

RELIGIO THE SOPHICAL PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The astronomer Camille Flammarion announces in the *Revue Spirite* the death of his father at the advanced age of eighty-one years.

A newspaper dispatch from Fremont, Michigan, says that Thomas Henry, an inmate of the poor-house there, was found dead in a piece of woods near the poor-house on the 16th inst., after a long search. Another inmate had dreamed three different times of seeing Henry in the place where he was found, and this led to the discovery of his body.

Miss Kate Field's words in regard to the removal of duties from works of art, uttered at the reception given her, were timely and sensible. In a new country like this, especially, the cultivation of artistic taste needs to be cultivated, and this can best be done not by making the works of the great masters difficult to obtain, but by encouraging their importation and the study of them by all who feel any interest or pleasure in art.

A newly imported malcontent is reported as illustrating his ideas of mechanics as a science in the following eloquent words: De t'ing dat is made is more superior dan de maker. I shall show you how in some t'ings. Suppose I make de round wheel of de coach. Ver' well; dat wheel roll round 500 mile, and I can not roll one myself! Suppose I am a cooper, what you call, and I make the big tub to hold beer. He holds tuns and gallons, and I can not hold more than five quart! So you see dat what is made is more superior dan de maker.

Mr. Wm. Woodville Rockhill's deeply interesting book, "The Land of the Lamas," contains a reference to the mysteries of the theosophists. When Mr. Rockhill was at the great lamasery—Thibetan monastery, that is—of Serkok, he told the inmates of "our esoteric Buddhists, the Mahatmas, and the wonderful doctrines which they claimed to have obtained from Thibet. They were immensely amused. They declared that though in ancient times there were, doubtless, saints and sages who could perform some of the miracles now claimed by the esoterists, none were living at the present day, and they looked upon the school as rankly heretical, and something approaching to an imposition on our credulity." Keen sighted people, these lamas.—*The Two Worlds*.

Multitudes have believed in hell and everlasting damnation and many self-righteous and revengeful persons have been concerned lest possibly their enemies should escape the fire that was supposed never to go out, but now Archdeacon Farrar disposes of the hell which has been believed in so long and by millions on millions on Bible authority, in the following manner: "Where would be the popular teachings about hell if we calmly and deliberately erased from our English Bible the three words, 'damnation,' 'hell' and 'everlasting.' Yet I say unhesitatingly—I say,

claiming the fullest right to speak with the authority of knowledge—I say, with the calmest and most unflinching sense of responsibility—I say, standing here in the sight of God, and my Savior, and it may be of the angels and spirits of the dead, that not one of these words ought to stand any longer in our English Bible, for in our present acceptance of them they are simply mistranslations." What next?

Scotland is fast losing its distinction as the home of religious conservatism. A few Sundays ago the Rev. J. H. Crawford, the esteemed pastor of a Presbyterian church in Dundee, made a plea in his sermon for cheap theaters. After calling attention to the hordes of semi-savage people in Dundee, for whom there are no recreations except the liquor-shop, he declared that the only way to humanize them was to give them some innocent amusement. What was needed was a place where the poor could go, not only where nothing debasing could be seen, but where precisely the noblest conceivable influences would be brought to bear upon them in precisely the most attractive way. He did not know on whose shoulders Elijah's mantle would fall—whether the theater was to be the church of the future or not—but he knew this, that they could make very dull people understand in the theater; they could make very callous people weep in the theater; and they could make very vicious and bad-living people ashamed of themselves in the theater, and this at least was in the direction of doing the church's work.

M. Aveling, the young Danish medium, is now occupying the attention of that faction of Paris which amuses or interests itself in the phenomena of Spiritualism, writes a French correspondent of *La Verite*. M. Aveling does not speak a word of French, yet when the fit is upon him he writes answers to mental questions in French, and in the very handwriting of deceased authors, composers, and great historical celebrities. The latest sensation is the caligraphy of Balzac reproduced by the Danish gentleman innocent of French, and some very clever opinions of modern fictionists, including Zola, by the defunct philosopher of romance. But the joke is that Balzac asserts that he has spectrally superintended the adaptation of his own "Père Goriot" at the Theatre Libre, and that he was in the middle of the balcony stalls at its first representation. The fact is that the centre stall is occupied by M. Francisque Sarcey, and that Balzac jocularly added that he had sat on that distinguished critic's lap. As I send you this, I need not add that many eyes are turned in the direction of M. Sarcey, who has the comely Madame Séverine by his side, whilst a strange figure close by actually resembles Balzac, but is in reality a Portuguese gentleman from Faro. Of "Père Goriot" itself little need be said. It is interesting but rather dreary. In fact it is easy to believe that MM. Tabarant and Antoine have taken their hints from Balzac's ghost.

The Conservative papers and leaders in England, according to recent dispatches, are trying to educate the public into approval of a parliamentary grant raising the income of the recently affianced Duke of Clarence and Avondale to £25,000 yearly. The Queen, it is understood, will not consent to open the

coming session of Parliament, unless the cabinet will assent to the proposal. The ministers in the meantime are unwilling to go further than propose a dower for Princess Victoria Mary, or an annuity of £5,000 as a marriage settlement. The radicals will agree to a moderate dower, but to no further grant to the Duke of Clarence, and if the government venture to ask for a special provision for him the opposition reckons on a vote of 200 against the measure. This, though a minority, will take the heart and cordiality out of the grant and be a pill for the royal family, besides weakening the cause of the government in the coming elections. The Emperor and Empress of Germany, the King of Greece and a host of German and Danish princelings will come to the wedding of the duke and princess. The bridal dress will be purely of English make, Spitalfields looms producing the brocade for the train, while the trimming of lace will be Honiton. The goods for the princess' outfit include Irish laces and poplins and Scotch tartans. The Ladies' Rational Dress Association are preparing to donate largely to the trousseau.

A contributor to the *Chicago Herald* says: The announcement that the late English minister to France was a firm believer in Spiritualism will occasion no surprise among people who are familiar with the fascination which occultism in its various phases always possessed for the Lyttons, both father and son. It is well known that the first Lord Lytton was firmly convinced that upon several important occasions in his life his line of action was dictated by voices distinctly heard during different dreams. But although the second Lord Lytton was also a strong believer in spiritual manifestations, he was somewhat fastidious in his occult associates and always avoided living at his country seat in England because a spirit known as the "boy ghost" had a habit of appearing there at intervals, and his visits were usually followed by the death of some member of the Lytton family. Doubtless this belief accounts for the serious introduction of occult phenomena in the writings of the elder Lytton and in the "Lucile" of Owen Meredith. Indeed, a belief in occult manifestations of all sorts has been by no means uncommon among the world's great men. . . . The stories of Lincoln's relations with invisible visitants are mentioned by all his biographers. The same phenomena were presented on three different occasions—the night before the first battle of Bull Run, again before another reverse to the Northern army, and lastly, the night previous to his own assassination. Dickens got the account from Secretary Stanton, and in a letter to Foster told how he himself had once dreamed of meeting on the street a woman who bowed and said her name was Napier. He had never known any one by that name, but on the day following, at an art gallery, he met some friends who introduced him to a young lady, and he was startled when he heard the name "Miss Napier." "It is curious," said he, in writing of the occurrence, "but proves nothing." That the great novelist believed that his dead sweetheart, Mary Hogarth, often appeared and talked to him was well known, and he asserted that in some of the most important acts of his life he was guided by the counsels which she had given him from the other world.

"REAL GHOST STORIES."

The probability is that most people, educated and uneducated, believe in ghosts. The belief is not always positive and persistent in the mind, and the idea may be vague, yet the individual is pretty sure at times, when his nature spontaneously asserts itself, to realize that the tendency of his mind is to recognize the reality of ghostly beings, whose presence, ordinarily invisible and inaudible, is sometimes manifested to sight and hearing. Even those who are the most unqualified in their denials of the existence of ghosts may have a sort of sneaking belief in them which will make itself manifest to their ordinary consciousness when walking near cemeteries at night or stopping in houses which have the reputation of being haunted. Such persons might say as Madame DeStael did when asked if she believed in ghosts: "I don't believe in them, but am afraid of them." There is something in man's nature deeper than intellectual assent to, or dissent from, theories and doctrines. The man of science may treat the tendency to believe in ghosts as an inheritance from a superstitious past. The Spiritualist may regard it as one of the expressions of man's innermost nature by virtue of which he belongs to a sphere of being which the senses do not recognize, but the reality of which the soul affirms.

The belief in ghosts instead of becoming weaker year after year and destined soon to be consigned by intelligent minds to the limbo of exploded superstitions, is actually, in this age of science and skepticism, growing stronger every day.

Some years ago the Society for Psychical Research commenced to collect facts and to verify statements in regard to "apparitions," "phantasms," etc., and since that time not a few persons, eminent in some province of thought, including men of scientific reputation, have manifested deep interest in these investigations to which a number have contributed by their own personal assistance. The results of these investigations thus far have been published in the "Proceedings" of the Society, which abound in proofs to the Spiritualist, if he needed them, of conscious life after bodily dissolution. The published works of the Society are, however, confined to comparatively few readers and mostly to those for whom statements pertaining to supernatural and supermundane phenomena have interest only so far as they have been verified and possess, therefore, evidential value. Some time ago Mr. W. T. Stead, the enterprising editor of the *Review of Reviews*, showed interest in the subject and began to use his magazine to assist in collecting data on which could be established valid conclusions as to the reality of apparitions and other alleged spirit phenomena. The Christmas number of Mr. Stead's publication, under the title of "Real Ghost Stories," is devoted wholly to psychical phenomena and narratives and descriptions of ghostly visitations and performances. "We can no longer," the editor says in the preface, "consent to the exclusion of an enormous field from human observation, because in its examination a few half-witted creatures may find themselves in the lunatic asylum. There is no doubt sufficient material in this Christmas number to send some nervous, sensitive people half crazy with fright, but no one needs to read it unless they please. Those whose nerves cannot stand the strain of contemplating the possibility of seeing an apparition had better give the collection a wide berth." But the editor thinks the effect of more knowledge regarding apparitions, etc., will be reassuring. Eclipses once frightened whole nations. In savage lands they still strike terror into the hearts of millions. But in civilized lands where eclipses are observed and understood the mass of people, including the most ignorant, look on undisturbed as the black disc of the moon eats into the shining surface of the sun. Ghosts should be regarded as belonging as much to the order of nature as the eclipse, and when this is understood the thought of seeing a ghost will no longer make the hair stand upright or cause the cold chills to run over the body.

If ghosts do not exist, there can, argues the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, be no harm in examining

"the delusion which possessed the mind of almost every worthy in the Old Testament, and which was constantly affirmed by the authors of the New." On the other hand, if their existence is real and not imaginary and under favorable conditions can be perceived by the senses, there can be nothing impious or irreligious in efforts to ascertain their nature and "what light they are able to throw upon the kingdom of the Unseen. We have no right to shut our eyes to facts and to close our ears to evidence, merely because Moses forbade the Hebrews to allow witches to live or because some of the phenomena carry with them suggestions that do not altogether harmonize with the conventional orthodox theories of future life. The whole question that lies at the bottom is whether this world is divine or diabolic. Those who believe it divine are bound by their belief to regard every phenomenon as a window through which man may gain fresh glimpses of the wonder and the glory of the Infinite. In this religion as in all others faith and fear go ill together. . . . No doubt there has been a great deal of superstition and nonsense talked about ghosts, and a clammy atmosphere of irrational terror has plagued the whole region in which these facts reside. But these are but lions in the road, which should not deter the resolute soul from its appointed path, and the appointed path of all mankind is to try all things, to prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good."

Referring to the phenomena of double consciousness, of telepathy and the thought-body or double, the editor says that if it is possible for persons at the uttermost ends of the world to communicate directly with one another and even to make vivid pictures of themselves stand before those to whom they speak, it is possible that this latent capacity of the mind may yet be used for the benefit of mankind. The suggestion may seem extravagant, but not more so than would have seemed to men a century ago, the suggestion that it was possible to carry on audible conversation across a distance of a thousand miles, that by the agency of a ray of light the human voice could be transmitted across an abyss, unspanned by any wire and that "by a simple mechanical arrangement, which a man can carry in his hand, it would be possible to reproduce the word, voice and accent of the dead." In telepathy it is thought may be the foreshadowing of a latent force destined to cast into the shades the telegraph, telephone and phonograph which were more or less latent in the "kite-flying folly of Benjamin Franklin."

After giving a large number and great variety of "ghost stories" and accounts of psychical phenomena, the editor says "when scientific men include the unexplored region in the domain of their investigations, they will not make the silly complaint that no phenomena are genuine because there is an enormous overgrowth of pseudo-phenomena due to fraud and folly. Practical men never refuse to mine for gold, although in order to extract an ounce of the precious metal they have to crush a ton of worthless quartz." In its concluding paragraph the *Review of Reviews* says: "It does not seem to be too bold a speculation to believe that the patient methods of inductive science, the careful examination of evidence and the repeatedly renewed experiments of investigation will before long completely re-establish the failing belief in the reality of the world beyond the grave, and leave us with as little room for doubt as to the existence of the spirit after death as we have now for doubting the existence of Behring Straits or of the Pyramids. . . . It seems as if science were once more to vindicate her claim to be regarded as the handmaid of Religion by affording conclusive demonstration of its reality."

