

RELIGIO THE SOPHICAL PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Walter Besant tells an old story of English journalistic methods. A certain writer sent an article—signed and with an attractive title—first to one journal, and when it was declined to another. Both times it came back to him after a longish interval “marked by the inky thumb of the compositor.” The author put away his manuscript. Then he meditated. Then he began to take the two journals. In a fortnight he found his article in each of the papers, unsigned and under another title.

The moral conceptions and sensibilities of the authorities at Raleigh, N. C., must be rather obtuse. Judge Weston sentenced two colored men, who had been convicted of some offense, to receive thirty lashes. The men were carried inside the jail enclosure which screened them from view. It was then arranged, the prisoners concurring, that all who desired to see the whipping should be admitted at a charge of twenty-five cents. Enough gate money was received to pay all the costs of the trial. Such barbarous exhibitions are a disgrace to civilization.

The Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, of New York, who has a national reputation among church people for saying pointed and witty things, says: “The majority of the advocates of modern Spiritualism are women. Nine out of ten mediums are women. The same is true concerning Christian Science. In all the false religions of the world women are in the ascendancy.” Upon this the *Twentieth Century* comments thus: Well, what of it; and if anything, why not add that a majority of Christians, or Protestant Christians, or Methodists are women. Does the doctor mean to raise it as an objection to the systems mentioned that a majority of the believers are women? If so, what does he make out of the fact that so many school teachers are women? or that all our mothers, sweethearts, and wives are?

F. W. H. Myers, in the opening paper in “Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research” for July, 1891, says: “The spiritistic method (which may quite conceivably in itself be sound and necessary) has encouraged the craft of impostors, trading on the expectation that certain persons would be found here and there to possess occult powers which make their aid in such inquiries invaluable. And the spiritistic theory (which may quite conceivably in itself be true and important) has encouraged the credulity and superstition of those who should have been observers, but have become devotees. It has encouraged an appeal to authority in the very inception of an inquiry in which rational skepticism, calm disengagement of mind is needed in an exceptional degree.” It must be admitted that the “spiritistic method,” as pursued by many indiscriminating persons, has led to results such as Mr. Myers indicates.

A contributor to *Longman's Magazine* vouches for the truth of this little story about the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dean Stanley being mentioned as the writer's authority: On one of his latest visits to a cer-

tain country house in a Scottish county Dr. Tait went alone to the postoffice to send a telegram to his brother. He wrote it out: “The Archbishop of Canterbury to Sheriff Tait,” and handed it in. The skeptical old postmaster read it aloud in contemptuous tones: “The Archbishop of Canterbury!” and added: “Wha may ye be that taks this cognomen?” The archbishop, taken aback, remained silent for a moment. The morning was cold and he had a woolen comforter wrapped around his neck: but on second view the postmaster thought he looked more respectable than on the first and added: “Maybe ye're the gentleman himsel’.” Tait replied modestly: “For want of a better, I am,” on which the good old Scot hastened to apologize for his first suspicion of imposture, adding, “I might have seen you were rather consequential about the legs.” Then he added words of cheer, which Tait said truly were vitally Scotch: “I hae a son in London, a lad in a shop; and he gaed to hear ye preach one day and was verra weel satisfied.”

A correspondent of the press describes a Western lady who has passed the summer at the seaside in the following style: “The queen of the ball, Miss —, is holding her court at the head of the West, and royally she looks, this gem of the West, with lashes long and curling, kissing for a moment the beauteous cheek, then lifting themselves to reveal large black eyes, with great fires hidden in their slumbrous depths; tiny diamond-studded ears that look like rose petals dipped in dew; a mouth faries themselves could use for a retreat and christen heaven; the whole crowned by a mass of red-gold braids wound like a coronet about the shapely head. Juno in all the voluptuousness of love and conquest ne'er had form more tall, slender, and divine.” The gusher who wrote this is evidently not much accustomed to the society of beautiful women. He should keep away from ball rooms this warm weather and apply ice to his head often. After awhile he will be able to restrain his feelings and not go into such wild ecstasies on seeing a pretty woman. If he lived in Chicago he could hardly help seeing hundreds of beautiful women, “tall, slender and divine,” any day he should go on the street.

A staff correspondent of the *Independent Republican*, Goshen, N. Y., lately visited Miss Anna Dickinson at the home of Dr. Frederick W. Seward, “where she is cherished not even as a favored guest, but as if in verity she were a daughter or sister of the household.” She is described as a picture of health and happiness. She recently lectured in Music Hall, Goshen, relating the thrilling incidents in the life of the “Maid of Orleans,” and the universal opinion was that she spoke not only in the choicest manner and in perfect taste, but with remarkable power and eloquence. Dr. Seward, who is an able and scholarly physician, said to the representative of the press that his statement made last April that Miss Dickinson was perfectly sane had been abundantly confirmed. He added: “She also must, in February last, have been in large possession of her wonderful vitality or she never could have survived the awful ordeal through which she was thrust. Her incarceration and the deprivation of needed rest because of her confinement in a ward with those who were insane and making night

hideous; the want of such nourishment as she had been accustomed to, and the awful fact that she was in a place a thousand times worse than prison, told heavily upon her physical strength, but from this she is fast recovering. As for any mental disturbance, in my judgment it has never occurred. I see nothing in the way of her resuming her life of activity and usefulness, and verily believe there are greater triumphs in store for her in the future than even those of her phenomenal past. She is certainly the most gifted orator in our country to-day.” The doctor said that the medical authorities in our public insane asylums are not called upon to express an opinion when a patient is received in their institution; that patients are received on certificates made by medical men supposed to be competent, under a legal form, that these are held as sufficient evidence as to the mental condition of the patient, that it is sometimes a difficult matter to make, speedily, a correct diagnosis of mental conditions, and as a rule asylum authorities are slow to controvert any statements set forth in the certificates of commitment. The doctor did not hesitate to say that sane persons may be declared insane and locked up in an asylum. “Any person,” he remarked, “may be committed as insane upon the certificate of two physicians, and authentic cases are occurring frequently where persons have been imposed upon and committed as insane when in reality they were sane, and so proved where friends brought about a judicial investigation. As in the case of the two physicians who signed the certificate for Miss Dickinson's commitment, one had never spoken to her except as she was being dragged out of her room, and the other three hours after she had been locked up in the asylum.”

According to a San Francisco paper, an incident recently occurred in that city in the family of G. F. Marsh, dealer in Japanese curiosities at 625 Market street, and a member of the Pacific Coast Pigeon Society, which proved to him in the most impressive manner the valuable services which may sometimes be rendered by the carrier pigeon, and probably explains some of his enthusiasm in that direction. His little baby boy was taken slightly sick with most alarming symptoms of diphtheria. The mother, watching by the bedside of the little one, dispatched a message tied on a carrier pigeon to her husband at his store on Market street. In the message she wrote the nature of the child's alarming illness, and made an urgent appeal for medicine to save its life. The bird was started from the home of the family, near the Cliff house, five miles from Mr. Marsh's Market street store. The bird flew swiftly to the store, where Mr. Marsh received it. He read the message, called a doctor, explained the child's symptoms as his wife had detailed them in her message and received the proper medicine. Then tying the little vial containing the medicine to the tail of the pigeon, he let it go. The pigeon sped away through the air, straight for the Cliff. It made the distance, five miles, in ten minutes, a distance which would have required the doctor three-quarters of an hour to come. In twenty minutes from the time the mother's message was sent to her husband the baby was taking the medicine. Naturally enough, Mr. Marsh is partial to pigeons, for he considers that he owes his baby's life to one.

VISIONS OF THE DYING.

The present is called an age of skepticism and science, and so it is. There is wide-spread and increasing doubt and disbelief of dogmas, denial of which was once punishable with torture and death, by the combined power of church and state; and the spirit of inquiry, and the habit and method of observing and verifying form a larger part of the intellectual life of man than ever before. But amidst the decay of faith in irrational creeds and the increasing demand for proof within the domain of experience, belief in the soul's survival of what is called death has been and is a persistent and powerful factor in the mental, moral, religious and social life of man.

In all ages the belief has prevailed that as the eyes are in death closed on earthly scenes the interior vision is opened to a perception of things spiritual. There are few families in which the belief does not exist now, that some departed one in the last moments of earthly life caught glimpses of the realities beyond. Many cherish such a conviction who do not care to avow it because the subject is one they do not wish to discuss, or to hear discussed. The memory of the last expression of a revered and beloved friend—such as many fondly cherish—an expression of wonder and joy in the moments preceding the spirit's departure is with most people too dear and sacred to be made a subject of controversy.

The belief in these visions is not confined to the ignorant and superstitious. It is and always has been shared by men of learning, by philosophers and scientists, from whose works descriptions of the circumstances accompanying visions of the dying could be collected in such numbers and variety that they would make a large and interesting volume. Dr. Edward H. Clarke, who was a physician of rare wisdom and skill, author of valuable medical works and Professor of *Materia Medica* in the medical school of Harvard University, in his work on "Visions," refers to the last moments of the earthly existence of a middle-aged lady whose death, though expected every moment from cardiac disease, was not preceded by the usual anæsthesia of the dying. Her mind was active and clear a few minutes before death, and she talked in her usually sensible and pleasant manner. There was no delirium, nothing indicating mental disturbance. The only foreshadowing signs of the coming change were the cardiac symptoms. Dr. Clarke says: "After saying a few words, she turned her head upon her pillow as if to sleep, then unexpectedly turning it back, a glow, brilliant and beautiful exceedingly, came into her features; her eyes, opening, sparkled with singular vivacity; at the same moment, with a tone of emphatic surprise and delight, she pronounced the name of the earthly being nearest and dearest to her; and then, dropping her head upon her pillow, as unexpectedly as she had looked up her spirit departed to God who gave it. The conviction forced upon my mind that something departed from her body, at that instant rupturing the bonds of flesh, was stronger than language can express."

This is recorded in a work the object of which is to show among other things, that visions of the dying are illustrations of automatic cerebral activity, the flashing of cerebral fires, burning the brain's accumulated stores of experience; yet this case is given as one, the explanation of which may come from a height not accessible to our imperfect physiology. Other cases are mentioned by Dr. Clarke, in which the phenomena that occurred were of a character that "it is difficult to give an adequate physiological solution." The persons at the time of their departure "seemed to gaze with intense interest and delight and a transfigured countenance, upon something, whether some strange beauty, as of a radiant glory, or an angelic group, or sainted friends, no one present could tell, and there was no revealing sign. Silence, surprise, wonder and rapt gazing would be natural to any one, even at the moment of dying, upon whose view such a scene should burst. There would be no revival of brain-cells, stamped with earthly memories and scenes, but something seen, of which the brain had received no antecedent impression and of which the ego had formed no conception. It is in some such

direction as this, if in any, the departing spirit would indicate, just as the old is dropping off, that the new is seen."

Although the stories of heaven opening over deathbeds and similar visions of the departing soul should generally, Dr. Clarke believes, be referred to the automatic action of the brain, yet he says, referring to the exceptional cases here mentioned: "If life is continuous, heaven beyond and death the portal, is it philosophical to affirm that no one entering that portal has ever caught a glimpse, or can ever catch a glimpse, before he is utterly freed from the flesh, of the glory beyond?"

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his introduction to the unfinished essay of his friend, Dr. Clarke, on "Visions," speaking of the peculiar condition and appearance of the middle-aged lady whose death is mentioned in the work, says: With reference to the last case, Dr. Clarke mentioned a circumstance to me not alluded to in the essay. At the very instant of dissolution, it seemed to him as he sat at the dying lady's bedside, that there arose "something"—an undefined yet perfectly apprehended somewhat, to which he could give no name, but which was like a departing presence. I should have listened to this story less receptively, it may be, but for the fact that I had heard the very same experience, almost in the very same words, from the lips of one whose evidence is eminently to be relied upon. With the last breath of the patient she was watching, she had the consciousness that 'something' arose, as if the 'spirit' had made itself cognizable at the moment of quitting its mortal tenement. The coincidence of these two experiences has seemed to me to justify their mention in this place.

Dr. Holmes says of Dr. Clarke: "In the councils of the Faculty his opinion was always listened to with respect, as coming from one of its wisest and most fair minded members." Dr. Clarke and Dr. Holmes, both physiologists and physicians, confirm by their testimonies the experiences of thousands, who though unknown to fame are in many respects as competent as they, to judge as to the indications of spiritual visions occurring to their friends while passing through the change of physical dissolution.

Why should there not be such visions? "In an essay on 'The Riddles of Death,' Frances Power Cobbe says: "According to our common conviction, there is a moment of time when the man whom we have known in his garb of flesh, casts it aside actually, so to speak, before our eyes and 'this mortal puts on immortality' Of course it is quite possible that the natural law of death may be that the departed always sink into a state of unconsciousness and rather dip beneath a Lethe than leap a Rubicon. It is likewise possible that the faculties of a disembodied soul, whatever they may be, may need time and use, like those of an infant, before they can be practically employed. But there is at least a possibility that consciousness is not always lost, but is continuous through the passage from one life to another, and that it expands rather than closes, at the moment when the bonds of the flesh are broken, and the man enters into possession of his higher powers and vaster faculties, symbolled by the beautiful old emblem of Psyche's emancipated butterfly quitting the shell of the chrysalis. In this case there is a certain *prima facie* presumption that close observation ought to permit us occasionally to obtain some brief glimpse, though but of lightning swiftness and evanescence, revealing partially this transcendent change."

That which Miss Cobbe thinks is possible, of which there is *prima facie* presumption, is with the Spiritualists a certainty, and it is substantiated by a cloud of witnesses in every age and in every land. Satisfied that the spiritual is the real and the abiding, and that the spirit in the flesh and the spirit that has departed from its house of clay, are of the same nature, the Spiritualist sees no difficulty in accepting the testimonies of those passing from this to a higher sphere, whose features were clothed with the glory of heaven in recognition of those gone before. With detailed accounts of such visions by the noblest men and women of earth, history and biography abound.

That the ganglia of the brain just before dissolution sometimes show their automatic power, and that this is especially true of the visual apparatus need not be questioned; but multitudes have looked upon faces of departing friends which were lit up with a radiance that transfigured them, accompanied with verbal assurance that these friends were entering a new life of which they had distinct and glorious visions.

THE THEOSOPHIC TURMOIL.

