THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Mrs. John Winston, an Indianapolis woman, has a voice with an echo, and when she speaks what she says is repeated three or four times. An editor, who probably gets home late very often, asks what would be the effect of a curtain lecture repeated three or four times with a single effort, when delivered at 2 o'clock in the morning. A man would either reform or take to the woods.

Rev. MacQueary has sent his resignation from the Episcopal ministry and it is now stated that he will be minister of the First Universalist Church at Saginaw, Mich. In an interview he said: "I thonght the opportunity a good one as it is a wealthy congregation and a fine church. I will preach my opening sermon there Sunday, October 4th." Mr. MacQueary has had a large amount of free advertising and his mild heresy seems to have rather advanced his interests from a worldly point of view while they are probably no worse from a heavenly standpoint.

There is no credulity so great probably that it is entirely without limit. Prof. Wingchied, of Leipsic, who belongs to one of the most noted Catholic families of that city, has announced his conversion to the Protestant faith. This in itself would have created a sensation in religious circles, but its effect upon Catholics may be imagined when it is coupled with the statement that the professor attributes the change in his religious views to his disbelief as to the genuineness of the "holy coat" and says he wants nothing more to do with a church that will make money by teaching such a superstition.

This paragraph we find in an exchange credited to *Harbinger of Light: Le Gaulois*, Paris, states that Dr. Charcot, the famous psychopathist, is engaged in a scientific investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism. Those which are occupying his attention at present are the so-called duplication of the personality, and related phenomena. If the Doctor's mind is as freely open to conviction as were the minds of Mr. Crookes, Dr. Gibier and Prof. Zöllner, but one result can follow; and Dr. Charcot's declaration of the spiritual causes of the phenomena will cause a profound sensation in the scientific world of both Europe and America.

There is a large body in the Tennessee legislature favorable to the convict lease system which led to the troubles about Briceville and the opposition to propositions for its termination has been fierce and stubborn. When a vote was taken in the lower branch on the question of immediately terminating the contracts made by the state with the prison lessees, the majority in favor of continuing the present system was twelve. This vote disclosed a state of affairs that is unfortunate for the cause of humanity and for Tennessee. The practice of herding convicts of various degrees of guilt together in common chain gangs and working them like cattle under the lash not only makes bad men worse, but it debauches and brutalizes public sentiment in the state that sanctions it. The direct evil of convict competition with free labor, of which the Tennessee miners complained, is on the whole probably less injurious to the welfare of the community than the moral effects of the chain gang system. The age that has seen the curse of slavery destroyed by the strong arm of the nation has no place for the chain gang and the lash of the convict overseer. There ought to be patriotic and sensible men enough in the Tennessee legislature to abrogate the infamous convict lease system without a day's unnecessary delay.

Eleanor Kirk, well known by her newspaper letters, in reply to some reference to her by a Presbyterian minister thus refers to her views: "If to be a Spiritualist means that I believe in continual existence after death, I am a Spiritualist; and am I not very orthodox also? If to be a Spiritualist means the belief that spirits sometimes return to this world, then I am a Spiritualist, and Spiritualist according to Bible authority. Contradict it who can. I can go a step further and say that I not only believe in spirit-return, but I know it, that is, if my senses, usually accurate in other matters, are to be relied upon in this."

A dispatch from Dubuque, Iowa, says that Rev. Amos Crum, pastor of the Universalist church in that city, was invited with the pastors of the Protestant churches to attend the dedication of the First Baptist church. Mr. Crum was one of the first to appear. Rev. G. E. Farr, pastor of the church, invited Mr. Crum to take a seat on the platform. A few minutes later Rev. J. B. Thomas, a former pastor of the church, who was to preach the dedicatory sermon, arrived. He immediately informed Rev. Mr. Farr that if Rev. Mr. Crum was allowed to sit on the platform he would take no part in the proceedings. Rev. Mr. Farr was obliged to inform Mr. Crum of Mr. Thomas' decision, and the Universalist preacher took a seat in the auditorium, where he remained during most of the exercises. Comment is unnecessary.

Probably many lady readers of THE JOURNAL have received a copy of the circular to which "Lounger" thus refers in the *Critic:* "A lady sends me a circular which she has received from a publisher in Buffalo, accompanying the printed matter with this comment:—'Is there nothing to do about this kind of thing? You sat upon one circular a short time ago, that was widely circulated, and this is even worse, as it contains a guarantee of "literary excellence and high standing" for a work which is to consist of 'one thousand biographical sketches, each accompanied by a portrait, of "leading American women in all walks of life.'" Something can be done, but nothing that will have any effect. There is a craving for notoriety nowadays that nothing seems able to check, and it is more than likely that the publisher in question will be able to get the desired sketches of somebodies and nobodies to the full number of 1,000. Of course the ladies are to 'pay the piper' by subscribing for copies of the book, the price of which is fixed at the modest sum of $20. As an additional bait, some if not all of the 'leading women' are told that if they will order a copy the publisher will use their portraits in *The Magazine of American Poetry* "without extra expense." How much more than $20 worth of fame they will thus be getting for their money, I leave the arithmetician to compute. The title of the book is to be "A Woman of the Century;" each of the 1,000 ladies whose portraits appear in it may therefore consider herself the woman of the century. The publisher is, of course, Mr. Charles Wells Moulton, who assures the ladies that his "name is well and favorably known."

At a regular weekly meeting of the Methodist ministers of Richmond, Va., according to the daily papers of that city, there were quite a number of preachers present, including all the regular Richmond and Manchester divines except Dr. Tudor, Dr. Woodward and Dr. Ray, and also several local preachers. After the varions reports of the previous week's work and other routine proceedings the late publication over the signature of Prof. Noah K. Davis, criticising belief in the efficacy of prayer for rain, was informally discussed. The argument was taken up by a number of the preachers present and was discussed with a good deal of interest. The general sentiment was that the position of Dr. Davis is inconsistent and at war with the whole tenor of the sacred Scriptures, which plainly teach that all temporal blessings are proper subjects for prayer. The meeting was decidedly of the opinion that prayer for rain does not necessarily involve any interference with the fixed laws of nature, but even if it did God will interfere to relieve the distress of his people. But if rain can be obtained by artificial means, by producing certain atmospheric conditions, why make it a subject of prayer? The parsons might try the effect of their prayers on tornadoes until at least science shall tell us how to neutralize the conditions which produce them or how to escape their fury, if that is possible.

Referring to cases of mysterious disappearance from the busy life of our great cities, the *Inter Ocean* thus refers to the experience of Vera Ava who went to a Catholic church in Chicago, and was missing from that time till she appeared at a police station in Cincinnati: She says she was overpowered and abducted. Either this story is true or it is false. How did she get from the church to the depot? The police should know that. How did she get from the depot to Cincinnati? The police should know that. What happened to her between the time of her arrival in Cincinnati and her appearance in the police station? The police should know that. Did she quit the city alone or in company? The police should know that. In short, the police should clear up every bit of this mystery either to prove that Miss Ava is a "fraud" or to bring to justice the persons who perpetrated an outrage upon her, and outraged the laws of the State and of the United States. This is not a matter to be passed over lightly because Miss Ava is erratic. If the police confess their inability to "solve" the problem, it is time the public think of a more perfect system of police and a shrewder corps of detectives to protect the lives and persons of citizens. Something is amiss when persons can "disappear" voluntarily or involuntarily and the police be in absolute ignorance of the procedure. Is it a case of "can't" or "won't" with the Chicago police?

PARTY GOVERNMENT.

A party government, although it may become as corrupt as a personal government, accords best with the feelings and freedom of action of a free people. From the very necessity of the case, a free and elective government is a party government. A nation when left free in its political action, naturally divides itself into two political organizations; the one conservative or content with things as they are and the other progressive and aggressive. The history of England affords an admirable opportunity for the study of party spirit and partizan rule. Parties do not cease to exist necessarily because the special and original cause of their existence has ceased to be operative. But political parties, in the absence of any real issue or vexed question, are apt to degenerate and do finally degenerate into pernicious factions, intent solely on public plunder and the aggrandizement of their leaders. Then it is that party spirit becomes an influence productive of mischief. Allegiance to party then is regarded as the one political duty and obligation, country and conscience being secondary or trivial considerations. A party actuated by this spirit is simply a predatory horde. The chief American cities are now ruled by organizations and conspiracies of plunderers, gangs of marauders on the tax-payers. These gangs consist for the most part of aliens. The substantial citizens are too busy with their own affairs to unite and apply the remedy to this most scandalous state of things. Thus, as tax-payers, they are plundered with impunity, and they ought to be thus plundered by way of punishment for their criminal neglect to fulfil their duties as citizens.

Legitimate political parties are such as are based on the principle and the sincere convictions of their adherents, who believe that their line of policy is of a nature to promote public welfare. Therefore they are anxious to get control of the machinery of government in order that they make their ideas practical facts. Where there are at stake vital principles which excite a deep and unusual interest, then party action becomes elevated above the low level of a struggle for the spoils of office, at least while the enthusiasm of principle lasts. Government by party is not an ideal method of government, as the history of Great Britain and our own history conclusively demonstrate. Party government in Great Britain in the days of Walpole was a government of bribery. A party government at its best is more or less one-sided and exclusive. The first and foremost object of a political party is, of course, the defeat of its antagonist political organization, and its exclusion from an anticipation in the administration of public affairs. A too long and uninterrupted predominance of a single party in a community creates disaffection and disloyalty in the ranks of its antagonists, who come at length to regard the government, in which they exercise no control, with feelings of hostility. When opposing parties are nearly equally divided so that one easily supplants the other, they are put upon their good behavior and the public is not victimized.

The Government of the United States is one of checks and balances, which make it difficult for a party to get control of all the branches of the Federal Government so as to be able to work its will unopposed. Popular frenzies and delusions are pretty sure to die out before they get to be politically formidable. The great mass of the people remain sane, in spite of local excitements and crazes. Though party government prevails here to its fullest extent and popular sovereignty is unquestioned, still in general elections this country always shows itself to be conservative. The vast majority of the voters have something at stake, a vital interest in the common weal, and they act accordingly. The collective will, when it is ascertained, is always found to be on the side of law and order, because there is no American party which aims at the destruction of our institutions. Further, there is a check here upon anything like party tyranny, by the multitude of people who will bolt party nominations, if they do not conform to a proper standard of political rectitude. As the French statesman, De Freycinet, once said: "Nations do not live by politics, but by business." Thus the party leaders and politicians must conform their actions to the business interests of the nation, especially on the recurrence here of a great four-years' election, or they find themselves and their organization badly defeated and left out in the cold.

SPIRITUALISM BEFORE SCIENCE.

A late number of *La Revue Spirite* has a sharply critical article in review of a communication of M. Alfred Binet in *Revue des Deux Mondes* in which it says that after having denied with so much obstinacy the reality of spirit phenomena, after having stumbled piteously in the physical explanations which it has presented, official science recognizes at last with more or less bad grace the reality of these phenomena. But it has nothing more urgent to do than to seek to distort them—that was a matter of course—and to give explanations of them very scientific no doubt, since they emanate from authorized persons, but absolutely devoid of probability. M. Binet only treats of movements of the table and still asserts the old claim that the operators communicate unconsciously an impulsion to the table though in perfect good faith. This the writer in *La Revue* declares is something gained—an admission of good faith. But how does the unconscious impulsion render the table heavier than its normal weight, how raise the table completely from the floor?

Again M. Binet attributes a large number of psychological phenomena to disease of the personality. His method consists in dividing the ego into two parts, or rather in parceling it out. The normal unity is broken up; there are produced several distinct consciousnesses, of which each may have its perceptions, its memory and even its normal character.

To this reply is made that there has been a failure to define the words "personality, ego, consciousnesses." Bichat one of the great high priests of the scientific-materialist religion defines life as "the totality of functions which resist death." As we are always resisting death until we succumb to it, it follows that life is a disease, that disease and life are the same thing. Without doubt M. Binet is inspired by Bichat to assert that mediums and somnambules are diseased, and that the phenomena produced by them have reference to pathology. Only it must be admitted that the functions of the diseased resist death a long time, for it is not seen that they die sooner than others; the very opposite is very frequently observed. This proves incontestably that mediums are not diseased, in fact it not infrequently happens that when sick they lose their mediumship to recover it after being restored to health.

We are in accord, these savants well say. Their sickness is not physical, it is psychical. It is not their personality which is diseased, their consciousness which is disorganized, their ego which is split up. For modern science there is only matter; life is a simple operation of chemistry. The psychical arises from the physical, thought is a secretion of the brain; that the ego is only a result, an effect and not a cause. Thus life is of chemical origin; reflex action of chemical origin—*a fortiori* instinct; *a fortiori* intelligence. No break, no gap. All these claims are purely gratuitous and even absurd.

