

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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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

WHITTIER writes to an English correspondent: I have never desired or hoped to found a school of poetry, nor even written with the definite object of influencing others to follow my example. I have only written as the spirit came and went, often unable to give utterance to the best poems that were in my heart, the utterance being holden; but it has been the crowning joy of a prolonged old age that my life has not been entirely valueless, and that I have been allowed to see the end of slavery in my country.

A FRIEND writes: At Grand Rapids, Mich., February 16th, Mr. W. F. Cooling, of the Chicago Single Tax Club, addressed the Unity Club on the "Single Tax." The speaker traced in the evolution of society the elimination of the primitive communal *status* and the development of private contract, and claimed that all socialistic or communistic schemes for the readjustment of society were opposed to the law of progress; that the single tax by abolishing private ownership of land values would give to all equal freedom of access to natural opportunities, thus expanding to the highest degree of efficiency the freedom of private contract, and putting an end to all monopolies, which, he said, arise, not, as many suppose, from the natural concentration of wealth and subdivision of labor, but from the facility by which some labor in the form of wealth is enabled to exclude other labor from productive enterprise by monopolizing the land. Thus labor forced out of employment becomes divided against itself, and, deprived of freedom, becomes a commodity subject to market quotations. The address was followed by other speeches. The single tax is evidently making much progress in Michigan.

THE governor of Pennsylvania has received letters of protest against the Reading, Lehigh Valley & Jersey Central deal. A. J. Cassatt, auditor of the Pennsylvania railroad, writes: "I call your attention to the fact that it is practically admitted that the power to fix the price of anthracite coal in Philadelphia and elsewhere will rest with one man, although the hope is certainly expressed that this power will be exercised in a beneficent way. I thought it right to collect and submit to you the above facts, which are all derived from public sources equally accessible to you that you may have the situation clearly before you and may take such action as you may deem proper and right, if the consolidation of these competing lines under one control with the avowed purpose of removing competition and of securing the power to regulate the production and fix the price of anthracite coal should seem to you to be contrary to public policy, or to be in violation of that provision of the Constitution which prohibits any transportation company from acquiring in any way the control of a competing line." This, with other letters, has been referred by the governor to Attorney-General Hensel, with instructions to take such action as will enforce the Constitution of the State and bring all who have violated it within its control. The result remains to be seen. The tendency of all combinations and trusts

is to take from the people every penny that they can be made to pay. An advance of 25 cents per ton on coal just at this time would raise a tremendous popular protest. But what if an increase of 5 or 10 cents is put on in summer when consumption is light, and held through another winter? That would be a different thing. It would not create an outcry. The man buying a ton of coal would not think it was an amount large enough to contend against as an oppression. Yet it would mean millions to the coal combination, and could be repeated the next year with additional security. The danger that such steps will be taken renders it imperative that all great combinations formed to monopolize the sale of necessary products should be subjected to rigidly restrictive legislation.

DR. THOMAS STERRY HUNT whose death, at the age of sixty-five, occurred in New York the other day, studied chemistry at Yale for two years, being an assistant in the laboratory to the elder Silliman. He was appointed chemist and mineralogist to the geological survey of Canada and continued in that office till 1872 when he became professor of geology in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He retired from teaching in 1878. He publishes many valuable papers on scientific subjects. His researches into the chemical and mineral composition were very extended, and his views found a wide recognition among his fellow-laborers in the field of science. The terms Laurentian and Huronian were given by him to the two divisions of the rocks of the Eozoic age, and he was the first to explain the true relations of gypsums and dolomites, as well as their origin. He was the first to call attention to the deposits of phosphates of lime in Canada and to call attention to their commercial value as fertilizers. He was associated with Douglass in the Hunt and Douglass process for the manufacture of copper, and was an authority upon the manufacture of that metal. He was made a fellow of the Royal Society of London in 1859. Cambridge University in England conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. in 1881.

"PROFESSOR" HARRY ARCHER like many another trickster has learned by sad experience the danger of plying his vocation too near THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL office. Prepared by the exposé made of this unconscionable rascal in THE JOURNAL of January 23rd, the newspaper people of Chicago have been on the alert for Archer, and last Sunday night he was captured together with his toggery by reporters of the *Tribune*, aided by police officers, and locked up; no one of his previous admirers and defenders being found willing to go bail for him. When captured Archer was personating a materialized spirit and had on over his black trousers a long white nightshirt, a white veil of gossamer, and a wig of golden hair falling in heavy tresses on his shoulders. The cabinet was full of his paraphernalia it seems. Archer has been exhibiting illuminated spirits to the great delectation of Mr. Charles Howell, of Grand Rapids, and others commonly credited with average common sense before giving evidence of being deluded by the cheap and stale tricks of this penitentiary candidate. In the seizure on Sunday

evening the long illuminated robe worn by Archer when personating one of the "Magi" was secured. One Olney Richmond, formerly of Michigan and now of Chicago, has been working the "Magi" fake with success for some time, having secured for his official organ a fraud-promoting sheet published in this city. In a number of provincial towns and cities egotistical idiots have been aided by Richmond—for a consideration—in inspiring their simple-minded neighbors with awe by posing as members of the mysterious "Order of the Magi." Archer was quick to see the advantage of exhibiting some of the illustrious Magi and as it only cost a few shillings to prepare the outfit he was soon able to reinforce Richmond's fake with materialized magicians of the long ago.

PHOSPHOROUS, spectacles, twine, and the usual outfit of traveling materializers were found in Archer's possession. "I intended to quit this business months ago," exclaimed Archer as the door of the prison cell was about to close upon him. Then he resorted to the customary dodge of spiritistic black-legs and plead as an excuse that he needed money to provide for a sick wife, otherwise he would not have ventured to ply his foolery in a city where THE JOURNAL has educated the public, including officials, to discriminate between bogus and genuine phenomena, and to make short work of frauds.

THE Danvers Historical Society on February 18th, celebrated the 200th anniversary of the end of the witchcraft delusion in Massachusetts. A report says: A few of the lineal descendants of the witches hanged were present, and everybody congratulated everybody else that witches were locked up in story books and pretty girls' eyes. Among the speakers was Hon. Abner C. Goodell of Salem, Mass., who said, in substance: If our opinions of the judges are to be based solely on what the court files disclose, and we are content to look no further, we may see only motives of revenge, of fear and of malice. But they do not sufficiently account for the acts of the people of that period. The fact was that there were two principal conditions predisposing in the matter. The first of these conditions was the physical environments of the people of the village, and the second was the purely psychological consequence of their religious convictions. In worship they had nothing but the psalms to sing or the Bible to read. The orders of the General Court were most of them in accordance with the Pentateuch. To the mysteries of the Bible the clergy alone held the key, and stress was laid upon the abject deference paid to the clergy. It would appear that at the time of the witchcraft the personality of the devil was universally recognized and dreaded. The people were surrounded by forests. There were frequent hostile Indian attacks and alarms. There were no secular assemblies except those of the General Court. There were no communications between neighbors after dark in 1692. The people were not, however, unreasoning, self-sufficient fanatics, as they believed in the public schools and colleges. Mr. Goodell sketched the rise, progress and decline of this psychological epidemic and the differences that subsequently arose between the clergy and the court on the merits of the question.

RELIGIOUS SURVIVAL—ANCESTOR WORSHIP.

Beliefs, habits and customs once firmly fixed are by the force of habit carried on through successive generations into a state of society very different from that in which they originated. They remain so many vestiges of the older condition out of which the later one has slowly grown. Old thoughts and practices may be gradually changed in adjustment to changing conditions; they may survive as anomalous features of the newer social state; or, when they have been apparently outgrown, or linger only in nursery folklore, they may burst out afresh with marvelous vigor in the form of a revival, similarly as some characteristics of lower forms of life may reappear in more evolved varieties of the same species.

Superstitions continue to persist as survivals, and, when they have been merely passive in their nature, often reassert, over minds apparently emancipated from them, something like their ancient dominating power. The belief in witchcraft which prevailed in Europe from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries had been a passive survival for centuries, but the theological teachings in regard to satanic agency and diabolical possession, and the intellectual mood resulting largely therefrom, were favorable to such a revival, and the old superstition blazed into an intensity equal to that of the fires which men kindled all over Christendom to destroy the witches who, it was firmly believed, raised storms by magic rites, turned themselves into witch-cats and were-wolves, had intercourse with "incubi" and "succubi," caused disease and bewitched men, women and children by spells and by the evil eye. All these beliefs were survivals from remote antiquity, preceding by many centuries the Christian era.

One of the most common and at the same time pernicious superstitions which belong to uncivilized races is the belief in magic. Although regarded by all men of science as entitled to no consideration, except as a superstition, accompanied by willful fraud, it exists in every civilized country as a survival and to-day in all the great cities men and women who pretend to teach and practice magic find large numbers of credulous people who believe in the art and are ready to pay for instruction (?) in it. The language of the most advanced nations abounds in survivals from ages of ignorance. The saying "a hair of the dog that bit you," now a joke or metaphor was once believed to express a truth. "Dog's hair heals dog's bite," says the Scandinavian Edda. "The very word superstition, in what is, perhaps, its original sense of 'standing over' from old times, itself expresses the notion of survival," says Tylor. In the process of evolution, advance and relapse have both had their places, though fortunately the former has been primary and the latter secondary and incidental. The most enlightened communities bear traces of the condition of their rude ancestors, from which savage tribes represent the least advance and civilized men the greatest.

Among the survivals from the earlier ages of savagery is ancestor worship and the worship of departed heroes, priests and other prominent characters which persist to-day in vestigial form. Such worship is nearly universal now among the savage tribes and in nations like China, which are in a state of arrested civilization. Among the Fijians when a beloved parent dies it takes its place in the popular belief, as one of the family gods. Livingstone says the Bambira "pray to departed chiefs and relatives." Similar statements are made respecting most of the savage tribes of which accounts have been written. This worship of departed spirits, in some parts of the world "survives along with a nominal monotheism." Ancestor worship has prevailed and even now prevails in communities that have a considerable degree of culture, persisting side by side with more highly evolved forms of worship. It has been common in India for many centuries. In his "Religion of an Indian Province," A. C. Lyall points out that in India apotheosis is a normal process, being a regeneration from dead men. "So far as I have been able to trace back the origin of the best known minor provincial deities," says Lyall, "they are usually men of past generations

who have earned special promotion and brevet rank among disembodied ghosts by some peculiar acts or accidents of their lives or deaths. . . . Of the numerous local gods known to have been living men, by far the greater portion derive from the ordinary canonization of holy personages." Thus shrines, some of them temples, are being constantly raised to these persons "deceased in the odor of sanctity." The Mexican God, Quetzalcoatl, was a god who once resided on the earth and gave instruction in the art of government and in metals and agriculture. The New Zealanders believed that several higher chiefs became gods after death and that they punished men in this world for their misdeeds. The ancient Egyptian at religious festivals offered sacrifices to their dead and the Iranians in their prayer appealed to their forefathers. Æschylus represents Agamemnon's children appealing to the ghost of their father as to a God. Among the Chinese ancestor worship is common.

To-day wealthy Catholics erect chapels to their deceased parents, and in Catholic countries men and women are canonized by popular opinion and their intercession is asked in prayer. Among the ignorant peasants in Catholic countries, and even among Protestants are numerous survivals of the old ancestor worship and of the practice of ghost propitiation. The adored figure of a saint above his tomb corresponds to the effigy which the savage places on a grave, and with his uncritical and unreflective mind thinks he can propitiate with petitions and sacrifices. The figure, to the mind incapable of abstraction, is invested with the qualities of the departed being. Here are the beginnings probably of idol worship.

Is it not true that in mere spiritism—belief in the agency of spirits unaccompanied by spirituality or intellectual development—there is a survival of pre-scientific notions, and primitive methods of thought? How many of the regular frequenters of materialization shows and other exhibitions of spirit agency look with awe upon the "forms" that appear, and invest them with characteristics which make them objects of reverence and adoration, to be approached only with fear and humiliation. Often the spirits are assumed to be so far above the mundane plane, that a questioning disposition or precautionary measure against error is regarded as sacrilegious. Doubt and investigation are deprecated. Unquestioning belief and acquiescence in what is communicated are, in most séances, essential conditions of successful manifestations. Taking advantage of this state of mind frauds impose upon the ignorant, the credulous and the superstitious in order to obtain money for the exercise of their "spiritual gifts." Thousands on the material plane are anxious to hear from their departed relatives who they imagine have become superior beings and address them as such, often in regard to petty, personal affairs. These invisible beings are imagined to know almost everything, and they are often addressed very much as savages address their gods. A miner wants information in regard to the location of rich leads of gold and silver; a merchant desires information as to the prospects in his line of business; a board of trade man asks for points respecting futures; the ordinary gambler wants to know whether he will win in games of chance; the young man and maiden ask in regard to matters of love, courtship and marriage, and so on to the end of the chapter. The assumptions are that some departed relative or friend is almost omniscient and keeps a general intelligence office, and that the condition of obtaining information is first, paying liberal sums to the medium-priest, and second, accepting in a reverent spirit whatever the invisible intelligence communicates. If the "information" prove to be falsehood, it must be assumed, as in the case of the ancient oracles, that the fault was in the questioner—in his misinterpretation of the message or in his improper mental condition when he made the inquiries. One of the contributors to THE JOURNAL, one of the oldest and most reliable mediums of to-day related recently in her "Reminiscences" that a richly-dressed and refined woman once called upon her and implored the spirits to bring about the death of a certain person, whose money she wished to inherit. Without spirit-

uality or morality—a murderess in motive and desire—she believed that some spirit was almost a god in power and that she could secure his aid in an act of murder, that she might thereby gain a few thousand dollars. No mere veneering of culture and appearance of respectability in civilized society actually separate such a person, morally and spiritually, from the savage who invokes the assistance of his gods in destroying his enemies and rivals. Belief in spiritism is no guarantee or test of intelligence or virtue. Between spiritism and Spiritualism there is a vast difference which THE JOURNAL has for years strongly emphasized and now one the less earnestly insists upon as one, the recognition of which is essential to intellectual and spiritual growth. The spiritual life is one of inward experience and growth, of aspiration and elevation of thought, of purity of heart. This state cannot be attained when the highest spiritual entertainment sought is such as is afforded by spirits, real or pretended, talking twaddle through tin horns, and claiming to be Socrates, Swedenborg, Lincoln, Grant, or some other celebrity, nor can it be attained by witnessing any performances, whether they be by spirits in the body or out of the body, which do not quicken the intellectual, moral and spiritual life.

