

RELIGIO THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Dr. Talmage says that God began the work of creation bright and early Monday morning. This implies that he worked on the Christians' Sunday for which he would have been arrested had he lived in Tennessee at the time.

Prayer, says Emerson, as a means to effect a private end is theft and meanness. It supposes dualism in nature and consciousness. As soon as the man is at one with God he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action.

Minneapolis having secured the Republican National Convention for next year, the other twin, St. Paul, now asks for the Democratic. That a great convention can be handsomely cared for by either twin is not doubted by any one familiar with the facilities, resources and spirit of these two marvelous cities. Every delegate to the National Editorial Convention last July will testify to the ability of St Paul to fill any contract, especially in the line of hospitality. There is no more delightful region in June or July than that in which St. Paul and Minneapolis are located. An auditorium, completely equipped and seating 12,000 people, hotels that can entertain 15,000, and first-class accommodations for double that number within thirty minutes' ride, ample transportation facilities and a public-spirited people with no candidate to present to the convention ought to be enough to secure the prize for St. Paul.

The city council of Pawtucket, R. I., according to the Fall River *Herald*, decided to get facts about the cost of an electric light plant, a proposition which the supreme ruler (mayor) is opposed to, possibly because he is interested in the companies that are now lighting the city. However, he did not dare to invite public condemnation by acting too boldly, and allowed the resolution to go into effect without a veto. There was a purpose in this, apparently, for he renders an inquiry impossible by not appointing two aldermen. An independent investigation is feasible, so that the obstructionist's trickery can be obviated. When the investigators begin their work, we trust that they will act differently from the way followed by the Fall River committee, which appears to have entrusted its work to a representative of the local lighting company, with the result that the most astonishing report ever prepared for the city council of this municipality was submitted, in which everything unfavorable that could be conceived was gathered for the discomfiture of the economists.

At a meeting held recently at the Marshfield Methodist Church, Chicago, under the auspices of the American Sabbath Association, one of the ministers said: "Toronto, across the line, has her full churches, no crowds in the parks on Sunday, no railroads running, no saloons open. And why? Because it is Sabbath observance. Nothing will so injure the advancement of the laboring classes as to open the Fair on Sunday. We are working in behalf of the laboring men who

have made the World's Fair possible. We want them to have more holidays and believe they will get them." The Rev. A. H. Henry discussed the subject from a negative standpoint. He said he had seen a circular sent out by the brewers calling upon their agents to work for Sunday closing of the Fair in order that they might have a monopoly of the attention of the people on that day. "Open the gates of the World's Fair on Sunday," said he. "Open them wider than on any other day. Work for free admission and then receive your guests with the gospel. Thus you will meet the needs of the time and gain a positive instead of a negative victory."

The National League for the Protection of American Institutions has prepared an amendment to the Constitution of the United States which will be submitted to both Houses of Congress shortly after they resume their sessions. This amendment—which if adopted will be the sixteenth amendment—reads as follows: "No state shall pass any law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the full exercise thereof, or use its property or credit, or any money raised by taxation, or authorize either to issue bonds for the purpose of founding, maintaining, or aiding by appropriation payment for services, expenses, or otherwise any church, religious denomination, or religious society, or any institution, society, or undertaking which is wholly or in part under sectarian or ecclesiastical control." The officers of the National League for the Protection of American Institutions are: President, John Jay; first vice-president, William H. Parsons; general secretary, the Rev. James M. King, D.D.; treasurer, William Fellows Morgan; chairman of finance committee, John D. Slayback; chairman of law committee, William Allen Butler.

The following remarkable dream is from "My Canadian Journal" by the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, extracted from letters written to England while Lord Dufferin was Governor-General of Canada in 1872-8: You remember that I told you that a poor man servant of ours was drowned at the Mingan. As we knew nothing about his people we were unable to communicate the news of his death to them, so D. ordered any letters that might arrive for him to be brought to himself. The first of these which we have just received was from a servant girl he was attached to at Ottawa, and was dated exactly seven days after the day of the accident. In it she said: "I had such a dreadful dream on the day of my arrival at my new place. I dreamt that you and Nowell (Lord Dufferin's valet) were upset in a boat together, and that Nowell was saved but you were drowned." As the spot where the accident occurred is an uninhabited region on the coast of Labrador, more than five hundred miles distant from Ottawa, without either telegraph or posts, it was impossible that she should have the news of her lover's death when this letter was written.

Mr. Labouchere thinks that the onward march of democracy will sweep away the House of Lords and the established church in England, and concentrate power more than ever in the Commons, they believe the monarchy will survive these changes for reasons

which he gives as follows: Its abolition is not within the area of practical politics, nor will it be so long as those who have at heart its continuance are wise in their generation. The monarchy has devoted adherents amongst the upper classes on account of its social aspect; the middle classes like it because they have a notion it is respectable; the artisans and the agricultural laborers have grievances that touch them more closely, and a change from a monarchy to a republic would not so directly benefit them as the removal of these grievances. At radical gatherings, whilst I have never observed any ardent desire to sing "God Save the Queen," I have never heard any desire expressed to substitute a republic for our present system. Were a parliamentary candidate to address an electoral meeting on the advantages of a republic he would be deemed a tilter at a windmill, and he would be requested to favor his hearers with his views upon more practical and more immediate issues.

Nothing is more striking, in the current discussions in connection with creed-revision, the *Nation* points out, then the apparent unconsciousness of the revisers that they are at all endangering the authority and absoluteness of their revised creed, when they get it. "Indeed, there has not been even a suggestion, so far as we have observed, that the new creed should be any less positive than the old in asserting its authority and necessity. Yet here is, after all, the most characteristic thing about creeds—the declaration, that is, that beliefs are necessary to salvation; the specification of the particular beliefs is of small moment beside the affirmation of the general principles. But there is no indication whatever of intention to relax the latter, and its indispensableness in any creed seems to be so taken for granted that it is proposed to transfer it intact from one set of beliefs to another. Thus, the Westminster Confession, in its present form, speaks of 'those things which are necessary to be known, believed, and observed, for salvation'; yet the men who mean to change that form for something which they like better, give no hint of abating the imperative claims of the new symbol." The wonder is when the scientific spirit has made as much impress upon the ministry as it has, when the scientific method has gained such headway in theological studies, that there should have come no perception of the incongruousness of retaining the old assumption of certainty and finality. Here one would say is a part of the creed most in need of revision. Many persons as the *Nation* says cannot understand how it is that ministers who, in private intercourse, show themselves fallible mortals like the rest of us, and who, even when talking of religion, admit the great change of view and of attitude made necessary by modern research, should assume in the pulpit and ecclesiastical assemblies an air of absoluteness and certainty. It is like the experience of Emerson in English society, where, he reported, an almost audible click, as of a value closing, could be detected in the organism of the man who passed from a general to a religious topic of conversation. It was he, also, who told of the effective method of controversy adopted by a bishop, which consisted in looking the heretic squarely in the eye and asking him to take a glass of wine.

MULTIPLE CONSCIOUSNESS.

Mr. T. W. Davenport who has an article in THE JOURNAL this week on "Independent Writing" is a clear thinker and a good writer, indeed he has the reputation in his State of being the most intellectual man in the county in which he lives. His thoughtful articles contributed to THE JOURNAL from time to time, abundantly prove his large experience in the investigation of Spiritualism, as well as his earnestness in defending its claims. But Mr. Davenport appears not to have given much if any consideration to the curious psychical phenomena which seem to admit of explanation only on the theory of what is called subconsciousness, secondary personality, multiple personality or consciousness, etc. Mr. Davenport says:

"Is it philosophically conceivable that the mental perceptions and reflections, the feelings and emotions, are registered in two places, or that there are two conscious sensoriums, the sub and the supra; the latter being the responsible, operating individuality, possessing every-day attributes, but wholly unconscious of any co-existence or co-use of the faculties; knowing nothing of the sub, who really knows all that supra is and knows, and much more, and has ideas, purposes, disposition, etc., that make him an entirely separate and independent individuality? Now this latter is not science of any description; there is no vestige of positive, materialistic knowledge in it. Subconsciousness is a most fantastic evasion of everything rational, and requires more gullibility in the one accepting it than ever was supposed to belong to straight Spiritualists. Instead of explaining everything, it gets one deeper into unexplainable hallucinations. What is the use of it, anyway? When the adoption of a single fact reconciles all seeming contradictions and makes independent writing an entirely rational affair."

Now Spiritualism cannot be successfully defended by ignoring a class of phenomena which is receiving the attention and study of the best thinkers, in France, England and America, and THE JOURNAL deems it a duty to call special attention to this class of phenomena with a view to the careful consideration of the subject and its discussion in these columns by able thinkers, like Mr. Davenport. A few instances of multiple consciousness are here given to illustrate the character of the phenomena.

In the November number of *Revue des Deux Mondes* M. Jules Janet relates the following experiment: An hysterical subject with an insensitive limb is put to sleep and is told: "After you awake you will raise your finger when you mean Yes, and you will put it down when you mean No, in answer to the questions which I shall ask you." The subject is then awakened and M. Janet pricks the insensitive limb in several places. He asks, "Do you feel anything?" The conscious-awakened person replies with the lips, "No," but at the same time, in accordance with the signal agreed upon during the state of hypnotization, the finger is raised to signify "Yes." It has been found that the finger will even indicate exactly the number of times that the apparently insensitive limb has been wounded.

A case in which conscious personality has been replaced by the sub-conscious or secondary personality is that of Félicité X., in which the somnambulant state has become the normal one, the first state now recurring but for a short time and at long intervals. Of the second state it is said: Félicité's second state is altogether superior to the first—physically superior, since the nervous pains which had troubled her from childhood had disappeared; and morally superior, inasmuch as her morose, self-centered disposition is exchanged for a cheerful activity which enables her to attend to her children and to her shop much more effectively than when she was in the *état bête*, as she now calls what was once the only personality that she knew. In this case, then, which is now of nearly thirty years' standing, the spontaneous readjustment of nervous activities—the second state, no memory of which remains in the first state—has resulted in an improvement profounder than could have been anticipated from any moral or medical treatment that we know. The case shows us how often the word normal means nothing more than "what happens to exist." For Félicité's normal state was in fact her morbid state; and the new condition, which seemed at first a mere hysteri-

cal abnormality, has brought her to a life of bodily and mental sanity which makes her fully the equal of average women of her class.

The experiments of Professor Pierre Janet with Madame B. show that there may be not merely two alternating personalities, the primary and the hypnotic self, but that the two may act concurrently in the same individual, and furthermore that there may be a third personality, a second somnambulant life, which emerges from the subconscious depths or comes from the superconscious realm of being. The second personality knows of the first, and the third is aware of the other two, and in some respects is superior to either. The third personality knows the ordinary life of Madame B.; knows the second personality and distinguishes itself from both. The woman in her normal state is gentle, quiet, timid and melancholy. In her first hypnotic state she is just the opposite, and says of the ordinary self, "That good woman is not I; she is too stupid." The third self is a serene, dignified character that does not want to be identified with either of the others. She gives good advice to the second character to whom she also issues commands that are obeyed.

The three characters, Madame B. in her normal state, in her first somnambulant life, and in her second somnambulant life, are known as Léonie, Léontine and Léonore.

To illustrate the concurrent action of the normal self and the hypnotic personality, may be mentioned an incident when Léonie had been hypnotized and had become Léontine; she was told by Professor Janet that when she came out of the hypnotic trance and had resumed her ordinary life, she, Léontine, was to take off her apron and then tie it on again. Of course, there was but one apron—the joint apron of Léonie and Léontine. When Léonie came out of the hypnotic trance Professor Janet talked with her as usual on ordinary topics, but in that waking state she untied her apron and took it off. Her attention was called to the loosened apron by Professor Janet, when she exclaimed, "Why, my apron is coming off!" and tied it on again, continuing to talk. But Léontine wanted the apron off and at her prompting the hands took off the apron again, and again replaced it the second time without Léonie's attention having been at all directed to the matter. Léontine was not satisfied to have the apron tied by Léonie. Her impulse to tie it herself, as Mr. F. W. H. Myers says, "resembles the insect which must needs bore its hole or build its nest in its own way, and will not make use of any assistance offered to it." The next day Léonie was again hypnotized by Professor Richet, when Léontine in control said, "Well, I did what you told me yesterday. How stupid the other one looked while I took her apron off. Why did you tell her that her apron was falling off. I was obliged to begin the job over again." Léontine always calls Léonie "the other one." In this reference to her act, and to Léonie's discomfiture, Léontine shows readiness to do what she is told to, whether it has any meaning or not, and shows that she sees the absurdity of Léonie's doing in her ordinary life what she knew nothing of in fulfillment of Léontine's wishes. Many things Léonie, while awake, did as directed by Léontine, such as writing letters signed Léontine, and condemning Léonie and threatening to demolish her.

What is the meaning of these facts and hundreds of others similar to them, which might be mentioned. Are there really two or more personalities in every human being? That is hard to believe; more reasonable is the view advanced by Mr. Myers, who says: "I hold that we each of us contain the potentialities of many different arrangements of the elements of our personality, each arrangement being distinguishable from the rest by difference in the chain of memories which pertains to it. The arrangement with which we habitually identify ourselves,—what we call the normal or primary self—consists, in my view, of elements selected for us in the struggle for existence with special reference to maintenance of ordinary physical needs, and is not necessarily superior in any other respect to the latent personalities which are alongside of it, the fresh combinations of our personal ele-

ments which may be evoked by accident or design in a variety to which we can at present assign no limit. I consider that dreams with natural somnambulism; automatic writing, with so-called mediumistic trance, as well as certain intoxications, epilepsies, hysterias and recurrent insanities, afford examples of the development of what I have called secondary mnemonic chains,—fresh personalities, more or less complete, alongside the normal state; and I would add that hypnotism is only the name given to a group of empirical methods of inducing these fresh personalities—of shifting the centres of maximum energy, and starting a new mnemonic chain." According to Mr. Myers' theory some phase of the personality is conscious of whatever the organism does or experiences, which is registered in some mnemonic chain, but the consciousness of any given act or experience may form a part of a chain of memories which has never obtruded itself into the waking life and may never form any part of that life. Mr. Myers thinks that much of what we are wont to regard as an integral part of us may drop away, and yet leave us with a consciousness of our own being which is more vivid and purer than before. "The web of habits and appetencies, of lusts and fears, is not, perhaps, the ultimate manifestation of what in truth we are. It is the cloak which our rude forefathers have woven themselves against the cosmic storm; but we are already learning to shift and refashion it as our gentler weather needs, and if perchance it slips from us in the sunshine then something more ancient and more glorious is for a moment guessed within." The subject is one of profoundest interest.

