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

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The reports which emanated not many days ago from French sources to the effect that Kaiser William had shown unmistakable signs of tottering reason were doubtless grossly exaggerated, but they gained a certain credence because of the well-known fact that there is a hereditary taint of insanity in the house of Hohenzollern which may show itself at any time where least expected. The house of Hanover has proved to be no exception to what may almost be called the rule that madness is a specter behind every throne in Europe. George III., during his long reign of more than three score years, was insane five times to such a degree as to make him incapable of transacting the business of state.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, at the meeting of the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair in this city, on the 5th inst., said, in the discussion on Sunday opening: If I were an autocrat I'd open the Fair every day as early as I could wake up, though I'm not an early riser, but I would close every grog shop within twenty miles of Chicago. Sunday I would open all the art buildings and all the buildings where there is music, turn the whole place into a great Sunday-school, and notify the nations of the earth to come early in order to get into the Sunday-school. The greatest display of the whole Fair should be the display of the spirit expressed in the commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

It was always maintained in anti-Semitic organs that the Russian Jews in large numbers are driven into that Paganism, called there the orthodox church, says the Chicago *Israelite*. The Torquemada Secretary of the Interior maintained they numbered 50,000, in his conversation with Dr. White, and grinned Mephistopheles like. But all this is contradicted by the Russian merchant from the Kamsenetz Padolsk government, who sends secret messages to the Austrian press, it is maintained, by officers of high rank in the Southern army of observation. He denies emphatically the conversion or perversion of any Jew in Russia, and assures the Vienna press that they would rather parish by the tens of thousands than renounce their faith in the one God. "Martyrdom," the gentleman adds, "has become the pride of the great masses, and many even invite it, as did the Christians in Rome in ancient times." If the emperor expected to turn the Jews to his church by this bloody persecution, he must feel tremendously disappointed.

Gen. I. N. Stiles, in a lecture at Dearborn Hall, Chicago, on "Individuality," last Sunday evening, paid his compliments to the preachers who favor the closing of the World's Fair on Sunday in the following words: "The preachers want to see the gates of the exposition closed on the Sabbath. Is that because somebody looks forward to a day of pleasure in visiting the fair? When some one at a meeting of the World's Fair directors advocated the opening of the big exposition on Sunday, on the ground that the workingman could not lose time during the week,

Rev. Mr. Patton said: 'So much the worse for the laboring man.' The fact of the matter is that the World's Fair and any other place of amusement on Sunday interferes with the preacher's business and that is his reason for Sunday closing." Doubtless mere class and professional interests enter largely into the clerical efforts against Sunday amusements, but of this they are not fully conscious, and no doubt they generally believe, with their narrow views, that it is the duty of men to attend church and to keep away from places of amusement on Sunday. In opposing the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday the clergy doubtless believe they are working in the interests of religion and morality, when in fact they are thereby working against the interests of both.

Mrs. Harriet E. Beach, who fell into the snares of Anna Odella Diss Debar, and was on the certificates of two physicians sent to the Bloomingdale asylum, was recently given a conditional discharge after a hearing in court on a writ of habeas corpus taken by the Lunacy Law Reform League and the Anti-Kidnaping Union. She has addressed to governors of the New York Hospital a letter saying that she was kidnapped and kept at the asylum when the subordinates knew that she was not insane. She also suggests that they ought to look into the condition of things at the institution for themselves. She says that there are patients there who have been there for twenty years, and that no doubt many of them are no more insane than she was, but have been kept there, having been kidnapped, because they could not get an anti-kidnaping union to look after their cases. She states that some of her fellow-prisoners told her that they had written to their friends and to judges and that the subordinates of the institution had suppressed the letters.

George F. Ostrander, who has been a disciple and slave of Schweinfurth, the Rockford impostor, has just abandoned his faith. According to the papers this poor devotee worked for the messiah day and night. He labored hard and got very little to eat and to wear. As he grew lean and hungry his faith weakened, and when he fell from a hay wagon and broke his wrist and the Schweinfurth faith cure failed to prevent a permanent deformity, his religion received a lasting shock. Another thing which led Ostrander to suspect Schweinfurth's piety was the frequency with which "children of the holy ghost" came into the Schweinfurth camp. After three or four of these little strangers had appeared unannounced, Ostrander told Schweinfurth the population was becoming quite too promiscuous, and thereupon threw up his job. Two weeks ago Ostrander left the farm and came to Chicago. Ostrander says Schweinfurth treats many other followers as he was treated, and that nearly all who have followed him are half-starved and overworked. Meanwhile Schweinfurth eats meat and drinks wine and otherwise disports himself beyond the bounds of piety. Miss Matilda Pearce, who lives at 1162 North Halsted street, was recently a follower of Schweinfurth; but she, too, has abandoned the faith. Like Ostrander, she didn't get enough to eat, and then she was suspicious of the "children of the holy ghost." They became so numerous that she fled in dismay. On the 4th inst., Schweinfurth, the papers report, created a

sensation at Rockford, Ill., on the fair grounds, "by appearing flanked by twelve 'angels.' A beautiful blonde of seventeen clung on his arm confidently. Hundreds of curious people followed them from hall to hall to gaze and ridicule." There is not much to choose between Schweinfurth and the impostor named Teed, who has headquarters in Chicago. Mr. Sidney C. Miller, whose wife is one of Teed's dupes, and who promises to have the fellow and his "College of Life" investigated, says: "I knew of Teed several years ago when he first came to Chicago. He set up as a sort of faith doctor. I think he has hypnotic power—there's no other way to account for the wonderful control he has over his followers. They have the most implicit confidence in everything he says. One of his first theories was this translation business. I know from my people that he set the day on which he was going to be translated two or three times—and they expected to see his prediction fulfilled just as much as you'd expect the sun to rise. Of course he wasn't translated; but that never shook their faith in him. Then he had his immortality doctrine. He was going to make his disciples immortal. He gave my folks a certificate of immortality and charged them a fee for it. After he had conferred immortality on his disciples one of them died. 'One must go,' said the doctor, and that satisfied the disciples. Pretty soon another died. 'Certainly, two must go,' said Teed. Another died. 'Did I not tell you three must go?' the doctor said—and every solitary follower was ready to swear that he did. There's no use in arguing against him. In my case my talk had no more impression than the wind. And it seems to be the same with all the women down there." And he might have added with all the men who have become adherents of the self-styled messiah's "Korishan" doctrine.

The question at issue in the forthcoming trial of Dr. Briggs is whether the Presbyterian church has kept up with the growth of Biblical knowledge, and whether it prefers to follow seventeenth century scholarship rather than that of this century. If that church decides that "disbelief in the verbal inspiration and inerrancy of the holy scriptures" unfits Dr. Briggs for its membership, it will close its doors to practically all the young men of ability, courage and scholarship who seek its ministry, for it is impossible for such not to know that at least so far as the revised text is concerned, there are both errors and corruptions in the Bible. This result will not necessarily follow the trial, if it ever takes place, for there is a middle course open to the accusers of Dr. Briggs which escapes this dilemma. There is room for the decision, in view of Dr. Briggs' positive affirmation of his orthodoxy, that his language about the Bible is not inconsistent with the confession of faith, which puts the "light of nature" among the sources of revelation, as Dr. Briggs did the reason. Progress in theology as in everything else, there must be, however, much "twisting and turning" on the part of theologians it may involve. Stationariness is impossible in this age, which is one of unprecedented intellectual activity, close scrutiny and courageous protest against antiquated dogmas. The Presbyterian church must advance or lose its existence. It cannot stand still and maintain itself in the moving procession of life.

REDUCED FARE TO MINISTERS.

On another page of THE JOURNAL this week is printed a letter under the caption which heads this article from Rev. Charles W. Wendte, well known as an able and liberal Unitarian minister. The letter is in response to some editorial remarks which appeared in THE JOURNAL a few weeks ago, taking exception to discriminations in favor of the clergy in allowing them reduced rates of fare on railroads, on the ground that it was a class favor or privilege. Mr. Wendte says: "You contend, I believe, that the railroads ought not to make this discrimination in favor of the clergy and that the latter are wrong to accept such favors. I am not disposed to quarrel with you over this issue; indeed, I sympathize very much with your position in the matter, and for long years refused to accept the half rate tendered to ministers." This statement is a virtual acknowledgment of the correctness of THE JOURNAL'S position. But Mr. Wendte adds: "I might indeed plead in extenuation a remark made to me by one of the leading railroad presidents of the country: 'Anything you can make out of a railroad is a clear gain to the cause of the Lord,' and I might also commiserate with you that you are yourself not in the ranks of the clergy, and thus able to avail yourself of the privileges from which you are now debarred by your sadly secular condition. So great, however, is your popularity among the liberal ministers that I have no doubt those disqualifications could be easily removed, and their sympathetic hands laid upon you in ordination, should you so elect."

This is said in pleasantry, no doubt, but nevertheless it gives *quasi* approval to principles that are erroneous and to conceptions of conduct that form no part of a sound ethical code. If railroad companies, as is probably often if not generally the case, take advantage of the traveling public, let the evil be remedied if possible by legislation or by the influence of public sentiment. A man is not justified in evading payment of fare on a road when he sees a chance to do so, because the company's policy is a policy of grasping and greed. If discrimination in favor of ministers in rates of fare, on account of their profession, cannot be defended on moral grounds, a minister may not plead in excuse for accepting the favor that the railroad companies are what they ought not to be. Their shortcomings afford no grounds on which to extenuate the reduction of fares to a particular class or profession. And what is made out of a railroad in this way is in fact, generally speaking, made out of all the other classes of the traveling public.

If the editor were in "the ranks of the clergy" and because of his religious profession traveled at reduced rate of fare, he might thereby save a few dollars every year, but the fact would not justify the class discrimination, and only one more person would be added to the already too large list of men who avail themselves of a law or practice that is in itself contrary to the principle of equal and exact justice to all.

The national interstate law in providing that to a certain class of professional men may be extended half rate fare at the option of any railway, is in conflict with the spirit of the Federal Constitution, which is an entirely secular instrument. The law is legislative discrimination on the ground of a religious profession. It extends to ministers pecuniary favors because they represent religious doctrines, and is so far a departure from the principle and practice of democratic equality. The free thought lecturer, the scientific teacher, the representatives of ethical culture, must pay full fare, but the minister, the ordained minister, by reason of his religious faith and profession, is the favored one. The physician, the lawyer, the teacher the mechanic and even the day laborer who works for a dollar a day must pay full fare, while the minister, though he receives a salary of \$10,000 a year, and half as much more for services at marriages and funerals, can call for a half-fare ticket.

Mr. Wendte says that he has less scruples in accepting such favors since the passage of the interstate law; but really this law should make him more opposed to the granting of such favors. When the

railroad companies in accordance with custom or in recognition of the popular idea—more popular once than now—that the minister is a man called of God, or to secure the influence of ministers with their congregations in favor of the roads, showed special favors to the clergy without any governmental interference, there was really less to condemn in the custom than there is now when the national government has given to the unjust discrimination the support of its influence. Once, years ago, Mr. Wendte quoted with the approval following from a Baptist paper:

"Has civil society a right to give the public money outright to a religious or ecclesiastical body, to a missionary or tract society, or to a church? According to our American doctrines of church and state it has not. Then secondly is there any difference between releasing one from a debt of \$10—which he is bound to pay—and giving him \$10? Is there any difference whatever between paying out money from the public treasury and remitting taxes that are coming into the public treasury?"

And is there, we ask, any difference in principle between interference by the government to reduce the rate of fare for ministers according to the interstate law and using its influence in favor of contributions by the railroads—or by the people—to be applied to the salaries of the ministers.

But Mr. Wendte says that in the sparsely peopled country on the frontier "the minister is a herald of education, social culture and public morality as well as religion, and renders a hundredfold return for any favors the community or railroad extend to him."

But the application of the interstate law is not restricted to the "sparsely peopled country" of the frontier. Reduced rates of fare are the rule East as well as in the extreme West. And supposing the minister on the frontier is all that Mr. Wendte represents, is it not also true that the physician in sparsely peopled regions is a very useful man, that he has to travel over a wide area of country, that his pay is often small and uncertain, that his services are indispensable to many even from whom he can expect nothing. Why not reduce the rates of fare to him? Consider the teacher's life in such parts of the country, his intellectual and social influence and meagre pay. Why not favor him? And the farmers, what a time they have the first few years of life in a new country! How much hard toil, how many privations, how little ready money! Why not favor them with half-fare tickets? And the mechanic, the laborer, in fact the whole population would appreciate any favors the railroads could show them. But why single out the ministers and allow them to travel at half-fare rates and exempt the other classes from the same privilege.

Although without bearing on the real merits of the discussion, a few remarks are called for here in regard to the influence of the clergy on the frontier. What Mr. Wendte says is true of some, of many of them, but it is also true that many of the ministers found in such a country are men of very ordinary intellects, of narrow views and a sectarian spirit, and their influence is often more baneful than beneficial, since it tends to divide the people into sects, to sectarianize education, and to divert the public sentiment from common interests into narrow channels. For instance an effort is made to start a public library. The ministers of the class referred to will exert themselves to defeat the purpose by getting their societies interested in raising money for libraries in connection with their Sunday schools. The result is several collections of inferior books and no common library. If a Spiritualist or liberal lecturer or a Unitarian minister even in most cases probably, appears in a community such ministers deem it a part of their duty to protect the people from his malign influence, and they warn all to keep away from him, and often hold opposition meetings as a means of preventing the evangelist of liberal thought from having an audience. Yet, these ministers can travel at reduced rates while the independent apostle of intellectual freedom and intellectual hospitality must pay full fare.

In this Republic there should be no class privileges whatever.

MAN'S HIGHER NATURE.

