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

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Literature as a profession is not very profitable peculiarly. The *Epoch* says that outside of Howells, Stockton, Stevenson, Bret Harte, Dr. Holmes and a few others, there are no authors in this country who are earning over \$2,500 a year, and many are not earning \$2,000. Certainly authorship does not offer great inducements to the money-makers.

Dom Pedro was called by Gladstone, the model ruler of the world. Under his reign the people of his country enjoyed a half century of continuous prosperity. While he held the empire of Brazil for many years in a firm grasp, and guided its affairs after the fashion of a monarch, it was the affection and the admiration of his people that he courted, and all his life was devoted to making them a contented people, and to the establishment of a monarchy that should have in it as little of government as was possible.

In the death of Henry Doty Maxon the Unitarians have lost an able and earnest advocate of liberal religious thought. *Unity* says: His work with the Wisconsin State Conference, the presidency of which had recently been given into his hands, indicates the rapid strides which he had made in the work of ministry. In three short busy years, he had become one of the best known and most trusted of the younger men of the denomination, trusted alike by the conservative and radical, a man of the West in sympathy and in spirit, yet honored and respected in the East. He carried that highest reconciling power, the superlative power of character.

"Benefit of clergy," as used in English law, did not refer at all to the ministrations of religion to a convict about to be executed, says the *Catholic News*. It had nothing to do with priest or priestly duties. In the Middle Ages, when reading and writing were confined to a comparative few, the man who had received some education was an important and valuable man in the community, and "benefit of clergy" was introduced. A man who could read and write was a "clerk," and if convicted of some offence escaped punishment on his first trial by showing that he could read and write. This was the "benefit of clergy." As education became more general, it became necessary to abolish this, and laws fixed the punishment of offences "without benefit of clergy," so that a scamp could not escape merely by writing his name.

It is not generally known that the light of the sun and the moon exercise a deleterious effect on edged tools, says *Iron*. Knives, drills, scythes and sickles assume a blue color if they are exposed for some time to the light and heat of the sun; the sharp edge disappears, and the tool is rendered absolutely useless until it is retempered. Purchasers therefore should be on their guard against buying tools from retail dealers and peddlers which, for show purposes, have probably been exposed for days together to the glare of the sun. The unserviceableness of tools acquired

under these conditions is generally wrongly attributed to bad material or to inferior workmanship. A similarly prejudicial effect has been exercised by moonlight. An ordinary cross-cut saw is asserted to have been put out of shape in a single night by exposure to the moon.

Senator Henry Keller, of Sauk Centre, Minn., is at work upon an invention which, if it proves a success will be of great value to farmers. The scheme is to attach an electric motor to a common breaking plow that will contain sufficient force to work in any kind of soil. Storage batteries are to be adjusted to the machine. Senator Keller has the utmost faith in his new "help to the farmer," and declares that it will reduce the cost of plowing to such a mere trifle, and do it with such ease and rapidity, that every farmer in the land will find it within his means to plow with electric machines.

A thoughtful contributor to the *Inter Ocean* says: This is by no means a dissolute or a wanton age, but all its virtues are gilded and without the gilding, are held in little esteem. A brain is nothing without a bank-book unless it be dead, that is, for that which is dead may be safely extolled without fear of too great reproach. But of the living, only he is envied who holds the golden chains which make others tributary to his will and the insatiable greed of possession. While this ideal remains unmodified it is useless to expect any great improvement in the conditions of life. At the best there can only be the difference between a cage of wild beasts enraged with hunger and the same beasts modified by the prey they have swallowed. A far more important subject of consideration than the "rights of labor," is the character and aspiration of the laborer; and an infinitely more important matter than "the distribution of wealth," is the prevalence and quality of the desire for wealth. In short, the more closely we study the progress of the past, the more clearly shall we learn the truth that the one element which "political economy" has wholly neglected, is infinitely more important to the betterment of human conditions than all the rest, to-wit: the character of the individual man who is the constituent unit of society. It is this force which we must try to define, if we would understand the really simple but apparently baffling and inscrutable problems of modern economics.

At a meeting of the Electric Club in New York, E. Rosewater, President of the Old-time Telegrapher's Association and editor of the *Omaha Bee*, spoke on "Government Telegraphs of Europe." He said: Our postal system cannot attain its full measure of success until the electric telegraph and long distance telephone have been made a part of our postal facilities with the pneumatic tube post as an adjunct. As to the public, the greatest benefit of the tube system is its cheapness. In New York a city message of ten words costs you 25 cents; in London you can send as many words as you can write for 12½ cents, and your message will be delivered before an operator would have time to copy. A telegram with the proper staff attached dropped into any postoffice box in any city of Great Britain will be received from the nearest telegraph station just the same as if the sender had

gone through the tedious formality of handing it directly to the receiving clerk at the telegraphic station. For the accommodation of business and other patrons who use the telegraph frequently, stamped blanks are supplied at a trifling charge for paper. Similar conveniences are enjoyed by the people of France, Germany, Austria and other countries of Europe. The impression has prevailed in this country that the postal service of Europe does not afford as good facilities and cheap rates as does the lines of America. This is found to be erroneous.

Asked in regard to the probable future religion of the Japanese, Sir Edwin Arnold recently said: As to the eventual religion, touched by Buddhism—touched and modified by Buddhism, I look upon all great religions not as enemies, but as sisters. Somebody said to me the other day, "Are you a Buddhist, a Christian, a Pagan, or a Mohammedan?" "Sir," I replied, "am I most the brother to my eldest, to my second, to my third, or to my fourth sister?" Each religion has contributed a leading idea. A homely simile would be to liken the four great religions to four great ladies, wise and virtuous, talking on great subjects and correcting each other. The Mohammedan declares that there is but one God; the Buddhist holds that God is nameless—the unnameable; the Brahman comes with his pantheon of a million gods; finally we have Christianity, which boldly names God as love and as spirit. And I believe that just as the seven prismatic colors blend into white light, so if we had an intellect prismatic enough to combine perfectly the seven religions, we should get the white light of truth as the result. The phrase Thiers once used can be equally well applied to religion: *C'est le terrain qui nous devise le moins.*

Mr. Keely, proprietor of the place of the celebrated motor which is to move by a force as invisible and intangible as, up to the present writing, the motor itself has continued to be, says an exchange, has managed to once more revive a breath of public interest in himself and his subtle devices, by giving an exhibition of his control of the mystic force, which he claims to have discovered, before a couple of learned scientists. The result is unsatisfactory all around. The scientists declare that the results they saw might have been brought about by some very common and well-understood mechanical appliances, and for the present they withhold their belief in Mr. Keely's etheric force. For all of that, Mr. Keely may be a great man and may have the secret of a very wonderful force in nature of which other men are ignorant. We have long since learned from the revelations of the mahatmas to the theosophists that such secret but desirable and applicable forces do exist in nature. It is not improbable that in searching for manifestations of Keely's mystic power the scientists may have looked in the wrong place. If they would examine the stock ledger of the Keely Motor company and carefully consider the quantity of hard, material dollars which, very strangely, have been caused to flow into the coffers of his elusive and impalpable enterprise, might they not discover therein sufficient evidence that material and substantial things may be made to respond to an invisible and intangible force?

KIRKUP, THE PAINTER, A SPIRITUALIST.

Seymour Kirkup was for a while the best-known Englishman living in Florence. He was the friend and associate of Walter Savage Landor and of the Brownings. He was a conscientious student of art, and his paintings were highly valued for their wonderful delicacy. Well known to-day is Kirkup in all art circles for his discovery of the now famous youthful portrait of the poet Dante, for which he received some titled distinction from the Government of Italy. He was devoted to literature and in the latter part of his life he studied carefully the phenomena of Spiritualism and became, in consequence, convinced of the reality of spirit manifestations.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for December is an article contributed by William Sharp on "Joseph Severn and His Correspondents." Severn, whose name is familiar to all admirers of Keats, the poet, had among his friends and correspondents, Kirkup, whom he first met at the interment of Shelley's ashes, in the cemetery of Monte Testaccio, in Rome. Among the letters selected from the unpublished correspondence of Severn, Mr. Sharp gives four from Kirkup, which are of especial interest to Spiritualists, and a few extracts from them are here reproduced for the readers of THE JOURNAL.

In 1861 Kirkup wrote: "You talk a new Jerusalem of art and speak of breathing in company of 'its immortal spirits.' Now real Spiritualism is a science that requires the greatest exercise of reason. You are afraid of being carried off your feet."

The following is from a letter written by Kirkup in 1863: "I found an old letter of yours of forty years ago. The handwriting is the same as now and so are the thoughts. Strange it is, for your whole carcass has been renewed thirteen times in that period. I look on that as a greater sign of the immortality of the soul than all the nonsense of an old Jewish book of forgeries and falsifications. But I have more positive proofs than either. You should see the life of my friend Daniel Home, just published. Books are no proof, for they lie as much as living men; but I know that a part of that book is true. If you had the means of knowing the truth that Home has, I make no doubt you would see, hear and feel with joy that your poor wife is often with you. A satisfaction of that sort I have often had, and it continues."

Again "I don't know any person alive who can even remember either of my grandfathers, and they were remarkable men. One was the first Latin scholar in England, and the other had a museum of art and antiquities,—all depersed and gone, like dust. But we never really die; twenty minutes of insensibility in a trance is all. We wake and find ourselves in the midst of our dearest old friends. The bad man avoids them from an instinct of shame, and seeks his equals, by whom he is persecuted until he is saved by good spirits. We are all sons of God, even the worst assassins. We are not responsible for our constitution or our education, and there are no eternal pitch-forks, brimstone or hell, or any such successful rival to God as Monseigneur le Diable. This rests on better authority than any book. It is curious that Moses, in all his books, never says one word about the future state. Of what use is religion without it."

This is an extract from a letter written in 1864. "I wanted to recommend to you, my friend, Daniel Home, but I was sure if he wanted protection he would find it in you who have done so much good to your countrymen and others, and I foresaw he would need it to defend himself against the Jesuits and priests, who are of course, omnipotent in Rome; and so it turned out, and I saw from the newspapers that you had done all you could for him. I can answer for his being neither an impostor nor a sorcerer (which is absurd) and I have found him a man of honor, by his actions, not by words of his or hearsay of others; and I know him to be very generous though poor, and good-hearted. All which is in his favor, and so likewise are the phenomena that spontaneously accompany him, and of which I have had sufficient experience in my own house, watched and guarded with the most suspicious incredulity, which is stronger with me than with most people as perhaps you may remem-

ber, for I was always so. My own proofs of our existence after death are entirely independent of Home and began before I knew him or the works of Judge Edmonds, which confirmed them, and they settled my creed, very far from a canonical one, either Roman or Calvinistic, which *entre nous* are about equally blasphemous and Jewish. . . . After I proved the truth of Spiritualism, which I scouted for a long time, I was induced to follow up my experiments in hopes of some day seeing something worthy to paint. I longed for a good vision, and do still, but I am not enough of a medium. I have only seen, heard and felt enough to be sure of the existence of spirits. Neither books nor men were enough for me, and I sought witnesses of my own experience and would not rely on my own impressions alone, which might have been effects of imagination, waking dreams! But when half a dozen were present they could not all be dreaming of the same thing. A lady wrote to me the other day that Home had been raised in the air a hundred times since he came to London and had been seen by a thousand people. Basta! You have doubtless heard enough about it and I have seen enough in my own house. . . . I have been long an admirer of Dante, but I think Shakespeare a greater poet. Dante has been much with me in this room. His poem is not true and Beatrice was not a Portinari, as it has proved. The pope has forbid the title of '*La Divini Commedia*'. . . . Tasso was in favor of good spirits like Socrates."

In 1868 Kirkup concluded a letter thus: "I am now living with a little daughter. She is now fourteen. Her maid is an ex-nun—very good and glad to be free. They are both mediums, the former ever since she was two years old."

How many more there are, eminent in the different departments of thought and action, whose unpublished correspondence, if it could appear, would prove them to be strong believers in Spiritualism.

DR. WESTBROOK AND THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

The National Liberal League formed in Philadelphia in 1876 for the purpose of promoting state secularization was a very creditable organization. It numbered among its officers and supporters some of the ablest and most distinguished men of this country. Its work was favorably commented upon by the press, and it contributed in no small degree to attract attention to a reform for the advancement of which there had never been any organized effort in America and the discussion of which had been confined to a few liberal and Spiritualist papers.

In 1878 an element obtained control of the League which was more interested in the repeal of all United States postal laws against the transmission of obscene literature through the mails than the separation of church and state. The men and women of influence, who had made the organization a recognized power immediately withdrew from it, when it commenced the work of agitating for the repeal of the laws referred to above. This policy was continued with immeasurable folly until the organization was not only without influence with any class of people, but was so weak that only about a dozen delegates could be called together at its annual meetings. Its very name was a stench in the nostrils of decent men and women, whether Christians or freethinkers. The name was therefore changed, the repeal folly was dropped, and thenceforth the organization was to confine its work to the promotion of state secularization; and donations were solicited from all, Christians and anti-Christians, who believed that church and state should be entirely separate. But the men who made this announcement commenced immediately to lecture in their official capacities in defence of crude eighteenth century materialism. Indeed they said that by state secularization they meant secularism, not knowing the difference between a movement which aimed at the disjunction of church and state and a system of philosophy which ignores spirit life and which its most eminent representative, Charles Bradlaugh, maintained was an atheistic system. Money raised by appeals to all who believed in a state with no ecclesiastical

functions, was used in paying the expenses of men who preached materialism as the *ne plus ultra* of intellectualism. Intelligent and fair minded liberals would have nothing to do with such a dishonest and hypocritical concern, while internal discussion threatened its very existence. Then it was, in 1888, that Dr. Richard B. Westbrook, of Philadelphia, who had never been connected with the organization and knew nothing of its history, was elected president. He sent a telegram to the convention accepting the office provisionally in these words:

Regarding the American Secular Union as an organization for protection and promotion of the principle implied in its name, and not for the advancement of any dogma of religious belief or disbelief, I cordially accept the presidency unanimously tendered me, and publicly pledge myself to resist the encroachments of sacerdotalism, whether Papal or Puritan."

