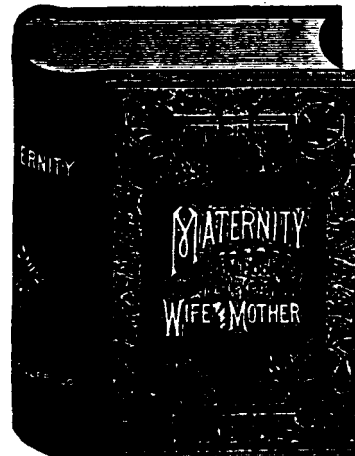
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The "Favorite Prescription" is a powerful, restorative tonic and nerve, imparting strength to the whole system in general, and to the uterine organs and appendages in particular. It keeps years from your face and figure—but adds years to your life. It's guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case. If it doesn't, your money is returned.

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IN GOD'S GARDEN.

BY ALICE ROBBINS.

Mother, sweet Daisy is dead, they say,
What do they mean by the "baby's clay?"
Why is she lying so still to-day?

Darling, how can I make you know?
She, with her dear face white as the snow,
Only has gone from the life below.

Don't you remember the beetle bright,
Found on the tree-trunk, one summer's night,
Looking as if it was poised for flight?

But it was only the shape, within
All was empty, the shrivelled skin.
Shone in dull gold through its scales so thin.

There were the eyes, but they had no sight;
The wings, but useless for air or flight;
Do you know what I told you that summer's night?

Out of such bodies beautiful things
Fly, in the azure, with silver wings,
Far as the lark when he soars and sings.

So with Daisy, the soul has fled,
We call the dear little body dead,
And leave it alone in its mossy bed.

But we shall meet sweet Daisy again,
Where there is nevermore parting nor pain,
And God and His holy angels reign.

There, in a garden most fair to see,
The sweetest of flowers, to you and to me,
God's little Daisy, and our's, will be.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

AN EVENING HOME CIRCLE.

BY WYGILL OUTIS.

Oh! home, whose holy ties are of the heart,
Suffused with intellect in every part,
With cautious knowledge of the world enlightened,
With common aims and mutual service brightened,
Thou dearest shelter from the world of strife,
Of biting tongues and warring factions, rife
With hate and blood, whence dark and guilty woes
Await the sinner and around him close,
And innocence and purity, though blest
Of God, are oft with unjust shame oppressed,
To thee I fly, dear home, my safe abode,
There drop my public cares, a heavy load;
And in thy quiet and domestic rest
Carroding thoughts and passions fly the breast;
Our several lives have there one common life,
And how this life to serve our only strife;
And serving this, each and all the lives advance
With common and peculiar radiance.

THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER NAMED DEATH.

BY MISS LENA M. HYDE.

By the beautiful river we stand,
And wait on its golden strand;
Soon we'll cross o'er its waters blue,
By a path that the angels knew.

Soon we'll be among the blest,
With our weary hearts at rest,
We are nearing yon bright shore,
Where we'll dwell forevermore.

And I see the lovely forms,
Harbored safe from all life's storms,
We go to meet them there,
While our hearts are full of prayer.

We have gained the other side,
Beyond the deep blue tide,
Where the angels make their home,
Where forevermore we'll roam.

In the distance shines a light,
Sending rays so pure and bright,
Making all things fair to see,
And I hope 'twill welcome me.

PLEASANT VALLEY, IA.

Written by a girl of seventeen; her first poem.

Scrofula, salt rheum, and all diseases of the blood,
dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaints,
and catarrh, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the
great blood purifier. Try it.

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BY MARY BOOLE.

Part of the object of this work is to call attention
to the fact that our life is being disorganized by the
monotony of our methods of teaching.

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The Searchers After Truth.

BY HATTIE J. RAY

This volume is presented to the public in hopes
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covery slides it right along, and you find quick hap-
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ready to fight. The medical Discovery begins the
fight, and you think it pretty hard, but soon you
thank me for making something that has reached
your weak spot. Write me if you want to know
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Illustration of a scale showing weight gain.