SOCIALISM AND ART.

The *Atlantic* for January has an article from the pen of the distinguished artist, Walter Crane, on Socialism. Like his English friend, William Morris, who is not only a writer on Socialism, but one who puts into practice in a leading industry his socialistic views, he almost despairs of any outcome in this age for true art. This for the reason that the artist, like his humbler neighbor, the artisan, must fight in the race of the "survival of the fittest" for "bread." These sensitive souls cannot see that out of all this suffering, misery and discord there is slowly evolving the form which is to bring to all classes a higher enjoyment and expectancy in the development of life. Ideals cannot be realized at one bound. Progress is slow—often requiring a back turn to adjust forces which in the end make for the good of all. This life is for discipline in order that there may be outcome. The plutocrat reigns at present because perhaps his acquisitiveness is necessary to lay the foundations. He is the "mudsill" of society. He can do what the sensitive artist cannot do—make money that he may give to the artist work to sustain his body, and what is of more importance, to give his mind freedom from care.

"The choice presented to the modern artist," says Mr. Crane, "is really pretty much narrowed to that of being the flatterer and servant of the rich or a trade hack. If he has cherished dreams of great and sincere works he must put them away from him unless he can face starvation. Perhaps, in the end, he goes into some commercial mill of production, or sells his soul to the dealer, the modern high-priest of Pallas Athene. Then he finds that the practice of serving mammon has so hardened into habit as to make him forget the dreams and aspirations of his youth, and the so-called successful artist sinks into the cheerful and prosperous type of cynic of which our modern society appears to produce such abundant specimens."

This is all very unfortunate. But not only does the personal career of the artist lie between the Scylla of starvation and the Charybdis of sycophancy; art itself, the beauty and picturesqueness of life, is smothered under our social enormities, complains Mr. Crane.

"The blind gods of Cash and Comfort are enthroned on high and worshipped with ostentation, while there exist, as it were, on the very steps of their temples, masses of human beings who know not either, or, at the most, scarcely touch the hem of their garments. . . . The joy, the dignity, and the poetry of labor are being crushed out by long hours in factory or field and the overmastering machine, and the beauty of our country and city becomes more and more a rare accident."

In this unjust fabric of society, in this hurry and bustle and strain to reach, before one's fellows, the "blind gods," the artist-development has but small chance, thinks Mr. Crane. The creation of ideals

cannot, hardly the existence of them can, be expected. And the artist is, in his undebauched state, preëminently the fearless sayer of true things, the champion of the under side of freedom. Hence it is that he turns to the communal system, believing that it cannot be worse and hoping that it may be infinitely better than our present régime. Mr. Crane's hasty answers to some of the stock objections to socialism cannot be of great importance. His peroration is at least very pretty.

HAVE WE INNATE IDEAS?

In another column a correspondent under the caption "Have We Innate Ideas," refers to a suggested experiment to test the question whether man has an innate idea of a Supreme Being.

There is a difference between ideas and tendencies or aptitudes. No child comes into the world with ideas innate; it has to acquire all its ideas from impressions received. But it has at birth potential characteristics among which are mental tendencies, aptitudes or predispositions not acquired by itself, but as is commonly held by evolutionists, the result of accumulated arcestral experiences organized and transmitted as a part of the mental constitution of the descendant. One may have a natural aptitude for music, or mechanics, but to obtain ideas of either the one or the other, there must be an objective presentation to the senses. The idea of a Supreme Being is a very complex idea the possession of which without previous teaching and acquired knowledge, is impossible. The same is true of the soul. There is doubtless a tendency in the mind due to innumerable experiences registered in the race—to look for a cause or antecedent when an effect, a manifestation of force, is observed. There are also religious tendencies, strong in some, weak in others, as well as moral tendencies. But all conceptions of religion and morality have to be acquired, and the development of the tendencies even, depends upon experience in the objective world. Modern psychology based upon evolution, recognizes the truth of Locke's position that all knowledge is derived from experience, but it goes further and recognizes what Locke did not understand, that, although not born with innate ideas, man possesses at birth what he never acquired by experience, viz., inherited mental tendencies derived from experiences of preceding generations.

GOOD ADVICE.

In the January issue of the *Young Man*, an English periodical, there is a very interesting article from the pen of Prof. John Stuart Blakie, giving reminiscences of his youth. Like the claimed peculiarity of women's letters, the best part of the article is the postscript. The writer gives in condensed form the rules which have governed his life. Here may be found in these brief aphorisms the causes which have operated to make the professor one for whom every Englishman feels justly proud. We reproduce his "advice" in his own words:

"I. Never indulge the notion that you have any absolute right to choose the sphere or the circumstances in which you are to put forth your powers of social action; but let your daily wisdom of life be in making a good use of the opportunities given you.

"II. We live in a real, and a solid, and a truthful world. In such a world the only true, in the long run, can hope to prosper. Therefore avoid lies, mere show and sham and hollow superficiality of all kinds which is at the best a painted lie. Let whatever you are, and whatever you do, grow out of a firm root of truth and a strong soil of reality.

"III. The nobility of life is work. We live in a working world. The lazy and idle man does not count in the plan of campaign. 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.' Let that text be enough.

"IV. Never forget St. Paul's sentence, 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.' This is the steam of the social machine.

"V. But the steam requires regulation. It is regulated by intelligence and moderation. Healthy action is

always a balance of forces, and all extremes are dangerous; the excess of a good thing being often more dangerous in its social consequences than the excess of what is radically bad.

"VI. Do one thing well. 'Be a whole man,' as Chancellor Thurlow said. 'Do one thing at one time.' Make clean work and leave no tags. Allow no delays when you are at a thing; do it, and be done with it.

"VII. Avoid miscellaneous reading. Read nothing that you do not care to remember; and remember nothing you do not mean to see.

"VIII. Never desire to appear clever and make a show of your talents before men. Be honest, loving, kindly and sympathetic in all you say and do. Cleverness will flow from you naturally, if you have it; and applause will come to you unsought from those who know what to applaud; but the applause of fools is to be shunned.

"IX. Above all things avoid fault-finding and a habit of criticism. Let your rule in reference to your social sentiments be simply this: pray for the bad, pity the weak, enjoy the good, and reverence both the great and the small, as playing each his part aptly in the divine symphony of the universe."

THE controversy on "Compulsory Greek" in the universities has received a characteristic contribution from Mr. Labouchere, who says: "Once the late Mr. Peter Rylands hazarded a long Latin quotation in the house. I got up after him, when I said: 'My honorable friend evidently knows dead languages; I will therefore reply to his arguments in Greek—a language no doubt familiar to him.' Then I recited about the only line in the *Iliad* that I knew. No one (Mr. Gladstone was absent) liked to admit that he did not understand my Greek, and consequently accepted the fact that I had replied conclusively to Mr. Ryland's arguments. So much for the knowledge of the dead languages possessed by the members of the august assembly at Westminster." Mr. Labouchere was about as audacious and unscrupulous as that Welsh preacher who settled down among a congregation in a small town in the western states. A stranger, dropping into the meeting-house one Sunday, heard this preacher giving string after string of "the original Greek" of the passages bearing on this subject, all in pure and sonorous Welsh. The stranger, being a Welshman, was visibly amused, whereupon the preacher addressed him directly in Welsh, saying: "Don't give me away. They think it's Greek and it's just as good for them."—*Yorkshire Post*.

THE tribunal of Nivelles condemned a few months ago Dr. Carlier, the brothers Sylvain and Gustave Vandevor, the one a tailor, the other a shoemaker, each to eight months' imprisonment. The brothers Vandevor used to pass in the village as Spiritualists who had the power to diagnose disease. When a patient presented himself Gustave Vandevor after some magnetic passes would put Sylvain to sleep and then pass under his nose some bit of linen from the diseased person and immediately Sylvain would name the disease with which the patient was suffering. These consultations took place at the house of Dr. Carlier who according to the diagnosis of the brothers would direct his treatment. On appeal by the condemned, the court at Brussels, after a very animated discussion, acquitted the accused. The court decided that the employment of hypnotism by a physician, however questionable, was not a criminal act.

PREACHERS and lecturers who are so intensely self-conscious that they can only, before an audience, think of themselves and their manner of speaking, and who wonder why they fail to interest their hearers, would do well to heed the words of Wendell Phillips in regard to public speaking. Phillips was one of the greatest orators this country has produced, and some think that he is entitled to the distinction of being regarded as the greatest of all American orators. Yet he was always absorbed in his subject and he spoke as if without effort. His advice to public speakers is as follows: I think practice with all kinds of audiences

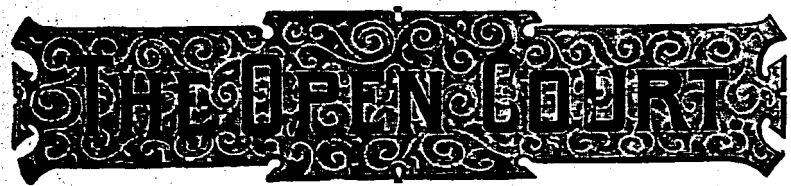
the best of teachers. Think out your subject carefully. Read all you can relative to the themes you touch. Fill your mind; and then talk simply and naturally. Forget altogether that you are to make a speech, or are making one. Absorb yourself into the idea that you are to strike a blow, carry out a purpose, effect an object, recommend a plan; then, having forgotten yourself, you will be likelier to do your best. Study the class of books your mind likes. When you go outside this rule, study those which give you facts on your chosen topics and which you find most suggestive. Remember to talk up to an audience, not down to it. The commonest audience can relish the best thing you can say if you can say it properly. Be simple; be earnest.

MRS. BOOLE, in her "Logic Taught by Love," suggests the following interesting idea: Get a wire twisted in an open spiral and hold it between a light and a piece of white paper, so that the shadow of a spiral shall appear as a circle. Then imagine that an individual (or race) is advancing along the spiral, and that his (or their) shadow also appears on the paper. Now try to regard what is seen on the paper as representing what comes into our consciousness, and what actually takes place on the spiral as being the truth of which our consciousness, (the former the phenomenon, the latter noumenon), does not take cognizance. It will be seen that the progress of the evolving entity seems on the paper to be a series of wanderings around a circle, going first from north to south, progress and retrogression alternating. But actually the progress is continuous and unbroken, at every succeeding point higher than at any preceding point; and what looks on the shadow as mere laborious overlapping again and again of the same ground is in the substance a constant progress along a gradually but infinitely ascending line.—*The World's Advance Thought*.

SAYS Lange, in the concluding chapter of his "History of Materialism": "We lay aside the pen of criticism at a moment when the 'Social Question' stirs all Europe,—a question on whose wide domain all the revolutionary elements of science, of religion, and of politics, seem to have found the battle-field for a great and decisive contest. Whether this battle remains a bloodless conflict of minds, or whether, like an earthquake, it throws down the ruins of a past epoch with thunder in the dust, and buries millions beneath the wreck, certain it is the new epoch will not conquer, unless it be under the banner of a great idea, which sweeps away egoism, and sets human perfection in human fellowship as a new aim in the place of restless toil, which looks only to the personal gain."

IN an article on "Great Speeches by Eminent Men," in *The Chautauquan* for March, Harold W. George relates the following incident, which occurred at the time of Webster's great oration in reply to Hayne. Clayton, who was Webster's intimate, went to him and after the greeting of courtesy whispered in his ear, "Are you well charged?" Without the change of a muscle, looking away with solemn glance as though he were living above that throng, Webster replied in a tone which though sepulchral had a hint of humor in it. "Seven fingers." Clayton knew well the meaning of that. Four fingers at that day was a heavy charge for a hunter's rifle; seven fingers,—that meant great game and the determination to bag it.

ACCORDING to the *Madras Law Journal* (of October, 1891) Mr. Justice Williams in dealing with an appeal from Chambers, stated that the result of his experience at the bar and upon the bench was that English witnesses who are not parties to the proceedings usually speak the truth, but that the litigants themselves do not, but generally swear to whatever they think will suit their case. He expressed that, in his opinion, the best remedy for this growing practice on the part of suitors was the infliction of very severe punishment whenever perjury was detected.



INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING A FACT IN NATURE.

BY PROFESSOR ELLIOTT COUES.

During the past six months in which, like an alchemist of old, I have sought the elixir of life in the crucible of a vital experiment, I have probably paid off the mortgage which my Nemesis held upon a jaded organism, and cheated the grave of one tenant for the present. It is perhaps only when the foundation of youth has ceased to ripple and sparkle that one may discern the philosopher's stone at the bottom; and he is fortunate indeed who also sees on the placid surface of the waters of life a reflection of the smiles of the Goddess Hygeia. That is a magic mirror which reveals a vista of future usefulness.

In the course of my sojourn in California I had many interesting experiences in psychical research, some of which I wish to make public in the columns of *THE JOURNAL*. I make my first narrative a circumstantial account of certain phenomena which may be justly characterized as astounding, since they appear to be contrary to the laws of nature as formulated by the science of our day. Nevertheless, I have repeatedly seen that which justifies the caption of this article. If I am to accept the evidence of my senses, independent slate-writing is a fact in nature, the verity of which I am prepared to affirm without qualification or reservation. If I am to accept the logical consequences of that fact, I must revise my ideas of the motions of which inanimate matter is capable under some circumstances. These are sufficiently momentous alternatives to confront any scientist, and my dilemma is perplexing enough, without any attempt to explain the occurrences of which I am a valid witness. I therefore for the present waive all explanation, and content myself with a statement of fact, as simple and straightforward as I can make it. I write not as a Spiritualist, not as a theosophist, not as a theorist of any sort; but simply as a man of science, of good ordinary powers of observation, who has made some experiments in psychical research which he desires to give an account of, but which he does not expect to account for.

