

RELIGIO THE SOPHICAL PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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Denton J. Snider says: I do not see how you can have a complete development of art without studying the nude in art. The human form *per se* is the foundation of all art. There is no doubt but northern people are shocked by the nude in art, and this shock has a moral motive. This goes back to the conflict which is as old as man himself, namely, the conflict between art and morals—morals, on the one hand, having a tendency to become ascetic, and art, on the other hand, having a tendency to become immoral. The true view is a reconciling mean in which art and morals are one.

A daily paper ridicules the indictment of Chauncey M. Depew for manslaughter. But if through his carelessness, his failure to perform his duties, loss of life occurred, why should not Mr. Depew be held accountable, the same as a conductor, an engineer and a brakeman are held accountable for accidents due to their negligence. Should a man on account of his wealth or social position be exempt from punishment when he has violated laws which are made for the benefit of all, and not merely of a class? It will not do to punish railroad employes for neglect of duty that results in loss of life, and exempt from punishment presidents and directors of roads, when their neglect and disregard of law cause such accidents as that which occurred in the New York tunnel.

The *International Journal of Ethics* announces that "beginning early in July, and continuing six weeks, there will be held at some convenient summer resort in New England or New York, a school for the discussion of ethics and other subjects of a kindred nature. The matter to be presented has been selected with regard to the wants of clergymen, teachers, journalists, philanthropists, and others, who are now seeking careful information upon the great themes of Ethical Sociology. It is believed that many collegiate and general students will also be attracted by the program." The department of Economics will be in charge of Professor H. C. Adams of the University of Michigan; E. Benj. Andrews, Prof. Frank W. Taussig, Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Prof. J. B. Clark, Dr. Albert Shaw, Prof. E. J. James and Henry D. Lloyd will be the speakers. The department of the history of religions will be in charge of Professor C. H. Toy, of Harvard University. Prof. Bloomfield, of Johns Hopkins University, Prof. Moore, of Andover Theological Seminary, and Prof. Kittredge, of Harvard University will be the speakers in the course. The department of Ethics will be in charge of Prof. Felix Adler. Mr. W. M. Salter, Dr. Charlton T. Lewis and others to be announced later, will speak in this department. Notice of the place determined upon will be published at an early date.

Professor Felix Adler has generally been regarded as an agnostic, without belief in God or the immortality of the soul, but some of his recently reported utterances would seem to indicate that he has not been correctly understood, or else that he is now more favorable to a theistic and spiritual philosophy than he was formerly. He is reported speaking

as follows: "I am personally pledged to religious ideas. They are necessary to my life. I want to help sow seeds of the religion that is to be. In my religious teaching I address the few who care to follow abstract thought in ethical work. I speak to all. Ethics is the nursery of religion, and it satisfies on its own account those who have no interest in religious interpretations. And yet you can not do a good act without being lifted into a spiritual atmosphere. Even in the religious interregnum men will hope, labor and love, show patience and self-sacrifice. Where love is there is deity. The higher faith will be more felt than thought, express itself more in act than word. As with faith in God, so with the hope of immortality. Who that loves can believe that the idol of his heart can be lost forever? All that is best in earthly possessions argues their permanence. Every man that lives rightly feels that within him is something destined not to die. Evolution postulates progress. Throw yourself into its stream and you will be stirred by a life that spreads far beyond the ken of mortal eye.

George Parsons Lathrop, in a statement of the cause of his change of faith speaks of "the clear and comprehensive reasoning" on which the Roman Catholic church is based, the "positive manner, with a confident appeal to the intellect" with which she expounds her doctrine, and her replies to adversaries, which have impressed him "as remarkably calm, though free from malice or abuse and imbued with a profound spirituality . . . strongly contrasting with the prevailing tone of those who resist or disparage her divine claims." These statements show that Mr. Lathrop himself has cut loose from reason in matters of religion. Fortunately for him he makes no attempt to prove his statements which are peculiarly open to criticism. Thus the *Independent* referring to his last statement quoted above says: We can testify that we find quite as bitter and ungentlemanly polemics in some Catholic journals as we do in any Protestant ones. Nay more, may we, without offense, venture to ask Mr. Lathrop if he will turn to the published "Speeches" of Pope Pius IX himself, and judge whether his language about the Italian Liberals appears to him "remarkably calm, thorough, free from malice or abuse." He calls them "wolves," "perfidious," "Pharisees," "Philistines," "thieves," "liars," "hypocrites," "dropsical," "impious," "children of Satan," "children of perdition," "satellites of Satan," "monsters of Hell," "demons incarnate," "stinking corpses," "teachers of iniquity." We would not think of recalling these flowers of rhetoric if Mr. Lathrop had not asserted that self-restraint is a peculiarly Catholic virtue.

The change in the quality of immigration to this country of late years has been very marked. For many years, as one of the daily papers remarks, it is admitted by all careful observers that the quality of immigration has been in rapid process of deterioration. For many years the great majority of immigrants either spoke our own language or were of that Germanic stock whose instincts and developments of self-government astonished Cæsar and Tacitus. The republic of the new world absorbed all or most of the

truly republican spirits of the old world. Such immigration necessarily was intelligent, if uneducated; quick to learn, if unlearned; it also was potentially, not actually, thrifty and prosperous—it longed for homesteads rather than for money. It was the best material conceivable for the construction of a great republic. And it gave a noble account of itself during the years of the civil war. But of late, a more so with every year, we have been receiving myriads whose language is not more diverse from ours than is their conception of government. The dissipated subject of a despotism has come hither with in of building up a theory of anarchy, or of an "advar socialism" which differs little from anarchy. Wretchedly poor subjects of decaying monarchies of superficial civilizations have come here, not build a home or to create a farm, but to make a living in our cities by such pursuits and for such paltry compensation as are held disreputable among us. What to us is sordid poverty to them is comparative wealth. What to us would be unendurable misery to them comparative luxury. They huddle into wretched shelters, they eat wretched food, they wear wretched clothes, but they save money. They save but not to invest in the productive industries. They open vile saloons, they lend at usurious interest, are the most dangerous of traders.

According to a dispatch from Mechanicsburg, C. the home of Mr. Hiram Ruthless, a sober, reliable, industrious man has been disturbed by strange sounds issuing from the interior of the dwelling in the middle of the night, which up to this time remain unaccounted for. On several occasions they have been aroused from slumber as by some one pounding on the head of the bed, shoveling coal into the stove, footstool overhead; a search and examination in each instance resulting in no discovery of the mystery. A few mornings ago the family arose at the usual hour, when, upon entering the dining room, they found the ghost, as was supposed, had been there first, placed the knives, forks and plates upon the table in their accustomed places. The wife questioned her husband in regard to the matter, thinking it a practical joke of his; but he maintained that he had no party to the action, and casually mentioned the ghost might know something about it. The wife scouted the idea, saying she was no believer in ghosts. The night following the above circumstance, the family had retired to bed, Mr. Ruthless aroused from his slumbers by what appeared to be voices in the room. Opening his eyes and looking around he beheld a sight that caused his heart to beat tumultuously for a few seconds. Standing in a few feet of him was a figure in a white robe enveloped the entire form from head to foot. The figure was considerably bent forward, not unlike that of a person whom years bore heavily upon. It seemed to be motioning for Mr. Ruthless to follow it. He began to slowly glide backward toward the room door. He arose with a feeling born of fear, nervously slipped into his garments. By the time he had accomplished this feat and taken his place from under his pillow, he was prepared to follow the retreating figure of the apparition. But just as it reached the juncture it faded from sight, seemingly enveloped in a sort of phosphorescent light.

LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

papers that oppose the old religious creeds from the standpoint of materialism, may be seen from week to week denials of the doctrine that man exists as a conscious being after physical dissolution, on the assumption that mind is one of the products of material organization. "Where there is no material substance," say these materialistic philosophers, "there is no intelligence. You don't see any immaterial beings. Knock a man on the head, break his skull—in other words destroy the organization, his intelligence ceases. Why? Because his intelligence, his mind, his soul, is an effect—an effect of material combinations and molecular motions. Matter persists, but its forms change, and one of its forms is the human body, with the dissolution of which, the aggregate of its functions that constitute its individual life, disappear forever."

Is a superficial thinker, or to one who has not gone deep enough into this subject to see that the word matter stands only for phenomenal existence, that matter is but a symbolical representation in consciousness of a deeper underlying reality, the old material-reasoning has a kind of speciousness which falsely impresses unadvanced students in philosophy. Materialism is in fact a shallow system. Among the class thinkers it is actually obsolete. The statement that mind is a function of the brain is not only an assumption, but an assumption that science contests. The brain, the nervous system, the entire body organization, is being constantly renewed, every particle in the body being changed, yet consciousness, memory, and personal identity endure.

In this fact allusion was made in these columns last week. Its importance justifies recurrence to it. It rests upon the significance of the fact in a philosophical discussion between Spiritualism and Materialism. Mind is primary. "I think, therefore I am" *ergo sum*—matter is secondary. The concept of matter implies mind. The qualities we ascribe to matter imply sentience. Dr. Lewis G. Janes, Secretary of the Brooklyn Ethical Society, a careful clear-headed thinker, says: "We have only five senses of sense whereby we come into conscious relation with the external universe; yet we may not be that to beings differently constituted it might present itself in manifold other aspects. An able philosopher, Mr. B. F. Underwood, thus frankly recognizes the truth: 'If we were destitute of sight, touch, taste, and hearing, these qualities would cease to exist though the external reality might give rise to the feeling of which the word matter would convey no idea to our minds.'"

Janes, in a truly philosophic spirit, continues: "It is impossible to prove that within the husk of the visible body there is being evolved a finer and more enduring habitation for our personality, it is equally impossible to disprove it. That is a very dogmatic and superficial materialism that claims to have demonstrated the impossibility of conscious life apart from the body." Mr. Janes justly says that the materialistic positivism of to-day is a result of a thoughtful though incomplete reaction from the theological attempt that for centuries has been heaped upon it. "By the orderly process of its natural laws," says Dr. Janes, "the universe has evolved in the history of man this conception of a life beyond the grave growing clearer and more comprehensive from age to age."

Janes, after referring to the primitive fire-theory of the birth of planets and the development of plants and animal forms, prophetic in their final culmination in man, further says: "Has nature expended millions of evolutionary labor, merely to produce a stubble of to-day, a wisp of grass, that to-day is tomorrow is cast into the oven. . . . To our materialistic theory of evolution is rendered luminous and completely rational by the conception of the eternal nature of its processes in the nature of individual mind in no other. "We know," continues this philosopher, "that the race has grown out of ignorance, darkness and brutishness up to its present estate. . . . Already been accomplished through the unitarian method of evolution is prophetic of greater

blessings yet in store. So wonderful, so beneficent is this orderly progression, so satisfying its present results, that it offers firm foundation for perfect trust that whatever is best will happen to us all. . . . The contrary hypothesis of a long round of development of the world, finally to be quenched forever in the dissolution of the world, is more accordant with the fanciful speculations of obsolete Eastern philosophies than with the rational and progressive philosophy of the nineteenth century."

Without immortality for man the whole system of evolution is without meaning. The Spiritualist sees in the psychical and spiritual phenomena, proving the continuance of personality beyond this mundane sphere confirmation of the well reasoned thought voiced by the President of the Brooklyn Ethical Society.

A BAD METHOD.

Rev. Charles Gore, a representative of Oxford theology, in an essay on inspiration says: "The church cannot insist upon the historical character of the earliest record of the ancient [i.e. Jewish] church in detail as she can on the historical character of the Gospels or The Acts of the Apostles. . . . Within the limits of what is substantially historical there is still room for an admixture of what, though marked by a spiritual purpose, is not yet strictly historical. . . . There is nothing in the doctrine of inspiration to prevent one recognizing a considerable idealizing element in the Old Testament. The reason is, of course, obvious enough, why, what can be admitted in the Old Testament, could not, without results disastrous to the church's creed, be admitted to the New. It is because the Old Testament is the record of how God produced a need or anticipation, or ideal, while the New Testament records how in fact he satisfied it. The absolute coincidence of idea and fact is vital in the realization, not in the preparation for it." This reminds a writer in the *Westminster Review* of an argument used by counsel in 1727 to induce the court of King's Bench to decide that University College in Oxford had a royal foundation. "King Alfred," the counsel argued, "must be confirmed the founder, for the sake of religion itself, which would receive a greater scandal by a determination on the other side, than it had by all atheists, deists and apostates from Julian down to Collins; that a succession of clergymen for so many years should return thanks for an idol, or mere nothing, in ridicule and banter of God and religion must not be suffered in a court of justice."

That is to say a pious fraud must not be discredited because "a succession of clergymen" have thanked God for it. The legendary element in the New Testament must not be admitted, because the admission cannot be made without "results disastrous to the church's creed" and, not because the New Testament stories can be proved to be true, but because "the coincidence of idea and fact is vital in the realization" of a need or anticipation or ideal. This is the last turn of the doomed hare. Such a defence of the miraculous element in the New Testament—an element which by the accepted canons of historical criticism is excluded from all other narratives, whether ancient or modern—lacks even the merit of ingenuity and is hardly compatible with intellectual honesty.