The soul is sometimes defined as the germ in us of immortality. It is certainly the higher nature of man and the seat of overmastering convictions of right and duty, of love of truth, of justice, and the springhead of poetry, philosophy and religion. It overarches our lower nature, our calculating, selfish intellect and animal appetites as the blue heavens overarch the earth. They who live habitually under its vertical light may not be prosperous, in the sordid sense of the word, but they are the only men whom the world permanently honors. It constantly summons us to live a higher life than that of sense and selfishness. All forms of enthusiasm are of the soul. The history of the past would be intolerable were it not for ever-recurring periods of manifestations of the soul, when such manifestations become the most noticeable phenomena. Greek poetry, art and philosophy were soul-manifestations. Hebraism in its palmy time was an outbreak of the soul. So was the high Roman patriotism and reorganization of human society in accordance with the principles of a rational jurisprudence. Christianity in its primitive days was an outbreak of the soul, and continued to be such until it was formulated into frigid and rigid dogmas and articles of faith. These periodical manifestations of the soul are what Bunsen calls "God in history." Medieval chivalry in its best estate was an inspiration of the soul. Homer, Cervantes and Shakespeare lived and wrote, so to speak, on the highlands of the soul. There is a season of the year when the orbit of the earth lies through a meteoric region of space, so there are soulful eras in history—like the age of Pericles, Augustus and Elizabeth, when an originality and brilliancy of thought and imagination "rise like sunrise on the sea," and light the world through many a subsequent sordid period. The science of to-day is an outbreak and manifestation of the soul, or higher reason, and it is the only genuine religion of our time; for the old-fashioned theology which continues to be droned from the pulpits is mere dead formula. Human nature has its sordid moods and periods, when sense and calculating understanding are in the ascendant; and then again fortunately it has its spiritual moods, when the higher reason dominates it. During these latter moods humanity renews its childhood and youth. It casts aside its slough of selfishness and feels a new spontaneity and does noble and memorable things which are forever borne in mind. The era of Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Goethe, Schiller, Kant and Humboldt was superior even to the Elizabethan era in spiritual power and revelations of the higher reason. It was an era of the vindication and assertion of the rights of man and of free thought. All the great poets and thinkers named above were prophets of the soul in the highest sense of the word, prophets of the higher and loftier as distinguished from the lower nature of man, of "the fountain light of all our day" and the source of those

"High instincts before which our mortal nature Trembles like a guilty thing surprised."

MODERN MESSIAHS.

When a man claims to be a messiah or to be a privileged being, in direct and special communication with the Almighty, it may safely be affirmed that he is either a knave or a lunatic, or a person in whom, as is often the case, is combined some of the characteristics of each. It is often impossible to determine, at least for a long time, to which of these classes a messianic pretender belongs. A man may in a disordered state of mind imagine that he is a messiah and obtain adherents and money, and still keep up the claim from motives of vanity or gain, when with the return of normal consciousness he realizes that he was once insane but is now a conscious fraud; or some men may possibly begin with dishonestly pretending to be messiahs and through the influence of flattering disciples, the abnormal cultivation of self-esteem and egotism, and the perversion of the mental and moral nature, from living constantly in an atmosphere of falsehood and duplicity, come to believe or half be-

lieve that they are the special favorites and the chosen instruments of the Lord, for carrying out some scheme. A morbid or abnormal religious state of mind, which is often seen in persons of weak moral nature, may serve to encourage such pretensions and to make the man who at first was a conscious impostor imagine that he has a great mission to perform under God's especial direction.

There are always men and women ready to give a "messiah," whenever he appears, their confidence and their money. He may be a recluse, poorly clad and sparing of speech, or, like the Rockford charlatan, dress in broadcloth, wear patent leather boots, live in fine style, surround himself with a dozen beautiful angels in the flesh, and freely talk to the reporters of the press, telling them that he created the universe and is Almighty God temporarily in human form—in either case he will have disciples and worshippers. Credulity could not go to a greater length of folly. This messiah business would be ludicrous only if it did not reveal so much mental and moral weakness, so much perversion of the spiritual nature, and involve consequences so disastrous to many of the ready victims of the folly.

ALLEGED CASE OF TRANSFIGURATION.

Comte Henri Stocki writes to *La Revue Spirite* of Paris, in regard to a case of "transfiguration." A translation of his narrative is as follows: At St. Petersburg: I was an active member of a circle of Spiritualists of that city; there I consigned to my notebook the notes of the case of which what follows is an exact copy, except the names, which I am not authorized to reveal: A lady of the vicinity of Moscow, Mme. N—, nee de W—, aged about sixty years, was a sufferer, and official treatment not being able to relieve her, her brother believed her case one of strong obsession and he addressed a long letter to the *Society Spirite* of Paris. He was requested to bring the invalid to that city, but not being able to do so, M. W— wrote to a Spiritualist circle at St. Petersburg, communicating to it the same statement he had sent to Paris. Aside from the description of horrible, extraordinary sufferings there was the very rare phenomenon of transfiguration; the fact of obsession was confirmed to us and the advice given to have the patient brought to St. Petersburg. The two brothers in 1886 passed two or three months there, with the result that Mme. M— was very much relieved of her sufferings and entirely relieved of the obsession. They were present at our sances, and M. W—, who never failed to be there, being asked to relate the incidents of the transfiguration of which he had been witness, made the following statement: In the year 1865, I had conducted my sister to Moscow, on account of her health; frequently seized with vertigo, she had fits of delirium, in which she was accustomed to strike against the furniture and was covered with black and blue spots. M. W— coming back one day from a walk was in a room next that of his sister, when the servant, an orphan girl whom Mme. N— loved very much, came into his apartment crying; she begged him to come and see what was going on with her mistress, and was trembling with terror and great emotion. M. W— found his sister seated on the floor in a chemise, very elegant and ornamented with broideries and laces; she herself was young and beautiful as he had known her in his youth; her skin was of dazzling whiteness, her shoulders and beautiful arms, the chemise having fallen off her shoulders, were seen in profile; her thick hair was of an irreproachable brown and she had the air of one being in an ecstasy, admiring herself in a mirror placed before her. M. W— sent for his glasses, which he had forgotten in his haste, and having put them on, he confirmed all these strange details; the vision began to disappear and soon he saw his sister, sitting on the floor, but just as he had left her, that is, old and wrinkled, dressed in white petticoat and cloak of green velvet buttoned up fully. He took her hand to help her up. M. W— asked her if she had any embroidered chemises trimmed with laces; she said she had had none for several years. The young nurse

related that Mme. N—, being seized with vertigo, had sank to the floor, and, seated on the floor, she tried to raise her, but, terrified in perceiving the change which had come over her all at once, was impressed to call M. W—. As for Mme. N—, whom I questioned in regard to this phenomenon, she said to me: "I was seized with a severe fit of vertigo, and have only a vague remembrance of having seen myself young, in a glass, as formerly; it was a dream, and after awaking I considered it all false."

Although the above translation of a communication printed in *La Revue Spirite* is given to the readers of THE JOURNAL the narrative is one which, in the absence of evidence, is not deemed credible. The phenomenon of "transfiguration" is not so common that the record and description of an alleged case can be accepted on hearsay testimony, without knowledge of any of the persons concerned, and without verification of any of the circumstances related. The publication of accounts like this unsupported by such evidence as is obtainable if the main statements are correct, will make no impression on careful and discriminating investigators of spiritual phenomena.

Among the stories told of Thomas Reynolds, who began his duties as associate justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois as early as 1822, is the following which is related by Gov. Ford: Judge Reynolds presided at a court in which a man named Green had been convicted of murder, and it became his unpleasant duty to pronounce sentence of death upon the culprit. He called the prisoner before him and said to him: "Mr. Green, the jury, in its verdict, says you are guilty of murder, and the law says you are to be hanged. Now, I want you and all your friends down on Indian creek to know that it is not I who condemns you, but it is the jury and the law. Mr. Green, the law allows you time for preparation, and so the court wants to know what time you would like to be hanged." The prisoner replied that he was ready to die at any time the court might appoint. The judge then said: "Mr. Green, you must know that it is a very serious thing to be hanged; it can't happen to a man more than once in his life, and you had better take all the time you can get. The court will give you until this day four weeks. Mr. Clerk, look at the almanac and see if this day four weeks comes on Sunday." The clerk looked and found that it came on a Thursday, and the court informed Mr. Green that he would be hanged on that day. The attorney-general of the state, James Turney, wanted a more formal and impressive sentence passed, but the court replied: "Oh, Mr. Turney, Mr. Green understands the whole matter as well as if I had preached to him for a month. He knows he has got to be hanged this day four weeks. You understand it in that way, Mr. Green, don't you?" Mr. Green said yes, and the court adjourned.

A New Hampshire correspondent of the Boston *Investigator* who has attended the Spiritualist camp meeting at Sunapee, writes: "The Spiritualists are certainly progressive people. They are getting tired of their old organs. The *Banner of Light*, they say, has become old fogy and hide-bound. And Col. Bundy's journal at Chicago has such a way of exposing frauds and driving out false mediums that they are afraid he will spoil the broth." No true Spiritualist has any fear that THE JOURNAL "will spoil the broth"; that it will spoil the traffic in adulterated goods is the fear of the sort of folk described by the *Investigator* correspondent, and they are not Spiritualists. A class of weaklings have fed so long on broth so thin that it has enervated their moral constitutions, played havoc with their brains and made them incapable of even tasting—much less assimilating—good healthy broth. THE JOURNAL does not seek to feed such people; it is quite willing to give *The Banner* and its ambitious imitators full sweep in that swamp.

Kant, who has been regarded by thinkers generally perhaps as the most profound and far-seeing philosopher of modern times, wrote a hundred years ago as follows: I confess I am much induced to assert the

existence of immaterial beings in this world, and to class my soul itself in the category of these beings. We can imagine the possibility of the existence of immaterial beings without fear of being refuted, though at the same time without the hope of being able to demonstrate their existence by reason. Such spiritual beings would exist in space, and the latter notwithstanding would remain penetrable for material beings because their presence would employ an acting power in space, but not a filling of it, i. e., a resistance causing solidity. It is therefore as good as demonstrated, or it could easily be proved, if we were to enter into it at some length, or better still, it will be proved in the future. I do not know where or when—that also in this life, the human soul stands in an indissoluble communion with all immaterial beings of the spiritual world; that it produces efforts in them, and in exchange receives impressions from them without, however, becoming humanly conscious of them, so long as all stands well.

We are as much in eternity now as we ever will be. Death does not change our affections or our thoughts. The material body is not changed by removing its clothing any more than the spirit is changed by removing the clayey vesture which envelops it. The Almighty has as much power over us to-day as he will have to-morrow. Whether the life is in the flesh or out of the flesh does not change its relation to him. That relation is always the same whether in one form or another. We have a material body here because we are in a material world—charged with labors of a material character. When they are performed and the task finished, the body like any other agency or piece of machinery is put aside. The spirit in all its inherent elements must continue the same after death as before, otherwise it would lose its identity and individuality. That this is so, we are warranted in believing, from the statements of scripture first, and second, from the evidence of witnesses whose testimony on all other subjects has never been doubted.

—Judge James B. Belford.

Referring to Mr. Clodd's "The Spiritual Essence in Man," the editor of *Light* says: The battle, he tells us, is lifted from the physical structure of man in relation to the lower animals to his mental nature and development. It is so; psychical replaces physical. The revolution in thought that this indicates is vast. Not so long ago leaders of thought, outside of the representatives of faith, seemed not to know that they had any spiritual essence, any soul, anything that would survive death. We have changed all that and soon we shall be having men of science asking what the body is, and what its uses are as a vehicle for the soul.

One of the most lamentable features of Dr. Lyman C. Draper's death is that this learned historian was about to embody in manuscript an immense mass of hitherto unpublished information which related to much of the western country besides Wisconsin. Shortly before Bancroft died he wrote to Dr. Draper, saying: "I look forward with eager and impatient curiosity for the appearance of your lives of Boone, of Clark, of James Robertson and so many others. Time is short. I wish to read them before I go hence. Do not delay—the country expects of you this service."

In September, 1851, Theodore Parker wrote in his diary, "Dr. [S. G.] Howe says that for twenty years he has been in Boston, most of the time at the head of the Blind Institution, and never received any sign of recognition from the city authorities, in the shape of an invitation to any of their festivities. Had he kept a great rum-shop and made men blind and idiotic, it would not have been so."

Prof. James Woodrow, D. D., the man over whose orthodoxy in teaching evolution there has been much discussion in the Southern Presbyterian church, has been elected president of the reorganized South Carolina college and professor of biology, geology and mineralogy. The election was unanimous, and fourteen out of the fifteen trustees were present.



CAMP MEETINGS.

By A. H. DAILEY.

It may be impossible to declare at this time the future of camp meetings; they are peculiar gatherings, almost exclusively confined to America. The first mention of these meetings for religious purposes of which I am aware, is contained in Leviticus xxiii, 41, 43. "And ye shall keep it a feast unto the Lord seven days in the year; it shall be a statute forever in your generations; ye shall celebrate it in the seventh month. Ye shall dwell in booths seven days; all that are Israelites born, shall dwell in booths; that your generations may know that I made the Children of Israel to dwell in booths, when I brought them out of the land of Egypt. I am the Lord, your God." According to Biblical reckoning this was given to the Jews about 1490 B. C., and was observed only during the days of Joshua. We find by referring to chapter viii, 16-17 of Nehemiah, that the commandment was disregarded during a period of 1,000 years; when according to the same record the custom was resumed. As in those early times the laws and statutes of the Israelites were inscribed on parchment and other expensive material, copies were not numerous; and it is extremely probable that only a few could read and write. Moses, to thoroughly inculcate the Jewish law, and to impress upon the minds of the Children of Israel through all succeeding generations a knowledge of the hardships of their fathers while in the wilderness, required them to leave their homes of comfort and dwell in rudely constructed booths, not unlike the brush wigwams of savages, and to congregate and listen to the reading of the law by the Scribes. This was a wise requirement, as in those times the means of instruction was necessarily imperfect and inaccessible to most persons.

The modern camp meetings grew out of the fervor attending the conversions of souls by the Methodists, which were often attended by some strange manifestations; when men, women and children gave vent to their enthusiasm in shoutings, and sometimes reached the climax by falling into trances in which they frequently remained for hours at a time. These crudely constructed camps have given place in some parts of the country to more pretentious efforts, with substantial cottages and auditoriums for large gatherings, of which Asbury Park and Ocean Grove, N. J., and Lake Bluff, near Chicago, are examples.