The provisional acceptance was apparently satisfactory to the convention. It was probably thought that the words quoted had no more meaning for the new president than similar statements had for his predecessor. But he found during the first year of his administration that persons and papers representing the Union were dissatisfied with him for not putting the body directly in opposition to Christianity, and for not supporting a propaganda of secularism. Nevertheless, Dr. Westbrook had energy and influence enough at the next convention, at which he was reelected, to secure the adoption of the following amendment to the constitution:

"The American Secular Union is strictly unsectarian and non-partisan in both religion and politics, but will use any and all honorable means to secure its objects as above stated. It is not either publicly or privately committed to the advancement of any system of religious belief or disbelief, but honestly welcomes all persons of whatever faith or party to its membership, on the basis of 'no union of church and state.' The word 'secular' is here used in the broadest sense, as applied to the state, and not to any system of religion or philosophy."

For trying to carry on the work of the Union, in accordance with this provision of the constitution, Dr. Westbrook has been roundly abused by members of the organization with whom state secularization means materialism and opposition to all religious belief. In his address at the last convention held October 31, 1891, Dr. Westbrook said:

If the leaders were not satisfied with this provisional acceptance, the Pittsburgh congress should have said so at once, as it was still in session, and the succeeding Philadelphia congress should not have incorporated it in its fundamental law. The freethought papers have kept up a frequent fire upon the president and secretary, either editorially or by their correspondents, for not renouncing their well-known principles and openly violating the essential provisions of our constitution. This narrow and extreme policy of a few of our members, and notably of some of our liberal papers, has brought the American Secular Union where it is to-day. Nearly 300 Auxiliary societies have been reduced to a dozen, while such men as Francis E. Abbot, B. F. Underwood, and the whole army of the free religious association and many others have been driven from our ranks. Even Robert G. Ingersoll has been pushed aside, and for several years no longer cooperates with us, because of side issues that were dragged into the society.

In the same address Dr. Westbrook says: In securing a complete separation of church and state, a large number of persons of every possible creed, and of no creed, can work and are working with great energy. We have now before us a large list of patriotic secular religious societies, all pledged to work for state secularization. Some of those organizations are a hundred times larger, and have done proportionally more work than we have ever done. The same is true regarding individuals who are members of orthodox churches. We do not expect to interest churches as organized bodies; but they are full of individuals who are anxious to co-operate with us for state secularization. Moreover many churches in their organized form have taken action for the taxation of churches and prohibition of reading the Bible in the public schools. "Dr. Westbrook argues that the cooperation of all these classes is desirable in working for the total separation of church and state and he says 'for our part we are not willing to be a

party of any deceit. We are not all believers in this kind of secular philosophy, though through the mistaken zeal of some who have spoken at our annual meetings we are naturally considered such. We cannot identify a materialistic philosophy with our one avowed object of state secularization, and in our judgment to attempt it is neither honest nor honorable. . . . We have been under the necessity of communicating with Liberals through our Liberal papers, while at the same time those papers have inveighed against the society and its executive officers. Editors of papers have a perfect right to advocate their own views; it is nevertheless a fact that they should not do it in such a way as to disgust and drive from our rank theists' and Spiritualists and other freethinkers. Theists are said to 'buy a god and a pig in a poke.' 'God is given a lashing.' . . . 'God (under certain conditions) is the biggest and the meanest villian ever heard of' and 'the Christian's God is a dirty dog!' The same style is adopted toward Spiritualists, as they are seldom spoken of without a sneer at 'spook' and 'spookdom.' Now, these papers have a perfect right to be vulgar if they so desire, but it is a question whether the American Secular Union should make them its organs.

After the experience which he had had with the American Secular Union it is not surprising that Dr. Westbrook declined at the last convention to be a candidate for reelection. He sees now how useless it was to carry on any reform work as president of such an organization as was the American Secular Union. THE JOURNAL congratulates him on his retirement from the concern. Nothing has been so becoming to him in connection with the Union since he joined it. This paper could not give support to the organization, even during Dr. Westbrook's administration, for reasons which he now understands. That during this time he personally did good work for the cause of state secularization is undeniable, but this was done in spite of, rather than with the help of the element that controlled the papers and turned them against him; the papers that freely supported the Union when its policy was hypocritical and dishonest and its management was corrupt.

In a contribution to the Chicago *Herald* on psychical phenomena, Mrs. Caroline K. Sherman, the able philosophic writer, says: After eliminating whatever can be ascribed to exaggeration, hallucinations, optical illusions and a hundred other possible deceptions, an immense amount remains to be accounted for. By a moderate computation nine millions have been burned or hanged for witchcraft since the establishment of Christianity. Who has satisfactorily explained what that witchcraft was? What were the facts in the case?—What were the peculiar physical conditions which created that tremendous mental disturbance, or what was the mental force that could bring about those awful physical diseases? Who has fathomed the mysteries of the Delphic oracle? Or if an easy explanation of its wisdom be found in the statement that its priests were wise men, who saw from near and far the highest needs of the Hellenic people, that problem may pass, giving way to another regarding the demon of Socrates. Socrates was the sanest of men, yet he declared in all seriousness that from childhood a voice had frequently come to him forbidding him to do what he was about to do, but never commanded him in a positive way. Socrates is too explicit in regard to this demon to leave the supposition that he was speaking in a figurative way and personifying his own keen, practical instinct. He considered it the source of his deepest intuitions, and enjoyed his guidance as that of a mysterious divinity. . . . If the premonition which Mrs. Browning received of her death is readily accounted for on the score of physical weakness and gradual decay, what is the natural explanation of Mr. Browning's anticipation of a murder so definite as to locate the exact spot on a lonely field?—Goethe, once at least, had a similar presentiment, and the circumstances were given in even more minute detail. . . . What is needed is a Copernicus, a Kepler, a Newton and a Darwin, who will study the facts of the psychical forces with the

same patience, the same unswerving fidelity to truth which these men exercised in the study of material forces.

In his work entitled "White Slaves, or the Oppression of the Worthy Poor," Rev. L. A. Banks protests vigorously against the sweating system as practiced in our cities, and calls for honest investigation of the condition of the workers. He would do away with the middleman or sweater and compel firms to give fair prices for honest work. No candid woman, he points out, can doubt as she examines the ready-made article of underclothing offered her in every shop for less than she would be obliged to pay for the material alone, that she has in her hand evidence of the wrong done to the sewing-woman; no man who boasts of the bargain he made in buying his last ready-made overcoat but must acknowledge, if he reflects on its real value, that someone worked at starving wages upon it. He really does not wish to believe that the woman who made it received only 80 cents for her labor; he could not have the heart to ask anyone to do such a thing. He simply doesn't think about it at all. Yet all the time people are slaving and toiling over such garments. It ought to be possible, Mr. Banks thinks, to abolish the sweater and compel firms to pay fair prices; how to house the poor comfortably and cheaply is a more puzzling question.

Scarcely has the baccarat scandal subsided when Earl Russell, the English aristocrat and grandson of Lord John Russell, is stripped of the tawdry of royalty in a divorce court, before a gaping crowd. The jury's verdict in the case cannot reinstate even an earl in the eyes of honest and clear-minded people of any or no rank. Whatever his wife's faults, on his side there were, to say the least, neglect, bitter recrimination and conduct unbecoming any man. He has shown himself callous to those demands made upon every gentleman, whether he is an earl or a hod carrier. Not only has the honored name of one of the greatest among English statesmen of this century been dragged in the mire, but a family name that has been adorned for generations with men known in many struggles for liberty against privilege been disgraced. These scandalous suits among the aristocracy of England have been coming with alarming frequency during the past few years, until it is not too much to say that that country has furnished more "celebrated cases" of this kind than all the countries of the civilized world put together. Where the love for a lord is so strong the demoralizing effect of these things upon every rank and grade of toadies is appalling. As the *Denver News* says: "It was the exposed rottenness in the charmed circle of English nobility that made it possible for Mr. Gladstone to declare at the late annual conference of the Liberals at Birmingham, that if the Commons should pass a home rule measure for Ireland and the House of Lords should defeat it, the Liberal party would go to the country upon a proposition to abolish that chamber, upon the ground that it was inimical to English liberty and in defiance of the spirit of English progress. In such an issue, with manhood suffrage in England almost unrestricted, it is fair to assume that that hereditary body would become a thing of the past through one of England's forceful but peaceful revolutions." The potency of the spell that titles have cast about their owners in England is shaken now as it never was before.

The *Inter Ocean*, while advocating energetic and uncompromising dealing with vendors of indecent literature, wisely says: Mr. Comstock has been known to exercise his authority ill-advisedly and tyrannously. There should be no puritanic narrowness and finicky prejudices to embarrass or make miscarry a matter of such grave importance as protecting youthful minds from pollution. Attacks upon art and esteemed literature should not be permitted on the pretence that they do violence to morals. There is no reason to confound the proper duty of societies for the suppression of vice with the general responsibilities of educated, enlightened communities. There is no excuse for carrying duty to the extreme of officiousness.

The distinction between obscene "literature" and literature that should be guarded from immature readers is sufficiently clear and well-defined to obviate the necessity of arbitrary action. We do not care to have repeated here the folly that in an Eastern city tried to exclude a poem by Longfellow from the public prints. Let there be the most earnest, the most thorough efforts to hunt down and lodge behind prison bars the infamous crew that is writing and printing and selling bawdy stuff the nature of which is well understood; but let there be no prurient and indecent interference with approved art and with literature that has the sanction of abler and not less moral critics than Mr. Comstock.

That Archbishop Corrigan some time ago declared it to be the duty of all Roman Catholics to adopt the pope's views of the land question as laid down in his recent encyclical, and venture to hold no other. Right Rev. Mgr. O'Breyn, one of the pope's chamberlains, while attending the golden jubilee of Archbishop Kendrick at St. Louis said in reply to a reporter's question: "Archbishop Corrigan is perfectly correct. The decision of the holy father must be unquestioningly accepted by every one who looks up to him as a teacher. The question of private property in land is not a new one. It has been the universal practice of mankind from the beginning, and what the pope did was simply to announce a fact and give the reason for its existence. It is not done lightly but only after the most profound study and consultation with the members of the sacred college. Now, if people were still to look upon the question as either right or wrong after he has rendered his decision, what is the use of having a judge?" But the reporter persisted: "Has one as a Catholic no right to believe that private property in land is an injustice?" and the chamberlain replied: "Certainly not when the holy father has decided to the contrary." If these statements are suffered to stand without contradiction from those in authority in church in this country, says the *New York Standard*, it will be difficult to perpetuate the "prevailing opinion" that Roman Catholicism is not endeavoring to undermine political liberty in this country.

Augustus Jay DuBois in the *Century* says: "Herbert Spencer in an outline of something like 4,500 pages, has made the serious attempt to unify all human knowledge to comprehend in one principle every event that has ever occurred in the entire universe, to reduce all science and all human knowledge to a single principle—that of the 'persistence of force.' The bare statement of the attempt is stupendous and the execution is the most brilliant and daring philosophical achievement of this or any age. It is an attempt moreover in line with the scientific thought of the day. Such unity is the dream of science. Its progress is marked with such striving, from Kepler and Newton to Darwin and Spencer. The attempt has been carried out by the hand of a master and stamps its author among of the first philosophers of the age." Yet this writer thinks there are gaps in the Spencer system which are completely closed when the admission is made that all force is the manifestation of mind.

Dr. Wier Mitchell, in the *December Century* says: I am quite certain that if to-day France and Germany were suddenly and miraculously to interchange tongues, the two nations would shortly undergo some unlooked-for alterations. I have known some people whose superficial characteristics were quite different according as the they spoke French or English, although they were as fluent in one as in the other. I know of one woman who is common and ill-bred as an Englishwoman, but who, when she speaks French, which she knows well, is apparently well-mannered and rather attractive. Nor, as we reflect, does this seem altogether strange when we consider how much national character has to do with the evolution of language, and how impossible exact translation is. I have heard a man say that to read or speak French made him feel gay, and that the effect of like uses of German was quieting.



WAS HAWTHORNE A SPIRITUALIST?

By M. L. H.

A book has been written to prove that Lincoln was a Spiritualist. I have never doubted that, in one sense, he was. A vast majority of people are to a limited degree Spiritualists. They believe in a spiritual world. They believe that spirits, or the souls of the dead, dwell there. Many believe that these spirits sometimes appear to mortals. I have a dear friend who says he never gets into a tight place and is in trouble but he sees the apparition of his departed wife standing near, and then he knows just what to do, and that all will be well. She does not tell him what to do, but the right thing comes to him like a flash, or as if by revelation. I know a Congregational clergyman who told me he could not remember the time when he did not feel the presence of his departed mother on all occasions when he needed her help. She was as much a mother, indeed more so, than when alive in the flesh. These people are not counted as Spiritualists, but they are. And Hawthorne was one at least in this same way. In his early life he was of a gloomy temperament, and underrated his own abilities. A Mr. Pike, of Salem, where he lived, and who was a schoolmate and a friend, knew much of his inner life. He says that when Hawthorne was removed from the Salem custom house "he was the most wretched man alive, and even contemplated suicide." His friend James Oakes, a Boston salt merchant, offered to assist him with money, but he declined on the ground that he saw no prospect of repaying him, and he could not think of receiving alms. Although every one who knew him was his friend (he had no enemies), he had a morbid feeling that the whole human race was combined against him. It was this feeling which led him to write so unkindly of some of his associates in the custom house. Every one of those whom he wrote unkindly of in 'The Scarlet Letter' would have gone out of his way to serve him, and Pike told him so. He said he was sorry, but a power greater than himself had influenced him, and he consoled himself with the reflection that in a very few years at furthest the book and himself would be forgotten. He told Pike that in one of his dark moods his mother appeared to him, stroked his hair, and told him 'not to despair, for he would live to have more money than he would know what to do with.' He distrusted the vision, thought it hallucination, the result of his own morbid feelings, but the visit was so frequently repeated that at last he became a firm believer in Spiritualism long before the advent of modern Spiritualism.

