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

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

"MIRACLES AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM," by Alfred Russell Wallace, has been translated into French and is favorably reviewed by Rouxel in *Revue Spirite*.

All the notables seem to be drifting into literature says an exchange. Books are now threatened by Langtry, Patti, Mary Anderson Navarro and Bernhard. The fashion seems to have been set by the self constituted censor of "society" eligibility, Ward McAllister.

REV. MR. LENTZ of the Catholic church and Rev. Mr. Pender of the Methodist church at Bement, Iowa, have been in a controversy in the Bement *Register* over their religious beliefs and practices. The language used by both disputants in some of the articles has been so indecent that a petition has been made to exclude the *Register* from the United States mails. Teachers of religion and morals should not allow the spirit of sectarianism to triumph over regard for the common proprieties and decencies of life.

REV. JOSEPH COOK is "down on" Unitarianism, Universalism and the Andover theology. Referring to some of his recent utterances, the *Banner of Light* says: The one and only Joseph Cook finally told his hearers there was too much belief in Boston in a heaven that is topless, and too little belief in a hell that is bottomless. What he seems to want is a smaller heaven and a bigger hell. What a pleasant companion and friend he would make to spend an eternity with in heaven! The spiritual in his case is the uncomfortable.

SAYS the *Investigator*: "We hardly dare allow the imagination the full freedom of this thought. Only think of it! Those souls saved that the priest cursed and the church damned! No wonder there is opposition to this new departure. Perhaps by this time Voltaire is the bosom friend of St. Peter, and Paine and Jonathan Edwards are walking arm-in-arm over the golden pavements of heaven! Why! the very possibility of such a thing as salvation after death sends the cold chills down the spine of orthodoxy and makes its hair stand on end." Yes, that was true of the orthodoxy of a generation or two ago, but the heterodoxy of one age becomes the orthodoxy of a later age. About the only persons, whom "the very possibility of such a thing as salvation after death sends the cold chills down the spine of" nowadays are those who imagine that their craft is in danger if the contrary doctrine is not maintained.

WITHIN a year it is stated the first long-distance telephone line will be completed between Chicago and New York. Before then it is expected that every one of the more than 8,000 telephones in Chicago will be replaced with copper metallic circuit instruments, by the use of which any sound can be transmitted for thousands of miles with perfect distinctness. These improvements will cost the American Bell Telephone company and its auxiliary corporations several millions of dollars. The work of building the first line from New York across the continent was begun

several months ago. Without following the route of any railroad the line has been built straight across the country over the Alleghenies and across rivers. Its western terminus is now at Cleveland, from which point it will be pushed rapidly westward to Chicago and beyond. Another transcontinental line is projected, and in fact already begun, which will pass through Pittsburg and reach Chicago by another route. These great trunk routes are but two of the lines by means of which the Bell company intends to bind together all the great cities of the country in a web of telephone wires.

PROFESSOR OLIVER J. LODGE thinks electricity is a mode of manifestation of the ether, that strange medium which is supposed to pervade all space and to carry light from sun to planet and from star to star, says the *Youth's Companion*. Professor Crookes says that in a single cubic foot of the ether, in which the earth is submerged, 10,000 foot tons of energy—that is, force enough to lift 10,000 tons one foot—lie imprisoned only awaiting the magic touch of science to be loosed for the service of man. Professor Nicholas Tesla has already succeeded in producing in a room an electrostatic field, into which if a glass tube exhausted of air is carried, the tube will glow with light and illuminate the room like a lamp. It now appears, as Professor Crookes says, that "A true flame can be produced without chemical aid—a flame which yields light and heat without the consumption of material and without any chemical process." Those who have studied the chemistry of the candle will appreciate what this means. To telegraph without wires, to get light without heat, to make solid walls in effect transparent—such are some of the strange possibilities after which students of electricity may now strive with fair hopes of success.

THE following narrative of remarkable phenomena is given by a Gallipolis, (O.) correspondent: David Flickenger, a wealthy farmer residing four miles back of Thurman, a hamlet sixteen miles north of this city, astonished the people on Cox Corner yesterday afternoon. Mr. Flickenger is an intelligent man, about fifty-eight years of age. About two weeks ago he began to inquire into a case of Spiritualism he had at his residence. For several nights he had been frightened while at home by the ghostly form of his brother, who died five years ago last week. This Spiritualistic visitor would stand at his sitting room door like a marble statue, would not converse, and would disappear in a few moments after his arrival, as mysteriously as he came. On one particular night after having been around the house and unable to find any trace, he was astonished when he entered his sitting room to see the ghostly form of his brother standing at his children's black-board writing. Mr. Flickenger was frightened for a few minutes, but when he had fully recovered, the form of his brother had vanished, having written on the black-board "John Flickenger," his dead brother's name. Instead of relating these peculiar occurrences to his neighbors he invited them over to his residence the next evening. The ghostly visitor with a companion, called about nine o'clock on that particular evening. The amazed assemblage was greeted in a courteous manner, the visitors standing in the door conversing in audible tones for several mo-

ments, then they vanished. Mr. Flickenger said a number of other persons came and went the same evening, but only one form was recognized, and that was his dead brother's. Said Mr. Flickenger: "I am a gray-headed man, and I never have seen such wonderful incidents before. I never did believe in ghosts and Spiritualism, but in the last two weeks I have become an ardent believer." Mr. Flickenger did not care about giving his name for publication, but was finally induced to do so. His statement was corroborated by a companion, who was standing near.

Most characteristic of the state of religious feeling in Germany is the discussion which has followed upon the publication of a brochure entitled "Ernste Gedanken," says the *Independent*. Within a few months more than sixty thousand copies had been sold, and fully fifty replies and further discussions have been called out by the work, not a few of them from men prominent in the church, the university and the state. The author is M. von Egidy, a major in the Saxon Corps. He proposes radical changes in the Protestant church, urging a revision of the creed in conformity with the naturalistic philosophy and tendency of the times, and a semi-socialistic reconstruction of the congregation and of society. The advanced views of the author have cost him his position in the army. The Saxon government, notwithstanding the fact that the King and his family are Catholics, is in the hands of very conservative Protestants.

LIEUTENANT TOTTEN, who is detailed from the United States army to give military instruction in the Sheffield School of Yale College and hence enjoys the prestige of being known as a "Yale College professor" has acquired notoriety by predictions that the end of the world is near at hand. His predictions are based on scriptural grounds and signs in the heavens. For the most part Totten's nonsense is dismissed from consideration with a good natured smile or with indifference or contempt. Yet there is a class of people really impressed with what Totten says. Referring to the Millerite excitement that culminated in 1843-4, when it was believed by tens of thousands that with absolute certainty derived from Holy Writ the day of judgment would come in the autumn of one or the other of those years, the *New York Press* says: Adventism may be said to have reached its high water mark at that period. Never since that time has there been anything like a general agreement of Second Adventists upon an exact date. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that such ideas have died out. There are people in considerable numbers who take Lieutenant Totten and all of his class seriously. Even in cultured Boston, a couple of weeks ago, "a Yale professor" addressed a great audience that gathered in one of the city's largest halls to hear what he had to say about "The Star in the East." It was evident that a majority of the audience came to learn and not to laugh; to learn, that is, wherein his Milleritish views agreed with or differed from those of other workers in the same field; and this from a standpoint of general sympathy. Of course the audience did not in any sense represent the foremost intellectual life of Boston, but that so many people could be got together in such a place to hearken to such a lecture is a curiously significant circumstance.

FLORENCE MARRYAT'S TESTIMONY.*

Mr. Fred Haslam writes: "Have you read Florence Marryat's book 'There is No Death'? if so the Brooklyn people would like to have your criticism on it."

The book is interesting as is all that comes from the pen of this gifted and versatile writer; but it is not written for critical people, nor those who measure such accounts with the gauge required by science. On the opening page she says: "..... I intend to confine myself to recording facts. I do not expect to be disbelieved, except by such as are capable of deception themselves. They—conscious of their own infirmity—invariably believe that other people must be telling lies." That other people may credit her with perfect good faith and a desire to be truthful, and yet not accept her testimony as evidence because they fear she has been deceived in some things, does not seem possible to the writer; and she hastens to brand all who disbelieve, as natural born liars. The talented story-teller clearly shows before the first three pages are past that, great as are her abilities, she is wholly free from anything like a judicial and logical attitude, and is a stranger to scientific instincts.

She is "delighted to be able to record the fact" that her father was "not only a believer in ghosts but a ghost-seer." And she adds that perhaps she inherits the gift from him. A not unlikely supposition. Certainly she inherits in some degree his facility in dressing up facts. Readers of Captain Marryat's inimitable sea tales "Mr. Midshipman Easy," "The Pirate and The Three Cutters," etc., and his fascinating fictions, "The Pacha of Many Tales," "Japhet in Search of a Father," "Peter Simple," and particularly of "Snarley-Yow, or the Dog Fiend," will be quite prepared to believe his daughter when she says of his writings, "There is scarcely a line of fiction in them"; and by the same token to accept as literally true all she sets down as "facts" in her work now under consideration. Here is a quotation which gives additional weight to the accuracy of the book. Florence Marryat it should be remembered is a Catholic. Speaking of her beginnings in observing spirit phenomena, she naively writes: "Whether my Catholic acquaintances had received permission to attend sances or not was no concern of mine, but I took good care to procure it for myself. My director at that time was Father Dalgairn, of the Oratory of Brompton, and it was to him I took my difficulty. I was a very constant press writer and reviewer, and to be unable to attend and report on spiritualistic meetings would have seriously militated against my professional interests. I represented this to the Father, and (although under protest) I received his permission to pursue the research in the cause of science." O, Science! Thou star-eyed goddess! what a vast amount of press writing and reviewing has been inspired by thee. What a bewildering display would it make could all the "pot-boilers" built in thy name be gathered at the World's Columbian Exposition!

Florence Marryat is not only a talented and skillful story-teller, but a natural detective as well, if the ability to "spot" people she has never seen, with only the aid of a rather general description, is evidence of this gift. In 1874, according to her book, she "received an order from one of the principal newspapers in town (London) to go and have a complimentary sance" with Lottie Fowler. Lottie was controlled by "Annie, who had been a German girl in earth life." During the sance the following conversation took place: "You will be married a second time," declared Annie. "You will marry another soldier." "No thank you," exclaimed the reporter, "No more army men for me. I've had enough of soldiers to last me a life time." Annie looked very grave and reiterated, "You will marry another soldier. He is very tall and big, and has brown hair cut quite short, but so soft and shiny. At the back of his head he looks as sleek as a mole. He has a broad face, a pleasant smiling face, and when he laughs he shows very white teeth. I see him knocking at your door. He says, 'Is Mrs. Ross-Church at home?' 'Yes, sir.' Then he

goes into a room full of books. 'Florence, my wife is dead. Will you be my wife?' And you say 'Yes.'" Three years after this sance Mrs. Ross-Church was traveling on the cars. The train stopped to water at Chatham. "On the platform stood Colonel Lean, in uniform, talking to some friends," writes the gifted English woman. "I had never set eyes on him till that moment; but I at once said to Mr. Grossmith, 'Do you see that officer in undress uniform? That is the man Lottie Fowler told me I should marry.'" Two years afterward Colonel Lean and Mrs. Ross-Church, whose pen name is Florence Marryat, were married.

Florence Marryat finally came to America. Here she seems to have had very wonderful spiritistic experiences; and had she omitted the names of the mediums her testimony would have far more weight. Unfortunately for the value of her evidence, most of the American mediums mentioned by her have the reputation of being tricksters. However, the book is very readable; and scattered through its pages are many incidents not open to any reasonable doubt or suspicion. The confirmed spiritist will find nothing in it that might not have happened. That the narrative is well dressed and shows the handiwork of an artist is nothing against it, in the eyes of the public. Our only word of caution is that it must not as a whole be offered in evidence in any critical examination of the claims of the phenomena Spiritualism.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE OF THE CATACOMBS.

A worthy woman sixty-six years old, Madame Boll, says a contributor to *La Revue Spirite* for February, who lives in a small room on the ground floor of 38 Rue Du Coudelic, has been thoroughly terrified by the events which have recently taken place at her house. Furniture, glass, dishes, tables, globes, and other objects have been broken, thrown down on the floor with an infernal noise while along the wall as it has seemed a shower of sand has been flowing.

Madame Boll has been living with two orphans whom she took to bring up, a little boy of twelve and a little girl of fourteen. Sunday evening, while she was awaiting the return of the children who were at the theatre, she turned quickly around on hearing the sound of broken glass. It was a water pitcher which had just been broken into fragments. She had no time to rise to examine the cause of the breaking before a bowl on the table described the arc of a circle and was broken in the room. Then there occurred a wild dance of the dishes and glass ware. A globe under which Madame Boll used to keep carefully the garland of orange flowers, which she wore on her marriage, was broken into four pieces. The petroleum lamp was broken with a dull sound. Being now thoroughly alarmed she called for help. A neighbor, Madame Bertha Muller, immediately came with M. Gueneur an optical instrument maker who lives in the apartment over that of Madame Boll. The phenomena having at that time ceased, these people gave little credit to the story told them. They believed that the tenant of the ground floor had gone crazy suddenly. But in a moment two engravings in frames under glass, hanging on the walls fell; a vessel came from the open washstand darting out into the room and was broken near the entrance door. Amazed, M. Gueneur tried to fathom the mystery. He sounded the walls, opened the cupboards, examined the floor. Nothing! All being restored to order, Madame Boll went to bed trembling, and a part of the night passed without incident.

