

# RELIGIO THE SOPHICAL PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

M. BOUQUET DE LA GRYE, of the Paris observatory, has formed a staff of young ladies to examine the photographs of the transit of Venus, and he declares that a new vista has been opened on the celestial system by the quickness of the visual powers of Miss Maury, of the Harvard University observatory.

THE modern messiahs seem to be having trouble of late. The Rockford fellow is prosecuted by an indignant husband and the Detroit scamp, Prince Michael, who according to report, has made a number of young women his victims, was put behind the bars the other day. These frauds may yet learn by practical experience that there is a God in Israel or something very like it.

RECENTLY a brilliant paragrapher made a little item to the effect that Mayor Mosby and a party of friends had had a little dinner at the Burnett House, and that the mayor had quite a tussle with Lindley Murray, says a Cincinnati paper. His honor saw the paragraph, and a few days after on meeting the writer said: "By the way, what did you mean by saying I had a tussle the other night with Lindley Murray? Why, I don't know Murray." To which the answer came at once, "I know you don't."

A REMARKABLE boy mathematician, named Frank Northrup, a lad of but six years, is attracting attention at Manton, Mich. The boy's parents are receiving letters of inquiry, many of them from amusement managers, but they are not willing to place him upon exhibition. According to published statements he is boyish in all his acts and in his speech, yet is an old head at figures. He solves mentally and with wonderful rapidity any sum in multiplication, no matter how large the figures. A correspondent gave him any number of apparently difficult examples. In each instance he would readily move his lips, lisp the figures given, and then return the correct answer. When the figures 4, 9, 7, 7 were placed upon a piece of paper the young man could not give the amount they represented, but readily figured it. He simply knows the figures singly, and has not the least idea of grouping them. Last fall he could not count above twelve, and it was at this time his skill in figures was first recognized. He has attended school but two months. That he has a system of his own by which he works is evident by the thoughtful expression of his face and his repeating difficult questions.

AMONG the stories of extraordinary coincidences, not the least curious is the history of a letter for the accuracy of which the London correspondent of the Leeds Mercury says he can vouch. A short time ago a lady in London wished to write to a friend in America, whose address she did not know. The only means she had of procuring the address was to write to a mutual friend, who also lived in America. This she accordingly did, and the letter was duly dispatched. The ship which carried the letter was

wrecked, and the mails for a time lost. They were eventually recovered and brought back to England, the letters, now much damaged by sea water, being returned through the Dead Letter Office to the senders. The letter in question was sent back to the lady, who naturally examined it minutely. To her surprise, she found that another letter had become closely stuck to it. Holding up the twofold missive to the light, she deciphered the address on the one which was stuck to her own. It was a letter addressed to the friend to whom she had wished to write, and to discover whose whereabouts her own letter had been dispatched. Her letter thus literally brought back its own answer.

At the mess table on board one of her Majesty's ships, lying off Portsmouth, recently, a lieutenant suddenly laid down his knife and fork, pushed away his plate, and turned extremely pale, says the West Sussex (Eng.) Gazette of March 10th. Covering his face with his hands he retired from the room. The president then sent one of the young men to inquire what was the matter. On being pressed, he confessed that he had been seized by an irresistible impression that a brother he had then in India was dead. "He died," said he, "on the 12th of August, at six o'clock; I am perfectly sure of it." No argument could overthrow this conviction, which in due course of post was verified to the letter. The young man had died at Cawnpore at the precise period mentioned.

THE mysterious process of psychical telegraphy may be reduced to almost a fine art if people will but trust to it, says the Boston Budget. Mark Twain's whimsical narration in the Christmas Harper's really embodies phases of experience which are becoming almost universal. The crossing of letters is one of the most frequent forms that it takes. There are in Boston two editors engaged on two different journals who are accustomed to an almost daily interchange of letters. Recently a week or more of absolute silence had fallen between them, until yesterday morning, when each received a letter from the other written the previous evening, one letter asking its recipient to do a certain thing connected with journalistic conduct, the other telling its recipient that the writer had just finished doing this particular thing. Two correspondents, one in Washington, one in Boston, wrote to each other the other day letters which exactly duplicated the topics touched—letters that crossed on the way—with the single exception that one of these discussed Mr. Howell's new departure, while the other did not mention it. The opinions expressed, however, of the identical topics, differed amusingly. One wrote of Mr. Balestier, with prefacing regrets at his untimely death, "But I don't wonder that he died after reading the first chapter of his story in the Century. It was bad enough to have killed any one," while the comment of the other was quite different. On a certain magazine, too, one had written: "How exceedingly good is ——— this month." While the other said: "What a collection of insignificance is ——— this month, a mass of gilded husks, but no bread." In fact, there is a sort of mental commitment to the powers of earth or air possible, that people may use with more or less advantage—or perhaps disadvantage. It is mental telegraphy—a process

that, in the swiftly advancing finer age of activities in which we are to live, will probably come into daily and hourly use, and its present undiscerned and unformulated laws will be reduced to a system.

OBJECTIONS have often been raised against evolution on the ground that fossils do not show gradation of lower into higher species, writes B. F. Underwood in the Evolutionist. But the parts of the earth that have been explored for fossils, or in which they have been accidentally discovered, are not more, relatively, than a few pin-holes would be on the surface of an orange. The chances against the preservation of the skeletons of animals are great; yet the fact that many fossils have not been found is no proof that they will not be. Not a few of the "missing links" between species have been brought to light. In an old lake-bed at Steinheim, in Wurtemberg, Germany, are forty distinct layers of chalk, in which are perfectly preserved remains of many shells. The layers of rock are distinctly marked, and the shells of each layer are distinct, though there is this peculiarity: Through the main body of the layer the shells remain the same; but toward the limit of each, or before the beginning of the next above, the shells are observed to vary, so as to approach the form of a shell which will be found in the next layer. The lowest and highest layers of chalk contain shells so different that, looked at without the knowledge of the intermediate shells, they would without question be taken by the naturalist for distinct species.

PROFESSOR LOMBROSO declares that taste and smell in women are probably sharper than in men, but that as regards touch, women are less sensitive than men. He says: "I have myself used Weber's aethesimeter to measure the power of tact and sensitiveness to pain at the tip of the forefinger in over a hundred women, and I have found that, except in the case of very young girls, whose tactile sensitiveness is exceedingly developed, women's sense of touch is, in general, nearly twice as obtuse as that of men." In the course of an extended investigation, Dr. Lombroso states that he has found sensitiveness to bodily pain less by fifteen per cent among women than among men. His conclusion is that women in general are characterized by a marked degree of sensory obtuseness. As corroborative proof he cites the testimony of well-known European surgeons, one of whom states that the majority of women allow themselves to be operated upon with astonishing insensibility, almost as though the body beneath the surgeon's knife were that of another and not their own. One of the most distinguished dentists of Turin, says that he has been surprised to observe in his daily practice that women undergo every variety of dental operation with much more courage and facility than men. Another leading practitioner, adds that men swoon under the dentist's hands much more frequently than women. The common belief is that woman's quiet endurance of pain, is owing largely to great fortitude and moral courage,—qualities which are so frequently observed among persons in a high state of nervous development. Against this belief Professor Lombroso's theory will not carry much weight and indeed his experiments are too limited to be the basis of a scientific conclusion on the subject.

## BOEHME'S PHILOSOPHY.

Every cycle of mentality has its representative. Boehme, more than Luther, represented the esoteric and exoteric thought of the 16th century. In his vague, mystical and apparently heterogeneous unfolding, the true in Christianity found its culmination and the future of its broadening evolution. In him was the divine germ planted which has flowered out and borne the fruit of that classified knowledge which the world calls science. The roots of this germ were nourished by the thought of the past, and in the tree which has grown from this germ and its rootlets the intellectuality of the race has expanded until now we can behold the beginning and trend of a universal evolution.

In Boehme's formula of the self-existent God—'Nothing,' 'All,' 'Father,' 'Son,' 'Spirit,' 'Word' and 'Wisdom'—we have the ground of all the speculations of the past, whether Pagan or Christian, as to the inscrutable, unknowable Absolute. These too may be found in one sense, in the 'Unconditioned' of Kant, Hamilton, Mansel and Spencer. Boehme declares the one sole Existent Divinity is 'unknowable'—except by apprehension of the highest angel, and then only as mirrored in the Divine Wisdom—the reflection of the 'All' discreted from this self-existent God in the ever-generated 'Ideas' which he calls the 'Unbeginning Beginning'—the 'Eternal Nature.' In this fluidic ocean of Life all the germs of whatever is, are manifested. It is the beginning of cause—the beginning of the finite—the beginning of so-called 'creation.' From this starting point each germ is differentiated, containing within itself the potency of its after evolution. All through his writings this thought is dwelt upon; now in abstract statement, now in similitude and often personified. Is there not here a hint of the now scientifically demonstrated law of evolution?

It is claimed that Kepler was indebted to Boehme for many of his thoughts and theories in regard to astronomy. It is well known that Newton acknowledged his indebtedness to Boehme for his theory of gravitation. Much that is in chemistry can also be traced to his suggestions. Boehme was a seed-sower without much method, it is true, in his seed sowing. The fruit of his thoughts has made the conditions, however, in the mentality of the race by which others could come forth and do a larger work. Without Boehme it is possible no such great thinker as Swedenborg could have come upon the scene and have acted his part. Much that is in that great seer's work can be traced in Boehme's writings. Swedenborg was a scientist, equipped with a university education to start with, and hence was better able to express his thoughts than Boehme.

Boehme will be a perennial fountain to many minds of a mystical and speculative turn. It is well for those who have the time, the intellectual ability and the inclination to study both. No one can even master Boehme at second hand; one must not only be imbued with his spirit, but must, in a certain sense become en rapport with his state. One must see underneath his jargon, his uncouth way of presenting mystical truth, a harmonious, systematic and beautiful theory, clothed in the serious religious garb of the sixteenth century. He claimed the 'Divine Sophia' as his bride; and certainly he was loyal to her behests; for he was a life-long sufferer for his devotion to what he considered truth.

Many have attempted to give Boehme's revelations to the world; but all have thus far failed. St. Martin, Gretchel, Martinsen, Schelling, Baader, Dr. Law and others have tried to mirror his mystical meanings. Dr. Law probably more nearly gave the outcome of his principles than any of the others. He was a clergyman of deep spirituality and entered by virtue of his being Boehme's English translator into the deeper hidden meanings of the text he had to grapple with.

Mr. Hartmann, assisted by Mrs. Penny, whose work we have made the text for these imperfect articles, attempts to identify Boehme's 'Theosophy' with that now current and called by that name. Hartman's trans-

lations are too free and some of his statements are hardly more than a travesty of what he undertakes to expound.

## CHARITIES AND CORRECTIONS.

The nineteenth session of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections will be held at Denver, June 23d to 30th. The preliminary program offers an attractive series of meetings; its topics include many of the important social problems of the day. It has standing committees upon State Boards of Charities, Reformatory Work, Kindergartens and Child-saving, Care and Classification of the Insane, Commitment and Detention of the Insane, Charity Organization in Cities, The Indian Policy in Its Relations to Crime and Pauperism, The Colony Plan for the Feeble minded, Immigration and Migration Between States, Defensive and Preventive Measures Against Pauperism and Crime, and the Coöperation of Women in the Management of Charitable and Penal Institutions. Each of these committees has charge of a general session of the Conference, and several of them will also conduct special or sectional sessions, in which they will discuss their subjects in detail. This organization is a representative body of the people throughout the land, whose business it is to deal with the poor, the ignorant and the criminal, or who are devoted as good citizens to the work of private charity. Its object is the introduction of enlightened methods of grappling with the evils and misfortunes of life. It combines the best philanthropy of all creeds and all shades of political opinion, upon the broad platform of humanity. It does not conflict with any form of existing benevolence, but it aims to place before the country, by the aid of the press, such details of practical information, with the results of experimental altruism, as cannot but be helpful to all.

The secretary of the National Conference for Charities is Alexander Johnson, Indianapolis, Ind., who will be glad to give any particulars to those interested in the work.

## PURGATORY.

Up to the time of the Protestant Reformation the belief in the middle state of death, a purgatorial state, was general and a part of the Christian system. Luther and his co-workers in the Reformation put themselves in opposition to this doctrine, and struck out the words hades and the Hebrew equivalent sheol, and translated them hell or the grave. In the Greek New Testament hades and sheol have the same meaning. The highest condition of hades was one of bliss, and by the Jews up to the time of Christ this was called Paradise. The lowest place in hades was Gehenna. An intermediate state between the highest and the lowest order of spirits was evidently the early Christian view, and it accords with reason. If human beings pass from earth to spirit life, retaining their individual characteristics, their tastes, desires and aspirations, as Spiritualism teaches, there must be 'probationary' and 'purgatorial' conditions for the vast majority of mankind. Renan says that if he could have his future ordained according to his choice he would enter purgatory, and whoever has read Dante, must understand the reasonableness of Renan's preference.

Man must carry with him into the future life the mental and moral nature manifested here. The disposition and tastes of a person cannot be changed in a moment. Errors and prejudices cannot be outgrown in a day. Man cannot become like a little child in freedom from prepossessions and in readiness to learn, by transition from one state of being to another. Low desires and indulgence in vice from youth to old age, cannot at once be replaced by love of the pure and the good. Avarice, hatred and revenge leave, or are indeed the result of, spiritual deformities which can be corrected only by time and discipline.

'When the body dies and falls to dust' says Boehme, 'the soul retains its form as well as the will that animated it. It is certainly away from the body because in death there is separation; but then the form appears with and in those things it here affected, which it had assimilated and with which it had become saturated;

for they had their sources in itself. It yearns after the things it loved on earth—after all that it had treasured and its will had assented to. If a man expend his heart and affections in pride during his lifetime, the same emotions shall spring up in the soul-fire over his spiritual body, drowning all love and meekness, as well as divine freedom within him, and he shall not be able to learn and enjoy anything, but pride shall swell within him even unto anguish, and he shall vainly long for those things in which he had been used to take delight.'

Doubtless multitudes in this condition are among the inhabitants of the world of spirits. Such must evidently grow into spiritual light and knowledge, must outgrow the effects of delusive conceptions and evil inclinations, before they can adapt themselves to the higher spheres and association of the life beyond this. In other words they must pass through the purgatorial state before they can enjoy higher conditions represented to the Christian mind by the word Paradise.

Spiritualism while it accepts the elements of truth in all systems, does not slavishly accept any of the mythologies or theologies of the past. It believes in development as opposed to a fall or to stationariness, in progress as opposed to supernatural conversion, to character as opposed to mere belief in dogma, to human sufficiency as opposed to human depravity, to natural goodness as opposed to supernatural grace, to ultimate good for all against salvation for a few.