That there is such a thing as genuine independent slate-writing I have long been willing to believe, on the testimony of others in whose good judgment and good faith I had confidence. But until lately I had seen nothing myself of the sort that was not either, first, a mere trick, or, second, something so obscure and baffling that it amounted to nothing satisfactory, and could not be put in evidence at all. I am also aware that the vast amount of fraud perpetrated in this particular matter, and the large number of intelligent persons who have been deceived, have together put the whole thing into bad shape and brought it into worse odor. The affirmation of independent slate-writing as a fact in nature therefore requires to be doubly guarded and fortified. Yet in face of all this, I am ready to declare that I have seen, in broad daylight, a few inches from my face, a piece of pencil rise and move, no one touching it, and write of its own motion legible and intelligible sentences which conveyed intelligent thought; and that this same phenomenon was witnessed at the same time, in the same manner, and to the same effect, by other persons besides myself, of equal if not superior eyesight.

What do we mean by "independent slate-writing"? I understand that term to signify the formation of legible letters and words on a slate by a pencil which no one touches while the writing is being done. If that definition be correct, then I know that independent slate-writing is a fact in nature. By the phrase "automatic writing" I understand to be meant the formation of legible writing when one holds the pen or pencil but is not consciously aware at the time of what is being written. That is another phase of the problem, to be kept clearly apart from the former

phase, and concerning which I have now nothing to say. I believe that the word "pneumatography" has been coined and used, somewhat loosely, to cover both of the above specified phenomena. It is also objectionable on the score of its etymological implication, namely, that "spirits" (whatever these may be) do the writing. So to call the phenomenon that I shall describe "spirit-writing" is to prejudge the case and assume a certain explanation. That is precisely what I do not wish to do at present, when my business is simply to state facts and narrate occurrences. So I call the thing independent slate-writing, and proceed with my story.

While in San Francisco in October, 1891, I had the pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of Mr. W. E. Coleman, well-known to readers of *THE JOURNAL*, whom I had also long known by correspondence, but had never met. At his suggestion arrangements were made for an experiment in independent slate-writing at the house of Mrs. Mena Francis, of 811 Geary street, whither I went by appointment, accompanied by my wife, on Friday, October 16, about noon. Mrs. Francis I understand to be a public or professional medium, who gives sittings for a fee; and a conscientious Spiritualist who fully believes that the writings obtained in the manner as I shall describe are done by disembodied spirits as messages from the other world. On entering her parlor we were met by a pleasant-faced elderly lady, in a simple unaffected manner, which rather prejudiced both my wife and myself in her favor. As soon as she had finished with a sitter who had preceded us, she invited us into a back room, facing south—or at any rate, the sun was shining brightly in at the only window, near which we took our seats. Mrs. Francis occupied a low easy rocker, my wife sat opposite, and I close between the two ladies, on Mrs. Francis's right, while before us was a small deal table with an ordinary cloth cover. On the table were a couple of thin "silicate" slates, frameless, perhaps four by six inches in size, a glass of water, and a wash-rag. Mrs. Francis invited us to examine the table and its accessories at our pleasure. We did so, and found them as just said. She took one of the slates, dropped on its open upper surface a bit of pencil perhaps a third of an inch long, and passed it quietly under the table, out of sight, holding it by one corner, with one hand, in the manner in which any one would naturally hold out a slate or similar object—her other hand being in view on the table. She rocked back and forth a few times, while two pair of eyes were upon the proceeding, and said, in a quiet voice:

"Will the dear spirits please write?" or words to that effect.

This gave my scientific conscience a twinge, for if there is anything I do not like, it is something just like that. However, I sat still, and in a few moments, tick, tick, went something under the table, as if the pencil were writing. So it was in fact; and my astonishment may be judged when, whilst the ticking was still going on, Mrs. Francis slowly withdrew the slate from under the table, and then and there, in full view, a few inches from my face, I distinctly saw the pencil write "of itself," and finish the last word or two of a sentence which straggled over most of the slate! This my wife did not see, simply because the table intercepted her line of vision; but that I saw it, just as described, is simply true. To make a long story short, this sort of thing went on for an hour or more. Sentences were repeatedly written as said, a part of the actual writing of several of them being done under my wife's eyes as well as under my own, with no one touching the pencil. Several times Mrs. Francis varied the experiment by holding the slate high up in the air over the table, and placing upon it a handkerchief, or a book half opened, to make a sort of shield from the sun's rays. One variation was especially interesting. She desired Mrs. Coues to grasp her hand while she held the slate in the usual manner under the table. Mrs. Coues did so; and while the medium's hand was thus firmly grasped by my wife, the writing went on, we heard the sounds as before, and Mrs. Coues tells me she felt a singular sensation, a sort of throbbing, as if a pulsation, or a

regularly continuous set of impacts, were passing at once through her own hand, the medium's hand, and the slate.

I imagine that the last-mentioned circumstance may have an important if not conclusive bearing on the explanation of the phenomenon, or at least afford a clue to the rationale of the physical means by which independent slate-writing can be accomplished. But I am not now offering any theory or attempt at explanation. That I leave to those who think they know all about it, in the hope that what they think may be satisfactory, to themselves at least. Neither am I now concerned with the substance or intelligible content of the writing. The physical fact of the production of readable words that made sense is my whole present attestation. But I may state, without prejudice to the case in any particular, that the writing was certainly not at random, for it included intelligible and intelligent answers to various questions, and thus kept up, to some extent a continuous and rational conversation. The writing also referred in part to persons, places and things, respecting which Mrs. Francis must, humanly speaking, have been ignorant absolutely. The writing furthermore purported to be, ostensibly was, and was evidently believed by Mrs. Francis to be, a series of communications from the living spirits or souls of several different deceased persons, some of whom Mrs. Coues and I recognized as deceased persons whom we had known in this life, some of whom we know nothing about, two of whom bore suspiciously historical names, namely, Emanuel Swedenborg, the seer, and Sir Astley Cooper, the famous surgeon, each of which names was signed to certain of the writings.

I suppose that in all, during this sitting, some forty or fifty sentences were written more or less exactly in the manner described. The letters as a rule were very badly formed, and many of the words were illegible. In some such instances the illegible words were rubbed out by the medium, and the—shall I say spirit, or communicating intelligence, or stub of a pencil?—the whatever it was that was doing it, was politely requested to write more plainly, and as politely complied, sometimes underscoring the newly formed word. I should add that between each message the slate was cleansed of the former writing, with the wet rag, just as any one would rub out what had been written, to write something else on the same surface; and that I gave both slates a thorough cleansing myself at the beginning of the experiment. I kept one of the slates with the message from "Sir Astley Cooper," and have it yet.

At the end of this interview I took one of the slates, laid the pencil upon it, and occupied myself for several minutes in trying to make the pencil leave some mark. It was easy enough, holding the slate as Mrs. Francis did—or in any other way, in fact—and joggling it about, to make the pencil jump and wriggle all over the surface; but the weight of the bit of pencil was not enough to leave any perceptible trace of its movement,—to say nothing of forming a letter or a word in this way. Some force, unknown to me, had during the writing pressed the pencil hard enough against the slate to rub off some of its substance and thus leave the visible and legible trace of its movements. This "force" was also the means of transmitting an intelligent volition; and it was not the muscular force of Mrs. Francis or of any other living person known to me.

It is morally certain that Mrs. Francis did not know who her sitters were until we made ourselves known at or near the end of the experiment; but as I am not now analyzing the content of the writing, nor indeed raising any question of "spirit communication," it is immaterial to the point at issue whether she knew who we were or not. She accepted a very modest fee, and we parted.

Mrs. Coues and I went carefully over the whole interview, to find ourselves in substantial agreement in every material particular; so that if either of us were hallucinated, the other was also, and thus it becomes a case of "collective hallucination." Nevertheless, I must confess that for my part I was inclined to discredit the evidence of my senses. My only

other alternative was to discredit my life-long experiences of gravitation, inertia, momentum, and like attributes of the material of this physical world. In this embarrassing predicament I did probably a sensible thing in filing the apparently inexplicable occurrences for future reference. I left San Francisco, rusticated at Santa Cruz for several weeks, and returned to the city late in December. At my invitation Mrs. Francis came to my parlor at the Occidental Hotel, and at this second sance I arranged for Mr. Coleman to be present, with my wife and myself.

With much variation in detail, and especially in the content of the alleged messages, the result was the same as before. Mr. Coleman and I washed the slates, which were clean already, just to be able to say we had done so, for the benefit of a certain class of Thomases. We four sat about one of the ordinary center-tables that are found in hotel parlors. It was about noon of a bright day. We all simultaneously, at times, and each one of us successively, at other times, saw the bit of pencil move of itself, no one touching it, and write legible, intelligible sentences. It wrote rational and sensible replies to various questions, answered some mental interrogations with a pertinence at times startling, professed to be writing on the part of various deceased persons whose names were signed (none of whom I, for one, recognized), and otherwise conducted itself like a volitional intelligence, and not at all like a small lump of inanimate mineral. All this, too, under our very eyes and ears for much of the time, during which we distinctly traced by sight and sound the movements of the pencil as it straggled over the slate and left the scrawly letters in its wake; and for the rest of the time while Mrs. Francis held the slate by one corner, with one hand, just under the table, her other hand being in sight meanwhile. Some persons may not unnaturally cry out: "What did she put it under the table for? What is the use of hiding it at all?" To which I reply: "I do not know, and I wish I did"; for if I knew that, it would help me perhaps to explain the thing." But this is as absolutely certain as anything in the range of human experiences can be, namely, that Mrs. Francis's hand never touched the pencil during the writing. This I can assert most positively: and I am sure that both Mrs. Coues and Mr. Coleman stand ready to corroborate the assertion.

One more point, and I am done with a narrative already longer than I intended it to be, but which I have found myself unable to shorten without weakening. Once during this second sitting Mrs. Francis desired me to hold her hand, as she had desired Mrs. Coues to do on the first occasion. I did so, and with the same result as Mrs. Coues had before experienced. Mrs. Francis held out the slate before me, in full view; she had it by one corner, her fingers bent under it, and thumb over it, as one usually holds such an object; I grasped her hand firmly, partly in fact holding the slate myself; I felt a strong, peculiar, almost convulsive twitching of her flesh, and she seemed, both to my touch and to my eye, to be as it were clutching the slate, with a force in her clenched fingers that made the silicate bend a little; there was the pencil upon the surface, and then and there the pencil wrote, right under my eyes of its own motion.

Mrs. Francis declined to take any fee on this occasion, and seemed only anxious that I should be satisfied, by any means in her power, of the genuineness and verity of a phenomenon which to her at least is fraught with the deep significance of a message from the dead to the living. She was not very well in health, having a bad cold, was worried over a slight misunderstanding about the hour of our engagement, and besides all that had gotten out of breath by climbing several flights of stairs that did not lead to my room on the parlor floor. So altogether she was in bad order, either for a successful experiment in psychical science, or for a clever trick in sleight of hand. Knowing what I do about such things I think it remarkable that we got any result, in view of the medium's nervousness and fear of failure.

I hardly know what will be thought of this narrative; probably different persons who read it will

form different opinions of it and of its writer. But a little while ago, I could hardly have imagined myself as the author of such a recital. Yet I cannot be untrue to my convictions without violence to my mental integrity; and I cannot be silent in the face of such facts as I have narrated without conviction of moral cowardice. Let the facts speak for themselves; I am only responsible for the veracity and substantial accuracy of this article which though penned at one sitting, from memoranda taken at the dates of the experiments respectively, has been on my mind for several months, and is now worded with some care, after mature deliberation.

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA.

RELIGION.

II.

By B. F. UNDERWOOD.

Religion as a belief and the practice of devotional rights and ceremonies has been slowly acquired, with the development of reason and imagination, by man's contemplation of the power ever manifested to his senses, and which, invested with human qualities the greatest known or conceivable, has aroused fear, wonder, awe, admiration, gratitude and reverence. And the results of these thoughts and emotions repeated through countless generations have become established in the race as religious tendencies. We are now familiar with the definition, "Instinct is inherited habit." It is not in fact the habit that is inherited, but an aptitude, a predisposition to do as the parent did. There are islands having species of animals and birds which, tame when first discovered by man, have acquired an instinctive fear of him. This is shown by the young; they having inherited the results on the brain and nervous system and the corresponding mentality, through successive generations, of the fear excited by man's power over them and his cruelty to them. They have inherited no knowledge of man, but an instinct which, when it is seen, excites dread and impels them to flee. Thus, that which is learned, whether from personal teachers or by contact with nature, repeated through centuries, may produce states of mind which, by heredity, appear in the descendants in the form of predispositions. We all come into the world with organisms whose actions and reactions are largely determined by the form and quality of structure, including all those results of generations of experience which appear in us as aptitudes and intuitions.

Systems of religion are maintained, it is true, largely by organized effort, including a vast amount of scheming and craft; but, everywhere, they have the advantages of the accumulated results of ages of religious belief and devotion, organized in the race, making it easy for men to feel and think in religious matters, as in others, as their ancestors thought and felt in olden time.

Here we have plainly a hint of the difficulty in opposing error and superstition not always sufficiently considered. He who assails the superstitions of his day encounters not only the living, but, in their stubborn opposition,—stubborn because of this fact,—the combined ignorance and bigotry, intolerance and perversity, of millions on millions who are dead, whose bodies are dust, but the effect of whose thoughts and deeds persist, with slowly diminishing influence, as the later and more enlightened ages neutralize by their teachings and influences the inheritances from earlier, from less civilized periods. Often, acquired beliefs and inherited tendencies are in conflict; and the results are inconsistency of conduct, discontent, instability and various intellectual and moral anomalies.

A good illustration of this is seen in the life of Carlyle, as recorded by Froude. A prominent religious paper, with the usual superficiality of such journals, quotes from Carlyle, "My life here these three years has been sere and stern, almost frightful," and ascribed the absence of joy in his whole life, by implication, if not directly, to his rejection of the religion of Jesus Christ. It fails to see that, among the causes that made this great life "sere and stern, almost

frightful," most powerful was that Christian theology, the sad effect of which on Scotch character is described by Buckle, and the influence of which (chiefly by inheritance, but partly by education) affected profoundly the entire life of Carlyle. He outgrew belief in it as a system, but he could not outgrow the effects of generations of ancestral belief and the mood induced thereby.