That a Spiritualist in the person of Lady Caithness should by many excellent people of the theosophical society be thought worthy of leadership in the place of the departed Blavatsky has caused no end of dismay and chagrin on the part of the group who hoped to control. The Hairy Men of Ireland, the 'Airy Men of Hingland, the Gnomes, Elementaries and Kobolds of India, Asia and Africa, the Aryan artists of New York, all with one accord protest that the Countess of Caithness is not their choice. They call upon the Antedeluvian Buddhas to remove the accomplished lady; they invoke the curse of Vasishta, and the rod of the chief Guru; and they seek the help of Koot Hoomi to eject the Duchesse de Pomar. The mal-contents demand that the pithecoïd man from Erin shall reign, declaring him the choice of the lamented Helena Petrovsky Blavatsky and the depository of her occult outfit.

It appears from *L'Aurore* for May that no sooner had Madame Blavatsky cut loose from her mortal body than she made haste to cross the channel to Paris and announce in person to her friend Lady Caithness the somewhat important incident. Here is the statement of Lady Caithness translated from *L'Aurore*:

For many years we knew that she (Madame Blavatsky) was ill, but we also knew that in the midst of her sufferings she was pursuing her important labors, and were so much accustomed to see her working from morning to night that we should have considered this condition of things perfectly natural and liable to be prolonged indefinitely. So our surprise was great when one evening, when by chance assembled with two friends at the oratory exclusively dedicated to communion with our Guide of the Circle of the Celestial Star, we received a spirit message from Madame Blavatsky, which announced to us that she had passed into another sphere. This news was confirmed on the following day by the public journals. The reason for which she came so speedily to us was that she desired to prevent her body being subjected to cremation, which she had directed in her will, we believe; for to cite her own words: "Her ego not being yet completely disengaged from matter, she had learned the mistake into which she had fallen," and expressed to us the greatest fear and the greatest horror of this proceeding, saying that it might occasion the loss of her personality. Following her instructions, we wrote immediately to the theosophical society of London; but since then, to our great dismay, we have learned that the ceremony which she so greatly dreaded had been carried out Monday morning, May 11th. We have received a new visit from her, but what she said was of too private and sad a nature to be published in these pages. All that we believe we have a right to say, she has entirely retracted some of the teachings mentioned by the theosophists, and which have reference to spiritual phenomena. I could not help observing to her that her most ardent disciples would hesitate to lend any attention to any message which might be thought to come from her; since they are compelled to consider all phenomena of this class as being produced by phantoms, so that to consider them seriously would be to reject one of her most peculiar teachings and ground arms to the Spiritualists. She seemed much affected by this remark, and vehemently assured us that she was not a phantom, but her own real and veritable ego, and the signs of regret on the subject of "the great error," as she now calls it, an error which she had been influenced to adopt and teach, were too evident for there being any possible doubt that we were communicating with the real spirit of our friend.

Blavatsky's personal followers rose in wrath at the statement of Lady Caithness. They dare not accuse the countess of falsehood so they declared the message to be not from Blavatsky but from her "phantom," and not entitled to credence. In an effort to break the force of the message to Lady Caithness, which had fallen with the paralyzing effects of a thunder bolt,

Franz Hartmann contributes an article to *L'Aurore*. Taking for his text the words of Spirit Blavatsky to her friend, he says: "I am not a phantom" is the reply of every phantom we meet in the world whether he be a light of science, a light of the church or an ordinary member of the great body called humanity. Meanwhile we are surrounded by phantoms, we live in the midst of dead men who walk the streets, and it is rare that we meet a man or a woman who is awakened to the real and eternal life."

Without reflecting upon Hartmann we suppose those in Blavatsky's secrets, those who helped her to fake with alleged mahatmic letters and feats of black magic are, in their own opinion, the only ones entitled to be considered as having "awakened to the real and eternal life;" and that the refined, cultivated, deeply religious sensitive, Lady Caithness, is only a walking corpse. Of course these claimants to the faking accessories of the Blavatsky dynasty will not give allegiance to a gentle refined woman who combines in her person so many of the noble qualities which the world deems essential in the leader of a movement seeking the brotherhood of humanity. No, no! she is but a "phantom" and will not use a cabinet with a hole in the back, nor utter bogus mahatmic letters, nor work hypnotic arts to accomplish the ends sought; and still worse, she is a Spiritualist and a deeply religious woman. Therefore is she unfit to rule the cabal that seeks to use theosophy as a prestige-making machine.

Whatever is good and true in theosophy is not new. It was in modern Spiritualism before the formation of the theosophical society, and scattered through various cults ages before either existed. If there are good doctrines and saving truths whose potencies can be made more active with, and be better assimilated by, some minds if labelled theosophy rather than modern Spiritualism, then let such minds so name them. Let such people come together and by combining facilitate their own spiritual growth and accelerate the progress of the world toward happiness. In such a movement and for such noble purpose the Countess of Caithness with her vast experience, spiritual culture, and great wealth has a splendid field in which to crown the closing years of her earthly career with noble endeavor and lasting good to humanity. If this be her mission, THE JOURNAL wishes her success, and this both from personal regard and interest in every honest effort for the uplift of humanity.

TOTTENESQUE NONSENSE.

It is rather a queer spectacle to see the wild alarmist doctrines of Miller outdone by a professor of Yale College. Miller, the Adventist, was not the equal of Lieut Totten, instructor at Yale, as a mathematical demonstrator of when the end of the world may be looked for, and yet he made more people seriously consider relaxing their grip on this world's goods than will ever figure out Totten's calculations. Not that Totten is a worse type of this sort of enthusiast than Miller was, or that his message is more absurd or his argument more illogical; Totten seems to have devoted to the development of his doctrines abilities that would have done him credit had they been more wisely used. Nor is his method of bringing his warnings to the notice of the public unusual; he runs a literary bureau, and is simply a one-idea man, full of the notion that he has figured out from the Bible that the end of the world must come before 1900. There is as the Springfield *Republican* remarks, but one class of minds which it would seem could possibly be affected by the Tottenesque style of argument or induced to accept his conclusions, and that is a class that has been outside of and uninfluenced by the current of modern thought and scholarship. Men like Talmage, who can boast of their absolute ignorance of what passes under the name of modern scholarship upon these questions, ought to make good disciples for Totten, and the denser their ignorance the better for his following. Another class to whom Totten can successfully appeal is illustrated by that young minister, Mr. Stevens, who is said to have been made insane by accepting Totten's doctrines, under burden of

the thought of his inability to warn the world in time of its doom—a type of one-sided scholarship and incomplete growth, and of a mind still under heavy bondage to the letter. The scholar in the true sense will not listen to Totten; the scientist, who has studied the foundations of the universe and of society and knows how firm they are, certainly will not, nor will the people of active life, who feel the bounding vitality of the time touching them on every side, and know therefrom that the world is yet young.

CHARLES THE RAIN MAKER.

Charles B. Farwell held a seat in the U. S. Senate for many years without adding much lustre to the reputation of the sucker state; but Illinoisans lost not their faith in Charles, they knew that one so expert as a dry goods merchant and poker player would eventually cover the commonwealth all over with glory. Charles has done it. His reputation as a rain maker is fully established. The experiments just finished in Texas prove beyond question the soundness of his theories and the wisdom of his persistent and successful effort to secure a congressional appropriation for the purpose. The cowboys and ranchers of Texas and on all the arid plains of the West are bowing down to Charles I, King of Rain; imploring him to come and rain over them. It is reported that the ex-senator got the idea which has made him the champion rain compeller while studying the science of poker. Discovering that a big bluff usually produced such a vibration in the mental atmosphere of the players as to make them drop their hands and float the "pot" in his direction, he reasoned that a similar commotion in the physical atmosphere would cause it to drop its coveted moisture. The more he studied the psychology of poker the stronger grew his faith that he could bluff the elements and make them come down. In the face of ridicule Charles adhered to his purpose, and the world now hails him as a benefactor. Thus is again proven the beneficence of the great law of evolution, in that from poker has been evolved this drought-dispelling rain-compelling process. Verily, verily there is no evil. Give it time and that which seemeth evil will prove to have been undeveloped good.

Thirty years ago Andrew Jackson Davis maintained a theory identical with Farwell's; but being a seer, and dabbler in things transcendental, and not a power among poker playing mortals, nor even a U. S. Senator, men heeded not his words. Yet he lives to see his theory confirmed, and rain made to fall at the command of man.

In a recent address in this city on the labor question, B. F. Underwood said: The difficulty to-day is not "over-production." The reason that men cannot get the food and clothes they want, is not that there is too much food and clothing, but that these products of labor are not distributed in proportion to the needs of men. Intemperance, extravagance, waste, idleness, no doubt account for the inability of large numbers to supply their needs; but when we see sober and industrious men working for small wages, and in hard times unable to live comfortably, and their employers becoming millionaires in a few years, it requires no large knowledge of economics to see that the reason the products of labor are not more equally distributed, is that capital takes too much and that labor receives too little of the value of its products. Men must come to see this, and since they have the power of making laws in this country, the remedy is in their own hands. They have a right to, and should claim a fair share of the products of their toil. Tirades against wealth, and talk about dynamite, are foolish. The problem must be solved by thought, not by explosions of dynamite, and this should be done while the country is young; and the social conditions are more or less flexible and modifiable. With age comes the hard "cake of custom," and caste, and a fixed order, which only revolution can break up, and the continuance of which often makes progress impossible. There needs to be not simply education, such as our schools supply; there needs to be a more practical education in the applied arts and sciences, a more

profound moral education and the cultivation of habits and relations that will bring men in harmony, that will prevent the development of social distinctions not based upon merit—which are like specializations in the human system that are injurious rather than beneficial—and that will emphasize the noblest qualities of head and heart. What we need is not merely what passes under the name of education, but education that will make man self-reliant and self-helpful. Under our social system, the weak are not killed as among savages. They are assisted, and they perpetuate their bad stock, to which incompetence and poverty are in part due. An education is needed to prevent, not assistance to the needy, but the perpetuation through generations of all the inherited infirmities of centuries. Education must make men helpers in the work of production, either directly or indirectly.

Sarah Bernhardt is a queer woman, and has strange freaks. The last story about her is told by a passenger on the *Monowai*, the ship that took her to Australia. It seems that on one very dark night the tragic actress caused a sensation by declaring that she would climb into the "crow's nest." In vain the captain protested and begged her not to do so during such a heavy sea, but, nothing daunted, she bounded to the topmast. The crew, officers and passengers assembled to watch her descend, and when she stopped half-way down they were scared stiff, lest she should fall. There she stood, clinging to the rigging, with the high wind blowing her skirts, and the ship tossing and plunging through the ocean; there she recited a long poem of Victor Hugo's. After causing sufficient consternation and enjoying the anxiety of her fellow-travelers she descended with the grace and agility of a cat, and smiling her tight little smile, showed her row of pointed, pearly teeth and sped into her cabin.

L. A. Clement, in the Denver *Daily News* replying to denunciations of Spiritualism by J. L. Brandt of that city, quotes the following from Dr. Adam Clarke's comments on the woman of Endor: "I believe there is a supernatural and spiritual world in which human spirits, both good and bad, live in a state of consciousness. I believe that any of these spirits may, according to the order of God, in the laws of their places of residence, have intercourse with this world and become visible to mortals. I believe Samuel did actually appear to Saul, and that he was sent by especial mercy of God to warn this infatuated king of his approaching death."

A little ten-year-old girl came down to breakfast a few mornings ago in a great hurry of excitement, says the *Buffalo Courier*. She said she had had a dream the night before—"such a funny dream." She dreamed a "riddle." Of course all were anxious to know what it was. She said: "What is the difference between a sailor and a landsman?" After a good laugh the child's mother asked her if she dreamed the answer also. She replied that she did, and immediately told the answer given in her funny dream: "The one sails the seas, the other sees the sails!" What do the psychologists say?

Many have a very erroneous opinion as to what liberalism is, says the *Freethinker's Magazine*. They seem to think to be a liberal you must hold to certain opinions. That is more like orthodoxy than liberalism. True liberalism only demands that each individual be perfectly free to hold such opinions as his or her reason indorses, and that they grant to every other person exactly the same liberty. Liberalism does not object to your having a creed of ten times thirty-nine articles, but insists that no part of your creed be binding on any person but yourself.

A commanding officer of a prominent British regiment having requested a drill sergeant to ascertain the religious views of some new recruits, the latter were paraded and the sergeant cried out: Fall in! Church of England men on the right; Roman Catholics on the left; all fancy religions to the rear.



IS SPIRITISM A FAILURE?

By M. C. C. CHURCH.

To Spiritism we give the claim of all that is phenomenal—and this without reference to the moral status of the media through whom the facts transpire. "Spiritualism" is a philosophy—an ethical life founded on law, on the law of man's higher spiritual nature the inspiration of which is Divinity itself. Spiritualism with the better class of Spiritualists means the incarnate truth in Humanity, and this without technical teaching of any kind. Whatever has been wrought out in the experience of the race through all dispensations—dispensations going back to where the "memory of man runneth not to the contrary"—dispensations which include Brahminism, Budhism, Confucianism, Osirianism, Grecianism, Christianity—in a word all the notable epochs of the world's thought and feeling are out-gleams of this incarnate Truth-Goodness; are "specifications" of the one law of its evolution and development. Now the world comes to its scientific adjustment not alone as an ultimate fact of consciousness, but as an external fact of experience. This brings me to consider the question at the head of this article. Is Spiritism a failure?

Near forty years ago the writer became an interested investigator of the phenomena of Spiritism. It was in the days of Professor Hare, Judge Edmonds, Revs. Pierpont, Ferguson, Harris, Brittan, Fishbough and other great lights who had the courage to meet the issue then presented to the world and to affirm that intelligences other than mundane held intelligent converse and communion with mortals. From that day to this, with all the unquestioned facts which have been given to the world, "Spiritism" has never passed beyond this simple fact. There has never been given, so far as I can ascertain, a single demonstration going to prove the identity of the "person" communicating. We have had thousands upon thousands of claims professing to give the "missing link"; but it has never been given. It is claimed that "materialization" proves it. When we understand the law by which materialization is performed we can see at once that the claim is specious. Materialization, so we are told by the intelligent powers who use this form of demonstration, is evolved by the use of the elements furnished by the media in embodied conditions. It is done by the projection of the will force of the operator on the other side. It is never the "person" it is claimed to be except in this representative manner. Then *Cui bono?* This: Children must be attracted by "appearances" in order to lead them to the reality. We have to be educated—educated through deception, through mistakes, through illusion, through all the phases which this strange phenomenon has assumed. To what does the fact bring us? This: To seek by orderly living, by unselfish love, by opening the inner man to the high influences which minister as "intermediates" from the Grand Central Interior to the outmost circumference of man's consciousness—knowing that when we pass the boundary line of sense we no longer hold time relations; but the law of affinity asserts itself whether we ever had external relations—such as father, mother, child—kindred by blood—or not. Therefore Spiritism is not a "failure" when properly understood. Confine it to its "fact" to-wit: The tangible proof—proof beyond question—that a bridge has been built by which mortals, so-called, can converse and commune with immortals. This is all that it makes claim to. Personalities can never be identified by its phenomenalism. What next?

