

# RELIGIO THEOSOPHICAL PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

While Father Ignatius is in this country denouncing Dr. R. Heber Newton and others for heresy, the inmates of his monastery in Wales have gone over to the Roman Catholic church. He evidently has a large contract on his hands.

The golden gleam of the \$110,000 which Henry M. Stanley took away with him as the result of his American lecturing tour when he sailed for Europe the other day, should surely make this a land of sunny memories to him, and compensate him in a measure for the hardships endured "in darkest Africa."

In the almanac of the Westbury-on-Severn parish the Vicar lays down the following rules: "If you want God's blessing upon your marriage you must avoid the registrar's office. The clergyman is the only proper person to perform marriages, and the only proper place to be married is in the church. It is wrong to forsake the services of the ancient Church of England for the new-fangled invention of the sects."

A score of murders have been committed by Italians in this country since the late New Orleans slaughter. The *Catholic Press* says: If the Italian government is to be paid for murdered Italians, our government can certainly claim compensation for murders committed by Italians, and the government must keep a regular ledger account of murders by and on Italians and strike a balance from time to time. If the kingdom of Italy assumes the protection of the Mafia, will it pay its blood account?

Cornell University has established a school of philosophy which it proposes shall be "a thoroughly efficient centre for the maintenance, diffusion, and increase of philosophical knowledge and activity in America." It will be conducted by four professors and four instructors, and will provide six scholarships and three fellowships. The school is to issue, under the editorship of its dean, Dr. Schurman, a bi-monthly periodical, to be called the *Philosophical Review*, for which the coöperation of the leading philosophical teachers and writers of the country has been promised.

Rev. Charles H. Eaton, of New York, says, "that the argument that the closing of the museums on Sunday is in the interest of the wageworker does not hold good. Rest does not mean idleness, but change. The true rest for the laborer is to fill his mind with new objects of delight, to charm his eye and ear and to invigorate his intellect." If Dr. Eaton had his way he would "hide the poorhouse on Sunday by the palace of art." "Without money and without price" he would "throw open the treasures of art, science and history, and give free concerts to the people where they could hear not only the 'Old Hundred' and the Gregorian chants, but all real music."

At a recent meeting of the Sunset Club in this city, Gen. Stiles said substantially that every man, no matter what his position was, should devote some

portion of his time to public affairs. He calculated that if every citizen did his duty jury service would come to every individual citizen only once in eight years. He did not think that the jury system could be abolished, at least not for a long time to come, and believed that in determining ordinary matters of fact jurors had the advantage of judges who were often trammelled by rules of evidence. He favored a two-thirds verdict in civil cases and scored the practice of unscrupulous lawyers who had abused the jury system in order to encourage interminable litigation. Reformation should commence by encouraging the growth of the sentiment that it was every man's duty to take part in public affairs. If men realized that, the need of reform would be reduced to a minimum.

The New York papers have given considerable space to descriptions of Mrs. Annie Besant and to statements of her views on various subjects of current interest. Mrs. Besant is a recent convert to esoteric Buddhism and it is stated that one of the objects of her present visit to this country was to attend the reunion of the Theosophical Society, which was held in Boston a few days ago. While theosophy occupies much of Mrs. Besant's present attention, she has been known as a radical thinker, writer and speaker, and has been prominently identified with numerous reforms. She has written several books of marked ability and was for years associated with Mr. Bradlaugh in conducting the *National Reformer*. She is an active member of the London school board. Her own house in Hyde Park has been made a home for friendless poor girls, and in many other ways she labors in the cause of the London poor. Mrs. Besant is the sister-in-law of the English novelist, Walter Besant. She is one of the ablest women speakers in England.

Referring to the theosophical doctrine that the ego at death goes into sleep in which it remains for a long time, and then enters life by rebirth, bringing the fruits of all previous study and knowledge, however acquired, Lillian Whiting, in the *Chicago Inter Ocean*, says: In the study of theosophy one thing is very apparent; that the theories of theosophy and of Spiritualism are utterly irreconcilable. If one is true, the other is false. If the soul at death goes into a long sleep, and has no part or play in existence until after a long period it reappears by rebirth, then, evidently, there can not be about us the spiritual personality of our friends. But, making all allowance—and it must needs be great—for all intentional fraud, or unintentional deceit, does there not yet remain a mass of evidence in favor of the unanswerable proof of the existence of the occasional presence of those who have passed through death?

Lieut. C. A. L. Totten, who is detailed as a military professor at Yale College, has been represented as predicting the end of the world within this century. He corrects the mistake and says: "What I did declare was that a mathematical calculation founded on Biblical truths prove beyond peradventure that the Messiah will come again before the year 1900. I do not mean by this that I believe the millennium will begin in 1899. I think that is a thousand years away. I say simply that at his second coming Christ will

make the world better, as he did at his first." It will be safer for Lieut. Totten to confine his calculations to military matter. Prophecy is hazardous business, especially when it is based on Bible dates, genealogies, etc. If Jesus should reappear on earth, which ought not to be expected, considering the way he was treated while he was here, he would be welcomed by no class of people more cordially than by Spiritualists.

Says the *Boston Globe*: Dr. Morton Prince does not look like a man who loves a sensation. Yet he can tell more exciting yarns about ghosts and goblins and queer freaks pertaining to the supernatural than perhaps any other man in America. And what may surprise you more, the doctor actually goes in search of these stories, and invites people to furnish him with them—and the more hair-lifting they are, the better he seems to like them. And speaking of seekers for ghost stories, I am reminded of another man who tries "to lift the curtain of the future and gaze into the misty deep." Prof. Royce of Harvard occasionally gathers a company of distinguished men about him; and occupies their attention for an hour or so, while he talks about "spooks." Both these distinguished men are looking for ghosts and other psychical phenomena in the interests of science and the American Society for Psychical Research, of which they are members.

The book called "Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk," which was first published in 1835 in the columns of the *Protestant Vindicator*, has been widely read. It purports to give the experience of a young woman and a description of the scenes she had witnessed during an enforced stay of four years in a Montreal Convent. The *Inter Ocean* in reply to an inquiry as to the truth of the narrative says: When the story reached Montreal it was vehemently denied by the press of that city, Protestant as well as Catholic. Dr. Robertson, a physician and justice of the peace, was called upon to investigate the truth of the statements made in the book. He ascertained in the first place that the girl, Maria Monk, had never been in the convent at all. He found also that she was known to many Montreal people through a penchant for telling extraordinary falsehoods. Before she had gone to New York she had sought help from certain charitable persons on the plea that she had just escaped from a cruel mother who had kept her in close confinement for four years. It was learned that during those years which, she first claimed, were spent in imprisonment under her mother's roof, and shortly after declared had been spent in the convent, the girl had actually been working as a servant in the suburbs of Montreal. The girl's parents, who were respectable people in humble life, were found and examined. The mother testified that the girl had never been an inmate of the convent spoken of, and added that she had long feared that her daughter was crazy, as she could do nothing with her. It was, therefore, concluded that, on whatever basis Maria Monk may have founded her story, she had not built it, as she claimed, on personal knowledge, and the Montreal press fully indorsed the opinion expressed by Dr. Robertson, in his report on the subject, that the previous record of the girl rendered her testimony in itself improbable.

## IMMORTALITY IN THE PAST AND PRESENT.

In a recent discourse Rev. John W. Chadwick refers to the fallacy of assuming that the idea of immortality has always been a power of comfort and of consolation to mankind. "On the contrary it may well be doubted," he says, "if human mind has ever entertained any other idea that has been to it the occasion of so much anxiety, so much agonizing doubt and fear. The idea of immortality attests its vigor in no respect more grandly than by its persistence for so many centuries, in spite of all the terrors that it has carried in its train. . . . No ghost returning could relate things more horrible than those which have been imagined by the preachers and the poets of the Christian world." Dante's "Spiral Hell and Purgatorial Stairs," Milton's descriptions of the terrors of the damned, the sermons of Massillon and Jonathan Edwards, are referred to in illustration of the horrible conceptions that have prevailed in regard to the future life. "In so far," Mr. Chadwick continues, "as the idea of immortality as such has been a source of comfort and of consolation to mankind, it has been so, thanks to no Bible revelation, nor to any traditional Christianity, but thanks to the softening influences of Universalism and Spiritualism and Unitarianism, and Rationalism in general, on the ancient creed. The consolations of the churches are the gifts of those whom they despise and fear. It was only yesterday that Gardiner Spring did not exceed the average temper of his sect in saying, 'When the omnipotent and angry God, who has access to all the avenues of distress in the corporeal frame and all the inlets to agony in the intellectual constitution, undertakes to punish, he will convince the universe that he does not gird himself for the work of retribution in vain'; and 'it will be a glorious deed when he shall cast those who have trodden his blood under their feet into the furnace of fire.' Nothing is more common than for men to talk as if the idea of immortality had always been a source of comfort to mankind. But, so far as comfort is concerned, humanity would have been much better off without it. It is only recently that immortality, as such, has been a comfortable object of regard. And it has been made so by the intellectual forces and the heretical developments which the traditional church has visited with her dreadful ban, which is not dreadful any more."

To a considerable extent, doubtless, the imaginary tortures in the life beyond this were reflections of the dispositions of men and their practices in this life. What horrors could be greater than those of the Spanish inquisition? But the belief in a life without end made it possible to add to the conception of the most intense suffering the idea of its continuance through all eternity. The reactionary force of the imagination was great, and as Mr. Chadwick says, "the ideal power of an endless life was for many centuries a power of moral hardening." The belief in eternal torture was encouraged and strengthened by the selfishness and greed of a class of men who were but too willing to make the credulity and imaginations of men the means of spiritually enslaving them to the authority of a hierarchy. Fortunately with the diffusion of knowledge and the growth of reason, the belief in immortality has to a great extent been divested of the horrible superstitions which for centuries gave the priests unlimited power and made the lives of men miserable.

During the last forty years Spiritualism has been a powerful factor in undermining the foundations of the belief in eternal torment. Modern Spiritualism has persistently, through all its representatives and all its communications, opposed this false and pernicious doctrine which has so long darkened the human mind and made men prefer the thought of annihilation to that of immortal life. Messages from the Spirit-world, because they contradicted the dogma of hell and without exception affirmed that the life beyond was one of growth and progressive development, were declared by the orthodox clergy to be of the devil. Denial of the brutalizing doctrine of everlasting punishment, with many Christian people, seemed to be the greatest objection to Spiritualism, which was declared to be one of the forms of infidelity that Satan had devised

for deceiving mankind—even the very elect. But the teaching of a higher and progressive life beyond this has continued without faltering or interruption in spite of all the denunciation and scorn of the orthodox pulpit, and the influence of this teaching has contributed greatly to modify and rationalize popular beliefs, while preaching from the pulpit has correspondingly improved. "At length," as Mr. Chadwick observes, "it is safe for men to hope for immortality and to believe in its reality. At length the power of an endless life is a power of comfort and of consolation for all sorrowful and mourning hearts. It means reunion with the dear ones we have loved and who have vanished from our sight. It means this, I cannot but think, if it means anything. For heaven were not heaven if there we should forever miss the friends who seemed to make this life a foretaste of its joy. It can have no spaces wide enough to forever isolate from one another those for whose hearts there has been only one beat of joy and sorrow here." The concurrent testimony of those who, having risen to the higher life, have since communicated with friends left behind, is in entire accord with what science teaches in regard to evolution as well as with the moral requirements of justice and humanity. The conception of an endless life of happiness and progress gives comfort and joy to the soul and is an incentive to nobility of thought and action.

## ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN.\*

Among the recent publications is a story entitled "Doctor Helen Rand," written by a Chicago woman under the name of Lois Wright.\*

"Doctor Helen Rand" is a story one of the heroes of which is a young man driven from the parental roof by his father on account of religious unbelief. At the end of fourteen years the son returns from his wanderings to find his father and mother both dead and his sister a doctor of medicine. Later on another character is introduced, Prof. Latimer, a lecturer of the Ethical Culture Society. He falls in love with the sister, Dr. Helen Rand, and wants to marry her. She sends word to him by Kate Summerville, another woman physician, that she is the mother of an illegitimate child. This prevents marriage.

The purpose of the work is to emphasize the injustice of law and public opinion toward the woman who becomes a mother outside of wedlock, and of the child thus born. "There can be no such thing as an illegitimate child," exclaims Dr. Kate Summerville. "What a travesty of justice to place a stigma on an unborn human being." She would remedy the injustice by "legalizing these marriages." "Let men and women know that parentage marries them before God and man. Let them know that the laws of property and inheritance bind them as strongly as though they were married by priest or clerk. This law alone can do justice to the innocent child; make it impossible for a woman to be betrayed, and blot out forever that odious word 'bastard.'" In reply to the question, "But how would this law apply in the case of those who would find themselves twice married," the answer is: "It would apply by proclaiming them bigamists and making them subject to the law of bigamy." By this law a father would be compelled to recognize the mother of his child as his wife, and any extra matrimonial relations would subject him to the liability of punishment for bigamy. Of the higher marriages it may be, i. e., "the union of souls, the meeting of two minds which affords to both the higher intellectual companionship, the state should have no jurisdiction." The idea is that the interference of the state is justifiable only when from the relation of marriage children come into the world.