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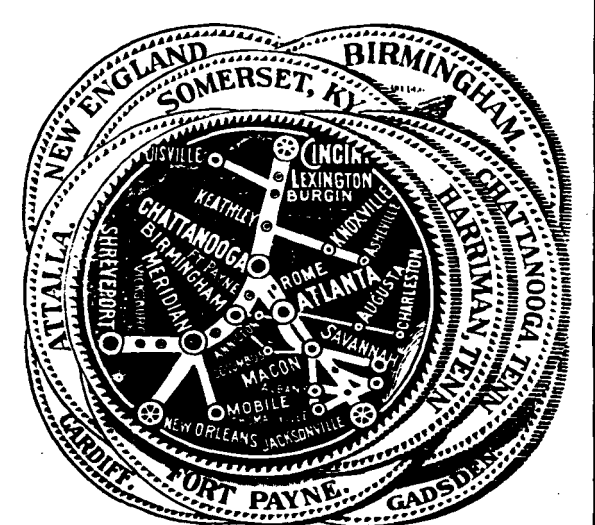
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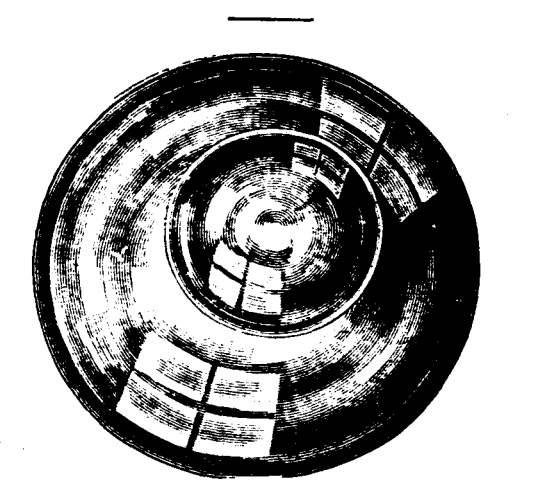
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CONTENTS.

- FIRST PAGE.—Topics of the Times
SECOND PAGE.—"Why Ghosts are still so Lively." A Dream and Prediction Fulfilled. Charles Bradlaugh.
THIRD PAGE.—A Long Sleep. "Unbelievers." The World's Exposition an Unpartizan Enterprise.
FOURTH PAGE.—The Open Court.—Recent work of the Society for Psychical Research.
FIFTH PAGE.—Government Ownership of Railway and Telegraph Lines. Palne, the Pamphleteer of American Independence.
SIXTH PAGE.—A Myth with Wisdom in it.
SEVENTH PAGE.—A Myth with Wisdom in it.
EIGHTH PAGE.—Startled by a Ghost. Mr. Wright's Own Statement. Dual Personality from a Theological Standpoint.
NINTH PAGE.—Woman and the Home.—Vicissitudes. For Woman Suffrage. Piloted by a Spirit. Hegel.
TENTH PAGE.—A Topsy-Turvy Country. The Color of Sound. Voice of the People.—Strange Things I See. Transition State of Spiritualists. Organization of Spiritualists. Notes from New York.
ELEVENTH PAGE.—The Influence of Surroundings. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
TWELFTH PAGE.—Book Reviews. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
THIRTEENTH PAGE.—In God's Garden. An Evening Home Circle. The Beautiful River Named Death. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
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FIFTEENTH PAGE.—Miscellaneous Advertisements.
SIXTEENTH PAGE.—"The Open Door."

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"THE OPEN DOOR."

That versatile writer and deep thinker, J. H. Dewey, M. D., author of the "Christian Theosophy" series of books,—also of "The Way, the Truth and the Life," "Pathway of the Spirit," etc., has in press a new book. This latest product is entitled "The Open Door, or the Secret of Jesus," and the prospectus says: "... It gives in condensed form a lucid and convincing exposition of the interior life, latent powers, and divine possibilities of man, with the specific law and conditions of their normal development and immediate practical realization. Its luminous and helpful interpretation of the life and message of the Christ opens a new and deeper insight into the sublime realities of spiritual being, and throws a flood of light on the most vital and perplexing questions involved in the nature, relations, and destiny of man. Its clear definitions and sharp discriminations disentangle the practical from the speculative and bring to the active worker of our busy age the very help he needs."

It is in pamphlet form, price 30 cents. In a letter to the editor of THE JOURNAL the author says: "I desire to do missionary work with this new volume and wrote it with this end in view. I have put it at a low price so that all who desire, can have it." The book will be on sale in a few days, and orders for it may be sent to THE JOURNAL office.

