

# RELIGIO THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, APRIL 11, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 4

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## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Andrew Carnegie said lately, "Within two years I shall leave Queenstown about 2 o'clock p. m. Sunday and be at Sandy Hook about the same hour on Friday." That means a five-days' trip across the Atlantic. Mr. Carnegie, in explanation of his prediction, mentions some of the sources on which he believes the steamship of the future will depend for increased speed. They are in the direction of greater steam-making power, which will be accomplished by putting in additional boilers, and arranging the fire apparatus so that the necessity of slowing up six or eight times in each twenty-four hours, to clean the fires and grates, will be overcome.

Dr. Paul Gibier, director of the New York Pasteur Institute, has just made public the results of inoculation for hydrophobia during the first twelve months of the institute's existence, February 18, 1890, to February 18, 1891. There were 828 persons treated for dog and cat bites. Of this number 643 were bitten by animals that were not mad. In 185 cases the anti-hydrophobic treatment was supplied, hydrophobia of the animals which inflicted the bites having been evidenced clinically or by the inoculation in the laboratory and in many cases by the death of some other persons or animals bitten by the same dogs. No deaths caused by hydrophobia have been reported among the persons inoculated. Indigents have been treated free of charge.

Statements are published of wonderful cures effected by William Brown of Fort Kent, Mo., who until last month was a back woodsman. He has, it is stated, a strange influence over diseases of certain forms, especially rheumatism, lameness and mild paralysis. There appears to be no doubt of the genuineness of the cures he has made since, says a despatch from Bangor, he came to this city a week ago at the solicitation of a prominent business man. He knows nothing of religion or medicine. Willie Warren, a son of Druggist Asa Warren, had been a cripple all his life. For a year his condition had grown worse and he has suffered severely and been obliged to use crutches. After fifteen minutes' rubbing by Brown he dropped his crutches and walked off about the room. The next day he went down-town without his crutches.

A young confederate soldier, beloved by his comrades, who fell at the Battle of Resaca, according to the Atlanta (Ga.) Journal, received better burial than usually falls to the lot of those who die upon the field of battle: With rough boards taken from the bridge near by they made him a rude coffin, and tenderly and lovingly placed him under the sod. It was some time in the spring of 1866 that Jethro Jackson went to Resaca to look for the grave of his son. He wished to find the remains and to take them to Griffin and inter them in the family burying ground. The comrades who laid young Jackson to rest gave the father a description of the spot where they had buried him, telling him of the rude pine coffin made from the boards taken from the bridge. After many days of tireless search Mr. Jackson failed to locate his son's grave and

returned to his home in Griffin. A few nights after his return he dreamed that his son came to him and pointed out the spot where he was buried. The dream was like a vision. He saw his son standing beside his bed and heard him say: "Father, I am buried under a mound which was thrown up by the Yankees after I was killed. You will know the mound when you see it by the pokeberry bushes growing upon it. Go and take me up and carry me home to mother." So irresistible an impression did this dream make upon Mr. Jackson that he returned at once to Resaca, taking with him one of the comrades who had buried his son. The mound was found just as described in the dream, and the pokeberries were growing upon it. An excavation was made, and a few feet below the earth the rough pine coffin was found, and in it were the remains of young Jackson. He was fully identified, not only by the coffin and the shoes, but by the name which was on the clothing.

Secretary Rusk, himself a farmer, says in the *North American Review* that the duty of the hour is to study the wide spread movement among the farmers of the country, that their profits are small rarely exceeding 5 per cent and that reduction of prices which seem small to industries yielding 15 or 20 per cent profit, cut the farmers to the quick. He says capital need fear no illegitimate onslaughts on the rights of property at the hands of men who own their own homes, who till their own acres and who owe their living to the proper administration of the little capital they possess. The danger lies far from the American farmer. It lurks in our large cities in the rum shops and gambling dens, and in the slums where the ignorant and irresponsible congregate and are led by the worst elements of society.

The great danger to the United States from the present large foreign immigration lies in the fact that the mass of the immigrants come from the most ignorant and superstitious elements of other lands, says the *New York Press*: The Italian nation, for instance, is noted in its better element for refined culture and respect for the ties that hold together society. Among the Polish Jews there are doubtless worthy people. But the trouble is that the immigration to the United States includes a very large proportion of the worst elements of these and other races—elements that European countries are very glad to get rid of—and that the kings, who abhor our institutions, take a sinister pleasure in seeing dumped on our shores. Self protection, the first instinct in individuals and nations, dictates that something must be done to restrict the admission to this republic of elements not only undesirable, but dangerous, and of no appreciable value in adding to the material or intellectual wealth or military strength of the United States.

Recently White Caps in Northwestern Kansas armed and disguised, surrounded the sod house of a settler named Duncan, who had been accused of stealing small quantities of grain to get seed for his spring crop, and riddled his body with bullets, after which they rode away leaving the mutilated body of the victim of lynch law lying across his own door-step. The offence of the settler was small compared with that of his murderers. As one of the daily papers says:

Nothing can be more dangerous to the interests of justice and social order than the lawless attempts of individuals to mete out punishment with their hands. Whether such attempts are made by a mob of men on the Kansas prairies or by an armed thousands in New Orleans, the inevitable effect is to encourage and inspire lawlessness by developing popular contempt for law. There is no part of the United States in which the courts, honestly administered, are not competent to deal with crime and when the courts are not honestly administered that is the fault of the people themselves. If law and property are to be everywhere made secure rule and lynch law must everywhere be put down.

A foreign writer has been at pains to give a category of the points of difference between the typical women of the three leading nationalities. It is recommended as an infallible one, but is certainly interesting: "A French woman loves to the end of her honeymoon, the English woman her whole life the German woman forever. The French woman takes her daughter to the ball, the English woman takes her to church, the German woman gives employment in the kitchen. The French woman has spirit and imagination, the English woman has taste, the German woman modesty. The French man chats, the English woman speaks, the German woman renders decisions. The Spanish woman kills her lover in jealousy, the French woman her rival the German woman simply renounces, but all at some time marry some one else."

For several centuries Christian theologians have defended the story of Jonah and the whale as inspired truth, part of a veritable revelation from God, as typical of the burial and resurrection of Jesus Christ. He who expressed doubts as to the literal truth of the story was solemnly told that what made the story difficult with him was a corrupt heart and enmity toward God. Of late years there has been a disposition to treat skepticism in regard to the story with more charity and to find some interpretation of narrative that will exempt even a devout Christian from the duty of accepting it as literal truth. *Christian Leader* says that the story receives this suggestion, suggestive at least of probability, as the result of recent research: Jonah's visit to Nineveh coincides with a period of great Assyrian depression, when appearance, the most dangerous place for a stranger was within the walls of Nineveh. Now the Assyrian meaning of Ninua or Nineveh is "fish." Yet as the cuneiform method of writing the name was of so arranging the arrows as to represent a tank closing a fish. Basing a suggestion upon a hint from Lenormant's "Legende Semiramis," Zeno de A. I. ozin, in "The Story of Assyria," says: "The big fish that swallowed Jonah was no other than Nineveh, fish-city itself, where he must surely have been sufficiently encompassed to warrant his desperate cry for deliverance." Farther, continues the *Leader*, the method of solution is strictly in keeping with the rhetoric of which the Bible is redolent. Yet again the much abused, because misapprehended, high criticism is, by discoveries similar to that of the tank and fish, throwing a great deal of light upon scriptures.

## A NOVEL VIEW OF HYPOCRISY.

ature of every age and the common speech of people abound in denunciations of hypocrisy, butless, like every other vice, it has had its influence for good, as well as for evil, in as well as intellectual development, in social as individual progress and well-being. Out of comes good. The would-be enemies of truth unwittingly aid it, and the most stubborn opponents of a reform sometimes by the very zeal of opposition hasten its triumph. In the *Popular Monthly* for March is an article by John McElroy in which the position is taken that the pretence of virtue, though inferior to the genuine, is the next best thing to it, "just as white, though inferior to marble, is yet greatly superior to dirty nakedness." Although it is desirable, the writer argues, that all men and women rise to a plane and live up to the highest standard of it; yet it is certain that the mass of humanity, at least does not thus live, and so far as men can even assume virtues which they do not possessing outward respect and conformity to the habits and habits of living than are exemplified in conduct, these higher thoughts and habits come to some extent realities in their lives, and in their development.

This is truth in this contention. The man who is to virtue which he does not possess, at least he recognizes the virtues, and persistence in doing them tends to the formation of habits of the lines of thought and conformity. Far better than open denial or utter disregard of these virtues which implies an undeveloped or atrophied moral sense. To quote from Mr. McElroy's paper. "Those who pretend to be much better than they are have at least begun the upward development, and recognize the fact which their faces should be turned! No man is worse by simulating goodness. There is every reason that he will be made better by the mere act of simulation. Beyond doubt the much-abused Pharisees are powerful promoters of the ethical development of Jews. Their firm insistence upon higher moral and purer lives could not have been without a good influence upon those around them. If the motive for doing this was to enhance the esteem which they were held by the community, it speaks for their shrewdness in recognizing the drift of public sentiment and for the community which honors superior goodness. Jesus Christ's denunciations of them should be given the allowance usually accorded to the polemic blasts of a sorely nagged sectary against his rival sectaries." The writer thinks that the Pharisees cleaned only the outside of the cup and that they did much better than those who allowed the outside and inside to remain foul, which as the denunciation implies, was the rule with those around them. "If a man seeking the applause of his neighbors begins by furbishing the outside of his platter, he is superior to them, there is every probability that he will soon progress to the cleansing of the inside also so as to still keep ahead of those who emigrate by external purification of their culinary vessels. Then their cleanliness as a principle becomes merely a matter of time."

The fact is pointed out that national histories and portraits of the great men of the past are more or less flagrant pieces of hypocrisy, which while they enhance the self-esteem of every nation, make out of the truth by elaborating and exaggerating everything that is worthy and by obscuring everything that is dishonorable, ideals for the emulation of coming generations.

Referring to men even in our own country, we find as late as the end of the last or the beginning of the present century, Winthrop, Hancock, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Franklin, Jackson, etc., the fact is noted that every informed man knows that their private lives and in their public careers would not bear at all that we now apply to public and private character. They hypocritically assume that these men were all the more superior to any now before the public. "This is not hypocrisy," our essayist thinks, is probably the wisest public policy. Those men were in their

morals superior, in fact, to the rule of their day; nothing is to be gained by parading their weaknesses, but much by holding their characters up as exemplars for present and future generations.

Mediaeval gallantry was a form of hypocrisy, but it aided in the elevation of woman. Even "the coarsest grained of the gluttonous and swilling boozers who formed the body of the 'gentle knighthood,'" became more respectful to woman by the ostentatious gallantry which varnished his bestiality. Outward compliance begets inward conviction. In religion pretence is developed into actuality.

This is a rather novel view of hypocrisy and an aspect of the subject to which our religious and moral teachers have given but little attention. It is interesting in the light of evolution and the paper presenting it is a valuable contribution to the study of ethics. But there is another aspect of the subject which is not included in Mr. McElroy's considerations. Hypocrisy implies or is closely allied to insincerity, deception, treachery and falsehood and these debase character, destroy confidence, a condition of social harmony and progress—and justify the world's condemnation of this vice which, in spite of all the essayist says of its incidental effect for good, is not likely to come to be regarded as a virtue. No error, no crime, can be mentioned perhaps, from which good is not deduced, but the fact only shows that in the world's evolution even the follies and mistakes of man are made to serve in the uplifting of humanity.

## READING A SEALED LETTER.

At the late Spiritualist anniversary meeting, in Everett Hall, Brooklyn N. Y., an exhibition of reading a sealed letter was given. The report in the *New York Sun* is as follows:

About three weeks ago Mr. W. S. Davis, of Nassau street, Brooklyn, who says he is an unbeliever but a sincere searcher after truth, issued a challenge to any medium. He offered to forfeit \$1,000, to be donated to any charity that might be designated, if any medium would read a number of words written by him and placed in a sealed envelope. Mrs. Mattie Martin, who is very pretty and a medium, through her husband, it was understood, had accepted the challenge, and last night the test was to be made.

Mr. Martin said that since he read the circular of Mr. Davis he had decided not to accept the test. There was no number of words mentioned, and he said that no medium could be held long enough under the influence to read a large number of words. Nothing was said, either, of the language to be used, and mediums could not always read Greek, Hebrew or Latin, or all of the modern languages at will. Mr. Martin announced that he had visited Mr. Davis since the last meeting and agreed that Mrs. Martin would read any twenty words that Mr. Davis might choose to seal up in an envelope. The consideration was a bet of \$50 and Mr. Davis said he would send a certified check for \$50 to the meeting. President Bogart announced that he had received the check and then asked if Mr. Martin was in the hall.

Mr. Davis is a blonde, youngish-looking man. He arose in the rear of the hall and announced that he had the letter prepared. He was asked to step forward, and he advanced to within six feet of the low platform.

Mrs. Martin took a seat on the platform and her husband tied a silk handkerchief over her eyes. There was some dispute as to the custody of the letter during the test, but the meeting finally decided that Mr. Davis should hold it.

Mr. Martin begged the pianist to play soft, slow music, and as he began Mr. Davis raised the letter in his hand. It was in an envelope which was secured with four rows of machine stitching. The medium began to fall under the influence. She took a deep breath once or twice, gasped, and then her head fell back. She was in a trance.

"Do you see anything?" asked her husband.  
"It is very dark," she replied. Then after a pause: "It is very hard to see. It is all covered with sealing-wax."  
"Can you read it?" asked her husband.  
"I can," she replied.  
Then she began: "I shall—be—very much—surprised—if—Mrs. Martin—will—read this letter—for it is sewed—fast—inside of the envelope. It is the—work of the—devil."

"Is that right?" asked Mr. Martin. There was a sensation when Mr. Davis replied that he did not know.

"A third party wrote it," he explained. "I did not write it myself, for I did not want to have mind reading mixed up with this test."

The President asked if the writer was in the hall. Mr. Davis did not know. The letter was then opened, the stickers and sealing wax removed, and the words were read. They were almost exactly as pronounced by Mrs. Martin. Mrs. Martin read "will read this letter," when the words written were "reads this letter."

When the result of the test was announced the hall resounded with cheers. Mr. Davis said he was satisfied, and the check was handed to Mr. Martin.

Doubters declared that there was still some reason to believe that there had been collusion. Mr. Davis seemed to be well acquainted with the promoters of the meeting.