When Cheetham, a biographer of Thomas Paine, was tried for libelling the author of the "Age of Reason" the counsel for the defence argued that even if the language for which Cheetham had been indicted was false—as it had conclusively been shown—the jury should consider that the work containing the libellous statements was calculated to advance the cause of Christianity, and therefore the defendant should not be convicted. Although Cheetham was found guilty the argument addressed to the religious prejudice of the jurors was not without effect as was evident from the disproportion between the offence and the small fine imposed.

The main argument of the clergy against evolution some years ago was that if it should be admitted to be true, the authority of Genesis would be overthrown, and with it the doctrine of the original perfection and the subsequent fall of man. By thus erecting creeds as absolute standards of truth, ignoring or denying the

evidences for new discoveries and formulations, and making in all discussions of new theories, everything else, even moral claims and obligations, subordinate to the defence of traditional beliefs, theologians have as a class opposed progressive thought to the full extent of their power. That power fortunately is much less now than it ever was before.

MILD HERESY.

In defining his position to a representative of the Chicago press, the mildly heterodox Rev. MacQueary said lately: "My belief is that a clergyman of the Episcopal church holds the same relation to the articles and creeds as a Congressman does to the Constitution. He should be permitted to offer amendments where he thinks they are needed. I accept the substance of the creed but do not accept the creed literally. Few ministers believe in the physical resurrection of the human body. I certainly have a right to deny the virgin birth of Christ and the physical resurrection. I believe in the divinity of Christ." "Would not that impair your usefulness in the Unitarian Church?" "I do not think so. The Unitarian Church does not make doctrine the basis of fellowship. It doesn't require you to disbelieve the divinity of Christ." But preaching the divinity of Christ would not be acceptable to Unitarians. Does Mr. MacQueary hold to this doctrine, the essential doctrine of Evangelical Christianity, and yet attach so little importance to it that he can preach the Gospel and omit all reference to the divinity of Christ? Probably not. From his remarks to the Chicago newspaper man it would seem that Mr. MacQueary is in some respects a high churchman and reluctant to desert the form of the Episcopal worship dear to the ritualists who have helped the fight against him. He said:

"I hold the high-church views of baptism, holy communion, and the apostolic succession. I used to be considered a high churchman with a tendency toward ritualism, and even toward Rome, when I was at the seminary. I don't see why a baby is not susceptible to the special influence of the Divine Spirit in baptism. He may depart from it late in life, but so may a man. As for the sacrament of holy communion even if one takes the lowest view of it and calls it a memorial feast, it is very edifying. If I take a Unitarian church I shall have the sacrament administered, unless the congregation's wishes are against it. In that case I shall have to subordinate my views. I would miss the sacrament greatly.

"Historically I believe that the episcopally ordained ministers are the successors of the apostles. It is consistent with my philosophy to believe that supernatural grace is bestowed with the ordination of a minister. Historically, the legitimate successors of the apostles are the priests of the Catholic Church, that is the Episcopalians or English Catholics, the Roman Catholics, and the members of the Eastern Church. But I believe also that there is such a thing as a man having a call to preach the gospel, and to these, I may say, a spiritual apostolic succession has descended. They are ecclesiastical irregulars." Mr. MacQueary said he did not believe in the formal confession of the confessional, but he held to the belief that when a man truly penitent confessed his sins, he could be absolved by the Divine Spirit through the agency of a clergyman.

Although Mr. MacQueary has come to disbelieve or doubt one of the dogmas of his church there are others connected with that one quite as irrational, quite as opposed to all that is known of history, science and the process of evolution, to which he still clings. His spirit is progressive, but his creed and his conceptions of the priestly office hamper and fetter his intellect. That he will yet come to see that Christianity is but one of many forms of religion, and that like the others, it conforms in its origin and history to the laws of evolution, we firmly believe.

CONVICTS.

Fred H. Wines, the well-known penologist, of Springfield, Ill., has prepared census tables which contain valuable statistics in regard to the convict

population of this country. In 1880 the proportion of penitentiary convicts was 709 in each million of the total population. In 1890 the proportion was 722. Convictions and imprisonments just about kept pace with population. But when the table is dissected it is found that this rule, which applies to the whole country, does not apply to each part of it. In eight states the number of convicts has absolutely declined in the course of the decade; these are Alabama, Maine, Michigan, Mississippi, Nevada, New Hampshire, Vermont and Wyoming. In thirteen states, to wit: California, Connecticut, Georgia, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Maryland, Nebraska, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Virginia, Washington and West Virginia, there has been an absolute increase in the number of convicts, but a relative decrease when that number is compared with the growth of population. In the remaining states and territories the increase of convicts has been both relative and absolute; that is to say, the convict population has increased faster than the general population. Of states and territories on this slope Idaho, Montana, Oregon and Utah are embraced in this list. The assumption, however, that these figures demonstrate a greater development of crime in the west and the new countries than in older and more eastern states would be erroneous; for Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania likewise figure in the list of states where the increase of convict population is both relative and absolute. The total number of convicts now held in penitentiaries, or leased out to employers—as is largely the case in the south—is 45,233. The proportion of native-born convicts to the total native-born population is considerably less than that of foreign-born convicts to the foreign-born population. But the division of the convicts by sex is more striking still. Of the total number 43,442 are males, and only 1,791 females, though the number of the sexes are about equal in the country at large. It seems that twenty-three or four men commit crime and bring up in penitentiaries for every woman who meets the like fate, a fact which can probably be explained in some degree by the assumption that women's offenses against the law are usually of a mild type, and less frequently call for the stern interference of the law than do the crimes of men.

THE BILL AGAINST FRAUDULENT MATERIALIZATION EXHIBITS.

The language of the proposed law to punish fraud in materialization exhibitions now before the Illinois legislature was copied into THE JOURNAL from a daily paper under the supposition that it was correct. The following is a correct copy of the bill, which will be seen on comparison to be more lucid than the one heretofore published:

SEC. 1. Every person who for profit or gain, or in anticipation thereof, for the purpose of presenting what is commonly known as spirit materialization, shall personate the spirit of a deceased person, or who shall by trick, device or mechanical contrivance present anything to represent the spirit of a deceased person shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be subject to a fine of not less than one hundred dollars, nor more than three hundred dollars, or confined in the county jail not less than three months nor more than six months, or both, in the discretion of the court.

SEC. 2. This act shall not be deemed to apply to any portion of a scene or play in any theatrical presentation.

SWEDENBORG: THE ILLUMINANT.

"Souls in the other life seem, indeed, to themselves to have lost the memory of particulars, or the corporeal memory, in which merely material ideas were, because they are unable to excite anything from that memory, while yet the full faculty of perceiving and sneaking remains as in the life of the body. But this owing to the fact that the Lord has so ordained that the soul shall not be able to draw forth anything from that memory, as then it would excite the same things as it did in the former life, and would live in like manner, and so could not be perfected. Still that memory remains; not, however, as active, but as passive, and it can be excited, for whatever men may do, seen, or heard in their lifetime when they

are spoken of to them with a like idea then they at once recognize them, and know that they have said, seen, or heard such things, which has been evinced to me by such abundant proofs that I could, in confirmation, fill many pages with them. As such then is the state of the case, it appears that spirits retain all their memory of particulars, so that they lose nothing, only that for the causes above-mentioned they cannot draw anything from it, as they are now led onward into their interior life, and thus no longer act from externals. Souls* are not at all aware but that they speak from their own memory, and do, in fact, sometimes thus speak, as I have heard; but then it is from the interior memory through which the things in their corporeal memory are excited. They confessed, however, that they had lost the memory of particular or material things, at which they were indignant. It was only given them to remember those things which they could excite from my memory. Spirits also do the same, and thus speak in a manner suitable to their own life, the life which they have contracted from the life in the body, for they can excite nothing else."—*Spiritual Diary, 1662.*

*Souls here spoken of as other than spirits call for the explanatory note in Vol. I., p. III., of Swedenborg's "Spiritual Diary": "The difference to be observed is that souls are those who are recently deceased and who are not yet inaugurated into spiritual societies; whereas spirits are inaugurated."

Thomas E. Hill of "Hill's Manual," Prospect Park, Ill., proposes that the United States government receive and care for the money of the people and central bank depositories, to be established throughout the country to the number of 3,000 and that three per cent interest be allowed on all long time deposits made therein. He would have the government continue to buy gold and silver bullion increasing the volume of money the banking capital of the nation, to the extent of \$2,000,000,000, and loaning money at four per cent interest on value accompanied by guaranteed society. The receipts from interest would give the government, Mr. Hill says, a large annual profit. Loans could be safely made, he avers, up to \$10,000,000,000, at even much lower rates of interest. He thinks his plan would bring money from all its hiding places, encourage the poor to acquire and save, prevent panics, and give the profits of banking to the people. The system recognizes gold and silver as representatives of wealth and as a basis of exchange throughout the world. Mr. Hill's system has the merit of being simple and plain, it is evidently practicable, and its adoption would be in the line of enlarging the functions of government. Some system like the one proposed may in the near future take the place of the existing system which, with all its merits, has grave defects and with which there is no little popular dissatisfaction.

The Glenmore School, of which Mr. Thomas Davidson is the founder and leading spirit, will have a course of lectures the coming summer in the Adirondacks. Prof. John Dewey and Prof. F. N. Scott, of Michigan University, have promised to give instruction in aesthetics; Mr. Davidson, Stephen F. Weston, Prof. Henry N. Gardner, Dr. W. T. Harris, Prof. J. Clark Murray, Prof. J. Gould Schurman, Edward H. Gregg, and Miss Edith H. Kitching will be among the lecturers and teachers. Philosophy, literature and the languages will receive the most attention. Glenmore is a farm of a hundred and sixty acres, in the wilderness on the foothills of Mt. Hurricane, about 2,000 feet above sea level, and twenty miles from the nearest railway station, which is Westport, on Lake Champlain.

Rev. A. R. Kieffer, Rector of Grace Church, at Colorado Springs, Colorado, is one of the rapidly increasing body of liberal clergymen in the Episcopalian pulpit. He does not hesitate to yield sympathetic attention where claims are made which seem to mark advances along lines calculated to benefit humanity, even though these claims are beyond the pale of ecclesiastical recognition. In a late letter announcing the sending of his Easter sermon, Mr. Kieffer says: "If you consider the thought (in the sermon) of a helpful character in any way, you are welcome

to use it. I am so much indebted to THE JOURNAL every week that this one thought of mine is but a small compensation for the many valuable ones I receive from your paper." While THE JOURNAL disgruntles many people within and beyond the spiritualistic fold, it is steadily and surely widening its acquaintance among, and securing the grateful recognition of, the intelligent, thinking classes regardless of sectarian or party limitations. This is as it should be. As Spiritualism is all embracing in its scope, and independent of all sects, so is THE JOURNAL for all who have reached, or are earnestly striving to attain, the altitude of real endeavor for spiritual growth and psychical knowledge, whatever may be their personal theological predilections.

Luther Laffin Mills, the great lawyer and orator, gives an instance of a miner's belief in prayer. I was, says Mr. Mills, coming in from Denver not long ago and fell in with one of those great, big-hearted fellows who live out in the Western country. He told me he was on his way to Switzerland to raise a million and a half dollars for the purpose of opening up some valuable mines in Colorado. He said there was a great deal of idle capital in Switzerland waiting for a chance to be invested. He was a pious man, too. He said to me, having explained his mission as I have just related, and in answer to a question I had asked as to what hope he had of success: "I am bound to succeed, sir. There are people who are praying for my success, and I am not idle in that respect. My wife and children are praying for me and they will continue to pray for me as long as I am gone. The good people of the church of which I am a member are praying for me. And when I have succeeded and the money begins to reap a profit I am going to build a fine church for those people myself. If it wasn't for the faith I have in the prayers of all those people I couldn't go to Switzerland and ask for what I am going to ask, no matter how much is in the mines."

The American Board of Foreign Missions says that there are only 37,287 adult native Christians in China, and 1,295 missionaries there at the present time. The A. B. F. M. does not recognize Catholics as Christians, and one of the Catholic journals raises the question whether Catholics should not make a similar discrimination. Are we, it says, the 200,000,000 of Catholics even by courtesy bound to consider these bumptious, conceited, arrogant creatures as Christians? The proofs of their being entitled to be called Christians are so slim that no jury of honest men would acknowledge their right. Protestants with all their labors for forty years cannot yet show 40,000 converts, and the Catholics, whom they so impudently ignore, in spite of persecutions and trials, can number twenty-five to every one, and their converts are genuine Christians.

It is related of Rufus Choate that he once prepared a document for a client who depended upon its prompt receipt to complete an important transaction. As he left his office to attend court the great lawyer handed the paper to his clerk with the explanation that "Mr. Brown will call for this and must have it this morning. You will hand it to him and collect \$25." When Mr. Brown called he did want the document, but had only \$15. Appreciating the client's necessities, the clerk took the money and gave up the paper, but on the return of his employer he feared his displeasure, and, hesitatingly explaining the situation, offered the money. "Why," said Mr. Choate, "you took all he had, didn't you? That was strictly in accord with legal ethics."

Professor Tyndall, says that the emotions of man are older than his understanding, and that the poet who brightens, purifies, and exalts these emotions may claim a position in the world, at least, as high and well assumed as that of the man of science, because he ministers to different but equally permanent needs of human nature, and that the man of science will never be able to destroy the glory of the field.



THE SUN.

By W. N. SLOCUM.

Is the sun igneous, or magnetic? That is the question. Scientists are excellent observers of facts. They are critical in investigation and exact in statement. Usually their deductions from facts are reasonable. Still, it sometimes happens that the common sense interpretation of facts does not agree with the "scientific" interpretation.