The adopted son of the old lady went to bed likewise. About three o'clock in the morning he was awakened by the noise of breaking glass. He rose and lighted a taper and discovered that the copper ball of his iron bedstead had been removed, thrown through the glass portion of the entrance door and alighted near the pump in the court. In consequence of this phenomenon Madame Boll concluded to call in the commissary of police in the morning. He like the rest began to laugh and asked her if she was not subject to hallucinations.

Nevertheless upon the clear statements of Madame Boll he betook himself to 38 Rue Coudelic. He had no difficulty in assuring himself of the truth of the story

of the devastation which had been produced. For his benefit the phenomena were reproduced before him. He had to prevent a cupboard of dishes and glass ware from falling; he was present when a dance of the chairs and tables took place which seemed to be moved by an electric machine. Better than all this. The commissary had closed the door behind him and it was impossible for him to open it and he was compelled to go out through the window. These facts were confirmed by several persons whose names are given in *La Revue Spirite*. The alarm on the commode took its own time to go off. Set for six o'clock it commenced going at four o'clock in the afternoon and struck six. To this communication the editor of the *Revue* makes a note to the effect that the groups of spiritists are too excitable, rush pell-mell—evoke the spirits, attempt to make investigations without any method and so do not obtain any results of scientific value. He adds: "The spirits, our guides, do not occasion these phenomena for spiritists; they above all things want to invite the sceptics to investigate the truth of these matters. Let us leave the materialists to make for themselves a satisfactory investigation on this subject without our too zealous and too interested intervention which destroys free research."

BOEHME'S METHOD.

Boehme taught that man has an interior life as well as an external life, that from the former springs in the spiritually awakened mind the power to perceive spiritual things. The soul that can see only through the outward mirror of the eye is in darkness when that mirror is broken; and they who are immersed in merely material pursuits and pleasures cannot know anything of the inner life and of the things that belong to the spirit. Man, depending entirely upon his external perceptions, and having neither belief nor confidence in anything except what he sees with his bodily eyes, knows only that which he sees with those eyes and is not aware that there is anything superior to that. And philosophizing about God with the external reason yields no satisfactory results. "Natural man knows nothing about the mystery of the kingdom of God, because he is outside and not within the state of divinity, as is daily proved by the action of the philosophisers who are disputing about the attributes and the will of God, and who nevertheless do not know God, because they do not listen to the word of God within their own souls."

Intellectual reasoning, as well as the observation of natural phenomena, is useful in scientific investigations, but not the means by which spiritual knowledge is acquired; spiritual truths cannot be even intellectually explained; they must be intuitively perceived. The true understanding must come "from the interior fountain and enter the mind from the living Word of God within the soul." If the divine spirit in man is awakened it knows all things by the knowledge of itself because "heaven and earth with all their inhabitants and moreover God himself, is in man whose spiritual substance is not limited by the form of the body, for it is a spark of the light and power of the Divine." This divine essence awakened to consciousness in man knows God and the truths of spiritual life by the knowledge of itself. "As the eye of man reaches the stars wherefrom it has its primitive origin, likewise the soul penetrates and sees even with the divine state of being wherein she lives." Not by reading books, not by observing material objects and their relations, not by intellectual speculation but by arousing the higher consciousness is absolute truth realized. This is accomplished by overcoming the self-will, "by desisting from thinking and feeling with your own personal selfhood; then will the internal hearing, seeing and speaking become revealed to you, and God will see and hear and perceive through you."

By surrendering his will wholly to God, in supreme renunciation man enters the divine union with Christ so that he sees God and thus knows what is his will and word, "There are many things undoubtedly that may be investigated in a spirit of selfishness, but the conception thus formed by the mind is merely an external appearance, and there is no understanding

*"There is No Death." By Florence Marryat. 265 pages. Paper covers. New York: John W. Lovell Company. Price, 50 cents.

of the essential foundation." The selfish, willing thought of man being limited cannot conceive the universal will of God because, it is not one with the spirit of God, and cannot understand its own self. When man steps out of his own selfish desires, the spirit of God takes a living form within him and "ignites the soul with its flame of divine love." When by means of Christ—Eternal Light and Truth—man becomes regenerated and at one with God, he receives true knowledge of the divine world wherein he dwells. "The world of the angels is easier and more clearly comprehensible to the regenerated man than the terrestrial world. He also sees into heaven and beholds God and eternity." He whose soul rises to the mountain tops of true faith, above the clouds of selfish aims, idle speculation and conflicting theories,—to him will the divine light come without effort on his part as the light of the sun unasked shines upon the earth. Though all human beings have the capacity of seeing the divine image that exists within themselves, but few comparatively can be constrained to give up their selfish desires and their self will and submit in humility to the Divine will so that the truth can manifest itself in them without being distorted by their external lives.

Boehme in giving his spiritual experiences says that he had to overcome illusions and mistakes before he could realize that the universal God and the God within the heart were one, and that his own personality was merely one of millions of similar instruments through which God was manifesting his power. After many struggles and much sorrow, Boehme says, "The door was opened to me, so that in a quarter of an hour I saw and learned more than if I had studied for many years at the universities." He says "I am not a master of literature nor of art, such as belong to the world, but a foolish and simple-minded man. I have never desired to learn any science, but from early youth I strove after the salvation of my soul and thought how I might inherit or possess the kingdom of heaven. . . . Now while I was wrestling and battling, being aided by God, a wonderful light arose within my soul. It was a light entirely foreign to my unruly nature, but in it I recognized the true nature of God and man, and the relation existing between them; a thing which heretofore I had never understood, and for which I would never have sought." He says that his writings are "those of a child in which the Supreme has manifested his power. There is in them so much that no kind or amount of argumentation and reasoning can comprehend or grasp it; but to those that are illumined by the Spirit then understanding is easy and merely child's play."

Boehme's honesty and truthfulness as well as his exalted spiritual nature are beyond question; yet he wrote, "I say it before God and testify before his judgment seat where everything must appear that I in my human self do not know what I shall have to write, but whenever I am writing the Spirit dictates to me what to write and shows me all in such wonderful clearness, that I often do not know whether or not I am with my consciousness in this world." In one of his letters he says: "I might sometimes perhaps write more elegantly and in a better style, but the fire burning within me is driving me on. My hand and my pen must then seek to follow the thoughts as well as they can. The inspiration comes like a shower, that which I catch I have. If it were possible to grasp and describe all that I perceive, then would my writings be more explicit."

Thus it will be seen that Boehme's method did not consist in the exercise of the reasoning intellect, but in kindling the divine light within his own soul, by interior illumination.

The substance of the philosophy which Boehme taught will be the subject of another editorial.

THE CATHOLIC POPULATION.

THE total Catholic population of the United States, according to Hoffman's Catholic Directory, for 1892, is 8,647,221. The number found by the United States census of 1890 was 6,250,045. It should be said in this connection that Roman Catholic statistics are not obtained by actual count but always estimated. Thus,

a Catholic priest, not satisfied with the above figures, makes an estimate for the New York Sun which makes the Catholic population of the country 20,000,000. The *Catholic Review* tries its hand at estimating, and arrives at a similar result by a different process. It divides the Catholic population of the United States into two classes, namely, "good Catholics, or those who lead a moral life and conform to the laws and usages of the Catholic church; and bad Catholics, or indifferent Catholics, those who, while believing in the truth of the Catholic religion, yet lead a more or less immoral or careless life, and who neglect or ignore the sacraments, and in general the practice of piety." This authority says that there are in the United States about 8,000,000 good Catholics, including their little children, and proceeds after this fashion: "If, then, to these be added the bad or indifferent Catholics, who unfortunately outnumber the good Catholics—for though many be called few are chosen—there will appear at the very least 20,000,000 Catholics in the United States." Of these extravagant figures the New York Christian Advocate critically remarks: Thousands who are included in the Catholic estimate of their population never take communion or attend their churches, and many of them are in other denominations. The figures in Hoffman's Directory represent wild guesses, upon which little reliance can be placed, and sensible people can judge concerning the still more extravagant claims so frequently made.

BLUCHER'S DREAM.

One of the most terrible and pathetic stories of warnings by dreams, says a writer, is told by the biographers of the great military hero, Field Marshal Blucher. Some months after the battle of Waterloo Blucher retired to the solitude of his country estate, and when invited to the palace of the king of Prussia declined the honor. The king then went to see his favorite general and found him in great distress. He told the monarch how, while a youth, he had served with the Swedish army, but having been taken prisoner by the Prussians could only get leave to visit his parents on condition of accepting a commission in the Prussian army. When he knocked at the door of his father's house there came no answer. He burst it open and hurried through the corridors to the reception-room, where he found his father, mother and sisters all in deep mourning. His father repelled his advances with indignation, while mother and sisters shrank from his embraces. Finally he knelt at his mother's knee, but at the first touch of his hand the dress fell and he found that he held a skeleton in his arms. There was a shout of derision as the whole company vanished into space. "Three months ago, sire," said Blucher, "I had a dream in which that old scene was exactly reproduced. All the members of my family said: 'We will meet again on the 11th of August.' This is the—" The old man leaned back in his chair, and as the king looked upon his general he saw that he was dead.

ONE of the commonest ways in which the confidence of the public is secured and also violated is in the presence on boards of control of directors who do not direct, of managers who do not manage, says the *Christian Register*. It is an evil common in both commercial and charitable enterprises. The directorship of a prominent bank is made up largely of conspicuous names, with the special object of securing public confidence. When the bank goes to pieces, as has happened in cases too recent to be forgotten, the excuse of some of the directors is that they have trusted to the president and a few of their associates, and formally or tacitly ratified their acts without paying much attention to what they were doing. This form of negligence is much more common, however, on boards of charity. Prominent names are secured mainly to obtain subscriptions from a confiding public. Some thus named never attend a directors' meeting, and know nothing from personal inspection of the institutions they represent. A complaint was recently made to a director of a charitable institution concerning various features of its management. The director

was obliged to confess that he had never visited the building. Mr. Andrew Carnegie in a recent lecture said that the *Charity Organization Magazine* of New York gives a list of no less than twenty-three fraudulent charity organizations in that city, all of which are maintained by wealthy people too indifferent to examine, too careless to weigh, whether they are not promoting evil and discouraging what is good. It is not possible for every one personally to investigate institutions whose claims for gifts are presented; but when men and women allow their names to be advertised as directors or managers of institutions concerning whose administration they are utterly ignorant, they become silent accomplices in fraud or negligence, and abuse the confidence of the public.

FROM the side of religion many protests have been made against the present system of popular education, says the editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*. The clergy of the different churches cannot help thinking that at least the more important doctrines of the Christian faith should be officially taught; and they draw most discouraging pictures of what the moral future of the youth of this country will be if their counsels are not heeded. All sound and successful moral teaching, they contend, must repose upon a basis of theology, and to confine ethical teaching to the region of the natural is to deprive it of all warrant, of all authority, of all coercive power. If these views are correct, it would be difficult to see how the weakness of our schools on the moral side could ever be remedied; for nothing is more certain than that any attempt to teach theology in them would be a predestined failure. The people (or some people) will pay for theology in the pulpit, but they are not willing to pay for it in the schools, and have shown in most unmistakable ways that they do not want it there. The question, then, is: Shall all attempts at moral teaching in the public schools be abandoned, seeing that it cannot be administered as an adjunct of theology; or shall a brave effort be made to give it an independent status of its own and a fair chance to show what it can accomplish when conducted on purely natural lines?

THOSE who look upon Japan as a country far behind the Western world in matters of education should read the report of the Minister of Education for Japan, says the *Inter Ocean*. The elementary schools of the empire are under the control of local authorities and supported by local taxation. Tuition fees are charged to children attending these schools, but these may be remitted for indigence, and apparently more than one-third of the scholars pay nothing. These fees amount to only one-fourth of the total revenue of the schools. The school age is the period of eight years, between the sixth and fourteenth years of age, and attendance is obligatory. There are over 28,000 of these schools controlled by local authorities, with 72,000 teachers and 3,144,000 scholars. The teachers are forbidden to use corporal punishment and they are pensioned when they have given so many years of service. The annual expense of these schools is about \$7,000,000. There higher education is not yet developed but the Imperial University is taking a high standard and may in time rank with European and American universities.

THOSE who really belong to the spirit, their spiritual relatives will be such also in that world, says Light. There are relationships on earth, which leave the spiritual being untouched; they are cold, and do not reach to the real inner life of the person. We often meet in one family brothers of such different natures that they seem to have nothing in common; there is no sympathy of soul between them, and even when they are parted for a long time, each will go his own way, careless of the fate of the other. These, then, are not brothers in the spiritual sense; there is no real relationship existing between them, and they will claim none in the other world. Each will find his relations and spiritual friends, with whom he will associate and who will be dear to him.



AN EXCURSION INTO SPIRIT REALMS.

By DR. HANS BARTLE.