Before THE JOURNAL can accept this incident and use it as evidence, the good faith of Mr. Davis and the individual who wrote the sealed note must be satisfactorily established. Strong as the *prima facie* proof seems to be at first blush, it needs fortifying. Supposing Mr. Davis had made a statement or taken part in an act reflecting upon the honesty of a medium or the genuineness of some manifestation, would not the Everett Hall people have been very slow to credit his truthfulness and fairness? Would they not have jealously sought to probe the matter thoroughly. Indeed, it is more than likely that some of them would have denounced him without investigation. By parity of reasoning should they not be cautious in accepting the exhibit given them even though it did make for their side? Substitute the name of Kellar or Herrmann for that of Davis, and suppose Mrs. Martin to represent the assistant, and where is the difference between the above account and that of those repeatedly given of the feats exhibited in theaters and known to be tricks? If Mrs. Martin actually read the letter clairvoyantly, or if it was read by a spirit and the contents communicated to her, why was it not read accurately, and why should she have said, "will read this letter" when the correct reading was, "reads this letter"? This may seem to some a frivolous inquiry, but it is not; it is of great importance. It is readily conceivable that if Mrs. Martin was repeating from memory she might easily make the change; but it is highly improbable if she got the contents slowly, word by word as she ostensibly did, that she could have made the mistake—improbable but maybe not impossible. The hypothesis of collusion must be removed by reasonable proofs before the account will stand as authenticated. It is an extraordinary fact—if a fact—and therefore is not to be taken on the same evidence as an ordinary fact. In this brief analysis no reflection upon the honesty of any of the persons concerned is implied or intended. It is all a matter of cold fact and no one is justified in feeling injured or piqued.

After the above was in type we received a letter from Mr. Davis in response to our request for his version of the matter. Although not written for publication, we have permission to use it, and it will be found on another page.

## MISREPRESENTED AND MISAPPREHENDED.

The bill now before the Illinois legislature making it a misdemeanor punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both, to impersonate a materialized spirit, or to represent a spirit by any trick, device or mechanical contrivance is being misrepresented, wilfully by some, ignorantly by others. This was inevitable. An extract from our editorial on the bill in THE JOURNAL of March 28th, is here pertinent:

Why is it that every last one of the tricksters, their confederates and personal friends so stoutly oppose such a statute and loudly proclaim that the law now existing is sufficient? Is not the reason plain? Than their persistent antagonism can a more cogent reason be offered for the passage of the bill now before the Illinois legislature? To say that innocent people will stand in danger of malicious prosecution and cruel persecution under the provisions of this bill is preposterous; a libel upon the American people and a travesty on common sense. The claim of danger to the innocent is only honestly advanced by those who credit the subterfuges resorted to by such creatures as Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Sawyer and others when caught in the act of personating a materialized spirit.

That Peter Funk editors, ever on the alert to cooperate with tricksters in bleeding and bamboozling the

public, should froth at the mouth over this bill was a foregone conclusion. It is regrettable but not surprising that good and well meaning people should be befuddled by the robust falsifying against the bill by tricksters and their editorial abettors. It is not strange that the sensitiveness and fears of some honest people should prevent a correct understanding of the bill; but we venture to assert that no honest, intelligent person will have any fear that the proposed law can work harm to the innocent, if only a careful study is given to the language of the measure.

The following letter from a prominent business man of this city whose wife is a medium has inspired this further reference to the proposed law:

TO THE EDITOR: Since reading your article concerning this bill now before the legislature to punish mediums for personating the dead, I am not quite able to see how any medium can escape, whether he or she be a materializing medium or trance medium. I would like your explanation either through THE JOURNAL or by letter.

CHICAGO, APRIL 1.

We very seriously doubt if our correspondent has carefully and candidly studied the bill or our comments thereon. Before the bill was sent to Springfield, it had passed the scrutiny of a number of able lawyers, some of them as devoted Spiritualists as ever lived. Than the author of the bill, Hon. A. H. Dailey, we know of scarcely a man in America who has given so much time and money, or worked more assiduously for mediums and the welfare of Spiritualism; his wife is a medium; his house, purse, and time have been freely open to mediums for many years. His legal attainments are of a high order; his integrity, and goodwill to honest mediums unimpeachable. Here is the bill, read it carefully:

Every person, who, for profit or gain, or in anticipation thereof, for the purpose of presenting any spiritualistic materialization, shall impersonate the spirit of any deceased person, or by any trick, device, or mechanical contrivance shall present anything representing the spirit of any deceased person, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined a sum of not less than \$100 nor more than \$300 for each such offense; or shall be imprisoned in the county jail not less than three nor more than six months; or in the discretion of the court, both such fine and imprisonment may be imposed. Provided, that nothing in this act shall be construed as applying to a theatrical performance.

There is no legal way of twisting this so as to make it a menace to other than the class against whom it is aimed, to-wit: those who seek to palm off their own bodies or those of confederates as materialized spirits; or who use various well known tricks, devices and mechanical contrivances for the same purpose. We will go with our correspondent, if he desires, to any first-class lawyer in Chicago and present the matter for his opinion, and afterward publish it in THE JOURNAL. If his decision does not sustain our position we will pay his fee, if it does sustain us, then our correspondent shall pay the expense.

Those who make such loud outcries against the law but protest they are opposed to fraud, are invited to formulate one which will punish the offense aimed at in the present bill and yet avoid the danger which they profess to see in it. We are not strenuous about the verbiage, only so it covers the ground. If they are honest in their professions they will undertake it and cease to labor in the interests of a class in comparison with whom burglars, horse-thieves and ordinary criminals are decent people.

#### CHIROGRAPHIC CARELESSNESS.

Were those who write for the press aware of the infinite trouble, loss of time an expense entailed by careless handwriting it is certain more pains would be taken to make legible manuscript. Many a good article or letter is thrown into the waste basket because the editor cannot spend time to re-write it; from his raining and knowledge of the theme written upon he usually, though not always, able to give a correct guess as to what an illegible word may be; but the compositor who puts the article in type cannot be expected to exercise his judgment, and certainly he should not be asked to give his time, which means bread and butter for the family, in deciphering words.

We are moved to refer to this matter again at this time by a manuscript now lying before us written by a lady who can and does as a whole write very plainly, yet to many letters a twist or quirk is given that entirely destroys the meaning of the writer. One illustration will answer: She uses the word *us*, frequently; not an individual in THE JOURNAL office read the word correctly, but all said it was *no*. Sometimes the context showed what it should be, but not always. Now to put that short contribution in shape for the compositor cost THE JOURNAL one dollar. To have made it legible to any body would have cost the writer nothing but a little care. After an article or a letter intended for publication is written the writer should read it before sending off, and if a word is found likely to be mistaken by the printer it is an easy matter to write it plainly directly over the original.

These comments are not made in any spirit of fault-finding, but in the interest of all concerned. It would give great pain to many kindhearted people could they realize how much real loss both of money and vital force is caused by habits of composition and handwriting which with only a little effort they could prevent. An editor does not expect perfection, he does not mind any number of misspelled words, nor does he contract his eyebrows at the sight of awkward handwriting; on the whole he is a patient, enduring mortal, but he has little patience with carelessness, especially when it is evidently the result of indifference rather than thoughtlessness.

#### CAMP MEETINGS.

The brief words of criticism on camp meetings offered by THE JOURNAL a few weeks since have afforded occasion for weaklings to exploit their ignorance and show their haste to ingratiate themselves with camp managers. So far no competent or responsible person has undertaken to traverse THE JOURNAL'S statement; when this is done we are prepared to uncover the grounds and supply the evidence in support of the assertion that these camps are deteriorating, and require a radical change of policy. To show that we are not alone in our views, and that they are not even new, we shall quote below the opinion of one of the ablest men who have lent their aid to the Spiritualist movement, and one of the originators of Spiritualist camps. Mr. E. Gerry Brown, a life-long journalist and one of the founders of Onset camp, formerly published during the sessions of that camp a paper called the *Onset Bay Dot*. In the issue of *Dot* for August 9, 1884, Mr. Brown over his initials published the following editorial:

Have we not outgrown the present system of camp meetings? Are they not too vague in their design, and, therefore, not adapted to accomplish the end that is or should be desired? Are they not year by year drifting away from the strong inspirational devotion to the advancement of the spiritual philosophy of early years? We are inclined to answer in the affirmative. We do so, because we do not discover that any practical work is accomplished, unless it be that crowds of people are interested or amused, and, perhaps, a few occasionally instructed. And yet we do not advocate their abolition. We merely direct attention to the subject, in order to again suggest, as we have in times past, the feasibility of a better system, adapted to the requirements of Spiritualism and Spiritualists. What we have now is merely a copy of the old Methodist grove meetings; what we should have in the future is a school of spiritual philosophy. The plan we would outline is as follows: Some months before the meeting is to be held the directors or managers of the meeting should arrange a series of subjects, involving the most interesting principles in the philosophy of Spiritualism. They should engage the soundest thinkers in the cause to lecture at a given date on the announced topic, thus giving an abundance of time in which it could be prepared, with facts to substantiate any theory or position that might be taken, and giving an opportunity to name authors, who could be consulted by Spiritualists who were interested in further research. Prominent mediums, who could illustrate facts by phenomena, should be engaged to furnish, if possible, scientific demonstration of their reality. The same topics should be subjects for conference for a day following, in which the speaker should take part. The advantages are that Spiritualists would be attracted by the subject rather than by the speaker; there could be an orderly interchange of thought

and information gained by individual experiences and research. It would be a new departure that would be a welcome relief from the chaotic condition of the present system which permits the possibility of brilliant and satirical, but useless attacks upon theological dogmas, which, at the best, are only loosely maintained even by their defenders. It will not waste two hours in demolishing a clergyman's views on Spiritualism, who knows nothing of the subject. No! Let us commence to be practical. Go to work together to construct the basis of a system which will grow and prosper and be of benefit to others after we have finished our earth work. It can be done. In such a system there is room for all, and each can do a part. It has been warmly endorsed by many, and we expect another year will see it in successful operation.

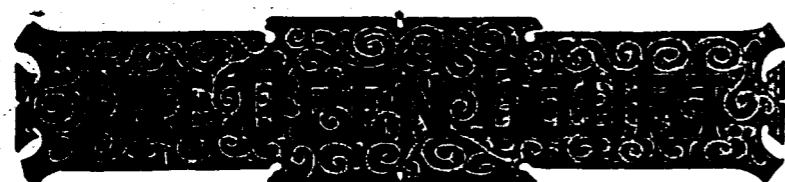
Unfortunately, Mr. Brown's expectations have never been realized; and with others he has almost ceased to hope for any improvement at Onset. That camp has steadily and rapidly deteriorated in all that should be looked for in a gathering of Spiritualists and seekers after evidence of the continuity of life.

This is plain talk but not as forcible as it could be made were we to give the data on which it is based. We forbear; and only plead with those who control Onset, and those who manage other camps to weigh carefully the wise words of Mr. Brown, which now after seven years are more weighty even than when first uttered. Let no acrimonious disputations palsy efforts for improvement. Let those in responsible positions rise to the demands of the times, and with undaunted courage and renewed zeal set about putting their several camps abreast of the progress of the age and in a condition to command the respect and support of all good people regardless of theological differences.

There was a time when it might have been reasonably said that the sins of commission on the part of Spiritualists were serious. There was not adequate care in the exclusion of fraud, and so it came to pass that the fair fame of our Spiritualism was besmirched by the tricks and ~~tricks~~ of the exploiter of the weaknesses of his fellow creatures. It did not matter to him that his ill-earned gains came from those whose feelings were raw with sorrow, and who fell to him an easy prey because of their great grief. He traded on this, and he gambled with the holiest instincts of his dupes. He sang hymns over them, he prayed at them, while he cheated and befooled them. Some of us thought that this was monstrous, and we warned the impostor off. I see that the *Better Way* is of opinion that we have made the conditions too stringent. I am not. I would rather have no Spiritualism at all, deeply convinced as I am of its profound blessings, its immeasurable consolations, than I would allow it to be travestied by that fustian counterfeit.—*M. A. (Oxon.)* in *Light*.

Parnell in one of his recent speeches referred to Gladstone as "the Grand Old Spider" who had woven entanglements about all the Irish representatives except himself and his followers. This reference to the man who has lifted the cause of home rule to the plain of great statesmanship leads the *New York Press* to remark: There is no such persevering and painstaking creature in animal life as the spider, which weaves its nets in spite of discouraging destruction and seemingly insurmountable obstacles. When Mr. Gladstone began to weave about English hearts the network that should compel them to throb in sympathy with Irish wrongs his task appeared simply herculean. Defeated time and again, often baffled by the mercurial temperament of the Irish themselves, his perseverance was crowned at last with a measure of success which might have turned the head of a younger or more ambitious man. Whatever future there is for Irish home rule, it is believed lies in the further extension of the web of "the Grand Old Spider" around the hearts of English voters.

Garibaldi said: In Rome, in 1849, I myself visited every convent. I was present at all the investigations. Without a single exception we found instruments of torture, and a cellar with the bodies of infant children



### SHALL HYPNOTIZING BE LEGALLY RESTRAINED?

By C. H. MERRY.

In speaking of hypnotism a writer in the *Nineteenth Century* asks the following questions: (a) Should hypnotism remain in the hands of the ignorant? (b) Should hypnotism be legally restrained in any way? (c) Should hypnotism be confided to the sole care of the medical profession? This magazine writer is evidently imbued with the idea that hypnotism is some sort of commodity, something that, like buns and ice cream at a picnic, may be handed out by authority to anyone having a desire to purchase.

Because Oliver Goldsmith was unable to distinguish the difference between a dodo and a humming bird and was able at the same time to write a popular book on natural history it does not follow that a writer on hypnotism who knows less about his subject than Goldsmith did about birds can write a paper on this esotericism that will throw any light on its dark places or that will in any sense commend itself to the serious consideration of the reading public.

These modern knights of the inkhorn fondly believe that a paragraph of a dozen lines or so over a signature with Ph. D., F. R. S., etc., tacked on to the latter end of it will settle this abstruse question for all time. From the profound (?) depths of such shallow intellects rules and regulations are evolved for the government of hypnotism with as much assurance and nonchalance as a street-fakir would put an extra twirl in his already over-twisted and over-waxed mustache.

These hypercritical and self-opinionated savants would have us believe that hypnotism is simply the result of a strong mind acting on a weak mind, and that if the strong mind happens to be depraved it can influence or rather compel the weak mind to commit any wrongful or immoral act that it may suggest. The long catalogue of thinkable imponderables contains no name the character and constituents of which are so utterly inconceivable to the human consciousness as mind.

This granted, how can it be demonstrated that one inconceivable imponderable substance or stuff can control and direct to its injury or otherwise another inconceivable imponderable substance or stuff? From every point of view this theory is untenable. That it is absolutely undemonstrable is self evident. Hypnotizers are born not made.

This fact alone should convince the investigator that the power to hypnotize cannot be delegated by any one of either high or low degree.

If science would fathom the profound and mysterious depths in which hypnotism is so deeply and securely engulfed, she must deal with it as a condition not as a theory. No one, be he scientist or not, is able to demonstrate that the mind of the operator acting *per se* on the mind of the subject is capable of producing the hypnotic state or condition. No writer has yet formulated a rational theory that will account for the apparent individual difference in the quality and quantity of mind stuff. When the mind stuff that somehow falls to the lot of different members of the race is carefully considered and compared, heterogeneity in quality and its difference in quantity both become painfully apparent. These facts leave ajar the door through which the first gleam from the torch of knowledge sweeps athwart the consciousness from across the borderland of the unknown.