Scientists have advanced various theories to account for the heat and light of the sun, but "the available theories are now reduced to two—one being the incessant falling of cosmical bodies—meteoric matter—on the sun's surface; the other, the contraction of the sun's diameter." The first, sometimes called the Mayer theory—is held by most scientists as good as far as it goes, but they affirm that the greatest probable accession of extraneous matter is insufficient to account for the invariableness and continuance of the heat radiated from the sun. This conclusion leaves the "contraction theory," called the Helmholtz theory, the only one scientists now deem tenable, and they are speculating on the length of time the "machine" is going to run. Prof. Newcomb says: "In five million years the sun will have shrunk to half its present diameter. As to the amount of heat radiated from the sun, Herschel estimates it as sufficient to melt at the equator 26,000 tons of ice per hour on each square mile of surface. Pouillet says if the sun's heat were distributed uniformly over the earth's surface, it would be sufficient to melt annually a layer of ice over the entire globe one hundred feet thick.

Tyndall says the earth receives less than one two-hundred-millionth part of the heat the sun radiates into space. Prof. Charles A. Young, in his latest work, affirms that the earth gets only one twenty-two-hundred-millionth part of the whole. The great difference in these figures indicate a misprint of one of the estimates, but no matter which may be most nearly correct, they are alike incomprehensible. In fact, Prof. Young says: "The amount of radiation is beyond comprehension."

Reasoning from the assumption that the sun is a flaming mass of matter, much thought has been expended concerning the source of fuel supply, it being evident that if there were no extraneous supply the sun would soon burn itself out. Tyndall says: "Were the sun a block of burning coal, supplied with oxygen sufficient for its combustion, it would be utterly consumed in five thousand years." and he adds that if the sun were a cooling body the entire mass would become cold in less than 5,000 years. (Young says 5,000,000 years. What guesses some of these scientists do make, though!)

It is evident, therefore, that if the sun is a hot body, it must be fed from some source outside itself. The assumption of Christian cosmogonists that "the Creator provides for his own creation," is thus disposed of by Tyndall:

"To nature nothing can be added; from nature nothing can be taken away; the sum of her energies is constant, and the utmost man can do in the pursuit of physical truth, or in the application of physical knowledge is to shift the constituents of the never varying total. The law of conservation rigidly excludes both creation and annihilation."

As to the theory of Helmholtz (held also by Young and most other scientists) that the heat of the sun is caused by contraction—if the sun really is a hot body it would seem to a common sense observer that the contraction must result from the loss of heat, instead of the heat resulting from contraction. That is the law on the earth; why not on the sun? It is a well-known fact that heat causes expansion. To assume, that contraction causes heat is to admit that heat caused must, in turn, cause expansion;

consequently there can be no contraction. In short the theory is self-contradictory. At least so it seems to some who think they have common sense.

But why is it necessary to assume that the sun is a hot body? Artificial heat is usually produced by combustion, but it does not follow that the heat from the sun is produced in that manner. The sun may be a magnetic body, perfectly cold of itself, but emitting rays which, passing through space in darkness and cold, on striking the atmosphere of the earth, or of any other planet, produce light and heat.

If heat were actually radiated from the sun, as heat, the entire interplanetary space would be filled with light and warmth—an idea too absurd for consideration, and directly contrary to known facts. If the sun were a burning body, the tops of mountains, being nearest the source of heat, would receive quite as much as the valleys, though the temperature would be, as it now is, lower because of the lack of reflected heat which is the main factor in causing the variation of temperature at various altitudes. So far as known there is no appreciable difference in the degree of heat received from the sun on mountain top and valley, exclusive of the radiation from the earth. If there is any difference there is less rather than more at high altitudes, and, according to the magnetic theory, there should be less because the depth of atmosphere is less. Aeronauts have learned that the higher they ascend the lower is the temperature.

Undoubtedly the sun's interior, like the interior of the earth, is a molten mass. Such may be the inevitable result of the close contact of atoms in all immense masses of matter—in all worlds—but such heat is not felt on the surface to any appreciable extent. It is perceptible in the deep mines of the earth and evidenced by volcanic outbreaks and earthquakes, but the surface is cool. Why may not the surface of the sun be cool also?

Scientists assume that the existence of the corona, extending nearly a million miles from the surface of the sun, proves that it is "a fiery orb which with potential energy throws off portions of itself to inconceivable distances from its surface." A common sense observer would say the corona proves that igneous power would be insufficient to throw dense matter to such immense distances. The corona closely resembles the aurora borealis, and is—in my estimation—of like nature, and attributable to like causes.

In the published transactions of the British Association for the advancement of science (1885), Prof. Huggins, in an article on the corona, says: "The photosphere is the seat of ceaseless convulsions and outbursts of fiery matter. Storms of heated gas and incandescent hail rush upwards or in cyclones as many miles in a second as our hurricanes move in an hour." That is to say, gross matter is expelled from the sun at a rapidity exceeding 300,000 miles an hour. He also says some of the expelled matter goes so far that portions of it are dissipated in space, being set free from the sun's attraction. Such immense force exerted on gross matter is quite inconceivable by the human mind; but if the flashes of light are magnetic then the effect produced is quite in harmony with the cause, and the phenomenon becomes reasonable instead of incomprehensible.

An American astronomer, the late Prof. Elias Loomis, as long ago as 1834, made observations of the magnetic needle which proved that the sun acts very appreciably upon the magnetism of the earth. Prof. H. A. Newton, president of Yale College, in an address on the life and eminent services of Prof. Loomis, said: "The magnetic needle is always in motion. It has fitfully irregular motions; it has motions with a daily period; motions with an annual period, and motions whose oscillations require centuries for completion. The connection of the period of solar spots with the conjunction and opposition of certain planets has been shown by De La Rue and Stewart. Prof. Loomis, after an exhaustive examination of the facts, confirmed their conclusions. He showed that although the regular diurnal variations of the magnetic needle are independent of the solar spots, the excessive disturbances of the needle are almost in exact proportion to the spotted surface, and that great dis-

turbances of the earth's magnetism are accompanied by unusual disturbances on the sun's surface. The magnetism of the earth, the aurora borealis, and the spots on the sun have thus all three a causal connection, and apparently that connection is closely related to the conjunction and opposition of certain planets."

All of which tends to prove that the sun is magnetic, and the earth also, to a less extent. This is not a new idea. Such an opinion has been held by various persons—not scientific—for many years, and it is only recently that acknowledged scientists have thought it worthy of consideration. Prof. F. A. Bigelow, in a treatise published in the Smithsonian Reports (1889) holds that the corona is a magnetic phenomenon, and demonstrated that the rays conform mathematically to the "lines of force" of a spherical magnet. The same writer has an article on the corona in the *American Journal of Science* for November, 1890, but as it is written for scholars the ordinary reader is not much edified by its perusal. In the September number of the same journal Prof. Samuel Sheldon gives the results of his experiments in exciting electricity by rotating a beam of polarized light, the reverse of Faraday's process of rotating a beam of light by means of electricity. Prof. Sheldon's experiments as well as Bigelow's observations not only confirm the opinion of most physicists that there is very close relationship, if not identity, between light and electricity, but they also indicate that the sun is a magnetic or electrical body, and not necessarily a hot body. They do not say so in plain words, but that is a fair common sense deduction. Consequently the sun may be inhabited, as well as the earth, and the inhabitants need not necessarily be salamanders.

WHAT IS SOCIALISM?

By LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

No word perhaps since "abolitionist," in the early days of anti-slavery propaganda, has been held so unsavory and odious in the general mind as the word socialism. Moreover, to the unthinking and uninformed it is synonymous with anarchism, its antipodes, nihilism and associated with dynamite, disorder and violence. Nothing can be farther from the truth.

The idea, also, commonly expressed by the conservative people who expect that as things have been they will be forever, amen—that socialism means "dividing up," placing all persons on the same footing, financially, by equalizing their possessions—is as incorrect as the other.

Our school system and our mail system are socialistic systems. They are based on the idea which is alike the central principle of Americanism and socialism—"of the people, for the people, by the people." The good of each the good of all, and the good of all the good of each. Socialism proposes to construct an economic system on this principle. The Farmers' Alliance demands that the transportation system shall be managed by the government, like the mail system, for the benefit of all the people, and not for the benefit of a class of stockholders and officials. This is a socialistic measure, and has been demanded by socialists long before the Farmers' Alliance was born. But this body of citizens, who imagine they have just discovered a principle, denounce "socialism" in the same breath with maledictions upon "monopolies" and "trusts." Socialism is a combination of the Declaration of Independence and the golden rule. The equal rights of man consist of and inhere in the identical necessities of each and every individual, requiring equal opportunity for the supply of common wants, physical, mental and spiritual. Every natural resource which man finds ready for him by bestowing labor belongs equally to every individual. Can this be disputed? The earth belongs to the living who need means of subsistence upon it. Will anyone dispute this?

The right and title of any person to possession of the soil, out of which the food for all must be obtained, is use. The earth is, by the divinest law, the common inheritance of humanity. Nature has fixed the cost of possessions to be the result of labor. Natur

too, is an impartial and invariable provider of sustenance to the diligent worker.

Socialism is the application of this beneficent law to the complex conditions of associated humanity. Socialism takes the child, the basis of the future social state, and the founder of a healthful or a deteriorated coming generation. It demands that this child shall be schooled, its intelligence equipped, that its body shall be protected from undue tax by labor during its growing years and formative period.

Why should we suspect and deride socialism when its demands are on the side of better conditions for the helpless child, and the coming man and woman? Do we not need the demands for "rigid enforcement of all laws relating to child labor"? "strict enforcement of compulsory education laws"? "establishment of the kindergarten and manual training systems of education in our public schools"? "municipal aid for destitute children"? Can we prefer that children should be fitted for jails and reformatories? Then, "municipal ownership and management of gas works, electric lighting, telegraph, telephone, street transportation in all forms." Why should not the producing toilers have the benefit of light, and transportation, and communication at cost, instead of paying millions into the pockets of corporations annually? But this is the odious thing spoken of with contempt, or in bated breath—socialism. It is the equalizing to each and all of the resources of civilization, and of nature's bounties, that socialism demands, and not the dividing up of present possessions. It is to make the whole social body a mutual, cooperative organism working together harmoniously for the well-being of the whole, according to the laws of the human body, the planet on which we dwell, and the laws of the universe—that socialism has appeared with its demands in the present stage of human evolution.

That the tiller of the soil and producer of food should pay tribute to a moneylender or landlord is a flagrant injustice. That any willing hands should lack employment, or be forced to eat the bread of charity, is a shame. That tender childhood should be placed in the treadmill of wage-earning is a crime against humanity. Until it has been demonstrated by experiment that socialism either is or is not the solution of these mighty economic problems, it is neither sensible nor humane to fling contempt upon the word, or to treat its demands with indifference.

And what is Christian socialism? It is the sentiment of human brotherhood, of fraternity, of the love of the neighbor as one's self, made the central principle and motive of conducting social affairs. The end sought by State socialists and Christian Socialists may be, must in general be the same. Some, at least, of those who are ranked as State Socialists depend upon placing the individual in a good environment to produce the better individual. Christian Socialists depend upon the higher motive and better state of the individual to make effective and actualize the better methods of socialism.

These two standpoints will not hinder the progress of the reconstructive idea—the rather they will be cooperative forces to forward its accomplishment.

Chicago affords no shelter or lodging-place to unemployed penniless men, but the cold floors of the police stations. Chicago furnishes no employment to the starving, penniless man. The corridors of the stations have been at times so crowded during the past winter that only a portion could lie down at a time, even when packed like sardines in a box. So some stood up while others slept, by turns. Is it strange in such a state of affairs that a starving young man should deliberately break a plate-glass window, that he might be sent to jail where he would be fed? Does not a social state in which only criminal unfortunates can obtain food and shelter need reconstruction? Is it possible to abolish these unjust conditions and cruel and enormous evils under the competitive system?

Divine law is: work and thou shalt be supplied. But human cupidity, selfishness and injustice, with ingenuity, seek how to live upon the work of others, and thus not only are the workers robbed of their just

reward but opportunity to earn is also denied the many. Socialism proposes that all shall be furnished with opportunity to achieve subsistence, and that the worker shall receive the product of his labor. It is impossible that lovers of justice and of humanity should be indifferent to the demands of socialism. It is the privilege of every earnest soul to help bring the reign of harmony here and now—by striving to bring a socialism of equality and fraternity.

WOMAN DENOUNCED AND EXCLUDED.

By L. C. S.