If the author's views were adopted and embodied in legislation, would not one effect be greater pre-nuptial irregularities than there are now, since one of the deterrents, the disgrace of illegitimacy, would be removed? Would not another effect be an enormous increase in the number of divorces, with no fewer children practically deserted by their fathers than there are now? In the case of property would it be

distributed among the children of two or more women in spite of the bigamous character of all but the first union? In that case would there not be injustice to the first family? But without such a provision, of what benefit would the proposed law be to a woman who was a mother by a man who sustained to other women the same relation?

Other questions arise but it is not necessary to propound them here. The story is written with a deep sense of the wrong involved in the stigma fixed on the illegitimate child, but in the past this has been invaluable in the development of family life. How could the marriage system be maintained if those born outside of wedlock and the mothers of such had all the advantages that belong to legal marriage and legitimate birth? The experience of ages has taught mankind that marriage is an institution that is necessary to the social well-being. Its protection and perpetuation are therefore in the interests of the whole people. It is a part of the established social order. Violation of it must necessarily involve the offenders in trouble, often in wretchedness, and as in the case of mistakes and follies generally, the consequences are not limited to those who are guilty. Parents do wrong and suffering is entailed upon their children. But as people become thoughtful and discriminating they do not feel any lack of respect for a person because he or she had the misfortune to be born outside of legal marriage and under circumstances not in accord with the social order of the age and country.

## SECTARIAN AND ILLIBERAL LIBERALS.

*The Moralists* is the name of a little paper recently started at Barre, Mass., edited by Ella E. Gibson, and "devoted to the interests of the Brotherhood of Moralists," whose professed object is the promotion of morality upon the basis of enlightened reason. It excludes from membership anarchists, communists, freelovers, drunkards, libertines, Christians and Spiritualists. The propaganda committee says: "We have been called 'exclusive liberals'—a name which we should not reject, but rather defend; as our exclusiveness is only such as our principles demand, and as is necessary to the accomplishment of our stated objects." While the Christian sects are more and more subordinating creed to character, here is a society of professed liberals, but in fact sectarians and bigots, organized professedly to advance morality that excludes from membership, equally with drunkards and libertines, persons, however moral, who believe in Christianity or Spiritualism. And its "principles demand" this. Christians of all denominations, of all schools and phases of thought, Spiritualists, including men like Crookes and Wallace; the distinguished scientists, Robert Owen and his son Robert Dale Owen, the philanthropists; Victor Hugo, the French genius of fiction, the patriot and philosopher,—men of this stamp could not belong to the "Brotherhood of Moralists" which is no brotherhood at all, which is a paper organization made up chiefly of cranky persons who have sent their names to the secretary, in response to official appeals for assistance. The Brotherhood of Moralists is of no public importance except as an illustration of the inconsistencies and incongruities of this transitional period. *The Moralists* represents a very small number of people whose thought is crude and whose spirit is more narrow and sectarian than brotherly or liberal.

## HOW TO INVESTIGATE SPIRITUALISM.

In 1852 a little work was published by Bela Marsh, Boston, from the pen of Adin Ballou, entitled "Spirit Manifestations." In that little work, the author who had examined Spiritualism carefully, and was convinced beyond doubt of the validity of its essential teachings, suggested the following advisory directions to investigators:

1. Be not ashamed, nor afraid, nor unwilling to embrace truth, come whence or how it may.
2. Respect your own senses and judgment enough to trust them decently.
3. Procure all the credible testimony you can, in print and otherwise, concerning spirit manifestations ancient

\*Doctor Helen Rand, by Lois Wright, A. M., M. D., Chicago. Physicians' Publishing Co. 1891. pp. 117.

and modern, weigh it deliberately at home, and be in no haste to examine cases until you can have good opportunities; then improve them.

4. Hold sittings with no medium whom you believe morally capable of deception or trick. Confide or refrain.

5. Have few persons present, and none but candid, sensible, and well behaved ones.

6. Be serious, deliberate, frank, and unaffected; propose what tests you please, but abstain from all pettifogging lawyerism, pertinancy, and over urgency; be content with such developments as come freely, and set everything down for what it is worth. You may desire much and get little. Remember that you are not required to give credit for more than you receive, nor to take chaff for wheat.

7. Take care not to overtax the nervous energy of the medium by long sittings, nor undue excitement.

8. Take notes of all important phenomena and incidents.

9. Accept, or reject, or hold in doubt, what purports to come from departed spirits, for what would be sufficient reasons, if it came from spirits in the flesh. This must be the standing rule.

10. Treat all persons concerned, whether departed or undeparted spirits, as enjoined in the golden rule; and if there be evil, overcome it with good. Be uniformly just, considerate, and kind.

These are directions for honest, sensible, common people. By such they can be understood and followed. And no one who decently observes them will fail of success and moral profit, in the investigation of these phenomena. As to those uncommon people, who cannot or will not conform to such directions, they must stand or fall to their own master. The truth will never bend to their crookedness, whether it be natural or artificial.

What can be done by American enterprise and with the magic of a great name is shown in the statistics of the electric-light and electric-railway industries over which Edison wields a sway, and which were massed into a single corporation about a year ago with a capital of \$2,000,000. As a "captain of industry," whose genius has called together this great sum, Edison has an army of 6,000 employees. The output of his huge shops at Schenectady, where 3,000 men are at work, increased 117 per cent. last year. The output of all the manufacturing establishments amounted to \$10,000,000 for the year, and over 8 per cent. was earned on all the stock issued. At this moment the entire force has six months' work ahead. Edison is not a vain man, but he certainly would be justified in feeling proud of such massive results as the creation of his genius and perseverance. Even when a struggling operator, fighting through a bitter winter in a linen duster and thin-soled shoes, he announced his wish to be one who should open up new avenues of employment, and never was laudable ambition more nobly realized. Besides the present point is not that of finality. An industry thus begun lays hold upon the future with irresistible grasp, its roots deepening as its branches widen. Nor should it be left out of sight that other great productive concerns exist in the electric light and power field in America, with constantly growing totals.

There has been discovered in the forests of India, according to *The Week's Sport*, a strange plant, which possesses to a very high degree astonishing magnetic powers and which is a great source of annoyance to hunters and tourists. It has been named the *philotarea electrica*. The hand which breaks a leaf from this plant immediately receives a shock equal to that which is produced by an induction coil. At a distance of six yards a magnetic needle is affected by it and will be deranged if brought near. The energy of this singular influence varies with the hour of the day. All powerful about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, it is absolutely annulled during the night. At times of storm its intensity augments to striking proportions. During rain the plant seems to succumb, and bend its head during a thunder shower. It remains there without force or virtue, even if one should shelter it with an umbrella. No shock is felt at that time in breaking the leaves and the needle is unaffected beside it. One never by any chance sees birds or insects alight on the electric plant; an instinct seems to warn them <sup>blan</sup> they will find certain death there. It is also im-

portant to remark that where it grows none of the magnetic metals are found; neither iron, cobalt nor nickel—an undeniable proof that the electric force belongs exclusively to the plant.

Contrasting Evangelist Moody's present work in Boston with his earlier efforts in that city the *Christian Register* says: Some fifteen years ago when Mr. Moody first came to Boston he created a great sensation. Thousands flocked to hear him. Many went, undoubtedly, from no other motive than that of curiosity. It is always interesting to see a man of power, even if he is only a gymnast. Men went to hear Moody as they went to the circus to see the man with the iron jaw or the Austrian giant. It was a hindrance, we imagine, rather than a help to Mr. Moody's work that he was treated as if he were on exhibition. Now he comes to Boston and conducts his revival operations in an undemonstrative, quiet way, and the newspapers hardly think of sending a reporter. Mr. Moody is no longer sensational enough to satisfy the hunger of that class who have heard Sam Jones and Sam Small. There is a line of good taste beyond which Mr. Moody never would pass, and his sermons have been marked by shrewd good sense and helpful, earnest suggestion. It would seem that he is paying less attention to emotional and extravagant manifestations in religion, and more to educational work. He may have fewer converts by this method than formerly, but perhaps they will "stick" better.

The Supreme Court of Minnesota lately rendered a decision of much interest to the business community in declaring that bank checks are not cash, and do not possess legal value as money until cashed. The court holds that in accepting a check from a debtor there is no legal presumption that the creditor takes it except as a written acknowledgment of the debt. Where goods are sold for cash on delivery, and the purchaser tenders payment in a check or draft on his banker, such payment is only conditional; and the delivery of the goods, if made, is also conditional. If the check is dishonored on presentation, the seller may retake the goods for the purchase money, even from the possession of a third or innocent party, unless it can be shown that the seller has been guilty of such negligence as would estop him from recovering in equity. This decision is among the first rendered by higher courts that is so far-reaching, and if supported by other high tribunals, will settle a mooted question in commercial circles. The same principle has been applied to unpaid notes by one or two courts, which have held that the seller does not lose his lien, for purchase money, on goods sold, until he receives the actual cash, and may retake at any time prior thereof if the indebtedness be not met at maturity.

It is said that the defence of Joseph Remington for murder, at Arthur, N. D., will be on the same lines as those of the trial of Gabrielle Bompard at Paris, last year, wherein it was claimed that she was a victim of hypnotism, the result being that her accomplice, Eyraud, was sentenced to the guillotine, while she received a term of imprisonment. The theory in the Remington case, it is understood, will be that while hypnotized by a woman whose name has been frequently mentioned since his arrest, he committed the murder. Competent authorities who have visited Remington in jail with this theory in view, are said to be of the opinion that he is so constituted as to be easily liable to mesmeric influence. Should this line of defense be adopted, it will probably be quite interesting to lawyers, as it will be the first one of the kind in the United States.

John D. Lewis, a colored lawyer of Philadelphia, who recently died, bequeathed a part of his estate, valued at \$100,000, as a fund for the "Lewis protective bureau of civil rights," the object of which is to "protect and to secure to colored citizens or colored persons in the United States their civil rights, as applicable to all other classes of American citizens, how and wherever the same may be denied one or more of them by reason of race, color or condition, with

powers to employ all legal and moral means to destroy and prevent such discrimination, and to give substantial aid in money or otherwise, within the discretion of the said corporation, to any person or persons, who seek redress from such discrimination, and who shall satisfy the said corporation that he, she, or they, are entitled to such aid."

The stupid formalities of Queen Victoria's dinners must be very monotonous and tiresome to a person who has either ideas or vivacity. A guest at one of these repasts writes: During dinner there is very little talking. The guests converse among themselves in whispers, for it is not according to etiquette to speak loud. From time to time the Queen speaks to some one of her guests; but as it is not proper to disagree with her, there is naturally not very much done in the way of conversation between her majesty and her subjects. Dinner usually lasts for an hour or so, after which the whole party adjourns to the drawing room. Here the Queen makes a few remarks to each guest in turn, which the latter reply to suitably and without the smallest trace of originality.

No intelligent person now doubts that there has been a continuous succession in organic forms from the dawn of creation to the present time. It is also clear that the many successive forms were not introduced in what might be called a helter-skelter sort of way, one class having no definite relation to another class, but that all has been arranged on a definite, harmonious plan. One form dies and another appears; and just as a child in the individual bears some sort of a relation to its parents, so do the new forms bear a relation to the forms that precede them. This is evolution; and evolution of that kind needs no vindication.—*The Independent*.

Very interesting is Lewis G. Wilson's article "Hopedale and its Founder" in the *New England Magazine* for April. Adin Ballou was really a more notable socialist than any of the members of the Brook Farm community. He strikes one as being more in earnest than the Brook Farm transcendentalists, and his remarkable friendship with Tolstoi shows how highly his work was regarded by that great uncanting visionary. The Hopedale community lasted longer than any similar experiment either on this continent or in Europe. Its history is the old, old one of the discrepancy between human aspiration and human achievement and all interested in socialism should read it.

In the "good old days" the law of Connecticut was as follows: "Whatsoever person, not being a lawful allowed (Congregational) minister of the Gospel, shall presume to profane the holy sacraments by administering, or making a show of administering them to any person or persons whatsoever, and being thereof convicted before the county court in such country where such offense shall be committed, shall incur the penalty of £10 for every such offense, and suffer corporal punishment by whipping, not exceeding thirty stripes for each offense."—*Records of the State of Connecticut, Vol. V., May 1723*.