Let us reverently enter the vestibule of the temple that holds within its sacred portals the hidden mysteries of hypnotism—hidden because men of science are always weaving theories and assigning causes for the phenomena that occur in their presence, that are so opposed to sound reason and common sense, that in every respect they fail of their deed and purpose. Physical organization is really the potent factor in bringing about the hypnotic state. In point of conductivity human organisms may be compared to

different metals, for example, copper is a better conductor than iron; a given surface of copper will transmit without leakage a stronger current of electricity than will pass over the same surface of iron. Whether the superior conductivity of the copper is due to elemental combination or to peculiarity of structure has never been clearly explained.

The fact that in many cases the hypnotic condition is, to all outward appearances, self-induced, is proof positive that the presence of second or third persons as aids in bringing it about may be dispensed with. The power that produces the tiny raps, the force that moves a table and manifests intelligence by responsive raps or movements, is the same subtle spiritual essence that produces the hypnotic condition. Scientists may rest assured of this, that the trance, hypnotism and somnambulism are one and the same thing; they are all produced by the same agency, the only difference in them being one of degree. Be the physical organizations of the operator ever so perfect, be the will ever so strong, the hypnotic conditions can never be brought about unless the spiritual agency is present. In proof of this the reader is cited to the fact that for periods of time covering several years both mediums and hypnotizers have been known to lose the "power," neither of them being able to induce the hypnotic condition or to produce any phenomena whatever.

An experience covering a period of forty years convinces me that loss of "power" occurs chiefly from the following causes, viz.: sickness, abuse of the gift for the purpose of getting money, or where it has been used for immoral or improper purposes. In more than one instance I have been personally acquainted with mediums who were forced to reform before manifestations would be permitted to occur in their presence. This being the exact state of the case, who but the higher intelligences are competent to decide the question of who may and who may not practice hypnotism? This question is entirely outside of and beyond the jurisdiction of both the courts and the medical doctors. The sooner they both recognize this fact the sooner they will cease to make themselves ridiculous in the sight of cultured and spiritually minded men and women. Hypnotism and Spiritualism are both capable of taking care of themselves. Are their opposers and vilifiers able to do as much?

### A CHICAGO POET.\*

By SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

An æsthetically bound volume bearing the modest title "Dramatic Sketches and Poems," contains a collection of original, poetic gems which will prove a pleasing surprise to every lover of poetry. The author, Louis Block, a Chicagoan, is not only a true poet but a thinker and a scholar of high attainments. He has for years been a close student of every phase of speculative philosophy and more particularly that of the Platonic school, while he has given much attention to the great poets, such as Dante, Goethe, Emerson, and Browning. In these poems he has interwoven many of the lofty ideas and spiritual conceptions gained from intercourse with such philosophic thinkers, as well as many, quite as inspiring, born of his own original thought. In consequence nearly every line of his verse is marked by profound earnestness, and a breadth of intellectual outlook, rarely found among our younger poets, which is sure to awaken responsive thought in the minds of intelligent readers.

The first and longest poem in the book entitled "The Exile," though written in dramatic form, is scarcely fitted, because of its mainly philosophical significance, to be put upon the stage. But it is overflowing with beautiful word pictures as well as noble ideas. The lesson which this strong drama seems to convey is that those solitary souls who find their highest happiness in the realm of pure intellectualism, must necessarily forego the lower, yet helpful and more satisfactory solaces found in social ties and human lovingness. Two passages descriptive of the relative degree of happiness possible in opposite states of feeling may be quoted.

"Here all is pure and intellectual calm,

A mild self-centred spot which needs no commerce  
With outward and debasing elements  
To make its joyance: here I make my home  
And meditate the boundless universe—  
I see unfold the endless leaves of thought  
Until the inmost heart lies bare: I see  
Within the multitudinous blood-red folds,  
The pygmy tribes of men: and history  
Is as a silly tale told by the fire side."

The needs of the social life are no less strongly drawn.

"It is not well

To deem oneself sufficient unto all  
In this dark mystery that we call life.  
The impulse of souls and things and deeds so close  
Connects the each with all, that disarray  
Means exile: As the tree draws life from air,  
Yet rooted in the soil has dwelling-place,  
And perishes withdrawn from vital circle,  
So there survives no deed save as with all  
It mixes in the spiritual ebb and flow  
That is the soul of this vast universe,"

Many of the shortest poems are based upon classic and mythologic legends such as "Pygmalion," "Tantalus," "The New Midas," "The Feast of Roses," "Pandemon," "Ariadne," "Actæon," and "Urania;" but Professor Block reads into all these new and more spiritual meanings than we have been wont to find in them: this is especially true of his exquisite rendering of the story of Pygmalion and Galatea, wherein he finds a high spiritual meaning. In his metrical poems one forgets to admire—even while unconsciously enjoying their charm—the perfect rhythm, in the deeper pleasure of the meaning conveyed in the rhymed thought. Even in the more simple and less ambitious efforts of his muse there is a masterly power in the language used which evidences Prof. Block's true poetic ability. Though several poems, for instance "Success;" "The Royal Questioner" and "Weaving," have a decidedly Emersonian form and flavor, they are in no sense imitations, for the thought in them is as strongly original as Emerson's own. Plato more nearly dominates the writer's spirit; and his admiration of him is clearly shown in "A Platonic Hymn" in which he declares Plato to be

"The mystic one

From whom all life begun  
And in whose round all things and times are placed."

This volume of poetry is not one to be read entrancedly at one sitting; rather, each poem, however short, demands a serious séance of its own, wherein to take cognizance of the full import of its inner meaning. In "The Voice of the Soul," and the three complementary sonnets, "The Soul Speaks," "The Intellect Speaks" and "The Spirit Speaks," are embodied the highest dreams of the most spiritualistic philosophy. This æsthetic volume needs to be read in thoughtful and sympathetic moods wherein the lesson of each poem may be assimilated. The hope and promise of a progressive immortality are interwoven in every page of this work—it is indeed the outcome of intellectual Spiritualism, but it is a work for intellectual thinkers and not for mere longers for sooth-saying and mortal gossip from spirit spheres. The lesson which runs through all these poems points to the conclusion found at the close of the sonnet on "Progress."

"Therefore it was with lover-like device

This lower world was built, through whose cleft bars  
The limitless sun of truth shines more and more."

\*Dramatic Sketches and poems by Louis J. Block. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company 1891. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. pp. 220. Price, \$1.00.

### MYTHS.—IV. (CONCLUDED.)

By M. C. C. CHURCH.

The writer has attempted to give the meaning of myths. It will be seen that they are formed by uniform law. They have their origin in spirit and are projections into time of the operations of spirit within the depths of human nature. They are bodyings forth of the states of the race. Take, for instance, the Bible myths. They are representative, not alone of all previous dispensations, but of the specific qualities

of the Jewish people in all the stages of Jewish life. At the time of the so-called coming of Christ the whole world lay in darkness. The perversion of the truth was universal. It was extinct in man. There were only faint gleams of this truth shadowed forth through the symbols and sacrifices, and the representative ritual of the Jewish church. All the alleged facts in the life of the Christ were simply placing before the mind the internal condition of universal man. The childhood, youth and manhood of the Son of Man were the birthing in the hearts of the disciples of the Truth-Goodness. It was the one God, as Truth, crucified in the hearts of the Jews and as Truth resurrected in those who formed the germ of the new kingdom. All the apparent changes in the Son of Man—his growth in physical stature, his teaching of the people, his miracles, his sufferings, his death, his ascension, his praying to the Father as a distinct being, his final union with the Father—so that he declared himself and the Father to be one—were all representative effects of the incarnate working in the process of uniting the severed Truth from its companion Goodness in the interiors of the race.

There have always been two views of the Son of Man—one view that he was a mere man like other men; the other that the appearance in India was an illusion—a pneumatic representation in time of the manifesting God. The Nazarenes or Ebionites held to the first view; the Docetes or Gnostics to the second. The same thought runs through all history, the spiritual conception being left out of view by the sensualized church, which literalized the whole divine experience in time. Swedenborg, although at times, sensualizing his thought, has given, in numerous passages of his works, the Gnostic a spiritual idea of the incarnation. He claims that the body of the Son of Man, taken from the Virgin Mary, was only a sheath for allowing the divine natural Truth to take form, and as this form grew in the interiors of the disciples the corporeal substances was dissipated, and with it all sensual ideas merged in the one idea that Jesus Christ the divine natural Truth and Goodness was the one God-Jehovah.

It seems to the writer that Boehme expresses the true idea—an idea which brings the incarnate fact under law, and hence eternal and unchangeable. Boehme differs from all other writers with whom I am acquainted in this: that incarnation in time was a continuous generation—not sexual, but a parthenogenesis; a self-generation—the same as the eternal generation of the "Son" in eternity, that it was all one process, that oracle and incarnation are the profoundest facts of history; and that both come under the operation of law when all faith in God is lost, and man lapses into the sensuous materiality which has periodically visited the race. In this sense Spiritualism may be considered God's visitation to this age. To the writer this is so. He believes that the last manifestation of the Truth as Jesus Christ, ended all personal tribal and exclusive manifestations of the God-head in time. These divine object lessons were in accommodation to the sensuous, infantile conditions of the race; and as Swedenborg says as man rises into a true conception of the absolute the personality of God recedes and the universal or impersonal takes its place. If there shall be another manifestation it will be to the race, to universal man—under the same law, a generation of the divine Goodness and Truth through the collective state of the church in man. It will be a sensuous view of the God-man dwelling in the interiors of humanity.

The presentation in India has for its own not the creaturely manifestation of the Son of Man, but the broader significance of a union of man and God as God-man. It is representative of the final state of humanity. The fact is worthless without this meaning. With it all life becomes sacred; and a destiny is opened to the spiritual vision, making this the age of fraternity and reconciliation and science.

The birth of the Truth in a "manger" among animals is significant. This is the only feature of the myth without a parallel in the other world-myths. This, taken with the glorification of the Lord's body down to the "flesh and bones"—one at the beginning

and the other of the close of the incarnate process—gives the hope that man's whole nature, even his animal appetites and passions, are included in the glorious issues in store for our common humanity. It is the union of divinity with animality

#### HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

XVII.

##### SPIRITUALISM PREVIOUS TO THESE PHENOMENA.

Independent students of mesmerism and all that follows in its train, without concert, and cautiously guarding their secrets with fear and trembling, stood face to face with what they deemed another life. From various points, and far apart, came the confidential recitals and strange experiences by prudent and sagacious men, describing phases of certain phenomena and prophecies of future revelation, in odd and unlooked-for modes, curiously and exactly fulfilled in the present day. Painstaking writers collected the stories that had long been floating round the world, sifted their authority, and enforced them by parallel illustration from their own knowledge. Along the whole line of inquiry there was no dissentient voice; all the students were of one accord. Proof waited upon experiment so uniformly that it seemed the result of design to smooth the way for the readier acceptance of more incredible events.

So invariably had some degree of these strange things cropped out in the investigation of every branch of the subject, and so current were many of them in all periods of the world's history, that far from being against any known order of nature, law would have been violated if the sequence had seemed to fail, when from various causes the conditions had become eminently favorable.

We are struck with the similarity of the phenomena of the present day to those of the past. There is internal evidence that the same primary cause lies behind all these strange occurrences, which have perplexed the world so long and have been so often the objects of religious thought and judicial investigation. The characteristic actions of these phenomena and their fitful bearing are the same now as in all time.

If we pay no attention to cognate features, here and there making part of these phenomena, we either know nothing of their current history or avoid reasoning justly of it. The failure to recognize this constant relationship as the surest proof of reality, makes a denial of the facts by those who imperfectly study them, or have been unable to witness them, entirely useless when coming either from individuals or formal collective committees.

In searching for the causes which make men look to the spiritual idea as a serious possibility, and finally oblige so many unwilling minds to accept it, we soon find that we must not confine ourselves altogether to ocular and tangible evidence, for many other considerations, impossible of fraud, have caused convictions equally with the physical demonstrations, and years before these last had become generally known, led the observers to the same theoretical conclusions that are entertained to-day. As these mental phenomena foreshadowed a belief in spirit intercourse before the present movement began, so they sustain it now in spite of all alleged and detected fraud.

It lies upon the surface of the question, and no man can help knowing it if he cares to know of what he speaks, that there is perception of things unseen by the eye, or unheard by the ear—that a large class of uncultured people can address an audience with words and knowledge beyond their own cerebral power, on subjects then and there presented. Literal descriptions are given of persons long since deceased, with names, ages, incidents of life and degree of relationship to absolute strangers at the first interview, addressing them by long disused and almost forgotten appellations of childhood. Oftentimes the clairvoyant seems to have visions of deceased persons, as spirits, unknown to him in life, and easily to be identified by the description, at the same time showing that something invisible may exist there as the object of that power by taking perception of things and acts tran-

spiring at distant places equally invisible to us, yet afterwards proved to be true.

The effect of the visible phenomena of the present day has been to increase the number of believers to an incredible extent, by offering a personal examination of the subject to the senses of the multitude, and thus procuring a wider field than was to be found in the psychological study of the few. The vital essence of intelligence and of knowledge, not of the brain, always to be found in the subjective experiments, was also inhaled in the objective facts, in their turn corroborating the invisible.

So much then of exact experimental investigation in clairvoyant powers of embodied mind, frequently enforcing spiritual probabilities, gave a logical and indisputable right to examine, as the possible effects of disembodied mind, such new facts as come to us with this character that did not occur before, and were radically different from our past experience.

##### PHENOMENA AS GENERALLY ACCEPTED.

The overpowering difficulties that present themselves in considering the question as one of entirely human psychic force, constitute grave and sufficient reasons why some other hypothesis should engage the respectful attention of those who care more to exhaust every chance that may lead up to the truth than to remain in any contented error. In venturing to treat of matters so imperfectly known, it can only be provisionally, yet not prematurely. We are forced to go through many a tentative process, as the facts open out more broadly, before we arrive at a conclusion which satisfies the judgment at all points.

A precise view of the claims that are made by the most accurate and painstaking men is of the first importance. Obviously only that evidence can be admitted which commends itself by oft repeated and precise experiments of judicious observers, the true experts alone capable of speaking wisely. Other methods of reasoning by any order of scientific intellect, not arising from personal knowledge and close observation, are of no possible value in the direction of these truths.

The apparent facts adopted with a very general unanimity by those who have given the ripest thought to the subject may be summed up in a few lines.