THE JOURNAL must, however, call attention to this important fact in the so-called automatic writing by Mrs. Underwood and others, which distinguishes it from all the phenomena of multiple consciousness. Such writing is done when the medium is entirely conscious of it, when there is no interruption or disturbance of the medium's normal condition, when instead of being in a state of distraction or absent-mindedness, the medium may be a careful observer of the writing and a curious questioner of the intelligence which gives the thought and directs the writing. Facts like these should not be forgotten in discussions of the phenomena of Spiritualism and of multiple consciousness.

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Rev. J. H. Crawford, the pastor of the Presbyterian church, in Dundee, a few Sundays ago, as mentioned in THE JOURNAL last week, called attention to the hordes of semi-savage people in Dundee, for whom there were no recreations except the liquor-shops, and who made a plea for cheap theatres. The only way to humanize them he said was to give them some innocent amusement. He did not know on whose shoulders the mantle of Elijah would fall, whether the theatre would be the church of the future or not, but knew this, that "they could make very dull people understand in the theatre, they could make very callous people weep in the theatre, and they could make very vicious and bad-living people ashamed of themselves in the theatre, and this at least was in the direction of doing the church's work."

In thus setting forth the necessity for proper amusement for the people, Mr. Crawford struck a key note; but to cause the harmony which should follow, something must be done for the theatre which, in spite of all the opposition it has encountered from the church, has maintained itself the favorite amusement with the masses who constitute the intelligent and solid worth of every community. It must be admitted that many places licensed as theatres and museums are debasing and should not be permitted to exist, and most certainly not under the name used by a worthy profession which has been and will continue to be a power for good. Amusement for the people is a subject which should occupy the attention of all municipal governments. As the freedom of the press is greatly abused, so the license to theatres is used to gratify depraved tastes. No license should be granted to a place of amusement into which respectable people generally would hesitate to permit their

families to enter. The best entertainments should be brought within the reach of all. The leading theatres by the license granted them should be compelled to keep a certain portion of space at a minimum price, and never raise it on account of any attraction, thus giving a certain number of seats for the most expensive entertainment at the lowest price. If grand opera or high priced dramatic stars charge high prices for a certain part of the theatre, other parts should be maintained at the low rate of twenty-five cents. One of our oldest managers entertains this opinion and believes also that all school houses should be utilized, under proper rules of the boards of education, to aid in useful entertainments during the winter evenings, for parents as well as children, free of cost. There is no doubt but much good work can be done, but where is the statesman who will set the ball rolling.

THE JOURNAL asks the daily press if this is not a subject worthy its attention. The press is the true guardian of the people, and should be ready at all times to point out what is best for the general good and moral growth of the community, and this is certainly an interesting subject for the press, as columns of bright interviews can be had on it.

ANOTHER TALMAGIAN EXHIBIT.

An aggrieved Spiritualist sends THE JOURNAL a copy of *The Christian Herald*, edited by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., and calls attention to a characteristic editorial by that "man of God," who keeps the following paragraph set in italics standing at the head of his editorial columns:

"The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people."

Here is one of the editorials on which this pulpiteer-editor requests the blessing of God. He heads it "Post Mortem Abuse":

I have read all that has recently been written about Abraham Lincoln as a Spiritualist, and I do not believe a word of it. This is the only kind of slander that is safe. The protracted discussion has made only one impression on me, and that is this: How safe it is to slander a dead man! You may say what you will in print about him, he brings no rebutting evidence. I have heard that ghosts do a great many things, but I never heard of one as printing a book or editing a newspaper to vindicate himself. Look out how you vilify a man, for he may respond with pen, or tongue, or cowhide; but only get a man thoroughly dead (that is, so certified by the coroner) and have a good, heavy tombstone put on the top of him, and then you may say what you will with impunity. But I have read somewhere in an old book that there is a day coming when all wrongs will be righted; and I should not wonder if then the dead were vindicated, and all the swine who have uprooted graveyards should, like their ancestors of Gadara, run down a steep place into the sea and get choked. The fact that there are now alive men so debauched of mind and soul that they rejoice in mauling the reputation of those who spent their lives in illustrious achievements for God and their country, and then died as martyrs for their principles, makes me believe in eternal damnation.

In the opinion of THE JOURNAL no moral, upright, intelligent person ought to feel aggrieved at any word of this man Talmage, unless it were a word of praise and commendation. Spiritualism has been cursed by mountebanks and charlatans, but in this respect Christianity has more to complain of in its Talmage than has Spiritualism in the most audacious and versatile mountebank that ever paraded its rostrum. Talmage's stock in trade is not for rational and thoughtful people; it is purveyed to the same grade of intellect and character in orthodoxy as is the output of the sensational and fraud-promoting newspaper and the dark-room cabinet-workers in Spiritualism.

For the benefit of those who study such phenomena, and try to find their meaning, a recent instance of second sight, or of a vision or a consciousness not hindered by walls and curtained windows, is worth re-

cording, says the *Springfield Republican*, editorially. It happened near by, and in this wise: A young man, weak from a long struggle with disease, and as it proved near his end, lay in a seeming drowse, his mother watching him. Suddenly he roused himself and said: "Mother, B— is here." "B" is a dear college friend, supposed by the mother and all to be miles away at college. The mother told the boy he was mistaken, but again he insisted that his friend was come, he saw him, he said. To satisfy him the mother went to the door only to meet the friend just entering the house. Nobody in the house knew of his coming or had reason to think that he would come at that time, and no one saw him until he entered the house—no one but his dying friend in a distant room. How he saw and knew, by what means the barriers which forbade similar sight and knowledge to the mother, became no longer barriers to him, who can tell? Is it explainable by an exaltation of the physical senses to a sensitiveness and a keenness so far above the normal that normal conditions do not govern them? or is it due to the substitution of some more refined, interior spiritual senses which come to one's aid as the increasing weakness of the body dulls the ear and the eye? There are those who tell us that we are beings of a two-fold consciousness, the one the normal, every day sense perception; the other lying deeper and only awakened as the sense consciousness sleeps. To this aroused inner, deeper consciousness are ascribed many of the mysterious phenomena of hypnotism, such as clairvoyance, ability to read unfamiliar languages and the like. When it is dominant, we are told, there are no limitations like space or time, or the ordinary conditions under which we act, to circumscribe our knowledge. To this inward man those things which are hidden from the normal consciousness, we are told, are plainly revealed. The trouble with such explanations is that they but deepen the mystery, which was deep enough before; and leave us in as complete ignorance of the cause of these unusual experiences.

The papers relate that at Detroit one morning a well dressed young man awoke the echoes in front of the city hall with his shouts for help. He implored the people who ran to his assistance to save him from another stylishly-attired young man, who stood near in tranquil silence. "I am Enoch W. Armstrong of Pittsburg," announced the excited party, "and I want to be arrested to save me from that fellow. He follows me like a ghost." The tranquil individual said never a word in reply and made no effort to escape. The two men, who looked strangely alike, were bundled into a patrol wagon, Armstrong in a state of wild excitement, his companion as calm and imperturbable as a sphinx. "What is your name?" the stranger was asked at headquarters. "Joseph Armstrong of Pittsburg." "Any relation to this other man?" "Brother." Enoch's agitation grew more marked as his companion spoke, and at the mention of the word brother he burst out with furious denunciation. "It's a lie," he shouted, "the man is crazy. He thinks he's my brother, and I never saw him till I found him following me." The other made no rejoinder and looked as tranquil as ever. The Armstrongs spent the rest of the night in the station and were arraigned before Judge Sheahan next morning. They told their different stories in detail, differing widely as to family history, etc. Each seemed to believe his own story, and the Justice was dumfounded. He released them both and they departed, Joseph close on the heels of Enoch.

An instance in which a dream was useful in preventing an impending catastrophe is the following, recorded of a daughter of Mrs. Rutherford, at Eder-ton, the granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott, taken from Mr. Stead's collection of narratives. This lady dreamed more than once that her mother had been murdered by a black servant. She was so much upset by this that she returned home, and, to her great astonishment, and not a little to her dismay, she met on entering the house the very black servant she had met in her dream. He had been engaged in her ab-

sence. She prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night. About 3 o'clock in the morning the gentleman heard footsteps on the stairs, came out and met the servant carrying a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he answered confusedly that he was going to mind the mistress' fire, which at 3 o'clock in the morning in the middle of summer was evidently impossible. On further investigation a strong knife was found hidden in the coals. The lady escaped, but the man was subsequently hanged for murder, and before the execution he confessed that he intended to have assassinated Mrs. Rutherford.

According to published reports the system of profit sharing is to be adopted by the St. Louis, Alton, and Terre Haute, which operates the Cairo Short Line. President and General Manager, G. W. Parker, has been friendly to the system for some time as has also some of the Eastern directors of the company, and apparently the board of directors as a whole. A sub-committee to consider the matter further and formulate a plan to be submitted to the board at a future meeting has invited Mr. Nelson East to a meeting of railroad men, representing several railroad companies, which is to be held expressly for considering the profit-sharing system. Not only the Cairo Short Line but several other railroads, Mr. Parker said, are seriously considering the subject, and there is little doubt that some, if not all of them, sooner or later will commence dividing. This sub-committee of the St. Louis and Terre Haute Company has drawn up a plan of profit sharing and submitted it to President Parker for his endorsement, and he is well satisfied with it. The question will come up in the next annual meeting of the company in June, and there is little doubt that the board will adopt the recommendation of the committee.

The *North China Herald* of October 25, contains a letter from the Rev. Griffith John, D. D., who has lived and traveled in the valley of the Yangtze, and in Hupeh, Hunan, and Kiangsi for thirty years. He says: It must be admitted that the foreigners have forced themselves upon the Chinese. Our presence in Peking, our presence at the coast ports, our presence in the interior, our presence in the valley of the Yangtze, our autocratic settlements, our extra-territorial jurisdiction—all these things are now and have been from the beginning an abomination to the Chinese government. The governing classes have never changed in their hatred of the foreign element or in their desire to banish it from the land. The idea of casting out the foreigner sooner or later has been tenaciously held and fondly cherished by the officials and scholars all these fifty years. The idea may have been allowed to sleep off and on; but they have never relinquished it, and of late they have been greatly moved by it. The opening of Chun-Khing, and the attempt to introduce steam navigation on the upper Yangtze may have had something to do with putting new life into it.

In one paper submitted to the Psychical Research Society, there is an account of a remarkable series of dreams which occurred to Mr. J. W. Skelton, a railroad engineer, which was first published in Chicago, in 1886. Six times his locomotive had been upset at high speed, and each time he had dreamed of it two nights before, and each time he had seen exactly the place and the side on which the engine turned over. The odd thing in these reminiscences is that on one occasion he dreamed that after he had been thrown off the line a person in white came down from the sky with a span of white horses and a black chariot, who picked him off the engine and drove him up to the sky in a southeasterly direction. In telling the story he says that every point was fulfilled excepting that—and he seems to regard it quite as a grievance—the chariot of his vision never arrived. On one occasion only his dream was not fulfilled, and in that case he believed the accident was averted solely through the extra precaution that he used in consequence of this vision.

INDEPENDENT WRITING.

BY T. W. DAVENPORT.

One of the chief sources of instruction and amusement to me during my pilgrimage has been found in observing the effects of natural phenomena, ordinary occurrences, etc., upon the faculties of men as they perceived them. From the same circumstance, always composed of several differing ingredients, one man perceives and appropriates one ingredient, another man sees something entirely different, etc. One sees merely the outward form or motion which seems to delight him, while others are occupied with the causes producing it and its relations to other phenomena. Humboldt remarked concerning Bayard Taylor, that he had never met a man who had traveled so much and seen so little, which forcibly illustrates the difference between the philosopher and the poet or word painter; between "one who sees with his eyes and another who sees with his brain."

Perhaps no class of phenomena has worked so many varying responses as that included under the name spiritualistic, and whether a person believes in the genuineness of these phenomena or not, these responses may be very profitable and interesting.

A large strong man, weighing over two hundred pounds, mainly of good solid muscle, attended a séance one evening and while a little pale-faced girl about fourteen years old held her hands upon the top of a heavy plank table, put together with tenpenny nails, he, in his endeavors to prevent it rising from the floor, wrenched off two one-inch planks six feet long. Now what kind of effect do you suppose was produced upon that brawny man's mind concerning that circumstance. Why, "that is the most powerful little girl I ever saw." Only this and nothing more. It produced no inquiry. You say he was dull. Likely, but he was a man, ignorant to be sure, a Kentuckian who never doubted the divinity of negro slavery while he remained in his native state, but from whose eyes the scales fell upon his first introduction to a free state. A man honest in every fiber and of sterling sense in common affairs. Another man of large experience, an influential legislator, a capable writer, being one of thirty persons sitting in a compact circle about a medium, tied firmly to a chair, after knowing by his senses that two guitars, a tambourine, a drum and cks were swinging around the circle, sometimes separately, sometimes together, playing music, keep- faultless time and preserving harmony, sagely remarked, "that man is a wonderful performer."

The trouble in these cases, is not that men are always deficient in native ability, but that they are not habituated to dealing with such characters quantities and forces. I presume you have often observed how difficult it is to hold the minds of untrained people, to a point, or to entertain them with an abstract proposition. Observe too, with what disgust those turn away from algebraic symbols, who have been all their lives accustomed to dealing with numbers only. Also that persons long used to particular lines of thought with words or phrases to which have been attached a technical or restricted meaning, are found to be rather incapable students in other departments of knowledge, until their faculties have become more mobile from the practice of mental calisthenics, and until they have learned the meaning of terms more expressive and better adapted than those to which they have been accustomed. No more striking illustration of this could be found than the amusing tendency of tradesman to express their ideas upon all subjects, in their trade vernacular. To the sailor, a horse does or does not mind his helm and has port and starboard sides, and there is no doubt that such terms give a false coloring and invest the equine subject with false attributes. The sailor is not peculiar by any means, for even those in the learned professions are likewise restricted, and it has long been

known that old lawyers in a special line, are surprisingly narrow and incompetent in fields of general research and inquiry. Some of our materialistic philosophers have been so long in the habit of considering matter and its attributes, that they are not especially fitted to approach visible phenomena from any other direction, or see them with any other light. Still, I am glad to note that they are broadening and now talk a language that admits the possible existence of the thing they are proposing to examine; and in this connection, I would congratulate the readers of THE JOURNAL upon the fact that two such persons as Mr. B. F. Underwood and Sara A. Underwood are earnestly conducting an inquiry as to the causes of independent writing. And it would be well for them to understand at the outset, that the mere introduction of a new term, however convenient, does not necessarily explain or account for phenomena. In fact, and frequently, a new term amounts to an evasion or *non sequitur* of the postulate examined.