In reading over a New York paper I found the rulings against women in the three days' debate of the New York conference, in the First Methodist Episcopal church in Yonkers over the question of admitting women delegates to their general conference. The debate was a heated one wherein men seemed to lose their heads—if they had anything worthy the name—and altogether one sided. As this is a published report, it may bear looking over a little. If I state some well-known facts, it may throw light on the motives prompting this otherwise strange decision, the fear exhibited lest they lose their grip on those who do the drudgery of the church, for there is not a church to be found that could hold together one month without woman's work and influence. The clergy knew that according to their own theology they should confess and proclaim in every sermon they preach that God made woman the mother of the Christ by whom they must be saved, if saved at all, without man's let or hindrance, without his voice, or consolation in the scheme of salvation at all. Their decision to-day against woman is a pitiable comment on the religious growth of 2,000 years. Have not the clergy risen above the superstitions, the ignorance of the Dark Ages that excluded women from all the privileges of the church founded by woman who was last at the cross, and first at the tomb—so says their Bible. It seems to me that the clergy occupy a very humiliating position when they find themselves reduced to the necessity of making low, vulgar comparisons and threats to hold women in servitude of the church for their aggrandisement and the crushing out of nobler aspiration for knowledge on the part of woman, quoting scripture as against woman's holding a prominent part in church government, and the saying of St. Paul in regard to the relations of men and women. But let us from what was said quote some of the exact words as reported, of these gentlemen. Hear what Rev. Charles McAnney says: "No man in his senses loves a petticoated philosopher, or wants to have anything to do with her. I would as soon hug a grizzly bear as to touch such a woman, and I would as soon go on a stroll from Yonkers to New York locking arms with a locomotive or a lightning express as try to keep in company with such a woman."

By this note of alarm does the reverend gentleman mean we shall understand that he is advertising himself as a favorite hugging post and thus try to scare women into church servitude by threatening to withhold his patronage? And does his bugle note voice the sentiment of other clergymen? If so, why bless his and their hearts, there is not a woman on our continent with one grain of common sense who would not a thousand times rather that he, following his instincts in the selection of a companion, hug the grizzly bear. We, any of us, by all odds would rather be owners of the petticoat that covers a philosopher than to own one of, or all the 183 clergymen who denounced women. But I must agree with him when he says that "he would as soon think of locking arms with a locomotive or lightning express, as with one of these philosophers."—which means a well balanced, intelligent woman. That is all true, for he would as surely get left in the one case as in the other. In this he shows regard for the first law of life, self-preservation. Rev. I. I. Dean says, "Woman ought not to try to rule" and adds "from a New Jersey mosquito to a Numidian lion the male sex should rule," or to that effect. Now I may not know exactly where he places himself between these two extremes of

highest and lowest, but somewhere on the plane behind the picket fence of long ears, I think. Well, I hope this revelation from the ruling power of the Methodist church will open the eyes of all noble, intelligent women; that they will withdraw *en masse* from the church, and establish a church of their own, if they feel that would be the best way to promote the intellectual growth and united strength of woman, in self-reliant, independent individuality, with the right and freedom to use their God-given powers for their own benefit and that of the race, leaving the New Jersey mosquitoes and the Numidian lion to learn the lesson of self-government, and evolve from the spirit that mocked what should have been the high ideals and noble motives of a general conference of a Christian church, in open door of the twentieth century.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

XVIII.

THE EFFECT PRODUCED BY THE PHENOMENA.

Through contempt, indifference and reproach the germs of a renewed spiritual belief were taking wide root. They grew and blossomed, gradually, but surely. Insensibly the fruit of a century of observation in the various phases, was ripening. Once more in the history of these phenomena a favorable hour had come, in the time and with the people who tolerated every form of belief and every degree of unbelief. With no visible sign and startling as a thunder-clap from a clear sky, fell all at once into our midst those resonant sounds which since have echoed round the civilized world. Faggots and water had given place to tolerance, welcome and belief. The spirit of the age was changing. The researches and discoveries of men had left behind the old physical forces, and sought to utilize the invisible and imponderable, so close akin to the psychical.

Onward rolled the beat of this strange noise, heard in the church, invading the seat of justice, listened to by the rulers of the earth, knocking at the doors of science and the hearts of the people—persistent, aggressive, irresistible and triumphant. Triumphant?

For nearly forty years, two simple little country girls have lived to see their childish venture battling with the science and religious prejudices of all mankind, making good its claims to all observers, gaining adherents in every rank of thought and culture, becoming a subject of serious and intelligent discussion in the Church of England, publishing books and papers in many tongues read by millions, erecting costly buildings, supporting innumerable teachers, and standing at this day a living menace to the accepted philosophy and orthodoxy of Christendom.

The effect produced on the observers, by the simpler phases of the phenomena in their early days, was very marked, and later on, more startling forms of less obscure character followed in quick succession. No point in the whole movement has been more interesting, or more strongly marked an independent will and power, than the variety of the still greater facts gradually rising to higher ground, as we were enabled to receive them through knowledge of the minor phases. The evidence of design could not be overlooked.

As men became accustomed to these strange things and found that all the unbelief they had was in their strangeness, step by step the wonders grew, each one strengthening the spiritual idea, and finding a readier acceptance from the analogies of the past. Through all these years, and at the very first beginning, the phenomena asserted with Christian or materialist, their spiritual nature, and displayed a very human character, when disbelieved or contradicted. So at last the ground has been prepared for what appears to be supreme proof, and multitudes fell into the surest convictions, each one from the objective facts, that they were in the presence of their dead kindred, took them by the hand and listened to their voices. The facts relied upon were of daily observation, continued through many years; Spiritualism was a theory inaugurated and urged by these intelligent facts them-

and if it accounted for them, even lamely and provisionally, was a fitting subject for philosophical investigation.

There is a right to examine any belief that apparently lies upon the surface of facts, and, however wrong, more continuous observation and closer reasoning may possibly show it to be at the time, it is in the direction of rational inquiry, and immensely above the stolid apathy that cares to think and know nothing of so vast a possibility. So rapidly has a belief in spiritual presence advanced in the last decade, much on account of the feeble and false methods taken to combat the facts, that we may well look, with something of awe, on the sweeping wave of aggregated thought the next forty years will present. We cannot view the subject and the power it is gathering in too serious a light. Whoever touches it, in any true sense of the word, is a captive. The only escape from an examination of its spiritual pretensions, is in a masterly ignorance of the question, not possible to all men, and daily becoming more impossible. The thoughtless self-sufficiency which despises the effects produced on the senses of so great a multitude, or does not properly comprehend the extent and power of this movement, is no mean ally to its success.

The philosopher may as well pull at the Matterhorn with a penny whistle as attempt to reach a single vital point from his closet. We count any negative induction as a rope of sand, which contradicts the experience of a life-time in the integrity of sense, and laugh at the whimsical folly which holds that we are living in dream-land, and do not know if we see or hear. There is no option; we must accept the most startling events as facts in spite of all scepticism, scientific denial or religious prejudice, if invariably certified to by the senses of men. We have no justifiable right to invent a mode of sense-deception, by some suppositious and mysterious cause, elsewhere unknown and unheard of.

How, for instance, does a pencil which as far as human faculties can ascertain, we know to be untouched, appear to write in the presence of a dozen people, who all hear the writing and read the words written, which often prove to be a correct answer to some secret mental question? Is the fallacy in thinking that the pencil some feet from the nearest person, was untouched, or in believing that it wrote at all, with a continuous delusion of weeks or months, whenever we or others think we read the writing? The experimenter purchases two slates, holds them firmly together and permits nobody to touch them. He feels and hears that they are apparently being written on within. On returning home and for the first time unclasping the slates, he finds a message, signed perhaps by a dead friend. He repeats the experiment again and again; thousands day after day do the same, and with the same result. He knows the fact is with him, and the fallacy with the negative.

We make an automatic machine to second the direction and effects of the force; is the machine deluded, or the eye-sight of a thousand persons who may read its indications? The untouched dinner table is shattered and defies the skill of the carpenter; is the delusion in the table, the hungry family, or the baffled carpenter? "Epidemic delusion," like all weak evasions, reacted upon its sponsor, and in favor of the truth. It was not only without a gleam of personal reality in each man's experience of life, but as applied to daily observation and experiment in gross matters of sense, was obviously to be characterized as wholly unmeaning and fantastically absurd. We cannot conceive of a more demoralizing and mischievous stumbling block than the rejection of sense. When the day comes that we must give up our eye-sight the "broken order of nature" will need repairs in many directions. The effect then, that has been produced upon all persons who have devoted sufficient time to the observation of these phenomena, is the unwavering sense of a reality, and an absolute certainty of a truth, that no unbelief of others ignorant of the facts, ever can or ought to shake.

The great mass of mankind does see with the eye and hear with the ear, despite the drollery of universal delusion, urged by those whose ultra scepticism dominates their reason and experience.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IMMIGRATION.

Before the Chicago Evolution Club, on the evening of April 8th, was a discussion relating to the problem of guarding against the evils of immigration, of overcoming the influence of large and, for the time at least, unassimilable elements from the populations of the old world. The question was worded thus: "What shall we do with the Dago?" Dagos are the lower class of Italians that come mainly from Southern Italy, but the question was intended to include the lower classes of every nationality. The opening speech was made by B. F. Underwood and of that speech THE JOURNAL is able to give the following revised report:

This country owes much every way since our government was founded to immigration which has added enormously to the wealth as well as to the population. Hon. Hugh McCullough said not long ago in a magazine article:

"It is estimated that since the foundation of our government more than 13,000,000 of immigrants have come to the United States, and that if each brought with him sixty dollars in money, the pecuniary gain has been about \$800,000,000, but the gain in this respect has been small in comparison with what the immigrants were worth as laborers in the various branches of industry. Estimating them to have been equal in value to the slaves in the Southern States, they have added to our national wealth three times as much as our national debt amounted to at the close of the war."

But the writer goes on to say, "what the offsets may be to this enormous gain is yet to be determined. The true wealth of a nation is not to be measured by acreage or money but by the quality of its people. If the effects of foreign immigration should prove to be deleterious to the character of the population the gain referred to would have been dearly acquired."

Half a million and more immigrants come here annually. In one day, May 11, 1887, 10,000 landed in New York. On April 18, 1889, 12,000 sailed from Queenstown for this country. In 1873 one ship, the Egypt, brought 1,767 immigrants. From Germany, England, Ireland, France, Austro-Hungary, Italy and other countries they have come, and among them many intelligent and industrious immigrants. But unfortunately during the last few years the influx of foreign population has included some of the worst elements of Europe, the coming of which, if not checked, is sure to taint the body politic of the nation to a degree that will make our cities and industrial centres hot-beds of turbulence and crime. Before Congressional committees it has been shown that thousands of Italians every month have been brought to our shores by labor brokers to whom these pauper immigrants are for months after they arrive virtually slaves. Steamers have been chartered to bring to New York loads of these poor creatures, whom their native country has been glad to get rid of. They have come under contract to pay passage money and other expenses from their earnings after arriving. According to one witness "something like 7,000 Italians came here in one single day on these prepaid tickets." Before the Owen committee in New York last year one Italian testified that robbers and assassins had been shipped here by agents of New York Italian labor-brokers, and, that by paying double the usual amount their safe shipment was guaranteed. One witness said, "When Cleveland was running for President, Barsodi got \$3,000 and the *Echo* got \$2,000, and then in the Harrison election of 1888 they were wobbling from one side to the other, whether they should support the Democratic or Republican ticket, intending to support which ever would give them the most money; and Barsodi only got at the last election \$800. At the last moment he turned Republican. Now, these men are making a big profit. They are doing a big business in making citizens out of Italians. They do it because they can throw votes on the market and sell them on election day."

From Sicily and Naples, from Calabria and Sardinia, come elements which, while they constitute a numerical addition to our composite population are entirely alien, and, for the present at least, cannot be reached with the higher social and moral influences.

Most of the Italian immigrants are from Lower Italy where, under King Ferdinand, the people were prohibited from going to school, and where 79.46 per cent. of the people now are illiterate. Even in Upper Italy in 1886 nearly 50 per cent were illiterate. The people have been so long the victims of superstition and despotism that they have become degraded intellectually and morally until they have lost the spirit of manhood. Of Republican principles they have no conception; many of them are vicious and criminally disposed. To wreak vengeance on an enemy, to screen their accomplices by lying, to evade the law—this they will do whenever possible. They are of a class that one of the Pennsylvania supervisors of the census desired to return by numbers only: which was the way by which their employers identified them. The low

estate to which mining in that state has been brought down, is attributable to the unrestricted importation of a low class of foreign laborers—mere serfs.

The insatiable greed of capital has brought to this country multitudes of the ignorant, priest-ridden and debased proletariat of Europe. Mine owners, contractors and manufacturers, who divide the dividends of their protected industries, are to a great extent, responsible for the presence of so large a number of most undesirable immigrants, thousands of whom every year have come under contract to work for lower wages than those upon which men can live in comfort and decency, or under such circumstances of poverty and destitution as to compel them to underbid all other workmen in our market. Such immigrants become pliant tools of ambitious and unscrupulous leaders. Many of them are known to be slaves of the Mafia, a society of robbers and stabbers that has long existed in Italy, exercising influence by intimidation, and accomplishing its purposes, when necessary, by assassination. For years some of the best citizens of New Orleans were blackmailed by the Mafia. A jurymen who, in the performance of duty, found a member of this organization guilty, was doomed to die. It was unpunished crime committed by the Mafia which aroused the people of New Orleans to a pitch of lawless passion that culminated in the killing of the imprisoned Italians.

I do not approve of the New Orleans lynching, great as was the provocation; but nothing should reconcile us to receiving from Italy the dregs of her people. I do not say that Italy is the only offender. I am not unmindful of the murderous Irish society that killed Dr. Cronin in this city. It is only additional evidence that we should have restrictive laws prohibiting, as far as possible, criminals and paupers from entering our ports from European countries. Against Italians, as such, Americans can have no prejudice. We honor Garibaldi, Mazzini, Cavour and the present King of Italy. The American people have warmly sympathized with Italy in her struggle to escape from medieval influences and to rise to a higher plane of civilization, and this friendly feeling will continue in spite of the haughty attitude and the bumptiousness of the Italian government over the New Orleans affair.