A human imponderable that may be imparted to a material object, proceeding from one organism and acting on another, producing coma and insensibility to pain, with no cerebral memory when awake or perhaps no ordinary consciousness at any time of that which transpires in the sleep, but perfect memory when again put into the same state, and generally accompanied by healing properties. Clairvoyance, in which the mind takes cognizance of the thoughts of others and of things beyond the reach of the natural senses. In this condition of partial freedom from the limitations of the body, the subject enjoys all the knowledge that has been gained through the senses and all that comes through this interior perception. It is marked by a frequent assertion of spirit-communicating. The power of a living being to impress its appearance on others, especially through the conditions created by the near approach of death. Subjective visions of persons just deceased, but whose death is unknown, accompanied by objective physical acts. Descriptions of the dead with names and incidents of life unknown to the psychic. Visible and tangible hands of various sizes, form and color, doing physical acts.

Rappings by which words are spelled out from the faintest tickings to resounding blows, taking place at a distance from any person present, often visibly moving the object they fall upon and claiming to be of spiritual origin. Various other imitative noises. Trance, in which there is a prodigious exaltation of the mental faculties; a minute knowledge of things unknown through the senses and a facility of expression not belonging to a normal state. Writing by involuntary motion of the hand without any conscious volition. Writing by pencils without any visible agency. Musical sounds on an instrument without a visible performer, and also without a visible instrument. Speech and singing from an unseen source. Lights like brilliant electric sparks, rising from the floor in

great numbers and phosphorescent illuminations floating through the air sometimes resting on the person without flame, odor, heat or smoke. Currents of cold air of considerable force blowing at intervals and often by mental request in closed rooms. Diminution and increase of sensible weight. Levitation of human beings. The use of languages the medium has no knowledge of.

Other extraordinary things yet more improbable are believed by many to occur, which, however, are rejected by careful observers on the ground of insufficient proof. Those enumerated meet with the concurrence of all whose opinions possess a value on the subject. Our inquiry must be trivial indeed, if we do not find facts beyond the known order of nature, and therefore we are precluded from absolutely refuting other things, not so well proved, but must look upon them doubtfully as requiring more confirmation and an infinitely wider scope of exact experiment. All unite, however, in the most positive certainty as to rappings, touches, voices, hands, writing between slates, playing on musical instruments and movement of untouched objects.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### DIABOLICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

[We should decline to publish the following strange story did we not know the writer well, and know that she is one of the coolest, keenest and most trustworthy of women. There can be no mistake or delusion on the part of our correspondent. We heard her relate the story years ago and made notes of it. Her present account does not vary in the least from the one given us thirteen years ago. Having no permission to use real names the writer has substituted fictitious initials and blanks. We were personally acquainted for years before her transition with one of the most important witnesses mentioned and also have met the lady who was the victim in the most startling act of this psycho-physical drama.—ED. JOURNAL.]

In the year 1873 I was residing on — street, New York City. In the latter part of May in that year I was visited by a lady friend, Miss L. of N—t. Miss L. was something of a medium, in a private way only. She spent a few weeks with me, and during her visit some curious phenomena occurred. One day an influence which called itself an Indian spirit and which had been accustomed to control her took possession of her and proceeded to give me a warning to this effect: That there was some influence (a spirit) hanging about that house and was watching for a chance to do some harm to me. He advised that we both be very careful in our movements, that by no misstep we might get a fall, particularly in going up and down stairs. A few days after this warning we had been taking our tea together in the dining room which was at the rear of the parlor. The parlor floor consisted of a large, deep parlor with a large dining room in the rear, the rooms divided by a partition in which were two large sliding doors made of frame work and large panes of stained glass which reached down to within twelve or fifteen inches from the floor. These doors, or the one nearest the table at which we sat was closed. The chair I occupied stood with its back towards this door, but distant not less than five feet. Miss L. sat at the opposite side of the table. I kept no servant at this time, so when we had finished our meal I commenced to remove the dishes from the table to a closet and a dumb waiter which was located in the corner of the room. Miss L. had also arisen from her chair and was standing talking at the end of table, but over towards the opposite side of the room and farther away from my chair than while at table. I had crossed the room to the dumb waiter when suddenly I heard a crash and looking around found the chair which I had occupied with its back through one of the panes of glass in the door. It had smashed the glass all to pieces and lay there with its back protruding through and resting on the bottom part of the frame. This was on the side of the table farthest away from Miss L. who had been looking toward me, and like myself had not seen the movement of the chair, but heard the crash. We both started for the chair, rather shocked I must say. I picked up the chair and set it back in place, about where it had been left or as near as I could calculate, and began trying to see if I could make it fall over and reach that door. I could not, neither could my friend; we placed it in every conceivable position and tried to see if it had accidentally fallen, we could find no position that would make it fall and were obliged to conclude that it had been moved towards the door and then dashed through or against it. We com-

mented upon it awhile, then I proceeded to finish clearing the table; after which it was necessary to go down stair into the basement kitchen (which was the room directly below) in order to remove from the dumb waiter the dishes that belonged there. As I started to go down Miss L. remarked "I will go down with you, as after the exhibit we have had I shall not let you go alone." We both proceeded down stairs into the kitchen. It was a duplicate of the room above as to size; partition across the house in same place as above; but here was only one door, which opened into cellar on same level. Between the door and the foot of the stairs was what we call a dresser, that is, a cupboard under a broad shelf with narrow shelves above for dishes. On this broad shelf sat a cup with a handle, and filled with mutton grease which had been skimmed from some mutton cooked for dinner. Miss L. stood leaning against the set tubs which were on the side of the house and opposite the range and dumb waiter. I began removing things from the waiter and putting them in place. The ice-chest was just inside the cellar door. I had taken a dish from the waiter and had just entered the door into the cellar when I heard a peculiar whizzing sound, and turning quickly caught sight of the cup, filled with grease, spoken of above, just as it was about to land on the hearth in front of the range. It was moving as though violently thrown, and it landed bottom up. Miss L. had remained standing, leaning against tubs, fully seven or eight feet distant from where the cup sat. I had passed within about five feet of the cup as it rested on the dresser. We both started for the cup, and in taking it up the lump of mutton, which had cooled, dropped out on the hearth. The cup was not broken or even cracked, though it had struck quite hard on the stone hearth.

After a little time I finished my work there and we both went up stairs, and finally on up another flight into my chamber, where we spent the evening.

This chamber was on the second story of the house, directly over the dining room and of the same size. The head of the bedstead stood between the two large windows which opened out into the back yard. The partition across the room dividing it from others was opposite these windows and about eight feet from the foot of the bedstead. It had three doors, one opened into the hall, one into a dark room, the other into the bath room. The gas-burner in my chamber was attached to the frame work of the middle door, and between that door and the one that opened into the hall stood a library table. Miss L., as my guest, had a room on the next floor, front. This night, after spending the evening together, we concluded to sleep together in my room. Of course it is to be understood that after the occurrences above related we were somewhat nervous and disturbed. We retired about 10 o'clock after securely fastening all doors, and they had both locks and bolts. Miss L. took the left hand side of the bed, while I occupied the right. She appeared to drop off to sleep very soon, but I lay awake. It was not long before I began to be very sick, taken with violent pains in my bowels and nausea. We had left the gas burning quite a flame, sufficient to see clearly every part of the room. My sickness increased and I was obliged to go to the bath room, but I left the door wide open. I quietly slipped out of bed, so as to avoid waking Miss L. I vomited freely, and was obliged to visit the bath room about every fifteen minutes until 3 o'clock. I am positive I did not have any sleep at all, but Miss L. slept heavily. At about 3 o'clock, I was in the bath room, when for the first time I heard Miss L. move as though just waking up. At once she called my name and asked, "Where are you?" I was about answering her when she gave a loud scream—a frightened scream—which brought me to my feet and back into the chamber instantly. As I caught sight of her she was sitting up in bed with both hands clasped to her head and her unusually large eyes seemed about twice their natural size. I asked: "What is the matter?" When she responded by "come around here and see!" I quickly went around to her side of the bed, when she removed her hands from her head and said, "look!" I looked and what a sight! Her beautiful long luxuriant hair was almost entirely gone, cut close to her head, so close that in places the scalp was bare; it was a ragged cut, as though some one had grasped the hair close to the head, and made a long sawing cut with a dull instrument. I shall never forget the look of that head. I asked, how came this? She did not know. I asked her to step out on to the floor, which she did. On the sheet where she had lain was a small pair of embroidery scissors, whose blades were never more than one inch in length, but the points I had broken off long before in attempting to pry a cork from a bottle. I had discarded the use of these scissors and put them in a little compartment of an unused work-box which stood on a little table in the corner on my side of the room, a distance of about six feet from the head of the bed. Miss L. had never known I had such a pair of scissors, and said she had never seen them. On the sheet and pillow and on the neck of her night dress, were little scraps of hair, none of them over one inch

in length, and if all collected together would not have been enough to fill a small teaspoon.

My thought at once was that Miss L. must have cut the hair herself in her sleep—but where was the hair? It had been the heaviest suit of hair I had ever seen; long and thick, so thick that when it was twisted into a coil, it was larger around than a good sized wrist, and must have measured in circumference at least six inches. We searched the room, bed, and furniture in every part, everything and everywhere, but could not find a trace of it. After quite a long time spent in the search, I suggested that we lie down again and rest and think. In the excitement I had forgotten all about my sickness and felt no more of it, except the natural weakness from such an attack.

After we had quieted down a little Miss L. became entranced, and this same spirit which had given the warning spoke to me. I began to question him, and asked how this had happened. He declared he had not been there, and could not tell, but would try and find out and tell me. I do not now remember whether we had any more sleep, but am sure I had none at all before 3 o'clock. We arose early that morning. I said to Miss L. that I thought we ought to have some good, clear headed friend come in and make a thorough search for that hair. She readily acquiesced and proposed to remain in that room until such search was made. I wrote a note to a friend Mrs. X. of—street asking her to come down immediately, also one to Miss L.'s brother, who was a physician in town, and sent them off by a messenger boy. Miss L. remained in the room, locked in when it was necessary for me to leave it. My level headed friend, Mrs. X., responded by immediately coming. While telling her the story, the door bell rang, and on going to the door I found my next door neighbor, a friend, Mrs. Y. now of—avenue. She at once noticed the condition I was in—I had been crying—and asked what was the matter. At first I tried to avoid telling her, but finally under a promise of security I told her. Then I suggested that she remain and help Mrs. X. make the search; to which she consented.

Miss L. gave the ladies the keys to her room and trunk and requested that both be thoroughly searched. We gave them full liberty to search any and every part of the house, while Miss L. and myself remained in my room. They made a most thorough search of every part, bath room and all. The hair could not be found, out doors or in—for they searched the yard as well. It was never found, though I never entirely gave up the search until after I moved from the house. After they gave up looking, a little was found, which appeared as though it might have been two or three long hairs wound around the fingers into a loop, and chucked down into a bottle of cologne. The bottle was one of a pair of cut-glass bottles with a very small neck and a round bulb at the bottom. One had been opened and the cologne partly used, the other had never been opened. The hair was in the unopened one. Both stood on the mantle shelf, on my side of the room. The bottles had slender cut-glass stoppers and had been tied down with white kid, such as is used for this purpose. After examining this bottle carefully I said, I will put that away, and I placed it on a high shelf in a closet. When it was taken down a long time after the hair was gone, I could never conceive of anyone being able to put a lump of hair like that into so small a necked bottle.

When the ladies had finished their hunt, we consulted as to what could be done with Miss L.'s head, it looked horribly, and something had to be done at once. My friend, Mrs. X., for whom I had sent, said she would take Miss L. down to a hair-dresser on Sixth avenue and consult with her as to what could be done. Miss L. fixed up her head as best she could with hat and veil, and went with Mrs. X. When they returned my friends told me the result; it was this: The hair-dresser was told the lady had met with an accident and her opinion was wanted as to the best way to cut the hair. She examined the hair and scalp very carefully, after which she said it was a very fortunate accident, for Miss L. had some disease of the scalp and her hair had already commenced to fall out, and she pointed out a small bare place to prove her assertions. She said Miss L. would probably not have discovered it until too late to save her hair; and had it remained and dropped out itself, none would ever have grown in again, hence Miss L. would have been baldheaded. Now her only course was to have the head shaved, and keep it shaved a full year or more; then the hair would grow out again all right. I will here mention that some five years before Miss L. had been bitten on the forehead by a spider, which had poisoned her to such an extent as to nearly cost her her life. This was doubtless the cause of the diseased scalp.

Miss L.'s brother arrived at the house shortly after Mrs. X. and Miss L. returned from the hair-dresser's. He advised following the hair-dresser's advice and volunteered to do the shaving, after the first time. The advice was followed and the head cured. Miss L.'s hair grew out very thick, but somewhat gray. The Indian influence above mentioned afterward re-

ported to this effect: That the hair had been cut, the things thrown, and my sickness caused by the same spirit influence of which he had warned me, and said the spirit thought he had done some terrible damage, whereas it had actually resulted in good. I must not forget to mention that a large pair of scissors lay on the table, which stood against the partition opposite the foot of the bed.

I leave anyone to solve the question, who can, as to what was the power. I have tried to argue that Miss L. herself cut the hair in her sleep, then I tell myself if she did it necessitated her getting out of bed, coming around to my side of the room, getting the small scissors, which she did not know I had, passing a pair which she could have used better, going back and getting into bed again, and then while in bed slowly cutting it off with these little, dull, broken scissors. But, then, what could she have done with such a mass of hair? It has been suggested that she threw it into the water closet. To do that she must have again gotten out of bed and come around to my side and gone into the bath room, and such an amount of hair would have entirely choked the pipes—anyone knows how completely even a small amount of hair will choke up pipes. Then, it must be remembered, I was not asleep, and Miss L. could not have moved about without my knowing it, and I, when not in bed beside her, was in that bath room with the door wide open and the light burning enough to see all over the room. Had she thrown it out of the window, we must have found it in the yard, which was searched. No one had access to the yard but ourselves. Then one must account for the chair and cup being thrown, which is as hard a problem as the other. I positively assert that neither of us could have cut off the hair, and no other human being was there—in the flesh. For various good reasons I withhold the names, but if any one wishes to ask any questions, the Society for Psychical Research, for instance, the names can be given in confidence, or the questions can be asked through the editor of THE JOURNAL, who will kindly forward them to the writer.

#### WAS IT A DREAM?

By EMMA MINER.

A June sun was shining brightly, but its rays did not penetrate the windows of a certain attic apartment in the city of D—.

Bennie Seymour was lying on a narrow bed in a corner of the room. He was a crippled lad, 10 years of age, fatherless and motherless. The other occupants of the room were his sister Thalia and Ruth Macon. Thalia was a devoted sister. She was only 20 years old. The last three years had been full of toil and poverty. Her fair, pale face wore a sorrowful look, and her blue eyes were often dimmed with tears. Still, she worked bravely on, trying to earn the daily bread for Bennie and herself. Ruth was a tall, dark-eyed girl, whose face bore the stamp of a resolute independence.

Both were busily sewing. Ruth glanced out of the window, only to look upon high, stifling walls.

"Thalia," said Ruth, pausing a moment in her stitching, "does it seem as if we were ever at Madame Braces, among other well-dressed and happy girls? I remember we only seemed to have one object in life, and that was to pass away the time somehow, trying not to make too many blunders, and looking forward to the time when we should have finished our education, and be ready to make our debut in society."