It is doubtless true that his life would have been more harmonious and happy, could he have remained in that belief. Much that was anomalous, incongruous, and discordant in his disposition was due to an intellectual development involving the extinction of this faith, and the persistence of traits and tendencies which through many generations had been largely formed and fostered by it, and which in his strong nature, severed from their source of renewal and in conflict with his positive convictions, made him continually at war with himself as well as in antagonism to others.

We have all outgrown, intellectually, beliefs the inherited results of which still powerfully affect us, especially when our emotional nature is strongly excited. Asked whether she believed in ghosts, Madame de Stael replied, "No; but I am afraid of them." And so it is with all men who, having outgrown superstitions, so far as their intellect is concerned, are yet more or less subject to them in times of illness, depression or danger, when reason is impaired and the old tendencies assert themselves, much to the mortification of their possessor, when the unimpassioned light of the understanding is no longer dimmed by the revived ignorance and fear of the past.

Many who reject the popular theology are so much under its influence and so little appreciative of the thought and methods of men of science that declamation, dogmatism and indiscriminate denunciation with them are more popular than the careful reasonings and judicial fairness of the great men whose names they have learned to speak. Saturated with the influence of theology, these minds do not become liberal in any true sense of the word by dissenting merely from one and assenting to another class of views.

THE SCOTTISH LANGUAGE.

The Scotch trilling of the r, the deepening of the sound of the vowels, and several other things will not be well attained by us on this side of the Atlantic, and yet a sufficient familiarity with Scottish pronunciation and idioms to enable one to sing an easy Scotch song or relate a Scotch anecdote, is a qualification to which many a one would like to aspire, writes Rev. Wm. Wye Smith in the *Chautauquan*.

We must first get right with the a and the o. If the reader will carefully practice the sound, he will find that the long sound of o in English is a compound sound. It begins with o and ends with oo. The long o in Scotch, is a simple sound. It does not end in oo. There is no movement of the mouth during the sounding of it. There is some advantage in having the English sound; it widens the scope of our pronunciation. An average Scotchman cannot make (to our ears, and usually not to his own) any distinction between the sound of clock and cloak. He learns the English o; but seldom after he is grown up.

Then the long a. Here again, the English is a compound sound; it begins with a, and ends with e: a-e. The Scotch is a simple sound; a without the e; no moving of the vocal organs while pronouncing it. Having mastered these two sounds, the reader has made a good point in trying to pronounce Scotch.

The elisions require care. In a', ba', fa', etc., the vowel is pronounced exactly as if the consonant were not dropped; all, ball, etc. The ringing sound at the end of words ending in ing, is not much heard in Scotch. Feeling becomes feelin'; only the i sounds to us like ee. Try to keep the accent on the first syllable, and say feeleen. Such would be the Scotch sound. In relating a Scotch anecdote, people sometimes write and speak the word minister as meenister. In this case it is the wrong i that is changed into ee. Preserve the accent on the first syllable and say men-ee-ster. You have still the last syllable wrong. You call it stur. The er there, and almost every-

where in Scotch, has the pure sound of the short e, as found in merry.

One word about gutturals. "These have all been discarded from the English language," so everybody says. I am a Scotchman, and I beg to dissent. You say "Poo!" and when you pronounce it you don't say "poo." You add the guttural sound. Now try the beautiful Scotch word *sough*, "the *sough* o' the sea." It is a perfect rhyme for *poo*. All words ending in *igh* or *ich*, *ight* or *icht*, are gutturals. Any one learning German will soon acquire the sound.

These, with a little attention to the French sound of the *u*, in a large class of words, such as *guid*, *bluid*, *cuit*, *schule*, etc., will do much to take off the awkwardness of having to read a page of Burns or Scott or venturing on a little Scottish song.

DOROTHY SPURGERON'S LEGACY.*

By M. G. B.
CHAPTER II.
FAMILY RECORDS.

It was the last night of the following December. The clock, in all its gloomy beauty and sphinx-like silence, had stood some weeks in Miss Dorothy's parlor. She had selected certain pieces of furniture as appropriate to bear it company. A table and two arm-chairs of mahogany, handsomely carved, evidently by the same hand that had adorned the clock. A quaint secretary, in appearance a chest of drawers of which the upper half front dropped forward and became the desk, exposing various inner drawers and pigeon-holes. Outside it was beautifully carved while the writing-board within was inlaid in gold and silver tracery mingled with designs in mother-of-pearl, as was the top of the table. On the night in question this table was drawn before the fire, and upon it were placed a lamp and tea-tray. Miss Dorothy in her neatly-fitting black gown and white collar, with her curls falling in glossy beauty from behind her ears, sat in one of the high-backed chairs beside the table. She was evidently expecting company; for there was an air of mild excitement in the half-listening attitude.

There was a ring at the door and she looked quickly up into the mantel mirror, and brought her plump hands down either side of her head from parting to ears. The rippling bands did not need this extra burnishing; it was a youthful habit that she had retained along with her youthful looks. Presently there was ushered in Col. Brieflet, a tall, thin man with a high forehead and wearing a look of legal dignity that well became him.

"Ah! Good evening, Miss Dorothy," said he, shaking hands. "Pleasant evening, though rather cold,—and snowing some," continued he, placing his back to the fire and his hands in his pockets. He listened gravely while she assented to his assertions, hoped that the snow would not long continue to fall, it being so very undesirable to housekeepers.

"H-m, yes; and now I suppose you are ready to go over those papers of which you spoke."

"Yes, Mr. Brieflet, I found, on opening the clock, a number of papers within it. I wish you to examine them with me and decide as to their importance." She took up a key from the table and approached the clock. Brieflet followed with the lamp and held it near, narrowly inspecting the carving.

"Can you decipher the story in the design?" he asked.

"I think that panel represents the story of Joseph. It is oriental; and this," going around to the other side, "is evidently from Esau and Jacob," she answered.

"Yes, I see; and on the door in front?"

"That is a castle on a wooded hill that rises from the bank of a stream."

Brieflet examined it with the eye of a connoisseur.

"See the tower," said Dorothy, "how perfect it is, every stone, and the ivy creeping upon it. In this window there is a face that seems to be looking out with longing eyes, as if it would bring its body out. I wonder who could have done it, and when?"

"We may find out by examining the papers within," suggested Brieflet. She unlocked the door and took up the papers, while he examined the reverse side of it, inlaid like the desk with a tracery of gold and silver and pearl design.

"It seems appropriate," said Brieflet, as he seated himself in one of the high-backed chairs, "to examine these papers of an extinct family using the table and chairs owned, and possibly made, by a dead and gone ancestor of it. What a comment on man! Insensate wood and metal enduring and bearing the record of intellect, the impress of genius, when the very family

that produced that genius has disappeared from the face of the earth."

"It is precisely to find, if possible, whether there can be one of them living who is being defrauded of his right of inheritance that I have asked you to examine these," explained she, laying her hand on the papers.

"H-m, we shall see, we shall see," and Brieflet adjusted a pair of spectacles and attacked the papers. Silence with a rustling of papers continued for several minutes.

"There, they are now arranged in the order of dates. Now, Miss Dorothy, will you take notes while I go through them? Ready?" She nodded assent. "This first one," taking up a parchment yellow with age, whose writing was faded and almost illegible with time, "this first one is written in Old German and bears date of December, 1687." He read silently, glancing quickly down the page. "Eh!" said he, "this is a most remarkable document! Listen; I give a free translation:

"December 20, 1687.

"Schranksburgh Castle Tower.

"This day I have finished the great clock that for thirty years I have given my constant employ. The other ten years that I have been also kept in this tower, by will of my brother Heindrick, I gave to the carving and inlaying of the other furniture of my apartment. I feel now the approach of the death. In less than a half-year I shall pass. I give my time now to pray and I work no more at all. The clock, I give it to my brother and to his heirs, and I enjoin them to keep it always. I have put into it my life, much, and it is, that while the family last, from generation to generation, and for every member of the same, it will the truth tell of the death within the hour. It will begin with me, and when I stop to breathe it will stop to run, and I enjoin all men from the trial to make it run. There will none understand its intricate mechanism, but it will be for the beauty of its work and I make it, by my power, the Prophet of Death, in this family. If any member of it own my clock and part from it, to him I will appear, until he regain it. When you cross the seas to live, to dwell, you will take it over. To each one who hears the death-call I enjoin him that he write the same in proper order, of time and place, that he add thereto the full name and age, with the names of the father and mother, the grandfather and grandmother of him who dies. If any fail so to do, I shall of a certitude appear to him until he do it.

"I have said, so will I do.

"OTHO VAN DOERMELL.

"Whose father he was Carl Deidrich Van Doermell; whose mother she was Fredrica Zofhaur Van Doermell; whose grandfather he was Baron Wilhelm Van Doermell; whose grandmother she was Otlie Van Doermell."

Miss Dorothy had clasped her hands together on the table before her and listened attentively to the reading. Leaning back in her chair at its close she chanced to raise her eyes to a portrait that hung on the wall directly behind the chair of Col. Brieflet. It was that of one of the ancient Van Doermells which she had selected because it resembled strongly her lost Otho, and seemed appropriate to the position above the old secretary. Was it imagination, or a shadow of the flickering firelight, or did the face in the portrait gently close its left eye in an expressive wink to her? She thought it did, anyway, and felt a queer little cold chill creep down her back.

"This is certainly a remarkable document, Miss Dorothy," said the lawyer. "Do you happen to know if this wonderful clock did foretell or indicate the demise of any member of this family?"

"You saw the note written by Madam Vandoermell, Col. Brieflet," she replied.

"Yes," he assented hesitatingly, looking over his spectacles sharply at her.

"Y-e-s, but—you will pardon me—but your close connection with the family gave you exceptional opportunity of really knowing about it."

"You know that Deborah claimed to have heard the clock strike in Madam Vandoermell's case."

Under his keen, steady look a slow flush mantled her face, receded and left her colorless. He quietly marked it and when her eyes had sunk under his look, rejoined:

"Then you never heard it yourself? There have been other deaths since your connection with the family." Miss Dorothy felt in a measure compelled to reply.

"Yes, Col. Brieflet, I heard it once."

"May I ask when?"

"The day following the battle of Lookout Mountain. You know they were both killed there, the father outright and the son died the next day at about 2 o'clock. Madam Vandoermell heard the first bell the day of the battle, and together we heard the second one, as I have told."

"H-em, a strange coincidence," said he, slowly.

"Coincidence or not, it was foretold and intended by the man who made the clock, if we may believe

the document you hold in your hand, colonel," retorted Miss Dorothy. Chancing to glance up as she said this she felt a thrill of surprise. The pictured face up there seemed to have become rounded out and detached from the canvas, and this time gave not only a decided wink, but a perceptible nod also. Not that she believed for a moment in the reality of the action, but the shadows were certainly playing fantastic antics about the face, and the likeness to her long-dead lover was close enough to surprise her.

"Before we proceed I will trouble you for a cup of tea," said the measured tones of Brieflet, and she failed to note that he had ignored her last remark. For hours he worked steadily on, separating the papers into systematic piles as he finished them. Occasionally interrupting himself to ask for a cup of tea or to dictate a memorandum, he offered no further comment until the last paper, written by Madam Vandoermell on the death of her husband and son, was read and laid aside. He tied up the packages separately, then took up the dictated notes.

"Well," said he, "we have come to the end, Miss Dorothy, and this is the result. This record proves that the family has run in two straight lines through seven generations. The line beginning with Heindrick Vandoermell has been seven succeeding sons, eldest son following eldest son. When there has been brothers or sisters born to them they have died young or without issue, and thus prevented the spread and growth of the family. The line descending from his brother, Otho Vandoermell, has likewise run through seven generations, but all girls except the last who was born from a junction of the two lines and was Otho Vandoermell son of Marah Vandoermell, who died in October last, and Heinrich Vandoermell, who was killed in battle, as was the son Otho. It is to be noted that the record declares that in every case this wonderful clock has foretold or announced the death within an hour, and that whether the person was absent from or present with it. Further, if this record is as complete as it appears to be, the family has absolutely become extinct with the demise of old lady Vandoermell, and your fears of defrauding any possible living heir are groundless. By the way, there is no record there of the last death. I will write it and you may get Deborah's mark affixed as the only living witness that the clock struck for her as for the others. Give me the note that madam wrote you and I will put it with the others."

"That completes the record," he remarked presently, as he leaned back in his chair and contemplated the neatly bundled papers, "and I unhesitatingly say that it is the most remarkable story I ever heard."

Miss Dorothy leaned back in her chair and gazed thoughtfully into the fire.

"That clock must have been a horror to its owners," she finally said.

"Why so?"

"I can fancy that they would come to be always listening for that note of doom."

"Not so, madam. You forget he of the third generation when about to go from his castle gate to battle, comforts his family by saying: 'The old clock has not struck. I shall win the battle and return unharmed,' and so it proved. There are few things from which man will extract some good, Miss Dorothy."

"But," she persisted, "how dreadful must have been their feelings when it struck twice in time of health and peace."

"Do you refer to the burning of the castle in 1800?"

"Yes, when it was struck by lightning and consumed, except the tower that held that uncanny clock. Fancy them standing out in the storm and darkness, with two of their number burned in the building, and, standing thus, see the very elements interfere, the rain extinguish the flames before that prophet of disaster was reached."

"And yet," said Col. Brieflet, smiling, "they one and all seem to have held it in veneration."

"Madam Vandoermell certainly regarded it as the choicest of her possessions," declared Dorothy; "but I, myself, shall be perfectly content if it will do no striking while I possess it."

They both arose as she spoke. She replaced the papers in the clock and accompanied him to the door. As he passed down the steps she held the light high above his head, and noted that the snow was still falling smartly and lay in an unbroken surface on the walk. As she closed and bolted the door the village clock struck 11.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTUITIONAL PROGNOSIS.