Such words as these from the editor of one of the popular and widely circulated magazines, and the fact that to psychical and spirit phenomena one entire number of the publication is given, prove conclusively the importance to which this subject has grown in the public mind. The investigations will be conducted in the future with larger knowledge of the powers and capacities of the mind than has existed hitherto and with greater discrimination than has marked ordinary

investigations of Spiritualism. Some of the phenomena which have been regarded by Spiritualists as spirit manifestations may be shown to be due to the latent forces of the subject, but the essential truths of Spiritualism will be, as they are now being corroborated by the most rigid scrutiny.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

It is only within the last twenty years that in the United States, Christmas has come to be adopted as a national holiday, and only within a decade that its observance has been marked by the gift-making *furor*, which seems to increase year by year, until the "holiday season"—including Christmas and New Year's—seems to have become a grand saturnalia of giving, a very carnival of altruism. The early Christians—the true date being doubtful—adopted the 25th of December as the date of the birth of Christ, because between the middle of December and the middle of February there is generally an interval of comparatively dry weather, preceded and followed by the early and latter rain, and at this time alone was it possible for shepherds to "watch their flocks by night" and "the Star of Bethlehem" to appear. Then too, at this time was celebrated by Pagan nations the winter solstice, which they held to be the beginning of the renewed life and activity of the powers of nature, and adopting with a Christian significance a heathen festival, the transition from Paganism to Christianity was made easier to converts, who naturally clung to old traditions. But with the Protestant "reformation" came the mental protest against all the distinctly recognized devotional observances of the Catholic Church, of which Christmas had become one, and such protest being most strongly emphasized by the sect of Puritans who first colonized New England, and whose descendants later colonized this great Western country, of course Christmas as a Roman Catholic institution became practically tabooed. But with the enlightened religious sentiment in these later years, combined with the strongly felt need of more frequent national holidays, Christmas has taken a new departure in consonance with the more humanitarian religious spirit of the times.

Celebrating in intent the birth of Christ, "who so loved the world" that he offered himself a willing sacrifice to redeem it from sin, Christmas has come to be the season of self-forgetfulness, of joy in giving, of remembrance of the needs of our fellow-men, of rejoicing with those who rejoice, and particularly of making happy the hearts of the little ones.

For two or three weeks past the spirit of Santa Claus has been perceptible all through this great city, in the extra crowds of happy looking people thronging the streets, surging in and out of stores, gazing with calculating eyes at the brilliant display of holiday goods in all the shop windows; and in the store fronts festively garlanded in green, in the store windows with their charming Christmas tableaux, in the cheerfully interested faces everywhere seen with eyes made radiant by the generous impulse to make others happy, and the desire, however limited in means, to share in the general gift-making.

That in the tendency to rush to extremes which is characteristic of mankind in a movement of this sort, there is danger of overdoing the matter and giving unwisely, there is no doubt, but on the whole the gift-making craze must tend to good by enlarging the sympathies, by directing the thoughts of individual givers to the needs of the world, and at last directing the public mind toward the study of the best mode of increasing the comforts of the uncomfortably poor, and thus in time teaching scientific charity, and in awakening all that is best in the character and nature of the poor themselves, as well as of the rich—because of all this we may well rejoice in this general observance of the Christmas holidays.

It is in the direction of a growing humanitarianism that we must look for the fuller realization of the vibrant song said to be sung on a Christmas morning some eighteen centuries ago, of "peace on earth, and good will to men," the song which, when universally true, must usher in the millenium.

WHITTIER'S BIRTHDAY.

Last week Thursday was Whittier's birthday. He is eighty-five years old. The service rendered to the cause of humanity by his burning war and anti-slavery lyrics, as the *New York Press* observes, and the noble sum of his literary achievements since the nation took the giant evil he hated by the throat and throttled it, have made his name a household word wherever the tongue of Milton and Shakespeare is spoken. But fame could not spoil his sweet simplicity. The acclaim of the most cultured men in America and England has been powerless to tinge his character with anything approaching vanity, even in the slightest degree. In the affection of his fellow men and women Whittier is indeed secure. The period of his literary activity has been longer than the span of most men's lives. For sixty years he has labored unselfishly with his pen for humanity. He was the fearless champion of human freedom when such championship meant social disgrace and personal danger. He helped unfetter the slave. Through him the indomitable New England conscience found a voice that stirred East and West alike. Since that time of storm and stress he has won world-wide fame as the most distinctively American of all our poets. He has been the especial interpreter of New England life and sentiment to the people of his generation, as he will be to those of generations yet to come. His pure and delicate verse has constantly breathed the highest ideals. The friend and helper of men and the foe of evil always, Whittier, in his old age, is girded around with the well-won love of a great nation. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to Whittier thus: I congratulate you on having climbed another glacier and crossed another crevice in your ascent of the white summit which already begins to see the morning twilight of the coming century. A life so well filled as yours has been cannot be too long for your fellow men and women. In their affections you are secure, whether you are with them here or near them in some higher life than theirs. I hope your years will not become a burden, so that you are tired of living. At our age we must live chiefly in the past. Happy is he who has a past like yours to look back upon. It is one of the felicitous incidents—I will not say accidents—of my life that the lapse of time has brought us very near together, so that I frequently find myself honored by seeing my name mentioned in near connection with you now. We are lonely, very lonely, in these last years.

SUCCESS.

The author who regards success as that only of personal fame and financial returns, regardless of whether he has a real message to deliver, and one that uplifts and ennoble humanity; the painter who aspires only to be popular, to be fashionable, and to command those high prices which the caprice of fashion is pleased to bestow; the journalist who tests his progress by his salary per annum, regardless of his almost infinite opportunity for ministry to humanity—from all these aspects of so-called success one would turn away in despair and distrust and pray that if this be success, if success in life is so vain, so cheap, so puerile, so selfish as this,—then give one failure instead. But it is not true. Success lies in character. The day that one is more true, more sympathetic, more generous, more kind and thoughtful than on preceding days is the day that he is successful. He may give rather than gain; he may do his alms, material or spiritual, so far from the sight of men that only the Father who seeth in secret shall ever know of his impulse or his work; but in every essential and permanent aspect this is the day of his success, this is the day of his real advancement in life. Let us live. Not on that material plane that dreams of happiness only in the guise of purple and fine linen and the feasts of Lucullus and self-indulgence, but on that plane where opportunities for service to others are held as the higher privilege, and where not self-indulgence, but self-sacrifice, is the ideal to be attained. Now if one looks at life in this aspect it is not in the light of burdens and interruptions that he

accepts its daily demands, but in that of opportunity. Someone comes to him who needs to receive,—of sympathy, counsel, or timely aid. But he needs to give. It is part of his achievement in life, it is the material out of which he is building up that which is noble and permanent. It is the real purpose of life itself. It is what he is placed in this world to do. Nor does the life that holds itself in generous and sympathetic touch with other lives lose that which it gives or resigns. On the contrary it gains. It gains experience. It gains impressions, and out of these two is all artistic creation wrought. It gains impetus,—the source of all electric energy. The strength of Sir Galahad we all remember

—was as the strength of ten
Because his heart was pure.

The emphasis laid on the "because" explains the source of his tenfold strength. It is the strength that is gained by everyone who realizes in outward daily life the profound truth that we are in this world, not to be ministered unto, but to minister. It is not in going out of one's way to do some spectacular and impressive work that one best serves his fellow-men. It is in the daily, the hourly, the momentary fulfilling of the little opportunities constantly offered.—*Lillian Whiting, in the Boston Budget.*

The alleged location of water by the use of so-called divining rods is a common occurrence in all parts of the country, says the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Usually, these rods take the shape of a curved twig from a tree, which is held in the hands and is supposed to turn and point downwards whenever the bearer steps over a subterranean stream. A gentleman in this city has a set of divining rods which are a curiosity in their way and whose action is certainly inexplicable. These rods are four in number, and are slender pieces of steel, tapering to a point at one end and flattened out at the other, with notches cut in the extremity like the notches in an arrow. Two of the rods are an inch shorter than the others. When they are to be used two people are required, who each take one of the long and one of the short rods between the thumb and forefinger of each hand, holding them out horizontally with the hands pressed closely together. The notched ends of the rods are pressed together, the long rods against the short ones. After being held in this manner for a few moments the rods will, without the volition of those holding them, move from side to side or up and down, pointing to whichever portion of the room there may be any of the precious metals in the shape of coin or jewelry. Not every person can persuade the rods to work, but those in whose hands they move the most freely can readily find the hiding place of such valuables, though the greatest care be used in secreting them. Of course, no one will believe this story, but ocular demonstration has convinced many of its truth.

One thing is clear; that is, that psychography must be ascribed to a transcendental origin. We shall find: (1) That the hypothesis of prepared slates is inadmissible. (2) The place on which the writing is found is quite inaccessible to the hands of the medium. In some cases the double slate is securely locked, leaving only room inside for the tiny morsel of slate-pencil. (3) That the writing is actually done at the time. (4) That the medium is not writing. (5) The writing must be actually done with the slate or lead-pencil. (6) The writing is done by an intelligent being, since the answers are exactly pertinent to the questions. (7) This being can read, write and understand the language of human beings, frequently such as is unknown to the medium. (8) It strongly resembles a human being, as well in the degree of its intelligence as in the mistakes sometimes made. These beings are therefore, although invisible or human nature or species. It is no use whatever to fight against this proposition. (9) If these beings speak, they do so in human language. (10) If they are asked who they are, they answer that they are beings who have left this world. (11) When these appearances become partly visible, perhaps only their hands, the hands seen are of human forms. (12) When these things

become entirely visible, they show the human form and countenance. . . . Spiritualism must be investigated by science. I should look upon myself as a coward if I did not openly express my convictions.—*Baron Carl du Prel (Munich) in Nord und Sud.*

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, says: I think I am not in error in saying that on the part of the majority of the stated constituency of our churches, the country through, there is a prejudice against the introduction into the pulpit of themes that bear distinctly and pronouncedly upon civic problems and obligations. Preachers who venture upon it are very likely to hear from their consistory or vestry or session later. Current church sentiment is not yet fully on the side of it. We can preach about iniquity as it reveals and embodies itself in the poor, little, dirty, greasy, naked darkies in Africa and nothing said; preach all day and take up a collection at the end and no comment made; taken for granted. Those little heathen ebonies must be saved, fitted for heaven, and if they do not promise much for this world all the more reason why we should try and secure a better chance for them in the next. But if you deal in the same frank Saxon way with iniquity as it pervades associate life here on American ground in this city or state or country in this generation, you hazard your reputation as an evangelical preacher and render yourself open to the charge of an attempt at claptrap sensationalism. These references are only to illustrate the fact that the Christian conscientiousness has not yet distinctly seized upon civic iniquity, civic obligation and civic opportunity as matters that lie clearly within Christian jurisdiction.

A New York correspondent of a Chicago paper writes: Mrs. Annie Besant, said to be the inheritor of Mme. Blavatsky's mantle, is here again and exciting as much curiosity as ever. She says she came to rest, and looks as if she needed it, but many members of the audience she faced Sunday night doubted whether rest is possible to an organization so nervous and sensitive. Her sincerity is not doubted, but any student of human nature can see at a glance that she is a woman who can easily be tricked through her emotions and imagination, although her intelligence is of a high order. The expression of her face is positively painful in its intensity; it combines a searching look with an air of extreme concentration. Not half of her audience were theosophists; the majority was formed of men and women curious to know how such a belief could effect such a person, and most of them thought they saw it in her impressionable and restless nature. Some of her praises of Blavatsky drew smiles to the faces of certain people who had known "Madame," and as theosophists as a body disagree among themselves just as if they were nominal believers in something else, they did not entirely relish all that was said of their recent and self-elected priestess.

From further developments in the blue-blooded divorce suit which is just now engaging so much of England's attention, it seems that that gentle flower the Countess Russell swore vigorously and smoked cigarettes. It appears that this noble pair, each descended from a lordly house and reared amid the best that social distinction and large wealth could afford, were in the habit of heartily cursing each other, slapping each other's ears and in other respects acting in a way that is popularly but fallaciously, it seems, supposed to belong to the scions of fishmongers and the daughters of charwomen.

A man who uses his abilities, his money or his position under government other than as a steward so far responsible for the common weal, is a fraud, says Rev. C. H. Parkhurst. However reputable he be, if he is utilizing his opportunity to the end of his own self-aggrandizement, even though he stand at the head of the commonwealth, he is no true governor, but a beast of prey, sucking the blood that he ought to warm and quicken, gorging upon the body politic that it is his high privilege and royal opportunity to nourish, strengthen and ennoble.



THE BANQUET OF THE ANGELS.

By MARY E. BUELL.

Night closed around me.