[From the "Berliner Tageblatt," Dec. 21., 1891.—Two Sittings With Lombroso's Medium.]

Since Professor Lombroso has published his observations about Spiritual Phenomena, or as he says, "facts," the interest in the demonstrations of the "psychical force," converted into "operating force," has perceptibly increased in the scientific circles of Italy. Especially are investigations most jealously carried on by the Italian psychists, with Lombroso's medium, Eusapia Palladino, who is not to be confounded with Valesda Töpfer and similar sharpers. The experiments are to be still further continued in Rome or Turin in the presence of Lombroso himself and his principal scholars. But before further results of the interesting attempt to deal with a still unknown power of nature are brought into great publicity, it may perhaps be of interest for many of our readers to accompany the writer of this to two sittings with the celebrated Eusapia. The first of the sittings took place on the evening of November 19th, at half past nine o'clock, in the dining room at the house of a highly esteemed engineer with whom we were acquainted, and who also took part in the sittings with Lombroso.

The room was over fourteen and one-half feet high, furnished with no sort of contrivances, and contained only a broad, four-cornered dining table by the wall, a round table in the middle of the room, and farther away, chairs, etagères, etc.—all these objects besides were at least five feet distant from the four-cornered experiment table. The apartment was lighted by a brightly burning hanging-lamp. Before the sitting began the adjoining apartments were most carefully examined by us and all the doors locked.

There were present, together with the medium, a Neapolitan from the people, about thirty-five years old, sitting on the right at the upper end of the table, and the following persons: the owner of the house, Chevalier Ciolfi, Messieurs Cavalli, Calandra, Banker Hirsch (representative of the firm of Rothschild); R. de Fiori (representative of the "Neue Fr. Presse"), and the representative of the "Berliner Tageblatt," Dr. Bartle, writer of this article. In order to prevent any chance of fraud, we held the medium firmly by the hands, and the feet of Messrs. Fiori and Hirsch rested upon the feet of the medium; so we Germans held the Italian gentlemen tightly by the hand, and, in addition, bound firmly together the left and right hands of Messrs. Calandra and Cavalli, gentlemen personally unknown to us, who sat next to each other and who we consequently held by only one hand.

Scarcely had we seated ourselves about the table in the clear lamp-light, when the medium began to fall into spasms and the table commenced revolving and rolling motions, which raised it, always in the light and with most complete watchfulness on our part, to a quiet poise at a height of from five to six and one-half feet—a position in which the table remained for a while without any visible mechanical aid, and then quietly let itself down again to earth. The exceedingly peculiar spectacle of the balloon-like soaring of the table, upon which the medium very lightly held her finger tips, repeated itself several times and up to different heights; and now, indeed, the table sank down slowly under the mysterious nerve-fluid—as Lombroso explains—now it rushed down with a loud crash.

Further phenomena took place in a dim light, when and almost immediately such a mass of very different, quite inexplicable effects occurred that it is scarcely possible to preserve their chronological order. Scarcely was the light dimmed when some little flames darted over the table; then still more; finally a whole shower of little lights, ascending and descending and glimmering through one another, which soon

filled the whole apartment; at the same time delicate hands, large and small, completely finished in every joint, touched those present on back, shoulders, hair and beard; out of the table resounded muffled strokes, and other sounds were made upon it like powerful blows of a hammer, while similar sounds were also immediately audible everywhere on the walls, and indeed at our request in any determined number or on any determined part of the ceiling. Now the whole room seemed to be filled with "spooks." Now something tottered out from the corner towards the medium, then, as if panting from the weakness of age, a venerable arm-chair lifted itself slowly over our backs upon the table, without a human hand being visible to move it. Now canes, bells, musical instruments, flew through the air and struck the ceiling, keeping time or gently touched the heads of those present. Now, finally, mysterious, luminous hands teasingly drew away the chair from one of sitters—a true witch festival. If only ham bones and frying pans had whirled with them, the "Spook of Resaw" would have been re-enacted.

One of the most interesting episodes of the sitting was surely this: when a soft hand drew the watch gently from the vest pocket of the writer, first laid it upon the table with a suddenly illuminated face, and then bore it up to the ceiling there to wind it up noisily and to open and shut the case repeatedly. Then the watch came floating down again as was plainly seen without support, and at request was pressed against the mouth, forehead or ear of the sitters. But with these the mysterious tricks of John King, by this name the medium personated her control, were not yet at an end. For instance, at the wish of the writer, a hand completely formed but as delicate as down, drew some change out of his pocket, clinked it upon the table as if in counting, to return it carefully to its place a little later without a centime missing. To another sitter who openly greatly annoyed the good John King with his poor jokes was dealt a quite incredible punishment. The spirit hand took from the portfolio of one of the sitters a few cigarettes and stuck them in the mouth of the scoffer, seated at the other end of the table. During all these phenomena there was enough light for close observation on the part of every sitter.

From the endless abundance of unexplainable occurrences which followed each other unceasingly, often indeed, taking place at the same time in different parts of the room and over the heads of those present, we select only a few. Thus upon the suggestion of a sitter, tables and chairs together and in strict time, began to drum a march with their legs, with tambourine accompaniment following in the air, while at the same time continued the play of the mysterious hands, of the canes hovering about, and of the tugging at the chairs. We also heard several times high up in the air the clapping of hands, a surprising effect. But the most interesting was doubtless the following experiment which was quite startling; After the so-called intelligence had so energetically defended his right to existence by the immediate fulfillment of every, even mental, order of ours, banker Hirsch made this strange request in Italian "to summon a dead person lying in the graveyard in Naples;" if this was possible the spirit was immediately to make known his willingness to do so by ringing the bell and by a stroke upon the table. Immediately the bell with a clear ring swung itself up into the air, like a little bird, while a resounding thump was heard from the middle of the table. Then there was silence for a few minutes, until suddenly behind Mr. Hirsch, who sat with his back to the wall and, with his neighbor on the right, held the medium firmly, was heard a light fumbling and rustling. Upon Hirsch's request *Si c'est toi donne moi une signe*, (if it is you, give me a sign) all heard the slow, lingering, gentle stroking of a hand over Hirsch's shoulders and face and the medium lying in a trance immediately said, "It is a lady—a young lady." With two kisses, audible to all, upon Hirsch's mouth, the phantom reported to be Hirsch's dead wife departed. During the whole episode, Hirsch's form had been surrounded by a shining mass and the whole surface of the wall about the me-

dium shone phosphorescently. The writer also attempted a similar experiment—which Lombroso, informed by us, finds by no means inexplicable, and in answer to his unspoken wish thought in German, he called up an apparition, strangely enough with the same results, as Mr. Hirsch had. For several seconds caressing hands stroked my hair, face, beard and back, and upon the mental wish in German, the apparition pressed upon a designated part of my face two lingering kisses, plainly audible to all present. The repeated clapping of hands above our heads and the soaring aloft and doleful tolling of the bell for our departure closed this remarkable sitting.

Later, one day at noon in a large room of the hotel at Geneva in which the writer had passed some nights, wherefore preparations are not to be thought of, a second sitting took place in which, besides Chevalier Ciolfi and the medium, only four persons took part, Mrs. De Fiori, Mrs. Dr. Bartle, Mr. De Fiori and the writer. As time pressed the sitting could have lasted scarcely half an hour but, in dimmed daylight, were produced almost the same phenomena as at the first sitting with as sharp watchfulness on the part of the sitters.

At the very first the table lifted itself to a considerable height, whereupon small flames were visible all over the room, especially about the head of the medium. The touches of invisible hands again occurred, the chairs were joggled, thumps were heard on table and walls and the watch of one of the sitters was drawn around on the table and then carried up into the air, later, to be pressed against the forehead and ear of all present in accordance with our wish previously expressed. Finally, as climax of the mysterious actions, our traveling effects lying at the other end of the room were rummaged; an object lying there, after touching our heads, flew with force under the table; and a very heavy chest standing in a distant corner was first opened and then lifted through the air upon the table. With this the phenomena ceased, which, according to the opinion of the large majority of the public, belong to the realm of charlatanism, swindle and American humbug; while a part of the psychologists recognize the "facts" and seek to explain them as the expression of a nerve force not as yet sufficiently investigated and understood. Since the head of this school, Professor Lombroso has begun his investigations and experiments with the Eusapia Palladino described by us, our readers and especially followers of Lombroso will look for further researches of the latter not without interest.

SATURN AND HIS RINGS.

By PROFESSOR PAUL A. TOWNE.

Galileo's announcements of discoveries by the aid of his telescopes came in such rapid succession and were so well sustained by the testimony of those having access to his "observatory," as to cause his persistent adversaries to change abruptly their ground of opposition. The logic of facts was stronger than the logic of the schoolmen. Compelled to concede the facts, they began to claim that they had long been familiar with them. Not only had they known all about the four moons of Jupiter but had always been cognizant of the existence of as many as nine attendants of that planet. Copernicus had predicted the phases of Venus and, therefore, Galileo's telescope ought not to be credited with any addition to previous knowledge on that point. Spots on the sun had always been visible to the naked eye; not even spectacles were needed for their "discovery." In this way all claims of Galileo were made to appear as dishonest appropriations of facts already well-known.

To meet these tactics of his jealous antagonists Galileo resorted to a plan of primarily announcing his discoveries suggested by the "puzzle columns" of contemporaneous literature. His telescope, when pointed to the planet Saturn, revealed an appearance quite unlike that of any other body belonging to the Solar system. He published the following anagram, and challenged his learned rivals to decipher and announce its meaning.

"Smalsmrmilme poeta liumi bone nigtaveras."

Not one of the expert logicians ventured to accept

his challenge. But his ardent friend, John Kepler, seeing in the line letters that spelled the word Mars, suspected that it concealed some new fact about the planet to which he had given much study, and patiently resolved the line into

"Solve umbistincum geminatum Martia proles."

in which believers in prophecy may discover an allusion to the moons of Mars now known to exist. But Kepler himself could fix upon no definite meaning to his Latin.

After a proper interval of time had elapsed Galileo solved the anagram thus:

"Allissimum planetam tergeminum observavi."

"I have observed that the most distant planet is triple." This was all that the inventor of the telescope could accomplish with his instrument. He saw what appeared to be two protuberances upon Saturn, but did not suspect that rings existed, nor would his glass reveal any of the moons. Not until 1655 did Huyghens announce, also by an anagram, the discovery of a ring. His form of anagram was this:

Aaaaaa ccccc d eeeee g h iiii lll mm nnnnnnnn
oooo pp q rr s tttt uuuu;—from which letters he subsequently formed the sentence:

"Annulo cingitur tenui plano, nusquam cohaerente, ad eclipticam inclinato."

"It is surrounded by a thin flat ring, nowhere touching its surface, inclined to the ecliptic." Since this announcement the separation of "the ring" has been noticed dividing it into two. Next the elder Herschel saw some of the satellites "like pearls strung on a silver thread." Mr. Bond of the Harvard observatory announced several inner rings, and in 1852 Dawes and Bond made out a transparent ring, since divided into two. There is now evidence that some of the rings are subject to change and in time all will fall down upon the planet they now encircle. It has been demonstrated that the rings can be neither solid nor liquid. The only tenable mathematical hypothesis is that they are formed of minute floating globules each one of which revolves about the planet without ever coming in contact with any other.

The present recognized elements of the entire system of Saturn are as follows: The primary planet has a mean distance from the sun of about 872,000,000 miles and makes its revolution around the central body in about twenty-nine and one-half of our years. Its rotation on its axis is accomplished in ten hours, twenty-nine minutes, seventeen seconds. The inclination of its equator to the plane of its orbit is twenty-six degrees, forty-nine minutes. Its equatorial diameter is 71,904 miles. It weighs ninety times more than the earth, but it would take 746 globes like ours to fill the space occupied by Saturn. The breadth of the outer bright ring is 9,625 miles; the inner bright ring, 17,605 miles; the dark ring, 8,660 miles. The distance from the outer to the inner bright ring is 1,680 miles. The distance of the dark ring from the planet is about 10,000 miles. The distance of the inner bright ring from the planet is 18,598 miles. The distance of the outer bright ring from the planet is 37,883 miles. The total thickness of the rings is only about 100 miles, so that a section of the inner bright ring is an ellipse with a major axis of 17,605 and a minor axis of 100 miles.

Mimas, the nearest of the eight moons to the primary, has a distance of 120,800 miles. It is 1,000 miles in diameter, and revolves around Saturn in twenty-two hours, thirty-seven minutes.

Enceladus has a distance of 155,000 miles, a diameter of about 800 miles, and makes its revolution in one day, eight hours, fifty-three minutes.

Tethys is distant 191,000 miles, a diameter of 500 miles, and revolves in one day, twenty-one hours, eighteen minutes.

Dione is distant 246,000 miles, diameter 500 miles, and revolves in two days, seventeen hours, forty-one minutes.

Rhea is distant 343,000 miles, diameter 1,200 miles, and revolves in four days, twelve hours, twenty-five minutes.

Titan is distant 796,000 miles, diameter 3,300 miles,

and revolves in fifteen days, twenty-two hours, forty-one minutes.

Hyperion is distant 1,007,000 miles, diameter about 1,000 miles, and revolves in twenty-one days, seven hours, eight minutes.