## UNKNOWN SOURCES OF ERROR.

Doubtless if the rationale of spirit communication were fully understood much which now puzzles investigators of Spiritualism would be clear. The complexity of the conditions and our total ignorance of most of them give rise to difficulties that some times discourage without convincing inquirers. Confronted by problems which they cannot solve, they are liable to lose sight of the real proofs of spirit agency. Mr. Stainton-Moses, editor of Light, has some remarks on this subject in a recent number of his paper which are worth quoting. He says:

The mechanical difficulties that conceivably and almost necessarily lie in the way of receiving precise communications from the other world are obviously great. Our ignorance of the conditions under which any communication is possible precludes more than a guess. We have already used the illustration of printers' errors, and have suggested that as the messages come so they must remain, for we have no one here to 'correct the proof.' There is also on our side that fruitful source of error, undeveloped or imperfectly developed mediumship. There are also the constantly varying conditions which exercise so powerful an influence over results. An electrical atmosphere, a sultry air, a fresh element in the circle, passing sickness, mental worry on the part of the medium—who does not know what potent influence such causes exercise over these delicate experiments?

Then, what causes of error may there not be on the other side? Through what various 'mediums' of intelligence may not a message have passed before its transmission? We are led to believe that not every spirit can communicate directly with earth. As we have to avail ourselves of certain psychical organizations for our purpose, so we believe it is with those who desire to speak with earth. And, if this be so, what changes may a message undergo before it is fairly started on its way to meet with fresh difficulties as it reaches us? There is a well-known children's game, which is played by, say, half a dozen persons seated round a drawing-room table. A whispers a short story to B; B repeats it from memory to C; and so on till F returns the story to the original narrator, A, who recites it and the first version for the benefit of the company. How changed in its passage from mouth to mouth! Some details blurred, some omitted, some travestied; incidents added, here a gloss, there an opinion; all is different. The fable seems to us to be not inapplicable to the subject under discussion. Of the difficulties of transmission we know nothing; only this we know that if the message has been sent

through various minds it must have been greatly changed in the process.

The present writer, whose personal knowledge of automatic writing is long and varied, found that the best and most precise messages—given, as was stated, for the purpose of subsequent verification, and not merely for purposes of instruction—were written when he sat alone in the early morning. There was no disturbing element at hand, the body was rested by sleep, the mind unjaded by the anxieties of the day. It was at such times that he received a large number of messages embodying facts, dates, and verifiable particulars previously unknown to him, which irresistibly made for the conviction that these communications were true—true in substance, and really emanating from their alleged source.

#### THE JOURNAL'S ATTITUDE.

The leading editorial in THE JOURNAL of February 27, headed "Religious Survival" has called out much commendation from correspondents. We have been asked to continue the subject, and to give a true standard of Spiritualism. This THE JOURNAL has so often done that it seems a work of supererogation again to discuss the subject.

From the beginning of its career THE JOURNAL has insisted upon the evolution of the inner man under the law of development. It has fought fraud, fakerism and fanaticism at every point. It has hewed to the line, let the chips fall where they might. Because it has done all this it has incurred the bitter hostility of the many who seek their own aggrandizement rather than the good of humanity. THE JOURNAL can forgive a sin where repentance and amendment follow. It can condone a fault when honestly, but mistakenly committed. It can take the hand of the outcast of whatever grade and do what it can to elevate purify and make sacred a true manhood and womanhood. But it cannot, will not pollute its columns with the slush which is becoming rampant and which is supplemented with a sensuality sickening to those who are seeking to live a true life, however feebly.

THE JOURNAL's principal work has been to deal with facts, inductively grouped so as to form a scientific conclusion. This more particularly in the field of psychics.

Spiritualism can never be a philosophy and a religion without a scientific foundation to rest upon. The past systems of the world have rested largely upon assumption and upon deductive arguments, based upon assumption. Both these factors occupy a legitimate place; but the confirmation by facts, properly classified, is absolutely necessary to give the demonstration which scientific truth demands.

Meanwhile the spirit, the real man, is to be advanced by knowledge and by spiritual and moral culture. This is the grand mission of Spiritualism. If a Spiritualist is a member of a church, let him help to bring his life up to a higher standard. If he is outside all churches, let him lead his life worthily as one in the great workshop of the world. Humanity is one and divinity is its indwelling life and light, "above all, in all and through all," realized in proportion to personal worth, irrespective of sects and affiliations.

#### A DESERVED REPROOF.

THE JOURNAL has more than once criticised the utterances of Rev. P. S. Henson, of this city, but it desires now to thank him in the name of unsectarian government for presenting the following resolutions at the Baptist Ministers' meeting held on Monday of last week:

WHEREAS, The city council of Chicago, at a meeting held on the 10th ult. did, by resolution, instruct the mayor to close all the offices of the city hall on Thursday, March 17, 1892, and did declare the said 17th of March a holiday; and

WHEREAS, The only conceivable reason for such observance was to honor the memory of St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland; and

WHEREAS, Many of the citizens and tax-payers of Chicago are neither of Irish nationality nor the Roman faith; and

WHEREAS, It is utterly foreign to the genius of American institutions to discriminate in favor of any one law or religion; therefore,

Resolved, That this conference of Baptist ministers imperatively demand that if the precedent thus established by our city council is to be followed in the future, that St. Andrew shall have a memorial day in deference to the feelings of our Scottish fellow citizens, and that Mr. Penn shall be similarly honored in deference to the Quakers, and Roger Williams in deference to the Baptists, and John Wesley in deference to the Methodists, and John Calvin in deference to the Presbyterians, and Martin Luther in deference to the Lutherans; and if there be any other race or religion that can claim enough voters to be an influential factor at the polls, then the representatives of such race or religion shall each have the privilege of naming any patron saint or reverend ecclesiast to whose honor the city offices shall be closed once a year—if there be days enough in the calendar to serve the purpose.

Resolved further and finally, That if, in the judgment of the city council, it be not expedient thus to memorialize all the nations and faiths, we urgently insist that they memorialize none, but severely let religion alone in their official capacity and address themselves honestly to their legitimate business."

At the Salem, (Mass.) meeting which was held on the 200th anniversary of the outbreak of the witchcraft delusion in that community, Hon. Robert S. Rantoul said in substance: We are here to commemorate something we would willingly forget. The witchcraft horror—the terrible frenzy which overtook our ancestors two centuries ago—is a chapter in our local annals which I for one would make haste to blot out forever if I had it in my power to do so. All that can besaid in extenuation, all that can be said to the personal credit of the few who stood up bravely against the wretched business, does not wipe out the appalling fact that in Salem twenty innocent persons, mostly women, were, by their own neighbors, done to death, at intervals of weeks, with slow deliberation and the forms of law, upon flimsy and unsubstantial statements,—the victims denied those rites and consolations of religion which society affords to the most hardened of offenders, excommunicated from the church they loved, outlawed of heaven and earth, even the poor solace of Christian burial denied their ashes. I find an excuse for this commemoration, if excuse is needed, in the belief that the wretched slaughter of women in 1692, whether we will it or not, will be remembered. Had they perished by conflagration, by ship wreck or by flood, by any agency where no human motive intervened, their fate had been sad, indeed, but time would slowly wipe out the living memory. Had they died by Indian massacre, even, or by famine, or by pestilence, or by siege, the memory of it would linger long but not forever. Not the numbers of the victims—not so much the character of the victims, but the nature and animus of the violence under which they fell, determine, I think, the final judgment of mankind. Smithfield and the inquisition will not be forgotten; the bloody upheaval in France a century ago will not be forgotten; the groundless strangulations in Salem 200 years ago will not be forgotten.

GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON has been much extolled and no doubt he possessed many sterling qualities. But under the influence of false political and religious beliefs, although educated at West Point, he left the service of his country to fight against it, with the prayer that he might overthrow it and establish a government of which human slavery was to be the chief corner stone. His sentiments were probably as well voiced in the following passage as in anything that he wrote: "I myself see in this war, if the North triumphs, a dissolution of all society. It is not alone the destruction of our property (which both the nation and the states are bound to protect), but it is the prelude to anarchy, infidelity and the ultimate loss of our responsible government on this continent. With these convictions I always thought we ought to meet the federal invaders on the outer verge of just right and defense and raise at once the black flag, namely, 'No quarter to the violators of houses and firesides.'

The Bible is full of such wars, and it is the only policy that would bring the North to its senses." Here spoke a man fed upon the legends of the Hebrew Jehovah. "The Bible is full of such wars," and how many other things repugnant to modern civilization.

THE Revolution of 1688 in England, by the secular arm transferring the throne from one family to another writes M. D. Conway brought the monarchical superstition into doubt, and straightway Christianity itself was shaken. One hundred years before Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason," appeared Charles Blount's "Oracles of Reason." "Blount," says Macaulay, "was an infidel, and the head of a small school of infidels who were troubled with a morbid desire to make converts. He translated from the Latin translation part of the life of Apollonius of Tyana, and appended notes of which the flippant profaneness called forth the severe censure of an unbeliever of a very different order, the illustrious Bayle. Blount also attacked Christianity in several original treatises. . . . His delight was to worry the priests by asking them how light existed before the sun was made, how Paradise could be bounded by Pison, Gibon, Hiddekel and Euphrates, how serpents moved before they were condemned to crawl, and where Eve found thread to stitch her fig-leaves." To Blount Macaulay attributes the emancipation of the press in England.

MRS. ELAINE GOODALE-EASTMAN, who has a personal knowledge of Indian life, says that among our American Indians the property rights of wives are fully respected. She says: "I never knew an Indian to sell his wife's ponies, or anything belonging to her, without her consent. I have known him to receive from a white man a good offer, which he is anxious to accept. He merely replies: 'The horse is not mine; I must ask my wife.' He goes home and asks her simply if she will sell. If she says 'No' he tells the white man, 'My wife does not wish to sell,' and nothing further is said. More than this, an Indian will very seldom sell a horse, or anything valuable of his own, or make any important decision, without consulting the partner of his joys. It is a very common reply to an offer of any kind, concerning a change of residence the acceptance of a position, or sending the children to school. 'I must first ask my wife.' If an Indian woman makes and sells a pair of moccasins the money is hers, and she uses it as she sees fit." In some things the Indians might teach a lesson to the more civilized race.

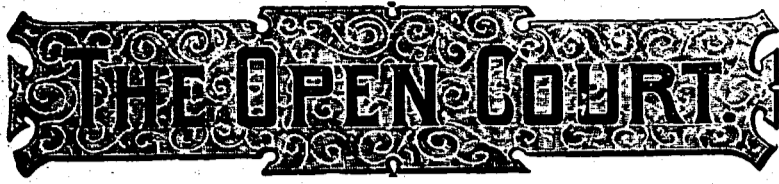
AMONG those who are deeply interested in the problems of Psychical Science which will come before the Congress in 1893 are Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Frances E. Willard. They were among the first of the eminent women invited to membership in the Advisory Council now being formed from whom favorable responses were received. No confidence is violated in making public the following letter addressed to a member of the Executive Committee of the Congress.

EVANSTON, ILL., U. S. A., March 16, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER: Lady Henry and I will gladly go on your Advisory Council. We like you and admire your championship of occult science. We too have souls (!) and would gladly know, as well as gently believe in their perpetual, individual consciousness. Whoever will "look this matter up" will have our hearty thanks. Believe us ever yours sincerely in the love of God and the hope of immortality.

FRANCES E. WILLARD,  
ISABEL SOMERSET.

HORSES are not valued at higher rates now than in the earlier ages of the world, if we estimate the prices paid for them according to the price of food, which seems to be a fair standard of comparison, says Our Animal Friends. In King Solomon's time an Egyptian horse—the best horses were then procured from Egypt—cost one hundred and fifty shekels, about eighty-five dollars. Six hundred years after Solomon, in the time of Xenophon, Seuthis, the Thracian paid fifty drachmae, or about one hundred and thirty-five dollars for the steed upon which he rode during the retreat of the Ten Thousand.



## RELIGION IN THE NATURE OF MAN.

BY G. B. STEBBINS.

A series of articles on Religion by B. F. Underwood has appeared in your issues for the last month. The fairness and frankness and ability of Mr. Underwood I respect highly, yet with his ideas on this matter I cannot agree.

In a paragraph published March 12th, he says: "It is sufficient for my purpose here to indicate that the so called religious instinct . . . is not a primordial endowment, but an acquirement. . . it implies simply the mind, with its power of feeling and thought, capable of change and growth, and the transmission of the results of experience in the form of predispositions, together with the external world and all its varied and mysterious phenomena, impressing us from birth to death and exciting to contemplative thought."\*

To me that sacred instinct is a "primordial endowment." It is the soul's sense of kinship to the Oversoul, the spirit's aspiration toward its divine source and original. "The same in kind am I as the all-prevailing spirit, yet infinitely distant in degree," said a Hindoo sage in the old Rig Veda.

"For in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,  
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew,"  
were the inspired words of Derzhaven.

"God of the granite and the rose,  
Soul of the sparrow and the bee,  
The mighty tide of being flows

Through countless channels Lord from Thee,"  
is the thought of Elizabeth Doten's illuminated soul.

Philosophers and saints and sages, from Plato to Emerson, the great thinkers of all ages, whose words will never fade from memory, have held the same idea which ever shines with clearer light in those most versed in the things of the spirit, yet most free from the fetters of dogmatic theology. Plant a score of acorns in grounds stony or fertile, shaded or open to the sun, and trees stunted and feeble or grand in massive strength grow up. But they are all oaks, because the germ of the acorn had that "primordial endowment!" The germ of religion, the sense of kinship to the infinite soul and to humanity and immortality, is native in every human spirit, a part of its original warp and woof. In the darkness of savage life and the gloom of superstition its development is feeble; in the light of freedom and with spiritual culture it is the inspiring hope of the world, the help to the noblest ethics and the highest daily life; the sunshine in which we best see and interpret the facts of nature. Thus is religion a world-wide power, its perversions fading, its noble uses gaining. Its form changes but its spirit lives. All the long way from savage fetishism and cruel priestcraft to a natural and loving reverence has the inner life of man reached up,—his thoughts broadened and his outer life enlarged meanwhile. Through these ages there has been a sacred sense of great spiritual realities, dim and confused at times, but never lost, for it is innate and intuitive, and ever gaining by slow degrees; and this gain is the progress of religious ideas.