All the world seemed dark and cold and strange.
I rested on a mountain, as it were,
While this poor dome, the earth, lay spread—
A blanket at my feet. Nature,
That ever soft had kissed my eyelids down
As if to sleep, became a monster;
And, in brooding discontent, I watched her cruel jaws
Open and receive all that was beautiful and good and sweet.
When—suddenly—above me opened wide
Another scene: Another world lay there
Spread out as this had been, but on another plane.
No night was there. But variegated lights
Of rose and violet and amber hues
Leaped up, and made all space as clear
As noonday sun. I gazed awhile, then asked—
In thought at least: What means this gorgeous spectacle?
This splendor upon splendor, which excels the best of
earth?
"This?" answered one who suddenly appeared—
To counsel and enlighten me, it seemed—
"The Banquet of the Angels."
Here she paused and moved a wand above her head,
While on her scroll I read: "Spirit of Wisdom,
Lean to me, and all that has been, all that is,
And all that will be shall appear."
I soon forgot the world beneath me,
Whereon my feet had wandered many years,
And sat absorbed in thought, as bright
As this fair angel's crown; which rested
On a brow as beautiful as moonlit night
In summer; as free from care as Hecate's
Who, in her City of Doom serenely smiles
Above her prostrate victims. But,
I saw no abject terror here,
No seeking after revenue of former state,
But all was quiet, peaceful and subdued.
And is this Hades? soon I asked,
For into shape there grew before my eyes,
A wondrous mass of beings; of all years;
Some small, some large; some mighty
In their power of intellect and heart,
But all in equal portion greeted by the hosts
Which met them passing to and fro.
"Hades, the mystical place, where they the dead repose,
Is not, nor ever was," replied my guide.
"Here all are gathered who in earth's embrace
Have tasted of the cold and joyless things
That world calls 'Truths.' Here, anchored at my feet,
Wait countless millions who have yet to learn,
That Wisdom is the Life of Good, and not,
The Root of Evil as has been proclaimed."
I looked about me anxiously, and asked,
But only in my thought again: Where, where is Socrates,
Who saw the drift of all this plan triumphant?
"Here," the angel fair exclaimed, and,
Turning toward a door I had not seen,
Invited me, with smiling eyes and lips, to look,
Where, round a table gathered were a few,
Called "Royal Ones," who feasted, laughing
Merrily; the jest went round, while eye sought eye
With deeper meaning than I ere had seen,
And, as thought flashed to thought,
Waves scintillated unto waves of light
While beauty glanced between. I tried,
As quick the curtain fell upon this scene,
To bring to my remembrance those
Who gathered round the great philosopher;
But not one face could I recall.
While thus reflecting, at my side appeared
Another form, denominated "Justice,"
By her scroll I saw. She too was beautiful,
But not as gifted quite she seemed as Wisdom,
More held by doubt at times her mind appeared;
Yet, on the whole, she seemed divinely perfect.
In her hand she held the scales, by which
She weighed the virtues of the millions
Who with eager, slow or trembling steps approached.
Upon her head she also wore a crown,
Resembling that of Wisdom. But the jewels
Which adorned her crown seemed duller in appearance,
And, at times, when she embarrassed grew,
Scarce sparkled in their places. And then
With sudden thought intent, I saw her turn

To still another spirit at her side, and say:
"Here, Mercy, do what Justice fails to find
Within her province!" So, on and on
As I in knowledge grew, came to my sense of sight
Angels of Heaven. No thought of sex
Obtruded on the scene. Only by some shade
Or outline could I say: This form is woman's,
That is man's. Gifted in mind,
On equal platforms rested this one and that;
Hope, Peace and Patience, Faith and Joy.
And, when I asked for Love, such merry peals
Of laughter shook the air as earth ne'er
Dreamed of. "What!" cried they, in waves of sound
Like sweetest music, "do you not know, dear mortal,
That all Heaven is Love, and Love
All heaven?" And, while their dulcet voices
Still harmonized in sweet accord, I saw
A meaner band of lesser angels. First came
Discord—next War revealed his ugly face,
While Hate became so dreadful to my sight
That quick my eyes were covered
By the gentle hand of Pity. While Wisdom
Here explained: "Some natures are so hardened,
Crusted o'er with discontent, that naught
Can soften or subdue, until sublimity
Assumes the shape of hideous monsters."
Next I turned to watch a gate,
Above the arch of which I read, in simple text:
"The Heaven of Earth." And are there other heavens?
Then I thought; when, quickly answering,
My guide explained: "Your poor, dull earth
May well seek Light. All planets
Have their heavens. And, as those advanced
Must needs deserve still higher ones than yours,
So yours is higher than some heavens."
I pondered long upon this lesson, then
I asked, for me, quite boldly: Tell me,
I pray you, Priestess of the High, what call you
This place of preparation? I fail to comprehend.
"This, The Banquet of the Angels," she replied,
"Is where you, mortals, feast or reason
That your souls may flow, indeed, in there."
Then was I amazed and filled,
For not, as I supposed, were mortals made
Or fitted by some charm denominated Faith,
Belief, or, sadder still, Foreordination,
To enter into joys immortal. But as if
Heaven itself had opened wide her doors,
As mother's arms will widen for her children
One and all, each poor and stricken child of earth,
Washed in the sea of shame and deep repentance
Which follow in the course of Nature's training,
Enters with smiles of joy the home above,
Where angels make him welcome.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

SPIRITS BEATING THE TELEGRAPH.

By DR. EUGENE CROWELL.

The following narration will exemplify the disposition, and sometimes the ability, of friendly spirits to assist mortals.

For three months every summer Dr. Kenney rusticates in Maine. Monday, August 18, 1890, he being then at Falmouth Foneside, seven miles east of Portland, on Casco Bay, I was taken ill, and my illness increased so that on the next day at 10:45 a. m. I dispatched a telegram to him requesting him to come to New York as soon as possible. Fifteen minutes thereafter, at 11 o'clock, being alone in my room, I asked whether any of my spirit friends were present, and upon receiving the usual signal on my head indicating the affirmative, I requested Old John to control his medium in the presence of his wife at Falmouth Foneside, and tell her that I needed his assistance.

At about 11 o'clock, being alone in his boat, fishing, and six miles from the shore, he was suddenly entranced, and upon his regaining consciousness he saw written on the flat surface of a stone used for ballast, the words: "Go home; Dr. Crowell wants you." He immediately returned home, and upon his wife inquiring why he had returned so early, he told her that I needed his services in New York, and immediately commenced making arrangements to leave. This was about 12 o'clock, noon, and owing to his distance from a telegraph station my telegram did not reach him until 3 p. m., or four hours after he had been controlled and read the message on the

stone. He left soon after for Portland on his way to New York. The writing was scratched upon the stone, his hand being made by his guide to use a small sharp fragment of stone for the purpose. Upon entering my room the next morning, immediately after his arrival in the city, and being seated, and before we had engaged in any other conversation, I remarked that I supposed he had received my telegram, and his reply was: "Yes; but the strangest thing happened to me," and then proceeded to narrate the circumstances as given above.

THE COMING CHURCH.

By M. C. C. CHURCH.

The following paragraphs by "Truth" appeared in THE JOURNAL of December 5th.

"As there is considerable talk and stir just now to 'organize' Spiritualists into some sort of an organization; and as there have been several suggestions as to a 'creed' or some central truths around which to rally, I suggest the following as covering what many both in and out of the Spiritualist ranks, can accept.

"I believe in one Supreme Inscrutable Power, known only through manifestations; in the continuity of personal existence beyond the grave, and in the brotherhood of man, the ethical law of whose life is concentered in the customs of society and in the state."

This is the best formula of a creed I have yet seen. It far surpasses in breadth the far-famed "creed of THE JOURNAL of two years ago when the discussion was up as to the formation of the 'church of the spirit.'" All that it was possible to say on "organization" was then said, and said, too, by the best writers in the spiritualistic movement. All know the outcome. Spiritualists were not up to the standard proposed or else the movement was premature. I am inclined to think both factors may be counted. As then, so now the same difficulties exist, and hence I for one have no faith in the proposed "organization" now being attempted. The discussion, however, will do good and help prepare the ground for what is to come.

I have headed this article "The Coming Church"; because whatever is to result from the present comparison of views will end, as I have said—only in discussion. Therefore the "coming church" may claim some attention in the forecastings of thought—looking to something far in advance of what the world now holds to with such apparent tenacity as "the church" *par excellence*.

The feature that strikes one in reading the above creed is the absence of the usual individual opinions in attempts to define the undefinable. In this respect we have an improvement over THE JOURNAL's creed, and so far as I have seen, an improvement over those presented by the advocates of the present proposed organization. This affirmation of "one Supreme Inscrutable Power, known only in its manifestations" would suit the views of a Spencer, a Fisk, or a Huxley even. In fact, it is the God of the scientist as well as the scientific Spiritualist. The God of the mystic as of those of the churchianic faith. The God of fact as of faith. The God dwelling in all—to be worshiped by all who can attain to a perception of this indwelling. The God of universal humanity—the "brotherhood of man."

The next affirmation can be appreciated by Spiritualists of all grades of faith. It has its own great fact, without which we cannot be Spiritualists. Its statement is simple, "continuity of personal existence beyond the grave." This creed does not assert the impossible hypothesis that man is "immortal." This no Spiritualist can affirm; as it is not a demonstrated quantity to dwellers here. This proof may come in the Great Beyond but it is wisely withheld from the knowledge of us denizens of earth and therefore this feature of the above creed is unique and should commend itself to all who insist upon fact first and fancy and faith afterwards.

Next. The declaration that all men are brothers; that humanity forms one brotherhood—the "brotherhood of man." This is the one "organization" I believe in. It will be the body of the spirit of truth—the coming church. This spirit disclaims any other

organization, because the coming church will be in man as an active power to quicken and develop the innate powers of the soul. Any spiritual movement that does not consider this as an important, nay, most important factor, does not meet the requirement of this age; does not build on the only genuine foundations. Divinity of man is the key note solving the problem of the new religious development of the nineteenth century. Separatism and partialism have had their day, and the sooner Spiritualists recognize this fact the better. Breadth not barrenness of spirit is what is wanted.

I like, too, the way "Truth" touches the ethical problem. It is a Bible in a nut-shell. "The ethical law of whose (man's) life is concentered in the customs of society and in the state." This covers all that man has evolved in his experience in the long past—finding the law of justice and right as our common birth-right and inheritance.

I want to thank the author of this creed for his clean-cut perception of the fitness of things. He deserves more honor than Athanasius or the unknown author of the Apostles' creed; on this creed we can build the "Coming Church."

OCCULT EXPERIENCES.

By MRS. ELBE M. TASCHER.

CHAPTER VIII.

PRESENTIMENTS.

Presentiments! they judge not right
Who deem that ye from open light
Retire in fear and shame;
All heaven-born instincts shun the touch
Of vulgar sense—and being such
Such privilege ye claim.

Unwelcome insight! yet there are
Blest times when mystery is laid bare,
Truth shows a glorious face,
While on that isthmus which commands
The councils of both worlds she stands,
Sage spirits! by your grace.—WORDSWORTH.

One morning Mrs. Eads and I were in Ada's room, which joined the one occupied by Miss Vale. We were deeply engaged in looking over and choosing some stamping patterns which we wished to embroider, when the girl came to the door, handing in the mail.

"Here's a letter from papa, Ada," said Mrs. Eads, joyfully. "He is coming home. But I forgot, in my eagerness to hear from him. Why yes, here's a letter for you, Ada, and one for Marguerite. Meg!" she called, tapping on the door between the rooms.

"What is it?" said Miss Vale, opening it and stepping through, with all her magnificent billows of hair sweeping her shoulders and falling like a sable banner almost to the floor.

"Here's a letter for you, and—"

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Ada, who had been rapidly scanning her letter. "Stay, Miss Vale, and hear this. It just fits us. 'Talk of angels and you will hear the rustle of their wings.' Do you remember, mamma, my showing you the paper two or three weeks ago with an account of Dr. Verde's daughter's death in it? This letter is from him, giving me the particulars of Cora's death. You know she was rather delicate when she was here last summer. She seemed to recover wholly from that, her father writes, and died very suddenly at last. Her mother was so shocked and overcome that she could not keep up, and passed from one fainting fit to another, in the most alarming manner. The funeral passed in utmost quietude, without Mrs. Verde's knowledge, she not being able to see the remains or hear one syllable about it. It was more than a week after the funeral that her mother seemed to come to her senses and realize the dreadful loss. The doctor writes: 'I stood by my wife's bed for days, continually. At last she became conscious, but, though somewhat better, she seemed utterly despairing. Too weak to rise, she lay in her darkened room, mourning and weeping inconsolably day after day. One afternoon I was called away for a short time. I was de-

laid until the edge of the evening. Hurrying in at twilight I was surprised to see my wife raised up in bed, smiling and radiant. "Oh, father!" she exclaimed, "I have seen her. I have seen Cora!" "Where?" was all I could articulate, as I dropped into a chair beside the bed. "Right out there," said she, rising still more to point out through the sitting and dining rooms. "I was lying here alone, just before you came, when suddenly I heard a footstep. Raising up, as I am now, with awful eagerness I looked, and there she was, coming from the dining room in towards me. She came slowly up to the bedroom door, looking earnestly, but very lovingly, at me, and then, in a minute, she vanished. She looked perfectly natural, only that her bangs were cut off very short, much closer than I ever saw them. Why, it was clear up here," said she, pushing up her own hair. "They were cut straight across, showing all her forehead." My wife seemed perfectly satisfied and relieved. As for me, I was dumb, but after a while I went out, and the nurse and my sister met me, telling the same story. The strangest part of the affair is that on my searching I found the women who had prepared Cora for the grave, and they confessed that in dressing her hair they thought her bangs too long and cut them, accidentally getting them much too short. In alarm, they covered their mistake as well as they could by drawing a few more locks forward and curling them over the other. Her mother did not see her at all. Not a person knew one word about it except these two women. The door being locked, no one could come in, and they live several blocks away. I certainly do not know how to explain it. Nothing can dispossess my wife, or my sister and the nurse, of the idea that they saw Cora, just as described. My wife is rapidly gaining. Quiet and serene, she says with utmost confidence: "She is not dead, or sleeping. Safe, and well, I have seen her." "Isn't that good?" said Ada. "Of course she saw her. Dear Cora! I wish she could show herself to me," she added dreamily.

"Well," remarked Miss Vale, going back into her room leaving the door open and talking through it while she did up her hair. "I wish we could all see her. You don't know how it troubles me," she said, coming back to the door, "to think I have to tell such marvellous things with no corroborative testimony. Now there in that case, the two other women said they saw her."

"And there were the cut locks," interrupted Mrs. Eads "as proof."

"Yes," went on Miss Vale. "Why can't there always be something so tangible and direct that there is no refuting it. They call us diseased, insane, wicked, everything that is uncomfortable and outrageous. I do not wonder so much that people deny it, although I must say, I think it very silly for authors that are famous to write books about such wonderful experiences, and at the end, shrink, and hide under a flimsy explanation that they woke up, and had dreamed it all, or had been sick, and delirious. I am not sick, I was not asleep, I have not lied," and the grand imperious woman returned to her toilet, looking gloomily far beyond the mirror.