Spiritualists are not to be outdone in their efforts to promote the truths of their philosophy, and we find the change from tents to cottages and extensive permanent improvements is common in most of their camps. One need not be a prophet, nor the son of one, to see that the tendency is to permanency of Spiritualist camp grounds as places of summer gatherings, for rest, recreation, and instruction. THE JOURNAL has from time to time advocated the establishment of proper places for gatherings where exchanges of thought could be had, and instruction given by the best minds upon important scientific and religious questions of the day. Whether our camps are in any adequate degree to meet the growing demands of intelligent and progressive Spiritualists in that direction, is exceedingly problematical. There are, unquestionably, great opportunities; but whether the majority who gather annually at these places will so control and shape the conduct and scope of the meetings as to make them progressive, is exceedingly doubtful.

Testimony so conclusive as to amount to evidence is what is now appealing most strongly to the consideration of truth seekers. The conflict of thought between leading minds in the great denominations reaches much farther in effect than the immediate arena of the churches. Sects invariably are the losers in these disturbances, which are destructive of confidence in the correctness of the claims of either disputant; and the doctrine of infallibility is sure of a

setback. There is something more than a mere indication that the great sects of the world must fall to pieces unless new ties are found. Man naturally becomes independent and self-reliant in thought, speech and action, when he learns that he has been wrongfully restrained or misled by error. Imaginary barriers are often as effective as real ones, and the men who are preaching "Thus saith the Lord," are learning that additional evidence is imperatively needed to prove their assertions.

Psychical societies are collecting and preserving evidence pertinent to their researches. Every season at our camps there is a vast amount of valuable evidence pertaining to Spiritualism given and accepted; but not collected, classified and preserved. I take this occasion to urge, through the columns of THE JOURNAL and all other public journals, irrespective of creed or sect, the importance of collecting and preserving all well authenticated cases of a phenomenal character relating to man. If each organized Spiritualist association would create a bureau for that purpose, placing it under the management of careful and critical persons, with instructions to publish and circulate widely at the close of the season a well-digested report, it would be of great value. While I was at Lake Pleasant this season, despite the disturbed condition of affairs,—always prejudicial to sensitives—many remarkable tests were given from the platform. Mr. John Slater, who has in several respects greatly improved, gave some as pointed tests as it is possible to give in a promiscuous audience. Take, for instance, a single test to illustrate my purpose: He claimed to discern the presence of the spirit of an elderly man who stated to the medium his desire to communicate with an elderly lady in the back part of the audience. The spirit announced himself as her husband and gave his name, which the lady designated admitted to be correct. "Are you the mother of eight children?" asked Mr. Slater. "I am," was the reply. "You are the mother of ten children," continued Mr. Slater, "for it is so shown to me, and their names are—" here the medium repeated their names; all of which the lady admitted to be correct. "Your husband says you are much disturbed about selling the old homestead. Some of your children wish you to sell it and you are in a quandary about it. Is that so?" asked Mr. Slater. She admitted it was correct. "Well, he tells you not to sell it. He says you are talking about cutting down some old trees, and he tells you to cut them down, then you will not be pestered by the boys stealing the apples." "Say, lady," continued Mr. Slater, "your husband says to give you a test. That you have put away in a closet two old blankets which were the first blankets you got after your marriage and you and he had a hard time to get them at all. Is that so?" "It is all so," she replied. "And now he tells me," Slater went on to say, "that you and he ran away and got married when you were both very young. You were about seventeen and he nineteen. Is that true?" "Yes, all, all true," she replied. "And, now, did you ever see me before?" asked the medium, to which she replied in the negative.

Now, were such occurrences as the foregoing thoroughly investigated at the time and every available means taken to detect collusion or fraud and the result carefully stated, the mass of evidence which would be accumulated, when published and circulated, could not fail of beneficial results. The persons to whom these tests are given come from all parts of the world and their preservation and publication are of greater value from the fact that each living individual becomes a living witness to the truth of the record wherever he or she may be.

Every new camping ground of Spiritualists should, in its incipient stage, reckon the possibilities of its future, and avoid the errors of the older ones. At the outset an adequate quantity of land, with perfect title, should be secured. The cottages and improvements should be planned and located so as to be attractive, convenient, and reasonably safe from devastation by fire. Every lessee or lot owner should be subject to all regulations to secure health, safety, morality, and revenue for camp meeting purposes.

Every lessee or lot owner should be, a member and voter in the association, and interested in its welfare. My experience at Lake Pleasant teaches me that a syndicate of land owners cannot run a successful camp meeting without the cordial cooperation of the campers; and campers are not likely to cooperate in raising funds to erect buildings and improve property which belongs to a syndicate unless they can have some control of affairs themselves. It is not my purpose at present to go into a statement of the affairs at Lake Pleasant. I am striving to suggest some things which may benefit others in the establishment and conduct of camp meetings. They may become institutions of great benefit in numerous ways, or they may easily become fruitful sources of bickering, discord and selfishness.

For a small camp, I found Queen City Park, at Burlington, Vermont, a model place. It is unsurpassed in natural attractions, and for orderly, kindly and fraternal relations it cannot be excelled. There I found friends who, coming to spend a few days, had been upon the grounds six weeks, and desired to remain until the "leaves should fall." The efforts of Dr. E. A. Smith have been untiring in behalf of the place. He is warmly seconded by every person I had the pleasure of meeting upon the grounds.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

REMINISCENCES.

By MRS. J. M. STAATS.

CHAPTER XIV. (CONCLUDED.)

MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE CARY SISTERS.

Invitations directed by the unseen were given to Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Eunson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Newton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Sammis, and Mr. R. Hallock. These were named as parties who were always to be present and having permission to invite those whom they regarded as proper persons to join at our "Evenings at Home." A number of exceedingly interesting meetings followed; as some of the parties were highly mediumistic, we did not lack tests or information. On one occasion the voices came loud and pronounced, singing in their own peculiar way their favorite hymn,

There is a land of pure delight
Where souls immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain:

After the singing had ceased, some one of the party remarked that in the original and familiar hymn the word saints was used where the invisible choir had said "souls"—upon which Mr. Chase, under control immediately said, "Souls is the better word—all spirits are not saints."

Our evenings were very pleasant, not unfrequently brightened by the presence of Robert Dale Owen, Judge Edmonds, Dr. Gray and an occasional visit from Charles Foster and Dr. H. Slade, who would give their peculiar tests of the many things seen and heard by the friends who so diligently kept faith with our spirit visitors. Mr. and Mrs. Sammis take great pleasure, even now after twenty years, in narrating a circumstance to this effect: One evening a gentleman came who was introduced as Dr. Swan, where from, or with whom he came, neither they nor I had the slightest knowledge. In the course of the evening I saw or seemed to see a figure approach Dr. Swan. Reaching her hand out as if for recognition, she said, "I am your friend Cornelia." The doctor made no reply; "I should have been more than friend," she went on to say, "had not death separated us." Still no sign of recognition from the doctor, who expressed not the slightest interest. Then followed a minute description of the figure, after which I was made to say, "She will give you further test of her identity." At this point some one present turned the gas down to the lowest possible point, thinking thereby that Dr. Slade might take up the description which I thought I had failed to give. Turning to Mrs. Sammis I said to her, "The spirit will play the piano through you." I confessed to a feeling of relief from the fact that Dr. Swan remained so stoical; I felt as if he regarded me as one deluded. Mrs. Sammis

stumbled in the darkness to the piano; meanwhile Mr. Sammis asked mentally that his wife might be made to play Cornelia's favorite melody. After a few cords were struck, Mrs. Sammis began the old familiar Scotch air, "Kinloch of Kinloch," which she played through with its many variations, never making a single error in time or execution. Not alone was the key-board wholly invisible on account of the darkness of the room, but Mrs. Sammis had never seen the music nor heard it, she having no piano at her home and being entirely out of practice.

After the lights were turned up and the conversation resumed all eyes were turned upon Dr. Swan, who seemed in a kind of brown study, halting between two opinions. Walking to the mantel, resting his head upon his hand for a moment, he gave in a very quiet yet manly way the following explanation: "To the best of my knowledge and belief I have never seen but one person in this room before to-night, and I am sure that my friend with whom I came never had the remotest knowledge of Cornelia, who has been here in spirit; of this I am sure; the description of her was perfect; the piece of music played by the lady was her favorite air, purchased for and given her by me. We were to be and would have been married had not her sudden death taken her from me. I had no thought of asking for her, as it is over forty years since she died." Mrs. Sammis had at that time and still has a very interesting attendant, who calls himself "Pontie," who remarked at this point: "Humph, forty years. Dat's nothin'. I been up here more than a hundred years. I not old." This spirited remark arrested the attention of Mr. Owen, who immediately asked how Pontie "counted time," as spirits usually had no ideas of time. Mrs. Sammis, now under a very complete control, gave the following answer: "That's one ob de mysteries—Great Spirit don't tell his little boys everything." We of the circle felt somewhat mortified at such a reply to a savant, while Mr. Sammis called on Pontie to apologize. "How long," asked Pontie, "has this chief known spirits could come to dis world?" Mr. Owen replied, giving the number of years about seven. "Dere, didn't I told you the gray-haired chief was a little boy. You didn't know much 'bout 'terial world at seven, now did you, chief? Well then you know little 'bout spiritual world, and you are a boy. Great Spirit have big much to teach you 'fore Pontie talk like high-up professor to you." Whether or not this was a little pleasantry to avoid an answer purely, we could not say.

Mr. Foster narrated a circumstance in connection with Miss Alice Cary, a very pretty test in the form of a sealed note left with Phoebe, who called on Mr. Foster to gain from him the desired evidence of her sister's spirit presence. Mr. Foster, after looking a few moments at Phoebe, wrote the two stanzas of the hymn, "There is a land of pure delight," etc. Phoebe on returning home opened the sealed note and found the above words written therein. This hymn and old "Coronation" were the favorite ones of their father and mother, who had made every effort to prove their presence.

It would be impossible to enumerate the many marked and very remarkable incidents which were constantly occurring during our evenings with the "spirits" at the Cary house, data of which I have in many cases very carefully preserved. One more of them, at the earnest solicitation of Mr. and Mrs. Sammis, I here narrate. Waiting one evening for the friends from the other side of our material world, a vision was presented so plainly that in spite of its incongruity I described as I saw it. The vision began like a tableau; there was a sleigh, over the back of which was a fine wolfskin robe; a gentleman past middle age, with a large, round head, dark eyes and hair, robust and intelligent face, looked at me and smiled; his clothing was very heavy, a sealskin cap, the collar and cuffs of his coat together with his driving gloves were of the same fur. Over his lap was a fur robe, of lighter color, carefully tucked in. Two fine bay horses were attached to the sleigh and driven by the occupant, who sat very erect and alone. After giving the description as I saw it, the gentleman in

the picture dropped the reins, removed his seal cap, wiped his brow with his handkerchief, and smilingly remarked that it was very warm. "Why," said I, "what does this mean? There is no snow to be seen."

"Who are you?" asked one of the party. The figure pointed to Mr. Ellis, a gentleman present, and said: "Ask friend Ellis." By this time Mr. Ellis had got on his thinking cap, being a very quiet, unobtrusive man, and said: "Yes, I have it; you are Dr. McChesney, of Potsdam. I painted, or tried to paint, a picture of you in the barn one very warm day in July. I remember very well all the circumstances connected with that day. You had a warm time of it, sure enough." The strangest part of this was that Dr. McChesney was the father of Mrs. Sammis, who knew nothing whatever of the portrait and had never until that evening met Mr. Ellis, who at the time was well up in years, was a sculptor and medalist, being employed on the gold medal of the late Commodore Vanderbilt, which the United States Government had awarded the Commodore in appreciation of the gift of his steamer.

Sampson Hodges usually put in an appearance, announcing himself in a variety of ways, telling us one evening that "Fore the meetin' meet there agin the Colonel would be there to make good his story of himself," regarding the scout of the Dismal Swamp. Sampson was right; the Colonel came as was his wont, we having no news of him when unexpectedly he would walk in upon us. Always interested in the subject of course we were more than usually so, now that Sampson was to be proved false or true. Scarcely had we seated ourselves before the heavy tramp of Sampson was heard on the floor, plainly heard by Colonel W. as well as myself. I proceeded to narrate the story which Sampson had told us, leaving out no part of it; as it was of such recent date of course not a difficult thing to do. Colonel W. seemed delighted to acknowledge every fact in the case, told where he found Sampson, and how faithful he had been to him in time of danger and peril. "In fact," said the Colonel, "I owe my release out of that infernal swamp to Sampson's safe guidance."

In giving a description of Sampson as I saw him I told the Colonel that I had never seen him with a hat on; also that his boots were not mates, one having the appearance of a long cavalry boot, the other short below the knee. "Precisely as they were," said Colonel W., "he had taken them from the dead soldiers, and would not have worn them at all had he not been afraid of snakes biting him on the night tramps. I never saw him with a hat on; don't think he ever wore one in his lifetime," added Colonel W.

"Cannot you tell me something, Sampson?" said the Colonel. "Ah, Massa Colonel, you was too soft on dem girls, Sampson dun tole you what dey was up to. Miss Sallie was a chirp one, so she was. I knew it was too late when you blindfolded em." Colonel W. explained how he had allowed two young girls to drive through his lines ostensibly to get the mails once a week. One of them had a lover, the other a brother in the Southern army. The Colonel's gallantry had paid the forfeit, they having given information relative to his position. Sampson knowing this fact urged Colonel W. to blindfold them while he drove them through. Upon this being done the Colonel never had the pleasure of driving the ladies through his lines again.

After a number of equally interesting tests the Colonel said, "I must bid you good bye very soon, Sampson; before I go you must tell me how and where you died." Sampson replied "You needn't say good-bye, I am going wid you. After you left the swamp the rebs made it warm for me. Mis Sallie declar she got squint of me 'hind de' tree, I got way down Souf, Lor' knows whar, went to sleep up a pine, had boots on, dat's all I know 'fore de Lor', Massa Colonel, dat's all Sampson know." After this interview we heard very little of Sampson, save when some one of the old circle would send a spirit for him asking him to come to us again.

I am well aware what an easy matter it is to say all this is the result of a vivid imagination. If it were so, what kind or quality of imagination is it that furnishes intelligence beyond our reach? Although more

than twenty years have brought their varied changes, darkened by cares and vicissitudes, I can truthfully aver that Sampson Hodges, as a spirit, seems as real and tangible as do some of my many friends who were my guests in the body; not a few of whom are still living witnesses ready to attest to many of the evidences gained in our earnest search for the truths of spirit intercourse and continued life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ON THE THRESHOLD, A SERMON*

By HERMAN SNOW.