Thalia sighed wearily in response. "I remember," she answered slowly. "Oh, if father had not failed in business, Bennie and I might have been happy, and rich, too, perhaps;" and she glanced sympathetically towards Bennie's hard bed.

"Yes," said Ruth, "and if that terrible Mr. Barton had not cheated my father, I might have been rich and happy too. Poor father! It quite broke his heart, and so I have to sit sewing these horrid, poky seams!" "I know it's dreadful," said Thalia, "but think, Ruth, what if we couldn't even have the seams to sew. What would we do?"

"True enough, Thalia. I will try not to complain so much—if we can only keep together."

Thalia sighed again as she looked around the dingy apartment. Everything was plain, coarse, neat, but uninviting. Surely, Wood Court was not a desirable place for a home; yet even here rents were high, and they could scarcely pay for the two little rooms they called home.

Presently Ruth raised her head. There was a ring of determination in her voice as she exclaimed:

"Thalia! Let's move!"

"Where, pray?"

Thalia's lip curled sarcastically as she added, "Where there are more dingy brick walls and tumble-down places called houses? more scenes like those going on inside and outside?"

A discordant clamor had arisen between two drunken men on the stairs; also between two charcoal men who were standing in the narrow alley.

"No," said Ruth, "to a nice, large house which will be cool in summer and warm in winter."

"Yes, let's go to heaven at once!" replied Thalia, smiling a little.

"I really mean it, Thalia!" said Ruth.

Thalia turned toward Ruth in surprise.

"What do you mean, Ruth?" she asked.

"Just this," answered Ruth. "Let's move to Rose Hall and take up our abode there!"

Thalia's thoughts flew instantly to a house standing a little apart from others, quite out of the suburbs of the city. It was not tenanted. Evidently the builder was a man of taste, and had some knowledge of the fitness of things, for it was well planned. The shutters had been closed through all the years the girls had known of it. In fact, the house had never been occupied.

At the time of building, a rose hedge had been planted on two sides of the spacious lawn, and the roses had climbed and spread around as roses will. Wishing to designate the place one day, Ruth had called it "Rose Hall."

Thalia drew a long breath. She seemed to inhale the odor of the sweet June roses which she knew even then were blooming.

"Oh, if we only could!" she said. "Wouldn't it be Paradise?"

"Well, what is to hinder? Room enough for us in that big house. What right has anybody to keep a place like that empty while we are just dying for fresh air and a decent place to live in?"

Ruth's voice had a defiant ring as she propounded this question.

"Oh, Ruthie! I don't know about other people's rights, but surely we have none there!" answered Thalia decisively.

There was a little pause.

"What made you think of such a thing, Ruth?" asked Thalia.

"I didn't think of it," answered Ruth. "I dreamed of Rose Hall last night, and in my dream I saw the sweetest lady I ever saw in my life. She stood by my bed, and looked around the room so sorrowfully, as if she didn't like it any better than we do. Then she took me by the hand and said, 'Come, dear, I want you to go with me.' I dreamed I went, and she took me to Rose Hall. We went in. How we got in, I'm sure I don't know; and then she said: 'I want you to live here, dear; you and Thalia and Bennie.' Then she disappeared, and I woke to find myself in this hot, stifling room. The dream has been in my mind all day."

"How strange!" said Thalia. "But it's only a dream after all, Ruth, you know."

"See here now, Thalia," said Ruth, "here we are, living in this miserable place. We are both willing to work. But now, there's that empty house, nobody going near it for years. What is to hinder us from going over there and appropriating three or four rooms for our use?"

"Why, Ruth! The owner could do something dreadful to us!"

"Not if we did not harm anything," said Ruth. "Anyway, we should have had the good of it for a little while!"

"Surely, Ruth, you are not in earnest?"

"Yes, I am! Tell you what, Thalia, I am going over there to-morrow. It is Sunday, you know. I promise you if I find the house locked, bolted, and barred, I won't say anything more about it; but if there is one place where I can get in so I can truly say I didn't break in, I shall explore the interior; and if I like the looks of it as well as I did in my dream, I shall certainly go there!"

"What! and leave us?" Thalia's lips quivered a little.

"Not a bit of it. You and Bennie will go too. You would have just as much right there as I!"

"Which is no right at all, Ruthie," said Thalia.

Sunday morning dawned, a perfect June day. Ruth went about her little tasks with a look of decision on her pretty face, which made Thalia feel that remonstrance would be useless. She felt a sudden curiosity herself, and a longing to inhale the odor of those beautiful roses.

"Ruth, I'd really like to go with you," she said. "I want to get some roses, and I want to keep you out of mischief."

Ruth was inwardly pleased that Thalia had decided to go with her. Leaving the car, they made their way through pleasant streets, and passed out of the more closely settled portion. Rose Hall was in sight, but at quite a distance. They passed quietly through a small opening in the rose hedge, and walked up the lawn.

"Let's go around by the back of the house," said Ruth.

Thalia followed, hardly trusting herself to speak.

A trail of a door opening on a small piazza, showed it to be fast. Another, a narrow door, opened readily to Ruth's effort, and she stepped in. Thalia followed her, feeling like a thief.

Ruth gave a hurried glance around and turning pale, sat down on the floor.

"Thalia! It all looks exactly as it did in my dream! Exactly!" She rose to her feet and began to explore farther.

"Are you sure, Ruth?" asked Thalia seriously.

"Yes—and I truly feel as if we might come here, and not be wicked either! Oh—wouldn't it be heavenly!"

Thalia held up her little thin hands to the sunbeams pouring in at the open doorway.

"Seems just as if it would welcome us here, doesn't it, Ruthie?" she said, smiling pitifully.

They wandered together over the beautiful house, Ruth meanwhile chatting and planning what she would do if it were hers.

"Come, come, Ruth? We must not stay any longer. Let us get our roses and go," said Thalia thoughtfully.

They gathered great bunches of the treasures, then made their way back to the noisy, dark place they called home.

"Here are your roses, Bennie," said Thalia. But her thoughts were back in that beautiful house.

It was late when Ruth and Thalia retired that night. Both fell asleep with a rose lying close to their pale cheeks.

Only a little while, and both were awakened by the cry of "Fire! Fire!" They wrapped a blanket hastily around Bennie, and he was given to the care of the firemen, while they rushed out, barely escaping the falling walls.

Some of the poor people near by generously contributed a few articles of clothing from their own scanty store; and there they stood in the street, even more homeless than before.

Their joint earnings were in a little pocket which Thalia always kept about her person. The girls smiled a little ruefully as they counted over the small store—just seven dollars.

"Seven dollars, and no debts!" exclaimed Thalia. "How fortunate this was saved! But what shall we do? Where shall we go?"

"To Rose Hall of course," replied Ruth, very decidedly.

"Well!" replied Thalia, "if the Lord didn't drive us out of this court, the fire did! I don't want to do anything wrong, but I really think I will go to Rose Hall with you!"

"Very well! Now, we must buy some beds and a few other things;" and Ruth began to write out a list.

"But how can we get anything over there? It would look very suspicious if we send an order to that place;" and Thalia looked doubtfully at Ruth.

At that moment Jack Loring approached. Jack had been a teamster, but was expecting to ship for a long voyage that very day. The girls had been kind to him. He had come to say good by. A sudden thought entered Ruth's head.

"Oh, Jack! Will you do something for us and be quiet about it? We want a few things moved!"

"I'll move heaven and earth and never speak of it, Miss Ruth!" he replied.

A cheap, second-hand shop was visited, a few articles bought, and Jack got a team of a comrade, and carried the little load over to Rose Hall, placing them just inside the rose hedge. Thalia and Ruth were profuse in their thanks.

That night they slept in their new home.

"Here we are, safe and sound," said Ruth next morning. "We begin to look quite housekeeping. Nobody knows except Jack, and he is far away on the ocean for three years. Who can tell what may happen during that time?"

"Well," said Thalia, "I'll try to make the best of it and not feel too much like a burglar!" and she smiled through the tears that would force themselves when she thought of the straits to which they had been driven.

"We have some bread and butter, and fifty cents in our bank. How rich we are!" said Ruth laughingly; and she took up her work bravely.

That very night Ruth dreamed of the same lady who had told her to go to Rose Hall. She awoke with a start, to see Thalia half sitting up, and with pale face and strained eyes looking at the white robed, beautiful figure. The moonlight shone in brightly, and crowned her head with a fair glory.

"Who are you?" gasped Thalia.

"Call me Hope, dear child. I will not harm you. I come only to bless!" With a parting wave of her hand she disappeared.

Thalia sprang from her bed, and ran into Ruth's room. Ruth was just awaking. Thalia seized her, and shook her roughly.

"Ruth! Ruth! I've seen your ghost!"

"And I was just dreaming about my beautiful lady! said Ruth.

"But I saw her, I tell you! I really saw her! I was wide awake. She spoke to me—said her name was Hope!"

"Why, Thalia! It can't be!"

"I tell you I did! I never believed in ghosts before, but I know I saw one to-night! But she looked so good I am not so very much afraid!"

They went to look at Bennie, and found him sleeping quietly.

"I told you she wanted us to come here, didn't I, Thalia?"

"Yes—but what is it to her?"

"Perhaps this house is one of her haunts, and she will keep us company," said Ruth, turning drowsily to her pillow.

But Thalia could not sleep any more that night.

The summer passed. Thalia and Ruth worked busily. Bennie grew stronger, and his pale face had become quite rosy.

"Ruth," said Thalia one day in October, "I used to wish that the rich people for whom we worked had a little interest in us beyond being suited with our work. Now, I am rather glad they haven't. How frightened I should be if any one were to ask us where we live!"

"Not much danger," said Ruth. "The dear ladies have all they can do to attend to the hanging of their draperies and trains."

"Only think!" continued Thalia. "Here it is the last of October. We have been here four blissful months! And how comfortable we have been!"

"Yes," replied Ruth, "and it seems as if we might be more so the coming winter. How nice that the builder placed that cunning little chimney just where he did! Nobody ever sees the smoke from our camp fire. And we've had so much better food since we could use our money that way, besides putting by quite a little store for winter. And we shall be likely to be so warm here. I do feel so thankful to our ghost!" They laughed together.

"After all, our ghost may get us into trouble yet. What if the owner should come along one of these fine days? It really worries me," said Thalia, wrinkling her fair brow in a most melancholy way.

New Year's day found them happy and busy. The January sun looked in the windows upon very scantily furnished rooms, but they were clean and bright and cheerful. The girls now treated themselves to the *Daily Globe*, and occasionally a magazine.

In marked contrast to these rooms were a suite in Hotel De Place, in a distant city. Two gentlemen sat by an open fire on this same New Year's day. Both were habited in comfortable dressing gowns and slippers. Everything gave token of wealth and ease. Both gentlemen were of dark complexion, and strongly resembled each other. In fact they were relatives. Mr. Philip Manning, senior, was uncle to Berthold Manning. He was thirty-five, and there was only a difference of ten years in their ages. They were bachelors, and inseparable companions.

"Well, Bert," Philip was saying; "here it is New Year's day again, and our heads are level after all the demands made upon us to-day! It is a good thing we came home when we did, or we should have made one call too many."

Bert assented by a nod of his head, only half noticing what Philip said.

"Here—here! Wake up! Are you dreaming?" exclaimed Philip.

"Not just now," said Bert; "but fact is I did have a singular dream last night. Never had any such thing make such an impression on me before."

"Tell me, do," said Philip. "If eel just in the mood for something of the sort."

"Well," said Bert, "my dream carried me to that house my father built for Cousin Alma a number of years ago—fifteen I should say. It is near the city of D—"

"I remember I heard father say that Alma's affianced was drowned. She never recovered from the shock of his death, and she died about six months after."

"Father felt so badly he never felt like doing anything about selling the place, so it remained on his hands with the rest of the property. I being the only heir, you know, did not feel disposed to do anything about it;" And Bert puffed away dreamily.

"Well—what of your dream?"

"Oh yes! I forgot where I was! Well, I dreamed I went to that house, and found somebody living there—two of the prettiest girls I ever saw; and a crippled boy. It seemed to me they were very poor, and had really gone there to be more comfortable; not with any bad intent. And there they were, living as cosily as poor people could. And it seemed to me they were in constant dread of the owner coming to find them in that house. One was light, the other dark; both about the same age; and the crippled boy was a brother to one of them. I am quite curious about it, for I never had such a strange impression before. Oh! and I almost forgot another thing. I dreamed Cousin Alma came into the room and said, 'He shall give his angels charge over thee, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone;' and then I awoke; but all day long I could not help contrasting their poverty with the abundance I have seen in aristocratic homes to-day."

"It is curious," remarked Philip, after a few moments' pause, "but you know we are not superstitious about dreams. Very likely there's nothing to it."

Bert assented. Still, he could not get it out of his

mind. He surprised Philip a week after by announcing that he was going to D—to look up that house.

"Why, Bert! Really going?"

"Certainly."

"I have half a mind to go, too, unless you object," said Philip.

"Do! I shall be glad to introduce you to those—" Bert hesitated.

"Housebreakers!" suggested Philip.

The words fell upon Bert's ears harshly.

"Surely, Uncle Phil, they are not that!"

"What else are they? Never mind, Bert. It's not my business. But I will go with you to investigate this mystery."

It was a clear, cold day when they drove out beyond the suburbs of D— Bert's heart gave a dismal throb as he placed the key in the wide door. Both looked about curiously for a moment.

"No footprints here, anyhow, Bert. Guess your tenants are ghosts."

At that moment the heavy door creaked on its hinges and swung open.

They tramped noisily in, across the bare floors, and passed from room to room.

"Looks just as I dreamed it did," said Bert. As he spoke, he opened another door. It would be hard to tell who were the most astonished parties—Thalia and Ruth, or the two gentlemen, who really felt they were intruding.

How white Thalia and Ruth were! Poor little Bennie, unconscious of anything unusual, looked curiously at the strangers.

Thalia sat in her low sewing chair, her face as white as the work lying on her lap, her eyes raised appealingly to Bert, for she instinctively felt the time of exposure had come.

Ruth had more command over herself. She, too, felt the owner of Rose Hall stood before them. She summoned all her courage, and said quietly:

"Well! So you have found us?"

Philip and Bert exchanged glances without speaking. "I beg your pardon, Miss—er—Miss, but really—" Bert stammered.

Ruth turned toward Thalia.

"This is my friend Thalia Seymour," and turning toward Bennie, "this is her invalid brother, Bennie. I am Ruth Macon."

There was a moment's pause, and she said bravely. "It's all my fault—Thalia wouldn't have come here if it had not been for me. It is all my work!"

Bert stood stupidly looking at Thalia, while Philip's gaze was fastened upon Ruth's pleading face.

"It is just like this," Ruth continued. "We were so poor, and we had to live in such a dreary, dismal place, and it was so hard for us because we were once used to better things." Ruth's voice choked a little. Then she went on.