The following article by W. C. Dodge, M. D., of Mount Dora, Florida, a graduate of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, of the class of 1864, is copied from the *Medical Journal* for February, 1892:

I am not superstitious and do not believe in modern spiritism, visions or dreams; neither do I profess to

see farther into the future than any fellow practitioner; but a certain phenomenon has occurred in my professional life which may be of interest to the readers of *The Medical World*, that care anything about the anomalies that occur in the healing art.

To prognosticate the determination of a disease, either in health or in death, without drawing somewhat upon our past experience, medical knowledge, or even common sense, would look like foolishness in the extreme; and so it would be were we to advocate such a procedure in all cases. Nevertheless, I can recall, during a practice of nearly thirty years, from fifty to one hundred cases, where my prognosis has been determined in this manner.

This intuitive knowledge does not come at my bidding, but in an instant and when least expected, and is usually contrary to my better judgment, if I may so speak. That you may the better understand me I will give a few typical cases, without saying anything about diagnosis or treatment, which, you will readily understand, do not have any bearing upon the subject.

About twenty-five years ago I had a partner much older and more experienced than myself. He was away on a visit, when a young man belonging to one of his families was taken ill, and I was sent for to attend him. He went from bad to worse and at the end of the week did not think that he could live another day. The old doctor returned, and we were both summoned to the patient's bed-side. As I opened the door to his room, I saw the patient (in a vision) sitting up by the side of the bed, looking quite well. This vision brought a perfect confidence to my mind, as it has in all such cases, that the disease would terminate as indicated in the vision; and I immediately told the mother that her son would recover. The old doctor, not being a religious man, carried with him a vocabulary of words usually associated with pirates, and as we reached the next room, he rehearsed them to me quite freely, winding up with the statement that "any fool would know that the young man was dying." He made a rapid recovery and I saw him in a few days, sitting by his bed-side, quite well.

Was called to attend a boy eight years old, stranger, living in a distant part of Chicago. As I entered his room, I saw him a corpse. Examined him and did not consider him much out of health. Told the mother that her son was dangerously ill and that she had better send for her family physician. He was sent for and came. After this very polite doctor had informed the parents that Dr. Dodge did not understand his business, and said the boy would be all right in a few days, I had nothing more to do with the case until the seventh day, when I was called in to see him die.

Was called to see an old man seventy-three years of age (if my memory serves me correctly). After giving him a thorough examination, looked upon his case as desperate. Told his son to send for counsel; two physicians came about ten a. m. Prognosis,—death within a week, or, as they expressed it, "there will be a funeral in this house within a week." Went back to my patient about four o'clock in the afternoon and found him worse. As I sat by his side I looked up to the door leading to his sitting-room, and in he walked, smiling and in good health. Three or four weeks after this I was called to see my patient's wife who was sick in the same room. In a few minutes I looked up to the door and in the old man walked, not in a vision this time but in reality.

Had an old friend in Chicago who had been ailing, as he expressed it, for several days, as there was a Homo. man called in to see him. This doctor said he would be well in a few days. Did not improve at all, and I was sent for. Sat by his side laughing and talking when I looked upon the bed and saw him apparently cold in death. I then examined him and told him that I did not understand his case and would not attend him unless he got the best counsel he could find in Chicago, as I considered his case serious. Told his wife and children that he would die. The counsel came and gave the family hopes of his recovery. He died in about a week.

Was called about one o'clock a. m. into the country to another doctor's patient, to see a lady that was dying. Arrived and as I entered the room saw several grown up children crying, at the foot of the bed. As I adjusted the optics of my second eye sight upon the dying woman she appeared in tolerable good health, and the whole scene seemed so ridiculous, that I laughed aloud. Now those who know me the best have realized that I have not lived a life of hilarity, and do not give such utterances of pleasure very often; and particularly when I am called in the presence of the dying. This came very near being a dear laugh, for the husband, who was a large strong man, said he came near kicking me out of doors. She made a rapid recovery.

An old friend of mine had been running down for a year, I could do him no good. Had counsel but he gradually grew worse. Became unconscious and apparently morbid. As I watched over him and tried to count his flickering pulse, saw him sitting up in another part of the room in his sick chair looking quite

well. Got up and went out in the next room where his grown up daughters were and told them their father would get up again. He did get up and lived for several years in comparative health.

The next and last case I will record is somewhat different from all the rest and unique in itself.

Stranger came into my office to see, as he expressed it, if I could tell him what ailed him, whether I could cure him. Diagnosis obscure. Told him if he would follow my prescription for two weeks could tell him whether I could do him any good. Sent for me to come to his home in two weeks, and demanded that I should tell him whether or not I could cure him, and if not how long he was to live. Sometimes our patients are so exacting about such things that we have to refer them, after we have exhausted our own skill above for further information. But not so in this case. I was in a deep study trying to conjure up something to say, when I dimly saw the man in a coffin. In some respects the man had improved during the two weeks of my treatment; but my prognosis had been foreshadowed, and I no longer wanted the case. I said "I can do nothing for you, and it is my opinion no one else can. I do not think you will live four months." He sent for another physician, and I lost track of him for between one and two months. At the expiration of this time I went into a grocery store to do some trading, where I found him apparently improved in health. As I went in he pointed me out to a half-dozen standing around as the doctor who did not know everything. He went on with his tirade about doctors in general and me in particular, until I could stand it no longer, I said—"Gentlemen, I did say that Mr. D. would not live four months, and I want you to write down what I now say. Mr. D. will not live six weeks from to-day." About a month after this he sent for me and apologized for what he had said in the store, and in a few days died.

I have simply stated facts and shall defer giving any explanation of the whys and wherefores until scientists tell us what life and matter are, and their proper relationship with each other, which will be in the far distant sweet bye and bye.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS AT SEA.

In olden times the galleys or war-ships used by the Romans and the Carthaginians were driven along by oars and sails, write J. O. Davidson in *St. Nicholas*. They had neither guns, steam-power, nor the compass, and so must be steered cautiously from point to point of the coast on the way to their distant battleground (if the scene of a naval engagement can be so called.)

Steering from one well-known headland to another by day was not so hard; but when storms arose, and the ship was blown out of sight of land, and the darkness of night fell on the sea, the mariner had many an anxious moment until daylight revealed once more some well-known landfall, as the first sight of land at sea is called by sailors.

The whereabouts of harbors in those times was shown at night by fires kept constantly burning on the nearest headland, or, when the coast was low, on a high tower near the entrance of the port, and sometimes on light-ships anchored off shore. Occasionally, if the port was a wealthy one, they built an immense stone tower called a "pharos," on the top of which wood-fires were kept burning day and night. These lights were visible a great distance at sea; and the coasts at that time must have been pretty with these twinkling lights, the flaming pharos, and the lights upon passing ships.

As science taught the modern world to light its coasts with other and stronger lights of great power, these were used almost entirely by light-houses; and war-ships, through all ages and down to within a few years, still used oil-lamps and common candles or "dips." Even the great Nelson, as he walked the quarter-deck of the "Victory," did so by the light of lanterns. These were placed at the stern of the ship, and were very large; but, as far as giving light is concerned, they were not so good as the open wood-fires carried by the ancient Roman galleys. Some of the stern-lanterns used by the French and Spanish fleets which fought with Nelson were large enough to hold several men, and were of very elegant design and finish.

At length, however, electric lighting was invented. The maritime world, till then content with the old methods of lighting, soon blossomed and flashed with the radiance of electricity. Now, no first-class modern ship, whether a man-of-war or a passenger-steamer, is complete without its sets of inside lamps and outside search-lights, and the modern voyager has his own pharos, not only to warn others from his path, but to discover by night the rocky cape or wandering iceberg.

The electric search-light is so mounted that its rays can be swept for miles around the horizon, spread out over a vast expanse of water, or narrowed to a thread-

like beam of light, revealing with blinding intensity everything within its range, and bringing up objects out of darkness, with a silvery sheen beautiful to behold.

A fine exhibition of its splendid equipment of electric lights was recently given by the "White Squadron" on the Hudson river, near New York city; and some of those who paid taxes to build these vessels had an opportunity to see what our Navy Department had accomplished. It is safe to say that all who saw that wonderful display were convinced that no enemy could steal up undiscovered to attack those ships by night.

ALL DUE TO A DREAM.

April 6, 1890, there died in this city, says a San Francisco paper, at honest, hard-working machinest by the name of Patrick Shine, who, having accumulated some little wealth and knowing that his end was near, a few weeks previous to his death, deeded all of his property to his faithful wife, Ellen, their union never having been blessed with children. The loss of her life companion prostrated the widow, and her grief was so great that just three months later, on June 6, 1890, Ellen Shine, no longer able to bear up under her load of sorrow, quietly breathed her last to join her husband in another world.

Ellen Shine died intestate and her property was taken charge of by Public-Administrator James C. Pennie, who at once advertised and otherwise searched for any unknown heirs, so that if they existed they could have an opportunity to present their claims.

Among the people who knew Ellen Shine was Mrs. Mary Anne Johnson, of 140 Fell street, and wife of a mechanic. Mrs. Shine and Mrs. Johnson were both of them natives of County Cork, Ireland, and whenever they met they used to exchange reminiscences of the days of their youth. When Mrs. Johnson learned through the newspapers that her old friend had died, and that the public administrator had charge of her property for the lack of legal claimants, she was greatly distressed, and the matter worried her for many weeks. In vain the good woman cudged her brains in an endeavor to remember whether she had ever heard of any one related to Ellen Shine. She could recollect no one.

The matter occupied her mind so much that it is not at all surprising that one night (Aug. 31, 1891), after retiring, still much perturbed over the fact that all that money should go to strangers, Mrs. Johnson had her peaceful slumbers disturbed by a dream. She dreamed of Ellen Shine as a young girl, home in Ireland, surrounded by a host of relatives, and conspicuous in that visionary picture from dreamland was the figure of the old parish priest, the Rev. Father James, well known to the dreamer.

When Mrs. Johnson awoke next morning she remembered her dream and thought it strange that in it Father James should be mixed up with the youthful days of her late friend. The more she pondered over this, to her, inexplicable fact the more she became convinced that the proper person to apply to for information concerning the relatives of Ellen Shine was the old parish priest, and she resolved at once to write to him.

Her surmise proved correct. In due time she received a letter from the Rev. Father James, now known as Canon Hegarty, in which he said that he knew Ellen Shine well when she was still in her Irish home; that her maiden name was Ellen Dooley, and that her nearest relative living was a nephew by the name of Joseph Cotter, residing in a village near Fork called Carrignaver. The canon also advised Mrs. Johnson to turn the case over to some attorney at once.

Judge Levy gave satisfactory judgment, without more than the delay necessary for the purpose of obtaining proofs of Cotter's claim from Ireland, and a few days ago the young Irish lad was officially notified that he was sole owner of a house and lot on Garden street and another lot in the O'Neill and Healy tract, all left to him by an aunt whom he had never known, by the assistance of the beneficent fairies of dreamland.

DR. LENZ says that when he went to Fez, one of the capitals of Morocco, he found a most unlooked-for custom among the women. Mohammedans are not supposed to drink spirituous liquors, but Dr. Lenz says that the women in Morocco are universally addicted to the practice. Brandy is made, for which the customers are almost exclusively Moorish women. While the men are strict prohibitionists, the women drink brandy in large quantities. Women who came to Dr. Lenz's house to see his Moorish servants never failed to ask him for a glass of wine or cognac, and he was surprised to see the quantities they could drink.



LITTLE THINGS.

I threw a pebble out into the lake;
The pebble was small,
The lake was wide,
But the circling waves by that pebble made,
Pictured a lesson that will not fade
While men on this earth abide.

I gave of my love to a sorrowing world;
The world was feeble,
The world was wide,
But the love wave met with the sinking bark
Of one who was dying alone in the dark,
And a pean rolled in with the tide.

I reached to heaven for a sinning soul;
My prayer was weak,
But God was strong,
And sins like scarlet were washed and white,
For the soul that groveled sprang up to the light
And the weeping became a song.

—E. H. CHASE in Good Housekeeping.

MOTHER.

I hold before me, in weak, trembling hands,
The fading portrait of a woman's face:
A picture not of youth and girlish grace,
But one upon whose sacred head the sands
Of time had dripped until the gleaming strands
Shone wan with drifted white. A band of lace
Circles the wrinkled throat in fond embrace,
E'en as these boyish arms, years gone, their bands
Of love clasped round the then fair neck of her,
As softly rained her lullaby upon
The drowsy ear in dreamland's tinkling drips:
And as I scan that face now thro' the blur
Of manhood's tears, I hear a voice, long gone,
Soft crooning thro' the portals of lost lips.

—KIMBALL CHASE TAPLEY in Judge.

Blessed is the woman who can put her hand on a thing when she wants it! writes Birch Arnold in the *Chicago Herald*. Some day when I have written something combining all the qualities of Howells, James, Zola, Wallace, Shakespeare, Calvin, Riley, Wesley, Milton and a few other widely dissimilar immortals and thereby, of course, made my everlasting fortune, I am going to own a desk that is presided over by a perfect arsenal, and woe betide the individual who dares to tamper with a single paper beneath that frowning howitzer. Just in that pigeon hole at the right hand I was sure reposed a symposium of my own great thoughts which I felt confident could not fail to stir an apathetic world into a frenzy of enthusiasm, and now they are hopelessly gone. I have a faint recollection of a pair of soft lips on my cheek last night, and a gentle pleading in my ear, "Just a scrap, please, dearest, for the language lesson," and—well—thus is my future greatness doing duty as a "scrap" in the busy hum of the school-room! But perhaps there was a happy destiny in the seeming contretemps. Perhaps I have been saved a great many bitter tears because the world didn't become frenzied with enthusiasm. Even so do our misfortunes work together for our good. But what an envied woman is that perfectly systematic housekeeper who can keep everything exactly in its place and be always morally sure that no restless little fingers will displace it. Unless, indeed, there are no little fingers! That is a possibility I can never contemplate without a sob. What is the greatness of a Shakespeare, the riches of Golconda, the system of La Place beside the hurly-burly of those noisy feet, the bearlike hugs of those strong little arms, the tender pressure of those red and dewy lips, and the chorus of confusion in which high-pitched voices reign supreme? Good-by, the hypothetical greatness, if once you try to displace those magnetic little fingers which hold the reins of my heart, as you can never hope to do!