Mark xii, 25. "For when they rise from the dead they neither marry or are given in marriage but are as the angels which are in heaven."

Also, Heb. I, 14. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

The dead—the innumerable company of the departed—where are they, and what is now their employment? Does all knowledge and interest in this earth cease the moment the tried and triumphant spirit quits its earthly homes? When the golden bowl of life is broke, and the silver cord loosed which has bound the mortal of man to the immortal, must it be then, that all those warm sympathies and that sweet intercourse so long cherished between the loving and the loved must utterly cease? Or is there not in the divine wisdom and love left for us a well-grounded faith that our friends have not wholly left us, though we see them not with the natural eye for they now belong to the unseen and spiritual? They seem, it is true, to have departed on a long and final journey, yet may it not be that in some subtle and mysterious way, tokens of grateful remembrance and undying love may still be made to pass between us, if so be that we keep our hearts pure and in some good degree in harmony with the angel society of which they are now members.

A faith like this, if I mistake not, is now held by a large and constantly increasing number of the purest and most spiritual minded of Christ's true church. Thousands there are in all parts of the religious world whose hours of sadness are cheered by the thought that the sympathy and aid of a departed loved one are still with them, and all the more active from the fact that this friend is no longer clogged with the imperfection and hindrances of an earthly body; thousands who feel that the darkest hours of their life are illumined by the invisible presence of some dear messenger laden with blessed and soothing influences from the Spirit-Home; thousands to whom loneliness is but little known since they are ever attended by kind and ministering spirits sent forth by the good Father to minister unto them that they may become the "heirs of salvation." These blessed angel helpers come to us in seasons of calm repose, in the twilight home when the noisy activity of day is giving place to the quiet rest of evening; in the moonlight scene when the bright heavens above seem to reflect the purity and peace of the Spirit Soul itself; in the midst of the night watches, both in our sleeping and our waking hours; in these and others of the most cherished and elevated passages of life's experiences, do we feel that the ministering spirits of our departed friends are near us with messages of peace and encouragement to our souls.

Some there are who go further than this; some who believe that the barriers between the seen and the unseen worlds are already so broken down that those in the spiritual and those in the material body are able to hold direct intercourse by means of certain sounds and other signals intelligible to the observing and well-instructed mind. But without touching at present this recent claim upon our faith, I purpose to bring forward in this discourse what seem to me some of the most weighty considerations in favor of a belief in the active presence and silent agency of departed spirits. In other words, I wish to do what is in my power toward establishing more fully the faith that those who precede us to that "Blest Eternal Home" become ministering spirits to those who remain, and that thus the two worlds are kept closely united by a bright and unbroken chain of love. And in doing this I feel that I am performing a task most grateful to every pure and loving heart, especially to those the choicest of whose earthly treasures are already laid up in heaven.

My first position is that such a belief in the presence and active agency of departed spirits is by no

*A discourse written and delivered in March 1852, whilst Mr. Snow was investigating the new Spiritualism.

means wanting in scriptural support, but that on the contrary, there are many passages—in the New Testament especially—which, if they do not actually teach it, do certainly seem highly to favor such a faith.

The two passages chosen for my text, when taken in connection, furnish probably the most decisive proof upon the subject. In the first of these, we are told by Jesus himself, that when we rise from the dead we become "as the angels in heaven;" and in the second it is clearly intimated that to the angels is assigned the office of ministering spirits to watch over the well-being of God's obedient children. If then the departed spirits of human beings become "as the angels"—in the most natural meaning of the phrase—it follows that to all who shall be found worthy to inherit that blessed life eternal and to be clothed upon with the unfading garments of the pure in heart and faithful of life—a similar delightful office will be assigned though doubtless proportioned in its duties to the spiritual elevation and consequent fitness of each individual to do the work of an angel.

I know that the force of this argument may be somewhat broken by an examination of the entire narrative of which the first half of my text forms a part. It may be said that as Jesus was at the time speaking only of the marriage relation, therefore it was only in this respect that he intended to say that men should become as the angels. But to me, there seems no natural necessity of such a limitation of the meaning, on the contrary it is quite sure that we shall become like the angels in more than this one respect if we prove true to our noble natures and high privileges. For the condition of angels is but a further advance toward that likeness to Christ and God into which it is the work of Christianity and the discipline of life to transform us. "The saints above" must then closely resemble the angels in character, and if in character, why not in their employments?

It is the belief of some that of all the glorious company who now inhabit the spiritual world there is not one but has passed through a discipline similar to ours upon this or some other of the countless spheres of God's universe. Hence it is inferred that all these beings differ, not in kind, but only in the degree of their advancement toward the Divine Perfection. If this belief be correct—and certainly it seems far from unreasonable—then the doctrine of my discourse is still more fully established.

Another passage which seems to favor my position is found in the epistle to the Hebrews, xii., and is as follows: "Wherefore seeing that we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight," etc. By examination, you will perceive that this verse is closely connected with the preceding chapter, in which there is enumerated a long list of Jewish worthies whose examples are brought forward as an encouragement to the faithful ones of the Hebrew people to whom this epistle is particularly addressed. In the passage just quoted, that vast company of patriarchs, prophets and martyrs who had departed at different periods of the nation's history are represented—not as being in some distant or disconnected position—but as a present cloud of witnesses with whom their brethren on earth are compassed about. Are not we also surrounded by a cloud of witnesses, who are deeply interested in all that relates to our higher well-being? And among them are there not some who have loved us on earth and are therefore watching our course, and helping forward our career with an interest peculiarly strong and active?

Again, in Matthew xviii., 10, is found this language: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven." Here reference is had to the Jewish belief that each individual is under the especial care of a guardian angel. True, it may be a matter of doubt how far a simple reference for illustration like this to any belief or custom of the day implies a sanction from the great Teacher himself. But the passage has evidently some bearing upon one topic. It is a consideration not without its importance that a belief like that concerning guardian angels existed among the Jews of Christ's time; and this consideration certainly loses none of its weight from such a reference to it by so great an authority. If, then, our departed friends become as the angels, and if each one of us has a spirit guardian over him, to whom should this office be rightly assigned but to that dearest friend who loved us on earth and whose power of love is greatly intensified by the nearer approach to the Infinite Source of love which must be in the heavenly world.

But one other passage now occurs to me, which seems to have a direct bearing upon the scriptural argument in support of the doctrine of my discourse. It is found in Luke xv., 7, also in the words of Jesus himself: "I say unto you that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." Also in the tenth verse, where the language is: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." From this it appears that the affairs of

earth are not only known, but regarded with deep interest by the heavenly inhabitants; and to whom among that bright and happy band could the knowledge of the sinner's repentance cause so great a joy as to the glorified spirit of some departed friend of earth whose prayers and efforts may have been instrumental in bringing about the happy change?

The limits of a single discourse will not permit of a critical examination of these passages. It is quite possible that such an examination might weaken their force to some extent; but it is not possible, I think, that they could be so interpreted as not to leave a strong intimation at least of the truth of our doctrine. But it does not seem to have come within the design of the Christian revelation to make known with distinctness the nature of the future existence. Its counsels and aids are mostly confined to the present life.

But still, in mercy to our weakness of faith and weariness of spirit, we are permitted to catch occasional glimpses of the glory that shall be. Nor are these brief hints worthless and wholly uncertain. With the aid of a purified and chastened imagination we can lay hold upon them, and muse upon them until, as with the eye of faith, we can see "the heavens opened and the angels of God ascending and descending upon us." Yea, we can see the love which beams forth from a familiar but now glorified countenance as some work of love or message of peace is undertaken in our behalf.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A KEY TURNED BACKWARD.

BY MARY HULETT YOUNG.

Dr. Elwood Morgan is alone in his library. Beyond the window is the summer night with its silvered trees and balmy silence. A large book is open before him, open at a treatise on mind and its possibilities, but he does not read.

Once he has walked to the hall door and stood musingly, then with a feeling as much like indecision as he could know, returned to his chair and fixed his eyes on the book—but he does not read.

In the hand, which rests on his knee under the table, is a bronze key. It has been in his hand for two hours. That key had a duplicate once, for the use of delicate fingers that keep it still, and both were the keys of a room just above the library. That room has been locked for years—it was locked at midnight after the day when Agnes Neville Morgan, the bride of a month, deserted her bridal rooms, without word or sign, and returned no more. The servants feared and shunned the locked apartment, as timid, senseless creatures always shun everything unusual and unexplained. One key to that locked chamber is in the white, strong hand of Dr. Morgan, and in vain for the last two hours he has tried to compel that hand to firmness, to calm, unvarying steadiness.

Twelve o'clock sounds from a tower not far away. He looks up and around as if surprised, and walks at once into the hall—up the stairs—there is no indecision now. The key turns backward in the lock and the door swings open without a sound. The white bed and pure draperies seem fresh as yesterday. The chamber is lighted by the moon—the same moon that shines into the south parlor of a New England home, where Myra Pascal, in her calm, noble beauty, remembers one trying hour—and remembers it with prayer—prayer not so much for herself as for another.

Dr. Morgan moved to the centre of the apartment and lighted the gas. It rayed out cheerily as in the remembered nights of the past, when Agnes with her sunny curls and marvelous delicacy was there. He sat down in the large, easy, pivoted chair into which he drew her so near him, so a part of him. Memory for a time mastered all purpose in his mind.

What is that small, glittering object on the front of the tall cabinet before him? Elwood Morgan's eye fixes on it—he moves forward and takes it in his hand. It is a jeweled miniature of Agnes in her fairy-like girlish beauty, with a smile of gladness on her lips and calm, trustful joy in her blue eyes. It was finished two days before her marriage, and lay near the true heart of her lover when he pronounced the marriage vow. He drew the picture toward him, but found it tied by a ribbon and some intricate knots to the handle of a small drawer that came open as he tried to detach the ribbon. A letter lay in the drawer and nothing else was there. "Dr. Elwood Morgan" was the address. It had nothing more—no name of place nor postmark—it was there for him. His heart beat wildly as he murmured: "This at last will tell me all—can I wish to know?" The nerves of the well-schooled physician and surgeon lost their balance. He staggered back to the chair, and for a time sight was impossible. What horror would that letter make no longer a fear but a certainty? After an hour had passed he opened and read the letter.

"My husband! This you are in sight of God and men,—nor do I deserve that you should scorn the

claim. I fly from you—not for another,—not for any happiness—that is past—I fly from him who no longer loves me, to whom I am no longer a blessing. I could not bear it; to feel that in one little month I had become as nothing to you, and I go. Do not dream I have gone far. I could not stay where I might not, unseen, still see you. I shall breathe the air you breathe, I shall walk on the pavement where I have seen you walk; but you will not find me—you will forget, and I shall die. Thank heaven for the Saxon delicacy of my mother; more than for my father's Norman blood—I can die. . . . Oh! let me not die in the sorrow of an utter desolation! Find this letter and come to me—if only for a moment! I love as I have never loved before at this hour when I leave you. I wished to keep your kindness when it was so generously given, but could not; I was too weak to be prized by one like you. A woman who could think, reason and study with you, would at least have been the lasting companion of your mind, poor Agnes who could only love you became a weariness. I can not, but may God bless you!

"Jane Hevenor, now Mrs. Morse, will be where I am."
"AGNES."

Elwood Morgan sprang to his feet—"She lives,—I shall find her—mine still! . . . No; five years she has suffered, has believed herself forgotten—she could not bear it. She is dead, I know she is dead—"

Oh! God!! give me my Agnes who loved me!"
He sank on his knees in that agonized wild prayer.

* * * * *

Listen! There is not a sound, not a motion in the air of the chamber,—yet he is conscious of approach—conscious of a happy presence near, and nearer. It pauses hovering in the air beside him—bends gently above him. . . . And now there are words—not heard by the ear, but fully comprehended with their meaning. It is spirit language to spirit.

In this language Elwood Morgan comprehends not only that Agnes is beside him, but, that for her sorrow is ended. "We are happy where I am—would not be again as we were. We are happy, oh! happy!" and the soundless spirit words grow rhythmic with exultant joy, yet touched with a constant and tender love.

"I would not come in the robes of clay.
A being of earth to thee unknown,
I am glad that my spirit has worn away
The grosser garb that was round it thrown.

"And when the hum of the world has died
On a summer eve from thy wearied ear,
With the song of the skies I will seek thy side.
And count it a pleasure to linger here."

* * * * *

On the day after he found the letter of Agnes, Dr. Morgan sought the residence of Jane Hevenor, Mrs. Morse. He learned that Agnes Neville, the orphan daughter of those who befriended her own orphaned childhood, was never absent from her for a whole day of five years until that day when she sank pale and powerless in her arms, and in one hour was dead.

"I think she must have had dangerous symptoms before," said Mrs. Morse, "for she had grown weak but would not let us tell you, nor call any other counsel."

"Nothing can help me, do not be troubled about it," she said, smilingly, as if pleased to have it so. O! Dr. Morgan, you should have seen her dear pale face when she said, "Jane, my dear friend, watch when they put me in the casket, and do not let this key be taken away. It is the link that joins me still to him." He put it in my hand, holding the other key in his own, and said, "This room is sacred to us two." I left him, but he has been true—no other bride has entered there."

"We laid Mrs. Morgan in a quiet spot of her own, choosing far out in the country. We had not known of the stupid story connecting her disappearance from your home with the sailing for Europe of a dissolute Frenchman, who called himself a marquis, and had extravagant admiration of her; but we felt some indignation toward the husband who, though she left her heart-broken explanation with him, would never come to save her."

"He deserved your anger for not finding that letter at once," interrupted Morgan.

"And," continued Mrs. Morse, "we would not leave him free for a second marriage by publicly announcing her death."

There came a look of inexpressible pain on the face of the listener, for he remembered how earnestly he had craved a union with Myra Pascal. "It was divine illumination that saved me," he thought, "an inspired priestess guided then. . . . Without an answer to my frantic plea she made me know it vain, and made me know, too, that the charm of my youthful love was still unbroken."

* * * * *

Agnes had chosen well her resting-place. It was the country home of her parents, and the turf above

her was wavered over by lights and shadows through sunlit leaves, and from a low, white stone looked up into her husband's face, as he stood there alone, the name:

AGNES NEVILLE MORGAN,

18'2.