He was an intimate friend of Franklin Pierce, and the latter as president did much for him, indeed put him on his feet. When Frank was nominated for president by the Democrats, the spirit of one of Hawthorne's ancestors visited him and told him that "the long lane" had at last turned, and that the last of his life "would be plain sailing." And so it turned out, and he often referred to it in his social chats with Oakes and Pike. Hawthorne told his friend, Mr. Oakes, that in his last interview with Mr. Pierce, before he left for Liverpool to assume the duties of his consulate, Pierce said to him at parting, "Don't be a sheep any longer; stand up in your boots and be a man; John Bull is a good fellow, and will think the more of you if you face him man-fashion." Hawthorne said that he could not keep back the tears that dimmed his eyes as he shook hands with his friend; he had taken from his back the burden of his life, the dread of poverty, and had made him a free man. When his term of office expired, and he returned from Europe, he recalled to Pike his mother's prediction, that "he would live to have more money than he would know what to do with," which was literally fulfilled. He was rich far beyond his wants, and enjoyed all that he possessed.

Pike saw him occasionally after his return from Europe, and found him more reconciled to life. But from the first he regarded life as a burden to be borne; he saw so much evil in the world—not all the consequences of sin, as theologians asserted, and which no human wisdom could overcome—that he often doubted whether the world was governed by a benevolent Power. He felt that if he had the power ascribed to God, he would not permit the strong to oppress the weak, would not permit the wicked to bear rule. For himself he was involved in the general ruin of the race, and often sighed to be at rest. Pike said that Pierce made Hawthorne, for he would not make himself; he was too timid and distrustful to take a step in advance, for fear he should stumble; that he required to be pushed forward and kept on the move from behind. Pike says that he was so fastidious in his writings that he probably destroyed more than he published, and that he often polished the life out of some of his best publications.

I do not doubt but if we knew the inner lives of all great men we should find that they had some belief in the presence of a Spirit-world guiding and helping them in times of need. If this belief could be taken out of the realm of superstition and placed on its true basis, it would be far more helpful and help the real to higher, nobler and fuller living.

OCCULT EXPERIENCES.

By MRS. TASCHER.

CHAPTER VI.

THE COBWEBBED CHAMBER.

Close the door, the shutters close,
Or through the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark, deserted house.—TENNYSON.

About a mile from our home there stands an old deserted house, and—as is often the case with such lonely dwellings—this decaying mansion is said to be haunted. One beautiful May morning our girls, together with Madge's friend Carrie and her sister Nellie, started off for a ramble in the woods. They had filled their baskets with wood lore and were returning along the wide, breezy road which led past the old house standing in a field some distance from the highway. Noticing the broken gateway through which the grass-grown path diverged, bordered on either side with spreading clumps of lilac, syringa, clove-currant and other old-fashioned shrubs that were now in bright bloom, the girls clambered into the enclosure with the intention of adding to their store of spring blossoms. They kept wandering on until they neared the house.

This had once been a neat, handsome residence, and the girls went up on the shady veranda to rest. It was a two-story cottage, with gable end fronting the distant road. Once it had been white, and tasteful green blinds had shaded its pleasant windows, but now the broken steps, wide-open, hingeless doors, dingy, loosened clapboards and general decay, gave evidence that "Life and thought had gone away." The lively girls went in, looking curiously from room to room. They continued their explorations up the dingy staircase. Here one of them recalled the popular story of the haunted chamber, which they knew to be the front room which they were now entering. The story not being very blood-curdling, they went in, and after peering around into the dark closets and corners the thought struck them that here would be a good place to sit for manifestations; for, argued they, coolly, "the spirits must want to come here, as they have repeatedly carried on so that nobody will live here."

The plan to sit seemed interesting—and it certainly was unique—so they bustled about gathering the remains of a few rickety chairs and other pieces of discarded furniture and soon had a temporary table and seats arranged where the four sat down.

It was a narrow, low-ceiled room, with sloping sides under the eaves. Fluttering shreds of paper hung from the crumbling walls and the light struggled in, dim and uncertain, through the cobwebbed windows that were partially covered with the rickety blinds

that it was said could not be kept shut. The glass was mostly shattered and through the narrow openings dark flickering shadows, mournful sighs and whispers were wafted through the overhanging boughs of a couple of enormous Norway pines, one of which looked as if blasted by lightning. There they sat in the dusky old chamber, cobweb curtains drearily waving above the four bright, rosy faces waiting seriously, with hands spread upon the extemporized table, for what might come.

Sure enough! rapping began in a few moments on the table, their chairs, and on the dusty old floor. And now Leda's hand began to tremble, flutter, and beat about. Nothing daunted, they 'fumbled in' pockets bringing forth a stubby lead pencil, and a strip of smooth wrapping paper, watching with dilating eyes to see what was written. First, came a name, Lenore, then several long communications respecting the ghost of the old house. Lenore wrote that long before she had lived in the house—giving the date—that even then there was a restless spirit haunting the premises, that she did not know why he did so; but that this had been her room then, and she had often seen the figure of a man beating with his hands, on the windows, in the night. Just at this interesting place in Lenore's narrative the scribbling hand paused.

Beginning again in a few moments they were disappointed to see altogether a different style of chirography. It wrote on rapidly and on reading it they saw it seemed to be a lengthy reply to some question irrelevant wholly in meaning, as in hand writing, to the subject their minds were occupied with. Provoked and puzzled they pored over it trying to fit it out with some sort of sense or connection with the first writing. At length Leda and Madge remembered the writing as identical with that of a relative of Mr. Boardman, who had communicated through Leda's hand several times since the night the first raps came when Mr. B. was with us. The writing was very peculiar, and it had astonished Mr. Boardman very much when it was first given, as he said he never saw any thing like its crabbed characters but once, and this was a perfect fac-simile of the writing to which the name of a long dead relative of his was appended.

In one of her messages, this peculiar person had told Mr. Boardman to write some question and lay it on his desk in his office down town, saying she would find Leda, wherever she might be, and write a reply. This had been sometime before, and Leda had forgotten the circumstance, besides not knowing whether Mr. Boardman had complied with the request or not. However, here was a direct reply—albeit pretty lengthy;—but Leda tore off the paper, and tucked it in her pocket, waiting again in hope that Lenore would return; and now the taps grew louder, and foot-steps began to resound, echoing loudly as they pattered busily around the chamber. Back and forth they tramped leaving no track upon the dusty old floor, and when, a few moments later, a dragging, halting step was heard upon the stairs, accompanied by the thumping of a cane or crutch, the noise was so loud and natural that the girls thought some lame person had entered the building, and was climbing the stairs. They did not move, but when the coming step slowly dragged over the door sill of the chamber they were in, and limped across the floor, stopping by the table where they all sat, nothing being visible, Nellie's face grew white with fear, and jumping from their seats they scampered away. It was almost dark when they arrived at home, and came rushing into the sitting room to me, each piling my lap with their fragrant treasures, both talking at once telling their exploit in the old house, when Madge, catching a glimpse of some one riding by exclaimed "Oh, there is Mr. Boardman now! I'm going to ask him!" and away she ran calling to him. Turning, he drove up to the gate. The moment he entered the door, both the girls demanded at once, "Did you write that question L. G. told you to?" "Why, yes, I happened to think of it, and wrote one yesterday and laid it on the office desk. It lies there yet." "Does that answer it?" said Leda, drawing the

bit of crumbled wrapping paper from her pocket handing it to him. "To a dot!" said he. "And here are names that I know you never heard, included in the answer. I thought I had been very ingenious in asking the question," he explained to me, "I asked a mighty crooked one, that involved several people—this not only answers the question but clears a mystery, telling the whole story—that is, if it is true! It tells it all plain enough."

"But see here!" he added anxiously, looking down from his tall height into the two eager girl faces upturned before him. "Don't you two midgets ever try such a caper again. Its all well enough for you to investigate occult theosophical theurgy right here at home with auntie, but what possessed you to go rummaging around in that mummy old box?" "Why?" replied Ledy, "I didn't see any harm in running in there; we've been in the old house lots of times, havn't we Madge? It's a short cut through the field and the grove of pines back of the house to our street. We most always go that way." "I should think," put in Madge airily, "that you would have more faith in guardian spirits after what we have told you. They would have warned us, of course, if anything was dangerous there." Mr. Boardman laughed good naturedly as he untied his horses, nodding at the two bright faces, repeating his caution, as he drove away. "Now, this affair," said Miss Vale, pausing in her reading, it seems to me is chiefly valuable on account of the positive proof it gives. That concentration of mind, expectancy or surroundings have nothing whatever to do with the demonstrations." "How much did the story of this Lenore agree with the tales the girls had previously heard told of the old house?" asked Dr. Eads. "Not at all; the only thing we knew about the place was that it stood there very much the same as now, when we came to the city; we had heard the remark that it was haunted. Carrie repeated, as they entered the rooms, the story of a woman who sometimes came to her mother's. She said that no one could live there, as the chairs would be lifted while they were sitting in them, and carried across the room, and the furniture was moved about, or suddenly flung out doors with no visible agency. "Did you find out if there had ever been such a person as 'Lenore' inquired the poet. "Yes," said Miss Vale, "I took pains to ascertain; I learned that at the very date given, there had been a family there with a young lady daughter called Lenore; that she was a frail, delicate girl who subsequently died in the south where her family removed hoping to benefit her health." "How do you explain her story as to the man beating upon the chamber windows all these years?" asked the doctor; "of what possible use could that be?" "I do not explain," replied Miss Vale, fixing her fathomless eyes on the doctor's face in incontrovertible silence. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCE.

When I was seventeen years old, I had an experience which I remember to this day with a certain shudder, says a writer in *Sphinx*. Although it was not frightful, I found out its meaning only in later years. I was living with my grand-mother and had a cosy little room to myself. It was in mid-winter shortly after Christmas. I was completely well, happy and in the bloom of youth. On that evening I had about 10 o'clock gone to bed and had immediately sunk into a sound sleep. It may have been about the middle of the night that I was half awakened from my sleep by a crashing noise. I could not, in spite of my earnest effort, quite come to my consciousness. I lay as it were oppressed with the weight of the Alps and yet felt myself awake. After a short delay the crackling noise as if of fire breaking out into flame was repeated, and in my great terror lest something might burn, I resumed all my will-power, turned from the wall toward the center of the room and gazed at the stove. There I saw now a red illumination go out from a spot near by, and as I rubbed my eyes and looked again, there stood in a red light a male form clothed from head to foot in clothing of a variable red scales, a feather cap on the really handsome head. I

wanted to cry out and could not and I plainly saw the form smile scornfully. I was barely capable, stricken with terror as I was, of thinking, "What does this being want?" and as if he had heard my thought, I heard him say: "You I want!" I tried to close my eyes but could not. "Who are you, pray?" I finally exclaimed. "That is no matter," hissed out the form, "but, I have the power to give happiness and riches." "I don't believe it" I said. He became apparently angry; I trembled with terror, but had the feeling that I must neither fear nor obey the being. "You doubt my power; I will give you proof of it." On the moment my little room became illuminated; a fragrance of roses filled it, and as I looked around there were suspended hundreds of different sorts of roses; it was a sight not soon to be forgotten, "Do you now believe in me?" said he. "O, no" I answered. Then sounded in my ear a clinking, clanging sound. There rolled on the floor, and the air was filled with falling gold pieces so that I held my hand to protect my face. "See there," he began again, "this and much more is there for you if you believe on me." As I looked up there shone on the floor great heaps of gold and silver coin; I could not speak for my terror and only shook my head deprecatingly in refusal. "Not yet!" angrily exclaimed he, "Will you flee? say whither?" In my terror of death I said involuntarily: "To my father!" And at the same moment I felt myself raised, the window opened and with a speed of a storm I was borne high over the houses out into the night. My father dwelt at a considerable distance from us and before I was aware of what I was about I stood within the walls of his dwelling; but from the gas lamp in the street there fell into the room a gleam, and thereby I was enabled to see my father quietly slumbering in bed, not far from him my younger brother and I heard the deep breathing of both. An unspeakable fright came upon me, since in my ear was whispered: "Will you follow me now?" "No" I said, "I will go home!" Immediately I was again raised up and was carried with the speed of a storm through the air; into my room to my bed. I believed that I was now released, but there stood the red form again before me. It gazed at me with an evil look and said threateningly: "For the last time I ask you, will you belong to me?" No: never and never more," cried I. "Then is misery your lot!" I heard again, then there was a creaking, a blustering a crashing noise as if the entire room were going to pieces. I hid my head in the pillows and when finally with full comprehension I came to myself and could again use my limbs, all had vanished and I heard the clock in the room of my grandmother adjoining mine strike one. Terror controlled me so strongly that I, spite of my purpose did not get up. I prayed a Lord's prayer and again fell into a sleep; but on the next day I was "all broken up" as if in consequence of a great exertion; had a headache for several days and found myself quite "out of sorts" and much oppressed in soul. An inconceivable terror kept me from relating this event for a long time to my mother and I never made any mention of it to any one. In later years the threat of that being certainly came to fulfillment so far as earthly goods were concerned, yet was this richly made up to me by more lofty devotion.

A UNIVERSALIST ON SPIRITUALISM.