I now come to what to the writer is the grand climactic of this age's psychic achievement. Through all the experiences of the last thirty or forty years the "conditions" have been prepared for a new descent—a new evolution of psychic power. By clearance in the Spirit-world, by the cleansing of our bodies

and spirits, by the influx of Divine Power; by the developments of science in the realm of physics; by the uplift especially of woman and the disenthralment of her spirit by a purer environment, we are gradually coming to where the Angels and finally the glorified Gods—once men, as we are—can come and by the use of the "conditions," the refined electrical conditions, can to "appearance" be with us, converse with us, be partakers of our joys; uplifters of our states; the marriage of earth and heaven! Then we will see the purpose of the great spiritual movement of this age—for this will be its grand achievement—its consummation!

I may be pardoned if I interject a thought in explanation of T. L. Harris' claims;—a personage who, at the moment, is claiming attention after thirty years seclusion from the world and its movement. While I am not a follower of his, I do know something of Mr. Harris' experience and that, to a certain extent, it is veritable. I believe that he has passed a crisis in his physical body which is going to help bring about the "conditions" which will make possible the "appearance" of angels and spirits. He is the first fruits of this new experience; but there are thousands of others who are approaching the point he has attained. The mistake he is making is in claiming that he has achieved physical immortality by the changes, the physical changes, he has passed through. This, in my judgment, is fallacious; and he and his following will find that it is fallacious before proceeding much further. I may have more to say in this direction hereafter.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

PROGRESS OF HUMANITARIAN THOUGHT.

By W. D. R.

A subject of vital importance. None fraught with greater interest to the race. A single paper cannot exhaust it. Some hints may lead those who make it more of a business to continue it into many discourses.

From the epoch in the process of the world's formation, when by the Spirit's movement over the bosom of the dark waters, light sprang forth o'er all the trackless deep, the Spirit's work has been to fructify life and transform the earth for man's enjoyment and highest good. Man's advances, like the transformation of the earth, appear to be in wavelets of evolution. At many epochs the obstructive influences have been very great, making it difficult of decision as to actual progress; rather more of a seeming pose of uncertain stagnation.

Guided by the great universal Spirit the thousands of changes in the affairs of the race appear controlled and shaped for the better. "Come up higher," is the constant encouragement of the Spirit voice of control. Philosophers, poets, prophets and seers have been confined by no means to the Hebrew nation. These educators of the people have been possessed in larger numbers by many nations, equally chosen by the great universal spirit of inspiration. Historians, poets, dramatists and even some of the better kings have been mediums for special spirit control. Old men, and young, mothers and maidens have been gifted to prophesy, dream dreams of premonition, and see visions of future improvement and exaltation for the race.

In the line of Hebraic progress over the course of 5,000 years, from the epoch when they stepped from Egyptian slavery, there have been several important special influxes, when, for a season the regular wavelet assumed the force and volume of the billow. The spirit of progressive power and improvement started into enlarged, renewed movement by Jesus of Nazareth and the handful of his mediumistic, illiterate fishermen, seemed to define more clearly and emphatically the progress of humanitarian thought. But, as if gaining momentum by increased volume and advancement, the few decades since the marvelous manifestations which marked the inauguration of modern Spiritualism show greater spread and power of improving progress than fifty times the number of years before since father Adam's infant days.

For tenderness, benevolence and innate sympathy, expressed toward all peoples, broad and deep humanity, heroism and nobility of character, the spirit that controlled, and spoke through Jesus of Galilee, has no superior; no history exists of a greater, nobler humanitarian. His ethics in practice, promotes and secures the highest, noblest manhood. The philosophy and principles of life for which he as a holy hero died, are not made less valuable by any name applied; nor are they less practical and true if perchance in some form, whole or in part, they are found to be existence before his enunciation and endorsement of them. His daily practice and final submission to death for his strict adherence to them exalts his life as worthy the best efforts of men to copy. Some say that the ethics taught by Jesus are unnatural and impractical; to uncultured nature this is true.

But the very effort to fraternize with men and cultivate feelings of kindness and good will promotes and secures a culture which must make men better, exalt and refine the race. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," "Love thy neighbor as thyself," inculcates a humanitarian principle of social and political equality, fundamental to all good government, and permanent, improving sociology. The greatest impetus these principles have received during these later years is largely owing to increased intelligence among all peoples. An active factor in this has been the powerful influence of the newspaper press of the world. Editors have discovered that it pays to cater to the religious nature of their readers. Frequently we find even in the columns of the secular newspaper the finest sermons, lectures and discourses, the tone of which tends to elevate and humanize the thought and lives of readers. The translation of these thoughts, this diffusion of mind, is more religion in business and more business in our religion. Humanitarian thought permeating all the atmosphere of our surroundings, character is ennobled by humane activities and men and nations are greatly improved. Institutions of learning are increasing in numbers, inaugurated and fostered by citizens of large wealth, and so the printing press, steam, electricity and the vast resources of man's inventive genius and intelligent skill, all contribute to the individual and collective upbuilding of society. And even "secularism," agnostic infidelity, so-called, seems bent on contributing no small share to the predestined progress, moral and social elevation of the race. Herbert Spencer, years ago, when in New York, inculcated principles in close accord with the great "Sermon on the Mount," as did the noble Thomas Paine in the sentiment, "The world is my country, to do good my religion"; the practice of which he found fully set forth in the life history of the gentle Nazarene. The formula only is original; the sentiment is Christian. So is it with much of advanced thought; its expression only has taken on changes in closer touch with modern ideas. The essence of it is the broad humanitarian thought, predicted by prophets, taught and formulated by philosophers, and sung by poets and sages thousands of years ago. And the prevalent disturbed conditions of ecclesiastics and creedmongers, the restive chafing of the theological mind of the world, comes of the struggling and the irrepressible effort of the spirit to free itself from the bondage with which kingly interests and ecclesiastical craft yet trammel the human will. Only the breaking forth again more emphatically of the spirit of human freedom which always imbued the greatest heretic of his times. For "where the spirit of Christ is there is liberty." He was a great liberator and died for his principles.

But among the many expressions of the progress of humanitarian thought are the noble associations for prevention of cruelty to children, animals, etc., and later than these the humanizing charities, which, during the heat of the summer, carry thousands of sickly poor children into the green fields and purer air of the country, thus doubtless saving the lives of very many, who for want of this grateful change would die in the great city slums.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

NOT ASHAMED OF THE GOSPEL.

By F. H. BEMIS.

In THE JOURNAL of July 25th, S. Bigelow, with an apparent air of complacent assurance, declares:

"The whole history of Christianity, from its first organization as a distinct system of religion, has been one of war, brutality, selfishness, repression, oppression and bloodshed. It is based on selfishness, and its fundamental doctrines strike at the very foundation of moral character and a grand and noble manhood. In a careful study of its history I fail to find any prominence given to good works, deeds of kindness or humanitarian labor. It has never recognized the divinity of man, nor exalted righteousness above dogma. And the more 'primitive,' the more crude and anti-humanitarian. Every departure from the original, genuine Christianity of the fathers of the church, every protest and schism, have been steps toward the truth in obedience to the long stifled voice of human reason."

One who professes to know from "careful study," unblushingly affirms that Christianity, as a "system of religion," is one of war, brutality, selfishness and bloodshed—in which he fails "to find any prominence given to good works." To him it is an outgrown system. He has no use for the word Christian. If Mr. B. had made a careful study of Christianity, he would have reached a different conclusion. He would have learned that it gave no countenance to war, brutality, bloodshed or oppression. Christianity in its primitive, uncorrupted simplicity is that system of moral and religious ethics, enunciated by its founder. It is its own, best interpreter. It is not a system of religious dogmas; nor is it ecclesiasticism or sacerdotalism. These are all of them of later date. They are pagan and heathen accretions. Christianity is a spiritual religion. Its fundamental and essential verities are the utterances of the spiritual seer and prophet of the ages. They are in accord with spiritual laws—in harmony with divine and eternal order. "It is based on selfishness," says Mr. B. On the contrary its founder came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. In its uncorrupted and primitive simplicity, it was a system of service and self-sacrifice—of self-surrender and self-abnegation of worldly aims to higher and diviner ends. To the selfish, it said: "Sell all and give to the poor." To the worldly: "Leave all and follow me." "It was a system of war, bloodshed and oppression," says Mr. B. What says the record which has come down to us?

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." "Love your enemies." "Do good to them that hate you." "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him to drink." "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." "Bless them that curse you; bless and curse not."

Again, Mr. B. says: Christianity gives no prominence to "good works, deeds of kindness or humanitarian labor." Shame on those who so misconstrue and represent it. "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." Charity, love, the basis of all "good works, deeds of kindness, and humanitarian labor," is made the crowning glory of the Christian system. "Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; and the greatest of these is charity;" "charity never falleth." If I bestow all my goods to feed the poor and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing—It is recorded that Christ read at Nazareth these words out of the book of Isaiah:

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me
Because he anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor;

He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives,
And recovering of sight to the blind,
To set at liberty them that are bruised,
To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," because it is a gospel of good tidings to the poor. It is related that the "common people heard him gladly."

But, says B., inasmuch as Unitarians deny the deity of Christ, "the one basic claim of the whole system," what right have they "to claim to be the real, genuine Christians?" Unitarians deny the claim that the deity of Christ is any part of the Christian system, or that it has any warrant in the New Testament. Uni-

tarians believe that the spiritual truths promulgated by Christ are true because in harmony with the laws of the spiritual universe. They are not true because promulgated, but promulgated because true—eternally true. They have been dimly perceived, in broken gleams, by the seers and prophets of all ages. They are common to all spiritual religions. They are an inspiration to all true "reformers," all "champions" of human right—the genius of every "good deed, noble act, manly motive or effort."

The class of Spiritualists which Mr. B. voices should remember that bigotry and intolerance are often apparent among those who make the loudest pretension to liberality and advanced thought. If such would but cultivate more of the spirit of the Christian graces—especially of that "charity which suffereth long and yet is kind"—the term "Christian" would be less repulsive to them. The ethics of Christianity, as inculcated in the New Testament, are the ethics of Spiritualism. They are common to all religions. They grow and thrive in varying degrees of vigor and development, and bloom in all the flower gardens of the soul. And I make answer:

Truth is one;
And in all lands beneath the sun,
Whoso hath eyes to see may see
The tokens of its unity.
No scroll of creed its fullness wraps.
We trace it not by school-boy maps,
Free as the sun and air it is
Of latitudes and boundaries.
In Vedic verse, in dull Koran,
Are messages of good to man;
The angels to our Aryan sires
Talked by the earliest household fires;
The prophets of the elder day,
The slant-eyed sages of Cathay,
Read not the riddle all amiss
Of higher life evolved from this;
Nor doth it lessen what he taught,
Or make the gospel Jesus brought
Less precious, that his lips retold
Some portion of that truth of old;
Denying not the proven seers,
The tested wisdom of the years;
Confirming with his own impress
The common law of righteousness.

REMINISCENCES.

By Mrs. J. M. STAATS.

CHAPTER XIV.

MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE CARY SISTERS.

Returning from a short vacation in the autumn of 1869, I found amongst many others the cards of Phoebe Cary and Mrs. Swift, and an accompanying note saying they would be at my home the following day. I looked forward with no small degree of pleasure to meeting Phoebe Cary, whose sweet songs had made me feel that she was not a stranger. They came as expected, and I learned that Mrs. Swift was the youngest of the Cary sisters. Being in poor health, she had left her western home to pass the winter in New York, thinking the air and climate more favorable to her malady. An unmistakable evidence of consumption made her dark eyes more lustrous and gave to her cheeks the false coloring so deceptive and flattering, but naught could disguise the ominous hacking cough or hide the quickened breathing which so plainly shows the effort nature is making when its vital forces are endangered by such a subtle foe.

Mrs. Swift already understood her condition, and was anxious to have corroborated through another, further proof of the reality of the home toward which she was so rapidly journeying. I was not surprised to learn that both my guests were believers in the continued progress of the spirit, Phoebe being very mediumistic, also Mrs. Swift.

Our séance was a delightful one. How could it be otherwise? They asked no positive test, demanded no proofs, seeming to know all that was required to make them realize that they were surrounded by a cloud of witnesses, whose gracious presence made the hour sacred and the place holy. Father, mother, sisters and friends came in response to the spirits of the living who had called from the great depths of

affection. Deep was answering unto deep, telling of the home in the house of many mansions, filled with the Father's love, "Remember, my children," wrote their father, "if it were not so he would have told you." They addressed Mrs. Swift by her Christian name, Elmenia, and spoke of her speedily approaching departure from earth life; promised to be near and with her, assuring her of their guidance and telling how their presence would illumine the dark valley so that the shadow of death need have no terror.

Mrs. Swift talked with her spirit friends of her near dissolution, as one would speak of a short journey where home and friends awaited to welcome her.

Phoebe folded her arms across her bosom, closed her eyes, and with deep earnestness spoke of the joy which filled her soul with gratitude and love to God who had thus so plainly made her to understand these later evidences of a blissful immortality. "I honor the church," said she, "and am duly thankful for its teachings as far as they have carried me. I climbed the ladder as far as I could go; when I reached the top I looked in vain for the evidences of faith so long hoped for, and only found the substance of things not seen, when to my waiting spirit came the answering echo in the form of spirit communion. I grasped it as one would when in the dark depths of doubt. It seemed like two strong hands outstretched to me which I was safe to trust. It did not deprive me of religion; on the contrary it made a stronger basis for me whereon to place all that before had depressed and disturbed me; in fact, it has made the future life, a desirable certainty, and I know that I have gored nearer the great Central Soul in my spirit and understanding also."

Here she proceeded to narrate an early experience of her own when she had seen the spirit of some member of her family, at a time of great affliction, the circumstance and particulars of which are told by Robert Dale Owen in "Debatable Land." After a very delightful séance she remarked to me, that she knew "the subject was an unpopular one, particularly with the churches, but they cannot longer say that Spiritualism is not respectable since you and I are believers in its truth."