In this hypothesis the psychic is subordinated to the physical. We do not see by what mystery this can exist, but no matter. What we do see very well is, that the psychic part, the personality, the ego, the consciousness, cannot be diseased without in the first place the physical being so. We have seen that as a general rule mediums are not at all diseased physically. For much stronger reason they cannot be so psychically. The secretion cannot be disarranged without the secreting organ being injured. The personality cannot be diseased, nor the ego split up, nor the consciousness removed without the brain being affected at least. Do diseases of the brain last for eighty years and more without the medium being incommoded the least in the world? It is true that there are two persons in man. In this we are in agreement with the psychological school. We go even further and say that there are three—the exterior person, the interior, and the inmost. But these three persons do not come from the body; it is on the contrary the body which comes from them.....There exists in the hysterical subject, says M. Binet, even in the waking state, a second obscure personality, besides the luminous personality.....These two personalities do not exist, as M. Binet believes, the one besides the other, but the one above the other; the interior below the exterior. It is still true, as our neo-psychologist observes, that the exterior has no knowledge of the interior, and "the light shineth in the darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not"; but it by no means follows that the interior does not know the exterior. It is even astonishing that the savants do not perceive the contrary. In reality they agree themselves that "during waking the memory of the subject embraces only the event of the waking period, while, during somnambulism, it remembers not only anterior somnambulisms but also states of waking." It must be added that it frequently remembers much better its states of waking while in the somnambulistic state.

We challenge these savants to subject "this chemical function" to quantitive and qualitative analysis.

From this it follows that there exists an interior ego, and a superior ego which is not diseased at all, which is no more a separate organization from the exterior ego than the twig of the plant is a separate organization from the branch; it does not follow that it is this personality called second which moves the table which writes, which produces spirit phenomena. If the body is only the instrument of the ego why should it not lend this instrument to another ego when it thinks proper? It must be observed that the borrowing ego can only be by nature at least the equal of the lending ego. To use an instrument one must know how and be able to handle it. Would a blacksmith lend his hammer to a child or a monkey? In this regard science again misleads. M. Pierre Janet supposes that the intelligence that manifests itself in these phenomena is an inferior monad and imagines that this monad usurps an empire which does not belong to it. The intelligence which makes use of a human organism to express its feelings or ideas cannot be inferior in essence to human intelligence, under penalty of being rendered powerless by the same to make use of its organs. It may be superior, whatever M. Janet may say about it, for "he who is able to do the greater can do the less" but can never be inferior. This is why we do not see animals in spiritism communicate by writing.

Such substantially is the criticism in *La Revue Spirite* of Binet's assumptions in regard to the cause of phenomena which Spiritualism explains by ascribing them to the cause adequate to produce them, viz., spirits.

GATES' CIGAR, OR GATES AJAR?

"Austin Phelps—A Memoir," by his daughter Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, to be published in a few days by Charles Scribner's Sons, forms the theme of an entertaining letter by Jeannette L. Gilder in last Sunday's Chicago *Tribune*. In the closing paragraph the *Tribune* makes its correspondent say: "After reading this memoir I understand better the character of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward, I feel the atmosphere in which 'Gates' Cigar' was created. One can see how the mind of a speculative child would work under such conditions. They could not have failed to have molded the sensitive nature. She is the natural product of her environment." Now we have known Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward since the winter of 1856-7, when we often went skating with her on Pomp's Pond near Andover. We used to feel supremely happy in studying the wonderful soul of the girl as reflected through her marvelous eyes and set to music in her voice and carriage. With something of that combination of pluck and modesty which characterizes the Western boy or man, which furnished a Lincoln and a Grant, which secured for Chicago the World's Columbian Exposition, we used to essay the delicate but important duty of adjusting the skates of the exclusive and queenly little miss; never allowing anothe

to forestall us. Indeed, as the newspaper boys would say nowadays, we had a cinch on that job. From that day to this we have studied the character and been familiar with the psychical atmosphere of the builder of "Gates Ajar," and we are free to confess that nothing therein ever suggested "Gates' Cigar" to to our fertile imagination or abnormally sensitive olfactories, though we own up to being familiar with numerous brands of cigars, both domestic and foreign. Although some of the Andover girl's creations are clothed with transcendental smoke, as it were, which soothes the weary and allays the pangs of soul-hunger, yet far be it from anyone to imply that this Yankee genius is the maker of "Gates' Cigar"; or even that her "Silent Partner" ever surrounded "Havana filler" with "Connecticut wrapper" "Beyond the Gates," or within the district of a U. S. revenue officer.

On reflection it occurs to us that possibly Jeannette Gilder wrote "Gates Ajar," and the *Tribune* compositor, with the passive assistance of the proofreader, made "Gates' Cigar" out of the material. If this conjecture should prove correct, then is here a strong argument for the all-night saloon. Deprived of his midnight beer the sweltering compositor's cerebral machinery gets out of gear and misses a cog now and then. If this typographical mangling is to continue Mayor Washburne will no doubt present it as a convincing argument to the Common Council in favor of his all-night saloon ordinance. A human type-setting machine that has been run by beer for a term of years can never be worked by water power or beef-tea until it has been thoroughly rebuilt. And in the meantime we are likely to be served with Gates' Cigar and other pseudo-materializations.

DEVELOPMENT OF LANGUAGE.

A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in an article on "Speech as a Barrier Between Man and Beast," shows that the fact that human language is not spoken by any animals by no means proves that they have no language and that "therefore" they do not think. The old question comes up, can there be thought without words? which one would think could never have been answered except in one way, for it does not appear how language could have originated save as the expression of thought, however simple and indeed rudimentary. It is not, says the Springfield *Republican,* forty years ago since it was generally accepted, that while animals had instinct, man alone had reason, and observation of animals was before so superficial that this distinction was accepted, and without question. Now there are few who do not recognize reason in every animal with whose habits man is brought into close contact; we know well enough that dogs, cats, horses and cows reason, and are beginning to see that foxes, squirrels, partridges, crows, even hens and ducks reason to a certain extent. That the chain of reason begins far down in the scale of sentient life is not now a vagrant hypothesis, as once it was. The *Atlantic* writer examines some of Max Muller's dogmatic statements to their ruin. He quotes one of them as to the impossibility of a common origin for a simple Sanscrit root "gar" used for the three meanings, "swallow," "to make a noise" and "to wake." But he then cites the way in which one of Darwin's grandchildren developed the word "quack" from her first application of it to a duck; next it meant "water," and eventually it grew to represent all creatures that had wings and all fluids; and coins even were called "quack" because they bore upon them the effigy of an eagle. Thus, says Evans, "quack came to mean bird, fly, angel, pond, river, shilling, medal, etc., and it is easy to trace every step of the process by which it acquired these various significations." This is a fair exemplification of the origin of language. Other instances are the syllables "pa" and "ma," now considered by us childish, as in reality they were in their origin, but yet venerable, for there are probably no older articulations in use. These two words mean in Sanscrit to protect and to form, "indicating," says Evans, "the functions of the father as the defender and the mother as the moulder of children." The infants that first uttered these words attached no such ideas to them, but they grew to these meanings. So that language developed in two ways—on onomato poetically, that is, from the suggestions of sound; and by association of ideas. This, however, is not said by E. P. Evans, who makes, beyond this, a convincing array of points to prove that language is not the sole possession of man, and that reasoning is in a degree an attribute of lower animals. That thought does not depend upon words is now too well proved to admit of discussion. The teaching of Laura Bridgman alone demonstrated this, Words as symbols of thought develop the faculty itself, enlarging it into expression; but thought is mysteriously existent without symbol. The infinite life pervading all things compels it, degree by degree, and it may yet be discovered that plants too think and reason, strive and aspire.

THE PULPIT BENDS TO THE PEW.

In referring to a proposed alliance of all the churches in a church congress to be held in Chicago in 1893, the *Times* of this city has this to say: In almost every century since ecclesiastical power was acquired it has been the rule to be diligent in stamping out heretical opinion and indifferent to the prevalence of gross immorality. France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was a forcible illustration of this. Louis XIV was zealous in his orthodoxy and proud of his religious belief, at the same time that he was the most shameless libertine in Europe and living in open adultery, surrounded by a court notorious for its scandalous immorality. In the zenith of ecclesiastical power the city of Rome never rose in practical morals above the low plane of Italian morality, which was the lowest on the European continent. The period during which the Anglican church had the most absolute authority over the English aristocracy was marked by profanity, drunkenness and sexual libertinage among that class to a degree that would shock the sensibilities of this age. Russia is now undergoing a revival in behalf of Greek orthodoxy, which is resulting in measureless injustice, and yet the crusade for creed is led by a priesthood only too often brutalized by drink and sensuality. The greater importance which was accorded to church ritual over moral character in the seventeenth and preceding centuries might well be overlooked, were the charge not just as applicable to the institutional Christianity of to-day, modified, of course, to suit the conditions of a higher civilization, and a higher general standard of morality. There is no such jealous oversight of the conduct of church members as is given to the integrity of dogma, to protect it from even the suspicion of innovation, while the churches are comparatively insensible to evils that are fruitful in propagating immorality. Hosts of their members remain secure in the fold although indirectly if not directly associated with such evils and profiting by them. While organic Christianity in the United States is independent of an over-corrupting state alliance, it is not independent of wealth and its influence. The pulpit bends to the power of the pew with the inevitable tendency to preach within the limits of parochial desire and prejudice. It is a sad but incontestable truth that the sanctuary is utilized to promote self-interest, greed and ambition; that in the prominent churches of this country and Europe there are men high in officership and among their acknowleged leaders who are known to be deceitful in their every day transactions and who are at a discount as to honesty and reliability in the business world.

THE JOURNAL does not often chronicle the misdeeds and weaknesses of ministers, but here is a case so unique, so wholly beyond the length which a member of the pulpit fraternity usually goes, so antagonistic to ministerial ethics that a stern sense of duty obliges allusion to it. A dispatch from Boston dated September 26, and secured for THE JOURNAL without the assistance of a "Clipping Bureau" reads:

"After full consideration and consultation with friends at the Unitarian conference, the Rev. Dr. Brooke Hereford has finally decided to accept the call from London. It may be added that the salary attached to Dr. Hereford's new position is not more than half of what he receives here. He has served nine years in the Arlington street pulpit with constantly increasing acceptance to the society. With his seven years' previous service in Chicago Dr. Hereford will have completed upon his retirement from Boston sixteen years of work in America."

This portrays a malignancy toward his professional brethren which is truly alarming. Think of a preacher being so wicked as to accept a call which pays only half his present salary. Surely "the Lord"—of the average minister—had nothing to do with such a call. To have an Englishman come over here and monopolize a fat living may be endured, but to have him set the example of voluntarily giving up that living for harder work and half pay,—why it is simply an atrocious stab in the very vitals of the profession. A few more such traitorous acts and the American pulpiteering craft will go to the demnition bow-wows. Yet this preacher's reckless disregard of the ethics of his profession is not without its lesson of contrast. No orthodox preacher would have thus imperilled the dignity and emoluments of his profession, and cheapened and belittled an embassador of "the Lord." Orthodox preachers should learn a lesson from this and cease to hob-nob with the irregulars. Heterodoxy and altruism go together, and if as much as smiled upon or winked at they are sure to catch on and modify the profession. Only by eternal vigilance can the good old ethics be preserved and the people damned.

At a dinner given to Victor Hugo, in Paris, some years ago, he delivered an impromptu address in which he gave expression to his faith in the Infinite and the soul's immortality, says *L'Universe.* This is what the distinguished French poet and philosopher said: I am rising towards the sky. The sunshine is on my head. Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and roses as at twenty years ago. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale and it is historic, For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song. I have tried all, but I feel I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me, When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work; but I cannot say I have finished my life. My days will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open on the dawn.

The Rev. A. J. Canfield, pastor of St. Paul's Universalist church, Chicago, in addition to his other duties, is just now engaged in the preparation of a liturgy which he proposes to introduce in the services of his congregation. His work, it is said, is almost ready for publication. In form it will be very much the same as the low-church Episcopal service, or, in other words, on a pattern fashioned pretty closely after the ritual of Christ Reformed Episcopal church, of which Bishop Cheney is rector. This is certainly an innovation in churches of the Universalist faith in Chicago and this Western country. Mr. Canfield says he does not know of such forms ever having been introduced in Universalist churches west of Buffalo. He says he does not intend to introduce at present the surpliced choir, nor the robe, nor candles. If he could introduce more live thought in his sermons he might not need a liturgy such as he is preparing to appeal to the unintellectual classes, those who wish to substitute the use of the senses for the exercise of the intellect. It is better to stimulate thought and provide for those who think than to pander to ignorance.

The product of gold in the United States the last sixteen years has aggregated the enormous sum of $572,900,000.

The Vatican contains 208 staircases and 1,110 different rooms.

THE OPEN COURT.

HYPNOTISM.

By Mrs. S. E. Browne.

Having read a report of the International Congress of Experimental and Theosophical Hypnotism, the sittings of which were held in the Hotel Dieu and presided over by Dr. Dumontpalier, one of the physicians of that hospital, I am impressed with the conclusions to which the savants arrived, and the importance attached to them; not because I do not see the importance equally, but because the science has crept in—to its rightful place, the minds of savants—so silently and softly that it is like the awakening of a Rip Van Winkle from his long sleep to a knowledge that the world has been moving while he dreamed.

The fact seems apparent to me, however, that they have not yet reached the strong point in the science; as yet they seem to look only to force in their experiments, and logically an unreasoning force. If I understand their position, they simply concentrate the power of mind already stored in the operator upon the weaker—necessarily, as far as both storage and concentration go—mind of the patient and compel him to yield his conscious mind to them, while he suggests to the spiritual or unconscious man that he is well, and having done this a sufficient number of times, the patient has his higher nature so firmly fixed by the suggestion of the operator that he is well, the conscious mind falls into line and relinquishes its belief of sickness. I say "belief" because if the sickness were a reality, a thing of itself, it could not be changed. Light (an entity) can never be changed to darkness; though it may be shut out it is always there; but to introduce light into darkness is to annihilate every vestige of it; nothing is left. So disease can be dispelled by an application of ease and comfort.