Prof. J. W. Powell in an excellent article in the *Forum* says: The evolution of life is accomplished in four stages. In the first mode of life, which is vitality, progress is made by the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence. In the second mode of life, which is sentiency, progress is made by the development of organs in the struggle for happiness. In the third mode of life, which is percipiency, progress is made by the discovery of truth in the struggle for knowledge. In the fourth mode of life, which is volitiency, progress is made by the establishment of justice in the struggle for peace.

Mrs. French, chairman of the executive committee of women for the World's Columbian Exposition, said recently to Lillian Whiting, the Boston Correspondent of the *Chicago Inter Ocean*: One thing I am solicitous about is the Sunday opening. I think that those who are debarred by other claims from visiting the fair during the week should have the opportunity then.

### AN OPEN LETTER TO A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY. REV. GEO. THOS. DOWLING, D. D.

DEAR SIR:—It is an awful thing when an intelligent man deliberately boxes himself in to shut out the light. Doubtless you will readily call to remembrance how, in that grandest sermon of the nineteenth century, Dicken's Christmas Carol, poor old Scrooge desired to have an extinguisher dropped down over the first streak of spiritual light that had ever shone upon him. It was saddening to learn that you are seeking to effect the same deplorable condition. Several years ago you were so kind as to present me with a year's subscription to *The Christian Union*. Within a few weeks I was able to return the courtesy by a year's subscription to THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. To my great surprise you sent the following letter to the editor of the paper:..... "I wish to repeat my request, that its (THE JOURNAL'S) coming to my house shall be discontinued. I do not care to welcome a periodical which my children cannot read; and to my mind such an article as "Diabolical Manifestations" cannot in any way advance the truth, and is only calculated to injure by unnecessarily terrifying an imaginative mind."

Let us see. The said "Diabolical Manifestations" were comprised in a simple narrative given by two ladies of the highest respectability, whose main feature is the cutting away of a lady's hair as she lay asleep in bed, by some agency unknown. For the rest it was a simple matter of ordinary mediumistic manifestation that had taken place times without number in thousands of respectable homes. Permit me to cite to you a very much more terrible account of diabolical manifestations, contained in the fifth chapter of Luke, headed—"A legion of devils cast out." Herein is given a circumstantial account of a man possessed of a legion of such malicious devils that he wandered about the tombs, crying aloud and cutting himself beyond anyone's power to tame him, and these devils came in so great a multitude that they took possession of two thousand swine and rushed them violently down a steep place into the sea.

My dear sir, have you ever thought it necessary to interdict the perusal of the Bible in your home because of this "terrifying" account of diabolism? As a mere bold narrative of the most terrible infliction that could befall a man, is it not vastly more horrible than the one you cry out against in THE JOURNAL? And as a matter of fact, is it in any respect more susceptible of truth? Then why your calm acceptance of the ancient account of unmixed diabolism, while affecting such anxiety to be rid of the other? Is there not in this a suggestion of the foolishness of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel?

And mark, please, how many more diabolical manifestations are circumstantially narrated in the book held sacred in your home. Think of the magical incantations wrought in Egypt, concluding with the pitiless butchery of the innocent first-born of Pharaoh and of his whole people. Is not this sufficient to "terrify an imaginative mind," if not to fill a conscientious soul with horror! But what need to enumerate the long catalogue of diabolisms and merciless atrocities set down in the liberal history of the Jews. You are familiar with all of them, and it may be are possessed of some patent process by which in one case it is desirable reading in the bosom of your family, while the slightest touch of similar manifestations in the present day lifts up your hair with horrifying fear of contamination to your children.

You say: "I do not care to welcome a periodical into my home which my children cannot read." Can they read the history of Absalom and his adulterous father, King David?

There is not a cleaner periodical than THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL published in America today. I have had it constantly in my home every week for ten years, and never yet found a line that I

could not read aloud to wife and children. But there is very much in the Bible I should blush to whisper to any pure-minded woman.

Some time ago I had occasion to describe a large mass of people who go through life in a narrow groove established by heredity and one-sided education. They turn their eyes neither to the right nor left, but go blundering on in the one set little rut they are bound in. Of this hide-bound class, I have observed that preachers are the most deep-rooted in determination not to get out of their contracted groove, and not to admit the faintest new light of knowledge to break through the dim shadows in which they burrow. Resolutely holding aloof from truths the most palpable that have not the mythical flavor of two thousand years ago, they shriek "heresy!" "infidelity!" and throw up their hands in horror against the clearest scientific truth that does not conform to the formulas they have set up for unquestionable acceptance. But above all other things, your preacher in his narrow rut is deperately opposed to every form of knowledge that disturbs his pre-conceived beliefs. He takes the ostrich plan of running his head in the sand to hide away from whatever may interfere with his established superstitions. In a word, he does not care for truth that may unsettle what he has set down for his truth.

I am sorry to find that one I so greatly admired as an able, liberal-minded man, in the person of Geo. Thomas Dowling, D. D., is so bound to a narrow theological creed, that when a new ray of spiritual light is open to his critical examination, like Scrooge, he calls for an extinguisher to move it from his sight.  
CLEVELAND, O. W. WHITWORTH.

### A WAKING DREAM.

By MARCUS T. JANES.

Many scientific men of the present day are interested in investigating what they term psychical phenomena, under which head the following somewhat curious mental experience, or waking dream, may perhaps be classed.

The writer would be glad if some of these disinterested men of science and of insight would be kind enough to answer the question at the close of this short tale, in a thorough and impartial manner.

The shock that followed Aunt P.'s sudden death caused some sleepless nights among the members of the family, the writer being among the number. The first night he slept very little, but the next he did much better, sleeping through a greater part of the night. On the third night, as he lay patiently waiting for the much-needed sleep to come, there stole gently upon his consciousness the tones of a voice. Nearer and clearer it seemed to come, until he recognized it as that of his beloved cousin E., who died in 1888. The clear, ringing tones of her merry laugh resounded as in the days of long ago, before her health began to decline. There was no note of sadness in it; it was all joy! Words seemed to be mingled with the laughter, though not sufficiently distinct to be clearly understood. Then, after a momentary lull, he seemed to hear the quiet tones of his dear "Auntie's" voice in response to those of his cousin. She, too, seemed very happy in receiving the hearty welcome from her much loved niece.

It was the old-time welcome, just as it used to be, when on a thanksgiving day the two families were united for pleasant social intercourse—just as she always welcomed her nearest and dearest friends! The realization of it seemed to bring back his cousin's own personality in a striking and remarkable manner, and at that moment there seemed to be no doubt but that his dear "Auntie" was a gainer by the mysterious change called death that had so suddenly called her away from her earthly home and friends.

The sting of death was taken away, and a sweet peace, a calm content, took the place of anxious doubts that had before nearly taken possession of the dreamer. Indeed, it seemed to be a glimpse into a fairer land beyond the grave, where old friends are reunited, and where, the mask of the flesh having

been removed, soul is to soul revealed as never before.

"Why shouldst thou fear the beautiful angel death?"

"Death is the true idealizer—the true realizer, or revealer."

I am not prepared to say that this was a real experience, in the sense of actual discernment of another life beyond this, though it seemed very real at the time. In this earthly life we seem to have a sort of double consciousness, and, as Emerson once said, in a lecture that I had the good fortune to hear, "memory has a will of its own," and seems at times to force upon our senses the realization of certain events long past, in a manner and with a force such as the mere will, coupled with the imagination, as persistently refuses to do.

The question may perhaps be asked, "Are you sure that you did not fall asleep and dream it, and then awake again?" To this supposed question I can answer without hesitation, "Yes, I am sure that I was not asleep." Was it, then, a mere trick of the memory upon the tired imagination that produced this curious mental experience, or was it indeed what it seemed to be, a true spiritual vision? Answer, ye scientists! Ye men of education, and of insight, unclouded by prejudice or by preconceived opinions, give answer!

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

### RAILROAD MANAGEMENT.

Two governments, the political and the industrial, confront one another in the United States and other advanced civilizations. The industrial has subordinated the political; the political now aspires to absorb the industrial beginning by the chief agencies of overland transport and communication.

Both the governments in question are electoral or representative, but the political is formed by promiscuous suffrage, the industrial by the exclusive votes of co-proprietors; hence the latter has apparently an oligarchic character, and the former a democratic. Appearances are often deceptive; behind the ballot box sits the caucus. The chiefs of industry may represent a greater number of intelligent units and definite purposes, than do the congress of the United States and the state legislatures. Democracy is blarney, and so is the republic.

Most or all sheets of radical pretensions in politics, decry industrial oppressions, while silent about their dependency on congressional or state privileges. Ignoring rather than ignorant of this general source of private monopoly in land, machinery and money, they would strike at them by increasing the power that creates them, while flattering "the people" that this power is theirs. These state socialist or nationalist organs assume that governmental proprietorship is essential to governmental control. In railroad management, the interstate commerce act of congress shows the fallacy of this assumption.

If now further, politicians were sincere in espousing the working man's interest, what should hinder congress, or state legislatures rather, from connecting with every charter granted, responsibilities for the employed, removing them beyond the terrors of cut-throat competition for wages.

Beyond the limits of personal use or pleasure; property is essentially the power to control or manage, and this legislatures already possess over the condition of overland transport. What need then to buy up railroads? Their proposed consolidation inspires terrors. It is assumed that their central administration would then speculate in lockouts and cuts, to the ruin of employes, and also assumed that consolidation of the same road, as public property under political management, would be paternally provident for employes, while conciliating safety with cheapness in transport.

Without advocating consolidation; I do not see why this should adopt as policy lockouts and cuts. The actual management is reproached with an exclusive love of profits, and the prospective with less conscience in the making of them. But less intelligence also is supposed in ignoring that equal qualities of services cannot be had for poorer pay, and that

other sort of work is deficiency of skill or of conscientiousness so promptly fatal to its aims of utility and profit. The ill will of a workman may at small risk to himself, contrive an accident of formidable disaster. Even without malign intention, such accidents are necessarily more frequent from the nervous derangements of underfed and overtasted employes. Short of their comfort and contentment, there is no safety for either the railroad company, or for freight and passengers. An average pay of \$2 per diem is above that of other wage workmen, but will not safely admit of reduction. The question then before us is, whether the manager's conscience is not likely to be better enlightened towards employes by self-interest than the state officer's by partisan paternalism. Is it moreover desirable to add to official patronage, the control of an industry, the success of which is vital to our general prosperity and often even to our subsistence. The proprietary interest and ambition of gain are not the noblest motives, but what others are equally reliable for the faithful execution of work in the present average of moral development? There is substitution of forces, and the dynamo may replace steam; but no sentiment can get replace interest in the management of railroads. The ideal railroad will be a joint stock property for the greatest number of farmers and householders within convenient distance of it, and also of its own employes. As regards the risks of their displacement by consolidation is there not greater cause to fear it from every change of political parties in power were this industry a governmental function?

Aside from the lot of employes railroading is accused of being scandalously profitable. If this be true of some, has not state socialism the power to tax them down instead of risking by a change of management to make them scandalously unprofitable? In other cases the profits accused accrue from the spoliation of the original stockholders rather than from traffic in transport. In other cases from speculations in land grants for which the political government is the responsible authors. If it has abused the peoples' trust in favor of certain corporations, cannot the same power that granted revoke grants? Or is majority rule good for mischief and fraud but impotent for justice?

EDGEWORTH.

#### THE DAWN OF LIFE.

BY ROBERT McMILLAN.

In the Peabody Museum at New Haven may be seen a fossil bone of most enormous proportions, which once formed the femur of an *Atlantasaurus*. This bone is over six feet in length; and a very simple calculation shows that, if the thigh bone were six feet long, the saurian itself must have been about thirty feet in height and a hundred feet in length. It is perhaps fortunate that this ungainly brute has been gathered to his fathers with most of his near relations, for they would seem sadly out of harmony with our western civilization of to-day; yet once their home was in the western country. The stone books of geology—Genesis in the original—tell us that these monsters, in one shape or other, have existed in nearly all latitudes at different times; for the bones of fossil saurians and mammalia have been found from the sterile hills of Patagonia to the frozen steppes of Siberia, and we can only wonder why such giant forms have passed away and given place to smaller. But the laws by which we are governed teach us—if we will learn—that the form surviving is ever the fittest form; so we may lay the flattering unction to our souls that the fittest, the noblest(?) form the world has seen is man, although that seems an unjustifiable aspersion on the character of the departed saurians. Geology also teaches us that, before the age of great mammals, there was a time when mammals did not exist, and great reptiles held sway. In the famous *Archeopteryx*, we see the mammal gradually changing into the bird; we see the reptile with feathers, the bird with teeth, a hybrid that gives reality to early Grecian myths, and a charm to the study of geology such as fairy lore had for the child mind in the long ago. Before the reptilian age, the amphibian had left its weird

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"For a' that, an' a' that."