Before night an order was left with the best sculptor of the city for a granite shaft and pedestal, and for another low white stone to be placed by the stone of Agnes, to bear on it the name of Elwood Morgan.

A chastely-written paper was found in the purest of the city journals fully refuting, with the evidence of Mr. and Mrs. Morse and others, the base and baseless slander against the pure and beloved Mrs. Elwood Morgan, of Elm House Square. An account of her death and burial was added.

From that night which opened to him anew the bridal chamber, Dr. Morgan invariably occupied it, and, while he listened for her, the noiseless, invisible spirit-presence came to his pillow—her hand was beneath his head—her lips touched his forehead, and he sank to a rest that left him strong and clear for life's most intricate work and sternest duty.

To the material philosopher this history will be only the record of a delusion—a hallucination—yet it was a beautiful, unfading reality to him who once moved a living—not ideal—man; and who is named in these pages as Dr. Elwood Morgan. By day he walked among men, sane, trusted; sought for his calm judgment and quiet discrimination. To a few fair-minded scientists he told this precious thing of his life history; and when at last, after a series of years, he lay on his couch to arise for service to his fellow men no more, and when kind friends who loved him pleaded to be allowed to spend the nights in care of him, he invariably with a smile replied: "I do not need you, and if you stay Agnes will not come. She is God's angel to me only—if others are here she will not speak—she will not sing 'the song of the skies' to rest me."

One morning the watchers from an adjoining room entered the bridal chamber. It was neat and pure, and sweet with the sweetness of an unknown fragrance. The gas still burned and its light fell softly on the face of the dead. His manly form was wrapped in a black robe richly faced with white, his dark, wavy hair parted by invisible fingers, and a look of ineffable content on his silent lips.

"Lives shall not miss

Their counterparts, and each shall find its own."

SYLVESTER GRAHAM.

Sylvester Graham was the bright, particular star, in the firmament of dietetic reform. His brilliant and eccentric genius and his remarkable oratorical powers displayed in his physiological lectures, made deep impressions on many earnest and thoughtful persons, (including the famous Horace Greeley,) and a reformatory movement was started that stamped the name of Graham indelibly on the physiological literature of the age. His mind was like a high strung instrument, very sensitive and electric; for he was the child of his father's old age; his sire being 70 years old when Sylvester was born, in 1794. Besides, his mother soon became a widow, while both mother and child were in delicate health; so that, for a long time, there were strong doubts that the child could be raised. By the wise and tender care of near relatives, the precocious and nervous boy was saved for his great, crowning work "The Science of Human Life," to which he devoted the most of forty years of laborious study, while the correctness of its fundamental principles he never doubted. Like all reformers he met with great opposition and misrepresentation. He was literally, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." But he always stood by his guns; he having early adopted, for his motto, these words: "I dare do all that may become a man." Like Horace Greeley he came of that sturdy Scotch Irish race, noted for thrift and persistent industry.

In his "Science of Human Life," a work that might be called the classic of vegetarian literature, Mr. Graham proves, by exhaustive arguments, that man is, by nature, a vegetable and fruit-eating animal; that his whole anatomical structure confirms this theory; while the experience of multitudes of the human race who have lived on the products of the vegetable kingdom, has been every way healthful and happy in its effects. Mr. Graham lived very closely to the system that he advocated; though his family differed from him; and this difference in sentiment and practice was a source of much discomfort to his sensitive nature.

I adopted the vegetarian system, before I became acquainted with Mr. Graham; but I soon afterwards became a townsman and an intimate friend. He con-

sidered me more correct in my vegetarian practice than any persons that he knew, in the same place, and he seemed to watch with pleasure what he thought were the natural effects of my vegetarian habits. We often bathed together in the river that ran between our homes, and he always expressed delight at the evolutions of my swimming feats.

He had on his homestead, a productive garden, and he took pleasure in its thorough cultivation. He deemed all useful work honorable, and whatever he undertook he did with his might.

In his mental work he wanted to go to the bottom of things. He wished to get at causes. He could not be satisfied with any surface work. One is impressed with the finish, the comprehensiveness, the all-sidedness with which he grasped any subject that he essayed to treat. His conscientious and consuming fidelity to his work wore out that excitable frame, and, at the age of 57 years, on the 11th day of September, 1851, all that was mortal of Sylvester Graham passed away; but the truth he uttered to benefit mankind will abide forever.—*Seth Hunt in Food, Home & Garden.*

MARRIAGE AMONG NEW YORK PLUTOCRATS.

Marriage among the New York snobs and plutocrats, ordinarily treats human affection as though it were a trifling optic malady to be cured by a few drops of corrective lotion. Daughters are trained by their mothers to leave no efforts untried, short of those absolutely immoral, in winning wealthy husbands. Usually the daughters are tractable enough. Rebellion is rare with them; why should it not be? Almost from infancy (unless when their parents have made fortunes with prodigious quickness) they are taught that matrimony is a mere hard bargain, to be driven shrewdly and in a spirit of the coolest mercantile craft. Sometimes they do really rebel, however, mastered by pure nature, in one of those tiresome moods where she shows the insolence of defying bloodless convention. Yet nearly always capitulation follows. And then what follows later on? Perhaps heart-broken resignation, perhaps masked adultery, perhaps the degradation of public divorce. But usually it is no worse than a silent disgusted slavery, for the American woman is notoriously cold in all sense of passion, and when reared to respect "society" she is a snob to the core. Some commentators aver that it is the climate which makes her so pulseless and prudent. This is possible. But one deeply familiar with the glacial theories of the fashionable New York mother might find an explanation no less frigid than comprehensive for all her traits of acquiescence and decorum. How many of these fashionable mothers ask more than a single question of the bridegrooms they desire for their daughters? That one question is simply: "What amount of money do you control?" But constantly this kind of interrogation is needless. A male "match" and "catch" finds that his income is known to the last dollar long before he has been graduated from the senior class at Columbia or Harvard. Society, like a genial feminine Briarrose, opens to him its myriad rosy and dimpled arms. He has only to let a certain selected pair of these clutch him tight, if he is rich enough to make his personality a luring prize. Often his morals are unsavory, but these prove no impediment. The great point with plutocracy and snobbery is to perpetuate themselves—to go on producing scions who will uphold for them future generations of selfishness and arrogance. One sees the same sort of procreative tendency in certain of our hardiest and coarsest weeds. Sometimes a gardener comes along with hoe, spade, and a strong uprooting animus. In human life that kind of gardener goes by the ugly name of Revolution. But we are dealing with neither parables nor allegories. Those are for the modish clergymen of the select and exclusive churches, and are administered in the form of dainty little religious pills which these gentlemen have great art in knowing how to palatably sugar.—*Edgar Fawcett in Arena.*

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN ARKANSAS.

The religious life of Arkansas is quaintly sketched by Octave Thanet in her paper on "Town Life in Arkansas" in the September *Allantic*. She says:

Life in an Arkansas town has some strong points of vantage; though, to be sure, the average villager's civilization is at the cabinet-organ stage. An amazing number of such musical instruments is sold all through the state. First comes the sewing-machine, then the cabinet organ. The ambition of rural mothers is to have their children take music lessons. The Arkansas has a great opinion of an education, and will make many sacrifices to give it to his children. Churches abound in all the small towns. They are, one may say, almost too abundant, since they are often scantily supported; the town that might have one church in peace and comfort keeping two or three in discord and leanness. In consequence the salaries

of the clergy are always small, and sometimes pitiful. In justice to the Arkansas layman, however, I ought to say that he is not captious; indeed, he is in general easily pleased, a willing worker, and, to the limit of his means, a more than willing giver. Nowhere is the cloth more respected. The churches have their own share of the makeshifts of a primitive community. If there are no pews, as sometimes happens, there is a placid borrowing of chairs. One little hill church had no lamps; so the congregation (or, rather, those who remembered it) brought their own lamps to the evening service, and could be seen gathering from afar, a light to the Gentiles, as their steps twinkled over the hills. Such inconveniences are taken in perfect good humor and seriousness. In the same spirit, allowance is made for the habits of the worshippers where they conflict with ecclesiastical decorum. Thus, in a certain church to which an Episcopal clergyman of my acquaintance once ministered, the white wall behind the pulpit was decorated to the right (very amply and blackly) with the pious confidence, "The Lord Will Provide," and to the left (equally amply and blackly) with the courteous request, "Please do not Spit on the Floor!"

Numerically the Methodists are in the van of all the denominations, especially among the negroes, although hard pressed by the Baptists. Of late years the Episcopalians and the Roman Catholics have made a marked impression on the African imagination. In Little Rock there is a flourishing colored chapel with a vested choir, and very droll it is to hear one black mite after another plead with the organist, "Please, Miss Susie, cayn't I tote de cross?" Another little African—but this story has nothing to do with the subject; it is simply "thrown in," as it were, to encourage the patient reader—rushed to the house of the rector of Fort Smith and frantically rang the bell until he appeared; then gasped, "Oh, Mist' D—, Miz M—, she's dead, and she say for you and Miz D— come over there right straight!"

REASON, INSTINCT AND GENIUS.

Though it may be impossible to explain the connection between these three, yet a few suggestive questions may throw some little light on the subject. Is "instinct," say in any species of animals, reason perfected by experience? the individual through the race having learned knows, therefore, the best absolutely in its own line. Is genius in man also reason perfected by experience? Knowing the best attainable in any line of art or mechanism, etc., so instinct and genius differ from reason by knowing and seeing as in a glass what is best to do and how to do it, having no more need of the instrument (reason) by which they learn. Is reason, then, the instrument for gaining knowledge by experience under the limitations of progressive material expression or embodiment? Hence it would appear that knowledge can only be complete when it knows all things absolutely by seeing them without reasoning about them. Is reason, then, we ask, the grand instrument which infinite wisdom has conferred on finite creatures for the acquisition of that knowledge which shall link them with the infinite when completed? So man, the microcosm, when completed or perfected, will embrace in himself all lines of knowledge. In this he will differ from other creatures which only know in their own particular lines that concern themselves only, but man knowing all is the summary of all creatures, and their connecting link with the infinite mind.—*Dr. William Sharpe, in Light.*

ACTIVE LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

The effort to prove there is life beyond the grave is sometimes spoken of as selfish, by the very men who declare themselves most eager to promote the terrestrial welfare of their fellows. It is hard to say why it should be philanthropic to desire the lesser boon for mankind, and selfish to desire the greater; unless, indeed, the genuine philanthropist is forbidden to aim at any common benefit in which he himself may expect to share. In reality, this confusion of mind has a deeper source; it is a vestige of the old monkish belief that man's welfare in the next world was something in itself idle, and personal, and was to be attained by means inconsistent with man's welfare in this. Whether Christianity ever authorized such a notion I do not now inquire. It is certain, at any rate, that science will never authorize it. We are making as safe a deduction from world-wide analogy as man can ever make regarding things thus unknown, when we assume that spiritual evolution will follow the same laws as physical evolution; that there will be no discontinuity between terrene and post-terrene bliss or virtue, and that the next life, like this, will "resemble wrestling rather than dancing," and will find its best delight in progress, not attainable without effort so strenuous as may well resemble pain.—*F. W. H. Meyers in Nineteenth Century.*



SEPTEMBER DAYS.

From September's misty grass,
Growing on the furrowed ground,
Comes the cheery cricket sound,
While from twisted browning trees
Apples fall.

And the warm and dusty winds,
Turning white the roadside weeds,
Whirl the leaves and thistle seeds.
From the mellow hazy air
Bluejays call.

O'er the meadow's aftermath,
By the August rains made green,
Harvest spider-webs are seen,
Showing wet, like fresh drawn net
Spread to dry.

Threading from the summer's wool,
Golden-rod September weaves,
Binding it with crumpled leaves,
Sparrows trailing flight from trees
Through the sky.

Butterflies with snowy wings,
Rising from the asters white,
Look like petals in their flight,
Or as souls of summer flowers
Passing by.

—NINA SHAW IN LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

THEIR MOTHER.

My boy sat looking straight into the coals,
From his stool by my feet one day,
And the frelight burnished the curly head,
And painted the cheeks with a dash of red,
And brightened his very eyes as he said,
In his most confidential way:

"Mamma, I think, when I'm a grown up man,
I shall have just two little boys."
I smiled—he was six!—but he did not see,
And I said: "Why, yes, how nice that will be!
But if one were a girl, it seems to me,
It would add to your household joys."

"Well, yes," reflectively, "that would be nice,
And I'll tell you just what I'll do.
I'll name one Robbie, for me, you know,"
Then the bright eyes shone with a deeper glow,
"And there's just the two of us now, and so
I'll name the girl Annie, for you."

"But how would their mother like that," I asked,
"Do you think that she would agree
For us both to have names while she had none?"
With the mystified, puzzled look of one
Wholly befogged, said my logical son,
"Their mother! Why, who is she?"
—GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

Virginia C. Meredith in *Kate Field's Washington*: When a higher type dominates custom personal purity will be popular and will prevail, because the individual really wishes to be clean in body, heart, and mind, lovely in his whole life. This is not a Utopian picture. There are to-day thousands of pure minded men and women; the question is only how their number shall be increased. A famous political economist laid down this rule for acquiring wealth: "Cut off your losses and let your profits run." Now, is not that a rule for social as well as financial application? "Cut off" the production of the criminal and vicious and impure classes. How? By educating women so that they may become fit to be mothers. This education is not to be acquired in a day, but what do you think may be done in fifty years? Suffrage is a very considerable force in this process. Grant woman the right to acquire an education, the right to accumulate property, it follows logically that she must be granted the right to use that education, to protect that property. Can she use her education if she cannot participate in the making of laws which may annul her intelligent efforts by taking from her the control of the child she is training? She loses control of her child when she cannot participate in the making of laws that sanction institutions calculated to help or hinder what she would make of that child's character. Is her property her own if she cannot participate in making laws which tax it for the support of criminal courts and prisons rather than for libraries and gymnasiums? If any woman, from her own point of view, does not see conditions congenial to the soul culture of her child, then let her be free to renounce marriage—renunciation is the noblest of virtues; but she cannot renounce marriage unless she can earn her own living. When she can earn an equal price for equal work, when she can take her abilities into any field and

find competition free, then she is a free and independent being; then she does not have to marry for financial support; then she finds life so full of grand interests that she does not need to marry in order to find work for her hands and love for her heart.