\*Mr. Underwood claims that man has a religious nature, that religion "is rooted," to quote his own words, "in the depths and not simply upon the surface of consciousness," but that the human mind like the human body has been evolved from lower conditions, all the higher faculties and powers having come by growth, by development. He says (see THE JOURNAL of February 20, 1892, page 613.) "In the process of mental evolution there has been continuity, the higher conditions having been evolved from the lower ones. The complex religious nature of the enlightened man—if evolution be true—must have grown out of conditions in which none of its highest characteristics were present." Mr. Underwood applies evolution to the religious nature the same as he does to the reasoning faculties, to the imagination, to the æsthetic taste, etc., claiming that they all came to form a part of human consciousness by evolution from brute to man and from the lowest to the highest human conditions. This statement of Mr. Underwood's position is for those readers who may not have read his whole series of articles on "Religion" recently published in THE JOURNAL.—ED. JOURNAL.

No stick or stone was ever worshipped, no temple or pagoda, no cathedral or church ever built, save as sign and token of the soul's sense of a supreme power, a guiding intelligence, an immortal life and of daily duty.

"Nearer my God to thee,"

are the words they all utter, confused as the first sounds that infant lips can try, dull amidst the discords of pride and power, or clear as the song of angels. To hear that word, in his own soul, in temples made with hands, or in nature's great temple, and to be inspired to true work by that hearing is to be religious. Religion is spiritual intuition, the recognition of the unseen things which are eternal. It is also the highest philosophy gaining with the wider range of thought and reason. Thus is the sense of duty enlarged, and its application to life made wiser, as we learn that "love is the fulfilling of law." As the rubbish of dogmas and fogs of superstition are cleared away we stand firm, as on the rock, and gain clearer views. Character is based on spiritual foundations. Let us keep them broad and sure.

Between natural religion and a perfected and spiritualized sense there can be no conflict, for the truths of our inner life and the truths of nature must and do agree. Psychological science and the facts of Spiritualism are teaching this agreement. A godless science is to be held an unscientific absurdity sooner than we suppose. Emerson struck the key note of the scientific thought of the near future is a single verse:

"This wonderful creation,  
A divine improvisation,  
From the heart of God proceeds,—  
A single will, a million deeds."

Here is that intelligent unity of plan and purpose, that "single will" without which the measured order of suns and stars, and that upward tendency which evolution teaches are impossible. But enough, for the theme is endless. Please give this a place in your fair pages, where it will stand peacefully beside the words of my friend Underwood, just as we two might sit side by side in peaceful comparison of our varying views, seeking thus to gain more light.

DETROIT, MICH.

## SINGLE TAX ON LAND.

BY EDGEWORTH.

1. The single tax positions are 1: That land is an undivided bequest of "The Supreme Being" to the governments representing collective society, rights of eminent domain resting with government.
2. That increments of value due to civic aggregation rightfully revert to government.
3. That local fertilities in excess of the poorest soil in use, revert to government.
4. That government shall not be restricted in its expenditures; but on the contrary, extend them to manifold "internal improvements" and industrial enterprises, the tax fund for which land alone shall supply.

It is implied that the claim of a municipal or autonomous administration is subordinate to that of the State or general government.

5. That nothing else than land values shall be taxable, hence no "improvements" whether made by their possessors or by others. (In this case, increments or fertility due to labor should not be taxable.)
6. That all increments of value upon the original, not reckoned as improvements, shall be confiscated by tax, irrespective of their having been paid for or not by their actual possessors.

These last clauses, (5 and 6) I have not seen specified by Henry George, but quote from other single taxers. Reference to the above numbers will spare repetitions.

The single tax scheme embraces two applications, one agricultural; the other municipal. I confine my remarks to the former, and the farmer. It is an ideal farmer that single tax economy sees. It is one capable of holding and disposing of his crop himself, and capable of concert with other farmers as intelligent as between bankers, for instance. Strong, then in

the possession of the staff of life, they could shift any possible tax to the prices of their produce, and the boasted simplification in methods of taxation might be made, without ruining any body in particular. But the actual farmer is not, upon the average, intelligent beyond his routine farming, and financially he exists by sufferance of his merchant, for good reasons.

Only a few capitalist farmers could stand the strain of single tax, and they could do it by untaxed machinery, with hired labor, on tracts of several thousand acres, economizing about nine tenths of the usual farm work in obtaining a given product. Now political economy is satisfied with such a result. What cares she for the clodhopper's independence? She will pat him on the shoulder, and ask him if he does not handle more dollars in wages than he used to when he ran a farm himself. She does not consider the dignity of family position compromised by dependence for wages. Your hired farm laborer has something else to think about than dignity, subsistence comes first. The single tax scheme has two weak places in the back. One is Canada, the other is Mexico.

If the United States were the universe, capitalist farmers would probably stay inside of it; but if Uncle Sam made the difficulties of farming too steep, what should hinder the eagle, capital, from taking skill under its wing and flying over the boundary line to free or less taxed lands? We should buy our bread from Manitoba, instead of from Dakota. We should sweeten our coffee with Mexican or West Indian sugar. Henry George and Colonel Ingersoll may couple teams, for they both see in the American working man, the operative, the employé, the dependent; one by tariff pressure: the other by land tax pressure; equally private monopolies of government, by government, for government. George may claim the merit of taking the bull by the horns. The farmer is not compelled to buy store goods, if his women folks are handy; but how is he to help paying the land tax assessment, or else to leave the ranch. There is one thing I fail to understand; that is how the spread eagle can spread a few hundred million dollars broader in salaries, pensions and wastes, from presidency to presidency, after it has taxed out of its domains that energy which had been the most characteristic of United States industries. Theoretically, all other taxes than the land, are abolished. No revenue from customs houses. The land must pay before its farmers eat; can you blame them if they leave the land on the government's hands?

The single taxer's most plausible argument is drawn from the unearned increment of civic aggregation in towns and cities. Suppose it were simple and easy to skim the cream of unearned increments, without injustice. The question is whether the municipal sphere, or collective civic life that evolved the increments, has not the first right and the greatest need of them for its sanitation and public schools, not to mention police. We must consider the relation of this single tax El Dorado, to its back country farms. Our merchants could profit but little on the mere distribution of foreign produce. The anæmia of agriculture would extend to trade and all other economic departments. Anæmic countries fall a national prey to invading hordes.

What an economic paradox—for a government that requires payment of taxes in legal tender money, to pile all taxes on the devoted heads of that class which is at once the most necessary, and the least monied, and which by the least money pressure is subjected to the merchant's tender mercies! When necessary supplies are bought on credit every summer at an advance of cent per cent on their cost in November while cotton, the only money crop in the cotton belt, rarely gives two per cent over what it costs to make it, it is easy to estimate the relative positions of farmer and merchant.

In the farm, economic analysis distinguishes three facts. 1. Land, as the passive medium or sphere of all human production; 2. labor with skill and judgment as the factor and the access of labor to land its conditions: the diffusion of prosperity is proportioned

to the freedom or facility of such access which implies working capital, *i. e.* tools and machinery with beast or other manageable powers, with supplies for at least the first year.

It is this factor, which in sparsely settled countries where land is accessible, is most generally lacking, and which entails the sacrifice of personal liberty by debts bearing interest, to obviate the necessity for which, should be the first aim of a providential administration.

Instead of providing for this, single tax increases the difficulty by absorbing the land values; so that the farmer with only strength and skill has nothing to pledge but the possible surplus of his future crop, after paying land tax. This is so precarious, and at best so little, that it is equivalent to consigning him to hopeless serfdom.

### REVISION OF FAITH.

By W. WHITWORTH.

"My dear," said Beck to his good wife, "listen. The general assembly committee on the revision of faith took up the doctrine of infant damnation, which was entirely eliminated by the adoption of the following substitute, which reads:

"Infants dying in infancy, and all other persons who are not guilty of actual transgression are included in the election of grace, and are saved and regenerated by Christ, through the spirit who worketh when and where and how he pleaseth. So also are all others elected, persons who are not outwardly called by the ministry of the Word."

"Thank the dear Lord!" the tender matron fervently exclaimed, "mothers can now rejoice that their babies are no longer doomed to God's wrath in the everlasting lake of fiery torment."

What an incubus of crushing anxiety and dread this will lift from pious mother's souls! How did a Christian mother ever live under the torture of belief that her own babe might be elected to damnation! How could she ever think, if such should prove true, that she could know peace and happiness in heaven! What a mockery of God's justice, of right, was this monstrous doctrine of unspeakable barbarism, when one thinks of the blessed Saviour's proclamation: "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"I declare," the good woman continued, "when I think of the thousands on thousands of men and women pretending to believe that they believed in this horrible consignment of innocent childhood to endless perdition, acting as teachers and superintendents of Sunday schools, and seeing families of prattling children fresh and blooming as the flowers, I am lost in wonder at the devilish cruelty and hardness of heart to which human kind can attain. But it is so refreshing to think, that these noble rectifiers of heathenish conceptions in the dark ages, have at last graciously permitted even such benighted unfortunates as have not had the blessed opportunity of being called to a sense of their lost condition by a minister's saving propaganda, to come in with the elect."

"Mother," said Beck, "you are entirely off your base; you are giving praise to this body of Presbyterian interpreters of God's word for wiping out the stupendous ignorant and arrogant blundering of the previous body of like self-sufficient interpreters who ordained infant damnation, without one thought to the important party of the second part. Don't you suppose Satan will have something to say about this?"

"Satan! My goodness, Thomas, what has he got to do with it?"

"I should say a tremendous sight. Can't you see, that the great hosts of non-elect infants Calvin and his followers virtually consigned to eternal perdition, —tagged them, so to speak, direct to Satan's dominions,—that they became his sole property, sealed and delivered without chance of escape from their horrible doom! And now, just as easily as their ancient brethren by a simple say-so set down in the confession of faith the dictum of infant damnation they

have chalked up infant salvation. You may depend on it, Satan won't like this one bit. Why, bless you, it snatches at one swoop, more than half the victims from his clutches. He will begin to tremble for the supremacy of his power, and gnash his teeth at thought of the extra labor he will now be put to, in tempting and bunco steering their escaped infants through the endless meshes of regular sin committal, after they are grown to manhood."

"Then listen to this rare gem they produced after vigorous debate:

"Work done by unregenerate men, although they may be things which God commanded, and of good use to themselves and to others, and neglect of such things is awful and displeasing to God, yet because they proceed not from a heart purified by faith, nor are done in a right manner according to the word, nor to the glory of God, nor do not meet the requirements of the divine law, hence they cannot be pleaded as a ground of acceptance with God."

"The full richness of this, mother, will be understood from the fact, that the formulators of the dictum set up their interpretation of what constitutes a heart purified by faith, what is a right manner of doing good according to the word and the glory of God, and what meets the requirements of the divine law; and do not hesitate to stigmatize as heresy whatever does not move along the narrow groove they have devised. Grosser arrogance and stultification of common sense it would be difficult to conceive. The only possible use of faith or belief is as incitements to righteous conduct in life. Right conduct is the supreme fulfillment of the law."

"But, Thomas, you must agree that God had a right to set down His demands in the way of salvation?"

"I don't call in question His right, but the presumption of men setting up their views as being the emanations of His will. The word, they stickle so about, has gone through so many vicissitudes in writing, translating, tinkering in revision and absolute fraud of pious fathers bent on making the text conform to their desire in doctrine, that I accept no man-made creed or confession of faith. Faith without works is dead. That is, good works. But, good works without an atom of this orthodox faith can blossom and bear fruit that blesses all around like the genial rays of the bright sunshine, while so-called faith unlocked by righteous conduct is as barren of good as dry stubble blown about in the wind."

### THE UNSEEN REAL.

By MARY HULETT YOUNG.

A youth was alone in the cheerful parlor of a quiet home. His features were classical, and his head one of those narrow-based, high-built structures which make low sensuality impossible,—and beside; he had the crystal look and the delicate pale hands that reveal hereditary consumption. His expression of face was a troubled one just at the moment when a middle-aged man whose every look and manner—though far from ostentation—told of position and influence among others entered the room. The visitor saw at once the trouble on the youthful face, and went near to lay his hand kindly on the head which was moulded so like his own.

"What is it, Will?" he said, "tell me all about this anxiety."

"Good morning, Uncle, I am so glad you came! Yes, you can guess at what I mean if any one can. I do not comprehend it myself."

"Tell me all and see if I can comprehend it," the uncle said smilingly, for the youth hesitated as if puzzled or forgetful.

"First tell me, uncle, why they are all resolved to shut me in this close and stifling room, when I was happy and comfortable in that quiet west wing,—I wanted to stay there."

"Well listen," the uncle began, speaking slowly. "The weather will soon grow cold, and the west wing is not in good condition. Beside, it is too far from the sitting-room and the family, it seemed much too lonely for you."

"I was not alone, I had company through all the nights."

The slightest possible contraction came to the brows of the respectable gentleman, as he said:

"Is it possible that any one has dared to enter the house and remain in it without our full knowledge and consent?"

"Do not be annoyed, dear uncle, my visitor opens no doors, touches no safes nor cabinets—only comes to make me happy."

"How does your visitor come?" asked the uncle with a slight surprised quickening of breath.

"I feel, almost hear a soft approach—then there is one sitting beside my bed—and I sleep the sleep of a perfect rest."

After some silent thought the elder man said, again speaking slowly, "Promise me, William, not to be sad any more about this. All the doors and passage shall be left open, and if your visitor is good and pure as you believe, it will come to you here as well as there in the west wing. I hope it may come if it brings you happiness."

"It does it does,—such happiness!"

It was a moonlit and pleasant evening of mild autumnal weather. All the doors toward the west wing were left open; but outside of that west wing were watchful eyes till past midnight. Then William's mother stole gently to the room of her son. She found him in calm slumber, with a seraphic hush over his pale features. She watched during the remainder of the night. Others watched also in silence not far away. They saw no one—their eyes were holden. The invalid youth awoke with a joy not to be mistaken on his sensitive face.

"O tell uncle my visitor came! and will never forsake me."

A few days longer that pale, happy, beautiful face was beside his mother at the family dinner. A few more mornings the glad assurance was spoken, "My visitor came." One day William left the table to take his usual rest on a couch before a window. A few minutes later the mother, thinking he looked very white, went near—Three times he breathed gently, then was safe from all pain forever.

Beyond question beings exist, with minds so constituted as to be far more readily receptive to psychical or spiritual presence and influence than others. The mind, with no purpose of its own, may be suddenly abstracted more or less from the present while some lovely thing takes reality before it, the thing of consciousness, the real of existence. The abstraction comes—need not be brought—a sweet restful lesson of beauty and joy—and it comes to the "pure in heart."