This is all well enough as far as it goes, but it is only the first step, or rather the second step in the first place. The foundation is not well laid. It is reasoning from a false standpoint, that of physical, or exoteric causation, and consequently the real reason why he is not given the patient, and only the physical effect is produced; and the real object, which is the development of the understanding, or the higher education of the mind of either operator or patient, is not secured. This is why the art—not science, for it has a false basis—is capable of misuse and is harmful as well as useful. As well might Edison put into the hands of the common laborer the use of electricity, send him up an electric light pole to fix the wires without telling him how and why; when, as we know, the result is more likely to be instant death than what was desired.

If causation lies in matter, in the slightest degree, no application of mind would cure. Like unto like is the rule. If a draft of air or a filthy sewer could make a man sick, no application of mind could make him well. The remedy according to common sense, must be pure air, and an equal temperature, leaving nature to adjust herself under proper conditions. But if the belief that impure air would cause sickness, or a draft would produce a cold, exists, then you must make the cure by destroying the false belief; but you must have a perfect understanding with yourself which belief is true or false.

If causation lies in mind and matter, equally, as materialists and physicians teach, it would seem there must always be a great conflict between the two, as, when your body seems to you to be sick and you wish to lie in bed, and your mind, being active, wishes to go down town, as is often the case; the result generally is, the whole man stays in bed. Why? Because the mind had been educated to think it is subject to the body and it must yield, and the will, weakened by ignorance, makes no effort to assert itself and yields voluntarily; thus we often see a horse driven by a boy, simply because the horse does not know his power to anihilate the boy if he wished. But let the mind separate from the body, either in trance or death, and what can the body do? What power is there to say, "I am sick or well, I wish to do this or that?" Where is sensation or intellect then? How many drafts of air or foul sewers will it take to make me sick or hypnotic trances to make me well? Where is the part of me that felt or reasoned? Is it dead? If there is any such thing as absolute death, why is the condition of trance or coma such an exact simulation of it that even the greatest experts cannot detect the difference; as we know, very many are buried alive—as we say—only to awake in agony and terror and find themselves compelled to loose their hold on the body entirely. But if, as we know, the body is dependent upon the mind for sensation, force, intelligence, then mind must have existed before the body, must, in fact, have created it, for matter, if it is the second principle, could not have created the first; and that it is the second principle we have shown; because it is powerless alone, and the principle which is first, certainly would not perish by its separation from the second.

If then the hypnotizer himself knows that all causation is in mind, that the man has a cold because he believes a draft of air can produce a cold and fears to encounter it (the fear really causing the cold) in consequence of his belief, then he, with his knowledge that there is no causation but mind, will by suggesting to the mind of the patient (whether in a hypnotic state or otherwise) the truth that a draft of air can not produce a cold, thus displacing his error with your truth—for error is nothing to you as soon as you know it is not something—you have not only destroyed his fear, but have taken away his foundation for a future error, thus giving him a higher education that lifts him above error, because he dwells in truth. So a hypnotizer has no incentive to use his art for base purposes, because he sees that truth is the only weapon by which he can accomplish any desired result. The only danger in its use lies in his limited knowledge of the power of mind or thought and its application. But to produce an effect without removing the cause is only to have to do your work over and over again as often as the cause asserts itself.

I think the law of suggestion may be explained in this way: All mind is one. If one projects thought into space, it impregnates all mind, and impresses all minds individualized by residence in matter that desire that class of information. The storehouse of memory is also universal, likewise individualized by contact with matter, *i. e.*, its consciousness. The hypnotizer directs a conscious thought to the patient who, by making his will passive, becomes negative to the positive mind of the operator, who by the exercise of his will, seeks to control the consciousness of the patient; virtually the two are one for the time being; and the conscious memory of the patient is entirely inactive as far as its own individuality goes, and becomes merely the reflecting medium for the suggestion of the master mind; and as long as this thought is held for the patient, so long will he see it that way and no other; but let the operator yield his suggestion ever so little, the patient will waver in like ratio. In fact, so much of his mind as pertains to the idea held in the dominant mind is really absorbed by the other.

To illustrate: If I stand before a mirror reflecting an image of myself therein and someone steps up behind me and puts his hand over so much of my face as would cover one eye, I am, as far as seeing my whole self, blind with one eye, for inasmuch as I am looking nowhere except at my image in the mirror, I can see nothing to which my thought was not directed, and as long as I remain there and allow the person to cover that eye, I virtually remain blind with it. If, however, the person chooses to remove his hand from before the eye and cover my mouth, as far as I can see, allowing myself to be still in that position, I have no mouth; but my face seems to be a monstrosity with a hand where the mouth should be.

If, however, I had not allowed the person to intrude his hand on my sphere of vision, and had asserted my right to a full view of the mirror, and pushed him away, either violently or otherwise, then he could not have impressed me that I had but one eye, because I, by my resistence to him, had ceased to contemplate any particular image, and had refused to listen to his suggestion.

When thus explained, hypnotic suggestion becomes a simple and easily managed affair, only given a passive patient and a dominating mind as operator. But to make the patient unconscious is not necessary. If the operator has faith in himself, and the patient a sufficiently strong motive for making himself passive (such as getting well, for instance), his attention can be arrested on that one point and the suggestion of health made while he was cognizant of other things, as I could see clearly with my one eye my own image while the other was concealed from me, and so while the operator is holding my attention on one line I can read or talk or do what I like, if only the operator knows how to hold me.

I am not undertaking to say any one can hypnotize a person either for healing or otherwise. There is a vast difference between just overcoming your patient by your will and scientifically claiming his attention; as much as if I should see you in danger of being run over and should take you by the arm and jerk you over a fence, or if I said, "Get over the fence, quick, or you will be run over." You would be over in either case, but your sensations would be much less agreeable in the first instance, and as your (in case of illness) cure would depend largely upon your sensation, the appeal to your reason and intelligence would seem to be the safer and wiser way.

Here lies the difference between hypnotism and mental science or mind cure. In one case the patient yields to force. In the other he goes willingly, with full consent of all his faculties, and finds himself raised a round higher up the ladder of intelligence and nearer to God, because of his acceptance and assimilation of truth.

CASTE.

By R. McMillan.

A Liverpool gentleman, well known in commercial circles, went to live in a truly aristocratic suburb of this trading city. A few of the neighbors in the new district called upon him to give him welcome, and to ask what church he intended to connect himself with. One sweet, Christian lady visited the merchant's wife and tried to persuade her to come to "our church," which was the most delightful in the district The chief charm of "our church" lay in the fact that nobody attended there who had "less than £700 a year." This decided the merchant, and he joined a different church, for he happened to be one of these men who hold that a rich church is a poor church. The real pith of the story lies in the statement that the same church contributes liberally, very liberally, to Indian missions, where the chief work of the missionary is to break down caste. No words framed by mortal tongue could possibly contain a more striking satire. Caste is quite as strong in England as in India, and quite as inconsistent.

When an Englishman lands in India he is amused or pained at the class feeling of the natives. They are so stupid, so irrational, so utterly inconsistent in their prejudices. I once saw a wicked butcher throw a pig's carcass into a small boat where some Hindoos sat sunning themselves. They were not clean Hindoos, nor particular men in any sense, but they sprang out of the boat with shrieks of terror, willing to be drowned or slain rather than to be touched by a pig. It seemed so utterly idiotic to my boyish view that I could only sit and laugh at the sight of the terrified Hindoos, and I sneered at their conceptions until I learned the weakness of my own race. There are gentle ladies in England who will receive all the attentions of life from a lowly servant maid, but if she were to sit down beside them on a sofa they would shrink with disgust, as did the Hindoos at the sight of a pig.

War, revolution and deep sorrow level all class distinctions. In the days of destructive flood, the serpent, the tiger and the goat creep together on a floating log to find refuge from the rising waters, and they

tremble in deadly terror. When war desolates the land the man with strong arm and clear brain is king. Caste belongs to peaceful days, and is as natural as the law which carries water down a hill. There ever have been classes, and there ever will be classes. It is a man's right to select his own company; it is the natural trades unionism of the race. The Levites were priests. The Jews are a caste. The Saxons had bond and free, earl and churl. In the Fiji Islands, in ancient Egypt, in all lands and times, there have been classes, and few would dare to grumble thereat. It is only when caste crystallises into idiocy, under the breath of ignorance, that we laugh or sneer or rise in protest. When the church of the lowly Nazarene becomes a close corporation, when nobody worships who has less than £700 a year—then the Christian has cause to weep.

But caste, pure and simple, is inevitable in our present social state of development. In a small village in America, where there were not more than thirty houses, there was as much caste as in the city London. The family that owned the big house on the hill never associated with the village families, and the upper swelldom of the village never went to the "meetin' house"; they drove to a little town a few miles away, where there was a stone church. The women whose husbands worked at home on their own farms were vastly the superiors of the women whose husbands hired out to farmers, and so, in the tiny village of that great republic which has declared all men to be free and equal, we have—caste. The great man in our own country is the simple man, who carries his own parcels, and speaks civilly to all. The poor understrapper, the gentleman's gentleman, is the one who stands on his dignity. With us, in Merrie England, caste is a social distinction. In India caste is a religious institution.

To turn over the pages of Indian history and see what caste has done for the poor souls in our great Eastern empire, is enough to make a man denounce the stupidity of the race. But a little reflection will show that caste has not been an unmitigated evil in India, nor are we free to throw stones at our dusky fellow-subjects. In the laws of Menu, which seem to govern India to a great extent, we find the laws of caste laid down. It is almost needless to add that we know as little about Menu as we know about Job or many other great men; but that detracts not from the authority of his words. The laws of Menu are rigid, but they have been modified by holy hymns and pious Brahmins, and changed by innovators of the centuries until one scarcely knows which of the old laws ought to be obeyed.

Interpreted as simply as possible, the Brahminical belief may be thus stated. In the beginning the great Brama created the Brahmins. They control this world and all worlds. The records of these old saints are full of the wonders and miracles of their tribe. They are supreme on earth, and cannot be punished for crime. The one thing they are forbidden to do is to work. They are legalized beggars, and life is made as easy for them as possible. They came from the mouth of the great Brama, and are the special leaders of the race, the twice-born, heaven-sent nobility. They are the sacredotal caste. Then came a second caste, the Kshatriya, who were born from the arm of the great Brama, and these are the soldiers and rulers, A third caste, born from the thigh of the great creator, Vaisya, form the husbandmen and merchants of the Hindoo nation. The fourth class are the Sudras, born to abject servility from the foot of Brama. They are the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the race. They are outcasts, who may not so much as let their shadows fall on their twice-born priestly masters. It is written in the ancient laws, which have been sanctified by thousands of years of endurance, that if a Sudra speaks disrespectfully to a Brahmin, his tongue shall be slit. If he dares to advise a superior concerning his religion, then is he to have boiling oil poured into his ears and his mouth. He is not to be taught to read, lest he grow discontented; and he is so bound down by laws that he can scarcely be out else except a Sudra. To listen to the laws of Menu makes one think of the opera of the "Mikado." If a Sudra but listens to any one speaking evil of his superiors he is to have boiling lead poured into his ears. That is a sure cure for for people who have "itching ears." Menu was no fool, whoever he was, for he understood human nature, and he knew the power of knowledge. But human hearts are better than human laws, and men are ever better than their creeds. The laws of Menu are fading before advancing knowledge, for even caste founded on religion will weaken and decay before the march of common sense.

Any system that is based on the religion of a nation will endure long after all reasonableness has departed from it, and so caste, in India, has clung to the people with a fearful grip.

When missionaries went to convert the Indians they had to recognize the distinctions laid down by Menu, and Pope Gregory XV. issued a bull recognizing and allowing caste in the Christian church. We have no use for a Papal bull in England, because caste exists, and will continue to exist, until our lives are bounded by a larger horizon and our sympathies have been stirred into harmony with the yearnings of the great Apostle to the Gentiles. The laws of Menu have grown wider now, and there are many castes in the great peninsula; but the men of the writer caste would scorn to keep a shop, and men of law would scorn to eat with a man of the field. The servant who sweeps the room would scorn to give a mouthful of food to a starving horse, and the servant who lights his master's pipe would refuse to demean himself by carrying a glass of water.

We may smile, but we have the same pitiful little cliques and castes in our own land, and the poorer the people the deeper and more tyrannical are the claims of caste. It is a grand thing to be able to say that in spite of all this we are slowly breaking down the evil lines of caste in this country.

If it be so hard then to deal with castes here, what must it have been when the Christ of India came preaching the brotherhood of man some hundreds of years B. C.? The great-eyed Lord with gentle ways tried to break down the barriers which kept his fellow-countrymen apart, and his words should live in all our hearts to-day. He was lying on the ground, parched wih thirst and faint with inward struggle, when a kind Sudra boy, won by his sweet face, offered what poor comfort he could. The Master asked for a drink of water; the boy said:

I am a Sudra and my touch defiles.
Then the world-honored spake. Pity and need
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood
Which runneth of one hue; nor caste in tears,
Which trickle salt with all. Who doth right deeds
Is twice born, and who doth ill deeds vile.

LIVERPOOL, ENG.

SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.

BY ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

I propose in this paper to give a brief account of a most helpful work on the above subject, recently published in New York, by Macmillan & Co., entitled "An Introduction to Social Philosophy," by John S. Mackenzie.

In the first chapter he discusses the meaning of social philosophy and its place among other studies. The aim of philosophy is to gain insight and wisdom, rather than knowledge or understanding. It is the effort not merely to know particular objects, and to understand the modes of their connection, but to apprehend their underlying principles and meaning. Its guiding principal is the ideal of a system, and its course is simply the effort to fill in that ideal. It may be compared to the children's game of fitting together the pieces of a map. The map is the end, but the idea of the map is also the beginning. Philosophy is a search for truth with a certain prophetic understanding of what truth must be when it is found. It is not the whole, but the idea of the whole shines through it.

If society is a product of our thinking nature, the study of society must form a department of philosophy. Man is from the first social, his relations to the material world are conditioned by the fact that he is also related to his fellow-men. Yet man's relations to the material world cannot be regarded as subseqnent to his relations to his fellow-men. They are rather logically prior to the latter. Consequently, social philosophy can hardly avoid dealing with the relations of men to the material world, as well as with their relations to each other. It is neither an induction from history, nor a deduction from *a priori* principles, nor a production of the opinions of common sense. Mr. Mackenzie describes it rather as an introduction, an endeavor to get inside or behind the notions which we use, so as to become clearly aware of their true place and significance in knowledge and conduct.

The second chapter is an able treatment of "The Social Problem," defining its meaning and the causes of its present prominence, its conditions of difficulty and of hope, the developments of thought that lead one to despair of improvement, and the developments of thought that inspire one with confidence. The virtues of a warlike state are those of "sparing the vanquished and beating down the proud"; it is in times of peace that men turn to the inverse problem of raising up the humble, and teaching the victorious how to use their power—and this is what we understand by the social problem. The causes which have led to its present prominence may be divided into two classes—those which are concerned with the external environment of life, and those which are concerned with the development of thought and sentiment. The acquisition of material wealth, like the acquisition of material power, cannot be accepted as the ultimate end for human beings. Power is only a means to prosperity, prosperity is only a means to welfare. The consciousness of this is slowly introducing the humanitarian stage, where the interest is centred in the well-being of persons, rather than in anything external, where the end is "not the increase of wealth, but the ascent of man."

The difficulties of the social problem have grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. Mr. Mackenzie touches briefly on the land question, and arranges the difficulties in four principal divisions: multiplicity of functions, diversity of interests, impersonality of relations, and instability of conditions. He sums them up by saying that society has become disintegrated or blind, in the sense that men have to a large extent ceased to be bound to one another by fixed personal ties, and are now connected together only by mechanical conditions.

"Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind."

Mind is subject to matter; reason, to that which is accidental and incalculable.

Mr. Mackenzie touches lightly on the conditions which tend to make the social problem easier, and then proceeds to consider the difficulties arising from the individualism of our general attitude, and the materialization of our point of view. The duty of private judgment which was the good side of individualism, has passed into the right of private judgment. So, too, the whole atmosphere of thought which grows around the world of our material interests veils the heaven in which the higher interests of our nature have their centre. But individualism has a hopeful side; it means a breaking away from authority and tradition to a more earnest search for truth. From this point of view it is rather an expansion than a narrowing of our nature. It makes us perceive, too, that in some sense the highest good at which we can aim must consist in the happiness or welfare of persons. It has destroyed the slavery of man by man, and must destroy the slavery of man by things.

So, too, with the materialization of our interests. If it means partly an engrossment in sordid cares, it means partly a rising above them. It is by thinking about our conditions that we free ourselves from them. And the more we are led to mechanical explanations, the more we are led beyond them. As soon as we "see with eye serene" the mechanical constitution of our world, so soon do we see that it is "a spirit still."

The practical problem at the present time is to overcome individualism on the one hand and the

power of material conditions on the other. The ideas that are most likely to be of service are those of the organic nature of society and of the spiritual nature of man. Mr. Mackenzie therefore takes as the title of his third chapter, "The Social Organism." Society is a "discrete unity." Each individual has the shaping of his life to a great extent in his own control; and there is no visible system in which his place is determined, and by which his acts are regulated, as the parts of an organism are regulated by the central organs. The individual is in many ways independent of society, and he may even set himself in opposition to it. It is the prerogative of every man to say "I"—and to write it with a capital. And sometimes even it seems as if the more thoroughly we realize our lives, the more are we isolated from our social environment. But the deepest kinds of inspiration, and those which are most far-reaching in their influence, seem in nearly all cases to owe their influence to elements which are not peculiar to the individual, but which he has drawn from the spirit of his time. The aloofness which belongs to greatness is a solitude whose votaries are "never less alone than when alone," because they carry the finest essence of the world's spirit with them. Coleridge said once that "the egotism of such a man as Milton is a revelation of spirit"; because when he seems to think only of himself and to speak out of the fullness of his own inner life, he is giving utterance to thoughts and feelings which are not merely private, but belong to the human race; he has become in himself a microcosm, by absorbing what is deepest in the universal consciousness.

The very fact that the life of a society has become embodied in an individual, implies that he is not simply determined by his society. When we say that in Goethe the spirit of his time was summed up, we say at the same time that Goethe was not simply determined by his time, but was an independent personality. He was free from the external influence of his time, in so far as he had made its inner spirit his own; and he was thus able to mould it and advance it to something better.

The necessity of the social life is found in the fact that man is a developing being, rising from sense to thought. His whole life is a struggle towards clearness—clearness in the conceptions which he applies to things in knowledge, clearness in the conception of ends of which he makes use in conduct. Such a struggle implies a certain "divine discontent" with the stage which he has at any moment reached, and a straining towards an ideal which is not present. "Half dust, half deity," he seems to oscillate between earth and heaven. He is "in doubt to deem himself a god or beast," and cannot in reality deem himself either. He is fighting his way up from the form of a brute to some semblance of divinity. He is growing from consciousness to self-consciousness.

Our lives are all different, yet they are in essence the same. In our particular selves, we are external to each other; in our individual selves we live alone; but in that form of self-realization which consists in the clearing up and perfecting of the system of our experience, we are realizing what is common to all. In "thinking God's thoughts after him," one of us catches one idea and another another; but when we have pieced them all together, the totality which they make will be a single world. Thus every attempt which human beings make to render their ideal clear and to give it an objective embodiment, is a help, not only for their own lives, but for the lives of all other human beings.

But, if the need for society is based on the imperfection of man's nature, we might expect that as he approached more nearly the divine ideal, this need would lessen and disappear. In that case, the relation of man to society could not be ultimately an intrinsic one. To determine this more fully, Mr. Mackenzie inquires into the nature of "The Social Aim," in his fourth chapter.

He declares that, broadly speaking, there are five possible alternatives: the end may be some form of knowledge; it may be some form of will; it may be some form of feeling; it may be some combination of these; it may be some realization of our conscious nature as a whole. It cannot be knowledge; it cannot be will; that it is feeling is the argument of Hedonism. Mr. Mackenzie's answer to Hedonism is logical and decisive; pleasure is not the end. We may hold that "whatever tastes sweet to the most perfect person, that is finally right," yet believe that the standard of its rightness is to be found rather in the perfection of the person than in the sweetness of the taste.

If the end is neither knowledge, nor will, nor feeling, it cannot consist in their combination, so that he must seek it finally in some realization of our conscious nature as a whole. This, indeed, includes the others, includes everything which "we divine" as belonging to the highest good. It is the realization of reason, order, and beauty in the world; for the realization of them is part of our work in making our world intelligible and clear to ourselves. It is the realization of life, for it is the fulfillment of that toward which our lives as rational beings strive; and in the fulfillment of this for ourselves there is involved also the realization of the lives of other intelligent beings; since it is only in the fulfillment of their intelligent nature that our own can receive fulfillment. It includes the perfection of knowledge and wisdom; since it is the clearing up of our world and making it into an intelligible system. It includes the perfection of will; for it is the devotion of all the energies of our nature to that end which we recognize as our highest ideal. It includes the perfection of feeling; for it is the attainment of that in which our nature as rational beings would find full satisfaction. And, so far as we can judge, it may also be described as the fulfillment of the divine purpose in the world; for it is the attainment of that which is necessarily taken as an end by every intelligent being, and which is consequently the only end at which we can suppose a supreme intelligence to aim.

In his fifth chapter, "The Social Ideal," Mr. Mackenzie seeks to answer the question as to the form of social union in which, under given conditions, the progress will be most rapid toward that good which we must regard as the ultimate end. He considers the individualistic ideal, the socialistic ideal, and the aristocratic ideal.

Liberty is the idealist's ideal. The preliminary step toward the realization of an ideal life is evidently to have a life—to be a person moulding circumstances, not a thing moulded by them; and to secure this, accordingly, is what we naturally take as our first ideal. It is soon seen that we can conquer our physical surroundings only by submitting to them; while, on the other hand, the limitations of our own nature are chains to whose weight we are apt to be insensible just in proportion to the firmness with which we are bound by them. To free ourselves from the limitations which are imposed on us by society, seems at once easier and more pleasant. To be free from ourselves, we must practice a somewhat painful self-control; to be free from nature, we must seek to evade natural laws, an evasion which can never be carried beyond certain narrow limits; but to be free from our fellow-men, it appears as if we had only to shake ourselves clear of certain artificial and accidental customs. The friends of progress have usually been apostles of freedom. Whenever anything distinctly new is to be done, we are at once made keenly conscious that the chains of custom

> "Lie upon us with a weight,
> Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life."

The great enemy of the better is the good. But to be our own masters is the precondition of freeing ourselves from other masters. "Law alone can give us liberty." As the parent is the embodiment of the universal self for the child, so is society the embodiment of it for the man. And thus we are naturally led from the individualistic to the socialistic ideal.

An ideal of pure equality is founded on the belief that all men are by nature equal and similar, and that the differences between them are produced simply by circumstances and social conditions. But men are not by nature either equal or similar; hence the tools ought to go to those who can use them and the sceptre to him who can wield it.

After simple equality has been rejected, another socialistic ideal is the doctrine that every one should work for the good of the community in proportion to his natural capability, and that every one should be supplied with the advantages and opportunities of life in proportion to his wants. The first and greatest difficulty is that of supplying an adequate motive for the performance of work. Each would be apt to think that the world could get on well enough without his particular piece of service. Men of exceptional conscientiousness might be tempted to sacrifice themselves more than is desirable. If it were our recognized duty to be continually washing our neighbors' feet, there would always be some Peters among us who would insist on washing their hands and their heads—and, as has been suggested, "drowning themselves in addition."

As to our wants, man is by nature "as hungry as the sea." The claims which a highly-toned nature makes upon the world are probably infinitely greater than those of a coarser appetite. These more pressing needs become for the being who has them a spur which constitutes one of the most effective motives toward the advancement of human well-being. Half the value of most of the things that we win for ourselves, consists in the fact that we win them.

The next socialistic ideal which presents itself is that of proportioning rewards to labor or service rendered, instead of to needs. This would require that there should be no advantages conferred on any individuals, and that the estimate put on the value of the products of labor by average human beings should be constant and wise and easily calculable. If these conditions could be fulfilled, the competitive system would furnish the means for the realization of this ideal. But as the conditions are not fulfilled, that system remains at the best extremely rough, and at the most almost intolerable.

The next substitute for complete equality requires that at least a certain minimum should be fixed, beyond which the supply of wants should not be allowed to fail. When we regard society as an organic whole, it seems a moderate and equitable claim that each individual should have at least his existence secured, and secured in such a way as to be able to the extent of his powers to contribute to the welfare of the whole to which he belongs. But even so moderate a measure of socialism as this is not practicable unless accompanied by educational and humanizing influences as well as by state machinery.

Closely connected with the right to labor is the duty of labor; and the effort to enforce this may be taken as a modest socialistic ideal, when more ambitious schemes have been abandoned. The demand that every one should be required to contribute, in proportion to his ability, to the well-being of the society to which he belongs, appears a reasonable and obvious claim. But so long as men are allowed to acquire property, no inducement to labor can be brought to bear on those who have acquired it, unless some species of penalties were to be devised, which so far as one can judge could not be made to work. Private property serves certain ends in human society which are partly of an obvious and superficial character and partly of a character that is more subtle and profound. It seems impossible that it should be abolished without disastrous results, so long as human personalities develop along different lines, and so long as these personalities have to express the meaning of their lives by means of a material which is limited in amount.

In regard to inheritance, Mr. Mackenzie argues that it often takes two generations to make a great man—one to rise above the mere struggle for existence, and another to gain education. There are illustrious instances of "self-made" men of exceptional genius, but they have become great rather from the force of their personality than from the perfection of their work. Leisure is the basis of civilization, and culture is the child of "idlesse."

Socialism is a term of great elasticity of meaning. In the minds of its sanest adherents it owes its moral force to the principle that we are "members one of another," that we are parts of an organic whole, and

this assertion must always appeal to our moral consciousness. That it should seek to turn this moral principle into a law of the state is natural.

From the socialistic ideal Mr. Mackenzie passes to the consideration of the aristocratic ideal. This would place the philosopher-king at the top, and the rest of the citizens graduated downwards, in proportion to their ability. But how discover who is wisest? And if the thinking were done by the rulers, would it not destroy in the citizens the sense of responsibility, and weaken their original powers? It would be better to make philosophy king, to make wisdom the ruling influence in the state; and to bring this about the citizens must be trained to think.