When women are financially and socially independent, then will love be holiest, then will it always be the bond of happy marriage. Will any one in a sane moment accept the nonsense that is talked and written about the sanctity of motherhood and dignity of wifehood while the reality of unloved wives and doomed children is heartbreaking? The grand and full destiny of the wife and mother can be fulfilled only when woman becomes the very flower of civilization as she is of creation, when she shall have attained the ability to understand and claim her rights and privileges—her right to the best, the purest that manhood can offer, her privilege of electing, not blindly, but intelligently, to become a wife and mother.

Why will not woman make a good druggist? She has quickness of discernment, is skillful in the use of her fingers, and light in movement. These are important qualities to the analyst and compounder. In the many details of domestic service, especially in the kitchen, they come into play just as much as they do in the laboratory of the pharmacist. In fact, one who would be competent as a cook for a large family would, we think, be competent as a druggist. There are some drug stores managed by women, and successfully. This fact we know, and it settles the question of their competency for a line of usefulness that is likely to last many years longer. The common method of drug prescribing for illness may gradually decline, but the use of chemicals for sanitary purposes, anodynes, washes, lotions for local application, mineral spring waters, toilet articles, surgical appliances, bath conveniences, and a thousand other things, will always be needed in civilized society and make the pharmacy a permanent feature. We should advise the bright young woman who would be up and doing for herself, and who feels deterred from trying this or that because there are so many of her sex in it already, to try pharmacy. The good clerk is not "a drug in the market."—*Phrenological Journal*.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore in the September number of the *North American Review* treats of the great progress made by women's organizations for benevolent, educational and philanthropic work during the last twenty-five years. Commencing with women's work in the Sanitary Commission, at the beginning of the war, and coming down to the present time, Mrs. Livermore sketches the development of the various organizations instituted by women and carried by them to marvelous success in all the fields of philanthropic work. It is a record of twenty-five years' successful work in those fields, far surpassing, in the magnificent results achieved, anything known in history. Through the influence of these women's organizations colleges have been founded for them, scientific and professional; art and industrial schools have opened their doors to them; remunerative employments have given them entrance, while freedom of choice and action is the birthright of American women as of no others on the globe. Under these stimulating influences what a grand work women have achieved in the last quarter of a century!

Uncle Samuel's housekeeping closely resembles individual enterprises and woman occupies a relative position under the national banner to that which she is expected to fill in smaller principalities; where she is frequently called upon to collect paper, strings, hammer, nails, etc., forming an arabesque very like a spider's web—if she had that little creature's power of outlining its path—in her zeal to collect all the implements necessary for the head of the house to execute a *chef-d'œuvre* in domestic art, while the said man, after a more or less successful use of the contents of the little domicile together with some not inventoried, steps back, surveys his finished work, beams on his helpmeet and with elation somewhat disproportioned to the success of the enterprise—from a feminine point of view—promptly leaves her to bring order out of chaos and restore harmony to the deranged household. Now how could he get along without her? At all events, she thought she could not get along without him—and here she is.—*Miss E. L. Morse in The Chautauquan*.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AND VIEWS.

TO THE EDITOR: Of course THE JOURNAL's readers are all very nice people and do not like to seem curious, but it is perfectly evident (especially to a psychometer) that some of them would really like to know what I am and what I believe. This is the reason why I ask some of the valuable space in your paper to explain how it has come about that I seem rather mixed up in my theological views, and why I really do not know, whether I am a Christian or Spiritualist, a Christian Scientist, or Theosophist, or in fact just what I am. Before I begin, I beg, however, that no one will fall into the error of thinking that I have no ideas about all these subjects, because I do not myself know exactly where I belong, and have never been properly classified or labeled.

To begin at the beginning, I will say that I was not born of religious parents, and my childhood was passed in delightful freedom from all religious restraints. I am of Scotch descent on my father's side, and have always suspected that the doctrines of "Infant Damnation," "Foreordination" and the "Election of the Saints" are responsible for the agnosticism which has developed in later years.

My mother was of Quaker descent, and "was led by the spirit" all the days of her life. The only creed I remember of having heard from either parent was that of my mother, and was embodied in these words: "I believe that the same power which created me and has provided for me so far, will provide for me in this life or any other."

I grew in freedom, and for many years I enjoyed my irreligion. But people change with time and circumstances, which was the case with me, and there came finally a period in my life when I had a "call" to know something about God—know something beyond this present material existence. In my perplexity I turned to the only people who seemed to know much about him. I mean the Christians. They claimed to know so much, and assured me it was all so easy—I had nothing to do myself. It was all in believing. I must "believe the Bible," "believe in Christ," "believe in the church," "believe I was a sinner," and many other things about which I felt I knew nothing. Believing anything of that kind was not in my power just then. I only wanted to believe something. But I somehow did not feel I was especially a "sinner" or deserving God's wrath. It did not strike me that I was entirely responsible for my shortcomings, as I had not made myself. I could not think that God would punish me because I could not believe something seemingly unreasonable to me. As a matter of course my Christian friends sighed over my infidelity and let me go. At last a kind friend brought a little light to my soul, when he advised me to inquire of God about what I wished to know.

It turned out to be such a good way for finding out things, that I have kept it up ever since. Now that is how I was first "converted." For which my Christian friends gave thanks and church doors opened.

Alas! Not for long; I had been too much converted. In becoming a Christian I had also become a Spiritualist. Now, it was all right for God to teach me how to become a Christian; but it was very wrong of Him to enlighten me on Spiritualism.

Being very ignorant at that time I could not help wondering if the mistake was with God, with me, or with the Christian people. But this was not all or even the worst of it. With my unfortunate tendency to overdo everything I found I actually believed too much. I believed in "answer to prayer," "faith healing," and such unchurchly things. In a word, I believed the Bible; which to my surprise, I found, was not the thing for a Christian to do. Possibly all this could have been gotten over if I had only been a "regular." I mean if I had been converted in the regular way. Perhaps some one may not know the difference. A "regular" is a person who stands up in church to be prayed for, and confesses a belief in Christ. I actually had the audacity to think God could hear and answer prayer, without the paraphernalia of the church or a belief in church dogma on my part. Hence it was plain I never would do for a Christian. As I really wanted to be something, I thought to myself, since I was converted to Spiritualism, I will be a Spiritualist. But imagine my surprise when I found Spiritualists had a catechism. They asked, "How can you be a Christian if you are a Spiritualist?"

This was exactly like the Christians who

asked: "How can you be a Spiritualist if you are a Christian?" I really could give no satisfactory solution.

Not being properly taught, I got confused about the "angels" and "guardian spirits," "the holy spirit" and "inspiration." I shocked my Spiritualist friends because I believed in hell (I really thought I knew something about it). I horrified my Christian friends because I thought there ought to be a way to get out as well as into hell. Then, too, about Christ. Spiritualists said "he was a medium," which in no way disturbed my Christian faith, for he himself says: "The father in me, he doeth the works. I do nothing of myself." Christians call him the "Son of God." My Spiritualist belief was in no way disturbed by that. In his own words it is said: "Is it not written in your law?" "I said ye are gods." While trying to straighten out the apparent inconsistency between my two beliefs, along came Christian science. Here seemed a mantle large enough to cover everything which I now or ever wished to believe. For I began to think I should need room in which to grow.

Christian science said: "God is good," "God is spirit," "God is all," and I said "yes." It said: "There is no evil," "All is good." I said: "Amen." I found I had been entertaining "illusions and errors." But I started out in search of truth, and for a time all went well, until some of my heresies got noised about. I was dreadfully mixed up about prayer. I never could tell which was right, to pray in good old Methodist style, or "invoke the spirits," or "enter into the silence," and many people seemed to think it did make a difference. But my disgrace was complete when I believed in "spirit communication," talked about "psychometry," "magnetic currents" and such things. I reasoned, if "all is spirit" why not believe in "spirits," and pleaded that psychometry was only carrying to its logical conclusions the teachings of the "science." But it was of no use. The people who had been affirming "all is good" began telling me "all this is bad." How all could be good and yet so many things be bad puzzled me, which proved that I was in "error" and needed "treating" against my many "delusions." The trouble no doubt arose from the irregularity with which I had studied, and a disposition to find out things for myself. I had not discovered that a few people had a corner on the truth.

By this time any sensible woman would have learned to stop thinking and let others think for her. But some people never learn, and I was just as ready as before to take up every new idea which came along. With true woman curiosity, when the theosophical wave swept over this part of the country it carried me right into the theosophical society. Here was the doctrine of Karma, and reincarnation, with a great deal beside about which I really knew nothing and (confidentially) I never found anybody who did. Of course I wanted to know what there was in it, but it did not occur to me that there was any special hurry about settling questions which it would require ages for us actually to know anything about. I felt like waiting a little, which of course proved I lacked the "illumination" which would make me a worthy disciple of this new religion. Besides, with my usual obtuseness I did not see the difference between a "master" and a "spirit," and was dreadfully tangled up over the "elementals and elementaries," the "astral shells," and all the rest. But what could be expected of one who never had a "mahatma" for a teacher, and who tried to use her own judgment in selecting truth from error. I am certain this would not prove so hard a thing to do if it were not for the difficulty I have in finding out the difference in things which look exactly alike. I am sure, too, that it is very mystifying and rather discouraging when just as I think I am enunciating some purely original idea for some one to say, "Why, that is predestination," or, "You must be a Swedenborgian," or, "Our Unitarian minister said that last Sunday." Really it makes one feel that truth is not so exclusive as some people try to make out.

I am afraid THE JOURNAL's readers will begin to think I am as far as ever from defining my position; but I want to say that if there seems to be an uncommon lot of things about which I know nothing, and don't pretend to, there are some things which I really do believe. I do believe that when we study into the soul of things, when we lose sight of names and personalities, when we lay aside our prejudices and self-love, when we seek earnestly for truth rather than beliefs, then we will find a wonderful harmony in all these spiritualisms. We will see that

the apparent differences are more in name than in essence. We will see that, as all objects take on the color of the glasses which we wear, so the same truths often look different, according to the eyes which see them; and, finally, we will see that it is not after all so important what one believes as what one is.

ADALINE ELDRED.
CENTRAL MUSIC HALL, CHICAGO, ILL.



REDUCED FARE TO MINISTERS.

TO THE EDITOR: My attention has been called to an editorial note in your valuable paper, commenting upon a letter of mine in the *Christian Register*, of Boston, in which I gave information to our ministers concerning the reduced rates of fare offered by various railroads throughout the country. You contend, I believe, that the railroads ought not to make this discrimination in favor of the clergy and that the latter are wrong to accept such favors. I am not disposed to quarrel with you over this issue; indeed, I sympathize very much with your position in the matter, and for long years refused to accept the half rate tendered to ministers. I might indeed plead in extenuation a remark made to me by one of the leading railroad presidents of the country: "Anything you can make out of a railroad is a clear gain to the cause of the Lord," and I might also commiserate with you that you are yourself not in the ranks of the clergy, and thus able to avail yourself of the privileges from which you are now debarred by your sadly secular condition. So great, however, is your popularity among the liberal ministers that I have no doubt those disqualifications could be easily removed, and their sympathetic hands laid upon you in ordination, should you so elect.

In all seriousness, I have felt less scruple in accepting such favors since the national interstate law has provided that the clergy may be extended a half rate, at the option of the railroads. Since my missionary duties on the frontier for the last five years, I have had occasion to observe how great is the equivalent rendered by the clergy in return for such favors. In this sparsely peopled country the minister is a herald of education, social culture and public morality, as well as religion, and renders a hundred-fold return for any favors the community or railroad extend to him. He is poorly paid, surely, at the best, and is called upon right and left to lecture, preach, conduct temperance and other reform meetings, organize literary societies and charitable organizations; all without remuneration to him, not even his traveling expenses being defrayed. Under these conditions, the minister may be justified, I think, in accepting the reduction of rates of travel tendered him in graceful acknowledgment by the state or corporation, if he can do so without placing himself under wrongful obligations to either.

This is a matter which every one must settle for himself. I myself refused for long years to avail myself of the privilege, and should certainly never clamor for it.

CHAS. W. WENDE.

OAKLAND, CAL.

SPIRITUAL PROGRESS.

TO THE EDITOR: This is the closing day of the 12th annual session of C. L. F. A. of Spiritualists. It is cool but pleasant, and crowds of people are flocking in to participate in the closing ceremonies. In numbers and interest manifested the camp is fully up to preceding years. I think there is an unmistakable advance among confirmed Spiritualists in the essential elements of true spirituality over former years. If there has not been less of the merely commercial phase of mediumship there is observable a constantly increasing number who have outgrown it—who no longer depend upon or rest in the phenomenal. They are no longer content to stand still looking up into the heavens—they are moving on. With not less faith in essential verities they are more critical and less tolerant of sham and pretense. While more tolerant and receptive of infallible ethical principles whenever found, they are constantly becoming broader, more charitable and inclusive. From year to year there is a constantly lessening hold and sway over the multitude of those who indulge in iconoclastic and anarchistic harangues.

The occupation of the destructive class is rapidly waning. There is a growing demand for builders—for constructive work. As has been said here in substance, a child can destroy, but it takes men and women to build. After the two days' discussion on the question: "What should be the attitude of the spiritualistic platform to other religious bodies?" a thoughtful and cultured Spiritualist remarked: "That discussion could not have occurred three or four years ago, so broad, so generous and charitable in its utterances. There is less and less hold upon campers of the self-seeking and an awakening recognition of those in honor esteeming, sometimes, others better than themselves. Service and not selfishness is beginning, as in the end it ever does, to command respect. The old is dropping out and the new and the better coming in. The former is being relegated to the back-ground while the latter is advancing to the front. Self-abnegation is being preferred to self-glorification. That is the way the tide seems to be setting in at Cassadaga; and if I mistake not no platform speaker can much longer command the confidence and respect of Cassadaga audiences who does not recognize the present tendency. This estimate is based upon the free and outspoken criticism of all platform utterances not in accord with present tendencies. The great problem of a successful spiritualistic camp is slowly but surely being solved at Lilly Dale.

F. H. BEMIS.

LILY DALE, August 30, 1891.