A Christian mother whose two lovely daughters, her all, had been separated from her by death would rarely allow herself to think for a moment of the possible state of her departed ones, lest a wish should spring up to have them near amid the silence of her desolated home. "No, no," was the persistent language of her mind, "it is mine to bear, let them have joy," and she thrust away the thought of her darlings, that her need of them might not draw them down to her.

One evening twilight this mother sat alone, not indulging a reverie nor a wish for joy,—when suddenly a rushing thought took possession of her and of everything around her.

"Your daughters are coming!" and in that wonderful abstraction which has been named, she knew that the two young maidens came, hand in hand, talking pleasantly together and, through a long window, entered the room where she was. They passed behind her, as if respectfully, and took places standing, or rather in the air, at either side of her. As they remained thus the language of spirit to spirit was as clearly comprehended as a voice is gathered by the ear.\*

"We are happy—would not come and be as we were. We came to comfort and assure you. We wish to go back."

And cheerfully, happily as they came they went, while the mother, astonished, yet filled with blessing,

\* The words of the spirit maidens were so definite to the mind of the mother that a single word added to them or taken from them was impossible without a jar of non-recognition being felt by her.

asked God that her sacred faith might no more be so weak that her children must come from their joy to strengthen it. This woman had brain and will and no small power of study and investigation. Yet she has never doubted the reality of that visit from the unseen real.

The persons who made the forgoing statements were sane and true. They believed or they would not have spoken. And besides they had no motive for a wish to be false. The youth was at the brink of a grave which, but for the visits of his spirit guest, would have been an awful darkness. His mind had not been taught credulity by over-religious parents; they were not even professedly religious, nor was the kind and noble uncle.

The visitor came. "Are they not ministering spirits sent forth to minister?"—Hebrews, 1, 14.

Mayville, N. Y.

#### LETTER FROM RUSSIA.

No. II.

By—

[CONCLUDED.]

A knock at my study door and I see before me a young and sturdy moujik. His long hair, cut just over the eyebrows, and his fair beard give a rough look to his ruddy and tanned visage; but his blue eyes which, though showing a good deal of astuteness, agreeably light up his expression, and his mouth expanded in a broad grin, shows a set of teeth which fairly prove that black bread, however stale, is of no odds to him. Dressed in his long coat of yellow tanned sheep skins, with great top-boots made of felt, he is a good type of the Russian peasant. Turning to the "Ikon" in the corner he crosses himself religiously and then salutes me—"Sdrasvouite, Grigore Danilovitch." "Well, Nicolas, what has brought you so late? For the dogs have been barking this last hour and the wolves are probably not far off!" "I have my gun with me," is his laconic answer, "and my horse is well fed." \* "Have you tracked a moose?" say I, for Nicolas is my hunting companion. Nicolas, instead of answering, turns red and begins shuffling his fur cap from one hand to the other, which movement throws his coat open and I see he has donned a clean, red shirt. Something extraordinary has brought him to me, for today is not a feast day, but knowing that questions would only embarrass him, I patiently await the result of his visit. Nicolas turns the conversation on hunting matters and it is only after half an hour that he says he has come to me with a petition. "You see, master, the good Lord has blessed Austinia (that's his wife's name) with a son today, and I have come to ask you if you will do me the grace of being his godfather." "Well, if that's all, you might have said so straight out; I agree under two conditions, that I can call the child after my own name, and that I choose my own godmother." "Many thanks, Grigore Danilovitch; call the boy as you like." "Well, I will come tomorrow to the village and now go and take a glass of tea, the samovar is boiling in the kitchen." Tea is as national a beverage in Russia as it is in China. No commercial transactions amongst the merchant class are done without drinking tea; you see the fat long-bearded "koupetz" or merchant standing behind his counter at all hours of the day with a scaming glass of tea beside him. The first thing you have to do on paying a visit is to take tea. The peasant even, who twenty years ago, hardly knew the meaning of the word tea, must be poor indeed if he owns not a tin samovar; but I will stop talking about tea and explain my desire to choose my kouma myself.

The kouma and kouma are considered to be spiritually married, and in point of fact after having christened a child, cannot be bound together in the ties of matrimony; for the same reason, husband and wife, or near relatives cannot be the spiritual father and mother to one and the same child. Now I laughingly thought to myself that as I was going to be spiritually married, I might just as well choose a pretty wife, and I did accordingly, pondering the pros and cons concerning the choice of each pretty girl in the village, on the road to which my horse was lazily trotting, and which, as I have already said, is but three miles away. Of course, you have but a faint idea of what a Russian village is; therefore I will at-

\* Meaning a well-fed horse runs well. The peasant employs many images in his language.

tempt to describe my village, for if we talk about people, we must also talk about where and how they live, I having more than once made the remark that one can pretty fairly judge the character of a man, by the character of the home he lives in. This rule applies to nations as well as to individuals. Look at the general run of English towns. Dismal brick walls pierced with uniform rows of windows, with no outer show of ornament or ostentation, but how comfortable they are inside! every article of furniture is solid, everything is of use; look at the English national character, a cold, even forbidding outward influence, but once you can get inside, why you find comfort and even geniality. Now glance at a French town, whose houses with their florid architecture are most agreeable to the eye: inside of these houses you will find everything arranged to please the eye also, for gold and brilliant ornamentation are not spared, but half the furniture is only made to be looked at, and is as useless a luxury as the thousand and one odds and ends that are scattered in every available space. Does not this outward show give us a true insight into the national characteristics? The Frenchman has an agreeable, pleasing outward manner, will swear eternal friendship after ten minutes acquaintance, but can be relied upon about as much as the thin legged gilt chairs that one meets in profusion in his drawing-room. And again the German towns—what an architecture that reminds one of stout beer-pots and long-stemmed pipes! and so neatly drawn in a line, and gotten up uniformly, one can almost imagine that the stiff necked polizei, orders once a day the houses on his beat to fall in and number and fines them by a stentorian "tion". And is it not true that the fat beer-loving, pipe-smoking Teuton lives under the iron rule of military despotism?

But while we have been "philosophizing," our sleigh has come to the brow of a hill, at the foot of which lies our village, occupying both banks of the stream that wanders along the valley;—but all this is covered with deep snow, and were it not for the smoke that curls up to the bright blue sky, one might think the village was deserted. The Russian "izba," or peasant's house is built of logs and thatched with straw; three, at most four windows give an outlook into the street, windows just large enough to put your head through. The izbas are separated one from another, on the street front, by a broad paling, which reaches up to the roof nearly, and has a large broad gate leading into the yard; through this gate will we go, and putting up our horse under the shelter of a straw roof supported by rough logs, enter into the izba:—the outer door passed, we find ourselves in a sort of "black hole" of an entrance, for no light comes into it but through the open door, where a novice would lose himself amongst the bags and boxes and rude agricultural instruments that form a comfortable lodging for a few cocks and hens. On the left hand side is a door that is padlocked;—that is the "tchoulass" where all the valuables are kept, such as clothing, flour, etc; on the right is another door and opening it, and taking care not to strike our foreheads against the low lintel, we find ourselves in the izba. On the left a huge low brick stove, with a flat top. On this are three or four flaxen haired children; on the right a low bed encumbered with sheepskin coats. A rough bench runs around the wall. In the corner facing the door are the Ikous, and underneath them is placed the small rough table; from one end of the brick stove runs a broad partition which divides off the "room" from the "kitchen," kitchen just large enough to enable one person and a calf to stand in it. I imagine you smiling and wondering at the way I bring in a calf into a kitchen, but just about this time, as it is cold outside, calves are kept and fed in the izba. It is only because there are expected guests that the calf has been shoved into the kitchen; at other times, he lives in the room and often in company with three or four lively young lambs, and perhaps a hen or two that has had her toes frost-bitten. So one has all the agreeable and disagreeable sights and sounds of the farm-yard, without being obliged to stand out in the cold.

At the door we are met by Nicolas and Austinia, who though but yesterday gave birth to my future godchild, is actively engaged in cooking, being helped by her mother in the discharge of her household duties. As to the "Krestnik," he is lying in his cradle, made of a square wooden frame, to which is screwed a piece of sacking and tied by the four corners by ropes to a ring in the ceiling. Here, on a cushion, lies the future moujik, and a sturdy one he promises to be, for he is making an awful row, while his eldest brother swings him about in the most unceremonious manner. But it is time to be off to the priest, so having sent for my kouma, and wrapping up the child in divers cushions and furs, we drive off seven miles to the church; here I give the necessary orders that the font be filled with tepid water, (for I have seen christenings where the water was ice-cold). I go and have a chat with the good father whilst the font is being made ready. Here comes the diakon and announces all is ready. The

font is a large tin vessel with embossed work of copper representing divers saints. The godmother holds the child, standing on the left of the godfather. The priest lights the three tapers placed on the rim of the font and proceeds to bless the water, then taking the nude infant he places it on his left hand whilst with the fingers of his right hand he stops the ears, nose and mouth of the unfortunate, and plunges it three times under the water in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; the squalling child is received by the godmother on an embroidered towel, which becomes the property of the mother of the child; the child being wiped dry, the priest proceeds to put on its shirt and the cross and then places the infant in the arms of the godfather. The priest, godfather and godmother, following one another, proceed to walk three times around the font. Then godfather and godmother promise to renounce, in the child's name, the "pomp and vanities of this wicked world" and turning their backs to the font, spit (actually) on the devil and his works. The child is then crossed on the forehead, ears, eyes, nose, mouth, breast, hands and feet by the priest with holy oil. A lock of hair is cut off and being rolled by the godfather with a piece of wax, is thrown by him into the font. The peasants' superstition says that if the wax floats the child will live; if it sinks the child will never reach manhood. So the christening is ended and we drive off to our village to the christening feast. Custom requires the godfather to pay the priest, buy the cross and give a dress—when he can—to his kouma and to the mother. The kouma gives the child his first shirt, his bonnet and the towel. But the feast is ready and, as it is lent everything is very lent—for a fast in Russia means no animal food whatever—of course meat I will not speak about, for even the Catholics eschew meat, though water fowl is considered as fish by some extraordinary feat of Catholic reasoning; but in Russia, fish, eggs, butter, milk, everything in short but purely vegetable is forbidden; and when we come to consider for instance, that lent lasts forty-eight days, during which the peasant can eat fish but twice, Annunciation and Palm Sunday, we can imagine the joy with which he meets Easter Sunday, when all forbidden comestibles are in abundance. The Russian peasantry observe fast days very religiously, and when I say that this year fast days are two hundred and twenty-three in number—for some fasts vary in length—one can imagine the sentiment with which the moujik eats "fat" the remaining hundred and forty-three days. Poor fellow, and not so very fat even then. Cabbage soup with a very small portion of meat and mostly no meat at all, buckwheat or millet, boiled in water, milk, an occasional omelet, rye-bread as black as grilled coffee—such are the dishes the "missus" puts before him: Here all, man, woman and child, armed with wooden spoons, dip into the family dish and fish out their dinner mouthful by mouthful. But, in my honor, I have a plate and a knife and fork placed before me, and no one partakes of anything before I have helped myself. I am seated at the place of honor also, under the ikous; before me stands a bottle of spirit distilled from rye, which requires a Russian throat to be swallowed; so filling my glass I drink to the health of my godchild, the father and mother and company assembled and am obliged to drink "dry" so as not to offend all the good people. Then my kouma must drink and the glass goes round in turn. The child's mother waited on the table. One involuntarily compares those hearty robust women who, twenty-four hours after child-birth attend to their household duties, with the "fashionable" lady who keeps her room for a month or so. But here comes the child's grandmother with a dish of buckwheat covered with a clean cloth. The old dame has performed the duties of midwife, and, placing the dish on the table invites the guests to "buy the dish;" each one pulls out a piece of money, varying in value according to his ability, and places it under the dish. This money belongs to the mother of the child, and what the guests place upon a separate plate goes to the midwife. So the feast ends and, having been kissed by my kouma, I start off home again thinking of the simple, strange customs of the Russian peasant; toiling on through life, knowing no pleasure but that most unfortunate one, the bottle of vodka; living the same life in the same conditions almost in which he lived three hundred years ago; his poor, rough, though warm, log-hut being a true type of the simplicity and roughness of his character and the warmth of his heart.

#### CAMP-MEETING SCENES.

The phenomena exhibited at religious revivals have an interest for the psychologist and the student of psychological science as well as for the devotee who participates in the excitement. A writer in the San Francisco Chronicle graphically describes some weird spectacles seen by lamplight down in old Kentucky where colored people were under the influence of the power.

The last trump sounds says the writer. At least, it can seem no more startling when it comes than the blast which black Gabriel has just blown on the big conch up at the preacher's stand. His business it is to awaken the sleepers in the double row of two-story board "shacks," called "tents," ranged hollow-square-wise about the space reserved for worship. Here on the height above a great curve of the Cumberland, is encamped the army of the Lord. It is a great yearly outing of all the dwellers between the rivers, looked forward to for weeks and afterward long remembered and talked of.

The camp-meeting at the bend is to us what Cape May and Old Point, Mount Desert and the Thousand Islands are to city dwellers. None so rich or worldly they do not wish to attend, none so poor they cannot afford to go.

Gabriel's trumpet—it sounds a little irreverent—has roused those whose business or pleasure it is to rise first. Issuing from the "preachers' tent" come half a dozen long, black coats. Their yawning owners go to the stand, a wooden booth, branch covered, where they lay out the days programme.

Sleepy cooks and man-servants exchange greetings, bring wood and water, decapitate unwilling chickens and begin breakfast.

Most of the "tents" have a little "lean-to" at the back, where a rusty stove is set up, but a few still cling to open fires in improvised ovens of river stones laid up in river clay. Fried chicken and pink slices of boiled ham, beaten biscuits and honey, peaches and melons are soon on the table and soon dispatched. Then the real business of the day begins. The first service, from eight until ten o'clock, is usually the experience meeting, and preaching follows from half past ten to twelve o'clock or until the preacher tires; "love-feast" in the afternoon from two until three o'clock; preaching then until five o'clock and a grand rally at night, the services sometimes lasting until eleven o'clock or even later when the revival spirit is strong. The seats are planks, none too smooth, none too comfortable; the floor, last year's brown leaves; the roof, a cool, green, rustling canopy of interlaced boughs. The effect is very fine the calm summer nights, especially to an onlooker. The preacher's stand is flooded with light that all may see the speaker, the congregation mostly unseen, here and there a face standing out against the background of some tree trunk, beech or oak, or slender, graceful maple.

Weird enough it is, but not to be compared for scenic effect with a meeting at the colored folks' ground, for they too enjoy this summer feast of religious revival. A quarter of a mile back on the ridge is their camping place, where the tents of the few children of Ham who are not servants are set up.