"Miss Vale" said Ada, after a few moments of silence, "truth must, and will prevail sometime. I have settled down to the inevitable. I never try to tell anybody anything about it unless they ask me, and then, I calmly state the truth, and let them think, and say what they please; my mind is at rest, I have no fear. I know they do return and though I cannot tell when, or how, and have no control over them, I accept with a grateful heart whatever is vouchsafed."

"I shall be glad if I ever arrive at such a state of quiet blessedness," said Miss Vale, bending over the sweet girl, and patting the bright fluffy aura of gold that partially covered the broad forehead, and great quiet gray eyes

"Will you tell us, Miss Vale, said Ada coaxingly, "whether you ever wrote any poetry as predicted when the manifestations first came to you, and what was it that occurred in your life that first drew your mind towards investigating spirit return?"

"Why," said her mother quickly, "Marguerite read

from her notes about that, don't you remember, Ada?" and she looked warningly at her daughter.

"Oh," replied Miss Vale, noticing the glance, and the quick reflection of distress in Ada's sensitive face, "Yes; I do not mind telling you, now we women are alone by ourselves; but I never did write poetry, you know, and knew I had not a particle of gift that way, so I repressed that part of my manuscript with other pages as I have been already very lengthy."

"None too much so, I am sure," said Mrs. Eads warmly; I never saw uncle more interested, and Mr. Lans, too, is very glad to hear it. Why won't you get your manuscript and read the poems, and the rest to us right now?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" we all chorused; so she brought out the roll of manuscript, saying: "Well, I think my first experiences in this direction would come under the head of 'presentiments.' I will not attempt to tell many of them, but here is one that I think a great deal of because there were two witnesses, and one, my dear sainted mother. "When I was about fifteen years old we were living on a farm. It was a beautiful place on the top of a high hill. The house was large with deep windows that came down almost to the floor, commanding a view of the distant range of blue hills, as well as the near valleys, and up to the wide door-yard with its gravelled carriage drive, and narrow path worn in the grass up to the well, which was a very deep one, surrounded by a curb, and windlass within, to draw up the water. Directly across the road, a neighbor had built a house, and himself, and wife, had started a home there. Money coming in rather slowly from the farm, they were obliged to build by degrees, and, as the expense of digging a well was great, they came to ours for water. At these times Mrs. Lenier being a bright, neighborly little woman, often ran in to talk a few moments with mother. Both Mrs. and Mr. Lenier regarded her with the utmost reverence and affection. We were not very early risers, as my father's health was poor. One beautiful morning in the fall, we had just finished breakfast, and sitting back from the table as was his custom, father took the bible from the stand, beginning family worship by reading a chapter. Mother and I were sitting facing the two low windows opening toward the door-yard I have spoken of. Glancing out, I saw Mrs. Lenier walking slowly along the path towards the well, she wearing her usual working dress and sunbonnet. I noticed nothing peculiar about her only that she walked along so slowly. I saw that mother was looking at her, too, and in a few moments as she passed by the well disappearing beyond, where there was a side entrance to the house. I supposed she was coming in, but as she did not appear after a few moments of watching—father meanwhile going on in his low monotone of reading—mother looked around at me inquiringly, to which look I nodded assent. She then asked father to wait a moment as she thought Eliza wanted something and was waiting by the outer door. She went out, and I heard her speak several times calling Mrs. Lenier by name; at last she returned, saying as she came in looking puzzled: "Didn't you see Eliza coming, Margie?"

"Of course I said I did, and my description agreed exactly with hers. Finally mother sat down looking very much disturbed, and immediately after prayers she said she would go right over and see what Eliza wanted, though she couldn't see where she hid or what she did such a thing for. She hurried away, but in a few moments I saw her running back calling to father as he was walking out into the field."

"Running out to see what was the matter, mother's white face frightened me. "Oh, Margie!" she cried, "I guess Eliza is killed!" Father came as fast as he could, and we all ran in where Mrs. Lenier lay, her husband had gone to market, starting very early, it being a long distance. Eliza had probably thought she would take advantage of her early start, and do some ironing, as we found the board spread, and all ready. The woodshed was at the back of the house, and several steps led down into it. Eliza had evidently taken a large armful of wood, and slipped as she neared the top, falling backward with the wood on top of her. She lay at the foot of the stairs

wholly unconscious and nearly dead. We carried her up as fast as we could, and sent for the doctor, but she never spoke, or revived, and breathed her last about sunset. We knew she had been laying there since before daylight, because the lamp was burning on the table, and the fire gone out, the stove and irons cold. Now, what was that figure which mother and I saw? Mother used to say very solemnly that she believed that Eliza was virtually dead at that time, and her soul came forth to summon friends to aid the pitiful clay behind it. This was a great deal for mother to say in those days, and with her rigid Calvinistic faith."

"I do not know as that would come under the head of presentiment exactly, would it?" said Mrs. Eads, reflectingly. "I should conclude that your mother was right."

"Oh, I do not know," replied Miss Vale, turning over the leaves in her hand absently. "If we could only be certain of anything. I have here another case something like this, only no one was hurt or sick at the time of the occurrence. I will read this if you have time and wish to hear it."

Cordially encouraged she began. "Some four or five years ago, I was traveling on the Northern Pacific Railroad. It was winter and severely cold. The train had plowed along very slowly all day through the deep drifts of continuously falling snow. Worn out and chilled through, I felt nearly sick. As we entered a little village towards night, I happened to remember that this was the town where a man by the name of Thorne lived, who had been an acquaintance of my father.

"The train stopped sometime for supper, and I ascertained, on inquiry, that Mr. Thorne and his wife were still living there, were well-to-do and very good, hospitable people. I determined to stop over and rest a few days with this old couple. It did not take long to find a team, and I was soon ensconced in the warm house of the kind old people, who lavished every comfort on me with evident delight.

"They were both over seventy years old, childless and alone. It seemed to be a real treat to them to have company. The white-haired old gentleman talked continually, telling many pleasant anecdotes of his acquaintance with my father, long ago, in which reminiscences his wife joined. Their house was a pretty little square cottage, built of bricks. Parlor, sitting room and kitchen ranged back in a row from the front, where an outside door opened off the piazza directly into the parlor. A row of sleeping rooms extended along the side of these apartments; the one I was to occupy being the front, opening from the parlor, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne sleeping in the next one, opening from the sitting room.

"We spent a very merry evening, I having become quite comfortable in the restful warmth of their hearty welcome and childlike happiness in my presence. The old gentleman, especially, was very amusing and was in delightfully exuberant spirits over my arrival. He persisted in calling me 'Dolly,' saying I was so much like a girl he knew, when he was a youngster, of that name.

"He not only laughed and told stories, but broke forth and sang several quaint old ditties in surprisingly clear tones, winding up with a few good Methodist hymns, for conscience' sake, their 'profession' for many years being unswerving. All the evening he was sitting about the cosy rooms with a thick out-of-doors cap jauntily cocked over one eye, the long, elf locks straggling from beneath its wide fur band, hanging on either side of his face, which was seamed with many wintry stiches. I thought, as I saw the strange gleam of youthful beauty shining through the dulled prism, what an evidence that the soul is unaffected by time.

"Don't forget what you dream to-night, Dolly,' he called out to me as I went to my room. 'First time you ever slept in my house. It'll come to pass, you know.' I promised, and with a sigh of relief sank into the depths of the warm feather bed, sleeping as only a worn-out traveler will after running along for days with only the chilly, unquiet rest a sleeping car affords.

"Along in the night I was roused by the opening of the front door, through which there entered a tall old lady. She was dressed in dark clothes and wore her bonnet and a heavy woolen shawl.

"Passing through the parlor into the sitting room, I thought she went into the bedroom occupied by the old people, and I lay comfortably thinking—without the least sense of the absurdity of the idea that I was knowing all this, when I actually could not see.

"Now, the old lady will do them good. I am glad she has come. She has come for Mr. Thorne, and he will be so happy.' While these thoughts were running through my mind I seemed to see the stranger standing near the foot of the bed in the other room, close to the open door leading into the sitting room. Suddenly the tall, ancient clock in the corner struck, in deep, bass tones, one, two. Starting up, now thoroughly aroused, I leaned on my elbow, listening for the sound of their voices, welcoming their—I knew—unexpected guest.

"All was silent. Feeling very much astonished—for I was positive I had been awake when the woman passed through the room—I wondered over the strange silence. I had half a mind to get up and see what was the matter, but finally I settled lazily down again and soon was fast asleep.

"It was late when they called me to breakfast in the morning. Mr. Thorne appeared as jolly as ever, sticking to his beloved cap until we sat down to the table, which was bountifully spread in the sitting room. All at once, as he was piling my plate with astonishing heaps of good things, he stopped and looking across the table said abruptly, 'Wife, I saw Sally last night!'

"Oh, no you didn't either, Levi,' said she nervously.

"I certainly did!' he declared. 'She came in through the parlor out into the sitting room, and stood right there.' Here he got up eagerly walking across the room pointing to the exact spot where I had thought the old lady stood. 'I saw her just as plain as daylight,' he went on. 'She had on her bunnit and shawl, and she said she had come after me,' he persisted. 'I was a-laying, kind o'dumb, looking at her, when the clock struck two and she was gone, I didn't know how, or where.'

"Oh, you never see her at all, Levi,' said his wife again as she began cutting a pie. 'Sally was his sister,' she explained to me, 'and she died last summer. She was an awful good old lady, one of the best Methodists you ever see. Oh, no you never see her, Levi; you just dreamt it.' The old gentleman persisted in telling it, however, declaring that he did see Sally, repeating the circumstance over and over. We went down to the postoffice after awhile, and a neighbor dropped in, a pleasant, chatty little woman. 'Happening to think of it,' Mrs. Thorne suddenly asked, 'what did you dream?'

"Why,' I replied, laughing. 'Mr. Thorne and I dreamed just alike.'

"You did?' ejaculated the old lady. Thereupon she repeated what her husband had told her.

"And did you dream that, too?' questioned the visitor.

"Why, I thought I was awake,' I replied somewhat confusedly, 'but I guess it must have been night mare.'

"This awakened their curiosity, and I finally told o my queer experience. Mrs. Thorne being called out of the room by some one, the visitor turned to me, saying mysteriously, 'I know something is going to happen; now you see! I'll let you know the result of this, if you'll give me your address.'

"I gave her my card which she quickly slipped into her pocket, glancing warningly at me as the old lady returned. I stayed with Mrs. Thorne several days and then, entirely recovered, I pursued my journey. I had hardly reached home, before I received a letter from the woman that had called on Mrs. Thorne that morning, saying, 'I told you I'd write and tell you if anything came of that dream, as you called it. Mr. Thorne, he is dead. He died very sudden, at just two o'clock last night. He wa'n't sick at all, until a day or two ago, but he kept telling everybody

about his seeing Sally; he seemed dreadful tickled about it. I knew he did see her, and you did too.'

"It is almost noon," said Miss Vale, glancing at her watch. "I certainly am long winded."

"There's the poems yet," begged Ada. "Another time, my dear, interrupted her mother, noticing the mournful expression settling on her friend's noble face.

A "CENSUS OF GHOSTS."

There is an unmistakable growth of interest in the strictly scientific investigation of the various kinds of psychical phenomena, which have heretofore seemed so mysterious and uncanny as to be the occasion of much superstitious dread and to be regarded as quite beyond the possibility of matter-of-fact scientific study. The existence of these phenomena is of course beyond the question. It is also a point no longer open for discussion that such matters are seriously worthy of investigation. Their study has been especially advanced by the work of the Society for Psychical Research, and by the development of "experimental psychology" as a field of scholarly and original inquiry. The Society for Psychical Research has its headquarters in England, but has an active branch in the United States. The president of the society is Prof. Henry Sidgwick of Cambridge University, and among its vice-presidents are Mr. Balfour, M. P., the Bishop of Carlisle, the Bishop of Ripon, Prof. James of Harvard University, and Prof. Langley of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. Many eminent names are found in its council and among its members, prominent among which are those of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Ruskin, Lord Tennyson, Frederick W. H. Myers, Prof. J. C. Adams, F. R. S., and Alfred Russell Wallace.

Certainly the society's inquiries into the subject of hallucinations and the mysteries commonly denominated as "ghosts" are carried on under the most eminent and respectable auspices. This work is likely to be stimulated and expedited in no small degree by the announcement in the English edition of the *Review of Reviews* that this periodical will, in an early forthcoming number, devote a considerable amount of space to the whole subject of apparitions and phantasms, narrating many new, curious and well-authenticated instances. The English editor appeals to his hundreds of thousands of readers throughout the world to come to his assistance by forwarding to him as promptly as possible any instances which may have come under their own observation or which form a part of their own experience or that of their friends or acquaintances. The American edition of the *Review* now extends to its readers a like invitation. Whatever material may be sent to this office will be immediately forwarded to England, where the extended article in question is now in process of preparation. The following comments accompany the original appeal for the statistics on hallucinations:

"Of course at this time of the day it is supremely unscientific not to believe in ghosts. Such incredulity is practically impossible to any one who admits that the unbroken testimony of mankind in all lands and at all times can possess any weight. There is more evidence to establish the reality of ghostly apparitions than there is to convict most of the murderers who are ever hanged; and while it is right and proper to regard every fresh tale of spectral wonder with a wholesome skepticism, the more skeptically you weigh the evidence, and the more rigorously you reject nine-tenths of the tales of the countryside, the more irresistably you will be driven to the conclusion that the truth of what are called supernatural visitations is as well established as any fact whose occurrence is occasional and intermittent. To reject all the mass of testimony upon which this assertion rests, out of deference to a preconceived theory, is absolutely opposed to the scientific spirit, and is on all fours with the superstition which scouted the true theory of astronomy because it seemed at variance with the popular theory of the universe.