Poverty should not be a bar to immigration, but the old world must not be allowed to empty its poor houses upon our shores or to ship criminals and the incurably diseased and helpless to be landed at our ports. If appeal to the law of self-preservation is allowable, as so many believe, in the establishment of a protective tariff on imported goods, it certainly holds in the adoption of precautionary measures against danger to American institutions from too great an influx of populations, composed largely of half-civilized creatures who know nothing about free institutions. The recent law passed by congress had for its object the lessening of this evil; but more stringent and thorough measures may be needed.

The low class of immigrants already here should be reached. The compulsory education of their children is the first step. Their sanitary condition in our large cities should be a matter of careful supervision. A community, whether it is a village or a nation is in an important sense, an organism, and its first duty is to protect itself from threatened danger, whether it be internal or external. Organizations like the Mafia and Clan-na-gael should, at whatever cost, be broken up. A patriotic spirit and a national sentiment, now weak owing to the heterogenous elements that make up our population, should be cultivated, so that a strong and resolute public opinion will resist every aggression upon the fundamental principles and methods of republican government. The debasement produced by priestcraft and kingcraft in the old world must not be allowed to menace free popular government on this continent.

ONWARD.

BY SOLON LAUER.

When a ship is at sea, far out of sight of land, the captain lays his course by frequent observations of the stars. By the use of the proper instruments and certain mathematical tables, he can at any time determine the exact location of his ship. Upon the frequency and accuracy of these observations and calculations depends the safety of the ship. If he does not watch the stars, the winds will carry him astray. The air and the sea are full of currents which help him when he knows how to utilize them, but which would bear his vessel to destruction should he miss his reckoning.

We are like ships in mid-ocean. We have left far behind us the well-known landmarks, and are sailing in search of new continents. We are buffeted by many tempests, and often catch sight of dangerous rocks and reefs ahead. Often the sky is over-cast and we lose sight of the sun and the stars. Then we drift in darkness and the winds and waves make sad music to our ears. But when the clouds pass by, the sun and the stars shine again; and then we must take

observations, and calculate anew our course, and find how far we have drifted during the darkness.

The Church is a great ship, freighted with precious human souls; or, rather, it is a fleet of ships, some of which hug the shore, and steer by familiar landmarks; and others of which put boldly forth into the open sea, steering by the magnetic needle of reason, which ever vibrates to the pole of truth; and laying their course by the high stars which have shone since the world began.

Dropping the nautical figure, let us realize that the seeker after truth must at the outset put aside all traditions and conventional beliefs and habits. We are possessed by the ghosts of tradition. The demons of conventionalism inhabit us, and it needs the word of a master to cast them out. We are born to beliefs, as we are born to temperament and habits. We feed upon the mental and spiritual atmosphere which surrounds in childhood, and we grow like what we feed upon. It is a brave and a strong soul indeed that can break the chains of tradition and stand free in the world of thought. Such a soul inevitably becomes a savior to his fellowmen. He sees things in their simple relations. He goes back to primates in everything. He cares nothing for things, but is zealous for the substance of things. He has no regard for institutions, but seeks the laws and forces which shape institutions. Back of every fact he sees the spirit of the fact. Behind every custom he perceives the thought that gave it birth: and in his loyalty to thought and principle he frequently breaks with the institution when it is but the shell of a creature dead.

If we would have truth, we must take this bold stand and defy tradition. Truth can justify itself to each generation, and we need accept no dogma coming like a ghost out of the sepulcher of the past. What has been true once is always true, and truth never lacks confirmation. Only error needs authority. What have we to do with these fleshless forms that stalk in our midst, skeletons once clothed in living truth? Let us bury them decently, and seek our God not among the dead, but among the living.

This spirit lays bare the foundations of institutions and all creeds. We will begin at the bottom, and build up. We have too long tried to prop and patch the old tottering and crumbling walls. If we are to have an enduring system, we must build it on the eternal foundations. When we have exploded dynamite under the old structure, and cleared away the ruins, we may call for architects and masons and proceed upon our new structure.

We have had too much ducking and dodging. The average clergyman is hugging a set of traditional opinions, and tremblingly shielding them from every hostile wind. Let us stand erect and fear nothing. The mass of mankind are followers of tradition and usage. In fashion, politics, religion, we copy our fathers and forefathers, and few of us dare hold an original opinion on any subject. The law of momentum seems to prevail in the realm of thought, as well as in the realm of matter. Set a thought going, and it will go on for generations. Like an avalanche which started in a snowball, institutions start from small beginnings, and gain power and permanency as they proceed, until a nation is overwhelmed beneath them. It is a bold and brave man who dares oppose his individual power against the force of a custom which has the accumulated strength of centuries within it; and yet, it is only by such acts that progress for mankind is achieved. Every age must have its Arnold Winkelried, who will leap into the opposing ranks of superstition and conventionalism, gather the shafts of malicious criticism into his own breast, and make a breach for the passage of his fellow men.

Mankind, with a strange ferocity, crucifies the men who make progress possible. It is a sad state of society which regards heroism with a crown of thorns, and kindles the fagots around the form of him who sacrifices all personal good for the common weal. From the earliest times religion and science have had their martyrs, whose blood made payment to high heaven for every truth vouchsafed to man. It is no wonder that saviours to mankind have been so few, when their immediate reward is death or dishonor among their fellows. Even the luster of Christ's present glory cannot blind us to the fact that he was crucified between two thieves. Such or the like fate awaits every brave soul that sets itself against the opinion and prejudices of the world. But still the inspired soul is charmed by the song of truth, and in contempt of all temporal results, will utter its voice in the streets, or cry out from the housetops, to win men from the worship of error to the service of the right.

Let us listen to every prophetic voice that calls us out of the lethargy of sin and error to a divine activity. As the child out-grows its clothing, so man out-grows his intellectual raiment. Change is the universal law. No form in nature is fixed or permanent. All things are in a flux. The soil is becoming plant and beast and bird and man; and these again are returning to the primal dust. Continents rise and sink, land and sea change places, and the continual miracle of transfor-

mation goes on all about us. There is no fixedness anywhere in nature. Why then in the mind of man? Man may make a creed, as nature makes a plant; but that creed must sometimes furnish soil and compost for another and a better one, or nature's law of change is violated. The only atheism is distrust of this universal law. When we begin to fear that harm may come of obeying this law of nature, we have already accused the universe. The atheism and skepticism of an Ingersoll is sane and healthy compared with the infidelity that denies the beneficence of nature's methods. Let us then show our faith in the stability of the universe by willingly relinquishing all preconceived ideas, in favor of the latest revelation. Man is a thinking plant which the universe bears. Shall he alone refuse to blossom and bear fruit? When he does so, he frustrates the law of his own being.

Among people who consider themselves liberal and progressive, these statements may seem trite and needless, and all appeals to radical sentiment may be held but a waste of words. But experience teaches us that there is a vast deal of false radicalism in the world. We abandon one superstition only to embrace another. Intolerance and bigotry find new objects for attack, and still live on, in renewed vigor. We cease to abuse Calvin only to make a live martyr of Channing, or Parker, or Emerson. We give up the doctrine of predestination only to accept the teaching of a materialistic fatalism. We bring down heaven from the skies, only to place it in the Senate or market house; and when we have toppled over the Jehovah of tradition, we make ourselves gods of gold and silver. We cease from the sacrifice of goats and bullocks, only to lay on the altar gifts dearer and more difficult to render. Superstition will have still her votaries, though every ancient altar be overthrown, and every god in the pantheon be toppled from its place.

CHICOPEE, MASS.

THE STORY OF A DREAM.

BY THELE THORNE.

"No, I do not believe in Spiritualism, but I had a curious experience a year ago. I will tell it to you, and you may explain it if you can."

Quite a party of us were gathered in B-s' office, and the subject of Spiritualism had come up. We were none of us believers, or at least acknowledged ones, but all had had more or less experience in investigating the various phases of what are called spirit manifestations. In reply to questions excited by his remark, B. said:

As some of you may know, I formerly lived in Berlin, I came to this country some twenty-five years ago, leaving there in the old home my father and only brother. My father died a few years later. My brother married and settled down in his native town. After the first year or two we ceased to correspond, and for twenty years I heard nothing from him. I shall never, to the end of my life, forget a certain night last summer. The day had been hot and sultry and the night air seemed stagnant. It was well on toward two o'clock before I could close my eyes in sleep. An hour later I awoke, trembling in every limb, the perspiration rolling in great drops from my forehead. In a dream I had been transported to Berlin, to my brother's house. It was a large and beautiful residence, surrounded by lawns and flower plots. A shaded avenue led up to the entrance. My brother's wife, whom I had never seen, met me at the door. She wore a widow's dress, and her face was pale with weeping. She led me into the parlor, a large airy room opening from the hallway. The windows were open, but the blinds drawn close. In the center of the room was a coffin, and in it my brother lay, dead. The furnishings of the room, the bier, the widow's face, all these made an impression on my mind that could not be effaced. I can call up the picture now, just as I saw it that night.

When I awoke, my first thought was to note the time—five minutes of three. In the morning I told my wife of my dream.

The course of time brought a cablegram. I knew before opening it that it contained news of my brother's death. Allowing for the difference of longitude, it had occurred the hour of my dream. The cablegram called me to Germany to be present at the settling of my brother's affairs. I started immediately. My dream and its partial verification was constantly in my mind. I was sure that the whole would prove true. A disappointment awaited me. The house pointed out to me as my brother's was in no respect like the one of my vision, nor were any of the surroundings familiar. My knock was answered by a maid servant who requested me to await her mistress' arrival in the parlor. It was a small, prettily furnished apartment, but there was nothing in it that I recognized. Notwithstanding this, I looked for my sister with some impatience. The door opened at last and the widow entered. I uttered an exclamation of surprise. I could not be mistaken. It was the woman of my dream, even to the dress she wore. I

staid with her several days. One morning she said "I am thinking of going to our country house, five miles out of town, to-day. Will you accompany me?" I, of course, agreed.

To my certain knowledge I had never visited the small town where my brother's family spent the summer months. Yet when within a mile of the place I recognized every step of the way. I myself directed the horses to the curbstone in front of a large house, set back from the street, amid beautiful grounds. The room we entered was as familiar as any in my own home, so distinct was the impression it had made upon my mind. Nothing was in the least changed, even to the bric-a-brac upon the mantle piece. The coffin was not there, but the blinds were drawn close, as I had seen them, until my sister threw them open.

"My husband died in this house," she said. "We were staying here for a short time only, when he was taken sick. We had the services in this room."

This, gentlemen, is my story. As I said, I am not a Spiritualist—I do not pretend to explain it."

At this very moment, it is the mind that controls the body; the gross is even now moved by the ethereal. Apart from the mysterious unit of vital power and volition, the whole body is a mere mass of inert matter. Spirit, or whatever we call that "unit of vital power and volition," vivifies and employs it. And, even when certain schools of science refuse to include spirit among admissible realities, they have to admit that they confront absolutely insoluble problems in the phenomena of life, consciousness, and thought: they also admit that life, consciousness, and thought, are more demonstrable than the existence of matter itself. That may seem strange to the unscientific mind, but the interesting thing is that even the scientific materialist has to admit it. Mr. Huxley is not a materialist, but he is widely known as the very opposite to a Spiritualist, and he only says what everybody must say when he tells us, in his Lay Sermons, that we know nothing about the composition of any body whatever, as it is. He says, "Many of the best minds of these days watch what they conceive to be the progress of materialism, in such fear and powerless anger as a savage feels, when, during an eclipse, the great shadow creeps over the face of the sun. The advancing tide of matter threatens to drown their souls; the tightening grasp of law impedes their freedom; they are alarmed lest man's moral nature be debased by the increase of his wisdom. . . . After all, what do we know of this terrible 'matter' except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our consciousness. I invite careful attention to those last words,—that which we call matter is only a name for an unknown cause of states of our own consciousness." That is revolutionary in relation to the old materialistic assertion that the difference between matter and spirit is the difference between the known and the unknown, the conceivable and the inconceivable. It now turns out that states of mind are more real to us than states of matter, and that what we really know is, not the actual condition of what effects us, but only how we are affected.—*The Coming Day.*

The New York *Sun* gives this account of a boy phonograph who was filled with statistics at a very early age: When Oscar Moore was thirteen months old he began to show a wonderful memory. Oscar is a colored boy and blind from birth, and is now five years old. He is a perfect phonograph. Anything told him is repeated exactly, inflection, emphasis, and words, although he does not know the meaning of anything he hears. He will recite the alphabet and multiplication table backward; tell the population and number of square miles contained in every country on the globe; give the population of the principal cities of the United States; name the presidents of the United States in their order, with the beginning and expiration of their terms of office; and will answer numberless questions which ordinary people will have to refer to encyclopædias to find out. He has been something of a pet with a German lady of Bridgeport, who has taught him a number of German songs. For the edification of those who come to see him he will sing these songs, and his pronunciation of the German words is said to be perfect.