"And one night I dreamed that a beautiful lady came to me, and told me to come here. We knew about the place, and had always admired it. Then I said to Thalia, 'let's go'; and she said 'no'. But that very night the block we were living in burned, and we had no place to go; so I said I was coming to Rose Hall; and then Thalia said she would come to, so we did."

Still the gentlemen were silent.

"This was last June," continued Ruth, "and we have been here ever since, but indeed we have tried to be careful."

There was another silence. Then Thalia spoke.

"If you are offended with us, we will go away to-day—at once. I'm so sorry!"

She was pale, but neither Thalia or Ruth took refuge in tears. It was Bennie who did that.

"Oh, Thalia! Must we go away from this place—back to that dreadful city? Oh—we've been so happy here—must we go?"

Then Bert found voice for the first time.

"Not a step, my lad!" he exclaimed. "You shall stay here as long as you please!"

He turned toward Ruth.

"Excuse me, but I am so surprised! I never dreamed—confound it! Yes, I did dream, too! And that's how I happened to come. I felt curious about it. I dreamed you three were here, and Cousin Alma came to me while I was here, and I felt just like coming to see what it all meant!"

Philip and Bert were still standing, for really there were no extra chairs.

"Cousin Alma?" questioned Thalia.

"Yes—but Alma is dead—but I dreamed of her with the rest."

"How did she look?" asked Thalia.

Bert gave a personal description of his cousin.

"Why, Ruth! That is just like our ghost!"

Then Philip spoke for the first time.

"Well, I should say this is all strange enough without a ghost, but with one! What next?"

Bert looked inquiringly at Thalia.

"What ghost?" he asked.

"The lady, or somebody, or something who comes here to see us so often," answered Thalia. "She calls herself 'Hope', and really we have learned to love her."

Thalia forgot for a moment that she was speaking to a stranger.

Ruth began to think of proper hospitality toward her unexpected guests. She turned to Philip and said "Please be seated." That the ladies need not feel embarrassed the gentlemen seated themselves. Thalia and Ruth sat on the lounge by Bennie's feet, he drawing them up to give them a little more room.

"It is all very strange," said Bert. "But pray do not think I mean to make any trouble about it. You are quite welcome to stay—indeed you are;" noting the anxious expression on Thalia's face. "We don't need the house," he continued, "and I am thoughtless to let it stay empty so long. It ought to be of some use to some one. Don't feel uneasy about it. It will be all right."

It was plainly to be seen that Bert was getting beyond his depth.

A little longer they sat and talked, the gentlemen meanwhile quietly noting their plain dress, and the piles of work which gave evidence of their industry.

Bert learned that Thalia's father and his own had been friends. And Philip learned that Ruth's father had been in former years a partner in business with his own father.

There was an absolute silence for a little while after the gentlemen left, and then both girls heaved a long sigh of relief; and Thalia said.

"Oh, Ruth! Ar'n't you thankful it is over!"

Philip and Bert called frequently for several days, and every day they were reminded of their presence in the city by the reception of various bouquets, and baskets of flowers.

"This will never do, Ruth," said Thalia one morning. "We ought to go away from here—we must go, no matter what we suffer, we must go."

Thalia spoke decisively.

"You are quite right, Thalia. I can see that we ought to go."

At that moment the door bell rang. It was a very pale faced Thalia who answered the call.

"What is it?" asked Bert instantly. "Has anything happened?"

Thalia led the way to the little kitchen without replying. They found Bennie trying to dry his tears.

"Are you worse, Bennie?" asked Bert with real concern.

"No, sir; only Thalia says we must go away from here, and when she says must in that way, I know she means it."

Bennie rubbed his eyes again with his little coarse handkerchief.

"It's nice here," said he, "and I don't want to go!"

Thalia's cheeks flushed crimson.

"And I don't want you should, unless it is to a better place than this, even," said Bert. He turned to Thalia.

"Thalia, will you let Bennie go with me? And will you go, too? For life you know!" And he took Thalia's hand.

They were turned away from Philip, who walked directly up to Ruth and exclaimed desperately.

"Ruth! Don't let that nephew of mine leave me alone in the world. Will you go with me to a home which shall be your own?"

There was some very earnest, but quiet conversation in that house for the next two hours.

Neither could bear to be separated from the other. So when a few weeks later they entered the door of a spacious, handsome mansion, and felt they were really in their own home, a tide of happiness swept over them too deep to be expressed by words.

Entering the well furnished library, a portrait of a noble looking, beautiful lady seemed to bestow her blessing upon them.

"Oh, Ruth! Here is a perfect picture of our lovely ghost!" exclaimed Thalia.

"It is my Cousin Alma's portrait," said Bert, standing reverently before it. "Blessings on her for what she has done!"

Was it a dream?

A uniform currency has been the dream of financiers for generations. The present coinage system of France was established at the beginning of the century; was adopted twenty odd years ago by the nations of the Latin Union—Belgium, Italy and Switzerland, and has since been extended to Spain, Greece, Rumania and Servia. But its friends have never been able to introduce it into England, Germany, Russia or Turkey. Some day an international convention in which all the commercial nations of the world will be represented will probably agree upon an international coinage. The choice will be between the system of the Latin Union and the system which it is now proposed to inaugurate with the American international dollar. Experience will indicate what coins public convenience requires, perhaps it would be premature at this time to hazard predictions on the subject. But it stands to reason that any new scheme of metallic currency must be based on the decimal system.





## THE MEETING.

By JULIA GREY BURNETT.

After long years of absence,  
Years of life's changes and care—  
We met at the dear old hearthstone,  
All who were left were there.  
With love we scanned the faces  
Well known in the long ago;  
Noting time's pencil traces  
On hair, and eye, and brow.

Recalling happy childhood,  
With its merry romp and play;  
The blossoms in the wildwood,  
The song birds' roundelay.  
The school, the stern old teacher  
With ferule and rod of birch;  
The dear, kind-hearted preacher  
We listened to in church.

The church stands on the hillside,  
A sentinel gray with age;  
But teacher—yes, and preacher—  
Have long since closed life's page.  
We spoke of those who loved us  
In the days of long ago;  
Those who had made the homestead  
A paradise below.

The arm-chair in the corner,  
Which so many times before  
For father and for mother  
We placed in days of yore,  
Had long, long since been vacant,  
And the dear forms long been mold—  
To-night we knew them present,  
All an unbroken fold.

It almost seemed their voices  
In our song and soft refrain,  
Beneath the dear old roof-tree,  
Blended with ours again.  
And who shall say: Ah, never  
Can those who've loved so dear  
Return from the great "whither,"  
To bless and guide us here?

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Did it ever strike you that the reason human beings grow to be so wrinkled and battle-scarred by the time they get ready to die is because they talk too much? The family cat goes through trials as great as ever befell a mortal Rachel in seeing family after family of blooming kits consigned to the water bucket; the cow hands over one after another of her frisky offspring to the butcher's shambles; the chicken is chased into the dinner pot; the bird is waylaid by the small boy and his sling-shot; the horse is over-loaded and abused to the limit of equine endurance, and yet each and all from the family cat to the noble horse preserve countenances of youthful calm and serenity to the last. You never saw a tear-stained cheek or a pain-furrowed brow on an animal, and I believe it is because they were mercifully denied the power to communicate and dilate upon their troubles. If they met together to talk over their ailments as we do, and filled the hours of a morning browse under the maples with details of bad digestion or the items of a family funeral, perhaps they would grow old and hollow cheeked and wizened before their time as we do. What is mankind's universal form of salutation? "How are you?" Ten to one the question launches a full-rigged craft of physical wretchedness upon the tide of conversation that should be devoted to nobler commerce. How would it do to change the form of inquiry to matters pertaining to the spirit rather than to the body? "How is it with your soul, sister?" rather than "Have you got the grippe?" "How fares your temper?" instead of "How is your liver?" Would it not be better to interest ourselves in the progress of the soul on its journey toward the delectable country rather than to vex ourselves so widely about matters pertaining to headaches, catarrhs and hay fever? Try it.—"Amber," in *Chicago Herald*.

Why do benevolent woman so seldom make provision in their wills for the benefit of their own sex? asks the *The Press* of New York. Emma Abbott was a generous and kindly soul. Her will was in most respects not unworthy of her loveable character. The testamentary disposition of her property was generous in bequests to institutions of religion and charity. Yet this woman, whose gift of song had brought her wealth did not leave one bequest for the benefit of any institution of charity or education exclusively for women. Wealthy Mrs. Foggs recently left \$200,000

by will, not to Harvard's annex, where it would benefit her own sex, but to the main Harvard College, where its beneficiaries would be young men. Of the \$400,000 she bequeathed to other educational institutions not a dollar went to a woman's college. No doubt these ladies had a right to do as they would with their own. But in view of the fact that there are so many ways in which legacies of money can be of immense assistance to the cause of higher female education it is to be regretted that more wealthy women do not provide pecuniarily for the intellectual and moral needs of their striving sisters.

*Cincinnati Gazette*: There is no serious objection to the submission of the question of woman suffrage to the voters of Ohio at the November election. If a majority of the men desire that the women shall be allowed to vote, and the women themselves desire to enter politics, why, all we have to say is that the legal bars should be let down. But should the question be submitted, and should it carry in the popular election, the proper thing would not be to resort to the plea practiced by some high authorities in the Methodist church respecting the admission of women delegates to the General Conference. This issue was submitted to a church membership vote, and when it became apparent that the women had secured a majority their opponents immediately concocted a scheme to set aside the returns on the plea that a full vote had not been cast. That sort of business may work in the church, but it will not do in politics.

An exchange says that Kansas has reason to be proud of her women office-holders. Mrs. Kellogg, of that State, makes an admirable Attorney General, and Mrs. Salter who is now serving her second term as Mayor of Argonia, is said to have done all the housework for her family of five people, as well as given due attention to her public and social duties during her tenure of office.

Mrs. Farrow, of Boston, Lincolnshire, England, is a poor law guardian and wife of a county councillor. She is also a woman with a remarkable capacity for business. Knowing nothing of printing, she nevertheless bought all the machinery required for doing the printing called for by the increasing needs of her husband's mustard factory, and within one month had mastered the whole business of printing the gay-colored labels and case covers, the bill heads, and notices, etc., for the entire concern.

Mrs. W. W. Taylor of "Cliff Cottage Stock Farm," near Loveland, Col., is joint proprietor with her husband of a high-bred herd of registered Jersey cattle. They make specialties besides of fine poultry and Scotch collie dogs. They also keep sheep, and supply the markets far and near with early spring lambs. There business cards read, "Z. and W. W. Taylor." It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are firm believers in equal rights, and "practice what they preach."

Miss Kate Steele has been made a full professor by the Royal Academy of Music in England, with all the privileges pertaining to that dignity. The *Westminster and Lambeth Gazette* says: "Miss Steele is the first lady to be thus honored, and deserves the heartiest congratulations, both from professional and private people, as being the pioneer in paths once closed to women."

Miss Anna Sewall is said to have received the idea of writing the famous book "Black Beauty," while driving a guest to the station, who quoted to her from an essay on animals by Dr. Howard Bushnell, of Hartford. For many years she felt that "it was worth while to try, at least, to bring the thoughts of men more into harmony with the purposes of God on this subject."

Miss Jennie E. Hooker, of McCutchanville, Ind., won the *Cosmopolitan's* prize of \$200 for the best article of 4,000 words written by a farmer's daughter, describing farm life, with suggestions as to the best means of making farm life attractive and happy. More than 200 writers competed for the prize.

Miss Emily Howard, director of the First National Bank, at Auburn, N. Y., is the first woman in the United States to hold such a position. Miss Howard is rich and for several years has maintained at her own home a school for farmers' sons and daughters.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the novelist, is still writing, though over 75 years of age. As to her full name, which is Emma Dorothy Eliza Neulette Southworth, she says: "When I was born my people were too poor to give me anything else, so they gave me all those names."

Miss Kingsley, daughter of Charles Kingsley, has been awarded the decoration of the French academic palms, with the grade of "Officer of the Academy," for her valuable writings upon French art.

Mrs. Jennie M. Lozier, who has been elected President of Sorosis, is a physician, although she has not practiced medicine for several years. She devotes all her time to philanthropic work.

## READING A SEALED LETTER.

After the editorial on the second page, headed as above, was ready for the press, the following letter was received from Mr. Davis, in reply to our letter of inquiry. Although the letter was not written for publication, we have the writer's permission to use it.

NEW YORK, APRIL 2, 1891.

DEAR SIR: Although not a Spiritualist, I am a regular attendant at the meetings held in Brooklyn. I am personally acquainted with all of the mediums in that city and know most of the Spiritualists. Some time since I issued a challenge to mediums, and it was copied in the New York and Brooklyn papers. Two Saturday nights ago, at the meeting of the "Progressive Spiritualists," a man named Martin was called on the platform and was introduced by President Bogert. This man Martin requested each person in the audience to write a question on a slip of paper and keep it out of sight. Mrs. Martin then went on the platform and Mr. M. did, or pretended to mesmerize Mrs. M. The woman then told what some person had written, and answered the question. This was done a good many times. Mrs. Martin also stated my question, and when I acknowledged that it was just what I had written, Chairman Bogert jumped up and said: "Mrs. Martin wins your \$1,000."

This created a great sensation. When the excitement cooled down I got up and explained that what Mrs. Martin had done had nothing whatever to do with my first three propositions, and although it had some bearing on my fourth proposition, still I did not consider that what the medium had done went beyond the limits of mind reading and that my proposition, as stated in my circular, was still open. Mr. Martin said he would accept the challenge. I said he could meet me at 100 Nassau st., New York, Monday morning, when I would arrange matters with him. Then some of the audience talked as though I was backing out and insisted that I should complete arrangements then and there. I declined to do so. I said that I did not care to put myself on exhibition in a public hall, but would go before a committee of Spiritualists selected by the conference and enter into an agreement whereby the test could be made in private. They would not listen to me, and said that Mr. and Mrs. M. would come to the hall the following Saturday night to meet me, and hinted that I would be made a laughing stock of if I was not there. The matter was taken out of my hands by hot heads who know as much about business as children. I tried to get a chance to talk with Martin after the meeting, but all the men were so thick around him, giving him their congratulations, that I could not get near. All the women were gathered about Mrs. Martin, kissing her. I left the hall without having any understanding with Mr. and Mrs. Martin. On my way home I said to a few friends who were with me that I would get another person to write the letter so as to avoid the possibility of direct mind reading, and asked one of the men who was with me if he could suggest a better scheme. He said: "If you do that, she will never read the letter in the world."