Taking it, therefore, as conclusively established that such apparitions do appear, we are still as far as ever from knowing the laws of their being. In the present condition of our fragmentary and imperfect knowledge of these shadowy and impalpable entities it is too soon to attempt to formulate any theory of ghosts. Theories of ghosts have done immense mischief. They are at this moment the chief obstacle in the way of the calm, scientific investigation of a mass of intensely interesting but very obscure phenomena, which of all others demand examination in the calm, clear light of impartial reason. Hence, the first duty of the inquirer is resolutely to put out of his head all questions as to the theories and confine himself strictly and judiciously to the collection and observation of facts. Afterwards, when a sufficient number of facts are collected, collated and compared, we shall have the foundation upon which to construct some working

hypothesis which may pave the way to the discovery of the true theory of ghosts. This is the principle on which the Psychical Research Society has for several years pursued its most interesting labors; and, while we seem to be as far as possible from the elaboration of a scientific theory of ghosts, the society has at least succeeded in establishing beyond all gainsaying—first, that apparitions really appear; and, secondly, that they are at least as often apparitions of persons living at a distance from the place where the apparition is observed as they are apparitions of those who have died.

This discovery of the reality of what the society calls 'Phantasms of the Living' opens up such a fascinating field of inquiry, fraught with such awe-inspiring suggestions as to the nature and latent possibilities of human beings, as to occasion some marvel that the subject has not become a universal topic of discussion and of speculation. For while there may be some degree of creepiness about all discussion concerning the ghosts of the dead, there can be no nervousness about the ghosts of the living. If Mr. Smith at Madras can be proved to have appeared in actual bodily shape before Mr. Jones in his counting-house in Leadenhall street, who can say to what development this latent capacity of the ego may not attain if it is frankly recognized and intelligently cultivated? There may be here the clew to almost inconceivable triumphs of mind over matter, time and space. These fitful apparitions may be to the development of the faculty to which they are due what the lifting of the kettle-lid, which set Watt a-thinking, was to the steam-engine. The fact can be no longer disputed by reasonable men. Let us, then, collect and observe facts which will help us to discover the law of the fact.

It will be well at once to dismiss as misleading and confusing the term supernatural as applied to these apparitions. The savage who, when he first saw fire, declared that it was a god who bit those who touched it, constructed for himself a theory which was, of all others, most calculated to prevent his ascertaining the real nature of fire. It frightened him; and fear is one of the most disturbing influences that can affect the mind. It had a tendency to keep him at a distance and to excite in him that sentiment of veneration and awe which would have forever prevented the profanation of the use of a lucifer. As there is nothing sacred to a sapper so there is nothing in the shape of phenomena, that is sacred to the investigator in the sense of being tabooed as too holy for careful handling and vigilant examination. As long as men and women cannot rid themselves of the preconceived idea that any apparition is necessarily the spirit or soul of some defunct person, it is vain trying to get them to observe it coolly or examine it critically. Ghosts, like other things in this world, must bear looking at, and if they revisit the pale glimpses of the moon in these latter days they must take the chance of being subjected to all the methods of the scientific period.

This being so, we want to help the Psychical Research Society in their most useful and suggestive inquiries, and to that end make an appeal to the half-million readers whose eyes will fall upon this page in all parts of the habitable world. Will you help those who are patiently accumulating and sifting evidence on this vast and abstruse subject, by taking the trouble to write out, and send in to me, with such verification as is possible in the shape of exact names, places, dates, and whatever confirmatory evidence there may be available, of any apparition known to you, which has not yet, so far as you know, been recorded in the reports of the Psychical Research Society? In cases where the facts have been published, the reference to any accessible publication would suffice. But when the phenomena have never been recorded, it would be well to write it in full and send it in to the *Review of Reviews*.

For the guidance of those who may be willing to assist the work of the society by collecting and preparing evidence on such spontaneous phenomena as phantasms of the living and dead, disturbances in haunted houses, clairvoyance, previsions, and premonitions, the council of the Psychical Research Society offers the following suggestions:

1. A written statement, dated and signed with the full name (not necessarily for publication) should be procured from the actual witness; or each of them, where more than one shared the experience. In the latter case it is important that where possible the several accounts should be written without previous consultation.

2. Similar statements should be obtained from all persons in a position to give corroborative evidence, either as (a) having been present at the time of the experience, or, (b) as having been told of it shortly afterwards, or (c) as having been witness to any unusual effect produced on the percipient by the experience. Where contemporary documentary evidence is in existence in the shape of letters, diaries, note books, etc., it is important that this should, at least, be referred to; and we should be grateful for an opportunity of seeing the actual documents.

3. It is further requested that all dates and other

details may be given as accurately as possible; and that where the experience relates to a death, the full name of the deceased may be given, together with that of the locality in which he died, in order that the occurrence of the death, as stated, may be independently verified.

4. Lastly, in all cases where the percipient has experienced some unusual affection—such as a sensory hallucination, vivid dream, or marked emotion—he should be requested to state whether he has had any similar experience on any other occasion, whether coincidental or not.

Hallucination in this connection, it should be understood, signifies any impression made on the senses which was not due to any external physical cause.

Intending informants should in all cases be assured that no name or other particulars will be published without the express permission of the persons concerned.

At the International Congress of Experimental Psychology, which met in Paris in 1889, it was resolved to collect as widely as possible answers to the following questions:

Have you ever, when believing yourself to be completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living or inanimate object, or hearing a voice; which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external physical cause?

For the general purposes of the census, negative answers are required as much as affirmative ones, since one object is to ascertain approximately what proportion of persons have the experiences described. Another object is to obtain details as to the experiences, with a view to examining into their causes and meanings.

These experiences are what psychologists would call casual hallucinations of sane persons, but it is desired to include in the census phantasmal appearances which many people would deny to be hallucinations because they believe them to represent spiritual realities.

The inquiry in England has been intrusted to Prof. Sidgwick of Cambridge, who is anxious to obtain as many answers as possible before making his report to the next meeting of the congress, which will take place in London in August, 1892. He will be very glad if any one willing to assist him by putting the question to twenty-five friends and acquaintances will send him his or her name and address, when the necessary forms, with instructions to collectors, will be forwarded.

The census of hallucinations for the United States was placed in the hands of Prof. W. James of Harvard. The secretary and treasurer of the American branch of the Society for Psychical Research is Dr. Richard Hodgson, No. 5 Boylston street, Boston. The society is engaged in a useful and interesting work, and it deserves the respect and aid of an intelligent American public. Applications for membership should be made to Mr. Hodgson, from whom all information pertaining to the society, to its inquiries, and to its valuable publications may be obtained.—*Review of Reviews*.

MODERN CREMATION.

By ROSA MILLER AVERY.

A short time since you published a picture of the crematory to be built in Chicago. It was a thanksgiving picture to me and ought to be to every one at all interested in humanity or Christianity. Those who believe cremation is a rank heresy and "not in accord with the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead" ought to join together and rescue a vast territory of our property from the grasp of speculators and syndicates for grave-yard purposes, for if it is as stated, forty burials a day will soon make our cities of the dead more populous than the cities of the living, and for this sanitary reason alone we should give of our means and throw in our mite to aid in the building of this health-loving institution, the crematory.

The concern about the physical resurrection of the body is completely answered by Lord Shaftsbury's inquiry, "What would in such a case become of the blessed martyrs?" "It's so heathenish," says one, "to burn the body."

The Cremation Society wish the attention of the public called to the fact that "they are unalterably opposed to all methods, either ancient or modern, of burning the human body—in any ordinary sense of the word burning—but favor its reduction in a spacious closed retort, under the influence of superheated oxygen, which, at a very high temperature, uniting chemically with the carbonaceous elements of the body, causes it gradually to disappear, with no flame contact whatsoever, like the snow in the genial warmth of the sunshine."

Our Pilgrim Fathers almost ignored Christmas and observed Thanksgiving and New Year Days for special grace and family reunions and communions because

of the papal preference and elaborate and gorgeous worship of Christmas as a holiday. In like manner the early Christians opposed cremation because it was pagan; but charnal houses, sepulchres and earth mounds of decaying mortals are pagan, also. The early Christians wanted to preserve the bodies of the saints, as it was accounted great luck to insure one against the wrath of the Almighty and a protection against foes without and foes within, and against wild beasts to wear about one some bones of dead saints!

Is it not infinitely more comforting to think that the final decree from which none can escape of becoming "ashes to ashes" shall be consummated by the purifying influence of heat, rather than by making compost of the bodies of our friends to spread contagion and poison the arteries and springs of earth in hidden ways and distances beyond reckoning, and offending the pleasure of a drive or walk by passing fields of living green disfigured by cold, white, spook-like slabs, varying in height according to the length of the purse of the buyer of such memorials? Last but not least, the crematory teaches us to "seek the living among the dead." "They have risen." It is an unpleasant reflection that persons of every and any kind of faith and belief indulge in the delusion that the grave is the sacred spot on earth to comfort those that mourn.

A highly respectable and intelligent family were kept indoors last winter by la grippe. A friend expressed sympathy for their severe and long-protracted illness, but was greatly surprised to hear the head of the household declare the worst feature of it was they were "prevented visiting the cold beds of their children out in the cemetery." A poor widow of our acquaintance used to visit her daughter's grave every Sunday, and could not be persuaded to omit the visit on account of bad weather, which finally caused her death, leaving two children orphans.

How much better to put the sweet flowers beside the shadows of the living face and figure of our "dear departed," who are "not lost to us, only gone before," than to chance upon a pleasant day and opportune occasion to offer such memorials of our affection. Changes, removals, accidents, wars are barriers to grave affection and visitation, and there can be no such thing on earth as "a family burying lot" in its entirety. How sacredly near and dear do our departed friends come to us in the habit of their haunts and belongings in the souvenirs they leave us, mementoes of the love that lures us to look up into the very heaven of our hope and advancement, for well we know how our family saints look and love "over there." If, to some, it is a greater solace to sit over a grave, why not have the forsaken tenement of clay purified by heat and the sacred ashes placed in an urn or receptacle of our own choosing and in a spot near and not open to the public, and not subject the casket of our humanity to the avarice of the possible grave robber, the desire of the dissecting room, or desert it to be the food for worms.

Compassion for the dead and the living and all the grace of genuine grief finds its disposition in favor of cremation.—*Inter Ocean*.

On the 27th of October, 1659, the Quakers Marmaduke Stephenson and William Robinson were hanged in Massachusetts. All members of their sect had been ordered out of the colony on pain of death, but these two and Mary Dyar, a disciple of Ann Hutchinson, had refused to go and they were sentenced to suffer the extreme penalty. As they were being led out to execution Robinson exclaimed: "I die for Christ." Stephenson's last words were: "We suffer not as evildoers, but for conscience' sake." At the last moment Mary Dyar was reprieved, the judges having relented. She had prepared herself to die and the noose had already been slipped over her head when the message came that her life was to be spared. The news brought her no joy. Filled with zeal and the spirit of a martyr, she turned to the executioners and said: "Let me suffer as my brethren, unless you will annul your wicked law." No attention was paid to her request and she was conducted out of the colony by a guard. She soon returned and was hanged on Boston common, where the others had met death, to the everlasting shame of people who had themselves been persecuted because they insisted upon liberty of conscience.

What a wonderful age do we live in and what a wonderful half century we have just left behind. One can hardly realize how little there was in the world fifty or seventy-five years ago. No ocean steamships; no railways; no street cars; no telegraph; no ocean cable; no telephone; no phonograph; no sewing machines; no photographs; no electric lights, and not even kerosene; no steam fire engines. We wonder how people lived and carried on business half a century ago.—*Investigator*.



WHAT LOVE IS.

Love is the center and circumference;
The cause and aim of all things—'tis the key
To joy and sorrow and the recompense
For all the ills that have been or may be.

Love is as bitter as the dregs of sin,
As sweet as clover honey in its cell;
Love is the password whereby souls get in
To heaven—the gate that leads, sometimes, to
hell.

Love is the crown that glorifies; the curse
That brands and burdens it is life and death.
It is the great law of the universe:
And nothing can exist without its breath.

Love is the impulse which directs the world,
And all things know it and obey its power.
Man, in the maelstrom of his passion whirled,
The bee that takes the pollen to the flower.

The earth, uplifting her bare, pulsing breast
To fervent kisses of the amorous sun;
Each but obeys creative love's behest,
Which everywhere instinctively is done.

Love is the only thing that pays for birth
Or makes death welcome. Oh, dear God above,
This beautiful but sad, perplexing earth,
Pity the hearts that know—or know not—love!

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The women of Greece, to the number of 3,000, have signed a petition to the government of Greece, asking for public schools of art and industry to be established. They say that the failure of Greece to meet the expectations entertained of it is owing to the backward condition of its women and the fact of their non-participation in its public life.

Dr. Mary J. Safford, whose death occurred in Florida last week, was in some respects a remarkable woman. It is said that during the war of the rebellion she was the first woman in the United States to administer relief on the field of battle. She went up and down the river in the transports, assisted in the hospitals, and in every way threw life and time and means into the service. All through that part of the country she was idolized by the soldiers, many of whom still recall her name with tender gratitude. For five years she traveled in almost every European land, as well as in Egypt and the Orient, filling her mind with rich stores of knowledge and experience, and winning back by degrees the blessed boon of health. On her return from Europe, Miss Safford spent three years in New York studying medicine, and after her graduation she applied to the medical faculty of the University of Vienna for permission to study there. It was readily granted and she at once returned to Europe, studying for nearly three years in Vienna and other places. As a physician Dr. Safford practiced in Chicago and Boston. In the latter city she also taught for years in the medical department of the Boston University. Dr. Safford was one of the first women in Boston to be elected to serve on the public school committee, and here as everywhere she was faithful in the highest degree. She was warmly interested in all causes of reform and in efforts to better the condition of working-girls. In religion she was a rationalist.