But it is his sense of smell that is the most wonderful. One day last week two gentlemen entered the office of the St. Marc Hotel in this place, where young Oscar is now stopping. Neither spoke a word, but of them beckoned to a dignified looking colored man who was holding the young prodigy by the hand. The man led Oscar up to the couple and said: "Now, Oscar, see if you can tell who this gentleman is." The boy took the gentleman's hand, carried it to his face, and carefully smelled of his hand and wrist after the fashion of a dog. In a moment a gleam of recognition lighted up his face and he replied, "Charles Schneider." He was right. He had once before met Mr. Schneider, who was subjected to a smelling process on that occasion. Young Moore does the same with everybody he meets whom he wishes to recognize

again. He is good at remembering voices, like most blind persons, but says he feels the most confidence in his powers of scent.



EVER TRUE.

Joyous at heart as a summer day,
A lassie stands by the meadow way
And looks at a face that is very dear
And wonders in words that know nothing of fear—

"Will you be true, love, will you be true?
Will you love me as I love you?
Will love grow stronger as years roll on
And be truest when youth and beauty have gone?
Will you be true, love, will you be true?"

Joyous at heart on their wedding morn
Husband and wife walk home through the corn,
And each seems to hear the old time song,
As, hand in hand they wander along:
"Will you be true, love, will you be true?
Will you love me as I love you?
Will love grow stronger as years roll on,
And be truest when youth and beauty are gone?
Will you be true, love, will you be true?"

Joyous at heart when their hair is gray,
Husband and wife together stray,
And hand clasps hand as they pass along,
And the heart of each is glad with song:
"You have been true, love, you have been true!
Loving me well as I have loved you,
And time and change and good and ill
Have linked us closer and closer still—
Hearts ever true, love, hearts ever true."

—GEORGE WEATHERBY.

Fifteen ladies of Lombard, Ill., went to the polls and voted, on Monday, January 13th, under the law which says that "citizens" can vote, without specifying sex. The leader of the women was Miss Ellen A. Martin, of the firm of Perry & Martin, attorneys and counsellors at law, Chicago. When Miss Martin demanded to be allowed to cast her vote, the judge expostulated with the lady and delicately intimated that she was not entitled to deposit a ballot. She asked if she was not a citizen. Judge Marquardt replied that she was in the sense that she made her home in Lombard, but not in the sense that she had the right to vote. Miss Martin then read section 6 of the charter election laws of 1869, wherein it is set forth that: "All citizens of the State of Illinois above the age of 21, actually residents of the town of Lombard for ninety days before an election for municipal officers, shall have a right to vote at such election."

"Now," asked the petitioner, "don't I live here?"

"You do," was the affirmative male chorus.

"And am I not over 21?" The judges had to admit that she was.

"Then I invoke the majesty of the law and demand that my vote be recorded," said Miss Martin. After the formality of challenging her vote was gone through with, Miss Martin swore her own vote in and departed. In the afternoon fourteen other women voted. The report says:

And so they voted, and then the judges closed the polling place and put up the shutters and went off to the corner grocery to lay the whole matter before the "Judge," who derided them and called them a pack of old women, and asseverated that they knew less about elections than his pointer dog. But the votes went, all the same, and those judges counted those fifteen votes for the candidates for whom they were cast, and there were more votes cast than were registered, and the lucky candidates were happy and became converts to the cause of woman suffrage. The names of the women who voted are as follows: They were Miss Ellen A. Martin, Miss Margaret Towne, Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. Thurston, Mrs. C. B. Vance, Mrs. H. B. Rand, Miss Reade, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. W. R. Plum, Mrs. Isaac Clafin, Mrs. Allie Rand, Mrs. B. P. Reynolds, Mrs. C. L. Towne, Mrs. H. W. Plum.

Mrs. Williams is an old lady of 75, and all are over 21.

Although the Germans are considered one of the most progressive and thoroughly educated nations in the world, it is evident that in matters pertaining to social advancement and the equality of the sexes, public opinion in the empire is still in a most backward state, says the *New York Press*. For some time a petition has been the Reichstag in which some of the

most enlightened women of Germany prayed that the gates of the liberal professions of law and medicine might be thrown open to them and to their sisters. This petition came up for consideration the other day, and the Reichstag contemptuously and overwhelmingly voted it down. Only the small minority of socialist members voted for this restricted measure of womanly emancipation. It is unquestionably the dominant power of militarism that denies to German women the right to enter the learned professions. In spite of its admirable public school system and its magnificent universities, the empire is essentially one vast armed camp. The bay onets hedge up the way of progress. The ideal of the German youth is almost altogether a military one. The women of the Fatherland are regarded, not as beings whose rights and privileges are equal to those of men, but as the mothers of German soldiers. It is thought to be their duty, not to develop their powers of mind and heart for the service of humanity and the advancement of social conditions, but to bring into the world a hardy race of sons that shall be able to uphold the might of Germany against all comers. To the one great function of maternity the Germans of today would subordinate all the energies and capacities of womanhood. When the general disarming of Europe comes, as it eventually must, the German women will be among the first to experience its benefits in the altered regard of their husbands, fathers, and brothers.

Judge Altgeld, of Chicago, recently passed upon a point seldom raised in the courts of Cook county, deciding that a wife can maintain a civil action for damages against her own husband. The court was very emphatic in stating his position. The question was raised in the suit of Mary F. Williams against her husband, Aaron Williams, for \$20,000 damages for slander. Williams is a wealthy West Side citizen who was married to his present wife several years ago. They did not live happily, and separated, the wife being given some of her husband's property. She afterward began suit against him, claiming that he had threatened to ruin her and declaring that he had circulated stories derogatory to her character. The case came up for hearing before Judge Anthony and a judgment was entered against Williams by default. The court, however, granted a new trial, and the case came up before Judge Altgeld yesterday. Williams' attorneys entered the plea that action could not be maintained by the plaintiff because she was Williams' wife. They argued that a wife could only sue her husband for property wrongfully taken from her, and decisions from Maine and New York courts were presented to the court to the effect that a woman could not maintain a civil suit for damages even if her husband beat or clubbed her. To this plea the other side demurred, and argued that a wife living apart from her husband could sue and be sued, and enjoyed the same rights as an unmarried woman. The court sustained the demurrer. "It is a monstrous contention," said Judge Altgeld, referring to the decision cited, "that a man can pound his wife to a jelly, and yet she have no civil remedy. I will not listen to such reasoning, no matter how high the authority." The defence excepted to the ruling, and the Supreme Court will pass on the cases.

One of the most remarkable women of Georgia is Mrs. H. S. Gould, of Machen. It was largely through her means and efforts that the Covington & Macon railroad was built, and after it was put in operation she had a great deal to do with its management. It is related that on one occasion an engine of the road had become derailed at some station on the line. The local section boss and his men, the engineer, the conductor, and brakemen, with perhaps some of the passengers, worked for hours trying to get the big locomotive back on the track. They were preparing to give it up as a bad job when Mrs. Gould came along. She saw at a glance what was the matter, and gave a few decisive orders. Within twenty minutes the engine was ready to pull out. There are other and similar stories of her executive ability and energy. Besides her railroading operations, Mrs. Gould finds time to manage her 400-acre farm near Machen. It is said that she has done a great deal toward building the Middle Georgia and Atlantic railroad.

A genuine mother could no more raise a bad boy into a bad man than a robin could raise a hawk. When I say a "genuine mother" I mean something more than a mother who prays with her boy, and

teaches him Bible texts, and sends him to Sunday-school. All those things are good and indispensable as far as they go, but there is a lot more to do to train a boy besides praying with him, just as there are things necessary to the cultivation of a garden besides reading a manual. To succeed with roses and corn one must prune, weed and hoe a great deal. To make a boy into a pure man, a mother must do more than pray. She must live with him in the sense of comrade and closest friend. She must stand by him in time of temptation as the pilot sticks to the wheel when rapids are around. She must never desert him to go off to superintend outside duties any more than the engineer deserts his post and goes into the baggage car to read up on engineering, when his train is pounding across country at forty miles an hour.—*Amber, in Chicago Herald.*

A LETTER FROM ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

TO THE EDITOR: Will you allow me the happy privilege of putting myself *en rapport* with the friends east and west, north and south, who are kindly inquiring after my whereabouts, the reason for my long silence, and who wish for some expression from my pen in relation to my late visit in the East? It is almost like a personal reunion when under the genial auspices of THE JOURNAL I can sit mentally *vis-a-vis* with the earnest men and women who, either by individual effort in some public capacity, or by sympathy with our teachers, and what is still more admirable, noble, consistent daily living, are helping to hasten the dawn of a brighter era.

When my daughter and I left "Sunny Brae" last August, it was with less regret than at any previous period of similar departure; for though the little spot we call home never wore a more charming aspect, with the flowers in profuse bloom, and the orchards bending beneath the burdens of purple and golden fruitage, there were no lips to breathe the love's regretful farewells, no fondly clinging hands to stay our going. These were hushed and folded under mantels of daisies and violets, the last only a month before; and after all, the fairest bit of earth, the bluest sky canopy, contain but little of value apart from human history. The very seasons are painful or dear, according to the soul with which we have invested them. The first snow-flakes of the year had a magic charm for me until they fell into my baby's grave; then who could measure their chilling mockery? I disliked the odor of a certain flower until a modest heart made it a language of love to me; now none bloom so sweet; and a favorite song is rendered odious because once sung by a soul that was cruel!

We chose the Northern Pacific route, having decided to spend a week in "Nature's Wonderland," the National Park of the Yellowstone, and a very delightful journey we made of it. But I am not going to indulge in a guide-bookish description of what is fast becoming quite a familiar country. You can for the mere asking at any railway station obtain elaborately illustrated pamphlets, full of attempted portrayals of what can never be really described. One must see for one's self, and even then, here as elsewhere, the law holds good that one finds in nature only what the soul puts into it. To one, the vast mountain ranges, where virgin snows and perennial verdure are joined in eternal wedlock; the smiling valleys and far-stretching plains, are merely wearisome distances to be compassed as soon as possible,—to another there are everywhere suggestions of infinite beauty and plentitude of power. The interior vision beholds the now unpeopled wastes and measureless expanse, re-created by generations unborn. The millions of acres held by railroad monopolists are to become again the people's possessions; and prosperous homes, hamlets, towns and cities fill the primeval solitudes with the sights and sounds, the joys and sorrows of our ever restless, ever progressing humanity. To your humble correspondent the latter view was pleasantly persistent, and the pessimistic theory of Malthus, of an over-crowded planet and starving populace found no lodgement in my brain;

For, as we flew over mountain and plain, The whirling wheels sang a cheerful refrain;

And e'er as the landscape broadened before us,

Seemed it that nature rang out a glad chorus—

Of "Welcome, soul! to my boundless dominions,

Borne thither at last on swift-sweeping pinions!
Ay, welcome thou, to my mountain-locked treasures,
To my flowery plains and great rivers' pleasures!
Come, woo me, win me, and freely possess me,
Then with abundance and beauty I'll bless thee!

We spent four delightful days near Spokane Falls, Washington, in the wild-wood home of my youngest brother and his faithful wife, who had the courage three years ago to plant a homestead out there in the then barren wilderness. It was a pretty and touching sight—the little dwelling, with its verdant veiling of creeping vines, amid a fruitful garden, which in turn was encircled by a mighty rampart of pines and tamaracks. The golden weather reminded us of home, and our welcome was as generous as the day. There was a sense of the spiritual heavens in the air as we sat in the silvery silences of the starry eventide and talked of other days; and once our softened, waiting hearts caught the articulate breathings of purified affection from the better world. Often during the weeks that followed, full of wonder-seeing, luxurious hospitality, crowded lecture rooms and world splendors, we found our thoughts fondly brooding over that cheery, peaceful, love-bright cabin among the pines, where patient industry is fast making the wilderness to blossom as the rose.

The wonders of the Yellowstone can scarcely be overdrawn. We had joyfully accepted the company of an old friend thus far on our journey, and the morning that we started on our tour of the park we were assigned a gorgeous yellow coach and four, with but one stranger to share the same during our five days' drive. Our extra passenger proved a decided acquisition, entertaining us, when we came to long stretches of tame country, with graphic accounts of extensive travel in foreign lands, thrilling narratives of glacial ascents, a visit to the salt palaces of Poland, studies of Russia, etc., etc. There is a great variety of travelers. Some men take a tour of the world, spend years abroad, and bring back only bills of fare and accounts of squabbles with guides and beggars. These, if they ever get to the orthodox heaven, will occupy eternity with calculating the number and weight of the golden paving stones. Our traveler made haste slowly. He was at the tail end of every crowd, never pushed for the first place anywhere, was uniformly mindful of other people's comfort, and yet, my country's critics, he was an American!

Well, we climbed the Jupiter and Minerva terraces; we saw measureless abundance of hot water in every conceivable form and state of ebullition, from pools of pearl, turquoise and emerald, in the shape of flowers and gems, to furious hurricanes that blew and belted until the earth seemed to tremble; mirror-like reservoirs, vixenish boiling springs, fountains flowing a hundred and fifty feet high, in dazzlingly white columns, over which rainbows danced like angels of hope above cloudy fumes of fabled purgatory; and mighty paint pots that puffed and steamed, looking as though they might supply the markets of the world. We stood on "Hell's Half Acre," and from her vast basin of seething water we saw the Excelsior geyser leap into the face of the smiling day, transfiguring the sunlight, flashing like a fountain of living jewels, and thundering forth a magnificent protest against her long imprisonment in the murky dungeons far below. And finally we reached the climax of natural marvels at the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, a vision of which, however brief and imperfect it may be, becomes to the beauty-loving beholder an inspiring possession for all time.