Japetus, distant 2,314,000 miles, diameter 1,800 miles; revolves in seventy-nine days, seven hours, fifty-five minutes.

The inclination of all the orbits to the plane of the ecliptic is twenty-three degrees, ten minutes, twenty-two seconds.

Assuming that, as a consequence of its greater volume, Saturn is passing through its cosmical career more slowly than are the earth, Mars, Venus and Mercury, a multitude of its own long centuries must pass before its crust will be sufficiently thick to permit the organisms in which its mind, intellect, life are manifested, to become so modified as to approximate the organisms of the smaller planets. Its density is at present nearly eight times less than that of the earth. Like Jupiter, Uranus and Neptune it is still a semi-sun. It radiates light and heat enough to supply the inhabitants of its satellites with what they need in addition to these energies received from the sun. Its eight moons, one of which, Titan, is nearly as large as Ganymede of Jupiter and a second, Japetus, about the size of our moon, are filled with intelligent beings whose organisms are, of course, exactly adapted to their surroundings. These inhabitants may be organized with not only "five senses," but with ten, or even a hundred, for, in the universe of worlds the forms or types in which living organisms flourish must be infinite in number. We have, indeed, an endless variety of forms in which life manifests itself on the earth. It is not likely that a single one of these organisms could be found on our near neighbor, the moon, could it be visited by us on a voyage of discovery. Their fossil remains are doubtless there, but present living organisms are of another and advanced "geological" period. So of all satellites, planets, suns, nebulae, comets, and whatever other forms of matter may exist; each has its life and mind organized in perfect harmony with its environments. Vitality, and mentality exist wherever matter exists, and it is impossible to conceive of any "nook or corner" in infinite space in which matter is not present.

The elements given above enable us to describe in a general way the celestial scenery enjoyed by the inhabitants of the satellites of Saturn. Let us, for example, fancy ourselves on the satellite Mimas during one of its revolutions around its primary. From Mimas to Saturn the distance is about one-half that of the moon from the earth. This circumstance, combined with the fact that Saturn has a diameter thirty-four times greater than our moon, causes the primary to appear from this satellite 4,624 times larger in surface than our moon does to us; for 34 squared multiplied by 4 is 4,624, were the full moon to come within 120,000 miles of us some night it would measure about one degree in diameter. Imagine its volume suddenly to increase to that of Saturn and its diameter would be thirty-four degrees. Eight such bodies would shut out every other object in the heavens from our sight. Mimas rushes around this magnificent centre at the rate of about 355 miles per minute. But between Mimas and Saturn is the system of rings, the outer bright one of which is only 37,340 miles distant.

Let us start on our trip at the moment when Mimas is in the plane of the rings. The ring stretches along the equator of the planet as a narrow band less bright than the surface of the primary. As we proceed in the revolution one side of the ring appears reflecting Saturn's light; when one-quarter of the journey has been made we have the best view possible. But as we cannot depart from the plane more than four degrees the multiple rings must appear as if only one with several shadings. The divisions, visible from the earth, cannot be seen from Mimas. The breadth of the entire system of rings is 37,570 miles, but the perspective from Mimas is always that of a narrow band; when half the circuit has been made we again come into the plane and in the last half of the journey a view of the other side of the rings is obtained. The whole circuit of the planet is accomplished in less

than one of the earth's days. Our little satellite is all the while turning upon its own axis, giving a wonderful variety to the celestial panorama. The mighty Saturn rises and sets. The other moons, the stars, the sun, Jupiter and the other planets, comets and meteors are all seen during our lunar day. The visible movements constantly made on the surface of Saturn must impress the observer as of a most stupendous nature; we need have no fear of accepting all the imagination suggests as regards the commotions of semi-suns, such as Saturn and Jupiter.

Enceladus is only 35,800 miles from Mimas when the two are on the same side of Saturn, and at this distance appears about nine times larger than our moon does to us. Tethys appears a little less in size than our moon. Titan is one-sixth and Japetus one-eighth of the moon's surface. Assuming, again, that the inhabitants of Mimas, and other moons of Saturn, are in that stage of civilization which we are enjoying it may be concluded that they have availed themselves of all our modes of acquiring knowledge. Their Lick telescope has brought Saturn down to within thirty miles of their observatories, and Enceladus and the outer ring within about nine miles.

If a railroad extends around the equator of Mimas it is quite possible that trains move fast enough to cause Saturn to appear stationary. Could a train of cars leave New York at noon and move west around the earth on our line of latitude, at the rate of about fourteen miles per minute, the sun, to the passengers, would appear to be stationary. In other words, it would be noon at all points passed by the train. To steam around the equator of Mimas in the same time would require a velocity of only two miles per minute. Our engines are doubtless quite equal to any velocity that the axial revolution of Mimas might require.

But the people of the satellites of Saturn may be a thousand or even ten thousand years ahead of us in inventive genius. They may be quite able to visit the beautiful rings above them and to carry on inter-lunar commerce. Granting this to be the present status of the inhabitants of the lunar system of Saturn, their researches in political economy, in physics and psychological science must have reached a stage far in advance of our own. Perhaps the intelligences that control our mediums can give us some insight into what has been accomplished and thus settle our vexatious questions relating to the tariff, protection to home industry, reciprocity, bi-metallic money, taxation, and other topics of international importance. But let them remember that their information should be limited to an unostentatious, unadorned, untechnical statement of facts. Let them, if agreeable, avoid the use of words of Greek and Latin origin merely because these words are long, pompous and sonorous. We have English terms that cover the whole ground. Here is a field of inquiry of whose extent not even Swedenborg imagined. It would seem that our controlling intelligences can give us some account of other worlds than ours that would be accepted as reasonable. If verified by experiments repeated at will such treatises might lead us in the direction of a better understanding of the greatest of all mysteries—immortality.

HOW TRUE IS THE BIBLE.

By W. WHITWORTH.

I.

A recent issue of the *Christian Union* contains the editorial announcement: "We have invited Dr. Burrell to present a statement of the reasons for regarding the Bible as absolutely inerrant and infallible."

Under the caption at the head of this article, the *Christian Union* presents the views of the Rev. David James Burrell on the important question. At the outset he presents the great point at issue: "Those old-fashioned folks who hold to the inerrancy of Holy Writ are bold to say, 'The Bible is the Word of God;' but such as reject its inerrancy can go no farther than to say, 'The Bible contains the Word of God.'"

Curiously, the framers of the Westminster Con-

fession of Faith did not seem to realize that there was any difference in the points here made, for in the Confession it is set down: "The Holy Scripture doth abundantly evidence itself to be the Word of God;" while the shorter Confession has it: "The Word of God which is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments." And now there is a battle royal that may be almost said to be to the death, between opposing orthodox forces on this momentous issue.

The first point to which I call attention is presented in the reverend gentleman's opening paragraph, and which I hold to be fully as vital as the main question at stake. Referring to those who hold that the Bible is not inerrant and infallible; that it contains errors, and should be judged, and stood on its merits with any other book, he says: "The right of a man to his opinion is not called in question; for this is a broad world, and there is room for all without jostling; but it is fair to ask what their position means, and whither their logic will lead them. The young people who are going pell-mell into this departure from the faith of their fathers should pause long enough to ask where they are likely to fetch up."

The problem here presented lies at the very root of all human progress. It is demand for a check-rein on all search for truth; the coward plea, not to press boldly on in search of that which may prove to be best, but pause and ask if, perchance, it may not upset some old dogmas established in the dim ages gone before; shake the faiths we have pinned to the skirts of our fathers! "You have a right to your opinion," my erring brother. But, Oh, put a curb on it; and if you are given to freedom of thought in quest of truth, let me beg of you to weight it down with a drag; pause to reflect whither its imperative logic may lead; think of the awful possibility that if you depart from the faith of the fathers, you may land in the terrible realm of infidelity! Don't search out truth for its own sake, albeit its value is beyond rubies. Always stop to weigh consequences; consider whether it may, perhaps, shake up the dry bones of beliefs made sacred by their ancient moldiness, and strike loose the sacred foundations of the real old dogmatic truth that was finished and fenced in, as fungus becomes so deep-rooted to some old stump, that to disturb it must surely tear it to pieces. See what happened to Galileo because he didn't pause to reflect where his search after truth might land him. Going "pell-mell" into the discovery that the world was round, see how the inevitable logic shook up the possibilities of no end to the discoveries of other erroneous dogmatic articles of faith in the musty creed of those old fossils who resolved that everybody should stick to the faith of the fathers—that the world was flat. Bruno might have saved himself that terrible roasting to death if he had paused long enough to switch his free ideas down the established ruts the creed-makers had duly provided. If he had put the orthodox drag on his progressive soul he might have seen the faggot at the end of the road to which his spirit in the search of truth was leading him. That other brave spirit, Savondroid, neglected to put on the theological check-rein suggested by the reverend Mr. Burell, and he also pulled up at the stake.

The coward rule of conduct thus presented, and which has been the sheet anchor of the churches the world has seen, has stifled free thought, enslaved the conscience, crippled the spirit of all advancement, and retarded the progress of the human race by countless centuries of soul repression.

For myself, I believe in pushing every inquiry to its last analysis, be the outcome what it will. I have faith in the wisdom that set the wheels of evolution to attain ultimate good, and that the deeper we delve into every hidden thing, the better it will prove. I am firm in belief that we know more than our fathers did, hence are in better condition to judge the truth of such things, or of what use are the innumerable centuries of experience we have got to build on? The ever growing intellect that perfected the latest steel plow in place of the old crooked stick our fathers pottered in the ground with, is equally able to advance

from the rules of life laid down in Moses' time. The world moves, and the human intellect moves with it. CLEVELAND, O.

LETTER FROM RUSSIA.

By ———.

[CONCLUDED.]

Dear JOURNAL, don't sit leaning back in your editorial arm chair, frowning at the figures that you see appear on the MSS. before you—figures are facts, though dry ones, I will promise to make them as attractive as I can, for we shall be able from these figures to draw very many interesting conclusions. Having made this promise, I feel sure you will not draw your terrible editorial pen over these pages, and will not consign the said figures to the limbo of that fatal waste-paper basket, which, in my mind's eye, I feel standing near your table.

Russia, with its inland seas, covers an extent of 19,809,019 square miles (1½ verste=1 English mile). This vast Empire is inhabited by men and women, to the number of 115,000,000 in round figures—men and women belonging to many different nations, tongues and languages. The land is guarded, in time of war, by an army of 1,500,000 men, with 4,000 cannon, without counting reserves of all kinds, that can easily double the figure. The army, in time of peace, has about 872,000 men under arms. The fleet has about 800 vessels of all kinds.

These figures are truly formidable to look at, but they become stupendous when we think that Russia, with its millions of inhabitants, is under the uncontrolled rule of one man—the Emperor of all the Russias, and that the Emperor is not only the political head, but the religious heart of the land!

But, of course, one head, one hand, one heart, cannot be "all over the place" at one and the same time. The task of ruling is distributed to a great army of functionaries—army about which I will say nothing now, but finish the political part of our conversation by giving you an insight into the way the land is divided to facilitate the task of government.

Russia is divided into one hundred and one territories and governments—ruled by Governors and General-Governors (civil and military chiefs). Each government is divided in turn into districts, varying in number from four to nineteen, each district into Stan, generally about four, each Stan into Volosti, each Volosti having about twenty villages in its territory. Now, what I particularly want to show by these figures is the immense space ruled by one sceptre. When I say that the three governments are each the size of France, two twice the size, two four times, and one seven times, when I add that there is not one government but that could easily hold Belgium or Holland, one begins to get a faint glimmering of the size of Russia!

Now, let us take a look at the population, which numbers, as I have said, one hundred and fifteen millions—a good round figure, but in comparison with the immense space inhabited, we are obliged to admit that the land could support a few more tens of millions, without the people feeling "crowded." Perhaps, as we go farther on, we may be able to find some reasons to account for the strange fact, that Russia, the largest and most powerful Empire in Europe, is comparatively the least inhabited.

I have spoken of the diversity of tongues and nations that are united under the Russian crown. The cause of this is twofold: Firstly, the diversity of climate and consequent diversity of tribes of men, according to that law of nature which says that the animal must adapt itself to the climate it inhabits; and secondly, according to that other law which says that the strong must dominate the weaker, and in effect, during the one thousand and thirty years that Russia has existed as an Empire, what nations has it not conquered by force of arms!

From the far North Polar sea the kingdom of winter, where the Esquimaux hunts the white bear, to the far South, where a tropical sun darts its burning rays on steppes where tigers watch with bloodshot eyes long caravans of camels. . . . but if I was to describe one and all of these nations what volumes could I not

find material for. But I have promised to talk about what I know about as an eye witness; and therefore leaving the Lapps, Finns, Esquimaux, Toungoos and Sarnoiéde to their eternal snows, and letting the Kalmouck, Bashkir and similar Tartar tribes, continue to meditate of Allah and Mahomet's Paradise under the burning sun, I will come to Central Russia, the home of the Slavon, "Great Russia" as it is called, for you know there is also White Russia, and Little Russia. In point of fact, the Slavonic tribes are the most numerous in Europe, although many of them have, during the last century, become "Germanized." If the Germanic races (Dutch, Germans, Swedes, Danes, English) count about 100,000,000 men; the Latin tribes about 101,000,000; the Slavons figure about 106,000,000; a great many smaller tribes belonging to the Slavonic race, as you know, form small separate kingdoms, or are under the rules of Austria and Germany.