In the death of Mrs. Ellen Mitchell (not Mrs. Ellen M. Mitchell, contributor to THE JOURNAL), who passed to the higher life on the 16th inst., Chicago has lost one of its ablest and most highly cultivated and influential women. She took great interest in educational work, especially in manual training. In the spring of 1888 she was appointed by Mayor Roche a member of the Board of Education, being the first woman who ever held such a position in Chicago. She remained in office during Mayor Cregier's administration. Her term expired last spring and ill health prevented her continuing in office a second term under Mayor Washburne. Her ability made her an invaluable member of the Board of Education. She was tireless in her efforts for improving the schools and took great interest in the manual training schools and in the compulsory education laws. She was a member of the Woman's Congress from its inception and was its Vice President for this state. In 1874 she drew the attention of that organization to the needs of outcast women. This she made a great philanthropic work, and for many years was secretary of the Erring Woman's Refuge of Chicago. Mrs. Mitchell was an active member of the Swedenborgian

Church. She was born in Nantucket in 1832. Her father was Joseph Mitchell, and on her mother's side she was a descendant of the Folger family, to which Benjamin Franklin was related. In 1853 she married Francis M. Mitchell, brother of Maria Mitchell.

Not very long ago I was one of the speakers at a meeting in Prince's Hall, in Piccadilly, which was presided over by Lord Dunraven, who is well known in the United States. It was a meeting called for the purpose of trying to bring about some better conditions of labor for the poor working women in the East End of London. Many men made good speeches,—peers and members of the House of Commons, and clergymen—there was even a bishop there—and Dissenting and Non-conformist ministers, who are usually endowed with a special gift of eloquence, which goes home to the heart of a popular audience. But the speech which interested me most was made by a working woman. It was not merely because she understood the practical question better than we did; it was not because, like the waitress whom Disraeli describes in his "Coningsby," through the mouth of his Sidonia, she was "mistress of her subject." Her expert knowledge, of course, counted for a great deal. But beyond this there was to my mind a remarkable capacity in her for taking at once a broad and a practical view of any subject; for recognizing the inevitable necessity of compromise; for accepting the conditions under which reform of any kind has to be made; for admitting limitations. Besides all this, there was a certain composure about her; a certain dignity of manner. She was neither obtrusive nor diffident. She seemed to say in effect: "You must take me as I am; I don't pretend to be a lady, in the conventional sense of the word, and I don't pretend to be a good speaker, but I have something to say and I want to say it. I am not anxious to make a speech, but I have something to say to you which ought to be said." Now, I think that woman personified fairly the best aspect of the woman's movement in England. I think woman is coming forward because she has something to say which she feels ought to be said. This is the strictly legitimate influence of woman. It is not the influence of the petticoat. It is the intelligence of woman coming to the help of the intelligence of man. I am utterly unable to see how this comradeship in the management of affairs can either lower the dignity of man or unsex the nature of woman. I may say at once that I am an utter disbeliever in the possibility of unsexing woman, or man either. I am very fond of reading Ovid's "Metamorphoses"; but I disbelieve some of the stories.—Justin McCarthy, in *North American Review*.

Ida Hewitt is a young woman who runs a locomotive on the Cairo short-line in West Virginia, which is a narrow-gauge connection of the Baltimore and Ohio. She is twenty-four years old, and is said to be very prepossessing in appearance. Miss Hewitt is the daughter of one of the chief owners of the Cairo short-line. The machine-shop of the road stands near Mr. Hewitt's house, and Ida when a child played around the shop and learned about the mechanism of locomotives. It became a passion with her to ride on them. She even learned the use of the tools that are used on a locomotive. A few months ago the single engineer of the road fell ill, and Ida volunteered to do his work at the lever. The man died and Miss Hewitt, having run the engine up and down the line to everybody's satisfaction, was made the regular engineer. She is a blonde, and wears a cap over her hair, a suit of blue cotton goods, heavy shoes and gloves. Her locomotive is much neater than when a man was the engineer, and she has been behind time only once. Mrs. W. Newton Lynch, West Virginia's representative on the board of lady managers at the World's Fair, discovered this fair phenomenon. Miss Hewitt will be invited to take a train loaded with West Virginia's mine and forest products to Chicago.

In one of Horace Walpole's letters to Mason occurs this remarkably prophetic passage: "The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will, perhaps, be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and, in time, a Virgil at Mexico and a Newton at Peru. At last some curious traveler from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul, like the editions of Baalbec and Palmyra." It is not probable that Macaulay consciously imitated the words of Walpole. He had no need to imitate any previous writer.

WHAT IS A KISS?

Some time ago London *Tid-Bits* offered a 2-guinea prize for the best definition of a kiss. Seven thousand answers were received. The prize was awarded to Benjamin J. Greenwood, of Tulse Hill, London, whose definition is:

An insipid and tasteless morsel which becomes delicious and delectable in proportion as it is deflavored with love.

The following is a selection from some of the best definitions submitted:

What the chimney-sweeper imprinted on the rosy lips of the scullery-maid when she told him she favored his soot.

The sweetest fruit on the tree of love. The oftener plucked the more abundant it grows.

A thing of use to no one but much prized by two.

The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the parent's benison and the hypocrite's mask.

That which you cannot give without taking and cannot take without giving.

The food by which the flame of love is fed.

The flag of truce in the petty wars of courtship and marriage.

The acme of agony to a bashful man.

The only known "smack" that will calm a storm.

A telegram to the heart in which the operator uses the "sounding" system.

Nothing, divided between two.

Not enough for one, just enough for two, too much for three.

The only really agreeable two-faced action under the sun or the moon either.

The sweetest labial of the world's language.

A woman's most effective argument, whether to cajole the heart of a father, control the humors of a husband or console the griefs of childhood.

Something rather dangerous,
Something rather nice,
Something rather wicked,
Though it can't be called a vice.
Some think it naughty,
Others think it wrong,
All agree it's jolly,
Though it don't last long.

A kiss from a pretty girl is like having hot treacle poured down your back by angels.

The thunder-clap of the lips which inevitably follows the lightning glance of the eyes.

A report at headquarters.

Everybody's acting edition of "Romeo and Juliet."

What the child receives free, what the young man steals, and what the old man buys.

The drop that runneth over when the cup of love is full.

That in which two heads are better than one.

A kiss is three parts of speech—a transitive verb, an invisible noun and a visible conjunction.

Printing without ink, leaving no visible impression.

Woman's passport to her husband's purse, and man's passport to a woman's heart.

When lips of lovers meet in bliss
The pleasing act is termed a "kiss."
But when the pair have wed each other
The rapid thing is called a "bother."

Love's artillery, that is brought into action immediately on the call "to arms."

Contraction of the mouth due to enlargement of the heart.

The sounding line used by a woman to fathom the dept's of man's weakness;

An old-fashioned telegraphic arrangement for transmitting from one person to another various sensations that cannot be transmitted correctly by any other medium known.

Nature's Volapuk—the universal language of love.

A woman's trump card in the game of love.

An article that is always accepted and (im) printed but not always published.

The action of the lips by which the real sentiments of the heart are either affectionately expressed or falsely disguised.

I am just two and two, I am warm, I am cold,
And the parent of numbers that cannot be told.
I am lawful—unlawful—a duty, a fault,
I am often sold dear—good for nothing when bought.
An extraordinary boon and a matter of course,
And yielded with pleasure when taken by force.

A gift which is sometimes expected, seldom rejected, though often returned.

A speech without words.

A lip-salve often tried as a specific in affections of the heart.

The missing link between body and soul.

The only delight of the gods that mortals have been permitted to enjoy.

The safety-valve to an exuberance of tender feelings.

The lover's privilege and the pug dog's right.

What the child gives, the lower steals, the foolish waste and the old value.

The most popular lip-salve of the present day.

A tonic which in childhood may be administered with safety, but of great caution when childhood is past.

The lover's flag of truce after a quarrel. Love's happiest expression and sorrow's tenderest balm.

A cannon off the red.

The anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction.

A good impression made by the seal of love.

It is like the wind that blows, it is felt but not seen.

The "pons asinorum" of courtship.

A demonstration of love which will dry the baby's tears, thrill the maiden's heart and soothe the ruffled feelings of a tired wife.

A smack for catching the matrimonial fish.

The sovereign tincture in our household dispensary.

What man struggles for before marriage, what woman struggles for after marriage.

Draughts of nectar from the lips of innocence.

Cupid's crushing smack, the crews of which are generally love-sick.

The striking of a love match.

A simple thing of which a whole world of meaning is sometimes hidden.

The stars in the firmament of love.

The best plaster for the wounds given in domestic tiffs.

The poorest mother's richest gift.

A cheeky application.

A kiss resembles a short sermon, consisting of two heads and an application.

Cupid's sealing wax.

The essence of tu-lips (two lips).

The only gift a generous lover likes to get back again.

Temporary facial friction generating instantaneous rapture and bliss.

The soul's ambassador.

The dew gathered from the lips of earth's fairest flower.

A game for two always in fashion.

A rock in the sea of life, on which the good ship Bachelor was wrecked.

The cream of courtship.

That which is exchanged between two persons, is something while in the act of exchanging, nothing after the exchange is made, and for which neither can show value received.

Matrimonial bird-lime.

A kiss is love's press telegram.

The heart's thirst appeased at the fountain of a loved one's lips.

Woman's food, man's luxury, boy's physic.

A lubricant, without which the machinery of love gets rusty.

An unspeakable communication.

The idea of saving one's life in an emergency for the purpose of making better use of it at some future time is wittily stated by several authors, both in English and in other languages. The best-known quotation is that from Goldsmith in "The Art of Poetry on a New Plan":

For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.

Almost as widely celebrated are the lines of Butler in "Hudibras":

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.

Long before the time of Butler, however, a translation of a French song, published in English in 1595, had the same idea:

Off he that doth abide
Is cause of his own pain,
But he that flieth in good tide
Perhaps may fight again.

In the year 338 B. C. Demosthenes first made the idea famous. He was an orator, but no soldier, and at the battle of Chaeronea, where Philip defeated the Athenians, Corinthians and Thebans, the pronouncer of the philippic did not cover himself with glory by throwing away his shield and the rest of his arms, offensive and defensive, and running at his best speed with his fellow countrymen. Being reproached for his cowardice he wittily replied with a quotation from a popular play of Menander; a poet of his own time: "A man that runs away may fight again," and silenced his opponents if he did not excuse himself.

"Now, Mr. Higgins," said the hostess, I want you to behave just as you do when you are at home." "Waal, ef he does," put in Mrs. Higgins, "I won't stay here a minute. I've come away for a rest."



DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY OF WOMAN.

TO THE EDITOR: Will you allow one who has spent the best strength of a lifetime in the study of those social problems which are sometimes grouped together under the head of "The Social Evil," to say a few words concerning them in your columns?

As the outcome of thirty-five years of wide reading and thorough investigation I seem to see this:

That the subject of the true relations between men and women is at present as imperfectly comprehended as the relation of the soul of man to its Infinite Author has hitherto been. But, as in these later days, out of the shell of the old theologies is bursting, under the operation of the same law of growth by which a flower bursts its calyx, a new effervescence of faith, dependent indeed upon root and stem and body for life, yet the crown and glory of them all, and that for which they have hitherto existed, so out of the slowly growing perceptions of purity and freedom which the ages have nurtured there is to come at last the very flower and perfection of love as it stands related to experiences of men and women as such.

A love that is neither without law nor above law, but which is the divine effluence of the very highest law, that which subjects the body ever and always to the rightful sway of the soul, yet realizes that only so does the body gain its highest expression and fullest fruition.

As the calyx parts its leaves and loses something of its vitality in releasing the blossom, so some old conceptions of marriage and of purity must suffer change to let the new life out to light and freedom, but the light will be a heavenly light, the freedom a divine expansion.

Twenty years ago the great movement in the churches for a higher and purer expression of Christianity was not generally foreseen. Twenty years hence I believe that the movement for the recognition of the divine sovereignty of woman, as expressed in her relation to the love nature of the race, will be well under way and then some ideas which now prevail concerning propriety and the purity of women in her relations with men will seem as inconsequent as the doctrines of predestination and decrees seem to-day.

It is not until such an emancipation of woman as this takes place, an emancipation which science already begins to foreshadow, that the perfectibility of the race can be anything more than a utopian dream.

CAROLINE F. CORBIN.