Such I take to be the effect of the term sub-consciousness, which is more than hinted at, as the possible explanation of the independent writing occurring in the presence of the Underwoods.

That coherent or superior communications should be received only in the presence of the husband seems to favor the supposition that the cause, *ab initio*, is with him, and hence the supposition that there must be an intelligence in him of which he is and ever has been unconscious. There are many organs in the human being of which, except by sight, he has no consciousness, but to say he has a consciousness of which he is not conscious, involves a world of contradictions which no amount of ingenuity can reconcile with known facts.

This sub-conscious fellow is not a mere trait or faculty, but a full-fledged individual, having all the qualities and powers mentally of the visible supra, a supposition which destroys at once and in toto the materialistic structure through which and by which mentality is at present known. The brain and nervous system must be used by both the sub and supra, or in other words they must be in the aggregate both sub and supra, or else we have a self-existent and independent spirit, a sort of resident parasite which appropriates our thoughts, knowledge and feelings, but of whose existence and doings we are wholly unconscious. It is hardly philosophic to revel in such fancies, but such is the consequence when we insist upon retaining the brain as the organ of one mind, the seat of one consciousness.

True, the brain is dual in its visible structure, having two hemispheres, and at times there is a momentary want of synchronism in their action, but this fact can in no degree account for the phenomena of independent writing.

A sub-consciousness dependent upon the action of the brain and nervous system is just as prolific in vagaries as the other hypothesis. Is it philosophically conceivable that the mental perceptions and reflections, the feelings and emotions, are registered in two places, or that there are two conscious sensoriums, the sub and the supra; the latter being the responsible, operating individuality, possessing everyday attributes, but wholly unconscious of any co-existence or co-use of the faculties; knowing nothing of the sub, who really knows all that supra is and knows, and much more, and has ideas, purposes, disposition, etc., that make him an entirely separate and independent individuality? Now this latter is not science of any description; there is no vestige of positive, materialistic knowledge in it. Sub-consciousness is a most fantastic evasion of everything rational, and requires more gullibility in the one accepting it than ever was supposed to belong to straight Spiritualists. Instead of explaining everything, it gets one deeper into unexplainable hallucinations.

What is the use of it, anyway? When the adoption of a single fact reconciles all seeming contradictions and makes independent writing an entirely rational affair.

It is admitted by the Underwoods that the sub is a personage of no mean ability; in fact they are surprised if not astounded at the extent of his knowledge

and the acuteness of his intellect, and why not take his word for it when he says he is no sub, but a supra, and is as much a living, thinking being as Mr. Underwood himself. And further, all of the so-called subs have made the same statement, viz.; that they are individualized spirits, and this glorious fact explains the phenomena which so much worries our materialistic brethren. Such scientists, if we may call them so, are in the same condition as the old Ptolemaic philosophers who regarded the earth as the centre of the solar system. In order to explain observed phenomena they invented a most complex and highly mathematical system of cycles and epicycles but still the machinery would not explain. The phenomena went on without a jar; the sun and his satellites continued their grand harmony, but with every addition to the cyclic theory the inscrutable became more inscrutable. There is no telling what would have happened if some fertile Ptolemaist had thought of a sub-cycle. The adaption of one simple fact, however, explained it all and cleared away the highly scientific rubbish of cycles for all time. There was a slight error in the Ptolemaic theory; it is the sun, and not the earth, which is the centre of the solar system. Now everything is clear and science advances unvexed by cycles and epicycles.

So in regard to the independent writing; it is the supra, and not the sub which the Underwoods have discovered and have been talking to.

Still, let them go on, so that they talk to the subject and print the questions and answers in THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

THE HISTORICAL JESUS AND PAUL.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

The "Diegesis," by Rev. Robert Taylor, is one of the most misleading and most mischievous books ever printed. It is a collection of falsehoods and perversions of facts, masked under semblance of great learning. Professor T. H. Huxley, the noted biologist and agnostic, who is a sturdy opponent of Christianity, and well informed withal as regards the established results of present-day rational biblical science, in a letter written about two years ago, thus speaks of Taylor's "Diegesis": "Sixty years ago such a book as the 'Diegesis' was, to say the least, excusable; there can be no possible excuse for putting forward such absurd stuff—as a great deal of it is—now. I am at a loss to understand why any one who has read Taylor's work should want any one else to waste his time in the same way." (Watt's Literary Guide, December 15, 1889, p. 4.) I would sincerely advise those who have been misled by the "Diegesis" to put away this worthless book, and never refer to it again; and if they will forget all that they have read in it, they will be wiser for it. If they wish to learn some truth about Jesus, Paul and primitive Christianity, let them study such valuable works as volume three of "The Bible for Learners," by Hooykaas; "The Bible of To-day," by John W. Chadwick; "The Life and Works of Paul," by F. C. Baur; "The Life of Jesus," by D. F. Strauss; "The English Life of Jesus," by Thomas Scott; "The Founders of Christianity," by James Cranbrook; "Jesus of Nazara" by Theodor Keim; "The Man Jesus," by J. W. Chadwick; "Talks About Jesus," by M. J. Savage; "Jesus of Nazareth," by Edward Clodd; "The Jesus of History," by R. D. Hanson; "The Cradle of the Christ," by O. B. Frothingham; "Jesus of Nazareth," by T. B. Forbush; "Study of Primitive Christianity," by L. G. Janes (an excellent work); "A Rational View of the Bible," part two, by N. M. Mann; "The Historical Jesus of Nazareth," by M. Schlesinger; "The Gospel of Law," by S. J. Stewart. These and a number of others, which I have in my library, are all the work of rational scholars, written from the point of view of the historico-critical school, of untrammelled biblical scholarship,—the masters in biblical science.

The allegations sometimes made that in the early days of the church there were thousands of skeptics who denied the existence of Jesus, and that the demand for proof of his existence was then extreme, is wholly untrue. I have failed to find any evidence

anywhere that the existence of Jesus and the apostle was called in question by anybody in primitive times. If I am not in error, the fact that Jesus lived was never disputed till about the beginning of the present century, when a few men like Robert Taylor and M. Dupuis advocated the solar-mythic theory of Jesus and the twelve. The early pagan opponents of Christianity, like Celsus, Hierocles, Porphyry and Julian and the Jewish Talmudic writers, all recognized the existence of Jesus as a man. Robert Taylor says that in the Italian translation of the gospel of Barnabas, it is stated that Jesus was not crucified, and mentions this as evidence that the crucifixion was denied by some of the apostles; also that this is supported by the statement in Acts that Paul and Barnabas quarreled, probably on this point of the alleged crucifixion of Jesus, ("Diegesis," Boston, 1873, p. 373). This is a specimen of Taylor's methods. Taylor assumed the genuineness of this gospel of Barnabas, and on this basis he alleged disagreement between the two apostles relative to the crucifixion. The truth is that this gospel appears a Mahometan forgery of the Middle Ages, a pseudo-gospel, written in the name of a Christian apostle to advance the interests of Mahometanism. In his gospel, Jesus tells his disciples, after his supposed crucifixion, that the disgrace attaching to him on account of his alleged death on the cross "shall last till the coming of Mahomet, who, when he shall come into the world, will deliver all those who believe the law of God from this error,"—that is, the error that Jesus was really crucified. In another part of this gospel, Mahomet is especially named as the comforter or paraclete promised to come in John xiv., 16, 26 and xvi., 7; and in several places he is foretold as the designed accomplisher of God's purposes toward man, (See Jeremiah Jones's "Apocryphal Gospels," London, 1726, vol. I., p. 203; see also George Sale's translation of "The Koran," Preliminary Dissertation, section IV.) Taylor, suppressing these facts, quotes from this gospel to prove that the crucifixion of Jesus was "steadily denied" among the apostles themselves; and the "Diegesis" is saturated with just such falsehoods and distortion of facts as in this case.

Another argument often used by those who have been misled by Taylor is that Constantine in his oration before "the assembly of all the distinguished Christian clergy of his age and empire" was unable to cite any evidence of the truth of Christ's existence ("Diegesis" p. 355-8) First, no one knows when, where, or to whom this oration of Constantine was delivered ("Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers," N. Y., 1890, vol. 1, p. 468). It appears addressed to a bishop and some other Christians, but the affirmation of Taylor, that it was delivered before "all the distinguished Christian clergy of this age and empire," is another of his distortions of truth. His next statement, that it was delivered expressly on the evidence of the Christian religion, is unqualifiedly false. It has twenty-six chapters, and nowhere in it is any attempt to establish the historical existence of Jesus. Nobody denied this fact at that time, and nobody attempted to prove that which was universally admitted. There was no occasion then for Constantine to cite Paul in attestation of that which everyone of his hearers had no doubt. A small part of the oration is devoted to the presentation of evidence from heathen sources, not that Jesus was a man, but that he was God, another Son of God, predicted by the Erythraean sibyl and the poet Virgil; and this is what Taylor quotes from the oration, and the whole of the evidence in the fourth century in favor of the Christian religion,—as arrant a falsehood as man ever penned, and one of the many of similar character with which the "Diegesis" teems."

Taylor and those who follow him in charging Paul with lying only discredit themselves. The sincerity of Paul is beyond rational question; his life as an apostle proved this conclusively. He endured all manner of persecution for what he deemed the truth and he withstood to the face the original disciples of Jesus in defence of the truth. The noble, courageous soul of Paul is manifest, all through his epistles to the Galatians and to the Corinthians. In my opinion, Paul

was greater, in some respects, than Jesus. It was Paul that made Jesus what he is to-day. The indomitable soul of Paul transferred a petty Jewish sect into the religion of the civilized world,—something of which Jesus seemed to have no conception. Paul's theology was largely erroneous, but he was terribly in earnest. We learn from Paul's epistles that he was a clairvoyant and seer; and in the light of the facts in psychic science of the present age, we may well believe that Paul, in one or more visions, saw or thought he saw the spirit of Jesus, and from him received instructions. Swedenborg, we are assured, was honest in the promulgation of his many visions of spiritual matters; then why not Paul, a man immeasurably greater than the Swedish seer? That the doctrine of Paul concerning the return of Jesus was honestly held, there is not the least doubt. Paul's genuine epistles never ascribe absolute divinity to Jesus; he never places him on the level of God the Father. A species of semi-divinity is attributed to Jesus, as the agent and co-operator with the Father, but ever in subordination to him. See I Corinthians, XV. 24-28, in which it is said that God put all things in subjection to Jesus and that the Son is subject to God, that God may be all in all. As regards forgeries in Paul's name, such were made, and some at least still exist. Some of the fourteen alleged Pauline epistles in the New Testament were, most probably, never written by Paul; notably the two to Timothy, the one to Titus, and that to the Ephesians. There are only four that are positively his; those four are beyond reasonable doubt. It is the province of Biblical science to distinguish the genuine from the spurious in the writings in the Bible; and one assured result of this science is, that the four great epistles of Paul are the work of that apostle. This is the primary and best-established fact of all questions of New Testament authorship; and those four epistles prove the historical existence of Jesus and the apostles.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

ANNIHILATION.

[Nothing is more familiar to Spiritualists than the fact that very able and experienced denizens of the Spirit-world differ radically in relation to matters pertaining to their side of life. This difference is daily evidenced by messages. On the face of things it seems as natural that this should be so as it is that mortals are equally wide apart in dealing with facts. The following article on Annihilation embodies the teachings received by Dr. Eugene Crowell through his medium Dr. Kinney, who has been constantly in his service for many years. These teachings have been kindly placed in our hands for publication by Dr. Crowell, and are now given publicity without expression of opinion or further comment on our part other than to say we cannot with our present light accept them in their entirety.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Future life and immortality are not ours by right of inheritance, nor through the operation of any law of development, or process of evolution. They are the free gifts of our Creator—God, and he frequently denies continued existence to those who are unworthy of it.

Many persons at death are annihilated. With this life their existence terminates. They are of all nations and peoples, civilized, semi-barbarous and savage. Of civilized people they are of all grades of society. They are denied continued existence on account of their moral and spiritual degradation. They are the morbid growths of humanity, and when the time of gathering comes they are lopped off, like other excrescences. But, however degraded a man may be, if he possess any degree of self-respect and desire for improvement, any aspirations for a higher and better life, such a man will survive death and he will expiate his sins in the Spirit-world; but when a man is born to a condition which morally and spiritually is not above that of the brute, as multitudes are, or when a man by his own acts descends to a level with, or below the brute, as thousands do in civilized countries, and is utterly depraved in his actions, habits and thoughts; who recognizes no distinction between right and wrong, excepting to prefer wrong to right, and who has no desire for a better life; such a man at death is annihilated. The spirit dies with the body. The lowest and most degraded tribes of Africans, the aborigines of Australia, and a large proportion of the natives of India, China, etc., have no existence beyond the present. All cool, cal-

culating murderers, who perpetrate their crimes while in their normal condition, from vile motives, and without provocation, at death are annihilated. This class includes not only those whose crimes are against individuals, but also those who conspire against society and good government, and who take a fiendish pleasure in the indiscriminate destruction of human life. Certain anarchists who carry their doctrines into practice are of this class.

In September, 1890, certain anarchists of Brooklyn, N. Y., called a meeting, the object of which was to caricature the Jewish Feast of the Atonement. It was announced that there would be a speech on "Powder for Religion, and Dynamite for Deity." The meeting was very properly prohibited. The next morning I inquired of my principal teacher, what would become of such men? The reply was: "At death they will be annihilated." This blasphemy against God—and this may be what was meant by Jesus when he spoke of the sin against the Holy Ghost—is very different from an honest expression of doubt as to the omnipotence or other attributes, or even of the existence of God. Such opinions honestly held and respectfully expressed do not incur even punishment hereafter. It is the fiendishness, the utter depravity of mind and soul that characterizes such blasphemous utterances, that incur the penalty of eternal death.

There is punishment in the next life for all those who betray important trusts, and are not repentant, but there are certain of these crimes that are really much worse than ordinary murder. I mean where a man professing to be a friend becomes the trustee of that friend's estate, and deliberately betrays the trust with full intention to defraud the widow and orphans of their heritage, and by so doing reduces them to a condition of life-long destitution and misery. Some men have no future existence. This penalty applies only to cool, calculating knaves. The intention is the essence of the crime. Many of the tyrants, great and small, whose names are recorded in history, and thousands whose names are not there recorded, have suffered this penalty for their crimes. In all the realms of the Spirit-world they are not to be found. That annihilation at death is the fate of many is known by comparatively few spirits, even in the higher heavens. The penalty is directly, or indirectly, inflicted by God. No visible power—visible to ordinary spirits—is brought to bear upon the doomed man, or woman, as the case may be. He or she simply disappears—is resolved into nothingness.