Old Uncle Benjamin goes about lighting the few lamps suspended from branches or hung against trunks. It is about the only service he can perform, so old he is, so weak his limbs, so trembling his withered brown hands. He is more than ninety, but nobody, least of all "Unc" Benjamin, himself, knows how much, and it is a common saying among his class that death has forgotten him, and that he will eventually dry up and blow away.

Over the ridge path comes the first installment of the evening congregation, two or three young nurses, their charges put to bed, themselves brightly gowned and wearing white aprons. Others come by twos and threes; old women, fat, rolling as they walk, their heads in turbans; pretty girls, straight and slender; young fellows swinging canes, putting on great airs; the elders of the church, with gray hair standing out under their old-fashioned hats.

All these belong "tuh the white folks' ground," being employed in some capacity by the dwellers thereon. A few moments of social conversation follow the seating of the congregation, then a big, black fellow, with a chest that rolls out the notes like distant thunder, starts a hymn. Others join, until there is a great volume of sound, each individual putting in accidentals of his own and all without a discord. Then the preacher for the evening stands up. He belongs to a new order of things, just rising. He is slim and scholarly looking, with gold eyeglasses and no negro accent. He belongs to a Louisville church.

He reads two verses of the hymn, which is sung, and then, "Brethren, we will begin our services to-night by administering the ordinance of baptism by sprinkling. Let the child be brought forward."

A young man and a woman come to the front well within the light from the stand. The woman carries a month-old child, a little yellow thing, with abundant black hair and big, gloomy eyes.

"Name this child," says the young preacher, taking the little bundle.

"We all done name hit already—done call it Gawge Augustus," explains the fond father.

"George Augustus, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. May the blessing of the Trinity be upon thee."

He sprinkles a few drops of water over the unwinking yellow baby and hands it whimpering to its mother, who soothes it with caresses and inarticulate words after the manner of mothers.

"Let us pray."

The young couple kneel; the heads of the congregation are bowed.

"Lord, thou art our Father and we are Thy children. Baptize us with Thy spirit as Thy servant has baptized this child with water. Hear us when we cry to Thee, as the child's mother hears him and hastens lest evil befall him. Like as the father pitieth his children, do thou pity us. Bless us all, and especially this infant admitted but now into Thy church. May he grow in Thy nurture and admonition. We thank Thee that he has been given to bless the union of his father and mother and that he belongs to them, that none in this day can say: 'Give me Thy flesh and blood that I may barter it for gain.' We thank thee that the flag of liberty waves over the cradle of every black-man's child, May this one always defend and never disgrace it. Save us for Thy name's sake. Amen."

The little Christian retires to the background. The young preacher delivers a short address and leaves the ground, excusing himself on the plea of having had no sleep on the boat last night.

Most of the congregation are rather glad to see him go; they respect him very much, but they do not understand him well. He is twenty years in advance of them.

The big bass strikes up another hymn. The enjoyable part of the service is about to begin. They came for excitement; it will soon be forthcoming.

"We is toilin' up the way!  
Weary way! Weary way!  
We has journeyed many er day  
To de's the kingdom.  
Happy lan! Golden lan!  
Whe' their hebenly harpers stan'  
In the kingdom!"

Ben Hammond, a popular exhorter, comes forward and talks in a fiery style, winding up with an invitation to sinners and backsliders to come forward and be prayed for. There is a long pause.

"Ain' nobody comin'? Is y'all case hardened? Don' Gaud's word had no 'fect on y'all? Ain' yuh hungry f' His braid en thu'sty f' His springs? Come now, while Brer' Her'closes sings."

Hercules' heavy bass comes slow and solemn,

"Be'n lis'nin' since the light, Lawd;  
Be'n list'nin' all the day;  
Be'n lis'nin' till the night, Lawd,  
F' tuh heah some sannah pray."

"Bless Gaud, that's one soul a-coming!" shouts the exhorter. "Le's see moah, moah! You uns come en save! Come 'fo it's too late! You is sinkin' deeper en deeper in perdition! You is hair-hung en breeze-shaken 'ovah dat fi-i-ery pit! How kin you stan' sich a hot blaze? Don' let yo'self be squorched to all eternity! Come get yo' sins forgiven!"

A dozen men and women, all young, are moaning and sobbing around the altar. By each kneels one or more of the old members of the church, warning, praying or comforting. At one end of the row of "mourners' benches" a middle-aged man is going up and down in the air like a rubber ball. It is his way of enjoying religion.

His arms hang limp, he says naught, there is no perceptible effort in his exercise, which he always continues until he falls into a sort of coma. When he comes out of it he will declare he has been at the gates of heaven and has been refused admittance because yet alive.

Now the big-chested singer mounts the stand. He has no trouble to make himself heard above the groans and sobs of those at the altar.

"Brothahs and sistahs! Go out among the sinnahs en foteh 'em in wheddah or no! Come you all en take up the cross Chris' dun drop f' yuh! Jeems Williams, I know ye is up' conviction! So is Ma'y Jane Pearson en Hinry Walters! Y' all speck Gaud gwine sen' en angel tuh grab yuh by the scruff er the naiken sling yuh into heaven! He ain't gwine do it, I tell yuh now! Des take yo' foots in yo han en walk up here! You all go to work and pray f' religion."

The darkness deepens, the air grows heavy. Away in the west, just at the horizon, sheets of pale fire glimmer. There is a little whisper among the cypresses down by the river, and now the topmost boughs of the maples shiver and a shower of scarlet leaves falls from the sweet gums. A girl rises and begins to shout: "Bless Gaud! I is saved! His spirit is on

me! My sins done washed clean away in the sweet Lamb's blood! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory!"

A dozen are on their feet in an instant, shouting, swaying back and forth, singing, praying aloud. Through the noise comes the far-off peal of deep thunder, dying away across the river.

The exhorter cries: "Hear that, you sinnahs! Hear that! The rollin' chariot wheels of an angry Gaud! He would er taken yuh tuh his arms lak little chil'en, en you would not! Yuh sat yuhself in the seat of the scornful, en mawked him—en yet He mussyful? The loud thunder't makes yuh deaf is His voice with one moah wa'nin! The lightin' 't kin split er twisty ellum is the torch He sends tuh light yur tuh repentance! He gives yuh one moah chance! Take it now! His storm er wrath er gatherin'; be saved befoah it breaks on yo' sinful heads, en 'stroys yo' souls, es His lightnin' kin 'stroy yo' bodies!"

The climax has come. The congregation has risen to their feet. The mourners have all "found religion," or something they take for it, and are sobbing and talking and laughing and clinging to each other. A few minutes more of it would have seen half a dozen in strong convulsions.

But the branches are beginning to twist together and the flaring lamps are going out. All the west is aflame and clouds scurry by. Clearly the time for shelter-seeking is at hand, But how will the leader let his congregation down?

He rises and stands silent, a grand figure, "black, but comely," with hands outstretched in the manner of one who invokes a blessing. Attention turns his way; presently there is no sound save the rising wind and now and then a half-stifed sob. "Christian friends, we has had er great blessin'; many has been added tuh them that still praise Gaud in his kingdom. Let us us stand in silence before him en commune with our own souls before we retire. May the blessings of Gaud, the Father, His Son, the Saviah, en His Spirit, the Comforter, be on us all. Amen."

Ten minutes later the spat! spat! of the first big drops begin. The river dimples, the leaves turn their edges, the branches bow their patient heads. Old Benjamin puts out the last lamp and hobbles into his low-doored shack just in time to avoid the downpour.

#### THE SOCIAL EDUCATION OF GIRLS IN FRANCE.

Their minds were shielded by their parents and their friends, and the latter were careful in their presence, says Madame Adam in the North American Review for April. A word was sufficient to make them pass quickly over a dangerous subject. "Do not forget that there are some young girls here"—and the story would be stopped short. Everything, as I say, was done to keep the thoughts of young girls on poetic, gay, and juvenile subjects. Facts about nature and science were only revealed to them when they had to be initiated into certain mysteries of life. A young woman who studied botany became a curiosity the moment when she pronounced certain words. Ornithology was the most accepted science, because it was useful to mothers at the time of marriage for certain necessary revelations. The nests and the little birds gave a poetic turn to talks that were necessary on the wedding day or the day before. But how many girls have been frightened and unnerved at these revelations, and how they would have fled to the far ends of the earth if they had dared, rather than contract a marriage, as Monsieur le Maire says! Our young women, whether of the higher or the lower nobility, of the peasantry or the tradespeople, lived in a complete and ethereal ignorance. They did not know evil. It is quite true that they were not armed to guard or defend themselves but they were often thrown into marriage unprepared, because of scruples and hesitations only too common on the part of mothers, who have not the slightest suspicions of the consequences; and they are as often indignant and disgusted by the exigencies. On the other hand, a young girl who opposes her family in a reasonable marriage with no other pretext than that the aspirant did not please her was unanimously censured. "Mademoiselle wishes to choose, herself, to marry, herself," they would repeat with severity. How could such a thing be permitted!

"Do not her parents know better than she what will suit her? She is a girl who will come to no good." Then, a young girl never read any papers but fashion papers. Her educational books were examined, carefully looked over and expurgated. Even her dreams were classic; they must have been ideal in the extreme, and nothing material could have been imagined by her, nothing but a platonic husband promised her in life. It was not proper to have too good health, either, or too much appetite, if she would be a really aristocratic young woman.

At the World's Fair inquiry by a congressional committee, Director-General Davis said the liquor interests of this city would subscribe \$100,000 to have the Exposition closed Sundays in order to crowd the visitors into their saloons.



## MOTHER AND CHILD.

One night a tiny dew drop fell  
 Into the bosom of a rose;  
 "Dear little one, I love thee well;  
 Be ever here thy sweet repose."  
 Seeing the rose with love bedight,  
 The envious sky frowned dark, and then  
 Sent forth a messenger of light,  
 And caught the dew drop up again.  
 "Oh, give me back my heavenly child,  
 My love," the rose in anguish cried;  
 Alas! the sky triumphant smiled,  
 And so the flower, heart broken died.  
 —EUGENE FIELD.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD contributes to the Woman's Journal the following sketch of Lady Henry Somerset:

The principal residence of Lady Henry Somerset is at Eastnor Castle, one of the finest "show places" in England, said to be outranked only by Warwick and Chatsworth. Twenty-five thousand acres of land belonging to her surround this grand ancestral home. One hundred and twenty-five thousand people live on her property in the city of London, and she owns the town of Reigate, where she has another beautiful residence, besides a third in London. One of her ancestors, Lord Somers, was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the reign of William III., and was mainly instrumental in securing the Protestant succession. Her father, Earl Somers, was in the house of Lords, like his ancestors before him. Her great-grandmother was maid of honor to Marie Antoinette; her sister is the Duchess of Bedford, and her only child the prospective heir to the great dukedom of Beaufort, descending in a direct line from the Plantagenets.

But this noble lady, who has had all that rank, wealth, culture, travel, and this world's widest opportunities can give, has not the slightest trace of knowing that all these things are so. Inheriting beauty, besides being one of the two greatest heiresses in England, Lady Henry Somerset has none of the arts that handsome women often cultivate. Every movement is full of grace; her bearing portrays her as a woman of elegant and refined culture, while her sweet voice and beautiful enunciation of English are in themselves a charm that would hold the American audiences gathered by thousands to hear her, if no other spell had been laid upon brain, heart or conscience.

She holds evangelistic meetings among the miners and in the slums of London. To her home at Eastnor Castle she invites the poor of the great city one hundred miles away, entertaining not infrequently in her beautiful park seven hundred of them at a time. She has eight church livings at her disposal; that is, the life positions of as many clerical gentlemen are dependent only upon her choice. She goes a great deal among her tenantry, and if her generosity toward them were recorded, the help she gives them and their young people in getting started in life, the book would be one of golden deeds. "Lady Henry Somerset is a whole fresh-air mission in herself" was the verdict of one whom she had helped. At one of her residences, Reigate, twenty-five miles from London, Lady Henry has founded a home for friendless children, many of whom she has personally rescued from the slums of London. She has built a chapel, reading-room and restaurant in the midst of her London tenantry, and frequently holds meetings there.

Lady Henry Somerset was married in 1871 to Lord Henry Somerset, son of the Duke of Beaufort. He was for some years Comptroller of the Queen's Household. She spent much of her time at court, but she never was a gay, unthinking lady of society. When great state balls were given, she returned home at twelve o'clock, about the hour when the most fashionable were just arriving. Always devoted to books and charity, she found her satisfaction outside the whirl of conventional circles, and mingled in them only because her station rendered it necessary.

Lady Henry Somerset consented to accept the presidency of the British Woman's Temperance Association in 1890. She had already signed the pledge, and had asked her tenantry to do the same.

She was, therefore, a temperance woman before taking the White Ribbon and entering upon the official work. There is hardly a city or town in England that has not heard her earnest voice pleading for total abstinence. To say that she is beloved by her constituency of temperance women would be to put the matter mildly.

She is deeply interested in the World's Columbian Exposition, and will help it on all she can from the other side of the water. She will return to America next spring, to be present at the convention of the World's W. C. T. U. to be held in connection with the great Exposition, after which it is expected that she will join the commission of representative temperance women who will take to all the governments of the world the great petition asking for the prohibition of intoxicants and opium in all countries. A million names have already been secured to this petition, and one or two million more are being sought.

Thus much for the beginnings of her history, for Lady Henry Somerset is but forty years old, and has every prospect of as many more years to be spent in the love of God and of humanity for the greatest reform that history records.

Of Miss Willard this brief sketch is given by H. B. B. in the Woman's Journal:

Frances Elizabeth Willard was born September 28, 1839, in Churchville, New York, fourteen miles west of Rochester. She was the fourth of five children, of whom three survive. A welcome and beloved child, a merry, romping girl, a happy student, an eminent teacher, a tireless traveler, a temperance advocate and organizer, an active force in politics,—her career has been a varied and eventful one. It has been her mission to bridge the chasm which separated the women of the churches from the wish for the rights and responsibilities of citizenship, and to lead the great host of temperance workers to desire and demand the ballot. Miss Willard has marshaled the womanhood of America in support of temperance, social purity and home protection. In 1853, less than forty years ago, Rev. Antoinette L. Brown was refused admission as a delegate to the World's Temperance Convention in New York City, because she was a woman. In 1878, twenty-five years later, the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union voted not to indorse woman suffrage as a temperance measure. But in 1879, at Indianapolis, it chose Frances Willard its president, and to-day it makes the effort to secure political equality for women a part of its recognized work, with a National Superintendent of Franchise in charge of that department, and with State Superintendents of Franchise in thirty-nine States and Territories. At the age of fifty-three, Miss Willard seems likely to have still before her twenty-five years of vigorous work. With the added wisdom of experience and the power of a national reputation, and with a following of nearly 300,000 women lovingly devoted to her, let us hope that she will be able so to train and organize the womanhood of the nation as to make irresistible its demand for legal and political equality.