Tuesday I received a letter from Martin, stating that when he accepted my challenge he had not read it, and got his idea of it from what Mr. Bogert had told him. He said that I did not stipulate in my circular what language the sealed letter would be written in or how many words it would contain, but that he would bet me \$50 that his wife would read a sealed letter of twenty words written in English. I answered that I would be on hand with the sealed letter and the money. I then got one of my most intimate friends to write and seal the letter, which I put into a second envelope and carried in my pocket

until the test was made. Mrs. Isa Wilson Porter gave a party at her house the Friday evening before the reading of the letter, and they were all sure that Mrs. Martin would win my money. They were enthusiastic. An *Evening Telegram* reporter was in the house. He published a very sensational account of what would occur at the hall Saturday night, and that brought out reporters from all the other papers. The *New York Sun*, the *New York Daily Continent*, the *New York Recorder*, the *New York Sunday Mercury*, the *New York Press*, the *Brooklyn Citizen* and some of the other papers published accounts from one-third to a whole column long, treating the matter in a manner more respectful than they are in the habit of doing with this subject.

Mrs. Martin read the letter or pretended to read it. At any rate she stated the contents nearly correctly, I did not recover my astonishment until Sunday morning when it dawned on me that I had no guarantee that my friend, the third party, had not put the Martins *en rapport* with the contents of the letter. My friend denies that he did anything of the kind, but I find it more easy to believe that the contents were made known in that way than to accept any other explanation. If I am the victim of a trick, my friend will see that I do not lose any money, for I am sure that he would not put up a job so that I would be cheated out of \$50. Newspapermen, Spiritualists, investigators and others are in my place from morning until night and I tell them all that I am not satisfied.

I wrote to Mr. Martin that I was not satisfied with the test, and although I would not dispute his right to the money, still I thought that he had better let me have another chance of testing the matter, I told him that whether he was successful or not in the next attempt it would in no wise affect the other matter, as I had lost my bet and did not propose to have the result of a second attempt in any wise affect the decision of President Bogert and the appointed referee. He has agreed to have Mrs. Martin attempt the test again in private when her health will permit. He says that after the meeting when he and his wife left the hall that Mrs. M. vomited frequently all the way from the hall to their home in New York. Some of the members say that the woman was very sick in the street after the meeting. The Spiritualists tell me that if Christ came through a partition and took me by the hand, that I would cry hallucination, fraud, trickery, and etc. If there is collusion I presume my friend would not dare say so at present owing to the publicity that has been given to the matter. I am sure that he would not make me the dupe of a trickster to the extent of a single penny and that if it is collusion, my money will be refunded when the matter dies out. If the money is refunded and if the Martins back out of their second agreement I will let you know.

I know nothing of those people. To gratify my curiosity concerning their "Religio-Philosophical Test," I went to their materialization seance. The centre of a rope about eight feet long was tied around the neck of the woman and the two ends were passed through two holes in the cabinet, a hard knot was made in the outside and a man held the ends of the rope. The lights were made very low and a form came out. The performance was very satisfactory to the Spiritualists present. Confederates are out of the question because the cabinet stands up on four legs so that we could all look under it, and every person present was satisfied that everything was all right. If the woman can get away from the rope everything else is easily explained. Before closing, I want to say to you that you are quite different from any Spiritualist I ever heard of. You want to know the particulars of questionable phenomena, while the others get most awfully angry if it is even hinted that a manifestation is questionable. I presume the *Banner of Light* and the *Better Way* will assume that there is no question and will deal out their usual twaddle. However, it may be all right and I want to give the Martins the benefit of the doubt until I have a better reason for thinking that I am the victim of a trickster or a practical joker.

Respectfully,

W. S. DAVIS.

The Martins have no moral right to advertise rope-tying as a "RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL test." THE JOURNAL would not regard such a condition as satisfactory. It would be no difficult feat to circumvent this supposed safeguard, as it would be applied by most people. We do not know Mrs. Martin—not by that name at least.



## THE AMERICAN AKADEME.

TO THE EDITOR: The exercise for the March meeting of the American Akademie was the reading of a paper from the Rev. C. F. Bradley, of Quincy. Subject: "The Growth of Religious Symbolism, or the Origin of Christian Rites and Dogmas."

The theme took its departure in the following words from Eusebius: "What is now called the Christian religion," says Saint Augustine, "has existed among the ancients, and was not absent since the beginning of the human race till Christ came in the flesh, from which time the true religion, which already existed, began to be called Christian." Mr. Bradley proposed to demonstrate the truth of this proposition, laid down by the father of orthodox Christianity, by an appeal to the facts of historical and scientific research, and the antiquity of the Christian symbols, which Augustine confesses to be older than the Christian era. "At the outset," he said, "I must rest my argument upon that distinguishing doctrine of Jesus, the universal immanence of infinite spirit in human destiny, the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, which was the burden of his cosmopolitan religion, voiced in the imperfect accent of that time. A truth which, with the help of science, we are able still more clearly to apprehend, that universal humanity is a divine incarnation, and that all religions are successive stages of one unbroken revelation. We conceive then of the Power of the universe, the Power of which all religion is the expression, as spirit. . . . The liturgies and ceremonials and theologes are the witnesses which the Infinite Spirit makes to the divinity of man. They are the words which the God-essence in man has spoken, making the stages of growth which have elevated religion, as reason and intelligence have increased in power. . . . Now, if we will look into the soul of our first Christian centuries, we shall see what living streams flowed together to make Christianity. There was the straight Judaism which had come down from the eighth century prophets, the Persian Judaism, bringing with it the tenets of the Aryan Zoroaster, and the Greek Judaism. It is the invariable method of human nature to build its new facts out of the seed already planted in experience. We keep exactly to the law of human nature only as we recognize that the Christian ecclesiasticism was a growth unconsciously out of an existing heritage of religious symbolisms."

## CONVERSATION.

Dr. Morey: Christianity is, in my estimation, something far wider, deeper, higher, more far-reaching in possibilities, than the glimpse of it—as one of the religions of the ages—as seen in the paper to which we have just listened. Christ an ethical teacher only, does not account for the divine quickening of the race, for the awakening to newness of life, for the streams of living thought which flowed forth to vivify and refresh the whole earth upon the advent of the saviour of men. Christianity cannot be accounted for by natural evolution, any more than the ocean can be accounted for by upsetting a child's milk cup. "Christ, one of the Essenes," is not probable. There was great dissimilarity between Christ's teachings and those of the Essenes.

Rev. Hayden: Our prejudices and moral sympathies have much to do with any state of facts. Well, it will be said, that is the way you were brought up. When it comes to Jesus being an ethical teacher, one of the Essenes, the wish seems father to the thought. There is not the faintest record that he was in sympathy with that order—not the faintest echo of asceticism in his life. It is inexpressibly perilous to dogmatize on questions upon which we have so little evidence.

Mr. Wolcott: The thought in my mind is that of reminiscence. Max Müller started a new movement in the study of philology, and important results have grown out of it. Mr. Wolcott made partial mention of his service to mankind, and said: "The issue of this large field of inquiry is in summary as follows: No institutions, manners, habits, customs, arts, are without their outgrowth from pre-existing habit of mind and way of looking at things. Whether Christianity started *de novo* and full blown by special interposi-

tion, or by natural law of mind, our scriptures are a history of the progressive development of the knowledge of God in the mind and life of man. Although Dr. Short is proverbially known to his friends to be full of gentleness and sweetness in all the relations of life, he bore down considerably on the doctrine of total depravity and of the consequent necessity of the advent of a power able to cope with it, that only power being Christ, so he could not be classified as one among other leaders of religions.

Prof. Turner made appropriate and telling points in his remarks, ruling out all "priests" and "man-made institutions," taking a general survey of the cycles and ages of man, retaining for steady diet all the "Christ words" and the "kingdoms of the heavens."

Mrs. J.: Mr. Bradley refers to a time when the English church believed in the damnation of unbaptized, unelected infants. I would like to expand that idea a little further by reference to a type of the genus non-elect infant found in a bit of poetry, showing the present status of the doctrine. The concluding lines only are herewith quoted:

At last the gates were opened; a man with features mild  
Stooped down and raised the weeping, unelected child.  
Immortal light thrilled softly down avenues of bliss,  
As on the infant's forehead the spirit placed a kiss.  
"Who are you, thus to hallow my unelected brow?"  
"Dear child, my name was Calvin, but I see things better now."

The President: The discussion reminds me of some verses of Virgil: "Know first there is a spirit within which nourishes the heavens and the earth and the watery main and the bright orb of the moon and the sun and the stars, which mingles itself with all. Mind moves the mass, and actuates every particular of the whole body, from whence is the race of man and the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air and the creatures of the seas. In all there is a vital energy, and their origin is from celestial causes." This spirit within, this vital factor is the dominant factor in man's religious history. His rites and dogmas are perpetually born from his spirit and his thought—not picked up in outside sources. Man has always been man. The highest antiquities of the race are of civilized man. In the constitution of his soul he is conscious of deity, and in the primeval ages of every generation has formulated his idea of deity in very similar expressions. The Hindus, and the Persians, and the Egyptians, and the Scandinavians, and the Greeks have all framed conceptions of the existence of one God, the Creator and preserver of all things. In the primeval ages of every historic generation man has been monotheistic, and if polytheisms and idolatries are found, they are degenerations from the monotheistic idea. And even darkest Africa Bishop Taylor finds worshipping the God of Abraham, led not by written revelations, but illuminated by the Spirit of God. There is still and always has been a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding. There are two elements in the religious history of mankind—the permanent, which is the monotheistic idea, and the transient, which is constituted of the myths and symbols which are but the costume and expression of the other. It is not necessary that the rites and dogmas of one generation should be carried forward into another. There are the transient and variable elements of each age. They have their origin in the spring of the living thought. Man conserves and carries forward only such elements as befit his purposes. If the illustration may be allowed, the beaver does not need to take his form of the beaver dam from the construction of his ancestors. If all these were annihilated, the young beavers would build again just as before. The law of the structure exists in the nature of the creature, and not in evolutions from his ancestral antecedents, and so in human history, if all the creeds, and confessions, and liturgies, and workshops of all the generations of man were annihilated, the race of man would reconstruct them all in a similar manner out of the spirit of man and the ideas of his thought, and not out of accumulations of ancestral costumes. The theorem of the paper, that the Christian religion is not a new religion, is high ground, and the research worthy of the most earnest and able investigation. I have always been perplexed with the view that the adequate religious illumination was not achieved until 1800 years ago,

that the good Father just then got at a new and better provision than the previous ages had accomplished. Our oracles affirm that this Being in whose name we worship has always been in the world and the world was made by him, and that he is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world—not only those who came into the world in the last 1800 years. It is incredible that he should not have accomplished so vital a consummation. The truth is, this is "God with us," but in this fact there is no ground of inference that God never was with any other people than this generation.

MRS. LIZZIE JONES.

## A GOOD CASE FOR INVESTIGATION.

TO THE EDITOR: Upon reading my Washington *Evening Star* to-night (22 Mar., '91, p. 3), my eye caught the published account of the "Ghost of Mr. Smith," and it would seem to offer a most admirable case for investigation by the eager ones among the psychical researchers of the American Branch of the Society for Psychical Research. I append the newspaper version in full, and it runs thus:

The latest sensation in the career of the late Hezekiah B. Smith, of Smithville, N. J., says the *New York Herald*, is that the ghost of New Jersey's erstwhile congressman has been perambulating around the scene of his former triumphs at Smithville, and making things very uncomfortable for some of his former employes. That Mr. Smith should take the responsibility of resurrecting himself at this particular time is not surprising when one considers the changes that have taken place since his demise.

His deserted wife and children have established their claim to his estate, and the money which he had toiled and struggled for, and which he devised should be devoted to the establishment of a school for the education of young men in the mechanical arts, has no more existence than the fabric of a dream.

That the congressional ghost has been seen very frequently of late there seems to be no reason to doubt, particularly as the employes at the shops are willing to make oath that they have seen it repeatedly walking around the old Mansion House and down by the mill office in the early evenings, as Mr. Smith was wont to do when in the flesh. One of the employes moved out of the town and took up his residence in Mount Holly, because of his dread of meeting the apparition.

"I've seen it a dozen times," he said, referring to the ghost, "and it goes along the path in a way that makes me all goose flesh. I knew the 'old man,' as Mr. Smith was familiarly known, as well as any one about here, and if that ain't his ghost then I never saw anything. Several of our men have seen it, and all describe it the same way."

The strangest part of the story is that told by the night watchman, George Gilbert, who was on duty every night around the works. Several times, as he sat in the mill office, the door would open and the ghostly form of Mr. Smith would enter, walk to the desk with his hands behind him in his usual way, and after standing there for a while as if in thought he would slowly walk out toward the mansion. The constant repetition of these visits had such a terrifying effect on Gilbert's mind that he lost his reason and was to-day conveyed to the asylum for the insane at Trenton.

A few days ago Gilbert's place as watchman was taken by Joffeld Swetzer, a hardy Swede, who is by no means superstitious, but now even Joffeld admits that there is something very much like a ghost haunting the shops every night, appearing and disappearing with a suddenness that makes his flesh creep. The other night Joffeld, accompanied by his constant companion, a large watch dog, started to inspect the interior of the foundry, but the dog couldn't be induced to enter the building; its hair stood erect, and it manifested every symptom of fear. Just then the apparition was seen moving through the rear of the foundry.

No one has yet attempted to explain this mysterious visitation, although one of the impecunious lawyers at the county seat offered to secure an injunction against the ghost if he received his fee in advance.

The phenomena to be examined in connection with this case range over a most inviting and encouraging field. Not only

have we a dozen or more witnesses ready to swear that they have all seen the same "ghost," but the latter haunts both streets and houses; has frightened an animal (Joffeld's dog); has driven one person insane (Gilbert), and alarmed a great many others. I trust it may haunt the locality for a full year, and that there will be no cessation of the phenomena; that the whole may be most carefully and scientifically examined. If there be any truth at all in the above clipping, this is most assuredly a good case and a *test one*.

DR. R. W. SHUFELDT,

## AN APPARITION THAT SPOKE.

TO THE EDITOR: Miss Sadie Eldrige, a very estimable and beautiful young lady of this city, died here last Saturday of diphtheria. The brother of the lady, a young man of excellent character, was working at the Orphans' Home. At the time of his sister's death he was trimming the furnace, and had the doors open, when suddenly his sister's spirit came out of the furnace by the open doors, and put her arms around his neck, saying: "Chad, be a good boy." He immediately fell senseless, and was found soon after by Mr. Bowman and others in that condition. They sprinkled water in his face, and he recovered. His younger brother was also there to tell him of his sister's death. He—Chad—replied that he was already aware of it, and related his experience of his sister's visit, as described. Should you want further information, perhaps Mr. Bowman, Superintendent of the Orphans' Home of Davenport, Ia., will supply it, if you apply to him. I have described the incident as it was told to me.

The occurrence was made the subject of a sermon yesterday morning by the minister of the Christian Church. R. J. V.  
DAVENPORT, IA.

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Rev. Solon Lauer, pastor of the Unitarian church at Chicopee, Mass., writes: I find some Spiritualists in my congregation here, and one man says THE JOURNAL is the only Spiritualist paper that he takes or could endure to read. I preach to a thoughtful and liberal class of people. . . . I read THE JOURNAL regularly of course, and have passed some copies around, giving one to a Congregationalist minister to whom I lent also Epes Sargents' "Scientific Basis."