MADAME BLAVATSKY.

There is such a diversity of opinion in regard to this remarkable and notorious woman, and the combined result of the articles published concerning her is of such an oddly kaleidoscopic character that I am tempted to add my bit of color to the mass of evidence which will eventually determine the verdict regarding her. That she was a woman of strong intellectual ability and great diversity of talent can not be denied. She had been solidly educated; had traveled extensively; was almost insanely fond of adventure; had no physical or moral fear; was a close observer of whatever scenes she passed through and of whatever circumstances surrounded her. She had marvelous readiness of adaptability to her environment and knew "how to abound and how to suffer need." She delighted in gaining any kind of intellectual ascendancy over those about her, and particularly in dominating men of known strong mental calibre. She would go any length to dupe them and mentally deride them when duped. I first saw her in the early part of 1874 at the Working Woman in Elizabeth street, New York, where I called to inquire for the newspaper upon the staff of which she then engaged. On entering the room of the woman whom I was to interview (the room was shared by four other inmates) I saw, half sitting, half reclining on the carpetless floor, a scantily clad, and, as I then thought, very stupid and unprepossessing woman who was introduced as Madame Blavatsky. She was at that time quite stout, though not as unwieldy as she subsequently became. Her complexion which must in her youth have been fair, was torpid, pasty and grimy; her eyes were magnetic and peculiar, with a strange compelling fascination in their blue-grey depths, but were in no sense beautiful, as some have

described them. Her nose was a catastrophe, like Petrea's, an appendage for use and not for ornament, and her mouth lacked power and was animalistic. The shape of her head was finely intellectual, and her hair was the most peculiar I have ever seen. It was very thick, and not long, gathered into a knot at the back of her head. Its peculiarity consisted in that while it was blonde in color, its texture was like that of the negro's. It was soft and fine and light-colored, but woolly.

When my interview with Miss M. was concluded, Madame Blavatsky, who retained her position and extremely careless attitude upon the floor, and had, while attentively listening to our conversation, rolled and smoked cigarettes with a most marvelous rapidity, entered into conversation with me. She appeared desirous of informing herself concerning the position of women on the press of this country, and my role of interviewer was changed to that of the interviewed in the colloquy that ensued between us. I gave her all the information I could; but I left that room with the new sensation of having met an educated, intellectual woman with marvelous conversational powers, who had no more sense of propriety or feeling of natural modesty than the cat or the dog that sprawls about the floor at will. During this conversation she informed me that she was stopping at the Working Woman's Home for economical reasons. A month or six weeks after this I met her in the ante-room at one of the women's conventions. She then told me that she had received a large sum of money from Russia and was staying at an expensive hotel on Fourth avenue, near Twenty-third street. On this occasion she invited half-a-dozen ladies to lunch with her, and subsequently told me that her bill footed up at the rate of \$5 each. I think that this lavishness of expenditure was habitual to her when she had means. When her purse was collapsed she retired to humble quarters and contented herself with frugal fare. She was prodigal, but not generous; lavish, but not benevolent. She had at no time any need to be cramped for the means of comfort, for she had a ready pencil and could, whenever the incentive presented itself, dash off most graphic and salable sketches of Russian or other life, with which she was familiar. It was no uncommon occurrence for her to receive \$30, \$40 or \$50 for sketches limned in a few minutes when the mood was upon her. Two or three months after I first met her she expressed the wish to a near friend of mine, who was an ardent Spiritualist, to attend some of the Spiritualist lectures, and to study its phenomena and philosophy, of which she professed herself ignorant. Mr. W. took her to a lecture, given by E. V. Wilson, a noted trance speaker and test medium. At the close of the lecture she received from him what she declared was a very remarkable test, and told Mr. W. that it was the first experience of that sort she had ever had. Since that time she has claimed, and others have for her, that years previous to this she had not only investigated spiritualistic phenomena, but had attempted to establish some sort of spiritualistic organization in Constantinople. I do not know which of her statements was true. I know only what she told us. She told us, however, that she had for many years been conscious of strange and peculiar psychic gifts and experiences which probably could be best accounted for on the spiritualistic hypothesis of mediumship. At this time she fell into the habit of dropping in at my rooms and conversing with me about her travels, occult phenomena, etc. She spoke of having been with Garibaldi in his struggle, but I was never able to hold her to the subject so as to get any succinct or lucid account of her adventures as a soldier. She showed me the scar of what she claimed was a sabre-wound. A Russian acquaintance of hers told me it was the mark of the knout, one of the many that scarred her body, received for complicity with the Nihilists. If this were true I cannot imagine why she should not have told me so, for she knew that I was in hearty sympathy with this class in Russia, although disapproving of some of the methods. In relating her experiences in the East she never touched once upon having made any study of Buddhism. It was evident from the first that she smoked tobacco to great excess, frequently, as she was addicted to the use of hashish. She sometimes endeavored to persuade me to try the effect myself. She said she had smoked opium, seen visions and dreamed its dreams, but that the beatings enjoyed in the use of hashish were as heaven to its hell. She said she found nothing to compare with its effects in arousing and stimulating the imagination. In all the interviews I had with her, and they were many, during the four or more months of my intercourse with her, she never mentioned theosophy. I always believed it was an after-thought sprung from some seed sown in her fertile brain by some of her experiences in Spiritualism and her dabbings in an at least semi-spurious mediumship. Very soon after her attendance on the lecture of E. V. Wilson above alluded to, she professed to Mr. W. to have had a new and singular development of occult

power. She claimed that photographs left in her possession and shut up in a box or drawer, would without aid of human instrumentality become colored as by water-color pigments. She asked Mr. W. to go to her lodgings and see some of these specimens of spirit art, and invited me also. We went. At this time she had spent the large sum of money received from Russia, and had moved into cheap quarters down town. The apartment she occupied was shared on the co-operative plan with a party of journalists of rather Bohemian tendencies, two gentlemen and a lady. There was a good sized room served as a sort of *salle a manger* into which the bed-rooms opened. The furniture of the room consisted of a small dining-table, a few chairs, and an old-fashioned chest of drawers, which also served as a sideboard. This bureau was just opposite the door of a small bedroom occupied by Madame Blavatsky. The pictures were in one of the three little drawers at the top of the bureau. She showed them to us, and explained that the coloring seemed chiefly to be done in the night when nature was in her negative mood. Subsequently I made acquaintance with the three young journalists who occupied the other three rooms of the apartment, and was told by them that they, being skeptical as to the Madame's occult powers, had laid wait for the spirit who worked in the night watches, and had discovered it materialized in the form of Madame Blavatsky, dressed in *saque de nuit*; had seen it glide softly across the room, armed with lamp, colors, and brushes, take the pictures from the drawers, and rapidly work upon them one after another until they were as nearly completed as could be at one sitting.

About this time she called at my rooms and told me that she was doing some literary work in English, and not being sufficiently conversant with the language to write it with grammatical correctness she wished to secure my services as editor. In reply to my inquiry as to the nature of the work, she said it was a humorously satirical criticism on the Government of the United States. I ventured to suggest that it might be thought an impertinence for a person who had been so short a time in the country as herself, who had so little insight into its institutions to attempt such a structure, but she cried me down and declared that I must examine before I condemned it. She left, engaged to bring manuscripts in a few days.

In the meantime I met Mrs. Y., the lady who shared the apartment with her, and told her of the proposition. She looked quizzical, and said: "When you get that manuscript let me know, and I shall have something to propose to you. Do not engage to attempt the work until I have seen you."

In a few days the unfinished manuscript was left at my rooms. I dropped a line to Mrs. Y. and she promptly responded by coming to see me.

"Now," she said, "I want you to go to Brooklyn with me to the house where this thing was written, while Madame was the guest of the people, who are Russians."

We went, and I found Mr. — and wife very cultured and charming people. Mrs. Y. told our host that Madame B. asked me to edit her work on our government.

"Did she tell you it was original?" he asked.

"Certainly," I replied. "She claimed that it was an expression of her own views of our government in satire."

"Well," said he, "the portion of it that you have she translated from this volume," taking a book from the case near by, "the second volume she borrowed when she left here and has not yet returned."

The book was the work of a celebrated Russian humorist, whose name has escaped me. Mr. — said: "If you will follow me on the pages you have I will translate a few paragraphs from the print."

This he did. The manuscript was an almost verbatim translation of the book, "United States" being substituted for "Russia," "President" for "Czar," and certain other needful changes and adaptations being introduced. The Madame's pretended original work was a complete theft.

When I returned the manuscript with a note explaining my reasons for not accepting the commission, she made no reply, but later, when I accidentally met her and brought up the matter, she sneering said that as Americans were almost entirely ignorant of Russian literature she saw no harm in what she had attempted. This closed my personal acquaintance with the founder and high priest of Theosophy.—*Hannah M. Wolff, in The Better Way.*

A CRUCIAL EXPERIMENT.

By J. P. QUINCY.

III.

The carriage drove a little way in Brandon avenue before it stopped at a decorated dwelling with heavy-browed windows, which seemed to scowl off the vulgar passers upon the pavement. The door was opened by an imported servant, who knew the standard deference to be observed in the reception of visitors

who could afford to ride. The party was shown into the dining-room, while the box received from the driver was borne up the stairs with noiseless tread, Clara felt a shiver of reluctance upon entering an apartment with which she had been familiar when it was bright with flowers and wax candles, and merry with the talk of wine-warmed banqueters. The flare of a single gas-burner did not serve to dispel the sense of life's darker realities, which now pervaded the room. Not a book or a paper was flung about in easy negligence; everything was ranged in prim and parallel expectancy of the coming event. The puffy and fluffy achievements of modern upholstery were at exact right angles with the oaken desk-cabinet which had descended from the colonial Pecksters. The brass trimmings upon this latter piece of furniture were polished to a brilliancy which could not have been surpassed when it came from the maker's hand's two hundred years ago. Many different scenes had suffered distortion from the slight convexity of these reflecting surfaces; unless, indeed, we are disposed to assert that this very fact gave a truer report of the essential nature of some of them that the finest French mirror could have supplied.

"We can leave our coats here," said Professor Hargrave! "You, my dear, I am sorry to say, must remain with them, while we gentlemen go up-stairs. Dr. Bense, are you ready to accompany us to the chamber?"

"Certainly not," replied that personage. "I shall keep Mrs. Hargrave company until Dr. Simpson sends for me. You forget that my position is one of some delicacy. I have not been summoned to a consultation, but merely admitted to witness an experiment in which you are interested. Whenever the physician in charge thinks that the moment is approaching when my presence for this purpose is desirable, he must let me know it."

"Perhaps you are right; I am unlearned in the code of your professional decorums. Mr. Greyson and I will go to the chamber at once, and see that Dr. Simpson is informed that you are below."

Dr. Bense, having signified that such a proceeding would not violate the proprieties of the occasion, removed an armchair from its place in the ranks, and settled himself in its comfortable embrace. He then took from his pocket a case of little vials, one of which he drew from its leathern socket and held it against the light; he appeared to contemplate the contents with much satisfaction.

Some moments were passed in silence. Clara was in a shy and musing mood which did not court conversation. It was not until the ticking of the clock became awkward that the pleasant vivacity of the doctor broke through the constraint which was thickening between them.

"Well, Mrs. Hargrave, here we are, upon as sublime an adventure as ever allured Don Quixote! And I suppose we shall end by capturing some wretched utensil for hairdresser's soapsuds, which our good friends who have just left us may mistake for Mambrino's helmet."

"Whenever the true helmet is won," answered Clara, "we may be sure that the sodden 'researcher,' Esquire Sancho, will discover nothing but a basin, which reflects his own brazen face as he looks into it. How shall the fat bundle of proverbs comprehend that knightly longing to serve the world nobly must in the end win the prize to which it aspires?"

"The Squire, with all his obesity," observed the doctor, "has common sense enough to understand that man's undertakings must bear some proportion to his capacities."

"And those capacities you presume to limit, Dr. Bense. You beg the whole question when you measure them by the Squire's standard. I say this of my own knowledge, and there is another here to confirm my words. Gideon Peckster, the dard founder of the great professorship, stands at this moment behind your chair. I see him as clearly as I do you, and I mark the contrast between you. He returns in dazed and awkward plight to assume the cramped conditions of earth-life; whereas you, as far as you go, are an harmonious personage, on thoroughly good terms with this world as you know it."

"My dear Madam," said Dr. Bense, in his soothing professional tones, "will you kindly permit me to feel your pulse?"

The lady rose, drew off her long glove, and offered a perfectly modeled hand and arm to the physician.

"Nearer normal than I should have supposed," thought that gentleman, as he withdrew his fingers from the wrist. "The breathing, however, is perceptibly quicker."

"It is not the first time that I have seen this man," continued Clara, on resuming her seat. "I have talked with him, though not as we are talking now. These beings need no sound or use of voice to make themselves understood; their methods bear little analogy to human speech. 'Spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost,' they signify the good they would have us do; they warn us from the sin for which they suffer. I say that I have seen this person even as I see him

now. He has told me of facts in his life which seemed most unlikely to be true, but which family papers preserved in that old desk proved to be correct. He has shown all those little traits of manner and carriage which give evidence of an individuality unimpaired; and these characteristics are found to have been those of the Gideon Peckster, who died in 1785. Professor Hargrave will tell you that his inquiries into the history of this man have been minute and painstaking, and that in every particular they confirmed the evidence given by my senses,—my senses, remember, not your senses, or his senses."

"My dear Mrs. Hargrave," said Dr. Bense, in his kindest way, "I am old enough to be your father; I am a physician, not without some reputation. It is my duty to warn you that you are encouraging a morbid disturbance in the organs of the brain with which I am familiar. What you mistake for abnormal vision is to me the sign of a certain ebb in the tide of physical life. Your outward appearance is stanch and vigorous; yet, believe me, there is latent disorder which your friends do not suspect. There is probably chorea in your family, which appears in you under a slight form of epileptic hysteria. Don't let my long words frighten you; I can write a prescription which I am sure will be useful. You have only to recognize these phantoms as subjective illusions indicating bodily disease. Any other course would be to trifle with health, and that is the first thing to be considered."