AMONG the particular advantages desirable for a boy, Edward Everett Hale enumerated the daily performance of some disagreeable task. It need not be essentially disagreeable, but something apt to be distasteful to the boy, such as filling the wood-box or hoeing for a stated time in the garden. The need for such discipline does not disappear with boyhood, but in later life is generally more rigidly enforced by circumstances than it was in youth by the parental will. And we who laugh at the boy's restiveness under his task, rebel in like manner against the constantly recurring distasteful duties in our own lot and concentrate our dislike in the

term "drudgery." The debt we owe to these habit-forming tasks, the momentum gained which gives us the possibility of self-control, has been well set forth in a charming series of papers entitled "Blessed Be Drudgery," of which the following is the opening paragraph: "Of every two men probably one thinks he is a drudge, and every second woman at times is sure she is. Either we are not doing the thing we would like to do in life, or in what we do and like we find so much to dislike that the rut tires, even when the road runs on the whole a pleasant way. I am going to speak of the culture that comes through this very drudgery. Our prime elementals are due to our drudgery. I mean that literally. The fundamentals that underlie all fineness, and without which no other culture worth the winning is even possible. These, for instance—and what names more familiar?—power of attention, power of industry, promptitude in beginning work, method and accuracy and dispatch in doing work, perseverance, courage before difficulties, cheer under straining burdens, self-control and self-denial and temperance. For drudgery is the doing of one thing, one thing, one thing, long after it ceases to be amusing, and it is this one thing I do that gathers me together from my chaos, that concentrates me from possibilities to powers, and turns powers into achievements."

The *Ladies' Home Journal* gives these suggestions as to what to teach a daughter: That work is worthy always when it is well done. That the value of money is just the good it will do in life, but that she ought to know and appreciate this value. That the man who wishes to marry her is the one who tells her so and is willing to work for her, and not the one who whispers silly love speeches and forgets that men cease to be men when they have no object in life. Teach her to think well before she says no or yes, but to mean it when she does. Teach her to avoid men who speak lightly of any of the great duties of life. Teach her that her own room is her nest, and that to make it sweet and attractive is a duty as well as a pleasure. Teach her to be a woman—self-respecting, honest, loving and kind, and then you will have a daughter who will be a pleasure to you always, and whose days will be long and joyous in the land which the Lord hath given her.

The Kirkland Association, of Chicago, have opened a lunch-room for working girls at 5 and 6 Washington street. Such things as tea, coffee, milk, sandwiches, etc., are served at low prices, or those who wish to do so may bring their luncheon from home. A membership fee of ten cents per month entitles a girl to the use of the luncheon tables, the reading-room and the toilet-room.

Harriet Hosmer expects to make a full exhibit of her work at the World's Fair. She is now in Spain at work on some famous bronzes.

PETER'S TRANCE.

BY JUDGE JAMES B. BELFORD.

Mankind in its weary march has acknowledged the sovereignty of numerous religions. But few of the many remain, and those that do have undergone certain changes, and doubtless for the better. Natural religion never could muster any considerable following for the reason that it carried with it no promise of eternal life. Man only looked to other shores when allured by the hope of a brighter day. The Jewish religion after a fashion revealed God to man, while that of the Greek revealed man to himself, taught him to reverence the divinity that was in himself and also the divinity that lurked in everything of grace and beauty. Had the Jews accepted the messianic character of Jesus the civilization of the world would have been entirely different. Jerusalem and not Rome would have become the religious capital; and as the old Jewish law abhorred idolatry and forbade the making of graven images or likenesses, sculpture and the fine arts, which played so important a part in the taming of the fierce natured barbarians that overran the Roman empire, would never have been encouraged nor permitted to grow to the height they have attained. It was the spectacular display together with the ravishing music and the softening and attractive ceremonials, that the church

offered in the fourth and fifth centuries that caught the eyes and captured the ears of the marauding hordes of Goths and Germans and led to their civilization and acceptance of Christianity. The persuasive powers were native to Rome but foreign to Jerusalem. With Jerusalem as the capital the religion of James and his synod of strict constructionists would have prevailed and the Christian religion would have gone down as it afterwards did in Asia and Africa. With Rome as the capital the world accepted the broad views of Paul which contained the announcement that after the fullness of the Gentiles then Israel should be saved. It was only by spiritual intervention that Peter was made to see that other than Jews were included in the plan of salvation, and because he associated with the Gentiles he was soundly belabored by his colleagues. In the eleventh chapter of the Acts we are told: "And the apostles and brethren that were in Judea heard that the Gentiles had also received the word of God, and when Peter was come up to Jerusalem they that were of the circumcision contended with him, saying: thou wentest in to men uncircumcised and did eat with them. But Peter rehearsed the matter from the beginning and expounded it by order unto them, saying: I was in the city of Joppa praying, and in a trance, I saw a vision—a certain vessel descend as it had been a great sheet, let down from heaven by four corners; and it came even to me. Upon the which when I had fastened my eyes I considered and saw four-footed beasts and creeping things and fowls of the air, and I heard a voice saying unto me, arise, Peter, slay and eat; but I said not so Lord for nothing common or unclean, hath at any time entered my mouth; but the voice answered me again from heaven, what God hath cleansed that call thou not common, and this was done three times and all drawn up into heaven. And behold, immediately there were three men already come unto the house where I was, sent from Caesarea, unto me; and the spirit made me go with them, nothing doubting. Moreover, these six brethren accompanied me and we entered into the man's house; and he showed us how he had seen an angel in his house which stood and said unto him, send men to Joppa and call for Simon whose surname is Peter.

I have quoted enough of this chapter to show that Peter was put into a trance.

Second—That while entranced he received a communication from the spiritual world.

Third—That the communication was made through the symboling of a vessel containing various strange things.

Fourth—That this symbol was designed to teach him that the gentiles were as much entitled to the benefits of Christ's teachings as the Jews. That such a method should have been devised and employed by the God of this universe to communicate a simple message to a poor mortal may seem strange, but strange as it may appear, it was God's method, and Peter regarded it as such. Who sent the three men from Caesarea to Peter? What kind of a spirit sent Peter with these three men? And what kind of an angel was it that stood before the man in the house and told him to send for Peter? I know nothing about these matters. I find them recorded in a book whose authority is vouched for by the church. If false, pray what part of these records are we to accept? The intelligent portion of the world has ceased to believe that the Almighty took more pains to convince a wicked and perverse generation that existed 2,000 years ago of his overruling care and guidance than he is taking to-day with a people who are not hostile to light, but who are seeking for truth along every line where promise of its discovery furnishes the least gleam of hope. People of to-day care very little about fallen angels that were imported into Judea from Persia, but what they desire is to see a ladder fashioned after that seen by Jacob, whose rounds are pressed by the feet of messengers equipped and qualified to teach us something of the country whose borders we are shortly to cross. The only excuse that any church can give for its existence is the good that it does or seeks to do. Instead of closing the blinds and shutting out the light, it should hoist the windows and let it in. There is a vast volume of wisdom in the expression of Jesus to his disciples when they complained that some people were working miracles in his name, and he answered: "He that is not against us is on our part." By some we are told that none but fallen angels and wicked spirits are permitted to visit the earth. This statement, by whomsoever uttered, is a libel on God.

Much of the history of every religion is found in the growth of the language in which men have undertaken to express their ideas. It can be safely affirmed that eternal and spiritual truths must first be clearly perceived by the religious temperament before they can be embodied in any determined phrases. Man's first step was the perception of the divinity in nature; his second the perception of the divinity in himself; these things having been learned he endeavored to account for it, and in so doing he evolved the religious systems to which he accorded his allegiance.

Max Muller, in a recent article, says:

"The belief in soul exactly like the belief in gods, and at last in one God, can only be looked upon as the outcome of a long historical growth. It must be studied in the annals of language, in those ancient words which meaning originally something quite tangible and visible came in time to mean something semi-tangible, something intangible, something infinite in man. The soul is to man what God is to the universe. When we remember what is now a fact doubted by no one, that every word in every language had originally a material meaning, we shall easily understand why that which at the dissolution of the body seemed to have departed, and which we consider the most immaterial of all things, should have been called at first by the name of something material, namely, the air breath. This was the first step in human psychology. The next step was to use the word "breath," not only for the breath which had left the body, but likewise for all that formerly existed in the body—the feelings, the perceptions, the conceptions, and that wonderful network of feelings and thoughts which constituted the man, such as he was in life. For all this depended on the breath. If the breath, with all that belonged to it, had departed then it must exist somewhere after its departure, and that somewhere, though utterly unknown and unknowable was soon painted in all the colors that love, fear and hope could supply," and then he adds: "The belief in the continued existence of the soul after death and in its liability to rewards and punishments seems as irresistible to-day as in the days of Plato. Man, if left to himself, has everywhere arrived at the conclusion that there is something in man, or of man, besides the material body. This was a lesson taught not so much by life as by death; besides the body, besides the heart, besides the blood there was the breath. Man was struck by that, and when the breath left the body at death he simply stated the fact that the breath, or the psyche, had departed. All the speculations concerning the true nature of that psyche belong to the domain of psychology."

Man's existence is the result of God's affection, and as that is eternal, so must be its product. The desires that animate us, the loves that thrill us, are not born of the earth any more than the love of the plant for the sunlight is born of the soil that covers its roots. These aspirations have their nourishment in unseen fountains, whose waters are fed from far-off hillsides, where the celestial dews are shed. It is not that Jesus led a spotless life that alone draws thousands of hearts toward him, but it is the conviction that an aroma of the supernatural was about him as the beauty is about the lily or the fragrance about the rose. There is a penetrating power in his name which reaches the depths of feeling unplummeted by the name of any other baptized by woman. In all the legends and gospel narratives and traditional lore that filled the first century and half the second, he stands forth as the pre-eminent healer of the world, healer of the hurts of the body and the sorrows of the soul, and as the connecting and never-to-be-broken link that coupled earth and heaven together. If the doors of the spiritual world for one reason or another had been temporarily closed—he threw them ajar never more to be shut. Of the means whereby spirits of the unseen world communicate we may be ignorant, but there is an open way by which they reach all the children of earth. There is not a soul to which a message of love and help and hope does not pulse downward from above. Every yearning and hunger for better and higher things but opens wider the spiritual gates, through which visions of light and swells of music float out. No soul, however scarred with conflicts, burdened with sorrows or stung with troubles, is disowned in the distribution of the celestial influence which, consciously or unconsciously to the recipient, is extended by the common Father to the children he has made, for his love, like his rain, falls alike on those who seek as on those who forbear.



HAVE WE INNATE IDEAS?

TO THE EDITOR: IN THE JOURNAL of January 30th last is an article under the head of "Soul Testing," in which a gentleman suggests an experiment for the purpose of ascertaining "whether unaided by any extraneous suggestions a child that is blind, deaf and dumb will manifest an instinctive impulse towards religion or develop an innate idea of a Supreme Being." Two cases are cited in "Upham's Mental Philosophy," abridged edition, page 22, which throws some light on the subject, the first of which is as follows: "Of these extraordinary instances to which we alluded as having thrown some light on the history of our intellectual acquisitions is the account which is given in the 'Memoirs of the French Academy of Sciences' for the year 1703, of a deaf and dumb young man in the city of Chartres. At the age of three-and-twenty it so happened, to the great surprise of the whole town, that he was suddenly restored to the sense of hearing, and in a short time he acquired the use of language. Deprived for so long a period of a sense which, in importance, ranks with the sight and the touch, unable to hold communion with his fellow-beings by means of oral or written language, and not particularly compelled, as he had every care taken of him by his friends and relations, to bring his faculties into exercise, the powers of his mind remained without having opportunity to unfold themselves. Being examined by some men of discernment, it was found that he had no idea of a God, of a soul, of the moral merit or demerit of human actions, and, what might seem to be yet more remarkable, he knew not what it was to die; the agonies of dissolution, the grief of friends, and the ceremonies of interment being to him inexplicable mysteries." John Locke in his "Essays on the Human Understanding" champions the negative of the above proposition although he was attacked furiously by dogmatic philosophers. Such cases as the one given above would seem to strengthen Locke's ground. C.

WANTS R. B. WESTBROOK'S STATEMENTS VERIFIED.

TO THE EDITOR: A correspondent in THE JOURNAL of January 23rd says: "It is a well-known fact that many early Christian sects absolutely denied the existence of Christ in the flesh, regarding him as a phantom. It is very difficult to decide whether the apostle Paul believed in a real or an ideal Christ." Prior to making these remarkable statements, he asks the correspondent whom he is criticising whether he ever heard of the Gnostics, whom Gibbon calls "the most polite, the most learned and the most wealthy of the Christian name." We have heard of the Gnostics and we do not believe the testimony of Gibbon concerning them. It was merely an unwarranted assertion, not sustained by any contemporaneous evidence.

The Gnostic sects were of Gentile and anti-Jewish origin. They were not known until about the year 140, during or subsequent to the Jewish revolt under the Emperor Hadrian. Valentinus was the leader of the Alexandrine sect and Marcion that of Asia Minor. Both maintained that the Jewish God was not the God of the Christians. They insisted that he was a different being from the God who sent Christ. They held that self-existent matter was evil, and that the Jewish God who made the world was imperfect. On many other points they were widely divergent. The Valentinians had interwoven into their system the theory of seven heavens and the pleroma where the Supreme Being dwelt. The Marcionites had but three heavens in their system. The Valentinians were the most extravagant of idealists. The Marcionites were plain, blunt and direct in their utterances, accommodating their teachings to the simplest minds. They were ascetics, even to the renunciation of the marriage relation. The Valentinians "regarded a man as to be pitied who could pass through life without loving and marrying some woman." As has been said the Gnostics were a Gentile anti-Jewish sect which came into existence as a result of a war of races at the time of the Jewish revolt under the Emperor Hadrian. Your correspondent quotes Gerald Massey as saying the Essenes

and the Nazarenes were Gnostics. Of course there is not a particle of evidence on which to base such an assertion. If Gerald Massey has ventured such an opinion, all the worse for Gerald Massey. The Jews were not Gnostics.