## BEECHER AND SPIRITUALISM.

The following appeared in the news columns of the Chicago Inter Ocean of March 28, as a special dispatch from New York dated March 27:

At a spiritualistic meeting held to-day, Isabella Beecher Hooker, a younger sister of the famous preacher, and wife of John Hooker, Auditor General of the State of Connecticut, answered the sensational query as to Henry Ward Beecher's belief in Spiritualism in the affirmative. In an address she said she came to believe in Spiritualism in Paris in 1874, when an apparition appeared to her. With a brief reference to her distinguished brother, she said that recently she had received a communication from his spirit in these words:

"Belle, I was a coward. I knew the truth and believed it, but had not the courage of my convictions. I feared that my friends would desert me. Now I know that if I had not been a coward I would have carried the whole congregation of my church with me."

This created a great stir in the audience. Mrs. Hooker then started to say something about her equally famous sister, Harriet Beecher Stowe, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" fame, but she suddenly stopped, and although urged to go on, would say nothing more on the subject. The audience expected that she was going to say that Mrs.

Stowe was also a believer in Spiritualism.

The widow of the late Henry Ward Beecher, when asked for confirmation of the statement, said: "Mr. Beecher, so far from being a Spiritualist, was always bitterly opposed to the encouragement of its professors in any shape or form. He often said that the so-called Christian science and Spiritualism did more harm to religion than all the assaults of infidelity."

"As to this woman, Mrs. Hooker," she continued, "she embittered the last moments of Mr. Beecher's life." Mrs. Beecher said that Mrs. Hooker only took to Spiritualism about a year and a half ago, so far as she could learn. It was only one of her many freaks. "The Spiritualists seem to look upon me as their legitimate prey or object of conversion," she said. "A clergyman in Chicago some time since, gave me a great deal of annoyance by sending letters in which he said Mr. Beecher had been heard from in the other world, and that he said that for twenty years he had been preaching error, but now he preached truth. Another letter said that he had been in error for fifty-five years. I wrote the clergyman and told him he must stop writing to me or I would at once publish all his correspondence. Since then he has given me no further trouble. Mr. Beecher until his death laughed at the idea of his being a Spiritualist."

The editor of THE JOURNAL enclosed a copy of the dispatch to Hon. John Hooker, with a note suggesting that he and Mrs. Hooker make a statement for the public in regard to Mr. Beecher's attitude toward Spiritualism, etc. The following reply was received and it is now published with Mr. Hooker's permission:

HARTFORD, March 31, 1892.

MY DEAR SIR: Your note is received with your slip from the Inter Ocean. You suggested that Mrs. Hooker and I make a statement for the public with regard to the matter. It seems to us both not best. We could only assert that what purported to be spirit communications from her brother Henry, have come to us repeatedly, sometimes to us both, sometimes to each separately through different mediums in Hartford, New York and Boston, in some cases from mediums who had no knowledge who we were; in which he always addressed us in the most affectionate terms, and in several of which he expressed his regret that he had not avowed his belief in Spiritualism and preached it while in earthly life. The language, in most cases, was strikingly like his, and often, as well as the ideas expressed, was altogether beyond the capacity of the medium. If we were to publish a full statement on the subject nobody would accept it but Spiritualists, and they believe it now.

As to Mrs. Beecher's assertion that Mrs. Hooker "embittered the last moments of Mr. Beecher's life," it is only an attack of personal malignity that is not limited to us, but has been distributed among other brothers and sisters of Mr. Beecher. A sister was never more sisterly and affectionate toward a brother than Mrs. Hooker toward her brother Henry. Not one of his other sisters surpassed her in this. I have a mass of documentary evidence extending through and beyond those trying years of his life, consisting largely of correspondence with him that the public has never seen, which will settle this point if it should become one of importance; but it might open a controversy happily ended, and I am unwilling that it should ever be used for that purpose. I shall preserve the papers so long as they may be needed for Mrs. Hooker's vindication against the charge of unfriendly conduct toward her brother, (a need that will probably never arise and which certainly any statement of Mrs. Beecher cannot create) and it is my purpose to have them burned if not needed. I will add that Mr. Beecher and I had been on very friendly terms, and at his last lecture at Hartford, about ten years ago, I presided at his request.

Very truly yours,

JOHN HOOKER.

The following letter was written to the editor of THE JOURNAL for his private information by one whom he knows to have been long and well acquainted with Mr. Beecher. The editor believes he should share it with his readers:

Having seen the article in the Inter Ocean respecting the late H. W. Beecher, and knowing your personal interest in all such matters as were discussed in that article, I take the liberty of presenting the view of a long-time friend of Mr. Beecher. Whether his sister secured a bona-fide

message or not is of course not for me to say. There is, however, nothing in the purported message inconsistent with the possible conclusion of Mr. Beecher after a few years' review of the later part of his earth life. That he ever expressed himself as "bitterly opposed to Spiritualism," per se, no one will credit who knew him well, and knew of his most earnest desire to have some more, and still more proof of its fundamental teachings. He certainly took frequent opportunity to study the philosophy of Spiritualism through its phenomena; more than once, as is well known by many of his friends, was he very much impressed by the striking features of some psychical phenomena he had witnessed, and wishing to pursue his investigations further he was met by such palpable pretense, substitution and fraud as to throw him farther back into his doubts than ever. It is my belief that, if all mediums through whom he attempted investigation had been honest, or ordinarily honorable, he had been years ago, less of an agnostic and more pronounced in his beliefs based upon what would have been to him sufficient proofs. We all know he was not a pronounced Spiritualist—as he never joined the ranks of publicly announced Spiritualists. It seems to me he stood about where Mr. Savage stands—asking, accepting all that can be verified, or which comes to him as a truth. No doubt that, but for the greed, the deceptions the palpable frauds perpetrated in the name of Spiritualism many who now stand doubting had been satisfied, and had been pronounced Spiritualists. That Mr. Beecher ever charged Spiritualism and Christian science with having done "more harm to religion than all the assaults of infidelity" is, to those who knew him, simply absurd. He certainly had a very strong desire to test the truth of spiritual phenomena, and had respect for the good and the true he found in them, and this in spite of all the disappointments that came to him through the desire of prominent mediums, who were eager to be the ones who should bring to him convincing tests and who, therefore, when they could not secure the genuine descended to carefully devised tricks, which not only signally failed but which undermined his trust in what had been to him very convincing and satisfactory.

That Mrs. Hooker has been an avowed and consistent Spiritualist since 1874, I know. That Mr. Beecher's last days were not embittered by Mrs. Hooker, I also know. This, an aside, merely in justice to Mrs. Hooker. One more interrogatory point. What clergyman have you in Chicago so interested in filling the ranks of Spiritualism as to induce him to persecute an inoffensive woman who could count only one any way, and whose influence could avail for only that one? If you have such secret agencies among the clergy of Chicago, Andover ought to be informed.

There is to appear soon a new publication, "Thought News, a Journal of Inquiry and a Record of Fact." It will report thought as it works in life, using philosophic ideas as tools of inquiry and interpretation, not discussing them *per se*. It will treat questions of letters, science, church, school and state as parts of the one moving life of man and will report investigations in psychology and ethics in their practical bearing. Thought News will be of the size of the news it has to deliver, and to appear as often as the material at hand warrants. It will, however, appear at least once a month. It will be a quarto and contain from twelve to sixteen pages. The subscription price will be \$1.50 per year. The enterprise is prompted by an inquiry movement centering at Ann Arbor, and the address is Thought News, Ann Arbor, Mich.

At Union, Texas, on March 25, John W. Cone underwent the great transition, bidding farewell to earth-life at the early age of twenty-four years. He was the son of Mr. J. B. Cone our occasional contributor, a member of the American branch of the S. P. R. a devoted friend of THE JOURNAL, and a young man of great promise. His family and friends have our sincere sympathy in their sorrow; a sorrow softened by the knowledge that their loss is not final and that the next world opens out a noble career for one so well prepared to enter it.





### PSYCHOPHYSICAL PHENOMENA IN NEBRASKA.

[A journalist in a thriving Nebraska city sends the following account of phenomena witnessed by himself and other leading citizens, including the mayor. The medium holds a public position and is vouched for as a highly respected citizen. The narrative is written in good faith, we believe. At the request of our correspondent the names used are all fictitious, but the real names are in our possession and will be given in confidence to Dr. Richard Hodgson, secretary of the American Branch of the Society for Psychical Research.—EDITOR JOURNAL.]

TO THE EDITOR: For several years I have felt much interest in Spiritualism, but have never had opportunity to investigate, except with one medium, Mr. B. W. Gunn, a highly respected resident of this place. One day, about a year ago, Mr. Gunn told me he was what might probably be called a spiritual medium, that he, at times, had a power through which objects could be moved without being touched by him. I asked him to let me see what he could do, and he promised he would at the first convenient opportunity.

A few evenings after, Mr. Gunn and I went to the lumber office of — & — and took Mr. B., the manager in charge, into our confidence. We three then proceeded to experiment. The office, 20 feet by 12, was lighted by two lamps, so that everything was plainly visible. Mr. Gunn, the medium, stood near the front end of the room and Mr. B. and I sat about half way between the front to the rear. After a short time Mr. Gunn said he felt the extreme coldness which, on such occasions, he always experienced; and he believed he would be successful. He requested me to state what I wished to have done. I told him to open the back door, which was some eighteen feet from where he stood. In a moment, to our surprise, the door creaked on its hinges and slowly swung open. Then, at my request, the door closed. The next experiment was made with a mirror hanging near the door, and it was made to swing out a number of times. Then a large roll of building paper weighing forty or fifty pounds was propelled across the room, from one side to the other. Mr. B. placed a tin cup and tin wash basin on the floor, and the cup, at Mr. Gunn's command, sprang into the dish; and while there kept perfect time, by rapping to a song that was sung. The cup would also rap on the dish any designated number of times, and would, in that manner, answer questions which Mr. B. and I asked. These were about all the experiments that evening. During the whole time Mr. Gunn remained near the front part of the room, and not less than fifteen feet, at any time, from the moving objects. There was a bright light all the time; no others than Messrs. Gunn, B. and myself were present and there were no wires, strings or other means visible to produce the obtained results. This statement appears incredible, and without seeing it done I could not have believed that movements of articles could be made without some sort of a contact between the medium and the article to be moved.

Afterwards, on thinking the matter over, the suspicion arose that it might possibly have been a "put up job" between Messrs. Gunn and B. I therefore determined to investigate further. The next evening I requested Mr. Gunn to go to my house and repeat the performance. At my house, the only persons present, were Mr. Gunn, myself, my wife and the lady who was then principal of the school. We had three lights in the room and watched the proceedings as closely as possible. Mr. Gunn sat at one side of the room, remaining there the entire evening. After a short time, phenomena occurred similar to that in the lumber office. A rocking chair was made to rock a specified number of times; and would tip over if desired. A picture on the wall swung out and turned around. Curtains hanging between the room where we were and a room adjoining were made to swing wide apart, as though a person was passing through. I brought from the

kitchen a tin cup and pan, and the performance with them was a repetition of what occurred in the lumber office. The cup was made to jump into the pan and then by rapping, answer questions and beat time to singing. I absolutely know, unless we were all hypnotized, that these things were done as stated, without juggling or deception. I had Mr. Gunn come to my house several evenings afterward. About half of the evenings he could do nothing at all.

During the past winter and until recently, Messrs. C. & D. attorneys, Dr. J. W. Pettis and myself met once a week in C. & D.'s law office with Mr. Gunn, to investigate. The same kind of phenomena occurred as above described. As to the force which does these things, what is it? It is a force which acts with intelligence and precision. The cup would rap accurately the number of times called for and no more, and the chair would rock fast or slow, turn around or tip over as desired. These phenomena are not as wonderful as many of those reported in newspapers, but they are what we have seen and know, and they naturally make a greater impression on our minds than matters we have heard of but have never witnessed.

Mr. Gunn believes that he does these things by the aid of spirits. The rest of us are in doubt and do not know whether it is spiritual power or his own mental force. Any opinion from you or others whose experience is far beyond ours, would be gratefully received.

### —AT THE FRONT.

TO THE EDITOR: None are so much observed as those who are in the van of the battle against existing wrongs; they are the ones aimed at, first and always, by the sneaking emissaries of those who dare not attempt to defend their own course on principle. In the "anti-slavery" days those of us who didn't fear the devil had to become the targets of rotten eggs, and worse ammunition in the shape of cowardly epithets and filthy lies. It is the same with the advocates of new doctrines and modes of belief. However beautiful and satisfying to the human heart those truths may be, the virulence of Satanic warfare is none too dirty to adopt in defense of the purity (?) of the old religious tenets which have educated the ages into fear and trembling with the slavish fear of death.

The priceless benefit of Spiritualism to the coming ages cannot be conceived—it is the great wave that shall encompass the earth—the most glorious gift of God to man; for all the dear loves of the past shall be ever present, growing brighter and more blessed as eternity bears us on. And who is the Cromwell of the present warfare? Who wields the sword of justice against the traitors among us as well as against the foes without? A fraud who pretends to call his slight of hand a spiritualistic performance is far more dangerous to "the cause" than twenty thousand out-spoken foes; and God bless the stout heart who dares to thrash all our foes, and who fears the devil no more than we of the older warfare did. A weakly man at the front is not feared enough to excite enmity and couldn't get a kick if he put himself in posture and invited it. It is only the truly intelligent and brave man who is barked at, behind and before, for he, knowing where blows ought to fall dares to inflict them.

M. O. NICHOLS.  
HAVERHILL, MASS.

### FROM MRS. SLOSSON.

TO THE EDITOR: Thinking you might be interested in hearing from me, I take the liberty to write you a few lines. As you well know our powers are differently distributed and my power of expression through the medium of pen is very limited. But I want to say that we enjoy and appreciate THE JOURNAL very much.

We spent a few weeks with our daughter in Minnesota on our way out here and found a number of JOURNALS awaiting us on our arrival, one of them containing an article from Mrs. Dye entitled "Mother's Dream," which I read with great interest as both Mrs. Dye and her mother are dear friends of mine. I also enjoyed the articles by Prof. Coues and others.