CHICAGO, ILL.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

TO THE EDITOR: In the article on "Slate Writing" on page eight of THE JOURNAL, November 18th, mention is made of the Davenport boys. As I served on one of the committees, and as our manner of securing the boys was somewhat unlike the common manner, it strikes me that an account of one of their exhibitions might be of interest to your readers. The point I desire to make plain is the different sizes of hands, which could not have been those of the "double" of the boys. The exhibition was given in the town hall. The cabinet was about seven feet long, three wide, and four high, with two doors located on the front side near the ends. Between the doors was an opening, near the top, about eight inches square, covered with a curtain on the inside. The doors had common catches, with knobs as fasteners on the outside. On the inside were flat, iron slide-bolts, about six inches in length. The cabinet stood on legs, about two feet from the floor. The ropes used were of ordinary quality, about the size of one's little finger. Two of the committee were familiar with tying the most intricate knots, they having served as seamen in their earlier years. The committee was composed of master ship-carpenter and contractor W. H. Genn, master ship-rigger Elias Bowden and myself, a practical watchmaker and jeweler. Each of the boys' hands was first tied separately around the wrist. Then the two hands were brought together and tied each to the other. The cords were then passed down through holes made through the boards, immovable seats, at the ends of

the cabinet; the boys' hands behind them. Then their legs were secured together by the most intricate tying of the cords. After this was done to the satisfaction of all members of the committee, the tying being examined by the aid of a hand lamp that I held for that purpose, to make matters doubly sure that the knots were not tampered with, a piece of the rope six inches long was cut off and unlaidd into strands. Then two of these strings for each boy were laid across from hand to hand, loosely, so that any movement of the hands made to extricate themselves would be indicated by the displacement of these loose yarns. In addition to these tell-tales Master Genn split his large carpenter's pencil into slivers and these were stuck into the knots about the legs, not tightly, but in such a manner that any movement of the legs or any tampering with the tying that had been done these chips would have dropped out. The door on the right was first closed, and just the instant the other one was in place these inside bolts, that I have described, slid by. I at once tried to pull the door open, and found it securely fastened. While I was trying to open the door there was a general cry from the audience: "See the hands! See the hands!" As I was at work on the door my head was turned away from the centre opening, but in an instant I turned and saw as many hands as could be thrust out of the aperture. Some were large and others were the size of small children's hands, all coming out at the same time, and they appeared like those of living persons. All this time I was within three feet of the aperture, so that I had a perfect view of what took place, my hands being hold of the knob of the door-catch. Immediately after the hands returned to the cabinet, I thrust my right hand into the opening, with the idea that these hands might be made of some kind of material, although they appeared perfectly natural, the fingers working backward and forward as if to attract attention. I reached into the cabinet about eighteen or twenty-four inches, feeling about in every direction. I touched nothing, but on withdrawing my hand another hand took hold of the back of mine—not grasping, but lightly feeling, as though it meant that I should not be mistaken in knowing it was a warm, fleshlike substance. I was so startled by this occurrence that I instantly jerked my hand out, using so much effort in doing so that I turned myself completely around. At once I recovered myself and returning to the cabinet reached in again, hoping to have further evidence of the people within, but nothing further occurred inside. When, however, my hand was clear of the opening, out came a number of hands again for an instant. After waiting a few minutes, the hands not returning, the committee took seats about fifteen feet from the cabinet, the agent of the boys sitting between us. All the foregoing had taken place in a full-lighted hall, before an audience of say 150 or 200.

The lights were now put out and total darkness took place in all parts of the room. At once the violin, tambourine, bell, etc., were played on, not, however, in the most skillful manner. There was a loud slamming going on, as though with a piece of flat wood, against the walls of the cabinet.

When this performance ceased the door of the cabinet was opened, judging from the sound coming from it. Then the violin, tambourine and bell seemed to all appearance floating out over the heads of the audience, being played upon, but not systematically, just loud enough to enable us to locate them. As nothing could be seen, the ear had to take the evidence, but all present were satisfied that the instruments were out over their heads. The violin and tambourine were returned to the cabinet, but the bell was thrown down at the feet of the committee, and call came from one of the boys for a light, although during the playing of the instruments a voice was often heard speaking through the speaking-trumpet. The hall was now lighted again and the committee examined the condition of the ropes. Not a chip had fallen from either boy's hands, and not a chip had fallen out of the knots. The boys showed no signs of having made any movement, they both appearing cool in temperature, or rather in their normal condition. While the tying was being done the boys made no objection to the proceedings, but manifested a desire that we should do just as we thought best to satisfy ourselves. The ends of the ropes were tucked into the boys' boot-legs at a point to which the boys would only by accident be able to return them. In fact, the committee omitted no precautions to complete test conditions. The doors were now closed again and the lights put out, for

the purpose of having the boys untied by the invisible power, which it took eight minutes to accomplish.

The boys were here a number of evenings giving exhibitions which the above represents fairly, with new committees every evening. Some times only one hand at a time would be shown and that a very large one. The display was never twice alike; generally, however, both large and small hands came out at the same time. I do not pretend to say what the power was behind those phenomena, but one thing is certain, they were not produced by the boys' hands. They seemed to have been produced by the power or through the agency of intelligent, organized beings. No confederates could have assisted in the performance without detection. I have sufficient reason for the opinion that the boys and agent were honest. As I was well known in this vicinity the agent, whose name I cannot recall at this writing, asked me if I would go to a neighboring town and act as agent for the boys, who had been billed for a performance, as one of his family was sick and he desired to return home. To accommodate him I consented, but was not obliged to go as he had word that the sick person was better. Now, this was no contrivance on his part to throw fraud dust in my eyes, for the boys made no concealment of their knowing how to play the violin. They purchased not only strings of me but an instruction book for the violin. In fact the whole company were out and in my place of business every day, and I was on the alert to discover their tricks if they were tricks. The boys were about sixteen years of age at that time, and my endeavor to draw them out as to how the thing was done was a failure. Glass balls were placed under each leg of the cabinet, I inquired of the agent how to adjust them. He said there was no need of them, that everything would take place just as well without them. All he wanted of me was to see that the boys were not hurt or interfered with. A little incident of some moment occurred at one of our exhibitions here. When the lights were out one evening, one of our doubting sea captains took off his boots and crept on his hands and knees to the cabinet and laid down under it. Everything went on as usual and when the hall was again lighted the captain came forward and said no one entered or left the cabinet while he was under it. I consider this good evidence that no confederates were employed. I am quite sure that there was not a person in the audience whom I did not know personally.

While reading the above to Mr. Bowden, who served with me on the committee, he called my attention to one of the most singular phases of the phenomena. It was the coiling up of both cards in perfect order and laying them on the seat which extends along the back of the cabinet. Then on the coils were laid those little strands of rope and every one of the wooden slivers or chips that had been put into the knots as tell-tales. I do not hesitate to say that it would have been impossible for a confederate to accomplish this without a light; which would have been seen by the audience.

I am glad to see so much attention given to the investigation of slate writing. To my mind it is the highest type of phenomena and the most convincing of an intelligent influence controlling. I have an article on that subject in my mind which I may write out some time for THE JOURNAL.

BUCKSPORT, ME. JAMES EMERY.

A SUGGESTION.

TO THE EDITOR: I wish to suggest, if possible, an idea of a circulating library for books on Spiritualism and kindred subjects,—or does such a library already exist? The books on these subjects are so many and so various that only wealthy book lovers can hope to own them, while thousands desire to read them. Could not THE JOURNAL open such a library for its readers, charging so much per week, month etc., for the use of each book, the reader, if out of Chicago, to pay postage to and fro on each book, while the charge for reading the work would very soon pay for the wear and tear of sending it through the mails. Many of the books in your list are so dear that any one wishing to read, say, thirty of them, could easily spend \$50; while a few dollars, at least, would pay for the privilege of borrowing them for a stated time. Will you kindly give this your valuable consideration, and also place the suggestion before your readers, some one of whom may perhaps think of a better plan. Very truly yours, E. C.

"ROSE."

BY ELENORA STONE.

A rose bush grew by the garden gate
Nodding its head o'er the palls tall.
It budded and blossomed early and late
Shedding beauty and fragrance over all.

Its petals were white; except in the curl
Of its inmost leaves was a dash of red;
Like that which flames in the cheek of a girl
When she hears the first low love-words said.

No tender love-words had yet been spoken
In the ear of the girl who stood by the door;
Red and white like the rose she had broken,
Like that, too, Rose was the name she bore.

All night long she had heard strange noises,
The rumble of wheels and the tramp of feet,
And in between, filling all the pauses
A bugle call or the drum's wild beat.

All thro' the hours of the midnight dreary,
Had troops been marching to join the fray:
A group of horsemen, dusty and weary
Now halted for rest across the way.

The leader dismounted near the maiden,
And his rein to an orderly tossed;
His eye was caught by the bush rose-laden
An upward glance and his heart was lost.

Nature to him had been most royal
Hair the color the sunbeams love;
Eyes where the soul shone true and loyal
Apollo's form and the "front of Jove,"

Those violet eyes so dark and tender
Met her glance as it downward fell;
Her still heart stirred beneath their splendor
And melted and warmed in their magic spell.

As once in a hundred lives 'tis given
To a soul to meet and to know its own,
So these two knew that a glimpse of heaven
Thro' the rifted veil for a moment shone.

No word was said, but eyes and fingers
Told the same story every one knows,
His hand met hers and fondly lingers
As she held out her hand and gave him the rose.

The roar of conflict rising and falling
Told in the distance the battle was on.
Honor, duty and fame were calling,
Shall he lose all these, so love be won?

No, duty forbade him to play the lover,
He knew not even the maiden's name
(What taught him to murmur then over and over
"My Rose, my sweet white Rose with heart of flame.")

So into the saddle he lightly vaulted
Curbed the proud war horse with firm held rein
But close to the maiden's side he halted
And whispered "Death willing, we meet again."

Later on with the dead around him,
On the battle field as at rest he lay,
They drew his hand from his breast as they found
him,
A blood red rose in its grasp of clay.

They buried him on the field with the brave
The blood-stained rose still clasped in his hand.
Oh, God: the hopes that went into that grave;
And the many such graves all over our land.

The maiden waited in vain for a token
Pale and white grew the red rose then:
Thinking oft of the words he had spoken
"Remember, if living we meet again."

She faded and paled thro' the summer weather
Till autumn's flame flushed the foliage red,
Her life and the rose's went out together
"And Death will be kinder than Life," she said.

On her breast were the last of the blossoms laid.
In the fair cold hands and the shining hair,
And over the rose-bush the breezes played
A threnody wild thro' the branches bare.

Who dare deny that in fields of Aidenne
Soul answering soul as heart to heart,
They walk together, lover and maiden,
And death had joined those it once did part.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

They were still seated at the table after tea. He was in the habit of airing his knowledge on such occasions.

"Inventions are sometimes called after their inventors," he began. "The monkey-wrench, for instance, was called after Mr. Monkey."

"Was the slot-machine invented by Mr. Slot?" asked Tommie.

"No, child. The daguerreotype is called after Mr. Daguerre."

"And the telescope after William Tell?"

"Why no, Tom. Be quiet. Mr. Derrick invented the derrick."

"Was the fountain pen invented by Mr. Fontaine?"

"No, you little idiot. The fountain pen was invented by the devil. Wife, put this boy to bed."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Day—"The saying 'Dead men tell no tales' isn't true any more."

Weeks—"Since when?"

Day—"Since the magazines began salting MSS., and waiting for the author to die."

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

William Lloyd Garrison, The Abolitionist. By Archibald H. Grimke, M. A., New York, London and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Cloth, 12mo, 405 pp. With portrait, \$1.50.

William Lloyd Garrison was one of the world's benefactors. He was a leader of men in the fight against a great national wrong. Influenced by the lofty purpose of the liberation of men held in bondage, he threw himself heart and soul into the cause of abolition, exhibiting throughout the stern struggle of a life-time, unflinching courage, and unswerving allegiance to truth. The story of this man's life lifts humanity—our humanity—up to the very mountains of nobility. The "higher education" needed to elevate a people is to be found in the study of such a noble example of manhood as is afforded by the life of William Lloyd Garrison.

The book is highly interesting. Here is an example, introducing the debut of the Poet Whittier:

"We will let Mr. Garrison tell the story to his own way: 'Going up stairs to my office one day, I observed a letter lying near the door, to my address; which, on opening, I found to contain an original piece of poetry for my paper, the *Free Press*. The ink was very pale, the handwriting very small; and, having at that time a horror of newspaper original poetry—which has rather increased than diminished with the lapse of time—my first impulse was to tear it in pieces without reading it, the chances of rejection, after its perusal, being as ninety-nine to one . . . but summing resolution to read it, I was equally surprised and gratified to find it above mediocrity, and so gave it a place in my journal . . . as I was anxious to find out the writer, my post-rider one day divulged the secret, stating that he had dropped the letter in the manner described, and that it was written by a Quaker lad named Whittier, who was daily at work on the shoemaker's bench, with hammer and lap-stone, at East Haverhill. Jumping into a vehicle, I lost no time in driving to see the youthful bard, who came into the room with shrinking diffidence, almost unable to speak, and blushing like a maiden. Giving him some words of encouragement, I addressed myself more particularly to his parents, and urged them with great earnestness to grant him every possible facility for the development of his remarkable genius.'

"Garrison had not only found a true poet, but a true friend as well, in the Quaker lad, John Greenleaf Whittier. The friendship which sprung up between the two was to last during the life-time of the former."

The volume is well suited for the home library and circulating libraries, and affords highly entertaining, instructive and inspiring reading for young and old.

Development of Mediumship by Terrestrial Magnetism. By Abby A. Judson, Minneapolis, Minn., 1891. pp. 31. Price, 30 cents.

In this little work, which the printers have put into very esthetic form, Miss Judson gives her views as to the development of mediumship by magnetism, with some thoughts on terrestrial magnetism, personal experience, and what purports to be a communication through Mrs. R. S. Lillie from the author's father Adoniram Judson. There are also other communications and pieces. The little book is "dedicated to all earnest souls who desire, by becoming more spiritual themselves, to come into closer connection with the Spirit-world." It appears in time to be obtained as a holiday gift by and to Spiritualists.

The fourth and last of Prof. Frederick Starr's papers on "Dress and Adornment" in *The Popular Science Monthly* appears in the December number. It deals with "Religious Dress," including the dress of religious officers, of worshipers, of victims, of mourners, amulets and charms, and the religious meaning of mutilations. It will be copiously illustrated.

Real Ghost Stories. A Record of Authentic Apparitions; being the Christmas number of the *Review of Reviews*, Collected and Edited by W. T. Stead, London and New York. Price, 25cts. (For sale at the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.)