Your correspondent thinks "it is very difficult to decide whether the apostle Paul believed in a real or an ideal Christ." Yet he said: "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified." "We preach Christ crucified unto Jews a stumbling block and unto Gentiles foolishness." Again: "We have known Christ after the flesh, yet now we know him so no more." And again he says: "Had the rulers known and understood the wisdom not of this world, 'they would not have crucified the Lord of glory.'" And yet again he says: "He was crucified through weakness, yet he liveth through the power of God." Finally he speaks of the fellowship of his sufferings. Surely, it does not seem very difficult for us to decide whether Paul believed in "a real or an ideal Christ." But let us return to the Gnostics. Your correspondent says: "This sect described Jesus as an aion or spiritual principle and considered the crucifixion as metaphorical and not a literal event." To this we answer: Notwithstanding all the wild vagaries of the Gnostic sects, the crucifixion was as literal an event and just as much a matter of history as under more common theories. The generality of the theosophic Gnostics admitted the reality of the body of Jesus and in a certain sense his nativity.

Andrews Norton gives the following Gnostic theory from Irenaeus: "The Aeon Savior (who it is to be remembered was also called Christ) descended from the Pleroma into the Messiah of the Creator, the seeming man Jesus, at the baptism of the latter, and through him announced the unknown God. In speaking of this complex being, the Aeon seems to have been commonly called Christ; the man, Jesus. Jesus having been intended by the Creator for his Messiah, his body had been prepared, in a wonderful manner, of the psychical substance, so as to be freed from all impurities of matter. His soul was derived from the Creator; but there was a spiritual principle within him, (a spirit) furnished by Achamoth. As regards his nativity, he passed through Mary, his mother, as water through a conduit, without receiving anything from her substance. When taken before Pilate the Aeon Christ left him. The spirit furnished by Achamoth likewise left him at his crucifixion; and only the psychical part of the complex Savior, the body and soul of Jesus suffered.

"The opinion of the theosophic Gnostics concerning the body of Christ, as not a proper human body, though one capable of suffering, was an hypothesis in no way affecting the historical accounts of him."

"Marcion denied the nativity of Jesus, and rejected in consequence the first three chapters of Luke's Gospel, the only Gospel which he used. But he did not call in question the actions, miracles and apparent sufferings of Christ as recorded by the evangelist. He viewed those accounts as a true narrative of what appeared to the senses of men." So it is not true, as stated by your correspondent, that according to the Gnostic view, the crucifixion was "metaphorical and not a literal event." They did not deny the real history and crucifixion of the man Jesus. And now in conclusion, we deny that it is a well-known fact that "many early Christian sects absolutely denied the existence of Christ in the flesh, regarding him as a phantom." If it is a well-known fact, then it will be easy to give a few of the "many." Even Marcion, who denied the nativity, did not deny the acts of Christ's ministry or his crucifixion and resurrection. Tertullian, in his discussion with Marcion, said: According to Marcion "the nativity of Christ is dishonorable to God and unworthy of the Son of God and foolish. Clearly (he says) there are other things as foolish, relating to the contumely and sufferings endured by the divine nature. Or shall I call it agreeable to reason that a divine being should be crucified? Expunge this too Marcion: or rather expunge this in the first place. For which is most worthy of a divine being; which is more shameful, to be born or to die? to bear about flesh or to bear a cross? to be circumcised or to be pierced with nails? to be brought forth or to be buried? to be laid in a manger or in a tomb?"

It is said "the Docetae (or illusionists) held that Jesus was symbolic, an idea." This is, to say the least, a misleading statement. The "Docetae" admitted the appearance, the body of Christ to the senses, but denied on philosophical grounds,

its reality. They regarded matter as evil, and therefore objected to the revelation of Deity through sensible objects, declaring that everything corporeal in Christ was only in appearance and for the manifestation of the spirit. Its teachers, among whom were Valentinus, Cassianus and Bardesanes, sought to reconcile the narrative of the gospels with what they conceived to be the respect due to the Deity; maintaining that his sufferings were only apparent. Now we submit the very position of the Gnostic sects confirms the historical existence of Jesus. None of them call in question his life, ministry and crucifixion, so far as appearance might confirm them to the human senses. The very fact that they found it necessary a century after the crucifixion to reconcile as far as possible their philosophical speculations with the gospel narrative, is an indirect testimony to the authenticity and genuineness of that narrative. Your learned correspondent says: Gerald Massey says the Suttites and the Mandrites were Gnostics and that Hippolytus said that Elkasia said the Christ born of a virgin was Aeonian. Well what of it? If there were early Christian sects called Suttites, Mandrites and Elkesites, they must have been very obscure and not very numerous. They certainly do not figure conspicuously in any contemporaneous record. If it really is a well-known fact that many early Christian sects absolutely denied the existence of Christ in the flesh, why don't your correspondent refer to some of them known to early church history? The Gnostic sects, as has been seen, confirm the historical Christ. F. H. BEMIS.

FRENCH SCHOOL GIRL'S LIFE.

In regard to French schoolgirls' life Henrietta Channing Dana writes interestingly in the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly*: Before we consider the subjects studied in a French private school, she says, there are two things to be borne in mind. First, the element of stability in a schoolgirl's life. She enters at five years of age, sometimes at four, the school where she will remain till her education is finished. Her teachers know her from earliest childhood; they watch her character develop and her mind unfold. They understand her capacities. Perhaps her mother has been trained in the same school before her, or she may have relatives among the nuns. At any rate, she is their child; they know and love her, and they lay the foundations of her education well, for they are responsible for the whole structure. They have the end in view from the beginning. They lead her up gradually from one thing to another. They calmly lay out for her courses of study embracing five, six, ten, and even twelve years. There is always plenty of time and no hurry. Things are taken quietly and gone into deeply. The school terms are longer and school life is less broken into by vacations than with us. The girls study more hours in the week and more weeks in the year than we do. School opens the last week in September, and does not close till the second week in August. There are no spring or winter vacations and no Saturday holidays. Six weeks in the late summer, a few days each at New Year and Easter, all Sundays and the principal church holidays, and usually a half holiday on Thursday are all the breaks made in school life, which goes on almost uninterrupted in slow, healthful regularity for ten months and a half out of the twelve.

Another element in French school life is concentration. A girl's time is less broken into by outside interests than with us, and there is less strain upon nerves and imagination. Not till her growth is attained, her school life over, and her mind and character are fairly formed is she allowed to read novels, to go to parties and dances, to attend the theatre, or to indulge in any of the distractions and dissipations so frequently permitted to growing schoolgirls in America. No matter how wealthy and aristocratic her parents, she is inured to early hours, simple food, plain surroundings, and regular occupations; and her dress is the quiet dark uniform, without ribbon or ornament, which is customary in day-schools as well as boarding-schools. In my experience of private schools in both countries, it has seemed to me that the French girl is more simple and childlike, on the one hand, and more serious-minded, more capable of sustained work and thought, on the other, than the average American girl of the same age. From the fact of not having frivolous amusements, and sentimental vagaries to disturb her mind and work on her nerves, and being

better disciplined from infancy to obedience, regularity, and self-control, she throws her youthful energy and enthusiasm more wholly into the interests of her school work and her family life; and as a consequence she is less nervous than her American sister, less subject to backaches and headaches, works with less fatigue, is more active and merry at play, more simple in her tastes, more easily amused and contented with everyday life and labors, and perhaps more frank, loyal, and affectionate in her family relations and school friendships.

INSANITY AND GENIUS.

A good deal of comment has been excited by the publication in English of Professor Lombroso's work on "Insanity and Genius." It is a work in which the author claims that genius is the evidence of a degenerative taint, and is, in fact, an "epileptoid degenerative psychosis." We trust that our readers will not be made to feel a sense of apprehension concerning their own mental soundness by Professor Lombroso's thesis. It is one that has been worked at before by Moreau de Tours and a good many others, and neither the world in general nor the medical profession in particular has been seriously impressed by it. Men of genius have not, as a rule, been mad, except with an insanity of a scientific and scholastic kind, such as the world really needs more of. The eccentricities, monomanias, and emotional exaltations of genius have been incidental, and were not the basis of their character and temperament. Insanity is essentially a non-productive condition. No insane man has ever made a great discovery and originated great thoughts, or, by his own laborious efforts, changed the tide of human events. Insanity is a condition in which the power of adjusting one's self and one's conduct to the environment is lost. Surely there is no loss of this kind shown in the work or conduct of men of genius. Contemporaneous science has dealt somewhat kindly with Lombroso for the valuable work he has done and the new fields of study he has opened. But the *Medical Record* thinks that when he makes out Newton and Luther insane, and Christ a paranoiac, one must think that the professor himself has neither sanity nor genius.—*Scientific American*.

A CURIOUS DREAM.

SIR,—A friend of mine, Mr. W—, has just related to me a curious dream he has had within the week, which may interest the readers of *Light*.

Mr. W— and his wife have been staying for a few days with a friend, Mr. C—, at R—. One evening at dinner the conversation turned on old times and old acquaintances, and Mr. W— asked his host if he knew what had become of L—, of whom he himself had lost sight for some years past. Mr. C— replied that when he had last heard of L— he was well and living at S— (two or three hours' journey from R—), upon which Mr. W—, on a sudden impulse, said he should go to S— next morning to look up their old friend, returning the same evening.

That night Mr. W— dreamed that he saw L— standing by his bedside, as distinctly as he had ever seen him, and that L— said to him: "Do not go to S—, I have gone away; I am dead." The dream was very vivid, and Mr. W— put his hand out to grasp his friend's—an act observed by his wife, who happened to be awake.

Next morning at breakfast Mr. W— related his dream, and said that he was sufficiently impressed by it not to go to S— as arranged, until he had obtained further news of L—. This he bethought himself he could probably gain by telegraphing to the London club to which both he and L— belonged. He telegraphed accordingly for "the latest intelligence of Mr. L—." The reply swiftly came: "Mr. L— was buried last Wednesday."—*Light*. M. B.

A VERY bright remark has been credited to the late Earl of Beaconsfield. When quite young he heard a clever woman compliment an ignorant man on his good sense. "I don't wonder," said young Disraeli, quick as a flash, "at his possessing a large stock of good sense; he never spends any."

"MARRIAGE has not changed him much," said Mrs. Potts. "Before we were married he would not let me carry the lightest bundle—and he does not now. He lets me lug the heavy ones."

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

The Brethern of Mount Atlas; Being the First Part of an African Theosophical Story. By Hugh E. M. Stutfield, London; Longmans, Green & Co., 1891, pp. 313; price, \$1.50, (Chicago, A. C. McClurg & Co.)

After careful reading it is difficult to decide whether the author is a believer in theosophic theories, or one who feels called upon to make evident by ridicule—sometimes of a very flippant sort—the short comings and inadequateness of that philosophy in its present development; there is such a blending of cheap wit, and earnest consideration of all psychical phenomena that we know not just where the author stands. Three young Englishmen of means, some culture, and sporting proclivities—one of them "a dreamer of dreams" having heard of a community of mahatmas established at the foot of a mountain on an oasis of the great African desert, eager also for the hunting adventures possible on their way thitherwards, organize a small expedition to find the Theosophic community. More than one-half of the 313 pages of the book is devoted to rehearsal of adventures, travel through Arabian villages, the great desert, etc., with a characteristic following of Moors, Arabians, Berbers and others. The author is evidently familiar with the scenes which he portrays so graphically; exciting hunting scenes with lions, wild goats, etc., are given in detail in vigorous pictures. At last they reach the desert oasis at the foot of Mount Atlas, where the theosophical brotherhood abide. It is depicted as a sensible, modern paradise and the beginnings of the most essential part of a story just here are brought in. Beside the chela's, and the mahatmas who figure as lovely, but mystic characters in this part of the book, a female college of women students of occult science is here discovered and the mother superior of the sect, a lovely girl niece of a mahatmas, is found to be the counterpart, according to the Oliphent theory, of one of the party. The outcome is tragic yet fascinating.

The Choice of Books. By Charles F. Richardson. New York: John B. Alden. pp. 208. Price, 36 cents.

This little volume is a cheap yet handsomely bound edition of a work that is full of valuable advice and suggestions as to the choice of reading—what books to read, how much to read, the habit of reading, the art of skipping and thus economizing time, the art of remembering what is read, the use of notebooks, the value and use of libraries, reading clubs, etc., are all discussed in a way to entertain and at the same time to instruct readers of books. Many middle-aged and elderly people who read this book will regret that they did not have the benefit of the author's knowledge and suggestions when they were young.

"Indian Idyls," by an "Idle Exile," is a volume by one who knows India quite as well as does Mr. Kipling, and who also appreciates its value as furnishing material for the romancer as well as he. These "Idyls" are not at all imitative of Mr. Kipling; they are entirely original and have much more of a sentimental interest than his, which will recommend them to women readers. The stories are clever, witty, and have a crispness that is all their own. The book will be published by the Cassell Publishing Company.

MAGAZINES.

The *Westminster Review* for February is a lively and entertaining number. Rev. Walter Lloyd contributes a pungent paper on "Bibliolatory." J. Jessop Teague makes a comparison between Savonarola in history and in fiction. William Robertson has a careful study of China, treating of what he calls a "Far Eastern Question." Jannetta Newton Robinson has a careful and discriminating "Study of Mr. Thomas Hardy." J. Spencer Hill takes up the subject of a "Teaching University for London." R. Seymour Long reviews Lord Roseberry's recent "Life of Pitt," and Joseph J. Davies has a valuable discussion on the question "Is Compulsory Education a Failure?" The number concludes with the usual valuable and timely reviews of current books, a special feature of the *Westminster* and an invaluable guide to the general reader. New York: Leonard Scott Publication Co.