The earliest form of life—if we may use the word "life" in such relation—may be found to-day, as of old, in the quiet waters of the sea; and, if we only know how to ask questions, mother Nature will show us her first children, her first attempt at life, and, if we use the microscope rightly and seek for truth in loving faith, we will realize what one of our sweet singers sang:—

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This "dry science" opens to us a wonder-world that touches all life with a new glory, and lends a charm to what was once "common and unclean."

Taking a gauze net and a microscope to the seashore, we can soon fish from out the clear water a tiny speck of slime, invisible to all eyes save the student's. Placing it under our powerful lens, we find that the speck moves, that it has life, that it absorbs the oxygen from the water, gives off carbonic acid, and soon makes the drop of water foul. After patiently watching this little speck, we see that there project from its formless center tiny threads, microscopic fishing-lines that it protrudes and withdraws at its own sweet will. As we watch, we see it absorb particles of living matter still smaller than itself, and, although it has no mouth, no lungs, no nerves, no organs of any sort, it lives; it has life, and preys on even smaller forms of life. So here we have life, in a sense, without organism; here we have the beginning of all life. Yet, in its ultimate analysis, we know not how far this tiny speck has reached through the corridors of time for its progenitor; so, in this first child of nature, we have as great a mystery as in the gathering together of fiery circling suns or the birth of their attendant worlds. These tiny slime spots live, move, absorb food, and learn by slow degrees, as well as by infinitely slight changes, to adapt themselves to new and changing conditions.

Truly, few things are more interesting than to watch the processes of reproduction by division; and, by following this outward and upward, we see in this poor, shapeless, microscopic slime speck the source of countless forms of life, just as one finds the tiny rivulet in the Cordilleras to be the source of a mighty river, on which all the navies of the world might lose one another.

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sea, and to build himself a home. From this branch of the family sprang our mollusca and countless diverse forms; but our special builders learned to form little colonies, then to weave all their little threads together, and to make a sort of silken palace. But, after other forms of life developed, these gelatinous masses formed tempting mouthfuls, as though they were easily digested despite their somewhat stringy construction; so mother Nature—or shall we say instructive necessity?—taught this branch of the family the art of secreting not only carbonate of lime, but also silica; and, with these minerals, they built most wonderful shapes, such as tridents, crosses, anchors, and exquisitely beautiful forms for which we have no names, and these were used in their palaces of thread. Some really were for anchors, and fastened a house to a rock. Many were for weapons of defence, others offence, to catch and kill the microscopic victims of slime hunger; besides the other spicules which seemed devoted to strengthening the mass of slime. Thus, one way and another, this family learned to build for itself a home that was not grateful food to its enemies; and, growing so thread-like and stringy, naturally it went out of fashion as an article of diet in the fish world. Therefore, the slime builders were comparatively free to build, develop, and evolve. Some learned to secrete lime to such an extent that they built islands of lime, which in later days formed harbors for the ships of men, who called them "coral reefs"; others used flint or silica to such an extent that they became the flint sponges. In short, all sorts of fashions were evolved; for these dwellers in the sea multiplied so rapidly that the slightest variation was soon emphasized, and new varieties and species branched out, as Earnest Hæckel has so well shown.

Few people can form any idea of the powers of reproduction in the lower forms of life. It has been calculated that the young of an isolated daphnia would number, at the end of sixty days, 1,291,370,075. Now, the daphnia cannot be more prolific than its lower relations; but, admitting the above figures to be too high by half a dozen, there would still be an enormous margin on which to calculate in the matter of variation, even if the lower forms were no more prolific. Hence, it is not strange that the slime builders branched into many and various channels.

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One of the strange things about the sponge was the number of little *amœbæ*, or slime specks, that seemed to adhere to the sponge body. The microscope soon showed that these were young sponges, and it was not long before Dr. Bowerbank and other students traced their mode of birth and development. This little *amœboid* is really a capsule, having within it a mass of tiny cells all fastened to one another like the sections of a mulberry; and, when the capsule breaks and the little mass is ejected from the parent mass by

one of the large orifices, it swims off, a free swimming animal. As each of the little cells has a tiny thread, or cilium, which it vibrates violently, and the mass being pear-shaped, it goes sailing gayly through the water, maybe, for several days, until it finds an anchorage. Thereupon, it settles down to the stern business of life, which in all times seems chiefly to have consisted of making a living.

The little free swimmer may have caught a glimpse of our sun by day or our stars by night; yet it could have been only a glimpse, inasmuch as it had little time to spare for observation. The tiny, cellular slime spot settles on a stone or any convenient place. One settled on a crab's back and grew to a great size, yet the crab never seemed troubled about his strange burden; but, as a rule, they settle on stones. Then the cilia disappear from the outside and begin work inside, and by constant whip-like motion produce a current that flows in through microscopic holes into a larger central hole, which has a vent, at what is now the upper end of the gelatinous mass. This current brings in animalculæ for food; and some of the cells are differentiated into builders, while others are weavers. So we have the very first lesson mother Nature gave her children in the division of labor—a lesson that each succeeding tribe has to a great extent to learn for itself.

On examining a sponge, it will be found full of small holes, each one of which will be found to lead to a larger one, and all the larger ones lead ultimately to the great faecal orifice; and the domestic economy of the sponge animal, zoöphyte, is clear. Some ciliated cells simply produce the food-bearing, oxygen-laden current; others weave the silken floss that makes the house; others, again, seem to support the earthy parts that support the mass. But all toil, and over the silken mass is spread the slime animal, which has no sense, yet builds so well; which has no organs, yet lives; which has blessed us with this "house not made with hands," so common in our bath-rooms, unfortunately so little understood.

Some of the slime builders raise coarse houses with many and large orifices. These use sand and other things in building; and their houses are almost valueless to man, or at best furnish the "five-cent-store" sponges, which hold only a little water and are harsh to the touch. While other builders have learned that the compact, silken mass is quite as good a protection as the harsh, sandy mass, and have given to commerce the soft, silky, Turkey sponge. So expensive is it that men have attempted to cultivate sponges. In Dalmatia, a living sponge is cut into small pieces, each piece is fastened to a stake under water, and in three years a large spherical sponge is the result.

Many are the wonders to be found in this one lowly family; but we may only point out one other, and that is the faculty of making glass that these slime spots have developed. There is a legend that, once upon a time, a man made a ball of flexible glass, but he was put to death for his pains, as it seemed impious to fly in the face of Nature. Nevertheless, of late years it is certain that men have striven persistently to learn the secret of making flexible glass. Is it not startling to find that our poor slimy little relative has been in possession of this art for untold generations?

In the deep waters of the Philippine Islands and in the neighboring seas may be found the most exquisite of all sea forms known as Venus' Basket, or *Euplectella speciosa*, a cornucopia-shaped basket, sometimes twelve inches long and an inch and a half in diameter at its largest end, formed by threads of pure glass, the whole forming a palace as wonderful as ever was built by the genii of the lamp at Aladdin's command. This is the dwelling-place and business house of our humble relation, and the glimpse we get of the harmonious adaptation of means to ends in this work hints of miracles that are all about us, and gives force to the words of the camel-driver of Mecca, who, when his followers asked for a miracle, said—and there is a Sinaic tone in the reply for us in this nineteenth century—"Open your eyes."

Pitiful at times is the ignorance of the "open miracle" that is all about us; and it is only when we truly know what life is, and whither life doth go, that

we are able to regulate the affairs of life. To teach men how to live, while yet ignorant of the simplest principles of life,

"Were all as well to bid a cloud to stand  
Or hold a running river with the hand."

#### THE NEW SOCIETY OF ETHICAL SPIRITUALISTS.

This society celebrated the forty-third anniversary of modern Spiritualism at its hall, 44 West 14th street, New York, on Sunday, April 5th. The affair was a fine success apparently, and gave new inspiration to the promoters of this new organization. Among those who took part were Dr. S. Silsbee, Mrs. L. Tuttle, Hon. A. H. Dailey, Prof. J. J. Watson, Mrs. C. R. Cushing, Dr. E. T. Crossette, Mr. W. C. Bowen, Mrs. H. W. Farnsworth, Miss B. V. Cushman and Mrs. Helen T. Brigham. Miss Cushman's remarks are here given in full:

Our thoughts naturally revert to-day to the old home at Hydeville, and there are probably few among the many Spiritualists here who have not thought—and thinking sighed—of that noble woman who but one year ago met with many of us at the celebration of this anniversary—and as we recall the genial companionship, and the true and tender friendliness—the purity, honesty, and courage that were hers—we regret the transition even to a higher life of Leah Fox Underhill. But again as we think of the sorrow and suffering—the physical pain and mental anguish through which she had to pass, we rejoice that she stands to-day not on the earth, but among the great cloud of witnesses. And with her there how many others of the staunch and steadfast, tried and true, loving and loyal of life long defenders of the truths of Spiritualism. As these spirits hover nigh how must they hail this day's dawning upon the realization of their fondest hopes—the birth of an ethical society in Spiritualism. O, brothers and sisters in the spirit land, friends and comrades of that happier band, we greet you! For even our dim eyes can almost see the smiling faces, even on our leaden ears there lightly falls the sound of spirit voices. They come to guide us, they come to help us, they come to work with us; with us but by no means alone for us, for we ourselves must work with all our wills, there's time for resting on the eternal hills. There are none so weak that they cannot in some way aid; there are none so poor in purse and talent that they cannot in some way help to push along this car of progression.

Financial aid we need assuredly, for though it is pleasant now to reflect that when we shall have shuffled off this mortal coil—we will have no further need of or care for money; while we are yet in the body and have a gospel to preach we must needs have a speaker, a hall, light, and warmth and music, and these necessitate money; and since you know the object of this society, I have no hesitation in asking you, earnestly asking you for that giving which enriches the giver, aiding to elevate and educate and to make of ourselves better men and better women. But we want your active earnest moral support more than this. The cause demands of its friends to-day that they avow themselves to be such. I know the objections; I know the unfortunate cause for hesitation. Until recently, until to-day, when asked the question, "Are you a Spiritualist?" I have answered "no—yes—that is, let me tell you"—and have thereupon proceeded to inflict upon my patient friends what seemed to me to be a very necessary qualification and explanation; for while it is an honor to be a Spiritualist none of us wish to be mistaken for the imitation article. But it seems to me now that the existence of a great number of counterfeits is not sufficient reason that the genuine coin should withdraw itself from circulation, or that being the case it but remains for us to call ourselves what we are—Spiritualists; to keep the name, than which there is no better, and then be careful that our lives attest the truth of our professions of honesty, morality, and sanity. If all the Spiritualists in the country to-day, aye if even those in this city alone would call themselves such—would attend the regular meetings of the societies and bring their children with them, the cause would at once take its proper stand in the estimation of the community. The time is coming as we gain in wisdom, strength, and moral courage, and I may not be a prophet but methinks I see the day when in this city a Spiritualistic temple shall lift its head upward, outward, toward the infinite space. A structure possibly not grand, and imposing, but representing and expressing our simple and beautiful faith as do now the grand cathedral spires, the grim and grey traditions of the past. When that temple is built it shall stand for something. It shall stand not for dogma and creeds of thirty-nine articles; not for superstition and the chains of ignorance, but for liberty in its truest sense—for charity in its broadest meaning, for the rights of every man, woman, and child and for the truth always. It shall stand with its face of flint

against the sacrifice of public welfare to private interest, against the subversion of public institutions, above all of the public schools, and personal and political prejudice or religious bigotry. It shall stand a perfect materialization of the spirit of Spiritualism—for all that is pure, true, and beautiful in earth, life, and for all that the heart hopes for in the future.

Friends, to this end we aspire with all our hearts. To this end we work with all our brains. To this end we pray—not with uplifted but with working hand and it is done.