"I confess to my full share of feminine weakness, but to no feminine invalidism," rejoined Clara. "But even were the case otherwise, I do not admit that health should be the first object of our consideration. There is an inner personality, which must often be quickened at the expense of physical perfection. I have just been told where you passed the afternoon. In was in a house on a squalid alley in the north part of the city. You were there for three hours, rendering gratuitous services to its miserable tenants. Stay a moment, I am promised the number! . . . Yes, it was Cranston Court, No. 18, fourth flight."

The casters of the doctor's chair here gave a sharp squeak, as if responding to a start of its occupant that was not otherwise perceptible.

"I see I am right," continued the lady, with the satisfaction of one whose freedom from color-blindness has been established by a stringent test. "Now I tell you Dr. Bense, that your blood would be purer and your chance of longevity better if you abandoned these visits, and devoted the time to driving in the country. Your answer must be a confession that there are duties to be performed not always compatible with the best condition of the gray matter in those cerebral hemispheres about which you can talk so learnedly. I can make no other answer to you; but it is sufficient."

"It is something," said Mr. Bense, "that you agree with me that this—what shall I call it?—feeling for the dead in the dark is dangerous to health. I must now go further, and assure you I have reason to know that it is dangerous to character."

"I admit the truth of what you say," replied Mrs. Hargrave; "there is no tree of knowledge without a serpent nestling near it. When the gates are ajar, a miscellaneous company presses for recognition; there are those who would degrade a human spirit as well as those who would elevate it. But to say nothing of the potency of my own will, remember that I am under the protection of a man who stands securely because his life is in harmony with the knowledge he has attained. His intellect is disciplined by the habit of scientific combination, and this gives stability to action as well as vigor to thought. It is my office to assist him in his work. I do not know how to use the chaos of scattered particulars which I am able to report. Professor Hargrave is able to crystallize them, and will at length give the world the results."

"You are a wonderful woman," said Dr. Bense, in a tone of admiration. "I dare say that your prettily covered skull-case has room for several worlds besides this; but the frontal suture closes in early life, and there is no way of getting them into it. I must repeat in all soberness that what you mistake for spiritual strength is only bodily weakness; we recognize these abnormal conditions of being as varieties of phrenetic, conclusive, or nervous disease. Science teaches us that there is no likelihood of such ethereal entities as you imagine, and that, even if they existed, we could know nothing whatever about them. To be sure, if Professor Hargrave can prove it otherwise."

The doctor finished his remark by a significant shrug.

"He will find that the brain-tissues of Dr. Fairchild Bense are not impressionable by transcendental facts, be the proof of them what it may!" added Clara, preferring to conclude the sentence in her own way.

"He will find that Dr. Fairchild Bense, being as the testators say, of sound mind and memory, will not accept an order of relations which cannot be made evident to our senses."

"Whose senses?" persisted the lady. "Do you believe that a sailor can see distant objects at sea sooner than a cobbler or a watchmaker?"

"Certainly; his eye is developed by training, and if he was following the calling of his ancestors he would inherit a special aptitude to look far into the foggy horizon."

"Then you admit that while the ship was running parallel with distant headlands he might be conscious of their proximity, while you were not?"

"Yes, I suppose so," assented Dr. Bense; "but occasionally we should meet a ship coming towards us. Now if he announced its approach before it was visible, he would substantiate his claim to exceptional power of sight."

"Not to all minds," said Clara decidedly. "Not to those who had committed themselves to the theory of some physiological Jefferson, who had announced what he called the self-evident truth that all eyes were created equal in their range of vision. When it was no longer possible to deny that a ship was cleaving the mist just where the sailor had pointed, this wise junto would cry 'Coincidence.' And when the predicted vessels came so thickly that this was no longer possible, they would invent another hypothesis—never mind how incredible—that would excuse them from acknowledging that some eyes can see what others cannot."

Dr. Bense was conscious that there was an answer to all this, but, spell-bound by his companion's musically incisive utterance, he felt unequal to the labor of framing it. He really hoped she would go on; he could of course crush her,—but then controversy with a woman is in such doubtful taste! So the doctor selected a vial from his case of medicines, and, tapping it with his pencil-case, tenderly apostrophized its contents: "With your kindly aid, my little friend, I can produce more ocular spectra than were ever counted by St. Anthony himself!"

The irrelevancy of this observation seemed to Clara to show signs of wavering; she was stimulated to continue:—

"Do you remember Professor Silliman's account of his wotama, Dr. Bense?"

The doctor did not remember to have seen it.

"Well, there were two of these little cave-rats caught under the earth where light never penetrates. They glared at their captor with large and lustrous eyes which saw nothing. It was only after exposing them to a delicately graduated light for a month or two that they acquired a dim perception of objects. Have you any difficulty in believing the story I am telling you?"

"Not in the least. We know that eyes were originally created by the impact of light on the surface of an organism. Apollo's touch awakes responsive structures," said the doctor, lapsing, to his surprise, into something that sounded like poetry.

"And the want of this stimulus of light, which you phrase so prettily, would in time render such structures useless," added Mrs. Hargrave. "You know that as well as I do. But you do not know, as I know, that there is a spiritual light which, when men cease to burrow like these wotama, can stimulate responsive structures in the inner organism."

"We are like Bunyan's Man with the Muck-Rake, I suppose," said Dr. Bense. "Our eyes are so fixed upon our honest work that we do not look up to admire the shadowy gentry that the imagination of idlers has no difficulty in discerning. But the comparison will not hold; for we form psychical societies, and glance up from our labor at odd moments to behold—just nothing at all!"

"The comparison is yours, not mine," replied Clara. "Bunyan must have been dreaming indeed, if he supposed that this industrious personage need only look up to see celestial beings. Nature's analogies do not countenance any such raker's progress as that. Why, the wotama presumably looked up when taken from their cave, yet they saw no more of this wonderful earth than a committee of your researchers is likely to see of the wonders beyond it. But these little animals modestly trusted the development of their unused senses to those who had some experience of the sunlight. For weeks their dull organs received no impression, yet at last came a time when objects were faintly outlined before them. Here, if we had some Æsop to take up their story, he might tell us how the elder of these wotama was much disturbed, knowing that his old cave companions would call him crazy for reporting these strange things. Thereupon he determined that the best use he could make of his new vision would be to find the way to his underground home. And once in the familiar burrow, he began to talk about 'subjective impressions,' 'collective perception,' 'expectant attention,' and such learned matters; for was it not well known that the eyes of cave-rats were never made to see with? But the younger of the wotama, caring little for the prejudices of his former comrades, continued to submit himself to the guidance of those whose eyes had long been opened. So he came to see clearly, and knew that the old cave-life was darkened by night

whimsies which were well exchanged for visions of the upper world."

"Your story is not to be taken seriously," said the doctor, smiling, "so I need not tell you that no man is braver than the follower of science. Here am I, a lineal descendant of a Puritan, who once met the Black Man, and was requested to exchange his autograph for the limitless wealth at the disposal of that potentate. My ancestor took to his heels, and lost a chance for which his degenerate descendant would have put his name even to an office-seeker's petition. 'I want none of your richness,' I would have said to my colored brother of the forest; 'give me the pen, and with this lancet I will draw the crimson ink. In return I will take—not the wealth of the Indies—only your temperature, and a cast in plaster of that peculiar foot.' You see it is a question of method."

"Yes," assented Clara, "I see that it is a question of method."

At this moment the servant appeared at the door, and with motionless features discharged the message entrusted to him:—

"Dr. Simpson's compliments to Dr. Bense, and he would be pleased to see him in Mr. Peckster's chamber as soon as possible."

"I must leave you, Mrs. Hargrave, in the company of—of your immaterial acquaintance," said the physician, rising from the chair.

"You leave me quite alone, Dr. Bense. Gideon Peckster is at this moment preceding you up the stairs."

"Ah! It would have been better manners to have given a stranger the precedence," remarked the doctor, as he left the room.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

PUNISHMENT AND REFORMATION.

"In my experience, as a lawyer" says Judge Belford, of Denver, Col. "I have found that 90 per cent of petty crime is the result of necessity. When men are confronted by all these things, what are they going to do? Starve? We have no right, as a rule, to conclude that these crimes are committed through innate depravity. If a man who has been convicted of a crime and paid the penalty of the law is to henceforth be regarded as unworthy, I ask you, as Christian people, is it not an act of humanity to send him for life? I say it would be the highest degree of humanity, for God knows he has no hope outside."

He told of the boy's reformatory at Lancaster, Ohio, started in 1858, and still in full blast, where there are no bars, no prison discipline as it is usually regarded; the boys are divided into classes, all governed by the law of love and are graduated to fill useful and honorable positions in the world. One reason, the judge said, why this institution was so eminently successful was that it had been separated from politics. "Politics," he exclaimed, "would corrupt the kingdom of God." A similar institution, he said, was the reform school for boys at Lansing, Mich., where there was no enclosure about the grounds, no straps, but a vast amount of music, of which he thought there should be more in our reformatory institutions. Punishment should be directed to reformation; to reconstructing the man, and through him society, thus making the state stronger and better.

One thing is infamously wrong. A man is put in prison; who is going to suffer? The wife and children. The system is wrong. The state has no right to any more of my earnings than is necessary for the cost of my confinement there. Some scheme should be devised by which prisoners can be employed and earn wages. Now don't you laboring men get scared about convict labor in competition with free labor. Say that a man can make shoes; very well. Now he should be paid for manufacturing those shoes the same as paid outside, and there'll be no complication. Let the wages above what is necessary for his support go to his wife and children, if he has any; pay him the same as other people are paid. There are 150 men in the county jail the whole year, and not one of them allowed to do a day's work. Do you call that Christian civilization? If so, let's change the name. With the increase of crime there has come increased interest in the welfare of humanity, due to the principles taught by the Great Teacher, who thrilled the world as it had never been thrilled before, and who announced that of one blood God made all men brothers.

The theory that there are two independent personalities within the human skin, says W. T. Stead, is condemned by all orthodox psychologists. There is one personality manifesting itself, usually consciously, but occasionally unconsciously, and the different method of manifestation differs so widely as to give the impression that there could not be the same personality behind both. . . . whatever may be the true theory, it is evident that there is enough mystery about personality to make us very diffident about dogmatizing, especially as to what is possible and what is not. Whether we have one mind or two let us at least keep it (or them) open.



NOT IN VAIN.

She pinned some creamy, fluffy thing
About her throat, and added there
A half-blown rose; and lingered
A while to make herself more fair,
I queried of her, half in jest,
The name of her expected guest.

"We dine alone to-night," said she,
"I linger at my toilet
Not for the eyes of company,
But for a dearer object yet—
Now for a husband's eyes attired,
The self of my old love admired.

"It would have grieved my heart of yore
Not to be comely in his eyes;
And now how infinitely more
Of moment to retain the prize!
And so I have a rosebud there
To brighten in my silvering hair.

"Not for my sister-woman's gaze,
To rouse her envy; not for this,
But for the sake of these sweet days
To save the honeymoon of bliss
From ever waning, securing so
From waste the paradise below.

"'Twere not enough to win him mine,
Nor yet enough so to be won,
But the sweet right of love divine
To keep the Eden so begun,
And when another decade dies
To still be lovesome in his eyes."

Oh, beautiful philosophy!
The key to riches manifold;
Its secret sovereign alchemy
Changing the dullest day to gold,
Leaving two hearts in love's sweet thrall,
A love that never wanes at all.

A holy lesson, sweet to con,
And sweet in daily life applied;
Youth's blithest idyl still hisped on,
The matron gentle as the bride.
The winning long ago was done,
But every day she keeps him won.

—ROSALINE E. JONES, in Boston Transcript.

In regard to how women figure in the Eleventh Census Margaret N. Wishard writes in the *Chautauquan* as follows: In the history of the collection and compilation of facts in almost all departments of the present Census, there is not an inquiry or tabulation but there is a woman in it. A recital of her work would record an epoch in the history of woman's employment. When fully equipped, the Census Office numbered in its local force about 3,200 clerks; over half of these were women, some divisions being composed almost entirely of them. Regarding the work of counting on the electrical machines, punching and tabulating the punched cards, the superintendent of census said: "If I were to undertake this work again having had the experience I have had, I should have no one but women on any of these three machines. I have found steadily from the beginning that women did more work and that more accurately than men. I suppose their superior delicacy of touch and alertness of vision are largely the cause of it, but I have also found women more conscientious. If an enumerator writes poorly, a man is more apt to guess at his answers and punch accordingly. A woman, I have found, will in the greater number of cases take pains to decipher poor writing and record the fact correctly." The head of the pauperism and crime division when organizing his force, made a request for only women clerks. The request was, of course, granted; it is of interest to know that the entire Census report on the momentous subject of the growth of these two evils is compiled and tabulated by women under the direction of the only two men in that division. A few women are heads of sections, and one woman has been until very recently an assistant chief of a division. Three women have performed valued services as special agents collecting information concerning the Indians and fisheries, aside from those in the farms, homes, and mortgages division.

The papers contain accounts of how Lige Thomas, a worthless character of Pittsburgh, Pa., who had figured in the police court a number of times, was sent to the work house for thirty days for assaulting little girls, and was arrested under singular circumstances. Little Minnie Samuels, of Wylie avenue, witnessed an assault on a girl. Minnie was indignant, and, calling

several companions to assist her, charged on Thomas. The young leader had her small band well under control, and waited in a store-room near by until Thomas jumped at another child. While he was terrorizing the new victim he was surrounded by Minnie Samuels' band, and pushed against the side of the house. Then one of the girls ran for an officer, and the others held the scoundrel until Policeman Cross arrived.

Some one asked me the other day what was the origin of women proposing marriage during a leap year, writes Colin Shackelford. I looked it up, and while it may not be new to all I dare say it will interest many. In the year 1288 a statute was published by the Scotch Parliament of which the following is a copy, and is, to my mind, the origin of the custom or idea. I do not know that it is a custom or ever was: "It is ordaint that during the reign of our maist blessit Majestie Margaret, like maiden, ladee of baith high and low estate, shall hae liberty to speak to the man she likes. Gif he refuses to take her to be his wyf, he shall be mulct in the sum of ane hundredty poundis or less, as his estait may bee, except and alwas gif he can make it appear that he is betrothit to another woman, then he shall be free." After the dear old Margaret had passed away the women became clamorous for their privileges and to appease them another act of Parliament allowed them the privilege every fourth year. Next year is leap year, and no doubt the question will be asked of you what gave rise to the notion that women may do their own courting.