The Season for March is filled with seasonable and pretty designs for ladies' and children's dresses. On plate 916 will be

found very handsome party dresses for young ladies. Fig. 1 is especially beautiful in the arrangement of the ribbon-laced bodice; while the design is new, it has the charm of simplicity and beauty. On plate 917 is a ball toilette. To give anything like a general description of the many handsome toilettes displayed, would cover more space than we can devote to it; we merely glance over, and say a word here and there in praise of its beauty, while we find nothing to condemn. Morning gowns, street, dinner, evening and carriage toilettes are well worth a thorough examination. Yearly subscription, \$3.50. Single copies, 30 cents.

The leading article of the February *Forum* is "Perils of Our National Elections," by ex-Senator Edmunds. The other articles are: "The Choice of Presidential Electors," by the Hon. E. J. Phelps; "The Nicaragua Canal and Commerce," by the Hon. Warner Miller; "The Nicaragua Canal: Its Political Aspects," by Captain W. L. Merry, late President San Francisco Chamber of Commerce; "Our Lake Commerce and Ways to the Sea," by Senator C. K. Davis, of Minnesota; "A Great Domain by Irrigation," by Governor John N. Irwin, of Arizona.

"Vick's Floral Guide" for 1892 is a beauty. It is as usual full of information concerning flowers and vegetables, with numerous rich illustrations, and directions how to select seeds, etc. James Vick's Sons, Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. Andrew D. White will open the March *Popular Science Monthly* with a chapter on "Astronomy" in his "Warfare of Science" series. The strenuous exertions made by both the Catholic and the Protestant clergy to suppress the teachings of Copernicus and Galileo are set forth in this article with such strong evidence as to admit of no denial or shifting of responsibility.

The illustrations to accompany Mr. Henry Van Brunt's authoritative paper in *The Century*, on the architecture of the World's Fair at Chicago, are being prepared with the greatest care, and with the advice and assistance of the architects who are helping in this great work. It is now fully evident that in its housing the coming Fair will be, certainly, the most remarkable ever seen. Mr. Van Brunt's papers will be written from the point of view of the architects, and will describe in a popular way these very striking and interesting buildings.

What will be the issues of the Presidential campaign? They are forecast in the forthcoming (March) number of the *North American Review* by Senator James McMillan of Michigan, Representative Benton McMillan of Tennessee, Senator Frank Hiscock of New York, Representative R. P. Bland of Missouri, Senator Eugene Hale of Maine, Representative W. C. P. Breckinridge of Kentucky and His Excellency, W. R. Merriam, Governor of Minnesota.

The next issue in Cassell's Unknown Library will be "Through The Red-Litten Window and the Old River House," both stories by Theodor Hertz-Garten and both stories of absorbing interest.

Mr. Hamlin Garland, whose book, "Main Traveled Roads," is now attracting wide attention, is the author of a novelette, "Ol' Pap's Flaxen," which will begin in the March *Century* and continue through three numbers. It is a story of the first settlers of Dakota.

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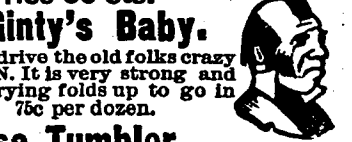


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"In every life something gets crowded out."

Yes, something, surely; yet a mighty truth Lies back of this; that we, ourselves may choose

In greater part the work that we must do, And whether we the best or worst refuse, Determines everything; on this must rest The life, the character by each possessed.

Yet, much is crowded out of every life— Strive as we will, some things are still undone; A friend lies ill; "We'll go to-day," we think; "We'll go before the setting of the sun."

Night comes; 'tis unfulfilled; and morning light Takes her forever from our mortal sight.

And distant friends we hold in memory dear, You send no word of greeting; every hour Is full, it seems, so full of work, we feel

We have no time to write. And thus the lover Of friendship oft is blighted; hearts grow sad, Because we have no time to make them glad.

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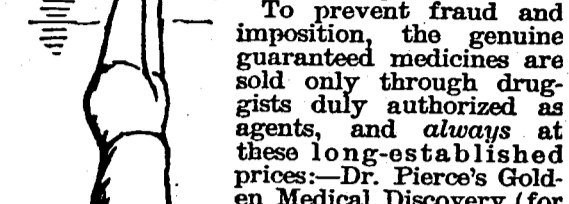
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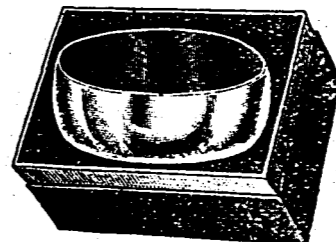
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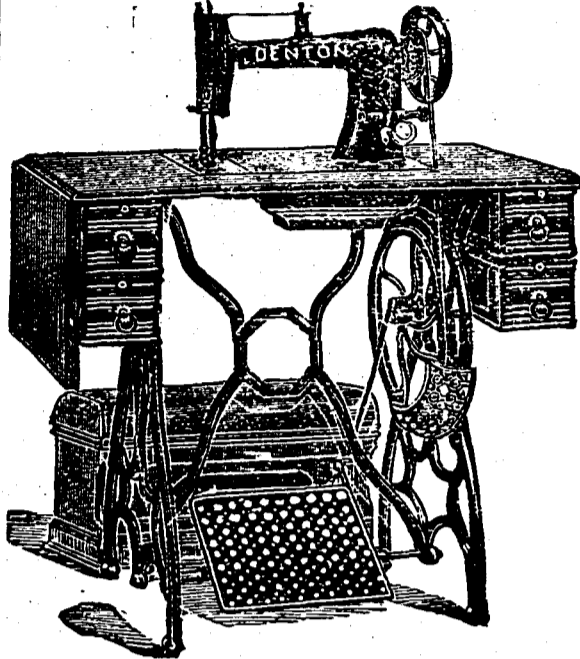
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APPENDIX. This covers eight pages and was not included in the American edition. It is devoted to a brief account of a young medium who under spirit influence wrote poetry of a high order. Extracts from these poetic inspirations are given. The appendix is an interesting and most fitting conclusion of a valuable book. This is the English edition originally published a \$4.00. It is a large book, equal to 600 pages of the average 12mo., and much superior in every way to the American edition published some years ago. Originally published in 1877, it was in advance of its time. Events of the past twelve years have justified the work and proven Mr. Home a true prophet, guide and adviser in a field to which his labor, gifts and noble character have given lustre. 8vo., 412 pages. Price, \$2.00. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

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THE SCREWED SLATES TRICK.

A considerable number of correspondents have requested an explanation of the method by which writing can be produced on the inner surface of one of two slates which are screwed together at each end. The trick can be exemplified orally with neatness and dispatch where the accessories of table, slates, etc., are at hand, but not so easily on paper; however we will try.

First, let it be assumed that one Kolbe, a person who holds himself out to the public as a medium for independent slate-writing, is in town. His fame has preceded him. By many he is looked upon as a wonderful medium, others denounce him as a trickster, still others are in doubt as to his claims. He poses as a sincere and much abused medium and does not vouchsafe an explanation of his methods. His séance room is provided with a plain table covered with a spread, though this drapery is not very essential and in no case must it fall too far over the sides. The table is placed so as to prevent callers conducting their observations from behind Kolbe's chair or to the right of the edge of the table next to him. All this is done in a way not to attract attention. A plain chair for Kolbe, another on the opposite side of table for the

investigator, and possibly several more scattered about the room but facing the table, complete the furnishing.

Now let us presume that Professor Jollbear accompanied by his friend Rabbi Spindler and bent on witnessing for himself some of the wonderful phenomena which friends tell him occur in Kolbe's presence, repairs to the séance room armed with a fee to pay the expense and a pair of slates. He has taken the precaution to wipe them clean and screw them together at each end with honest screws whose threads have been carefully scrutinized before using. He has taken the further precaution to write his name on a bit of paper, tear it in two, and with good hot red wax seal a half of that autograph to the head of each screw. He explains his fraud-proof device to Rabbi Spindler and Mrs. Flouherallyn, who has been met on the way and induced to make one of the company; and all conclude it is indeed a truly crucial thing. Professor Jollbear and party on arriving find their mutual friend Mr. Chaplet there and about to have a séance, but he kindly yields precedence to the college man and his screwed slates, begging only to be permitted the felicity of witnessing the experiment. Medium Kolbe throws in a few pious comments,—he was once a Baptist revivalist—and seats himself for the spirits to draw from. His right side is close to the table. Professor Jollbear sits opposite, and to his rear Rabbi S. and Mrs. F. The medium now enacts the conventional role, asks Prof. J. if it is certain the slates are secure, tells him the "forces are very strong to-day" and then directs him to pass the slates under the table. This done, they are taken by the medium with his right hand and rubbed and slammed against the under side of the table. Immediately Kolbe begins to see and describe spirits, to talk about the large band of invisibles accompanying the party, etc., anything to hold the attention of his visitors. In the meantime his right arm is pressed close to the table. His shoulder remains immovable, but his right hand is busy. It is assisted by the forearm which can swing from the elbow-joint freely and without visible disturbance of the upper arm and shoulder. The faithful right hand brings the slates down to the chair, where by slightly raising and crooking his right leg Kolbe secures them by one corner between his thigh and chair, with the left edges of the frames near the outer corner pressing against the calf of his leg. If need be his right hand can now rub the under side of the table to keep up the illusion, but such is the wrapt attention of his visitors to his descriptions and spirit impressions that his hand is left to its more important task, and takes from a specially made pocket in his trousers a wooden wedge about four or five inches long and inserts it between the slate frames. (Care has been taken not to have this wedge of a kind that will splinter or indent the slate frames.) Having sprung the frames apart sufficient for the purpose, the hand goes back to the pocket and secures a small but stiff metal tube, in the end of which a pencil is firmly secured. This he readily inserts between the slates and making some extra demonstration with his left hand or tongue to further divert attention he writes on the under slate:

"Universalism is true.

"JOHN MURRAY."

Quickly returning wedge and pencil to pocket, Kolbe grasps the slates, brings them up and in contact again with under side of table. Then something like the following conversation ensues:

Kolbe.—"Have you observed with what unceasing persistence the spirits have kept rubbing the slates against the table? You may think I do it, but I don't. I can't hold my hand still."

Prof. J.—Yes, I have noticed they keep moving. I don't see when there is to be a chance to write. I fear we may not secure any writing."

Mrs. Flouherallyn.—"Yes, Rabbi Spindler and I were just commenting upon the continued disorderly conduct of the forces, I do hope we may succeed yet."

Kolbe.—"Have patience friends. Of course I can promise nothing, but my guide has just told me you bring such a tremendous influence with you that it is hard for him to prepare the machinery so it can be used by any of the illustrious spirits. Why, the room seems full of ministers and learned men of past generations. Now my dear Hokopoko,—that's my guide's name—do try and make it possible for one of—why they are writing now, don't you hear it? Any way it sounds like writing."

Whereupon all listen and hear a grating sound like writing with a pencil, and meanwhile Kolbe's finger nail is very busy. The medium now announces that the influences have departed. He is greatly exhausted by this crucial experiment and doesn't know or care whether there is any writing between the slates. Any way they must not open them on his premises, for to do so would raise a suspicion in the American Phyzze Society when the case was reported.

Professor Jollbear, Rabbi Spindler and Madam Flouherallyn hasten to a convenient place, where Prof. J. with care removes his seals, examines them with a glass, then takes out the screws and weighs them on jewelers' scales. Having convinced himself and his co-researchers that the seals and screws have not been tampered with or changed, they all resolve that if there is writing inside it was done independent of physical contact on the part of the medium. Then with trembling hand and intense expectancy the final act is performed, and the message stands forth. With feelings in which awe, joy and self-satisfaction are mixed in equal proportions they forthwith resolve to send medium Kolbe a garland of rare flowers, and herald the success of their experiment to the savages and skeptics of the outside world and even to allow Spiritualist papers to spread the astounding feat before their readers.

With various modifications and adaptations suited to the personnel and circumstances of the séance the foregoing contains the secret of the way the trick is worked. A little practice, supported by audacity and ready wit will enable one to perform the feat free from danger of detection by the average observer whose suspicions have not been keenly aroused. Even when suspicion creates a doubt of the bona fides of the exhibit, the method of its performance will still remain a mystery.

The lesson we desire to emphasize is this: (1.) A phenomenon that can be rationally accounted for by physical agencies should not be ascribed to psychical. (2.) Investigators and Spiritualists should be very cautious in affirming and publishing results of experiments or experiences. (3.) Some so-called Spiritualists are constantly decrying faith, exalting knowledge and ridiculing as myths the claims of various sects. Let them be thoroughly consistent, asking no one—not even those of their own school—to take their assertions on faith, or to believe in a particular medium because they do. (4.) In the study of psychical manifestations and the phenomena of Spiritualism, hold rigidly to the same poise of mind and alertness of intellect that usually characterizes the every-day pursuits of this world. (5.) Physical phenomena can be cognized only by the exercise of the physical senses, hence these senses should have full sweep and every advantage in the investigation; and in so far as they do not have free play,

to that extent is the testimony weakened in its evidential value.

That writing on slates, paper and other surfaces by intelligences not embodied in mortal form and independent of contact with the medium has often occurred we have no doubt. We have had personal experiences which reinforce the competent evidence of others.

PSYCHICAL NOT PSYCHIC.

To avoid confusion it would be much better to use the word psychic only as a noun, never as an adjective. Psychic is often used to designate a sensitive or a medium. Before the finer distinctions required at the present day the word psychic and psychical were put down in dictionaries only as adjectives, and synonymous. They are not now synonymous and should not be loosely and carelessly made so. Psychical science is slowly evolving a nomenclature of its own and those who write or investigate in this field should help in the work of perfecting its terminology.

A CANDID PAPER.

We take pleasure in speaking of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, by John C. Bundy, 92 LaSalle street, Chicago, as an able, candid paper. It is usually called a Spiritualist publication, yet no paper is more unrelenting in the exposition of mediumistic humbugs, and all that sort of thing, than Col. Bundy.

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Indeed, this work is revolutionizing metaphysics and discovering a scientific basis of being. One may, from prejudice or bigotry, refuse to give it attention, but like the science of electricity it will push its light and power into the notice of all men, as sure as time moves.

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