I became very fond of the sisters, visited them often, and held many enjoyable séances at their charming home. Mrs. Swift's rapidly failing health making it impossible for her to go out, made my visits more frequent. I had come to look on her as one so near the portal of that other life, that but the wafting of a breath would swing the door a little wider open so that she could pass through without a last good-by, so sure were we that she could return to us, and so little of the earthly had she to lay aside. She was lying on a couch, one side of which was against the wall, upon which directly above her hung a large engraving of Landseer's "Children of the Mist," a group of deer huddled together and looking into the mist which envelops them. Those familiar with this charming picture will undoubtedly recall the masterly style of the great artist. To hide the tears which I could not keep back, as the end was so rapidly approaching, I had gazed at this picture. She asked gently, pressing my hand, "What do you see?" Without taking my eyes from the point of attraction I replied, "The picture, it is so fine."

Drawing me closer she whispered with greater energy, "Oh! yes, without our new-found truth, we were all children of the mist. What can be more beautiful. Without this knowledge, death would indeed be a leap into darkness."

This was the last I heard her say. In removing her from the couch to the bed a severe hemorrhage was brought on which no effort could stay. Mrs. Swift had made all the arrangements for her funeral, requested her friends, the late Doctor Hallock and Oliver Johnson, to say whatsoever they thought proper, and earnestly hoped that all semblance of sorrow and mourning would be avoided so that no shadow of gloom would mark the occasion of her birth into spirit-life. Oliver Johnson's remarks were very tender and appropriate, uttered from the depths of his manly nature—full of the grander evidences that came from his own knowledge of a beautiful immor-

tality. Those knowing Dr. Hallock can appreciate the earnestness of his tribute, prompted by affection and friendship, on such an occasion.

Alice and Phoebe Cary used to say they never felt Mrs. Swift's presence when at her grave in Greenwood; on the contrary they were assured of her welcome when returning from the place where her body reposed. "In fact," said Alice, "she seemed to join us as one who awaited to approve of what we had done at our burial plot, talking it over with us, making such suggestions as were proper and in harmony with our wishes."

After a long and painful illness Alice Cary passed into a peaceful slumber, in which her spirit departed—such being the way she had earnestly desired to go. In my last conversation with her, she assured me that her faith had never weakened nor wavered. "What else have we to make us desire immortality?" she would ask, "and what greater proof do we need? I know for myself that I am not deluded nor deceived; the uncertain future no longer disturbs me. I once saw through a glass darkly; I now see my friends face to face. My dear mother has spoken to me and others are with me." Speaking of her mother she said:

"Ofttimes when my faith is strongest and best,
She comes in her bright immortality dressed."

"Others may not see her, but she understands how to make herself known to me as only a mother can."

"When I realize how many are there, I understand how natural it is that their love is greater, and that very soon a preponderance of affection must draw us to them," Phoebe remarked.

"But you leave love here."

"Ah! yes," she replied, "but I go to a stronger love, and will make one more to attract you."

Phoebe, the last of the three with whom I was acquainted, was very dear to me. Her bright genial spirit was capable of so many rapidly changing moods, that one had to study and analyze very cleverly to discover what mischievous, merry sprite attended her when she wrote,

"There are poles of bean vines in Benjamin's bower."

And what grave and solemn chords were attuned to devotion when she gave her inspiration in the following language:

"One sweetly solemn thought comes to me o'er-and o'er,
I am nearer home to-day than I ever was before;
Nearer my Father's house, where the many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne, nearer the crystal sea,
Nearer the bounds of life, where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving the cross, nearer gaining the crown."

Phoebe Cary's death was a great surprise to her friends, from the fact that she had nothing in her organization or appearance to lead one to suspect that she was so soon to follow her sisters. I was struck with the reply of the nurse who accompanied Phoebe and who was present at her demise.

"Sure," said she, "it was homesick she was. She had no fever. Miss Alice was calling her to come, and she went. She was too lonely away from them all."

Every attempt I made to gain information concerning her last illness was to the same effect, leaving me to feel and think that the greater preponderance of love had indeed drawn her to the circle which required this one link to become complete again.

After the death of Phoebe Cary, Mrs. Clymer, a niece of the Misses Cary, living in Cincinnati, came to New York to make some arrangement whereby the house and furniture could remain intact until such time as the estate should be settled. Knowing that Mrs. Clymer was in poor health I consented to take the house and care for it, a task which, had I known what it implied, I never should have undertaken. What I am about to relate would have made a sensation and given the once charming home of the poetical sisters, the reputation of being haunted. I sincerely hope the present occupant and owner may never read my story. If, however, such should be the case no doubt he has been in undisturbed possession so long that the causes which probably led to the peculiar results during the occupancy of my family have been removed.

I took with me two very excellent servants, both of whom had been several years in the service of my family, and were in every way reliable; quite above the average Irish girl of to-day. One was a very matter-of-fact, intelligent, and fairly well educated girl, without a grain of fear or imagination in her nature; the other, stolid and truthful, was minded only to work and lay up her wages; the last person to believe in ghost, or fairy. We had been in the house about a month, when my attention was called by my mother to certain noises which she had heard during the night. "Why," said she, "does Mr. Staats go up and down stairs with his heavy boots on?" To my reply that she was mistaken about his going out of the room at hours named by her, she declared that she knew his step and had heard the doors open and close. This she continued to hear and insisted that the tramping and squeaking of the boots were louder than ever on the bare floors above her. To convince her of her mistake we went up to the room whence the sound proceeded, and to her astonishment she saw the floor covered with a heavy body Brussels carpet under which was the usual lining. Feeling great satisfaction at convincing my mother of her mistake, matters went on their usual way; and my annoyances became entirely material from the fact that one of the secular papers had given an illustrated account of the home of the Cary sisters. It required a good portion of our time to attend to sight-seers whose curiosity led them to the house. Not only did they ask to see; frequently we were compelled to stand guard over books, small pictures and bric-a-brac which, in some cases parties declared they had recently given and would like to have returned. In fact I was obliged to have a card printed and put up in the library to the effect that, "no books or other articles could be taken away without a written order from the executors." This to protect the servant in my absence, she having assured me she could not deny the books where parties claimed them as their property. No sooner had the curiosity seekers ceased to trespass upon us, when again the tramping, and banging of doors commenced with renewed frequency and vigor. Nor was it now confined alone to my mother's observation, Mr. Staats and myself became watchers, feeling quite sure we could catch the intruder, who with heavy, shambling tread plodded up and down the stairs, opening and closing doors which led to the large drying room at the top of the house; to which apartment there was no way of access, save through the interior, the scuttle being reached by a portable ladder through the store room, which room we never allowed to be unlocked as it contained much of value belonging to the estate. The house has a French roof and it was not approachable from any of the adjoining residences.

Our watching and waiting brought no solution, nor did the strange noises abate, on the contrary our visitors became more frequent guests; voices were heard in different rooms at times when no one could possibly have been near, parts of old hymns were sung—the voice sounding like an old fashioned choir; the words being drawn with a nasal twang were sometimes quite distinct.

"There is a Land of Pure Delight," would as a rule be the favorite. After the first line the tune would go on slightly indistinct, then louder coming in waves until it died away. My mother, Mr. Staats and I kept our secret carefully guarded from the two domestics, who we somehow feared began to notice something wrong, as we had frequently found them whispering together, and one would not retire for the night without the other going up with her. I cannot say I was surprised when the chambermaid came to me one morning, her eyes filled with tears, pale and affrighted. To my question "Are you ill?" she replied "No ma'am, it's not sick I am or frightened, but, Mrs. Staats, I am so sorry you ever came into this house." "Is the work too hard for you? What is it?" "There is something very wrong intirely in this house." She added, turning to leave the room, still crying; my mother passed her, stepping quickly towards me—she asked "What is the matter with Mary?"—that being the name of the girl. "Did that colored man go up to

their room and frighten them? The rascal, I thought he went up stairs." "Mother" said I "what are you talking about? there has been no colored or white man here." "Very likely I don't know a black man when he opens the door and puts his head in my room when my gas is burning." Here again I attempted to convince my mother that it was a mistake or a dream that seemed real. "Not so," said mother, "I was not in bed. I heard him go through the hall and up-stairs; I thought he was looking for Mr. Staats." It was impossible to attempt further explanation as night after night brought the same noises, and the same tramping up and down stairs, Mr. Staats sometimes leaving the door of our bedroom ajar, that he might catch the disturber; all without avail as nothing was ever seen, although our hall was lighted and the gas left burning through the night.

One morning after the usual tramping of the night I found my cook pale and trembling; she came to me to give notice that she should leave when her month was up; "Why do you leave?" I asked, looking at her as composedly as possible; she returned my gaze with a peculiar expression which plainly implied that I knew why she was going! She however did not mean to answer or explain until I insisted upon knowing, when to my great surprise she informed me that she would not live where a "colored naygur" could walk into her room every night and that, too when her door was locked. To argue the matter was of no avail. She declared that she would not remain in the house if I would pay her fifty dollars a month, assuring me at the same time that she had always liked us and regretted to leave, but that the house was all wrong and uncanny, "bad luck" was in it and she was so sorry that we ever "came to it." Mary, the chambermaid, after living six years in our family, also left for the same reason, both protesting that they had seen the "naygur"; he had put his head in the door, meanwhile the door had been locked and barricaded with stand, bureau and chairs; they had prayed and hung up bottles of holy water, from which their room had been generously sprinkled, and kept candles burning; all to no purpose, the black "devil" was there just the same, and how he got in and out was the question, but he did go through or out of the door. So we lost two of the best servants ever in our employ.

After their departure followed a series of trials with servants; out of some dozen or more I secured a bright young Irish girl as chambermaid who could bring with her a cousin "lately landed." She had no city reference, but had been cook at home in a gentleman's family. Wearied with girls with the "best of reference," I gladly welcomed one who had none; so Bridget, the "lately landed cousin," was duly installed in her first kitchen in America. Tidy and good-natured and very pretty in the full possession of health, Bridget gave fair promise of filling the requirements expected at her fair plump hands. Not one of the household had mentioned the noises which still nightly continued, and as yet the new servants had not shown any knowledge of the presence in the attic of our trampler. One evening, after a great noise the night before, I was to have my usual interview with Judge Edmonds. As yet no person outside my family had been told of the noises, knowing that a relation of them would be magnified; it was hoped we should sometime be relieved of the annoyance and avoid publicity. However, finding myself in a state of confusion quite the reverse of conditions usually present when sitting with the Judge, I was perforce obliged to narrate the cause, believing it to exist in the fact of the constant disturbance. The Judge listened attentively remarking at the same time, "My impression is that he is here and will tell his own story if given opportunity. Who are you and what can we do for you?" asked the Judge. Presently my hand began to move and in a slow and erratic manner was written, "I am Sampson Hedges, (or Hodges). I cum wid de Colonel. I was scout for him in de Dismal Swamp. I followed de Colonel heah an I gwine to stay right in dis house until he cum heah agin." The Judge knew, as did I, the Colonel of whom Sampson spoke, but as neither of us had heard him speak of a scout, or Sampson, the only way was to await the

Colonel's coming, as he was at that time a resident of Maryland, just where we did not know.

We told Sampson that he was welcome to remain if he would be a little more quiet and not disturb and frighten the servants; this however he would not promise. "I am doing you a great favor, missus," said he, "if I drive dem Irish tings away. I can find good colored help for you. It will keep me busy pas-de time till de Colonel comes. He will be here mighty soon now." Sampson kept up his nightly rounds, filling his time more industriously than ever, nor was he unsuccessful in his attempt to drive the "Irish tings" out of the house. The first to complain was Bridget, who came to me with no small show of indignation, asking why the boss "tramped about the attic all the night?" "Sure," said she, "I've not slept a blessed wink all night, and it's not the first night, by many. Does he think we are thaves entirely and it's up there watchin' us he is?" I tried to convince her of her mistake, as Mr. Staats had not been out of his room or bed during the night, regretted that she entertained a thought of our regarding them dishonest, etc., etc., told her that the noise she had heard was undoubtedly rats, which were very large in this country. This explanation lasted a short time, but the crisis finally came when a few mornings after my fancied satisfactory explanation, *i. e.* rats, both servants were going to leave, and that at once. They knew who it was that had walked the attic every night; he had entered their room and put his black hands on Bridget's throat and told her he would choke her to death if she staid another night in the house. "Oh, worra, worra," she cried, "that I should cross the ocean to be trated like this."

I saw the poor girl was in a terrible fright, which I tried to calm, asking her to tell me all about it, how the person looked, etc. "Ah," said she, "very dark the likes of a naygur sure." After further questioning I told Bridget that I believed what she was telling me, so by degrees I gained from her a very remarkable history of herself.

She had been a medium at home, had cost her family a deal of money to have the evil spirit exorcised. "Indade," said she, "I was told if I came to America and said my prayers at midnight when half way over the sea they would leave me intirely, but they did not, and I shall have to use all the money that ye are payin' me to go to the Father's beyont in Hoboken." She told me that she had seen her own clothing burlt to ashes, hanging side by side with other garments that were not even scorched. "It is the curse of an old woman that follows me," said she. "I refused to give her some milk from me pail, when she said she was starved with the thirst." Another incident related by Bridget was to this effect: A neighbor at home had told her that she would see him in America in less than three months, who when he was asked if he would be crossing, replied "no, but you will see me all the same." Bridget declared that she saw this man standing in the window of her room; that she went towards him, when he spoke to her telling her he had kept his word. A few days after this occurrence Bridget received a paper from home, in which was a notice of the drowning by accident of the man. If the man had been a young one Bridget might have been dreaming as did Mary, whose lover, Sandy, asked her to weep no more for him, but not so; in her case the spirit was a friend of her father. It was months before I saw Bridget again; her red cheeks gone, her rollicking easy manner departed, she looked at least ten years older, her wages were gone and so were her tormentors, "plaze God," she hoped forever. As the time of leaving the house drew near I made only one other attempt at securing help and that one was with the understanding that she should sleep at her own home. Although freed from the complaints of servants our colored friend was by no means silent; on the contrary he made his wants known to this effect, that there were ladies present in spirit who wanted us to hold "weekly meetings." Strange to say, Mrs. Hallock, without previous knowledge of the manifestations, came to me a day or two after Sampson's request, and informed me that the same request had been made to her,

MARVELOUS SKILL OF THE SNAKE CHARMERS.