I am delighted with the country here and am much improved in health and hope to entirely recover from my throat trouble which has been so great an annoyance to me in my work. Anaconda as you doubtless know is a small valley city; her chief industries are mines. They claim to have the largest smelters in the world here,

which give three thousand men employment, and are now building an ore refinery which will employ several hundred more. We have electric street railway, electric lights, city water works and most of the modern improvements. The air here is very light and pure and one feels sleepy all the time until one becomes accustomed to the climate. In the morning when I awake from a good night's rest, I wish every tired and worn medium in the world could spend a few months here, inhaling the pure air and enjoying the beautiful scenery.

As I look back on the past few years of my life I regret that the Spirit World is obliged to use such tired and imperfect instruments, and hope the time will soon come when there will be mediums enough so they will not be obliged to go so far beyond their strength.

I enclose in this a few mountain daisies plucked almost in the snow. They are like some communications we receive from spirit life almost contradictory to the laws of nature, but as we see them fully demonstrated we must accept them and try to learn more of the laws that govern them.

We are pleased to hear from you through THE JOURNAL every week and may the "angel world" watch over you and yours guiding your every thought and expression is the wish of your friend.

(MRS.) H. S. SLOSSON.  
ANACONDA, MONTANA.

### DR. COUES'S PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCE—A SUPPLEMENT.

TO THE EDITOR: I have read with pleasure the two articles in THE JOURNAL by Dr. Elliott Coues narrating his experience with psychics in San Francisco. I desire to state that his account of what took place at the séance with Mrs. Francis, at which I was present, is correct in every particular. It is minutely and scientifically accurate, without the least exaggeration, diminution or perversion. His accounts of the séances he attended, at which I was not present, are in exact accord with what I was told concerning them, both by Dr. and Mrs. Coues and by the two psychics. The statements of the psychics as to what occurred are in precise agreement with the published narrative of the Professor and with what he and his wife informed me thereabout soon after the séances had been held.

I wish to supplement the Professor's narrative of his experiences with Mrs. Robinson, with one or two facts—not appearing in THE JOURNAL articles—concerning which I was informed both by the doctor and the psychic. Dr. Coues intended to leave the city at a certain time, and accordingly he and Mrs. Coues bade Mrs. Robinson farewell during a visit to her a few days prior to the intended date of departure. But Mrs. R. would not bid them good-bye, saying that they would not leave the city at the time intended, and she would see them again. The truth of this was doubted by the Professor and his wife, as they had fully determined upon the time of their departure. But just before this time came round, a certain matter, unexpected and entirely new (explained to me by Dr. C.) came up, and they remained until it was attended to; and again just prior to the time of their departure they called to see Mrs. R., thus fulfilling the prediction. At this last meeting the psychic told the Professor that before he left the city, he would receive a letter of a certain character. This the Professor also regarded as very dubious, as he was going away at once and knew of no one from whom he was likely to get such a letter—or any letter in fact. But the psychic has told me that she received a letter from Mrs. Coues stating that the letter referred to was received by the Professor just before he left the city.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Postscript by Dr. Coues: The foregoing, submitted to me in manuscript by the editor, at Mr. Coleman's request, is correct in every particular, and I am glad to find that Mr. Coleman's memory of the occurrences agrees so minutely with my own. There were of course several incidents of my experience with Mrs. Robinson that I did not give in my published article, among them the two now adduced by Mr. Coleman, relating respectively to the change in the time of my departure from San Francisco, and to the receipt of a certain letter just before I left. The latter is specially curious and I add a word concerning it. It was foretold by Mrs. Robinson that some one was about to write me, "concerning sickness," and that the letter would reach me "next morning." To fulfill this

prediction the person writing me would have to be within a few hours of me by mail, which of course precluded word from any friend in the East, and I could think of no one in San Francisco or vicinity who, if taken sick, would have any occasion to inform me of the fact. So there seemed to be no probability that Mrs. Robinson would prove to be in the right, and absolutely no grounds that I could see for what struck me as a random shot at the future. But next day as I was packing my trunks for the first time, a letter reached me by mail, penned the day before from a gentleman whose very existence could hardly have been known to Mrs. Robinson, apologizing for not coming to see me off, because he had just been taken down with the grip, and was sick abed. The gentleman, though very eminent in literature, was to me a bare acquaintance I had lately made, whom I had seen but once, who was entirely out of my thoughts, and whose letter was an expression of friendly regard as spontaneous with him as it was unexpected to me.

ELLIOTT COUES.  
CHICAGO, April 12, 1892.

### A WORKINGMAN'S VIEW.

TO THE EDITOR: There is considerable agitation and debate in regard to the opening of The World's Fair on Sunday, and as the plea for closing on that day seems to be ostensibly for the welfare of the working classes, allow me as one of them to speak for myself. In the first place what real difference is there between Sunday and Monday, as days of the week. I like Sunday best because it is my holiday,—called by the church holy day—and it is the only day at my disposal. Why should the church insist upon forcing men to observe that day as a Sabbath? Finding that her claim in regard to the Bible authority for Sunday is flimsy, she now says not so much about that as formerly, but bases her appeal on the alleged interests of the working classes. It is true we need rest on Sunday, but let us choose our own ways of resting. Did not the labor organizations which met in Chicago speak their own sentiments better than the clergy could speak for them. Some of the clergy seem to think that we are so ignorant we don't know our own needs, that we should be dictated to in what is best for us, but we are not all fools. In our classes may be found the trinity of manhood, bone, sinew and brain. We are not always allowed to make known our desires, but are silenced by some antiquated law made by creed-begotten minds, whose days should have been numbered long ago. We have reason to be thankful we live in an age and country of freedom, of liberty, of thought, of public instruction. May our civil institutions ever remain separate from the church and her creeds, that our children be instructed in knowledge, not myth or superstition; let them unloose their brakes of superstition from the wheels of progress. Since light and knowledge entered our souls and burst the fetters of superstition, we no longer fear such beings who invite us to partake of the tree of knowledge for it is written, Of all things wisdom is profitable to man.

I knew a millionaire, the headlight of a Baptist church, of which I was then a member, who said, "A poor man ought not to marry." He evidently begrudged the poor the comfort of a wife and home. Since the clergy dare not rack, burn or hang our bodies, we seem to hear their despairing howl, as the mortgage they hold upon our souls is fast slipping from their grasp. When I resided in New York I used to enjoy a Sunday afternoon visit to Central Park. There was no hue or cry to close the museums or menageries, but thousands enjoyed the privilege of the Park; what then is the difference only that the World's Fair will be a thousand times grander? Or why deny us any portion of it, why discriminate against us, why only give a partial display; surely we would appreciate a full display. Why look through smoked glasses? Let the management be governed by wisdom and give no heed to the oracle or predictions of false prophets. If necessary there could be an extra force of attendants; there would always be plenty of help to be found glad of the opportunity. It would most likely be the best paying day of the week. The day is almost past when the reading of a newspaper was considered a sin. I believe we are gradually, though slowly, rising from the superstitious fog that has enveloped us so long, and as we rise above it we are rewarded with a clearer vision as truth is presented to our minds.

THOS. PEPLER.  
ALTON, ILL.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

*The Genesis of Life and Thought.* By Thomas H. Musick, Author of "Genesis of Nature." New York: John B. Alden, 1892, pp. 404. Cloth \$1.00.

What Mr. Musick in this work has attempted to do is to show that whether the doctrine of evolution be true or false, science has not yet propounded any theory which accounts for it and that no sufficient theory can be propounded so long as the attempt is made to exclude intelligent purposiveness from organic nature; whether the world of life be an evolution or not, it is at least, in one way or the other, an intelligent purposive creation; that God creates and governs, whether wholly or partially by evolutionary processes, or wholly by other methods.

*Direct Legislation by the Citizenship through the Initiative and Referendum.* By J. W. Sullivan. New York: Twentieth Century Company, 1892; pp. 120. Paper, 25 cts.

Mr. Sullivan in this little work gives the facts in regard to direct legislation in Switzerland, its development, its methods, etc., with considerable information in regard to the progress which has been made in that country. The political organization of the Swiss, in commune, canton and confederation, is outlined and an account of how the Swiss have worked out the problems of land, finance and transportation is given. The author claims that there is a strong undercurrent in the political movement of this country in favor of direct legislation, and that what Switzerland has adopted and tested the United States is groping for and drifting toward. The referendum it is argued with much force, will be followed by increased opportunity for local self-government and for the suppression of the professional politician. It points out how a republican people in Europe has rid itself of many of the evils that trouble us, by actually in all particulars rendering its government by as well as of and for the people. Mr. Sullivan's book contains much information in regard to Switzerland; it is written in a strong concise style and treats the subject intelligently and sensibly.

MAGAZINES.

The principal article in the April number of the American edition of the Review of Reviews, is an elaborate discussion by Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the magazine, of the most current phases of municipal problems in New York and London, illustrated with a large number of very fine portraits of distinguished men in the two great capitals of the English-speaking world.—The New World is the name of a new quarterly published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and under charge of an editorial board consisting of Professors Charles Carroll Everett and Crawford Howell Toy, of Harvard University, President Orello Cone, of Buchtel College, and Rev. Nicholas Paine Gilman, (the managing editor, to be addressed at No. 25 Beacon St., Boston). It will discuss the great problems of religion, ethics and theology in a liberal and progressive spirit. Lyman Abbott, Charles Carroll Everett, J. G. Schurman, W. R. Alger and C. H. Toy are among the contributors to the first number. The June issue of the New World is expected to contain articles by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Francis Tiffany, R. S. Moxom, Josiah Royce and other noted writers.—Among the interesting articles contributed to the Figaro, (Chicago) of April 2nd, are "The Woman of Culture," by Mrs. Henry Willing; A Contrast and a Protest," by Elizabeth S. Kirkland, and "Lucretia Mott," by Jesse Bross Lloyd.

EX-POSTMASTER-GENERAL JAMES has written an article on "The Ocean Postal Service" for the April Century. Mr. James advocates a letter-rate of two cents an ounce for ocean postage, and a reduction in the rate on international money-orders. He thinks this reform more needed than that of a lower rate of postage on domestic letters. Senor Castelar's "Life of Columbus" and the series of papers on the architectural problems of the World's Fair will begin in the May Century.

Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, part 20, vol. 7, February, 1892, contains a long article by F. W. H. Myers on "Subliminal Consciousness." It is able and very suggestive. THE JOURNAL hopes to find room soon for some extracts

from the article. Mrs. Henry Sidgwick has a supplementary paper on "The Evidence for Clairvoyance" which is interesting, as is Professor Oliver J. Lodge's article on "Some Recent Thought Transference Experiments." Mr. Myers continues his paper "On Alleged Movements Without Contact." C. C. Massey reviews at length "Riddles of the Sphinx by a Troglodyte." Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Charing Cross Road, London. Dr. Richard Hodgson, Sec. Am. Branch S. P. R., 5 Boylston Place, Boston.

The April issue of the World's Columbian Exposition Illustrated has for its frontispiece a full page engraving of Hon. Thomas M. Waller, of Connecticut, first vice-president of the National convention. There are also full page engravings of the United States Government Building, the Transportation Building, and the Fisheries Building as they will appear when finished. One of the prominent features is a beautiful colored lithographic view of the prominent Exposition buildings as they will appear when finished. There will be found several illustrations showing the buildings in course of erection, an exquisite panoramic view of the buildings and grounds as they appear at present, a photograph of Chicago as it appeared in 1833. James B. Campbell, 218 LaSalle street, Chicago.

The second volume of Alden's Cyclopedia of History has been issued. This work, complete in two volumes, covers the history and description of all nations (except the United States) and all the principal geographical divisions of the earth. Price, cloth, \$1.50. John R. Alden, 57 Rose St., New York.



Mrs. W. R. FRANCIS

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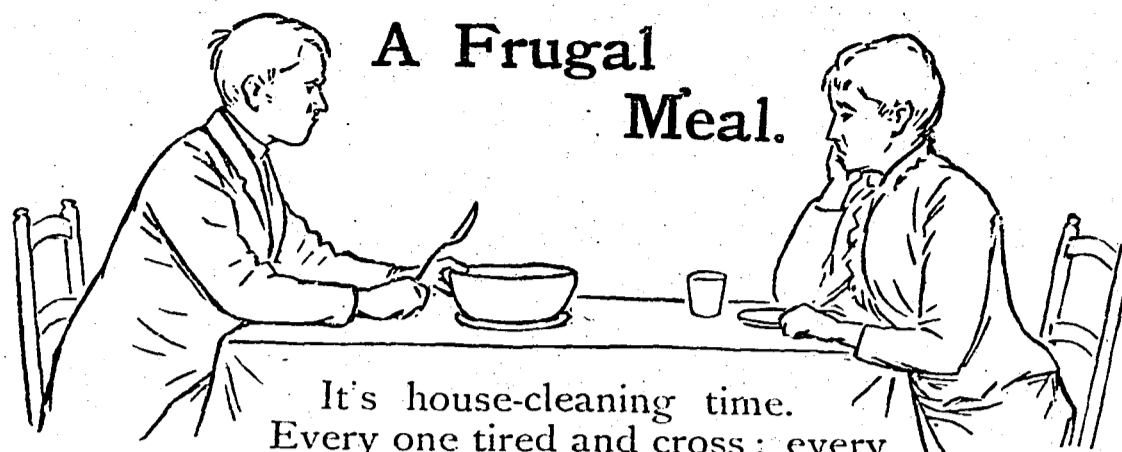
until the summer found me a confirmed invalid, blood poor, appetite gone, bowels out of order, and I was miserable in mind and body. I read of such wonderful cures performed by Hood's Sarsaparilla that, at last, I thought I would try a bottle, as, if it did not make me better, it could not make me worse. It did make me better; and on my third bottle I found myself almost

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**Beware** Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you this is as good as "or the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back. 318 JAMES PVLE, New York.

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The work is printed from large clear type and covers 156 pages. Price, 30 cents, postage 6 cents. For sale wholesale and retail by JNO. C. BUNDY, 92 LaSalle St. P. O. Drawer 134, Chicago, Ill.

**Signs of the Times**

From the Standpoint of a Scientist.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE WESTERN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

BY PROF. ELLIOTT COUES, M. D.,

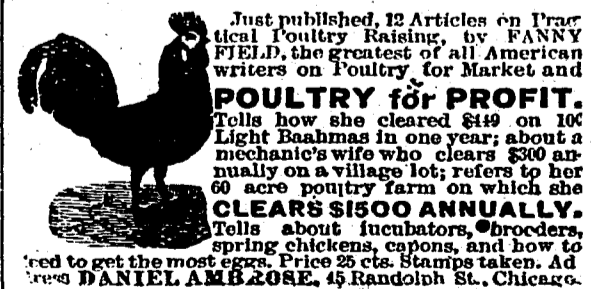
Member of the National Academy of Sciences of the London Society for Psychical Research, etc., etc.