Great Russia, or the former kingdom of the Moscovite Czars, is the true home of what is generally termed "the Russian." Here can we see those types of sturdy, broad shouldered, heavy bearded men, whose fair, ruddy complexion and long hair, whose picturesque costume and still more picturesque language so readily mark them as belonging to a race of men to be set apart from other European tribes. Such a race of men as this is alone capable of having lived through the most adventurous history, the most heroic struggle for life; and not only has it come through the struggle with honor, but has grown into that immense colossus, the Russian Empire. Such a race of men could alone bring forth such nerves as Ermak Timoféitch, who, to obtain pardon from the Czar, Ivan the Terrible, for his highway robberies, (for Ermak was but a simple peasant, a river pirate on the Volga) brought to his Emperor as a ransom the land called Siberia, conquered by Ermak with the aid of a handful of men. Such a race of men alone could bring forth such Emperors as Alexander the Second, who with one blow, dared to overturn the feudal customs of serfdom, and in the face of the rich and powerful of the land, made men of millions of slaves. But thirty-two years have passed since that event—and in that interval of time, Russia, the colossus, has been making rapid strides in the path of progress, and although much has yet to be done (for Rome was not built in a day) yet can we look with satisfaction on the Russia of to-day compared with the Russia of fifty years ago.

If, in Russia, caste is not almost as strictly observed as it is in India, (a fact I leave you to comment upon) yet the privileges attached to each class forcibly divide them far, one from another. More or less education, and means of giving it, comes in also as a potent factor in the separation of castes. A few words about them will not come in amiss. We have first of all the "feudal" nobility, the "hereditary nobility" as it is called, not all necessarily titled, although the law by which the title borne by the father extends to one and all of the children during the life time even of the parents, has the effect of propagating titles to a great extent. To this class belong, as a rule, the great land owners.

The next class is that of the non-hereditary or "personal nobles." This nobility dies with its bearer, and is not transmissible to the children. Certain posts or functions held in government, necessarily carry with them the "ennoblement of the functionary;" thus, the officer's epaulette "ennobles," though the bearer may have risen from the ranks; personal nobility, as well as hereditary nobility, can be conferred by the Crown, for services rendered to the State or country. A great many privileges are attached to these two classes, but to detail and discuss them would exceed the limits of my letter.

Immediately after the nobility, comes the clergy, which in turn is divided into the white and black clergy. The white clergy (priests, vicars, deacons, or officiating clergy) can, and in point of fact, must be married once. The black clergy (monks, and as a general rule, the higher orders of clergy, bishops, archbishops, etc.), take the vow of chastity.

Then we have the merchant class, divided into two "guilds." The commerce and manufacture of Russia

are pretty nearly entirely in their hands. The latest statistical figures I have, show that Russia for the year 1888 exported 794,000,000 roubles, imported 391,000,000. Manufactories in Russia, 27,510, turning out manufactured articles for the value of 1,400,000,000 of roubles.

Then come the inhabitants of towns classed into: hereditary honorable citizens, honorable citizens, and others. After the townsmen come the villagers or peasantry—and last, but not least, the military class, both peasant and noble, for once you have worn the uniform, you lose your old caste to become military.

In round numbers, we find the castes thus distributed amongst the population: Hereditary nobility, 645,000; personal nobility, 360,000; clergy, 615,000; merchant class and town-citizens, 7,200,000; peasantry, 92,270,000; military, 4,095,000.

I have talked about the immense size of Russia; our thinly populated country is by its own immensity a stumbling block to itself. Want of means of communication, want of means of education—these are the two great difficulties to be contended with in Russia: colossal wants, entailing hard problems to be resolved.

Railroads we have, but so few (30,140 kilometers, 1889), in comparison with the wants of the population. The reign of our present Emperor will, however, be distinguished by the opening of the Siberian railroad, which will eventually join St. Petersburg on the Baltic, to Vladivostok on the Japanese seas; a short journey of 9,922 verstes—six thousand, six hundred odd miles! The European portion of this railroad has, of course, been built for some time, although a portion of it 700 verstes long was but finished and opened last year.

The railroads communicate with the larger towns, but what immense tracts have to be satisfied with most primitive roads, which become in spring and autumn almost impracticable!

This is not to say that there are not certain imperial postal roads which are excellent and well kept; I speak in general of the roads that are the means of communication from village to village, or from villages to towns—and which, being the most frequented, are naturally the most important. Then again, there are waste tracts of country that are totally uninhabited—they belong either directly to the crown or to large land owners, or else the very land and climate do not permit of man inhabiting there. We see instances of this in Siberia, where the "Toundas," or vast frozen morasses, are totally uninhabitable save by wild beasts and birds. The government of Iakoutsk, for instance, is 3,489,690 verstes square, and has 253,834 inhabitants, something like one inhabitant for over thirteen square verstes.

We begin here to find out some of the causes why Russia is so poorly inhabited comparatively to its size, thus: The frozen toundas of the North, or the arid steppes of the Southeast, are equally uninhabitable—the climate forbids man to live there. Then again, the immense lands kept under forests by the Crown or by private owners, "crowd" the peasantry within certain limits, and a life of hard toil to earn the daily bread from the small portions of glebe allotted them, does not favor an extensive growth of population. We may yet find another reason in the continual conquering of new lands, but poorly populated themselves, lands which, notwithstanding the increase of population by births, and other causes (about one and one-half millions a year for the whole of Russia), are yet too large for the small number of colonists that Russia can send there. Now let us cast a glance at the educational department. Primary schools—41,494, with about two and one-half millions of pupils; secondary schools—614 for boys, 476 for girls, pupils 230,000. Universities, ten, with about 15,000 students. Not a very consoling series of figures, especially when we can also, from other statistics find out that if there is one school for every 2332 inhabitants, there is one grog-shop for every 762.

But let us console ourselves with the thought that Russia is yet a young country in comparison with mod-

ern civilization, and, as such, has a brilliant future before it. The constant new reforms being introduced show the care "our little father, the Czar," as the moujiks say, takes to enlighten the land he governs.

We will now stop talking about politics and come to religion. Were I to enter in the history of the Greek orthodox church, a most curious and instructive one, were I to give you but a cursory glance at it, my letter would in truth extend to undue proportions. For the present, it will suffice for my purpose to say that religion is the tie, and a very strong tie, that binds the Slavonic races together, that tie for which the Russian readily lays down his life, be he a Cossack from the Don, or a merchant from Moscow, be he prince or be he peasant. The Russian war cry is, "For our Faith, for our Czar." Religion lies nearer the heart of the people than politics does, and the description of religious customs and ceremonies amongst the people, is the end and aim of my chats with you.

Let us begin by giving a general idea of the state of the religion; from the following figures we can judge of the importance the religious factor has in Russian life.

Russia owns 44,356 churches with 100,230 officiating priests. Besides the churches, there are monasteries to the number of 673, with 11,661 monks, and 204 convents with 22,974 nuns. There are many curious religious sects in Russia, some arising directly from the mother-church, others the offspring of diseased imaginations; these last are severely repressed by the Government when discovered. I cannot enter into their description, which comes as a corollary to the history of the church itself, but will give the following statistics to enable you to get a view of Russia, divided into religions: Greek Catholics or orthodox, 81,210,000; Rascolniki (or sectaries), 2,200,000; Armenian church, 634,000; Roman Catholics, 2,600,000; Protestants, 4,500,000; Hebrews, 2,920,000; Mahometans, 2,500,000; Idolaters, 2,000,000. These are, as all the rest of the figures I have given, official numbers; I have but rounded them, as a round number gives one a better idea than a series of ones, twos and threes, that takes five minutes to read.

The outward aspect of a Russian church makes one think immediately that the religious ceremonies practiced in it must be totally different from anything one meets in the rest of Europe; the curious Byzantine architecture, the gilt, silvered or many colored cupolas, of a special form, the peculiar and very musical manner of ringing the bells, all leads one to expect something new. Let us enter. Here also, one feels that one has come into a different world than the Catholic or Protestant one. No statues, no graven images, but paintings of saints in profusion, ikous they are called. Ornaments and gilding are still in the same curious, and to my thinking, handsome Byzantine style.

A faint odor of incense pervades the air; here and there a small wax taper is burning, or an oil lamp sheds a trembling light on the image of some particular saint. At the far end of the church, (in which there is no seating accommodation whatever,) facing the door by which we have entered, is the ikonostase which walls up the altar from the rest of the church. Behind the ikonostase, no woman is admitted. This wall has in it three doors, of which the middle one is a folding one; it faces directly the altar, is of carved and open worked wood or metal, and is called the Czar's kaia Vorota," or "Gate of the Emperor." The officiating priest, the Emperor, have alone the right to enter the altar through that door; behind it hangs a movable silk curtain. The whole floor where stands ikonostase and altar, is raised two steps above the rest of the church floor. On the right and left hand are railed off spaces; here stand the deacon (diakon) and the pevstchi or choir. The Russian service is chanted, without accompaniment of any musical instrument whatever.

While the diakon is chanting in a low voice the tchasi or hours, preliminary to the beginning of mass, let us examine the ikonostase. The arrangement of the ikous is always the same—ornament and richness of decorations; more or less artistical style of painting, alone differ.

Between the middle door and the right hand side one, is a large painting of Christ, in the act of blessing. The left hand side is occupied by a painting of the virgin. The middle doors have on them the four evangelists and the annunciation. Above the middle door is a picture of the Last Supper. The two side doors are painted with representation of angels. These images I have described never vary; besides these, the whole wall is covered by images of saints which may, however, be not the same in all churches. Let us now make ourselves invisible, and slip through one of the side doors of the ikonostase. On the right we see a cupboard; in it are kept the rizi or different dresses for service of the priest. Here is another glass cupboard, in it are the cups for the sacrament, the Bibles and Testaments in their rich metal bindings, various other vessels used in ceremonies. The altar is a cubic construction, covered with a gold cloth; behind it stands a tall, seven-branched candle-stick. On it under a glass case, a gilt vessel (often the model of the church) in which are kept the holy oils.

On the walls are different images, a reading-desk or anarvi stands at the right of the altar and in a corner a table, where the priest officiates at communion and during mass reads such prayers for the departed as may be asked him.

The service is chanted in the old Slavonic tongue a tongue easily understood, in a great measure, by all Slavonic tribes—a tongue whose alphabet (and a very curious one) was invented in A. D. 862, by two saints, Kyril and Methodi. But here comes our friend, the long-haired and bearded priest, (hair and beard are never cut) Father Alexander, and while he is putting on his robes to begin mass, we will finish our first chat.

CHILDREN'S LOVE OF POETRY.

Agnes Repplier, writing of a child's love of poetry in her article "The Children's Poets, in the March Atlantic, says:

If we are disposed to doubt the love that children bear to poetry, a love concerning which they exhibit a good deal reticence, let us consider only the alacrity with which they study, for their own delight, the poems that please them best. How should we fare, I wonder, if tried by a similar test? How should we like to sit down and commit to memory Tennyson's *Enone*, or Locksley Hall, or Byron's *Apostrophe to the Ocean*, or the battle scene in *Marmion*? Yet I have known children to whom every word of these and many other poems was as familiar as the alphabet; and a great deal more familiar—thank Heaven!—than the multiplication table or the capitals of the United States. A rightly constituted child may find the path to knowledge hopelessly barred by a single page of geography or by a single sum in fractions; but he will range at pleasure through the paths of poetry, having the open sesame to every door. Sir Walter Scott, who was essentially a rightly constituted child, did not wait even for a formal introduction to his letters, but managed to learn the ballad of *Hardyknute* before he knew how to read, and went shouting it around the house; warming his baby blood to fighting point, and training himself in very infancy to voice the splendors of his manhood. He remembered this ballad, too, and loved it all his life, reciting it once with vast enthusiasm to Lord Byron, whose own unhappy childhood had been softened and vivified by the same innocent delights.

In truth, the most charming thing about youth is the tenacity of its impressions. If we had the time and courage to study a dozen verses to-day, we should probably forget eleven of them in a fortnight; but the poetry we learned as children remains, for the most part, indelibly fixed in our memories, and constitutes a little Golden Treasury of our own, more dear and valuable to us than any other collection, because it contains only our chosen favorites, and is always within the reach of reference. Once, when I was very young, I asked a girl companion—well known now in the world of literature—if she did not grow weary waiting for the trains, which were always late, at the suburban station where she went to school. "Oh, no," was the cheerful reply. "If I have no book, and there is no one here to talk with, I walk up and down the platform and think over the poetry that I know." Admirable occupation for an idle minute! Even the tedium of railway traveling loses half its horrors if one can withdraw at pleasure into the society of the poets, and soothed by their gentle and harmonious voices, forget the irksome recurrence of familiar things.



WHAT IS A SMILE?

What is a smile? A latent gleam
Of sunshine born within the eyes,
As water lilies in a stream,
Awakened from their long, deep dreams,
To light arise.