AUTOMATIC WRITING.

TO THE EDITOR: The contribution of Mr. B. F. Underwood, or automatic writing, in *THE JOURNAL* of August 29, is a valuable addition to the general stock of information on that subject.

The phenomena reported bear a very striking similarity to those in the case of Rev. P. H. Newnham, (Proceedings S. P. R., vol. iii., page 6.) of Mr. Schiller and others, (vol. iv., page 216-222.) and many others. They do not occur according to the expectation, the wish or the will of the operator. They point strongly to an extraneous personality, presenting many difficulties in the hypothesis of the unconscious self. To me, however, the most striking fact is that these phenomena raise many more questions than they solve, and place the goal of absolute knowledge at a constantly increasing distance.

Were there but two ponderable bodies in existence in the wide universe the phenomena of their motion would be exceedingly simple; if, indeed, an intelligent being could distinguish any motion at all or at most any other motion than a mere increase and decrease of distance between them. Their revolution about a common centre of gravity would probably be indistinguishable, for lack of other bodies to show the relativity of their motion, but when a planetary system is subject to the reciprocal gravitating influence of all its members, the complexity of the motion of each body becomes too great to be followed with vigorous mathematical precision; so when we have postulated the possibility of thought-transference, we have an agency which, like the law of gravitation, has such a wide-sweeping influence, that all individual powers and agencies are liable to be lost sight of in the complexity of the whole. To unravel this tangled web of physical and physical forces seems to be the most intricate problem of this or any other age.

J. T. D.

LEARNED FOOLISHNESS.

TO THE EDITOR: Orthodox scientists often denounce Spiritualism as a simple piece of foolishness. What amount of learned foolishness is however displayed by them in their own provinces is almost incredible. Next to Koch's lymph comes Bernheim's blood transfusions for consumption. The goat has immunity from consumption on account of the particular state of the blood-serum. This slowly starves the germs. Bernheim now makes a blood transfusion with the hope to accomplish the same end in the human body. Bernheim injects an acid blood-serum into an alkaline body. Here his induction is wrong. No sooner enters the acid blood, than it is neutralized by the alkaline state of the man's and is therefore worse than useless. The poor patient is merely put to an unnecessary torture. The correct induction on the given premises is this: bring the system into an acid reaction and you slowly but surely starve the germs. That this can be done without injury to the subject is without doubt. A pure milk and meat diet alone tends to it. The raven eats freely from cattle that die

from pleural-pneumonia, because on account of a pure meat diet his blood is in an acid condition.

Now, what is that particular state of the goat's blood. It is simply acid, while the human blood is alkaline. Professor Nothnagel has demonstrated that all pathogenic cocci are plants. They all drive in an alkaline solution, they all perish in an acid solution. Professor Fraser, in his thorough going investigations with the cattle stricken with pleuro-pneumonia in the Bavarian mountains found that the cattle, the blood of which reacted acid, was immune from the disease; those of which the blood reacted alkaline took the infection. Mark here, that the blood of vertebrates may be acid or alkaline. The detriment in the alkaline state is that they are more apt to take infectious disease. There are certainly a number of drugs that will induce it, but their employment depends upon a comparatively unexplored field in physiology.

KARL CROLLY.

PLEASANTVILLE ST., N. Y.

HASLETT PARK CAMP MEETING.

TO THE EDITOR: On Sunday, August 23rd, I heard Mr. Emerson speak and give tests from the platform in presence of 1,500 people—the tests clearly recognized, save in one instance, and all held highly satisfactory. Tuesday I spoke, was sick on Thursday and Mrs. Walton filled my place to the satisfaction of her hearers, the audiences decreasing as the cold storms sent half the campers home. Saturday I left to attend the funeral of Mr. Chubb at Pewamo, a cousin of Mrs. E. C. Woodruff, who spoke twice at the camp very acceptably. On Sunday, the 30th, came angry skies, keeping people away, yet Mr. Moulton spoke to a fair audience in the morning and Dr. Spinney to some 250 in the afternoon. Just before he commenced, lightning struck a tall tree near the auditorium, glanced from its trunk and poured its stream of fire into the open end of the room, over the heads of the people, and out of a window over the platform, giving a shock to most, seriously hurting none, and followed by a crashing peal of thunder and an hour's pouring rain. Had its fiery path been ten feet lower the result would have been fatal to many. As it was, quiet was restored in due time and all listened safely to the concluding discourse. On the whole the month's meetings were considered the best ever held there.

G. B. STEBBINS.

A CATEGORICAL JUDGMENT.

TO THE EDITOR: On reading the article on "Kindness to Animals" in *THE JOURNAL* of July 18th, I was strongly reminded of the results of close observations I have made of men who will ill-treat a cat. I know there are many men who do not hesitate to kick a cat out of their way and the next moment caress and fondle a dog. It is not to be wondered at that we see so many of the feline race filled with fear, and seemingly always expecting to be hurt by some enemy. My observation has taught me that I would not trust my happiness with a man who would lift his foot to rid his pathway of a cat. I would advise all young girls who expect to obtain a fond, true, tender-hearted and noble husband for a future mate, to avoid as they would poison, such a man, for as sure as they make him a partner for life, they will regret it. I am not an unmarried woman and I am blessed with a husband who could not be cruel even to a cat.

JENNIE POTTER.

A VOICE FROM ITALY.

Our esteemed friend and subscriber, Chevalier Sebastiano Fenzi, of Florence, Italy, under date of August 14th, concludes a business letter as follows:

I always read greedily your *JOURNAL* and always gather rich food for my heart and mind. Thank you for it. In the present number (1st August) almost every article is a gem. My thoughts are however of too optimistic a nature to be always in harmony with the ideas and feelings of all your clever writers. For instance the article of Mr. J. B. McLaughlin is of a nature that thinkers must admire and indeed all that he says has an echo in my own heart and head, and I also believe that it is well that some one should authoritatively write as he does, because the eternal struggle between good and evil must be kept up and never slacken. And yet admitting this and fully conscious of its necessity, I ask Mr. J. B. M. the same question I put to one of our priests, who by the

way received it with a shudder, as if I had been blaspheming: "If you take away evil from the lists of life's fight, what remains?" upon which the said priest, quite shocked, replied: "Need I say it, why, good remains of course!" to which I retorted: "You are greatly mistaken, for how in the name of reason could you possibly understand what good is if evil was wanting to render it comprehensible to your understanding through contrast? How could you possibly call anything beautiful if ugliness were not there to give you the clew to grasp it?" The priest was dumb-struck, for the idea had never occurred to him! Now, Mr. J. B. M. naturally seems to be of too high a standard not to know this as well as and perhaps better than I do, and therefore my observation to him would simply belimited to my expressing a little surprise at his interspersing his clever writing with too much asperity, without allowing his superior nature to give "the devil his due!"

In another part of his article he says that we cannot love the unknowable. Yes! true enough, and this is the reason why in applying the word love to the soul of Cosmos, I have ever felt so reluctant, that in my scribbles I have always substituted for it what I believe to be the only right expression, namely, faith.

I will not continue to infringe upon your time, as else I would have a good many more things to say. One observation I needs must yet be allowed to make: I am thankful for enjoying life in this glorious period of the world's history, in which Spiritualism has come to the front, bidding fair to sweep away all the dwarfish superstitions and myths of the past and rearing for mankind the temple of the true God, the soul of the universe, which must remain unknown and unknowable until we, through evolution, reach up to the altitude required to comprehend it. A hearty shake of the hand and believe me as ever, yours fraternally,

DYING DECLARATION OF A LITTLE GIRL.

A story of a soul's experience with the hereafter and its subsequent return to the body is causing a great deal of interest here, writes a San José correspondent of the *San Francisco Examiner*. Daisy Williams, the thirteen-year-old daughter of Alfred E. Williams, living at the corner of First and Martha streets, has been sick for the last three months with quick consumption, superinduced by an attack of measles. The girl died this morning.

The parents state that four weeks ago today their daughter to all appearances died. After a period of twenty minutes, during which no sign of life was manifested, the girl suddenly revived and said to her little sister:

"Maude, I have come back to stay a while with you."

The girl then told that she had been in heaven. She said that on her arrival her little sister, who had died nine months before, flew to her, took her by the hand and introduced her to the Savior. Her description of heaven was most vivid. She related that she saw a host of winged angels flying in every direction with the swiftness of light; told whom she had seen in heaven; gave the names of many relatives of the family that died before she was born; also the names of persons whom the family say she could not have known and never heard of.

She stated that Jesus had led her by the hand and showed her a view of hell. She saw many persons there, but recognized only one, a Mrs. Armour, who died here some time ago. The girl said that Jesus told her that she must on her return to earth tell her family what she had seen, and if they did not believe her statement that he would come himself or send her little sister to convince them.

When describing the appearance of the angels to her mother she said: "Why, mamma, they are just like men." She said that she had no conception of what they looked like before. She told her family that Jesus's message to them was that they would be saved if they would be good, and told her father that Jesus had instructed her to say to him that he must stop swearing and he would be saved.

To-day the girl repeated the story to several without the slightest deviation. The family at first did not believe it, supposing that it was the result of a wild delirium, but now they are positive that the girl was never delirious during her sickness, and that her story was a correct representation of what she saw. Many of those living in the immediate neighborhood are firmly convinced also of the truth of her experience as narrated.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

Dr. S. G. Howe, the Philanthropist. By Frank Sanborn. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1891. pp. 370. Price, \$1.50.

This biography, one of the American Reform Series edited by Carlos Martyn, gives a very readable sketch of the life and career of a remarkable man—a man who fought for the independence of Greece, who was imprisoned in Berlin for assisting Polish insurgents, who opened the world to the mental vision of the blind deaf mute, Laura Bridgeman, who resented the slaveholder's aggressions in early days and later helped to make Kansas a free state, whose whole life was devoted to active philanthropic work. "This is the man," said Edward Everett Hale once, "who redeemed the word 'philanthropist' from the scorn which was falling upon it, and which I have half a right to say it deserved. The impression that the word philanthropist gives even now in half the civilized world is of a person with long hair who talks about something of which he knows nothing. And Dr. Howe, with his practical ability, his knowledge of men, able to use everybody just as far as his purpose went, perfectly unimpaired of reputation... has redeemed that word of words from such base sneers and placed it where it belongs.... Men had to follow where such a man directed."

Mr. Sanborn has made free use of the memorial volume which the friends of Dr. Howe printed just after his death in 1876, and has had access to a large mass of papers and letters by or relating to Dr. Howe, some of them furnished by his widow, Julia Ward Howe and his daughter, Mrs. Elliot. The author has prepared the work with the added advantage of a long personal acquaintance with the subject of this sketch. With such a character and such stores of material to draw from, the biographer could hardly fail to make an interesting work. Dr. Howe was a hero, full of courage and of enthusiasm for humanity, and as Mr. Sanborn says, his nature like his fortunes was romantic. What one most misses in the work is deficiency of statement and portrayal of the inner life of Dr. Howe which will probably be more fully revealed in the more extended biography now being prepared by his family.

The Socialism and Unsocialism of Thomas Carlyle. A collection of Carlyle's social writings. Numbers 3 and 4 of the Social Science Library. New York: Humboldt Publishing Company, 19 Astor Place. Price, paper, 25 cents each.

Although a pronounced individualist, Carlyle was in many respects socialistic in his views. In criticism of the shams of modern civilization he was uncompromising and terribly severe. He has been called the "great unmasker." He was not a man of science, but he had clear intuitions and intense hatred of deceptions and humbugs of all kinds. And he had the knack of making people listen to and consider what he said. The Humboldt Publishing Company has done well to bring together what such a man had to offer upon social problems, for few have now the leisure for a complete study of his works, which embrace twenty-four volumes.

Carlyle had much to say respecting questions which are still perplexing the minds of men and confronting us for a solution. Half a century ago he said, in regard to the land question, that "the notion of 'selling' for certain bits of metal, the Iliad of Homer, how much more the land of the world creator, is a ridiculous impossibility." He did not believe in universal suffrage and he said cuttingly: "The notion that a man's liberty consists in giving his vote at election hustings, and saying: 'Behold, now I too have my twenty-thousandth part of a talker in our national palaver; will not all the gods be good to me?' is one of the pleasantest!"

An interesting essay, by Mazzini, on Carlyle is given as an appendix to the second volume. Mazzini protests against Carlyle's views.

MAGAZINES.

The Homiletic Review for September opens with an article by Prof. Edwin C. Bissell on the "Pentateuchal Discussion." A prominent feature of the number is a symposium on "What Line May All the Enemies of the Saloon Unitedly Battle." The articles are contributed by Edward Everett Hale and Rev. Herrick Johnson. There are able sermons, editorials and notes in this number of the *Homiletic Review*

which is really an excellent publication of its class. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.—The September number of the *Freethinkers' Magazine* has a number of instructive papers among which are "Slow and Sure Education vs. Revolution," by Rev. A. D. Mayo; "Is the Evolution Theory Just?" by Herbert E. Crosswell, and "A Confession of Belief" by Lewis G. Janes. (Buffalo, N. Y.)—*Our Little Ones* for September abounds as every number does in charming stories and pictorial illustrations, some of them very funny, and enough to make old and young laugh, and all instructive for children. Russell Pub. Co., 36 Bromfield St., Boston.—The September number of *Current Literature* has as an added feature, a department devoted to "The Literature of the Drama." The idea is to bring together the admirable editorials, special articles and essays now being written on theatrical subjects. For September the selections are Nym Crinkle's "American Playwrights;" "The Independent Theater," by C. H. Meltzer; and "The Prejudice Against the Players," from the *London Spectator*. The *Current Literature* Publishing Company, 30 West Twenty-third street, New York.

The September issue of the *Eclectic Magazine* opens with a very appreciative article of the late Canadian statesman, Sir John Macdonald. Mrs. Lynn Linton writes on "The Wild Women Politicians," which should attract attention. The article on "Telepathy," by Reginald Courtenay, discusses a topic of great interest to-day with much suggestiveness. Sir Henry Parkes speaks with authority on the "Union of the Australias," and Count Tolstoi makes one of his characteristic utterances on "The Right of Revolution." Andrew Laing contributes a charming article on "Life in Homer's Time," and Archibald Forbes contributes a very interesting paper on "A War Correspondent's Reminiscences." There are various other articles of interest, among which are striking short stories and poems.