The following is taken from an article entitled "Spiritualism, or the Religion of Demonstration," by Rev. W. S. Crowe, in the November number of the *Universalist Monthly*, of which he is the editor:

The evangelical churches, which are so relentless in their devotion to physical proof of the life beyond, ought to be a little more charitable toward the Spiritualists, who are trying to do in this age what the churches declare was done many centuries ago in this work of demonstrating man's other-world existence. One would naturally expect the orthodox church to give Spiritualists an undivided support of sympathy and good will. What a marvelous confirmation of the Bible if Spiritualism be true! If it can be proven beyond a peradventure that departed spirits come back and show themselves in what appear to be material forms, how grandly that would pave the way to an

easy belief in the after-death appearances of Jesus! We have in the classics the story of the Siege of Troy. The world was coming to think of it as a myth. Dr. Schleimann made his excavations and the world rejoiced, and said: "Now we have more confidence in history." The churches themselves are sending men to explore every old Bible country for confirmatory evidence, that such a city as Babylon and such a man as Nebuchednezzar existed. One would naturally expect the evangelical churches to hail Spiritualism with rapture as the long-sought confirmation of their most deeply-loved beliefs. The natural expectation, however, is doomed to a very harsh disappointment. Spiritualists have no other such enemies in the world as the evangelical churches. Why? I can imagine but one reason why. Spiritualists are not evangelical. Their communications from the other shore do not accord with traditional theology. They proclaim that people enter the next world as they leave this; that character is continuous; that happiness or misery depends on what people are, not on what they believe; that the future is a realm of progress—from bad to good, from good to better. Spiritualists renounce the doctrines of the trinity and atonement and salvation by faith and endless punishment. That is why their confirmatory evidence is not accepted. Prejudice against them as unevangelical has become enmity to their work. How deeply this prejudice has entered the public mind one must pause and consider to appreciate. We have the story of Jesus' bodily resurrection. We have not the word of a single eye-witness. The earliest record we possess of the event was written at least half a century after the event—in an age of credulity, when such a thing as criticism or the careful sifting of evidence was unknown. The records we have are singularly and seriously at variance with each other; but that testimony, floating down through eighteen centuries, sinking as it does into perfect obscurity in the early stages so that no scholarship can determine what changes may have been made in the text during the second or third century—that evidence is received without question. Here are good people and true, your neighbors and friends and business associates, hundreds of them, thousands of them, who testify that last week or last night they saw, heard, touched, the materialized spirit of a dead friend; and that testimony is thrust aside with a compassionate sneer as unworthy of a moment's consideration. We have ten thousand times the evidence for modern materializations that we have for any biblical reappearance. We scoff at this, and sacredly believe that. The power of prejudice is truly wonderful.

It is often asked why Spiritualism is a thing so modern. The answer is that until recently the world was satisfied with biblical demonstration. Everybody believed what the church said—that of old the spirits did appear on earth, and the popular heart rested in that dictum of the church. Then materialistic science and destructive criticism came upon us like a Conemaugh flood and carried us away from our faith-homes and stranded us upon the barren shoals of negation. All classes of religious folk set to work to battle or avoid materialism. The orthodox world met the difficulty in a blind, blundering way; but with honest and motherly intention to save its hopes. It said, "Children, you must not read what the materialists write. You must not allow yourselves to think upon the arguments they make. You must reverently close your ears and keep saying rapidly, under-breath, 'I do believe.'" The liberal religionists looked the facts of the materialists squarely in the face and said, "But is there not a spiritual way of interpreting these facts?" When materialism showed that the earth came into existence, not by creation but by evolution, these men of broader spiritual genius said, "Well, what of it? Where did evolution come from? Evolution, just as much as creation, requires a God to make it work. It is only a different, a grander and more worthy view of the divine method. Thank you, gentlemen, for the suggestion." So, with a wider philosophy, the liberals have turned science to account, have harnessed its forces to their faith and reverence. When materialism had pretty thoroughly settled it that these bodies of ours are not to be resurrected, the liberals began a new study of our souls, and they have found such power, such measureless life, such divine possibility and prophecy in them as to reply, "Very well, let the body go; the soul can live on without it." In this general conflict with materialism the Spiritualists have done execution according to their genius. It must be confessed that they have been the bravest soldiers on the field. Orthodoxy has lingered far in the rear and exhorted its soldiers to run away, to keep beyond sight and hearing of the enemy's guns. Its hope was not to conquer the foe, but to preserve its own camp. The liberals have skirted the edges of the battle-field and tried to capture the enemy's ordnance by a philosophic manoeuvre. The Spiritualists accepted boldly and without equivocation the gauge of battle. They marched straight up in the center of the field and leveled their guns at the citadel. They said, "We

will meet you in the arena of the most careful research. We are ready to settle this controversy with scientific demonstrations. You undertake to show that there is no such thing as a spirit outside of a human body. We undertake to show that there is. Let the facts decide. We will go with you into the laboratory and watch your experiments. You come with us into the séance and watch our experiments. Put us to every possible test. If we are frauds, expose and denounce us. If we show you things that your material science cannot account for, be honest with us; confess the fact." That is fair and manly, and yet there are only a few scientists who stand up in soldierly fashion and fight the battle out. Far too many scientists reply, "We have our own demonstrations of the physical sort, and they are sufficient. You people are all crazy." Science learned that kind of reply from the church. Your genuinely traditional scientist is about as dogmatic, about as bigoted, about as pompously ignorant of what the other side has to offer, as your genuinely traditional bishop or cardinal himself.

A few scientists have examined the alleged facts of Spiritualism. Some of them have been tremendously shaken in their materialistic dogmatism. Mr. Wallace, one of the most illustrious thinkers and experimenters of the age, companion of Darwin, who shares with Darwin the honor of the evolution philosophy, is a brilliant example of those who went to disprove and remained to proclaim. Some years ago Mr. Wallace took the broad stand that science should include all facts. If Spiritualism presented any seeming facts, it was the scientist's duty to examine them. In that mood he entered the Society for Psychical Research, which was composed of eminent scholars of many professions. Through several years these gentlemen have conducted a careful, analytical, thoroughly scientific investigation of alleged spiritualistic phenomena. Their reports of what they have seen and heard and established by competent testimony form several hundred pages of very interesting reading. It is not quite to be expected that the extreme parties are satisfied with these investigations. There are Spiritualists who claim that the Society for Psychical Research has not entered heartily and sympathetically into an examination of séances. There are materialists who doubt the thoroughness and absolute reliability of many of the reported observations. As on-lookers, reporters, unprejudiced jurors, we shall be safe in concluding, I think, that the reports present a series of facts, however they are to be interpreted, that are reasonably well established. After deducting all that may be due to tricks and self-deception, and leaving a wide margin for the frailty of eyes and ears and instruments, it still does seem that a solid body of most peculiar and prophetic phenomena remains.

If you wish to follow up this investigation, read either the Society's reports or Mr. Wallace's résumé of the Society's reports in the *Arena* for January and February, 1891. Mr. Wallace groups the facts obtained under five separate heads. He uses the words "phantom" and "apparition," not wishing to prejudice his articles by the use of such words as "spirit" or "person." He shows:

First. That, in hundreds of instances, "apparitions" have been seen—objects that looked like people without physical bodies. The "apparitions" have been seen by two, three, twenty persons at once, in the dark, in broad daylight; in houses, in open fields, when "mediums" were present, when "mediums" were not present.

Secondly. These "apparitions" have been seen to move about. For instance, one particular "phantom" was seen by a person in front of a house; a moment later it was seen by another person in the house; a moment later by a third person at the rear of the house, just as a man who walked into and through and beyond the house would have been seen by those three persons who were so situated that they could not see each other.

Thirdly. These "phantoms," on many occasions, have been seen by animals, cats, dogs, horses, which manifested every sign of surprise, fear, recognition, that they would show in the presence of real objects or people.

Fourthly. These "phantoms," in countless instances, have produced effects on material objects, opening and shutting doors, moving furniture, lifting and carrying people, etc.

Fifthly. These "apparitions" have been photographed.

Well, here are the facts, if human evidence is not all untrustworthy for that order of facts. I am free to confess that I am not quite ready to say, without hesitation, and a reserved "if," here are the facts. I am just as free to confess that such an array of evidence would leave no doubt at all in my mind concerning a different order of facts. Perhaps that is prejudice, and if so I am ashamed of it. With crime and vice I feel that prejudice is a legitimate cause for shame. So mightily does this evidence press upon my mind that I must treat the phenomena, notwithstanding

my own hesitation, as real and established until disproved. This weight of the testimony shifts the responsibility, of establishing a negative, to the opposition.

Granting the facts, how are they to be explained? Are they the work of disembodied spirits, or the work of our own spirits? Is there in the human mind an unconscious power that is capable of producing these phenomena? Is there in the soul of man an undiscovered force, subtler than electricity or life itself, which, under proper conditions, can operate to lift physical weights without the application of any material agent, even the touch of a finger? One may conceive that there is. But could this subtle force or spiritual substance go out from the mind and assume a shape that other people, that animals, will see? Or, may it be that other people, that animals, are unconsciously hypnotized by us so that they see what we see or imagine? One may dimly appreciate that either is the case. Can this spiritual substance go out from our minds and assume a form that may be photographed? I confess that is a staggering proposition. An out-going soul-force must gather matter about itself, or itself transform into matter, before the camera would act upon it. But, before a disembodied spirit could be photographed, it would have to do the same. If either is possible, the other may be. If one could only know what matter is, or what it is not, the problem might not be so tremendous. If we could really grasp the remarkable saying of Faraday that an atom of matter is a point of force; if we could follow a thought of God downward and backward through the eternities until we saw it transform into a nodule of physical substance; if we could understand the sublime principle that the external universe thus proceeds from the Eternal Spirit, we might arouse to the fact that soul-substance, or force, or essence, can, under proper conditions, materialize. What a world we could fill with the things we don't know! We are not, however, to deny or scoff at a fact because it is inexplicable.

The alleged "communications" from "spirits" constitute one of the strongest arguments against Spiritualism. I have read hundreds of them, but not one that seemed in any literary or intellectual sense above the possibilities of the "medium." Spiritualists are par excellence the teachers of the doctrine of progress beyond death. I have read scores of alleged essays, poems, discourses from Shakespeare and St. Paul and Socrates, after these hundreds and thousands of years of progress, which were not half as worthy as those men could write when they were in their teens. I have never had the fortune to read anything from the other side that could for a moment be compared with the average literature, not to speak of the works of genius, of this poor undeveloped world. The claim which is often made that a "medium" who writes a barely respectable little poem is herself an entirely ignorant person, quite incapable of doing even so much—that claim is fatal. If Mrs. Browning "controls" a "medium" and speaks anything above the mediumistic ability, then she can and ought to speak something worthy of Mrs. Browning. So, at least, it seems to me. The entire theory of "spirit control" may be placed on a par with the orthodox theory of "divine control" in biblical inspiration. If God can, or ever did, speak to man or through man in this way, we should expect a perfect revelation of religion and morals and truth and duty and past and future. If man with his own spirit rises up to apprehend God, to meet him, to be impressed by him, to the full measure of his human ability, then we must only expect a Bible of human depths and heights. If departed spirits stand forth to the half-conscious or sub-conscious mood of an embodied spirit, I can understand that in that (as one might call it) "mediumistic mood," receptive mood, a silent influence could be exerted; as the presence of a mountain or a grand picture would exert its influence; as the presence of any other human mind might exert its influence; the "medium" simply responding with the best and highest there is in him to the spiritual presence. Substituting this action-of-presence theory for the control theory I can use the word "inspiration" for prophets and mediums alike. This substitution of the action-of-presence theory also removes the objection, the fatal negation, which I can not otherwise remove, in the puerile character of so-called "communications." Standing beside Niagara a school-boy can only put his aroused emotions into school-boy language. The sub-consciousness awakened, the mediumistic mood nobly challenged by Mrs. Browning or Shakespeare in spirit form, the embodied soul indistinctly but powerfully realizing the approach of the disembodied soul, I can understand that the "medium" would be inspired up into his best, into an intellectual grasp and literary form that are far better than his usual; but still that he must use his own powers of expression. Thus, when I find mistakes in grammar, blunders in syntax, slaughterings in prosody, platitudes in rhetoric, vagaries in philosophy, I am not compelled to charge the "communication" with fraud. The action-of-presence

theory, and the impossibility of the control theory, leave my mind still free to believe in the actual appearance of the other-world dweller amid these earthly scenes again. I am aware that this is a rather bold attempt to save Spiritualism from itself, but in my present attitude that seems a necessity. If the dead can literally speak to us they ought to do it. They ought to tell us many things that they certainly have learned. They ought to give warning and counsel in a thousand situations. They ought to reveal great facts, laws, truths, principles, such as, and higher than, our scientists, inventors, poets, philosophers and moralists on earth are discovering. The fact that they do not is very close to a demonstration that they cannot. I can understand that the loss of the body requires altogether a different method of communication from this method which we know as human speech. I can understand that they might take form and come near us and look tender love into our eyes without being any longer able to use our language. I can understand that their environment is so unlike ours, their bodies and their world made up of such a different kind of material, that the manner of their life cannot be explained in our symbols and representations of thought. I can understand that, while they lose our language, they gain a higher language, incomprehensible to us—possibly a language of music or color or exquisite sensation—so that all they can do is to come near us, and by action or sound or light and shade make their presence known. Only by this method of saving Spiritualism from certain phases of its own ism can I see any of the blessed probability of it. I shall be perfectly willing, however, and immeasurably happy, to cast aside all this theorizing in that very day when Shakespeare shall publish a nobler drama than Hamlet, or Faraday shall give us an invention that outdoes the telephone.