Herrmann, the great prestidigitateur, who has been traveling in India, does not think much of the mango trick, but he says that the feats of snake charming which he witnessed were remarkable and defy detection.

When I was at Allahabad [he writes in the San Francisco *Examiner*] a fellow came into my room with nothing on but a breech-clout and said: "Plenty big snake here, sahib; plenty big snake in room."

I told him to go off, that I had seen all his snake tricks and did not want to be bothered, but he insisted upon it that there were plenty of snakes in the room, so I told him to go ahead and call them out if there were any.

He stood up in the middle of the room and began to play on a sort of flute he had with him. Now, mind you, there was no furniture in the room but a cot bed and three or four chairs. He had not played two minutes before I saw the sheet on the bed rise up till it looked like a small tent, and then an enormous cobra crawled out and coiled itself on the floor with its head erect and its tongue darting out in anger. In another instant I saw snakes crawling from all corners of the apartment, and they placed themselves alongside their companion. The fakir, still playing on his flute, led the way to the door and the snakes followed him. He paused at the threshold, and they reared their heads in anger. Just as I was beginning to get nervous another fakir crept up behind them and cut their heads off with a sharp sword which he carried.

Now, I have no other explanation for this trick than that the snakes were trained to wind themselves around the bodies of the men underneath the breech-clout. When they entered my apartment my attention was attracted to the spokesman, not to his companion, and he might have placed the snakes in the room while I was watching the flute-player. This is my only explanation.

I have often been asked if I did not think that hypnotism could offer an explanation of some of the tricks done by Hindoos. Well, I do know that mesmerism, which is really a form of hypnotism, is yet in its infancy, and that the future will show wonderful results in this branch of occultism. It seems incredible, however, that one man should possess the power of hypnotizing two or three hundred people, as there are sometimes around a fakir in India. Hypnotism is a profound subject, and I do not pretend to solve it. I can only add that everything is in favor of the oriental fakir—his surroundings, the condition of the people, who have already put themselves in a state of awe and expectation, which condition could not exist had these self-same fakirs been compelled to appear in one of our brightly illuminated theatres with no opportunity for a score of assistants to aid them in their work.

A MORTAL OFFENSE.

"How old is that boy, madam?" asked a street-car conductor of a woman who had not offered to pay fare for a big, fat youth who looked as though he would soon need a shaving outfit, says the *Free Press*.

"How old is he?" snapped the woman in a sharp and offended tone. "He's old enough to tend to his own bizness, anyhow, and that's what some folks on this car ain't."

"I guess he's old enough to pay car fare, then, and I'll take five cents, please."

"Oh, you will, will you, smarty? Well, I want you to distinctly understand, sir, that I didn't say he wasn't old enough to pay fare, and I don't propose to sit here and be insulted by any sassy conductor! It wasn't my bizness to yell out the child was past five years old the minute I got into the car, and because I didn't do it I'm to sit here and be called a swindler and an impostor and a person of general bad character, am I? I'll let you know that you are dealing with a lady, sir, and one that don't intend being run over by nobody. I know what my rights are and I know that folks don't have to carry a banner or put a placard on a child saying that 'This child is five years old,' when they get on the horse cars, and they ain't expected to get down on their bended knees and beg and implore conductors to take fares for children past five years old, as you seem to think I ought to have done, but which I didn't do and which I haven't the least idea of doing for you, nor for nobody like you, and I propose taking your number, sir, and making complaint to the company about the way I've been insulted and put upon and made appear like a common thief just because I don't attend to your own bizness for you, and if I should tell my husband of this your life wouldn't be safe a minute—"

She went on like that for ten blocks, without paying the boy's fare, and then, while the poor, dazed conductor was staring at her, she grabbed the boy by the hand and raced out, saying,

"Come on, Claudy; this is our street, and we'll get

off before this miserable conductor heaps any more of his vile abuse upon us. But he'll hear from me through the comp'ny before he's six hours older—sassy, impudent thing that he is!"

Man does not come into his full inheritance at the beginning of his existence. It is a fact of exceeding significance that, at the beginning of embryonic life, our bodies consist of nothing more than a single cell, precisely similar to the minute organisms with which life began upon the earth. It is as if man acknowledged the debt which he owes to these primordial living beings. But it is not only to the primal form of life that he makes this confession of affinity; for, as is well known, the successive stages of embryonic development represent the succession of type forms of animal life as they appeared upon the earth. Thus, man comes into his inheritance by degrees. At the beginning of his existence he possesses the characters of the primal forms of life; a little latter, those of the second life-period—such as belong to the lower animals; still latter, those of the third life-period—such as belong to the higher grade of animals. At a considerable time before birth he has already come into possession of all the animal qualities, and at birth the human physical characters are present. Then follows a more perfect development of the physical characters, and at the same time the acquirement of the higher human characteristics—the power of speech and the mental and moral faculties. Thus, in the unfolding embryo and in the growing child we have recorded in dim but unmistakable characters the history of the life of the earth.—*Prof. James H. Stoller, in the Popular Science Monthly.*

It is a very old observation that a dominant idea is valuable in controlling the human being, says the *Century*, and whether it be in the bearing of pain or in the devotion which leads the Turk to die contentedly before the Russian bullets, belief is a factor that may be turned to great advantage. Indirectly, Christian science may prove an aid to medical science. The intelligent physician of to-day could receive no greater aid in the scientific practice of his profession than to be emancipated by his patients from the obligation invariably to prescribe a drug. When people are willing to employ physicians to order their lives so that they may live in health, the custom which binds the physician to prescribe something for his patient will be unnecessary. As we have become more civilized this state of affairs is gradually coming into place; but there still lingers the expectation that the doctor's visit means drugs. Christian science and faith-cure, more refined than the spiritualistic beliefs which have preceded them, form an interesting study in mental pathology, and mark an advance from the grosser stage of table-tipping and magnetic doctors to a recognition of the fact that among the weapons employed by the scientific physician of to-day an appeal to a determined purpose to overcome pain is worthy of a place beside antiseptics and anodynes and tonics.

Bulwer was a Spiritualist long before Spiritualism became an accepted term, which only began with the Rochester knockings, in 1848. I dined with him when he was living at Craven Cottage on the banks of the Thames. Brougham was one of the party. We were to meet Alexis, then a lad known as a clairvoyant. When the bell rang, Bulwer, accompanied by two or three of his friends, left the room to receive him. In the hall was a card tray. Bulwer took from it a dozen or so of cards and placed them in his pocket. After dinner Alexis went into a trance, Bulwer placed his hand in his pocket and before withdrawing it asked whose card he held; the answer, after a brief pause, was given correctly. The experiment was repeated at least a dozen times—always correctly. Alexis was a French boy who had been but a few days in England. The cards were all those of Englishmen, Clairvoyance was a term that probably most of the guests there heard for the first time.—*S. C. Hall.*

"He did not wish to know what is the life after death, what the internal man, what heaven and hell, what the Divine is other than dead nature, what Providence is other than the blind fate of nature and chance. He had confirmed himself against these. But because the imaginative power which he possessed in the body still remains, therefore he learns and teaches there how various things can be created, such as birds, mice, cats, also human infants. He does this by a working-up and formation of some mass and then by means of ideas of thoughts, there thence appear such things. For, in other life, thought can represent such things with any one; but it is a something aerial that appears thus, and nothing real. He was shown that all others, by means of imagination and pt antasy, can present a similar effect, and this is child's play; but still, he continues, as if stupid, to fashion such things, and new ones, from his mass."—*Svedenborg's "Spiritual Diary," 4,722.*



MY NEW NEIGHBORS.

BY JULIA GRAY BURNET.

Near my vine-clad, open window
I dreamily lingered one day;
Watching the sunshine and shadow
Fast chasing the leaves in their play.

The soft, balmy air of the morning,
Deliciously fragrant and sweet—
Assisted nature's adorning
When the bright and beautiful meet.

The buds and blossoms seemed wooing
Each other with gentle caress;
The breeze whispered low while cooling,
The leaves answered back with a kiss.

I did not intend to harken
To any confession of love;
Nor thought how the vine might darken
The window, beneath and above.

But here, with musical flutter,
A couple came close to my bower;
I heard through the half-open shutter,
A whisper of love and its power.

Their words, I cannot just tell you,—
For that would be wrong, I suppose—
Lovers they were, I assure you—
And everything, "coleur-de-rose."

They spoke of a call on the parson
That morning, with other young friends;
A knot had been tied—to fasten
Them both till the summer time ends.

And then, they spoke of their home-life
In just such a bower as this;
He called her "his love"—"his sweet wife"—
And—I think—he gave her a kiss.

Object—to such neighbors I could not,
When they wanted their home near mine;
If they were happy—who would not
Be pleased with their nest in the vine.

And now they sing at my window,
Their matin and vesper each day;
And fit with the sunshine and shadow
Of the leaf, on the carpet, at play.
—WASHINGTON, D. C.

I wish that every one of you, writes Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, may try to realize during the new year that you are growing hour by hour, day by day, week by week, month by month and year by year, to be like your thoughts. Whatever you are thinking most about, however secretly, or unknown to those about you, you are becoming in soul. If you are fretting over household matters constantly and worrying over trifles, your thoughts are like little sharp knives scraping away and reducing your souls to half their original size. If you are hiding selfish and jealous thoughts in your breast, they are forming a green mold over your soul which will cause it to wither and decay. If you are entertaining sad, despondent and gloomy thoughts, they are shutting your soul in a box where it is slowly suffocating.

Perhaps you will tell me that your circumstances and surroundings render it impossible for you to do other than to worry, fret and be despondent. I tell you it is not so. Remember that if no one in the world was cheerful save those who had nothing to worry about, there would be no cheerful people. The most cheerful and unselfish woman I ever saw was one who had sorrow and worries enough for a dozen lives. You can change the nature of your thoughts if you are willing to try. No matter if your heart seems weighed down with trouble, say to yourself the first thing in the morning, and over and over during the day, "God, in the original word, meant good. God rules—there is nothing for me to fear." No matter how gloomy you feel, say, "I am cheerful, joyous, contented!" Say it over and over, and all at once you will find new thoughts enlarging your soul and changing your life.

Mrs. Gladstone, whose last milestone on the road of time marked 76, is a notable example of a true helpmate. Her distinguished husband owes much of his success to the solace and comfort of his wife's presence and council. Dickens said somewhere that he owed to his mother his great desire for learning. Despite the pinching poverty by which she was surrounded, she taught her children the great advantages of learning, and taught them the rudiments of English and Latin. Miss Dorothea Dix began her philanthropic work as far back as 1834. She was at the head

of the women nurses during the war. Among the self-made women of our day may be mentioned Sarah Bernhardt, Lucy Larcom, Adelaide Neilson, Charlotte Cushman, Jenny Lind, Maria Mitchell, Minnie Hauk, and many others who have overcome, in many instances, seemingly insurmountable obstacles, and pushed their way to fame.

USEFUL LIVES ENDED HERE.

During the past week the Angel of Death has been unusually busy among representative people who were readers of or contributors to *THE JOURNAL*, having claimed four who were widely known for their useful lives and great services to humanity.

DR. LYMAN C. DRAPER.

Lyman C. Draper, M. A. LL. D., whose serious illness was lately announced in *THE JOURNAL*, passed to the higher life at 9 o'clock on the evening of August 26, from Madison, Wisconsin. In its announcement of his transition *The Wisconsin State Journal*, published at Madison says:

"Friday, August 14, he complained to Dr. C. F. Harrington, the clairvoyant physician, that he was feeling unwell and that gentleman made an examination resulting in the declaration that the patient was threatened with paralysis. The next day, Saturday, there was an affection of the right side and the right arm was partially crippled. He still kept up, however, and was about the house. Sunday the stroke extended up the side to the head and affected the lower jaw and muscles of the throat, so that it was with difficulty that he articulated. He stated that he believed this was his last illness and transacted such business as was necessary to arrange his affairs on this earth satisfactorily. He said he thought he would live until the 27th of the month, however, as he remembered a vision which he had seven years ago in which he was informed that he would die August 27th. He did not catch the year that was given. This is deemed a peculiar coincidence. It lacked a few hours of the 27th of August when the dark-robed messenger summoned him.

"Lyman C. Draper was born at the mouth of Eighteen Mile creek, on the shore of Lake Erie, in the town of Hamburg, Erie county, N. Y., on September 14, 1815. The Drapers of colonial days were loyal sons of freedom-loving pioneers, and Mr. Draper's paternal grandfather, Jonathan Draper, served in the revolutionary war in the main army under Washington. His ancestors on his mother's side were equally loyal, his mother's father being killed in the defense of Buffalo against the British on December 30, 1813. His own father was a gallant soldier, fighting through the war against the right of search, and being twice taken prisoner by the British on the Niagara frontier.

"In the autumn of 1830 Mr. Draper entered the Hudson River Seminary, in Columbia county, N. Y., and after a year took up his residence at Alexander, Genesee county, N. Y. In 1840 Mr. Draper went to Pontotoc, Miss., where he edited a paper for a short time, after a year leaving the printing office for a farm. In 1842 he went to Buffalo, living in turn in Mississippi, at Baltimore and near Philadelphia. In 1852 he came to Madison, having married the widow of his friend and patron, Mr. Remsen.

"In the fall of 1857 Mr. Draper was chosen state superintendent of public instruction, an office which he held three years. He was the father of the school library system. Forty years ago Granville college conferred on Mr. Draper the honorary degree of Master of Arts, and in 1871 the University of Wisconsin that of LL. D. He was either an honorary or corresponding member of every historical society in the United States. When but eighteen

years old, Mr. Draper began historical writing. He made repeated journeys in the interest of his work, and since 1840 these journeys aggregate some 65,000 miles—by public conveyance, on horseback, and on foot—with knapsack and notebook, interviewing the companions and descendants of such men as Dunmore, Andrew Lewis, Clark, Boone, Kenton, Shelby, Sevier, the Campbells, Brady, the Wetzels, Tecumseh, and the famous Joseph Brant, of the Mohawks. In this way he secured an unequalled historical collection of original diaries, maps, notes and manuscripts, filling about 250 manuscript volumes, and covering the whole sweep of the Anglo-American settlement and border warfare of the west from the first fight in the Virginia Valley, in 1742, to the death of Tecumseh at the Thames in 1813. In his search for information Dr. Draper on one journey traveled 800 miles on foot. Once his feet became so sore that he was obliged to crawl for miles on his hands and knees to a settlement. Scores of times his life was in danger by swollen streams, in snagged steamers and from falling trees; but he never faltered in his effort to clear up some obscure point in the life of one of his heroes. One of the most remarkable things in connection with Dr. Draper's active life is that he has written few books. Nearly all his works are still in manuscript form.