Dr. Robert G. Eccles, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was for several years a lecturer on Spiritualism, and is now a prominent chemist and pharmacist, points out that the danger of diseases is, as a rule, in the direct ratio of the carelessness with which they are regarded. He says that diseases may be classed as more or less fatal as people are afraid of them and seek proper advice to both prevent and cure. If people are not afraid of diseases they act the part of fools by not seeking medical knowledge and skill and so give the disease a chance to kill more people. The ravages of various diseases, especially of the venereal class, would be diminished to a surprising extent if people were imbued with a more wholesome fear of them and so led to make use of proper measures for their prevention and cure. Dr. Eccles give some interesting statistics in support of his statements. No one fails to send for a physician in typhus, yet only six persons in a million die of it since efforts are made to suppress it. Four hundred and twenty-eight in a million die of whooping cough because it seldom frightens patients, and neighborly folks of both sexes give advice. Three hundred and forty-one in a million die of measles, because it so frightens us as to induce our friends to send for a doctor. Two hundred and twenty-two in a million die of scarlet fever, because medical advice is sought sooner and more implicitly obeyed. One hundred and sixty-eight in a million die of diphtheria, because it frightens more than any other disease, and sends people in haste to the doctor. Dr. Eccles urges on the medical profession the necessity of teaching people a rational fear of disease and of impressing upon them the idea that the greatest element of safety is to avoid the mistake of a bad general—i. e., not to underestimate the strength of the enemy.

The proprietor of numerous small farms in the western Pyrenees, having an area altogether of nearly 1,500 acre, has for some time past been utilizing a neighboring stream for electric lighting purposes. He has now applied electric power to the working of a wine-crushing plant. Besides providing the power for lifting and driving purposes electricity is made to work the pumps for irrigating the vines. One hundred and eight 16-candle-power lamps are distributed all over the farms, and the area which they cover may be judged from the

fact that the length of telephone wire connecting the buildings is sixty-two miles. Another notable application of electricity to agricultural purposes has been made in Hungary, where, on large farms, grain is thrashed out at night by means of movable light apparatus, driven by the locomotive of the steam thrashing machine, in order to complete the thrashing more quickly. Strange to say, however, the manifest benefits of this improved method have been taken advantage of to only a relatively small extent. In view of this fact Baron von Steiger Munsingen has taken the trouble to explain the advantages of thrashing by the electric light on the basis of actual figures as obtained from his own practical experience. He has given very full statistics on the subject, and shows that to begin with there is a very considerable saving in time. It appears that a thrashing season of forty-five calendar days with the aid of the electric light is equal to seventy-one calendar days with daylight alone. Thus there is a clear saving of twenty-six days, or, in round numbers, a month. As to the relative expense of the new and the old system of thrashing, Baron Munsingen found that the cost of the new installation was 500 florins, as against the cost of a hired plant, which could be put down at 450 florins; so that in a second year the plant would only have to earn 50 florins, and it would then work gratuitously, with the exception of a trifling cost for carbons and oil.

Rev. M. J. Savage, strongly urged to remain in Boston by the church for which he has preached sixteen years and with which his relations have been uninteruptedly pleasant, has finally decided not to come to Chicago. This will be a great disappointment to the Church of the Messiah of this city, which had confidently expected Mr. Savage would fill the pulpit made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Utter. Mr. Savage's Boston congregation evidently has a strong hold upon him.

The publisher pays for first-class press work, and in case any subscriber gets an imperfect copy it will be esteemed a favor if he will return it with a postal card calling attention, when a perfect copy will be forwarded. It is only in this way that the publisher can know when there is imperfect work.

Dr. J. K. Bailey has lectured, held parlor séances and healed, during January, at Clay Centre, Kan.; Madison, Neb., and at Lehigh, Webster City, Cedar Falls, Nashua and St. Ausgar, Iowa. He may be addressed at his home, 812 South Washington ave., Scranton, Pa.

Dr. S. N. Gould writes: Mr. E. A. Tisdale spoke at Barre, Vt., on February 3d, 4th, and 5th. He has been holding very interesting Sunday meetings at Stowe, Vt.

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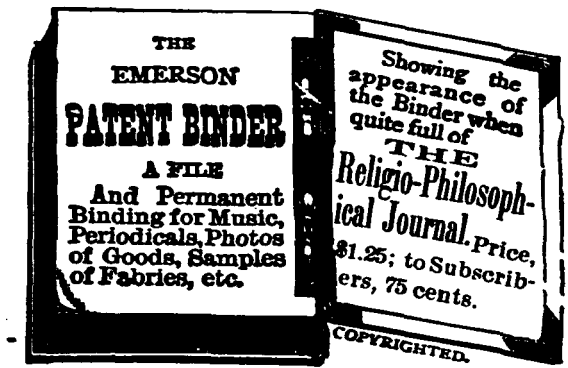
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