If Spiritualism be established, then this human life of ours immediately takes on an indefinitely greater value. To know, and not merely to hope, there is life beyond death, and reunion with our beloved, and studentship at the feet of the seers of all ages, and progress in that pursuit of knowledge and happiness and helpfulness that is our divine dream here—that would enfold the hardest lot with pleasure and canopy the lowliest path with glory. Then we could suffer and wait. Then we could toil and die with a sweet confidence. Then we could bid our loved ones the brief adieu and not break our hearts with agony. The evidence is not yet sufficient to satisfy my mind—perhaps naturally skeptical. Perhaps, also, I have not come into sufficiently close contact with the evidence, and am not acquainted with the most convincing phases of it. Hypnotism and telepathy, and thought-transference, and mind-projecture, and the possible materialization of our own occult soul-force rise up to challenge the "phantoms" in a scientific explanation of all the facts reported by the Society for Psychical Research. If I have uttered many suggestions and ventured few opinions it is simply because my mind is crowded with suggestion and somewhat barren of opinion on this subject.

One word, however, of real, though lesser, satisfaction. If the phenomena we have been considering were, and if all such phenomena are, produced by a force within our own souls, then do they prove that our souls, here and now, are endowed with powers which are super-physical—powers which relate vitally to a realm of activities and laws which material science is not able to penetrate. A soul thus endowed, thus hinting its divine independence of ordinary methods, thus lifting itself into touch with a really spiritual universe, is not likely to be exterminated by the death of the body.

A CRUCIAL EXPERIMENT.

By J. P. QUINCY.

[CONTINUED.]

Such being the views of Dr. Bense, judicious readers will readily perceive the completeness of his equipment for a prominent position in the service of psychical research, and we feel no surprise that one of our American societies, about to paddle upon these dark waters, besought his name as chairman of its committee on obsessions. The doctor considered the application with his usual urbanity, and pleasantly remarked that, if he could only be sure the right men were behind him, he would take the presidency of a corporation for the manufacture of the philosopher's stone, or personally conduct a party to look up the fountain of youth. Upon assurance that these "right men" would press steadily in the rear, the kindly gentleman accepted the office, with the observation that, although he had little time to devote to these fooleries, he thought he could do what was wanted of him; he would see that nobody else discovered anything at variance with the canons of scientific orthodoxy.

It is no wonder that the sensitive rector felt a depressing influence when he caught the glittering eye

of Dr. Bense. The portly figure, made up of ponderous masses of flesh, adequately supplied with blood and muscle; the gray head, holding sixty years of experience; the eminently respectable position of its proprietor,—these bore heavily against the hundred and thirty pounds of physical man which scarcely served to stiffen a surplice. It became painfully evident that the gaze of the doctor contained little of the admiration which is so sustaining to a preacher. There sat the distinguished neurologist, supported by that iron scaffolding of reasoning erected in his work on "The Body"; it was clearly fire-proof; the burning appeals of the pulpit would assail it in vain. That the hortatory powers of the preacher had recently acquired fresh energy was clear to this worthy specialist in morbid phenomena of the nervous system. He went to church with increased interest. He watched the play of the rector's features, the outlines and carriage of the body,—signs to his practiced eye of the abnormal condition of the nerve-centres. "There will be over-fatigue after such excitement," murmured the doctor to himself; "he will be coming to me for a course of bromides before long. If we could only get at the mechanical equivalent for all this cell disturbance! We shall hit upon it yet. Yes, Huxley is right; we have discovered it for heat, and are bound to find it for consciousness."

Mr. Greyson winced a little as he felt himself the subject of this professional interest. It was an element of confusion; a blur upon the mirror that should reflect supreme truth. How humiliating to believe that spiritual power could attain its maximum only when some ill-understood condition was supplied by the auditors! Yet notwithstanding the limitation of which the rector was so conscious, the fact that a fresh vitality had gone into the sermonizing at St. Philemon's was widely recognized. The hearts of the young and frivolous fluttered with a new sensation, while those which kept their beating into middle life swelled with a sense of higher realities than had hitherto touched them. The usual remoteness of the pulpit was removed. The sermon struck the level of the pews, and even the curiosity-hunters and strollers from the hotels were startled into a half hour of serious meditation.

As Mr. Greyson rose to preach on the Sunday afternoon when the petition for Ephraim Peckster had been inserted in the service, he perceived that Dr. Bense was not in the church, and that the Hargraves—who, coming late, found their pew occupied by strangers—had taken seats within ten feet of the pulpit. The penetrative energy with which the rector spoke that afternoon will not soon fade from the memories of those who heard him. The text (Eph. vi. 11, 12) has been taken for hundreds of evanescent discourses, weighted with commonplace which speedily sank them below the attention of their auditors. But a coercive power came into the familiar verses as they were now repeated; there was intuitive insight, something that seemed like the holy confidence of inspiration, as the speaker proceeded to develop the lesson they contained. The whole armor of God,—that is what we must put on before contending with the spiritual wickedness in high places with which the apostle asserts that man must wrestle. The rich emphasis of voice made everyone shrink with a sense of the utter poverty of his personal equipment for this mighty strife. Whether mind be embodied or disembodied,—so ran the preacher's message,—it may cast a spell upon those about it. That influence may be strengthening, widening, elevating; or it may be degrading, perverting, poisoning. "We contend not against flesh and blood." The negative of the apostle clashes with that hypothesis, exclusive of spiritual existence, which is so favored by the science of our day. He knew that faith in the existence of agents of wickedness who assail man was a safer belief, because it was a truer belief, than the doctrine that our thoughts and actions express our influential individualities. And it was here that the rector, as his eye fell upon a party of returned tourists who had gabbled to him of "doing" the Castle of Wartburg, and of inspecting the stain upon its wall, was betrayed into the Luther illustration which caused such uneasiness. The great reformer had hurled his inkstand at—what? Science was ready with its glib answer: "A subjective hallucination arising from the eccentric pseudopia of functional disturbance." Perhaps so; yet not necessarily so. Let it never be forgotten that the great fast of the church identifies the temptation it commemorates with an objective source. Modern investigation may yet prove, what ancient inspiration has asserted, that chaotic spiritual regions infest the neighborhood of human life. But those too dull to feel susceptibility to these influences declare that they do not exist! Suppose the metals which do not respond to the loadstone should meet in convention, and pass a resolution that its power was imaginary! There have been periods in the world's history when knowledge of the unseen was poured upon men with Pentecostal power; also there have been epochs when mortals were tempted into abnormal relations with the lower spiritual world. And then the preacher

showed how materialistic prosperity, Sadducean blindness, and the pride of intellectual culture had darkened the faculty of supersensual discernment. The sermon closed with a glowing description of the tangible refutation of a doubter that had once been permitted in the room at Jerusalem when the doors were shut.

But it is impossible to give in shadowy outline words which swayed the listeners to and fro,—words as full of refinement as of fire. They came with the mighty rush of a river, which nevertheless yields to the graceful flexures of its bed. Truly the rector appeared to have risen to a sphere where realities behind appearances were laid bare. Certain medical pupils of Dr. Bense, whose slender purses necessitated the gallery, marveled that what seemed a towering spiritual ego should be no more than a secretion of that tremulous, half-effeminate organism. They puzzled over this great scientific verity instead of following the words of the last hymn, as it is clear they ought to have done.

That evening, as the minister sat in his study, awaiting the summons of Professor Hargrave, the reaction came. Fullness of life had been his a few short hours ago, yet his late elevation now appeared empty and deceptive. Why should a worn-out, good-for-nothing man arrest one momentary stage in a long series of bodily changes, and give that the name of life? This fidget of the nerves, these vaporous prognostics peeping at us from behind the curtain which conceals our destiny,—are not these also life? Ah, they are emphatically life, since according to our modern democratic notions they are the ruling majority of our sensations. Ministers get no exemption from these doleful questionings,—puppets keeping step with the music of their physical nutrition, as in this world the best of us are in some sort compelled to do.

The ring of the door-bell startled Mr. Greyson from his reverie. The message had come; a cap and ulster coat would be wanted, and the maid had thoughtfully brought them.

The rector shuddered as he passed into the street, but it was not from the snow-laden blast which struck him in the face; it was from doubt of the errand upon which he was bound.

"Add to your faith knowledge."

There was comfort in recalling the apostle's words; they were repeated more than once on the way to that older part of the city where the Hargraves lived.

II.

When Mr. Greyson entered the familiar parlor in Primrose street, he found Professor Hargrave engaged in a perplexed walk up and down the room, eyeing the carpet the while with the anxious inquiry of one who was deciphering some oracular message that had been woven into its pattern. Clara occupied her low sewing-chair near the table; as usual she seemed begirt with a blessed feminine atmosphere of light and encouragement,—the *ewigweibliche* which the dying lines of Goethe's poem point out as man's best guide along the dusky highway of the world.

The rector had become so much a part of the family that the conversation was not interrupted by his arrival.

"No, I cannot leave this to Greyson," exclaimed the professor, making a sudden pause in his movement. Now he is here, I had as lief say what I should say in his absence. The clergy are no better advisers than women on matters which involve a certain disturbance of personal feeling and personal taste. They attribute too much to petty social proprieties; they do not see that the large interests of the social organization must at times overrule them. No, my dear, your opinion is formed from a point of view quite outside the mode of thinking applicable to the subject. I have already succeeded in lifting some portion of that fog of assumptions and guesses in which the spiritual nature of man is enveloped. I have done little, to be sure, but what I have accomplished has been by the methods of scientific research."

"You mean what you have accomplished for others," said Clara, quietly. "The information gained by yourself, and which you have enabled me to receive, has surely been obtained by other methods, and is as certain as it is priceless. What was my knowledge before you enlarged its boundaries? A parrot-like repetition of the creed of my Spencerian Lectureship mingled with that of my church. One taught me that matter passed from indefinite coherent heterogeneity, and that this ponderous passage was effected by evolutionary processes; the other provided me with some phraseology equally mouth-filling, and both left me to the frivolous worldly life from which you raised me."

"And must all my time and study be lost?" remonstrated Hargrave. "I mean all that have been given to the methods and instruments which promise success in this experiment! No, I am not justified in wasting such an opportunity."

"No honest work can be lost to the doer of it,"

said his wife. "I say only that you are not bound to make a vulgar demonstration upon the lowest plane of a fact which better ways of research have established for as many as can profit by it."

"Despite the professor's uncivil remark about the clergy," said Mr. Greyson, "I think him the best judge of value of this experiment; and if it is to be made, I cannot justify myself in withholding such assistance as may be found in my presence."

"And that settles it," said Hargrave, with a triumphant glance at his wife. "Greyson must pardon me for thinking that he might falter, that he might not be the large-minded man he evidently is. We shall convince Bense that there is a spirit in man which survives death. We can win such men only by demonstration of positive science."

"I fear that nothing you can accomplish will move Dr. Bense," objected Clara. "There are conditions of organic density about him which will defy you."

"Well, we can prove that fact, at all events," rejoined the professor. "In the meantime, remember that the doctor has been put forward by the research people, and heads one of their committees. My associations with scientific bodies compel me to provide him with the sort of evidence he is able to appreciate."

"Is it not useless," said Clara, "to provide more evidence for those who will make no fair use of the evidence now at their disposal, for men who claim to be teachers before those whom they should come with the humility of learners? Let them first show courage and condor in dealing with the mass of evidence now accessible. Grant that the delicate apparatus you have so labored to perfect does its work, Dr. Bense will believe you to be a conjurer clever enough to deceive so good an observer as himself. He has already decided that men whose achievements in science are equal to yours are either tricked or tricksters in these matters."

"I must try to bend knees even as stubborn as his," rejoined Hargrave. "I do not fear the legitimate skepticism of science, and have twenty reasons for thinking that I shall convert Bense. But there is his step upon the stairs, so it will be as well to reserve them until after the event."

The sturdy, corpulent figure of Dr. Bense was now added to the party. Mixed with the good nature which always beamed from his face, there was a subdued sense of the comical, such as might be detected in one invited to walk into a quagmire upon the assurance that good substantial footing was there obtainable. The doctor was willing to go as far as the edge, and watch those who had lost sight of realities flounder in the mud. Classification was a point of pride with him. He was acquainted with most of the deteriorated varieties of humanity, and liked to put them under their proper headings in the noble volume of medical science.

"Thank you heartily for answering my summons," was the cordial greeting of Professor Hargrave. "I want you to witness an experiment which may result in giving you that evidence of a spiritual world which your society professes to be seeking."

"I am not aware that any society with which I am connected makes such profession," replied Dr. Bense. "We are seeking a remedy for that reversion to the delusions of our savage ancestors which the great forces of civilization are not yet able to prevent."

"I hope to be able to show you," continued the professor, undismayed by this dash of cold water, "that what we call the soul is a distinct entity, and does not depend on organic structure for its existence."

"Ah!" said the doctor, in a long drawn-out exclamation, and raising his eyebrows as far as a contraction of the occipito-frontalis muscle would carry them. "I am aware that some persons assert a zone of spiritual being, and then posit in man a faculty competent to its cognition. I can have nothing to do with any such circular reasoning. Do you propose to proceed by the methods which have given us all that science can recognize as knowledge?"

"Had I had any other purpose, you would not have been sent for," answered Hargrave, proudly. "I ask you to join me in a scientific investigation of the phenomena of death."

"Who is your subject?"

"Ephraim Peckster."

The eyebrows of the inquirer went up again at this reply.

"I have been with him this afternoon," continued Hargrave. "His mind is clear, though the body is hourly weakening. We have often talked over this matter, and he begged me, should he be called first, to see that his passage to the other world was aided for the increase of knowledge in this. I promised him that I would do so. To-day he sent me word that the time had come."

"I fear that our code of medical etiquette will prevent my intrusion," said Dr. Bense. "Who has the case?"