I hope you find smoother sailing than formerly in your work, though the waters still run high I have no doubt. But keep the old craft afloat, brother, for there are a good many piratical crafts that need looking after, and to be blown out of the water, too, sometimes, by a JOURNAL broad side. People call you severe, and so you are, but so is the surgeon for the good of the patient. A surgeon too tender-hearted to lance when necessary is not kind, but cruel.

"Marriage and Divorce," by Richard B. Westbrook, D. D., LL. B. This work is not intended to undermine the foundations of marriage or the sacredness of the family relations; but urges the necessity of a uniform, judiciously framed, divorce law for the United States. Price, cloth bound, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

Mr. T. J. Burke, Washington State, writes: It is needless for me to add that I am fully in accord with you in your efforts to drive the army of frauds, out of the ranks of honest Spiritualists. One truth will outline a volume of falsehoods.

Mr. Henry Rohrer, Maryland, in renewing his subscription writes: Your JOURNAL is looked for and all are well pleased with your manner of getting the subjects in good, readable shape.

Says the Topeka Republican:  
THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, to all persons interested in psychic science—and in these days who is not?—is invaluable. It is broad-minded, independent, fearless, direct. One thing it detests, fraud, trickery, deceit. It is unrelenting in its denunciation of the cheats who have stolen their way into modern Spiritualism. Its editor, Col. Bundy, thinks he has so sure a hold of the great salient facts in the phenomena of Spiritualism, that he is impelled to uncover and punish the many itinerant charlatans who infest so many of the meetings of its adherents. He desires that the facts shall be treated seriously and scientifically, as Prof. Crookes and Prof. Maxwell treated them. But this paper is equally interesting and instructive to the student of history, to the student of the development of religious thought, and to the student of the natural history of the human mind. Even if modern spiritualism is unfounded, it is a wonderful thing in the history of the human intellect. In every way, it should be investigated soberly, and no better aid to investigation can be found than THE JOURNAL.

## D. D. HOME.

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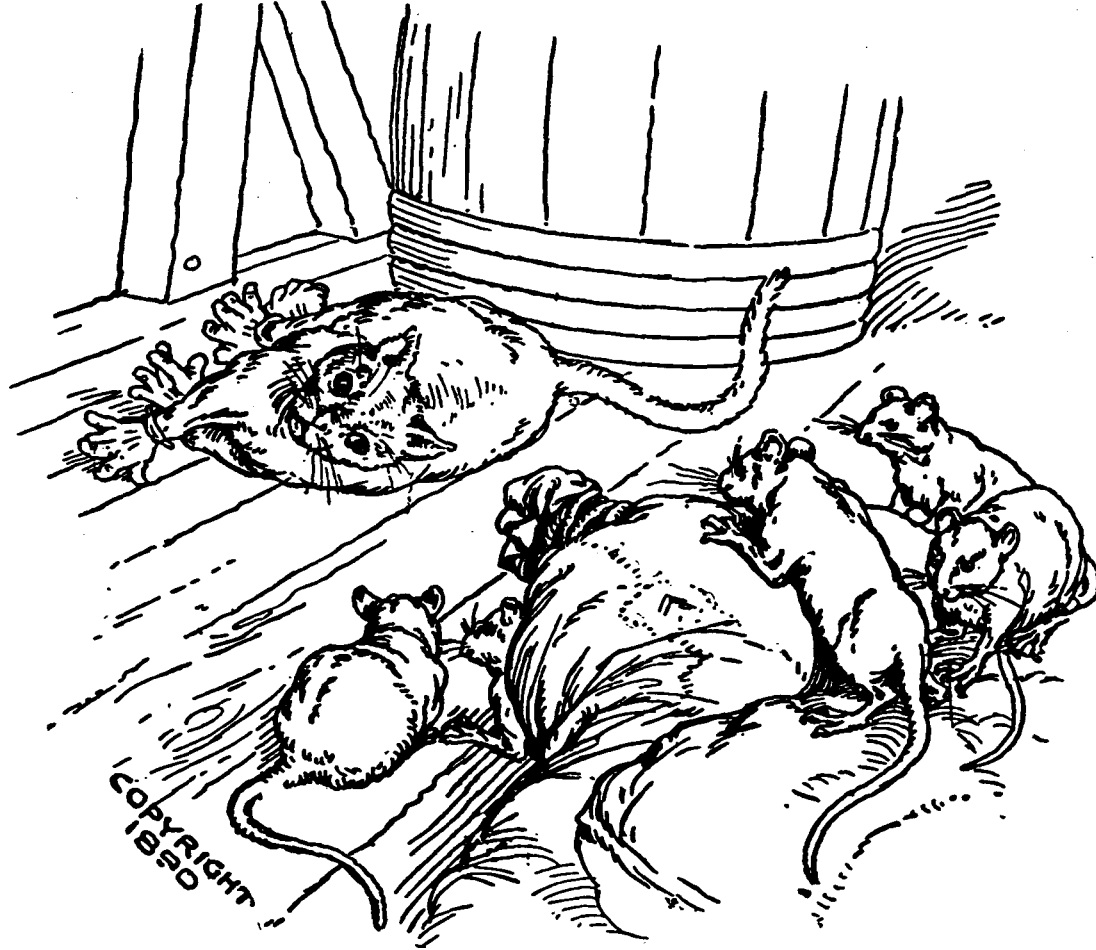
MAGAZINES.

The frontispiece of the April Century is an engraving from the original of the famous picture "Mona Lisa," by Leonardo da Vinci. Prominent among the portraits of the magazine are Madame Roland and Madame de Staël, who are discussed by Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason, in the "Salons of the Revolution and Empire." In the California series Julius H. Pratt describes the immigration to California in '49, by way of Panama. A paper of real historical value is one by the late Gen. Frémont on his own part in the "Conquest of California."—An admirable number is the Chautauquan for April. It opens with the Sixth Chapter of Edward A. Freeman's "Intellectual Development of the English People," and continues Prof. William Minto's "Practical Talks on Writing English." The department of "General Reading" contains a number of essays by well known writers and in the "Woman's Council Table" is a symposium on Woman Suffrage.—The Popular Science Monthly for April opens with "From Freedom to Bondage" by Herbert Spencer, in which he opposes socialism, not chiefly in the interests of the employing classes but in the interest of the employed classes, since its tendency, he claims, is toward a society like that of ancient Peru, in which the people, ruled by officers and tied to their districts, toiled hopelessly for the support of the governmental organization.—The April Atlantic Monthly gives to its readers a feast of good things. "The Brazen Android" by William Douglas O'Connor, "Prehistoric Man on the Pacific Coast" by George Fredrick Wright and "Goethe's Key to Faust," by William P. Andrews, with an editorial on Prof. James' Psychology, are among the attractive papers in this number.—The Forum for April contains several strong contributions. Dr. W. S. Rainsford writes on "What Can We Do For the Poor?" and Senator Hoar on "The Fate of the Election Bill." The historian Lecky has an admirable article on Madame de Staël and Dr. Gatchell denies the reality of mind-reading.—The Westminster Review for March contains solid articles on a variety of subjects, among which is "The Impolicy of Strikes" by E. M. Stevens.—The April North American Review has for its opening paper "Wealth and its Obligations," by Cardinal Gibbons, which is followed by "Pauperism in the United States" by Prof. Richard T. Ely.—The International Journal of Ethics for April opens with a paper by Leslie Stephens on "Social Equality."—"The Right Final Aim of Life" by Prof. G. von Gizycki and "The Moral Philosopher and the Moral Life" by Prof. William James are among the other able contributions.—In the April Arena Dr. Geo. Wm. Winterburn writes on "Philosophy of the Future," Thomas G. Shearman on "Crooked Taxation" and E. P. Powell, on "Alexander Hamilton."—"The Homiletic Review for April" has several thoughtful papers, among which are Dr. F. F. Ellinwood's on "The Present Relation of the False Religions to Christianity," Dr. F. D. Huntington's on "Applied Christianity, the True Socialism."—The St. Nicholas, always bright, has articles by Mary Hallock Foote, Katherine S. Alcorn and J. T. Trowbridge. Edward Livingston Welles gives several autographs from his fine collection and a charming letter from Thackeray.—The Sideral Messenger for April has articles of value to all interested in astronomy, by Lewis Boss of the Dudley Observatory and S. W. Burnham, of the Leck Observatory, with much other matter of current scientific interest.—The April number of Knowledge, John B. Alden, N. Y. contains articles upon one or more subjects of contemporary interest and importance.

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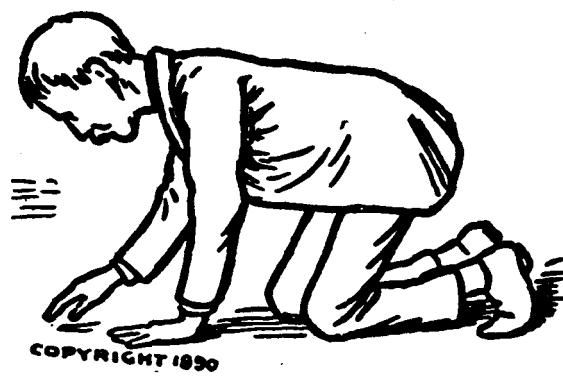
"Money," Emile Zola. Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker; "Am I a Jew or Gentile?" Thomas A. Davies. New York: E. H. Coffin. Price, 25 cents.

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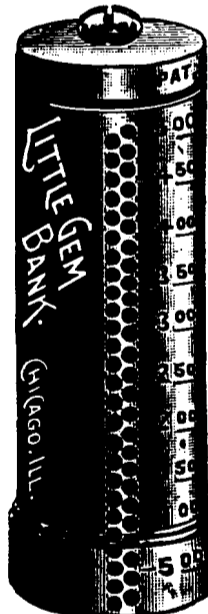
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I wonder, too, if the dreary years Of these souls could not brighten, even If they'd learn the art that few of us know, To forgive, and be forgiven.

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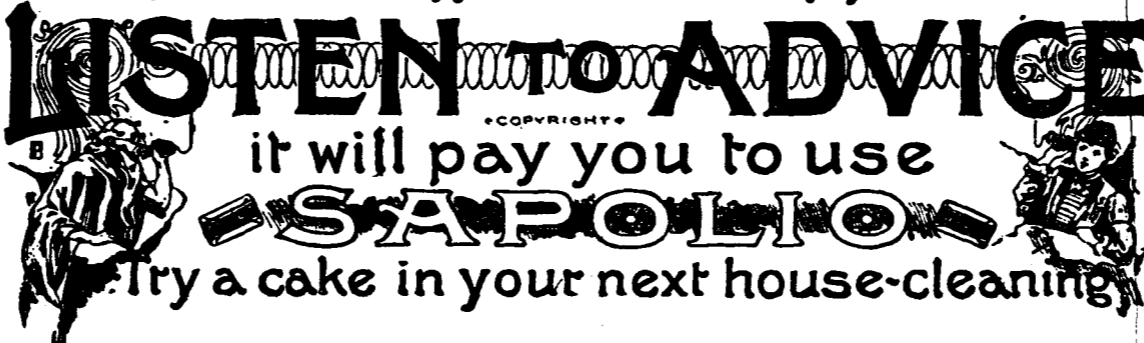
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**WORTHY OF EMULATION.**

Last week a friend of THE JOURNAL at Sonora, Illinois, sent five dollars to aid in supplying the worthy poor with the paper; and a few days thereafter another friend in Brooklyn, N. Y., whose generous giving to local charities and assistance to deserving people are proverbial, sent in twenty-five dollars for the same purpose. There is a large field for missionary work, as all must realize, and the funds to conduct it are insignificant. O, that in generous giving for the glory of Spiritualism its followers would but emulate church people. Spiritualists have that to offer the sick, the sorrowing, and the afflicted which is health-inspiring, hope-promoting and a balm for all afflictions. Spiritualists have in this field an immeasurable advantage over all others, and yet the potency of their healing and comforting facts, demonstrations and philosophy can never be made active without personal endeavor and the use of the press. To one filled with the glorious peace which Spiritualism brings it would seem that to help others to attain a like condition would be a ruling passion, and a prime necessity of continued happiness.

**CROOKES' TESTIMONY TO MATERIALIZATION.**

The following extract from a letter published in *Light* (London) March 21st, will be of interest to many on this side of the Atlantic just now: Referring to Mrs. F. Showers' letter in your issue of the 14th inst. in which the value of Mr. William Crookes' evidence is questioned as to the results of his observations of Florence Cook's séances, permit me to quote the following extracts from a letter addressed by Mr. Crookes to Dr. G. L. Ditson and published in "The Banner of Light" of July 4th, 1874:—

"I beg to state that I saw Miss Cook and Katie together at the same moment, by the light of a phosphorus lamp, which was quite sufficient to enable me to see distinctly all I described. . . . Katie and Miss Cook have been seen together by myself and eight other persons in my own house, illuminated by the full blaze of the electric light."

The New York Psychical Society, founded by Mr. J. F. Snipes, celebrated the 43rd anniversary of modern Spiritualism on Wednesday evening of last week. Judge Dailey, Judge Cross, Mr. Snipes, Miss Ryder, Mr. Reynolds, Mrs. Rand, Miss Nella Miller and others took part. A correspondent pronounces the affair a great success. The anniversary celebrations in Cleveland, Grand Rapids, Boston, Philadelphia and elsewhere seem to have been well attended. THE JOURNAL has not space to publish details, which at best have only local interest. Addresses of unusual merit and well authenticated accounts of phenomena are always welcome to THE JOURNAL, as these have universal interest.

Mr. John Slater passed through Chicago March 30th, on his way from San Francisco to Philadelphia. He reports continued success in the exemplification of his mediumship, and that he is now developing the power to read sealed letters. Mr. Slater married a California lady last summer and she accompanies him. He anticipates locating in New York or Brooklyn.

Mr. James Porter of Greenfield, Mass., under date of March 30th, writes: When Spiritualists bring Spiritualism to the standard of THE JOURNAL, Spiritualism will command the respect instead of the derision of the world.

Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake, having been attacked with la grippe, has been obliged to cancel her arrangement for séances. Mr. and Mrs. Drake have again taken up quarters at the Sherman House.

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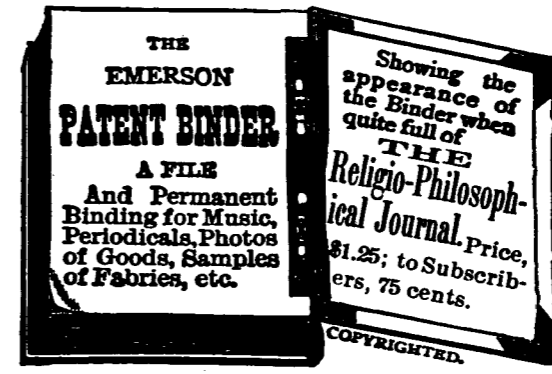
LE MAR, PLYMOUTH, Co., IA., May, 1889.  
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