#### ACUTE HEARING—NOT FACIAL PERCEPTION.

The following editorial article is copied from the *Examiner*, Bellefontaine, O., and the reply, which appeared in a later issue of the same paper, from the person to whom the article related:

We published an article recently on what is styled "Facial Perception," or the perception of objects by the blind through impressions made upon the skin of the face. Apropos of this we submit the following facts in seeming confirmation. We have, in this country, a blind man named Steeley who is a marvel in his way. That he is totally and utterly blind is a fact beyond question. He looks to be about the average height, straight as an Indian, and of lithe and active build. Though never a resident of our town, nor having been much in it, he nevertheless goes wherever he pleases on the occasion of his visits here, and goes alone, moving with a step more like that of a business citizen than of a man with sightless eyes. When he comes to a corner he makes a dead halt and "faces about" with military precision. On his first visit to our town, we have been told, he inquired the way to the home of a family living several miles in the country, and made the trip there successfully by virtue alone of the directions given him—a remarkable performance. He now makes his home in Rushcreek township, some six miles or more from here. During last summer and autumn he was a frequent visitor to our town, making the trip sometimes on foot and sometimes on horseback. On his last visit, however,—made in November, if we remember aright—he discarded both these methods of travel, and came in driving a Texas pony to a sulky. He drew up and alighted at Starkey's restaurant, on Main street. Hitching his pony to the rack, he went into the restaurant, and after refreshing himself with a lunch and chatting awhile with the boys who frequent the restaurant on that day (Sunday), he lighted a fresh cigar preparatory to starting for the drive back home. Quite a crowd gathered to witness the novel spectacle presented by his departure—for a novel spectacle it unquestionably was. How many of the people of this world have ever seen a totally blind man mount a sulky alone to drive a Texas pony six miles into the country? All who ever did, perhaps, were gathered in front of Starkey's restaurant on the Sunday in question. Turning his pony's head from south to north he started in a brisk trot. After driving two blocks and a half north, his route led east one square along Sandusky street, and then north again on Mad-river street. All were naturally curious to see him make the turn at Sandusky street, or rather whether he would make it or not. He was at so lively a gait when he struck the crossing that all expected to see him pass it, and make a blundering attempt at turning at a point above. Not so, however. Jerking his pony to an abrupt and sudden halt, he wheeled him into Sandusky street all right and disappeared. Whether the theory of "facial perception" is well-grounded or not, Steeley is far too venturesome for one without the natural organs of vision, and it would not surprise us any day to hear that an accident more or less serious had befallen him.

A LETTER FROM MR. STEELEY.

Editor *Examiner*:

RUSHSVLVANIA, March 25, 1891.

Having heard read an article in your paper on seeing through the face, and afterward a sketch of my adventures to back up the first, I thought I would write you a few lines, giving my ideas about perceptions through the skin. This has been a subject of a great deal of argument among the blind; and to any one who has not had a great deal of experience in total darkness, your statements as regards "face seeing" are very plausible. We, as blind people, however, do not accept your theory, and I am satisfied that were you better acquainted with me, and my ways and means of getting about, I would soon convince you that such a thing does not exist. I contend that the knowledge we have of coming in contact with any object is due to a very acute sense of hearing, which is entirely unknown to people who have the use of their eyes, and is only known to those who have depended absolutely on the sense of hearing for many years. When a person becomes blind, the strength does not go from his eyes to his ears, as a great many people suppose, but the organs of the ear become more delicate and active by constant use. When you saw me drive up Main street and wheel my

horse abruptly into Sandusky, it was not by any perception through the face, but by the sound of my cart wheels on the crossing echoing against the new Methodist church, which is off the sidewalk several feet. Had the court-house bell begun to ring when I was at that point, or anything else which would have made more noise than I did, I could not have made that turn so easily, but would have been obliged to have halted until it had ceased. I used to live in terror of the old Logan House 'bus, which made more noise than anything else in Bellefontaine. When meeting that on the street, I either had to halt until it was out of hearing, or run against everything on the street. Stop my ears, and I am "in the soup!" If we are able to discern an object when we approach it, why, then, does this sight leave us when sound does also?

H. F. STEELEY.

#### CO-OPERATIVE AMUSEMENTS.

The author of the article given below, which is taken from the March number of the *Nationalist*, is Capt. Robert C. Adams, son of the celebrated Rev. Nehemiah Adams who wrote "The South Side View of Slavery." Capt. Adams, some years ago, was one of the best known sea captains that sailed from Boston, and he was much esteemed by orthodox people, especially for his piety and religious zeal. Of late years he has departed far from the faith of his fathers, has written a number of liberal works and is now president of the Montreal Freethought Club; but his interest in the welfare of his fellow beings is as great now as it was when he wrote books now used in Sunday schools.

Fletcher, of Saltoun, once wrote, "I knew a very wise man who believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." In a similar spirit one might now say—let me form the people's sports, and I care not who does the preaching.

As comfort and education become general there is an increased cultivation of amusement. The great workers are recognizing the value of diversion. Leaving business to business hours, they seek re-creation in play. The man at the head of the enterprise of building a transcontinental railway was asked how he could devote his evenings to games when he had such vast and varied interests to consider. His forcible, though inelegant, reply was: "If it wasn't for cards I should bust." Since sport is becoming so prominent an element in life, from infancy to old age, it is important to consider its effect not only upon present happiness, but as a formative of character.

It may fairly be claimed that the largest factor in the development of disposition is play; for all the early years of a child's life are given up to amusement, and it is reasonable to suppose that the chief occupation will be the principal educator. If, then, we see in human nature great evils that it is desirable to eradicate, we should attack them in the most susceptible years of life, and by the most influential means. We may assert that through the amusements of the young can the greatest impression upon character be effected, and by the diversions of adults can the greatest influence be exerted upon action.

What is the chief evil of the world? It is war, national or individual, manifested by murder in battle, by "getting the better" of others in trade, and by the struggle for social advantage—all arising from competitive strife for selfish aggrandizement. It is man's oppression of his fellow that causes social and economic ills. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn;" so wailed Robert Burns, but he saw the remedy and sang in prophetic strain—

"For a' that, and a' that,  
Its coming yet, for a' that,  
That man to man the world o'er  
Shall brothers be for a' that."

The brutal struggle for existence—nature's law of progress—is now being eliminated from the human race, and is giving place to the principle of peace and good will, mutual helpfulness, the sentiments of the golden rule, and of the diamond rule—do no harm. It is all important that this spirit should not only be inculcated by precept, but that it should be promoted by making it the sentiment underlying and permeating all play.

The child's education begins aright in this respect. Usually its order of toys is—rattle, ball, doll, blocks. Friendly aid helps it to enjoy these and to learn by experience nature's laws. Its effort is to overcome natural difficulties, and education proceeds upon moral and pleasurable lines. But as soon as reason is sufficiently developed the games become contests of skill or chance; the element of strife is the predominant feature, and victory over the companion is the end sought instead of victory over nature. The spinning tee-totum takes one to the mansion of happiness, the other in the pillory. One exults; the

Monte.

other is angered. The winner passes the post on the toy race-course by a neck, and the loser sheds tears of disappointment. Or in games where skill combines with chance, or even where chance is eliminated, the usual motive is not the thought of overcoming difficulty, but the desire to vanquish a competitor. Checkers, chess, cards, base ball, lawn tennis, billiards, cricket—all develop valuable qualities of mind and body, but are injurious to the heart by reason of the prominence given to personal antagonism. The lacross match often degenerates into a fight, and many a grave is due to a pack of cards. The effect of these diversions is to intensify the competitive spirit, to cultivate joy at another's expense, to deaden human sympathy, and prepare one to be a fit combatant in the demoralized arena of commercial warfare.

If we would induce men to earn their living by associated effort rather than by conflicting strife, we must so train the children that antagonism of their fellows will be distasteful to their natures. Coöperative games must take the place of competitive sports for the young, while the mature should unite in combining fun with helpfulness. Models of the latter method are still found in primitive districts where the house raising, the quilting bee, and the corn husking furnish enjoyment with usefulness. If, instead of spending an afternoon batting a ball and trampling the sod bare, men would unite to lay out walks in a park, or secure village improvements, they might get exercise for a worthy end and cultivate only friendly emotions. Sewing circles, if well conducted, are a good type of coöperative amusement in-doors, and when women get sufficiently emancipated from custom to be willing to dress suitably for outdoor work and exercise they will, perhaps, devise plans of uniting to care for the flower-beds, while the men make the paths in the public gardens.

Though earnest work is thus suggested as becoming a possible amusement, it is not intended to object to fun for mere fun's sake. The companionable walk, or ride, the united touring of bicyclists, skating, coasting, tobogganning, all these forms of exercise are free from offensive strife, and are to be commended. Whatever amusement tends to make the body stronger, the wits sharper, or the mind brighter, is to be approved when it does not involve unkind feelings towards others. The invention of indoor games, in which the players can combine their skill to solve difficulties, achieve triumphs over nature or promote mutual pleasure without, at the same time, causing feelings of ill-will or vain-glory, is a matter worthy the attention of nationalists.

There is one amusement that above all others fulfils the conditions required for the development of the coöperative sentiment in the young. It is dancing. From the standpoint of utility, it is commended by its cultivation of grace of carriage, politeness of manner, and muscular development, while morally it promotes friendly feeling, and aesthetically it gives the most delightful sensations. A cultivated artist declares, "dancing is the highest form of religion." It is the most graceful expression of the emotions, the most comprehensive manifestations of the instincts that favor harmony, rhythm, and method, and combines with all a human intimacy that develops the affectional nature, and through social freedom promotes fraternity and equality. The square dance begins with salutation. All through its figures the effort of each is to aid the other and prevent anyone from going wrong, for here is realized the motto, "all for each and each for all." The welfare of the set depends upon the well-doing of each member, and the enjoyment of each one depends upon the perfection of the whole. In the round dance the partners suggest improvement to each other, mutual satisfaction is the aim, and instead of, as at chess, trying to suppress the gleam of triumph that might warn the enemy of his intended false move, the effort is to manifest helpfulness at the first intimation of difficulty. For the development of human sympathy the means of amusement that rank with the dance are the novel and the theatre.

By the cultivation of these amusements and the initiation of others, in which the spirit of mutual helpfulness shall replace antagonism, we shall produce from friendly children coöperative men and women. When we cease to fight in play, we shall cease to war in earnest.

#### ONLY TWO SENSES.

By far the most interesting patient now at the Jamaica Plain Kindergarten for the Blind is Willie Elizabeth Robin, the 6-year-old Texas girl who can neither see, hear nor speak, says the Boston *Advertiser*. The child has been at the kindergarten for a little over a month, having been admitted on December 20th. But in this short period of time, gratifying, not to say wonderful, progress has been made in her case by her teacher, Miss Effie J. Thayer. Miss Thayer, who has sole charge of the child so far as in-

struction is concerned, was formerly at the School for Deaf Mutes in Mystic, Conn., where she taught for a year with great success. She was specially engaged to come to the Jamaica Plain institution to take charge of the little Robin girl.

To a reporter Miss Thayer spoke most interestingly of the progress which she has made in a short month's time with the sadly afflicted child. The teacher devoted her first week at the kindergarten to getting acquainted as far as possible with the child. Willie is a very bright child, and although in the six years of her life she has never received any instruction, she was by no means ignorant of all that took place in the great unseen world about her. Willie's powers of perception and imitation are very great. As an illustration of this, Miss Thayer a day or two ago found the child making up her own bed. Willie had often "watched" (it becomes very natural to speak in this way) her teacher busied with the same duty in her own room.

Willie was given her first lesson on December 31st, and she has already learned twelve words. The story of the first steps in the child's mental training—how she was brought to know that objects have names—is intensely interesting. Short, simple words like "hat" and "fan," names of objects with which the child was familiar, were first taught her. The objects themselves were given her, and then their names were spelled out with the child's fingers. It required infinite patience, but at last there came a time when the child would spell the name of the object of her own accord. And then the first great step in advance was gained.

The child spelled out hat for the first time as she was on the point of being taken out for a walk. She had been dressed for the walk but her hat was withheld. Willie was eager for the walk and reached out vainly for her hat. It was not given her; but she was coaxed to spell the word "hat," which she had been assisted to do so many times before. It was a half-hour's struggle, but at last the impatient child made the "h" and the "a" and the "t." It was a victory, indeed. The child's hat went on her head in a twinkling and the walk followed. An interesting point in this experience was that the child would make the "h" and then hold out her hand for the hat as much as to say that the first letter would do as well as the complete word itself. In the same way Willie will be content with making the "f" instead of the three letters when she wants her fan.

Milk is another word that the child has been taught. She is required to spell it out every morning at breakfast before the liquid is poured upon her oatmeal. She also spells out "boots" when they are put on her feet, and again when they are taken off. One of the words which Willie has been taught is "water." She has been accustomed all her life to signify her thirst by closing her hands tightly, and crossing her arms and striking her chest. But now she is encouraged to spell the word "water" when she wants a drink.

Willie has learned the following words: Fan, hat, ring, water, bread, candy, pin, paper, boots, wagon, cubes (the raised letter blocks with which she loves to play), and milk. Within ten days after instruction had begun she recognized that objects had names. It was with the cubes that the very first step was made in this direction. The child was taught the letter of a cube and so came to associate it with the object itself.

As has been said, Willie, although so sorely afflicted, is a very bright child. She weaves little mats, and models in clay a few simple objects with which she is familiar. When she came to the kindergarten a little over a month ago, she was like a "little steer" in her nervousness and impatience. Now she is a quiet child and is beginning to show affection for those about her, a quality in which she seemed to be wholly deficient when she first came to the kindergarten.

Willie is to be a physiological study. Nothing whatever of a religious nature will be taught her. Her development in this direction will be left to herself. It will be interesting to know the inquiries which the child will make when in process of time she comes to read books and be informed of the problems of life, death and immortality.