Julien Jordan in the *North American Review* says: It is a curious fact that Mr. Spencer was formerly an advocate of female emancipation. He now declares himself against it. The Liberals were, until lately, the hope and trust of the female suffragists. They, indeed, were once on the verge of passing a resolution on the question through the House of Commons. Recently, however, they appear to have grown tired of the women, and the Conservatives have taken them up. They have passed a resolution at Birmingham in favor of female suffrage. When Mrs. Fawcett—the widow of the blind Postmaster-General, and mother of the Miss Fawcett who beat the senior wrangler in mathematics at Cambridge—addressed the convocation, she said that the Gladstonians feared that the women would reinforce the party of order and the upholders of the indissoluble union between Great Britain and Ireland. It is odd that Spencer should desert the female emancipators just as the "Primrose dames" have rendered such solid service to the Tory leaders as to convince a large portion of them that the ballot ought to be granted to them. That women cannot go to war seems a poor and idle plea for refusing them a voice in public affairs. Men who have passed the age of military duty are permitted to vote, and since the days of Homer particular respect has been given to their decisions. It is only in countries where the conception prevails that weight would be attached to women's inability for militant services. In England and the United States armies are formed by voluntary recruitment. In the last century the recruiting system was almost universal. All countries would probably revert to it if women voted. Who shall say that the reversion would not be a good thing for civilization?

BUTLER'S "WOMAN ORDER."

One of the most interesting chapters in Ben Butler's "Book" is that which treats of his famous "woman order." It will be remembered that when Butler first entered the captured city of New Orleans his officers and soldiers were subjected to the most outrageous insults at the hands of the women, who depended upon their sex to protect them. In every possible way they indicated aversion, disgust, and abhorrence at the sight of one of the boys in blue. They quitted a horse-car as soon as a soldier entered; they drew their skirts away, or even stepped off the sidewalk when they met an officer on the street; they spat at soldiers from windows, and even spat in their faces when they met them. On one Sunday, as an officer on Butler's staff was on his way to church, he met two ladies, and as he turned toward the outer side of the sidewalk to let them pass one of them stepped across in front of the other and deliberately spat in the officer's face. "Why didn't you do something?" indignantly demanded a fellow-member of his staff when told the incident.

"What could I do to two women?"

"Well, you ought to have taken your revolver and shot the first rebel you met."

Gen. Butler thought long and seriously on this matter, and the best means of checking it. It would only make matters worse to arrest the women—for that was just what they would have gloried in. It was necessary to hit upon some order that would execute itself. Finally he put forth his order. It provided that "when any female shall, by word, gesture or movement, insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her avocation."

That order executed itself. No arrest was ever made under it or because of it. Butler says in his "Book": "All the ladies of New Orleans forbore to insult out troops because they didn't want to be deemed common women, and all the common women forbore to insult our troops because they wanted to be deemed ladies; and of those two classes were all the women secessionists of the city."—*Ben Butler's Autobiography.*

PECULIAR PRAYERS.

In a Maine town near the sea-coast was one of many communities where the men were, so to speak, a cross between farmers and sailors and where, as a natural consequence, the cultivation of the soil was somewhat neglected.

The minister of a neighboring town exchanged with the minister of this community and, as a drought was upon them, the people sent him a request that he would pray for rain. This he did as follows:

"Oh, Lord, Thy servant is asked by this people to pray for rain and he does so. But Thou knowest, oh Lord, that what this soil needs is dressin'."

A member of a certain Massachusetts parish, prominent for his thrift and personal consequence, was also notorious for his overbearing assumption and pompous airs. Under the distress and fright of a dangerous illness he "put up notes" on several successive Sundays, and after his recovery, according to usage, he offered a note to be read by the minister expressive of his thanks.

The minister was somewhat "large" in this part of his prayer, recalling the danger and the previous petitions of the "squire," and returning his grateful acknowledgments with the prayer that the experience might be blessed to the spiritual welfare of the restored man. He closed with these words:

"And we pray, O Lord, that thy servant may be cured of that ungodly strut, so offensive in the sanctuary."

Dr. Barnes of Scituate had for a parishioner a rich, but hard, grasping, penurious and quarrelsome man. In course of time he died and at his funeral the minister dealt with him in no gentle phrase.

The next Sunday the bereaved widow came herself to the parsonage, bringing the usual "note," and at the same time preferring an earnest request that, as the minister had already given her husband such a raking at the funeral, he would quietly pass him over in his prayer. She added that her husband had always been kind and good to her and to his family.

"Well, well, we'll see," said the aged and venerated pastor. His curt relief of himself in his prayer was this:

"Thou knowest, O Lord, that the departed servant was a good provider for his family; but beyond that his friends think and we think the less said the better."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A STRANGE CASE OF HYPNOTISM.

We read frequently of judges falling asleep during the hearing of a case, but for a prisoner to be slumbering peacefully during the whole of his trial is probably an unprecedented occurrence, says the *Belfast News-Letter*. This curious spectacle was witnessed recently in the 10th police court, Paris, where a man named Emil David was charged with illegally personating a barrister and common swindling.

After giving his name in answer to the magistrate, the defendant ceased to reply to the questions put to him, and his counsel explained to the court that David was fast asleep, though his eyes were wide open.

The magistrate was of course rather suspicious of such an explanation, and in order to prove that his client was not shamming Maitre Raynaud, placed his hands before the prisoner's eyes, and, drawing them slowly back, caused him to get up and leap over the barrier which separated the dock from the court. He was led back

to his seat, but it was found quite impossible to awake him.

The trial, however, was proceeded with, and Maitre Raynaud, in David's defense, explained that he was a highly hysterical, hypnotic subject, and that at times he would remain for long periods in what is known as the "automatic ambulatory" stage of the disease.

This means that the patient, although in a state of complete somnolence, acts like an ordinary individual, and can travel, carry on a conversation or play cards without any one suspecting that he is asleep. On waking, however, he is entirely unconscious of what he has done while in that condition.

Thus David on one occasion traveled from Paris to Troyes without being conscious of doing so, and on recovering his senses discovered that he had lost his overcoat, with a sum of money in one of the pockets.

He had no recollection as to where he had left the garment, but some months later, on telling the story to a surgeon at the Hotel Dieu, the latter artificially threw David into a state of hypnotic sleep, during which he explained the position and the number of the room in a hotel at Troyes where he had left the coat. The landlord was communicated with and the story found to be perfectly correct.

The hearing of the case was terminated some time before David could be awakened, and the passing of the sentence was delayed two hours, as the court did not wish to condemn a sleeping man.

Finally, when he had recovered his senses, the prisoner was informed that on account of his extraordinary temperament his offence would be visited only with a penalty of one month's imprisonment.

SHE ROASTED THE EDITOR.

How an editor was weighed in the balance.

She glided into the sanctum and with an airy gesture placed the treasured MS. before him. He had declined it fifteen times previously but, like the Sybil of ancient days, she had returned again. He looked up with a faint grunt and feebly motioned it away. An angry gleam kindled in the maiden's eye. "Out upon you, sir," she said in a high declamatory voice; "you have no appreciation of genius. There is nothing in you which responds to the life and feeling of my poetry. You have cultivated the mental state of your being at the expense of the emotive and vital. Sir, you can't feel. Sometimes you think you do. There is a little, sickly irritation of the cerebrum, and you think you experience anger, pride, joy, etc. But that is not emotive, that is mental. It is nothing but a little fretting of the brain, and all fretting is purely mental. There is no life in you. The grunt is the language of the vital state of being, and you can't even grunt properly. You can't give a downright, wholesome, vital grunt to save your little one-third of a soul. Sir, I pity you when you come to die." She vanished like a wraith and never reappeared. The editor's cerebrum is irritated to such an extent that he thinks he is experiencing a great joy.—*Pharmaceutical Era.*

NICKNAMES OF GREAT MEN.

"The Silent Man"—U. S. Grant.
"The Poet of Nature"—William C. Bryant.
"Old Rough and Ready"—Zachary Taylor.
"The Railsplitter"—Abraham Lincoln.
"Silver Tongued Orator"—Wendell Phillips.
"Grand Old Man"—W. E. Gladstone.
"Little Phil"—Phillip Sheridan.
"Father of Greenbacks"—Salmon P. Chase.
"The Little Giant"—Stephen A. Douglas.
"Old Hickory"—Andrew Jackson.
"Black Dan"—Daniel Webster.
"Old Man Eloquent"—John Quincy Adams.
"Goldsmith of America"—Washington Irving.
"Mad Yankee"—Elisha Kane.
"School Master of Our Republic"—Noah Webster.
"Wizard of the North"—Sir Walter Scott.
"Black Jack"—John A. Logan.
"The Honest Man"—James Monroe.
"Poor Richard"—Benjamin Franklin.
"Lad Rebecca"—Pocahontas.
"Babeleor President"—James Buchanan.



STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS AND LIBERALS.

TO THE EDITOR: The First Society of Spiritualists, Delphos, Kan., having re-chartered, called a state convention for December 4th and 5th, for the purpose of organizing into a State Association of Spiritualists and Liberals. The following representative delegates from abroad were in attendance: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moody, Otego, Kan.; Mr. and Mrs. William Bickle, Beloit, Kan.; Hon. A. B. Montgomery, Goodland, Kan.; Mrs. Vick, Junction City, Kan.; Malinda Fletcher and Mrs. A. M. Shaw, Beloit, Kan. After two days' session an organization was effected.

The charter and by-laws of the local society being adopted as a basis. In the organization, all the property belonging to the local society was conveyed to the state organization including all in our society. The purposes for which the state association was organized are to further the knowledge and widen the field of both scientific and spiritual philosophy; to extend its influence all over the state in the way of assisting local societies by granting to them privileges which must necessarily come under the state laws of chartered societies. Its object is to maintain and hold yearly campmeetings; to arrange for delegate conventions, and to extend a protective influence around medial powers; to purge the cause, as far as possible, of all objectionable "barnacles" which may fasten thereto.

Delphos is a quiet little city, nestling in one of the most picturesque and fertile valleys in the state. Its surrounding resources are inexhaustible.

In this valley, close to the village, the society have a beautiful grove of natural oak and ash. A fine rostrum erected upon the grounds, with other contemplated improvements as fast as financial circumstances will permit of. The state organization is organized into a stock company, with capital resources to the amount of \$5,000, of which \$1,500 worth of stock has been issued at \$1 per share. It is the urgent desire of the society to dispose of as many shares of this stock as possible to enable them to complete necessary improvements as fast as the needs shall demand. All those who invest in stock will never regret the investment, as a fund will be created to sustain a home for the promulgation of knowledge and truth in all of its fundamental branches.

The books are now open for subscription of stock. A certificate will be issued for each share, entitling the owner to an interest in the grounds.

For full particulars, etc., address
I. N. RICHARDSON, Secy.
DELPHOS, KAN.

A PLEA FOR INDIVIDUALITY.

TO THE EDITOR: According to some recent scientific investigations there is much individuality exhibited in the animal world. Numerous instances are recorded, but the spider holds the palm for illustration, and more than ever since it is known that it has been weaving its web especially strong where the greatest amount of resistance was necessary. But when we take the tremendous jump to man we find that individuality is in demand. There is no overcrowding in this branch, and crowns of praise are held in waiting for those who are to give the world some advanced ideas. Assured of this is it not wise that we cultivate individuality, encourage and assist those who have talent to develop it, for the benefit of mankind, so that the scale of mediocrity will be far above what it now is and what is now medium in the light of their universal progression will bear the mark, inferiority. This is pre-eminently a thinking age, the public press is the arena where modern ideas are not clipped to suit public opinion, even be they in radical antithesis to popular belief, we anxiously await the formation of new ideas. And why is it thus? Progression is to many seemingly miraculous, because a system of new education has so gradually crept in that we can hardly realize it.

Orthodoxy is getting continua. shocks, and we are finding out that no ideas will not fit old creeds, or all brain fit the model skull. Independent thinki. has

some of the novelty worn off—since so many have entered the arena—and instead of whispered consultations in the "upper chamber," it is now proclaimed from the house-tops. With some who have resisted the world's attempts to merge their individuality in the mass, comes these higher, wider, nobler thoughts which have resulted in the grafting of new ideas. This being the case, is it not wise to protect the young minds from the pernicious influences of old customs and beliefs that are erroneous just because they bear the mark of another century, and thus save them to two-fold trouble of growing into and outgrowing them for better ones?—not to cramp the mind but leave it that natural elasticity which makes it possible to receive the constantly revealing truths that come with accumulating facts.

M. P. HAMMOND.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

LADY CAITHNESS' CATHOLIC SYMBOLISM.

TO THE EDITOR: IN THE JOURNAL of November 24, is a rather mystifying article from several hands, namely, setting forth the views of Lady Caithness, in *L'Aurore*.

From a previous issue, one is led to associate Lady Caithness with Madam Blavatsky. Some passages in the present paper suggest her scheme to be a theocratic state socialism, with the pope at the head, and Bellamy, perhaps, prime minister. Is that about it; or is it still more moonshiny? When metaphysical theology overrules historic facts in a lively brain of a theocrat, it is not easy to distinguish substance from mere fantasy. The Holy Father's silence does not give consent to the proposals of his volunteer cabinet. He does not take it as a compliment, to be endorsed as a symbol of an unfulfilled ideal in the church. Does he doubt the lady's faith in those allegorical keys, or the metaphorical rock of St. Peter? If the Christian church, and in particular the papacy, be only symbols of their divine intention and human outcome, then what part of the symbol does that character of this church which has been so prominent and constant—its intolerance and persecutions interpret? Are these but symbols of those tortures which the guilty conscience of the "infidel" has in store for him? Does this symbolic anticipation improve the flavor of roast souls as it rises into the divine nostrils?

It is curious about such symbolism, that the symbolic flames and joint wrenchings, the embraces of the inquisitorial "maiden," and other amenities of this sort, are so much more formidable to heretics than their indicated spiritual torments, and yet that the symbolic premonition exterminates without persuasion as with the Albigenes of provence. And why should the blood of Catholic martyrs be the seed of that church, and the blood of heretic martyrs not be the seed of heretics?

M. E. L.

A GEM.

TO THE EDITOR.—Here is a sweet little gem that I want to see in THE JOURNAL. It did me good and will do others good, because it was spontaneous; not written for the public eye nor for personal praises;—it is from the heart to one smitten in heart. I give no name and sign none, so that its locality may be the more conspicuous. TRUTH.

"Seriously," my critic, the world is very beautiful and "everything is all right."