What is a smile? A nameless thing,
The lack of which a fair race mars,
And makes to be like brook or spring
No radiant sunlight imaging,
No dancing stars.

What is a smile? An airy rhyme
Which tells more with its subtle wile
Than tongue could tell throughout all time—
Which sets the heart bells in a chime,
This is a smile!
—JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

MISS MATHILDE BLIND is one of the new contemporary writers who hold themselves aloof from the modern effort after quantity. She has produced only some six or seven volumes in all and she has not yet touched as wide a public as she deserves. But there is about all she has done a characteristic and individual distinction. Miss Blind is a child author. At her home she met, when quite young, many remarkable and interesting men and women, and, undeterred by all the exhortations of relatives and friends about "woman's true vocation in life," she gave herself up to a passionate if indiscriminate reading of books. With an imagination fired by her favorite authors in history and literature, she launched forth into composition on her own account and filled many copy-books with her juvenile poems, plays and stories. A tragedy on the death of Robespierre actually won a word of praise from the great French historian, Louis Blanc. She was expelled an account of her unorthodox views from a school in St. John's wood, of which the head mistress belonged to the sect of the Plymouth brethren. Besides her poems, Miss Mathilde Blind has accomplished much good work of another sort. Her lives of Mme. Roland and George Eliot forming part of the eminent-women series, are models of what such biographies ought to be, and her portrayal of the French revolutionary heroine shows keen insight and understanding of the whole revolutionary period. Miss Blind, it should be added, has always taken a strong interest in the woman question and at one time delivered a number of lectures on "Woman's Suffrage."

THERE are some localities in Indiana in which there seems to exist deep-seated antipathy to the American flag. On several occasions men have banded themselves together for the purpose of destroying their country's banner as it floated innocently and even gracefully from the gable of a country school-house. Upon at least two or three such occasions the iconoclastic plans of these agreeable Hoosiers have been frustrated by a determined woman. The last instance of this kind was reported recently from the neighborhood of Noblesville. A wagon-load of flag-haters, armed with axes, proceeded to a school-house to tear down the national emblem, in which pleasant design they were balked by patriotism and a double-barreled shotgun in the person and the hands of plucky Mrs. Whiting. It was but a short time ago that a young school ma'am was called upon to employ a shotgun for a like purpose and to like effect. Of course the men were citizens and voters and the women citizens merely. In view of the circumstances the more enlightened portions of Indiana might seriously consider the advisability of disqualifying a few ignorant and malignant copperheads and bestowing the franchises now enjoyed by them upon a like number of patriotic women who have the gift of reading and know that the war is over.

THE alleged mystery as to how it is possible for American girls to be so successful in English society is, after all, no mystery, but simply owing to their self-assertion. They appraise themselves highly, insist upon attention, and decline to be ignored, all without the sacrifice of their dignity. The English girl does nothing of the sort. I have stopped at the country-house of an English Peer, writes Arthur Brisbane in the *World*, and seen twelve English gentle-

men ignore the existence of twelve English ladies at dinner every evening for a week. These men hunted all day, talked nothing but hunt all dinner, and played cards and billiards all the evening. The fair sex were apparently a part of the furniture of the establishment, and nothing more. It was pitiable to see them try to appear interested in the talk about the day's sport, asking timid questions and getting snubby answers. The time when an Englishman is most attentive to one of the opposite sex is when he is trying to steal the affections of another man's wife. This party was afterwards joined by an American girl. After being there two days, she told me she would not stand being ignored. She would make the men talk to her and stay a little while in the drawing-room after dinner—and she did. The next day when they began on their old subject she said, laughingly: 'O! I have such a happy thought; suppose you men stop harping on horses and hunting and make yourselves agreeable to us. I know you are all blasé and dying for a new sensation, and this will be strange and weird to you.' This speech simply electrified the Front-de-Bauf seated around the table. They laughed, looked at her with interest, and from that time on the women had a delightful time, particularly the American."

WRITING of the status of women in China, in the *Chautauquan* for March, Prof. C. Arendt says: During her first ten years, the girl enjoys as much freedom as a boy; like a boy she wears her hair in a long "pigtail," and frequently goes about in boy's attire, especially where there are no sons in the family; for in that case the Chinese wish to maintain the illusion that the house is not without male descendants. During this time also, no matter what her station, she is trained in all household duties and woman's handicrafts. A high value is put on becoming demeanor, decent bearing and clothing, and in many houses it is considered a point of honor for the daughter to be able to prepare a large part of her dowry with her own hand. While the little Chinese girl may be no less fortunate than a European child, during these years of impressionable childhood the Chinese parents, with only few exceptions, commit the first wrong to their daughters by letting them grow up without any schooling. This applies especially to the north; in the south, particularly in the Quang-Tong province, in which Canton lies, a better report was obtained; although there education among women did not begin to be so common as among men, there were a few schools for girls under women's direction, while many received instruction from private teachers at the homes of their parents.

DURING the last few weeks the Roman populace have been saying that Beatrice Cenci is now out of purgatory. The legend runs that when, during the Pontificate of Clement VIII., Beatrice Cenci was executed for the crime of parricide, the people, who pitied her greatly, said that God had not sent her to hell, but into purgatory. At that time, says the *London News*, the property of the Cenci family was sequestered, but when Paul Borghese became Pope he hastened to distribute it among his nephews. This favor, it was said, would only last until Beatrice was released from purgatory. Now that the Borgheses are almost ruined it is commonly repeated in Rome that the punishment is ended and Beatrice liberated.

ASTRO-PSYCHICS.*

Professor Totten, of the U. S. Army, in a series of papers contributed to *Frank Leslie's Illustrated*, has done a signal service to the cause of truth in boldly stepping outside the beaten, frozen track of materialistic science in defense of that higher knowledge which the old Chaldean Astronomers undoubtedly possessed. In paper I., on "The Coming Crisis," and published in the issue of November 21st, 1891, Prof. Totten says: "Astronomy to us is little more than the mechanics of the universe, or, as Herschel defined it, 'the law of the astra.' As to the philosophy of what we see going about us in the macrocosm we know little or nothing. But if we expect ever to understand the operation of 'law,' or to be able to make legitimate preparations to withstand its inevitable consequences we must take this higher degree of sidereal knowledge...."

*The Language of the Stars, being a primary course of lessons in Celestial Dynamics, by the author of "The Light of Egypt." 100 pp. Price, 50 cents. Denver, Col.; Astro-Philosophical Publishing Co.

"There was a dark age that followed the temporary insanity of the Chaldean 'head of gold' in which every species of higher wisdom became lost. In the interim mere judicial soothsaying usurped the chair once occupied by Daniel, and a host of Simons sold for gold their bogus merchandise. It was on this account that on the resurrection of mathematical astronomy its sister, astrology, fell into disrepute. Though the latter was of elder and of deeper intellect—for Joseph was an astrologer, and so were Heman and Chalcol and Darda, the sons of Mahol, and Ethan the son of Zerah, all companions of Moses himself—nevertheless in its degraded state it was cast out, and since has found a resting place only among publicans and sinners. But we have almost exhausted the general principles of mathematical astronomy. Its figures may still be a little ragged, but we have a good idea of what they range round, so that, having learned them we may now pose to the astronomer the pointed query, 'What next?'"

Exactly so. What next? For it is vain to longer conceal the truth. It is utterly useless for the old fossilized minds which belong to a disappearing generation to continue to oppose the pathway of truth with argument based upon *a priori* reasons. Nothing but hard sterling facts will pass muster or receive acceptance by the coming generation of thinkers. It will be a repetition of the same old story. Ancient lore, branded as a vague superstition by those who had neither brains nor intellect to grasp its recondite principles, is rising phoenix-like from the dust of ages to assert its just and lawful claims to scientific attention. It will be another war in the cause of divine truth and the fight is just commencing in earnest.

One would think that a science that could receive the recognition of a Bacon, that could captivate the mind of a Napoleon, a Disraeli and a Bulwer Lytton, that could wring from the giant intellect of the immortal Kepler the declaration that 'a most unflinching experience of the excitement of sublunary natures by the conjunctions and aspects of the planets has instructed and compelled my unwilling belief,' has certainly some real grounds upon which to rest its claim to be heard and investigated in a thoroughly impartial and scientific manner, before it is condemned forever to the limbo of degraded superstition.

The real facts of to-day are that there is at this very time a firmer belief in this supposed "exploded science," and its indications are followed out more faithfully than ever before for many centuries. Men of science, students of art, philosophers of every school of thought and brainy men of business are among its ardent supporters in secret. They can be numbered by thousands; they are far removed from the uneducated mass; they in many respects constitute the ornaments of their respective circles, social, scientific and political. This may sound strange, but it is true, as every astro expert knows; not the advertising fortune-teller, but the scientific student who as a rule gets handsomely paid for his labor. Fortunes are risked daily upon the deductions of well-known experts. But alas! like the early days of Spiritualism it is all sub rosa, they seek the astrologer in the dark, so to say, and in self-defense condemn in public that which they privately utilize for their own benefit. Verily the voice of the people has become the voice of God, and not until the mysteries of Urania have become fashionable will its intellectual truths be accepted as the verities of natural law.

It is therefore refreshing to note the appearance of a practical little work by the author of "The Light of Egypt," entitled "The Language of the Stars;" for within the 100 pages of this work is found all the elementary principles of the astrologer's art—from the alphabet of astronomy with its unique explanations of the signs and planets, to the simple scientific formula of erecting a chart of the heavens for the moment of birth, and deducing therefrom a clear general outline of the child's material destiny. So clear and simple are these rules and the method of judgment, compared with the generality of similar works, that it is now within easy reach of any person of average intellect and education to become master of this hitherto supposed mysterious art.

There is nothing fatalistic in astrology. It never taught an irrevocable destiny. This conception is the deceitful slander of its ignorant enemies. For instance, we read on page 46 that "no sign rising at birth could give a dark complexion to the true offspring of the blue-eyed, flax-haired Saxon; he would simply be dark by comparison only with his race." Just so

with the Italian. No sign would confer light hair and blue eyes, therefore always bear these facts in mind, for while the signs impress their influence in some degree, they will not cause the leopard to lose his spots nor the Ethiopian to change his skin. Take all things *cum grano salis*. Much interesting matter might be quoted, but we must rest satisfied with the following from lesson I.:

"We are compelled for want of space to assume, without further argument, that the sun, moon and planets are no exception to the general order of nature, but that they have a force, power and influence, each peculiar to itself, upon each other, upon our earth and everything existing thereon. The fact that the tides of the ocean are ever obedient to the attractions of the moon in her orbit; that the gorgeous helianthus ever turns its golden head toward the sun, are but single straws that catch the student's eye to indicate the trend of the great current of life."

I now refer the reader to the work itself which is extremely interesting, even to the general reader, but more especially so to those who desire to penetrate some of the hoary mysteries of the mysterious mystics about which so little is known, and so much has been said; and the author is to be congratulated upon his popular treatment of what has always been considered a very recondite subject. ALAN DEAN.

WE have received from the author, Arthur D'anglemont, a brochure entitled "L'Hypnotisme le Magnetisme la Mediumnité Scientifiquement Démonstrés" (Hypnotism, Magnetism, Mediumship Scientifically Demonstrated). This work is an extract from the larger work of the author's "Harmonies Universelles," and is an exceedingly interesting discussion of these subjects—the author showing their intimate connection. The author asserts with considerable positiveness that there are three fluids, "fluides matériels" ("fluides vitaux," "fluides psychiques" (material fluids, vital fluids, and psychic fluids). The actions of these fluids occasion nearly all the phenomena in the domains of these occult forces. The author divides these fluids into numerous other fluids according to the effects produced. He speaks always from the standpoint of a spiritist, and the work is well worth reading by all who read French, as the style is clear and the propositions of the author easily understood. The work deserves to be translated into English.

MISS A. M. BEECHER, a cousin of the famous Beechers and herself a speaker and thinker of note in progressive circles, in a private letter to a friend sends her regards to the editor of THE JOURNAL and says: "I want to express my appreciation of the steadily growing value of THE JOURNAL for all classes of people who have either the power or the inclination to think, compare, and draw conclusions. I take every opportunity to bring the paper to the notice of any who have the ability to appreciate it, whether in so-called religious, philosophic and scientific circles, or in social life. As the paper grows, it draws those who possess themselves of its contents to a higher level in all the significations of life; and it deserves and will take a place among the literary lights of the age."

MRS. H. C. S. FILLMORE, writes: Mrs. Agnes M. B. Smith passed to the higher life on March 8th from her home in Aurora, Ill. Mrs. Smith had been an invalid for years, but her firm faith in spirit return, and her many communications with the departed, kept her cheerful to the last and she longed to be released and join the loved ones on the other shore.

DR. J. H. DEWEY, the well known author of "The Way, the Truth, and the Life," "The Open Door," etc., has a new book about ready to put in the hands of readers, called "The Dawning Day," and we bespeak for this the same flattering sale that his other books have received.



IMPRESSIBLE PSYCHOLOGY.