The individualistic ideal fails from the want of co-operation and unity; the socialistic ideal fails from the lack of homogeneity and order; the aristocratic ideal fails from the lack of individual responsibility and independence on the part of the several members. The true ideal must be founded rather on the notion of a readjustment of the hearts of the citizens. Mr. Mackenzie calls it fraternity. It includes all the elements which are represented by the other three; a degree of freedom necessary for the working out of the individual life; a degree of socialism necessary to prevent a brutalizing struggle for existence; a degree of aristocratic rule necessary for the advance of culture and the wise conduct of social affairs. If we are to arrive at a state of fraternity, we must practice self-restraint. We must keep our wants in check, until we develop to such a stage that our leading wants are for those things which "are common to all," and "which all may equally enjoy." Fraternity is an ideal to which we can attain only by patient progress. We cannot become unselfish except by educating and subduing our desires. We can become a little more unselfish every day, and we can make new social arrangements every year, by which there shall be fewer temptations to selfishness and more helps to brotherhood.

This ideal leads to the consideration of "The Elements of Social Progress," including the subjugation of nature, social organization, and personal development. Mr. Mackenzie believes that the remedy for the most prominent evils which accompany a highly developed industrial state, is to be found in a certain measure of what is loosely described as socialism. The separation of interests between masters and workmen is to be cured by effecting a certain combination of interests, through profit-sharing and other similar means. The separation of interests between different employers is to be cured chiefly by the development of public opinion and by state-control. The separation of interests between new inventions and old capabilities is to be cured by the supervision of education, and by other means. State control should not be introduced to such an extent as to hinder free competition, nor need coöperation be carried so far as to impede individual enterprise.

As to social organization, its most important forms are the family, the district, the workshop, the trade, the church, the civic community, the nation, and international association. The family is like a burning-glass which concentrates human sympathies on a point. Within that narrow circle selfishness is gradually overcome and wider interests developed. The form of union in the district is external rather than essential and organic. The isolation of classes is an evil for all; and we may ultimately find it necessary to betake ourselves to the centres of our over-crowded populations for the health of our souls. Many at least begin to feel this as a duty. More depends on the manner in which help is given than on the actual nature of the help. The great charity is education, and one species is the education of wants. The best services are rendered not so much from the sense of duty as from the sense of love and pity; and therefore no rules can be laid down for their performance. The moral life is the most subtle and exquisite of the fine arts, and requires a genius for its right accomplishment.

The work-shop is too often a mechanical compound of repugnant elements; and it is probable that in the future trades-unions will decline in importance. The age of parties will be succeeded by the age of committees.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

QUACKS THE REFORMERS IN MEDICINE.

By Karl Crolly.

Mr. Savage is against orthodoxy in every form. Quacks, he says, are the reformers in medicine. Never did he say anything more true. With the discovery that diseases were due to living germs, came the hope that remedies would be found to annihilate these germs in the system, but alas, experience showed that what would kill the germ would also kill the man. It was rather refreshing to read in the announcement of a certain concern in Atlanta, Ga., that from a receipt furnished by the now extinct Creek Indians, they prepared a decoction, which when used according to direction, would force out through the pores of skin the germs of contagious disease, rheumatism, scrofula, etc. This statement was looked upon by the medical profession as rather ludicrous, for it was declared by the latter that the healthy epidermis was an impenetrable barrier against the exit of these germs. The quack medicine however accomplished results which regular practitioners were unable to obtain and it made the proprietor of it a millionaire in a short space of time. Now after more than twenty years, scientific investigation has proved the facts of the patent medicine man; one of the most interesting reports made before the International Congress of Surgeons at Berlin was read by von Bruner, of Zurich, and his investigations were confirmed by von Eiselsberger by experiments at von Billroth's Clinic at Vienna. The report was on the elimination of micro-organisms through the perspiration. Bruner had a case where three patients were infected after milking a goat which had a suppurative disease of the nipples. As the infection occurred after every touch of the goat's udder and took place through the uninjured skin, it was concluded that the germs might also be eliminated through the epidermis. One of the patients had a carbuncle and a general infection. His forehead was carefully disinfected and he was then given phenacetin. The germs were promptly detected in the perspiration. These experiments were made six times in a week and then followed by methodical experiments with germs bred for the purpose on young dogs, cats, horses and hogs; in every instance was the germ found in the perspiration. Von Bruner's discovery will be naturally followed by a reaction in the right direction *id est* to take nature's method of elimination and it will help to establish therapeutics on a scientific basis.

Pleasantville St., N. Y.

A WORD TO MR. S. BIGELOW.

In animadverting upon some criticisms of mine, published in The Journal, September 5th, Mr. S. Bigelow says, in the issue of September 19th, that I quote "from the sayings of Jesus, and assume them to be the teachings of Christianity"; and he innocently asks what all this has to do with Christianity? He wants to discuss the question at issue; and don't want me to fly off to such wholly outside and irrelevant matters as the teachings of Christ. I had supposed the teachings of Christ had something to do with Christianity. I had presumed they were as relevant and pertinent in determining what the ethical and religious principles of Christianity are, as the teachings of Athanasius, Augustine, Calvin or the intrigues of courts. My lexicon tells me Christianity is the religion taught by Christ—not by some other person. We do not judge Christianity by its corruptions and perversions. Mr. Bigelow, quoting from my article, says: "I am quite willing Christianity should be 'its own best interpreter.'" He appeals to history. He says: "Let it tell the true tale of Christianity's fruits in the so-called Dark Ages, when it had the dominant power over the world." This he imagines would be "relevant," "a logical presentation of facts." If I will only go back to the "Dark Ages," instead of the New Testament, for a practical exemplification of Christianity, if I will but accept its gross perversions and corruptions, and defend it from his standpoint, then he will "gladly take back all the naughty things he has said." To do so would be wholly irrelevant. At the period referred to, Christianity had absorbed much from the heathen philosophies with which it had come in contact. It had become a system of dogmas; its ethical principles had been misunderstood and perverted. It had taken up into itself much that was foreign to the spirit of its founder. It had almost entirely lost itself in the Pagan theories and vices of a corrupt and ignorant age. It was this Paganized Christianity that was dominant. If we were asked to analyze the waters of a spring, we should not follow them in their wanderings until they had become corrupted and befouled. We should go far up the mountain side to their source. So, if we would be fair and just to Christianity, we should examine it at its source; and not wait until it had been corrupted by heathen accretions. What Mr. Bigelow would call the history of Christianity is but a history of the wrongs and outrages committed in its name. But our ideas of what is relevant and irrelevant to the matter in dispute are so different that I do not care to bandy words with him about the subject. Let him abuse Christianity on account of the abuses done in its name, and for which it is not responsible, to his heart's content. Christianity can stand it if he can. In its uncorrupted simplicity, as it is, or was, it needs no defense. As a system of ethical and religious principles it is impregnable to all assaults. The trouble with Bro. Bigelow, I fear, is in having given "the best part of his manhood's prime" to the study and service of a false and Paganized system misnamed Christianity. Had he studied Christianity at its source he would have known that there could not be such a thing as "Christian bigotry," and he would not object to calling all things good and beautiful "Christian."

F. H. Bemis.

Meadville, Pa.

THE SCOURGE OF FRANCE.

The following translation from *La Petit Journal*, Paris, is copied from the *Voice*.

It has been said with truth that, of all the dangers menacing our agricultural population at the present day, the gravest and most difficult to fight against is alcoholism. No one can have been a resident of a country district without being struck with the development of this scourge during the last thirty years, the deplorable effects of which are everywhere visible. The habit of saving that was so long the strength and the glory of our tillers of the soil, is gradually disappearing. The money box of the liquor sellers swallows up, sous by sous, the wages that formerly, in the form of silver pieces, were hidden away in some corner of the clothes press, to be brought out when enough was accumulated to buy a little piece of ground. The peace and harmony of families is seriously impaired. In the villages the women are reduced, like the wives of workmen in the towns, to haunt the doors of the drink shop in order to rescue the bread of their children from the alcoholic gulf. In most of our hamlets the drunkard, who was formerly the exception, has multiplied by contagion. Once the peasant never entered the cabaret except on a Sunday to leisurely sip a few litres of wine and play a long game of cards or bowls for the scot. To-day, when idle and when going to work, whether it is a holiday or not, the rural laborer never meets a comrade without inviting him to take a glass—a glass of brandy be it understood. One glass means two, for it is only common civility to call for another, and if, as often happens, friends drop in, each one treats in his turn; until the man, who came in just to take a nip, goes away charged with a half-pint or a pint of spirits almost always adulterated. This guzzling of spirits (and what spirits! for the country tavern-keepers do not hesitate to sell the most frightful mixtures for gain) is not a rare occurrence. Repeated daily, it becomes pernicious in the last extreme. When a young man begins drinking, only to do like the rest, habit soon makes it a necessity, and rapidly he becomes imbruted. The agricultural laborer is only willing to work for the sake of procuring the pleasures of new carousals. Deprived of liquor he is stupid and brutal; when drunk he is transformed into a savage beast. Tied to this animal, who covers her with blows and even refuses to give her food, the unhappy wife loses courage and sometimes takes to drink in her turn. So much the worse for the children! They will follow the example of their parents.

COURT YOUR WIFE.

Oh, middle aged man, I've a word with you,
As you sit in your office this morn;
Has the worry of life, with its folly and strife,
Pierced your heart like a festering thorn?
Does the touch of your gold feel clammy and cold,
Are you weary of flattery's scorn?

Alas, for the days when the passions of youth
Burn low in the desolate heart!
When the laughter and tears of our innocent years
Never more from the sympathies start,
And the hideous mein of indulgence is seen
'Neath the flattering mantle of art!

Perhaps you've tried friendship, and only have found
Deception and selfishness rife;
Perhaps you have poured to the needy your hoard,
To be pricked by ingratitude's knife;
And perhaps you have been through the whole round of sin—
Did you ever try courting your wife?

No? Then take my advice and I think you will find
'Tis a pleasure as charming as new,
Follow memory's track till at last you are back
To the days when you swore to be true—
Yes, dream more and more till she seem as of yore
To be watching and sighing for you.

And when you go home to-night buy a boquet
Of the flowers she used to admire
Put them into her hand when before her you stand,
With a lover like kiss of desire,
And oh! watch her eyes when they ope with surprise,
And flame up from a smoldering fire!

Then all the long evening be tender and kind,
Hover near her with eager delight;
Call her "Darling" and "Sweet," the old titles repeat
Till her face is with happiness brigh - -
Try it, world wearied man, 'tis an excellent plan,
Go a-courting your dear wife to-night!

—GEORGE HORTON.

As a general thing, when the importance of individuality has been insisted on, the individuality in view is that of man. It is he who has been exhorted to assert himself, to be true to his opinions, to live his own life; the exhortation has not ben to any great extent, addressed to his wife or his sisters. Enough for them if they can be so fortunate as to minister, not unworthily, to some grand male individuality. Women, however, though not particularly invited to the lecture, have been listening to it, and—what people do not always do with lectures or sermons—are applying it to themselves. The best of them are now aspiring also to be individuals. They want to think, to feel, to know, to do something as of themselves, and, if possible, to think clearly, to feel truly, to know surely, and to do efficiently. St. Paul said that a woman should not be suffered to teach; what would he say if he could attend an annual meeting of our National Educational Association, and see to what an extent woman has become the teacher of the youth of the nation? He said that if a woman wanted any information on doctrinal or religious matters she should go home and ask her husband. The husband of to-day knows more about business than he does of theology; and few wives, indeed, would think of consulting their husbands on the latter subject. In any case the conditions have totally changed since these dicta were uttered. Woman has access now to something wider than domestic teaching. The world of science and literature is open to her, and the need of depending solely upon her male relatives in intellectual matters is not very often felt. Among all the changes that mark our modern time we consider this one of the most important. The elevation of woman means the elevation of man. Many persons have distressed themselves over the thought of men and women competing for work, and doubtless such competition has already given rise to some unpleasant results. But strictly speaking competition for work is a feature of an imperfect social system, and therefore, as we may trust, an evil that is destined to disappear; while competition in work will remain as a powerful spring of progress. On the other hand, man will be roused by the rise of woman to a competition not so much with her as with himself. If he wishes to win her respect, to say nothing of conquering her love, he will have to be something better on the average than he has been in the past. Heretofore man has, consciously or unconsciously, counted too much on the power of instinct for his influence over woman; while she in turn has regarded him as a creature to be captivated mainly by appeals to the senses and by an appearance of subservience to his wishes. In the future the primative attraction between man and woman will remain, but it will be so modified by intellectual and moral influences that it will not exercise the same mastery that it has done in the past, nor be so determining an influence in conjugal unions. It is vain to represent to women that it is their duty to marry; their first duty is to themselves, and only when marriage can give fuller scope to their indviduality will the best women of the now rising generation care to commit themselves to it. In some way this may seem to bode evil, seeing that the less advanced will be as ready as ever to marry on the old terms; but, on the whole, we cannot doubt that the reflex action on men will carry with it a large surplus of advantage to the world. We want individual men—that has long been recognized; but we want also individual women—that has only lately been recognized; when once woman becomes an individual in the truest and highest sense, civilization will have reached the threshold of its most glorious period.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Miss Olive Schreiner, the South African novelist, is at present residing at Cape Town, where she mingles very freely in society and is frequently to be met at Government House. Miss Schreiner is quite a young lady, rather below the medium in height, with girlish form, dark lustrous eyes and a profusion of brown hair. Unlike most writers, she is brilliant in conversation and will discuss without reserve the leading topics of the time. She is greatly interested in public matters, and is often present at the debates in the Cape parliament. Although "The Story of an African Farm"—the book which made her reputation—was published so far back as June, 1883. Miss Schreiner, with the exception of a few articles in the magazines, has not since appeared in print. She has, however, not been idle in the meanwhile but has been assiduously writing and intends shortly to go to Europe for the purpose of publishing the more mature product of her gifted and richly stored mind. Miss Schreiner lives in pleasant rooms in Cape Town, close to the House of Parliament, overlooking the private grounds of the governor and the Botanic Gardens and commanding a magnificent view of Table Mountain. She often seeks for a closer communion with nature by retiring to the solitude of Matchesfontain, a little village in the Karoo Desert, 300 miles up country. Miss Schreiner is a member of a highly intellectual family. One of her brothers is a barrister in leading practice at Cape Town, another is a distinguished traveler and scientist, while her sister has attained great influence by lectures on temperance platforms.