There never was a wrong perpetrated that did not help to develop moral power somewhere. Never a tear glowed on the cheek of innocence that did not catch the smile of brighter days to be; never a heart-cry that did not thrill upward through all the infinite spaces and summon angels to work for humanity! Never a creed formulated that was not an illumination and a necessity at the time of its evolution. Never a myth without a reality at its hidden core. Never a shadow that did not proclaim the presence of light. The sorrows of the world are its moral inspiration. The necessity to toil has been the cause of countless differentiations. Man the greatest of all toilers re-creates the earth and builds bridges to the throne of God. The psychic experience, ecstasies, age and vagaries, of one age becomes the sacred scriptures of subsequent periods. Let us be reverent toward the past, as sons and daughters are to their good mother. Let us be patient with the present, since it too is simply a learner; and as for our bodily limitations, our business failures, our hunger and nakedness—why, these too are links in the economic chain of divine law.

NEWSPAPER EXPERIENCES.

The following from *The Banner of Light* of December 19, is instructive and entertaining:

In copying our late editorial *in re* the lukewarmness of a certain class of professed Spiritualists who are prone to borrow rather than subscribe for the papers devoted to the cause, THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL remarks that it may be comforting, if not immediately encouraging to us, to be told that a few thousand years hence things will be different. We hope so, and also hope to be able to take a hand in promoting the so-much-desired change when that auspicious epoch arrives, if not before.

This state of things reminds us of an experience we had many years ago while on a visit to a country town in Massachusetts. We called at the periodical depot there, and inquired of the proprietor why he didn't keep for sale on his counter, *The Banner*, as there were quite a number of Spiritualists in the town. He replied that he was perfectly willing to do so if they would agree in advance to buy the paper when offered for sale. The consequence was that we saw one of the prominent friends of the cause, and gave him the points above noted; prompt action was taken by himself and others, resulting in the disposing of a dozen or more *Banners* in the town for nearly a year. Upon a subsequent visit we were told by the conductor of the news depot that he had not had any orders for the paper for some time. Of course we naturally felt curious to know the reason, which we were not long in finding out. Calling soon after upon one of our yearly subscribers, who received the paper by mail, the first thing she did was to remark as follows: "Mr. Editor, you don't know how well *The Banner* is appreciated! Why, there are twelve people here who borrow my paper each week, and it is read by so many who are interested in Spiritualism, that it comes back to me nearly worn out from so much handling." The secret was out. Those patrons of the old lady's paper formerly purchased copies at the periodical depot; but, learning of her great desire to advance the cause she had so much at heart, they one after another (and unwittingly to her) obtained the use of her copy by loan—thus penuriously saving to their pockets its price, and leaving the printer "out in the cold."

We are not a re-incarnationist and don't believe the veteran editor of *The Banner* will ever again edit a paper in "this vale of tears" after his present term ends,—which we trust has a long time yet to run. We see no reason however why he may not take a hand in promoting newspaper and other reforms when he becomes a denizen of the Spirit-world. Indeed, stranger things might happen than the founding of a paper on the other side in about a thousand years under the name of the *Religio-Philosophical Banner*, Colby & Bundy, editors. It is highly probable that many points of difference in belief between these two editors will be removed within the next fifty years. Anyhow, the western editor gives notice that whenever he does change or modify any of his views his respected eastern contemporary and the public will know it forthwith, whether it be in this world or the next.

We have never had any single experience quite as aggravating in quantity, though some fully as offensive in quality, as the case related in the second paragraph quoted from *The Banner*. We know of no papers in the country so widely read by non-subscribers as THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and the *Banner of Light*; and we have for years pursued a systematic investigation for the purpose of finding out the facts. There are many reasons why this lamentable state of affairs exists, too lengthy to enter upon here. It is a rule of THE JOURNAL office never to refuse the paper to the worthy poor, and to send it free to any reputable medium applying therefor. In one instance where the paper was sent to a medium it was kept a week for the benefit of the family and callers, and then mailed under cover to a rich patron who after reading it re-mailed it to another well-to-do person in a distant city. In another case a copy went free for years to

a blind medium, and after her transition it was continued to the family until, by the courtesy of a lecturer, the publisher learned that this copy was regularly mailed every week, after being read, to a rich man in western New York. It is needless to say the paper was stopped. Instances are plentiful where in order to secure a premium or get the paper for a year at the reduced rates sometimes offered new subscribers a subscriber has stopped his paper, and in a couple of weeks sent in a new subscription in the name of some other member of the family and asked for back numbers from a particular date—naming the time when his own subscription expired. Once there was a well-known public man in Chicago, formerly a member of Congress, who said he was too poor to subscribe. He went to a public institution regularly on THE JOURNAL's publication day and seized the paper as soon as it arrived, much to the disgust of the sturdy Yankee in charge. That man was never during our acquaintance with him worth less than \$500,000. He died in full fellowship with the Episcopal church and is now—happy, we hope.

We might multiply instances by the hundred, but these are enough to show that all who believe in spirit return or who seek to satisfy themselves of continuity of life are not Spiritualists or really desirous of being. Their motives are no better than those of many who seek fire insurance through more conventional channels. Nevertheless we do not complain. Human nature is much the same the world over; and we might offset the unpleasant pictures above sketched by many, many cases of noble endeavor and great sacrifices made to secure THE JOURNAL and to pay for it. Instance after instance has come to our knowledge where some poor man or woman has pinched and saved penny by penny to secure THE JOURNAL and to enlarge their store of knowledge with a few books. Here is a case in point. Some weeks ago we received a letter from a subscriber at Elba, N. Y., telling us to stop his paper as he was going away. Later on the following letter was received from the same correspondent giving us the first intimation of his situation:

LINDEN, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—Please send me THE JOURNAL for five months and enclosed find \$1. for the same. Please send "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," "The 'Spirit-World'" by Dr. Crowell and Finney's pamphlet on the Bible. I enclose in all \$4. I want you to do as well by me as you can, for I am poor and in the poor house. Do not send any more papers to Elba. Please send the pamphlet, "If a Man Dies Shall he Live Again?" Yours truly,

(Signed) JOHN BRIDGE.

P. S. Send them in care of C. B. Pixley, Linden, Genesee Co., N. Y.

On this letter was the following endorsement by the keeper of the poor house:

John Bridge is a poor cripple. The money he sends you he has been saving up for a long time. He is worthy of any extras you may send him.

Respectfully yours,

C. B. PIXLEY, Keeper.

Poor and crippled John Bridge! We would rather take your chances in the world to come than those of many a rich man. The books you ordered have been sent, together with some others; and THE JOURNAL will go to you free as long as you have need of it. In the nature of things, before very long your noble and beautiful spirit will be released from its crippled mortal body and you will stand erect and symmetrical in the Summer Land where there is no need of poor-houses, and where men are measured by their spiritual worth alone.

Kissing while we're coasting
O'er the glittering ice,
May be very naughty,
But it's awful nice.

In the dreamy summer
Kissing in the dell,
Probably is wicked,
But I'll never tell.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

Songs of Doubt and Dream: Poems by Edgar Fawcett. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1891. pp. 211. Price \$2.

In looking through this work the reviewer is impressed with the truth of an estimate of its author, expressed by Miss Lillian Whiting, who is an able and discriminating literary critic. She says: "Among the younger literateurs of America there can be found no literary artist whose purpose is more serious, whose work is more untiring, than that of Mr. Edgar Fawcett, both in poetry and romance. The critical reader will recognize the toil, the energy, the devotion to art, the fidelity to noble standards, that such poetry as this represents and expresses." Mr. Fawcett's new book of poems may be said in many ways to verify the promise of the three poetical volumes which have preceded it, namely, "Fantasy and Passion," "Song and Story," and "Romance and Revery." The present volume, "Songs of Doubt and Dream," is perhaps less uniformly picturesque in treatment than either of the aforesaid three, and yet it is certainly more thoughtful and more philosophic.

Mr. Fawcett recognizes the fact that strong human interest is requisite nowadays as an element of all modern poetry. Moonbeams and daffodils are not enough for this earnest, eager, and strongly intellectual period. It wants these, if you will, but it wants them as backgrounds only. Mr. Fawcett gives us a fair supply of moonbeams and daffodils, but he also gives us vital studies of men and women as well. The dramatic poem, "How a Queen Loved," is nothing if not human and passionate. Its chief source of attraction, like that of many poems in this collection, is the concern it shows with human frailties, impulses, characteristics. Radical, and in a manner daring, the whole book certainly is. But its skepticisms are never flippant, and its range of thought is so much wider than that of the ordinary current book of poems as to make such difference absurdly striking. Those who believe that modern poetry should be namby-pamby, should not read Mr. Fawcett's new work; those who believe that modern poetry should grasp fresh and living problems and fling over them the glamour of skilled and pictorial literary treatment, will be sure to find a rare relish in the perusal of this book.

Wolverton or The Modern Arena. By D. A. Reynolds. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co. 1891. pp. 391. Cloth, \$1.50.

This interesting romance of Thurman Wolverton is used as a sort of dressing for the discussing of questions in regard to man's intellectual and moral development. The author has a high estimate of the Nazarene Reformer, "whose beautiful ministry," he says, "has been sadly perverted by the self-appointed ambassadors who have made religion a 'profession' and public worship a formality." The work seeks to remove the veil from his life and teachings and to help men understand his gospel of love and purity. An instructive as well as entertaining story.

The Witch of Prague: A Fantastic Tale. By F. Marion Crawford; London and New York, MacMillan & Co. 1891. pp. 435. Cloth. Price \$1.

Mr. Crawford is an enthusiastic student of all sorts of occult lore, as is shown by previous works like "Mr. Isaacs," "With the Immortals," and the possibilities involved in what is now known as hypnotism, are carried out to their greatest possible limits in this most truly "fantastic tale." "The Witch of Prague" is a beautiful young woman, intense in nature, but of morally obtuse mind. Yet, with all her faults and mistakes, she is really much more interesting than the hero of the work, whose name is never once given, and who is known as "the Wanderer" only, or the heroine, Beatrice, whom the wanderer is in search of when he meets Unorna, the Witch, who falls in love with him and endeavors to hypnotize him into loving her by the strange will power of which she is possessed without understanding its real import. The one good moral which this story conveys is the power of pure, sincere, real love, to defy even hypnotic "suggestion." Mr. Crawford has evidently made a careful study of all that has been so far discovered in hypnotic experiments, and refers in notes to the records of scientific journals, in proof of the scientific possibilities of his fantastic imaginings of the

wonders wrought by his lovely unprincipled "Witch" upon the different personages introduced in the story. Many pages the romance fills, yet the time in which all the strange incidents happen, is less than two months, and the only characters who come prominently upon the scene are Unorna, the Wanderer, Beatrice, "Sister Paul," a nun, Dr. Keyork, a wise dwarf, a hypnotized centenarian, and Israel Kafka, a handsome, young Jew in love with the Witch, and tortured by her through his hypnotic susceptibilities. On the whole it is a gruesome tale.

New and True. By Mary William Staver. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891. Price, \$2.50.

This is a volume of verses, original and new, for children. The elegant illustrations by Lavina Effinghausen, Jesse Wilcox Smith, Jessie McDermott, J. Augustus Beck, Herman Faber and other well-known artists will delight the eyes and hearts of the little ones. The lines on the cover give a good idea of the character and delightful swing of the verses.

"Rhymes and rhythms
And histories droll
For boys and girls
From pole to pole."

This book is a royal octavo, bound durably and handsomely in a plain cloth, set off by touches of black and gold.

Mast, Crowell & Kirkpatrick, Springfield, Ohio, have issued an illustrated edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." It is No. 67 of "Farm and Fireside Library." The volume contains a short sketch of the celebrated author.

MAGAZINES.

In the January *Popular Science Monthly* Dr. Andrew D. White, under the title "Theology and Political Economy," tells how the church has hampered the progress of commerce and industry by forbidding the lending of money at interest, and like restrictions. Hon. David A. Wells contributes a second illustrated paper on "Remarkable Bowlders," the largest weighing several thousand tons, which must have been brought to their present place by glacial action. Amédée Guillemin discusses the ever-fascinating question of "Communication with the Planets." Hon. Carroll D. Wright discusses "Our Population and its Distribution," showing what part of the inhabitants of the United States live near the sea-level, and what on higher lands; what part in moist regions, and what in dry, etc. In the Editor's Table is an examination of "Evolution and its Assailants." New York: D. Appleton & Company.—Among the contributors to the January *North American Review* are Hon. R. Q. Mills and ex-Speaker T. B. Reed on the question of the quorum and the rights of minorities; Andrew Lang on French novels and French life; Lady Henry Somerset on the "Slums of London and New York"; Theodore Voorhees, the General Superintendent of the New York Central Railway, on the life and work of locomotive engineers, and Senor Alonzo Martinez on the Speakership question. The same number contains a symposium on "The Best Book of the Year," the contributors to this being Sir Edwin Arnold, Gail Hamilton, Agnes Repplier, Amelia E. Barr, Rev. Dr. Briggs, Julien Gordon and Dr. William A. Hammond.

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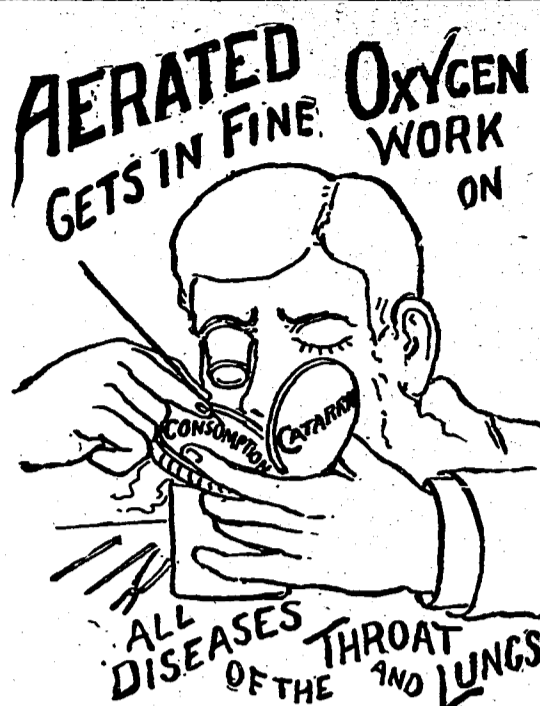
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PROF. ELLIOTT COUES, M. D., Member of the National Academy of Sciences of the London Society for Psychical Research, etc., etc.

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HER LAST DAY.

December 11, 1891. (In loving memory of Julia A. Ames.) "And with the dawn those angel faces smile That I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

I. That day with its wonderful splendor of light Grew fairer as onward it rolled; It dawned in a glory of sapphire and rose. It died in a glory of gold.