Willie is a pretty, fair-haired child, large for her age and always ready for a frolic. She came into the reception room during the reporter's visit to the kindergarten. Being given the reporter's hat she spelt out the name. Willie's affliction is due to congestion of the stomach, from which she suffered at an early age. The child has a pretty face, all but her poor sightless eyes. These do not spoil the generally contented, even happy look on her face, but they are apt painfully to remind the gazer of the child's trebly sad affliction.



## MOTHER.

Nobody knows the work it takes  
To keep the home together;  
Nobody knows of the steps it makes;  
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes  
Which kisses only smother;  
Nobody's pained by naughty blows:  
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care  
Bestowed on baby brother;  
Nobody knows of the tender prayer;  
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught  
Of loving one another;  
Nobody knows of the patience sought;  
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears  
Least darlings may not weather  
The storms of life in after years;  
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels to the throne above  
To thank the heavenly Father  
For that sweetest gift, a mother's love;  
Nobody can—but mother.

—DETROIT FREE PRESS.

Col. T. W. Higginson, in a recent number of *Harper's Bazar*, defends women from the general criticism that upon the lists of "favorite authors and selected immortals, which appear so frequently in the newspapers, the women there brought forward represent a far lighter quality of work than the men." He does not deny this, but shows why the literary work of women is almost entirely confined to novels and poems, work in which a regular intellectual training does not tell as in science, philosophy, history or criticism. "An editor is always able to call upon some woman for a good story, and has no difficulty in obtaining good poems, but if he wishes a thoroughly trained woman to whom he may intrust a difficult piece of literary criticism, or an important study in history, he is perplexed to know where to turn, and as a result the work is commonly done by men." Mr. Higginson mentions the fact that it is only within a very few years that women have had, save in very exceptional instances, what may be called solid training. He thinks the excellent work done by women in the historical electives of our colleges, and the theses written as the result of studies, indicate that the maturer work of these women will command respect. He says: "As yet, it must be remembered, only their preliminary opportunities are provided, for even the Ph. D. or Master of Arts course is but a preliminary. The young man takes this second degree, then goes to a German university, and perhaps comes back to some professorship; the young woman, if she reaches the German opportunities at all, comes back to teach, perhaps, primary Latin or elementary physics in some high school." Attention is called to the fact that a large proportion of the contributors to the *Nation*, for instance, are connected with some university, and that women have not this vantage ground. "Some of the best trained women known to me are severely handicapped in this way. They are obliged to see their hard-won acquirements grow rusty because there still exists, even in women's colleges and in high schools and in public libraries, an impression that when a man knows a certain thing he must know it better than a woman." To the claim that she has more leisure, Mr. Higginson says that, being shut from the society of her peers and the current of thought, her leisure must be occupied with an inferior grade of work. He concludes as follows: "There are some other ways in which the higher intellectual work of American women has been less than was expected, as, for instance, in the small part so far taken by them in those learned societies which are open to them. There being one Maria Mitchell, for instance, it seemed surprising that there should be only one, and it is curious to notice the non-appearance of women in the work of the American philological society, which has been open to them from the beginning, and in which their numbers diminish rather than increase. In the American historical society and the social science association they have taken a rather large part, and in the American folk-lore society their work has been quite essential.

On the whole, it may be said that the progress of women must evidently be made all along the line. Anything that hampers it in any one direction—as, for instance, the difficulty of obtaining professorships—must hamper it in all ways, and we cannot tell what woman will actually accomplish until her path is absolutely cleared of all obstacles but those lying within her own nature."

Referring to the increasing practice in England of combining the maiden name with the husband's the London *Queen* says: In England there are many ladies who do not, on marriage, like to abandon the name which they have rendered celebrated. Cases in proof of this are Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M. D., Mrs. Jopling Rowe, Mrs. Lancaster Wallis, Mrs. Pechey Phipson, M. D., and many more. In Norway, however, a step further has been taken, and the husband now sometimes couples his wife's surname with his own. Lately a sculptor of some celebrity named Rowell married a Miss Smith, and called himself Mr. Rowell-Smith, his wife being Mrs. Rowell-Smith. The only difficulty with these doubled-barreled names arises in the case of daughters of such couples, for what are these to do when they marry? They must drop one of their appellations, or in a few generations their style and title would become too lengthy to be endured. Some ladies of advanced views adopt another plan and retain their own instead of their husband's Christian name. Thus, instead of Mrs. John Brown and Mrs. Charles Black, we frequently hear of Mrs. Jane Brown and Mrs. Charlotte Black. What custom will finally determine in this difficulty can only be a matter for conjecture.

There is small reason for the sharp criticism indulged in by the press upon the difficulties met by the lady managers of the world's fair, says the *Chicago Daily Times*. It has not happened that the gentlemen have been so perfectly at harmony as to warrant the assumption that the quarrel among the ladies is indicative of their incapacity for self-government. Many citizens of Chicago have looked on with admiration at the capacity of these ladies to do something, even if that be only to dispute to some purpose. There has been trouble, and the ladies have settled it promptly. Their ability to make an end of the whole matter so quickly suggests the propriety of allowing the two boards to change places and make the ladies the real executives. It is fair to presume that they would have solved the lake-front problem without wasting a whole precious year. They would have marched down to the Illinois Central and the officials of the road would have capitulated at once. This is more especially probable since the board has gained the prestige of having conquered a rebellion in its own ranks. Thus far when the gentlemen have been forced to a bad position and the event has been doubtful they have appealed to the ladies, and have always received immediate relief. If they would now either turn the whole matter over to their better-halves or admit them to full partnership they would be able to report better progress than has been manifested on the sterner side of this enterprise.

When the years have gone by and this generation has "passed away" the name of a woman now little known, at least in this country, will have become a prominent figure in history. This woman is Mme. Olga Novikoff, a Russian, who has divided her time for the last twenty years between Russia and England, and who exercised much political influence during the Russo-Russian war. Mme. Novikoff is an authoress, a pamphleteer and a journalist, and has come to be regarded as being a channel by which Russian views reach English ears. She has succeeded in establishing a position of influence and prestige, and she has introduced to the British public an understanding of the Russian people. She won Mr. Gladstone to her side at once, and while she was still unmarried carried on an extensive correspondence with him in regard to Russian affairs. J. A. Froude was one of her devoted admirers, and among her intimate friends a dozen years ago she counted Thomas Carlyle and A. W. Kinglake.

In Philadelphia the system of placing police matrons at station houses where female prisoners are confined has been in practice for several years, and has worked admirably. There have been many cases in which female prisoners have been so lost to shame and decency that it apparently mattered little to them whether they were

searched and cared for by men or women. But there have also been numberless cases in which young girls, arrested for their first offence, have been preserved from further degradation, cheered, sustained and helped to reform and lead honest lives by the noble-hearted women in whose charge they were placed at the station houses. The police matron system here should be put in working order in every city in the United States.

## THE BILL AGAINST FRAUDULENT MATERIALIZATIONS.

On Thursday of last week the editor of *THE JOURNAL* appeared by invitation before the judiciary committee of the Illinois Senate at Springfield, and made an argument in support of the bill to punish frauds in spirit materialization. At the conclusion of his remarks the committee by a unanimous vote referred the bill back to the Senate with the recommendation that it become a law.

The bad faith of those who, while loudly denouncing fraud, oppose this wise and temperate bill is clearly manifest in that not one of them has accepted our offer to jointly present the bill to a first-class lawyer and then publish his opinion in *THE JOURNAL*. These rampant howlers and soda water editors have also failed to offer any substitute for the bill which shall accomplish the purpose aimed at, and yet avoid danger to the innocent, as they were invited by us to do. The fact is the bill is open to no valid objection. The trouble with some of its opponents is this: They know the tricksters can trick with impunity under existing statutes, and this means revenue to all concerned. Some who oppose the bill are honest enough but lack the power to do adult thinking and are under the psychical domination of the mottled mob that demands unrestricted license to plunder.

## THE SHALAM SEER GONE.

Dr. J. B. Newbrough, formerly a leading dentist of New York city, passed to Spirit-life at the farm of the colony of which he was the founder, near Las Cruces, New Mexico, on April 22d. Dr. N. was the subject of very strange experiences; how far they were the result of spirit influences and how much a disordered brain had to do with them cannot be determined. A huge and very remarkable book called "Oahspe" was written by him. He claimed to be controlled by spirits to write it and that he did it on type-writing machines, using one for each hand, the hands working independent of each other. The book had a considerable sale and quite a number of intelligent people were enthusiastic over it, claiming that for them it far surpassed all other books as a religious and moral guide and inspiration. Following the publication of "Oahspe," Dr. N. gave up his lucrative dental practice and undertook to found a colony in New Mexico, based on the peculiar teachings of the book and under the guidance as he believed of spirits. Securing the cooperation of a wealthy Boston gentleman, a considerable tract of land was procured and a very few volunteers for the experiment. The enterprise was a miserable failure from the first, as might have been easily foreseen from the beginning. Dr. N. finally despaired apparently of regenerating adults and fitting them for his paradise on the sandy desert whose natural products were limited to alkali water and cacti and where only by severe labor, large expenditures for irrigation, and wide experience could the arid wastes be made to blossom. He thereupon went to New Orleans and started a baby hospital which seems to have languished, not for want of babies, of all colors and ages, but through lack of financial support. Two or three summers ago he made a tour of the New England Spiritualist

camp in the interest of his humanitarian enterprise, but received little substantial assistance. The case of Dr. Newbrough presents one of the most perplexing psychophysiological studies known to modern times.

## PIATT AGAINST WRIGHT.

A verdict of \$8,000 was given Miss Rhoda J. Piatt against Mr. J. Clegg Wright in the Cleveland, Ohio, court of common pleas on April 21, for breach of promise. It appears that almost up to the day on which Wright married Miss Maltby he was courting Miss Piatt. Notwithstanding the glowing account given in the *Cleveland Leader* of "Professor" Wright's large income, his position as dean of a Cincinnati medical college and his property in the neighboring kingdom of New Jersey, it is quite probable the defendant will beat the execution. Miss Piatt's verdict has about as much financial value as a bond of the late Confederate States of America. *THE JOURNAL* trusts that Miss Piatt has got satisfaction in securing the verdict, for it is certain had she secured the husband she would not.

The latest definition of God by the philosopher who has written a big book on "The Soul of Man"—which, as the *Tribune* of this city says, "so far as the subject that gives title to the book is concerned is somewhat like the famous chapter on snakes in the natural history of Ireland"—is the following: God is "the sum of those experiences to which we have to conform, those manifestations of nature which we cannot forbear, those laws of cosmic existence which we have to obey." A contributor to *Unity* commenting upon this definition says:

If God is "realities of experience," why not define him as all the realities of experience and not simply as "those to which we have to conform." If one class of "realities of experience"—"those to which we have to conform"—constitutes God, what do the other "realities of experience"—those to which we do not have to conform—constitute? If one class is God, and the other is not, then there are realities of experience fundamentally unlike. Is this monism or moonism? Again God is "those manifestations of nature which we cannot forbear." If God is "manifestations" merely, why not define him as all the manifestations of nature, whether we can "forbear" them or not. But why define God as "manifestations of nature?" If one says that God is that ultimate reality which is manifested in nature, or is nature, is the universe in its entirety, he says what is entitled to the consideration of a thinker; but who, with any philosophic capacity and ability to express his thought, will say that God is certain manifestations of nature—those "which we cannot forbear?" And God is "those laws of cosmic existence which we have to obey." Are there some laws of cosmic existence which we do not have to obey? But why call God "laws of cosmic existence?" Laws are modes of action. They do not exist *per se*. In strictness of speech the laws of nature do not govern, do not determine nature's operations. They are rather those uniform modes of action determined, I should say, by the constitution or nature of that which is the basis of all phenomena, and are expressions of the ultimate reality, or modes in which it manifests itself to the human mind. Where is the logic in declaring that these modes of action, these expressions of power, are the veritable reality, God? If the word is self-existent and eternal, the ultimate basis of all activity, why not say God is that which supplies all "realities of experience," rather than that God is "those laws of cosmic existence which we have to obey?" The entire definition seems to me to indicate crudeness and confusion of thought.

Mrs. Emma Miner, the author of the story published in a recent number of *THE JOURNAL*, entitled "Was it a Dream?" who is doing good work in distributing Spiritualist literature, and in various other ways awakening interest in the good work, is arousing opposition to herself among the clergy of Clinton, Mass., where she resides. They unconsciously bear testimony *LUNDY*.

seriously impaired. At all times it was impossible for him to see the coming person before his form appeared, or to hear his approach through ordinary channels of hearing; for the snow lay deep on the ground from last of November to the middle of the present month, March.