At Sycamore, in the northern part of Ohio, lives an old man named Vance, who when he visits the town goes to saloons and drinks more than is good for him, and, in fact, gets off his feet. His daughter, Mrs. Soffell, has tried a number of times to get evidence to convict the saloon-keepers of selling the old man liquor, as they have been forbidden to do so, but in each instance some flaw has been found that defeated her. In one instance there was no witness; in another she could not prove the beverage sold was intoxicating. Last week the old man came to town and started on his round. His daughter saw him enter a saloon and, getting an old, rusty pistol from a bureau drawer, she stepped into the saloon just as he was drinking his beer. She pointed her gun and made the bystanders admit what they saw; also the barkeeper. She then left, taking the glass of beer, which was half drank, along to produce in court as evidence.

"Uncle John," said little Emily, "do you know that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in a week?" "Nonsense!" exclaimed Uncle John; and then asked: "Whose baby was it?" "It was the elephant's baby," replied little Emily.—*New Moon.*

The University of Michigan has determined to add women professors and lecturers to its faculty.

TRANSITION OF PROFESSOR KIDDLE.

On Friday last Professor Henry Kiddle passed to spirit life. For a year or more before his departure he was afflicted with almost total loss of sight. The immediate cause of his death was paralysis. Professor Kiddle was born in Bath, England, January 15, 1824. When a boy he came to New York City, where he studied under private tutors and at the normal school. In 1843 he was made principal of a ward school, but two years later resigned to take charge of one connected with the Leake & Watts home. In 1846-56 he was principal of a grammar school, and he was then appointed deputy superintendent of common schools in New York City. He was made superintendent in 1870, but resigned in 1879 owing to an adverse public sentiment created by his over-zealous espousal of Spiritualism and his indiscreet and intemperate defense of his book, "Spiritual Communications," published in that year. Professor Kiddle received the degree of A. M. from Union college in 1848, and that of "officier d'académie" from the University of France in 1878. His published works are various pamphlets on education, modern Spiritualism and religious topics. He edited several revisions of Goold Brown's "English Grammar" and other text books, including a "Text-Book of Physics" (1883). He also wrote "A Manual of Astronomy and the Use of the Globes"; "New Elementary Astronomy"; "Cyclopædia of Education" with Alexander J. Schem; "Year Books of Education," and "Spiritual Communications" above mentioned.

In his private and domestic life Mr. Kiddle was a model gentleman, a kind husband and father. THE JOURNAL extends its warmest sympathies to the surviving members of the family and expresses its profound respect for the abilities and noble qualities of the departed; and does this the more heartily, if possible, because of the wide difference of opinion on many vital questions between it and the arisen brother.

UNIVERSALISTS ON OPENING THE FAIR SUNDAYS.

After the gerrymandering of Col. Shepard and his Sunday Union lieutenants and the anathemas of Frank L. Patton, D. D., all directed in the interests of grog-shops and disorder by deman ..g the closing of the Exposition on Sunday, the action of the Illinois State Convention of Universalists, at Macomb, last week comes like a refreshing down-pour of common sense and rational religion. The committee on resolutions, consisting of Reverends J. W. Hanson, A. J. Canfield and A. N. Alcott, reported and the convention adopted as its convictions and wishes the following:

Whereas, It is desirable that the best possible observance of Sunday should be secured during the great Columbian Exposition in Chicago, and

Whereas, The day was made to promote man's best interests, it is the sense of this convention that while the machinery should be silent, the parks gardens, art galleries and scientific collections, and all the other attractions calculated to educate and improve the mind, should be opened during Sunday, and thus be a potent means of counteracting the many temptations with which the great city will abound.

Inasmuch as the attractions of the Fair will be fewer on Sunday than on other days, we recommend a reduction of the admission fee on that day in the interests of the laboring classes.

Our long-time friend, Mr. E. B. Fletcher, owner and editor of the Morris (Ill.) *Herald*, daily and weekly, is about to remove to Chicago to assume charge of the business for the northwest and south of the Arkell Publishing Co., of New York, publishers of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly* and *Judge*. The New York house is to be congratulated in that it has secured one of the ablest and most enterprising among western newspaper men; and even though it has to make big inducements to draw Mr. Fletcher away from Morris it will be a profitable deal. The Morris *Herald* (Republican in politics) daily and weekly, is for sale. The weekly is just entering its thirty-seventh year, having been under Mr. Fletcher's management for the past sixteen years. The daily was established twelve years ago. Both editions have a large circulation, and the weekly is the official organ of the county. Morris is the county seat of Grundy county, one of the richest counties in Illinois. Any live newspaper man seeking a well established opening cannot do better than investigate this piece of property, the like of which is seldom offered for sale.

The Morning Journal of Lafayette, Indiana, is proud, and not ashamed to own it up. Indeed, it frankly tells of it with big headlines. The cause of the fresh accretion of pride is the removal to new and elegant quarters. It now claims to have the finest office of any paper in Indiana. This successful and wide-awake paper is now the sole property of Mr. W. Bent Wilson who has bought out his long-time associate, Mr. J. W. French, whose whole time is taken up with his duties as warden of the penitentiary at Michigan City. Verily, verily, it is better to run an A 1 daily paper in a smart city, than to be in the penitentiary! But Brother French will make a model institution of the prison; and we trust he will remain there, however politics may go. For it is rare that so competent a man breaks into a State's prison—even in Indiana.

Every subscriber should procure a binder and preserve THE JOURNAL files. At the end of the volume—fifty-two numbers, the papers can be taken out and neatly stiched in paper covers, or what is better left in the binder and a new one obtained for the next year. The subject-matter of THE JOURNAL, unlike that of most papers, does not lose its value with age. Not being made up of current events, inconsequential in themselves and of no lasting interest THE JOURNAL becomes a valuable text and reference book. There is not a cent of profit in supplying the binders; in fact cost of carriage added to manufacturer's price often makes them cost more than the price charged. But we feel like cultivating and assisting the habit of preserving files of the paper.

David Bruce, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in a letter to the office of THE JOURNAL relating to business and not written for publication, thus bears testimony to the value of Spiritualism.

Not having been out on the street for the last two years, and being hard on my ninetieth year, I endeavor to fill up my time in reading, writing and small talk with my friends upon a happier future; and no doubt somewhat surprise them at my confidence. There is such a state of mind when belief absolutely becomes knowledge. This is my condition, so I sincerely wish to be off.

Miss Abby A. Judson spoke in Cleveland twice on Sunday, September 13th. She was cordially received and listened to with marked attention. From Cleveland Miss Judson came to Chicago where she spoke on Sunday afternoon, September 20th, and on the following Wednesday evening. She also spoke on Friday evening of last week at Englewood. This week at Beloit, Wis. She will probably return to Minneapolis and resume her meetings there for the winter. She is creating fresh interest wherever she goes.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

THE SPIRITUAL THEORY THE CORRECT ONE.

TO THE EDITOR: I was quite interested in B. F. Underwood's article in THE JOURNAL of August 29th, on the subject of "Automatic Writing"; but was rather amused, nevertheless, that he should not be willing to assert positively that portions of such writing are caused by the influence of spiritual beings—often by those of our own friends in the next sphere of life. Most Spiritualists of thirty to forty years, experience, or even less, have grown beyond the learned twaddle about "second consciousness," "sub-consciousness," "psychomotor centres disaggregated," etc., etc., and are content with looking for a more simple explanation of the discrepancies and imperfections so often met with in spiritual communications through that method. All honest mediums know and frequently express how difficult it sometimes is to distinguish and to separate the mental processes of their own normal brains from those of the same organs inspired and partially controlled by other personalities.

This condition of uncertainty is a simple fact that might be expected to exist, especially with mediums in frequent practice; but sufficient have often been the test conditions and the nature of the revelations made to establish the reality of the communings sometimes held with the next sphere to a moral certainty.

As a sample instance, allow me to recall a communication received from Abraham Lincoln soon after his assassination, written automatically through the hand of my wife, who had never seen President Lincoln and was unacquainted with the manner of his colloquial utterances. Personal as it may seem I am tempted to insert a copy. It is dated June 1, 1865, and reads thus: "I perceive you've got a picture of me. I'm attracted hither. We've been of the same way of thinking when I was here it seems. I've now found you in spirit. I went here (I mean the spirit land) hastily, as you of course know. But that has not changed me. I'm old Abe yet, and my principles are the same and just as firm as ever. I'll help you because you're honest and truthful and deserving. My ability to do such things is only increased, if the rebels did think they finished the job by putting me away. I'll come again to you. This is all at this time." About July 10th of the same year a communication was written in the same way, commencing thus: "I told you I'd come again—you're amused at my way. 'Tis a familiar way of mine—now, just let me go on in it." The remainder of the latter communication, as well as one more in the November following, was so specially personal to ourselves that we omit them.

The above are instances sufficient to show the distinctive feature that prevailed in all; namely, the peculiar use of abbreviations such as you've for you have, I'm for I am, we've for we have, etc., each one of which was apparently forced out of the medium's mouth and from her pencil while she was sufficiently herself to be amused at their singularity. We saw that there was a good test contained in the communications and forwarded a copy to a friend then in the Agricultural Bureau at Washington, asking him to ascertain Mr. Lincoln's manner of speech in common conversation. He responded saying, that he had shown the copy to Mr. Newton, head of the Bureau of Agriculture at the time, and intimate with the family at the White House. His testimony was emphatically that the langaage was exactly "like Mr. Lincoln's, all over," and that he was much given to the use of such abbreviations in his familiar speech.

Permit me to cite another instance illustrative of this "sub-consciousness" business. While writing automatically from spirits in the next sphere, my wife would sometimes perceive and describe them, not seeing them with her eyes, but by means of some perceptive faculty which seemed—as she expressed it—to exist in the upper part of her head; and it was interesting to observe her turn around involuntarily, expecting to see them also with her eyes. On one occasion many years ago she wrote by impression from an influence professing to be from my grandfather, John Griffith, who lived in Burks county, Pennsylvania, seventy miles from our home in Delaware, whom she had never seen and I never remember of seeing, he having passed over when I was quite young. While present, influencing her to write, she perceived him standing beside her as an old gentleman dressed in light brown clothing, having on a coat with particularly large outside pocket flaps. I called on my father, then over seventy years of age, and asked him how did grandfather Griffith dress? He replied without hesitation and without prompting in about the very words of the communication: "He dressed in brown clothes and wore a coat with large outside pocket-flaps." In the simplicity of our hearts we thought grandfather must surely have been on hand.

But then we did not know all about "psyscometric centres disaggregated" and the simplicities(?) of mind reading that modern wisdom(?) has sought so hard for.

But in sober earnest we still hold that truth is the rule of the world and falsehood the lamentable exception, and that to admit the influence of departed spirits is the best, most simple and truly scientific explanation of the larger part of the modern phychic phenomena claiming to come from them. We hold further, that this view being so constantly maintained through the influences themselves, constitutes a fact which is not sufficiently appreciated; for it goes to show that either the spiritual theory is the correct one, or that the manifestations of psychic power, from the very inner life of the world, are organized upon the basis of ever present falsehood, instead of upon the most glorious spiritual truths.

J. G. JACKSON.

[Mr. Underwood's purpose in the article refered to was to present a number of facts and to give samples of automatic writing and not to discuss the theories in regard to the origin of such writing, which he merely stated. At some future time he will probably give his views on the point to which Mr. Jackson refers. Mr. Underwood is no novice in witnessing and investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism and is not easily imposed upon by unsupported assumptions. The fact of double consciousness or subconsciousness is indisputable, but what was quoted from Binet in regard to normal subjects having their "psychomotor centres disaggregated," Mr. Underwood pronounced "little more evidently than mere speculation in the region of transcendental physiology and psychology." The more facts we can have in regard to Spiritualism, whether presented by Mr. Jackson, Mr. Underwood or others in their respective ways, the better, and there should be no impatience with those who may not be inclined to state positively that any particular phenomenon is produced by spirit agency.—ED.]

LOVE.