"Old Dr. Simpson, of Medville. Mr. Peckster's summer home is in that town, and he has unbounded confidence in its physician."

"Simpson was a good practitioner thirty years ago," remarked the doctor, "but he is far behind date. I'll wager he died him!"

"He did," assented the professor; "he declared that it gave him his only chance."

"The exploded practice!" muttered Dr. Bense. "No city physician would bleed for peritonitis, though our fathers thought there was nothing else to be done. Veratrum viride and the obvious antiphlogistics are now found to answer the purpose. Well, I suppose that although the disease has been conquered, the patient can retain nothing on his stomach, and is fast sinking from exhaustion?"

"You describe his condition as I understand it," said Hargrave. "At all events, Dr. Simpson has given him up, and is perfectly willing that you should assist at the experiment which Mr. Peckster has assured him he desires should be made. Mr. Greyson, the other witness I have selected, is now with us. Dr. Simpson may summon us by telephone at any moment."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



LEFT UNDONE.

It isn't the thing you do, dear—
It's the thing you've left undone—
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun;
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted,
Out of a brother's way;
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say:
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time or thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

The little act of kindness,
So easily out of mind;
Those chances to be angels
Which every mortal finds—
They come in night and silence—
Each chill, reproachful wraith—
When hope is faint and flagging
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear—
It's the thing you leave undone—
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

IN THE JOURNAL of November 21st was an article on "Woman Suffrage," contributed by "Edgeworth," in which he took exception to some of the positions advanced in a lecture by Mr. Underwood. In reply to that article Mrs. S. F. J. Fay, of Atlanta, Ga., has sent a letter which is deemed acceptable for this department of the paper, and is therefore printed below!

As a woman, a thinker, and a worker in the cause of progress [writes Mrs. Fay] I would like to reply to the article which appeared in THE JOURNAL of November, 21st on "Woman Suffrage," by Edgeworth.

Many of our deepest and most able minds are inclined to the views expressed by him, and my first impression on reading his article was that he was right, but on reconsideration, I found insurmountable objections to his theory. Ignorance and superstition are like the Siamese twins, and the condition of woman throughout Christendom is especially favorable to ignorance and superstition. But when liberalized by education, responsibility and contact with the world, I think women are quite as progressive as men. However that may be, we must look deeper for the solution of this problem. The right of suffrage is the right to defend ourselves against injustice. Women hold property,

pay taxes and mingle freely with the world in business and in society. Now the want of suffrage places them on a level with children, as regards personal importance or power, while thousands upon thousands of them have the burdens and responsibilities of men. They are not protected as children are by the public when private or family protection fails them through death, or what is worse, unfaithfulness. In many of the states there are laws in force at this day discriminating most inhumanly against woman, and making her the property of her husband without any rights in law. If women were voters how long would such laws remain on the statutes? Besides, whether politic or not, if woman has a right to liberty she must have a right to vote; for suffrage is the symbol and guarantee of liberty.

I know that many educated women who ought to have better sense, are working with might and main for theocratic government, that the country has always been to some extent the victim of ignorance and injustice, and is still in some danger; but only by a fair fight on the lines of absolute equity, can we ever hope for a victory worth having. The ignorant people must have their vote, and liberalists must defend themselves against injustice by educating them. An ignorant man's incompetence is no excuse for making him a slave; neither is woman's incompetence.

To protect ourselves against the possibility of theoretic government, it behooves us to work constantly and vigorously for the education of the masses. We must support lectureships and scatter the literature of liberty and liberalism with a free hand in every nook and corner of the land. The practical shrewdness of those who establish Bible societies, tract societies, missionary societies, and force into their service every imaginable device for proselytizing, would be a profitable study for us. But let us not imitate their injustice, and withhold liberty from a portion of our people, because we have the power to do so. Let us hold firmly to the faith that truth and right must prevail.

Suffrage limited to a class. Is not that the most complete, final and fatal class legislation that could be conceived? The want of suffrage is political slavery. Those who do not vote are required to obey laws, in the making of which they had no voice—is not that slavery? It is no doubt true that majority rule enslaves minority, but minority rule would enslave the majority; and the ignorant majority would not have the advantage of knowledge and tact to find their way out of slavery.

The pessimism which consigns the majority to a perpetual depravity seems to be the key-note to Edgeworth's article. Now the mass of mankind is steadily improving in character and intellect wherever there is a pretence of liberty; but where they are relegated to the jail of incompetence, they remain stunted and brutal forever, even when arts and science are most liberally patronized by their rulers. In this country the evolution of intellect has been wonderful during the last century. Hordes of ignorant and depraved immigrants have swarmed to our shore from every country on the globe. Here they have strutted and blustered and made themselves ridiculous, sometimes dangerous, but their sons and their sons' sons are now gentlemen, educated in our public schools, taking part, many of them in our most important social and political interests. And so the good work must go on. Our country must be protected against despotism, not by despotism but by liberty, education and "eternal vigilance." In the nature of equity, women have the same right to vote that men have. Whether they will vote to suit us or not is a different matter. Certain it is we have no right to make them do so against their will, nor to suppress their vote. The majority of them do not care to vote, but that does not effect their right to do so if they wish. Absolute right can never be the standard of a government, however, until the majority of the people are educated to a knowledge and appreciation of it. In the meantime let us not transpose the truth and think that "policy is the best honesty."

Mrs. Stowe used to go through the streets of Brunswick with a brown paper bundle and a new-bought broom,—the picture of the womanly independence you desire for the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," writes Charles Lewis Slattery in *New England Magazine* for December. But in a recent after-dinner speech in the town hall, a friend of "Freddy" Stowe's, when the Stowes lived in Brunswick, said that although Mrs. Stowe had written a book to thrill the world, her pies and cakes were abominable. One is inclined to think

that the economical and skillful Mrs. Stowe could have made good cake and pie if she had wanted to; but realizing how bad they were at best, she gloried in their weight and sour flour, because the hungry boy, once fed with them, would desire no more.

Dr. Ham Griffin, Mary Anderson's step-father, says: "Our Mary is sweeter, happier and prettier than ever, and her married life is simply a dream. She has no intention of ever returning to the stage, and has never had any such desire nor expressed since her marriage any wish to do so. When she married she put the stage away forever." He also says she has had an offer of \$10,000 from a newspaper publisher for a love story of thirty-six columns, but she does not think she will consider it.

Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont is reported as being engaged on an important piece of literary work, which has engrossed her attention for the past six months.

The Chicago Women's Club gave its first evening social of the year at the Art Institute last week. Lord and Lady Aberdeen were the guests of the club. The programme included a paper by Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson in answer to Mrs. Lynn Linton's "Wild Women" in the *Nineteenth Century*. Besides this there was music, both vocal and instrumental. An innovation in the usual course of the club's entertainments was dancing, which followed the other part of the programme.

The venerable Dr. Bartol writes to the *Critic* that Lowell owed part of his power to his mother, and he adds: "She was a woman of such force of character that her admiring physician had frequent opportunities to test her wit and will, and his own signal determination found such a foil as gave him occasion, with characteristic quaintness, to remark: 'Had it pleased the Lord to drop her spirit into the pantaloons, she would have been a great general.'"

Miss Anna Cora Ritchie, Thackeray's charming daughter, lives in a country house near London. She is a delicate, cultivated woman, and has an unusually large circle of friends, including some of the best known men and women of Europe and America. Her own fame as a novelist and the glory of her father's name are not so powerful in winning the friendship of the world as her own sincere, cordial manner.

Miss Olive Schreiner was one of the chief guests at a recent dinner given to the journalists of Cape Town, and herself replied to Sir Charles Metcalfe's complimentary reference to her as one "who had spread the knowledge of South African literature all the world over." Miss Schreiner is described by a contemporary as "of petite figure, with dark hair and eyes. She is a brilliant talker, and feels a vivid interest in public affairs."

A CLERGYMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

TO THE EDITOR: I am not a Spiritualist in the general acceptance of the term, but in reading over for the first time your paper, THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, placed in my hands by a person of intelligence, I have been so impressed with what I have read as to send you a brief statement of my own experience, and of what has come under my own personal observation. The names of all the parties referred to could be given, but the expediency of this might be questioned. I am and have been for many years a clergyman, and in evidence of my sincerity and good faith, enclose to you my card, with my address; not however for public use. Some years ago, when in charge of a parish in a neighboring state, and occupying the rectory of the church, a member of my family, a young lady grown, was amusing herself and some of her companions with a little board known as "planchette" watching the development. I was surprised and interested to find that the lead pencil attached to the board, wrote distinctly in a hand I at once recognized, and signed the name of the person believed to be the author of the communication made. The handwriting, readily recognized, appeared to be that of Bishop —, who had ordained me many years before to the ministry, and in whose piety and Christian character I had implicit confidence. He died at the South during the late civil war. Surprised at the recognition of the writing, I asked, is this communication from Bishop —? The reply was yes, from William. I

asked, will you dictate to me a sermon that I may preach to the world? The answer was "I am not writing or dictating sermons now." This was followed by the questions. Q. Can an evil spirit as well as good communicate with us from the other world? A. Yes, both. Q. Can we discriminate between them? A. Not always. The thought passed through my mind that that was very remarkable, which was answered as follows, before I had time to frame the thought in speech: A. Not more remarkable than that we cannot discriminate between the good and the bad in our daily intercourse with men here upon earth.

Suddenly a name was written, and the medium exclaimed, You are not dead! The answer came, Not dead, but in the world of spirit. Q. Where did you die? Ans. In South America. You don't believe it is I who communicate with you; I will prove it. Do you remember the tub race? Up to this time the whole thing had been treated lightly as a matter of amusement; every thing approaching levity ceased, and an expression of awe and solemnity marked the features of the medium. What does it mean? I asked; explain it! I give the answer as nearly as I can recall it. "Some years ago as you well know I attended the boarding school of Madam—. My room mate at this school was Miss Kitty—. On one occasion her mother came from her home in New York to visit her, and while on this visit, with the approval of her teacher, invited her to take a carriage drive with me, her room mate, and to choose the direction of the drive. It happened to be the day fixed upon by the students of the Polytechnic school in the neighborhood of the Ladies' Seminary, for a tub race on the river, which was largely attended by the better class of people in the city. Every thing was bright and promising, and the students, flattered by the presence of the young ladies, started in the race in a gay and frolicsome spirit. Suddenly the tub containing the young man whose name was written, by some accident turned bottom up, leaving him submerged in the water, covered with the tub, without any prospect in the brief time that followed, of getting relief. The excitement was great. When nearly drowned the young man was relieved from his perilous condition more dead than alive. It can occasion no surprise that this incident, which must have left a very strong impression upon his mind, should have been used for identification in reasoning with one in doubt, who yet had witnessed the startling accident. It was currently reported that this young man was the son of a wealthy contractor in San Francisco, whose business complications had been unfortunate, rendering it expedient for him to remove to Chili, or some other part of South America. Some years after, in traveling on a railway in the State of New York, I entered into conversation with a stranger, who was then and had been for many years a professor in the Institution to which I have alluded, and to my surprise learned from him that he was present at the tub race referred to, and that the young man who came so near being drowned by the upsetting of the tub was from San Francisco, and that the gentleman believed to be his father paid his bills." While the facts stated may not prove satisfactory the truth of spiritual communication, they are certainly interesting as furnishing a chain of corroborative evidence worthy of consideration.

The general tone of your paper, so eminently fair and just, ready to acknowledge and rebuke fraud and imposition, where an attempt is made to practice it, has emboldened me to address you upon the subject of spiritual communication, and to state briefly the reason why its further investigation was discontinued for a time, and then was ultimately ignored in my family. Among the many communications, some of which were received and welcomed with satisfaction, came others of an openly blasphemous character, which an effort to suppress developed in a most persistent determination, accompanied with profanity to get and hold possession of the board. The expressed determination then followed to have nothing more to do with it. Some months after however, in a spirit of frivolity, some of the young friends of the medium urged her to gratify them with the working of planchette, among the questions propounded by them being, will I ever marry? This question was repeated by the medium, with the addition "and if so, whom?" The answer was prompt and emphatic, yes! and a coffin drawn upon the paper. In a few weeks the medium who put these questions died from heart disease, having put planchette aside, never to resume its use again. X.



LILLY DALE.

TO THE EDITOR: I am just home from a tour of five weeks eastward, of which it must suffice to say that it was pleasant and satisfactory.

I spent a Sunday at Lilly Dale camp grounds to note the changes in ten years since my last visit there soon after the opening of the grounds. Then stumps and bogs were plenty, houses few, and those few only board shanties, and a hotel very plain yet comfortable. Now I find the streets cleared, the forest back left standing, but cleaned up; two hundred neat cottages, some large houses, forty or more resident families, a library hall, school house, stores and post office, the great auditorium boarded up for winter shelter, and a large hotel for summer use. The feeling in the vicinity is that village, camp ground, school and library have come to stay; and no liquor being allowed on the premises gives all a good name. While doubtless the managers may make some mistakes, their general course and aims command confidence and maintain harmony. Mr. and Mrs. Skidmore make their home on the pleasant street looking upon the fine lake, and are devoted to the best interests of the enterprise.

I cannot close without bearing my testimony to the varied excellence and high character of the last numbers of THE JOURNAL—full of interest they are.

DETROIT, MICH. G. B. STEBBINS.

IDENTITY OF SPIRITS.

TO THE EDITOR: As the identity of spirit is a subject often treated and by many deemed impossible, I have thought a brief account of one of my experiences with phenomena attending an investigation would help in the solution of the problem. I appreciate the difficulty of demonstrating the identity of the personality of the alleged spirit; and no one more fully realizes this than one who has been studying the subject for forty years. What constitutes the evidence of identity may be different among investigators; hence until some definite statement is made and agreed upon the difficulty remains.