"The Ghost that Dwells in Each of Us," "The Thought Body, or the Double," "Clairvoyance the Vision of the Out of Sight," "Premonitions and Second Sight,"

"Ghosts of the Living on Business," "Ghosts Keeping Promises," "Apparitions at or Before Death," "Ghosts Announcing their Own Death," "Ghosts of the Dead with a Practical Object," "Out-of-Door Ghosts," "Evil Spirits and Phantasms which Touch," and "A Parting Word," are the titles of the very interesting chapters of this number of the *Review of Reviews*. Mr. Stead has shown discrimination as well as industry in the selection of ghost stories and narratives of psychical and spirit phenomena, and commendable moderation, liberality and fairness in his discussion of the subject. It is rather amusing to read before the preface these cautionary words, the effect of which will be to make the very class that is warned more eager to read the narratives: "Caution to the reader: Before reading the contents of this Christmas number, please note, 1.—That the narratives printed in these pages had better not be read by any one of tender years, of morbid excitability, or of excessively nervous temperament. 2.—That the latest students of the subject concur in the solemn warning addressed in the acried writings to those who have dealings with familiar spirits, or who expose themselves to the horrible consequences of possession. 3.—That as the latent possibilities of our complex personality are so imperfectly understood, all experimenting in hypnotism, Spiritualism, etc., excepting in the most careful and reverent spirit, by the most level-headed persons, had much better be avoided. This caution is printed here at the suggestion of Catholics, Theosophists, and Spiritualists, who declare themselves to be profoundly convinced of its necessity."

In Old Quinnebasset. By Sophie May. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891. pp. 353. Cloth, price \$1.50. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

A story of life in a New England town one hundred years ago, told in Sophie May's most charming style. It is a fine piece of realistic story-telling, for the writer has depicted the fashions and manners of that period in a way to make the reader seem to live and be a part himself of the story, while bits of real history are interwoven into the uncommonplace love affair which gives the main interest to the book. It has many beautiful illustrations and will be read with equal pleasure by old and young.

The Anarchist; a Picture of Civilization of the Nineteenth Century. By John Henry Mackay. Boston: 224 Tremont St., Benj. R. Tucker, 1891, pp. 305. Paper, 50 cts. Mr. Mackay, who ranks among the young German realists, traces in this book, under the veil of fiction, his own mental development to his present position—that of a philosophical and egoistic Anarchist. The scene is laid in London, and the riots of Trafalgar square, the misery of the East end, and the Chicago executions are graphically pictured in panoramic succession.

The Joyful Story. By Dr. J. B. Herbert. A beautiful Christmas Service, consisting of choruses, recitations, responsive exercises, quartettes and solos. Most excellent words set to bright and pleasing music. Adorned with an exquisite cover printed in four colors. Price 5 cents; \$4.00 per hundred. The S. Brainard's Sons Co., 145 and 147 Wabash ave., Chicago.

The Quintessence of Ibsenism. By G. Bernard Shaw. Boston: 224 Tremont st. Benj. R. Tucker. 1891. pp. 170. Paper, 25 cts.

In five chapters, entitled "The Two Pioneers," "Ideals and Idealists," "The Womanly Woman," "The Plays" and "The Moral of the Plays," Mr. Shaw discusses Ibsen's plays, their moral and philosophic drift, intelligently and discriminatingly. The work is a very good exposition of Ibsenism.

MAGAZINES.

The January *Atlantic Monthly* will have an article of peculiar interest on James Russell Lowell, by Henry James. It will be largely devoted to the remarkable success of Mr. Lowell as United States minister at London, and to the greatness and charm and superlative patriotism which marked his character.—The December number of *Babyhood* opens with an article on "Little Folk and the White House," which tells all about Baby McKee. 5 Beckman st., N. Y. \$2 per year.—"The Abuse of Exercise," by Dr. Alton W. Leighton, is the opening paper in *The Herald of Health* for December, followed by valuable "Notes Concerning Health," by the editor,

Dr. M. L. Holbrook. \$1 per year. 46 East 21st st., New York.

The *Chautauquan* for January has a table of contents that is very attractive. Among the articles are "The Battles of Saratoga," by John G. Nicholay; "Domestic and Social Life of the Colonists, IV.," by Edward Everett Hale; "National Agencies for Scientific Research, IV.," by Major J. W. Powell, Ph.D., LL.D.; "Progress in the Nineteenth Century," by Edward A. Freeman; "Niagara the Motor for the World's Fair," by Prof. John Trowbridge; "Is Oratory a Lost Art?" by E. Jay Edwards; "The Kindergarten Movement in Chicago," by Antoinette Van Hoesen Wakeman. The editorials treat of "A New Occupation for Old People," "The Daughters of the American Revolution," and "Russia and the Jews." There are the usual departments devoted to the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.—The opening paper in the *Unitarian Review* for December is "The Heresy of Non-Progressive Orthodoxy," by Wm. B. Bryant. Rev. J. W. Chadwick has an article on Lowell.—The season *Lady's Illustrated Magazine* contains the newest Paris fashions and the most elegant designs in fancy work, needle work, embroidery, crochet, etc. The January number has just appeared. The International News Co., 83 Duane st., New York. Price, 30 cts.—The December number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* has among its illustrated papers, "Tigers and Tiger Hunting," by Sir Samuel Baker, and "Fashions of the Nineteenth Century," by Mrs. Strange Butson.—In the December *Phrenological* we find Sir Edwin Arnold on the first page. A very well written article on "Ideality and Imitation" comes from a careful thinker. "How the Old Chaldeans Buried Themselves" is illustrated freely and suggests an improvement on the common practice among us moderns. Baron Hirsch, the millionaire philanthropist, is sketched very appropriately when so much is heard of Jew persecution. The editor evidently thinks it is time that Jerusalem was recaptured by the sons of Israel.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

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This Pamphlet of 50 pages is a condensed statement of the laws of Mediumship illustrated by the Author's own experiences. It explains the Religious experiences of the Christian in consonance with Spiritual laws and the Spiritual Philosophy. It is valuable to all, and especially to the Christian who would know the true philosophy of a "change of heart." It ought to be largely circulated as a tract by Spiritualists.

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CHRISTMAS EVE. All night long the pine-trees wait, Dark heads bowed in solemn state, Wondering what may be the fate Of little Norway Spruce.

Little Norway Spruce who stood Only lately in the wood. Did they take him for his good— They who bore him off?

Little Norway Spruce so trim, Lithe, and free, and strong of limb! All the pines were proud of him; Now his place is bare.

All that night the little tree In the dark stood patiently, Far away from forest free, Laden for the morn.

Chained and laden, but intent, On the pines his thoughts were bent, They might tell him what it meant, If he could but go!

Morning came. The children. "See! Oh, our glorious Christmas-tree!"— Gifts for every one had he; Then he understood.

M. M. D., IN DECEMBER ST. NICHOLAS.

BESSIE'S OPINION. Bessie went to church that morning; She had never been before. "But she's old enough," said mamma; "Three years old, and almost four."

She had promised to be quiet; "No, indeed, she would't cry!" Holding tight to papa's finger Off she went with sparkling eye.

Wonderingly she saw the people, Saw the flowers and the best; Gazed up at the lofty arches; But the music pleased her best;

When it ceased and came the sermon, Bessie frowned and fidgeted. "Sh, be quiet, Bess!" said mamma, But she shook her little head.

Stood upon the red pew cushion, Waved her hand in queenly way Toward the preacher, toward the organ— "Man, be quiet! Band, you play!"

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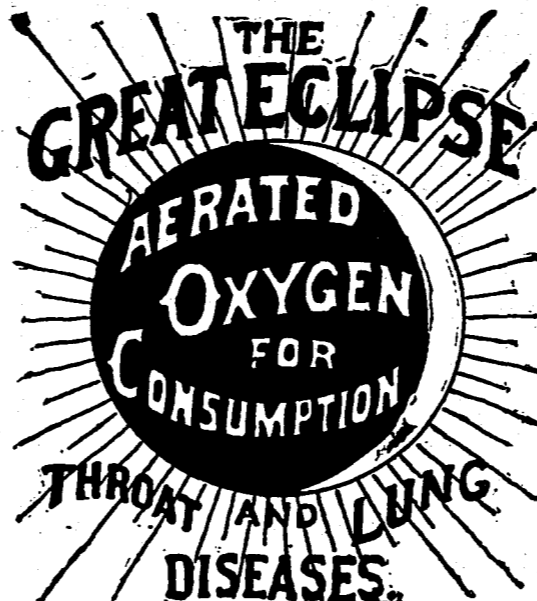
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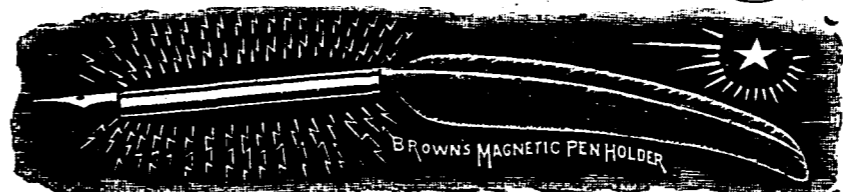
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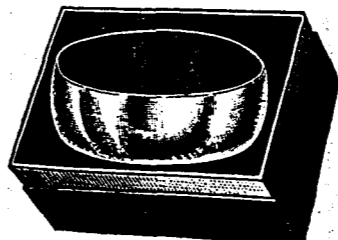
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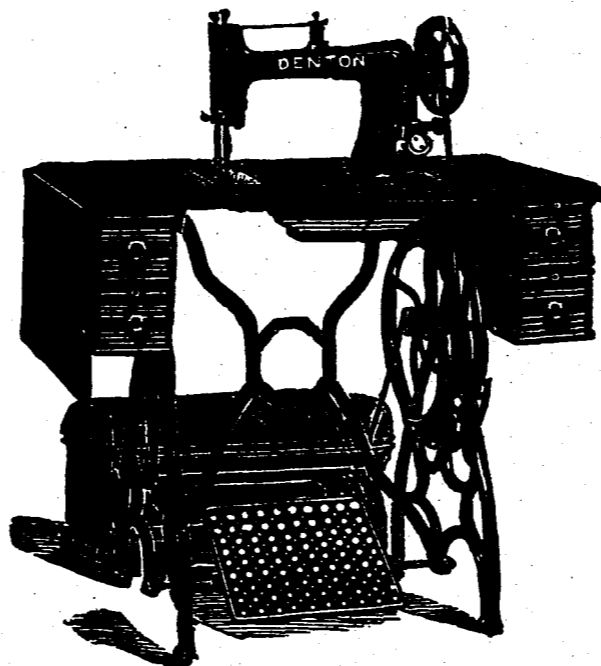
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"HOLIDAYS."

In the general effort at pleasure-provoking and happiness-promoting now at its height, the publisher is gratified to find that large numbers of his subscribers are thinking of him as well as of their immediate family and friends, as is evidenced by renewals of subscriptions, and orders for books. He is also pleased at the prompt responses to his offer of the "Denton" sewing machine. He believes that machine is bound to "go," from the substantial indications already at hand, and he is sure it will go satisfactorily in every household where it is given place. If you need one for yourself or a friend order at once.

Then too, is the publisher delighted at the avidity with which the stock of Dr. Crowell's interesting book, "The Spirit-World," is being consumed. If the present demand continues the edition will be exhausted in a few weeks; and then no more will be offered as the plates have been destroyed.

I hope every friend of THE JOURNAL will make a special effort to advance its material interest between now and sunrise of January 1, 1892. I hope that every subscriber in arrears will pay up and renew, or write me giving a good excuse for delay and fixing a specific time when payment will be made. Let us all begin the new year square with the world!

I wish you one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! May the coming year be to you one of prosperity, increased knowledge and happiness. May the spirits of your dear ones manifest in unmistakable ways, and may you grow in spirituality as you grow in experience. May 1892 witness a rapidly growing spirit of fraternity; and may we as Spiritualists carry the sweetness and light of our beautiful philosophy into myriads of homes where it is now unknown. Let us all work together for GOOD!

Next Sunday, B. F. Underwood speaks at the Academy of Music, Toronto, on the Sabbath question, one aspect of which is now prominent in Canadian politics. Toronto is the stronghold of Protestant conservatism and intolerance.

W. T. Van Zandt, of New York, in renewing subscription writes: May I say to you how much I am in sympathy with you in your work, and at the same time congratulate you on the high standard of excellence attained by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, which makes it to-day the strongest upholder of genuine spiritual philosophy.

J. L. Batchelor, an Iowa lawyer, in renewing his subscription writes: The JOURNAL has, in my judgment, two essential merits: It is doing grand work in making knowledge, not superstition or authority, the ground of man's faith and reliance in all fields of thought and progress; and it is doing this work by an appeal to established facts arising in his highest and holiest nature.

THE JOURNAL'S thanks are due to Mr. Newman Weeks, of Rutland, Vermont, for a fine cabinet photograph of himself. Mr. Weeks is one of the early pioneers of Spiritualism; a class now rapidly disappearing from this plane of activity, only to reappear in another and one which they have done so much to bring within the realm of the knowable. THE JOURNAL'S

photographic collection is growing invaluable.

The only criticism that is made upon Phillips Brooks, says a Boston correspondent who admires him, is that he speaks so rapidly that it is difficult for many people to follow him and take all his meaning. A little baby girl in his audience one Sunday expressed her opinion of his delivery. She was standing on the seat by her mother's side, watching the great orator in his pulpit robes, her blue eyes fastened on his countenance; suddenly her face wreathed itself with smiles—that rapid flow of consonants was a feat for her entertainment, and she was not to be outdone by Phillips Brooks. Clapping her little hands, and striking out her little chin toward him, she shouted forth in her tiny voice: "Peter Pepper picked a peck of prickly pears," when her mother caught her down and hushed her, and the great rector of Trinity preached on, unconscious of the stricture passed upon his style by his small parishioner.

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

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Persons who have had psychical experiences of any kind are earnestly requested to communicate them directly to the Secretary of the American Branch, or to the editor of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, with as much corroborative testimony as possible; and a special appeal is made to those who have had experiences justifying the spiritualistic belief.

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

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