TO THE EDITOR: I first became interested in the above mentioned subject by listening to the lectures of Dr. Dodd and subsequently to those of an itinerant lecturer in a country town. Becoming familiar with the latter gentleman I studied his *modus operandi* in obtaining control of his subjects and found on trial that he was a powerful operator. This fact tended to increase my interest in this species of occultism, more particularly in regard to its curative powers apart from its singular mental impressions. It is no wonder that Dr. Franklin, advanced thinker that he was, should pronounce Mesmer who was lecturing in Paris, a shameful, disgraceful fraud. But we can afford to excuse the great doctor now.

It so happened that among my associates was a captain B, a robust, vigorous, intellectual gentleman, who was found on trial to be a good subject. From what he had observed in other sensitives like himself, he inferred they were under the control and mercy of the operator, be the operator either a knave or fool. Observing this, there was but one beside myself—a Mr. Clark in whose hands he would intrust himself.

My parlors in the year 1851-2, on certain week day evenings had a goodly assemblage of fashionable ladies with their beaux, drawn to witness some of the wonders of psychology, they giving little thought however to its scientific importance. Observing this, myself and associates for the evening gave ourselves up to their gratification. Captain B. being present it was easy to get his consent to be controlled. On this evening having him under control, I stretched my hands and arms apart and looked from one hand to the other; he with half closed eyes did the same. Speaking aloud I said, "Well, Uncle Peter, what do you think of that?" "What is it?" he asked? "It is a thunderbolt; it was picked up in the City Hall Park after the last hailstorm." The captain fell back apace, as it were agast, but said nothing. "Now, Uncle Peter, I said what shall we do with it? For 'tis not often we get a thunderbolt to play with. Come, let's have a crack at some of these fancy churches in Broadway; here goes St. Paul's." "No, no," he quickly exclaimed catching my arm, "no knocking down steeples, or churches." "Well, then, let's give Barnum a hack; he's the prince of humbugs!" "No, no," he said; "don't people like to be humbugged?"

It might be observed that the psychological sensitive retains a portion of his, or her ruling individual fancies, likes and dislikes.

"Well, now, you old woolly head; is this chance to be lost? It is not often as I said we have a thunder bolt to play with! What say you, let's knock down that old empty shot tower." "Good!" he exclaimed; "now let her have it. O, by heavens! We have brought down the Roman Catholic Cathedral! and Bishop Hughes and the whole crew are rushing this way."

"Quick, quick," I exclaimed, "get into this dog house;" crowding him under the sofa under which he quietly remained until I pronounced the magic restorative, "All right."

The Captain good naturedly smiled as he crept from his confined position and as he remembered nothing that had passed, felt pleased that he had contributed to the company's amusement. Among our visitors of this evening was a Dr. Smith, a most uncompromising skeptic; he ever contending the power was evidence to him of the sensitive's mental weakness, and bantered any one to get him under control, but was ever ready to submit to the trial. By chance as it were, Mr. Clark succeeded after a somewhat prolonged trial. The skeptic stood before Mr. Clark somewhat idiotic, with mouth wide open, for the space of half a minute, when he suddenly wheeled and burst into a loud fit of laughter. "Uncle Jim," said Mr. Clark, "what do you see to laugh at?" "To laugh at?" said the skeptic. "Just to see Tom Thumb dancing, and a rum-bottle sticking from each pocket! and by the Lord! he is drunk." "Ask him" said Mr. Clark "who got him drunk?" "What! Barnum, you lying little scamp; Mr. Barnum is a temperance man."

Mr. Clark, the operator, here seems to have changed the impression, as Mr.

Smith minutely and critically gazed around the walls and ceiling of the room; at last he muttered to himself: "Well, if this don't beat me!" "What beats you, Uncle Jim?" "To see lawyers, and doctors, and grave men of God head downwards and in every conceivable posture and way! grasping at a dollar hanging from the ceiling. Now I should like to know on what new principle this is done?" "Suction; plain suction on the house-fly principle; a sucker to each foot." "Well, all I wish to say," the skeptic remarked, "I have got among the most all-fired set of suckers that could be imagined."

Taking Mr. Clark aside I reproved him for making such an impression, observing that some of the young ladies had fallen into an irreverent titter among themselves, and inasmuch also as we had quite a number of professional gentlemen in the room. "I want," said Mr. Clark, "to cure him of his skepticism and with one more impression I will finish." Hence Mr. Smith was impressed to mount a centre-table and try to extract as in denistry a tooth from a billet of fire wood. The magic words, "All right," brought him to his senses. BROOKLYN, L. I. D. BRUCE.

ROMANISM IN NEW ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR: Without considering what has been, is and will be the aim of the Catholic power in this country, I wish to present some facts as to the anti-Romanist contest that have fallen under my own observation. The body of the New England population is composed largely of those engaged in manufactures and in the incidental adjuncts thereto. The middle-class element of our people is intelligent and progressive—ready to consider well all propositions looking to the reform of all abuses, or to the regulation of any injustice. But we have had large importations of working men from the Canadas and the lower British provinces, to answer the call for cheap laborers by the competition of our manufacturers. These workers are by large majority Catholics and they influence our election returns to the extent of their numbers; for of course the Catholic voter votes as he is bidden, and they are generally a unit. In consequence of the implied boycott held over all trades as well as of our newspapers by the Catholic power, it was hard to start up much enthusiasm among the anti-Roman ranks. But through the unflinching energy of Dr. Wales, one of our foremost workers in the cause, a waking up commenced. He got up a series of lectures, the last of which was given by Prof. Geo. P. Rudolph, of Clyde, Ohio. After the advent of the Professor among us, a decided break in the monotony of events occurred. The churches began to open their doors—invitations to occupy, instead of solicitations for the privilege, became the rule and now Professor Rudolph after giving several lectures, is greeted warmly by hosts of friends made in the short interim of the past two weeks. I never witnessed so great a change in the spoken sentiment of the people of a locality before, although I am considerably past the regulation period of old men, in the years of life. The gentleman has left for an engagement at Malden, but will return next week as his new friends here don't seem to be disposed to let him go. HAVERHILL, MASS. M. O. NICHOLS.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

TO THE EDITOR: When we as human beings are brought into life we have no knowledge. The infant no doubt begins to acquire at once, and when old enough, the mind is made capable of comprehending the scientific structure of nature and the laws pertaining thereto. The mind seems to belong to, or to be a part of the physical body. Now death steps in, the mind is separated from the body. Here is the mystery of our being. Without immortality, what a waste of time and effort! If the soul assumes an organized form at once, that form must be too refined or etherealized to be seen by the eyes of those yet in the physical form. Is it any more wonderful that this inner form should exist than that the outer should have being. If we are never to cease and are progressive beings, what hopes are before us. Our earthly bodies are indeed fearfully and wonderfully made. The 90,000 organs have each a place and purpose, and thirty-three years is believed to be about the average of earthly life. The positive proof of immortality seems in past ages quite unclear. Good minds have doubted, and yet there are many who doubt.

To those whose doubts have been removed the question arises, what are the

conditions of the life to come? The multitude of teachers who make a business of explaining, have made rewards and punishments their theme. We all know that goodness is the fountain whence happiness is drawn. Degrees of attainment in spiritual light are widely different and therefore different opinions may well be expected. I cannot now believe in what is given as orthodox Christian theology. I see in nature the evidence of a God. I know that nature's laws require obedience, and when violated, a penalty follows. Earth's life is full of suffering, but the balm in Gilead comes in the laws of growth. How strange and inconsistent is the thought of being held in a condition of suffering as an expression of revenge.

To my mind every law in nature is a witness of the continuity of life in the human soul—and its eternal progression; this guarantees the discontinuance of the causes of suffering. Where is the person grown to manhood or womanhood who has not witnessed the death struggles of a loved one? Changes are the invigorating elements of growth. The God in man, the Christ formed within, makes that the kingdom of heaven. Our homes in life are what we make them, so they will be "over there."

To the youthful in earth life there may appear the mighty problem, what is, and how are we to achieve success? To get rich may seem the shining object. To one at about four score as I now am, the object has changed. A complete confidence in the power and love elements in the author of being, has taken away the thought that any are held in a condition of suffering to gratify a revengeful power, yet I can easily conceive of degrees of enjoyment in accordance with the character and attainments of every individual. The thought of the improved conditions of our dear children and other near kindred, and that I shall meet them and be delighted with the surroundings is cheerful indeed. That all have gone up from the earth sphere I have not a shadow of doubt. Now Mr. Editor, as my eyesight is so nearly gone I cannot see to read over any part of the above, you can throw it into the scrap basket, but I will send it along. Yours, etc., CEREDO, W. VA. PETER THOMPSON.

DIVINE PERSONALITY.

TO THE EDITOR: A writer in THE JOURNAL asks: "Would a personal spirit necessitate a personal God?" Let it be understood at the outset, that an infinite personality is not to be measured by a finite standard. In all its attributes an infinite personality must infinitely transcend a finite personality. A finite personality can be consciously cognizant of and present to but one thing at a time. An infinite personality must be consciously and contemporaneously cognizant of all things throughout all worlds. This infinite personality must be eternal, omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent and immutable. If all creatures have their life and being in God, why may he not be thus consciously and perpetually present to them all?

We think it is fair and logical to assume that everything in this universe has an absolute and an adequate source. There can be no evolution of that which is not involved. Without the presence of an absolute intelligence there could be no human intelligence. And wherever there is intelligence there must be personality. You cannot divorce them. An impersonal intelligence is unthinkable.

A personal being, is not necessarily a thinking being conditioned and limited. God does not think, is not conditioned or limited. Thought implies limitation. It is a human, a finite faculty. Infinite intelligence transcends thought. We do not conceive of the infinite personality as a center in which perceptions unite and from which volitions flow. Infinity has no circumference, and therefore no center. God does not perceive; for that would imply something unperceived. The center of divine omniscience is everywhere, the circumference nowhere. By no process of mental ratiocination, could anything be brought more distinctly under the divine cognizance than it already is.

In conclusion I think there is an intelligent force or power, of which our visible material universe is the expression or projection. We recognize intelligence in this force or power, because it is expressed in immutable law. It is orderly, systematic, harmonious, even culminating in wise and benignant results. So I say there is a purpose and a personality coupled with this intelligence which we cannot ignore or resist. No one, I think can study the laws of life as revealed in the vegetable

and animal kingdoms and be blind to the evidence. F. H. BEMIS.

"WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN A SPIRITUALIST?"

TO THE EDITOR: I fear your readers are not aware of the great importance and charming interest of this book. Mrs. Maynard I know as a woman sincere and of great worth. The main facts in the book I know from other reliable sources. It is an honest work; its story is told in clear and eloquent style, and with modest discretion. The deep interest of the great and good President in the messages given through her mediumship, and his attention to the views and directions thus set forth on the Emancipation Proclamation and other matters of moment fill an important place in history, and charming glimpses of his quaint humor and tender kindness give entrancing interest to this volume, helped also by her own very interesting personal experiences. It should be in every family and library, known and read by all. Yours truly, G. B. STEBBINS.

A DREAM AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

TO THE EDITOR: While reading in THE JOURNAL last week the article entitled "Mother's Dream," I was reminded of a dream and what came to me in connection with it, in regard to my mother's transition to spirit life. It may not be of much interest to others, but to me it is evidence that some intelligence was at work trying to prepare my mind to receive bad news, thinking perhaps the shock would not be so great if I was prepared beforehand to receive it. At that time my mother was in the state of Maine, and I in New York City. One night I dreamed mother and I were walking on the side of a hill; in the morning, when I awoke I felt very much depressed in mind. While I stood looking out the window in my room upon the avenue, a messenger boy from the telegraph office passed by, and the thought seemed to flash from him to me that he was coming to bring me a dispatch that mother was dead. In about two hours from that time the same boy, or one about his size, seemed to me, brought this dispatch: "Your mother died last night." My friends had written to me two days before, but I did not receive the letter until after I got the dispatch. My mother was well the last time I had heard from her and was expecting to return to New York City in two weeks. She had a paralytic stroke Tuesday, and died on Friday, and it was on that night that I had the dream, but as I had not received the letter containing the news of her sickness I supposed she was well until I got the dispatch. Now the strangest part of it to me is the fact that the thought never entered my mind when I took the dispatch from the boy that it was bad news, as I had forgotten what I had received at the window, and when I opened the dispatch and read it the shock was very great; and while sitting in my room and crying and thinking of her, my thoughts seemed to go down East where she died. To the thought that I never should see her in this life again, it seemed as though I could not be reconciled, when I heard a voice say: "Why Mary, what makes you cry so? You should rejoice to think I have got through with the old body."

I turned my head involuntarily, expecting to see my mother by my side, the words seemed so distinct and it seemed so much like mother to express herself in that manner.

Now some may say that the thoughts I got at the window were cogitations of my own mind. If they were, why should I think as I did since my mother was in good health, when I heard from her, and had been for a number of years? She never had a stroke previous to that one, although she had often said she had a great dread of it, and thought when she passed out from the body she would go that way. Why did I not think what was in the dispatch when I took it from the boy if it had been in my mind? The dispatch I got at the window had gone out of my mind entirely, although it was only about two hours before that, but it seemed to flash out of my mind as suddenly as it had entered it. Now if Prof. Coues or any other scientist who writes for your paper will give me the explanation of what I have related, I shall be very much pleased to read it. I feel confident that my mother or some other friend from the spirit side of life spoke to me at the window. Yours fraternally, Mrs. M. A. HAWLEY,

WESTFIELD, N. Y.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

Poems by Edith Willis Linn. Buffalo. Charles Well Moulton. 1892, pp. 167.