CONTENTS.

The Woman Question. The Naros, or Cycle of six Hundred Years. The International Congress of Women. The Opinions of a Scientist. "Substantially True as Alleged" Phenomenal Spiritualism. Experiments with a Table. Test Conditions. The One thing Indispensable: The Spiritualistic or the Theosophic Explanation? Animal Magnetism and its dangers. The Great Power of the Magnetizer. Magnetism the Prime Key to Psychic Science. The Biogen Theory. The Astral Body. The Better Way. Natural Magic. The Outlook. And an invaluable stimulant and guide to the NOVICE IN THE STUDY OF THE OCCULT as well as a most

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But wrecked beneath the morn.

Long the morning's lovely trance,  
Dew and sparkle, shell and flower,  
All the breathed leaves advance—  
Bind us unto youth's fair hour.  
Then the scales fall from our eyes;  
Trembles every stationed tower;  
And the cry "Let us depart,"  
Sobs in triumph through the heart;  
And the morning's lovely trance  
Shows at far advance.

Renaissance is in the soul.  
Fissured is the formal, ere  
Consciousness perceives her goal  
In recessions of the star;  
In the proud ideal's lure;  
In the yet horizon far;  
In the heaven deeper, bluer.  
Renaissance is in the soul  
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PROCEEDINGS of the thirty-ninth annual meeting of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, held December 10, 1891, contains with the usual reports the memorial address by Reuben G. Thwaites, on the late Lyman Copeland Draper, who passed from earth in August, 1891, whose name will ever be foremost in the annals of the society. In the State Capitol, the library is continually resorted to by scholars and special investigators from all portions of the West and South, and its reading rooms are daily thronged with students of the State University of Wisconsin, to whom the collections are freely accessible. The society desires and is grateful for gift of books of every useful kind, newspaper files, maps, historical relics and prehistoric implements (for its museum), manuscript narratives, diaries and original documents of every sort which may throw light on the early history of any portion of the United States. All gifts are acknowledged in the annual report, published in January of each year, a copy of which is sent to each giver. The importance of contributing pamphlets of every kind should not be overlooked. Ephemeral in form of publication and commonly thought not worthy of preservation, pamphlets are often difficult to collect a short time after issue. They reflect the spirit and sentiments of the age, however, better than elaborate treatise and are indispensable treasures in a good reference library, where historians, biographers, statisticians and men of letters in general, naturally look for everything, no matter how apparently trivial, that may shed light on the subjects of their investigation. Upon any gift to the society, transportation will be cheerfully paid. Correspondence may be addressed to either Reuben G. Thwaites, secretary, or Daniel S. Durrie, librarian, Madison, Wis.

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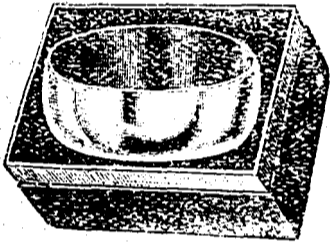


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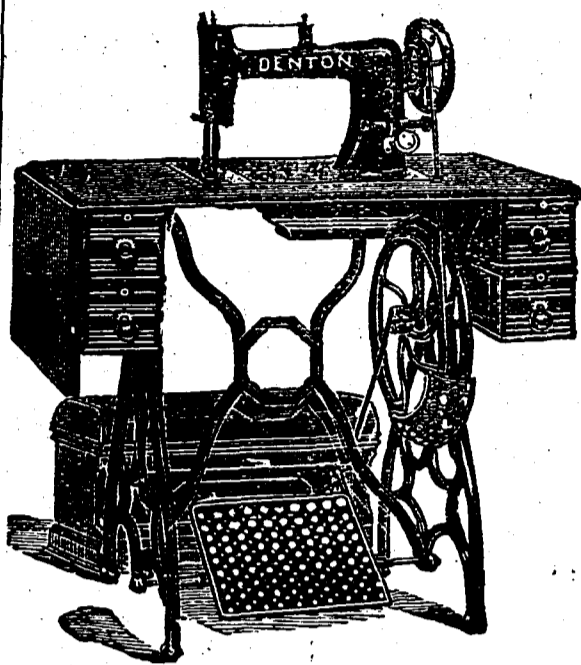
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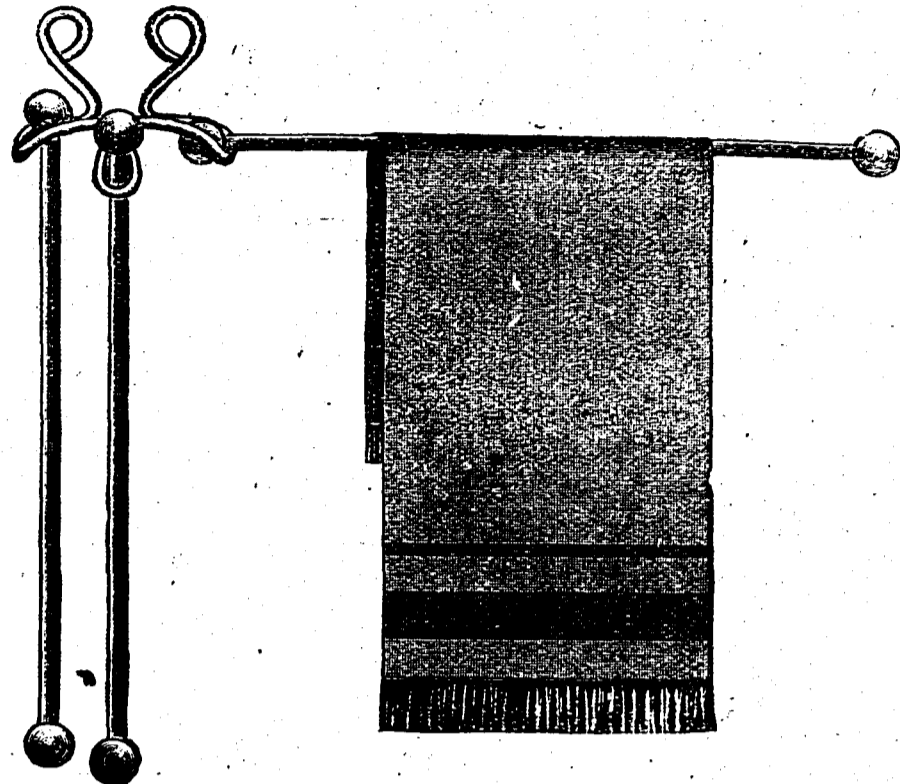
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Will be given in Chicago at the Art Institute, corner of Van Buren street and Michigan avenue, during Easter week, beginning Monday morning, April 18th, and ending Friday evening, April 22d. The morning lectures will begin at 11 o'clock; the evening lectures will begin at 8 o'clock. Each lecture will be followed by a discussion in which all present are cordially invited to participate. The following is the programme: Monday morning, April 18, "Dante at Verona," Mr. D. J. Snider; Monday evening, April 18, "Dante's Place in History," Prof. Thomas Davidson; Tuesday morning, April 19, "La Vita Nuova," Miss Eliza Allen Starr; Tuesday evening, April 19, "The Four Great Divine Poems," (Job, Oresteia, Divine Comedy, Faust) Prof. Thomas Davidson; Wednesday morning, April 20, "Dante's Purgatory," Mr. J. D. Snider; Wednesday evening, April 20, "Dante's Paradiso," Prof. Thomas Davidson; Thursday morning, April 21, "Thoughts on Dante," Dr. David Swing; Thursday evening, April 21, "Some Modern Lessons from Dante," Mr. Hamilton Mabie; Friday morning, April 22, "Dante's Place and Office in Modern Life and Thought," Rev. Martin R. Vincent, D. D.; Friday evening, April 22, "Dante and the Bible," Rev. Martin R. Vincent, D. D. Tickets for full course of ten lectures, \$5.00; one admis-

sion, 75c. Tickets can be had at A. C. McClurg & Co.'s, Brentano's and The Art Institute.

AMONG the callers at the office of THE JOURNAL this week was Captain Robert C. Adams, of Montreal, who passed a few days in Chicago, on his return from a trip to the Pacific coast. Capt. Adams, son of the celebrated Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Adams, of Boston, ("South Side" Adams), one of the ablest and most rigidly orthodox clergymen of his day, is a radical in religion and author of several works criticizing the Christian theology and advocating evolution. He is now president of the Canadian Secular Association and the most prominent representative of liberal thought in the Dominion. For several years Capt. Adams was a sea captain, having left Harvard College and gone to sea for his health at an early age. He was exceedingly zealous in religious matters and was widely known as the Christian sea captain. He conducted religious service on board of the ship and wrote books which are still used in Sunday Schools. His father accompanied him during his last voyage around the world, and the trip seemed to modify considerably the views of Dr. Adams, one of whose last works was a volume on "The Reasonableness of Eternal Punishment," which had attracted attention. On arrival of Capt. Adams's ship at San Francisco, one of the papers made this announcement: "The ship Golden Fleece has arrived with hell-fire Adams on board." Capt. Adams is a middle-aged man of fine appearance and of a broad and cultivated mind and fine spirit. He is interested in psychical phenomena and is investigating the subject as opportunities are offered.

A FRIEND in a letter of inquiry about books relating to Spiritualism, writes: I have been investigating what is called "Spiritualism" and must say I have received wonderful demonstrations on several occasions during that period. My wife and I learned that we could write a little with the planchette. A short time ago some influence claiming to be my mother, came and wrote that she had "passed over," and advised me to write to my sister. This was the first intimation I had of my mother's death. I wrote as advised; I had not written to my sister for over four years. I am just in receipt of letter corroborating the message we received through the planchette.

Mrs. URSULA N. GESTEFELD was the recipient of a testimonial at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Lovell, No. 4, Lexington avenue, New York City, Saturday evening April 9th, 1892. The artists who participated were: Miss Rose Eyttinge, Mr. Clarence Harvey, Mrs. Louise Vescelius-Sheldon, Miss Eva Vescelius, Mr. Perry Averill, Mrs. Lida Hood Talbot, Miss L. Priest, Miss E. Lovell. Mrs. Gestefeld is sure to find warm and appreciative friends wherever she goes. Though many may not agree with her ideas, all must recognize her zeal and earnestness of purpose in her chosen field.

WE have received No. 12, Vol. 49, of the Scientific Review, edited by Charles Richet, Paris, France. Subscriptions received at the bureau of Reviews, 111 boulevard, Saint Germain. This number has many interesting articles on scientific subjects. Among them scientific biographies giving an account of the work of Edward Becquerel, the third of his name prominent in scientific research, by M. Jules Violles; "Ethnology, The depopulation of the Marques Islands," by M. Marestang; "Astronomy, New Process of Constructing Sun Dials," by M. J. Servier; "Geography, The Fouta Djalou After the

Last Scientific Exploration," by M. Vigue. Under the head of a "Talk on Bibliography," we find a review of "History of Chemistry" in two volumes by M. Jagnoux. "Introduction to Human Physiology," by Mr. A. Waller, of London. Of this book the writer says: "The author has told us all that is essential to know of human physiology. The book deserves to be translated into French, it having that charm of expression, characteristic of French books." "The Man in Nature," by M. Topmard; "The Place of Man in Nature," by Huxley. A review of the work of the Academy of Science of Paris, at their meeting March 14, 1892; Scientific news of the day, correspondence, new publications, etc., making in all, a very readable magazine.

A company of intelligent and discriminating investigators meets every Saturday evening at room thirty-three Central Music Hall for the purpose of making original psychical experiments and exchanging information that will be mutually helpful in psychical research. Some of the results obtained by experiments at these meetings we are informed are worthy of publication. Mere curiosity hunters are not desired, but earnest investigators willing to do their part for the good of all are cordially invited we are authorized to say.

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"The New Church Independent" for 1892. Enters upon its 40th volume. It is a 48 page monthly published in the interest of the liberal readers of Swedenborg—Independent of church or ecclesiastical authority and free from sectarian bias. Dr. Wm. H. Halcombe, author of "A Mystery of New Orleans," "Our Children in Heaven," "Condensed Thoughts on Christian Science" is a regular contributor. Also Joseph Hartman author of "The Mysteries of Spiritualism," is one of its present writers, whose recent article on the "Form of the Spiritual World," has created so much interest. This Journal is a liberal exponent of the teachings and spirit philosophy of Emanuel Swedenborg. Send postage stamp for sample copy. WELLS & SON, 144 37th st., Chicago, Ill.

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**OREGON GROVE MEETING.**

The annual Grove meeting of the Clackamas County Religious Society of Spiritualists will be held at New Era, Oregon, beginning Friday, June 10th and holding over three Sundays.

The Board of Managers will arrange for speakers and mediums and for the general welfare of attendants.

The Society have a comfortable hall in the grove of firs which so gracefully ornament the grounds. Also a hotel which will be run for the accommodation of visitors. And I will say that while we have good test mediums, both private and public, a good materializing medium on that occasion will be welcomed by us.

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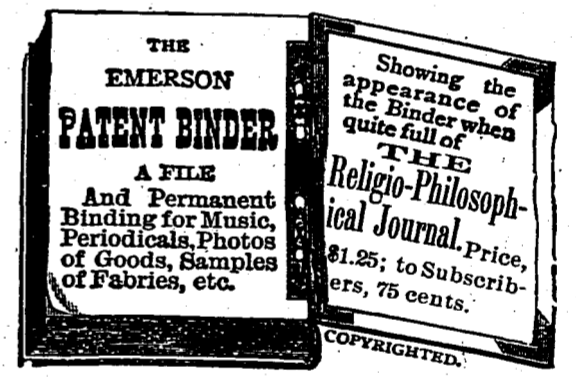
In this narrative Mrs. Maynard tells of her early life, and the discovery of her mediumship, and brings her career down to the time of going to Washington. Beginning with chapter VII., Mrs. Maynard recounts her first meeting and seance with President Lincoln and follows it up with accounts of further seances at which Lincoln was present, including some at the White House.

"I believe that Mr. Lincoln was satisfied and convinced that the communications he received through me were wholly independent of my volition," writes Mrs. Maynard (page 91).

Lincoln is quoted as saying: "I am not prepared to describe the intelligence that controls this young girl's organism. She certainly could have no knowledge of the facts communicated to me."

Mrs. Maynard tells a plain, straightforward story and fortifies it with witnesses. That she did hold seances for Mr. Lincoln, and that he was strongly impressed by what he saw and heard no intelligent purpose can doubt, after reading this book. The publisher declares that he has not spared care, research or expense in verifying Mrs. Maynard's story before publishing the book; and he publicly declares that he "stakes his reputation on the validity of its contents."

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