TO THE EDITOR: Love, in its essence, is life itself, is God, the life-giver. Love is the unit of male and female existence, without which humanity could not be. As in the voltaic pile two poles are concerned in generating the electric fluid, so man and woman are united organically, in propagating the stream of life that comes from God, and are inseparable as lovers, just as the two lobes of the brain are inseparable in generating thought.

The body takes the spirit's shape just as the camera takes the image of one who sits for a photograph. There is a spiritual body, invisible to us, but substantial in itself as bone and sinew. This "spiritual body" is not divisible, and is therefore forever concerned in transmitting messages of sensation. You may lose your arm by amputation, but feeling—to the tips of your fingers—will remain. Sensation, then, is the bridge between matter and spirit, the basis of all knowledge. Objectively it is a vibration; subjectively it is thought.

In the body the soul has only five windows to look through; seeing, hearing, touching, tasting, smelling. The scope of our vision is correspondingly narrow, as it relates to the spirit. But the five senses are sufficent for present uses, though by no means to be accepted as the index of the soul's capacity for progress. The apprehension that something better is in store for us than this world affords, is a thing of sensation, if it comes from the outside, but inside it is spirit because vibrations of the other are not thought nor molecular movements in the gray matter of the brain. As between two cities united by telephone, inter-communication is established, so by a proper medium, the inhabitants of earth and heaven may be face to face.

When a bad man repents there is joy in heaven; and it is no exaggeration to say that the drunkard who quits his cups causes a thrill to go up high as an archangel's breast! Such reformation means bread for wife and children; and also happiness in the humble cot hitherto made desolate by sin and crime. A wave of infinite blessedness starting from heaven, touches the earth as the surf beats the shores of the Gulf of Mexico; and from this comes the songs of happy mothers and the laughter of children. Let Spiritualism prevail, let red-eyed drunkenness cease, let the angels lift the latch and walk into every man's house and the difference will be infinite in its results.

R. E. NEELD.

PINELLAS, FLA.

"DR. KOCH'S LYMPH."

TO THE EDITOR: The paragraph so headed on page 199 of THE JOURNAL of August 22nd, is at a tangent from the facts of the case and I am surprised to see it appear now, when the idea in question has been abandoned as a pernicious fallacy. Besides, it is unjust to Dr. Koch, who never asserted that tuberculos lymph would cure consumption, but only invited experiment in that direction. It is lupus, an obstinate and disfiguring form of cutaneous scrofula, and not phthisis pulmonalis, that the lymph in question is really credited with curing. Whether it may or may not be identical with phthisical sputa, I cannot say; in medical papers I see it defined as the excreta of the tuberculous microphyte. Be this as it may, the idea of Dr. Fludd was anticipated by Hippocrates in that aphorism which Hahnemann translated by his homœopathy and Jenner by vaccination. For it is an undisputed fact, that phthisis is inoculable, and communicable by its sputa to dogs previously healthy. As to its therapeutic uses vs. phthisis, which are problematic, all will depend upon details embraced without defining them in Fludd's words "after due preparation."

The history of syphilis had given Awzias Turenne an analogous therapeutic idea which, after years of experiment, he so far perfected that in '58-'59 I saw in Paris excellent cures thus effected by inoculation alone. Yet without discriminations in which he was seconded by Sperino at the syphilicome hospital at Turin and by Bœck at Christiania, on a large scale, this useful method might have died with Turenne from the powerful opposition of Ricord.

The modern experiments on a vast scale in the preparation of viruses for therapeutic uses, show that safety depends upon degrees of viruience and these both upon the nursing vehicles employed and on the epochs of sporulation as well as upon access to oxygen. That what can kill may cure is true, but as a vague generalization it is a sterile truth.

M. E. LAZARUS, M. D.

A SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE.

TO THE EDITOR: A few days since I came from a week's pleasant visit at Kelley's Island, at the home of Addison Kelley, a son of Datus Kelley the buyer and first permanent settler on the island, now noted for the excellence of its grapes, and finely cultivated, its vineyards yielding some 3,000 tons of the luscious fruit yearly. The father was a pioneer Spiritualist, a man of large views and rich thought. The son and his sister, Mrs. Emeline K. Huntington, both now looking toward sunrise in the great beyond, share the faith of their father, and of their spiritually gifted mother.

At her house Mrs. Huntington told me this experience. A few years ago a son, a young man, passed away. A week after his brother, not a Spiritualist, came to her and told how the departed brother came to him daily and often in his room. Sometimes at night then in daylight, plainly seen and talking naturally, telling how he watched them and felt for them. This created no perturbation but seemed to occur easily, when the brother in the earthly body was in a normal state. He once said, "There he is now, mother," pointing to where he stood, seen by him invisible to her. He asked his mother not to tell these things, as the comments of others would annoy him. While this was going on a gentleman boarding in the house told her how, as he went to his chamber the night before, in the dark, he felt, on opening the door, a sweep of the air as though something passed out from the room, and caught sight of a dim cloud or shadow. Not alarmed, yet surprised, he waited a moment opened the door again. had the same experience repeated, less vividly; passed in and slept undisturbed. For about two weeks these appearances continued, and then ceased, her feeling being that he had done all he could to make them realize his presence and then gave it up.

Here is a plain and convincing story told in a plain way, which is the best way to tell such experiences. I venture to say that at least a thousand of your readers could tell one or more stories quite as convincing. Why don't they? A thousand such narrations, told as simply, and verified as clearly as possible, would greatly enrich your pages, and are especially needed by the waiting world. If I could be heard from Maine to California, my word would be, like that of the Apocalyptic angel: "Write!"

On the first page of a late number of THE JOURNAL the opinion of *The Methodist Recorder* that Spiritualism should be scientifically investigated is given. With its admission that very likely a substratum of truth may be found—an admission that would not have been made ten years ago—it speaks of "separating the modicum of fact from the mountain of duplicity." The comparative statement is mistaken and misleading. Human folly and imperfections are everywhere, There are Methodist preachers who do not believe half that they preach, and this mountain of clerical duplicity is as great, compared with the modicum of Methodist sincerity, among these preachers as among spiritual mediums. For them all "the more's the pity" that it exists, but prejudiced exaggeration of it, on either side, is absurd and unfair. As to spiritual presence and power, the mountains of truth and fact stand. Let the clouds and fogs of duplicity be cleared away, that the mountains may be seen in all their grandeur. G. B. STEBBINS.

CORRESPONDENCES.

TO THE EDITOR: The correspondence between things of earth and things of heaven, may be shown in many ways:

First, the design. Every tree grows upward with its roots downward, and the tree of life with its many branches, points to the zenith, while its roots are firmly imbedded in material and strong men with heavenly aspirations have as many evil propensities that weigh them down to earth, thus keeping upright the tree of life, for if there were no tendency downward the tree would soon topple and fall, not only because of its unbalanced condition but of its inability to take nourishment from the sub-strata beneath—a condition necessary to its growth.

And the waters that flow give token of the living God; as the mountain stream rushes down from its source over rocks and boulders, over crags and peaks till it reaches the valley and the sea, we can seem to trace the dim outlines of another stream that flows from the fountain of truth.

These material symbols may give hope to the weary heart: as water will seek its level, so will the stream of life rise to its divine level beyond the skies.

Be content with little and much will appear.

Sincere smiles are the product of happiness.

The founder of truth is the great Creator.

Be ye wise, know thyself; trust not to inherited wisdom, for it will deceive you.

The greatest victory is to conquer one's self.

Talk of things you know, and enquire of things you do not know, is a good motto; it leads to knowledge.

Every man is a god and every woman a godess, yet it takes all creation to make one God.

There is plenty of justice in the world if men would only deal it out.

Stand firm as the rocks and placid as the stream,
Then turn thy thoughts to heaven and dream;
And if thy thoughts on heaven are bent,
From heaven only will thy dream be sent.

W. S. HASKELL.

VERY ROMANTIC.

"You say Clarissa married her ideal?"

"Yes."

"How romantic. Where are they living?"

"He is traveling in Europe and she is in South Dakota waiting for a ninety-day resident's decree."—New York Press.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

Gambling or Fortuna, Her Temple or Shrine. The true philosophy and ethics of gambling. By James Harold Romain. Chicago: The Craig Press. pp. 230. Cloth, $1.00.

Mr. Romain has made a study of gambling in its many aspects and relations, and has sought the philosophy of it. The problems he has dealt with are some of those involved in such questions as these: What is chance? How far does it influence all mankind and circumscribe their efforts? What in the broadest sense of the term is gambling? Is gaming wrong *per se?* Where in human nature is the passion grounded, why does it exist and is it an inevitable tendency in human nature? How should the gambler's occupation be distinguished from business generally? How far may the conduct of the individual be dictated by society and what are the true limits of State power in relation to appetites and propensities? Can the law eradicate innate tendencies or character be transformed by statute? and if not how may the passions be regulated, directed, educated and purified?

The work shows patient research and contains much information on the subject discussed. The author appeals to philosophy, science and history. His conclusion is that gambling is not wrong in itself, and should not be prohibited, but should be, as other pursuits are, subject to regulation. The views of the author, which cannot be discussed here, may be considered ere long in the editorial department of THE JOURNAL.

MAGAZINES.

The Homiletic Review for October presents an attractive table of contents. Its Review Section opens with a paper by Principal Caven, of Knox College, Toronto, on "Clerical Conservatism and Scientific Radicalism." Dr. Dobern continues his series of articles in Egyptology with one upon "The Higher Criticism and the Tombs of Egypt," in which he argues against the positions of the higher critics. Rev. Charles C. Starbuck, of Andover, corrects certain popular misapprehensions concerning Roman Catholic Doctrine, Usage and Polity. Dr. James Mudge concludes his paper on "Scripture Interpretation." Lawrence Gronlund pleads the cause of Socialism and urges its careful study upon the ministry. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York. $3.00 per annum. —In the *Atlantic* for October "The House of Martha" reaches a happy conclusion. Col. T. W. Higginson contributes a paper on "Emily Dickinson's Letters." Oliver Wendell Holmes has a poem which is a touching tribute to James Russell Lowell. Henry Stone's account of General Thomas, will be of great interest to the many people who liked and the few who did not like, the much talked-about paper on General Sherman by Mr. John C. Ropes. "The Ascetic Ideal," by Miss Proctor and Miss Dodge, is an exceedingly interesting paper on Saint Jerome. The paper on "The Cave-Dwellers of the Confederacy," by David Dodge, when read in the light of the Sherman and Thomas articles, and two biographical sketches,—one a notice of the late Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian statesman, by Martin J. Griffin, and the other of that modern Erasmus, Ignatius von Döllinger, by E. P. Evans,—should not be forgotten. "Mr. Howells's Literary Creed" furnishes the subject of a closing paper full of that clever criticism in which the *Atlantic* excels. Houghton, Mifflin&Co., Boston.—The *North American Review* for October opens with a discussion of the question "Can We Make it Rain?" An affirmative answer is furnished by General Robert G. Dyrenforth, who had charge of the recent rain-making experiments in Texas. He describes in detail what was done there, pronounces the experiments a success, and concludes that the making of rain by explosions of powder and dynamite is practicable and not excessively expensive. The negative side is strongly put by Professor Simon Newcomb, who contends that sound can produce no changes in the atmosphere or clouds and can have no influence in causing rain. Capt. José Ma Santa Cruz writes on "Chile and her Civil War." The famous grain speculator, B. P. Hutchinson, who tells about wheat "corners" and the effect of the recent ukase in Russia against the exportation of rye. The Hon. John Russell Young, formerly United States Minister to China, writes of the progressive movement in that country, which he denominates the "New Life in China," and points out what ought to be the relations between the United States and that ancient nation. "The Evolution of the Yacht" is a congenial theme for Lewis Herreshoff, the well-known yacht builder of Bristol, R. I.

The opening paper in the October number of the *Freethinkers' Magazine*, by B. F. Underwood, on "Christianity and Slavery" shows that the whole power of the church and of the clergy was for centuries used to perpetuate and strengthen the curse of slavery and that they had the authority of both the Old Testament and the New to sustain them in their unholy work. Miss Nelly Booth Simmons, a poetical genius, contributes a beautiful poem on "Tenderness."

Those who have seen the autobiography of Ben Butler so far as it is completed assert that it is full of spicy reading. The chapter of it which the *New England Magazine* for October, by special arrangement with the publishers, brings out in advance of the publication of the book, reveals the boyhood life of Butler. It contains illustrations of his early home, his mother, himself as a young man, Waterville College, which he attended. Read between the lines one cannot fail to see the influences which were working to bring out the Ben Butler of later years. He was the same Butler in boyhood that has been so prominent and progressive ever since.

J. G. Cupples, Boston, will issue at once a limited edition of two Scottish works, "Auld Scots Humor" and "Auld Scots Ballads," edited by Robert Ford, the witty and highly popular Scottish lecturer. The same publisher has also in active preparation a life of Paul Revere by E. H. Goss, in two volumes and two editions, large and small paper. Both will be profusely illustrated, with reproductions of 150 curious plates, fac-similes, etc., many of them printed in color and five colored by hand. The careful typography and wealth of illustration have already made the book a marked one in the eyes of collectors.

The Century has had in preparation for a year or two a series of illustrated articles on "The Jews in New York," written by Dr. Richard Wheatley. They deal with many phases of the subject, including occupations, festivals and feasts, family life and customs, charities, clubs, amusements, education. etc. Dr. Wheatley has gathered the materials for these papers in long and close study, and he has had the assistance of several well-known Hebrews.