In reference to the alleged spirit mentioned in my statement of September 12th, in THE JOURNAL, I would relate as follows: When, after several weeks of exercise of the arm and hand automatically, the character of the writings changed to communications, giving information upon many subjects, and among them was one giving the name, former residence, occupation etc., of the control who was now, it was declared, a spirit decarnated who once lived as aforesaid on this earth in a human body. A letter was written to parties residing in the town, and answer was made confirming in every particular the statements made in the communication. After some further tests the spirit became one of our especial friends and was always welcomed to our family firesides. So far as could be ascertained all those who were familiar with the early visits of our friend were entirely ignorant of the person ever having lived on this planet.

The medium very soon after this became clairvoyant and clairaudient, and on the announcement of the presence of this spirit friend a season of extreme felicity was expected, and very often realized. This was continued for a space of ten years, or until the breaking out of the civil war, when our neighbor was drafted and went into the army. We made many experiments with him during that time. Some said he was controlled by electricity, so we would put his chair and stool in glass tumblers, isolating him, but it made no difference; the control came all the same, always asserting his personality. Even after the visitors had left for their home the spirit would inform those who remained of their conversation while on their way.

During one of my interviews with our spirit friend I asked him to give me some token that I could show my friends as coming from him. He said he would if possible. In due time the medium informed me that our spirit friend wished to fulfill his promise, and if I would be present at such a time he would attempt it. On my way to meet the appointment I purchased a quire of letter paper, not knowing the nature of the effort he would make. I

took with me an intimate friend, and on arriving at the house we went into a chamber, with no one present but the three, the medium, friend and myself. The medium seated himself on one side a melodeon and I took a seat on the opposite side. I locked the instrument and hung the key on the wall; turned light down so as just to see the objects in the room. The medium worked the bellows of the instrument; a familiar tune was produced audibly. I then put two inkstands on the melodeon, one with blue and the other containing red ink, and two pens. I took a large silk handkerchief and bound it around his head, completely covering his eyes. He took his seat one side, and after I had reduced the light so that I could only just discern the objects in the room, I took two sheets of the paper I had brought with me and placed them on the top of the instrument and took my seat opposite the medium, as close as I could sit, with the sheets of paper clearly in my view. After about twenty minutes I took the sheets of paper and the following was found upon them:

PROGRESSIVE.

No, never can you lose the worth,
Of what you learn while here on earth;
And should your spirit's hope grow weak,
Or should you ever doubt the power,
This lofty scene again you'll seek,
At a future calm and peaceful hour;
And here, at the sublimest shrine
That nature ever reared to thee,
Rekindle all that hope divine,
And feel your immortality.

FREEMAN KNOWLES.

The word "Progressive" is written in ornamental hand in red and blue ink, and the text in symmetrical long hand in blue ink, and his signature is also written in ornamental hand in red and blue ink. After many years of study of this subject, with many individuals in private and public positions, I am convinced that the identity of the personality of the spirit is by preponderance of the evidence fully proven. I know not whether the poem is original or quoted, but my friend Knowles gave me to understand it was original.

A. B. PLIMPTON.

SPIRIT MUSIC.

TO THE EDITOR: In 1832 I was at a spiritual gathering of a few friends when the name of a Miss Julia Ann M—, a former familiar associate, was spelled out to me. I bethought me of imploring her aid in the condoleance of my wife for the loss of our child, which she readily assented to, but in what way I was only left to imagine. In this state of uncertainty I returned to my home. As usual I found my wife bemoaning the child's death. In her paroxysms of grief she would exclaim, that if she had done this or that thing the child might be still alive. Her nights were sleepless for three weeks subsequent to the child's death; and I really became alarmed for my wife's intellect.

This Miss Julia Ann was in her day remarkable for her perception of music and her vocal powers. Well, I arrived home, and as usual found my wife in an inconsolable state of grief, but as it were by effort I was soon asleep. In the morning I was aroused by my wife's saying, "O, what heavenly music I heard last night!" "Some passenger" I remarked, "on his way homeward from the ferry, I suppose." "Far, far better than that. For it was in this very room and I remember the words; it was 'Love not ye hapless sons of clay.' I wonder it did not wake you up."

It certainly had a very beneficial effect upon her mind. From that musical séance she seldom whimpered at the child's death, but looked upon death rationally.

BROOKLYN, L. I.

D. B.

FIRST MEDIUMISTIC EXPERIENCE.

TO THE EDITOR: Perhaps a leaf from my experience will be of interest to some skeptical mind, as previous to becoming a medium. I was as strongly a skeptic as one can well be. I knew nothing of Spiritualism. There were a few in my circle of acquaintances who were believers in spirit return, but while I thought them sincere, I pitied them in their delusion. I had no idea of what spiritual philosophy was; indeed, had not given it sufficient thought to inquire. I had become a firm materialist, when I was spoken to by spirits. Alone at night, in my room, earnestly thinking of an early ride some miles away into the country, which would necessitate early rising, I stood before my mirror, when a very loud rap, as with a heavy stick, came on the wall behind me.

Soon another still louder came. I turned and said: "Well, what is it?" Instantly there came three still louder raps in quick succession, as if it was a messenger in very great haste. I was transfixed to the spot; then sank into a chair, and shook with fear! Then like an electric flash of light, all fear left me and I thought: It is all true. Spirits can come back. They are in this room, and I am what I detested, a medium. I was not afraid as I turned off the gas, and laid down on my bed; but I did not sleep. The raps continued around every part of the room, and over my bed, and on my pillow all night. Although I did not close my eyes in sleep during the night, I rose refreshed in the morning, in time for the early train. My invisible visitors went with me, making their presence known by continued raps on my clothing. I did not mention my startling experience to any one. The evening after my arrival at my destination, sitting by a table talking to a friend, I picked up a pencil without any thought of writing, but as a slip of paper was lying close by I touched it with the pencil as I talked; soon I began to realize that the pencil was moving as if to write and was startled when it wrote out plainly the word "Medium." Immediately I knew that it was done by influence of spirits and that they wrote that name to let me know that they rather enjoyed my chagrin at finding that I would be obliged to confess to the world that I was a medium, as they desired me to. I received some very strange messages, others amusing, and many times some which were so pathetic as to bring tears to the eyes of the many who called to witness the phenomena. Many other phases of mediumship have been given me; but that which is most worthy of note to an investigator, is the instruction I have received; as I soon became very clairaudient, and conversed with them as fully and freely as one person can talk with another. They followed out a line of instruction peculiar to themselves, and in a manner entirely at variance with any mortal's idea of teaching—but they knew me and my skeptical nature. At the end of a few months I conversed with some of my friends who were Spiritualists. They said I must go to a developing circle and be developed, but in talking with such mediums as Mrs. Watson and others who had attained to a high plane of spirit unfoldment, and in my earnest search for truth, asking them many questions, I found I had already been well taught in spiritual philosophy.

In view of the fact that I was a materialist when I was first conscious of a plural presence; that I was bitterly prejudiced against mediums, classing them all as frauds because some had been proven to be so; that I knew nothing and did not desire to know anything of their so-called philosophy (as I termed it), "is it subconsciousness or what?" I have given but a very brief outline of my experience, but I think sufficient for the earnest, sincere skeptic to see that no one can answer so well the questions that searchers after psychical knowledge are trying to solve, as those who have passed beyond the pale of doubts, because they know.

(MRS.) ELIZABETH STRANGER.

MUSKOGON, MICH.

HOW I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

TO THE EDITOR: In the month of September, 1888, I, sitting in my parlor reading the *Enquirer*, happened to read the column about Spiritualism. I began to ponder upon it and made up my mind to investigate and see for myself. Accordingly I went to consult with a medium and was somewhat surprised when she told me of things that no living mortal knew but myself. I then went to a séance, but was disgusted. I was a skeptic and very conservative, being a member of the M. E. Church; had been for many years. What puzzled me was, if there is good in Spiritualism why are all orthodox ministers opposed to it? But what has been the result of my investigations? This: I am a firm believer and advocate of the truth, but I would say to all, don't believe unless you can investigate and prove or have it proven to you. The majority of people are not willing to talk about these things and they put the experience as something unaccountable or credit it to imagination; but let it be what it will, it gives us solid comfort, for what can satisfy the yearnings of the soul more than to feel and know that our dear ones who have laid aside this mortal body are ever near us to cheer us on our way. We cannot see them with the physical eye, but we can spiritually. I love to sit alone, with no human being near me,

and turn my mind inward to catch the faintest whisperings of my dearest friends who have gone before, but I am not alone; they are with me. The one that first taught me the philosophy of Spiritualism has joined that innumerable throng. I shall be happy and only too glad to have all my friends investigate as I did. That is all I ask. You will throw aside the dogmas and come with us.

A. B. COPELAND.

THE FAITHIST'S BIBLE.

TO THE EDITOR: In a recent number of THE JOURNAL, under the heading "The Faithists in Court," sneering expressions were used in regard to that most remarkable of all books—"Oahspe."

I am not a faithist, nor have I any personal knowledge of any legal contentions they may be engaged in; but the bible of their faith has, for several months past, closely excited my attention. I do not think any one can give this strange and wonderful work a fair examination without becoming convinced that it is, to say the least, an unexplainable literary phenomenon.

I venture to predict that the time will come when "Oahspe" will demand the attention it truly deserves.

A few weeks ago, THE JOURNAL published a letter from Dr. A. R. Wallace, concerning the "Spirit World." In that letter Dr. Wallace said that the statement in that book, that neither light, nor heat came from the sun to the earth, would prejudice scientific men against the "Spirit World." "Oahspe" not only upholds the statement in Dr. Wallace's work but demonstrates it. The internal evidence in "Oahspe" of the truths of Spiritualism, outside of ocular evidence, has done more to convince me of the genuineness of the spiritual philosophy than anything else. It is for this reason that I ask THE JOURNAL not to kick against the strongest prop (in my opinion) that Spiritualism has.

TRUTH.

HE HAS A BIG HEAD.

There is a man in this city who has the biggest head in the world, says a Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Record*. His name is Loftus Jones Parker, and his head measures a little more than thirty-two inches around. The girth of the average man's head is about twenty-one inches. Mr. Parker is forty-eight years old, and is a respected citizen of the capital. He has been a business-man, with a place on Louisiana avenue near State street, but for about twenty years he has been leading a retired life. He did not retire upon the accumulation of an active business career, as many worthy men do, but upon a bonus or subsidy given by three noted physicians of Washington, who wanted to secure his remarkable head for an autopsy when he came to shake off the mortal coil. That subsidy was begun twenty years ago. He was then twenty-eight years old, and the enterprising medicine men thought that he would not live much longer. They could not see how a man with so big a head and so small a body to feed it could hold out beyond thirty-three years, the average of human life. So the endowment was set aside for his maintenance, the conditions being that he was not permanently to leave the District of Columbia and that the doctors were to have his body for scientific purposes when he had no further use for it. The correspondent had a talk with this great physical curiosity the other day. He has a pretty clear head, but there is a striking peculiarity about his mental processes which has led some of the experts to think that he has in his prodigious skull two distinct brains, which sometimes work in unison and sometimes do not. Dime-museum people have been after him for ten years, but, being provided for amply, his sense of family pride has led him to refuse all offers. Afterward he remarked, with a glance of cool shrewdness, that, if it was any object to anyone to know it, two out of the three doctors in question were dead. Then he added, still with a strange expression of cunning on his Quilpike countenance: "In regard to the third one I think my lease of life is about as good as his." A good many people about Washington believe that it is a simple case of hydrocephalus or water-head, though this notion is seemingly negated by the fact that this ailment has never been known to allow its victim to enjoy forty-eight years of life, good health and good wit.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

A Chicago Bible Class. By Ursula N. Gestefeld. New York: United States Book Co., successors to J. W. Lovell & Co., 150 Worth St. 1891. pp #05. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

This work contains a number of essays in which there is thoughtful discussion of religious question based on passages from the Jewish and Christian scriptures. The author's views are very broadly and liberally Christian; and the numerous scripture passages which she quotes she interprets in a way to make them harmonize with rational philosophical and religious thought. For instance the account of Adam's disobedience and fall is regarded as merely figurative, illustrative of the experience of every person, by means of which it is learned what sin actually is. Adam was thus a type of the race. Jesus too is held up as a type of mankind, advanced to its highest possibilities. In becoming what Jesus typically represents we are redeemed from sin through atonement, the sin which began with Adam. In this way, as by one man, death entered the world and all men became sinners, by Jesus, the highest type-man is the atonement effected, and mankind spiritually saved. Most readers will probably think that Mrs. Gestefeld gives some scripture passages rather strained interpretations to avoid their natural but obvious meanings, but such even will admire her ingenuity, and all readers of the book will have to admit that it contains much inspiring and elevating thought. The discussions admit of condensation which would increase their value.

MAGAZINES.