"Dr. Draper's greatest labor, aside from his historical research and writing, was performed while secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, a position to which he was appointed in 1854, after serving a year on the executive committee. He held the position thirty-three years and was succeeded in 1887 by Reuben G. Thwaites, of *The State Journal* editorial force.

"Twenty years ago Dr. Draper was a deacon in the Baptist church in this city. At about that time he visited Indiana and came back a Spiritualist by reason of manifestations which he said he could not deny. Since then he has adhered to this belief, and that he was honest therein cannot be doubted. He was wont to declare to his intimate friends, especially those who believed as he did, that every day he saw something to more than ever convince him of the correctness of his peculiar faith. Notwithstanding the tenacity with which he adhered to his faith, however, he was neither obtrusive nor bigoted, but treated all men with equal courtesy.

From an extended sketch of the illustrious departed, published in *The Madison Democrat*, we clip the following:

"In 1887 Mr. Draper declined re-election to the position in the Historical Society that he had held so long, and was made honorary secretary, which position he held till the time of his death. For the past four years he lived very quietly, devoting most of his time to literary work and still maintaining an active interest in the society he had done so much to establish. Mr. Draper's first wife died some years ago, and in October, 1889, he was married to Mrs. Hoyt, a former Madison lady, but at the time a resident of Cheyenne, Wyoming. She survives him, though afflicted with an incurable disease. Neither union was followed by children. An adopted daughter died over twenty years ago."

In a double-leaded editorial in the same issue *The Democrat*, under the heading of "A Useful Life," pays a beautiful tribute to the memory of the deceased, as follows:

"The death of Dr. Lyman C. Draper ends a career which posterity will cherish as one of the most useful this state has ever witnessed. Few men have possessed the peculiar genius as a collector that was the marked characteristic of his make-up. The work he performed was a prodigious one. It is embraced in the Wisconsin Historical Society's collections, a magnificent accumulation of the treasures of history,

literature and antiquity surpassed in but few places in this country and known to historians and antiquarians the world over. Its life is his life; its history his. He began his great work in the very infancy of the society and labored zealously and enthusiastically, but with singular unobtrusiveness through a period extending over thirty-three years to effect the splendid achievement for which the people of both commonwealth and country must ever hold him in profound esteem. In character he was sweet and gentle; timid as a young girl. Yet with a vigorous and searching mind which not even the minutest facts of history escaped. His life has been full of well-directed industry, and to its abounding worth a lasting monument has already been erected in the superb and imposing collections of the Wisconsin Historical Society."

The press of Wisconsin and the entire west has heartily and promptly seconded the newspapers of Madison in doing honor to the great usefulness of Dr. Draper's life and in eulogizing his personal character.

The funeral service was conducted by Rev. J. H. Crooker, the Unitarian minister of Madison, whose name is favorably known to our readers through his sermons and contributions published in *THE JOURNAL*. Mr. Crooker eloquently portrayed the labors of Dr. Draper and the sweetness and strength of his character. Neither did the preacher neglect to speak of and accentuate the belief of the departed. This was all the more marked because of the disposition of ministers to refrain from any mention of the fact that the one whose funeral sermon they are preaching was a consistent Spiritualist. But Mr. Crooker is too large and noble a thinker not to have the courage and the disposition to do his duty.

MRS. LIZZIE JONES.

Mrs. Lizzie Jones, wife of Dr. H. K. Jones, of Jacksonville, Illinois, after an illness of some months bade adieu to earth-life last Sunday. Jacksonville has been the heart of the Platonist cult in this country for many years owing to the deep interest of Dr. and Mrs. Jones; and the departure of the accomplished woman will carry sorrow into thousands of homes throughout the world. It was our good fortune to have the personal friendship of Mrs. Jones and the assistance of her cultured mind and wide experience. She was for many years a contributor to *THE JOURNAL* and a most devoted, consistent Spiritualist. A woman of wide culture and extensive travel she brought to her work not only the equipment thereby acquired, but with it a spirit lovely in its simplicity and goodness and an intellect fired with a continual flow of inspiration from the supernal spheres. Constant readers of *THE JOURNAL* will remember we invited answers to a series of questions several years ago and offered four cash premiums for the best answers. The committee awarded Mrs. Jones one of these, but she declined the money and requested us to apply it on her subscription. To the loving husband and relatives of this dear woman *THE JOURNAL* extends the sympathy of friendship, and at the same time emphasizes the certainty of a reunion in that higher life toward which we are all rapidly traveling. This beloved sister was thoroughly familiar with the channels of communion between the spheres and we may be sure she will improve them in the future as in the past.

DR. FRANK L. WADSWORTH.

Those familiar with the personnel of the Spiritualist movement prior to 1867 will remember Frank Wadsworth as a trance medium, clairvoyant and lecturer, and writer of superior ability. Formerly a tailor in the state of Maine he forsook the bench for the rostrum. In 1867 through a

serious of circumstances resulting disastrously to his financial prospects Mr. Wadsworth found himself stranded in Chicago, with discouraging prospects ahead for him in the Spiritualistic field. This was an epoch-making period in his career. He turned his attention to medicine, and assisted by a few philanthropic Spiritualists fitted himself for the profession by a course in Rush Medical College. Graduating with honor, fortune favored him at every turn and he soon acquired a profitable practice and excellent standing in his profession. Last week he departed this life, leaving a family and a large circle of friends to mourn his seemingly untimely end. Dr. Wadsworth had accumulated a generous competence, and at the time of his departure was professor of the theory and practice of medicine in the Woman's Medical College, attending surgeon at St. Joseph's Hospital, and consulting physician of the Fresh Air Sanitarium.

Rev. Thomas H. Skinner of the McCormick Theological Seminary conducted the funeral service. Remarks were made by Dr. C. W. Earle, President of the Woman's Medical College, after which Dr. I. N. Danforth paid a glowing tribute to his arisen friend. The interment was at Rose Hill Cemetery.

EMILY WARD.

To nearly every person of middle age in America the mention of the name of Capt. E. B. Ward will recall memories of one of the most remarkable men of his day; a man whose gigantic enterprises were in his time unsurpassed, and whose devotion to Spiritualism was as widely known as was his business ability. In her field and in a less extensive circle his sister Emily was equally well known. Had she been a man she would have equalled her brother Eber in the business world, and she surpassed him in philanthropic endeavor.

THE JOURNAL has long been a weekly visitor at her home in Detroit, and her niece, Miss Mary Brindle, who has been her companion for many years, is a warm supporter of and welcome contributor to this paper. On August 28th, in her eighty-third year, Emily Ward left this world which she had done so much to make happier and entered upon a life of still greater opportunities. We shall not forestall her long-time friend, Giles B. Stebbins, by any extended remarks, for we know he is eminently qualified to supply THE JOURNAL with a sketch such as only one with his intimate knowledge of the subject can adequately handle. We only venture to reproduce from the columns of a Chicago daily the following special dispatch:

"Famous 'Aunt' Emily Ward died here to-night. For two generations Emily Ward has been a leading figure among Michigan's best known private benefactors. Although unmarried she was truly a mother in Israel. She was also a representative pioneer woman, whose sturdy common sense, depth of purpose, and strength of character have done much in molding thought and action in those communities where her lot was cast. Emily Ward was born March 16, 1809. She first saw the light at Manlius, a hamlet in Onondaga county, N. Y., near Syracuse. Her father, Eber Ward, was a farmer and trader and the son of a Vermont Baptist clergyman. Her mother was the daughter of Capt. Potter, a retired English ship-builder. Emily gained the title of 'Aunt Emily' when but ten years of age, owing to the helpful position she occupied in her father's house. The Wards came to Michigan in 1822, settling in Marine City, and later moving to Detroit, where Emily's brother, Eber Brock Ward, became known as a millionaire vessel owner. Every uncared-for orphan child, every youthful waif without home or friends, found in

'Aunt Emily' a protector, teacher, friend and mother. Her charity was aggressive. Not content with assuming the care of orphans or deserted children when requested to do so, she sought for them. 'Aunt Emily' brought up fourteen children from childhood to maturity. Many others she provided for during periods ranging from a few months to several years. There are half a dozen of her 'boys' whom she reared and launched in life who can now write their checks for sums expressed by seven figures. The list includes a prominent Western railroad manager, two extensive manufacturers, two physicians and one merchant. Don M. Dickinson is proud to be called one of her 'boys.'"



MOUNT PLEASANT PARK CAMP MEETING.

TO THE EDITOR: It is the opinion of some thoughtful persons that this camp is not deteriorating, but making very substantial progress, both in the personnel of its attendance, and the character of its ministrations. This year, Prof. Lockwood, of Wisconsin, is giving a regular course of most valuable scientific lectures. He is an enthusiastic Spiritualist, and most clearly shows how, from the ultimate molecule of substance the correlated energies of the cosmos make gradual ascension until they blossom out in the loftiest manifestations of mental consciousness, in this stage of existence, as well as in the life beyond. And, not only this, but they furnish and illustrate the method by which the two modes of life commune with each other. These lectures are most enthusiastically applauded by the large attendance at the camp. I learn that it is the intention to have a scientific course of lectures a permanent part of the programme at this camp in the future. The president, Prof. Loveland, is a diligent worker in this direction. I learn that the business matters of the camp are in course of most satisfactory adjustment to all parties.

Apropos to Prof. Lockwood's lectures, it may not be amiss to say that Moses Hull was on the grounds at the first of the meeting, seeking for a chance to give a course of lectures. It is rumored that the object was not only to replenish Moses' exchequer, but also to force an issue between himself and Mrs. Lillie. But the management peremptorily refused Hull their platform, and he was compelled to give his lectures in the cottage of "Dr." Dobson. It was understood on the ground that Mrs. Lillie came fully armed for the contest had it been forced upon her. But Moses stole quietly away.

I notice one marked feature at this camp, and that is the total absence of the prominent mediumistic frauds. Since the exclusion of Mrs. E. A. Wells, and the cold shoulder being given to some others, the atmosphere of the park does not seem to be at all congenial to these adventurers. But with such reliable mediums upon the platform as Mrs. Ollie A. Blodgett and others, there is no ground for complaint.

CLINTON, IOWA. AN OBSERVER.

THE PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY IN DETROIT.

TO THE EDITOR: I was so unfortunate (or fortunate) as not to be able to attend more than one meeting of this body. At the convention held here some years since I was much interested in the discussion of doctrines, and if I remember rightly, in a morning of reports. But this year when I went in expecting something either as spicy or as informing, I found it was an evening of reports, and remained listening for a while, but without an equal interest. It may be that we have heard so many of a similar character in women's missionary and other meetings, that they have lost their freshness.

But really I cannot see that the church has grown. That some members of it have there is no doubt. What impressed me or what I particularly noted, was the lack of evidence of moral teaching among the "untutored" Islanders or nations—as given in these reports and the lack of spirituality

on the part of the missionary ministers in dealing with them. The reverence for "the Savior" and for our human nature, the religious feeling that we might expect, did not find expression there. "The Lord Jesus," and "faith in Jesus Christ," were repeated—and without fervor—every few minutes. One can gain a higher religious impulse from a usual sermon of an earnest Unitarian than from hundreds of talks of that character. If they could have presented some utterances of these unenlightened natives that have something in common with our own aspirations and experiences, the hearers might have been able to find readily that which is universal in the race, and which is inbreathed by the Universal Father, and so have concluded that these ministers were reaching them, and that they are of a truly helpful character.

But as it was portrayed, there was nothing spontaneous about it; nothing individual. To me it was painfully forced and external, so long as I remained; while I have heard within the year—in a meeting given wholly to that subject—of the work of two or three sisters in India, in schools, of a most self-sacrificing and loving nature, of real trials on their part, and beautiful successes for the children. But the results grew out of their large and loving hearts, untrammelled to a great extent, and wise through their childlikeness, and I will not forget to say that this was one of the agencies of the church, orthodox Congregational.

One of the Presbyterians that evening, forgetting that "ism" is ever attached to their name, mourned that there are "so many 'isms' in this day," Unitarianism, Universalism, etc., but failed to name Swedenborgianism and Spiritualism. He may have had a nudge from some wiser brother who had seen so many times in our dailies the word Presbyterianism.

Probably Mr. Stuart's sermon on the "revision" of their creed, published in the *Detroit Tribune*, rather troubled him; especially if he remembered the Presbyterians had lost him from their church. This was preached on the first Sunday they were gathered here.

C. A. F. S.

NOTES OF SITTINGS WITH A MEDIUM.

TO THE EDITOR: I send you notes of sittings with a medium, Alfred E. Stanley.

He sits at the table with open eyes—and can see spirits. He can also tell you much that has occurred in your own life. He said to me: "Life has brought many changes to you; I see you first on a farm, a sad separation occurs; soon I see a sudden death. It is your father; then there is a sale, a breaking up, a distribution of the children. Later on you are gathered together again, in a large family in better environments; you are grown up, educated." In short he told me all the good and bad things that had occurred in my life, some of which I had forgotten, but my family remembered them; showing emphatically that in some "Doomsday Book" are recorded our actions. Several spirits then came and by description and story identified themselves. We sat one hour.

June 22d I gave him a picture to read the characteristics and was amused to see how well he saw the traits; then he said, "A man who calls his name Henry is here, he is funny—dances—runs around and talks fast." "What was the manner of his death," I asked, "He went very suddenly in a fit." "Was he insane," "Yes," I asked what caused insanity? "A tumor of the brain; he was glad to be away from his defective body." Then a lady came, put her hand upon my shoulder and said "Mary." Who was she? What was she like? He described my mother and said she was sick a long time. What was the manner of her death? "A bleeding tumor and a stricture, with reflex action producing insanity. Her head was not diseased." Then a spirit with black eyes and hair who said her name was Janet wished to be recognized as my aunt who had promised to communicate if it were possible (which in life she doubted).