The Dardanelles incident has called fresh attention to the danger to the peace of Europe given by Russo-Turkish relations. The historian Edward A. Freeman, who is perhaps the best informed student of the Eastern Question in the world, is preparing an article for *The Forum* on the "Peace of Europe," in which he will set forth the delicate relations of all the European governments to one another regarding this danger-point.

Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, has put into narrative form the ripest results of a lifetime of specially trained observation of human nature. He calls his story "Characteristics," and *The Century* has secured it for the coming year. The editors consider it "more than a novel," made up as it is of part science, part poetry, and part the author's self.

LINES ADDRESSED TO AN INVALID LADY ON HER SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

By R. C. Crane.

All hail to the morn, when thy Spirit was born
An infant among the immortals,
And welcome the day, when a Pilgrim gray
You wait at life's outermost portals.

For there cometh a time, when a change sublime
With the sleep of an hour shall oe'r take thee
No taint of disease shall poison the breeze
Where the Angels of God will awake thee.

There the spirit of truth, and unfading youth,
Thrills the being at every breath
And forevermore the Spirit may soar,
Unscathed by the arrows of death.

The Stars will grow dim, in the presence of him,
Who throned them in glory and light,
But thou shalt remain, when the last of their train,
Leave the firmament shrouded in night.

Darkness may fall, like a midnight pall,
O'er the silent abyses of space,
But naught can eclipse, the song of the lips,
Or the light on an Angel's face.

Let the heavens grow old, and their Suns grow cold,
Yet thou shalt not wither and die,
For eternal Spring, to thy Spirit will bring,
Beauties of immortality.

Chelsea, Mass.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

"Sweets to the sweet!" Ah, then, what gift is there
So sweet that I may lay it at thy shrine?
No flower is fresh as that fair face of thine;
No gift of shining gold, gleaming and rare,
Can match the tinting of thy lustrous hair;
Thy deep and earnest eyes far brighter shine
Than diamonds; while rubies, red as wine,
When near thy lips are not accounted fair.
Each day I marvel more and more, sweetheart,
That earth hold such a being as thou art!
What offering then shall I bring unto thee?
"Sweets to the sweet!" What sweet gift mine should be
I do not know,—but, ah! here is my heart,
And that is sweet because so full of thee.

—Florence Angel Blue, in Times-Democrat.

THE ACTOR.

Oh, man, with your wonderful dower,
Oh, woman, with genius and grace,
You can teach the whole world with your power,
If you are but worthy the place.
The stage is a force and a factor
In molding the thought of the day,
If only the heart of the actor
Is high as the theme of the play.

No discourse or sermon can reach us
Through feeling to reason like you!
No author can stir us and teach us
With lessons as subtle and true.
Your words and your gestures obeying,
We weep or rejoice with your part,
And a player, behind all his playing,
He ought to be great as his art.

No matter what role you are giving,
No matter what skill you betray,
The every-day life you are living
Is certain to color the play.
The thoughts we call secret and hidden
Are creatures of malice, in fact,
They steal forth unseen and unbidden,
And permeate motive and act.

The genius that shines like a comet
Fills only one part of God's plan,
If the lesson the world derives from it
Is marred by the life of the man.
Be worthy your work if you love it;
The king should be fit for the crown;
Stand high as your art, or above it,
And make us look up and not down.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

WHAT PLEASES A WOMAN MOST.

To receive a new bonnet or dress when she did not expect it.

To do a good act in secret and have it found out and be praised for it.

To hear she exerts a good influence over you by her words and her example.

To be told by some one she loves that she is the dearest and best woman in the world.

To be sought for advice upon some important matter which the male mind has failed to solve.

To have some big, strong man take her in his arms and say, "I love you."—Music and Drama.

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Applicants for Membership in the Society should address the Secretary. The Branch is much in need of funds for the further prosecution of its work, and pecuniary assistance will be gratefully welcomed

Information concerning the Society can be obtained from

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Secretary for America,
5 Boyls on Place, Boston, Mass.

MOLTKE AS A CHILD'S NURSE.

In the Bavarian city of Rosenheim there was great excitement one Sunday in June, 1882. Emperor William I. accompanied by Prince Bismarck and Count Moltke, alighted at the hotel Kaiser Bad.

Among the many who streamed through the streets to the illuminated hotel was a girl of about twenty-one years old, leading a four-year-old boy by the hand. She, too, wanted to see the emperor, but was more anxious to see the celebrated general, under whose glorious command two of her brothers had fought. In vain she looked about for a safe shelter for her little brother; painfully she battled her way through the crowd. In the vicinity of the hotel, where it was shut off by the police, her glance fell upon an old man. She was puzzled about his uniform, whether he was a "Financier" or a railway official. She thought: "I will leave the boy with him," and the next moment she made a neat bow to the old gentleman, pressed a gold piece into his hand, and said:

"Say, Financier, will you be kind enough to keep this little boy with you? I shall return in half an hour. I would like to look at that Moltke."

Before the old gentleman could reply the pretty girl was gone. Little Franzel was terribly frightened. Finally the little fellow became quiet, and his nurse held a watch to his ear and promised him honey cakes.

Meanwhile the Alpine girl battled her way through the crowd. She bowed to Bismarck and threw kisses to his venerable majesty, but the expected one, Count Moltke, did not appear. With a disappointed countenance she returned to her little brother's nurse.

"Thank God, that you are here with my Franzel! Do you know, Financier, the newspapers lie. They said Count Moltke was coming, and he didn't come."

"Do you know, girl, the newspapers did not lie. Moltke is here in the city. Of course, people do not know him, and that is the reason he is not seen."

"He is here," the girl sighed, stroking Franzel's blonde curls. "Oh, dear! the prettiest Alpine roses I would give if I could see the general."

"Good!" said the old gentleman, cheerfully, and he took a card from his pocket and on it wrote several words. "Here, with this note come to the hotel to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock. I'll warrant you that with this you will gain admittance to the field marshal. But do not forget the Alpine roses!"

"Is it really true?" asked the girl. "Well, I shall try, but if you have fibbed to me, Financier, I will scratch your eyes out when I meet you. Here is a zwanzgerl. Buy yourself a measure of beer with it; but, listen, don't get drunk! Now, God bless you! Good night."

With a pleasant smile he left with his rich gift.

Punctually at 9 o'clock the next morning the Alpine girl stood in the doorway of the hotel equipped with an immense bunch of flowers.

With smirking countenance the adjutant in waiting took the card, and Veva followed him up the stairs to the salon where the general was quartered. After a short announcement by the officer the door opened, but at that very moment, as Veva entered, she dropped her flowers and screamed: "Holy mother and St. Jo——" for she stood before the man who had taken care of naughty Franzel, and he was the commander-in-chief in full uniform, and adorned with orders.

"Won't I be hanged?" asked Veva, when she had recovered from her first fright. "Sir general, is it really true? I could not help that I did not know you."

Moltke smiled and reached out his hand to her.

"Fear not, little one," he said. "It is all right. Thanks for your flowers and I will give you this dollar. Franzel played with it yesterday.

With a gracious smile Veva was dismissed. The dollar is still a hallowed token in her family. Count Moltke often related with pleasure how he earned 70 pfennings as a child's nurse.—*From the German.*

FROM A MAIDEN'S DIARY.

July 27—"Met Baron Bluff to-night. A real Baron! May be I will be a Baroness—who knows?"

July 28—"Have lost my diamond brooch. Papa is wild."

* * * * *

Aug. 29—"Went to police court to identify Baron. Got my brooch again. The Baron got five years."—New York Herald

While strolling about the tombs of England's kings and queens in Westminister Abbey I met one of the guides who totter about the place, and thinking I'd be a little funny myself, I said to him:

"Is Queen Victoria buried here?"

He took the question in all seriousness, and replied:

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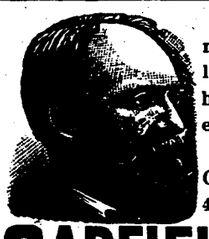

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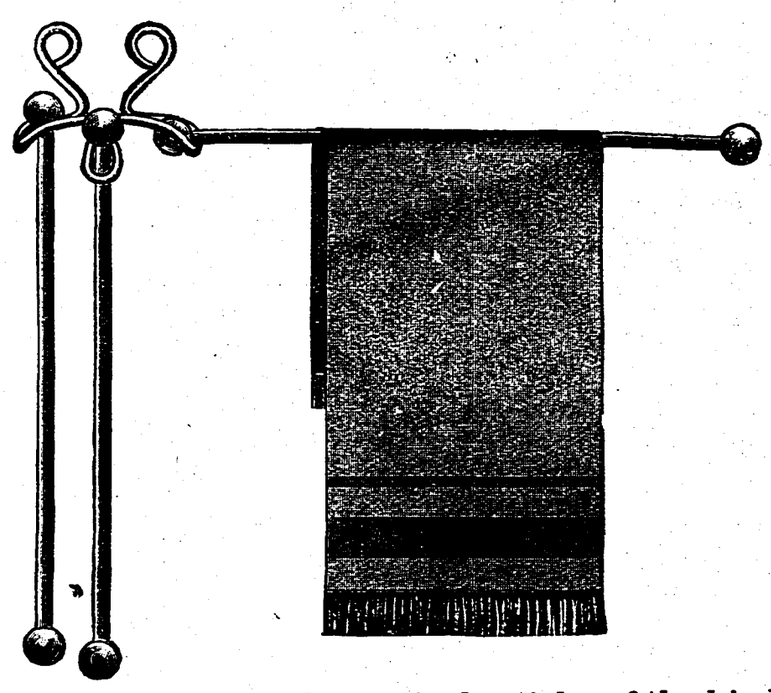

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Every page of Dr. Crowell's book shows transparent sincerity and patient care, and as a whole it is valuable and should be widely read. Valuable, but not infallible, is the best verdict, and doubtless the author would accept it.

Mr. Epes Sargent, whose high attainments and great wisdom in all matters relating to Spiritualism are well known, in a letter about Dr. Crowell's book, said:

From what I have read I see it is deeply interesting; admirably written, consistent and harmonious. Of course we find much that staggers belief. But how much we find in Spiritualism that is "impossible," and yet true!....It is the most readable book of the kind I have ever seen....

The distinguished scientist Alfred Russel Wallace has given his strong endorsement to the book in a letter which will be published next week.

For a comprehensive résumé of the subjects treated in the book readers are referred to the double-column advertisement on page eleven of this paper. It will readily be seen from that how wide is the scope and how stupendous the field of research essayed by Dr. Crowell, and faithfully recorded in this book.

To every new yearly subscriber to THE JOURNAL at the regular price, $2.50, I will send free a copy of Dr. Crowell's "Spirit-World."

To every subscriber now on my list who will remit $2.50 on account of his own subscription and at the same time send in one new yearly subscriber, and $2.50 therefor, I will send a copy of "Spirit-World" free—as well as a copy to the new subscriber.

To any one sending me *ten* new three-months' trial subscribers, at 50 cents each, I will send a copy of the book. For *twenty* trial subscribers and $10, I will give two copies of the book to the sender.

Any one desiring a copy to show in canvassing for subscribers may send $1 now and deduct that amount when they send in the subscriptions—provided this is done within sixty days. If the book is to be used as a sample for canvassing, please so state in remitting for it.

The full name and address of each subscriber should be plainly written, so that no mistake can be made.

Any one who desires a copy of the book without sending in subscriptions to THE JOURNAL can have it at the regular advertised price, $1, and it is well worth it.

HER IDENTITY.

"Who was the versatile young woman discovered under the bed and recognized as the personator of materialized spirits at a show given by Etta Roberts at Onset?" This is a question which has been asked of THE JOURNAL several times. At the time of the exposé her name was published as Miss West, hailing from Kansas City. THE JOURNAL is credibly informed that her name is not West, and that she is the daughter of Mrs. Mott-Knight. It appears from evidence supplied THE JOURNAL that Mrs. Mott-Knight at one time after leaving Kansas City lived in New York, near the residence of Etta Roberts. It is highly probable therefore, that "Miss West" was not for the first time masquerading as a materialized spirit when captured at Onset. As was privately predicted in THE JOURNAL office the show of indignation and virtue exhibited by Onset managers in ordering Roberts to leave the camp never amounted to more than a transitory standing for courage and love of truth; which having secured they proceeded to fortify the claims of the besotted Roberts in due and ancient form by getting up a "test" séance and publishing the pre-determined success far and wide. One of the leading "testers" in that affair is so near-sighted that he would be barred from any position requiring good eye-sight. But in this instance defective vision was undoubtedly a recommend.

Notwithstanding the apparent strength of the *prima facie* evidence it will be much easier for those familiar with the versatility and audacity of Roberts to believe that such of the committee as were honest and intent on getting at the truth were deceived, than to believe what they allege actually occurred. Such accounts have a financial value for Roberts and her class, and they furnish gas for soda-water papers, but they always end as they begin—in fizz. They are of no value to Spiritualism or psychical science.

"The Genius and Mission of Charles Dickens" was the theme of Mrs. Helen T. J. Brigham's discourse last Sunday in New York. We know of no lecturer on the Spiritualist rostrum so well fitted by nature and training to do justice to this subject. A capital story-teller, bubbling over with rare wit and humor, and a close student of human nature Mrs. Brigham must have been complete mistress of her topic.