The question how Toodles could become aware of the approach of people still invisible and at such a distance occupied our attention, and at last the subject became one of frequent discussion. The dog had a pedigree of no mean quality, and it was a matter of speculation whether through the long descent of trained ancestry a supersensuous quality had not evolved. Of course, we could only speculate; but our speculation came to a sudden and unhappy end. A neighbor living on the main road possessed a huge dog of indifferent breed, who was rarely liberated from his chain. One day, near the middle of February, Toodles ventured within his reach. We found him at the kitchen porch, torn, mangled and bleeding, unable to mount the steps. He was borne to the study of his mistress, where his wounds were dressed and everything done that love and skill could suggest in the way of alleviating his condition. His moans were like those of a hurt child. At his usual bed hour he left the couch on which he was laid and went to his usual resting place in another room. At one o'clock that night, hearing a noise, his mistress went to the door and found him in a dying state. She watched him breathe his last, sad and regretful.

The ensuing night she was awakened by the bark of a dog—that of Toodles, clear, distinct and repeated. His mistress rose in bed and listened. At breakfast she related the strange phenomena, and speculations regarding Toodles broadened beyond the limits of earth life. The following night again she was aroused from a semi-conscious state by the same sharp, quick bark, the voice of Toodles distinctly audible. Since nothing has been heard. Did the spirit energy early expend itself and find annihilation, or did it seek the happy hunting ground of its ancestors and go where all good dogs go? We wonder.

ELIZABETH A. BRYANT.

YORK, ME.

#### GENERIC LAW.

TO THE EDITOR: IN THE JOURNAL of March 21st, I find the following in Mr. Featherstonhaugh's article relating to spirit identity: "Beyond these two ideas we find no tenable ground and absolutely nothing to stand upon. Elementaries, shells, gnomes, devils or seducing spirits not of our own race, make no part of any argument we can show evidence for, or have any reason to discuss."

In regard to this class of superstitious beings, I will be governed by this postulate: That God never created an intelligent being in heaven, hell or earth only by the blending of positive and negative elements on the material plane of life. Hence all spiritual beings have a mundane origin. An elemental spirit is one that never was born, never saw daylight—an embryotic germ. This explains the admission of some spirits that "they never were born," the root of the doctrine of pre-existence. Paul tells us that "Christ was the first born of every creature," that is, he came by the same generic law. Then it logically follows that every creature came by the same principle of law that Christ did.

But how is it in regard to all the inhabitants of the spiritual realm? Again we are told, speaking of Christ, "of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." If we interpret allegorical language by natural law, then the conclusion is reached, that the "whole family of heaven" includes all spiritual identities, and that they were individualized by the one eternal generic law.

If Infinite Wisdom reigns throughout the universe, it is evident that the same generic law pertains to all worlds. To suppose that God ordained a law for this world and another for Mars and Jupiter, implies in thought a denial of divine attributes. Hence, all spiritual beings have a mundane origin. A perfect code of laws cannot be altered without producing an imperfection. As Christ came by the same generic law by which every creature came, Adam's advent was by the same principle of law, the blending of positive and negative elements in protoplasm. Hence, the Gods said, "let us make man in our image." How did the Gods get down to the material plane? By the principle called spirit materialization. When the higher class assume matter they are under the same law that you are.

DR. BENTLEY.

MONTGOMERY, MINN.

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truth of her teachings by declaring that she "is doing great harm by unsettling people's religious beliefs." At a recent anniversary celebration of the G. A. R., for which Mrs. Miner had patriotically prepared a poem, they objected to her reading it on the ground that "as she was a woman her voice could not be heard in that great hall," but her friends insisted that she should read it, and the result was that according to the account given by her hearers, she was heard even more distinctly than the preachers themselves, and was applauded much more enthusiastically. She is now giving a course of lectures in Clinton on "Bible Spiritualism, and its Parallel in Modern Times," which is arousing considerable thought-inspiring discussion in that town.

Eliza Ann Wells, whilom star in Henry J. Newton's materialization menagerie, has come to grief again. This time in San Francisco, and while personating the materialized spirit of Emma Abbott. Mr. E. P. E. Troy attended the séance with three lady friends; doubting the bonafide nature of the apparition he grabbed it, and as a result found himself rolling on the floor with the portly Eliza Ann in his arms. As usual in such shows a couple of helpers were present who undertook to punish Mr. Troy, but the prompt exhibition of a harmless pistol discouraged them, and brought from Mrs. Wells the exclamation, "Oh, here's a man going to shoot me! Help!" This is the sort of personating which the bill now before the Illinois legislature is calculated to suppress. Is there any self-respecting Spiritualist who can stand up and oppose a law aimed at such exhibitions? If there is such an one, let him speak.

Marcus T. Janes, Providence, R. I., who contributes an article to this number of *THE JOURNAL*, writes: I was much interested in Mr. Underwood's discourse at the funeral of Warren Chase, published in your issue of March 14th, a copy of which some kind friend—I know not who—sent me. Two recent deaths in our own family cause us to think more about the mystery of death, and the problem of future life, that is so much called in question by many thinking men and women of the present day; and though we do not think that any amount of talk will settle the question—which lies deeper than any language, or even thought—yet we find the subject interesting, not to say fascinating, and are glad to exchange ideas upon it with other interested ones. I wish you much success in the publication of your high-toned journal.

Mrs. H. S. Lake, a lecturer of some repute in certain circles, and who passed for years as the wife of "Professor" W. F. Peck though never assuming his name, has been sued for divorce by her alleged husband. It transpires that there never was any regular marriage, and the Massachusetts judge before whom "Professor" Peck brings his complaint doubts if the contract amounted to marriage. Mrs. Lake having declined longer to hold the relation of wife to the man Peck, he seeks relief. Why he should now be so strenuous to do things legally in view of his record is a conundrum.

Mrs. S. F. Pirnie desires *THE JOURNAL* to state that she will not be able to give medical treatments or séances while she remains in Cleveland.

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### SPIRIT TESTS IN TEXAS.

TO THE EDITOR: A Mr. Ed Smith and his wife, Susie Smith, both respectable people well known here—Mrs. Smith, the medium—have been giving or holding séances in this city for the last few months, and most wonderful things have taken place. They lived in a rented cottage of about four rooms, in a very thickly settled portion of the fourth ward of this city; one room of about sixteen feet square, ceiled with pine plank in the plainest possible manner, served as a séance room, all the furniture in the room being a piano, a small table and chairs enough to seat twelve or fifteen persons. The house is on brick pillars about two and a half feet high, and all open under the house so that we could see everything under the house. The medium was seated in one corner of the room; upon an open empty box that all could and did examine from time to time, carefully. A curtain of black calico, about six feet deep, was stretched across the corner of the room, with an opening in the middle, thus hiding the medium from view. In from fifteen to twenty minutes the medium would become entranced, and very soon well defined materialized forms would appear and walk about the floor in front of us, until they were recognized by some one present, and then after a few moments would vanish and give place to another; and in this way we would have fifteen or twenty materializations of an evening. The materialized spirits, in many instances, after being recognized, playing and talking with their friends in the most familiar manner, would vanish bodily through the window, in the presence of us all; and after an absence of half an hour, would come bodily through the window and jump down on the floor in our midst, and after walking to the music and promenading the floor, would vanish. In numerous instances female materialized figures would pull a young man out of the audience and dance and play with him for a time, and then dissolve. On one occasion a man came to the séance who had a badly diseased eye, and was about to lose it in spite of the efforts of the physicians for two years to cure it. The spirits had a chair placed in front of the audience and near the cabinet, but in full view of us all, and two materialized spirits came out from the cabinet, one a man and the other a woman, and operated upon him and told him that they felt confident that they would be able to cure him; and he recognized one as being his mother and the other a physician that he knew in earth life. They operated upon him at leisure in the presence of the audience, conversing familiarly with him all the while. He is a wonderfully delighted and happy man, and feels confident that they will cure him. My daughter, who had been dead for many years, came out and took a seat beside me in a chair, conversed with and played her hands familiarly over me; and then slowly dematerialized in the chair beside me, in the presence of at least fifteen or twenty persons. She came again several times, put her arm around my neck and fondly caressed and conversed with me; and my wife, her mother, who has been dead for many years, materialized and came to me in the most affectionate manner, conversing and running her hands fondly over me at the same time.

A man by the name of Brunner, who had been attending the séances pretty constantly, engaged Mrs. Smith to hold a séance in the parlor of his house. I was present, and the séance was better than usual. He did this to satisfy himself and others that there was no juggling or contrivance about the house. I have only related a few of the many thrilling scenes and events that took place at Mrs. Smith's séances during the twenty-five or thirty nights that I was there. Things occurred that are too incredible to tell, and if I was to tell of them my story would not be believed. I have been a Spiritualist for thirty years and have seen every phase of Spiritualism, and been a close investigator all the while, and constantly on the watch for tricks and deception, but I could not discover any here. We burnt a kerosene lamp, generally turned down just enough to make a shade in the room, everything in the room visible, however, to us all; but the most wonderful things occurred with a large, bright light burning in the centre of the room. There was generally from

twenty to thirty persons present, and formed in the shape of a half circle in front of and not further than ten feet from the medium, and the wings of the circle came to within three to six feet of her, and now you can see just how difficult it would be to practice any deception. Mrs. Smith has three spirit controls with her in the cabinet, one an Indian, and a man who calls himself Owen, and his wife, who calls herself Miss Carrie, and all three talk to us in a clear, strong voice, very intelligently, during all the séance, which lasts from two to three hours, and Miss Carrie often comes out, stands before us and lectures superbly and in a manner that cannot be criticised, and she comes around and shakes hands in the usual manner with each one of us. Mr. Owen, who is the main spirit control, talks to us during all the séance in a strong and clearly audible voice, and with usual intelligence. Mrs. Smith's health was failing, and her spirit control urged her to go to the mountains in California; and they have gone to a place in California called Summer Land, where it will be cheap at any cost for any one who is anxious about the future life to go and spend a few days and get the unmistakable facts.

HOUSTON, TEXAS. W. HARRAL.

### TWO NOBLE SPIRITS.

TO THE EDITOR: I desire to thank you for the most satisfactory article in regard to "Gen. Sherman's religion" in *THE JOURNAL* of March 21st, showing in his own words just where he stood, all his life long, no doubt, in regard to the church, its policy, its teachings, and its priestcraft. Nothing that he says, however, militates against its integrity more than the action of his son "administering the last sacrament" to his father when he, the son, had declared before he took orders, that his father "was not a Catholic." The sacrament dispensed while the father was unconscious!

But the general's wisdom was as noticeable as his courageous record. I say courageous: it was the truth which he could not help speaking, which he would not conceal nor disobey any more than he would conceal his sentiments or disobey the leadings of conscience in Louisiana at the outbreak of the war. Then he informed the authorities of the military academy of the state that he preferred "to maintain his allegiance to the old Constitution as long as a fragment of it survives." "If Louisiana withdraws from the Federal Union, my longer stay here would be wrong in every sense," he declared, "for on no earthly account will I do any act or think any thought hostile to or in defiance of the old Government of the United States." Like Gen. Grant, while he was utterly true, he was as unpretending. And he uttered what the truth required in regard to the Romish church while evidently he said no more than he considered necessary, on account of the feelings and prepossessions of his family. But he bore most emphatically his testimony. The truth should not suffer at his hands. It was born in him, and was part of his inherited constitution.

How admirably commanding are such men! "The virtues of [such] men, indeed, keep the planets in their places," as the ancient sage affirmed. True to himself, Gen. Sherman could not be false to any. True to himself, he could not neglect any duty. How much a great many readers must have enjoyed the address at Princeton College in memory and appreciation of Prof. Joseph Henry, sent to the *Inter Ocean* by a correspondent, from a page in his scrap-book. How religious Gen. Sherman's attitude, how uplifting his thought! and it seems to me he gained an inspired view of this teacher of nature, who imparted knowledge of the atmosphere, chemistry, of steam, of electricity, of the harmonies of sound and light, and who knew that all science emanates from the Creator, and is governed by universal and unchangeable law. Gen. Sherman said that "of all men Prof. Henry seemed the most inspired with the feeling 'Nearer my God to thee.'" Then following up, from the atmosphere we breathe, all the steps of knowledge that he had taken in science, he dwelt upon "his elaboration of natural truths, that the planets obeyed their law, and the seasons would come and go with unchanging regularity; wheat would ripen and roses bloom; that nature's laws were undisturbed by man's madness and folly; and so he reasoned that God would bring order out of chaos." How beautiful would it be if we all could gain such lessons, and by retiring to our closets of reason and peace, out of the din and conflicts of the unreasoning world of lower men, to reflect on immutable laws, and listen to the voice in our

souls. It is very doubtful if any clergyman or philosopher could preach a more comprehensive or conclusive sermon in support of natural religion than this address at Princeton contains. Associated with Prof. Henry, as regent in the Smithsonian Institution, he "listened with exquisite pleasure to his exposition of the complicated phenomena of nature." No less did he admire his "faith which nerved and strengthened the strong arm of our government, and aided materially our martyr president in guiding the ship of state through the difficult shoals and breakers" of the Rebellion. In this beautiful tribute Gen. Sherman appeared not only a true and loving friend, but a worthy compeer in the faith, which was the life of the exalted philosopher and naturalist.