The September issue of *St. Nicholas* is introduced by "The Song of the Golden-rod," written by Grace Denio Litchfield, and illustrated by Laura C. Hills, whose frontispiece drawing has proved a successful "trap to catch a sunbeam." Charles F. Lummis begins in this number a series of Tee-Wahn, or Pueblo, Folk-Stories which are truly remarkable. Of unknown age, these tales are aboriginally American, and will, no doubt, be as eagerly examined by wise professors skilled in such lore, as by their chubby children who care nothing for "comparative mythology," but know a good story when they see it. The illustrating, by George Wharton Edwards, is remarkable for its force and originality of motive.

The *Century Magazine* will celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by publishing a "Life of Columbus" written especially for that magazine by Emilio Castelar, the famous Spanish orator, statesman, and author. The work is written in Spanish, and will be carefully translated. Senor Castelar, whose interest in and admiration for America are well known, has made a careful study of the new historical material bearing upon the subject, and it is said that his papers will be very richly illustrated. Others articles dealing with the discovery of America are in course of preparation for the same magazine.

A work of value to all interested in the art of Shorthand is now in press and will soon be issued by S. C. Griggs & Co. It is entitled "Eclectic Shorthand Lessons," Copious Exercises for Practice under the Rules of Eclectic Shorthand, by Prof. J. G. Cross, author of "Eclectic Shorthand," "Eclectic Shorthand Dictionary," etc. It is intended for use in aiding students in acquiring a thorough knowledge of the art of Shorthand by supplying for careful practice copious sentences illustrative of the various rules as laid down in the text-book of Eclectic Shorthand and also to furnish exercises to be used as a speed drill in securing rapidity in writing.

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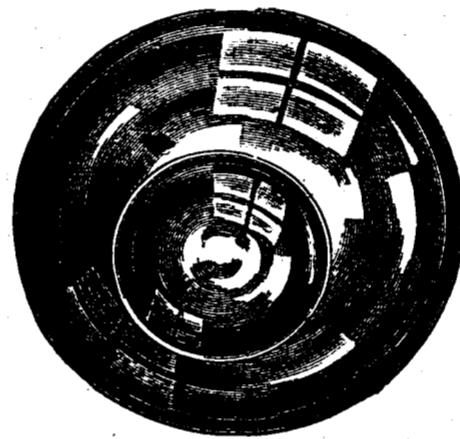
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"Pillow germ?"
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"Ah, I beg your pardon! What is this green liquid all over him?"
"Blood."
"Where did it come from?"
"Out of the worm, of course."
"Why?"
"You crushed him."
"I did not. It is green and why?"
"Built that way."
"Like houses, only of animal, mineral and vegetable substances?"
"I did not assist at his creation."
"WHAT?"
"I do not know."
"Are we not interested?"
"Ah, very much!"
"Shall you find out?"
"Perhaps."
"When will you tell us?"
"Tomorrow."
"Tomorrow is Sunday."
"Well, then, Monday."
"But why did you say 'to-morrow'?"
"I did not think."
"Then you will not tell us to-morrow?"
"Ah, I'll tell you in a few days."
"But you said you would tell us on Monday."
"Ah, well, perhaps I will."
"Why do you say 'perhaps'?"
"Nothing is certain on earth."
"WHAT?"
"I may not be able to find out."
"Did you say 'nothing is certain on earth'?"
"Ah, yes."
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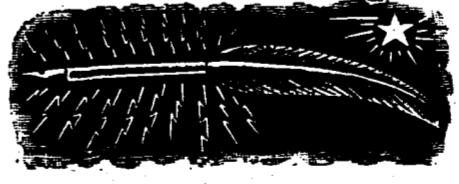
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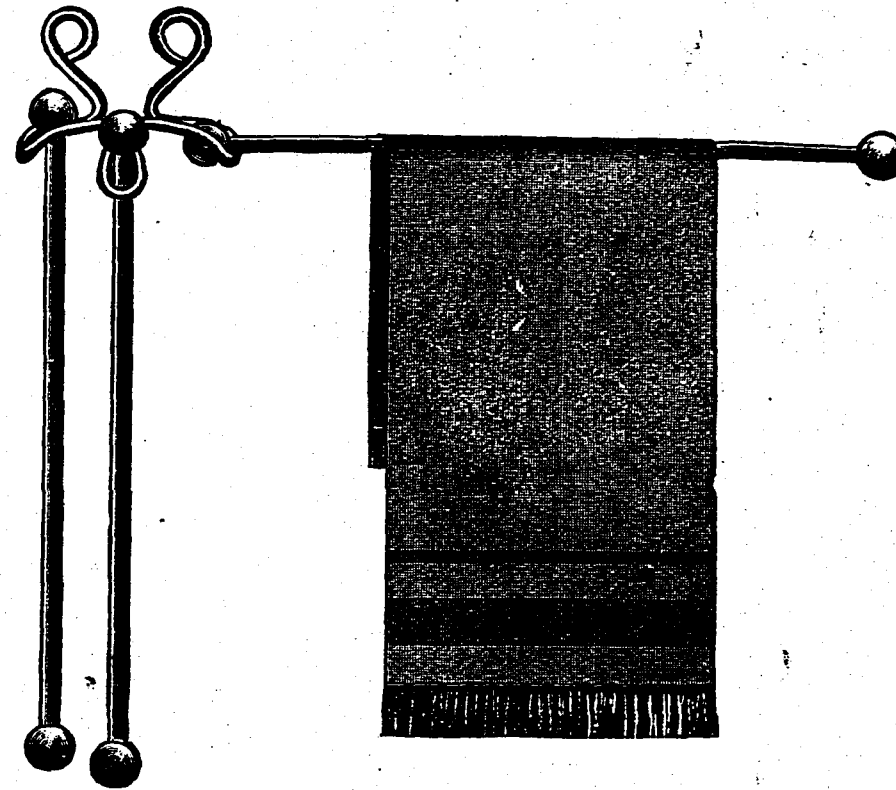
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On Wednesday of last week the mortal remains of Mrs. Virginia Bross, widow of the late Edward A. Bross, were brought to Chicago and laid away in beautiful Oakwoods Cemetery. Many of THE JOURNAL's readers in northern Illinois knew and loved this woman. She had been ailing for many months but with the help given by the Spirit-world and the loving care of friends had largely overcome the effects of a paralytic stroke, and was visiting at some distance from home when the messenger called her to join the beloved husband, daughter, and friends in the great beyond. She passed away full of the confidence born of knowledge of the future and communion with her dear ones. Although Mrs. Bross had reached the ripe age of seventy-three years, so well poised was she, and with such control over the physical, that she looked young.

In the same parlor where had rested the burial caskets of daughter, grandchild and son-in-law within the past seven years her mortal body lay last Wednesday while the Rev. Frank Bristol (Methodist) spoke appropriate words of comfort to the relatives and friends. The informal discourse was a model in its way and showed how great has been the growth of this popular preacher during the past few years. His remarks, characterized by a catholicity of spirit and freedom from sectarian bias, were saturated with the essence of Spiritualism. He had stood in that room of sorrow before, performing a like function; he knew of the faith that upheld the spirit of the woman over whose casket he was speaking, and respected it. Listening to this tender, sweet-souled man one could but feel that by whatever name they are called or however widely their theology may differ, all truly spiritual-minded souls belong to the same society—the Church of the Spirit; a society where all have their intellectual freedom, yet are as one in the bonds of divine love.

The people of Sioux City have furnished many evidences of enterprise and progressiveness, but in no way have they shown greater individuality than in the inauguration and realization of the Corn Palace idea. The project was entirely original with Sioux City, and there has never been a Corn Palace anywhere else. The enterprising people of Sioux City have erected four successive temples to Mondamin and a fifth Corn Palace is now being constructed on a larger and grander scale than ever before. The building will be 380 by 150 feet and the center tower rise 200 feet above the pavement. It will be thrown open to the world amid great pomp and splendor on the 1st day of October and remain open for seventeen days thereafter. The Mexican National Band from the City of Mexico has been secured as one of the attractions; a mammoth exhibit from Central and South America will be another, besides the county displays from the states of Dakota, Nebraska, Minnesota, Iowa, etc. The railroads, recognizing the vast number of people who annually visit the Corn Palace, have arranged to make very low excursion rates.

Mrs. S. M. Smith, East Portland, Oregon, writes: "My husband remarked a short time since that I had better take a rest on THE JOURNAL and not renew my subscription this year, but I told him I would be lonesome without it and that perhaps another year I would be associated with those that gather gems for the editor on the other side, and that as long as I could possibly do so and THE JOURNAL was as interesting as it always had been I thought I should not do without it. I prize it much.

Dr. C. P. McCarthy the expert medical mesmerist and active worker in Spiritual-

ism, has removed his residence to 318 West 59th street, New York; where he will be pleased, THE JOURNAL presumes, to see his old clients and all desiring his aid, counsel or teaching. Those wishing full particulars should address or call upon him. Dr. McCarthy has hired Adelphi Hall for meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening and also on Thursday evenings through the fall and winter.

AUTOMATIC WRITING.

To THE EDITOR: I have just read the article of Mr. Underwood on "Automatic Writing." It recalled to my mind incidents that occurred in this city in 1853. There was a resident of this city a machinist in one of the mills, who for some months was the subject of much interest. His hand would be used apparently without his conscious knowledge to write, while we, his neighbors, would be seated around the dining table; his hand would with a piece of chalk write communications on the table, cross the t's, dot the i's, and all in a legible hand, and composed with grammatical accuracy, he, the owner of the hand, paying no attention whatever to the writing. Even conversing with us upon subjects that had no connection with what was being written on the table. From that time onward to the breaking out of the civil war I had an intimate acquaintance with this person, and witnessed through his hand the writing of many communications. I have sat for hours with him, propounding questions upon the various subjects that occurred to my mind, to his "sub-consciousness" (?) he, his "first consciousness" hearing audible answers and repeating them to me. This was at a time when the scientists, ministers and all "respectable" people laughed in scorn and ridicule at the silly pretensions of mesmerism and the positive assertion that the living conscious spirits of those who once wore the earthly bodies by which we knew them manifested themselves. Then we had no special theory to bias our judgment, and we observed the phenomena that occurred in our families around our own firesides, when the intelligent power that produced them always claimed to be incarnated human beings. Volumes of these experiences could be written. Go on, scientists, ministers, doctors, lawyers, yea, all the people; the field is limitless for search and study.

A. B. PLIMPTON.

LOWELL, MASS.

"CONSCIENTIOUS IN LEADING THE READER."

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is an independent, intelligent and critical journal; advocating Spiritualism from a truly manly, honorable and truthful standpoint. John C. Bundy is an able writer and thinker, has fought his way and earned a reputation as an earnest advocate and expounder of those truths and doctrines he has espoused, without countenancing the frauds and shams that have been practiced to the detriment and discredit of the philosophy. THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has a character peculiarly its own, and the seeker after truth in the direction indicated will find this journal conscientious in leading the reader carefully and faithfully in the way of thorough and enlightened investigation.—The Henry (Ill.) Republican, August 27.

ORIGIN OF THE BANANA.

Some interesting facts are given about the banana in Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine: The banana goes back to the earliest days. Alexander's soldiers, as Pliny says, joined the sages of India seated in its shades and partaking of the delicious fruit. Hence the name "sapientum," given the plant, which likewise bears the name of Jupiter's fair daughter, Mussa. Now it has been shown that the banana is of Malayan origin. How did it get to India and to South America and Mexico? The feet of birds have borne seed a full 10,000 miles, while the cocoonut floated well nigh the world around in the great ocean currents.

But the banana has no seeds, nor has it a casing like the globular cocoonut to float it around over the waters. Then it must have been carried by man. It is significant that Aztecs had traditions of visits by people from over the seas, while there was, to confirm it, an admixture of the religion of the Brahmans in their own theology. Would you think that the despised banana would actually step forward to prove that before Columbus was, or Lief Ericson

even had an existence, some swarthy denizens of the old world had migrated across the waters?

Manila rope is made in the Philippine Islands of the stem of the banana. This stalk, which usually grows to be six inches in diameter, and from fifteen to twenty feet high, has a very valuable fiber, from which are woven beautiful textile fabrics. Many of the finest India shawls and wrappers worn by ladies of fashion are manufactured from this fabric.

So, too, an excellent article of paper is made from it. But are no varieties of bananas wild? Yes, some have been found in Ceylon, Cochinchina and the Philippines. These, of course, have seeds, but they are inferior to the long cultivated varieties. The banana is cultivated by suckers, and it is in this way that the literal plant perpetuates itself indefinitely. In Central Africa you may find thousands and thousands of plants that literally have in them the germ and life of ten thousand years' duration.

The banana belongs to the lily family, and is a developed tropical lily, from which by ages of cultivation, the seeds have been eliminated and the fruit for which it is cultivated greatly expanded. In relation to the bearing qualities of this fruit, Humboldt, who early saw the wonders of the plant, said that the ground that would grow ninety-nine pounds of potatoes would also grow thirty-three pounds of wheat, but that the same ground would grow 4,000 pounds of bananas, consequently to that of wheat is 133 to 1 and to that of potatoes 44 to 1. The banana possesses all of the essentials to the sustenance of life. The savage of the sea isles and the jungle owes what he has of physical strength to this food.

Wheat alone, potatoes alone, will not do this. When taken as a steady diet it is cooked—baked dry in the green state, pulped and boiled in water as a soup, or cut in slices and fried. I do not know whose beauty I admire the most, the majestic cocoa palm, with its heavy crown of great fringed leaves, or the graceful banana, with its great leaves, which are six feet long and two feet wide.

The leaves of the banana are tender, and the strong winds of the tropics—the hurricanes—soon tear the leaves in strips, thereby adding to their grace and beauty. The banana is a fruit that beast and bird, as well as man, are fond of, and the owner, when he lives in a sparsely settled country, must need protect his plantation by a fence of some thorn plant.

Heaven and Hell, as described by Judge Edmonds in his great work on Spiritualism As Judge Edmonds' writings are mostly out of print, this pamphlet may be welcome to many, as it describes two scenes in heaven and two in hell, in his most graphic and careful style. Price, 10 cents. For sale at this office.

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.