This pretty little volume contains a large number of poems on a great variety of subjects. Many of them possess considerable poetical merit and they bring the reader in communion with a mind that is dominated by love of the pure and beautiful in thought and life, and by a spirituality which reveals itself in the treatment of the commonest themes. An optimistic spirit prevades the verse. The author is no mere dreamer. Her feet are firm upon the earth and her heart beats in unison with the great heart of humanity. She loves nature and sings of "Sweet Peas," "The Cloud," "Thistle-Down," "Buttercup and Daisy," "A Canary," "Carrier Pigeon," "Blue-bird," "Dawn" and the "Evening Star." She is in sympathy with her race, in all its normal aspects and activities, and among the subjects of her muse are "My Sailor Boy," "The Organist," "From Home," "Baby's Eyes," "Infant's Tears," "A Dream," "Death," "Husband and Wife," "The Golden Age," "Immortality," "To My Sister in Heaven," etc.

Did space in THE JOURNAL permit the reviewer would give some of the poems in this volume as samples of the author's meritorious work which ought to be read by all who can appreciate elevated thought in choice, poetic language, radiant with the light of a mind that possesses a fine spirituality and yet is in full touch with the world.

A Golden Gossip. Neighborhood Story Number Two. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1892; pp. 348; cloth, \$1.50.

Mrs. Whitney is well known as a story writer and her name is sufficient to commend anything she writes to thousands of readers. Young women especially are fascinated by her works which have a good purpose and are marked by rare insight into character and motive. This novel shows that gossip, which is sure to be more or less common in small communities, and even in large ones, may by a wise and benevolent mind, be turned to good account, may be made to help rather than hurt those against whom injurious remarks or intimations are made in a tattling spirit.

Roger Hunt. By Celia Parker Woolley, author of "Rachel Armstrong; or Love and Theology;" "A Girl Graduate," etc. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., The Riverside Press, Cambridge—1892. pp. 370. Cloth, \$1.25.

The hero of this story, Roger Hunt, is a man of strong, impetuous nature, who, having early in life made an unfortunate marriage, and with strong convictions as to his rights as an individual, and such ideas of social freedom as prevail in some circles, falls in love with another woman and induces her to go with him to Europe, where for some time the two live together in a relation which, though illegal, the man insists is a true marriage. But the woman finds she is excluded from social circles she desires to enter, is accounted a congenial spirit by people of immoral character, and finds her position in a thousand ways too hard for endurance. Soon after the death of the legal wife in an inebriate asylum, just before the birth of her own child she prevails upon the man to consent to the legal formality of a marriage, but Roger inwardly protests against the ceremony as indicating a surrender of his own individual freedom and principles. After the marriage they return to America, and begin life anew in a thriving Western town, where their past life is unknown, and where he becomes a leading citizen. Their daughter is brought up in ignorance of her parents, escapades, but the Nemesis of a broken social code follows them in the constant terror of the now invalid mother that her beloved daughter may some time learn a fact which may bring her to shame for her parents, in the growth of estrangement between husband and wife, and in various other ways which the story itself best explains.

Mrs. Woolley seems to have found the motif of this novel in the like liberties taken with the marriage laws of their country by George Eliot and Lewes, Mary Wolstonecraft and Godwin, and the Shelley's. She brings to bear a number of strong arguments against such law-defying partnerships.

The story is well told, has several dramatic situations with considerable local Western coloring; introduces living characters and recent books and plays,

while the style and treatment show decided improvement on the earlier work in the line of fiction. Her hero, though delineated as a sort of literary "ladies' man," is not at all likely to win the admiration of the reader. He is too sentimentally egotistic, and his words and actions are decidedly heartless, while his literary ability seems to be the merest veneer.

Indeed one hardly cares on closing the book to renew acquaintance with any of the characters therein portrayed, but one cannot help admiring the author's ability to make her story an interesting one with such poor material for heroes and heroines.

THE second number of *The Philosophical Review* has been received at the office of THE JOURNAL. It is a bi-monthly publication, edited by Professor J. G. Schurman, dean of the Sage school of Philosophy in Cornell University and published by Ginn & Co., Boston, New York and Chicago. This *Review* is a high class periodical which ranges over the field of Psychology, Logic, Philosophy of Education, Philosophy of Religion, Metaphysics and the Philosophy of Nature. Its list of contributors includes the names of eminent thinkers in this country and in Europe. The leading papers in this issue are by Professor Andrew Seth, Professor William James and Benj Ives Gilman. "Review of Books," is one of the principal features of this journal, from which one can learn of what is being done in the realm of philosophical thought and scholarship. Single numbers, 75 cents; per annum, \$3.00.

M. Camille Flammarion, the author of "Uranie," is too well known to need more than the announcement of a new volume from his pen to attract readers. His new story "Lumen," announced by the Cassell Publishing Company, is very much in the manner of "Uranie" a scientific romance, and, like that popular story, is tinged with poetry on every page. "It is a delightful thing in these prosaic days," says a well known critic, "to get away from the novels of realism and strike out into something of an entirely different order that lifts one into the clouds—the pun is unintentional—and takes him away from the earth. It is just this that M. Flammarion does and it is a rest to the weary brain to read his graceful stories." Mrs. Serrano who translated "Uranie," has translated this volume.

AN authentic account of what treatment the Catholic Church actually gave to Galileo and his discoveries and writings is given by Dr. Andrew D. White in one of his Warfare of Science papers in *The Popular Science Monthly* for April. Dr. White's statements are fortified by copious citations from authors of unquestioned orthodoxy. The same article tells just how far into the present century the Catholic Church held to the notion that the earth does not move, and shows that certain Protestant sects displayed much less wisdom by clinging to the antiquated delusion even longer.

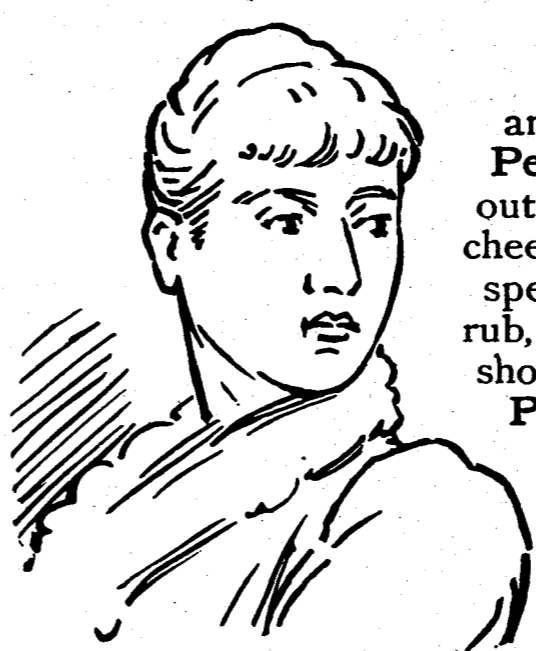
THE March number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* has a number of very readable articles with illustrations, among which are "The Queen's Riviera Residence," "The Late Mr. Spurgeon," by Rev. R. Haweis; "Among Western Song Men," by S. Baring-Gould, and "Lost: A Story of the Australian Bush," by Mary Gaunt, chapter iv., Macmillan & Co., 112 Fourth street, New York.



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 Labor arise,
 And with uplifted eyes,
 Far fixed upon the skies,
 With firm feet upon the ground,
 Break the shackles that have bound!
 Stand in freedom; freedom-crowned!

Labor, be true!
 Not outward look, but in—
 So surely shalt thou win,
 The victory over sin!
 Thy own being holds the seed,
 Of each and every need,
 By which labor shall be freed!

Labor, be just!
 Remember that thou must
 Be faithful to thy trust!
 From great nature and her laws,
 Shape the pattern of thy cause,
 Build it perfect, without flaws!

Labor, be firm!
 Nor waver not, nor turn,
 From lessons thou must learn!
 Bitter blow, or cruel sting,
 Bravely bear the pain they bring!
 Bear it, as becomes a king!

Labor, be wise!
 Thy strength and courage lies
 In love, and in its ties!
 Love for home, and for its good,
 Love that earns the daily food,
 Love that builds for brotherhood!

Labor, combine!
 Add force to force divine!
 Till rulership be thine!
 Life is labor—let us sing,
 Till the earth and heavens ring,
 Work is worthy—work is king!

—ELLA DARE IN INTER-OCEAN.

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 Life holds no woe for me. I know full well,
 However evil things may seem to me to-day,
 Some future joy is certain to dispel
 The clouds that lower darkly o'er my way.
 And I have noted that one taste of bliss,
 E'en though 'tis but a taste, hath joyous meed
 To compensate for all that goes amiss,
 On which a soul in sorrow long may feed.

No night e'er was whose darkness did not fade;
 No storm e'er raged whose course was not soon
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 And so my soul, by troubles undismayed,
 Doth simply wait the coming of the sun.
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Where desire is all euphonious,
Where the hush of life is found;
Thence there flows that glorious river,
Thence the living waters flow;
Beaming from their glorious giver,
Life to mortals here below.

Stream of life, O waters glorious,
Clear as crystal from afar,
Beaming on your breast victorious
Truth, forever all valorous,
Truth to set the nations free!
Onward in your course of blessing,
Onward crystal waters flow,
Beaming wisdom, love and blessing,
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What is friendship? I will tell you,
Eyes that weep for others' wrongs,
Shoulders bearing others' burdens,
Lips repeating others' songs.

Friendship is a chain, embracing
Rich and poor, and young and old;
Even the beggar child may fondly
Touch in awe its links of gold.

Friendship is the heart's devotion,
By warm, loving acts confess'd,
Thinking trials only pleasures,
If they give a loved one rest.

Friendship is a sweet compassion,
When brave courage is unmann'd,
Asking naught, but trusting fully,
Quick to soothe and understand.

—JEWISH MESSENGER.

Poets find it difficult, if not impossible, to write poetry "to order." A distinguished poet, who was not long ago asked by the editor of a periodical if he would not write for him a poem within two weeks, answered the editor:

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The editor had no "influence with the muse" and lost his poem.

Beranger, the famous French poet, whose greatest gift lay in writing little poems which he called songs, was particularly dependent on these visits of the muse.

He was once visited by the author and academician Viennet, who said to him:

"You must have written several songs since I saw you last."

"I have only begun one," answered Beranger.

"Only one! I am astonished!" exclaimed Viennet.

Beranger became indignant.

"Humph!" he shouted. "Do you think one can turn off a song as one turns off a tragedy?"—Exchange.

A New York cabman was brought up before Judge Duffy for running over a man and severely injuring him.

"Why didn't you assist the man after you had run over him?" asked the justice.

"I didn't know he was hurt, or I would have gone back to him," replied the cabdriver.

"But you must have known the man was injured."

"Judge I'll swear I didn't know the man was hurt. I'll prove it to you. I have had a spite at that man for over a year, but he is too big for me to lick. Now, if I had known he was so crippled up after I ran over him that he could not fight don't you suppose I would have taken advantage of it, and would have gone back and slugged him. I am twice as sorry as you are judge, that I didn't go back. I never will have such another chance to beat the life out of him."—Texas Siftings.

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When I die.
How, oh, Maker will it seem?—
Like a fairy tale or dream,
When I die?
Will my loved ones all be there
With me in the golden air
When I die?
If so, mourn not, those behind;
Love each other and be kind,
When I die.
Let no preacher talk or pray
When I in the coffin lay,
When I die.
God will weigh me as I am—
His to either bless or damn,
When I die.
Put my little keepsakes by,
Peep at them sometimes and sigh,
When I die.
Never mind a stone to raise,
Upon which a foe may gaze,
When I die.
Think of all the good I did
When you close the coffin lid,
When I die.
Pardon all the faults I had
Thoughtless wrongs and actions bad,
When I die.
Thus I worship as I kneel;
Do you wish that way to feel
When you die?

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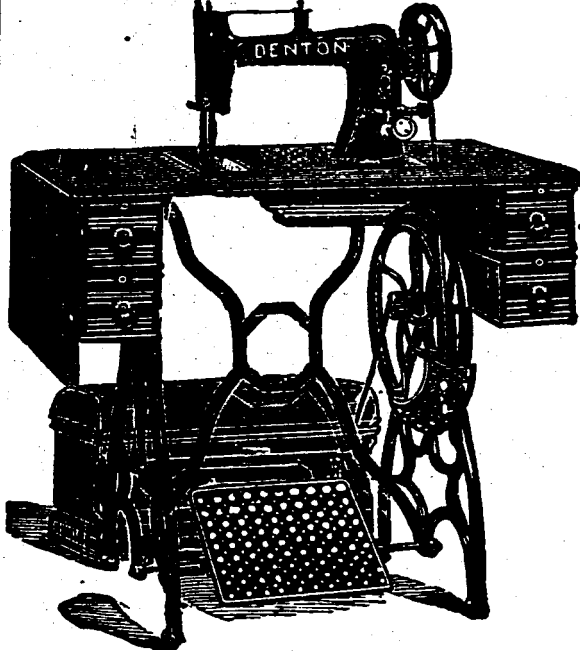
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