June 27th we chatted ten minutes on Spiritualism. Each expressed disgust at the foolish messages of poorly developed mediums, who bounce around, speak Mohawk, or bad English, etc. Then he said, "I see a young man at your side, he is tall, slender and I see the name Fred." "What was the cause of his death?" "His death was sudden and unexpected—he drank, and the medicine that he took to steady himself was the cause of his death." Was he glad that death came? "Yes, it was best; near him stands a lady (whom he described) who is his mother, and another lady bear-

ing a close resemblance to his mother, it is her sister; her name is Susan; also a man, describing a stranger to me. Then he said, "A stout, smoothed-faced man, with bounding steps and bright eyes comes forward, this son is his." I showed him a picture of Uncle Eber. "Yes, that is the man," telling some of his characteristics. Then I gave him John's picture; he placed it by his mother, saying these two were alike. I then handed him a picture of John's wife—"Who is this?" "I do not know," but directly added, "this man's wife." Then we had Uncle Eber, his first wife and several of their children's pictures. He said, "there are two more here." "No, one," said I, forgetting Mary. "Yes, I see two," was his reply. After all the pictures were laid in line I said, "Who are they? A helpless look came in his face and he said, "I do not know!" "Surely! have you never seen this face?" showing him E. B. Ward's. "No," said he. Quickly taking a pencil he wrote "Ward," but my name being Brindle, he could not be certain and said, "Ward is what is written." Then I handed him another picture. "Well," said he, "another sudden death." "How did it happen," I asked? "His gun went off as he carelessly crossed over a log." "Was it suicide?" "No." I handed him two other pictures. "I do not know who they are," he said. "Well, you are tired, do not try to see them now, your time is up."

MARY A. BRINDLE.

DETROIT, MICH.

ATTRACTION.

TO THE EDITOR: We can observe that as soon as the examiner has seen enough through the various modes of spirit communion to form a belief therein, he will readily perceive he or she will get recognitions from spirits showing various shades of intelligence. Some spirits giving opinions with common sense, truth and sincerity; many with malicious vindictive promptings, and in tone much as they had left this material world. Hence it will be perceived that it is one important matter to believe in spirits and quite another to submit to their advice and influence. It should also be early understood that the ever operating laws of attraction and repulsion, both in the mental and material world, are in full force, and therefore it would be folly to expect high-toned morality where sitters at a séance are trifling and immoral—verifying the truth of the adage that "like attracts like."

One instance I will state as illustrative of this fact. At one time the writer was getting a communication from an old friend, a well-known, serious-minded man, and former resident of Brooklyn. There was some expression of levity indulged in by one of our party. Mr. Aldworth, the old gentleman, commenced again:

"My dear friends, keep your thoughts and minds pure and harmonious and the great Spirit of eternal justice will surely reward you all. There are many undeveloped souls here. I pray you to take heed and use no superfluous and worthless language."

HENRY ALDWORTH.

Shortly after Mr. Aldworth's remarks, we had the following from Bill Poole, who when alive was a notorious rough and terror of New York City:

"My friends, I feel cheap and properly corrected and sorry in making use of such indecent language. I found you in a mirthful spirit and took advantage of it. Forgive me."

WILLIAM POOLE.

My friends and myself have had several communications from this Bill Poole, who lingered one week with a pistol ball in his heart before his death. He seems to be undergoing a marked change for the better. In one message he says that he was not naturally a bad boy, but idle and evil company made him a bad man, and he talks sadly about his neglect of his poor mother and father, and begs the favor of the sitters in an uptown circle here to allow him to come again, saying "it would do them no harm but would do him much good."

The above is an extract from my diary. DAVID BRUCE.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

"The Mansur Hall Association of Spiritualists" have leased Mansur Hall, corner of Washington and Alabama streets, and will hold public meetings every Sunday at 3 and 7:30 p. m.; also circle or séance every Wednesday evening. Mrs. Ada Foye will lecture and give tests on September 6th and 13th, to be followed by other mediums and speakers. All communications should be addressed: Secretary Mansur Hall Association of Spiritualists, 194 E. Washington street, Indianapolis, Ind.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

Liberty and Life. Discourses by E. P. Powell, author of "Our Heredity From God." Second edition. Chicago: 175 Dearborn St., Charles H. Kerr & Co. pp. 208.

This work, the sixth number of Unity Library, is composed of sermons on a variety of subjects such as "Life and Death, What They Are," "A Sound Mind in a Sound Body," "The Doing Creed," "A Substitute for Orthodoxy," "Natural Moral Compensation," etc., in which many truths are presented and theories put forth from the standpoint of theism and evolution. Average sermons are not worth preserving, but Mr. Powell's are so healthy in tone, so sensible and so popular in their manner of treating subjects which in most hands are dry and unattractive, that they make a valuable volume for missionary work among the religiously and spiritually unemancipated class of readers.

Osborne of Arrochar. By Amanda M. Douglass. Boston: Lee & Shepard, pp. 449. Paper, Good Company Series, price, 50 cents.

Apart from the fortunes of Osborne of Arrochar, the all-conquering hero of the story, this volume is a delightful relation of the love stories of a family of poor but pretty girls of varying gifts and characters, who after many mishaps get married at length to most desirable husbands. This is the author's nineteenth novel, but she is a writer who always interests the public, however frequently her stories appear, while the tone of her writings is always morally healthful and the style bright and entertaining.

MAGAZINES.

Rudyard Kipling has a story in the September *Atlantic* entitled "The Disturber of the Traffic," in which an English lighthouse keeper tells of the experience of another lighthouse keeper in a little-known part of the world, who, half-maddened by solitude and a certain curious optical delusion connected with the tides flowing by his light, became to an alarming extent a "Disturber of Traffic." Another short story, "An Innocent Life," is contributed by Lillie B. Chace Wyman. Octave Thanet has a second paper on "Town Life in Arkansas," which will amuse everybody, even the Arkansians. John Burroughs writes on "A Study of Analogy." John Fiske discusses the reasons why early Norse discoverers of America were not its real discoverers. One article, not already mentioned, must not be forgotten, namely, "Speech as a Barrier Between Man and Beast," by E. P. Evans. Researches into the language of animals is at present attracting a good deal of attention; and this able paper on the subject will interest not only the specialist, but the lover of the marvelous.—*The Arena* for September is fully abreast with the advance thought of the times. The well-known English essayist, F. W. H. Meyer, of Cambridge, England; speaks for European thought in a careful paper on psychical work. Kuma Oishi, M. A., of Tokio, Japan, represents Asia in a brilliant paper on the "Extrinsic Significance of Constitutional Government in Japan," while such able thinkers as Rabbi Solomon Schindler, Rev. George C. Lorimer, Thomas B. Preston, Sylvester Baxter, and the editor represent America. Mr. Flower's paper on "Fashion's Slaves," illustrated by three full-page photogravures and over a score of smaller pictures, giving the prevailing fashions during the past generation, is a strong appeal for dress reform.—The list of contributors to *The Popular Science Monthly* for September contains a number of strong names. The opening article, by Prof. John Fiske, on "The Doctrine of Evolution: its Scope and Influence," cannot fail to give the general reader a better understanding of this great process. There is an essay by Herbert Spencer on "The Limits of State Duties," which embodies a strong argument against attempts by governments to mold artificially the characters of citizens. Dr. Andrew D. White continues his Warfare of Science series, describing the displacement of fetishism by hygiene. Dr. Charles W. Pilgrim, of the Utica Asylum, tells what beneficial results have come from Schools for the Insane. The sun-spot period now nearing its maximum gives occasion for a discussion of the question, "Can We Always Count Upon the Sun?" by Garrett P. Servis.—*The Lyceum Banner* for August contains the first part of an article by the editor on "The Origin and Constitution of

the Children's Progressive Lyceum." J. J. Morse, 80 Needham Road, Kensington, Liverpool, Eng.—The August number of the *Cosmopolitan* opens with a story by Amelia Rives, entitled, "According to St. John," beautifully illustrated by Kate H. Greatorex. Among the other contributions that will interest many readers are "The Woman's Press Club" of New York, with portraits of several leading members; an illustrated article on "Johns Hopkins University," by Daniel Coit Gilman; "Gambling in High Life," by Adam Badeau, and "Social Problems," by Edward Everett Hale. *Cosmopolitan* Publishing Company, Madison Square Bank Building, Fifth ave., Broadway and 25th st., New York.

The September number of *The North American Review* opens with a brilliant reply to Goldwin Smith's paper, entitled "New Light on the Jewish Question," which appeared in *The Review* for August. The author is Isaac Besht Bendavid, who shows himself to be a man of learning and a skilled controversialist. "The Ideal Sunday" is considered by Rev. Charles H. Eaton, who enters a plea for the Sunday opening of art-galleries, museums and music-halls. Clara Morris contributes some entertaining "Reflections of an Actress," showing the attractions of the stage, as well as the severe discipline which stage people have to undergo. Chapter I. of the inside history of the negotiations for the establishment of a naval station by the United States at the Mole St. Nicolas is furnished by the Hon. Frederick Douglass, who has just resigned the post of United States Minister to Haiti. "Is Drunkenness Curable?" is the title of a symposium, the contributors to which are Dr. William A. Hammond, Dr. T. N. Crothers, Dr. Elon N. Carpenter, and Dr. Cyrus Edson.—*The Westminster Review* for August, published by the Leonard Scott Publication Co., New York, opens with a remarkable article on "Federation and Free Trade," in which the author predicts that the nations of the world will be joined in several groups or states according to their economic policies. Theodore Stanton's series on "Abraham Lincoln" is continued in the third instalment, with further chapters to follow. Joseph J. Davies writes appreciatively of "Tennyson's Lincolnshire Farmers;" C. N. Barham has a strong paper on the "Persecution of the Jews in Russia." Under the title of "Complements and Compliments" Mary Steadman Aldis discusses some educational questions. There is an instructive paper on "The Politician as Historian," and the usual full, complete and valuable reviews of "Contemporary Literature."—*The New England Magazine* for September is rather notable on account of the great increase in the number of its illustrations. Although in a different field, and in no sense a rival of the *Cosmopolitan*, the Boston magazine is every month broadening its scope, and paying more attention to its art department than formerly. There is a richly illustrated article called "Summer Days on the North Shore," by Winfield S. Nevins, the well-known journalist and publicist of Salem, Mass. The North Shore probably comprises the grandest coast scenery in Massachusetts. An article that will be widely read is one on "Edward Burgess and His Work," by A. G. McVey, the yachting editor of the *Boston Herald*.

The opening article in the *English Illustrated Magazine* for August is one on George Wilson, by John Todhunter. Wilson is known to a small circle as a painter of rare gifts, who died in his forty-second year, leaving behind him a considerable amount of excellent work. The article contains illustrations after pictures by the painter. "Dickens and 'Punch'" by F. G. Kitton, with illustrations from the collection of Mr. Punch, is a very entertaining paper. F. Marion Crawford contributes a story entitled "The Witch of Prague," and Rev. S. Singer has an illustrated article on "The Russo-Jewish Immigrant." An excellent number.—*The Christian Metaphysician* for July and August has for the leading article "Keep the Soul From Trouble," by Mary Robbins Mead. A number of other articles including the editorial are thoughtful and suggestive.

President Seth Low, of Columbia College and ex-mayor of Brooklyn, contributes a paper to the September *Century* on "The Government of Cities in the United States," in which he considers what a city government ought to undertake to do, and what form of organization is best for its purpose. George Kennan, in an article on "A Winter Journey Through Siberia," describes a part of his return journey from Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, after his famous investigation of the convict system. As Mr. Kennan was carrying

a great mass of documents, letters and politically incendiary material on this trip, and as he believed himself to be an object of considerable suspicion to the police, the journey was by no means devoid of exciting incident. Prof. S. P. Langley considers "The Possibility of Mechanical Flight." The October number is to contain a second paper on the same subject by Hiram S. Maxim, who for the past two years has been experimenting in England with an apparatus for aerial navigation, which he will describe, with numerous diagrams, in his *Century* article. Mr. Maxim's experiments have been so successful that he is very confident as to the ultimate result.—These important problems are discussed in the September number of the *Forum*: "The Ideal American School for Boys," by Rev. Dr. Coit, headmaster of the famous St. Paul's School for Boys, at Concord, N. H.; "The Value of Technological Education," by Prof. H. W. Tyler, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and "The Opportunity of Making a New University Unhindered by Traditions," by Prof. Jordan, of the new Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Cal. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, formerly President of Wellesley College, herself a graduate of the University of Michigan, reviews the experiments that have been made in "co-educational" institutions, in the higher colleges for women, and in the Women's Annexes to Universities. Miss Porter, Principal of "The Elms" School for Girls, at Springfield, Mass., writes of the "Physical Hindrances to Teaching Rich Girls." This group of *Forum* articles is the result of an inquiry made some time ago by the editor of a large number of our leading teachers as to what the real problems of education are, and as to who could best throw light on them.

Messrs. S. C. Griggs & Co. announce for early publication "A Study of Greek Philosophy," by Ellen M. Mitchell, with an introduction by W. R. Alger. The author endeavors to explain what is meant by philosophy, and gives a concise and interesting exposition, discussing the character and source of the Greek philosophy, showing whence came the beginnings of Greek religion and culture. The earlier schools of thought, including the Pythagorean, the Eleatic, the Atomistic and others leading up to the great school of the Sophists, receive critical treatment; short biographical sketches of their principal exponents being given. The chapters on Socrates and the Socratic philosophy are unusually full and interesting, the life, character, and fate of the great philosopher being most eloquently told. The Platonic and Aristotelean philosophies are amply explained, and the author's comments are particularly valuable and suggestive. In the words of the author, "Greek philosophy deals not with the past but with the present. It is the seeking and the finding amid finite error and imperfection, of the Infinite. To nourish the spirit of our time with the fruits of the friendly Hellenic spirit is one of the most beautiful and grateful problems of the science of history." The style of the author is flowing, yet clear and concise, and her work evinces great enthusiasm tempered by reason and rare judgment.

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CHAPTER II.—Old Time Good and Ill; Religious Growth; Reforms; Temperance.
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CHAPTER IV.—Anti-Slavery; Garrison; "The Fleas of Conventions"; Personal Incidents H. C. Wright; C. L. Remond; George Thompson; Gerritt Smith; Abby Kelley Foster; Abigail and Lydia Mott; Abigail P. Ela; Josephine L. Griffin.
CHAPTER V.—The Friends; Quakerism; Griffith M. Cooper; John and Hannah Cox; A Golden Wedding; Experiences of Priscilla Cadwallader; Lucretia Mott; McClintock; J. T. Hopper; Thomas Garrett; Richard Glazier; Progressive Friends Meetings.
CHAPTER VI.—The World's Helpers and Light Bringers; John D. Zimmerman; W. S. Prentiss; Wm. Denton; E. B. Ward; Emily Ward; Benjamin F. Wade; H. C. Carey; Home Industry; Education, Scientific, Industrial, and Moral; "Religion of the Body"; Jungol Arinoy Mori; Peary Chand Mittra; President Grant and Sojourner Truth; John Brown; Helpful Influences; Great Awakenings.
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A Narrative of Personal Experiences After the Change Called Death. BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

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THE QUEEN'S ROBE.