The Westminster Review for November, published in this country by the Leonard Scott Publication Co., contains several noteworthy and valuable articles relative to woman and woman's work. Arabella Kenealy writes on "The Surplus of women," and Margaret McMillan on "The Woman's Labor Day," a study of women's work and its possibilities. John Downie compares "The Scottish and Irish Unions," and his historical study is well supplemented by a survey of "The Outlook in Ireland," by J. F. Hogan. There is an interesting article on "Side Lights of the Sweating Commission," dealing with some phases of lower life in London. The number has other valuable contributions, and concludes with the usual varied and trustworthy reviews of recent books under the general title of "Contemporary Literature." This is a special feature of the *Westminster*, and is one of its most valuable parts.—The *New England Magazine* for December, opens with an interesting study of Canadian journalism by Walter Blackburn Harte. Mr. Harte's remarks, "In a Corner at Dodsley's," on the tendencies of contemporary literature to dispense altogether with literary men, will also interest and amuse journalists and literatures. Herbert D. Ward contributes a story, full of humor and quiet pathos, called "Only an Incident." "Pen Pictures of the Bosphorus" is a cleverly written study of impressionism in words by Alfred D. F. Hamlin. An interesting series of articles under the caption of "Stories of Salem Witchcraft" by W. S. Nevins is begun in this number. The illustrations are thickly strewn through the *New England Magazine's* articles, and are a feature of the magazine. One of Lillie B. Chace Wyman's appealing Anti-Slavery articles called "Black and White," with reminiscences of Lucy Stone, has a place in this number.—The *Christmas Wide Awake* is as gay as old Santa Claus himself, and it is a big pack of holiday delights. Its exquisite frontispiece, in color, is from the terra cotta bas-relief "Day and Night" by Caroline Hunt Rimmer, daughter of Dr. Rimmer the late famous Art-Anatomist. Rarely has anything more beautiful been given in a magazine. Perhaps the story that will attract the most attention is the first one of the "Fair Harvard" series, "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of," by John Mead Howells. The opening story is as delicious and fresh: "How Christmas Came in the Little Black Tent," by Mrs. Charlotte M. Vaile. There is a great range of story, ballad, and picture, all full of the Christmas spirit. D. Lothrop Company: Boston.—The *Atlantic Monthly* for December, opens with the second part of Mr. James' "Chaperon." This is followed by a paper the first of the series of such articles on "Joseph Severn and His Correspondents." The correspondents are Richard Westmacott, the painter,

George Richmond, the painter, John Ruskin and Seymour Kirkup. Professor A. V. G. Allen, writes sympathetically of "The Transition of New England Theology," a paper which is based on the teachings of Dr. Hopkins; and Mr. Lafcadio Hearn continues his Japanese sketches in a paper on "The Most Ancient Shrine of Japan," a shrine never before visited by a foreigner, and the treasures of which Mr. Lafcadio Hearn describes with his usual vivid color. Miss Repplier has a paper on "The Praises of War," and tells about the poets who have sung them, giving quotations from some of the most stirring war ballads and war songs which celebrate "the deeds that belong to all ages and all nations, a heritage for every man who walks this troubled earth." The editor announces for the January number the beginning of a serial entitled "Don Orsino," by F. Marion Crawford, author of "Sant Ilario," "Saracinesca," etc., and an article by Henry James on Lowell's London Life.—*The Christmas Century* is pervaded with the spirit of Christmas, and both directly and indirectly touches upon the Christian celebration. The frontispiece is a reproduction of the painting of "The Holy Family" by Du Mond, a young American artist, who presents in this picture an original conception of the subject. The number also contains engravings of modern pictures relating to Christmas. Quite appropriate to the season is Mr. Stillman's article on "Raphael," accompanied by Mr. Cole's engraving of "The Madonna of the Goldfinch," made especially for this number, and three other examples of Raphael's work—the *Zeneas* and *Parnassus* groups from the Vatican, and the portrait of *Maddalena Doni*. Relating to the season also are four stories: "The Christmas Shadrach," by Frank R. Stockton; "A Christmas Fantasy, with a Moral," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "Wulfy: A Waif," a Christmas ketch from life by Miss Vida D. Scudder, and "The Rapture of Hetty," by Mrs. Mary Hallow Foote, illustrated by a full-page drawing by the writer. The Mozart centenary is the occasion of a paper by Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason, author of "The Women of the French Saloons," entitled "Mozart." Many other fine articles by eminent authors appear in this number.—*Our Little Ones* for December is full of bright stories and pretty pictures for the small boys and girls. We wish they could all have copies of this little nursery monthly. \$1.50 per year. Single copies, 15cts. The Russell Publishing Co., 196 Summer St. Boston, Mass.

The Art Institute of Chicago. The annual report of the trustees of the *Art Institute of Chicago* for the year ending June 2, 1891, including report of the director, the curator of classical antiquities, catalogue of members, donations and treasurer's report, etc., is just now being distributed. It can be marked as the red letter year in the history of the institute. The prospect for commodious quarters in the near future, after being cramped for room, is excellent. The city council, the World's Fair Directory, and the friends of art have worked harmoniously in accomplishing the best possible results. The World's Fair will appropriate \$200,000 for the building, the city gives the lot, and the friends of the Institute are expected to furnish the other \$400,000 necessary for the building. The institute is one in which the city may well take a pride.

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THE TORMENTS OF THE DAMNED. With iron bands they bind their hands And cross feet together, And cast them all, both great and small, Into that lake, forever.

THE BLISS OF THE SAINTS. The saints behold with courage bold And thankful wonderment, And see all those who were their foes Thus sent to punishment.

THE DOOM OF UNBAPTIZED INFANTS. You sinners, are and such a share As sinners may expect; Such shall you have, for I do save None but mine own elect.

A crime it is; therefore in bliss You may not hope to dwell, But unto you I shall allow The easiest room in hell.

There paused the bard, as though he feared The awful theme would craze him. And turned his ear as if to hear The hosts of heaven praise him.

In solemn mood the angels stood, Unused to jokes or sinning; Each tuned his lyre to praise God's ire, Yet none could keep from grinning.

Then said the Son: "I see the fun This thing will cause hereafter, Millions unborn will read with scorn And shake their sides with laughter."

Then spoke the Lord: "Upon my word, I have not found on earth So great an ass eschewing grass As old Mike Wigglesworth."

Next came a sound from depths profound— From Satan, prince of evil: "Those priests," quoth he, "for cruelty Outdo the very devil."

Then came there Mary, robed in holiness; The love of God beamed from her queenly eye, Till round her shone an atmosphere to bless All infant souls; serene and motherly, She with charmed lips and musical caress Hushed with a holy tenderness each sigh, Till, smiling in angelic loveliness, Those infant pilgrims of eternity— Each fair young spirit of that countless host— Slept neath the shadow of the Holy Ghost, —R. C. CRANE, 1891.

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APPENDIX.
This covers eight pages and was not included in the American edition. It is devoted to a brief account of a young medium who under spirit influence wrote poetry of a high order. Extracts from these poetic inspirations are given. The appendix is an interesting and most fitting conclusion of a valuable book.

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WILL CELEBRATE THEIR GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

He was an old man of seventy-eight. His life had always been one of toil; a carpenter by trade, he worked until two or three days before entering spirit-life. Pneumonia the physician called it, but it matters little by what route he crossed the mysterious border. His was a rounded-out and perfect character—leastwise as perfect as one can grow on this plane of life. Thomas G. Howland was his name and Providence, R. I., his home. Unknown to fame, modest and retiring in his nature, Mr. Howland was a man of more than ordinary intellectual strength and of the highest character. In all our long list of correspondents we can scarcely name one whose letters were more welcome and strength-giving than those of this well-poised man. We never met him face to face, but have no doubt we shall one of these days. He passed away on November 19th, during our absence from home. He had requested that Mr. J. Frank Baxter should deliver his funeral discourse and his wish was complied with. On November 23rd, Mr. Baxter officiated in the presence of a throng of long-time friends.

Thomas and Phoebe Howland had traveled life's journey together for nearly fifty years. The golden anniversary of their wedding will be in April, 1892; and

Mr. Howland referring to the event while in health, had said they would celebrate it if he lived in this world; if not, then in the Spirit-world. The loving couple had grown closer together as the years rolled by. The magnetic bonds were indissoluble, not even death could rend them. So when the golden bowl was broken and the silver cord loosened for Thomas, and he was ushered into the grand scenes of the new life, the event was too great a shock for his aged companion to endure. Four days after his form had been consigned to the grave, his beloved Phoebe joined him in the Summer Land. United in life they were scarcely parted at death. When taking her last look at the cofined form, the wife said; "We will celebrate our golden wedding together in the Spirit-world." The bride of his youth, the stay and comfort of his old age could not tarry behind. The bridegroom of fifty years ago lingered near that he might be the first to greet his dearest, and with her set up a home in a "house not made with hands."

"In the bowers and beside the crystal streams of that high and holy Home," wrote Mary Fenn Davis, "begins the new life of the late enfranchised being. Blessings and beauties before undreamed of in her wildest imaginings cluster thick around her. Avenues to knowledge, wisdom, and progression open on every hand. Loving eyes beam upon her, gentle hands clasp her own. . . . The mighty soul which once struggled in vain to force its way through its limitations now rises up and claims its kindred and its destiny. Deep gratitude fills her being for the kindly ministrations of Death, and in the garden of an eternal Eden she is forever blest."

When next the Easter bells ring out their joyous peals on earth the marriage bells of heaven will summon guests to the golden wedding of Thomas and Phoebe Howland,—and some of us who read these lines may be among the number.

READERS SHOULD BE SUPPORTERS.

The following editorial under the above heading from *The Banner of Light* gives a glimpse of one of the obstacles freethought papers have always had to contend against: It may be comforting if not immediately encouraging to Brother Colby to be told that a few thousand years hence things will be different. In that good time coming when the race has mastered those mean and selfish survivals of its infancy as yet so marked, and has in its upward struggle reached that grand religio-philosophical plane which lies on the road to eternal happiness, publishers and editors will never have a care or an anxiety as to finance. The investigator of that day though he carry an electric light of a million candle power will fail to find the man or woman who seeks to get something for nothing, or fails to express the courage of convictions and to support the exponent of what is to them truth. In the meantime all of us publishers and editors must keep a stiff upper lip and scrub along as best we can. But here is the testimony of veterans. Read it and then put a blue mark around it so that those who borrow your copy of THE JOURNAL will see it and hand it to some other person whom they think it hits:

The late J. P. Mendum of *The Investigator* on one occasion recited editorially his experience in publishing a freethought paper, and remarked that while many liked to read, few cared to pay for the privilege. "There have been scores of low-priced liberal papers published within the last fifty years," he said, "and there were freethinkers enough to give them a liberal support. Did they do it? No. *The Investigator* is the only paper that has struggled for fifty years and still lives." Then he proceeded to show some Wisconsin correspondents, who said the only objection made to his paper out there was its price—

"too high"—that that is the very excuse men make when they don't care to help along a cause, but want others to support what they get the benefit of. "So long as good, paying subscribers are willing to furnish them gratis with books and papers," he said, "they will not put out their means to buy either."

Yielding to this oft-repeated objection the price of *The Investigator*, he says, was reduced, but the act did not result in the hearty support expected. Such, at the time of making it, was the criticism of that veteran freethought publisher. What shall be said of certain Spiritualists (who copy this action of the liberals, (?) so-called,) who, while boasting that they number by the millions, and while proving as eager as ever to peruse weekly the thoroughly prepared pages of *The Banner*, declined to send in their subscriptions to it, borrow rather than buy it for reading, and practice every scheme of evasion possible to event in order to get rid of supporting the paper on which they steadily rely, and whose disappearance they would unquestionably regret? If they want a paper like *The Banner*, it is their duty to support it. Nov. 21, 1891, B. of L.

MISS JUDSON.

Than Miss Abby Judson, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, we know of no one better qualified by heredity, acquirements and character to present the ethical and religious aspects of Spiritualism to intelligent people. The daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, both missionaries, Miss Abby inherits a deeply religious nature, fired with genuine love of humanity and altruistic spirit so essential for pioneer and missionary work in the field of progressive religion. She has the courage of her convictions as has been amply proven. If her zeal has pushed her faster in her new field than was compatible with her worldly interests she is the only sufferer, and is entitled to additional sympathy and support in consequence. In Minneapolis there is a considerable number of influential Spiritualists and many other people of standing in full sympathy with the claims of Spiritualism who cannot do better than to encourage and assist Miss Judson in the noble work to which she has consecrated her life and fine abilities. That she may have made mistakes in judgment is quite likely; they were to be expected in one of an ardent temperament, fresh in a field heretofore untraveled by her; but if she has, she possesses the courage and strength of character to remedy them. The JOURNAL cordially commends Miss Judson to the public, not as its representative in doctrines or methods, nor as the representative of any sect or newspaper, but as an honest and talented exponent of Spiritual truth as she sees it.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer lectured during November in Brooklyn, N. Y., where she was formerly stationed for several years. Her old friends rallied to listen once more to her inspiring and logical discourses; and hundreds of new seekers gained fresh hope from her. At the close of her services on the 29th ult., at Conservatory Hall, Judge Dailey expressed the sentiment of the audience in regrets at her departure and hopes of an early return and long engagement.

A correspondent reports that Abby N. Burnham, of Boston, lectured in Watertown and Normal, N. Y. during October and November to steadily increasing audiences. Miss Burnham's permanent address is Station A, Boston, Mass.

Our old subscriber and occasional correspondent, Captain B. R. Pegram, has been appointed to the responsible position of Superintendent of the Union Pacific railroad's ocean and river lines at Portland, Oregon. For twenty years Captain Pegram commanded some of the finest boats on the Mississippi, and he has been the recipient of valuable presents from distinguished travelers who have had the pleasure of travel-

ing with him, among the rest, a gold ring from Grand Duke Alexis. THE JOURNAL congratulates the U. P. on the wisdom of its appointment.

Correspondents in cities and wherever there is postal carrier service will confer special favor by invariably prefacing their letters with their street and number; and this no matter how often they write or however familiar with their address we are presumed to be.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson is lecturing in San Jose, Cal., during this month; and has been kept busy filling engagements within easy distance of her range, Sunny Brae, as it is so happily named.

MRS. ABBIE N. BURNHAM.

To THE EDITOR: Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham, of Boston, Mass., has just completed a most successful engagement here of four weeks, and now goes to other fields of labor; for like all our best speakers, her time seems to be fully employed. Her audiences have been good from the first, and constantly increased, and great interest was manifested.

She is an excellent speaker and so far as our experience has gone, has no superior as a test medium; and to this is added the manners of a perfect lady, refined and courteous in the highest degree. The very best wishes of the society go with her, and we hope at no distant day that her engagements will permit her to give us at least another month's time.

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