DETROIT, MICH. G. A. F. S.

### "JESUS BROUGHT BACK."

TO THE EDITOR: Such is the title of a singularly simple yet scholarly and able book, by Rev. J. H. Crooker of Madison, Wisconsin. A book which not only shows the broad and free, yet reverent thought of its author, but shows, too, by its publication by A. C. McClurg & Co., of this city, and its dedication "To the University Channing Club" at Madison, the great change in the spirit of our times. Such publication and dedication would hardly have been possible twenty-five years ago. In the introduction we are told: "It is a misfortune to have the man Jesus hidden out of sight behind the dogmas of speculative theology.... because they remove him from the strictly natural and human fellowship which ought to unite us to him, while they cut us off from the most rational and inspiring appreciation of his character.... An age which asks justice for Mohammed and pays loving tribute to Buddha cannot with reason be indifferent to Jesus. The man who leaves untasted the waters from this fountain neglects one of his greatest helps to the divine life; and the man who turns a cynical spirit toward this Prophet of Galilee simply condemns his better self and ignores his one possibility. In this age.... it is worth while to cultivate as rational an appreciation of Jesus as possible." To help this appreciation is the aim of the two hundred pages of this valuable book, in which we are told of the messianic hopes of how the gospels were written by men not infallible, and of Jesus "probably an artizan in his youth," and becoming a preacher of righteousness "of great independence of spirit, remarkable knowledge of human nature, a large capacity for using fresh and striking illustrations,.... remarkable acumen and strength.... rational faculty highly developed, pre-eminent in infinite kindness and compassion,.... a man tender to the poor, the lowly, the sinful,.... who revered the sanctity of human nature in whatever condition."

Of the influence of Jesus to-day it is finely said: "He saves us by educating our humanity; by what he adds to our inner life. The goodness he made actual among the Galilean hills, still shining with undimmed lustre, will forever help man to lift himself above his animal and transient to his moral and eternal life." A great deal is condensed in this volume, yet with no lack of clearness. Its gifted author thinks with serene wisdom along spiritual lines and so does admirable and needed work in making new and better views supplant outworn and fading dogmas.

G. B. STEBBINS.

### STILL ANOTHER DOG GHOST.

TO THE EDITOR: Up to the middle of February last we were in possession of a dog, a Scotch terrier. Of all the breeds of small dogs this is the most intelligent, and Toodles maintained the reputation of his race, possessing peculiarities that made him, in our view, remarkable. Our cottage stands on a rocky knoll, between two hills, and about the distance of four city blocks from the main public road that runs along the margin of the steeper hill. This road is invisible to us until it turns a sharp corner, where the two roads intersect.

The little fellow was an excellent watch dog; no one could approach the house without Toodles first giving the signal. Long before either vehicle or pedestrian appeared in view at the turn of the road Toodles, in whatever part of the house he might be, ran to the window and with paws on the sill, gave utterance to sharp, shrill series of barks.

In a fight with another dog last summer he lost an eye, and for weeks both eyes were threatened, so that his vision was

THEN AND NOW.

By H. L. R.

I am weary, oh! so weary, of this empty, worthless life, Of the burdens which its children carry through its bitter strife, Of its promises, its failures, of the good it never brings, And I'm longing for the shadows of the sweet death angel's wings; For the grave so low and silent, where the pains of life all cease— And the winds among the grasses whisper lullabys of peace, While the solemn stars shine o'er me in the long eternal sleep, Where no sound shall break my slumber in the earth so dark and deep. Thus I moaned among the shadows, never dreaming that the light Was shining all about me in its radiance pure and bright, That there are no clouds, no sorrow, that the Good is "all in all," Ever waiting in the silence for his children's loving call. Now, I stand upon the mountain—claim my birth-right from above, Robed in peace as in a garment woven by the hand of Love; I am trusting in the master, Truth, my leader and my guide, In whose words and in whose spirit let me evermore abide.

That Tired Feeling.

It is remarkable how many people there are who have That Tired Feeling who seem to think it is of no importance or that nothing need be done for it. They would not be so careless if they realized how really serious the malady is. But they think or say "It will go off after a while." We do not mean the legitimate weariness which all experience after a hard day's work, but that all gone, worn-out feeling which is especially overpowering in the morning when the body should be refreshed and ready for work.

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

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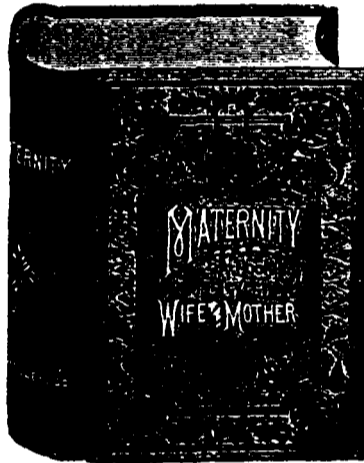
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BOOK REVIEWS.

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

How to Magnetize; or Mesmerism and Irvoyance: A practical treatise on the ice, management and capabilities of acts, with instructions on the manner of procedure. By James V. Wilson. New York: Fowler & Wells Library, No. 3. 04. Paper, price, 25 cents. This pamphlet is a timely reprint of a published some years ago, which THE JOURNAL has kept on sale since its first appearance. The magnetism or mesmerism treated of in these pages is really identical with the hypnotism of to-day and the book will be a valuable aid to everyone interested in psychical research from the clearances with which instructions are given in the best methods of procedure. As showing the writer's own strong faith in the possibilities for human progress involved in psychical science, we quote this prophecy in 1847: "I am convinced that publications will one day be partly conducted through the aid of qualified and experienced seers illumined by magnetic means. . . . Some will be of a nature suitable to explore intelligence from every part of the world daily. Others will be respectfully adapted to the editing of literary, technical, commercial and mechanical journals or books; others again to mathematics, astronomy, geology, zoology, agriculture, botany, metaphysics, medicine, physiology and history." The writer was himself a successful magnetizer and had unbounded faith in its possibilities.

Herbert Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy. By F. Underwood. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 121. Price, paper, 10 cents.

This is a comprehensive presentation of the philosophy of Herbert Spencer with a view of its origin and its relation to other systems, especially to those of Hume and Mill. The paper was read before the New York Ethical Association, and discussed by members of the society. A reprint of the speeches follows the essay, which has been very satisfactory. Mr. Underwood as corresponding member of the association, as an able lecturer and a foremost advocate of the views of Spencer. Students of Spencer will find this work of value in showing Spencer's original contributions to philosophy.

MAGAZINES.

The Westminister Review has strong views of them by women. "Woman's Suffrage," by Ellen Batelle. "Marriage Institutions," by Schooling, and "A Zoologist's Idealists," by Edward Chamberling on the valuable contributions. England Magazine for April contains articles on subjects of interest to Americans. The initial paper is "The States Patent System," by Edward, a well known electrical expert. "The University of Chicago," by Prof. W. L. Montague, of the College, shows that there is much to be done of national education inaugurated by the French Republic that could be followed with advantage by America.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

of Dorothea Lynde Dix. By Francis Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth 8 vo., gilt top. Price, \$1.00; Leaves from Conscript books, or Modern Magicians' air works. H. J. Burlingame. Chicago: Donohue, Henneberry & Co. Price, \$1.00; Commentary on the Prophecy of Isaiah. Franz Delitzsch, D. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Vol. 1, cloth, price \$2.50.

LED TO SPIRIT-LIFE.

Chandler, beloved husband of Lucinda B. passed to the higher life the 27th of April. Services were held at his late residence 772 N. Chicago, Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, private.

cutters and others requiring Stencils, Steel cuts, etc., will do well to consult our new catalogue, free to applicants. B. W. REESE & CO., 182 Fulton St., New York.



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Through Reason's limitless domain.

The awful nightmare of despair  
Which first the trembling soul appals,  
That sees old faiths dissolve in air,  
And marks Tradition's crumbling walls,

Hath long since passed away with time;  
Their wouled stroke my pulses keep,  
While nearer on their course sublime  
The coming waves of Freedom sweep.

Reproachful voices now are hushed:  
The conflict's angry murmurs cease:  
With dawning hope my sky is flushed,  
And o'er me blow the airs of peace.

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Forever into broadening light  
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BEYOND.

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Across to the strange country, The Beyond;  
And yet not strange—for it has grown to be  
The home of those of whom I am so fond,  
They make it seem familiar and most dear,  
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies that, when my sight is clear,  
I think I almost see the gleaming strand;  
I know I feel that those who've gone from here  
Come near enough sometimes to touch my hand.  
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,  
We should find Heaven right 'round about us lies.

I can not make it seem a day to dread  
When from this dear Earth I shall journey out  
To that still dearer country of the dead,  
And join the lost ones, so long dreamed about.  
I love this world, yet shall I long to go  
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand above a bier and see  
The seal of death set on some well-loved face,  
But that I think, "One more to welcome me  
When I shall cross that intervening space  
Between this land and that one Over There—  
One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair."

And so for me there is no sting to death,  
And so the grave has lost its victory;  
It is but crossing, with abated breath,  
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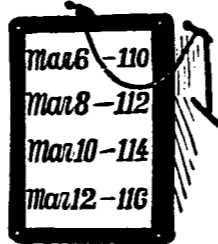
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Come with the throbbing hearts of love,  
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Glad, joyful tidings to us bear,  
To soothe our grief and lighten care.

And when we feel that life is dark,  
No ray of light to cheer the heart,  
Then draw the curtains all aside,  
Let hope and faith with us abide.

We know thy love is pure and deep,  
Thy watchful care can never sleep,  
And when we shed the silent tear,  
Oh, come and whisper words of cheer.

Come when the distant chimes peal forth  
The hour of midnight, day's new birth,  
And as the echoes die away,  
Oh, hear our prayer, and with us stay.

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**MY OWN SHALL COME.**

Serene I hold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst time nor fate,  
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avail this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
Nor wind can drive my barque astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
And gather up its fruits and tears.

The waters know their own and draw  
The brook that springs on yonder height;  
So flows the good with equal law  
Unto the soul of pure delight.

And, maiden, why—  
For, lo! thy lover seeketh thee.

The stars come nightly to the sky,  
The tidal waves unto the sea;  
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Can keep my own away from me.

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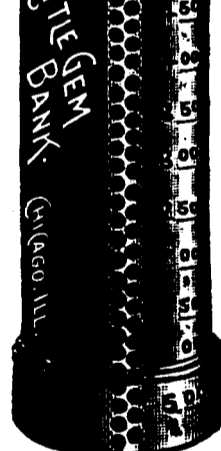
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A letter was received by Miss Frances E. Willard recently from a lady in Maine inquiring whether there was a temperance medical book—a book giving instructions "how to take care of the sick without the use of alcoholic liquors." Not knowing of such a work Miss Willard referred the inquiry to Dr. N. S. Davis, of Chicago, whose reply to her she has sent to THE JOURNAL, requesting it published:

CHICAGO, Ill., March 28, 1891.

In reply to the question you ask in the letter just received, I must say that I know of no medical work that gives reliable directions for the treatment of diseases generally, including diet and drinks, without either fermented or distilled liquors, except the volume entitled, "Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Medicine," by N. S. Davis, M. D., Chicago, published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

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N. S. DAVIS

(Dr. Davis' work, referred to above, can be obtained from the office of THE JOURNAL at the regular price. Cloth \$5.00; sheep \$8.00.)

**AN INTERESTING SERIAL.**

Mrs. J. M. Staats, of New York City, a most estimable and refined lady, and one of the early mediums, has written out, from notes carefully made through a series of years, a history of some of the experiences of prominent people in their investigations through her mediumship. This valuable manuscript is now in our possession and its publication will commence in a few weeks. Nothing superior in interest or value has ever appeared in print. Those desiring to read it should subscribe for THE JOURNAL at once.

Says the Union City (Mich.) Register of April 25th: The lectures delivered at the Opera House on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday evenings, by B. F. Underwood, the well-known Chicago liberalist, were listened to by large audiences. The gentleman never fails to gain the attention of many hearers on the occasions of his appearance here, and his able efforts are duly appreciated. The Detroit Tribune of Sunday states that B. F. Underwood, "the Chicago Unitarian, is lecturing in the State." The gentleman would hardly wish to have his liberalism confined within even as broad limitations as those defined by Unitarianism—he is distinctly a free-thinker (to use the popular term) and acknowledges not the slightest adherence to the Unitarian faith, with which, however, as he recently stated in a letter to a citizen of this place, he "is in sympathy," though the movement is "in a transition stage." It will be remembered that Mr. Underwood had as his subject at the Opera House last Sunday evening Unitarianism in its historical and religious aspects.

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