What a wonderful faculty is memory! Through a microscopical network of sensitive nerves a sunbeam flashes, and straightway leaves with the consciousness fadeless pictures of immense breadth, height, depth, and an infinite variety of form and color—Nature's epic poems, the true translations of which would reveal the secrets of the stars! The mammoth cañon of the Yellowstone, with its majestic walls of matchless mosaics, its pillars carved by the elements and crowned with eagle nests; its riven rocks and roaring cataracts, must be a rare trysting for the sun-god and his water sprites, for there snow-white floods fall nearly half a thousand feet, weaving in their descent fleecy veils and wreaths of foam that blossom with rainbows in the morning light.

We did not find the 140 miles of staging very wearisome, but enjoyed the change to

a railway coach at Livingstone, where with regretful good-byes our little party broke up, mutually hoping to meet again. Our first reunion with old acquaintances was at dear, delightful Lily Dale, under the auspices of the Cassadaga Camp Meeting Association. It was a lovely afternoon—Aug. 26th—and what a welcome awaited the tired, sun-burnt travelers! The days of my youth seemed to smile upon me there in a full and joyous resurrection, such a host of friends from the long ago grasped my hand in tender recognition. I dream of some such meeting in the great "Elsewhere," only then we shall have put off our gray and wrinkled masks, and there will be no gaps along the line, nor missing faces in the happy groups; and grief will have told her last sad tale; the mists of doubt and fear will have rolled quite away, and love will sigh no longer for its own. This to me the dearest of all camping grounds is rapidly becoming a great power in the land. The methods of its promoters are steadily clarifying, and if occasional clouds obscure the spiritual sunlight, there are sufficient moral stamina among the members of the association, to say nothing of the multitudes that gather there, to evolve a first-rate, clearing-up thunderstorm; and while I am fast losing faith in camp meetings in general as moral educators, I want to see Lily Dale prosper, as it certainly will, if it keeps clear of the clap-trap in Spiritualism, and calls to its platform the broad-minded and liberal teachers of all phases of essential truth. We ought to bear in mind that Spiritualism is the philosophy of life. It includes the wisdom of all the schools, the good in all religions, the hope of all pure and loving hearts, and finds in infinite nature the only infallible authority.

ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



SPIRITS, GHOSTS OR SHELLS?

TO THE EDITOR: The majority of advanced Spiritualists are doubtless glad that there has been a new society formed, consisting principally of clergymen in Boston, for the scientific investigation of Spiritualism. There are two reasons why we should be glad; first, because the truth or falsity of Spiritualism is to be decided once for all; second, because it is a new departure for clergymen to undertake the investigation of a subject which can possibly bear any relation to religion, from a scientific standpoint, it being their duty to accept their doctrines by faith, then to exclude all facts that are not in harmony with it. But this is only one of the signs of the times of a growing liberality on this and kindred subjects. I would add this plea, however, in behalf of troubled humanity, that while our reverend friends are upon this subject, that they will not stop when they have reached a conclusion and have decided, as we have no doubt they will, that all phenomena are not the result of fraud and delusion, but that many of them are produced by some unseen, but intelligent force. We humbly plead that when they have reached this decision, they will not leave us just where they found us, for most people here know that much all the time, but will go on and settle this question, too, "once for all," and tell us of the nature of the intelligent force that produces these manifestations, and of the laws that govern them.

The subject, as it now stands, is one of great doubt and perplexity to the student of Spiritualistic and occult lore. The Spiritualists seem to have rather the best of it, because they have the sympathy of humanity with their teachings, for they tell us these manifestations are produced by our friends and relatives who have thrown off the physical body, and are, as individuals, unchanged, and that because of the love they bear us they take advantage of these different methods to communicate with us, the methods differing according to the necessities and requirements of the occasion. They also tell us that where those communications seem to be faulty it is because of the undeveloped state of the medium, or there is a want of harmony in the conditions.

Others who have inherited a strong vein of superstitious tendencies will ask in a tone that sends a cold chill down the spine, if you believe in ghosts. Their idea of ghosts, however, is not that of beings who

give intelligent communications, but who appear suddenly in the moonlight or in some lonely place, wearing long, white robes, and who as suddenly disappear without saying anything, the ghost of Hamlet's father being a notable exception.

Then we have a large and growing number who say that what we see, hear and even feel, is not a reality, but only an appearance, and we are the subjects of delusions, because the real ego of our friends has passed entirely beyond this earthly sphere, but have left behind them a something that will be attracted to the old conditions of life, this something being the astral body or shell, having the appearance and characteristics of the physical body during its earth life. They tell us this body may be seen by clairvoyants in the astral light, and that it will give intelligent answer to questions when brought in magnetic relation with a medium. But they say this astral body becomes weaker and weaker until it is finally dissipated, while the intelligent principle has rejoined the ego, where it is again reincarnated, according to its Karma, the law of Karma being the law of life.

Our occult friends also tell us of sub-human beings, whom they term elementals, and who lend very efficient aid in all dark circles for physical manifestations. It is certainly pertinent to ask why a force that is sufficient to float a guitar about the ceiling and pick the strings, pile up chairs and move heavy articles of furniture, if it is of a superior intelligence, why it may not take pencil and paper and write out the solution of some great scientific problem. So we may be convinced of the existence of phenomena and still be in doubt as to their origin. One who believes he has communion with departed friends, after reading the works of Hartmann, Sinnett and others, may doubt whether he has been in communication with the true spirits of friends or only their astral bodies or shells. So we feel justified under these circumstances not only to ask, but to urge that the Boston society, when it is convinced that there are forces not generally recognized from a material standpoint, that they will go on and tell us all about these beings, the conditions of their lives, habits, etc. Certainly none of us can feel any doubt of the ability of the society to do this if it bends its energies in that direction.

By deciding this question "once for all" in such a way that there will no longer be room for argument or cavil, they will confer a great boon upon poor, suffering humanity, who must otherwise grope in the dark for perhaps ages to come. But they must decide this as they would the former one, "once for all;" then we shall be in duty bound to abide by their decisions, be they spirits, ghosts or shells.

E. T. STANSELL.

DENVER, COL.

FATE VS. REASON.

TO THE EDITOR: Are we the slaves of grim necessity, or have we freedom of choice as between good and evil? In other words, have we any power of resistance when the tide is against us in the high endeavor? Is greatness ever thrust upon a man, or does he achieve it?

If merit is anything better than a figment the current philosophy by Herbert Spencer is false, for that makes a man the irresponsible creature of heredity and environment. He is helpless as the insensate clay in the hands of the potter, and is moulded into such forms as are illustrated by good and bad men. Thus, if a certain young man is a drunkard, it is because his father was a drunkard, and because a saloon is in town to tempt him to drink. Were this young man to interview Professor Tyndall or any other exponent of the current philosophy, touching the chance of his avoidance of drunkenness, Tyndall would advise him kindly, but if pressed to give an opinion as to the possibility of his being saved from the drunkard's grave, Tyndall would shake his head! If truth be wholesome, it does not inhere in such doctrine; and for that reason it should not be instilled into our boys.

The forces that surround us in the secular and moral world are cruel destroyers of the unwary. The incautious fireman falls from the house top and is crushed to jelly by the force of gravitation; yet gravitation is a beneficent force, beneficent as God himself. Again, the ocean is the destroyer of fathers, mothers and dimpled babes; still, it is the highway of the great brotherhood of nations, carrying the commerce of the world upon its mighty bosom. A life devoted to vicious practices will end in hell with the precision which always attends

the law of gravitation. And yet, the same forces that destroy will save, obedience to their behests being all that is required. Our consciousness makes us capable of remorse after wrong is done; and this remorse is in attestation of our will; that is to say, our freedom of will.

Were savages stereotyped by inexorable fate in their rude manner of living, aspiration after the splendors of civilization were useless; but savages have become civilized in virtue of persistent endeavor; and so, too, have bad men ceased to do evil and "learned to do right."

To be a creature of circumstances simply, is to be an oyster. A man is great when he plucks success from the reluctant hand of Fortune; he is good when he defies the devil and climbs the stairway to the stars. Let us teach our boys that they can be good if they will; that they can go to heaven by a law as resistless as gravitation. The want is that they shall obey the laws of their being.

There are three elements that constitute heaven here and hereafter; these are, "righteousness, peace and joy"—something internal, meaning in their assemblage the "kingdom of God." The reverse of this condition of mind and heart is hell, which is horrible enough without the addition of material fire. You can add no pang to a bosom torn by remorse. When the heart is swollen and livid with a poison deadlier than that of the rattlesnake, and quivering with the agonies of damnation, nothing is wanting to show "the exceeding sinfulness of sin" and the present peril of taking a leap in the dark, when the very laws of our being admonish us to beware.

R. E. NEELD.

ATTENDING CHURCH.

TO THE EDITOR: It is a well known fact that at least eight out of ten of the population of our cities, villages and townships do not attend church on the Sabbath day. The question, of course, arises, why is this the case—why is this sparse attendance at the house of worship?

Most persons admit that it is right to go to meeting, and that attendants receive usually good moral lessons. But why do not more go? I answer that natural shiftlessness is one cause; secondly, lack of belief in the Bible and the tenets of the Christian religion. There is more of so-called infidelity in the land than appears upon the surface. Men and women hear preaching which they do not believe, and give no credence to half what the minister says. This is an unpleasant truth that cannot be gainsaid.

The doctrine of the Trinity, the necessity of baptism, the immaculate conception and the existence of hell after death, old orthodox notions, are disbelieved by thousands of church members and others in our Christian land. The shackles that have long held down the minds of the people of the past are being gradually loosened, and religious prejudices that have long bound them in the thralldom of slavery are vanishing before the sunlight of truth.

Again, people will not listen to uninteresting sermons. Ministers must make their services interesting if they want hearers. Talented and good preachers will have good audiences, and people will flock to their churches. We want to hear something new; we are interested in the new; a story or a statement oft repeated soon wears out and becomes threadbare and useless.

W. C. H.

SODUS, N. Y.

LA GRIPPE—THE OPEN DOOR.

TO THE EDITOR: To be seized by an invisible fiend, flung down, trampled on, the breath beaten out of your body, bony fingers clutching your vitals and pressing your brain with relentless force, until strength, hope and power of resistance are subdued, and one barely endures life, is *la grippe* in its worst form. I know it, for it has had me prostrate for almost a month, and I am only strong enough now to say: Avaunt, foul fiend!

A strange and pitiful sensation it is to be shut out from what is passing in this moving world, only able to hear a little, but powerless as to saying a word or lifting a hand. With permanent invalidism, or the infirmity of old age, this might be a different matter, and the inner life, clear and tranquil, might and should take the place of outward activities, but to be suddenly seized and tortured is a different matter.

I would like to write a page about one little book, which you sell for thirty cents, but "the flesh is weak" yet, and I can but briefly commend "The Open Door," the

last book of Dr. J. H. Dewey, of New York. The door does not open into any vague and marvellous region of mahatmas and reincarnations, but through it we enter the inner life of man, natural, wonderful, illimitable, and in unison with the Divine Life.

"The inner senses," he says, "relate man interiorly, first to the occult and psychic side, or 'soul of things,' including the realm of the departed, or soul world; and second to the still deeper and inmost, the transcendent sphere of the Impersonal and the Divine, the kingdom of God, the nature of which, in his own divine inmost, man partakes. Spiritual supremacy and illumination give the interior vision and direct insight into the properties and conditions of all things upon which the attention and legitimate desires are centered. This is intuition, or the grasping of knowledge at first hand, independent of external sources of information."

Surely his thought and deeper philosophy are needed in these days, in which the soul is not enough emphasized, and an agnostic type of spiritual know-nothingism is proud of its own blindness of the inner life. A pure purpose and a high aim add a fine charm to the writings of Mr. Dewey, which should be widely read.

GILES B. STEBBINS.

DETROIT, MICH.

SPIRITS OR COINCIDENCE?

TO THE EDITOR: The following incident came into my experience many years ago, though it has ever remained fresh in my memory. In the absence of any conscious influence other than a curiosity to "see what I should see," I have ever regarded it as a case of pure coincidence. In the year 1846 I lived in a village, situate on the banks of the Seneca River in Central New York. A bridge spanning the river formed a part of the principal thoroughfare. A dam some distance above the bridge confined the waters of the river, which were conducted in raceways and utilized in propelling the machinery of mills, etc., below the dam. On one side of the river the raceway terminated in a "cul de sac," near the thoroughfare referred to. The street at this point was lower than the level of the waters in the raceway, which were confined in embankments. One day, when passing this point, I was seized with a curiosity to ascertain if there were any fish in this "cul de sac." Mounting the embankment, I saw in the water, a few feet from the shore, an object in slight motion, which I at first took to be the carcass of some animal at which fish were nibbling, scum and driftwood obscuring my view. A moment later and the face of a drowning child, about four years old, appeared above the scum and chips in a last faint struggle. It was soon in its mother's arms and restored to consciousness. Spirits? Possibly. Coincidence? Probably.

C. J. H.

DENVER, COLO.

COMPENSATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR: Nature deals largely in compensations. To almost every trouble there is an antidote; to every ailment some form of alleviation. In a large degree, even where poverty prevails, the mind is free to store itself with the exceeding richness of knowledge. In this glorious era, with its free schools, cheap literature and open public libraries, containing the summed up wealth of the world's learning, no man is denied the opportunity to store his mind with useful, priceless information. True, the acquisition of knowledge may cost long years of arduous application, much privation, unremitting toil and denial of many gratifications. But how great the compensation! How grand the final result!