II. We spoke much of life—of its promises fair, Its sorrow, its sweetness, its fear; Of its work to be done, of its burdens to bear, And we dreamed not one Presence drew near.

III. We dreamed not there waited, unseen by our eyes, The Angel to lead her away; Unguessed was that Presence, unheard the replies That thrilled through the air of that day.

IV. And still on that wonderful glory of light Enchanted the fast-gliding hours; And an undefined Presence held her in its spell While the sunshine lay low on the flowers.

V. And the angels whose faces had smiled from the dawn Drew near her with beckoning hand; One look—one last word of her "victory gained"— She had gone to the Wonderful Land!

—LILLIAN WHITING, in the Inter Ocean.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

The star is not extinguished when it sets Upon the dull horizon; it but goes To shine in other skies; then reappear In ours as fresh as when it first arose.

The river is not lost when o'er the rock It pours its flood into the abyss below; Its scattered force regathering from the shock, It hastens onward with yet fuller flow.

The bright sun dies not when the shadowing orb Of the eclipsing moon obscures its ray; It still is shining on, and soon to us Will burst undimmed into the joy of day.

Thus nothing dies, or only dies to live; Star, stream, sun, flower, the dewdrop and the gold Each goodly thing instinct with buoyant hope. Hastens to put on its purer, finer mould.

Thus in the quiet joy of kindly trust, We bid each parting saint a brief farewell; Weeping, yet smiling, we commit their dust To the safe keeping of the silent cell.

—HORATIUS BONAR.

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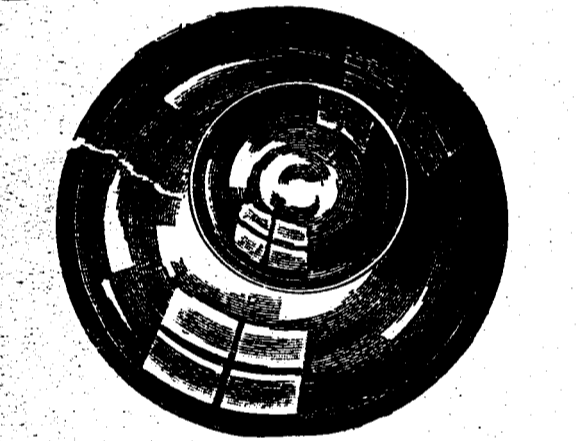
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Ashes of oak—Are there no more trees?
What if the yule-log whiten and die—
Blaze and redden and die—what then?
Are there no more trees?

Fallen from pride and gray with fire,
Slain by it, never to glow again—
But life is more than ashes and night;
In it lies new fire.

No trees left? Let the old year go,
And the old years go, with their bloom and blight;
Sated with joy and drunk with pain,
Let the old year go.

Ended at last—and to come—more trees,
Leaf and pleasure and—ay, and grief.
Over dead ashes light new fire—
Are there no more trees?

—MAYBURY FLEMING.

AT FIRST.

If I should fall asleep one day,
All overworn,
And should my spirit, from the clay,
Go dreaming out the heavenward way,
Or thence be softly borne,

I pray you, angels, do not first
Assail mine ear
With that blest anthem, oft rehearsed,
"Behold, the bonds of Death are burst!"
Lest I should faint with fear.

But let some happy bird at hand,
The silence break;
So shall I dimly understand
That dawn has touched a blossoming land,
And sigh myself awake.

From that deep rest emerging so,
To lift the head
And see the bath-flower's bell of snow,
The pink arbutus, and the low
Spring-beauty streaked with red,

Will all suffice. No otherwhere
Impelled to roam,
Till some blithe wanderer, passing fair,
Will, smiling, pause—of me aware—
And murmur, "Welcome home!"

So sweetly greeted I shall rise
To kiss her cheek;
Then lightly soar in lovely guise,
As one familiar with the skies,
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—AMANDA T. JONES, in the Century.

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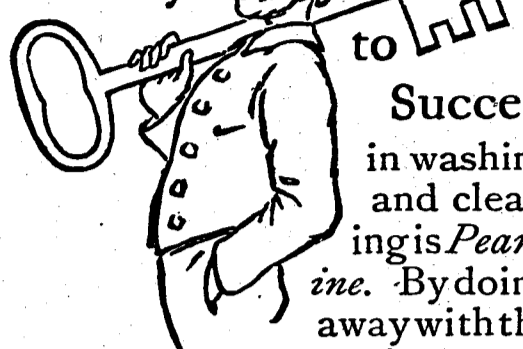
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AFTER THE STORM.

[Probably the last poem written by Mary F Davis was the following which was contributed to the Index a short time before the author passed to the higher life.—Ed.]

At night, the sky was black with sullen clouds, In swaying torrents fell the hoarded rain; The lightning's flash revealed the misty shrouds Of wind-swept trees writhing as if in pain.

At morn, the blackness vanished from the sky. O'er the glad meadows golden sunlight poured. Leaves glanced, flowers bloomed, bright song-birds floated by, And far and fair the infinite heaven soared.

O heart on which the bitter blast has blown, On which at dead of night the lightning fell; O human heart, appalled, hereft, and lone, While waves of anguish darkly surge and swell,—

Let the storm rage, nor fear its turbulent roar. Though sorrow's whirlwind bow thee to the dust, Round thee are sheltering arms unfelt before, And thou shalt rise into diviner trust.

Peace lies in wait for thee, grief-stricken one! Morning shall dawn, and soft airs fan thy brow; And rays shall reach thee from the Eternal Sun, Turning to good the ills that pain thee now.

Trust in the Love Divine that circles thee, And on thy heart will drop its healing balm, Till sweeter than thy dreams of heaven shall be, After the storm, the spirit's inner calm.

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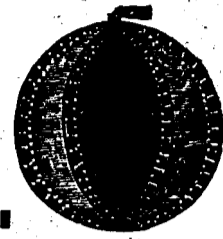
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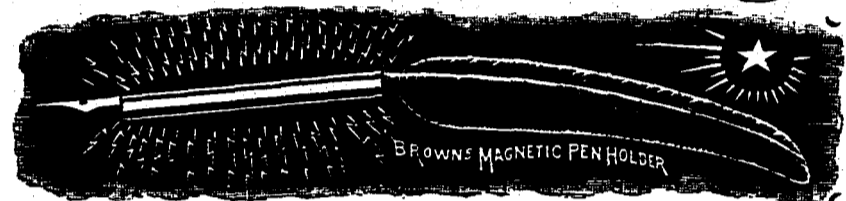
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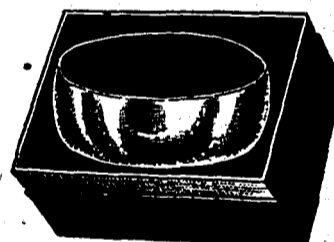
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CHAPTER IV.—THE HIGHER HEAVENS.—The Indian heavens.—The first sphere is an Indian heaven, "where no white man robs the Indian."—Description and employment of the Indians.—Mr. Owen's visit to the Indian heavens. Description of the higher heavens.—The third and fourth heavens.—The American and European heavens.—The Negro heavens.—Condition of Negro spirits. Mr. Owen's visit to the higher heavens.—Means of communication between the heavens.—Government in the heavens.—An incredible story.—Steamboats and steamships.

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MARY REYNOLDS,

A CASE OF

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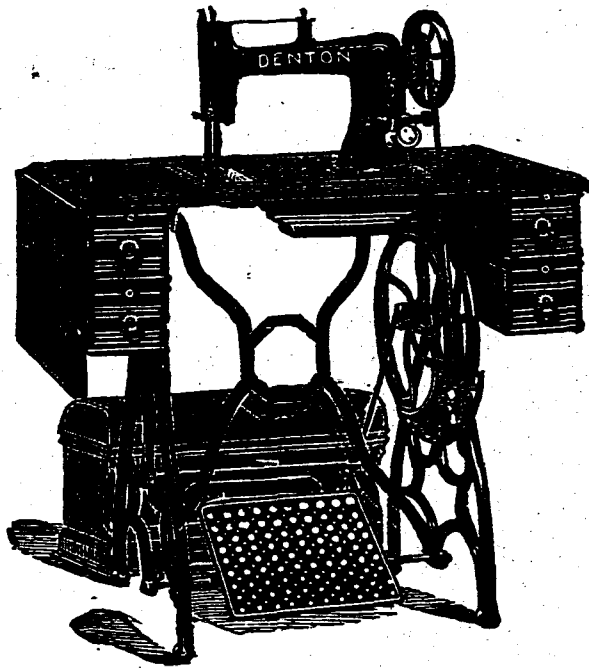
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CONTENTS.

- FIRST PAGE.—Topics of the Times.
- SECOND PAGE.—Multiple Consciousness. Amusements for the People.
- THIRD PAGE.—Another Talmagian Exhibit. Editorial Notes.
- FOURTH PAGE.—The Open Court.—Independent Writing. The Historical Jesus and Paul.
- FIFTH PAGE.—Annihilation. Madame Blavatsky.
- SIXTH PAGE.—A Crucial Experiment.
- SEVENTH PAGE.—Punishment and Reformation.
- EIGHTH PAGE.—Woman and the Home.—Butcher's "Woman Order." Peculiar Prayers. A Strange Case of Hypnotism. She Roasted the Editor. Nicknames of Great Men.
- NINTH PAGE.—Voice of the People.—State Association of Spiritualists and Liberals. A Plea for Individuality. Lady Calhoun's Catholic Symbolism. A Gem. Newspaper Experiences.
- TENTH PAGE.—Book Reviews. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- ELEVENTH PAGE.—Her Last Day. The Life Beyond. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- TWELFTH PAGE.—The New Year. At First. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- THIRTEENTH PAGE.—After the Storm. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- FOURTEENTH PAGE.—Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- FIFTEENTH PAGE.—Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- SIXTEENTH PAGE.—The Fox Sisters. Correction. Premiums for Subscribers. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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THE FOX SISTERS.

Mrs. Kate Fox-Jencken writes THE JOURNAL that she finds it will be necessary for her to give sances in order to make her expenses until her boys finish their business education. Mrs. Jencken does not wish to hold public circles, but will make engagements for private sances. She may be addressed or consulted at 609 Columbus avenue, New York City. Mrs. Margaret Fox-Kane also gives sittings and may be found at 367 West 52nd Street, New York.

THE JOURNAL makes these announcements without loss of memory as to the past of these much-to-be-pitied women. THE JOURNAL has no defense of them to make for the scandal and contumely they have brought upon Spiritualism; but much to offer in extenuation. To those good Christians who point with mingled feelings of exultation and contempt to the betrayal of Spiritualism by the Fox Sisters and their denial of its fundamental claim, and on this betrayal and denial assume to brush aside Spiritualism, the records of the New Testament are offered for parallel cases. The Fox Sisters never betrayed their cause with a kiss; and their offense in denying Spiritualism was infinitely less heinous, all things considered, than the denial of Jesus by Peter. Peter was the natural leader of the apostles, noted for his virtues, strength of character and ability. It was Peter who answered for his brethren "Thou art the Christ"; but it was this same Peter who thrice denied his Master in a single night! and yet he lived to do honor to Christianity and probably died a martyr to his belief. He will be honored so long as Christianity endures.

The public, the Christian public which took the Fox children in their tender years, petted them, wined them, stimulated them by every artifice in order to gratify curiosity and pander to its love of the sensational—is vastly more to blame than these children grown to old age and handicapped by habits and tastes acquired in fashionable drawing rooms under the patronage of aristocratic leaders of fashionable Christian churches. The less church people have to say about the shortcomings of the Fox Sisters the better for the church.

THE JOURNAL believes these women to be mediums, persons having that mysterious physical quality which enables spirits to manifest in their presence independent of the mental or moral condition of these sensitives. It is with regret THE JOURNAL admits that accounts of manifestations in their presence cannot carry the moral weight and do not force the conviction that would be the case were the mediums free from taint and just suspicion of unvaracity. But they are what circumstance and environment have made them. They are poor, frail women entitled to the sympathy and discreetly directed encouragement of all lovers of humanity.

CORRECTION.

To THE EDITOR: I rarely ask you to correct typographical or other errors in my communications. But as I want to be exact in a matter that is likely to be misunderstood will you do me the favor to correct: "Divinity of man" to Divinity in Man, 7th line in first column, page five, issue December 26th?

Very truly
M. C. C. CHURCH.

In *The Summerland*, the official organ of the proprietor of the California settlement of Summerland appears a statement by Mr. Williams, the owner of the land and founder of the colony, from which the following extracts are made:

My aim, as the earthly agent in the founding of a spiritual colony, has been to keep it free from all sensualists, to found a town where the vices of intemperance,

sensuality and grasping selfishness cannot get a foothold, and where the spiritually minded may find congenial association where elevated spirits may be attracted to commune with and instruct those whose aspirations are higher than the gratification of the animal nature, in a moral atmosphere corresponding with the pure and beautiful surroundings of Summerland.

My influence, to the utmost of my ability, will continue to be exerted in this direction while my earthly life continues, and I trust this explanation of my position and views may be accepted as an answer to the numerous inquiries I have received, as to whether this is a free-love colony, and to all who may have been disturbed by the reports of the evil-minded persons who are ever ready to denounce all movements from which they are excluded. Free-lovers, confirmed sots and gossiping backbiters are cordially invited to remain away from Summerland.

The Academy of Music at Toronto was crowded last Sunday evening by an audience assembled to hear Mr. Underwood discuss the Sunday question. In that stronghold of Protestant conservatism and Protestant priestly authority, the lecturer's radical utterances in favor of rational Sunday observance were received with rounds of applause, clearly indicating that the "Time-spirit" is in operation there. Most of the clergy of the city are opposed to submitting to the people the question whether street cars shall run on Sunday, but 7,000 rate-payers having petitioned the city council for the submission of this question to a popular vote an election has been ordered for Monday next, when it will be decided. Mr. Underwood is now lecturing in Montreal.

"Real Ghost Stories" is the title given the holiday number of *The Review of Reviews*. It is made up of authentic and well attested narratives, and illustrated with pictures of the much lamented Edmund Gurney, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Prof. W. F. Barrett, Prof. Henry Sidgwick, Richard Hodgson and others connected with psychical research. Price, 25 cents, postage 3 cents. For sale at THE JOURNAL office.

Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan Jackson will lecture during the Sundays of January, 1892, in Indianapolis, Ind.; in Cleveland, O., the Sundays of February, and in Washington D. C. the Sundays of March. Week-day evening lectures can be secured in the vicinity of her Sunday work. Mrs. Jackson's permanent address is 103 Monroe street Grand Rapids, Mich.

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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.

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