By L. B. HEWES.

It hung in the darkened closet, Secure from the sunlight's ray, And all its beauty seemed sombre Thus hid from the light away.

Harvest Excursions.

"Reduced Rates to the South, Southeast, West and North West." August 25th, September 15th and 29th, the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad will sell Round Trip Harvest Excursion Tickets to points in the South, South East, West and South West, at greatly reduced rates.

Two Harvest Excursions.

The Burlington route, C., B. & Q. R. R., will sell from principal stations on its lines, on Tuesdays, August 25 and September 29, Harvest Excursion Tickets at low rates to principal cities and points in the Farming Regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest.

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Many Eastern farmers are at a loss to understand why farming is not so profitable to them as it was to their fathers. The reason is that in the present generation the enormous products of the fertile lands of the West have established prices in every important market of the world.

This year's wheat crop of Kansas alone would fill 180,000 cars containing 333 bushels each, and these would make a train 1,200 miles long. What an instructive lesson should that train of cars convey! Moving at the rate of ordinary industrial processions it would consume 25 days of 24 hours each in passing a given point! It would reach five times from Boston to New York, and across the entire length of Massachusetts would stand eight rows deep!

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Each year seem dearer, dearer,
And glow with new-found graces;
Then, ah! These vacant places
But bring the living nearer.

Old homes are best. The laughter
That tells of childhood's pleasures
Beneath the ancient rafters,
Surpasses all that's after
And all of manhood's treasures.

Old love is best. Its sweetness
Makes pleasant sorrow's chalice,
And spite of time's dread fleetness
It gains in calm completeness
And laughs at Age's malice.

Old faith is best the teaching
Of heart enshrined mothers.
What profits subtle preaching,
Or blind and eager reaching
For doubt that mocks and smothers?

Old ways are the best; the gladness
Of simpler lives and fitter.
Ere wealth had come with madness,
Or folly left its sadness,
And sin its lessons bitter.

Old things are best. The glimmer
Of age forbids new choices.
Oh, as mine eyes grow dimmer,
Faintly across the shimmer
Waft me the old, sweet voices.

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I'm agitated quite. What? Poh!
Why, certainly it wasn't me.

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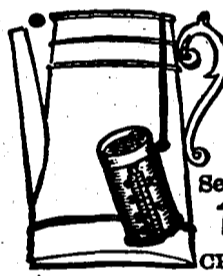
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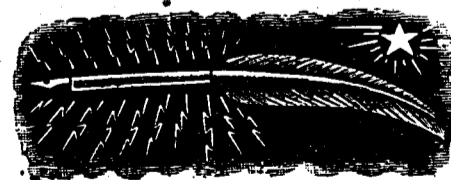
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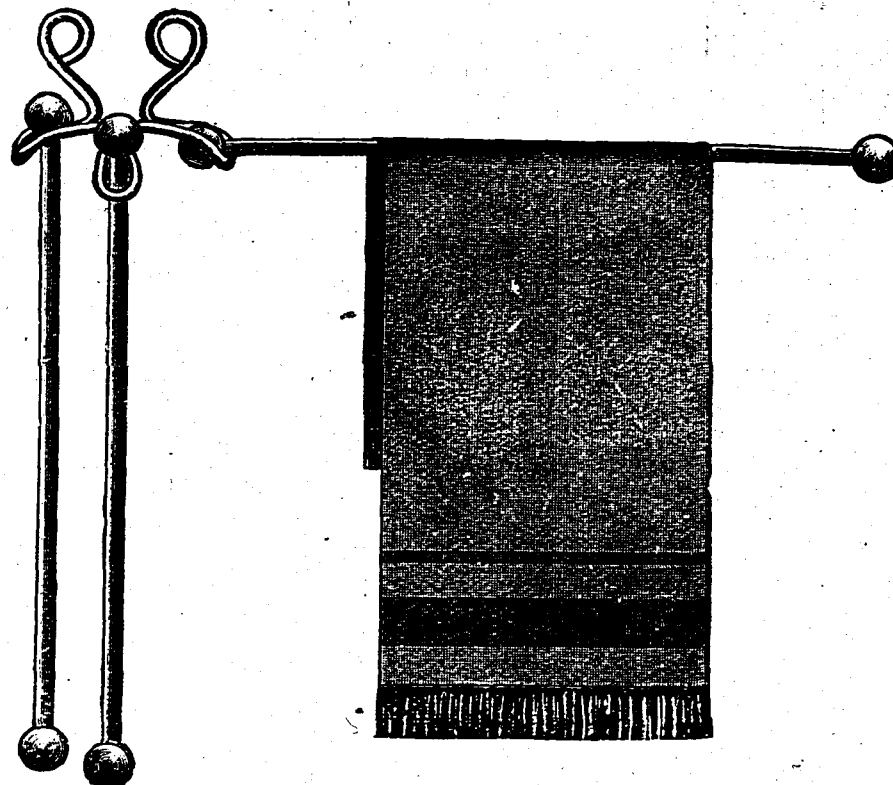
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In no activity has there been more progress during the past twenty years than in that of the country newspaper.

There are now hundreds of country weeklies which in editorial ability, mechanical appearance, and all that contributes to inspire respect and command attention are fully abreast of their metropolitan contemporaries. In moral tone, and often in editorials, they surpass most of the great dailies. In times past the country editor was quite generally regarded with a half-pitying contempt as a good natured but chicken-hearted chronicler of inconsequential locals. All this has changed. Country papers as a class wield the mightiest influence in the nation. The editors are men of character and enterprise, doing more for the community, and for less money, than any other body of workers. One of the principal factors in this wonderful improvement is, in our opinion, organization. County, districts state and national press associations have multiplied and waxed strong, during the past decade especially. In the conventions and stated meetings of these bodies editors and publishers have compared experiences, clarified their views, received fresh inspiration, and gone back to their routine work with more respect for their vocation and larger views of the world and their mission therein. When editors in numbers from a score to a thousand meet, the collision of mind sure to ensue knocks the moss off those inclining to fossilize, infuses fresh ambition and puts on a polish that will not only remain bright through every stress incident to the calling but by reflection freshen up the respective communities in which they wield the pen.

The immediate inspiration of our remarks is the "Old Settlers' Edition" of the *Champaign County Herald*, published at Urbana, Illinois. It is a six-column, sixteen page paper, about twice the size of THE JOURNAL, and containing in addition to regular matter several pages of biographies and pictures of old settlers of the county. The paper is one that every citizen of Champaign county must be proud of regardless of politics. Fine as it is, it is only one of many excellent weeklies both Republican and Democratic published in Illinois and all over the country.

SPIRIT IDENTITY.

Mr. Church in his essay "Is Spiritism a Failure," published in our Open Court department says: "There has never been given, so far as I can ascertain a single demonstration going to prove the identity of the 'person' communicating." We condole with our esteemed contributor in his lack of proof. Without criticizing the looseness of his language, as might be done, we hasten to affirm that not only has the editor of THE JOURNAL had spirits identify themselves beyond all question in law or fact, but there are thousands of cases where this has been done. In another sentence he says, "Personalities can never be identified by its (spiritism's) phenomenalism." This is the sheerest assumption and the *a priori* opinion of a student whose mental vision is obscured by the spray from the sea of speculative transcendentalism in which he has so long floundered. This "appearance" fad in its latest modification is affected by Mrs. Eddy's Christian science followers who received it from her and who so befog the glimmer of truth involved as to mislead themselves and mystify all who listen.

If any readers of THE JOURNAL, for whatever reason, have failed to read "Reminiscences," by Mrs. J. M. Staats, as far as the series has appeared, such readers do not know what they have missed, and they had better turn, the first opportunity, to the chapters published in

back numbers of this paper and carefully read them as well as the one in the current issue and the chapters which are to follow. Mrs. Staats has been a remarkable medium and she has had extensive and varied experiences which she relates in a most felicitous manner. Her narrative has an evidential as well as an historical value and brings vividly before the reader numerous celebrities in various fields of life, and relates incidents in regard to many of the characters that have not hitherto been published. THE JOURNAL considers itself extremely fortunate in having been able to secure for its readers such a valuable series of papers by one of the oldest and most reliable mediums in the country.

During her two years' residence in the United States, Mrs. J. J. Morse, wife of the popular lecturer and writer, endeared herself to thousands of Spiritualists from the Atlantic to the Pacific. These friends will be pained to learn that the estimable lady is dangerously ill with small prospect of recovery. Mr. Morse and daughter are overwhelmed with anxiety, and will receive the sympathy of a host of friends the world around. We shall hope to hear that Mrs. Morse's case is not so dangerous as physicians fear.

Mrs. Adaline Eldred, the psychometer, has removed her office to room 33 Central Music Hall Building where she can be addressed by mail, or consulted every afternoon from 2 until 5 o'clock. Mrs. Eldred is maintaining her reputation as a fine psychometer and constantly enlarging the sphere of her usefulness.

CASSADAGA LAKE FREE ASSOCIATION.

At a conference discussion of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association, August 18th, as to what should be the attitude of the Spiritualist platform to prevailing religious beliefs, Mr. F. H. Bemis made an excellent address, which was marked by breadth of thought and a truly catholic spirit. From that address the following is an extract:

It is related of Paul, that while in Athens "his spirit was provoked within him, as he beheld the city full of idols." What did he do? Did he tell them they were a set of Pagan idolators? No. He reasoned with them. "As I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription: 'To the unknown God.' Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." Then he goes on to contrast the God from whom all things proceeded, with their idols, which dwelt in temples made with men's hands. He tells them of the God in whom we live and move and have our being; as certain of your own poets have said, for we are also his offspring. Being then the offspring of God, we ought not to think he is like unto gold or silver or stone graven by art and device of man. That was the way Paul talked to a people who mocked when he spoke to them of the life to come. Some of our platform lecturers might profit by the apostle's method if they would. Only last week one of our speakers labored through two lectures to make the Bible and Christianity second to all other sacred books and religions. He seemed to imagine that he had quite outgrown Christ and the ethical principles of the New Testament. He had discovered an entirely new exegesis of the golden rule, by which he construed it into a rule of "abject selfishness." There is, of course, nothing in the language to warrant any such construction. It is true that the rule is found extensively in classic and Rabbinical writers, but that indicates its universality. It is an epitome of the moral law. It would, if reduced to practice, banish avarice, envy, treachery, unkindness, slander, theft and murder from the world. We read in the Jewish Talmud that a Pagan came to Hillel, a distinguished Rabbi, and offered to become a proselyte, provided he would teach him the whole law while he stood on one foot. The Rabbi took him at his word and made him a proselyte by saying: "Do not to another what is odious to thyself; this is the whole law, the rest is explanation: go away perfect."

Luther defined the ten commandments in this wise: "What thou wouldst have done to thyself, the same thou oughtest also to do to another. With such measure as thou metest, the same shall be measured to you again." With this moral measuring line, he says, God "has worked out the whole world."

The lecturer said "it was the easiest thing in the world to be a Christian, and that the 'Golden Rule' was but an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth—a doctrine of revenge."

The speaker made no distinction between the Jewish and Christian scriptures, nor between Churehianity and Christianity. He did say, virtually, that the ideal Christ of the churches was superior to the real primitive Christ. Which was precisely the reverse of truth. The Christ of the New Testament was no Paganized or deified Christ; but was divinely human. A man tempted in all points like as we are. But, when a man imagines he has outgrown Christ and has no practical use for the ethical principles of the gospel, he wants to be an angel. So the speaker suggested as a model and exemplar for humanity an angelic spirit, rather than Christ.

It will be time enough after we pass over to look to some exalted ex-carnate spirit, as a model, exemplar and guide. While on earth, it seems to me, it were better that the spirit be incarnate—clothed with flesh. We want a personality purely human, meeting us at all points. "The truth, so far as moral conduct" is concerned, makes but a feeble impression if taught abstractly. It needs to be enlivened. Philosophers and moralists in past ages have speculated and discoursed in eloquent phrase upon abstract principles of right; but their lives were barren of fruitful results. They did not move the world, because they did not move those who uttered them. They were fancy truths, not bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. They were not real. They had not been wrought out in the experience of their daily lives. So they were not living truth. Cromwell, referring tersely to a certain transaction, said: "And I did it." That was the secret of his power, as it is the secret of all commanding influence the world over. The truth finely spoken charms and pleases; but the truth enlivened, as it was in Jesus of Nazareth, and attested by his life and death, becomes omnipotent to the pulling down of the strong holds of iniquity. It becomes an encouragement and an inspiration. I do not think Spiritualists can afford to belittle Christ, or the ethical principles embodied in his life and teachings. The class of Spiritualists to whom we refer never seem to find anything good in the Bible or Christianity. For myself I have been taught that a truth is just as much a truth and an error not less an error, when found in the Bible as when found elsewhere.

Among the many kindly notices of THE JOURNAL lately appearing in the secular press is the following from that model of a country newspaper, the Petersburg (Ills.) Democrat of August 22:

Under the heading "To Hell and Back in a Fortnight," our esteemed friend, Col. John C. Bundy, prints in last week's issue of his RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL a very entertaining account of a recent trip to Yellowstone Park. The catchy title of the write-up appears to have been suggested by the geysers that abound in the Park, and which are described in Col. Bundy's inimitable style. THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, is published at Chicago, and is the leading paper in America in the advocacy of Spiritualism. However widely one may differ with its editor's beliefs and editorial utterances upon the subject of the phenomena of Spiritualism, one cannot but admire the earnestness and persuasiveness of his arguments and the fearlessness and pertinacity with which he wages uncompromising warfare upon charlatans who use Spiritualism as a cloak to impose upon the public. THE JOURNAL is an admirable publication.

An Admirable Story.

BARS AND THRESHOLDS.

By MRS. EMMA MINER.

This story is full of interest and spiritual philosophy. Its author is a fine inspirational writer and medium. When published as a newspaper serial it created much interest and the demand has been such as to warrant putting it in book form. Every Spiritualist and every liberal thinker will enjoy the story. Paper covers. 210 pp. Price 50 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.