If I sum up the result in my own case, as I stand, on the border line of three-score years and ten, I can truly say that I live two days in one; as compared with the stolidly ignorant, who have neglected every opportunity for self-improvement, more than a dozen in one. All through the day my mind is busy; there is not a stagnant moment in the live-long waking hours. The whole world, ay, the whole universe, serves me for a never-ceasing theme to think upon. Even when a streak of sunshine comes stealing its feet of lightsome beauty on the rough wall, it speaks of the wonderful properties of light, its vibration into the varied tints of rainbow colors, and almost inconceivable rapidity of movement; the immense distance of the great luminary from our planet, with the fellowship of varying orbs in the system, that keep their orderly march in the

cuit round the appointed course; to the still more stupendous probability, that the great luminary, carrying along his entire family of lesser orbs, is making an equally well defined circuit around a vastly greater sun, in a spring, summer, autumn and winter journey that steadily affects our seasons here.

And so with everything I see and hear. I cannot glance on the page of a common daily paper that does not fill my thoughts with a host of pictures, all redolent of interesting knowledge. The simple utterance of a word, even, is often of as much import as a dozen volumes. Say, Egypt. What a world of fascinating picture history that name throws out, like unto a great, weird panorama: The Pharaohs, with their advanced civilization and splendid dynasties; the pyramids and other mighty works, not yet paralleled in later days; the sacred Nile and its teeming inundations; the great desert, where once was overflowing plenty of field and garden; the wonderful history of the Israelites, their hard bondage and final escape into the promised land.

Yea, after all the wearying daily toil, that is never a drudgery, because of this free play to thought and imagination—imagination that peoples the dull workshop with the mighty names of history, and the stirring scenes they trod—how great and grand is the compensation that is gained! No dullness here! In every lifeless chip there is a picture as clear-cut and striking as was ever limned on a master's canvas; in every shaving a face of ancient hero who has moved the world. Thrice blessed is knowledge. It invigorates like old wine, making its owner the peer of any king on his throne. Fraternally,
W. WHITWORTH.

CLEVELAND, O.

A TEST OF SPIRIT RETURN.

TO THE EDITOR: Four years ago I was at Colorado Springs, Col. I had spent the winter there. A sad accident occurred, by which a lady lost her life. I had become acquainted with her husband, and the night she lay a corpse I visited him and daughter, a girl of twelve or fourteen years, to sympathize with them in their sad bereavement.

Last Sunday I was attending the anniversary meeting held at New Boston, Ill. In the afternoon Mrs. Ollie Blodgett gave some tests of spirit presence, through her control, "Bright Eyes," before an audience of some two hundred persons. After giving several tests, which were recognized, she said: "I see before me a house and yard. It is early spring time, as I see no flowers in the yard. A woman is busy doing something. Now I see a fire, and now I see the woman's clothing has caught fire, and before assistance arrives, she is burned so she dies. This woman's spirit is here, and goes to Mr. Cleveland, and says to him, 'I want you to write and send my love to my husband and child, and I want to thank you for the sympathy you manifested for my family.'" The control then said, "The name of the family is Nevins."

This tragic event was described with as much accuracy as I could have described it, and I am very confident that the medium in her normal condition knew nothing whatever of the circumstances. The event occurred four years ago this spring. Mrs. Nevins had gone out into the yard to rake together the rubbish that had gathered during the winter, and to burn it. Her clothes caught fire, and before assistance could arrive she was burned so that she expired in a few hours.

Some will say that this is a simple mind reading, since the tragic death of Mrs. Nevins was indelibly imprinted on my mind. From the best evidence I can gather from those acquainted with the medium is that during the time of this recital she was in a trance condition, and did not know what was being said through her organism; and I will say further, that the name of the family had passed out of my mind, and I could not recall it until it was pronounced by the medium.

B. A. CLEVELAND.

DAVENPORT, IA.

The boy who wrote the following love letter was ten years old.

"DEAR EMMA—I love you and I wish you would write to me. I love you and I wish I could kiss you. Emma, did you tell that boy that live beside your house that you was going to slap my nose? Emma, I could not help but cry when that boy told me, Emma, I thought you thought more of me. I have given you about twenty-five cents worth of candy and you don't treat me well, besides I gave you some gum."

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"I find Hood's Sarsaparilla the best remedy for impure blood I ever used." M. H. BAXTER, ticket agent, P. & R. Rd., Bound Brook, N. J.

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THE PLANISHER.

By MRS. HENRIETTA B. HEWES.

A buzz-saw to finish; the planisher's hands
On the circular plate before which he stands,
With hammer and anvil, are ready to feel
The crooks and the curves, or the humps of the steel.

The lawyer, the doctor, the parson, the wise,
To witness the method are straining their eyes;
At a single conclusion, at once, they all jump,
"To straighten the plate, he will pound on the hump!"

But the master, whose ear is attuned to the sound
Of the musical tension his hammer has found;
From the center, away from the curves, gently
Taps
With his smooth little hammer, in rhythmical
Taps:—

And lo! the long straight-edge laid onto the plate
And moved o'er the surface, pronounces it
Straight!—
On the brain of the parson, as he steadily wrought
The planisher had hammered the ghost of a thought.

"All sin is a warping, a curving, a lump;
And I," said he, sighing, "have pounded the
hump!"
And the lawyer, and doctor, now seeing the need
Of reforming reformers, adopted this creed:—

A man is a man—no matter how low,
Divine is the likeness to which he may grow;
And in this great system of cosmical laws,
Effects disappear through a change in their cause.
HOOPERSTON, ILL.

Impassioned Lover: "Tell me, my
angel, what to do to prove my love. Oh
that I might, like some knight of old, bat-
tle for you, suffer for you, die for you."
Sweet Girl: "I wish you would give up
smoking." Impassioned Lover: "Oh,
come now, that's asking too much."

Rev. James Heath, the Auburn City
missionary, now and then tells a story.
Said he the other day: "An old gentleman
of the Baptist persuasion, whose name I
will not mention, was sticking up for his
faith against all obstacles.

"Why," said the controversialist, "your
faith is not specially mentioned in the Bible.
There is no direct reference to Baptists in
the Scriptures is there?"

"Yes (slowly). Yes; I think so.

"Where?"

"W-a-a-l," was the answer, "you know
where it says, 'Divers men came from afar';
well, if 'divers' don't hint strong toward
Baptists I don't know anythin' 'bout it."
—*Leviston Journal.*

"Have you any evidence to offer as to the
character of the deceased?" demanded the
judge.

"One moment, your honor," replied the
attorney.

"What do you know of it?" he whispered
to his client.

"Nothing but this: He was a man with-
out blame, pure in all his thoughts, beloved
and respected of all men, and—"

"Where did you learn that?"

"I copied it from his tombstone."

"Your honor," said the attorney "we
have nothing to offer."

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And over the stones beneath our feet
We still march on and bear the pain,
Looking beyond where we gladly greet
The hope of a restful future to gain.

Oh, what would life be bereft of hope?
Yet what is hope but delusive joy?
Ofttimes we fancy how bright is the scope
As we comfort ourselves with some fanciful toy.

In the distance gleams joy's elusive wraith—
We laugh at life's wit, and sigh at its care—
We live in the light that is shed by faith:
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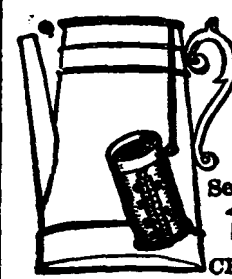
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I see the gleaming of thy sickle, Death,
In flashing circles waving o'er my head;
Upon my brow I feel thy icy breath,
Yet fearlessly beneath its blast I tread.
Thy awful voice I hear, which ever saith:
"I reign the Monarch of the charnel dead;
The Angel of God's harvest-time, and I
Reap the vast harvests of eternity.

I gather all the hand of God hath sown;
Like him my tireless footsteps never rest;
My pall I spread o'er shrouded ages gone;
I touch the infant on the mother's breast,
And leave her weeping with the dead alone;
I smite through rags, or pierce the purple vest;
I tread the starry fields of old romance,
And suns grow pale and die beneath my glance.

For me war spreads his foul and horrid feast,
And walks in blood-stained garments by my side;
His brother, Pestilence, my great high-priest,
Striding the winds, my slightest words abide.
From Vesper chimes, till morning gilds the East,
In sable robes with upraised arm I glide,
And spread the shadow of my gloomy wings
O'er houseless beggars and o'er pampered kings.

I smell the taint of battle from afar,
Urge on the carnage where the mighty meet,
Shout with the victor on his crimson car,
Or shriek with flying legions in retreat,
And love the turmoil of eternal war;
Gaunt famine lays his trophies at my feet;
Sin does my bidding with a courtly bow
And weaves bright chaplets for my grizzly brow."

Pause, ghastly Reaper, hear the word Divine:
"Thrust thy sharp sickle in the living grain;
Naught but the quick decaying husks are thine;
Man's golden spirit shall come forth again
And, in the fullness of its glory, shine
Above thy kingdom of decay and pain,
In gorgeous spheres thy feet have never trod—
Immortal through the Fatherhood of God!

Reap on, dread Anzel! Through the fields of
time
Thy sheaves in triumph gather to the tomb;
But for man's spirit, deathless and sublime,
Thou hast no chain—thy prison house no room.
On tireless wings it seeks another clime,
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Beyond the realms of sorrow, tears, and strife,
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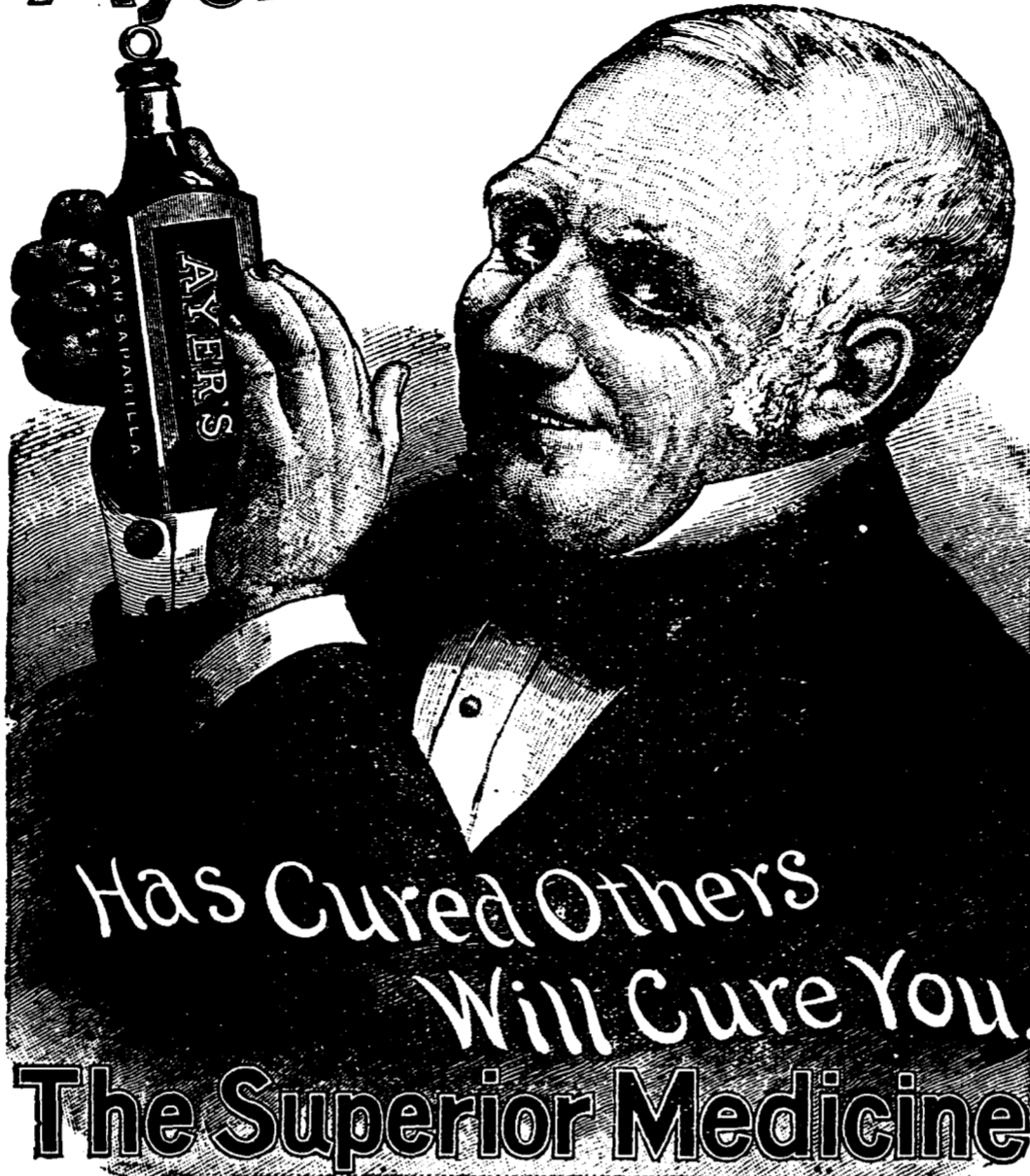
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